

Lord of Spirits, I Surrender  
Johann Welhaven, 1859.  
Friedrich Reissiger(1809-1883)

Lord of spirits, I surrender  
For Thy use Thy gifts to me:  
O but show Thy mercy tender  
When my song no more shall be;  
More and more my heart's aflutter  
With the thoughts I may not utter,  
While life's riddle great I ponder.

Let my laurels in oblivion  
Turn to dust, I shall rejoice  
If my soul, renewed, is given  
There to sing with sacred voice,  
If, in accents pure and glorious,  
I may join the hymn victorious  
At Thy throne to harps of Heaven.