

Shall I, For Fear Of Feeble Man
by Charles Wesley

1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed, in deed and word
Be a true witness for my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross, endured, my God, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

6 Saviour of men, thy searching eye
Doth all my inmost thoughts descry;
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

7 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

8 For this let men revile my name.
No cross I shun, I fear no shame,
All hail, reproach, and welcome, pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

9 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent,
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name adored!

10 Give me thy strength, O God of power;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fixed; I call do all through thee!