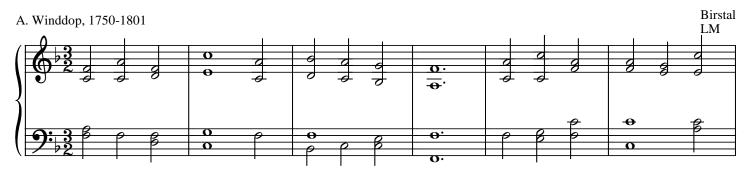
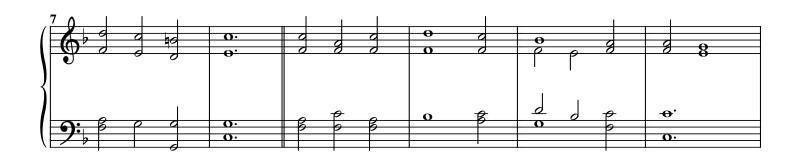
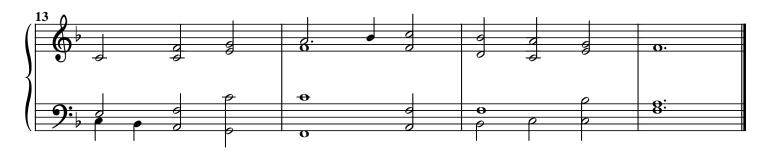
Shall I, for fear of feeble man







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?

Savior 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?

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. My life, my blood, I here present, If for Thy truth they may be spent, Fulfill Thy sovereign counsel, Lord! Thy will be done, Thy Name adored!

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

Johann J. Winkler