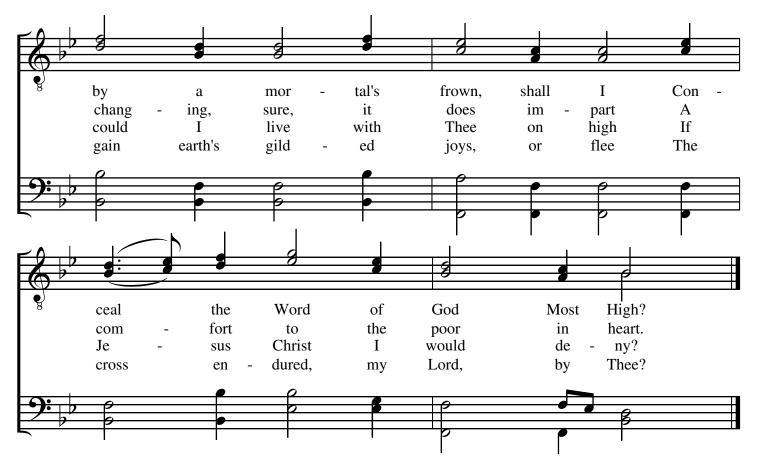


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- 5. What then is he whose scorn I dread, Whose wrath or hate dismaying? It is but mortal man I know, His frown I am not fearing. He is an heir of death, a slave To sin, a bubble on the wave!
- 6. Yea, let men rage; my God is still My refuge and my tower. I shall arise to my reward, Awakened by His power, Since in all pain Thy tender love Will still a consolation prove.
- 7. O, may I seek the souls who stray
  And save them from destruction,
  And through Thy holy love still lead
  Them to Thy congregation.
  May pray'rs and pleadings penetrate
  To warn them of their lost estate.
- 8. The mortal man may quite disown
  And speak in bold derision
  Against my labors and my name;
  Yet blest is my condition.
  The love of God dispels the fear
  And makes my faith in Him more dear.