



- I'll tri umph in thy glo rious name.
  - 2. Should I, to gain the world's applause, or to escape its harmless frown, refuse to countenance thy cause, and make thy people's lot my own, what shame would fill me in that day, when thou thy glory wilt display!
- 4. No: let the world cast out my name, and vile account me, if they will; if to confess the Lord be shame, I purpose to be viler still: for thee, my God, I all resign, content if I can call thee mine.

- 3. And what is man, or what his smile? The terror of his anger, what? Like grass he flourishes awhile, but soon his place shall know him not; through fear of such a one, shall I the Lord of heav'n and earth deny?
- 5. What transport then shall fill my heart, when thou my worthless name wilt own; when I shall see thee as thou art, and know as I myself am known!

  From sin, and fear, and sorrow free, my soul shall find its rest in thee.

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