

Away, my unbelieving fear!

Charles Wesley

1840 Manchester Hymnal, #23

Away, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall no more in me have place,
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

In hope believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesus' name:
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
On wings of faith mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.