

Unprofitable All And Vain  
by Charles Wesley

1 UNPROFITABLE all and vain,  
Away this soul-distracting care!  
I cannot lengthen out my span,  
I cannot change a single hair;

2 Then let me hang upon his word  
Who keeps his saints in perfect peace,  
My burden cast upon the Lord,  
And only care my God to please.

3 Who stoops to clothe a fading flower  
Will every needful blessing give,  
And fit the creature of an hour  
An endless life with him to live.

4 My Father knows the things I need,  
My Father knows, let that suffice,  
I trust him now to clothe and feed  
His child who on his care relies.

5 The cause of my misgiving fear,  
Lord, I my unbelief confess;  
Author of faith in me appear,  
And bid my doubts and terrors cease!