

# Hymn Lyrics

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## Although the vine its fruit deny

Although the vine its fruit deny,  
the budding fig-tree droop and die,  
no oil the olive yield;  
yet will I trust me in my God,  
yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,  
and by his grace be healed.

Though fields, in verdure once arrayed,  
by whirlwinds desolate be laid,  
or parched by scorching beam;  
still in the Lord shall be my trust,  
my joy; for, though his frown is just,  
his mercy is supreme.

Though from the fold the flock decay,  
though herds lie famished o'er the lea,  
and round the empty stall;  
my soul above the wreck shall rise,  
its better joys are in the skies;  
there God is all in all.

In God my strength, howe'er distressed,  
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,  
nay, triumph in his love;  
my lingering soul, my tardy feet,  
free as the hind he makes, and fleet,  
to speed my course above.

Henry Ustic Onderdonk