

The Barren Fig-Tree



1. In the vine - yard of the Mas - ter, There was grow - ing once a tree,
2. But the dress - er then made an - swer, Leave it Lord, an - oth - er year;
3. In the vine - yard of my Mas - ter, Oft my tree His pa - tience tries,



Thith - er came He, of - ten, hop - ing That some fruit there - on might be.
I with care will tend and keep it, Till the bud and bloom ap - pear.
Seek - ing fruit He of - ten com - eth, Find - ing on - ly use - less leaves.



Fruit, not blos - som, went He seek - ing, On - ly leaves there - on He found;
Then if rip - ened fruit be show - ing, It is well, my Lord will own,
Let Thy dews of grace fall on me. Till some fruits di - vine ap - pear;



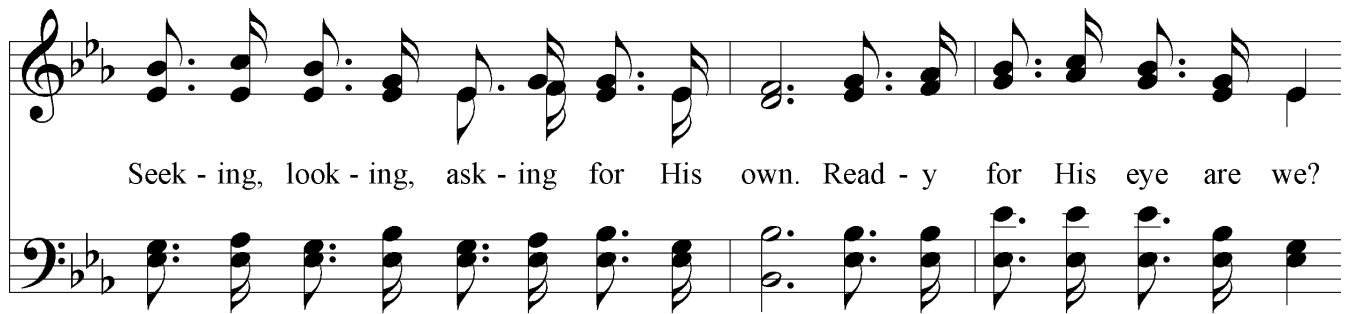
To His dress - er, hear Him speak - ing, Lo, it cum - ber - eth the ground.
If but leaves are on it grow - ing, Af - ter that, Lord, cut it down.
Let Thy pa - tience rest up - on me, Try me, Lord, an - oth - er year.

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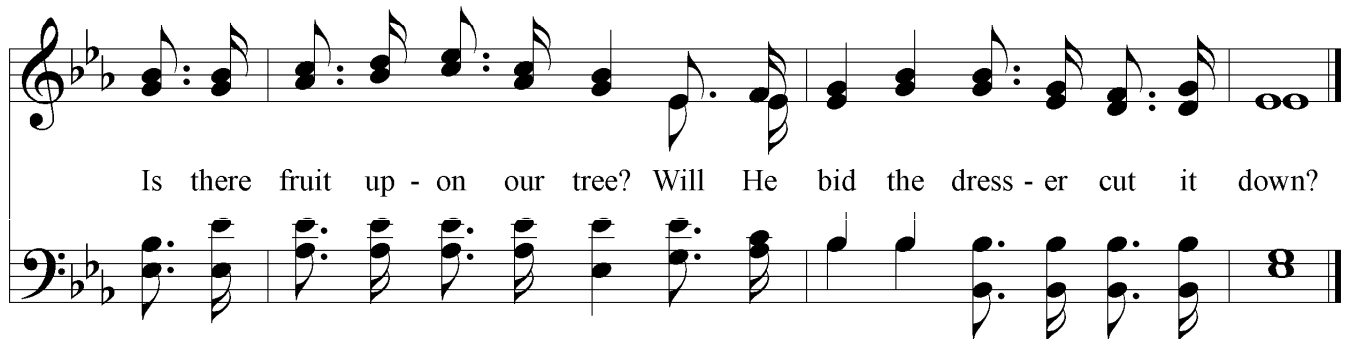
Chorus



If the Mas - ter to our vine - yard, Should this day come down,



Seek - ing, look - ing, ask - ing for His own. Read - y for His eye are we?



Is there fruit up - on our tree? Will He bid the dress - er cut it down?