The Barren Fig-Tree

1. In the vine-yard of the Master, There was growing once a tree,
Thither came He, often, hoping That some fruit there-on might be.
Fruit, not blossomed, went He seeking, On-ly leaves there-on He found;
To His dresser, hear Him speaking, Lo, it cumbereth the ground.

2. But the dresser then made answer, Leave it Lord, another year,
I with care will tend and keep it, Till the bud and bloom appear.
Then if ripened fruit be showing, It is well, my Lord will own,
If but leaves are on it growing, After that, Lord, cut it down.

3. In the vine-yard of my Master, Oft my tree His patience tries,
Seeking fruit He often cometh, Finding only useless leaves.
Let Thy dews of grace fall on me, Till some fruits divine appear;
Let Thy patience rest on me, Try me, Lord, another year.

Words: Mrs. M. B. C. Slade
Music: R. M. McIntosh

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Chorus

If the Master to our vineyard, 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?