

But lo ! the gracious Saviour pleads

“ The barren fig-tree spare,

“ Another year in mercy wait,

“ It yet may bloom and bear :

“ But if my culture prove in vain,

“ And still no fruit be found,

“ I plead no more—destroy the tree,

“ And root it from the ground !”

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II.

I love thy kingdom, LORD,

The house of thine abode,

The Church our blest Redeemer saved

With His own precious blood !

I love thy Church, O God !

Her walls before thee stand,

Dear as the apple of thine eye,

And graven on thy hand.

If e'er to bless thy name

My voice or hands deny,

These hands let useful skill forsake.

This voice in silence die.

If e'er my heart forget

Her welfare or her woe,

Let every joy this heart forsake,

And every grief o'erflow.

For her my tears shall fall,

For her my prayers ascend ;

To her my cares and toils be given

Till toils and cares shall end.