



## FRET NOT

The wicked like a summer tree  
May toss his green about  
And shout to all, "Come look on me;  
I fear no storm nor drought!"

But fret not at his idle words –  
Our Lord shall hew him down.  
His leaves will fall like dying birds,  
Like jewels from a crown.

The fig tree felt the curse of God  
Because it failed the Lord,  
And withered in its fertile sod  
With death as its reward.

Some say, "This happened long ago."  
I say, "My God's the same;  
The sinful proud shall swiftly know  
The power of His Name!"

-- Edmund E. Wells  
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