

Fret Not Thyself
The Psalter, 1912.
Ernest Kroeger, 1901.

Fret not thyself, nor envious be,
When wicked workers thou shalt see,
Who prosper in their way;
For like the grass they perish soon,
And, like the herb cut down at noon,
They wither in a day.

Trust in the Lord and still do well,
Within the land securely dwell,
Feed on His faithfulness;
Delight thee also in the Lord,
And to thy heart He will accord
The good it would possess.

Yea, to the Lord thy way is known;
Confide in Him who on the throne
Abides in power divine;
Thy righteousness He shall display;
Resplendent as the light of day,
It shall unclouded shine.

Rest in the Lord and be thou still,
With patience wait His holy will,
Enduring to the end.
Fret not though sinners' gains increase;
Forsake thy wrath, from anger cease;
It will to evil tend.

The evil-doer soon shall die,
But those that on the Lord rely
Shall all the land obtain.
A little while and thou shalt see
That wicked man cut off shall be,
They shall be sought in vain.

Yea, thou shalt soon consider well
The place where they were wont to dwell,
And it shall not be found;
But saints shall all the land possess,
And find delight and happiness
Where fruits of peace abound.

The vile may plot against the just
Who in the Lord Jehovah trust,
But God will scorn them all;
The Lord their coming day shall see,
When broken all their power shall be,
And ruin on them fall.