

The Tree of Life

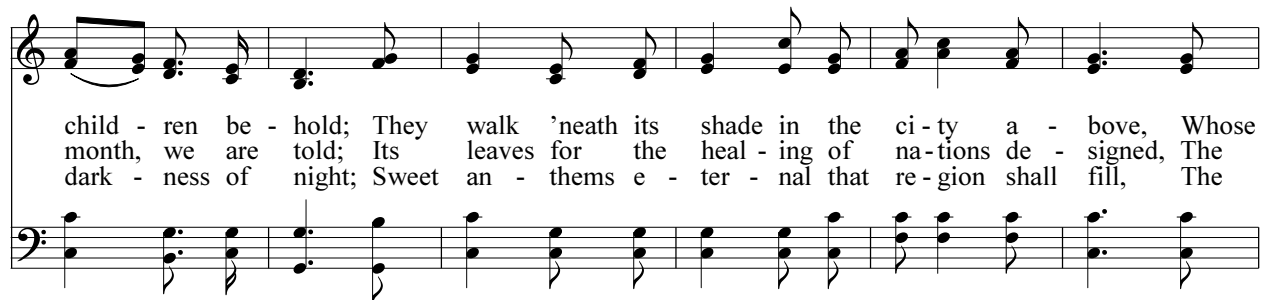
Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1875

Chester G. Allen

♩=105



1. Our Fa - ther has plant-ed a beau-ti - ful tree, Whose ev - er - green branch-es His
2. Be - side the pure riv - er of crys - tal it grows, And yield-eth its fruit ev-ery
3. The hand of the Sav - ior will wipe ev-ery tear, And ban - ish for - ev - er the



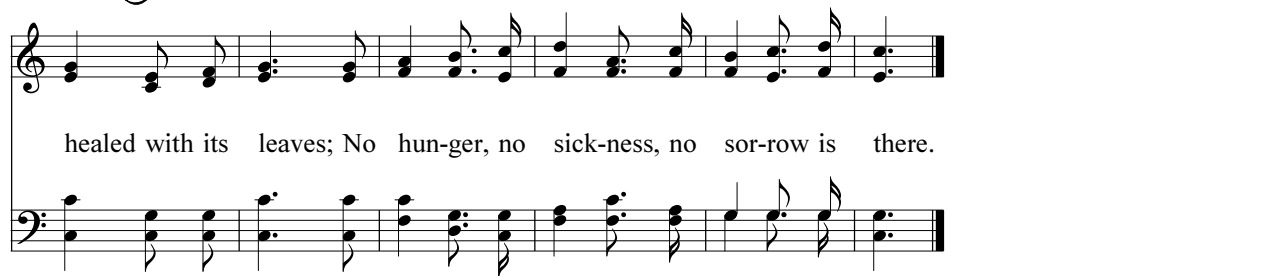
child - ren be - hold; They walk 'neath its shade in the ci - ty a - bove, Whose
month, we are told; Its leaves for the heal - ing of na - tions de - signed, The
dark - ness of night; Sweet an - thems e - ter - nal that re - gion shall fill, The



Refrain
gates are of pearl and whose streets are of gold.
na - tions who dwell in that ci - ty of gold. We may eat of the beau-ti - ful tree of
Lord is its glo - ry, the Lord is its light.



life, That stands in the midst of the ci - ty so fair; We may eat of its fruit and be



healed with its leaves; No hun - ger, no sick-ness, no sor-row is there.