

The Tree of Life

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1875

Chester G. Allen

$\text{♩} = 105$

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

branch - es His child - ren be - hold; They walk 'neath its shade in the ci - ty a -
fruit ev - ery month, we are told; Its leaves for the heal - ing of na - tions de -
- ev - er the dark - ness of night; Sweet an - thems e - ter - nal that re - gion shall

Refrain

- bove, Whose gates are of pearl and whose streets are of gold.
- signed, The na - tions who dwell in that ci - ty of gold. We may eat of the
fill, The Lord is its glo - ry, the Lord is its light.

beau - ti - ful tree of 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.