

The Tree of Life
Fanny Crosby, 1875.
Chester Allen.

Our Father has planted a beautiful tree,
Whose evergreen branches His children behold;
They walk 'neath its shade in the city above,
Whose gates are of pearl and whose streets are of gold.

Refrain

We may eat of the beautiful tree of life,
That stands in the midst of the city so fair;
We may eat of its fruit and be healed with its leaves;
No hunger, no sickness, no sorrow is there.

Beside the pure river of crystal it grows,
And yieldeth its fruit every month, we are told;
Its leaves for the healing of nations designed,
The nations who dwell in that city of gold.

Refrain

The hand of the Savior will wipe every tear,
And banish forever the darkness of night;
Sweet anthems eternal that region shall fill,
The Lord is its glory, the Lord is its light.

Refrain