

# O Beautiful Tree! Thy Leaves Are Green

PATIENCE P. M.



1. O beau - ti - ful tree! thy leaves are green, Thy branch - es are tall and  
2. Thy beau - ty pleas - es the lov - ing eye, I joy in thy grate - ful  
3. I've prayed at His feet for an - oth - er year, That still I might work with



fair, But in thine arms no fruit is seen— No lus - cious  
shade; I hear thee praised by the pass - er - by, In the gar - den my  
thee, If hap - ly thy branch - es rich figs might bear, And thou be a



figs are there. I've watched thy growth with a ten - der care, I have  
Lord has made. But, oh! my Mas - ter has looked on thee, He has  
fruit - ful tree. And one more year my Lord will spare; And



loved thee, beau - ti - ful one! And year by year thou hast grown so fair,  
sought thy fruit in vain; He has said, "Cut down that bar - ren tree,  
la - bors and tears I give, O beau - ti - ful tree! my life is a prayer,



# *O Beautiful Tree! Thy Leaves Are Green*



I've sought the fruit that thine arms should bear, But thou hast borne me none.  
Un - cum-bered the gen - 'rous soil shall be, I will not seek a - gain!"  
That thou in the har-vest ripe fruit may'st bear, That my Lord may bid thee live!

