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 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

2. Thy beau-ty pleas-es the loy-ing eye, I joy in thy grate-ful Lord has made. But, oh! my Mas-ter has looked on thee, He has
   And one more year my Lord will spare; And 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,

3. I've prayed at His feet for an-oth-er year, That still I might work with loved thee, beau-ti-ful one! And year by year thou hast grown so fair,

Words: Mrs. S. K. Bourne, 1892
Music: Hubert P. Main, 1892
I've sought the fruit that thine arms should bear, But thou hast borne me none.
Un-cumbered the generous soil shall be, I will not seek again!
That thou in the harvest ripe fruit may'st bear, That my Lord may bid thee live!