Cut It Down

1. Justice. Cut it down, cut it down, Spare not the fruit-less tree!
2. Mercy. One year more, one year more, Oh, spare the fruit-less tree!
3. Justice. Cut it down, cut it down, And burn the worth-less tree!
4. Mercy. One year more, one year more, For mercy spare the tree!
5. Still it stands, still it stands, A fair, but fruit-less tree!

It spreads a harm-ful shade a-round, It spoils what else were use-ful ground,
Be-hold its branch-es broad and green, Its spread-ing leaves have hope-ful been,
For oth-er use the soil pre-pare, Some oth-er tree will flour-ish there,
An-oth-er year of care be-stow, On its fair form some fruit may grow,
The Mas-ter, seek-ing fruit there-on Has come-but, griev'd at find-ing none,

No fruit for years on it I've found, Cut it down, cut it down.
Some fruit there-on may yet be seen, One year more, one year more.
And in my vine-yard much fruit bear, Cut it down, cut it down.
If not-then lay the cumb'r-er low, One year more, one year more.
Now speaks to Jus-tice-Mer-cy flown-Cut it down, cut it down.

Words and Music: P. P. Bliss