

1. The tree of life my soul hath seen, Laden with fruit and always green; The trees of na - ture fruit - less be, Compar'd with Christ the Appletree.

2. For happiness I long have sought, And pleasure dearly I have bought, I miss'd of all but now I see 'Tis found in Christ the Appletree.

3. I'll sit and eat this fruit di-vine, It cheers my heart like spir'tual wine; And now this fruit is sweet to me, That grows on Christ the Appletree.

This beau - ty doth all things ex - cel, By faith I know but ne'er can tell, This beau - ty doth all things ex - cel,

With great de - light I make my stay, There's none shall fright my soul a - way, With great de - light I make my stay,

This fruit doth make my soul to thrive, It keeps my dy - ing faith a - live, This fruit doth make my soul to thrive,

By faith I know but ne'er can tell, The glo - ry which I now can see In Je - sus Christ the Ap-ple-tree.

There's none shall fright my soul a-way, A - mong the sons of men I see, There's none like Christ the Ap-ple-tree.

It keeps my dy - ing faith a-live; Which makes my soul in haste to be With Je - sus Christ the Ap-ple-tree.