

The Apple Tree

The tree of life my soul hath seen
Laden with fruit and always green
The trees of nature fruitless be
Compared with Christ the apple tree.

**His beauty doth all things excel
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell
His beauty doth all things excel
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell
The glory which I now can see
In Jesus Christ the apple tree.**

For happiness I long have sought
And pleasure dearly I have bought
I missed of all; but now I see
'Tis found in Christ the apple tree.

His beauty doth all things excel.....

I'm wearied with my former toil
Here I shall sit and rest awhile
Under the shadow I will be
Of Jesus Christ the apple tree.

His beauty doth all things excel.....

With great delight I'll make my stay
There none shall fright my soul away
Among the sons of men I see
There's none like Christ the apple tree

His beauty doth all things excel.....

I'll sit and eat this fruit divine
It cheers my heart like spiritual wine
And now this fruit is sweet to me
That grows on Christ the apple tree

His beauty doth all things excel.....

This fruit doth make my soul to thrive
It keeps my dying faith alive
Which makes my soul in haste to be
With Jesus Christ the apple tree.

His beauty doth all things excel.....