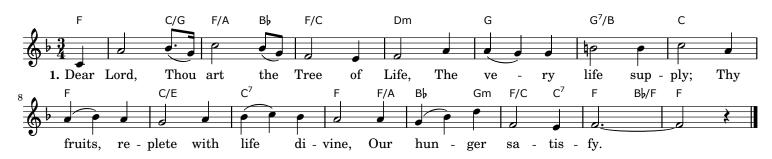
Dear Lord, Thou art the Tree of Life

Praise of the Lord — His All-Inclusiveness

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- Thou art the true and heav'nly Vine, Our very source of life;
 By Thee we live, in Thee abide, And rest from all our strife.
- Dear Lord, Thou art the Apple Tree, Thyself we all enjoy; Thy fruits are sweet to all our taste, Thy shadow brings us joy.
- **4.** Thou art to us the healing Tree; Our death Thou didst endure; Thou on a tree for us wast slain, That we may have Thy cure.
- 5. Thou art the very Branch of God, His fulness dwells in Thee; In Thee we take of Him as grace And the reality.

- 6. Lord, Thou art also David's Branch Incarnate here to be; In Thee we see and comprehend The true humanity.
- 7. Thou art the sprouting Rod with God, In Thee is endless life; Before Thy resurrection pow'r Death never can be rife.
- 8. Thou also art the swimming Stick,
 The fallen "ax" are we;
 By Thine uplifting pow'r of life,
 From death we're lifted free.
- 9. Lord, Thou art such a "Plant of Fame, Of Thee we richly share; As we are here remembering Thee, Thyself we thus declare!