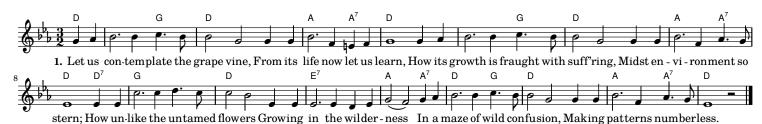
(Guitar: Capo 1)



- 2. But the blossoms of the grape vine Without glory are and small; Though they do have some expression, They are hardly seen withal. But a day since they have flowered Into fruit the blooms have grown; Never may they wave corollas With luxuriant beauty shown.
- 3. To a post the vine is fastened;
 Thus it cannot freely grow;
 When its branches are extended,
 To the trellis tied they go.
 To the stony soil committed,
 Drawing thence its food supply;
 It can never choose its own way,
 Or from difficulty fly.
- 4. Oh, how beautiful its verdure, Which in spring spreads o'er the field. From life's energy and fulness Growth abundant doth it yield. Till it's full of tender branches Twining freely everywhere, Stretching 'gainst the sky's deep azure Tasting sweetly of the air.
- 5. But the master of the vineyard
 Not in lenience doth abide,
 But with knife and pruning scissors
 Then would strip it of its pride.
 Caring not the vine is tender,
 But with deep, precision stroke
 All the pretty, excess branches
 From the vine are neatly broke.
- 6. In this time of loss and ruin, Dare the vine self-pity show? Nay, it gives itself more fully To the one who wounds it so, To the hand that strips its branches, Till of beauty destitute, That its life may not be wasted, But preserved for bearing fruit.

- 7. Into hard wood slowly hardens
 Every stump of bleeding shoot,
 Each remaining branch becoming
 Clusters of abundant fruit.
 Then, beneath the scorching sunshine,
 Leaves are dried and from it drop;
 Thus the fruit more richly ripens
 Till the harvest of the crop.
- 8. Bowed beneath its fruitful burden,
 Loaded branches are brought low—
 Labor of its growth thru suffring
 Many a purposed, cutting blow.
 Now its fruit is fully ripened,
 Comforted the vine would be;
 But the harvest soon is coming,
 And its days of comfort flee.
- 9. Hands will pick and feet will trample All the riches of the vine, Till from out the reddened wine-press Flows a river full of wine. All the day its flow continues, Bloody-red, without alloy, Gushing freely, richly, sweetly, Filling all the earth with joy.
- 10. In appearance now the grape vine
 Barren is and pitiful;
 Having given all, it enters
 Into night inscrutable.
 No one offers to repay it
 For the cheering wine that's drunk,
 But 'tis stripped and cut e'en further
 To a bare and branchless trunk.
- 11. Yet its wine throughout the winter
 Warmth and sweetness ever bears
 Unto those in coldness shiv'ring,
 Pressed with sorrow, pain, and cares.
 Yet without, alone, the grape vine
 Midst the ice and snow doth stand,
 Steadfastly its lot enduring,
 Though 'tis hard to understand.

- 12. Winter o'er, the vine prepareth
 Fruit again itself to bear;
 Budding forth and growing branches,
 Beauteous green again to wear;
 Never murmuring or complaining
 For the winter's sore abuse,
 Or for all its loss desiring
 Its fresh offring to reduce.
- 13. Breathing air, untainted, heavenly,
 As it lifts its arms on high,
 Earth's impure, defiled affections
 Ne'er the vine may occupy.
 Facing sacrifice, yet smiling,
 And while love doth prune once more,
 Strokes it bears as if it never
 Suffered loss and pain before.
- 14. From the branches of the grape vine
 Sap and blood and wine doth flow.
 Does the vine, for all it suffered,
 Lost, and yielded, poorer grow?
 Drunkards of the earth and wanderers,
 From it drink and merry make.
 From their pleasure and enjoyment
 Do they richer thereby wake?
- 15. Not by gain our life is measured, But by what we've lost 'tis scored; 'Tis not how much wine is drunken, But how much has been outpoured. For the strength of love e'er standeth In the sacrifice we bear; He who has the greatest suffring Ever has the most to share.
- 16. He who treats himself severely
 Is the best for God to gain;
 He who hurts himself most dearly
 Most can comfort those in pain.
 He who suffering never beareth
 Is but empty "sounding brass";
 He who self-life never spareth
 Has the joys which all surpass.