

# Cut It Down

Philip Paul Bliss (1838-1876)

$\text{♩} = 110$

1. Cut it down, cut it down, Spare not the fruit - less tree! It  
 2. One year more, one year more, Oh, spare the fruit - less tree! Be-  
 3. Cut it down, cut it down, And burn the worth - less tree! For  
 4. One year more, one year more, For mer - cy spare the tree! An-  
 5. Still it stands, still it stands, A fair, but fruit - less tree! The

spreads a harm - ful shade a - round, It spoils what else were  
 - hold its branch - es broad and green Its spread - ing leaves have  
 o - ther use the soil pre - pare, Some o - ther tree will  
 o - ther year of care be - stow, On its fair form some  
 Mas - ter, seek - ing fruit there - on Has come— but, grieved at

use - ful ground. No fruit for years on it I've found; Cut it down,  
 hope-ful been, Some fruit there-on may yet be seen; One year more,  
 flour-ish there, And in my vine - yard much fruit bear, Cut it down,  
 fruit may grow, If not— then lay the cum - b'rer low, One year more,  
 find - ing none, Now speaks to Jus - tice— Mer - cy flown— Cut it down,

cut it down.  
 one year more.  
 cut it down.  
 one year more.  
 cut it down.