

# Cut It Down

Philip Paul Bliss (1838–1876)

Philip Paul Bliss

♩=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 - other use the soil pre - pare, Some o - other tree will  
- o - other 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.

