

The Two Trees in the Garden

In the centre of the Garden, there stands the Tree of Life,
its shade and branches welcoming, no hint of toil or strife.

With fruit so ripe and filled with pips
lingering like honey on the lips.
It's calling me to yield my all,
desiring not that I should fall.

What is the hesitation?
What is the stumbling block?
Another tree, another call, that makes my eyes to lock.
The voice seems almost louder, tempting me to yield.
It too is pleasing to the eye, its echoes fill the field.

My eyes grow wide at its succulent fruit
with promised wisdom at its root.
Did God say no, surely not?
Let's add it to the melting pot.

Look at me, it speaks, it shouts,
bearing so much weight and clout.
Seducing me to come too close,
I take the fruit and taste a dose.
My innocence now wiped away
More shame than I can ever know or say.

The other tree stands patiently,
its fruit and leaves now closed to me.
The Garden, once a sanctuary,
seems forever gone from me.
Cast out of that place of pure delight
to another world of fear and flight.

But wait, the Tree of Life's not dead, it's
being kept safe for me instead.
Its price is high, it cost Him all
that I might once more hear His call.

My Saviour Jesus died for me
with nails, crushed against the tree.
His blood dripped down from a piercing crown,
His body torn beyond renown.
"Father, forgive them, they know not what they do"
His voice cried out for me and you.

A call from the Tree of Life seeks intimacy
with the only One who can truly see.
He demands my all, my life, my soul,
nothing more should I withhold.

Made in His image to do His will,
pouring out blessing upon me still.
Down on one knee, proposing to me,
please don't hide but be my Bride.
The highest honour in the land is
walking with Him hand in hand.

My heart is free and now I see
just what my Saviour did for me.
This Tree of Life is now my shade which
will never wither, spoil or fade.

My life is centred around its call,
its leaves so green, they never fall.
There's a cost to me to forsake all,
to stay on track and feed not sin's call.

His grace and mercy lift my head as
I die to self and am now dead.
It's now His life that is within, that speaks
a better word than sin.

My heart is open, I want more, certain
He will never close the door.
The way, though narrow to the Tree of Life,
brings no more sorrow, no more strife.
The road marked out, not always smooth,
is filled with love to guide and soothe.

There is only one way, only one Tree.

