

The Tale of Three Trees



High on a Hill

Three trees, high on a hill, stand above the humble clay,
Three trees, high on a hill, dreaming what they'll be one day.

I'll be a chest with a silver lock in the house of a wealthy lord.
He will lift my precious cover to reveal what he has stored.
Diamonds, rubies, dazzling gems, pearls and gold and all things good.
I will hold a priceless treasure, in my arms of polished wood.



Three trees, high on a hill, stand above the humble clay,
Three trees, high on a hill, dreaming what they'll be one day.

I'll be the mast of a sailing ship at the front of a mighty fleet.
The royal flag above my head, the deck beneath my feet.
With wind and sail, I'll put the boat as smooth as angel's flight.
The king himself will sleep on board, through the roughest night.



(Celebrate Choir add descant)

Three trees, high on a hill, stand above the humble clay,
Three trees, high on a hill, dreaming what they'll be one day.

I will grow straight and tall, I will rise above them all,
Branches lifting as in prayer,
all will look to heaven when they see me pointing there.

I will grow straight and tall, I will rise above them all,
Branches lifting as in prayer,
all will look to heaven when they see me pointing there.



(Celebrate Choir add descant)

Three trees, high on a hill, stand above the humble clay,
Three trees, high on a hill, dreaming what they'll be one day,
Dreaming what they'll be one day, dreaming what they'll be one day.

Trim the Branches

Trim the branches, strip the bark,
Cut and shave and nail and sand,
Building with the best tree in the land.

Trim the branches, strip the bark,
Cut and shave and nail and sand,
Till at last the work is done,
It must be grand!

ALL

But it's not a chest with a silver lock within a palace hall,
It's a box for feeding animals in a barn by a simple stall.

SOLO – Tree 1

I always hoped I'd be something great, shaped by a master's hand

ALL

Now you can only pray and wait, to see what God has planned.

Trim the branches, strip the bark,
Cut and shave and nail and sand,
Building with the best tree in the land.

Trim the branches, strip the bark,
Cut and shave and nail and sand,
Till at last the work is done,
It must be grand!

ALL

But it's not the mast of a sailing ship the busy workers make.
It's the bench of a rugged fishing boat alone on a shallow lake.

SOLO – Tree 2

I always hoped I'd be something great, shaped by a master's hand,

ALL

Now you can only pray and wait, to see what God has planned.

Trim the branches, strip the bark,
Rip and chisel, carve ad plane,
Till at last a form appears,
Emerging from the pain.

ALL

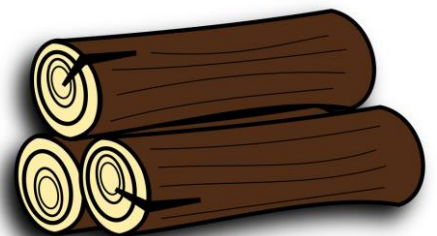
But it's not a tall or stately tree that points the way to God,
It's a scrap laid aside in a lumber yard, for the wood is flawed.

SOLO – Tree 2

I always hoped I'd be something great, shaped by a master's hand,

ALL

Now you can only pray and wait, to see what God has planned.

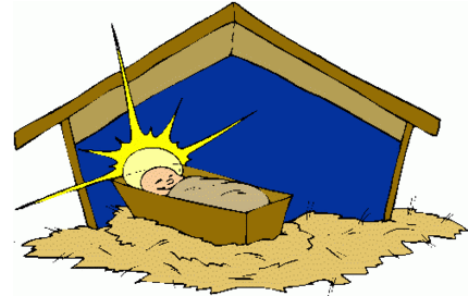


The Dream of the Tree Came True

Ah ___ diamond bright, Glory, glory, glory.
Ah ___ precious light, the child who was born that night.

She wrapped him warm and she laid him down
By a simple stall in the box she found,
And the dream of the tree came true,
and the dream of the tree came true.
For it held in the arms of sacrifice a treasure beyond all price.

Ah ___ diamond bright, Glory, glory, glory.
Ah ___ precious light, the child who was born,
the child who was born, the treasure beyond all price.



Oo wind and wave, lightning flash, thunder,
Oo stormy lake, still the man does not awake.
Oo wind and wave, lightning flash, thunder,
Oo can't you see the boat is going under.
Oo wind and wave, lightning flash, thunder,
Oo stormy lake, still the man does not awake.
Oo wind and wave, lightning flash, thunder,
Oo head the cry... Master save us, save us, save us,
SAVE US, or we will die!



And the man arose and he raised his hand,
and the wind died down at his command,
And the dream of the tree came true, and the dream of the tree came true.
On a bed as soft as angel wings, it carried the King of kings.

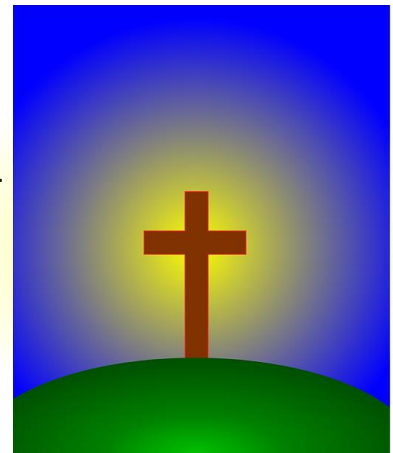
Waiting, waiting for the plan, can it be this wounded man?
Waiting, waiting for the call, one day to rise above them all.
There on a hill those angry men plant the third tree once again
And the dream of the tree came true, and the dream of the tree came true.

For the ones who passed that hill, and the ones who pass it still
See if lifted as in prayer, and so look up to heaven
for the tree is pointing there!

Dreams, we all have dreams,
what we can be, what we can do.
Lord, with all we are, we pray that are dreams
will lead us, will lead us to you.

Dreams, we all have dreams,
what we can be, what we can do.
Lord, with all we are, we pray that are dreams
will lead us, will lead us to you.

Will lead us, will lead us to you.



What we
can be, what we can do.
Lord, with all we are, we pray that our dreams
will lead us, will lead us to you