Song of the Olive Tree

Leon Rosselson

My   fa-ther's fa-ther's fa-ther plant-ed   here   On   this now bro-ken earth, and o-live

tree   And   as a child I sang to it my   sec-rets   And   as it grew, I felt it part of

me   Its   bran - ches gave me shel - ter from the   sun   Its

grey - green leaves - shad-ed my young   dreams   The   fruit it bore was like a gift of

hope   Of   all the o-live trees, I loved this one