Thy Word Is Like A Garden

EIN GAERTNER, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

1. Thy Word is like a garden, Lord, With flowers bright and fair;
2. Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine; And jewels rich and rare;
3. Thy Word is like a starry host: A thousand rays of light
4. Thy Word is like an arm'ry grand Where soldiers may repair
5. O may I love Thy precious Word, May I explore the mine,
6. O may I find my armor there, Thy Word, my trusty sword;

And every one who seeks may pluck A lovely cluster there;
Are hidden in its mighty depths For ev'ry search there;
Are seen to guide the trav'ler home And make his path-way bright;
And find for life's long bat-tle day All need-ful weap-ons there;
May I its fragrant flowers glean, May light up on me shine!
I'll learn to fight with ev'ry foe The battle of the Lord;

And every one who seeks may pluck A lovely cluster there.
Are hidden in its mighty depths For ev'ry search there.
Are seen to guide the trav'ler home And make his path-way bright.
And find for life's lone bat-tle day All need-ful weap-ons there.
May I its fragrant flowers glean, May light up on me shine!
I'll learn to fight with ev'ry foe The battle of the Lord.