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;
And ev'ry one who seeks may pluck A lovely cluster there;

2. Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine; And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths For ev'ry search-er there;

3. Thy Word is like a star-ry host: A thousand rays of light
Are seen to guide the trav'ler home And make his path-way bright;

4. Thy Word is like an arm'ry grand Where sol-diers may re-pair
And find for life's long bat-tle-day All need-ful weap-ons there;

5. O may I love Thy pre-cious Word, May I ex-plore the mine,
May I its fragrant flow-ers glean, May light up-on me shine!

6. O may I find my armor there, Thy Word, my trust-y sword;
I'll learn to fight with ev'ry foe The bat-tle of the Lord;

And ev'ry one who seeks may pluck A love-ly cluster there.

Words: Edwin Hodder (1868)
Music: Anonymous

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