Thy Word Is Like a Garden, Lord

Words: Edwin Hodder, 1868
Music: Gottfried W. Fink, 1842

1. Thy Word is like a garden, Lord, With flowers bright and fair;
   And every one who seeks may pluck A lovely cluster there.
   Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine; And jewels rich and rare
   Are hidden in its mighty depths For every searcher there.

2. Thy Word is like a starry host. A thousand rays of light
   Are seen to guide the traveler, And make his pathway bright.
   Thy Word is like an armor, Where soldiers may repair;
   And find, for life's long battle-day, All needful weapons there.

3. O, may I love Thy precious Word, May I explore the mine,
   May I its fragrant flowers glean, May light upon me shine.
   O, may I find my armor there, Thy Word my trusty sword;
   I'll learn to fight with every foe The battle of the Lord. Amen.