

Thy Word is like a garden, Lord

Tochter Zion, 1741

St. Bernard
C.M.

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.

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 armory,
where soldiers may repair;
And find, for life's long battle day,
all needful weapons there.

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.

Edwin Hodder