

# Your Word, O Lord, is gently dew

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Af Himlens  
87.87.877

Your Word, O Lord, is gentle dew  
To suffering hearts that want it;  
O shower us with your grace anew,  
To all your garden grant it.  
Refreshed by you with heavenly dew,  
Each plant sustain and nourish,  
That fruits for you may flourish.

Your Word's a burning fire, a sword  
That pierces like an arrow,  
A hammer that breaks rock, O Lord;  
It reaches heart and marrow.  
Your Word send forth through all the earth,  
The power of evil smashing,  
The hearts of people washing.

Your Word, a wondrous star, supplies  
True guidance when we need it;  
It points to Christ, and so makes wise  
All simple hearts that heed it.  
Let not its light fade from our sight,  
But keep it brightly burning,  
And fill our deepest yearning.

Your Yes and Amen still stand sure,  
Your Word abides for ever;  
To us and ours your truth secure,  
O let us lose it never.  
Through all our life, mid all our strife,  
With your pure Word provide us  
To comfort, warn, and guide us.

Carl B. Garve