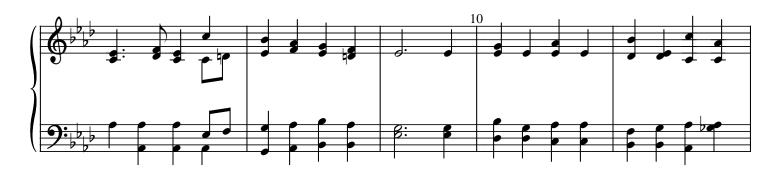
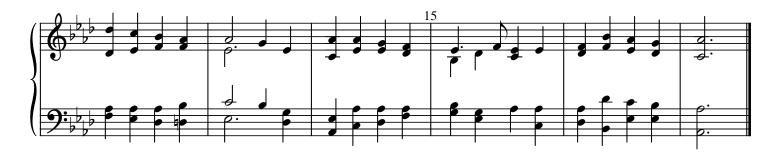
## Thy Word is like a garden, Lord







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