

Thy Word Is Like a Garden, Lord

Edwin Hodder, 1863.

Gottfried Fink, 1842.

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.