

We Are a Garden Walled Around
Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748).
Music: William Leighton, ca. 1614.

We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot enclosed by grace
Out of the worlds wide wilderness.

Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Fathers hand;
And all His springs in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

Awake, O, heavnly wind! and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine! descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Savior God
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

Let my Belovd come and taste
His pleasant fruits at His own feast:
I come, My spouse, I come! He cries,
With love and pleasure in His eyes.

Our Lord into His garden comes,
Well pleased to smell our poor perfumes,
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.

Eat of the tree of life, My friends,
The blessings that My Father sends;
Your taste shall all My dainties prove,
And drink abundance of My love.

Jesus, we will frequent Thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord;
But the rich food on which we live
Demands more praise than tongues can give.