Thy Work Is Like A Garden

EIN GAERTNER, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

1. Thy Word is like a gar-den, Lord, With flow-ers bright and fair;
   And ev-'ry one who seeks may pluck A love-ly clus-ter there;

2. Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine; And jew-els rich and rare
   Are hid-den in its might-y depths For ev-'ry search-er there;

3. Thy Word is like a star-ry host: A thou-sand rays of light
   Are seen to guide the trav-ler home And make his path-way bright;

4. Thy Word is like an ar-m'ry grand Where sol-diers may re-pair
   And find for life's long bat-tle day All need-ful weap-ons there;

5. O may I love Thy pre-cious Word, May I ex-plore the mine,
   May I its fra-grant flow-ers glean, May light up-on me shine!

6. O may I find my ar-mor there, Thy Word, my trust-y sword;
   I'll learn to fight with ev-'ry foe The bat-tle of the Lord;

And ev-'ry one who seeks may pluck A love-ly clus-ter there.
Are hid-den in its might-y depths For ev-'ry search-er there.
Are seen to guide the trav-ler home And make his path-way bright.
And find for life's lone bat-tle day All need-ful weap-ons there.
May I its fra-grant flow-ers glean, May light up-on me shine!
I'll learn to fight with ev-'ry foe The bat-tle of the Lord.