

# Thy Word is like a garden, Lord

Gottfried W. Fink, 1783-1846

Bethlehem  
CMD

**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