

Thy Word Is Like a Garden, Lord

Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law. Psa. 119:18

I rejoice at thy word, as one that findeth great spoil. 119:162

1. Thy Word is like a gar - den, Lord, with flow - ers bright and fair;
2. Thy Word is like a star - ry host: a thou - sand rays of light
3. Oh, may I love Thy pre - cious Word, may I ex - plore the mine,

And eve - ry - one who seeks may pluck a love - ly clus - ter there.
Are seen to guide the trav - el - er, and make his path - way bright.
May I its fra - grant flow - ers glean, may light up - on me shine!

Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine; and jew - els rich and rare
Thy Word is like an ar - mor - y, where sol - diers may re - pair;
Oh, may I find my ar - mor there! Thy Word my trust - y sword,

Are hid - den in its might - y depths for eve - ry search - er there.
And find, for life's long bat - tle day, all need - ful wea - pons there.
I'll learn to fight with eve - ry foe the bat - tle of the Lord.