

1. We are a gar den walled a - round, Chosen and made pe- culiar ground,

2. Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand, Planted by God the Father's hand;

3. Awake, O heavenly wind, and come, Blow on this garden of per- fume:

4. Make our best spices flow a- broad, To enter- tain our Saviour God;

A little spot en- closed by grace Out of the world's wide wilder- ness.

And all his springs in Zion flow, To make the young plan- tation grow.

Spirit di- vine, de- scend and breathe A gracious gale on plants be- neath.

And faith and love and joy ap- pear, And every grace be active here.