

## We Are A Garden Wall'd Around

~Other Speakers S-Z: Isaac Watts:

We are a Garden wall'd around,  
Chosen and made peculiar Ground;  
A little Spot inclos'd by Grace  
Out of the World's wide Wilderness.

Like Trees of Myrrh and Spice we stand,  
Planted by God the Father's Hand;  
And all his Springs in Sion flow,  
To make the young Plantation grow.

Awake, O heavenly 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 Saviour-God:  
And faith, and Love, and joy appear,  
And every Grace be active here.

Let my Beloved 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 pleas'd 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.