We Are a Garden Wall'd Around

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
We are a garden wall'd a-

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
round, Cho- sen and made pe-

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
culiar ground; A little

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
spot inclos'd by grace, Out

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
of the world's wide wilderness.

The other verses

2 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.

3 Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best spices flow abroad
To entertain our Saviour God:
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

5 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.

6 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.

7 "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."

8 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.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.