

GARDEN

God from his cloudy cistern pours, on the parch'd earth enriching show'rs;
The grove the garden and the field, a thousand joyful blessings yield.

He gives us bread for daily need, in pastures of delight we feed.
Then let us praise him all our days, ye saints your songs of rapture raise.

What noble fruit the vines produce! The olive yields a pleasing juice.
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine, His gifts proclaim His love
divine

His bounteous hands our table spread; He fills our cheerful stores with
bread;
While food our daily strength imparts, let daily praise inspire our hearts.