

The Lord into his garden comes

Anonymous, Kentucky Harmony
quoted here from the 1835 Kirtland hymnal

1. The Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes;
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make the dead revive.

2. This makes the dry and barren ground,
In springs of water to abound,
And fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And make his people one.

3. The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
Come, taste and see the pardon free
To all mankind, as well as me;
Who comes to Christ may live.

4. The worst of sinners here may find
A Savior pitiful and kind,
Who will then all relieve:
None are to late if they repent;
Out of one sinner legions went,
Jesus did him receive.

5. Come, brethren, you that love the Lord,
Who taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6. We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' throne on high;
It comes like floods, we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

7. But when we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply:
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.

8. There we shall reign, and shout and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home,
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there
For Jesus bids us come.