

The Third Garden

*A garden enclosed Is my sister, my spouse, A spring shut up, A fountain sealed.
Your plants are an orchard of pomegranates With pleasant fruits,
Fragrant henna with spikenard, Spikenard and saffron, Calamus and cinnamon,
With all trees of frankincense, Myrrh and aloes, With all the chief spices--
A fountain of gardens, A well of living waters, And streams from Lebanon.*

*Awake, O north wind, And come, O south!
Blow upon my garden, That its spices may flow out.*
Song of Solomon 4:12-16

God made Adam in His image,
Gave Him everything that's nice,
With a suitable companion
For the Garden's paradise;
But they chose to disobey Him,
When they thought His back was turned,
So He sent them out of Eden
To the sweat their sin had earned.

Christ descended in God's image,
To this world of guilt and fears;
Showed His love to dying sinners
Shedding sympathetic tears;
Then He knelt there in the Garden,
Sweating anguish as He wept,
Choosing to obey His Father,
While His earthly comrades slept.

Now my soul's become the garden
Where the voice of God is heard.
I am transformed to His image
When I choose to keep His Word;
And the winds of opposition
Spread the fragrance on the breeze,
Of obedient communion
With my Lord on yielded knees.

Bud Morris

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