

To Me hath Been Granted a Garden

To me hath been granted a garden,
Tho only for my care,
To nourish the plants and flowers
That may be growing there.

'Twas God that granted this garden,
For only the other day
The owner, my neighbor, left it,
To use it, as I may.

And dahlias shall grow in the garden,
and roses of beauty rare,
And daisies and tulips and daffodils,
And poppies and lilies fair.

Yes, there shall be many flowers,
But not alone will they grow,
But beauty and love and hope and truth,
These also, shall I sow.

And fairies shall play in this garden,
Sylphs and elves and gnomes,
And birds shall sing there all day long,
And make their summer homes.

Yes, and bees shall gather the honey,
And toil there all the day,
Whilst I shall gather the flowers,
For that is all my pay.

And what shall be done with the flowers?
Is the question you may ask,
For after all, they'd only be
A reward for my daily task.

No, God will have grown these flowers,
And to God shall they be given,
And I but the steward in that back yard,

For our Father who art in Heaven.

There'll be some for the poor and lowly,
And some for those sick in bed,
And others for those in hospitals,
And for the children whose parents are dead.

And so shall all the flowers,
Be a hope for those whose life
Is shut from the beauties given by God,
Who are lost in this world of strife.

And everywhere in this garden,
That God hath granted me,
Shall love be planted and love grow,
And I his servant be.

As for the blossoms that come there,
A message shall each bring,
Beauty and love and joy and hope,
And every flower shall sing.