



Hymn

FOR FLOWER SERVICE.

*My beloved is come down into His garden to
gather lilies.*

In the flowers, dear Lord, we bring Thee,
Fashioned by Thy hand divino,
Robed by Thee in regal splendour,
We but give Thee what is Thine.

Royal roses, stately lilies,
Flowers of every form and hue;
Painted by Thy glorious sunshine,
Nourished with Thy rain and dew.

Beauteous, without thought or toiling;
Symbols of Thy tender care,
They, where'er Thy will hath placed them,
Shed their sweetness on the air.

From the plants in Thine own garden,
Lord, we bring Thee what is Thine;
Blossoms bathed in dews baptismal,
Fragrant with Thy breath divine.

Royal love and meek obedience,
Simple faith and purity,
Bright-eyed hope, content, and gladness,
These Thy gifts we give to Thee.

Lord, accept Thy children's offering—
Earth's fair flowers, and flowers more sweet;
For Thy holy use we lay them,
Rose of Sharon, at Thy feet.

ESTHER WIGLESWORTH.