



- 2. The hateful weeds of sin destroy, the bloom of Paradise restore, with beauty bless it, and with joy fill its waste-places evermore; refresh it with thy bounteous grace, and make it thine own dwelling-place!
- 3. It is the garden of the Lord, but all unfit for him to see, until its tangled paths, restored to their primeval grace by thee, become the ways where he will walk, and by me sit, and with me talk.
- 4. O blessed Spirit! on me rest, and in me evermore abide, what I should be thou knowest best, what I most need canst best provide; refresh my drooping soul with grace, and make it God's own dwelling-place!

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