

David Walker

1. The fin-est flow'r that e'er was known, O-pened on Cal-v'ry's tree, When Christ the Lord was pierced and torn, For love of worth-less me.

2. Earth could not hold so rich a flow'r, Nor half its beau-ties show; Nor could the world and Sa-tan's pow'r Con-fine it here be-low.

3. But not to Ca-naan's shores con-fined, The seeds which from it blow Take root with-in the hu-man mind, And scent the church be-low.

Its deep-est hue, its rich-est smell, No mor-tal sense can bear; Nor can the tongue of an-gels tell How bright its col-ors are.

On Ca-naan's banks su-preme-ly fair, This flow'r of won-der blooms, Trans-plant-ed to its na-tive air, And all the shores per-fumes.

Love is the sweet-est bud that blows, Its beau-ty nev-er dies; On earth a-mong the saints it grows, And ri-pens in the skies.