

In The Garden

I come to the gar-den a-lone,
While the dew is still on the ros-es;
And the voice I hear, fall-ing on my ear;
The Son of God dis-clos-es.

*And He walks with me, and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own,
And the joy we share as we tar-ry there,
None other has ev-er known*

He speaks, and the sound of His voice
Is, so sweet the birds hush their sing-ing,
And the mel-o-dy that He gave to me,
With-in my heart is ring-ing.

*And He walks with me, and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own,
And the joy we share as we tar-ry there,
None other has ev-er known*

I'd stay in the gar-den with Him
Tho' the night a-round me be fall-ing,
But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe,
His voice to me is call-ing.

*And He walks with me, and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own,
And the joy we share as we tar-ry there,
None other has ev-er known*