

IN THE GARDEN

By
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Slowly

Verse

1. 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.

Chorus

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 oth - er has ev - er known.

2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet, the birds hush their singing,
And the melody,
That He gave to me,
Within my heart is ringing.

Chorus

3. I'd stay in the garden with Him,
Tho' the night around me be falling,
But He bids me go;
Thro' the voice of woe,
His voice to me is calling.

Chorus