In the Garden

1 I come to the garden alone, while the dew is still on the roses; and the voice I hear, all the sweet birds hush their singing, and the melody that he gives to me with my heart is ringing. And he spoke to me with mine ear, the Son of God discloses.

2 He speaks, and the sound of his voice is so soft that though the dew is in the grass, it reveals the fragrance of the garden. He tells me he is the walk with me, and he talks with me, and he tells me I am his own.

3 I'd stay in the garden with him though the night around me be falling, but he bids me go; through the stars of evening as they rise, I hear the voice of woe his voice to me is calling.

Refrain

walks with me, and he talks with me, and he tells me I am his own, and the joy we share, as we tarry there, none other has ever known.

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