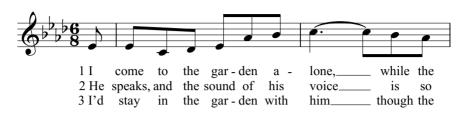
In the Garden





dew is still on the ro - ses; and thevoice I hear, all - ing sweet the birds hush their sing - ing, and the me - lo-dy that he night a-round me be fal - ling, but he bids me go; through the



my ear, the Son of God dis clo ses. on gave to me with - in my heart is ring ing. And he voice of woe his voice to me cal is ling.



walks with me, and he talks with me, and he tells me I am his



tar - ry there, none o-ther has e-ver___ known.

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