In the Garden

1 I come to the garden alone, while the dew is still on the roses; and the voice I hear, all ing sweet the birds hush their singing, and the night a-round me be falling, but he bids me go; through the

2 He speaks, and the sound of his voice is so gave to me with in my heart is ringing. And he voice of woe his voice to me is calling.

3 I’d stay in the garden with him though the walks with me, and he talks with me, and he tells me I am his own, and the joy we share, as we

[Refrain]

6

In the Garden

Son of God discloses.

And he

6

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