1. I come to the garden alone, While the dew is still on the roses; And the voice I hear, falling on my ear, birds hush their singing; And the melody that He gave to me

2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the melody that He gave to me.

3. I'd stay in the garden with Him Tho' the night alone.

The Son of God discloses.
With in my heart is ringing. And He walks with me, and He

His voice to me is calling.

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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