In the Garden

1. I come to the garden alone, While the dew is still on the roses; And the voice I hear, falling on my ear.

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 round me be falling; But He bids me go; thro' the voice of woe, the Son of God dispenses.

3. I'd stay in the garden with Him. Tho' the night is dark, the Son of God dispenses.

With 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.