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 on my ear, the Son of God disclosures. in my heart discerning. And he walks with me, and he talks with me, and he tells me I am his own.

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 with-ringing, but he bids me go; through the voice of woe his voice to me is calling.

3 I’d stay in the garden with him though the night a-round me be-though the dew is still on the roses; and the voice I hear, all-ing on my ear, the Son of God disclosures. in my heart discerning. And he walks with me, and he talks with me, and he tells me I am his own.
joy we share, as we tarry there, none other has ever known.