

# In the Garden



1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, — While the dew is  
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice — Is so sweet the  
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him — Tho' the night a -



still on the ros - es; And the voice I hear, fal - ling on my ear,  
birds hush their sing - ing; And the me - lo - dy that He gave to me  
round me be fal - ling; But He bids me go; thro' the voice of woe,



The Son of God dis - clo - ses.  
With - in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He  
His voice to me is cal - ling.



talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, — And the joy we



share as we tar - ry there, None o - ther has e - ver — known.