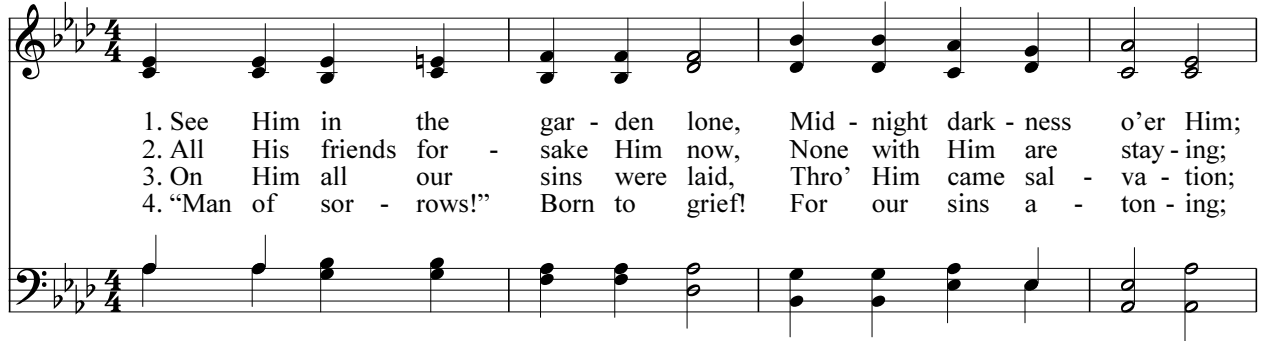


# See Him in the Garden Lone

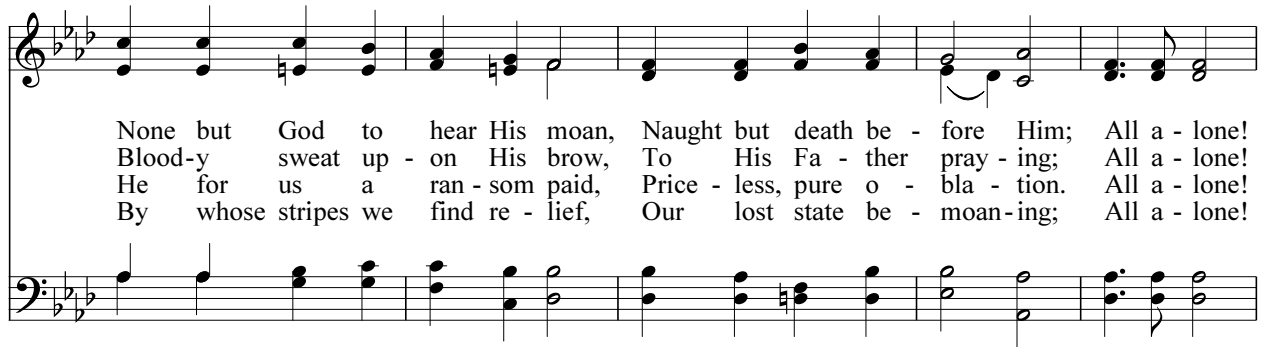
Harry Sanders, 1888

Harry Sanders

♩=105



1. See Him in the gar - den lone, Mid - night dark - ness o'er Him;  
2. All His friends for - sake Him now, None with Him are stay - ing;  
3. On Him all our sins were laid, Thro' Him came sal - va - tion;  
4. "Man of sor - rows!" Born to grief! For our sins a - ton - ing;



None but God to hear His moan, Naught but death be - fore Him; All a - lone!  
Blood-y sweat up - on His brow, To His Fa - ther pray - ing; All a - lone!  
He for us a ran - som paid, Price - less, pure o - bla - tion. All a - lone!  
By whose stripes we find re - lief, Our lost state be - moan - ing; All a - lone!



All a - lone! He the wine press treads a-lone.  
All a - lone! He the wine press treads a-lone.  
All a - lone! He the wine press trod a-lone.  
All a - lone! He the wine press trod a-lone.