

In the Garden

I come to the garden alone,
While the dew is still on the roses,
And the voice I hear,
Falling on my ear,
The Son of God discloses.

Chorus:

**And He walks with me,
And He 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.**

He speaks, and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing,
And the melody
That he gave to me,
Within my heart is ringing.

I'd stay in the garden with Him
Though the night
Around me be falling,
But he bids me go; through the voice of woe
His voice to me is calling.