

# I Come To The Garden Alone

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, Fall - ing on my ear,  
birds hush their sing - ing; And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me,  
round me be fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thru the voice of woe

## Chorus

The Son of God dis - clos - es.  
With - in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He talks with me,  
His voice to me is call - ing.

And He tells me I am His own; And the joy we share as we  
tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.