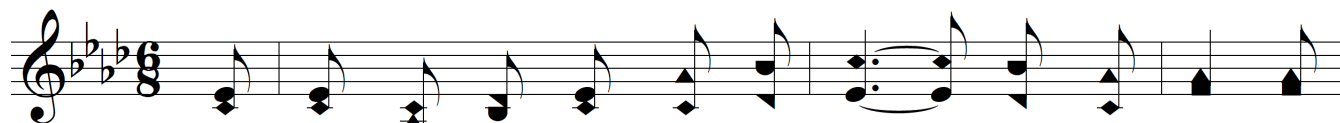


I Come to the Garden Alone



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.

