I COME TO THE GARDEN ALONE

1. I come to the garden alone, While the dew is still on the roses; And the voice I hear, Falling on my ear,
   And the melody That He gave to me, But He bids me go; Thru the voice of woe

2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing; And the melody That He gave to me,
   That He gave to me, But He bids me go; Thru the voice of woe

3. I'd stay in the garden with Him, Tho the night around me be falling, But He bids me go; Thru the voice of woe

Chorus

The Son of God discloses.

With in my heart is ringing.

His voice to me is calling.

And He tells me I am His own;

And the joy we share as we tarry there, None other has ever known.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY C. AUSTIN MILES (1912)