

I Come To The Garden Alone (Arr. 1)

1. I come to the gar - den a - lone, While the dew is still
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice, Is so sweet the birds
3. I'd stay in the gar - den with Him, Tho the night a - round

on the ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear,
hush their sing - ing; And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me,
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.