

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

5
 ros - es; And the voice I hear, fall - ing on my ear. The
 sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy, that He gave to me With -
 fall - ing, But He bids me go; through the voice of woe, His

8
 Son of God dis - clos - es. And He walks with me, and He
 in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
 voice to me is call - ing.

12
 talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the

15
 joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ever known.