In the Garden

“She turned...and saw Jesus.” (John 20:14)

1. I come to the garden alone. While the dew is still on the roses, And the voice I hear
   2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice is sweet the birds hush their singing. And the melody
   3. I'd stay in the garden with Him. Though the night around me be falling. But He bids me go. Through the voice of woe

   Son of God discloses, in my heart is ringing. And He walks with me, and He talks with me. And He tells me I am His own; And the joy we share as we tarry there. None other has ever known.

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