In The Garden

(Trust)

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1. I come to the garden alone, while the dew is still on the rose
2. He speaks and the sound of His voice is so sweet the birds hush their singing
3. I'd stay in the garden with Him, though the night a round me be falling

He speaks and the voice I hear falling on my ear the Son of God is calling, and the meek and lowly He gave to me with in my heart is singing, but He bids me go; through the voice of woe His voice to me is calling.

CHORUS

clo__ ses.
ring__ ing. And He walks with me, and He talks with me. And He tells me

cal__ ling.

I am His own; and the joy we share as we tarry there, none other has e ver__ known. And He tells me I am His own. A men.