In the Garden

Jesus saith unto her, Mary.
She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. Jn. 20:15-16

1. I come to the garden alone, While the dew is still on the roses,
And the voice I hear falling on my ear The Son of God discloses.
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.

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 With-in my heart is ringing.
But He bids me go; through the voice of woe His voice to me is calling.
And the joy we share as we tarry there, None other has ever known.

3. I’d stay in the garden with Him, Though the night around me be falling,
Refrain
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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