

#17

D
I come to the garden alone,
G While the dew is still on the D roses,
A & the voice I hear falling on my ear D
E7 The Son of God dis-clos-es. A A7

D
And he walks with me,
A
and he talks with me,
A A7 D
And he tells me I am his own,
D F#7
And the joy we share
Bm D7 G
as we tar-ry there,
D A7 D
None oth-er has ev-er known.

D
He speaks and the sound of his voice
G so sweet the birds hush their singing D
A And the mel-o-dy That he gave to me, D
E7 With-in my heart is ring-ing, A A7

D
I'd stay in the gar-den with him
G Tho the night around me be falling, D
A A7 D
But he bids me go thru the voice of woe
E7 A A7
His voice to me is call-ing.