

# In the Garden

## Behead the Prophet No Lord Shall Live

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  
He speaks and the sound of His voice  
Is so sweet that the birds they hush their singing  
    And the melody that He sends to me  
    Within my heart is still ringing  
    And, and He walks with me

    And He talks with me  
And He tells me that I am His own  
And the joy we share as we tarry, tarry there  
    None other has ever, ever known  
    None other has ever, ever known  
    None other has ever known  
    None other has ever known  
    None other has ever

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