

# In the Garden

## Behold 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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