

WHEN DOWN TO THE GARDEN.

MELODY—"Last Rose of Summer."

When down to the garden Where ri - vu - lets flow, 'Mong the ros - es and

li - lies I cheer - ful - - - ly go, 'Tis to talk with my Sa - viour whose foot - steps I

hear, And he waits to re - ceive me, And wel - come me there.

O, well I remember his wonderful love,
And the rich wedding garment his tenderness wove;
He has cover'd my soul, and I never will fear
In his heart-cheering presence with joy to appear.

He has spread me a banquet of fruits from above,
And unfurl'd me a banner, the banner of love!
I have open'd my spikenard and sweet smelling myrrh
And the fragrance he loveth perfumes all the air.

When under his shadow his fair one abides,
How kindly he feeds her, how gently he chides!
And, tenderly sweet as the music above,
How freely he whispers of pardoning love!

This is my beloved, and this is my friend!
Ye daughters of Zion, he loves to the end;
When he comes to his garden his steps you may hear
And he waits to receive you and welcome you there.