

In The Garden

C. Austin Miles

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.

He speaks, and the sound of His voice,
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing,
And the melody that He gave to me,
Within my heart is ringing.

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.

I'd stay in the garden with Him
'Tho the night around me is falling
But He bids me go; through the veil of woe
His voice to me is calling

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.

Count Your Blessings

Adapted from Johnson Oatman, Jr.

When upon life's billows you are tempest-tossed,
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord has done.

Count your blessings, name them one by one,
Count your blessings, see what God has done!
Count your blessings, name them one by one,
Count your many blessings, see what God has done.

When your life seems empty, it is so untrue;
There's a mighty Presence making all things new,
Miracles take place wherever you may be,
Proving that God's love is with you constantly

Count your blessings, name them one by one,
Count your blessings, see what God has done!
Count your blessings, name them one by one,
Count your many blessings, see what God has done.

Sweet Hour Of Prayer

William B. Bradbury

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer.

In folded in the presence rare

Of one who fills with Truth And light,

The One who works with wondrous might.

The stillness of this silent hour

Bring peace, goodwill, and conscious power;

The time of silence is, to me,

Eternal joy and harmony

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer.

In love with all men everywhere,

The universe is but the whole

Of all that is in man's pure soul..

Through Christ, the Truth I now behold

The brotherhood of man unfold

Man thinks this loving through and feels

The beauty Christ, The Truth, reveals

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer.

Into the 'secret place' repair;

I feel that quickening life of Thine

And know that Thine is also mine.

The light of Truth is now revealed;

I sing with joy, for I am healed.

The glory of the Lord I've seen;

At one with Him I'm kept serene