

# The Garden Song

## Solo for Soprano with Flute and Piano

Words by  
**TONI THOMAS**

Music by  
**DIANE TUIOFU**

*With Emotion*

Piano *mp*

\*Flute begins on second verse

*mp a tempo*

*mp a tempo*

*rit. dim. p*

*a tempo mp*

4

In my gar - den, my still, small space, \_\_\_\_\_  
gar - den, my soul's re - pose, my

7

weeds have claimed the flow-er's place. \_\_\_\_\_ My straight and nar - row  
pride un-checked soon o - ver - grows. \_\_\_\_\_ It blocks the light and

10

gar-den path is choked by vice that finds the cracks in my re-  
 heav'n-ly dew. The flow-ers thirst--scant fil - ters through pride's death - ly

13

solve. How I re - gret for - get - ting Him! It's  
 shade. How soon ne - glect the sun - light dims! It's

16

1.

time to let the Gar - d'ner in. In my

19 *2.* *rit. cresc. f* *mf*

time to let the Gar - d'ner in. Be -

*rit. cresc. f*

*mf*

*rit. cresc.* *f*

22 *a tempo*

hold He's knock-ing at the gate. My heart I'll o - pen

*a tempo*

*a tempo*

*a tempo* *mf*

25 *rit.*

to Him. I'll grow a-gain, my sin for-giv-en,

*rit.*

*rit.*

*mf*

28

*rit* *a tempo*

Father grant Thy per-fect par - don. Be - hold He's knock-ing

*rit* *a tempo*

*rit* *a tempo*

31

at the gate, Christ waits with love un - fail - ing. His

34

*rit.* *dim.*

hands still bear the marks, so tel-ling, of His la-bor in the

*rit.* *dim.*

*rit.* *dim.*

37 *mp* *mf a tempo*

*mp*

gar - den.

*mp* *a tempo* *mf*

40

43 *rit.* *mf*

*rit.* *mf*

*rit.*

In my

46 *a tempo*

gar - den, now clear of sin, I'm free to walk the path a -

49

gain. Bright vir - tue blooms, sweet fra-grant smell. Look!

8va

52

In my tree has come to dwell, the Ho - ly Dove.

8va

55

I'll come to hear His song a-gain, and

58

dai - ly let the Gar-d'ner in. Be -

61

hold He's knock-ing at the gate. My heart I'll o - pen

64

to Him. I'll grow a-gain, my sin for-giv-en,

67

*a tempo* Fa-ther grant Thy per-fect par - don. *rit.* Be - hold *a tempo* He's knock-ing

70

at the gate, Christ waits with love un - fail - ing. His



73

hands still bear the marks, so tel-ling, of His la-bor in the

*rit.* *dim.*

76

*Slower*

gar - den. I'll come to hear His song a - gain,

*mp* *Slower*

79

and dai - ly

*l.h.* *rit. dim.*

