

# In the Garden of Riḍván

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By Leslie Garrett

## CHORUS:

<sup>Am</sup>  
Roses, roses everywhere, as far as you could see <sup>Dm</sup>

<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>E</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
In the Garden of Riḍván in eighteen sixty-three

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
Bahá'u'lláh invited all to the garden of delight

<sup>E</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
While His servants slept, He kept a vigil through the night

<sup>Am</sup> <sup>Dm</sup>  
Watchful were the nightingales who sang from dusk to dawn

<sup>Dm</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>E</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
Enamored of the roses, they rejoiced the whole night long

## CHORUS

Rose-like was beauty of the One adored by all  
Enraptured by His Greatness soon the mightiest would fall  
Upon His head the taj of leadership was carried high  
Proclaiming Him the Promised One which no man could deny

## CHORUS

Joy and sadness filled His soul, for He knew His destiny  
That banishment and exile He'd endure to set us free  
Around His blessed tent the nightingales would greet the sun  
Their melodies proclaimed that the Greatest Day had just begun

## CHORUS