

In the Garden

Charles Austin Miles



1. I come to the gar-den a-lone, While the dew is
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him Though the night a-



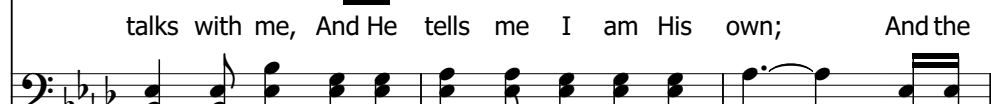
still on the ros-es; And the voice I hear, fall-ing on my ear,
birds hush their sing-ing; And the mel-o-dy that He gave to me
round me be fall-ing; But He bids me go; through the voice of woe,



The Son of God dis-clos-es.
With-in my heart is ring-ing. And He walks with me, and He
His voice to me is call-ing.



talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the



joy we share as we tar-ry there, None other has ev-er known.

