

In the Garden

C. Austin Miles (1868–1946)

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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, The
 birds hush their sing - ing; And the mel - o - dy that He gave to me With -
 round me be fall - ing; But He bids me go through the voice of woe, His

Son of God dis - clos - es. And He walks with me, and He
 in my heart is ring - ing. 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 oth - er has ev - er known.