

In the Garden

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C. A. Miles
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I come to the gar-den a-lone— While the dew is still on the ros-es And the
He speaks and the sound of His voice— Is so sweet the birds hush their sing-ing And the
I stayed in the gar-den with Him— Though the night a-round me is fal-ling But He

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voice I hear, fal-ling on my ear The Son of God dis-clo-ses And He walks with me And He
me-lo-dy that He gave to me With-in my heart is ring-ing
bids me go, through the voice of woe His voice to me is cal-ling

11

talks with me And He tells me I am His own— And the

14

joy we share as we tar-ry there None o-ther has e-ver_ known—