

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

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

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

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