In the Garden

1. I come to the garden alone, While the dew is still on the roses; And the voice I hear, falling on my ear, The Son of God discloses.

2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing; And the melody that He gave to me With in my heart is ringing. And He walks with me, and He talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the joy we share as we tarry there, None other has ever known.

3. I'd stay in the garden with Him Tho' the night a - round me be fal - ling; But He bids me go; thro' the voice of woe, His voice to me is call - ing. And He gives me all He has, And the love we know.

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Text: C. Austin Miles, 1868-1946
Tune: C. Austin Miles, 1868-1946

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