

161. In the Garden

C. Austin Miles

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1. I come to the gar - den a - lone, while the dew is still on the ros - es, and the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice is so sweet the birds hush their sing - ing, and the
3. I'd stay in the gar - den with Him tho' the night a - round me be fall - ing, but He

voice I hear fall - ing on my ear, The Son of God dis - clos - es.
mel - o - dy that He gave to me with - in my heart is ring - ing.
bids me go thru the voice of woe; His voice to me is call - ing.

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.