In the Garden

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

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 -
   He walks with me, and He
   And the voice to me is calling.
   And the joy we share as we tarry there, None other has ever known.

3. I’d stay in the garden with Him Though the night around me be
   night sweet dew
   a-mid the birds still
   The night so round me be;
   the joy we share as we tarry there, None other has ever known.

(C. Austin Miles)

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