

# IN THE GARDEN

(TTBB)

C. Austin Miles

I COME TO THE GARDEN ALONE while the DEW IS STILL ON THE ROSES; AND THE  
He SPEAKS AND THE Sound of voice IS SO SWEET The Birds hush Their Singing And The  
I'd STAY IN The Garden with Him Thru THE NIGHT AROUND me be FALLING BUT HE

VOICE I HEAR, FAL-LING ON MY EAR, The SON of God DIS-CLOSE — se-ing  
mel-o-dy, That He gave to me, with-IN MY Hearts IS Ring — ing  
Bids ME Go Thru the VOICE of woe, His VOICE to ME is call — ing

AND HE WALKS WITH ME & HE TALKS WITH ME AND HE TELLS ME I AM HIS OWN - AND THE

There! JOY WE Share as we TAR-RY NONE other HAS EVER- KNOWN.