

In the Garden

G G7 C

1. I come to the gar - den a - lone, — While the dew is still on the
 2. He speaks and the sound of his voice — Is so sweet the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar - den with him, — Though the night a - round me be

4 G D G A7

ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear, The Son of God dis -
 sing - ing; And the mel - o - dy That he gives to me, With - in my heart is
 fall - ing, But he bids me go; Through the voice of woe His voice to me is

8 D D7 G D D7

clos - es. And he walks with me, And he talks with me, And he tells me I am his
 ring - ing.
 call - ing.

12 G B7 C G D7 G

own; — And the joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has e - ver — known.

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