In The Garden

C. Austin Miller, 1912

Ionian Mode (1−5−5)

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 singing, And the melody that He gave to me, With in my heart is falling, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe His voice to me is closing.

2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing. And the voice I hear, Falling on my ear, the Son of God singing, And the melody that He gave to me, With in my heart is falling, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe His voice to me is closing.

3. I'd stay in the garden with Him Tho' the night around me be closing. And He walks with me, and He talks with me, And He tells me I am His calling.

4. Chorus

5. And the joy we share as we tarry there, None other has ever known.

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