

# IN THE GARDEN

C.A.M.

C. AUSTIN MILES

1

I COME TO THE GARD-EN A - LONE, WHILE THE DEW IS STILL ON THE  
HE SPEAKS, AND THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE IS SO SWEET THE BIRDS HUSH THEIR  
I'D STAY IN THE GARD-EN WITH HIM THOUGH THE NIGHT A-ROUND ME BE

4

BOS - ES; AND THE VOICE I HEAR, FALL - ING ON MY EAR; THE  
SING - ING, AND THE MEL - O - DY THAT HE GAVE TO ME, WITH -  
FALL - ING, BUT HE BIDS ME GO; THROUGH THE VOICE OF WOE, HIS

7

SON OF GOD DIS - CLO - SES, AND HE  
IN MY HEART IS RING - ING.  
VOICE TO ME IS CALL - ING.

9

WALKS WITH ME AND HE TALKS WITH ME, AND HE

11

TELLS ME I AM HIS OWN AND THE JOY WE SHARE AS WE

14

TAR - BY THERE, NONE OTH-ER HAS EV - ER KNOWN