

# In The Garden

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C. Austin Mills, 1868-1946

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 discloses.
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  
Within my heart is ringing.
3. I'd stay in the garden with Him  
Though the night around me be falling,  
But He bids me go; through the voice of woe  
His voice to me is calling.

Chorus:

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.

*Supposing Him to be the gardener, she said to Him, "Sir, if you have carried Him away, tell me where you have laid Him, and I will take Him away. Jesus said to her, "Mary." She turned herself, and said to Him, "Rabboni"; which is to say, Master. John 20:15b-16*