

IN THE GARDEN

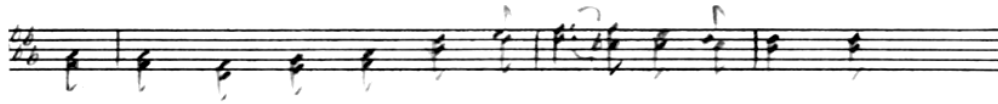
Arr. WHH  
C. Austin Miles

C.A.M.

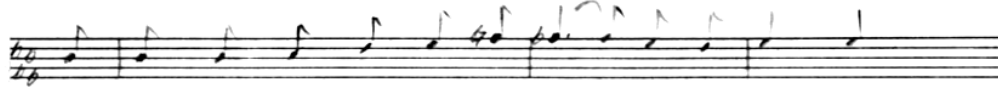
I come to the gar-den a-lone, While the dew is still on the  
ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear; The  
Son of God dis-clos - es. And He walks with me, And He  
walks with me,  
talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the  
talks with me,  
joy we share as we tar-ry there, None oth-er has ev-er known.

2

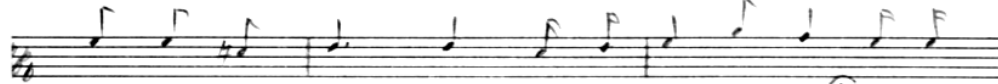
IN THE GARDEN (CONT)



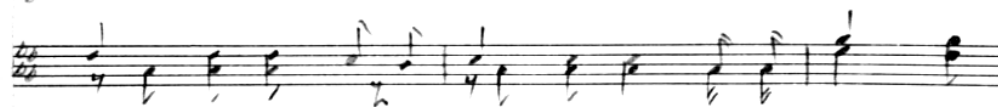
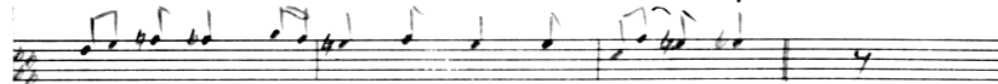
He speaks, and the sound of His voice is so sweet the



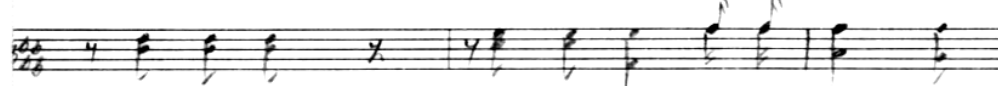
birds hush their sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He



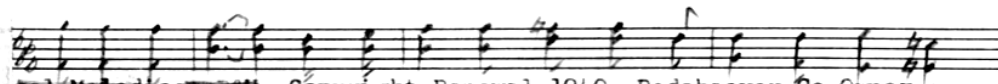
gave to me, With-in my heart is ring - ing, And He



walks with me, And He talks with me, And He tells me  
walks with me, talks with me, tells me



I am His own, And the joy we share as we tar-ry there, None



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oth-er has ev-er known.

Arr. Copyright 1966, by  
Wayne Hooper - ~~Editing~~

