



Anthem: In the Garden

Arranged by Mark Hayes

Tune: GARDEN

By C. Austen Miles, 1912

C. Austin Miles was a pharmacist, a writer of gospel songs, editor of hymnals and songbooks, and music director at camp meetings, conventions, and churches. His hobby was photography, and he found the darkroom with its strange blue glow a private place for his devotion time. One day in March 1912, while waiting for film to develop, Miles opened his Bible to John 20, the story of the first Easter. He later said,

“As I read it that day, I seemed to be part of the scene.... My hands were resting on the Bible while I stared at the light blue wall. As the light faded, I seemed to be standing at the entrance of a garden, looking down a gently winding path, shaded by olive branches. A woman in white, with head bowed, hand clasping her throat as if to choke back her sobs, walked slowly into the shadows. It was Mary. As she came to the tomb, upon which she placed her hand, she bent over to look in and hurried away. John, in flowing robe, appeared, looking at the tomb; then came Peter, who entered the tomb, followed slowly by John.

As they departed, Mary appeared leaning her head upon her arm at the tomb. She wept. Turning herself, she saw Jesus standing; so did I. I knew it was He. She knelt before Him, with arms outstretched and looking into his face, cried, ‘Rabboni!’

I awakened in full light, gripping my Bible, with muscles tense and nerves vibrating. Under the inspiration of this vision, I wrote as quickly as the words would be formed the poem exactly as it has since appeared. That evening I wrote the music.”¹

Author Robert Morgan writes that the art of meditating on scripture involves using one’s imagination. He suggests reading the passage, closing one’s eyes, and visualizing the scene just as C. Austin Miles did.

Prayer: God, please continue to bless and guide our music ministry as we seek to tell the Good News of Jesus’ resurrection and to praise and honor You. Provide each of us with a personal visionary experience of being in the garden with Jesus; let that experience be heard, felt, and “seen” as we sing these words and play the music. Amen.

¹Morgan, Robert J., *Then Sings My Soul: Special Edition*. p. 81.

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.

Refrain:

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.

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.

Refrain

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.

Refrain