

In the Garden

Verse 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.

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.

Verse 2

He speaks and the sound of His voice is so sweet that the birds hush their singing.
And the melody that He gave to me within my heart is ringing.

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.

Verse 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.
And the joy we share as we tarry there
none other has ever known.