In The Garden

New Orleans Delight

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
He speaks and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet that the birds they hush their singing
And the melody that He sends to me
Within my heart is still ringing
And, and He walks with me

And He talks with me
And He tells me that I am His own
And the joy we share as we tarry, tarry there
None other has ever, ever known
None other has ever, ever known
None other has ever known
None other has ever known
None other has ever

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