

In the Garden

[Loretta Lynn](#)

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 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 that the birds hush their singing
And the melody that he gave to me
Within my heart is ringing 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

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