In the Garden

Jim Reeves

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 disclosesAnd he walks with me and he talks with me a Ad he tells me I am his own And the joy we share as we tarry there None other has ever knownHe 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 ringingAnd he walks with me and he talks with me a Ad 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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