

# In the Garden

[Alan Jackson](#)

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 I'd stay in the garden with Him  
'Tho the night around me is falling  
But He bids me go, through the voice of woe  
His voice to me is calling 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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