

In The Garden

Dionne Warwick

I come to the garden alone
Warm dew is still on the roses
And the voice I hear
Falling on my ear
The son of God is calling

You know that he walks
He walks with me
Oh, and he talks
He talks with me
And he tells, tells me I
That I am his own
His very own

You know that the joy we share
Oh, as we tarry
We tarry there
None other has ever
Has ever known

He speaks and the sound of his voice
Is so sweet the birds started singing
And the melody that the Lord gave
He gave to me
Within my heart, it is ringing

You know that he walks
He walks with me
My God talks
He talks with me
And he tells, tells me I
That I am his own
His very own

You know that the joy
The joy that we share
Yes, as we tarry
We tarry there
None other has ever
Has ever known

Oh, you know that he walks
He walks with me
Oh, and he talks
He talks with me
And he tells, tells me I
That I am his own
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You know that the joy we share
Oh, as we tarry
We tarry there
You know that none other
No, none other
You know that none other
None other
You know that none other has ever

Has ever known