In the Garden

Pat Boone

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 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