

In The Garden

Connie Smith

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 know
n

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