

In The Garden

George Jones

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 that the birds hush their singing
And the melody that He gave to me
Within my heart, Oh, it's 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.

And the joy we share
As we tarry there
None other has ever known.

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