

## In the Garden

Randy Travis

I come to the garden alone  
While the dew  
Is still on the roses  
And the voices 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 singin'  
And the melody  
That He gave to me  
Within my hearts 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.

And the joy we share  
As we tarry there  
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