

In The Garden

Al Green

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 disclose
s.

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.

I'd stay in the garden with him though the night around me fall
ing,
But he bids me go; thru the voice of woe his voice to me is call
ing.

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.