

# Alabama, In The Garden

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  
I'd stay in the garden with Him  
Though the night around me be falling  
But He bids me go through the voice of woe  
His voice to me is calling  
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