

# Alan Jackson, 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

I'd stay in the garden with Him  
'Tho the night around me is 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