

Connie Smith, In The Garden

(None other has ever known)

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

[ac.guitar]

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...