

# Jim Reeves, 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...