

David Homyk

"In The Garden"

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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 the joy we share as we tarry there none other has
ever known

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