

The Crown of Roses

When Jesus Christ was yet a child
He had a garden small and wild
Where-in he cherished roses fair
And wove them into garlands there

Now as the summertime drew nigh
There came a troop of children by
And seeing roses on the tree
With shouts they plucked them merrily

"Do you bind roses in your hair?"
They cried in scorn to Jesus there
The boy said humbly "Take I pray
All but the na-ked thorns away"

Then of the thorns they made a crown
And with rough fingers pressed it down
Till on his forehead fair and young
Red drops of blood like roses sprung