

Rose of Bethlehem

There's a Rose in Bethlehem with a beauty quite divine;

Perfect in this world of sin on this silent holy night.

There's a fragrance, much like hope that it sends upon the wind.

Reaching out to ev'ry soul from a lowly manger's crib.

Oh Rose of Bethlehem, how lovely, pure and sweet; Born to glorify the Father,

Born to wear the thorns for me.

There's Rose in Bethlehem colored red like mercy's blood;

't is the flower of our faith, 't is the blossom of Gods love.

Though its bloom is fresh with youth surely what will be He knows.

For a tear of morning dew is rolling down the rose.

Oh Rose of Bethlehem, how lovely, pure and sweet; Born to glorify the Father,

Born to wear the thorns for me.

Like a rose trampled on the ground. You took the fall and thought of me above all.

Oh Rose of Bethlehem, how lovely, pure and sweet; Born to glorify the Father,

Born to wear the thorns for me.

Born to glorify the Father, Born to wear the thorns for me.

For me, for me.