



### The Rose of Sharon.

I am the Rose of Sharon. It was I  
 Who caught the reddest sun-beams in the sky  
 And gathered in the fragrance of the air,  
 And held it high within my chalice fair.

Once by the shining sea of Galilee,  
 A Virgin saw me fearlessly  
 She plucked me from my bristling stem and bore  
 Me, cruel thorns and all, away with her!

'Twas I who saw the Light in Bethlehem's Star  
 I saw the Wise Men, gathered from afar,  
 I heard the angel's voice from Heaven, when  
 It sang of Peace on Earth: Good Will to Men.

I am the Rose of Sharon! Once I grew  
 Along a lowly path on which I knew  
 His blessed feet would tread. And standing there  
 He would behold a rose, waiting and fair!

The Master came that way I stretched my stem  
 Until it reached and touched his garment's hem  
 And in that touch a whispered message grew—  
 A message from the Father unto you!

"Stay, fair sweet Rose," the garments seemed to say—  
 "Rose, with the wisdom of all yesterday—"  
 "Stay thou, and with thy petals wide unfurled,  
 "Be thou a Christmas gift to all the world!"

