

The Christmas Rose



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The Winter Rose

A star to guide and a story to tell,
three pilgrims to follow its path.
On their way met a girl, there tending her sheep,
on a Bethlehem hillside on Christmas.

The magi, they traveled to find the Christ Child,
to their destination, unknown.
Through the darkness, Madelon followed the three
down to the the manger below.

There's a flower that grows in the cold winter night(s),
and It breaks through the snow with its petals of white.
But Madelon knows how it first came to be—
that The Winter Rose blooms on Christmas.

The star halted there and burned like the dawn,
at a stable, unfit for his birth.
And the wise men approached, going down on there knees,
bearing precious gifts of great worth.

"I have nothing for you" admitted the girl;
so she scoured the fields alone,
in search of flower to gift the Christ Child,
finding nothing beneath the fresh snow,

And so...
she wept

But the angels were moved by her sadness...
And a miracle grew from her tears.
As the heart of child is closer to God,
so The winter rose blooms on Christmas

I saw three kings
with gifts they bring
On Christmas Day,
On Christmas Day,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

She stood there before the Son of Man,
beneath the Christmas Star.
With the white winter flower she placed in his hand,
she warmed his Sacred Heart.

I saw a rose
in the snow it grows,
On Christmas Day
On Christmas Day

On Christmas Day in the morning.

She said, "I fear I have nothing but this...
and you carry the world alone."
But each Christmas her flower returns to the field(s)
with a love that shines through the snow...

Where she wept.

But the angels were moved by her sadness...
And a miracle grew from her tears.
As the heart of child is closer to God,
so The winter rose blooms on Christmas

But the angels were moved by her sadness...
And a miracle grew from her tears.
As the heart of child is closer to God,
so The winter rose blooms on Christmas

There's a flower that grows in the cold winter night(s),
and It breaks through the snow with its petals of white.
But Madelon knows how it first came to be—
that The Winter Rose blooms
on Christmas Eve.

I saw a rose
In the snow it grows,
On Christmas Day
On Christmas Day
On Christmas Day in the morning.