1. When Jesus Christ was yet a child, He had a garden small and wild, Where-in He
The crown of roses

Now as summer

And wove them in to garlands there. 2.

Now as summer

And wove them in to garlands there. 2.

Now as summer

And wove them in to garlands there. 2.
And seeing roses by

And seeing roses by

And seeing roses by

And seeing roses by

And seeing roses by

And seeing roses by

And seeing roses by

And seeing roses by
«Do you bind roses in your hair?»
They cried, in scorn, to Jesus there:
All but the na-Red
prayer:

The boy said humbly: «Take, I pray,

They cried, in scorn, to Jesus there:
All but the na-Red
prayer:

The boy said humbly: «Take, I pray,

They cried, in scorn, to Jesus there:
All but the na-Red
prayer:

The boy said humbly: «Take, I pray,
The crown of roses

Tchaikovsky
The crown of roses

Tchaikovsky

Like roses sprung, like roses sprung

on his forehead fair and young Red drops of blood, Red drops of blood,