1. When Je-sus Christ was yet a child He had a garden small and wild, Where-in he
cherished roses fair, And wove them into garlands there. 2. Now once, as summer-
cherished roses fair, And wove them into garlands there. 2. Now once, as summer-
cherished roses fair, And wove them into garlands there. 2. Now once, as summer-
cherished roses fair, And wove them into garlands there. 2. Now once, as summer-
time drew nigh, There came a troop of children by, And seeing roses on the

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There came a troop of children by, And seeing roses on the

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There came a troop of children by, And seeing roses on the

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There came a troop of children by, And seeing roses on the

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There came a troop of children by, And seeing roses on the
The crown of roses

Tchaikovsky

3. «Do you bind roses in your hair?»

They

tree, With shouts they plucked them merri ly.

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They cried, in scorn, to Jesus there. The boy said humbly: «Take, I pray, All but the naked
cried, in scorn, to Jesus there. The boy said humbly: «Take, I pray, All but the naked
They cried, in scorn, to Jesus there. The boy said humbly: «Take, I pray, All but the naked
They cried, in scorn, to Jesus there. The boy said humbly: «Take, I pray, All but the naked
thorns away». 4. Then of the thorns they made a crown, and with rough fingers pressed it down, Till
on his fore-head fair and young Red drops of blood like roses sprung.

on his fore-head fair and young Red drops of blood like roses sprung.

on his fore-head fair and young Red drops of blood like roses sprung.

on his fore-head fair and young Red drops of blood, like roses sprung, like roses sprung.