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

on the tree, With shouts they plucked them merrily. "Do you bind roses

in your hair?" They cried, in scorn, to Jesus there. The boy said hum-bly:

in your hair?" They cried, in scorn, to Jesus there. The boy said hum-bly:
"Take, I pray, All but the naked thorns away."
Then of the thorns they made a crown, And with rough fingers pressed it down, Till on his forehead fair and young Red drops of blood like roses sprung.

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