

# Andrew Peterson, Mary Picked The Roses

Mary picked the roses early in the morn  
Mary picked the roses as the day was being born  
Mary picked the roses to smell their sweet perfume  
Mary picked the roses, but Jesus made them bloom  
And Joseph carved a table from a piece of wood  
Joseph carved a table, well, it was his livelihood  
Joseph carved a table where kings could sit to eat  
And Joseph carved a table, Jesus made the tree  
And I write songs  
These songs I sing  
And I'd have none if not for Him  
And I know whence came the tunes  
Because Jesus made the roses  
Jesus made the roses bloom

I will soon be leaving, I will soon be gone  
I will soon be leaving, but I leave for you my songs  
Though this life is fleeting and time is no one's friend  
I will soon be leaving, Jesus never ends  
So I write songs  
These songs I sing  
And I'd have none if not for Him  
And I know whence came the tunes  
Because Jesus made the roses  
Jesus made the roses  
Jesus made the roses bloom  
Made the roses bloom  
Made the roses bloom