

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