

Rose of Bethlehem

<p>??</p> <p>Heren</p>	<p>There's a rose in Bethlehem, with a beauty quite divine Perfect in this World of sin, on this silent holy night There's a fragrance, much like hope, that it sends up on the wind Reaching out to every soul, from a lowly manger's crib</p>
<p>Koor</p>	<p>Oho, Rose of Bethlehe-em, ho-ow lovely, pure and sweet Born to glorify the fa-ather, born to wear the-e thorns for me.</p>
<p>??</p> <p>Dames</p>	<p>There's a Rose in Bethlehem coloured red like mercy's blood It's a flower of our Faith, 't is the blossom of God's love. Though its bloom is fresh with youth, surely what will be He knows. For a tear of morning dew, is rolling down the rose.</p>
<p>Koor</p>	<p>Oho, Rose of Bethlehe-em, ho-ow lovely, pure and sweet Born to glorify the fa-ather, born to wear the-e thorns for me.</p>
	<p>Like a rose, trampled on the grou-ound, <u>doorzingen</u> You took the fall // And thought of me, above all Oho, Rose of Bethlehe-em, ho-ow lovely, pure and sweet Born to glorify the fa-ather, born to <u>wear</u> the-e <u>thorns</u> for me. Born to glorify the fa-ather, born to wear the-e thorns for me. For me, for me</p>