

The Reddest Rose

Of all the things God ever made there's nothing like the rose
It's always picked for great events it strikes such precious pose
On a hill so far away posed on a rugged tree
The precious Rose of Sharon turned crimson red for me

The reddest rose I've ever known wasn't always red
It's color changed from white as snow to crimson as it bled
Tag Nails that day were driven and thorns adorned its
head

The reddest rose I've ever known it wasn't always red

I think of all the poems and songs a million maybe two
But none compares such beauty rare writing I love you
His body bears the record scars paid my greatest debt
The reddest rose I've ever known wasn't always red

Key of c