

White Roses

White roses were carried on horses from Persia
Watered and tended, watched over and nurtured
Was ever a lover so carefully attended as these blossoms

How many miles and how many footsteps
These servants of love gave in their service
Forgetting themselves, their lives became worship
That the earth may blossom

Now the sweet, sweet, so sweet water flows
And the desert will blossom like a rose – oh oh oh hhh

They came to Carmel, arid and yellow
Where centuries of dust lay in a rubble,
Slaved in the sun with spade and with shovel, that the hill may blossom

Green cypress, and rich bouganvillea, red geranium to brighten each window
Murals and fountains that flower forever, and they'll ever blossom

There are many choices, every night and every day
May the white, white roses guide us on our way

Tears echo in memory, no deed lies unrevealed
And every cup must empty to be filled

The heart is a parched land of valleys and hollows

Sparse oases and parts that lie fallow

The reason for roses, and why we keep going, is that it may blossom

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