

Rose of Sharon

Robert Hunter

What you gonna call that pretty baby?
You must call it one thing or another
This one parted water, that one walked upon
Perhaps I'll call this child a Rose of Sharon
What's to be the ground that child walks upon?
Will it be solid rock or shifting sand?
Think I'll set him down on concrete highways
We'll bring him up to walk the land
Think I'll call him just another stranger
Believe I'll call him knocking at your door
Asking you for shelter from the lightning
Space to rest upon your kitchen floor
Will he be a man of constant sorrow?
Born to beg a coat against the storm?
Will he want a house with marble pillars?
And fire of a night to keep him warm?
And if a stranger comes for troubled shelter
With hounds and torchlight on his midnight trail
Will he find a moment free of madness there?
And ears that still can hear to tell his tale?
Then you could call that child the Rock of Ages
You could call him raft upon the flood
He has been the face of many races
He has been the palace in the blood
If that child should end up in a prison
As sometimes chance will deal to honest men
One room is like another to a stranger
Any man of worth will be his friend
Now what you gonna call that pretty baby?
You must call it one thing or another
Think I'll call him flame out on the water
Think I'll call him shore between the sea
Drop him on the rocks and he will shatter
Cut him with a blade and he will bleed
Plant him in the ground, he will rise up again
Sometimes as a flower, sometimes a reed
What you gonna call that pretty baby?
You must call him one thing or another
This one parted water, that one walked upon
Perhaps I'll call this child a Rose of Sharon
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