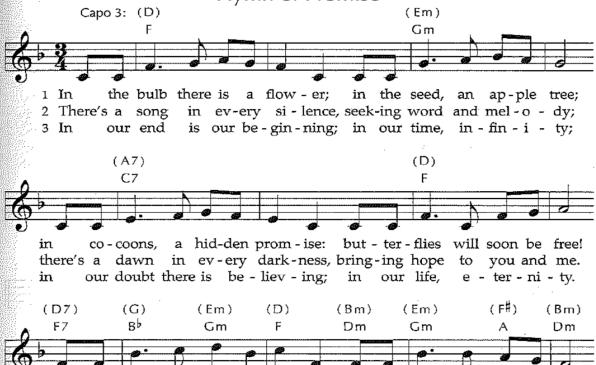
In the Bulb There Is a Flower 250

Hymn of Promise



In the cold and snow of win-ter there's a spring that waits to be, From the past will come the fu-ture; what it holds, a mys-ter-y, In our death, a res-ur-rec-tion; at the last, a vic-to-ry,



un - re-vealed un - til its sea - son, some-thing God a - lone can see.