

ES IST EIN ROS ENTSPRUNGEN

M. PRAETORIUS, *Musæ Sionixæ*,

Anonimo, XVI sec.

6. Theil, 1605, Regensburg

arm. Michael Prætorius (1571 -1621)

1. Lo, how a rose e'er bloom-ing, From ten - der stem hath sprung.
 2. I - sai - ah 'twas fore - told it, The Rose I have in mind,
 3. O Flower, whose fragrance ten - der With sweet-ness fills the air,

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 2. I - sai - ah 'twas fore - told it, The Rose I have in mind,
 3. O Flower, whose fragrance ten - der With sweetness fills the air,

Of Jes-se's li-neage com - ing, As men of old have sung;
 With Ma - ry we be - hold it, The vir - gin mo - ther kind;
 Dis - pel with glorious splend - our The dark-ness ev - - 'ry-where;

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It came a flow' - ret bright, A - mid the cold of
 To show God's love a - right, She bore to men a
 True man, yet ve - ry God, From Sin and death now

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win - ter, When half spent was the night.
 Sa - viour, When half spent was the night.
 save us, And share our ev - 'ry load.

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