

# ES IST EIN ROS ENTSPRUNGEN

M. PRAETORIUS, *Musæ Sionæ*,

Anonimo, XVI sec.

6. Theil, 1605, Regensburg

arm. Michael Prætorius (1571 -1621)

[Cantus]

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,

[Altus]

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[Tenor]

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[Bassus]

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 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; It came a  
 With Ma - ry we be - hold it, The vir - gin mo - ther kind; To show God's  
 Dis - pel with glorious splend - our The dark - ness ev - 'ry - where; True man, yet

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flow'ret bright, A - mid the cold of win - ter, When half spent was the night.  
 love a - right, She bore to men a Sa - viour, When half spent was the night.  
 ve - ry God, From Sin and death now save us, And share our ev - 'ry load.

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1. Es ist ein Ros entsprungen  
 aus einer Wurzel zart,  
 wie uns die Alten sungen:  
 Von Jesse kam die Art  
 und hat ein Blümlein 'bracht  
 mitten im kalten Winter,  
 wohl zu der halben Nacht.
2. Das Röslein, das ich meine,  
 davon Jesaia sagt,  
 ist Maria, die Reine,  
 die uns das Blümlein bracht'.  
 Aus Gottes ew'gem Rat  
 hat sie ein Kind geboren  
 und blieb doch reine Magd.
3. Das Blümlein so kleine,  
 das duftet uns so süß,  
 mit seinem hellen Scheine  
 vertreibt die Finster nis:  
 Wahr' Mensch und wahrer Gott,  
 hilft uns aus allem Leide,  
 rettet von Sünd' und Tod.