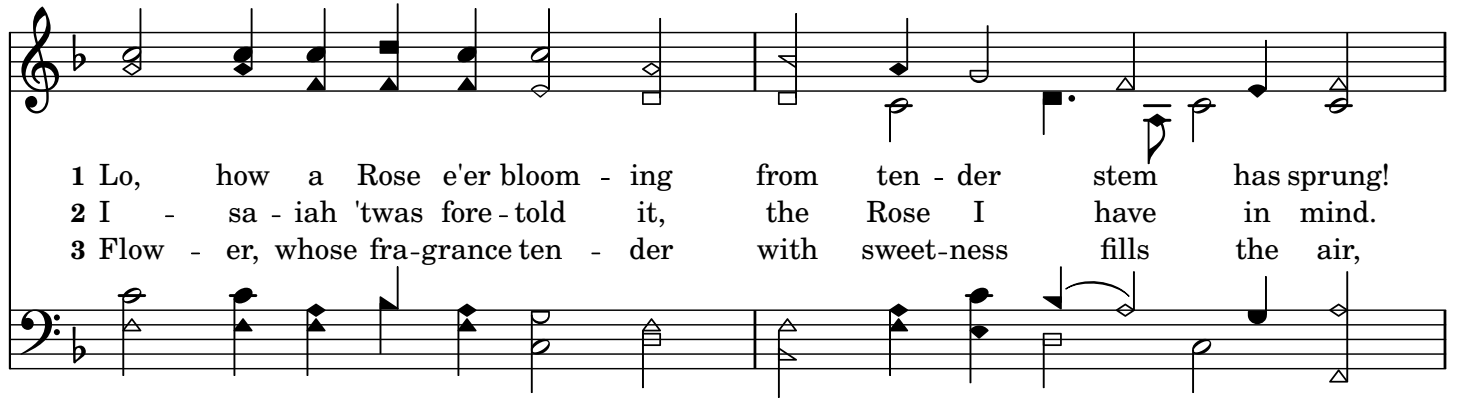


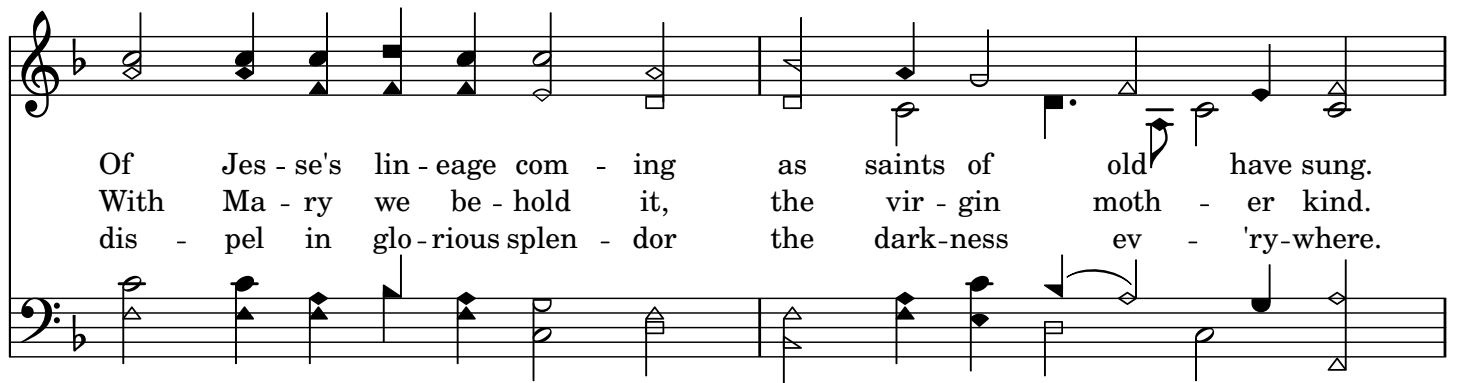
Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming

Text: v.1-2 anonymous, 1599; v.3 Friedrich Layritz, 1599
tr. v.1-2 Theodore Baker, 1894; v.3 Harriet Spaeth, 1875; alt.
ES IST EIN ROS' 76.76.676

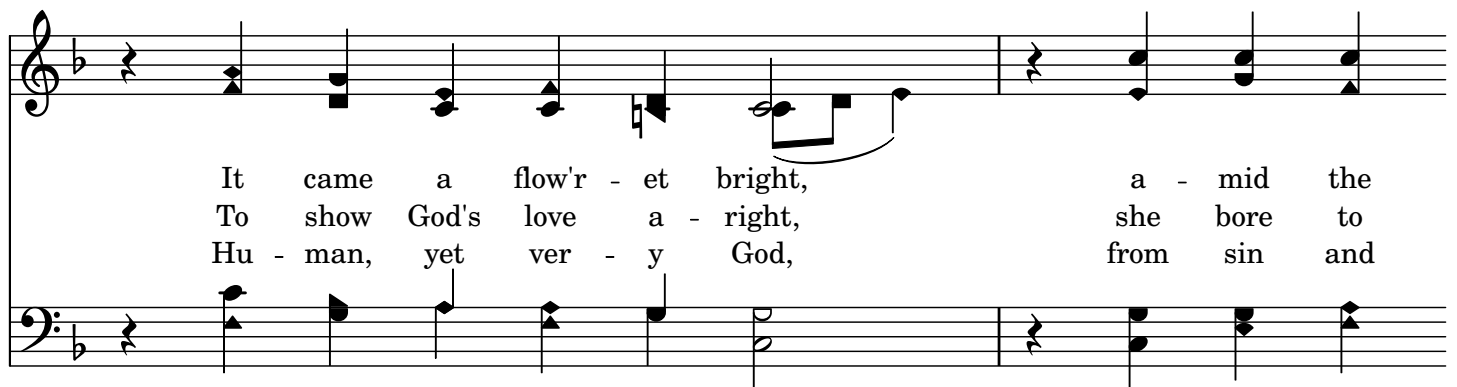
Music: Michael Praetorius, 1609



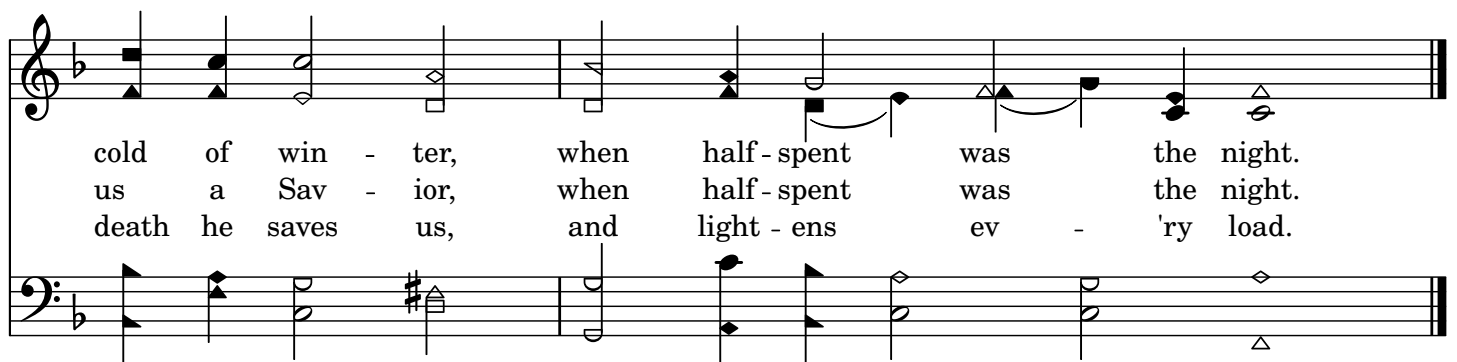
1 Lo, how a Rose e'er bloom - ing from ten - der stem has sprung!
2 I - sa - iah 'twas fore - told it, the Rose I have in mind.
3 Flow - er, whose fra-grance ten - der with sweet-ness fills the air,



Of Jes - se's lin - eage com - ing as saints of old have sung.
With Ma - ry we be - hold it, the vir - gin moth - er kind.
dis - pel in glo - rious splen - dor the dark-ness ev - 'ry-where.



It came a flow'r - et bright, a - mid the
To show God's love a - right, she bore to
Hu - man, yet ver - y God, from sin and



cold of win - ter, when half - spent was the night.
us a Sav - ior, when half - spent was the night.
death he saves us, and light - ens ev - 'ry load.