


Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming


Setting by Michael Praetorius, 1609 (Cologne, 1599)

Soprano
Alto



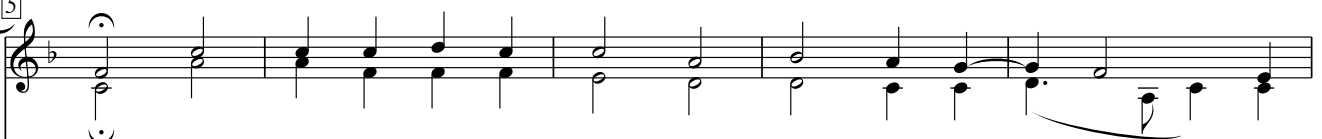
1. Lo, how a Rose e'er bloom - ing, From ten - der stem hath
2. I - - sa - - iah had for - - told it, The Rose I have in
3. This Flow'r, whose fra - grance ten - der, With sweet - ness fills the

Tenor
Bass




5

S
A



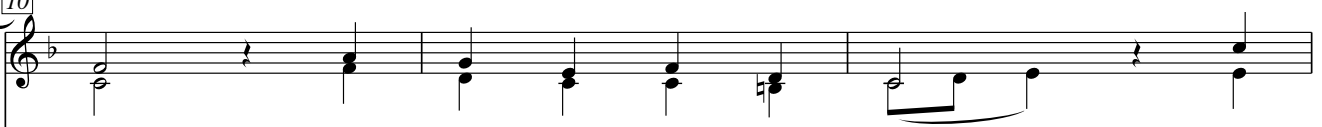
sprung, Of Jes - se's lin - eage com - - ing As men of old have
mind; With Ma - ry we be - - hold it, The vir - gin moth - - er
air, Dis - - pels with glo - rious splen - dor The dark - ness ev - - 'ry -

T
B




10

S
A




sung! It came a Flow'r - et bright
kind. To show God's love a - - right
- where. True Man, yet ver - - y God, A -
She

T
B




13

S
A



- mid the cold of win - - ter, When half spent was the night.
bore to us a Sav - - ior, When half spent was the night.
sin and death He saves us And ligh - tens ev - - 'ry load.

T
B



1. Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming,
From tender stem hath sprung,
Of Jesse's lineage coming
As men of old have sung!
It came a Flow'ret bright
Amid the cold of winter,
When half spent was the night.

2. Isaiah had fortold it,
The Rose I have in mind;
With Mary we behold it,
The virgin mother kind.
To show God's love aright
She bore to us a Savior
When half spent was the night.

3. This Flow'r, whose fragrance tender,
With sweetness fills the air,
Dispels with glorious splendor
The darkness ev'rywhere.
True Man, yet very God,
From sin and death He saves us
And lightens ev'ry load.