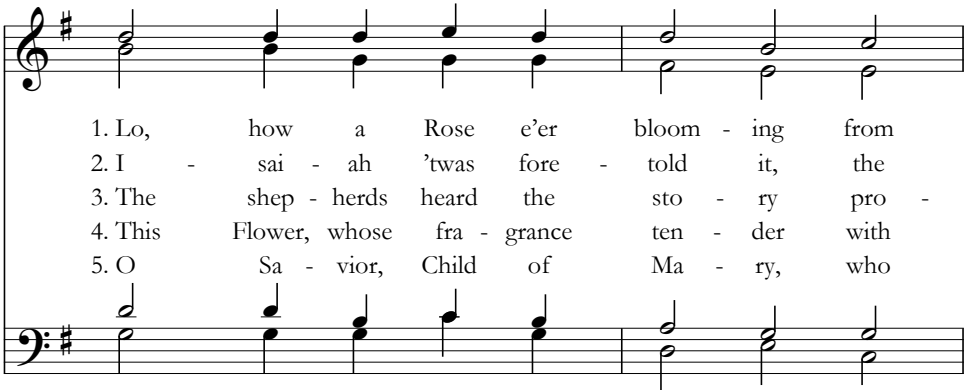


LO! HOW A ROSE E'ER BLOOMING

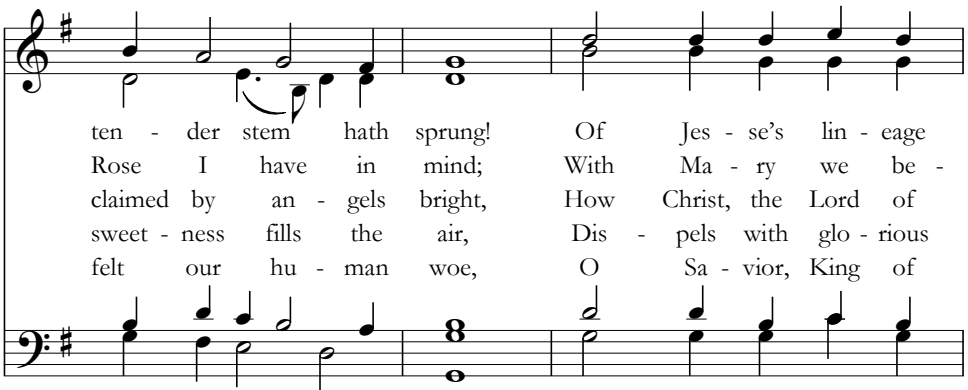
ES IST EIN REIS ENTSPRUNGEN, 76. 76. 6.7.6.; TRAD. RHENISH FOLK SONG.

ALTE GEISTLICHE CATHOLISCHE KIRCHENGESÄNGE, KÖLN, 1599; HARM. MICHAEL PRAETORIUS (1571-1621)


TEXT: XVI CENTURY; AUTHOR UNKNOWN.; TR. THEODORE BAKER (1851-1934), CA. 1894



1. Lo, how a Rose e'er bloom - ing from
2. I - sai - ah 'twas fore - told it, the
3. The shep - herds heard the sto - ry pro -
4. This Flower, whose fra - grance ten - der with
5. O Sa - vior, Child of Ma - ry, who



ten - der stem hath sprung! Of Jes - se's lin - eage
Rose I have in mind; With Ma - ry we be -
claimed by an - gels bright, How Christ, the Lord of
sweet - ness fills the air, Dis - pels with glo - rious
felt our hu - man woe, O Sa - vior, King of



com - ing, as men of old have sung. It
hold it, the vir - gin Moth - er kind. To
glo - ry was born on earth this night. To
splen - dor the dark - ness ev - 'ry - where; True
glo - ry, who dost our weak - ness know; Bring

came, a flowe - ret bright, a - mid the cold of
 show God's love a - right, she bore to men a
 Beth - le - hem they sped and in the man - ger
 Man, yet ve - ry God, from sin and death He
 us at length we pray, to the bright courts of

win - ter, When half spent was the night.
 Sa - vior, When half spent was the night.
 found Him, As an - gel he - ralds said.
 saves us, And light - ens ev - 'ry load.
 Heav - en, And to the end - less day!