

LO, HOW A ROSE E'ER BLOOMING

ES IST EIN' ROS' ENTSPRUNGEN 7 6 7 6 6 7 6

German, anonymous;
 Translation v.1,2, Theodore Baker (1851-1934);
 v.3, Harriet R. Krauth (1845-1925);
 v.4 John Caspar Mattes (1876-1948); alt

Michael Praetorius (1571-1621),
 Geistliche Kirchengesänge, Cologne 1599

F B \flat F C Dm B \flat F C/E B \flat /D (Dm) C F F

1. Lo, how a Rose e'er bloom - ing from ten - der stem hath sprung, of
 2. I - sa - iah 'twas fore - told it, the Rose I have in mind; with
 3. This flower, whose fra - grance ten - der with sweet - ness fills the air, dis -
 4. O Sav - iour, child of Ma - ry, who felt our hu - man woe, O

5 B \flat F C Dm B \flat F C/E B \flat /D (Dm) C F F

Jes - se's lin - eage com - ing, as pro - phets long have sung. It
 Mar - y we be - hold it, the vir - gin moth - er kind. To
 pels with glo - rious splen - dour our dark - ness eve - ry - where. True
 Sav - iour, King of glo - ry, who dost our weak - ness know, bring

9 Gm Am F G C C/E F B \flat F

came, a flower - et bright, a - mid the cold of
 show God's love a - right, she bore to us a
 flesh, yet ver - y God, from sin and death he
 us at length, we pray, to the bright courts of

12 C D Gm F/A B \flat 6 C6 Csus4 3 F

win - ter, when half - spent was the night.
 Sav - iour, when half - spent was the night.
 saves us and shares our eve - - - ry load.
 heav - en and to the end - - - less day.