

I know a rose-tree springing

Traditional Melody
harm. by Michael Praetorius, 1609

Rosa Mystica
76.76.676

I know a Rose tree springing
Forth from an ancient root
As men of old we singing
From Jesse came the shoot
That bore a blossom bright
A-mid the cold of winter
When half spent was the night.

O Flow'r, whose fragrance tender
With sweetness fills the air
Dispel in glorious splendor
The darkness ev'rywhere;
True man, yet very God
From sin and death now save us
And share our ev'ry load.

This rose-tree, blossom laden
Whereof Isaiah spake
Is Mary, spotless maiden
Who mothered, for our sake
The little Child, newborn
By God's eternal counsel
On that first Christmas morn.

Speier Gebetbuch