

Christmas.

95 ES IST EIN REIS ENTSPRUNGEN.

M. Prätorius.

1. Lo, how a rose e'er bloom-ing From ten-der stem hath sprung, Of Jes-se's

race is com-ing, As men of old have sung. It came a flow'ret bright,

A - mid the cold of win - ter, when half-spent was the night.

2. Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
The Rose I have in mind,
With Mary we behold it,
The Virgin-mother kind.
To shew God's love aright
She bore to men a Savior,
When half-spent was the night.

3. The shepherds heard the story
Proclaimed by angels bright,
How Christ, the Lord of glory,
Was born on earth this night.
To Bethlehem they sped;
And in a manger found Him,
As angel-heralds said.

303