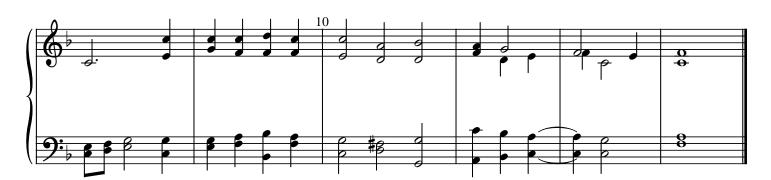
I know a rose-tree springing





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.

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. 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.

Speier Gebetbuch

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