

# A spotless Rose

A spotless Rose is blowing,  
Sprung from a tender root,  
Of ancient seers' foreshowing,  
Of Jesse promis'd fruit;  
Its fairest bud unfolds to light  
Amid the cold, cold winter,  
And in the dark midnight.

The Rose which I am singing,  
Whereof Isaiah said,  
Is from its sweet root springing  
In Mary, purest Maid;  
For through our God's great love and might  
The Blessed Babe she bare us  
In a cold, cold winter's night.

**Text:** Catherine Winkworth

**Melodie:** Herbert Howells

**Bibelstelle:** Jesaja 11,1