

A Spotless Rose

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

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,
And in the dark midnight,
Amid the winter cold,
The blesse'd Babe she bare.

*Commissioned & Premiered by Helene Stureborg's
Chamber Choir, Stockholm, Sweden 2017*

A Spotless Rose

Lyrics: 15th C German.
Transl: C. Winkworth (1827–1878)

Fredrik Sixten (2017)

Calmo ♩ = 50

p

Soprano: A spot - less Rose is blow - ing Of

Alto: *p* Spot - less Rose, sprung — from a ten - der root,

Tenor: *p* Spot - less Rose blow - ing from a root,

Bass: *p* Spot - less Rose blow - ing from a root,

Calmo ♩ = 50

Piano: (Only for rehearsal)

S: *mp* an - cient seers' fore - show - ing, of Jes - se prom - ised fruit; Its fair - est bud un - folds to

A: *mp* an - cient show - ing, of Jes - se fruit; fair - est —

T: *mp* an - cient show - ing, of Jes - se fruit; fair - est —

B: *mp* an - cient show - ing, of Jes - se fruit; Its fair - est bud un - folds to

P.