To my Mother

A SPOTLESS ROSE

14th-century German hymn
tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)

Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

edited by Ross Jallo

Copyright © 2020 by CPDL
Howells - *A Spotless Rose*

**A tempo**

winter, And in the dark midnight.

The Rose which I am singing, Whereof I -

A Spotless Rose is

sai-ah said, Is from its sweet root spring-ing In Mary, purest

blew - ing, Sprung from a ten -

blew - ing, Sprung from a ten -

blew - ing, Sprung from a ten -

*rit.*
Maid; For throughour God's great love and might, The Bless-ed Babe she
under root; Its bud un-folds in the
under root; Its bud un-folds in the
under root; Its bud un-folds in the
under root; Its bud un-folds in the
under root; Its bud un-folds in the
under root; Its bud un-folds in the
under root; Its bud un-folds in the
under root; Its bud un-folds in the
bare us In a cold, cold win-ter's night.
dark mid-night.
dark mid-night.
dark mid-night.
dark mid-night.
dark mid-night.
dark mid-night.
dark mid-night.
dark mid-night.
Rose which I am sing-ing, Where-of I sai-ah said,_ Is
Rose which I am sing-ing, Where-of I sai-ah said,_ Is
Rose which I am sing-ing, Where-of I sai-ah said,_ Is
Rose which I am sing-ing, Where-of I sai-ah said,_ Is
Rose which I am sing-ing, Where-of I sai-ah said,_ Is
Rose which I am sing-ing, Where-of I sai-ah said,_ Is

Howells - A Spotless Rose

espressivo

A tempo

f ma dolce
from its sweet root spring-ing In Ma-ry, pur-est Maid; _ For

through our God’s great love and might, The Bless-ed Babe she

bare us In a cold, cold win-ter’s night.