

N. N. 32,

A spotless roze is growing

tradukita de N. N. 33

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

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

Traduko de la Germana poemo "Es ist ein Ros entsprungen" de N. N. 32 en la Anglan de N. N. 33.

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