

Rod of the Root of Jesse  
Cosmas the Melodist, 8th Century.  
Hermann Schroeder.

Rod of the Root of Jesse,  
Thou, Flower of Mary born,  
From that thick shady mountain  
Cam'st glorious forth this morn:  
Of her, the ever virgin,  
Incarnate wast Thou made,  
The immaterial Essence,  
The God by all obeyed!  
Glory, Lord, Thy servants pay  
To Thy wondrous might today!

The Gentiles' expectation,  
Whom Jacob's words foretell,  
Who Syria's pride shall vanquish,  
Samaria's power shalt quell;  
Thou from the Root of Judah  
Like some fair plant dost spring,  
To turn old Gentile error  
To Thee, its God and King!  
Glory, Lord, Thy servants pay  
To Thy wondrous might today!

In Balaam's ancient vision  
The eastern seers were skilled;  
They marked the constellations,  
And joy their spirits filled;  
For Thou, bright Star of Jacob,  
Arising in Thy might,  
Didst call these Gentile first-fruits  
To worship in Thy light.  
They, in holy reverence bend,  
Gifts acceptable present.

As on a fleece descending  
The gentle dews distill,  
As drops the earth that water,  
The virgin didst Thou fill.  
Tarshish and Ethiopia,  
The Isles and Araby,  
And Media, leagues with Sheba,  
Fall down and worship Thee.  
Glory, Lord, Thy servants pay  
To Thy wondrous might today!