

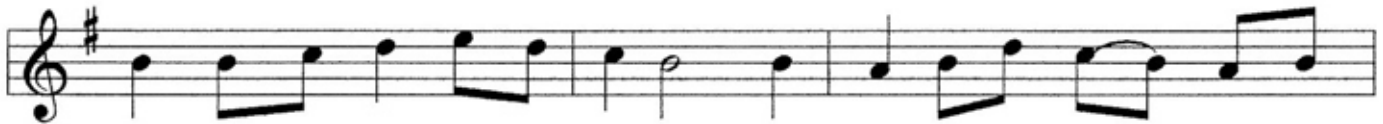
The Fairest Rose

Hans Adolph Brorson 1732

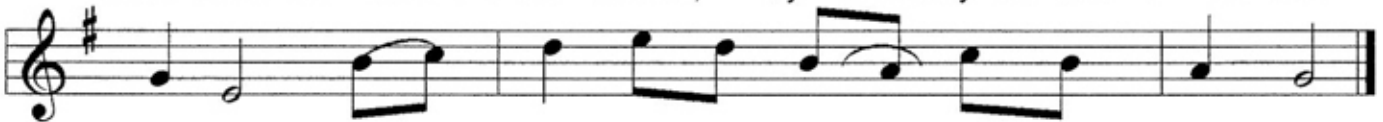
Norwegian Folk Tune



1 I've found now the fair - est of ros - es, In
 Since first we were ex iled from E den, And
 But God pro - mised us a great fa - vor, And
 With hymns and songs glad - ly now voic - ing, The
 O sin - ners, like bram - bles and bri - ars, Cor -
 O come seek the plac - es most low - ly And
 My Je - sus will al - ways be for me, This
 The world may take all my pos - ses - sions, Its



4 bri - ars and thorns it re - pos - es, My Je - sus, a branch new - ly
 lost God's own like - ness by sin - ning, The world has been lost, filled with
 plant - ed a Rose, Christ our Sa - vior, Who now blos - soms forth in great
 earth should break forth in re - joic - ing. But man - y have not com - pre -
 rupt - ed by your stub - born er - rors, Why are you so proud in your
 weep be - fore Je - sus the Hol - y, Re - ceive all the gifts that he
 rose is my jewel and my glor - y, For - ev - er my keep - sake and
 thorns teach me ter - ri - ble les - sons, My heart may be bro - ken and



7 show - ing, A rose a - mong sin - ners is grow - ing.
 ter - ror, And we have been wand' - ring in er - ror.
 won - der, Good news for those brok - en a - sun - der.
 hend - ed The Rose to the world has de - scend - ed.
 spi - rit And trust in your own feeb - le mer - it?
 of - fers, This Rose, plant - ed here a - mong bri - ars.
 treas - ure, It fills me with joy and with plea - sure.
 ten - der, This Rose I will ne - ver sur - ren - der.

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