

The Winter Rose

From earliest times, the rose has been a symbol of divine love. Its winsome image reaches out across the ages in ancient illuminations and freely spills from the pens and brushes of countless poets and artists. Echoing through our traditions in the texts and melodies of beloved carols, the rose brings to life the hopeful visions of biblical prophets and the faith of early Christian pilgrims.



Today, the rose remains a vital expression of love and peace both inside the church and the outside world. Her appearance in the garden is a harbinger of the coming spring's abundance. As a gift, the rose's delicate beauty is usually reserved for the most meaningful expressions of the heart. No flower holds our dreams of love more beautifully than she.

It is in that spirit that "The Winter Rose" was written. Let the words and music open your heart to the miracle of Christmas and remind you that, even in the deepest winter, we are people of joy and life...children of the garden.

Notes by Joseph Martin

The Winter Rose

In the silence of the winter
while stars shown high above,
God sent from heaven's garden
a Rose to show his love.

It opened in the dark of night
while the world was fast asleep.

So perfect was its beauty
it made the heavens weep.

The angels paused to wonder
upon that winsome sight.
And kings and shepherds gathered
to worship in its light.

They all breathed in its beauty,
a precious sweet perfume.
And in the bleak midwinter
the Rose began to bloom.

O let us remember when God put on the thorn.
And Love restored the garden
and the Winter Rose was born.

When Will He Come

When will He come, the Child of promise?
When will He come, our prophet and King?
When will He come, Redeemer, Messiah?
When will He come and teach us to sing?

Come, come, come Lord Jesus, come today.
Come, come, Lord Jesus, come.

When will He come, the Rose of Sharon?
When will He come in peace to reign?
When will He come in power and glory?
When will he wipe our tears away?

Come, come, come Lord Jesus, come today.
Come, come, Lord Jesus, come.

Advent Cry

Veni, Veni, Redemptor.
Peace will come on the wings of a promise.
Hope will come like the morning's first call.
Joy will come on the winds of the Spirit.
Love will come. Love will come.
Come, Lord Jesus, come.

Veni, Veni, Redemptor.
Peace will come on the wings of the Angels.
Hope will come like a song in the night.
Joy will blossom like roses in springtime.
Love will come.
Come, Lord Jesus, come.
Come, come, love will come.
O come, O come.

Veni, Veni, Redemptor.
Come, Lord Jesus, come.
O come.

Every Valley

Every valley shall be lifted,
Every mountain be made low.
Every valley shall be lifted,
And the crooked be made whole.

Sound the trumpet. Sound the trumpet.
for the glory of the Lord shall be revealed.

Come, O Come Emmanuel,
and ransom captive Israel.
That mourns in lowly exile here,
Until the Son of God appear,
Emmanuel.

Every valley shall be lifted,
Every mountain be made low.
O come, Emmanuel, come, O come, Emmanuel.

Rejoice, give thanks and sing!
Emmanuel shall come to Thee,
O Israel, shall come to Thee.
Rejoice!

Every valley shall be lifted,
Every mountain be made low.
Every valley shall be lifted,
And the crooked be made whole.

Sound the trumpet. Sound the trumpet.
for the glory of the Lord shall be revealed.
God's glory be revealed.

Carol of Remembrance

To a tiny stable lowly, long time ago
Came the Son of God most holy, long time ago.

Long time ago, all the stars were aglow,
Songs through Heaven ring, long ago.
Angels filled the night with singing, stars were aglow,
Songs of joy through heaven ringing, long time ago.

Little baby in a manger, prophets foretold;
God's own Son and yet a stranger, long time ago.

Long time ago, God's love to show,
Came the Son of God most holy, long time ago

Lullaby To A Rose

Little Jesus in my arms,
little Jesus, Holy One,
Close your dreary eyes.
Little Jesus precious Son,
dream of stars and angel songs.
I will stay here by your side.
Sleep in peace tonight.

Holy Jesus, gift divine,
I will sing to sleep your fears.
You are safe, my child.
I will kiss away your tears.
Sleep in peace tonight.

I recall on the day when the angel came
in mystery and heavenly power.
God prepared a vessel pure
to hold his precious flower.

Little Jesus, Holy Child
One day the world will know.
You are Heaven's miracle;
Only God can make a rose!

Dance Into the Light

Shepherds awake! The time has come.
Lift high your voice and sing.
Jesus is born in Bethlehem.
Creation greets her King.

Arise, arise for a star awaits
to lead you through the night.
Come follow the music of Angels' wings
and dance into the light,
And dance, dance, dance into the light!

Glory to God!
Dance!
Bethlehem wake!
The time has come.

Will you turn the King away?
Open your hearts to the Lord.
Gloria, Oh, will He be ignored?
Oh will you miss your miracle?
Messiah comes tonight!
Oh, will you hear the angels sing
and dance into the light,
And dance, dance, dance into the light?

Gloria, Gloria in excelsis!
Gloria, Gloria, Alleluia!
Dance into the light!

People arise! The time has come
to leave your sorrow and strife.
The Savior is calling you to His dance,
calling you into His life.

People arise! A song awaits,
a love song in the night.
Come take the hand of the Morning Star
and dance into the light,
And dance, dance, Gloria, Gloria,
Dance, dance, dance into the light!



The Rose Tree Carol

Winter's frozen winds were stilled
in the midst of snowing.
Though the world with dark was filled,
hope for life was growing.
Then a rose tree blossomed fair,
God's own perfect flower so rare.
Grew a rose so fair, oh the rose,
Oh! The rose tree blooming,
fragrant its perfuming.

Through the shadows of the night,
wise men searched the heavens.
There they saw a wondrous light,
and it seemed to beckon.
Come to Bethlehem and see.
Come and worship Christ the King.

See the shining star, see the star,
spreading light afar.
Oh! The star, Oh! The star was glowing,
Brightness 'round them growing.

People on this blessed morn, sing an Alleluia.
Come to where the Lord was born, singing Alleluia.
Let creation praises bring,
Glory to the king of kings.
Let the people sing. Let the steeples ring.
Alleluia, lift a joyful Alleluia.
Sing Alleluia!

The Winter Rose (reprise)

In the silence of the winter
while stars shown high above,
God sent from heaven's garden
a Rose to show his love.
Come let us now remember
when God put on the thorn.
And Love restored the garden
and the Winter Rose was born.
Oh, Love restored the garden
and the Winter Rose was born.

Look to the Rose

Rose of Sharon, what a name
For the Son of God who came.
If you seek God's love today,
Look to the Rose.

Rose of Sharon, thorns your crown,
Image of God's grace came down.
Where does God's great love abound?
Look to the Rose.

From dry ground God's gentle Flower
Came to show us love's true power.
Then one day upon a hill,
One by one, the petals fell.

Rose of Sharon, bloom today,
May your fragrance never fade.
Plant in Him your heart to stay.
Look to the Rose.

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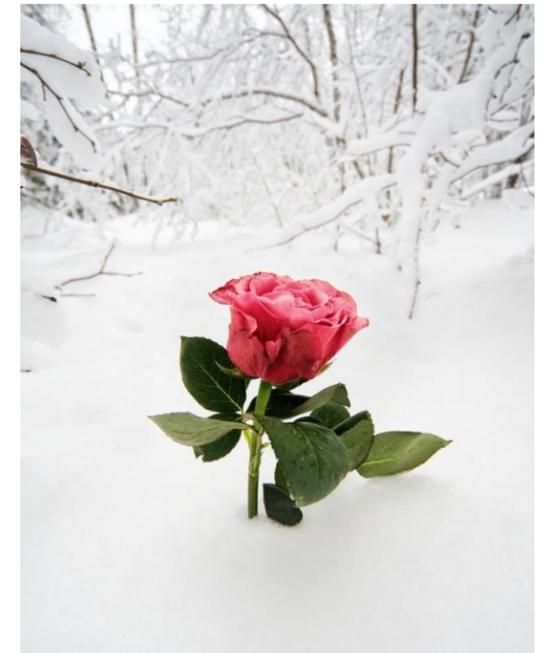


Members of the Spencer Baptist Church Adult Choir had the privilege of rehearsing and performing The Winter Rose under the direction of the composer, Joseph Martin, at Carnegie Hall in New York City on November 26, 2018.

The Winter

Rose

By Joseph Martin



*Presented by
The Adult Choir
Spencer Baptist Church
Spindale, NC*

Sunday, December 16, 2018