Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

1 Lo! how a Rose e'er blooming from
tender stem hath sprung, of Jesse's lineage
coming, as saints of old have sung. It
came, a flower bright, amid the cold of
winter, when half-spent was the night. 

2 I saih 'twas foretold it, the
Rose I have in mind; with Mary we believe
hold it, the virgin mother kind. To
Savior, when half-spent was the night.

3 This flower, whose fragrance tender with
sweet-ness fills the air, dispels with glorious
splendor the darkness everywhere. True
saves us and lightens every load.