Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

1 Lo! how a Rose e'er blooming from
ten-der stem hath sprung, of Jes-se's li-neage
co-ming, as saints of old have sung. It
came, a flower-et bright, amid the cold of
win-ter, when half-spent was the night.

2 I-sai-ah 'twas fore-told it, the
Rose I have in mind; with Ma-ry we be-
splen-dor the dark-ness ev-ery-where. True
show God's love a-right she bore to us a
Sa-vior, when half-spent was the night.

3 This flower, whose fra-grance ten-der with
sweet-ness fills the air, dis-pels with glo-rious
hold it, the vir-gin mo-ther kind. To
man, yet ve-ry God, from sin and death he
saves us and ligh-ten's ev-ery load.

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