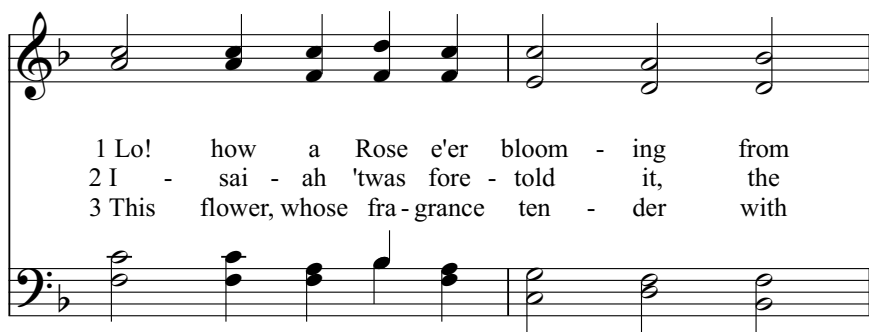
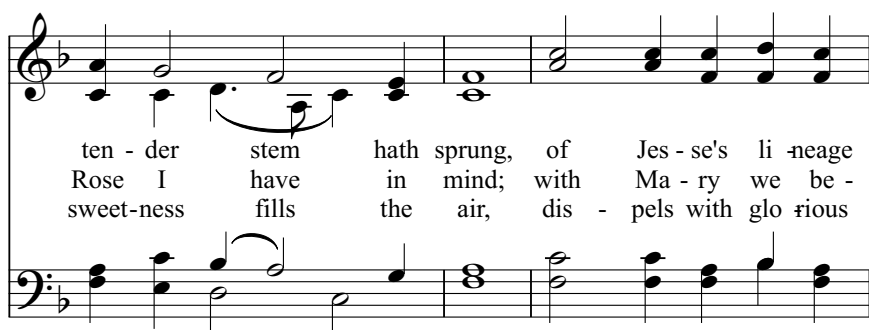


# Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming



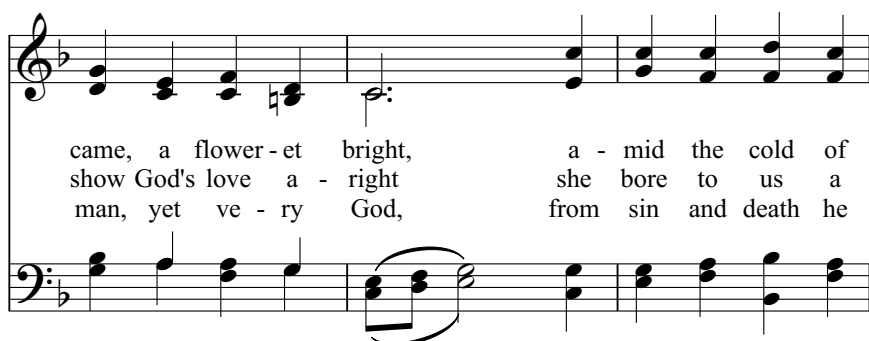
1 Lo! how a Rose e'er bloom - ing from  
2 I - sai - ah 'twas fore - told it, the  
3 This flower, whose fra - grance ten - der with



ten - der stem hath sprung, of Jes - se's li - neage  
Rose I have in mind; with Ma - ry we be -  
sweet - ness fills the air, dis - pels with glo - rious



co - ming, as saints of old have sung. It  
hold it, the vir - gin mo - ther kind. To  
splen - dor the dark - ness ev - ery - where. True



came, a flower - et bright, a - mid the cold of  
show God's love a - right she bore to us a  
man, yet ve - ry God, from sin and death he



win - ter, when half - spent was the night.  
Sa - vior, when half - spent was the night.  
saves us and ligh - tens ev - ery load.