1. Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming
   From tender stem hath spring!
   Of Jesse's lineage coming
   As men of old have sung.

2. Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
   The we behold it,
   The virgin mother have kind.
   She bore to

3. This Flow'r, whose fragrance tender
   With sweetness fills the air,
   Dis pels with glorious splendor,
   The darkness ev'rywhere.

It came, a flower bright,
To show God's love a right
True man, yet very God,
From sin and

cold of winter, When half-gone was the night.
men a Savior, When half-gone was the night.
death He saves us, And lightens ev'ry load.