Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

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

2. Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
   The Rose I have
   In mind: With Mary we behold it,
   To show God's love a-right

3. This Flow'r, whose fragrance tender
   With sweetness fills
   The air, Dispels with glorious splendor,
   True man, yet very God,

   A - mid the cold of winter, When half-gone was the night.
   She bore to men a Savior, When half-gone was the night.
   From sin and death He saves us, And lighteneth ev'ry load.

Text: 15th century German;
st. 1,2, tr. Theodore Baker, 1851-1934;
st. 3, tr. Harriet Krauth Spaeth, 1845-1925
Tune: Geistliche Kirchengesänge, 1599;
harm. Michael Praetorius, 1571-1621

Irregular

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