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 mind; with Mary we behold it, the saints of old have sung. It came, a floweret virgin mother kind. To show God's love a -

bright, amid the cold of winter when right she bore to us a Savior when half spent was the night. half spent was the night.