Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

1 Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming
From the dark world's deep
And the old sinners see
What the new-born King does see.

2 Isaiah 'twas fore-told it,
The Rose, whose stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage descending,
It came, a virgin, mother's kind.

3 This Flower, whose sweetness fills the air,
Dis-pels with glorious splendor
The shadow of death, wherever it may come,
True man, yet flower bright.

4 A - mid the cold of win - ter
She bore to men a Sa -

5 When half - gone was the night,
When half - gone was the night,
And lightens ev - 'ry load.

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