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 men of old have sung.
   vir—gin mo—ther kind. It came, a flower bright,
   A—mid the cold of winter When half—gone was the night.

2 I—sa—iah 'twas foretold it, The Rose I have—
in mind: With Mary we behold it, The Virgin mother's kind. To show God's love a—right
   dark—ness ev—'ry—where. True man, yet ve—ry God,
   She bore to men a Savior When half—gone was the night. From sin and death He saves us And ligh—tens ev—'ry load.

3 This Flower, whose fragrance tender With sweetness fills—
   the air, Dispels with glorious splendor The Rose saved me—selves.
   dark—ness ev—'ry—where. True man, yet ve—ry God,
   She bore to men a Savior When half—gone was the night. From sin and death He saves us And ligh—tens 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; harm. Michael Praetorius (1571-1621)

Irregular

ES IST EIN ROS'

http://www.hymnary.org/text/lo_how_a_rose_eer_blooming

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