

Lo How A Rose E'er Blooming

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming
From tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming
As men of old have sung.
It came a floweret bright
Amid the cold of winter
When, half was spent the night

Isaiah 'twas foretold it
The Rose I have in mind
With Mary we behold it
The virgin mother kind
To show God's love aright
She bore to men a Savior
When, have spent was the night

This flower, whose fragrance tender
With sweetness fills the air
Dispels with glorious splendor
The darkness everywhere
True Man yet very God
From sin and death He saves
Us, and lightens every load

O Savior, child of Mary
Who felt our human woe
O Savior, King of Glory
Who dost our weakness know
Bring us length we pray
To bright courts of Heaven
And in-to the endless day!