

# 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 flower bright,  
Amid the cold of winter  
When half-gone was 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 half-gone 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