

Lo, how a rose e'er blooming

Text: Theodore Baker, 1894

Melodie: um 1600

1. 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 flow'ret bright,
amid the cold of winter,
when half spent was the night.
2. 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 us a Savior,
when half spent was the night.
3. O Flower, whose fragrance tender
with sweetness fills the air,
dispel with glorious splendour
the darkness everywhere.
True man, yet very God,
from sin and death now save us,
and share our every load.