***Lo, How a Rose E’er Blooming***

***#129***

1. Lo, how a rose e’er blooming from tender stem hath sprung,

of Jesse’s lineage coming, by faithful prophets sung.

It came, a floweret bright, amid the cold of winter,

when half spent was the night.

1. 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 for us a Savior,

when half spent was the night.

1. This flower, whose fragrance tender with sweetness fill the air,

dispels with glorious splendor the darkness everywhere.

Enfleshed, yet very God, from sin and death he saves us

and lightens every load.