

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

by Theodore Baker

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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.

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 spent was the night.

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.

