Lo, How A Rose

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'r-et bright, Amid the cold of winter, When half spent was the night.

2. Isaiah 'twas fore-told it, The Rose I have in mind, With Mary we behold it, The Virgin Mother kind. To show God's love a-right, She bore to men a Savior, When half spent was the night.