Lo, How A Rose

1. Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming
   From tender stem hath sprung!

2. Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
   The Rose I have in mind.

Of Jesse's lineage coming
   As men of old have sung.

With Mary we behold it,
   The Virgin Mother kind.

It came, a flow'r et bright
   Amid the cold of winter,

To show God's love a right,
   When half spent was the night.

She bore to men a Savior
   When half spent was the night.

WORDS: TRADITIONAL
MUSIC: 16TH CENTURY MELODY