**Lo, how a rose e'er blooming**

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 halfspent 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 us a Savior,  
When halfspent 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.