

Behold, a Rose E'er Blooming

Baker

1. Behold, a rose e'er blooming
from tender stem has sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming,
as those of old have sung.
It came, a flower bright,
amid the cold of winter,
where half spent was the night.
2. Isaiah had foretold it,
this 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 Saviour,
when half spent was the night.
3. O flow'r, whose fragrance tender
with sweetness fills the air,
dispel in glorious splendour
the darkness ev'rywhere;
as human, yet true God,
from sin and death now save us
and share our ev'ry load.

Inspiration: Isaiah 11: 1; st. 1-2, "Es ist ein' Ros' entstrungen", trad. German carol, 15th cent.; st. 3, Friedrich Layritz, 1808-1859.
Lyrics: 76.76.6.76; st. 1-2, Theodore Baker, 1851-1934, in 1894; st. 3, Harriet R.K. Spaeth, 1845-1925, in 1875.