

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

Baker

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 blossom bright,
amid the cold of winter,
when half spent was the night.
2. 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 Saviour,
when half spent was the night.
3. This Flow'r, whose fragrance tender
with sweetness fills the air,
dispels with glorious splendour
the darkness ev'rywhere.
True man, yet very God,
from sin and death he saves us,
and lightens 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.