

Lo How A Rose E'er Blooming

John McDermott

Lo how a rose e'er blooming
From tender stem hath sprung
 Of jesse's lineage coming
 As seers of old have sung
 It came a blossom bright
 Amid the cold of winter
When half spent was the nightIsaiah 'twas foretold 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 us a savior
When half spent was the nightO flower whose fragrance tender
 With sweetness fills the air
 Dispel in glorious splendor
 The darkness everywhere
 True man yet very god
From sin and death now save us
 And share our every load

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