

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 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 a right
She bore to us a savior
When half spent was the night
O 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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