

Lo How A Rose E'er Blooming

Sting

Lo! How a Rose e'er blooming
From tender stem hath sprung
Of Jesse's lineage coming,
As those of old have sung. It came a flower bright
Amid the cold of winter
When half-spent was the night. Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
The Rose I have in mind;
And so then we behold it,
The Virgin Mother kind. To show God's love aright
She bore to us a Savior
When half-spent was the night.

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