

# 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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