

# 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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