

Lo How A Rose E'er Blooming

Music: Michael Praetorius; Lyrics: Theodore Baker

Lo, how a rose e'er blooming, from tender stem hath sprung
Of Jesse's lineage coming, as men of old have sung
It came a floweret bright, amid the cold of winter
When half-spent was the night

Isaiah t'was 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

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