

# Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

*A shoot will come up from the stump of Jesse; from his roots a Branch will bear fruit.*

Is. 11:1

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 'twas foretold it, the Rose I have in mind;  
With Mary we behold it, the virgin mother kind.  
To show God's love aright, she bore to men a Savior,  
When half spent was the night.

O Savior, Child of Mary, Who felt our human woe,  
O Savior, King of glory, Who dost our weakness know;  
Bring us at length we pray, to the bright courts of Heaven,  
And to the endless day!