Lo, how a Rose c'er Blooming

Is-iah 'twas fore-told it, the Rose I have in mind; With
The shep-herds heard the sto-ry pro-claimed by an-gels bright, How
This Flower, whose fra-grance ten-der with sweet-ness fills the air, Dis-

Jes-se's lin-ge-ance com-ing, As those of old have sung. It came a flower-er
Mar-y we be-hold it, The vir-gin moth-er kind. To show God's love a-
Christ the Lord of glo-ry was born on earth this night. To Beth-le-hem they
-pells with glori-ous splen-dour the dark-ness ev-ery-where; True man, yet ve-

bright, A-mid the cold of win-ter, when half spent was the night.
-right, She bore to us a Saviour, when half spent was the night.
speed and in the manger they found him, As un-gel her aids said.
God, from sin and death he saves us, and lights every load.