1. Lo, how a Rose e’er blooming from tender stem hath sprung! Of Jesse’s lineage com - ing, as men of old have sung. It
2. I - sa - ah ’twas fore - told it, the hold it, the vir - gin Moth - er kind. To glo - ry was born on earth this night. To
3. The shep - herds heard the sto - ry pro -claimed by an - gels bright, How Christ, the Lord of splen - dor the dark - ness ev - ’ry - where; True glo - ry, who dost our weak - ness know; Bring
4. This Flower, whose fra - grance ten - der with sweetness fills the air, Dis - pels with glo - rious
5. O Sa - vior, Child of Ma - ry, who felt our hu - man woe, O Sa - vior, King of

LO! HOW A ROSE E’ER BLOOMING

ES IST EIN REIS ENTSPRUNGEN, 76. 76. 6.7.6.; Trad. Rhenish Folk Song.
AltE Geistliche Catholische Kirchengesänge, Köln, 1599; Harm. Michael Praetorius (1571-1621)
came, a flowe-ret bright, amid the cold of
show God's love a-right, she bore to men a
Beth-le-hem they sped and in the man-ger
Man, yet ve-ry God, from sin and death He
us at length we pray, to the bright courts of

winter, When half spent was the night.
Sa-vior, When half spent was the night.
found Him, As an-gel he-ralds said.
saves us, And light-ens ev-'ry load.
Heaven, And to the end-less day!