

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming
From tender stem has sprung!
Of Jesse's lineage coming
As men of old have sung
It came a flow'ret bright
Amid the cold of winter
When half-spent was the night

Isaiah 'twas foretold it
The Rose I had in mind
With Mary we behold it
The Virgin Mother kind
To show God's love aright
She bore to men a saviour
When half-spent was the night