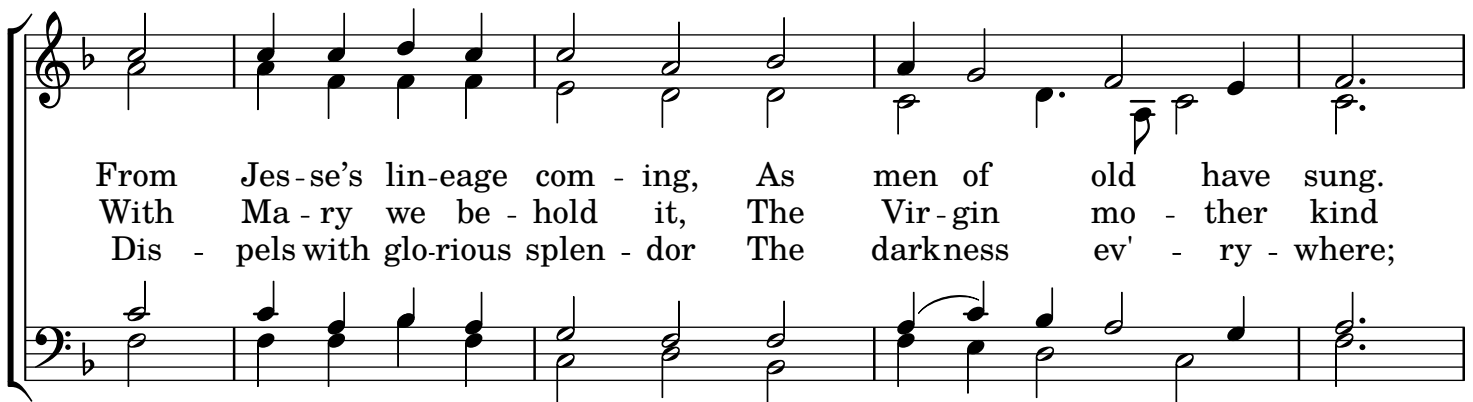
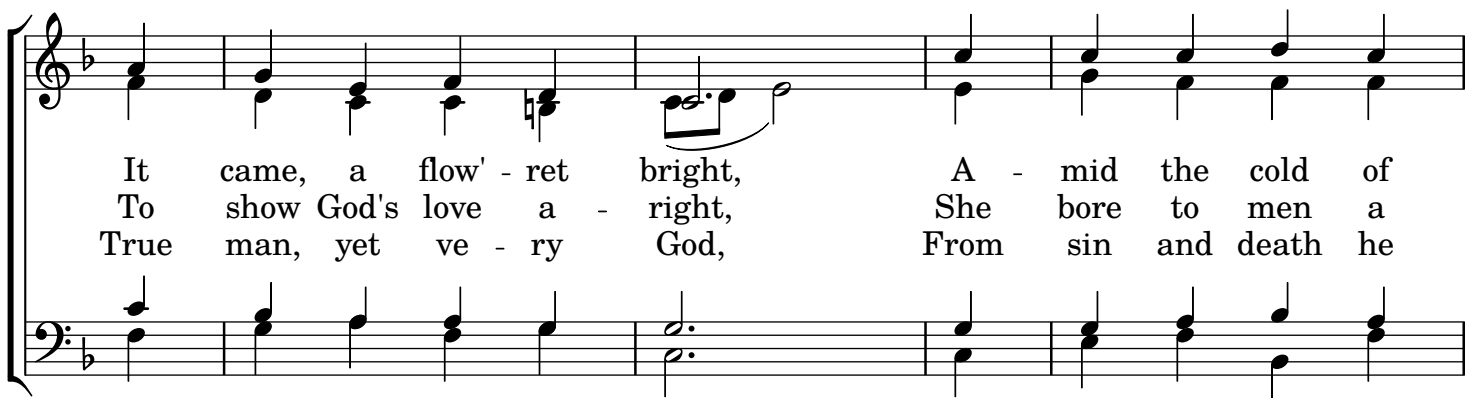


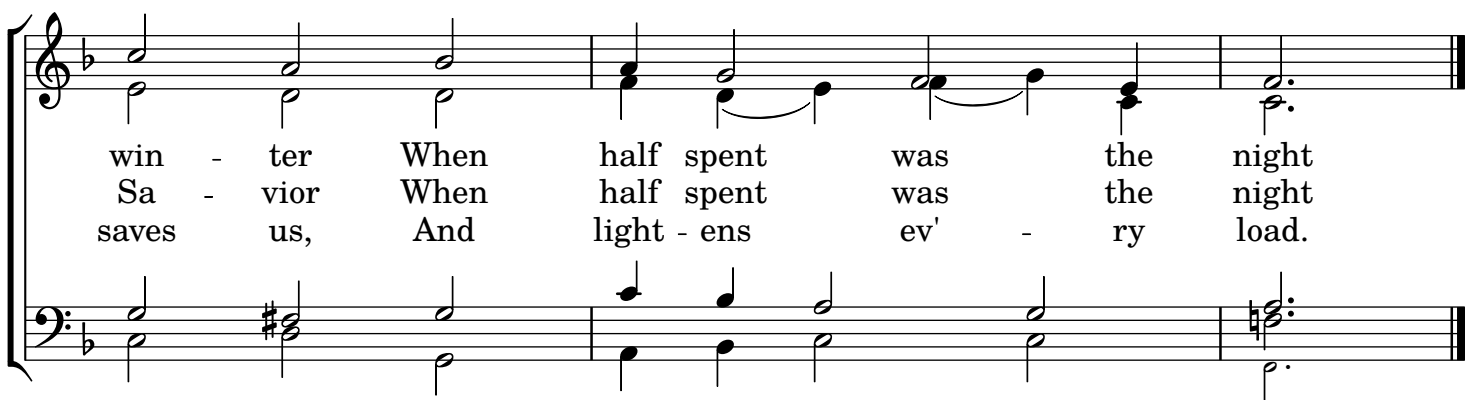
1. Lo, how a rose e'er bloom - ing, From tend - er stem hath sprung!
 2. I - sa - iah 'twas fore - told it, The Rose I have in mind
 3. This Flow'r, whose fragrance ten - der With sweetness fills the air,



From Jes - se's lin - eage com - ing, As men of old have sung.
 With Ma - ry we be - hold it, The Vir - gin mo - ther kind
 Dis - pels with glo - rious splen - dor The darkness ev' - ry - where;



It came, a flow' - ret bright, A - mid the cold of
 To show God's love a - right, She bore to men a
 True man, yet ve - ry God, From sin and death he



win - ter When half spent was the night
 Sa - vior When half spent was the night
 saves us, And light - ens ev' - ry load.