Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

1. Lo, how a rose e'er blooming from the tender stem I have in mind.
2. I sa-iah 'twas fore-told it, from the rose I have in mind. Of Jes-see's lin-eage Ma-ry we be!
   Com-ing hold it, as men of the Vir-gin old have sung. It came, a flow-'ret bright, a mid the cold of
   Mid the cold of win-ter Sav-iour when half spent was the night.

Jes-se's lin-eage Ma-ry we be com-ing hold it, as men of the Vir-gin old have sung. It came, a flow-'ret
as men of the Vir-gin old have sung. To show God's love a-

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