Lo, how a Rose e’er blooming from tender stem hath sprung!
Of Jesse’s lineage coming, as men of old have sung.
It came, a - flow - eret bright, amid the cold of winter,
When half spent was the night.

Isaiah ’twas foretold it, the Rose I have in mind;
With Mary we behold it, the virgin mother kind.
To show God’s love a - right, she bore to us a Savior,
When half spent was the night.

The shepherds heard the story proclaimed by angels bright,
How Christ, the Lord of glory was born on earth this night.
To Beth - le - hem they sped and in the manger found Him,
As angel heralds said.

This Flower, whose fragrance tender with sweetness fills the air,
Dispels with glorious splendor the darkness everywhere;
True Man, yet ve - ry God, from sin and death He saves us,
And lightens every load.

O Savior, Child of Ma - ry, who felt our human woe,
O Savior, King of glo - ry, who dost our weakness know;
Bring us at length we pray, to the bright courts of Heaven,
And to the endless day!