

Lo, how a rose e'er blooming,  
From tender stem hath sprung!  
Of Jesse's lineage coming,  
By faithful prophets sung.  
It came, a floweret 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 aright  
She bore to men a Savior  
When half spent was the night.