

Es Ist Ein' Ros'

Heather Dale

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming
From tender stem hath sprung!
Of jesse's lineage coming,
as those of old have 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 us a Saviour
When half spent was the night.