Lo How a Rose E'er Blooming

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Lo, how a rose e'er blooming from tender stem has sprung
Of Jesse's lineage coming as men of old have sung
It came, a flower bright amid the cold of winter
When half spent was the night.
Isaiah `twas foretold it, the rose I had 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.

RG
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