

Charlotte Church, Lo, How A Rose E're Blooming

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'ret bright,
Amid the cold of winter
When half spent was the light.

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 saviour,
When half spent was the night.

O flow'r, whose fragrance tender

With sweetness fills the air,
Dispel in glorious splendour
The darkness ev'ry where.

True man, yet very god,

From sin and death now save us,
And share our ev're load.