

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

Sting

Lo, How a Rose E'er 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 night.
Isaiah 'twas foretold it,
This Rose that I have in mind.
And with Mary we behold it,
The Virgin Mother so sweet and so kind.
To show God's love aright,
She bore to men a Saviour
When half-spent was the night.

7 Cold Song

What power art thou who from below
Hast made me rise unwillingly and slow
From beds of everlasting snow?
See'st thou not how stiff, how stiff and wondrous
old,
Far, far unfit to bear the bitter cold?
I can scarcely move or draw my breath:
Let me, let me, let me freeze again to death.