

Lo! How a Rose E'er Blooming

Sufjan Stevens

Lo! How a Rose e're blooming,
From tender stem hath sprung,
Of Jesse's lineage coming
As those of old have sung
It came, a flowerth bright,
Amid the cold of winter
When half-spent was the night
Isaiah twice foretold it,
The Rose I have in mind
And so then we behold it
The Virgin Mother kind
To show God's love aright
She bore to us a Savior
When half-spent was the night