

GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

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 flower 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 men a Savior,
When half-spent was the night.

The Shepherds heard the story,
Proclaimed by Angels bright,
How Christ, the Lord of glory
Was born on Earth this night.
To Bethlehem they sped
And in the manger found Him,
As angel heralds said.

This Flower, whose fragrance tender
With sweetness fills the air,
Dispels with glorious splendor
The darkness everywhere.
True man, yet very God,
From sin and death He saves us
And lightens every load.

O Savior, Child of Mary,
Who felt our human woe;
O Savior, King of glory,
Who dost our weakness know,
Bring us at last, we pray,
To the bright courts of heaven
And to Thy endless day.

*Text: German carol, 15th century; trans. Theodore Baker, 1894, Harriet Spaeth, 1875, John Mattes, 1914.
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