Behold, a Rose E'er Blooming

Baker

- Behold, a rose e'er blooming from tender stem has sprung!
 Of Jesse's lineage coming, as those of old have sung.
 It came, a flower bright, amid the cold of winter, where half spent was the night.
- Isaiah had foretold it,
 this rose I have in mind,
 with Mary we behold it,
 the Virgin Mother kind.
 To show God's love aright,
 she bore to us a Saviour,
 when half spent was the night.
- 3. O flow'r, whose fragrance tender with sweetness fills the air, dispel in glorious splendour the darkness ev'rywhere; as human, yet true God, from sin and death now save us and share our ev'ry load.

Inspiration: Isaiah 11: 1; st. 1-2, "Es ist ein' Ros' entstrungen", trad. German carol, 15th cent.; st. 3, Friedrich Layritz, 1808-1859. Lyrics: 76.76.6.76; st. 1-2, Theodore Baker, 1851-1934, in 1894; st. 3, Harriet R.K. Spaeth, 1845-1925, in 1875.