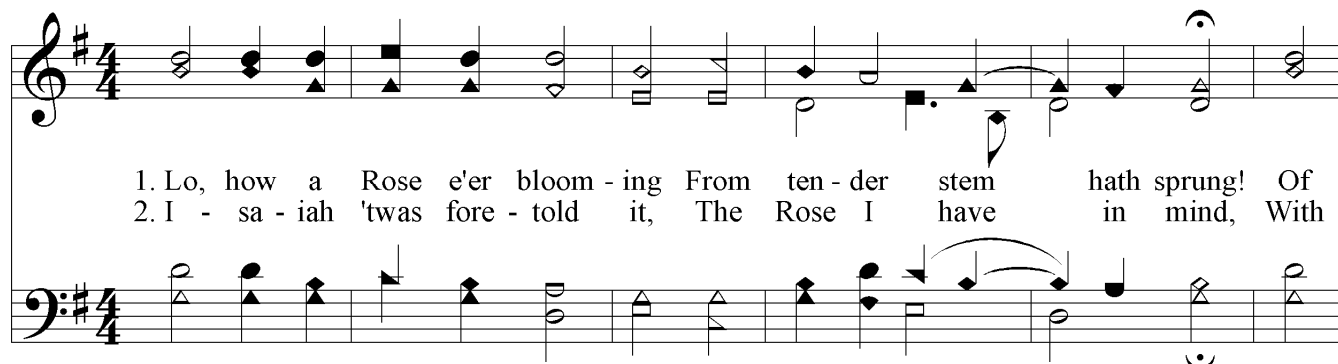
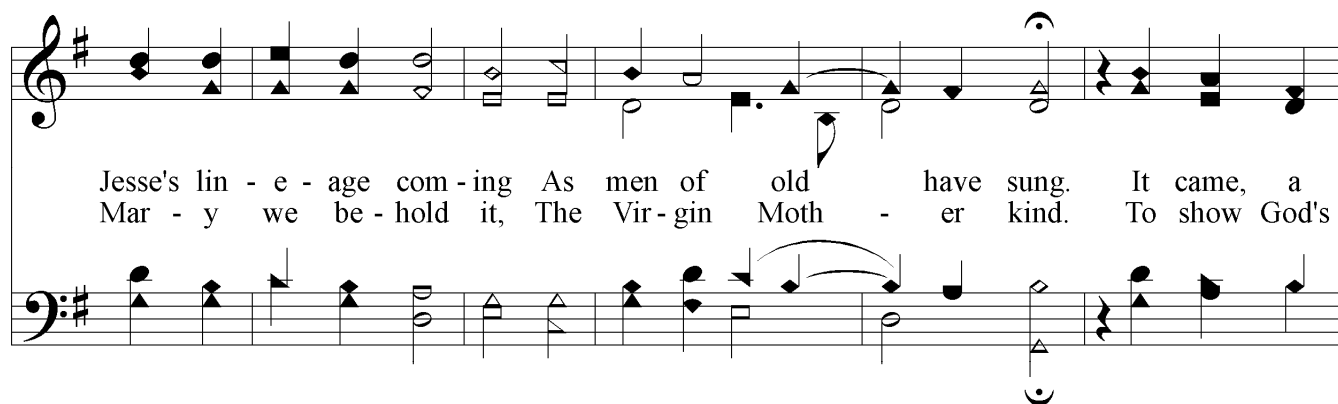


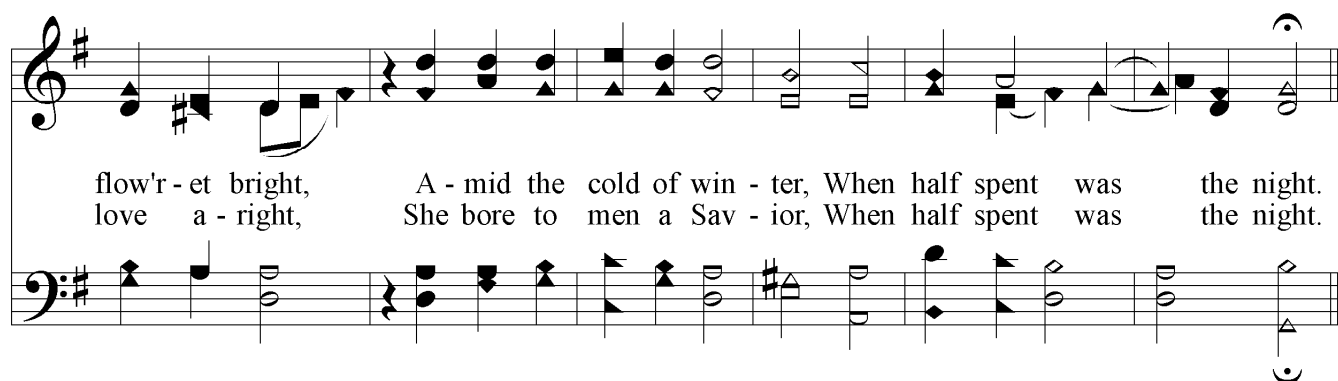
Lo, How A Rose



1. Lo, how a Rose e'er bloom - ing From ten - der stem hath sprung! Of
2. I - sa - iah 'twas fore - told it, The Rose I have in mind, With



Jesse's lin - e - age com - ing As men of old have sung. It came, a
Mar - y we be - hold it, The Vir - gin Moth - er kind. To show God's



flow'r - et bright, A - mid the cold of win - ter, When half spent was the night.
love a - right, She bore to men a Sav - ior, When half spent was the night.