

Christmas Songs

"Behold A Branch Is Growing"

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Behold a branch is growing
of lov'liest form and grace,
as prophets sung, foreknowing;
it springs from Jesse's race
and bears one little flow'r
in midst of coldest winter,
at deepest midnight hour.

Isaiah hath foretold it
in words of promise sure,
and Mary's arms enfold it,
a virgin meek and pure.
Thro' God's eternal will
this child to her is given
at midnight calm and still.
(...)

O savior, child of Mary,
who felt our human woe;
O savior, king of glory
who dost our weakness know,
bring us at length, we pray,
to the bright courts of heaven
and to the endless day.

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