

## Sting "6Lo How a Rose E'er Blooming"

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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 fl ow'ret bright  
Amid the cold of winter  
When half-spent was the night.  
Isaiah ?twas foretold it,  
This Rose that I have in mind.  
And with Mary we behold it,  
The Virgin Mother so sweet and so kind.  
To show God's love aright,  
She bore to men a Saviour

When half-spent was the night.  
7 Cold Song  
What power art thou who from below  
Hast made me rise unwillingly and slow  
From beds of everlasting snow?  
See'st thou not how stiff, how stiff and wondrous  
old,  
Far, far unfi t to bear the bitter cold?  
I can scarcely move or draw my breath:  
Let me, let me, let me freeze again to death.

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