

Hymn Lyrics

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Behold, a rose is growing

Behold! a Rose is growing,
of loveliest form and grace,
as prophets sang, foreknowing;
it springs from Jesse's race,
and comes a perfect flower,
in midst of coldest winter,
at deepest midnight hour. .

Isaiah had foretold it
in words of promise sure,
and Mary's arms enfold it--
a gentle maiden pure.
Through God's eternal will
this child to her is given
at midnight calm and still.

This Rose, whose fragrance tender
with sweetness fills the air,
dispels in glorious splendor
the darkness everywhere;
As human, yet true God,
from sin and death now save us
and lightens every load.

O Savior, child of Mary,
you felt our human woe;
O Savior, King of glory,
you all our weakness know.
Lead us, at last, we pray,
to the full joys of heaven
and into endless day.

German, fifteenth century, verses 1-3, trans. Harriet Reynolds Spaeth (1845-1925), alt.; verse 4, trans. John Caspar Mattes (1914-), alt.