595: Lo How a Rose / The Rose

traditional/ Amanda McBroom

Arr. Delyth Bressington
(on an idea of Craig Hella Johnson)

When the night has been too lonesome and the road has been too long; and you think that love is only for the lucky and the strong; just remember in the winter far beneath the bitter snow lies the seed that with the sun's love, in the spring becomes the rose.
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 Flow'ret bright,

A mid the cold of winter lies the seed that with the sun's love in the spring becomes the rose.