

A noble flow'r of Juda
from tender roots has srprung,
a rose from stem of Jesse,
as prophets long has sung;
a blossom fair and bright,
that in the midst of winter
will change to dawn our night.

The rose of grace and beauty
of which Isaiah sings
is Mary, virgin mother,
and Christ the flow'r she brings,
by Gods divine decree
she bore our loving Saviour
Who died to set us free.

To Mary, dearest mother
with fervent hearts we pray:
grant that your tender Infant
will cast our sins away,
and guide us with His love
that we shall ever serve Him
and live with Him above.