

Behold a Branch is Growing

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Behold, a Branch is growing
Of loveliest form and grace,
As prophets sung, foreknowing;
It springs from Jesse's race
And bears one little Flower,
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.
Through God's eternal will,
This Child to her is given, At midnight calm and still.

The Shepherds heard the story,
Proclaimed by angels bright,
How Christ, the Lord of Glory,
Was born on earth this night.
To Bethlehem they sped,
And in the manger found Him, As angel heralds said.

O Savior, Child of Mary,
Who felt our human woe;
O Savior, King of Glory,
Who now our weakness know,
Bring us at length, we pray,
To the bright courts of heaven And to the endless day.

Bible Verse: There shall come forth a shoot from the stump of Jesse, and a branch from his roots shall bear fruit. And the Spirit of the LORD shall rest upon Him, the Spirit of wisdom and understanding, the Spirit of counsel and might, the Spirit of knowledge and the fear of the LORD. Isaiah 11:1-2 ESV