

# Three Solos for Advent, Christmas, Epiphany

## I. Blest Mary Walks Amid the Thorn

1. Blest Mary walks amid the thorn, Kyrie eleison!  
Blest Mary walks amid the thorn where sev'n long years no bloom has borne. Jesu et Maria!
2. What 'neath her heart doth Mary bear? Kyrie eleison!  
A little child doth Mary bear, beneath her heart He nestles there. Jesu et Maria!
3. As through the thornwood passeth she, Kyrie eleison!  
Fair roses bloom on ev'ry tree as through the thornwood passeth she. Jesu et Maria!
4. What shall this Infant call-ed be? Kyrie eleison!  
The Christ, He shall be called truly, which Name He hath borne from eternity. Jesu et Maria!
5. Who wilt the world from sin set free? Kyrie eleison!  
This Child alone, and only He, He wilt the world from sin set free. Jesu et Maria!

## II. Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming

1. Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming from tender stem hath sprung!  
Of Jesse's lineage coming as seers of old have sung.  
It came, a blossom bright, amid the cold of winter,  
when half-spent was the night.
2. Isaiah 'twas foretold it, the Rose I have in mind.  
With Mary we behold it, the Virgin Mother kind.  
To show God's love aright, she bore to us a Savior,  
when half-spent was the night.
3. This Flow'r, whose fragrance tender with sweetness fills the air,  
dispels in glorious splendor the darkness ev'rywhere.  
True man, yet very God, from sin and death He saves us,  
and lightens ev'ry load.

## III. Saw You Never in the Twilight?

1. Saw you never in the twilight, when the sun had left the skies,  
Up in heav'n the clear stars shining through the gloom, like silver eyes?  
So of old the Wise Men, watching, saw a little stranger star,  
And they knew the King was given, and they followed it from far.
2. Heard you never of the story how they crossed the desert wild,  
Journey'd on by plain and moun-tain, till they found the holy Child?  
How they open'd all their treasure, kneeling to that infant King;  
Gave the gold and fragrant incense, gave the myrrh in offering?
3. Know ye not that lowly baby was the bright and morning Star?  
He who came to light the Gentiles, and the darken'd isles afar?  
And, we too, may seek His cradle; there our hearts' best treasures bring;  
Love, and faith, and true devotion for our Savior, God, and King.