

## In the bleak midwinter

1 In the bleak mid - win - ter, frost - y wind made moan,  
 2 Our God, heaven can - not hold him, nor — earth sus - tain;  
 3 An - gels and arch - an - gels may have gath - ered there,  
 4 What — can I give him, poor — as I am?

earth stood hard as i - ron, wa - ter like a stone;  
 heaven and earth shall flee a - way when he comes to reign:  
 cher - u - bim and se - ra - phim thron - ed the air;  
 If I were a shep - herd, I would bring a lamb;

snow had fal - len, snow on snow, snow — on — snow,  
 in the bleak mid - win - ter a sta - ble - place suf - ficed  
 but his mo - ther on - ly, in her maid - en bliss,  
 if I were a wise — man, I would do my part;

in the bleak mid - win - ter, long a - go.  
 the Lord — God in - car - nate, Je - sus Christ.  
 wor - shiped the be - lov - ed with a kiss.  
 yet what I can I give him — give my heart.

Words: Christina Rossetti (1830-1894) Music: *Cranham*, Gustav Theodore Holst (1874-1934)