IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER

Text: Irregular; Christina G. Rossetti, 1830–1894.

1. In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,
Our God, heav’n cannot hold him, nor earth sustain;
Angels and archangels may have gathered there;
What can I give him, poor as I am?

2. Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;
Heav’n and earth shall flee away when he comes to reign;
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;

3. Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed The
But his mother on her way to做工, in her maiden bliss,
If I were a Wise Man, I would do my part; Yet

4. In the bleak midwinter, long ago.
Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.
Worshipped the beloved with a kiss.
What can I give him: give my heart.