IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER

1. In the bleak mid-winter, frost-y wind made moan,
   Our God, heav’n cannot hold him, nor earth sustain;
   What can I give him, poor as I am?

2. Our God, heav’n cannot hold him, nor earth sustain;
   Earth stood hard as iron, wa-ter like a stone;
   Heav’n and earth shall fly away when he comes to reign.

3. An-gels and arch-a-gels may have gath-ered there,
   Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phet him throng-ed the air;
   If I were a shep-herd, I would bring a lamb;

4. An-gels and arch-a-gels may have gath-ered there,
   Snow had fallen, snow on snow; snow on snow,
   If I were a Wise Man, I would do my part; Yet

5. Our God, heav’n cannot hold him, nor earth sustain;
   Snow had fallen, snow on snow; snow on snow,
   If I were a Wise Man, I would do my part; Yet

6. An-gels and arch-a-gels may have gath-ered there,
   Snow had fallen, snow on snow; snow on snow,
   If I were a Wise Man, I would do my part; Yet

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