In the bleak midwinter

Christina Rossetti

Gustav Holst ("Cranham")

In the bleak mid-winter fros-ty wind made moan,

Our God, Heav’n can-not hold him, Nor earth sus-tain

An-gels and arch-an-gels May have ga-thered there,

What-can I give him, Poor as I am?

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What-can I give him, Poor as I am?

Earth stood hard as i-ron, Wa-ter like a stone. Snow had fall-en

Heav’n and earth shall flee a-way When he comes to reign. In the bleak mid-

Che-ru-bim and se-ra-phim Throng-ed the air. But his mo-ther

If I were a shep-herd I would bring a lamb; If I were a

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Give With Je Long

snow on snow, Snow on snow, In the bleak midwinter, Long ago.

win - ter A sta - ble - place suf-ficed The Lord God Almigh-ty, Je-sus Christ.

on - ly, In her mai-den bliss, Worshipped the Be - lov - ed With a kiss.

wise man I would do my part; Yet what I can I give him Give my heart.

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