In the bleak midwinter

In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,
Our God, Heav'n cannot hold him,
Nor earth sustain
An-gels and arch-an-gels May have gathered there,
What can I give him, Poor as I am?

Earth stood hard as iron, Water like a stone. Snow had fallen
Heav'n and earth shall flee away When he comes to reign. In the bleak mid-
Che-ru-bim and se-raphim Throng-ed the air. But his mo-ther
If I were a shep-herd I would bring a lamb; If I were a

snow on snow, Snow on snow, In the bleak midwinter, Long a-go.
win-ter A sta-ble-place suff-iced 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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