In the Bleak Midwinter

Words: Christine Rossetti, 1872
Music: Gustav Holst, 1906

1. In the bleak mid-winter, frost-y wind made moan;
   Earth stood hard as i-ron, wa-ter like a stone;
   Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
   In the bleak mid-winter, long ago.

2. Our God, Heaven can-not hold Him, nor earth sus-tain;
   Heaven and earth shall flee a-way when He comes to reign;
   In the bleak mid-winter a stable place suf-ficed
   The Lord God Al-might-y, Jesus Christ.

3. An-gels and arch-an-gels may have gath-ered there;
   Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phon thronged the air;
   But His moth-er on-ly, in her maid-en bliss
   Wor-shipped the Be-loved with a kiss.

4. What can I give Him, poor as I am?
   If I were a shep-herd, I would bring a lamb;
   If I were a Wise Man, I would do my part;
   Yet what I can I give Him: Give my heart.