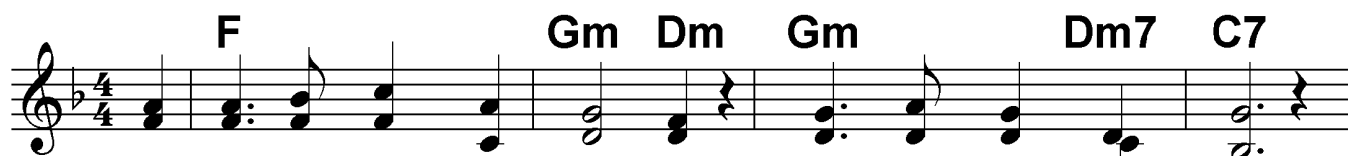


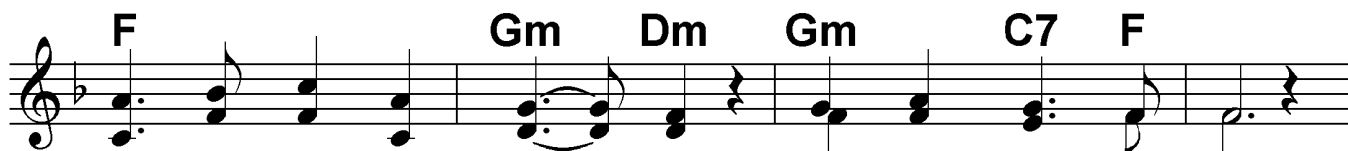
In the Bleak Midwinter

Words: Christine Rossetti, 1872

Music: Gustav Holst, 1906



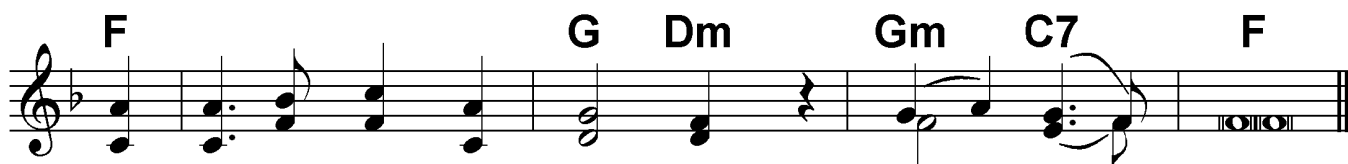
1. In the bleak mid - win - ter, frost - y wind made moan;
2. Our God, Heaven can - not hold Him, nor earth sus - tain;
3. An - gels and arch - an - gels may have gath - ered there;
4. What can I give Him, poor as I am?



Earth stood hard as i - ron, wa - ter like a stone;
 Heaven and earth shall flee a - way when He comes to reign:
 Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim thronged the air;
 If I were a shep - herd, I would bring a lamb;



Snow had fall - en, snow on snow, snow on snow,
 In the bleak mid - win - ter a sta - ble place suf - ficed
 But His moth - er on - ly, in her maid - en bliss,
 If I were a Wise Man, I would do my part;



‡ In the bleak mid - win - ter, long a - go.
 The Lord God Al - might - y, Je - sus Christ.
 Wor - shipped the Be - lov - ed with a kiss.
 Yet what I can I give Him: Give my heart.