

# In the Bleak Midwinter

words by Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

music: *Cranham*, Gustav Holst

1. In the bleak mid-winter, frosty wind made moan,  
2. God, heaven can-not hold him, nor the earth sustain;  
3. An-gels and arch-an-gels may have ga-thered there,  
4. What can I give him, poor as I am?

earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone.  
heaven and earth shall flee a-way when he comes to reign.  
che-ru-bim and se-ra-phim throng-ed the air.  
If I were a shep-herd, I would bring a lamb.

Snow had fal-len, snow on snow, snow on snow, snow,  
In the bleak mid-winter a sta-ble place suf-ficed: the  
But his mo-ther on-ly, in her mai-den bliss, the  
If I were a wise man, I would do my part. Yet

in the bleak mid-winter, long, long a-go.  
Lord-shipped God al-migh-ty, Je-sus Christ.  
what can I give him: with a kiss.  
give my heart.