In The Bleak Midwinter

In the bleak mid-winter, frosty wind made moan,
God, heaven cannot hold him, nor the earth sustain;
Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
What can I give him, poor as I am?

Earth stood hard as iron, water like a
heaven and earth shall flee away when He comes to
cherubim adhesion of the
If I were shepherd, I would bring a

Stone. Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
reign. In the bleak mid-winter
air. But His mother only,
lamb. If I were a wise man,

Snow on snow, in the bleak mid-winter
stable place sufficed: the Lord God a-
in her maiden bliss, worshipped the be-
I would do my part. Yet what can I

Winter, long, long ago.
mighty, Jesus Christ.
loved with a kiss.
give Him: give my heart.