

# In the Bleak Midwinter

Text by Christina Rossetti

In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,  
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;  
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,  
In the bleak midwinter, long ago.

Our God, heav'n cannot hold him, nor earth sustain;  
Heaven and earth shall flee away when he comes to reign.  
In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed,  
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

Enough for him, whom cherubim, worship night and day,  
A breastful of milk, and a mangerful of hay;  
Enough for him, whom angels, fall down before,  
The ox and ass and camel, which adore.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there,  
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air,  
But his mother only, in her maiden bliss,  
Worshipped the beloved with a kiss.

In the Bleak Midwinter, page 2

What can I give him, poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;  
If I were a wise man, I would do my part,  
Yet what I can I give him, give him my heart.

PDF by Kyle Coughlin

[www.ChristmasMusicSongs.com](http://www.ChristmasMusicSongs.com)

