

In the Bleak Midwinter

words by Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

music: *Cranham*, Gustav Holst

1. In the bleak mid-win-ter, fros-sy wind made moan,
 2. God, hea-ven can-not hold him, nor the earth sus-tain;
 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 i-ron, wa-ter like a stone.
 heaven and earth shall flee a-way when he comes to reign.
 che-ru-bim and se-ra-phim thron-ed to the air.
 If I were a shep-herd, I would bring a lamb.

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

in the bleak mid-win-ter, long, long a go.
 Lord the-ship-ped God al-migh-ty, Je-sus Christ.
 wor-ship the can-be-lo-ved give him: with a kiss.
 what can I give him: give my heart.