

In the Bleak Midwinter

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In the bleak mid-winter, Frosty wind made moan,
Our God, heav'n can-not hold him, Nor earth sus-tain;
An-gels and arch-an-gels May have ga-thered there,
What can I give him, Poor as I am?

5

Earth stood hard as i-ron, Wa-ter like a stone;
Heav'n and earth shall flee a-way When he comes to reign;
Che-ru-bim and se-ra-phem Thronged the air;
If I were a she-pherd I would bring a lamb,

9

Snow had fall-en, snow on snow, Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-win-ter A sta-ble place suff-iced The
But his mo-ther on-ly, In her mai-den bliss,
If I were a wise man I would do my part, Yet

13

In the bleak mid-win-ter, Long a-go.
Lord God Al-migh-ty, Je-sus Christ.
Wor-shipped the Be-lov-ed With a kiss.
what I can I give Him Give my heart.