

In the Bleak Midwinter

words by Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

music: *Cranham*, Gustav Holst

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

in the bleak mid - win - ter, long, long a go.
 Lord the bleak God al - migh - ty, Je - sus Christ.
 wor - shipped the be - migh - ty, with a sus - tain - ing heart.
 what can I give him: give my heart.