In the Bleak Midwinter

1. 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 a stable place sufficed.

2. Our God, heaven cannot hold him, nor earth sustain;
   heaven and earth shall flee a-way, when he comes to reign;
   but his mother onely, in her maiden bliss,
   the Lord God incarnate, Jesus Christ.

3. Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
   cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
   if I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;
   yet what I can I give him: give my heart.

4. What can I give him, poor as I am?
   If I were a wise man, I would do my part;
   if I were a mother, in her maiden bliss,
   with a kiss.

Text: Christian Rossetti (1830-1894)
Tune: Gustav T. Holst (1874-1934)

Irregular
CRANHAM

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