



## In the Bleak Midwinter

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, heaven 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 breast full of milk and a manger full 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,  
worshiped the beloved with a kiss.

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 my heart.