



In The Bleak Midwinter

Text: Christina Rossetti

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, heav'n cannot hold Him, Nor earth sustain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away, when He comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter, a stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty —Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him, whom Cherubim worship night and day,
A basketful 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 only His Mother in her maiden bliss
Worshipped 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.