IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER
Words by Christina Rossetti
Music by Gustav Holst

<C> In the bleak mid - <Am> winter, <F> frosty wind made <G> moan,
<C> Earth stood hard as <Am> iron, <F> water <G> like a <C> stone;
<Dm> Snow on snow <Em> had <F> fall - <C> en, <Am7> Snow on <Dm> snow on <G> snow,
<C> In the <G> bleak mid – <Am> win - <D7> ter, <Dm> long, <G> long <C> 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,
Breast full of milk, and a manger full of hay;
Enough for Him, Whom angels fall 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,
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.