The CHRISTMAS Collection



In the Bleak Midwinter (Christina Rossetti/Gustav Holst)









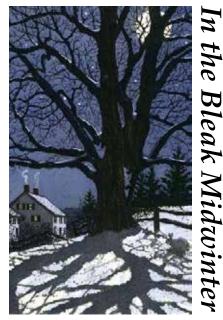
In the Bleak Midwinter

In the bleak mid-winter 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 mid-winter 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 mid-winter a stable-place sufficed The Lord God Almighty — Jesus Christ.

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.



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