



In the Bleak Midwinter (Christina Rossetti/Gustav Holst)

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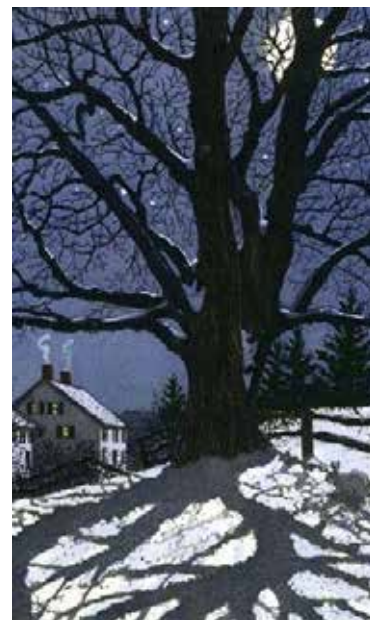
In the Bleak Midwinter

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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