

In the Bleak Midwinter

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Gustav T. Holst

1. In the bleak mid-win-ter, Frosty wind made moan,
2. Heaven can-not hold Him, Nor the earth sus-tain;
3. What can I give Him, Need y as I am?

Earth stood hard as i-ron, Wa-ter like a stone;
Heav'n and earth shall van-ish When He comes to reign.
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;

Snow had fall-en, snow on snow, Fall-en snow on snow,
God Him-self be-came a man— Born to pay sin's price;
If I were a no-ble-man, I would do my part;

In the bleak mid-win-ter, Man-y years a-go.
He's the great Re-deem-er, Our Lord Je-sus Christ.
What can I give Him: Give Him all my heart.