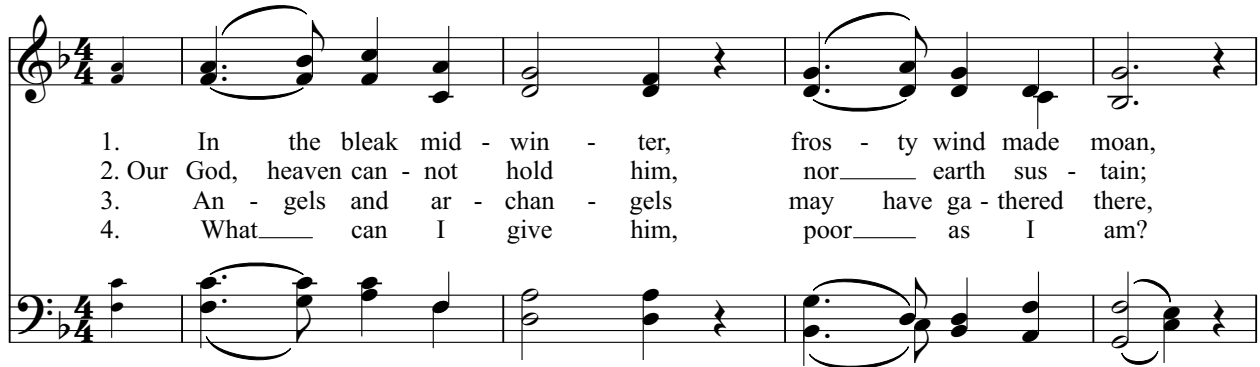
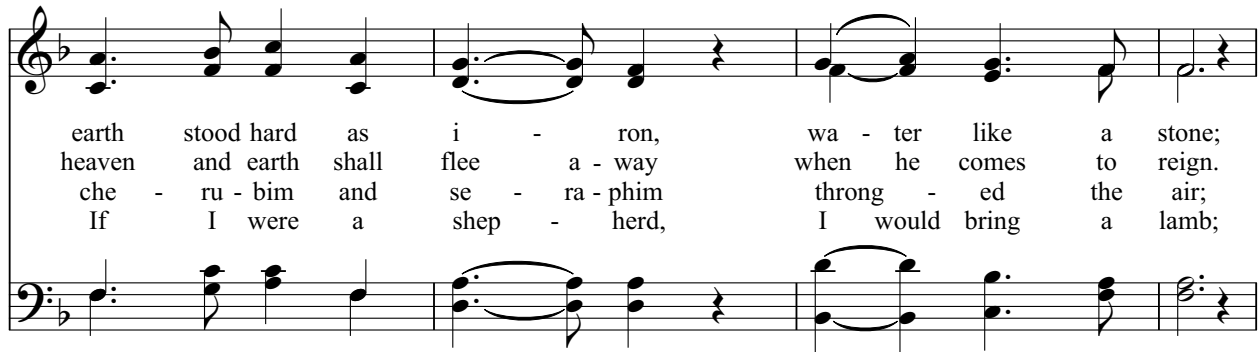


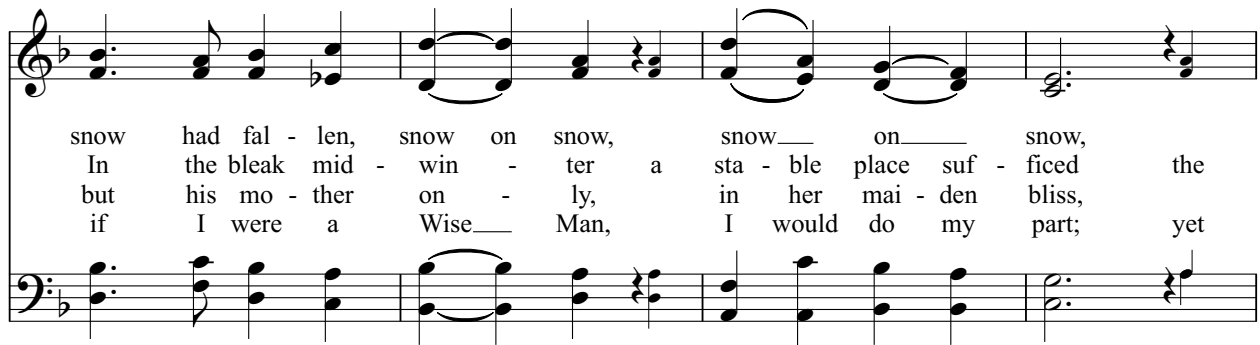
In the Bleak Midwinter



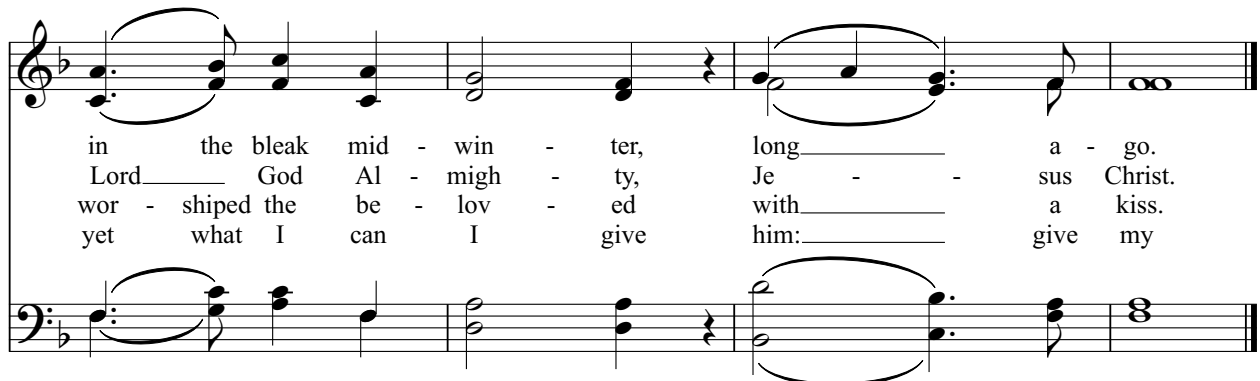
1. In the bleak mid - win - ter, fros - ty wind made moan,
 2. Our God, heaven can - not hold him, nor earth sus - tain;
 3. An - gels and ar - chan - gels may have ga - thered there,
 4. What can I give him, poor as I am?



earth stood hard as i - ron, wa - ter like a stone;
 heaven and earth shall flee a - way when he comes to reign.
 che - ru - bim and se - ra - phim throng - ed the air;
 If I were a shep - herd, I would bring a lamb;



snow had fal - len, snow on snow, snow on snow,
 In the bleak mid - win - ter a sta - ble place suf - ficed the
 but his mo - ther on - ly, in her mai - den bliss,
 if I were a Wise Man, I would do my part; yet



in the bleak mid - win - ter, long a - go.
 Lord God Al - migh - ty, Je - sus Christ.
 wor - shiped the be - lov - ed with a kiss.
 yet what I can I give him: give my

Text: Christina G. Rossetti, 1872
 Tune: Gustav Holst, 1906



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