

# IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER

www.franzdorfer.com

Chr. Rosetti

G. Holst

Our God, heav'n can - not hold him,  
 E - nough for him, whom Che - ru - bim  
 An - gels and ar - chan - gels  
 What can I give him,  
 Fros - ty wind made moan,  
 Nor earth sus - tain;  
 Wor - ship night and day A  
 May have ga - thered there,  
 Poor as I am?

5

Earth stood hard as i - ron,  
 Heav'n and earth shall flee a - way  
 breast full of milk And a  
 Che - ru - bim and se - ra - phim  
 If I were a shep - herd  
 Wa - ter like a stone;  
 When he comes to reign;  
 man - ger full of hay. E -  
 Thronged the air;  
 I would bring a lamb,

9

Snow had fal - len, Snow on snow,  
 In the bleak mid - win - ter A  
 nough for him, whom an - gels  
 But his mo - ther on - ly,  
 If I were a wise man  
 Snow on snow,  
 sta - ble place suf - ficed The  
 Fall down be - fore, The  
 In her mai - den bliss,  
 I would do my part, Yet

13

In the bleak mid - win - ter,  
 Lord God in - car - nate,  
 ox and ass and ca - mel  
 Wor - shipped the Be - lov - ed  
 what I can I give Him  
 Long a - go.  
 Je - sus Christ.  
 Which a - dore.  
 With a kiss.  
 Give my heart.