

IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER

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Chr. Rosetti

G. Holst

Our God, heav'n can - not hold him, Fros - ty wind made moan,
E - nough for him, whom Che - ru - bim Nor earth sus - tain;
An - gels and ar - chan - gels Wor - ship night and day A
What can I give him, 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 man - ger full of hay. E -
Che - ru - bim and se - ra - phim Thronged the air;
If I were a shep - herd I would bring a lamb,

9

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

13

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