

In the bleak mid-winter [Bb]

(Words: Christina Rossetti Music: Gustav Holst)

In the bleak mid - win - ter fros - ty wind made moan,
Our God, heav'n can - not hold him nor - earth sus - tain;
E - nough for him, whom cherub - bim wor - ship night and day, a
An - gels and arch - an - gels may have ga - thered there,
What - can I give him, poor - as I am?

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earth stood hard as i - ron, wa - ter like a stone;
heav'n and earth shall flee a - way when he comes to reign;
breast - ful of milk, and a man - ger - ful of hay; e -
che - ru - bim and se - ra - phim thronged - the air; but
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
 rough for him, whom an - gels fall - down be - fore, the
 on - ly his mo - ther in her maid - en bliss
 if I were a wise man I would do my part; yet

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in the bleak mid - win - ter, long _____ a - go.
 Lord - God Al - migh - ty Je - sus Christ.
 ox and ass and ca - mel which _____ a - dore.
 wor - shipped the be - lo - ved with _____ a kiss.
 what I can I give him give _____ my heart.

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