

## In The Bleak Midwinter

Indigo Girls

In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan  
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone  
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow  
In the bleak midwinter, long ago

Angels and archangels may have gathered there  
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air  
But His mother only, in her maiden bliss  
Worshipped the beloved with a kiss

What can I give Him, poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb  
If I were a wise man, I would do my part  
What I can, I give Him, give my heart

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