

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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