

In The Bleak Mid-winter

Jane Siberry

In the bleak mid-winter
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 mid-winter
Long ago

Angels and archangels
May have gathered there
Cherubim and seraphim
Thronged the air

But only his mother
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
Yet what I can I give him
Give my heart

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Frosty wind made moan
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I would do my part
Yet what I can I give him?
Give my heart