

In the Bleak Midwinter

Sarah Brightman

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

Our God Heaven cannot hold Him nor Earth sustain
Heaven and Earth shall flee away when He comes to reign
In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed
The Lord, God Almighty, Jesus Christ

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

Oh, 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?