In The Bleak Midwinter

In God, what can I give Him, poor as I am?

earth was hard as iron, water like a stone;

in the bleak midwinter, long ago.

Text: Traditional Polish Carol, translated E. M. G. Reed (1885-1933)
Tune: Gustav Holst (Cranham, irregular)

Produced by Stones Cry Out Music, 7 Avonlea Boulevard,
Toronto, Ontario M4C 5E4, Canada.
In the Bleak Midwinter

In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,
God, heaven cannot hold Him, nor the earth sustain,
Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
What can I give Him, poor as I am?

Earth was hard as iron, water like a stone;
Heaven and earth shall flee away when He comes to reign;
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;

Snow was falling, snow on snow, snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed the
But His mother on lowly, in her maiden bliss,
If I were a wise man, I would do my part;

In the bleak midwinter, long ago.
(Our)
Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.
Worshipped the beloved with a kiss.
Yet what can I give Him? Give Him my heart.

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Tune: Gustav Holst (Cranham, irregular)
Note: the Bb6 chord can be substituted by Gm if preferred.

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