

# In The Bleak Midwinter

## Sons of joy

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.  
Enough for Him, Whom cherubim, worship night and day,  
    Breastful of milk, and a mangerful of hay;  
  
Enough for Him, Whom angels fall before,  
    The ox and ass and camel which adore.  
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;  
Yet what I can I give Him: give my heart.

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