In the Bleak Midwinter

Jane Siberry

In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan
Earth stood hard as iron
Water like a stoneSnow had fallen, snow on snow
Snow on snow
In the bleak mid-winter
Long agoAngels and archangels
May have gathered there
Cherubim and seraphim
Thronged the airBut only his mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshiped the beloved
With a kissWhat can I give him
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lambIf I were a wise man
I would do my part
Yet what I can I give him
Give my heartIn the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan
Earth stood hard as iron
Water like a stoneIf I were a wise man
I would do my part
Yet what I can I give him?
Give my heart

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