

In the Bleak Midwinter

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
 Worshiped 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
In the bleak mid-winter
 Frosty wind made moan
 Earth stood hard as iron
Water like a stone
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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