

In The Bleak Midwinter

Jars of Clay

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, on snow
In the bleak midwinter, long ago 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
What I can I give him my heart Angels wreathed in singing, host of Heaven adore
Star beheld with glory that did not shine before
Shepherds fear the blinding light, haste to understand
In the bleak midwinter, peace for child, for man

Songwriters

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