


In the Bleak Midwinter


Words by Christina Rossetti
Music by Gustav Holst

Soprano
Alto




1. In the bleak mid - win - ter, Fros - ty wind made moan,
4. An - gels and arch - an - gels, May have ga - thered there,
5. What can I give him, Poor as I am?

Tenor
Bass




[5]

S
A



Earth stood hard as i - ron, Wa - ter like a stone;
Che - ru - bim and se - ra - phim, Throng - ed the air: But
If I were a shep - herd I would bring a lamb;

T
B



[9]

S
A




Snow had fal - len, snow on snow, Snow on snow,
on - ly his mo - ther, In her maid - en bliss,
If I were a wise man, I would do my part; Yet

T
B




[13]

S
A



In the bleak mid - win - ter, Long a go.
Wor - shipped the Be - lov - ed him, With a kiss.
what I can I give him, Give my heart.

T
B



1. 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 midwinter, Long ago.
4. Angels and archangels, May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim Thronged the air:
But only his mother In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Beloved With a kiss.
5. 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.

We sing verses 1, 4, 5.

2. Our God in heav’n cannot hold him Nor earth sustain;
Heav’n and earth shall flee away When he comes to reign:
In the bleak mid–winter A stable place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.
3. Enough for him, whom cherubim Worship night and day,
A breastful of milk, And a mangerful of hay;
Enough for him, whom angels Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel Which adore.