In the bleak midwinter

Christina Rossetti

In the bleak mid-winter, Frosty wind made moan,
Our God, heav'n cannot hold him, Nor earth sustain;
Angels and archangels May have gathered there,
What can I give him, Poor as I am?

Earth stood hard as iron, Water like a stone;
Heav'n and earth shall flee away When he comes to reign;
Cherubim and seraphim Thronged the air;
If I were a shepherd I would bring a lamb,

Snow had fallen, snow on snow, Snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter A stable place sufficed The
But his mother only, In her maiden bliss,
If I were a wise man I would do my part, Yet

In the bleak midwinter, Long ago.
Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.
Worshipped the Beloved With a kiss.
what I can I give Him Give my heart.