

Hymn #36 (vs 1, 3 and 4)

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;
In the bleak midwinter,
Long, ago.

Angels and Arc Angels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Thronged the air.
But his Mother only,
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.