

## In The Bleak Midwinter

Celtic Thunder

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

Heaven cannot hold Him  
Nor earth sustain  
And earth shall flee away  
When He comes to reign  
In the bleak midwinter, a stable place sufficed  
The Lord God Almighty  
Jesus Christ

Angels and archangels  
May have gathered there  
Cherubim and seraphim  
Thronged the air  
But His mother only, in her maiden bliss  
Worshipped 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 can I give him?  
Give my heart