

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