

## In the Bleak Midwinter

Marika Hackman

In the bleak midwinter, frosty winds 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

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What can I give her, poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd, I would give a lamb  
If I were a Wise Man, I would do my part  
What can I give her? Give my heart

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