

# In The Bleak Midwinter

Mark Lanegan

In the bleak mid-winter  
Frosty winds made moan  
Earth stood hard as iron  
Water like a stone  
Snow had fallen, snow on snow  
Snow on snow on snow  
In the bleak mid-winter  
Long, long ago

Angels and Archangels  
May have gathered there  
Cherubim and seraphim  
Thronged the air  
But His Mother only  
In her maiden's bliss  
Worshiped the Beloved  
With a kiss

What can I give Him  
Poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd  
Would I would bring a lamb?  
If I were a wise man  
Would I do my part?  
Yet what I can I give Him?  
Give my heart

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Frosty winds made moan  
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Would I do my part?  
Yet what I can I give Him?  
Give my heart