

In The Bleak Midwinter

Steve Forbert

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, long ago

Angels and archangels may have gathered there
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air
But only His mother 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 can, I give Him
I will give my heart

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