

## 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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