

## Midwinter

Twila Paris

In bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan  
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone  
Snow had fallen, snow on snow on snow  
In the bleak midwinter, long ago

Our God, heav'n cannot hold Him, nor earth sustain  
Heav'n and earth shall flee away when He comes to reign  
In the bleak midwinter, a stable place sufficed  
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ

What can I give Him, poor as I am  
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb  
If I were a wine man, I would do my part  
Yet, what I can, I give Him, give my heart