



## IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER

Christina Rossetti - 1875

In the bleak mid-winter  
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 mid-winter,  
Long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold Him,  
Nor earth sustain,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away  
When He comes to reign:  
In the bleak mid-winter  
A stable-place sufficed  
The Lord God Incarnate,  
Jesus Christ.

Angels and archangels  
May have gathered there,  
Cherubim and seraphim  
Thronged the air;  
But his mother only,  
In her maiden bliss,  
Worshipped 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 I can I give Him —  
Give my heart.

Video: *In the Bleak Midwinter* in British Sign Language at [christianbsl.com/carols](https://christianbsl.com/carols)