

# In the Bleak Midwinter

Christina Rosetti

Gustav Holst

D Bm Em/G Bm A

God, In the bleak mid - win - ter, fros - ty wind made moan,  
 hea - ven can - not hold him, nor the earth sus - tain;  
 An - gels and arch - an - gels may have ga - thered there,  
 What can I give him, poor as I am?

D Bm Em A D

earth stood hard as i - ron, wa - ter like a stone.  
 heaven and earth shall flee a - way when he comes to reign.  
 che - ru - bim and se - ra - phim thron - ed the air.  
 If I were a shep - herd, I would bring a lamb.

G D G Bm D/F# G A

Snow fal - len, snow on snow snow on snow,  
 In bleak mid - win - ter a stab - le place suf - ficed: the  
 But mo - ther on - ly in her mai - den bliss,  
 If were a wise - man I would do my part. Yet

D Bm Em/G A D

in the bleak mid - win - ter, long long a - go.  
 Lord God al - migh - ty, Je - sus Christ.  
 wor - shipped the be - lo - ved with a kiss.  
 what can I give him: give my heart.