


# In the Bleak Midwinter

Christina Rossetti


Gustav Holst

C Am Dm/F Am G



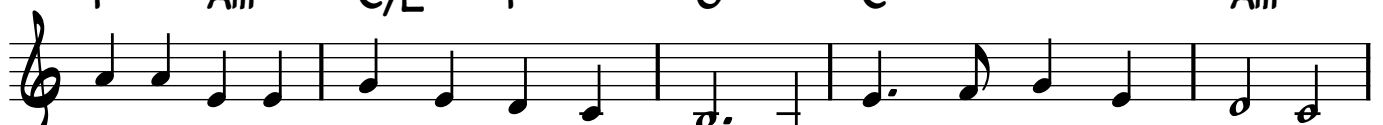
In the bleak mid - win - ter, fros - ty wind made moan,  
 God, hea - ven can - not hold him, nor the earth sus - tain;  
 An - gels and arch - an - gels may have ga - thered there,  
 What\_\_\_\_\_ can I give him, poor\_\_\_\_\_ as I am?

C Am Dm G C F C




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

F Am C/E F G C Am



snow on snow\_\_\_\_\_ snow\_\_\_\_\_ on\_\_\_\_\_ snow, in the bleak mid - win - ter,  
 win - ter a stab - le place suf - ficed: the Lord\_\_\_\_\_ God al - migh - ty,  
 on - ly\_\_\_\_\_ in her mai - den bliss, wor - shipped the be - lo - ved  
 wise - man\_\_\_\_\_ I would do my part. Yet what\_\_\_\_\_ can I give him:

Dm/F G C



long\_\_\_\_\_ long a - go.  
 Je - sus Christ.  
 with\_\_\_\_\_ a kiss.  
 give\_\_\_\_\_ my heart.