

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 ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold Him
nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away,
when He comes to reign.
In the bleak midwinter
a stable-place sufficed
the Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him, Whom Cherubim
worship night and day,
a breastful of milk,
and a mangerful of hay:
enough for Him, Whom angels
fall down before,
the ox and ass and camel which adore.

Angels and archangels
may have gathered there,
Cherubim and Seraphim
thronged the air.
But only His mother 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 wise man I would do my part;
yet what I can give Him – give my heart.