In the Bleak Midwinter

words by Christina Rosetti (1830-1894)

music: Cranham, Gustav Holst

Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,
In the bleak winter a stable place suffered:
Faced: the bliss, the part. Yet

But his mother, wise man,
If I were a wise man,
I would do my part.

In the Bleak Midwinter:

Lord God almighty, Je sus Christ.
What can I give him: give my heart.

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