

# Cyndi Lauper, In The Bleak Midwinter

In the bleak midwinter  
Frosty wind made moan  
Earth stood hard as iron  
Water like a stone  
Snow had fallen  
Snow on snow on snow  
In the bleak midwinter  
Long, long ago

Angels and arc-angels  
May have gathered there  
Cherubim and seraphim  
Thronged the air  
But only his mother  
In her maiden bliss  
Worshiped the beloved  
With a kiss

What can I give him  
Poor as I am  
If I were a sheperd  
I would give a lamb  
If I were a wise man  
I would do my part  
But what I can I give him  
Give him my heart