

# Dan Fogelberg, In The Bleak Midwinter

In the bleak mid-winter, the frosty wind did moan  
The earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone  
Snow had fallen softly, snow on snow on snow  
In the bleak mid-winter, oh so long ago  
Our God, heaven cannot hold Him nor the earth sustain  
Heaven and earth shall flee away when He comes to reign  
In the bleak mid-winter a stable place sufficed  
For the Lord almighty, Jesus Christ  
Oh what can I give Him, woeful as I am  
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb  
If I were a wiseman, oh I would do my part  
Yet, what can I give Him - I will give my heart  
Oh what can I give Him - I will give my heart