

Sarah McLachlan, In The Bleak Mid-Winter

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.

Angels and archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Thronged the air;
But his mother only,
In her maiden bliss,
Worshiped 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 a wise man
I would do my part,
Yet what I can I give Him -
Give my heart.

In the bleak midwinter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
If I were a wise man
Would do my part?
Yet what I can I give Him -
Give my heart.