

# In the bleak midwinter.

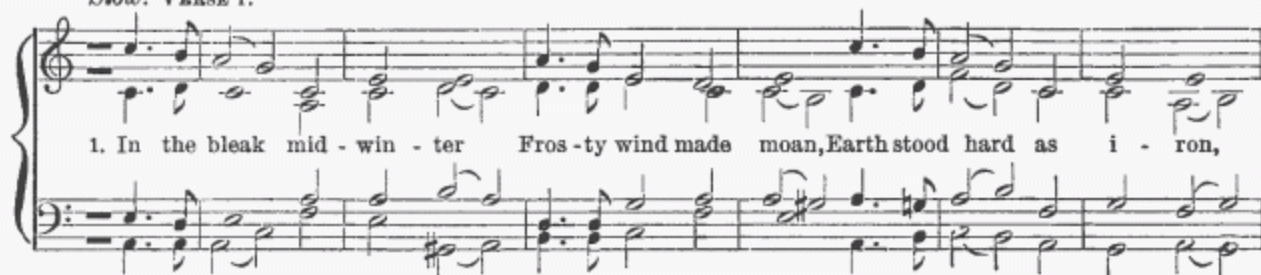
Carol 652.

CHRISTMAS.

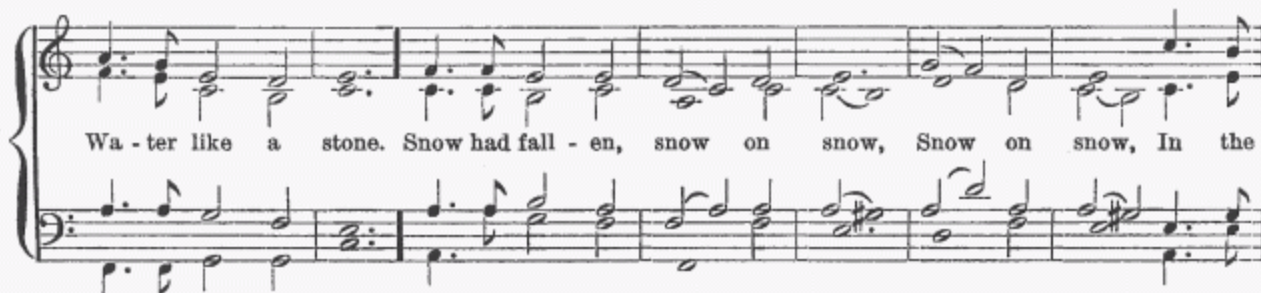
Thomas B. Strong.

Words by C. G. Rossetti.

Slow. VERSE 1.

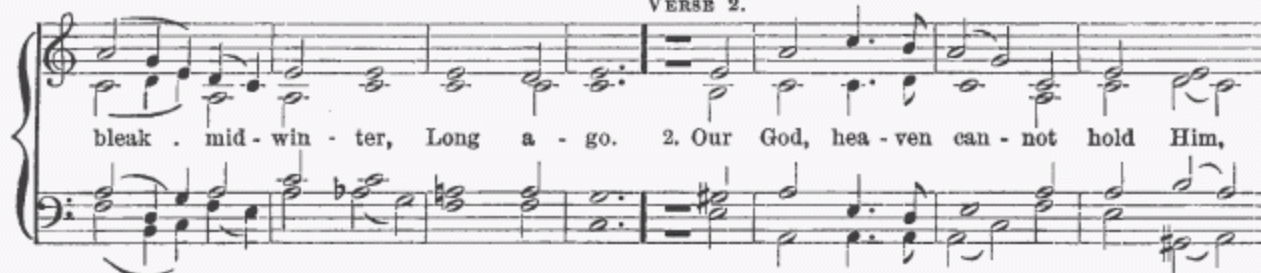


1. In the bleak mid - win - ter    Fros - ty wind made moan, Earth stood hard as i - ron,

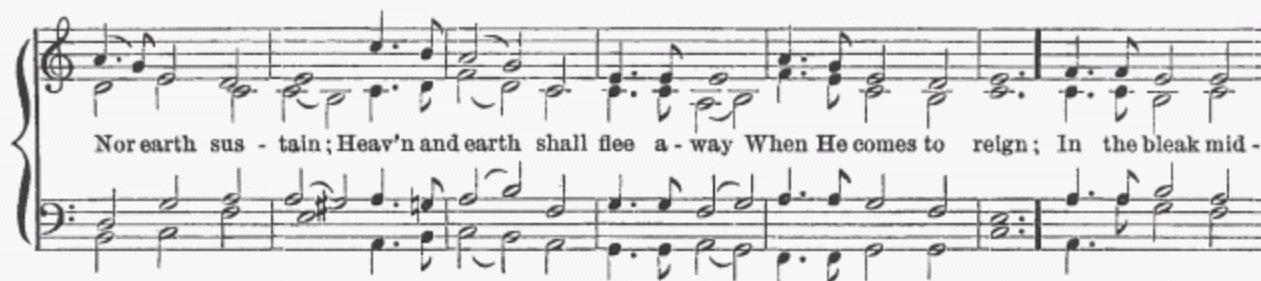


Wa - ter like a stone. Snow had fall - en, snow on snow, Snow on snow, In the

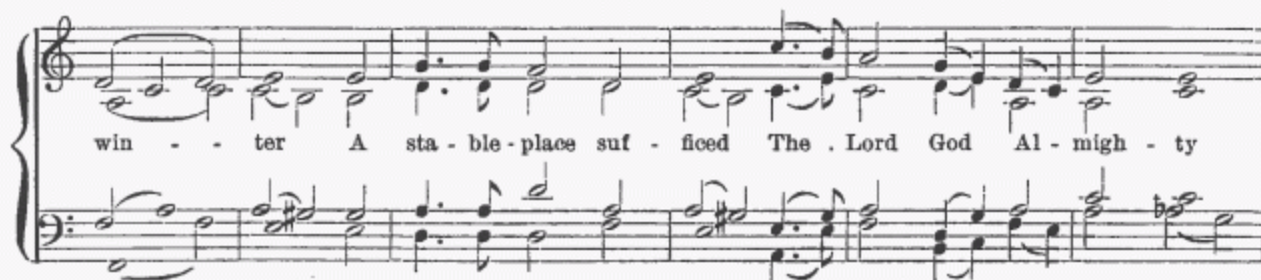
VERSE 2.



bleak . mid - win - ter, Long a - go. 2. Our God, hea - ven can - not hold Him,

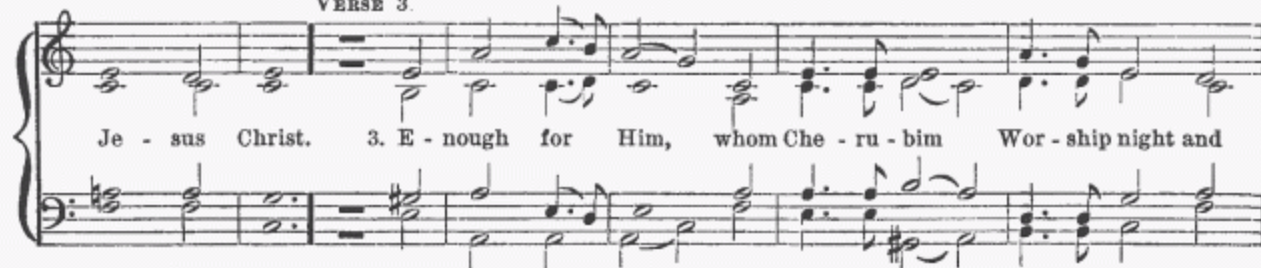


Nor earth sus - tain; Heav'n and earth shall flee a - way When He comes to reign; In the bleak mid -



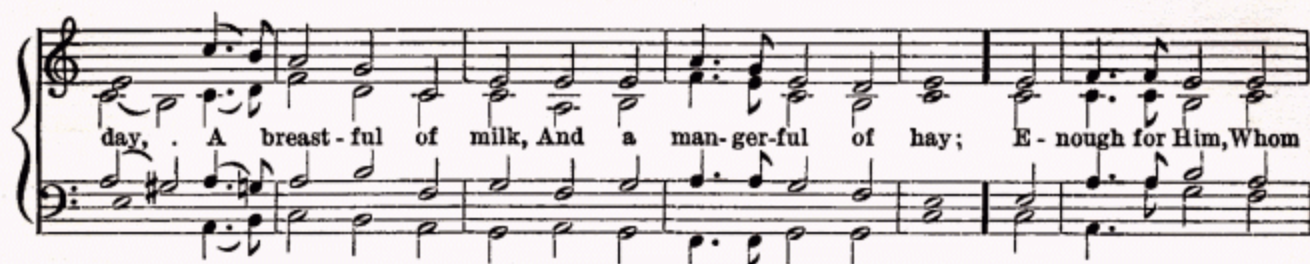
win - - ter    A sta - ble - place suf - ficed    The . Lord God Al - migh - ty

VERSE 3.

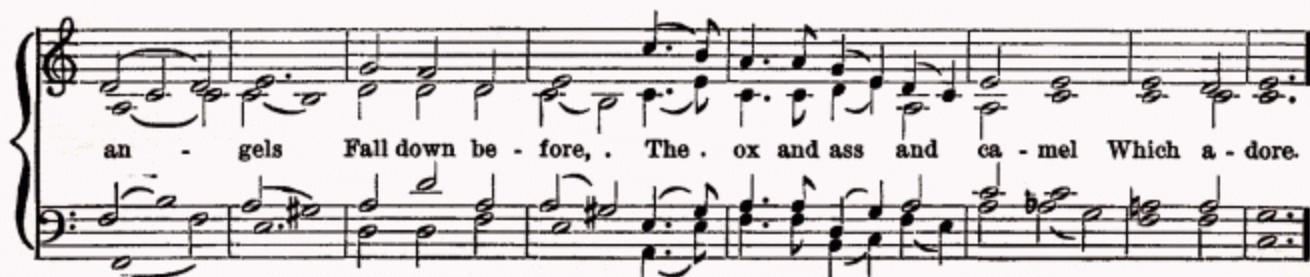


Je - sus Christ. 3. E - nough for Him, whom Che - ru - bim Wor - ship night and



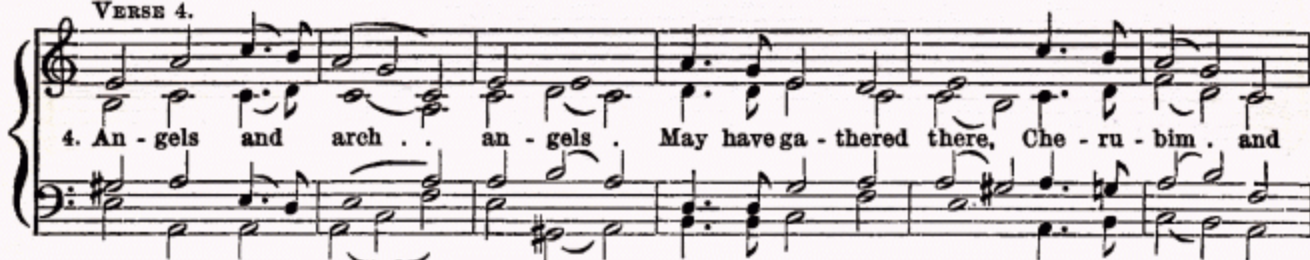


day, . A breast - ful of milk, And a man - ger - ful of hay; E - nough for Him, Whom

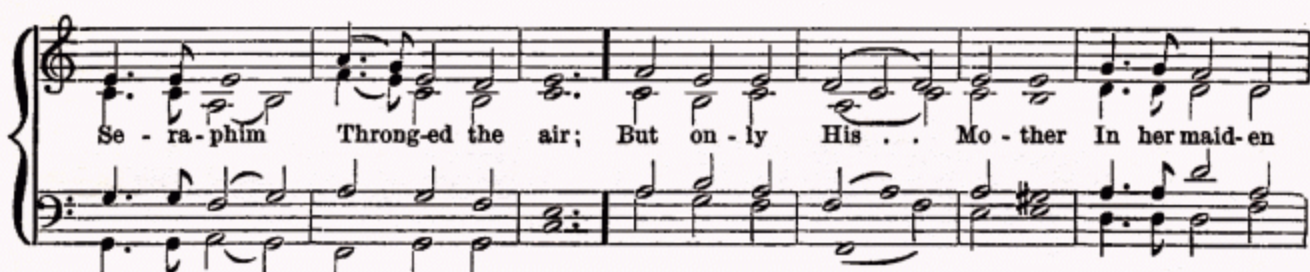


an - gels Fall down be - fore, . The . ox and ass and ca - mel Which a - dore.

## VERSE 4.

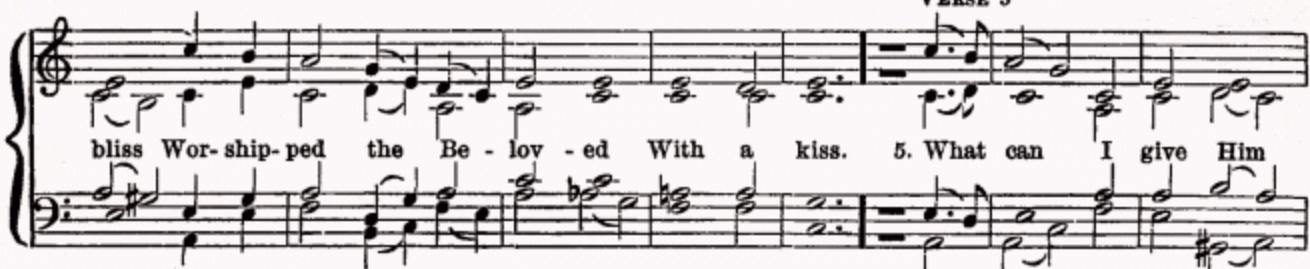


4. An - gels and arch . . an - gels . May have ga - thered there, Che - ru - bim . and

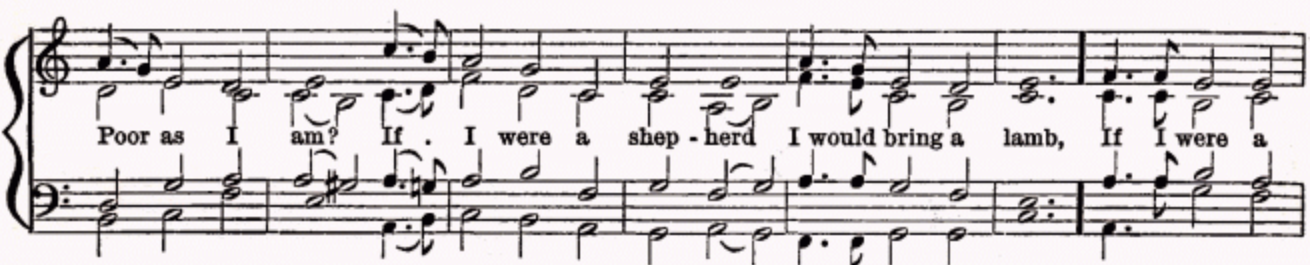


Se - ra - phim Thronged the air; But on - ly His . . Mo - ther In her maid - en

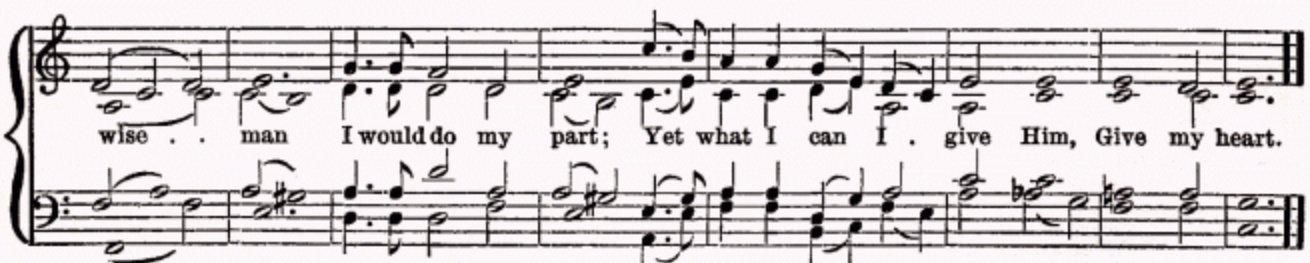
## VERSE 5



bliss Wor - ship - ped the Be - lov - ed With a kiss. 5. What can I give Him



Poor as I am? If . I were a shep - herd 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.