

In the Bleak Midwinter

David Archuleta

In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone

Our God, heaven cannot hold him, nor earth sustain
Heaven and earth shall flee away when he comes to reign
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, on snow
In the bleak midwinter, long ago

Angels and archangels may have gathered there
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air
But only his mother in her maiden bliss
Worshipped the beloved with a kiss

In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ