

In the Bleak Midwinter

Loreena Mckennitt

In the bleak mid-winter frosty winds made moan
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow
In the bleak mid-winter, long ago

Angels and archangels may have gathered there
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air
But His mother only, in her maiden's bliss
Worshiped the beloved with a kiss

Oh what can I give him, poor as I am
If I were a shepherd, would I bring a lamb
If I were a wise man, would I do my part
Yet what can I give him, give my heart

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