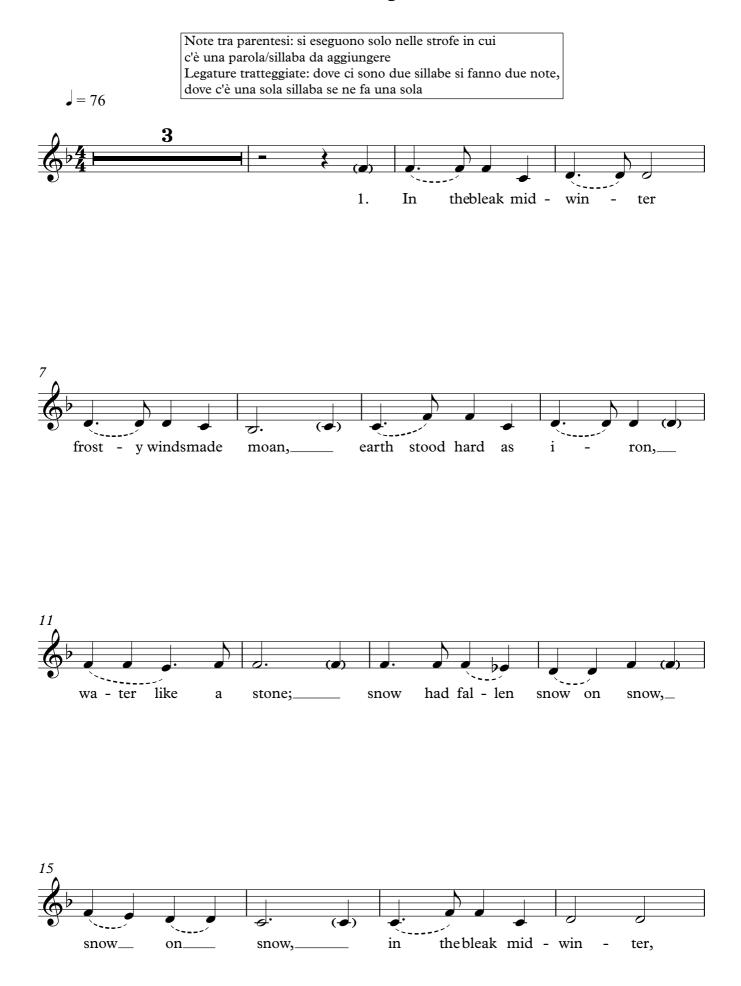
In the bleak midwinter Fara's Singers





In the bleak mid-winter, Frosty wind made moan; Earth stood hard as iron, Water like a stone; Snow on snow had fallen, Snow on snow, In the bleak mid-winter, Long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him, Nor earth sustain, Heaven and earth shall flee away When He comes to reign: In the bleak mid-winter, A stable-place sufficed, The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him Whom Cherubim Worship night and day, A breastful of milk And a mangerful of hay; Enough for Him, whom Angels Fall down before, The ox and ass and camel, Which adore. 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.

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.