

IN THE BLEAK MID-WINTER

Poem: Christina Rossetti

Music: Sarah Meneely-Kyder (1988)

♩ = 84

1

Our God An - gels What In the heav'n and can arch - an - gels can I bleak mid - win - ter frost - y winds made moan - nor - earth sus - tain. - there. - am?.

6

Earth - stood hard as i - ron wa - ter like a stone. -
Heav'n - and earth shall wel - come him when he comes to reign. -
Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim throng - ed the air. -
If - I were a shep - herd I would bring a lamb. -

10

Snow - had fal - len. Snow - had fal - len. Snow - on snow. -
In - the bleak mid - win - ter a sta - ble place suf - ficed. - The
But - his moth - er on - - ly man in her maid - en bliss. -
If - I were a wise - man I would do my part. - Yet

14

In the bleak mid - win - ter long - a - go.
Lord God In - car - - nate Je - sus Christ.
wor - shipped the be - lov - - ed with a kiss.
What I can I give him; give my heart.