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## A Christmas Carol (Poem)

*Christina Georgina Rossetti*

In the bleak mid-winter  
Frosty wind 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.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him  
Nor earth sustain;  
Heaven and earth shall flee away  
When He comes to reign:  
In the bleak midwinter  
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.

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