

Pipettes, The

"In the Bleak Midwinter"

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In the bleak midwinter, frosty winds made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;
Snow was falling, snow on snow, snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter, long ago.

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

What can I give him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;
And if I were a wise girl, I would do my part;
Yet what I can I give him?
I give him my heart.

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