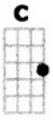


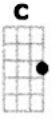
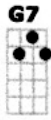
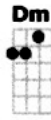
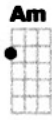
# IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER

Thomas B. Strong

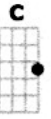
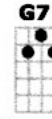
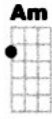
## VERSE 1



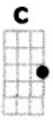
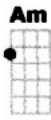
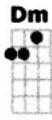
In the bleak mid-win-ter frost-y wind made moan.



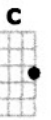
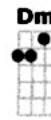
Earth stood hard as Iron, wa-ter like a stone.



Snow on snow had fal- len, snow on snow on snow.



In the bleak mid- win-ter, long, long a-go.



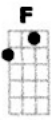
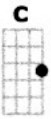
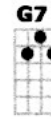
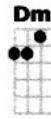
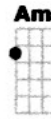
## VERSE 3



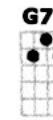
God in Heaven can't hold Him, nor earth sus-tain.



heav'n and earth shall fall a-way when he comes to reign.



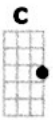
In the bleak mid- win- ter a stable place suf- ficed.



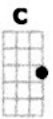
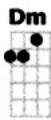
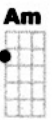
Lord God Al - migh- ty, Je- sus Christ.



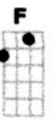
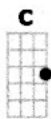
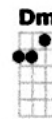
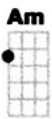
## VERSE 2



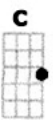
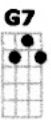
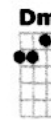
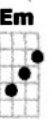
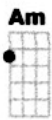
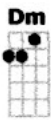
An-gels and arch an-gels may have ga-thered there.



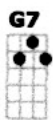
Che-ru-bim and se-ra-phim ris-ing in the air.



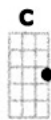
Oh, but on-ly Mar- ry in her maid-en bliss



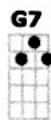
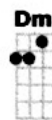
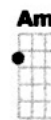
Wor-shipped the be- lov-ed with a moth-er's kiss.



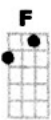
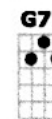
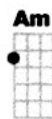
## VERSE 4



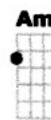
What then can I give Him, poor as I am?



If I were a shep -herd, 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.

