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

Gustav HOLST
(1874 - 1934)
Enough for him, whom Cherubim worship night and day, A breastful of milk and a mangerful of hay; Enough for him, whom Angels adore.

Fall down before, The ox and ass and camel Which adore.
Angels and Archangels May have gathered there, Cherubim and

Seraphim Throng'd the air, But only his mother

In her maiden bliss Worshipp'd 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 am I give him: Give my heart.