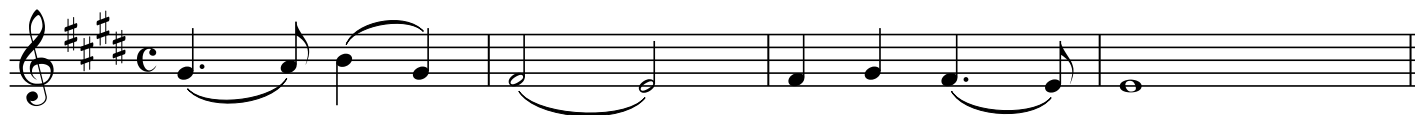


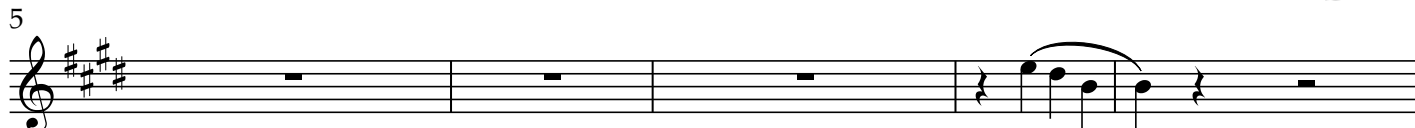
In The Bleak Midwinter

Alto Saxophone

♩ = 100



Our
E -



In the bleak mid - win - ter fros - ty wind made moan Earth stood hard as
God, heaven can - not hold_ him, nor_ earth sus - tain; Heaven and earth shall
nough for him whom che - ru - bim wor - ship night and day, A breast - ful of
An - gels and ar - chan - gels may have ga - thered there, Che - ru - bim and
What_ can I give_ him, poor_ as I am? If I were a



i - ron wa - ter like a stone *mf* Snow had fal - len, snow on snow,
flee a - way when he comes to reign: In the bleak mid - win - ter a
milk_ and a man - ger - ful of hay: E - nough for him whom an - gels
se - ra - phim thronged_ the air, But on - ly his mo - ther,
shep - herd, I would bring a lamb, If I were a wise_ man



snow on_ snow, In the bleak mid - win - ter, long_ a - go.
sta - ble place suf - ficed The Lord_ God Al - migh - ty, Je - sus Christ.
fall_ down be - fore, The ox and ass and ca - mel which_ a - dore.
in her mai - den bliss, Wor - shipped the Be - lov - ed with_ a kiss.
I would do my part, Yet what I can I give him, give_ my



heart. *mp* *mp*

