In the Bleak Mid-winter C3

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 long ago
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 give a lamb
If I were a wise man
I would do my part
But what I can, I give Him
Give him my heart
Give him my heart