

CRANHAM, (Irreg.)

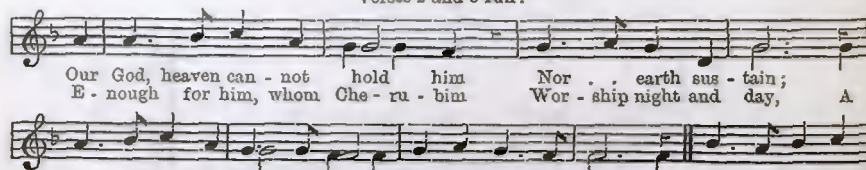
In moderate time ♩ = 100.

G. HOLST.



[The metre of this hymn is peculiar. The music as printed is that of the first verse, and it can easily be adapted to the others.]

Verses 2 and 3 run:



Our God, heaven can - not hold him Nor . . . earth sus - tain;
E - nough for him, whom Che - ru - bin Wor - ship night and day, A

Heaven and earth shall flee a - way When he comes to reign: In the bleak mid-
breast - ful of milk, And a man - ger - ful of hay; E - nough for him, whom
&c.

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 ago.

2 Our God, heaven cannot hold him
 Nor earth sustain;
 Heaven and earth shall flee away
 When he comes to reign:
 In the bleak mid-winter
 A stable-place sufficed
 The Lord God Almighty
 Jesus Christ.

3 Enough for him, whom Cherubim
 Worship night and day,
 A breastful of milk,
 And a mangerful of hay;
 Enough for him, whom Angels
 Fall down before,
 The ox and ass and camel
 Which adore.

4 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.

5. What can I give him
 Poor as I am?
 If I wore a shepherd
 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.

