

CRANHAM. (Integ.)

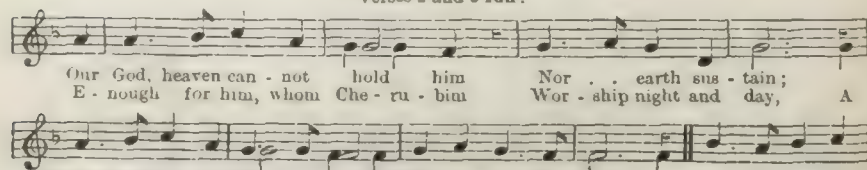
In moderate time ♩ = 100.

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.

CHRISTMAS

Christina G. Rossetti, 1830-94.

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 Belovèd
With a kiss.

5. 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 can I give him—
Give my heart.

