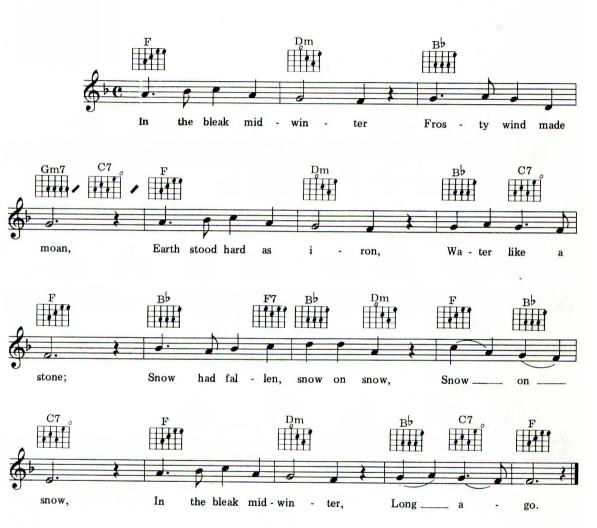
In The Bleak Mid-Winter



- Our God, heav'n cannot hold him, Nor earth sustain; Heav'n and earth shall flee a-way 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 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 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.