

CALYPSO CAROL

See Him lying on a bed of straw,
A draughty stable with an open door,
Mary cradling the babe she bore,
The Prince Of Glory is His name.

CHORUS

O now carry me to Bethlehem,
To see the Lord appear to men,
Just as poor as was the stable then,
The Prince Of Glory when He came.

Star of silver, sweep across the skies,
Show where Jesus in the manger lies.
Shepherds, swiftly from your stupor rise,
To see the Saviour of the world.

CHORUS

Angels, sing again the song you sang,
Bring God's glory to the heart of man,
Sing that Bethl'hem's little baby can,
Be salvation to the soul.

CHORUS

Mine are riches from your poverty,
From your innocence, eternity,
Mine forgiveness by your death for me,
Child of sorrow for my joy.

CHORUS x 2