

CALYPSO CAROL

Irregular

1 See him ly - ing on a bed of straw: a draugh - ty sta - ble with an

o - pen door; Ma - ry cra - dl - ing the babe she bore — the

Prince of glo - ry is his name. Oh, now car - ry me to

Beth - le - hem — to see the Lord — of love a - gain: —

just as poor — as was the sta - ble then, — the Prince of glo - ry when he came.

- 1 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.

*O now carry me to Bethlehem
to see the Lord of love again:
just as poor as was the stable then,
the Prince of glory when he came!*

- 2 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!
- 3 Angels, sing again the song you sang,
sing the glory of God's gracious plan;
sing that Beth'lem's little baby can
be salvation to the soul.
- * 4 Mine are riches, from your poverty;
from your innocence, eternity;
mine, forgiveness by your death for me,
child of sorrow for my joy.