

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.

*Oh, 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 sweeps across the skies
Show where Jesus in the manger lies
Shepherds swiftly from your stupor rise
To see the Saviour of the world.

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

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

Chorus



Calypso carol, Michael Perry (1964)