



Print a Song

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CALYPSO CAROL

See him a lying on a bed of straw;
draughty stable with an open door,
Mary cradling the babe she bore;
The prince of glory is his name.

Refrain

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 sweep across the skies,
show where Jesus in the manger lies.
Shepherds swiftly from your stupor rise
to see the Savior of the world.

Refrain

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.

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

Refrain

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.

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

Refrain

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.