

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.

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!

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.

Angels, sing the song that you began,
bring God's glory to the heart of man
Sing that Bethl'em's little baby can
be salvation to the soul.

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.

Mine are riches, from your poverty,
from your innocence, eternity;
mine, forgiveness by your death for me,
child of sorrow for my joy.

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.



St Oswald's Christmas Service

Order of service

Mrs White— Introduction

School Choir—Carol of the Bells & Winter's Carol

Class 1 & 2—Little Donkey

Song—Away in a Manger

Class 3—The Christmas Story

Class 3 & 4—Douce Nuit

Song—We Three Kings

Class 1—

Class 4—Poems

Song—Calypso Carol

Vicar

Class 2—Prayers

Song—We Wish You A Merry Christmas

Away in a manger

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head
The stars in the bright sky looked down where
He lay The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes
I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever, and love me, I pray
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care
And take us to heaven to live with Thee there

We Three Kings

We three kings of Orient are
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain
Following yonder star

O Star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to thy perfect light

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain
Gold I bring to crown Him again
King forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

O Star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to thy perfect light

Frankincense to offer have I
Incense owns a Deity nigh
Prayer and praising, voices raising
Worship Him, God most high

O Star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to thy perfect light

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb

O Star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to thy perfect light

Glorious now behold Him arise
King and God and sacrifice Heaven
sings, 'Alleluia!' 'Alleluia!' the Earth
replies

O Star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to thy perfect light