

St Michael's Christmas Celebration



14th December 2008

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 side
until 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 fit us for heaven
to live there with thee.

Once in Royal David's City

Once in royal David's city
stood a lowly cattle shed,
where a mother laid her baby
in a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven
who is God and Lord of all,
and his shelter was a stable,
and his cradle was a stall;
with the poor and mean and lowly
lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And our eyes at last shall see him,
through his own redeeming love,
for that child so dear and gentle
is our Lord in heaven above;
and he leads his children on
to the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
with the oxen standing by,
we shall see him; but in heaven,
set at God's right hand on high;
where like stars his children crowned

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 man;
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 Bethlehem's little baby can
be salvation to the soul.

Chorus

Little Donkey

Little donkey, little donkey,
on the dusty road.

Got to keep on, plodding onwards,
with your precious load.

Been a long time, little donkey,
through the winters night.

Don't give up now, little donkey,
Bethlehem's in sight.

Ring out those bell's tonight,
Bethlehem, Bethlehem.

Follow that star tonight,
Bethlehem, Bethlehem.

Little donkey, little donkey,
Had a long, long day.

Little donkey, carry Mary, safely on her way.

Little donkey, carry Mary, safely on her way.

Christmas in Puketitiri

Christmas in Puketitiri,
and the sheep are ready to be shorn.

We're now on daylight saving,
so we rise up early in the morn.

Time too, to put the bulls out,
and to bale the new mown hay -
for Christmas in Puketitiri
is a hard working holiday!

No berries on the holly,
but the roses are in full bloom.

No need for decorations,
with flowers so bright in every room.

Fruit's ripening on the bushes,
and there's bottling to be done.

For Christmas in Puketitiri
is a time for both hard work and fun.

Too hot for Christmas pudding,
but a pav does very well instead.

Let's light the poolside barbie
for there's lots of family to be fed.
Come , share a glass of white wine
or a can of ice cold beer.

For at Christmas in Puketitiri
We are all of us full of good cheer.