

Christmas Crib Service



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 through all his wondrous childhood
day by day like us he grew;
He was little weak and helpless
tears and smile like us he knew;
And he feeleth for our gladness
and he shareth in our sadness

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

Ring out those bells tonight,
Bethlehem, Bethlehem.
Follow that star tonight,
Bethlehem, Bethlehem.

Little donkey little donkey,
had a heavy day.
Little donkey, carry Mary,
safely on her way.

Ring out those bells tonight,
Bethlehem, Bethlehem.
Follow that star tonight,
Bethlehem, Bethlehem.

Little donkey little donkey,
had a heavy day.
Little donkey, carry Mary,
safely on her way.

Little donkey, carry Mary,
Safely on her way

Words and Music: Eric Boswell
CLC no. 1061869

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 you Lord Jesus, Look down from the sky
and stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me Lord Jesus; I ask you to stay
Close by me for ever and love me, I pray;
Bless all the dear children in your tender care,
and fit us for heaven to live with You there

William James Kirkpatrick 1838-1921
CCL 1061869

See Him Lying on a Bed of Straw

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 again the song you sang,
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*