

CAROL SING RADIO – EPISODE 1

**#1. “Joy To the World”
(Isaac Watts)**

1. Joy to the world!
The Lord is come;
Let earth receive her king,
Let every heart prepare Him room
And Heaven and nature sing.

2. Joy to the earth!
The Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ
While fields and floods,
Rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3. He rules the world
With truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove.
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

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**#2 “It Came Upon A Midnight Clear”
(Edmund Sears)**

1. It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From Heaven's all gracious king!
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2. But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong.
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

3. For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world
Give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

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**#3 “West Indian Carol”
(Anon)**

The virgin Mary had a baby Boy,
(Repeat)
And they say that
His name was Jesus.

The angels sang when the Baby
born, (Repeat)
And proclaim Him
The Baby Jesus.

*He come from the Glory,
He come from
The glorious Kingdom.
He come from the Glory,
He come from
The glorious Kingdom.
O yes, believer, O yes, believer,
He come from the Glory,
He come from
The glorious Kingdom.*

The wise men saw where the
Baby born, (Repeat)
And they say that
His name was Jesus.

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**#4 “Away in a Manger”
(Anon)**

1. 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.

2. 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
'til morning is nigh.

3. 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 with Thee there.

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#5 “Good King Wenceslas”

(John Mason Neale)

1. Good King Wenceslas
Looked out,
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even;
Brightly shone the moon
That night,
Tho' the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

2. Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?
Sire, he lives a good league hence,
underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
by Saint Agnes' fountain.

3. Bring me flesh,
And bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither:
Thou and I shall see him dine,
When we bear them thither.
Page and monarch,
Forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's
Wild lament
And the bitter weather.

4. Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer.
Mark my footsteps,
My good page.
Tread thou in them boldly
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.



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5. In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.