

Loud Sing the Carol!

The 1993 Revision

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An an - gel said to the Vir - gin Ma - ry, Loud sing the ca - rol!
God's got some - thing for you to car - ry. Loud sing the ca - rol!
It will be a great be - ne - fit. I can't tell you the all of it.
Just keep heal - thy and learn to kni - it. Loud sing the ca - rol!

An angel said to the Virgin Mary,
"God's got something for you to carry.
It will be a great benefit.
I can't tell you the all of it:
Just keep healthy and learn to knit."

Jesus came from a virgin's womb,
No man ever had slept with whom.
God made sex to be good to feel
For the species' commonweal;
Mary' fate was a rotten deal.

Jesus' birthplace was just a manger,
Not a kind way to greet a stranger!
Christ was born among lambs and ewes
When the innkeep said "I refuse
To rent a room to a pair of Jews."

Wise men came who were spies for Herod.
Gifts of value the wise men carried:
Frankincense and myrrh and gold,
None of which would keep out the cold.
John the Baptist was six months old.

Herod, mad at his spies' defection,
Tried to add to his skull collection.
Roused by angels from forty winks,
Joseph said to his son, "Methinks
We'll be tourists and see the sphinx."

On the mount, Jesus preached a sermon,
In so far as we can determine.
Full of wonderful turns of phrase,
Known to us from the olden days.
What a treasure of great cliches!

John the Baptist — now this sounds funny —
Lived on locusts and wild honey.
Jesus came to the dunking places.
John said, "Why, and upon what basis?
I'm not fit to untie your laces."

John called Herod an evil sinner.
Herod hosted a birthday dinner.
Salome, to conclude the matter,
Seeing Herod was leering at her,
Asked for head, but upon a platter.

Though they weren't at the time so labeled,
Jesus healed the different abled.
As each one was again made whole,
Jesus said, "Do not tell a soul."
Now he's famous from pole to pole.

On the morn of a springtime day,
Jesus died in the Roman way.
Since the moment of his decease he
Has been known as the "prince of peace"; he
Gets called "Christ", which is Greek for "greasy".

Christ was born for to do us favors,
Get us off when we screw our neighbors.
Christ can buddy up to God
When the paths of sin we've trod,
And slip him ten with a wink and a nod.

Now each year when the snows are falling,
Countless families are still recalling
How that child on a bed of hay,
Born in Bethlehem far away,
Gave the whole world Boxing Day.

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