

**Raise your voice for
peace and hope!**

**CAFOD is the
international
development agency
that reaches out to
people around the
world who urgently
need our help.
Whether it's a local
Sister, a doctor or
a water engineer,
our experts can
get specialist help
to people, fast,
regardless of their
religion or culture.**

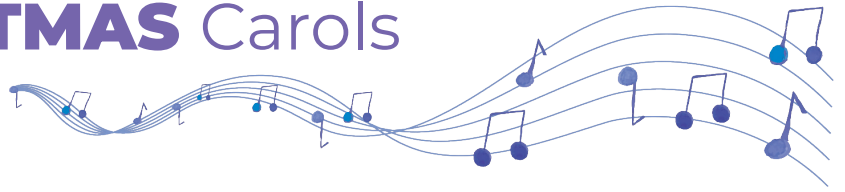


**“Your help was like a
mercy from God.”**

These are the words of Majid, a father forced to flee his home with his wife and four daughters, on foot, in the dead of night. Majid and his family walked for a day and a half through the desert, leaving all their possessions behind, to escape missiles and terrorism in their home city. Thanks to your support, Majid and his family in Syria now have somewhere safe to stay.

**If you're using this sheet
for a carol service in your
parish or carol singing
in your community, let
us help with advice,
posters and ideas. Visit
cafod.org.uk/
Adventseason**

CHRISTMAS Carols



O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant!
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born the King of Angels:

*O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.*

God of God, light of light,
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God, begotten, not created
O come, let us...

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above!
Glory to God, in the highest
O come, let us...

Yea, Lord, we greet thee, born this happy
morning;
Jesus, to thee be all glory giv'n.
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing!
O come, let us...

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.”

“To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

“All glory be to God on high
And on the earth be peace.
Goodwill henceforth from heav'n to men
Begin and never cease.”

SILENT NIGHT

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and child
Holy infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight;
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia!
Christ the Saviour is born,
Christ the Saviour is born!

Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light;
Radiant beams from thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in the dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light!
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth!
For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem
Descend to us, we pray
Cast out our sin and enter in
Be born to us today!
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell
O come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Emmanuel.



IN THE BLEAK MIDWINTER

In the bleak midwinter,
Frosty wind made moan
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak midwinter
Long ago.

Our God, heaven cannot hold him
Nor earth sustain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign:
In the bleak midwinter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty — Jesus Christ.

Enough for him, whom cherubim
Worship night and day,
A breast full of milk and
A manger full of hay;
Enough for him, whom angels
Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;
But his mother only
In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Beloved
With a kiss.

What can I give him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man
I would do my part;
Yet what I can I give him, —
Give my heart.

UNTO US A BOY IS BORN

Unto us a boy is born!
The King of all creation,
Came he to a world forlorn,
The Lord of every nation.

Cradled in a stall was he
With sleepy cows and asses;
But the very beasts could see
That he all men surpasses.

Then was Herod faint with wrath
'A king,' he said, 'in Jewry!
All the little boys he killed
at Bethl'hem in his fury.

Now may Mary's son, who came
so long ago to love us,
lead us all with hearts aflame
unto the joys above us.

Unto us a boy is born!
The King of all creation,
came he to a world forlorn,
the Lord of every nation.

JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the World, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King!
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And Heaven and nature sing,
And Heaven and nature sing,
And Heaven, and Heaven, and nature sing.

Joy to the World, the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ
While fields and floods,
Rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat, repeat, the sounding joy!

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love,
And wonders of His love,
And wonders, wonders, of His love!

THE FIRST NOËL

The first Noël the Angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep
Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the East, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued, both day and night.

And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

The star drew nigh to the north west;
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest.
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

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,
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden,
In whose gentle arms he lay:
Christian children all must be,
Mild, obedient, good as he.

For he is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day, like us he grew,
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew:
And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

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,
All in white shall wait around.

GABRIEL'S MESSAGE

The angel Gabriel from heaven came,
His wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame,
"All hail," said he, "thou lowly maiden Mary!
Most highly favoured Lady!
Gloria!"

For know, a blessed mother thou shalt be,
All generations laud and honour thee,
Thy son shall be Emmanuel by seers foretold,
Most highly favoured Lady!
Gloria!

Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head
"To me be as it pleaseth God," she said.
"My soul shall laud and magnify
His holy Name."
Most highly favoured Lady!
Gloria!

Of her, Emmanuel, the Christ, was born
In Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn,
And Christian folk throughout the world will ever say,
"Most highly favoured Lady!
Gloria!"

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 with thee there.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark! The herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise.
Join the triumph of the skies.
With angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
*Hark! The herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!"*

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ the everlasting lord
Late in time behold him come,
Off spring of the Virgin's womb
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! The herald...

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His throne on high,
Born that man no more may die
Born to give them second birth!
Hark! The herald...

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.
*Oh, the rising of the sun
And the running of the deer
The playing of the merry organ
Sweet singing in the choir.*

The holly bears a blossom,
As white as the lily flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.
Oh, the rising of the sun...

The holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to do us sinners good.
Oh, the rising of the sun...

The holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas Day in the morn.
Oh, the rising of the sun...

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.
Oh, the rising of the sun...

ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY

Angels from the realms of glory
Wing your flight over all the earth!
Ye, who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:

*Come and worship,
Worship Christ the newborn King!*

Shepherds in the fields abiding
Watching over your flocks by night:
God with man is now residing
Yonder shines the infant light!

Come and worship...

Sages, leave your contemplations
Brighter visions beam afar
Seek the great desire of nations
Ye have seen his natal star

Come and worship...

Saints before the alter bending,
Watching long in hope and fear
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear

Come and worship...

IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR

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, good will to men
From heav'n's all-gracious king!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet 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
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife
And hear the angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! For glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing.
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold
When Christ shall come and all shall own
The Prince of Peace, their King,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

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 plain,
Gold I bring to crown him again,
King for ever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign

O Star...

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a deity nigh:
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship Him God on High!

O Star...

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

O Star...

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King, and God, and sacrifice
Heav'n sings Hallelujah:
Hallelujah the earth replies.

O Star...

I SAW THREE SHIPS

I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day?
And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas day in the morning?

Our Saviour Christ and his lady,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Our Saviour Christ and his lady,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the Souls on Earth shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the Souls on Earth shall sing,
On Christmas day in the morning!

Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas day in the morning.



When her newborn daughter Lombeh fell sick, Amie tried everything to get her help but she just kept getting weaker. She remained severely malnourished until Amie visited a maternity clinic supported by CAFOD. The sisters who run the clinic were able to provide little Lombeh with a nutritious local weaning mix and she immediately began to improve. Now, years later, Lombeh is a lively, energetic child who can't believe she was ever so sick.

Have a very happy and blessed Christmas from the whole CAFOD family!

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