**Carols for Palestine 2019**

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| **In the Bleak Midwinter** | |
| In the bleak midwinter  Refugees made moan  Netanyahu stood like iron  Trump was like a stone  Tanks were rolling, tank on tank,  Tank on tank  Through the camps of Gaza and the West Bank | How can we stop it  Israel’s cruelty?  Silence of the nations  Allows it to be.  Where is there a wise man  Who could do his part?  Tell the world to stop it  With its heart |

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| **Once in Royal David’s City** | |
| Once in royal David’s city  Stood a big apartheid wall:  People entering and leaving  Had to pass a checkpoint hall.  Bethlehem is strangulated,  And her children segregated. | Though this City is a symbol  To the world of peace and love,  Concrete walls have closed around her,  Settlements expand above.  And apartheid Israel stands  All around on stolen lands. |
| David’s people once instructed  All the world in righteousness:  Once they spoke of truth and justice,  Israel’s leaders now oppress.  All who look at Bethlehem,  Must speak out the truth to them. |  |

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| **O Broken town of Bethlehem** | |
| O broken town of Bethlehem your people long for peace,  But curfews, raids and barricades have brought them to their knees  Yet still they long for justice, and still they make their stand.  Their hopes and fears still echo down the years  Come heal this holy land. | O holy child of Bethlehem, a royal refugee.  Your place of birth, now hell on earth, through our complicity.  The innocents still suffer, their backs against the wall.  We see the crime, the pain and death  And choose to ignore it all. |
| O holy streets of Bethlehem, where watch towers block our view.  With armoured cars and tanks and guns so no one can go through.  The market place stands empty. The fruit rots on the tree.  While loving families strive to build  A life of dignity. | O hopeful town of Bethlehem quite soon your day will come  When tanks go back to Israel and prison walls are gone.  Go tell it on the mountain and spread it o’er the plain  The ancient land of Palestine  A nation once again. |

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| **O come all ye faithful** | |
| O come all ye faithful  Those who care for justice,  O look ye, o look ye at Bethlehem. | Come and behold it,  Under occupation.  O come let’s not ignore it (3), Tell the world. |
| Sing all ye people  Sing in indignation  Be with the citizens of Bethlehem. | Sing out for justice,  Freedom from oppression.  O come let’s not ignore it (3), Tell the world. |
| O come all ye faithful  Those who care for justice,  O look ye, o look ye at Bethlehem. | Come and behold it,  Under occupation.  O come let’s not ignore it (3), Tell the world. |

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| **While Shepherds Watched** | |
| While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  All seated on the ground,  Some occupying soldiers came  And bulldozed all around. | "Fear not", said one, for mighty dread  Had seized their troubled mind;  "We will not do you any harm,  For we are good and kind. |
| We're forced to confiscate your land  To build ourselves a fence  To keep our people safe from all  Your people's violence. | Some fields will stay, although cut off,  But access won't be banned;  Yes, permits we will give to you  To visit your own land. |
| For in the middle of this fence  We will construct a gate,  And open it at certain times,  Though you may have to wait. | However, to your flocks of sheep  This access is denied;  We don't give permits out to sheep,  So they must stay inside. |
| You say that sheep need pastureland  To feed or they will die;  I'm just obeying orders here;  Not mine to reason why." |  |

**The Twelve Days of Christmas.**

On the twelfth day of Christmas,

Netanyahu sent to me

Twelve assassinations,

Eleven homes demolished,

Ten wells obstructed,

Nine sniper towers,

Eight gunships firing,

Seven checkpoints blocking,

Six tanks a-rolling,

Five settlement rings.

Four falling bombs,

Three trench guns,

Two trampled doves,

**An uprooted olive tree.**

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| **The Olive and the Army** | |
| The olive and the army  When they are both full-grown,  Every olive tree on the West Bank  The IDF cuts down. | O the rampaging of settlers  And the rolling of the tanks;  The grinding of the bulldozers  As the olives fall in ranks. |
| The olive bears a berry  As green as any grass;  When the owners go to pick the fruit  They're not allowed to pass. | O the rampaging of settlers  And the rolling of the tanks;  The grinding of the bulldozers  As the olives fall in ranks. |

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| **Hark the Herald Angels Sing** | |
| Hark, the herald angels sing,  "Look what's really happening,  While you sing of peace on earth,  Eat and drink with festive mirth.  Nations, open up your eyes,  Stop the silence and the lies,  And throughout the world proclaim:  There's a Wall round Bethlehem!"  Hark, the herald angels sing:  "Look what's really happening!" | Symbol of our lack of peace,  Symbol that our woes increase,  Symbol of the hate and fear  Filling places far and near.  If peace comes to Bethlehem,  It will radiate to them;  Nations, join with us to call  For the downfall of the Wall!  Hark, the herald angels sing:  "Look what's really happening!"  (repeat first verse) |

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| **AWAY IN RAMALLAH** | |
| Away in Ramallah, no books on the shelf The young Palestinian tries to learn by herself Imprisoned by curfew, they’ve closed all the schools How can children grow up under Israeli rule | Prevented from harvesting crops from their land the olives and dates left to rot in the sand  Settlers take to the hilltops, take the water supplies Farmer can’t feed his livestock so his livelihood dies |
| Each mother awakes, wondring who will be gone Neighbour or friend, maybe a daughter or son The pressure of curfews, on the mind takes its toll This cruel occupation eats away at the soul | |