

CAFOD is the Catholic Agency for Overseas Development; we work to help the poorest people who are most out of reach. We are part of a global Church network with a local presence in 200 countries and territories.



Amina and her family became refugees after fleeing violence in their home country. Although they have reached a refugee camp, Amina worries about her baby suffering from hunger and cold in their thin tent.

CAFOD is providing practical help to mums like Amina this Christmas - ensuring they have emergency food and emotional support as well as seeds, tools and training to help them begin to rebuild their lives.

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, O COME, EMMANUEL

O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.

*Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.*

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.

O come, Thou Dayspring, from on high,
And cheer us by Thy drawing nigh;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

O come, Thou Key of David, come
And open wide our heav'nly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

O come, Adonai, Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud and majesty and awe.

THE FIRST NOËL

The first Noël the Angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay.
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.

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."

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..



Escaping awful conflict in her village, Rajida gave birth to her baby daughter in a field on her way to find sanctuary in Bangladesh.

Because CAFOD's local experts were already on the ground, we were able to quickly provide practical help to Rajida's family and other Rohingya refugees.



Fidel and his family live in El Salvador, where many farming families struggle to grow enough to eat. CAFOD are working with his community to help farmers grow crops, keep animals and save money. Fidel's family offer up some of their improved harvest at Mass during Advent.

"We can feel the Christmas joy that the infant Jesus gives us in the fruits of the earth."

CAFOD
Romero House,
55 Westminster Bridge Road,
London SE1 7JB
Tel: 0303 303 3030
E-mail: events@cafod.org.uk
Website: cafod.org.uk/fundraisingkit

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.

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 raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

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.

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 take us to heaven to live with thee there.

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.

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

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!

Have a very happy and blessed Christmas from everyone at CAFOD!