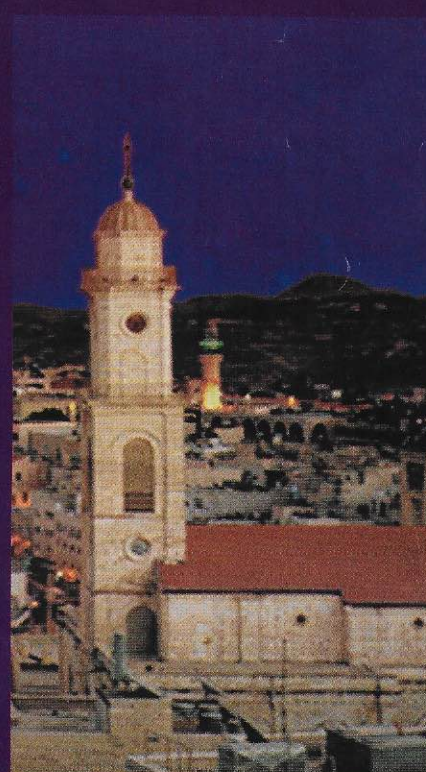
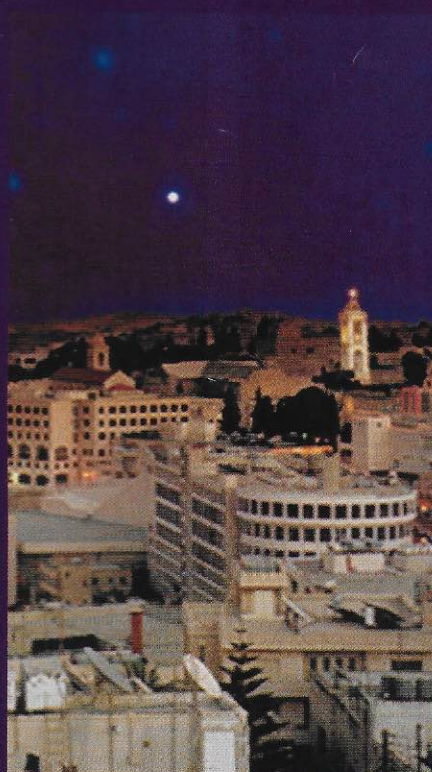
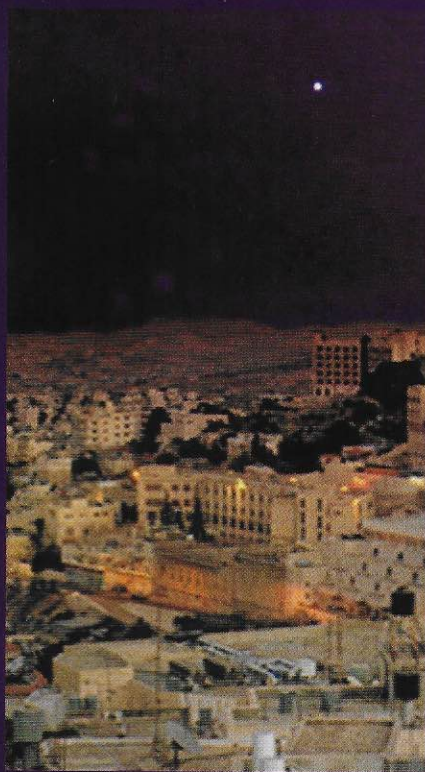




EMBRACE
the Middle East

The Bethlehem carol sheet



The Christian charity tackling poverty and injustice in the Middle East

Pause...

Just before you sing some carols we want to take you back to Bethlehem, back to the Middle East, back to where Christmas actually began...

consider...

Behind the stories of Bethlehem are real lives. Children without education. Families without healthcare. Communities fragmented.

embrace!

Embrace changes the lives of some of the poorest and most vulnerable children and families in the Middle East. Our Christian partners provide a lifeline of love and hope to anyone in the region regardless of their faith or background. May their stories inspire you to support Embrace at Christmas.



'Whoever embraces one of these children as I do embraces me, and far more than me – God who sent me.' Mark 9:37, The Message

Embrace the Middle East is a Christian charity with over 160 years' experience helping people of all faiths and none to free themselves from a life of poverty and injustice.

Together with local Christian communities we're bringing lasting change to the Middle East through education, healthcare and community development projects.

Join us and together we can bring comfort and joy to the people of the Middle East this Christmas.



Children having fun learning at the Bethlehem Arab Society for Rehabilitation.

**Now let's
sing some
carols!**



1

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 thy 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 all 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 in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

2

In the bleak mid-winter

In the bleak mid-winter
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 mid-winter,
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 mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty,
Jesus Christ.

Angels and archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
Thronged the air;
But His mother only,
In her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the Belovèd
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.

3

Of the Father's love begotten

Of the Father's love begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the Source, the Ending He
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

O that birth for ever blessèd,
When the Virgin full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race,
And the Babe the world's Redeemer,
First revealed His sacred face,
Evermore and evermore.

O ye heights of heaven adore Him,
Angel hosts His praises sing,
Powers, dominions, bow before Him,
And extol our God and King.
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore.

4

As with gladness men of old

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our Heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down.
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

Giving every child the best start in life!

Growing up in Bethlehem, under constant threat of conflict, leaves children traumatised and anxious. Five-year-old Aya was frightened and had terrible nightmares. A project funded by Embrace was able to step in and give Aya and her family the therapy they needed. Now Aya is happier, more confident and can finally sleep soundly at night.



5

The first
Nowell

The first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields
where they lay;
In fields where they lay, keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

*Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
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.
Nowell, Nowell . . .

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.
Nowell, Nowell . . .

This 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.
Nowell, Nowell . . .

Then entered in those Wise Men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.
Nowell, Nowell . . .

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
Who hath made heaven and earth of
naught,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.
Nowell, Nowell . . .

6

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 for ever,
and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children
in Thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven
to live with Thee there.

Shining Christ's light for refugees in Lebanon

When Pastor Michel visited a newly arrived Syrian refugee family, he was shocked. Their tiny baby had nothing but a plastic bag for a nappy. She cried with discomfort and hunger. Her family could not afford milk and were filling her bottle with flour and water. Pastor Michel came back with formula milk and nappies, relieving the baby's suffering and her parents' heartache.

7

While shepherds
watched

While shepherds watched
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 heavenly 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 to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'

Pastor Michel and
his wife Rita are
helping refugee
families in Beirut
with supplies
provided by
Embrace supporters.
'You have given
warmth, love and
safety and shown
Jesus. You have
set smiles on
people's faces.'



8

See amid the
winter's snow

See amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below,
See, the Lamb of God appears,
Promised from eternal years:
*Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn;
Hail Redemption's happy dawn;
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.*

Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies;
He who, throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the cherubim:
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn . . .

Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news today;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountains steep?
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn . . .

As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing Peace on earth
Told us of a Saviour's birth:
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn . . .

Sacred Infant, all divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this:
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn . . .

Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee,
In Thy sweet humility:
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn . . .

9

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 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
To do poor sinners good:
Oh, the rising of the sun . . .

The holly bears a prickly,
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 bears a bark,
As bitter as any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all:
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 . . .

10

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 th'angelic host 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,
Offspring of a 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-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.*

Hail, the Heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild, He lays His glory by,
Born that we no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
*Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.*

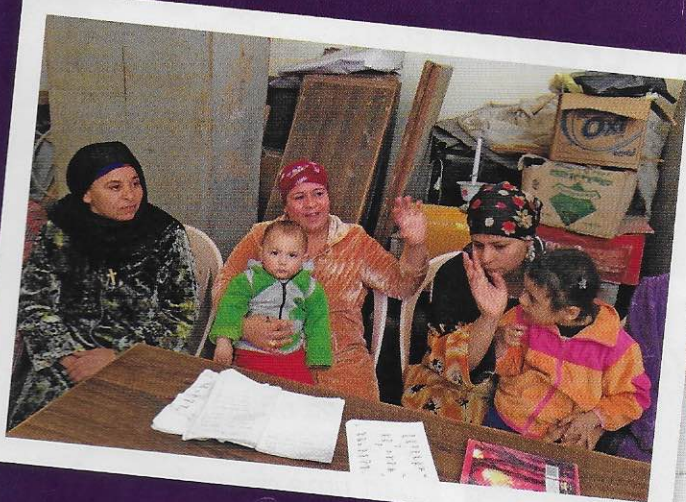
11

Joy to the world

Joy to the world, the Lord has come;
Let earth receive her King.
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heav'n and nature sing,
And heav'n and nature sing,
And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! The Saviour reigns;
Let us our songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks,
hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

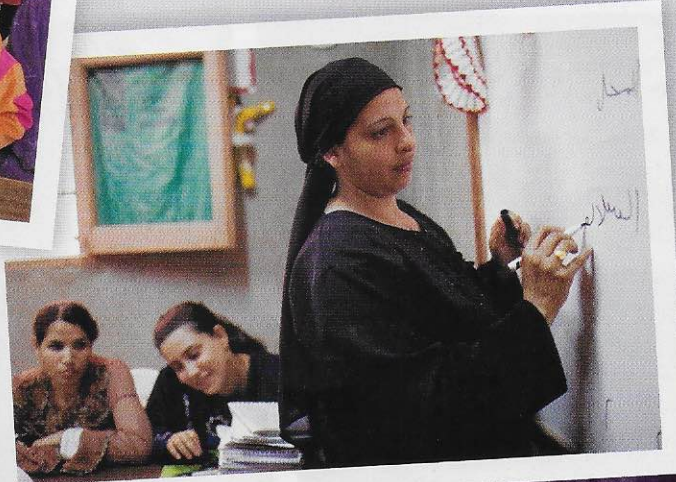
He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His Love,
And wonders of His Love,
And wonders, and wonders of His Love.



No longer cheated!

Like far too many women across the Middle East, Fayza had been told she was less important than her brothers and not worth educating. Made to leave school at an early age to help around the home, she felt silenced, trapped and cheated. But Fayza's life quickly changed when she was given the chance to attend an Embrace-funded 'Life School' in her village in Egypt. There she learnt to do everyday tasks we take for granted like adding up prices, reading instructions on her children's medication and signing her name.

Before attending 'Life School', Fayza had struggled to support her family by trading butter at the local market. The unscrupulous traders were startled when Fayza turned up with a pen and paper to do her calculations and showed she was no longer going to be cheated. Now the traders treat Fayza with the respect she deserves. With her new skills and increasing sense of self-worth, she's making more money from selling the same quantity of butter she's always sold.



12

O come, all ye faithful

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
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 adore Him . . .

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest:
O come, let us adore Him . . .

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:
O come, let us adore Him . . .

13

Silent night, holy 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.

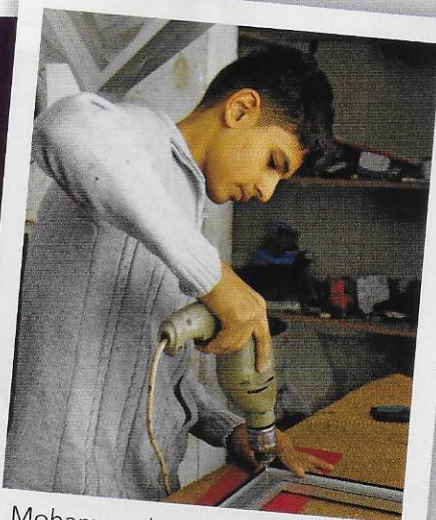
Silent night, holy night.
Son of God, Love's pure Light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace:
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Creating futures in Gaza

Mohammad is in a minority. In Gaza, where 6 out of 10 young people are unemployed, he has just got a job.

At 19 Mohammad graduated from a metalwork training programme funded by Embrace and now has a job at an aluminium workshop. 'My father is a part time driver, but other than him I'm the only breadwinner for my family. So this means a lot to me.'

With jobs so hard to come by, life can be tough for the young people of Gaza, but Embrace supporters are helping keep Mohammad's dreams alive.



Mohammad in the workshop

14

It came upon the 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, goodwill to men,
From heaven'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 lonely plains
They bend on heavenly 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 angels' 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.

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 splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

15

Good King, Wenceslas look'd out

Good King Wenceslas look'd out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

'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.'

'Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will 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.

'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, good my page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.'

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

God rest you merry, gentlemen

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray:
*O, tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
O, tidings of comfort and joy.*

At Bethlehem in Judah
The holy Babe was born;
They laid Him in a manger
On this most happy morn:
At which His mother Mary
Did neither fear nor scorn:
O, tidings of comfort and joy . . .

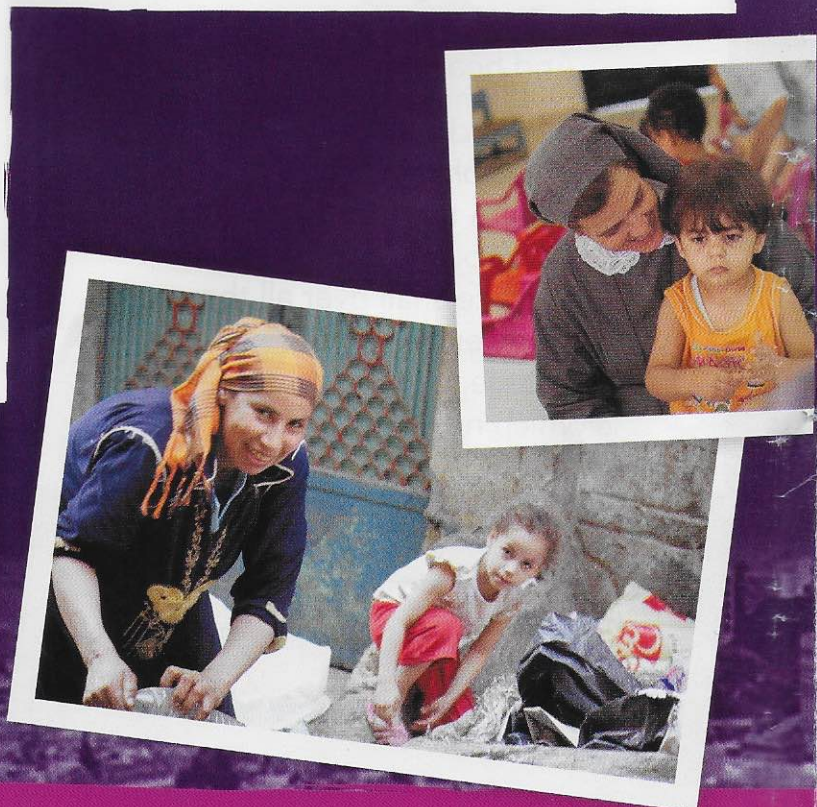
From God our heavenly Father
A holy angel came;
The shepherds saw the glory
And heard the voice proclaim
That Christ was born in Bethlehem
And Jesus is His name:
O, tidings of comfort and joy . . .

Fear not, then said the angel,
Let nothing cause you fright;
To you is born a Saviour
In David's town tonight,
To free all those who trust in Him
From Satan's power and might:
O, tidings of comfort and joy . . .

The shepherds at these tidings
Rejoiced in heart and mind,
And on the darkened hillside
They left their flocks behind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway
This holy Child to find:
O, tidings of comfort and joy . . .

And when to Bethlehem they came
Where Christ the Infant lay:
They found Him in a manger
Where oxen feed on hay,
And there beside her newborn Child
His mother knelt to pray:
O, tidings of comfort and joy . . .

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All people in this place!
With Christian love and fellowship
Each other now embrace,
And let this Christmas festival
All bitterness displace:
O, tidings of comfort and joy . . .



17

Ding dong! merrily on high

Ding dong! merrily on high
In heaven the bells are ringing;
Ding dong! verily the sky
Is riv'n with angels singing.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below,
Let steeple bells be swungen,
And i-o, i-o, i-o,
By priest and people sungen.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime
Your matin chimes, ye ringers;
May you beautifully rime
Your evetime song, ye singers.
Gloria, Hosanna in excelsis!

18

Angels, from the realms of glory

Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship
Christ, the new-born King.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with us 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 altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship . . .

Haven of hope in Cairo's rubbish dump

Sister Maria is inspirational! Working with our partner, the Salaam Centre, she provides medical and practical assistance to Cairo's rubbish-collecting community, the Zabaleen.

Among the warren of tiny streets filled with rubbish and foul smells, the Salaam Centre is a haven of safety, cleanliness and peace. Young people find a safe place here to learn about the dangers of substance abuse.

People are tested and treated for blood-transmitted diseases. Widows are given advice on complicated legal and financial issues so that they are not left penniless. Despite living in such challenging circumstances, Sister Maria is known for always bringing hope and never giving up on anyone.



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;
 When like stars His children crowned
 All in white shall wait around.

Strength and hope for Gaza's children



Life is really hard in Gaza, especially for children like Manal. Her family endures regular power cuts and struggles to survive in their war-damaged home. Food, medicines and clean water are also in short supply.

Like many under-fives in Gaza, Manal was suffering from anaemia and malnutrition. Her worried mother took Manal to a clinic run by our partners where she was diagnosed and given urgent medication, vitamins and support. Now Manal is getting stronger and starting to enjoy a much healthier childhood.

20

On Christmas night all Christians sing

On Christmas night all Christians sing
To hear the news the angels bring,
On Christmas night all Christians sing
To hear the news the angels bring,
News of great joy, news of great mirth,
News of our merciful King's birth.

Then why should we on earth be so sad,
Since our Redeemer made us glad,
Then why should we on earth be so sad,
Since our Redeemer made us glad,
When from our sin He set us free,
All for to gain our liberty.

When sin departs before His grace,
Then life and health come in its place;
When sin departs before His grace,
Then life and health come in its place;
Angels and we with joy may sing,
All for to see the new-born King.

All out of darkness we have light,
Which made the angels sing this night;
All out of darkness we have light,
Which made the angels sing this night:
'Glory to God and peace to men,
Now and for evermore. Amen.'



Manal at her home in Gaza

21

We three kings of Orient are

We three kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we travel 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's plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again:
King for ever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.
O star of wonder . . .

Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense owns a Deity nigh:
Prayer and praising, all are raising,
Worship Him, God most high.
O star of wonder . . .

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

Glorious now, behold Him arise,
King and God and sacrifice.
Heaven sings, 'Alleluia!'
'Alleluia!' the earth replies.
O star of wonder . . .

By looking back to Bethlehem with us, you're helping disadvantaged people look forward to a future where peace and justice are possible. Thank you for using this carol sheet and supporting Embrace the Middle East's Christian partners through your donations and prayers. They put their faith into action to tackle poverty, improve health and advocate for people's rights every day of the year. We wish you a happy Christmas and a New Year blessed with peace and hope.

Embrace the Middle East

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