

Once in Royal David's City

(Rewrite sourced from Sea Green Singers)

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.

The Olive and the Army

(“The Holly and the Ivy” rewrite sourced from Sea Green Singers)

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.

Biden the red stained POTUS

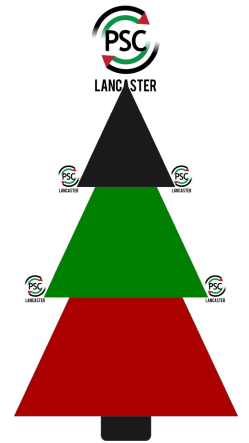
(“Rudolph the red nose reindeer” edited rewrite sourced from Occupation Free DC)

Biden the red stained POTUS
Had a very spiny soul
Helped Israel flatten Gaza
Thousands added to the toll
All Palestinian people
Strong despite the bombing spree
Their spirits holding steadfast
From the River to the Sea
Then one noisy protest eve,
people came to say
“We're done with the status quo
No more chances, Genocide Joe!”
People rose up in millions
Fought hard to break Gaza free
Waved their keffiyehs shouting
“We'll go down in history”

Sunak the wasteman leader
Blew a very easy task
Children are being murdered
Should have had the guts to ask:
“How can bombing civilians
Be considered self-defence?”
Instead he shipped more weapons
All under a false pretence
We call out atrocities
Let's make Sunak see
We take to the streets to say
No to genocide today!
When all the people gather
And say Gaza should be free
Together we have the power
Let's make this war history!

O the rampaging of settlers
And the rolling of the tanks;
The grinding of the bulldozers
As the olives fall in ranks.

Carols for Palestine



Beastly Kings

(“We Three Kings” rewrite by Chris Price)

Beastly king to Palestine comes
Bearing gifts of thousand pound bombs
Lice and scabs, killing babies
Quoting his hymns and psalms

O star of phosphor, star so white
Star of Israel's power and might
Westerners leading, still proceeding
Killing all in their sight

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes an air of gathering gloom:
Sorrow, sighing, bleeding dying
Sealed in a concrete tomb

O star of phosphor, star so white
Star of Israel's power and might
Westerners leading, still proceeding
Killing all in their sight

Glorious now behold him arise
A king, a god, the Lord of the Flies
Settlers sing Hallelujah
“Damn you” the world replies

O star of phosphor, star so white
Star of Israel's power and might
Westerners leading, still proceeding
Killing all in their sight

Violent Night

(“Silent Night” rewrite by Chris Price)

Violent night, unholy night
Endless drones, phosphorous light
There's no shelter for mother and child
Too many babies so tender and mild
Sleep in heavenly peace
Sleep in heavenly peace

Violent night, unholy night
People quake at the sight
Cries and screams from near and from far
Heaven is silent, no Allelujah
Spared not even to mourn
Spared not even to mourn

Violent night, unholy night
Where's the love, where's the light
Hope is distant, it has no face
Leaders silent in their disgrace
There's no peace in the earth
On the day of thy birth



The Twelve Days of Christmas

(Rewrite sourced from Sea Green Singers)

On the **first** day of Christmas,
Netanyahu sent to me
An uprooted olive tree.

On the **second** day of Christmas...
2 trampled doves,
And an uprooted olive tree.

On the **third** day of Christmas...
3 trench guns,
2 trampled doves,
And an uprooted olive tree.

On the **fourth** day of Christmas...
4 falling bombs,
3 trench guns,
2 trampled doves,
And an uprooted olive tree.

On the **fifth** day of Christmas...
5 settlement rings.
4 falling bombs,
3 trench guns,
2 trampled doves,
And an uprooted olive tree.

On the **sixth** day of Christmas...
6 tanks a-rolling,
5 settlement rings.
4 falling bombs,
3 trench guns,
2 trampled doves,
And an uprooted olive tree.

On the **seventh** day of Christmas...
7 checkpoints blocking,
6 tanks a-rolling,
5 settlement rings.
4 falling bombs,
3 trench guns,
2 trampled doves,
And an uprooted olive tree.

On the **eighth** day of Christmas...
8 gunships firing,
7 checkpoints blocking,
6 tanks a-rolling,
5 settlement rings.
4 falling bombs,
3 trench guns,
2 trampled doves,
And an uprooted olive tree.

On the **ninth** day of Christmas...
9 sniper towers,
8 gunships firing,
7 checkpoints blocking,
6 tanks a-rolling,
5 settlement rings.
4 falling bombs,
3 trench guns,
2 trampled doves,
And an uprooted olive tree.

On the **tenth** day of Christmas...
10 wells obstructed,
9 sniper towers,
8 gunships firing,
7 checkpoints blocking,
6 tanks a-rolling,
5 settlement rings.
4 falling bombs,
3 trench guns,
2 trampled doves,
And an uprooted olive tree.

On the **eleventh** day of Christmas...
11 homes demolished,
10 wells obstructed,
9 sniper towers,
8 gunships firing,
7 checkpoints blocking,
6 tanks a-rolling,
5 settlement rings.
4 falling bombs,
3 trench guns,
2 trampled doves,
And an uprooted olive tree.

On the **twelfth** day of Christmas...
12 assassinations,
11 homes demolished,
10 wells obstructed,
9 sniper towers,
8 gunships firing,
7 checkpoints blocking,
6 tanks a-rolling,
5 settlement rings.
4 falling bombs,
3 trench guns,
2 trampled doves,
And an uprooted olive tree.

No Longer in Danger

("Away in a Manger" rewrite by Chris Price)

No longer in danger
A tomb for a bed
The innocent baby
Is silent and dead

The stars in the dread sky
Look down where she lay
No father to mourn her
No mother to pray

The bombs are still falling
The baby is slain
Where were you Lord Jesus
When white was the rain

I need thee Lord Jesus
Come down from the sky
And stay by my side Lord
Not distant and high

Be near me Lord Jesus
I beg thee to stay
Close by me and never
My family betray

Bless all the dear children
Whose conscience is clear
And bring, Lord, to justice
Who fill them with fear

O Little Town

(Rewrite by Chris Price)

O little town of Bethlehem
How bitterly you cry
Your wounds so deep your broken sleep
As silent stars go by
Yet these dark times find in thee
An everlasting light
Your hopes remain though fear and pain
Are met in thee tonight

The morning stars, together
Proclaim that you are worth
All blessings of our God and King
With peace upon this earth
As Christ was born of Mary
So joy is born of pain
As mortals sleep the angels weep
Their tears like winter rain

How violently, how violently
Your freedoms they deny
As truth departs their wicked hearts
Compound their monstrous lie
No ear may hear their coming
But in their evil wake
What's living dies, in ashes lies
There's nothing they won't break

O precious child of Bethlehem
This is the prayer we pray
Your life be spared,
your dreams be shared
Be free, be free some day
We hear the Christmas angels
Glad tidings that they tell
To you, your kin, and all within
Wherever you may dwell

