

Christmas In The Trenches

John Mc Cutcheon (Arr. Maria Dunn, 2010)

Kate

Conc.

5 **A**

Kate

9

Kate

13

Kate

16

Kate

20 **B**

A.

24

Kate

A.

28

Kate

A.

My
name is Fran-cis To-lli-ver... I come from Li-ver-pool two years a-go the war was wait-ing for me af-ter school From
Bel-gium and to Flan-ders from Ger-ma-ny to here I fought for king and coun-try I love dear
Twas Chris-tmas in the trench-es where the frost so bi-tter hung The fro-zen fields of France where still no
Christ-mas song was sung Our fam-'lies back in Eng-land were toast-ing us that day their brave and glor-i-ous lads so far a-
way I was ly-in' with my mess-mate on the cold and rock-y ground when a-cross the lines of ba-ttle came a
Ooh etc.
most pe-cu-liar sound Say I now li-sten up me boys each sold-ier strained to hear as one young Ger-man voice sang out so
clear He's sing-ing bloo-dy well you know my part-ner says to me soon one by one each Ger-man voice joined
[All sopranos]
Ooo... soon one by one each Ger-man voice joined

32
A. in in har - mo - ny The ca-nnons re - sted si - lent the gas cloud rolled no more as

35
A. Christ-ma brought us res-pite from the war
Conc.

39 **C**
A. Ooo
Conc.

49
Kate B⁷ Then
A.
Conc.

55 **D**
Kate one by one on ei-ther side walked in-to no man's land with nei-ther gun nor bay-on-et we met there hand to hand We
A. Ooo

59
Kate shared some-cret bran-dy and wished each o-ther well and in a flare lit so ccer game we gave them hell
A.

63
A. We trad-ed choc- 'lates ci-ga-rettes and pho-to-graphs from home These sons and fa-thers far a - way from

V.S.

66

A.

fam lies of their own Young Sanders played his squeeze box and they had a vi-o-lin this cu ri ous and un like ly band of

Conc.

70

A.

men

Conc.

E A E A B E A B E B E E B

81

Conc.

E A E A B E B E B E

92

Kate

A.

Soon day-light stole up on us and France was France once more with sad fare-wells we each be-gan to

96

A.

se-ttle back to war but the quest ion haun ted ev -ry heart that beat that won d'rous night whose fam-'ly have I fixed with-in my

Conc.

100

A.

sights Twas Christ-mas in the tren-ches where the frost so bi-tter hung the fro-zen fields of France were warmed the

Conc.

104

A.

songs of peace were sung for the wallls they'd kept be-tween us to ex - act the work of war had been

Conc.

107 G [Kate only]

Kate more Oh my name is Fran-cis To - lli - ver_ in Li-ver-pool I dwell

A. crum-bled and were gone for - e - ver more

Conc.

111

Kate each Christ-mas comes since world war one I've learned its le - ssons well For the

113 rit.

Kate ones who call the shots won't be a - mong the dead and lame and on each end of the ri - fle we're the same

117 H ♩=80

Kate

S. *solo* Si - lent night ho - ly night all is calm all is bright round yon vir - gin mo-ther and child

A. *solo* Still - e Nacht hei - li - ge Nacht a - llesschlaft ein samwacht nur das trau te hei - li - ge hei - li - ge

123

S. ho - ly in - fant so ten - der and mild sleep in hea - ven - ly

A. Paar Ho - lder Knab_ im lock - ig - en lock - ig - en Haar Schla - fe in

126

S. peace_ sleep_ in hea - ven - ly peace

A. himm - lisch - er Ruh_ Schla - fe in himm - lisch - er Ruh_