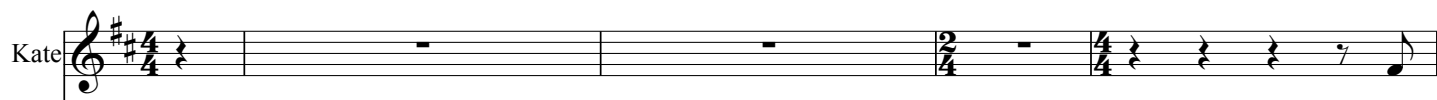




Christmas In The Trenches

John Mc Cutcheon (Arr. Maria Dunn, 2010)

Kate 
Rec 


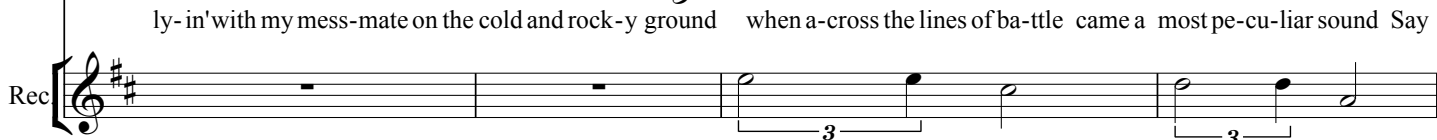
5 **A**
Kate 
name is Fran-cis To-lli-ver_ I come from Li-ver-pool two years a-go the war was wait-ing for me af-ter school From

9
Kate 
Bel-gium and to Flan-ders from Ger-ma-ny to here I fought fork-ing and coun-try I love dear
Rec 

13
Kate 
Twas Chris-tmas in the trench-es where the frost so bi-ter hung The fro-zen fields of France where still no
Rec 

16
Kate 
Christ-mas_ song was sung Our fam-'lies back in Eng-land were
Rec 

18
Kate 
toast-ing us that day their brave and glor-i-ous lads so far a-way I was
Rec 

21 **B**
Kate 
ly-in' with my mess-mate on the cold and rock-y ground when a-cross the lines of ba-ttle came a most pe-cu-liar sound Say
Rec 

25

Kate I now li-sten up me boys each sold-ier strained to hear as one young Ger-man voice sang out so clear

Rec

29

Kate 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]

Rec

32

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

Rec

35

Kate Christ-ma brought us res-pite from the war

B. As

Rec

39 C

B. soon as they were fin - ished a rev-'rent pause was spent God rest ye me-rry gent-le-men struck up some lads from Kent The

Rec

43

B. next they sang was Sti - lle Nacht tis Si - lent Night says I and in two tongues one song filled up that sky

47

B. There's some -one com ing to wards us the frontline sen-try cried All sights were fixed on one lone fi-gure *V.S.*

50

B.
 trudg-ing from their side his truce flag like a Christ-mas star shone on that plane so bright as he

53

Kate
 Then one by one on ei - ther side walked in - to no man's land

B.
 brave-ly strode un-armed in - to the night Ooo

57

Kate
 with nei ther gun nor bay on - et we met there hand to hand We shared some se - cret bran dy and wished each o ther well and in a

B.

61

Kate
 flare lit so - ccer game we gave them hell We trad - ed choc - 'lates ci - ga - rettes and pho - to - graphs from home These

B.
 We trad - ed choc - 'lates ci - ga - rettes and pho - to - graphs from home These

65

B.
 sons and fa - thers far a - way from fam - lies of their own Young San - ders played his squeeze - box and they

68

B.
 had a vi - o - lin this cu - ri - ous and un - like - ly band of


70

B.
 men **20** **F**
 Soon day - light stole up - on us and

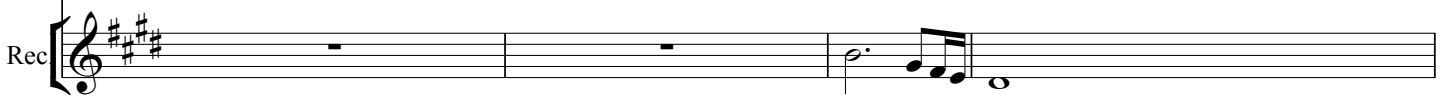
94

B.
 France was France once more with sad fare - wells we each be - gan to


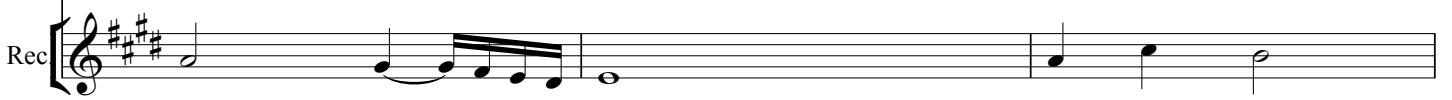
96

B.  se - ttle back to war but the quest - ion haun - ted ev - 'ry heart_ that

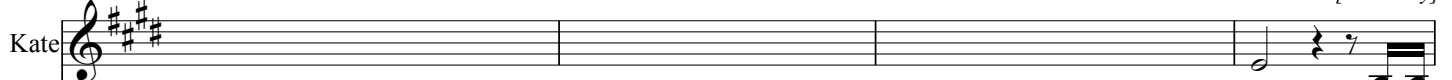


98

B.  beat that won-d'rous night whose fam-'ly have I fixed with-in mysights Twas Christ-mas in the tren-ches where the
 Rec 

102

B.  frost so bi-tter hung the fro-zen fields of France were warmed the songs of peace were sung for the
 Rec 


105

Kate  [Kate only] more Oh my
 B.  wallls they'd kept be-tween us to ex - act the work of war had beencrum-bled and were gone for-e-ver more
 Rec 

109

Kate  **G** name is Fran - cis To - lli - ver_ in Li ver-pool I dwell each Christ-mas comes since world war one I've

112

Kate  learned its le-ssons well For the ones who call the shots won't be a - mong the dead and lame and on **rit.**

115

Kate  each end of the ri - fle we're the same **H** $\text{♩} = 80$ **13**