

# Christmas In The Trenches John Mc Cutcheon (Arr. Maria Dunn, 2010)

Kate 2 A

My name is Fran-cis To - lli - ver\_ I come from Li-ver-pool

Kate 7

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

Kate 11

fought for king and coun-try I love dear Twas Chris-tmas in the trench-es where the frost so bi-ter hung The

Kate 15

fro - zen fields of France where still no Christ-mas\_ song was sung Our fam-'lies back in Eng-land were

Kate 18

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

Kate 21 B

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

Kate 25

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

Vln.1 3

Kate 29

He's sing - ing bloo - dy well you know my part - ner says to me soon one by one each Ger - man voice joined in in har - mo - ny The

*[All sopranos]*

Vln.1

Kate 33

ca - nons re - sted si - lent the gas cloud rolled no more as Christ - ma brought us res - pite from the war

Vln.1

Vln.2

37 [All men] **C**

T. As soon as they were fin - ished a rev-'rent pause was spent God

Vln.1

Vln.2

41

T. rest ye me-rry gent-le-men struck up some lads from Kent The next they sang was Sti - lle Nacht tis Si - lent Night says I and

45

T. in two tongues one song filled up that sky There's some -one com ing to wards us the

Vln.1

Vln.2

48

T. front line sen-try cried All sights were fixed on one lone fi-gure trudg-ing from their side his

Vln.1

Vln.2

51

Kate

T. truce flag like a Christ-mas star shone on that plane so bright as he brave-ly strode un-armed in-to the night Ooo... Then

Vln.1

Vln.2

55 **D**

T.

63

T. We trad-ed choc- 'lates ci-ga-rettes and pho - to-graphs from home These sons and fa-ters far a - way from

66

T.

Vln.1

70

T.

Vln.1

82

Kate

Vln.1

Vln.2

B

93

Kate

Vln.1

Vln.2

96

Kate

T.

Vln.1

Vln.2

beat

100

Kate

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

Vln.1

Vln.2

104

Kate

songs of peace were sung for the wall they'd kept between us to ex-act the work of war had been rumbled and were gone for-e-ver

Vln.1

Vln.2

108

[Kate only] **G**

more Oh my name is Fran-cis To-lli-ver in Li-ver-pool I dwell each Christ-mas comes since world war one I've

Vln.1

Vln.2

112

rit.

Kate

learned its lessons well For the ones who call the shots won't be among the dead and lame and on each end of the rifle 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

123

S.

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