**Christmas in the Trenches**

C66 C

**(John McCutcheon, 1984) –** [**Christmas in the Trenches**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cIxqJlnH2m8) **by John McCutcheon**

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| C Am F Dm  My name is Francis Toliver, I come from Liverpool.  G7 F C  Two years ago the war was waiting for me after school.  C Am F Dm  To Belgium and to Flanders, Germany to here.  G7 C  I fought for King and country I love dear.  G7 F C  ‘Twas Christmas in the trenches, where the frost so bitter hung.  Am  The frozen fields of France were still,  F G7  No Christmas song was sung.  C Am F Dm  Our families back in England were toasting us that day,  G7 C  Their brave and glorious lads so fa r away.  C Am F Dm  I was lying with my mess mates on the cold and rocky ground.  G7 F C  When across the lines of battle came a most peculiar sound.  C Am F Dm  Says I, "now listen up me boys." Each soldier strained to hear  G7 C  As one young German voice sang out so clear.  G7 F C  "He's singing bloody well y'know," my partner says to me.  Am F G7  Soon one by one each German voice joined in in harmony.  C Am F Dm  The cannons rested silent, and the gas clouds rolled no more.  G7 C  As Christmas brought us respite from the war.  C Am F Dm  As soon as they were finished, and a reverent pause was spent,  G7 F C  "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" struck up some lads from Kent.  C Am F Dm  Oh the next they sang was "Stille Nacht", 'tis Silent Night says I.  G7 C  And in two tongues one song filled up that sky.  G7 F C  "There's someone coming towards us", the front line sentry cried.  Am F G7  All sights were fixed on one lone figure trudging from their side.  C Am F Dm  His truce flag like a Christmas star shone on that plain so bright  G7 C  As he bravely strolled unarmed into the night. | | | | | C Am F Dm  Then one by one on either side walked into No-Man's Land.  G7 F C  With neither gun nor bayonet we met there hand to hand.  C Am F Dm  We shared some secret brandy and we wished each other well.  G7 C  And in a flare-lit soccer game we gave 'em hell.  G7 F C  We traded chocolates, cigarettes and photographs from home.  Am F G7  These sons and fathers far away from families of their own.  C Am F Dm  Young Sanders played the squeezebox and they had a violin.  G7 C  This curious and unlikely band of men.  C Am F Dm  Soon daylight stole upon us and France was France once more.  G7 F C  With sad farewells we each began to settle back to war.  C Am  But the question haunted every heart that  F Dm  lived that wondrous night.  G7 C  "Whose family have I fixed within my sights?"  G7 F C  ’Twas Christmas in the trenches, where the frost so bitter hung.  Am  The frozen fields of France were warmed  F G7  As songs of peace were sung.  C Am F Dm  For the walls they kept between us to exact the work of war  G7 C  Had been crumbled and were gone forever more.  C Am F Dm  My name is Francis Toliver, in Liverpool I dwell.  G7  Each Christmas comes since World War I,  F C  I've learned its lessons well.  C Am  For the ones who call the shots won't be  F Dm  among the dead and lame,  G7 C  And on each end of the rifle we're the same. | | | | |
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| G Em C Am  My name is Francis Toliver, I come from Liverpool.  D7 C G  Two years ago the war was waiting for me after school.  G Em C Am  To Belgium and to Flanders, Germany to here.  D7 G  I fought for King and country I love dear.  D7 C G  ‘Twas Christmas in the trenches, where the frost so bitter hung.  Em  The frozen fields of France were still,  C D7  No Christmas song was sung.  G Em C Am  Our families back in England were toasting us that day,  D7 G  Their brave and glorious lads so fa r away.  G Em C Am  I was lying with my mess mates on the cold and rocky ground.  D7 C G  When across the lines of battle came a most peculiar sound.  G Em C Am  Says I, "now listen up me boys." Each soldier strained to hear  D7 G  As one young German voice sang out so clear.  D7 C G  "He's singing bloody well y'know," my partner says to me.  Em C D7  Soon one by one each German voice joined in in harmony.  G Em C Am  The cannons rested silent, and the gas clouds rolled no more.  D7 G  As Christmas brought us respite from the war.  G Em C Am  As soon as they were finished, and a reverent pause was spent,  D7 C G  "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" struck up some lads from Kent.  G Em C Am  Oh the next they sang was "Stille Nacht", 'tis Silent Night says I.  D7 G  And in two tongues one song filled up that sky.  D7 C G  "There's someone coming towards us", the front line sentry cried.  Em C D7  All sights were fixed on one lone figure trudging from their side.  G Em C Am  His truce flag like a Christmas star shone on that plain so bright  D7 G  As he bravely strolled unarmed into the night. | | | | | G Em C Am  Then one by one on either side walked into No-Man's Land.  D7 C G  With neither gun nor bayonet we met there hand to hand.  G Em C Am  We shared some secret brandy and we wished each other well.  D7 G  And in a flare-lit soccer game we gave 'em hell.  D7 C G  We traded chocolates, cigarettes and photographs from home.  Em C D7  These sons and fathers far away from families of their own.  G Em C Am  Young Sanders played the squeezebox and they had a violin.  D7 G  This curious and unlikely band of men.  G Em C Am  Soon daylight stole upon us and France was France once more.  D7 C G  With sad farewells we each began to settle back to war.  G Em  But the question haunted every heart that  C Am  lived that wondrous night.  D7 G  "Whose family have I fixed within my sights?"  D7 C G  ’Twas Christmas in the trenches, where the frost so bitter hung.  Em  The frozen fields of France were warmed  C D7  As songs of peace were sung.  G Em C Am  For the walls they kept between us to exact the work of war  D7 G  Had been crumbled and were gone forever more.  G Em C Am  My name is Francis Toliver, in Liverpool I dwell.  D7  Each Christmas comes since World War I,  C G  I've learned its lessons well.  G Em  For the ones who call the shots won't be  C Am  among the dead and lame,  D7 G  And on each end of the rifle we're the same. | | | | |
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