

Christmas Songs

"Christmas in the Trenches"

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My name is Francis Tolliver, I come from Liverpool.
Two years ago the war was waiting for me after school.
To Belgium and to Flanders, to Germany to here
I fought for King and country I love dear.
'Twas Christmas in the trenches, where the frost so
bitter hung,
The frozen fields of France were still, no Christmas
song was sung
Our families back in England were toasting us that day
Their brave and glorious lads so far away.

I was lying with my messmate on the cold and rocky
ground
When across the lines of battle came a most peculiar
sound
Says I, "Now listen up, me boys!" each soldier strained
to hear
As one young German voice sang out so clear.
"He's singing bloody well, you know!" my partner says
to me
Soon, one by one, each German voice joined in
harmony
The cannons rested silent, the gas clouds rolled no
more
As Christmas brought us respite from the war
As soon as they were finished and a reverent pause
was spent
"God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen" struck up some lads
from Kent
The next they sang was "Stille Nacht." "Tis 'Silent
Night'," says I
And in two tongues one song filled up that sky
"There's someone coming toward us!" the front line
sentry cried
All sights were fixed on one long figure trudging from
their side
His truce flag, like a Christmas star, shown on that
plain so bright
As he, bravely, strode unarmed into the night
Soon one by one on either side walked into No Man's
Land

With neither gun nor bayonet we met there hand to
hand
We shared some secret brandy and we wished each
other well
And in a flare-lit soccer game we gave 'em hell
We traded chocolates, cigarettes, and photographs
from home
These sons and fathers far away from families of the

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