

## **John McCutcheon**

# **"Christmas In The Trenches"**

Visit "[Christmas In The Trenches](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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.  
It was Christmas in the trenches where the frost so  
bitter hung.  
The frozen field 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 lyin' with my mess-mates 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 singin' bloody well you know", my partner says to  
me.  
Soon one by one each German voice joi  
ned in in harmony.  
The cannons rested silent. The gas cloud rolled no  
more  
as Christmas brought us respite from the war.  
As soon as they were finished 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 commin' towards us" the front-line  
sentry cried.  
All sights were fixed on one lone figure trudging from  
their side.  
His truce flag, like a Christmas star, shone on that plain  
so bright  
as he bravely strode, unarmed, into the night.  
Then one by one on either side walked into no-mans-  
land  
with neither gun nor bayonet we met there hand to  
hand.

We shared some secret brandy and 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 their  
own.  
Young Sanders played his squeeze box and they had a  
violin  
this  
curious and unlikely band of men.  
Soon daylight stole upon us and France was France  
once more.  
With sad farewells we each began to settle back to war.  
But the question haunted every heart that lived that  
wonderous night  
"whose family have I fixed with  
in my sights?"  
It was Christmas in the trenches where the frost so  
bitter hung.  
The frozen fields of France were warmed as songs of  
peace were sung.  
For the walls they'd kept between us to exact the work  
of war  
had been crumbled and were gone for ever  
more.  
My name is Francis Tolliver. In Liverpool I dwell.  
Each Christmas come since World War One I've learned  
it's lessons well.  
That 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.  
-- John  
McCutcheon "Christmas in the trenches"

Visit [John McCutcheon](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.