**Christmas In The Trenches-John McCutcheon**

**My (D)name is Francis (Bm)Tolliver. I (G)come from Liver(Em)pool.**
**Two (A)years ago the war was waiting (G)for me after (D)school.**
**To Belgium and to (Bm)Flanders, to (G)Germany to (Em)here,**
**I (A)fought for King and country I love (D)dear.**
**It was (A)Christmas in the trenches where the (G)frost so bitter (D)hung.**
**The (Bm)frozen fields of (F#m)France were still, no (G)Christmas song was (A)sung.**
**Our (D)families back in (Bm)England were (G)toasting us that (Em)day,**
**Their (A)brave and glorious lads so far a(D)way.**

**I was (D)lyin' with my (Bm)mess-mate on the (G)cold and rocky (Em)ground**
**When a(A)cross the lines of battle came a (G)most peculiar (D)sound.**
**Says I "Now listen (Bm)up me boy", each (G)soldier strained to (Em)hear**
**As (A)one young German voice sang out so (D)clear.**
**"He's (A)singin' bloody well you know", my (G)partner says to (D)me.**
**Soon (Bm)one by one each (F#m)German voice (G)joined in in harmo(A)ny.**
**The (D)cannons rested (Bm)silent. The (G)gas cloud rolled no (Em)more**
**As (A)Christmas brought us respite from the (D)war.**

**As (D)soon as they were (Bm)finished a (G)reverent pause was (Em)spent.**
**'God (A)rest ye merry ,gentlemen' struck (G)up some lads from (D)Kent.**
**The next they sang was (Bm)'Stille Nacht". "Tis (G)'Silent Night'" says (Em)I**
**And (A)in two toungues one song filled up that (D)sky.**
**"There's (A)someone commin' towards us" the (G) front-line sentry (D)cried.**
**All (Bm)sights were fixed on (F#m)one lone figure (G)trudging from their (A)side.**
**His (D)truce flag, like a (Bm)Christmas star, shone (G)on that plain so (Em)bright**
**As he (A)bravely strode, unarmed, into the (D)night.**

**Then (D)one by one on (Bm)either side walked (G)into no-mans-(Em)land**
**With (A)neither gun nor bayonet we (G)met there hand to (D)hand.**
**We shared some secret (Bm)brandy and (G)wished each other (Em)well**
**And in a (A)flare-lit soccer game we gave 'em (D)hell.**
**We (A)traded chocolates, cigarettes and (G)photographs from (D)home**
**These (Bm)sons and fathers (F#m)far away from (G)families of their (A)own.**
**Young (D)Sanders played his (Bm)squeeze box and they (G)had a vio(Em)lin**
**This (A)curious and unlikely band of (D)men.**

**Instrumental Bridge (Air of The Minstrel Boy)**
**D-Bm-D-G D-Bm-A-D**

**Soon (D)daylight stole u(Bm)pon us and (G)France was France once (Em)more.**
**With (A)sad farewells we each began to (G)settle back to (D)war.**
**But the question haunted (Bm)every heart that (G)lived that wonderous (Em)night**
**"Whose (A)family have I fixed within my (D)sights?"**
**It was (A)Christmas in the trenches where the (G)frost so bitter (D)hung.**
**The (Bm)frozen fields of (F#m)France were warmed as (G)songs of peace were (A)sung.**
**For the (D)walls they'd kept bet(Bm)ween us to e(G)xact the work of (Em)war**
**Had been (A)crumbled and were gone forever (D)more.**

**D-G-Em-F#m Em-A-A7-D**
**My (D)name is Francis (Bm)Tolliver. In (G)Liverpool I (Em)dwell.**
**Each (A)Christmas come since World War One I've (G)learned it's lessons (D)well.**
**That the ones who call the (Bm)shots won't be a(G)mong the dead and (Em)lame**
**And on (A)each end of the rifle we're the (D)same.**

**Instrumental Bridge**
**D-Bm-D-G D-Bm-A-D**
**D-G-Em-F#m Em-A-A7-D**