Christmas in the Trenches

John McCutcheon

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My name is Fran-ces Tol-i-ver, I come from Liv-er-pool.

The ar-my was wait-ing for me one day af-ter school. From Liv-er-pool to

Flan-ders; from Ger-man-y to here. we fought for king and coun-try I love

dear It was Christ-mas in the tren-ches where the frost so bit-ter

hung. The fro-zen fields of France were still, no Christ-mas songs were

sung. Our fam-lies back in Eng-land were toast-ing us that day, Their

brave and glor-ious lads so far a-way.