

Christmas Truce Song

Jim Boyes
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1: Soprano
As I'm stan-ding at the front And the snow is soft-ly fal-ling And I

2: Alto
As I'm stan-ding at the front and the snow is soft-ly fal-ling And I

3: Tenor
As I'm stan-ding at the front and the snow is soft-ly fal-ling And I

4: Bass

6

1: Sopra
Think I hear a voice and its like an an-gel cal-ling Not the sort that takes the

2: Alto
Think I hear a voice and its like an an-gel cal-ling sort that takes the

3: Tenor
Think I hear a voice and its like an an-gel cal-ling sort that takes the
not the

4: Bass

11

1: Sopra
dead on their path to hea-ven soar-ing But the one that sings of home at the

2: Alto
dead on their path to hea-ven soar-ing But the one that sings of home at the

3: Tenor
dead on their path to hea-ven soar-ing But the one that sings of home at the

4: Bass

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1: Soprano turning of the day

2: Alto turning of the day

3: Tenor turning of the day

4: Bass

Christmas Truce

As I'm standing at the front and the snow is softly falling
 And I think I hear a voice and it's like an angel calling
 Not the sort that takes the dead on their path to heaven soaring
 But the one that sings of home at the turning of the day

And the song of Christmas cheer seems to echo through the trenches
 Singing of a midnight clear all among the barbed wire fences
 Where the birds have lost their tune and the men have left their senses
 Its a song that sings of peace at the turning of the year

Now across the battlefield, the night's no longer silent
 As the chorus echoes back from the ones we know as violent
 And the moment sets in peace as we recognise each other
 As a brother in the strife at the turning of the tide

And now out in no mans land there's an unofficial meeting
 And if only those on high could envisage such a greeting
 But their hearts are turned to stone and their heads are tuned to glory
 It's a story never heard for the turning of deaf ears

And now back behind the lines, Tommy shines his Pickelhaube
 And Fritz eats Tickler's jam and the story now is over
 For the next day they will meet down the barrel of a rifle
 lines forever stopped by the turning of the soil