

## Christmas 1915

Celtic Thunder

1915 on Christmas Day

On the Western Front the guns all died away  
And lying in the mud on bags of sand  
We heard a German sing from no man's land  
He had a tenor voice so pure and true  
The words were strange, but every note we knew  
Soaring o'er the living, dead and damned  
The German sang of peace from no man's land

They left their trenches and we left ours  
Beneath tin hats the smiles bloomed like wild flowers  
With photos, cigarettes and pots of wine  
We built a soldier's truce on the front line  
Their singer was a lad of 21  
We begged another song before the dawn  
And sitting in the mud and blood and fear  
He sang again the song all longed to hear

Silent night, no cannons' roar  
A king is born of peace for evermore  
All's calm, all's bright  
All brothers hand in hand  
In 19 and 15 in no man's land

And in the morning all the guns boomed in the rain  
And we killed them and they killed us again  
At night they charged; we fought them hand to hand  
And I killed the boy that sang in no man's land

Silent night, no cannons' roar  
A king is born of peace for evermore  
All's calm, all's bright  
All brothers hand in hand  
And that young soldier sings  
And the song of peace still rings  
Though the captains and all the kings  
Built no man's land  
Sleep in heavenly peace