

Celtic Thunder, Christmas 1915

1915 on Christmas Day

On western front the guns all died away
And laying in the mud on bags of sand
We heard the German sing from no man's land
He tenor voice so pure and true
The words were strange but every note we knew
Soaring ore the the living dead and dammed
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 bottles of wine
We bult 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 sll guns boomed in the rain
And we killed them and they killed us again
At night they charged we fought them hand in 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
Bult no man's land