

Green Fields Of France

Well, how do you do, young Willie McBride,
do you mind if I sit down here by your graveside?
And rest for a while in the warm summer sun,
I've been walking all day, and I'm nearly done.
I've seen by your gravestone you were only 19
when you joined the great fallen in 1916,
well, I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean
or, young Willie McBride, was it slow and obscene?

Chorus:

Did they beat the drum slowly, did they play the fife lowly?
Did the sound The Death March as they lowered you down?
Did the band play The Last Post in chorus?
Did the pipes play the Flowers of the Forest?

Chorus

Did you leave there a wife or a sweetheart behind
in some faithful heart is your memory enshrined?
And, though you died back in 1916,
in some faithful heart are you forever 19?
Or are you a stranger without even a name,
forever enshrined behind some glass frame,
in an old photograph, torn and tattered and stained,
and faded to yellow in a brown leather frame?

Chorus

Now the sun's shining down on these green fields of France;
there's a warm summer breeze let the red poppies dance.
And look how the sun shines from under the clouds
there's no gas, no barbed wire, there're no guns firing now.
But here in this graveyard it's still No Man's Land
the countless white crosses stand mute in the sand
to man's blind indifference to his fellow man
To a whole generation who were butchered and damned.

Chorus

Now Willie McBride I can't help wonder why
Did all those who died here know why did they die?
Did they really believe when they answered the call?"
Did they really believe that this war would end wars?
For the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the pain, the killing, the dying
it was all done in vain,
for young Willie McBride, it all happened again,
And again, and again, and again, and again.

Chorus

Eric Bogle