

Green Fields of France

Well, how do you do, Private Willie McBride?
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside?
I'll rest for awhile in the warm summer sun.
I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done.
I can see by your gravestone you were only nineteen
When you joined the gloriously fallen back in nineteen-sixteen.
Well, I hope you died quick, and I hope you died clean,
Or, Willie McBride, was it slow and obscene?

Chorus:

Did they lee the drum slowly?
Did they sound the fife lowly?
Did the rifles fire o'er you, as they lowered you down?
Did the bugles sing the last post and chorus?
Did the pipes play *The Flowers of the Forest*?

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind?
In some faithful heart is your memory enshrined?
And though you died back in nineteen-sixteen,
In some faithful heart are you forever nineteen?
Or are you a stranger without even a name,
Enshrined forever behind a glass pane,
In an old photograph that's all tattered and stained,
And fading to yellow in a leather bound frame?

Chorus

The sun's shining now o'er these green fields of France;
The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance.
The trenches have vanished now under the ground;
No gas and no barbed wire, no guns firing now.
But here in this graveyard, it's still no man's land.
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man;
To a whole generation that was butchered and damned.

Chorus

And I can't help but wonder now, Willie McBride,
Do all those who lie here know why they died?
Did you really believe them when they told you the cause?
Did you really believe that this war would end wars?
For the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame,
The killing, the dying, it was all done in vain.
For, Willie McBride, it all happened again.
And again, and again, and again...
And again.