

# Green Fields of France

Eric Bogle 1976



Well **I** how do you **vi** do, young **IV** Willie Mc **ii** Bride,  
do you **V** mind if I sit here down **I** by your grave **V** side?  
And **I** rest for a **vi** while, 'neath the **IV** warm summer **ii** sun,  
I've been **V** walkin' all day, and **I** I'm nearly done  
I see **I** by your **vi** gravestone you were **ii** only nine **IV** teen  
when you **V** joined the great fallen in **I** nineteen six **V** teen.  
I **I** hope you died **vi** well and I **ii** hope you died **IV** clean,  
or young **V** Willie McBride was it **I** slow and obscene?

*Did they **V** beat the drum slowly, did they **IV** play the fife **I** lowly,  
did they **V** sound the death march as they **IV** lowered you **V** down?  
Did the **IV** band play the **ii** last post and **I** chorus? **vi**  
Did the **I** pipes play the **IV** "Flowers of the **V** Fo **I** rest"?*

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind  
in some faithful heart is your memory enshrined?  
Although, you died back in 1916  
in some faithful heart are you forever nineteen?  
Or are you a stranger without even a name  
enclosed in forever behind the glass frame  
in an old photograph, torn, battered and stained,  
and faded to yellow in a brown leather frame?

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

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