

**GREEN FIELDS OF FRANCE**

by Eric Bogle

3/4 time; Intro: G | G | C | Am | D | D | G | D |

Verse 1:

WELL HOW DO YOU DO, PRIVATE WILLIAM 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.

AND I SEE BY YOUR GRAVESTONE, YOU WERE ONLY NINETEEN  
WHEN YOU JOINED THE DEAD HEROES IN 1915.  
WELL, I HOPE YOU DIED QUICK, AND I HOPE YOU DIED CLEAN.  
OR, WILLIE MCBRIDE, WAS IT SLOW AND OBSCENE?

CHORUS:

DID THEY BEAT THE DRUM SLOWLY; DID THEY SOUND THE FIFES LOWLY;  
DID THE RIFLES FIRE O'ER YOU AS THEY LOWERED YOU DOWN?  
DID THE BUGLE PLAY THE LAST POST AND CHORUS;  
DID THE PIPES PLAY THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST?

VERSE 2:

AND DID YOU LEAVE A WIFE OR A SWEETHEART BEHIND;  
IN SOME FAITHFUL HEART IS YOUR MEMORY ENSHRINED?  
AND, THOUGH YOU DIED BACK IN 1915,  
IN SOME FAITHFUL HEART ARE YOU FOREVER 19?  
OR ARE YOU A STRANGER WITHOUT EVEN A NAME,  
ENSHRINED FOREVER BEHIND A GLASS FRAME,  
IN AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH, TORN & TATTERED & STAINED,  
AND FADING TO YELLOW IN A BOUND LEATHER FRAME?

CHORUS

VERSE 3:

WELL, THE SUN, IT SHINES DOWN ON THESE GREEN FIELD OF FRANCE.

THE WARM WIND BLOWS GENTLY, AND THE RED POPPIES DANCE.

THE TRENCHES HAVE VANISHED NOW, UNDER THE PLOW.

NO GAS AND NO BARBED WIRE, NO GUNS FIRE NOW.

BUT HERE IN THIS GRAVEYARD IT'S STILL NO MAN'S LAND.

AND THE COUNTLESS WHITE CROSSES IN MUTE WITNESS STAND

TO MAN'S BLIND INDIFFERENCE TO HIS FELLOW MAN.

AND A WHOLE GENERATION WHO BUTCHERED & DAMNED.

CHORUS

VERSE 3:

WELL, 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 THIS WAR WOULD END ALL WARS?

WELL, THE SUFFERING, THE SORROW, THE GLORY, THE SHAME,

THE KILLING, THE DYING, IT WAS ALL DONE IN VAIN.

FOR WILLIAM MCBRIDE, IT'S ALL HAPPENED AGAIN,

AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN.

CHORUS

Ending: |G |G |C |Am |D |D |C |G

**Green Fields Of France 02**

(alternate harmony)

CAPO 3

G Em C Am  
Well how do you do young Willie McBride,  
D D7 C G  
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside,  
Em C Am  
And rest for a while neath the warm summer sun,  
D D7 C G  
I've been working all day and I'm nearly done.  
G Em C Am  
I see by your gravestone you were only 19,  
D C G D7  
When you joined the great fallen in 1916,  
G Em Am  
I hope you died well and I hope you died clean,  
D D7 C G  
Or young Willie McBride was it slow and obscene.

(CHORUS:)

G D D7 C G  
Did they beat the drum slowly, did they play the fife lowly,  
D D7 C D  
Did they sound the dead march, as they lowered you down,  
C G Em  
Did the band play the last post and chorus,  
G C D7 G  
Did the pipes play the Flowers of the Forest.

Did you leave ere a wife or a sweetheart behind,  
In some faithful heart is your memory enshrined,  
Although you died back in 1916,  
In that faithful heart are you forever 19.  
Or are you a stranger without even a name,  
Enclosed in forever behind a glass frame,  
In an old photograph all torn battered and stained,  
And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame.

CHO:

The sun now it shines on the green fields of France,  
There's a warm summer breeze that makes the red poppies dance,  
And look how the sun shines from under the trees,  
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",  
The countless white crosses stand mute in the sand,  
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man,  
To a whole generation that were butchered and damned.

CHO:

Ah, young Willie McBride I can't help wonder why,  
Do all those who lie here know why did they die,  
And did they believe when they answered the call,  
Did they really believe that this war would end wars.  
Well, the sorrow, the suffering, the glory, the pain,  
The killing and dieing were all done in vain,  
For young Willie McBride it all happened again,  
And again, and again, and again, and again.

