

The Green Fields Of France

John McDermott

How do you do young willie mcbride,
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside,
And rest for a while 'neath the warm summer sun,
I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done
I see by your gravestone you were only 19
When you joined the great fall-in in 1916
I hope you died well and I hope you died clean
Or young willie mcbride was it slow and obscene. Did they beat the drum slowly did they play the fife lowly
Did they sound the death march as they lowered you down
Did the band play the last post and chorus
Did the pipes play the flowers of the forest Did you leave 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 then forever behind a glass frame
In an old photograph torn, battered and stained
And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame. Did they beat the drum slowly did they play the fife lowly
Did they sound the death march as they lowered you down
Did the band play the last post and chorus
Did the pipes play the flowers of the forest The sun now it shines 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 barbwire, 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. Did they beat the drum slowly did they play the fife
lowly
Did they sound the death march as they lowered you down
Did the band play the last post and chorus
Did the pipes play the flowers of the forest Now young willie mcbride I can't help wonder why
Do those that lie here know why did they die
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 the dying were all done in vain
For young willie mcbride it all happened again,
And again and again and again and again Did they beat the drum slowly did they play the fife lowly

Did they sound the death march as they lowered you down
Did the band play the last post and chorus
Did the pipes play the flowers of the forest

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