

The Green Fields Of France (No Man's Land)

Eric Bogle

C **am7** **Fmj7/E** **dm9/E**
Well how do you do, Private William McBride

G **C** **G**
Do you mind if I sit here down by your grave side?

C **am7** **Fmj7/E** **dm9/E**
And I'll rest for awhile in the warm summer sun,

G **F** **C**
I've been walking all day long and I'm nearly done.

C **Fmj7/E** **dm9/E** **F**
And I see by your gravestone you were only 19

dm9/E **F** **C** **G**
when you joined the glorious fallen in 1916.

C **Fmj7/E** **dm9/E** **F**
I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean

G **F** **C**
Or, Willie McBride, was it slow and obscene?

Org in F Capo=5
The Flooers o' the Forest
Scots, means
The Flowers of the Forest

G **F** **C**
Did they beat the drum slowly, did they sound the fife lowly?

G **Fmj7/E** **C**
Did the rifles fire o'er ye as they lowered you down?

C/G **F** **G**
Did the bugles sing 'The Last Post' in chorus?

C **F** **G** **C**
Did the pipes play 'The Flooers o' 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 1916
For that loyal heart are you forever 19.
Or are you a stranger without even a name
Forever enshrined behind some glass-pane
In an old photograph torn and tattered and stained
And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame? Did they beat the drum slowly?

Ah, the sun shining down on these green fields of France,
The warm wind blows gently, the red poppies dance.
The trenches are vanished long under the plough
No gas, 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
And a whole generation who're butchered and downed. Did they beat the drum

And I can't help but wonder 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?
Well the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame -
The killing, the dying - it was all done in vain.
For Willie McBride, it's all happened again
And again, and again, and again, and again.

Did they beat the drum slowly?
Did the bugle sing