

# No Man's Land - The Green Fields Of France

Words and Music by Eric Bogle.

Well\_ how d - 'ye do Pri - vate Wil - liam Mc - Bride d - 'ye

mind if I sit here\_ down by your grave side and I'll

rest for a while in the warm sum - mer sun I've been

walk - ing all\_ day Lord and I'm near - ly done

and I see by your grave\_ stone you were on - ly\_ nine -

teen when you joined the glor - i - ous fall - en in nine - teen six -

teen well I hope you\_ died quick and\_ I\_ hope you\_ died

clean or Wil - lie\_ Mc - Bride\_ was it slow and\_ ob -

The Green Fields of France

(Chorus)



scene Did they beat the drum slow - ly did they sound the fife

low - ly did the rif - les fire o'er ye as they low - ered you down -

did the bu - gles play the last post in

chor - us did the pipes play the

'Floor - ers o' the for - est.

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,  
 To that loyal heart are you always nineteen?  
 Or are you a stranger without even a name?  
 Enshrined forever behind a glass pane,  
 In an old photograph, torn and tattered and stained  
 And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame.

The sun's shining now on these green fields of France,  
 The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance,  
 The trenches have vanished, long under the plough,  
 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 who were butchered and damned.

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?  
 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!