

(From The Waverly Code (2005))

Drapkick Murphy's (BOSTON)

The Green Fields Of France

(No Man's Land)

(Written by Eric Bogle)

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Well how do you do young Willie McBride
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside
And rest for a while 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 19
When you joined the great fallen in 1916
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 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
And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind
In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined
And though you died back in 1916
To that loyal heart you're forever 19
Or are you a stranger without even a name
Forever enshrined behind some old glass pane

In an old photograph torn tattered and stained
And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame

CHORUS

The sun's shining down on these green fields of France
The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance
The trenches have vanished long under the plow
No gas no barbed wire no guns firing now
But here in this graveyard that's still No Man's Land
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand
To a man's blind indifference to his fellow man
And a whole generation who were butchered and damned

CHORUS

And I can't help but wonder no 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 and dying it was all done in vain
Oh Willie McBride it all happened again
And again and again and again and again

CHORUS