

**411****"Green Fields Of France"**Visit "[Green Fields Of France](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Well, how do you do, Young Willie McBride,  
Do you mind if I sit down here by your graveside?  
And rest for awhile neath 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 well and I hope you died clean  
Or young Willie McBride, was it slow and obscene?

Did they Beat the drum slowly, did the 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?  
And, though you died back in 1916,  
In that faithful heart are you forever 19?  
Or are you a stranger without even a name,  
Enclosed forever behind a 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, did the 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?

Young Willie McBride, I can't help wonder why  
Do all those who lie here know why they died?  
Did they believe when they answered "The Cause?"  
Did they really believe that this war would end wars?  
Well the killing, the suffering, the glory, the pain  
The killing, the dying, was 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 the 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 that makes the red  
poppies  
Dance.  
And see how the Sun shines from under the cloud  
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 lie mute in the sand  
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man.  
And to a whole generation that were butchered and  
Damned.

Did they Beat the drum slowly, did the 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?

Visit [411](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.