

## John Mcdermott

### "Green Fields of France"

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

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 who 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

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.