

The Green Fields of France (Eric Bogle, 1976) (C)
Originally "No Man's Land" – [The Green Fields of France](#) by John McDermott

C **Am** **F** **Dm**
Well how do you do young Willie McBride,
G **G7** **F** **C**
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside,
Am **F** **Dm**
And rest for a while in the warm summer sun,
G **G7** **F** **C**
I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done.
C **Am** **F** **Dm**
I see by your gravestone you were only 19,
G **F** **C** **G7**
When you joined the great fallen in 1916,
C **Am** **Dm**
Well I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean,
G **G7** **F** **C**
Or Willie McBride was it slow and obscene.

Chorus

C **G** **G7** **F** **C**
Did they beat the drum slowly? Did they play the fife lowly?
G **G7** **F** **G**
Did they sound the death march? As they lowered you down?
Dm **C** **Am**
Did the band play the Last Post and Chorus?
C **F** **G7** **C**
Did the pipes play the Flowers of the Fo - rest?

C **Am** **F** **Dm**
And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind,
G **G7** **F** **C**
In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined,
Am **F** **Dm**
And though you died back in 1916,
G **G7** **F** **C**
To that loyal heart you're forever 19.
C **Am** **F** **Dm**
Or are you a stranger without even a name,
G **F** **C** **G7**
Forever enshrined behind some old glass pane,
C **Am** **Dm**
In an old photograph all torn tattered and stained,
G **G7** **F** **C**
And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame. **Chorus**

C **Am** **F** **Dm**
The sun's shining down on these green fields of France,
G **G7** **F** **C**
The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance,
Am **F** **Dm**
The trenches have vanished long under the plow
G **G7** **F** **C**
No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing now.
C **Am** **F** **Dm**
But here in this graveyard it's still "No Man's Land",
G **F** **C** **G7**
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand,
C **Am** **Dm**
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man,
G **G7** **F** **C**
And a whole generation that were butchered and damned. **Chorus**

C **Am** **F** **Dm**
And I can't help but wonder, oh Willie McBride
G **G7** **F** **C**
Do all those who lie here know why they died,
Am **F** **Dm**
Did you really believe them when they told you the cause
G **G7** **F** **C**
Did you really believe that this war would end wars.
C **Am** **F** **Dm**
Well, the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame
G **F** **C** **G7**
The killing and dying it was all done in vain,
C **Am** **Dm**
Oh Willie McBride it all happened again,
G **G7** **F** **C**
And again, and again, and again, and again. **Chorus (2x)**



The Green Fields of France (Eric Bogle, 1976) (G)
 Originally "No Man's Land" – [The Green Fields of France](#) by John McDermott

G **Em** **C** **Am**
 Well how do you do young Willie McBride,
D **D7** **C** **G**
 Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside,
Em **C** **Am**
 And rest for a while in the warm summer sun,
D **D7** **C** **G**
 I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done.
G **Em** **C** **Am**
 I see by your gravestone you were only 19,
D **C** **G D7**
 When you joined the great fallen in 1916,
G **Em** **Am**
 Well I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean,
D **D7** **C** **G**
 Or Willie McBride was it slow and obscene.

Chorus

G **D** **D7** **C** **G**
 Did they beat the drum slowly? Did they play the fife lowly?
D **D7** **C** **D**
 Did they sound the death march? As they lowered you down?
Am **G** **Em**
 Did the band play the Last Post and Chorus?
G **C** **D7** **G**
 Did the pipes play the Flowers of the Fo - rest?

G **Em** **C** **Am**
 And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind,
D **D7** **C** **G**
 In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined,
Em **C** **Am**
 And though you died back in 1916,
D **D7** **C** **G**
 To that loyal heart you're forever 19.
G **Em** **C** **Am**
 Or are you a stranger without even a name,
D **C** **G** **D7**
 Forever enshrined behind some old glass pane,
G **Em** **Am**
 In an old photograph all torn tattered and stained,
D **D7** **C** **G**
 And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame. **Chorus**

G **Em** **C** **Am**
The sun's shining down on these green fields of France,
D **D7** **C** **G**
The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance,
Em **C** **Am**
The trenches have vanished long under the plow
D **D7** **C** **G**
No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing now.
G **Em** **C** **Am**
But here in this graveyard it's still "No Man's Land",
D **C** **G** **D7**
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand,
G **Em** **Am**
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man,
D **D7** **C** **G**
And a whole generation that were butchered and damned. **Chorus**

G **Em** **C** **Am**
And I can't help but wonder, oh Willie McBride
D **D7** **C** **G**
Do all those who lie here know why they died,
Em **C** **Am**
Did you really believe them when they told you the cause
D **D7** **C** **G**
Did you really believe that this war would end wars.
G **Em** **C** **Am**
Well, the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame
D **C** **G** **D7**
The killing and dying it was all done in vain,
G **Em** **Am**
Oh Willie McBride it all happened again,
D **D7** **C** **G**
And again, and again, and again, and again. **Chorus (2x)**