

# The Green Fields of France

Dropkick Murphys

Oh how do you do, young Willy 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 nineteen  
When you joined the great fallen in 1916  
Well I hope you died quick  
And I hope you died clean  
Or Willy McBride, was is it slow and obscene

Did they beat the drums 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 nineteen  
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 faded to yellow in a brown leather frame

Did they beat the drums 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 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 mans land  
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand  
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man  
And a whole generation were butchered and damned

Did they beat the drums 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 I can't help but wonder oh Willy 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 Willy McBride it all happened again  
And again, and again, and again, and again

Did they beat the drums 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