

# Dropkick Murphys, The Green Fields Of France

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,  
Oh Willy McBride, was is it slow and obscene.

[Chorus]  
Did they beat the drums 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.

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.

[Chorus]  
Did they beat the drums 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 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 down.  
But here in this graveyard that's still no mans land,  
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand,  
Till' man's blind indifference to his fellow man,  
And a whole generation were butchered and damned.

[Chorus]  
Did they beat the drums 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.

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.

[Chorus]  
Did they beat the drums 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.

