

# Willy McBride

This musical score is for the song "Willy McBride" in D major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. It consists of six staves of music. The first five staves each begin with a guitar chord (D, Hm, G, Em, A, G, D) above the first measure. The notes are as follows:

- Staff 1: D4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), A4 (half). Chords: D, Hm, G, Em, A, G, D.
- Staff 2: D4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), A4 (half). Chords: D, Hm, G, Em, A, G, D.
- Staff 3: D4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), A4 (half). Chords: D, Hm, G, Em, A, G, A.
- Staff 4: D4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), A4 (half). Chords: D, Hm, G, Em, A, G, D.
- Staff 5: D4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), A4 (half). Chords: A, G, D, A, G, A.
- Staff 6: D4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), A4 (half). Chords: G, D, Hm, D, G, A, D.

The score concludes with a double bar line at the end of the sixth staff.



Well, how do you do Private William McBride?  
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside?  
And rest for awhile 'neath the warm summer sun  
I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done  
I see by your gravestone, you're only nineteen  
When you joined the great falling in nineteen sixteen  
Well I hope you died well and I hope you died clean  
Or young Willy McBride was it slow and obscene?

Did they beat the drums slowly  
Did they play the pipes lowly  
Did they sound the death march as they lowered you down  
And did the band play 'The Last Post' in 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?  
Although you died back in nineteen sixteen  
In that faithful heart are you forever nineteen?

Or are you a stranger without even a name?  
Forever enshrined behind some glass pane  
In an old photograph, torn, battered, and stained  
And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame

#### CHORUS

The sun, now it shines on these green fields of France  
There's a warm summer breeze that makes the red poppies dance  
The trenches have vanished long under the plough  
There's no gas, no barbed wire, there's no guns firing now

But here in this graveyard that's still no-man's land  
The countless white crosses stand mute in the sand  
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man  
The whole generation was butchered and damned

#### CHORUS

Young Willy McBride, I can't help wonder why  
Do those that lie here know why that they died?  
And did they believe when they answered the cause  
Did they really believe that this war would end wars?

Well the sorrow, the suffering, the glory, the pain  
The killing and dying were all done in vain  
For young Willy McBride it's all happened again  
And again, and again, and again, and again...

#### CHORUS

#### CHORUS