

WILLY McBRIDE

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

CHORUS

A
Did they beat the drums slowly
G D
Did they play the pipes lowly
A G A
Did they sound the death march as they lowered you down
G D Hm
And did the band play 'The Last Post' in chorus
D G A D
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