

NO MAN'S LAND / The Green Fields Of France (Waltz time) - Eric Bogle, 1975 (Key A)

Verse 1:

A D Bm E7 A E7
Well, how do you do, Private William Mc-Bride, Do you mind if I sit here, down by your grave-side
A D Bm E7 D A 2,3 1,2
And I'll rest for a while in the warm summer sun, I've been walking all day; Lord, and I'm nearly done
A Bm E7 A E7
And I see by your gravestone, you were only nine-teen, When you joined the glorious fallen in nineteen six-teen
A Bm E7 D A
Well I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean, Or Willie Mc-Bride, was it slow and ob-scene

CHORUS:

E7 D A
Did they beat the drum slowly, did they sound the fife lowly
E7 D A
Did the rifles fire o'er you as they lowered you down
D E7
Did the bugles play The Last Post in chorus
A D E7 A
Did the pipes play The Flowers Of The For-est

Verse 2:

A D Bm E7 A E7
And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart be-hind, In some faithful heart is your memory en-shrined
A D Bm E7 D A 2,3 1,2
And though you died back in nineteen-six-teen, To that loyal heart are you always nine-teen
A Bm E7 A E7
Or are you a stranger without even a name, Enshrined for-ever be-hind a glass pane
A Bm E7 D A
In an old photo-graph, torn and tattered and stained, And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame + **CHORUS**

Verse 3:

A D Bm E7 A E7
The sun's shining now on these green fields of France, The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance
A D Bm E7 D A 2,3 1,2
The trenches have vanished, long under the plough, No gas and no barbed-wire, no guns firing now
A Bm E7 A E7
But here in this graveyard, it's still No Man's Land, The countless white crosses in mute witness stand
A Bm E7 D A
To man's blind in-difference to his fellow man, To a whole gener-ation who were butchered and damned + **CHORUS**

Verse 4:

A D Bm E7 A E7
And I can't help but wonder now, Willie Mc-Bride, Do all those who lie here - know why they died
A D Bm E7 D A 2,3 1,2
Did you really be-lieve them when they told you the cause, Did you really be-lieve that this war would end wars
A Bm E7 A E7
Well the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame, The killing, the dying, it was all done in vain
A Bm E7 D A
For Willie Mc-Bride, it's all happened a-gain, And a-gain and a-gain and a-gain and a-gain + **CHORUS**