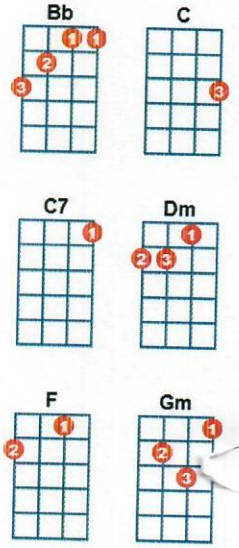
Green Fields Of France, The

key:D, artist:The Fureys writer:Eric Bogle

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ntt3wy-L8Ok Capo 31



[F] Well how do you [Dm] do ~~young~~ PRIVATE [Bb] Willy Mc-[C]Bride
Do you [C] mind if I [C7] sit here down [Bb] by your grave-[F]side
And rest for a [Dm] while in the [Bb] warm summer [C] sun
I've been [C] walking all [C7] day and [Bb] I'm nearly [F] done

I [F] see by your [Dm] gravestone your were [Bb] only nine-[Gm]teen
When you [C] joined the great falling in [Bb] nineteen fif-[C7]teen
Well I [F] hope you died [Dm] well and I [Bb] hope you died [Gm] clean
Or young [C] Willy Mc-[C7]Bride was it [Bb] slow and ob-[F]scene

Did they [C] beat the drum [C7] slowly, did they [Bb] play the fifes [F] lowly
Did they [C] sound the death [C7] march as they [Bb] lowered you [C] down
And did the [Bb] band play the last post and [F] chorus
Did the [F] pipes play the [Bb] flowers of the [C7] fo-[F]rest.

[F] Did you leave a [Dm] wife or a [Bb] sweetheart be-[C]hind
In [C] some faithful [C7] heart is your [Bb] memory en-[F]shrined
And though you died [Dm] back in [Bb] nineteen fif-[C]teen
In [C] some faithful [C7] heart are you for-[Bb]ever nine-[F]teen

[F] Or are you a [Dm] stranger without [Bb] even a [Gm] name
En-[C]closed and for-[F]ever be-[Bb]hind a glass [C] frame
In an [F] old photo-[Dm]graph torn [Bb] battered and [Gm] stained
And [C] fading to [C7] yellow in a [Bb] brown leather [F] frame.

Did they [C] beat the drum [C7] slowly, did they [Bb] play the fifes [F] lowly
Did they [C] sound the death [C7] march as they [Bb] lowered you [C] down
And did the [Bb] band play the last post and [F] chorus
Did the [F] pipes play the [Bb] flowers of the [C7] fo-[F]rest.

[F] Well the sun now it [Dm] shines on the [Bb] green fields of [C] France
There's a [C] warm summer [C7] breeze it makes the [Bb] red poppies [F] dance
And look how the [Dm] sun shines from [Bb] under the [C] clouds
There's no [C] gas no barbed [C7] wire, there's no [Bb] gun firing [F] now.

[F] But here in this [Dm] graveyard it's [Bb] still no mans [Gm] land
The [C] countless white crosses stand [Bb] mute in the [C7] sand
To [F] man's blind in-[Dm]difference to [Bb] his fellow [Gm] man
To a [C] whole gene-[C7]ration that were [Bb] butchered and [F] dammed

Did they [C] beat the drum [C7] slowly, did they [Bb] play the fifes [F] lowly
Did they [C] sound the death [C7] march as they [Bb] lowered you [C] down
And did the [Bb] band play the last post and [F] chorus
Did the [F] pipes play the [Bb] flowers of the [C7] fo-[F]rest.

[F] Well Will Mc-[Dm] Bride I cant [Bb] help wonder [C] why
Do [C] those that lie [C7] here know [Bb] why did they [F] die
And did they be-[Dm]lieve when they [Bb] answered the [C] call
Did they [C] really be-[C7]lieve that this [Bb] war would end [F] wars

[F] Well the [Dm] sorrow the suffering the [Bb] glory the [C] pain
The [C] killing and dying was [Bb] all done in [C7] vain
For young [F] Willy Mc-[Dm]Bride it all [Bb] happened a-[Gm]gain
And a-[C]gain,and a-[C7]gain,and a-[Bb]gain,and a-[F]gain

repeat chorus

Did they [C] beat the drum [C7] slowly, did they [Bb] play the fifes [F] lowly
Did they [C] sound the death [C7] march as they [Bb] lowered you [C] down
And did the [Bb] band play the last post and [F] chorus
Did the [F] pipes play the [Bb] flowers of the [C7] fo-[F]rest.

www.ozbcoz.com - Standard **(GCEA)** Ukulele - Helped by Scriptasaurus from UkeGeeks