

[G]Well how do you [Em]do young [C]Willie Mc-[Am]-Bride,
 Do you [D]mind if I [D7]sit here down [C]by your grave-[G]-side,
 And rest for a [Em]while neath the [C]warm summer [Am]sun,
 I've been [D]walking all [D7]day and [C]I'm nearly [G]done.
 I [G]see by your [Em]gravestone you were [C]only nine-[Am]-teen
 When you [D]joined the great [C]fallen in [G]19-[D7]-16,
 I [G]hope you died [Em]well and I [Am]hope you died clean,
 Or young [D]Willie Mc-[D7]-Bride was it [C]slow and ob-[G]-scene.

Chorus:

[G]Did they [D]beat the drum [D7]slowly, did they [C]play the fife [G]lowly,
 Did they [D]sound the dead [D7]march, as they [C]lowered you [D]down,
 Did the [C]band play the last post and [G]chor-[Em]-us,
 Did the [G]pipes play the [C]Flowers of the [D7]For-[G]-est.

Did [G]you leave ere a [Em]wife or a [C]sweetheart be-[Am]-hind,
 In [D]some faithful [D7]heart is your [C]memory en-[G]-shrined,
 [Em]Although you [C]died back in [Am]nineteen-six-[D]-teen,
 In [D]that faithful [D7]heart are you [C]forever Nine-[G]-teen.
 Or [G]are you a [Em]stranger without [C]even a [Am]name,
 En-[D]-closed in for-[C]-ever be-[G]-hind a glass [D7]frame,
 In an [G]old photo-[Em]-graph all torn [Am]battered and stained,
 And [D]faded to [D7]yellow in a [C]brown leather [G]frame.

Repeat Chorus

The [G]sun now it [Em]shines on the [C]green fields of [Am]France,
 There's a [D]warm summer [D7]breeze that makes the [C]red poppies
 [G]dance,
 And [Em]look how the [C]sun shines from [Am]under the [D]trees,
 [D]There's no gas, [D7]no barbed wire, there's no [C]guns firing [G]now.
 But [G]here in this [Em]graveyard it's [C]still "No Man's [Am]Land",
 The [D]countless white [C]crosses stand [G]mute in the [D7]sand,
 To [G]man's blind in-[Em]-difference to [Am]his fellow man,
 To a [D]whole gener-[D7]-ation that were [C]butchered and [G]damned.

Repeat Chorus

Ah, [G]young Willie Mc-[Em]-Bride I can't [C]help wonder [Am]why,
 Do [D]all those who [D7]lie here know [C]why did they [G]die,
 And [Em]did they be-[C]-lieve when they [Am]answered the [D]call,
 Did they [D]really be-[D7]-lieve that this [C]war would end [G]wars.
 Well, the [G]sorrow, the [Em]suffering, the [C]glory, the [Am]pain,
 The [D]killing and [C]dying were [G]all done in [D7]vain,
 For young [G]Willie Mc-[Em]-Bride it all [Am]happened a-[D]-gain,
 And a-[D]-gain, and a-[D7]-gain, and a-[C]-gain, and a-[G]-gain.

Repeat Chorus