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HALLOWED GROUND

Above the barren fields of winter
The sullen-grey rain clouds brood
Misty melancholy weather,
To match my melancholy mood
The road ahead turns black and shiny
As the rain comes tumbling down
But today I'll end this lone pilgrim's journey,
And stand once more on hallowed ground
Through Amiens, then turn east off the highway,

Down a winding half-remembered road
Where I once walked hot, tired and thirsty,
One summer's day thirty years ago
In the long years since I first sat down with you
I've become a sorry shadow of the man I was back then
But at least unlike you I was given the chance to
Grow old and weary and let the passing years condemn

Refrain:

It's time again to try to comprehend and understand
War's brutal bloody cost
Time again to walk amongst the ghosts of No Man's Land
On this foreign soil where their bones were tossed
All for a few yards gained or lost

And there you are, you and your companions
The boys who died all those years ago
The Glorious Dead's proud battalions
Row upon row upon row upon row
Gleaming through the dusk of winter
The crosses standing stark and white
From where I stand seem to go on and on forever
But maybe it's the mist and the fading light

Refrain:

Oh, boys, how I'd like to tell you everything has changed
But that would be a lie
All in all this world is much the same
Old men still talk and argue while young men still fight and die
And I still don't know why

This graveyard tells no stirring story
Of war's vain glory or romance
But words like courage, honour and duty
Echo still in this green field of France
It's those echoes that I'll take home with me
When I walk way from your graveside
To stir and whisper in my memory

When I think of you, Private Willie McBride.