

John Condon

Fairport Convention

Just a day, another day
Beneath the Belgian sun
Passed grave on grave, row upon row
Until I see the name, John Condon

Carved in stone with harp and crown
Little crosses in the ground
And standing there, my silent prayer
Is for this boy who died, this soldier

Wee lad will not grow old
Heroes who don't come home
Here they lie in Belgian fields
And Picardy

Just a recruit in soldiers' blue
From Ireland's shores to here
This living hell, this [?]
Where young men die like you, John Condon

And all around, the harp and crown
The crosses in the ground
Stands up and proves the bitter truth
The waste of youth that lies forgotten

Wee lad will not grow old
Heroes who won't come home
Here they lie in Belgian fields
And Picardy

Now tell me John, 'fore I go on
What did you come in here for?
With Ireland's bold, your life untold
Fourteen years old, to die a soldier

And all around, the harp and crown
The crosses in the ground
What cause for serve, so undeserved
Heroes that don't come home
Sing out for all their souls
Here they lie in Belgian fields
And Picardy