

My Youngest Son Came Home Today

Mary Black

My youngest son came home today
his friends marched with him all the way
the pipe and drum beat out the time
while in his box of polished pine
like dead meat on a butcher's tray
my youngest son came home today

my youngest son was a fine young man
with a wife, a daughter, and two sons
and a man he would have lived and died
til a by a bullet sanctified
now he's a saint, or so they say
they brought their young saint home today

an Irish sky looks down and weeps
upon narrow Belfast streets
a children's blood in gutter spille
in dreams of glory unfulfilled
there's part of freedom
aprice to pay
my youngest son came home today

My youngest son came home today
his friends marched with him all the way
the pipe and drum beat out the time
while in his box of polished pine
like dead meat on a butcher's tray
my youngest son came home today...

this time he's here to stay.