

# When Margaret Was Eleven

The Dubliners

My father said farewell and the band played tunes of glory  
A giant man with ribbons, bedeviled dignity  
A regimental sergeant, the backbone of the Empire  
For God and righteous glory bound for High Germany

Sweet Lord, I was just seven when Margaret was eleven  
They served us war for breakfast and soldiers' songs for tea  
"Your father's gone campaigning" was a way of not explaining  
That soldiers are the living proof of our inhumanity

My childhood passed away midst the tales and lurid stories  
Of manufactured glories and inhuman gallantry  
I asked, "When is war over?", but no one deemed to answer me  
And Margaret played that dreaded tune called High Germany

Sweet Lord, I was just seven when Margaret was eleven  
They served us war for breakfast and soldiers' songs for tea  
"Your father's gone campaigning" was a way of not explaining  
That soldiers are the living proof of our inhumanity

My father made it home, but he came without his reason  
Two eyes of molten madness, a senseless fool of war  
"He's just a child," my mother cried, "to be dressed in full regalia  
And paraded as a hero home from High Germany"

Sweet Lord, I was just seven when Margaret was eleven  
They served us war for breakfast and soldiers' songs for tea  
"Your father's gone campaigning" was a way of not explaining  
That soldiers are the living proof of our inhumanity

There'll be no tunes of glory for Margaret and me