

## 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.