

My younger Son

(Text und Melodie: An Cath Dubh)

am C G
My younger son came home today.
am C G
His friends marched with a mourn away.
am G am
The fifes and drums beat out the time
C G am
as in his box of polished pine
F G F E7
like dead lay on a butchers tray
am G am
my younger son came home today.

My younger son was a fine young man
with a wife, a daughter and two sons,
a man who would have lived in tight
'till a bullet's sanctify.
Now he's a saint so they say.
They brought their saint home today.

Above the narrow befast streets
an irish sky looks down and weeps
on children's blood in gutter spilled,
in dreams of freedom unfullfilled.
As part of freedom's pize to pay
my younger son came home today.

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The fifes and drums beat out the time
as in his box of pollished pine
like dead lay on a butchers tray
my younger son came home today.