

# My Youngest Son

## Slime

[Originally by Eric Bogle] It's an 800 years never ending war  
That causes grief, sorrow, suffering and pain - and glory.

But glory for who?

My youngest son came home today  
His friends marched with him all the way  
The flutes and drums beat out the time  
As 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 and a daughter and a son  
As a man he would have lived and died  
Till by that bullet sanctified  
Now he's a saint or so they say  
They brought their saint home today.  
Above the narrow Belfast streets  
An Irish sky looks down and weeps  
On childrens' blood in gutters spilled  
For dreams of freedom unfilled  
As part of freedom's price to pay  
My youngest son came home today.  
My youngest son came home today  
His friends marched with him all the way  
The flutes and drums beat out the time  
As in his box of polished pine  
Like dead meat on a butcher's tray  
My youngest son came home today  
But this time he's home to stay.

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