

## John Condon

### Fairport Convention

Just a day, another day  
Beneath the Belgian sun  
Passed grave on grave, row upon row  
Until I see the name, John Condon

Carved in stone with harp and crown  
Little crosses in the ground  
And standing there, my silent prayer  
Is for this boy who died, this soldier

Wee lad will not grow old  
Heroes who don't come home  
Here they lie in Belgian fields  
And Picardy

Just a recruit in soldiers' blue  
From Ireland's shores to here  
This living hell, this [?]  
Where young men die like you, John Condon

And all around, the harp and crown  
The crosses in the ground  
Stands up and proves the bitter truth  
The waste of youth that lies forgotten

Wee lad will not grow old  
Heroes who won't come home  
Here they lie in Belgian fields  
And Picardy

Now tell me John, 'fore I go on  
What did you come in here for?  
With Ireland's bold, your life untold  
Fourteen years old, to die a soldier

And all around, the harp and crown  
The crosses in the ground  
What cause for serve, so undeserved  
Heroes that don't come home  
Sing out for all their souls  
Here they lie in Belgian fields  
And Picardy