

Broken Hymns

Dropkick Murphys

Now the fog and smoke is lifting from the fallen row on row
In 1861 they prayed for god to keep their souls
Jimmy left home in April, that was one year to the day
Writes his mother back home in Brighton, but he ain't got much
to say
He's forgotten what his town looks like, the smell of death is
all around
He dreams of the blue atlantic to once again be homeward bound
Homeward bound

Though the road was long and winding many snares lay in their path
But their struggle they saw as righteous they fought with might
and struck with wrath

Now the battle hymns are playing, report of shots not far away
No prayer, no promise, no hand of god could save their souls there
at April day
Tell their wives that they fought bravely as they lay them in their
heir graves

As the train pulled in the station and the families gathered around
You could hear the first car echo with a loud triumphant sound
But the last car it was silent, they listened close but they couldn't
hear
It was laden down with coffins, that didn't speak and couldn't
cheer

Now the battle hymns are playing, report of shots not far away
No prayer, no promise, no hand of god could save their souls there
at April day
Tell their wives that they fought bravely as they lay them in their
heir graves

As the train pulled in the station and the families gathered around
You could hear the first car echo with a loud triumphant sound

Now the battle hymns are playing, report of shots not far away
No prayer, no promise, no hand of god could save their souls there
at April day

Now the battle hymns are playing, report of shots not far away
No prayer, no promise, no hand of god could save the souls of the
blue and gray
Tell their wives that they fought bravely as they lay them in their
heir graves