Broken Hymns

Dropkick Murphys

Now the fog and smoke is lifting
From the fallen row on row
In 1861 the 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
The fought with might and stuck with wrath
Chorus:
Now the battle hymns are playing
Report of shots not far ways
No prayer, no promise, no hand of God
Could save their souls that April day
Tell their wives that they fought bravely
As they lay them in their graves

As the train pulled in the station
And the families gathered 'round
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
Repeat Chorus--
As the train pulled in the station
And the families gathered 'round
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 theirs souls that 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 grey
Tell their wives that they fought bravely
As they lay them in their graves

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