

# 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 stuck with wrath Chorus:  
Now the battle hymns are playing  
Report of shots not far away  
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 their 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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>