

## 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 p  
ath  
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 th  
at April day  
Tell their wives that they fought bravely as they lay them in t  
heir graves

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

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Tell their wives that they fought bravely as they lay them in t  
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