

University of Mississippi

eGrove

Broadside Ballads: England

Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside
Ballads

August 2019

A Lamentation of the American War. Awful Battle At Vicksburg

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "A Lamentation of the American War. Awful Battle At Vicksburg" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1077.

https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1077

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.



A LAMENTATION ON THE

AMERICAN WAR.

Awful Battle at Vicksburg.

.....†.....

You feeling hearted Irishmen, and maidens now draw near,
Its when that you peruse these lines, you cant but shed a tear,
When you think on our misery 'twill cause your hearts full sore,
When I relate the hardships all on Columbia's shore.

Its since this cruel war began most grievous for to say,
Alas employment has declined and commeree did decay,
Has caused our Irish boys to list for the battle field array,
To fight our own relations here, all in America.

The South prepared for action upon the battle ground,
Our cavalry and infantry with cannons planted round,
The star and stripes does proudly float unwantin the contest,
Old Erin's flag on both sides hoised by Irish hearts arrest.

Like thunder bolts, the balls do fly from the artillery,
The fire and smoke ascend the sky most dismal for to see,
The brother fight the brother and the father fight the son,
And after all no sign at all of this sad war being done.

'Thro' fields of blood we have waded, where cannon balls do roar
And many a brave commander lay bleeding in their gore,
And heaps of Irish heroes brave on the plains there lay,
That was both killed and wounded there all in America.

It would melt your hearts with pity for to see the soldiers wives,
Looking for their dead husbands with sad and dismal cries,
The children crying mama shure we may rue the day,
We lost our own poor dadas all in America.

After each and every battle, see the memory of the dead,
Some wanting legs and arms, and more without their heads,
In pits some thousands here does lie far from taeir native clay,
To take a long and silent sleep until the Judgment day.

Many a mother anxiously to the Post-Office ran,
In hopes a welcome letter should return from her son,
Alas but little do they know they fell in crimson gore,
Their bones lie mouldering with the dust all on Columbia's shore

America once happy land, but now a scene of woe,
President Lincoln hates the bloody South, & their slavery also,
For thousands of our Irish boys without employment strong,
The widows and their orphans dear, all in America.

Good Christians, all! now bear in min and mark the words I say,
When you are at devotion let it be night or day,
Then for these Irish soldiers brave you earnestly will pray.}
For those poor souls in battle fell all in America.