



A NEW SONG ON  
**THE MASSACRE OF THE CHRISTIANS**  
IN  
**S Y R I A .**

Good Christians pay attention to what I now unfold,  
The subject I now mention will make your blood run cold,

Tis of the Syrian massacre where thousands suffered sore,  
By the uncivilized Mahometans upon the Turkish shore..  
Full 60,000 Christians, it grieves me to explain,  
Was slaughtered without mercy by a Christian-taunting train,

They spread and shot them through the heart, to please  
their base desire,  
Their property then plundered and their dwellings set on fire.

It would grieve your heart with pity to see how they were used,

The men at first were put to death, the women then illused  
Each village street was covered all with a crimson flood,  
We hope their souls are happy as they suffered for their God.

Our chapels and our nunneries those demons did surround  
And set them all on fire till they burned to the ground,  
Our Priests and Nuns they martyred them, and left them  
in their gore,

The cruel death they underwent it grieves our heart full sore.

Our holy Priests with cruelty those savages assailed,  
First placing one upon a cross, his hands and feet they nailed,

They kept him there till he was dead in agony and pain,  
And as the Jews abused our Lord this priest they used the same.

Some of our priests they placed on spikes until they did expire,

More they cut and quartered up and burned in a fire,  
They bore it all with patience their lives they parted free,  
For sake of him that died for us upon Mount Calvary.

Our Nuns they chased and did not cease till five of them were slain,

Two were Irish ladies and three belonged to Spain,  
Forty more, thank God escaped, of that community,  
And eight Franciscan friars fell in this sad massacre.

The Reverend Father Esteve great praise to him is due,  
It was he that saved the forty Nuns or they'd be murdered too,

And many more would fall a prey unto the savage clan,  
May God protect him day and night, our noble clergyman  
At Deir-el-Kamar, Christians blood run like fountains red  
The mothers with their infant child were burned in the bed,

The moans of dying Christians while the town in flames did blaze,

They suffered as the martyrs did for God in former days.  
In presence of the Turkish troops, their camps being lying near,

The Christians called for mercy, out their cries they would not hear,

The soldiers joined the Druses they skivered front and rear,

Down to the children of five years old no Christian did they spare.

Now to conclude those feeling lines I will lay down my pen,

The Lord will pour destruction on those savage race of men,

They slaughtered them because their God they never would deny,

We hope they'll rest for ever blessed with him that rules [on high.

