



The Sorrowful Lamentation on  
**The 40,000 Christians Massacred  
 In Damascus.**

Act:—Village Pride.

Good Christians pay attention to what I now unfold,  
 The subject now I mention will make your blood run cold,  
 It's of the Syria massacre where thousand suffered sore,  
 By the uncivilised Mahometans upon the Turkish shore.

For forty thousand christians it grieves me to explain,  
 Were slaughtered without mercy by a christian taunting train,  
 They speard and shot them through the heart to please their base desire,  
 Their property they 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 over 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 on fire till they burned them to the ground,  
 Our priests and nuns they murdered them and left them in their gore,  
 The cruel death they underwent it grieves our hearts full sore.

Our holy priests with cruelty those savages assailed,  
 First placing one up on 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 our priests they used the same

Some of our priests they placed on spikks until they did expire,  
 More they cutand quartered up and buried in a fire,  
 They bore it all with patience their lives they parted free  
 For sake of Him who died for us upon Mount Calvary.

Our nuns they chased and did not cease till five of them were slain,  
 Two were Irish ladie's and three belonged to Spain,  
 Forty more thank God escaped of that community,  
 And eight French friars fell in that sad massacre.

The Rev. Father Stave 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 that savage clan,  
 May God protect him day and night our noble clergyman.

At Diracamer christian blood ran like the fountains red,  
 The mother with her infant child were burned in their 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 they were standing near,  
 The Christians cried for mercy at their cries they would not hear,  
 The soldiers fired the cannons they skivered front and rare,  
 Down to the child of five years old no christian did they spare.

