



Reynolds' Letter

ON THE

American War!

My loving friends and neighbours all, who in Paddy's land reside
 While Reynold writes those lines to you, eis gun he lays aside,
 Its when you do pernese them, twill grieve your heart full sore,
 The times have got an awful change, all round columbian shore.

When I went to America, I mean to let you know,
 It then might be with Canaan's land, where milk and honey flow,
 Our Irish boys had good employ, and dollors bright in store,
 To assist their parents & their friends, all on the Shamrock shore.

Our President does declare, the slaves he will set free,
 The South American planters, to that will not agree,
 Which caused the banks to close with speed, and commerce to
 fail,
 Which left no employment for the sons of Granuale.

When this disturbance first began, our Irish boys had means
 For to return to their friends at home to spend their day,
 Expecting peace to be restored they waited day by day,
 Till numbers were left penniless all in America.

Some thousands of our Irish boys were glad for to agree
 To join the Northern army to defend this country,
 Our pay was good, our duty hard, I mean to let you know,
 On cities, forts, and garrison, we nightly watch, he toe.

All round the city Washington and Harpers ferry also
 With Virginia and Maryland, the South to arms did go
 They have drawin out their forces, as you may plainly see,
 The North is for freedom's cause the South for slavery.

The president of the rebal clan, at our Irishmen do frown,
 And threatens with the Africans, that he'll cut us down,
 But let him on the battle field his blacks and slaves unite,
 There we'll let massa sambo see, how trisomen can fight.

We do not know the day or hour, I mean to let you know,
 To be placed in the battle field to meet our daring foe,
 With Infidels, Africans, and blacks, in deadly strife contended,
 In hopes the God of armies will our Irish boys defend.

Theres one thing more that grieves my heart, our Irish maids
 to see
 Discha'ged from their service, and reduced to poverty,,
 There's numbers in this country would wish to be at home
 Among their friends and parents and ne'er again to roam.

I fancy I behold the maid at home my heart has won,
 I think I hear mother's voice to welcome home her son,
 When I awoke this sad mistake I found, it was but a dream,
 The Lord knows will Reynolds see his native land again.

Hark! I hear the bugle sound, the letter I must end,
 In hopes my next will be on peace to you my Irish friends,
 This land to prosper again employed with each to spare,
 To send our loving parents dear, in Reynolds' fervent prayer.

