



# The American War, OR, The Irishman's Lamentation.

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You tender-hearted Irishmen with patience lend an ear,  
And listen to those feeling lines that I have written here;  
I am sure each eye will shed a tear if you attention pay,  
While thinking on your loving friends that's in America.

For many years our Irish boys have labour'd hard and  
sore,

To help their friends and parents all round the shamrock  
shore,

But now the cry of war is raised, they're watching night  
and day,

To save their life and property all in America.

The blacks and slaves of New Orleans and Philadelphia  
joined,

With Boston, Quebec, and New York with one accord  
combined,

To free the British settlements and claim them as their  
own,

Which leaves our Irishmen to weep far from their native  
home.

The 12th of May in New-York town was awul to behold  
Some thousands of the Yankees they could not be con-  
trolled,

They robbed and plundered right and left upon that  
awful day,

And swore they'd murder young and old all in America.

To see our Irish females your hearts would rend with  
grief—

For mercy they did loudly cry, but could find no relief ;  
Far from their native country there's many fell a prey,  
A victim to those savages all in America.

There's many in this country may shed a briny tear,  
While thinking on their children and home they love so  
dear—

But were they back in Erin's Isle among their friends  
they'd stay.

And praise the Lord to see themselves far from America

Our Irish priests and bishops they undergo great pain,  
To save their loving parishoners from this taunting train,  
Like St. Francis in the wilbrness they earnestly do pray  
For peace and unity once more all in America.

Now since those lines I must conclude, each tender  
heart unite,

To offer up a fervent prayer both morning, uoon & night  
Unto the Lord of mercy do not neglect to pray,  
That he may save our loyng friends are in America.

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