

Thy women, O Isreal, are weeping,  
Their voices are heard from afar,  
And none for thee vigils are keeping,—  
There have perish'd thy weapons of war.

Lament, O sons, broken hearted,  
For dead are these weapons of war,  
Thy glory, O land, has departed,—  
And gone are thy weapons of war,—  
—weapons of war.

1st December, 1901.

