

The Maid Of Judah - song lyrics

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THE MAID OF JUDAH.

No more shall the children of Judah sing,
The lay of the happier time,
Or strike the harp with the golden string,
'Neath the sun of an Eastern clime.
This was the lay of a Jewish maid,
Though not in her father's bowers;
Land of my kindred, thou'lt ne'er be forgot,
While the ruins remain of thy towers.

Oh, where are the sons of thine ancient race,
Who were taught but the javelin to bear?
Fallen in that city whose wreck I now trace,
Though once it was lovely and fair.
The green grass grows o'er that fertile spot,
Where once were the sweetest flowers;
Land of my kindred, thou'lt not be forgot,
While the ruins remain of thy towers.