

The Song of the Bow



O Is - ra - el your glo - ry lies de - part - ed on the
Up - on the mount our king was slain, let no dew soak that
O Jon - a - than was brave and true, and Saul a li - on
O Is - rael's daugh - ters, shed a tear for Saul, who clothed you
I grieve for you, dear Jon - a - than, a broth - er and a



hill. In Ash - ke - lon speak not your cries, that en - e - mies may
land. His shield shines not, he does not reign. Let those fields turn to
strong. As one in war they bat - tled thru, to - geth - er all life -
well; and Jon - a - than, his son, the heir, the Phi - lis - tines did
friend. Your love was firm, but now is done. Your day has met its



thrill. Oh, how the migh - ty ones have fall - en, their wea - pons laid on the
sand.
long.
fell.
end.



ground. In bat - tle they will lead no more, our peo - ple with - out a crown.

text by Pete Haynes, © 2015, derived from 2 Samuel
tune: "Bound for the Promised Land" from Southern Harmony, 1835