

Now cursed be thee who would ruin our fair land  
And cursed be thee that would seal up the wells  
And cursed be thee that abandon the God's hands  
And build a strange place for our people to dwell  
Now cursed be thy breath  
And cursed be thy breathing  
And cursed be thy eyes  
And cursed be thy sight  
And cursed be thy hands  
That have slackened the harvest  
And closed the old ways to the joy and the light

Now cursed be thy name  
All cursed and forgotten  
All cursed beyond memory  
Place or recall  
And cursed be thy soul  
Out of nothing begotten  
Nothing to no thing  
And nothing to all

Now cursed art thee  
Who have ruined our fair land  
And cursed art thee  
That sealed up our wells  
And cursed art thee  
That abandon the God's hands  
And have built a strange place  
For the children to dwell