

Leviticus, chapter 25

[8-10] You shall count for yourself seven sabbatical years, seven years seven times. And the days of these seven sabbatical years shall amount to you forty-nine years. You shall blow shofar blasts, in the seventh month, on the tenth of the month; on the Day of Atonement, you shall sound the shofar throughout your land. And you shall sanctify the fiftieth year, and proclaim freedom throughout the land for all who live on it. It shall be a Jubilee for you, and you shall return, each man to his property, and you shall return, each man to his family.

[39-42] If your brother becomes destitute and is sold to you, do not work him like a slave. As an employee or a hired resident he shall be with you; until the Jubilee year he shall work with you. Then he shall leave you, and his children with him, and he shall return to his family and resume the status of his fathers. For they are My servants, whom I brought out of the land of Egypt; they shall not be sold as a slave is sold.

הַתְּקוּוּהָ

כָּל עוֹד בְּלִבָּב פְּגִימָה	As long as in the inner heart
נֶפֶשׁ יְהוּדֵי הוֹמְיָה,	A Jewish soul still yearns
וּלְפָאֲתֵי מְזֻרַח קְדִימָה	And onward towards the ends of the east
עֵינַי לְצִיּוֹן צוֹפֶיָה--	An eye still gazes towards Zion
עוֹד לֹא אֲבָדָה תְּקוּוֹתֵנוּ,	Our hope is not yet lost
הַתְּקוּוּהָ בֵּת שְׁנוֹת אֲלֵפִים,	The hope of two thousand years
לְהִיּוֹת עִם חֶפְשֵׁי בְּאֶרְצֵנוּ	To be a free people in our land
אֶרֶץ צִיּוֹן וִירוּשָׁלַיִם.	The land of Zion and Jerusalem.

סֵן פֶּרְנַסִּיקוֹ עַל הַיָּם

יוֹשֵׁב בְּסֵן פֶּרְנַסִּיקוֹ עַל הַיָּם	Living in San Francisco by the ocean
שׁוֹטֵף אֶת הָעֵינַיִם בְּכַחֲוֹל וּבִירוֹק	The eye feasts on blue and green
יֵפֶה בְּסֵן פֶּרְנַסִּיקוֹ עַל הַיָּם	It's lovely in San Francisco by the ocean
אִז אֵיךְ זֶה שְׂאֵנִי מְרַגֵּשׁ כָּל רַחוּק	And yet how far away I feel.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LueHyXp5eN4&ob=av3e>

The Soldier

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

The Roman Centurion's Song

...Here where men say my name was made, here where my work was done;
Here where my dearest dead are laid - my wife - my wife and son;
Here where time, custom, grief and toil, age, memory, service, love,
Have rooted me in British soil. Ah, how can I remove?

...Legate, I come to you in tears - My cohort ordered home!
I've served in Britain forty years. What should I do in Rome?
Here is my heart, my soul, my mind - the only life I know.
I cannot leave it all behind. Command me not to go!

God Bless America

While the storm clouds gather far across the sea,
Let us swear allegiance to a land that's free,
Let us all be grateful for a land so fair,
As we raise our voices in a solemn prayer.
God bless America,
Land that I love.
Stand beside her, and guide her
Through the night with a light from above.
From the mountains, to the prairies,
To the oceans, white with foam
God bless America, My home sweet home
God bless America, My home sweet home.