

Poetry of Eva - Page Three



[Psalm 122.6 "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: They shall prosper that love thee."](#)

WHO WILL WEEP FOR THE CHILDREN

Who will weep for the children tossed like refuse in the street;
Children sacrificed to Moloch placed upon his fiery seat;

Children born and bred for slaughter; Babies stripped of
innocence;
Taught to hate, to war, to die without hope or recompense?

Who will weep for these children who are muted and gripped
by fear
Of those evil tyrant powers who are ever standing near?

G-d have mercy on those cowards who hide behind these little
ones,
Who breed them for political power -- human shields to hide
their guns.

May G-d forgive us for our silence for turning away a deafened
ear

To those silent screams of terror ever loud and ever clear!

ON THE WINGS OF MY L-RD

On the wings of my L-rd, I glide away
To secret places in my heart.
And like a child, I so desire to stay
In the warmth of the sun that encircles us.
And always when evening shadows come
When refreshing times are o'er,
I wholeheartedly cry out, "Abba, please once more!
Abba, please once more."

Come, Sweet Blessed HaKodesh

Consume me in Your Light;
Hallowed Holy Splendor,
Burn away the night.
Kindle in me a passionate desire.
Transform me day by day.
Shape me into a vessel of honor
From this formless mass of clay,
That I might live my "new" life
Boldly and unashamed.
Within a cold and darkened world
Where war for souls is waged.
'Til that day when this life is o'er
And time shall be no more,
I'll sail away on wings of love
Right through Heaven's door.
I'll ride the wind,

The sweet breath of G-d,
On currents of righteousness,
And awoken to His glorious image.
Purified by Your Holiness.

LAND FOR PEACE?

"Land for peace!" The Arab cried.
"Land for peace or you'll surely die!"
"O.K.", said the Jew, "for the sake of peace,
I'll relinquish some land, now let all wars cease!"
But the wars never ended; they only increased.

"More land for peace!" The Arab cried.
"More land for peace or you'll surely die!"
"O.K.", said the Jew, "for the sake of peace,
I'll give you more land, now let the wars cease!"
But the wars never ended, they only increased.

"Jerusalem for peace!" The Arab cried,
"Give me Jerusalem or you'll surely die!"
"No!" cried the Jew, "for the sake of peace...."

TILL I REACH MY HEAVENLY HOME

L-rd, how I thirst for Your Holy Presence
In a land so hot and dry.
How I long to taste Your Spirit;
Give me drink or else I die!

Cause once more the blooming roses

To arise through barren ground.
Fill me with Your sweet aroma;
Let Your love in me abound.

Lead me on, sweet Blessed Savior!
I, a pilgrim, am Your own,
Pressing onward ever upward
'Til I reach my Heavenly home.

FROM GAMLA TO JERUSALEM

"From Gamla to Jerusalem, peaceful settlers will take leave
To march against all tyranny, standing boldly for what they
believe.

These are the few but faithful who've helped build and
establish the land,
Keeping their G-d-given borders free from the clutches of their
enemies' hands.

With one voice they'll all join together. Heart to heart they'll all
take a stand.

Hand to hand they'll all walk together, united, they'll march
through the land.

Whole communities will be coming together. Friends and loved
ones will join in too,

Moving forward with one common endeavor: "'Land for peace'
we must never pursue."

Who are these brave men and women, who'll leave all
comforts behind?

They're the voice of past generations who've stood against
tyranny in their own time.

L-RD WORK IN ME

L-rd, work in me,
Until the day is done;
Until the night is past,
Until the rising sun,
Until I cross that crystal sea
Until I cast my gaze on Thee,
Until I finish my Heavenly race,
I thank You, L-rd,
For Your abundant grace.

G-D'S HOLY WORD A MYTH?

Today, there are those amongst us
Who dare to rewrite history
Their aim: To spread lies and deception,
To destroy our godly seed.
They attempt to brainwash our children
Saying, "YHWH G-D is dead!"
And "the truth of the Holy Scriptures
Is only in your heads".
Yet G-d's Word lives on and on
Through all who would obey,
To train their children in His Laws
And in all His Holy ways.
Who are these scoffers who proclaim
G-d's Word as by a myth?
I pray G-d's mercy on your souls;
Repent, that you might live!

**COME, YE ENEMIES OF ISRAEL!
COME, YE ENEMIES OF G-D!**

As the echo of G-d's footsteps
Pace across the Heavenly skies and
As His ever-piercing eyes
Look to and fro,
Comes the enemies of Israel,
Charging up with glistening sword.
Tis not flesh and blood they'll meet,
But the L-rd.
"Come, ye enemies of Israel!
Come, ye enemies of G-d!
Come, and meet the Great IAM,
The El Shaddai!
Try and climb My Holy Mountain",
Sounds the Voice of thundering sky,
"For all who come against My Chosen
Shall surely die."

EVER MOVED BY COMPASSION

Gazing into empty faces, hungry, thirsty, lonely faces.
Groping where no hope does lie. Giving up in hopes to die.
Silent tears, leaving their traces, as time quickly races. Quickly races
by.

Ever moved by Compassion. Rendered heart. Undying love.
Ever reaching out to comfort. Young and old, all alike.
Each one searching. Ever seeking for that door that leads to light.

Ever moved by Compassion. Healing waters. Mercy's call.
Reach out to them. Let Me love them;
For I Compassion do love them all.

FALASHAS ... [ETHIOPIAN JEWS] WELCOME HOME

Dear L-rd, bless the children,
Hear their cries, an empty sound.
For many are orphaned and famine stricken
While death is surrounding them all around.
Give us Your heart, L-rd, a heart of compassion
That we might care for our fellowman.
Are we then our brother's keeper?
In answer to this, L-rd,
"AMEN!"

GRANDPA'S PRICELESS BOOK

Among the dusty books, neatly stacked on Grandpa's shelf,
was found an ancient book, priceless and full of wealth.
I remember Grandpa smiling as he sat me on his knee.
And the loving way he handled the Good Book, when he opened it's
pages to me.
The cover of that old book was tattered and badly worn.
It's pages, turning yellow, were faded, and some were torn.
Grandpa would read to me stories with a ##### in his eye.
He said he was planting seed, precious seed that would never die.
He taught me from the Scriptures from the time that I was small.
And he tested me at times to see if Scriptures I could recall.
Then one day, I told Grandpa to put his old book away.
I was grown up now, a man, and wanted to do things my own way.
That's when I left home and Grandpa far behind
to set out on the sea of life, not knowing what I would find.
The world outside of Grandpa's house felt like a cold, empty shell.
I found myself on a twisted road that was leading me straight to Hell.
Hopelessly, I groped for light, although the light was dim.
My thoughts would often return to Grandpa, and all the love I'd held
for him.
One day, unexpectedly, Grandpa died in his sleep.
When I received the news from home, all I could do was weep.

I hurt so bad deep in my heart, I only wished that I were there
to let him know I loved him and that I'd always cared.
Later, I went to Grandpa's house to relive fond memories,
recalling what he'd told me that one day I would clearly see.
I found the shelf in Grandpa's room, just as I remembered before.
And, there, on top of Grandpa's Book, I found something more.
A note that read, "Dear Grandson, I knew that you would come.
The pleasures of the world could not hold you, just like that prodigal
son.
For I trained you up in the way of the L-rd; My faith in G-d "never"
quit.
The Word I'd planted deep in your heart, I knew you'd never forget.
G-d promised me that you'd return, to the old ways in which you
were taught.
Son, I've left all of Hell in shambles because in prayer for you I've
fought.
Now, take down my priceless book and dust off it's old, worn cover.
Within each page, you will find eternal life forever.

IF I FORGET THEE O' JERUSALEM

My mother and my spouse;
If I forget thine ancient walls; If I forget G-d's House;
If I forget my pledge to thee; If I forget my birth;
If I forget my life, my soul, my identity, and my worth;
Then who am I? A wanderer without a home,
A wayward child hopeless, fearful and all alone.
For in thee, Jerusalem, I live and breathe
As a nation by G-d set apart.
Would I forget thee? Could I forget thee?
Thou art engraved within my heart.

I SOUGHT THEE, L-RD ...

I sought Thee, L-rd, as I took my walk,

In quiet stillness, all thoughts on You.
I sought Thee, in the sky above,
How wondrous the clouds and sky of blue.

I sought Thee in the valleys low,
Where flowers smelled of fragrance fresh,
And running through the grass so green,
To be with Thee was my fondest wish.

I sought Thee on the mountains high,
Which pierced the clouds and touched the sky.
How cool the breeze that brushed my face.
Dear L-rd, I seek Thy face.

I sought Thee in the oceans depth.
How deep past coral reefs and sand.
I could not reach the place of dreams,
O' how I've yearned, to touch Thy hand.

I sought Thee in the morning rain,
As I lifted my face to glistening drops.
How gently on my face they fell,
Then slid unto the earthen crops.

I sought Thee, in the noonday breeze,
To hear the echo of Thy Voice.
Only hearing the rustling of the leaves,
A swaying tree, a gentle noise.

I've sought Thee, L-rd, in so many things;
A cocoon spun and pretty butterfly wings.
Yet all the while, Thou wast leading me,
Twas in my heart, where I found Thee.

"JERUSALEM, HOUSE OF PRAYER TO ALL NATIONS,

I have raised you up as an eternal sign of My faithfulness and Glory. Look around you, My daughter, and see that I, even I, am drawing all nations unto you, unto Zion, My Holy Mountain. Look around you and see the coat of many colors I've formed, fashioned, and designed for My Glory coming from out of all countries to your city's gates. I am not only gathering together the outcasts of Israel, but I am gathering others to Myself besides. Look and see how even the sons of the stranger are joining themselves to the L-rd, to serve Him, and To love the Name of the L-rd your G-d: to be His servants. Even them have I promised to bring to My Holy Mountain and make them joyful in My House of Prayer. My daughter, I have not forgotten My oath made to your fathers before you. You have been engrafted in the very palm of My righteous right hand. It is there I have kept you for My glory, power, and praise. And it is there you will forever remain." Thus saith the L-rd Elohim.

JERUSALEM, I'LL NEVER LET YOU GO!

Who can keep you from me, Jerusalem,
How my spirit within me groans?
Who can separate us from a love so deep
That ions of time has sown?
As I walk your streets, you speak to me:
"Promise never to let me go!"
In my awakened state, my soul cries out:
"Never, no never, no."

NO GREATER LOVE I'LL FIND

What stirs my spirit within me?

What captures my inward soul?
Why does my life's road lead me,
Back to Jerusalem of Old?

Your walls stay always before me:
In my dreams, you're ever near.
For love of you, for want of you,
In my heart, I hold you dear.

You're never far away from me.
Your risen Son is mine.
His golden rays shine in my heart,
No Greater love I'll find.

NO TIME FOR G-D...

Man has forever cast aside a time for G-d:
No time for prayer - sweet communion unheard -,
No time for G-d or for His Word.
Yet when man cries out to G-d
In hopelessness and in despair,
He will always find a faithful G-d
Awaiting for him there.

ONLY DOING G-D A SERVICE?

Let all them that hate Zion
Be confounded and turned back.
Let them forever be ashamed,
For it's knowledge that they lack,
Thinking to themselves,
"Ha, I'm only doing G-d a service!"
But to come against the Mount of G-d
Should make any sane man nervous.

"RETURN THAT YOU MIGHT LIVE!"

Man, turned from G-d, a rebel.
No road-marked sign in view.
Desiring earthly pleasures above Him,
His flesh rekindles anew.
Forgetting his infinite Father.
Backslidden and hard-hearted, he gropes
For passions that last but a moment,
With no stability, support, or hope.
"Come back, wayward son!"
Cries the Father.
"Your sins, will I forgive.
Only chose you this day
Whom you will serve:
Return, that you might live!"

SHALOM, TIL WE MEET AGAIN

Shalom means peace, til we meet again.
It's never a definite good-bye.
Hello, how are you, is quickly released.
Then, so long, who cares; not I.
How quickly through corridors of time, we sail,
Forgetting the people, the land.
Yet Jerusalem has branded her love within me,
A love, so special and grand.
So, shalom means peace, til we meet again,
I'll never, to you say good-bye.
It's in you, Jerusalem, my spirit does live,
A flame that will never die.

SING SWEET SONGS OF VICTORY

Great clouds of joy you'll one day see,
A rainbow of colors sparkling the sky.
Great cloud of witnesses there I'll be.
With the King of Kings, I'll forever abide.
Oh, sing sweet songs of victory.
Lift up your voices and sing.
Yes, sing sweet songs of victory for
Messiah, our Redeemer and King.

SWEET SONG OF PRAISE

I sing to you with heart's delight to all creation seen.
I sing to you with heart's winged flight to trees of breathing green.
From mountain's high to valley's low and ocean's bright with blue,
And flowers swaying in the sun all nestled with morning dew.
How gracious G-d has been to me to paint such beauty here
Knowing and feeling all the while, that He is ever near.

THERE'S A BETTER DAY A COMING

There's a better day a coming.
There's a peace flowing through the land.
Look, the sun shines on the Jordan!
Multitudes are gathering hand in hand.
There's a better day a coming,
Voices lifted up in song.
Can't you hear them voices singing,
Singing, shouting, victory's song?
There's a better day a coming.
No more tears then shall be shed.
Soon, Messiah will be returning.
He is alive! He is not dead!

THE VIRTUOUS WOMAN

What is a virtuous woman? A description you see?
She's a G-d fearing woman, mild mannered and meek;
A woman whose children arise and call blessed;
Who welcomes all strangers and treats them as guests;

A woman who plans for her household by night;
Who trusts in the L-rd with all of her might;
A woman who cares for her home and family;
Who leaves off from gossip and speaking idly;

A woman who invests her talents and time;
Who helps to promote G-d's wondrous design.
Her husband, well known within the city's gate,
Lifts praises to G-d for his godly mate.

She's a blessing to all and in all of her ways;
She trusts in the L-rd, Whose Voice she obeys.
She teaches her children G-d's laws and commands;
And daily entrusts them into His strong, loving hands.

"What is a virtuous woman?" There are those who would ask.
She's a G-d-fearing woman, who's been blessed with a task.

THE YOM KIPPUR WAR

Remember, O' Israel, the War of 1973;
For truly it left its mark in world history.
Against you, my kinsmen, were all the odds.
Only on this Rosh Hashanah, your prayers
As incense burning,
Touched the very heart of G-d.
There your enemies, full of lies,
Did creep in unaware, not realizing
The G-d of Israel had both heard
And received your prayers.

As your enemies joined forces to
Come against the "Promised Land",
In stepped G-d, the G-d of your fathers,
The G-d of Abraham.
As the nations gathered 'round you
On that unforgettable day,
A greater army was released
Who would drive them all away.
It was G-d Who had charged His angels
To fight for you on that sacred day,
Giving you the victory
No matter what the world would say.
Therefore, beloved brethren,
Remember always Yom Kippur,
And know your prayers of penitence
Opened wide to you Heaven's door.

WHAT SAY THOSE PASSING PILGRIMS?

What say those passing pilgrims,
To that distant, far-off shore,
Where days are bright with gladness
Just beyond that daytime door?

What longing drives them further
To press in towards that higher prize?
What hunger burning, burning,
In human form disguised?

What say those passing pilgrims,
Who on eagles wings have flown?
"How I yearn to hear the Father say,
'Enter in child; welcome home!'"

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