

AMERICA
A Hymn

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America. America.
Glory. Glory.

Higher than your mountains,
Greater than your oceans,
Is your innate nobility-
Your birthright,
Not taken or bestowed.

Masterful is your claim
Where every citizen is
His or her own sovereign.
A nation of kings dedicated
To rule for the common good.

Eternal be this truth for you
But not for all people everywhere?
Thus, despite the burden of your blemishes,
Or perhaps because of them,
You heeded the cry of your brothers and sisters,

Reverberating around the globe.
And dispatched the flower of your youth
To deliver the people from their tyrants.
You opened your treasury to rebuild
Their homelands, burying your heroes in foreign soil.

Should you inquire, "Has any nation ever
Expressed gratitude for your offering of liberty?
Do they commemorate
The day of their emancipation?
Do they remember?"

Ask the Jews.
They know.

Care to learn if any of the nations of the world
Ever thanked the Children of Israel for their
Gift of Ethical Monotheism?
Ask and you will hear a resounding silence,
A death knell of marching ghosts.

But mark this on marble pillars of your public halls.
A day will come – because of you – America,
When the nations of the world will see the light
And claim the birthright of liberty
For all of mankind everywhere.

America. America.
Blessed are you among the nations.

Halleluyah. Halleluyah.
Selah.