

Anthem

By Leonard Cohen

September 21 1934 --November 10, 2016

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6wRYjtvIYK0>

[recording of a live 2008 performance in London]

Original lyrics	JB's Meditation
<p>The birds they sang At the break of day Start again I heard them say Don't dwell on what Has passed away Or what is yet to be</p>	<p>The Lord's Song is heard. The Soul is calling us all to embrace the timeless Present, to create our own rebirth.</p>
<p>Ah the wars they will Be fought again The holy dove She will be caught again Bought and sold And bought again The dove is never free</p>	<p>The battle of light dispelling darkness is fiercely waged, both within and without. The spirit, now in bondage, will someday overcome, but the appointed time has yet to come.</p>
<p>Ring the bells that still can ring Forget your perfect offering There is a crack, a crack in everything That's how the light gets in</p>	<p>Hear the sound of freedom everywhere, even if imperfectly. The wounded warrior grows stronger at the cracking seams, as love and light move in to make sound from within, and heal.</p>
<p>We asked for signs The signs were sent: The birth betrayed The marriage spent Yeah the widowhood Of every government Signs for all to see</p>	<p>Birth (original plan, purpose) gone astray. Marriage (attachment, bondage) to form has been consummated (completed its purpose). Government: The marriage of good and will went wrong. Goodwill was betrayed. The widow or the widower ashamed, for all to see.</p>
<p>I can't run no more With that lawless crowd While the killers in high places Say their prayers out loud But they've summoned, they've summoned up A thundercloud And they're going to hear from me</p>	<p>No more lies or betrayals. The appointed time will come. Lightning and thunder will proclaim the rise of goodwill. So mote it be!</p>

<p>Ring, Ring, Ring...</p> <p>Ring the bells that still can ring Forget your perfect offering There is a crack, a crack in everything That's how the light gets in</p>	
<p>You can add up the parts You won't have the sum You can strike up (play) the march There is no drum (on your little broken drum) Every heart, every heart To love will come But like a refugee</p>	<p>After the battle, fragments of the past remain. But Life, now and then, is, and will always be, ONE.</p> <p>I take refuge in the freedom of Light. I take refuge in the prayer of Love. I take refuge in power of Life.</p>
<p>Ring the bells that still can ring Forget your perfect offering There is a crack, a crack in everything That's how the light gets in</p>	