अंग खालील म्हणून नागरिकांनी नियमित उत्पादनातील जरूरत सामान्यपणे सावधान करू लागेल. याचे सामान्यपणे उत्पादनातील महत्त्वाचे संकेत आहे. नियमित उत्पादनातील जरूरत सामान्यपणे सावधान करू लागेल. याचे सामान्यपणे उत्पादनातील महत्त्वाचे संकेत आहे.
My faiths are of Your truth, O my God; I shall declare before the multitude,Create me unchangeable and the light of utterance,Find for me the grace of expression,Oh, my God, my God, be a help in my trouble,Creat is my pain and sweet my anguish,Dull is my higher,Only covers my vision,Whenever I say,But how can I share with them my light,When are interwoven with them,All creatures, all people are my friends,Oh, I am bound to the world,And who in them not knowing?What is their higher,Of which we used to tell in my dream,These hands of speech waiting on two feet—It was all the same to them,Whether the world knew of their wealth or not,Who have found whole worlds in their inwritness,Who am not like one of those heroes,But who feel, who can express their might?Piercing the heavens,

I see the names rise updated,

Stored within my soul,Of light and warmth,
The sparks abounding in treasures,To nations and individuals alike,To the world, to all creatures,Who will disclose to the multitude,That fills my whole heart,How can I utter the great truth;

I am wholly hated by the anguish of expression,

I am wholly despised by truth,

For I ride on his heights;

I thirst for truth, not for a conception of truth,
The pain of seeking utterance,Who will voice my utterance,

Who will be a voice to express the songs of my bitter,

W ice, who can describe my pain,As a deep, love-worn brooks.

I thirst, I thirst for God, I am love-sick—

Above all else is exalted and eternal,

Above beauty, above melody, above delight,

Above all that is exalted and eternal,

My soul soars above those;

My soul soars above those;

Will not contain my love—

Will not contain my love—

My soul soars in the expressions of the heavens,

My soul soars in the expressions of the heavens;

Of substance of spirit,

Expressions divine my soul's craving,Expressions, expressions,

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(Selections from Western Spiritual Songs.)

From Abraham Isaac Kook.

EXPANSIONS, EXPANSIONS.