

1. These words, O Israel, intone:  
the Lord is one God, all alone.  
    So be loving the Lord your God  
    with spirit and strength, whom you laud.  
Allow these words that you'll be writing  
upon your heart to be inviting.
2. Repeat them often in your home,  
to children abroad where they roam,  
    on your hand as a sign to be,  
    an omen for neighbors to see,  
bestowing reverence to your dwelling  
inscribed with care and proper spelling.
3. And when you're carried to the land  
of curds and of honey, as planned,  
    understand that some others made  
    those useful locales where you trade,  
subsistence taken all for granted,  
with vineyards uniformly planted.
4. And when you've eaten, had your fill,  
come back to your sources of skill  
    leading you with esprit de corps,  
    set loose from your chains as before,  
exalting God whose name you're fearing,  
and serve the Lord by volunteering.

1. Put into practice while you're moving  
    through wilderness for forty years:  
God lets you hunger to be proving  
    sweet manna from the heavenly spheres,  
    humbling you with trial,  
so to know your style,  
    mind and soul and heart,  
whether you'd be keeping  
laws, but overleaping  
    those of the wrong part.
2. Self was diminished by promotion  
    of food you hadn't liked or known,  
so you could understand this notion:  
    one does not live by bread alone,  
but by every sample  
of a word that's ample  
    coming from the Lord.  
Let this be explaining  
how you entered training  
    using the right sword.

Deuteronomy 8    Chris Nelson @ 2021  
Genevan 67    9898.665.665    Serial (ps) [psalms]

1. That region you enter and make your own  
does not resemble Egypt or its neighbor.  
They water by tread when their seed is sown  
and cultivate rice by their skillful labor.
2. No, this is a land that was made of rock,  
faced towards the heavens, watered when it's raining,  
on which the Lord cares for a wayward flock  
with vigilant eyes in the time remaining.

Deuteronomy 11 Chris Nelson @ 2019  
Genevan 129 10 11 10 11 In R

1. The earth and sky would bow to hear  
this song I'm singing loud and clear.  
    O let what I teach be a hammer  
to heighten like rain on the sod  
    the praise of that name I could stammer  
to honor and proclaim our God!
2. Observe the Rock, whose will is right,  
who's faithful, though our love is slight,  
    consistently fair and outspoken  
who's perfect, but plans to include  
    a people untamed and unbroken,  
an overly deceitful brood.
3. Turn back your thoughts to days of old  
when man and nature filled a mold,  
    when angels drew lots for the nations  
and Jacob was glad to applaud  
    the nebulous stars in their stations  
which numbered with the sons of God.
4. Sustained beneath a barren sky,  
the apple of a watchful eye,  
    that hovered in far-off expanses  
like eagles that care for the nest,  
    would bolster their young with the dances  
that enter them upon their quest.
5. The Lord alone, their only guide  
upon the highest peaks of pride  
    to oil from those flints they'd be shredding,  
the honey that's sweet, from the rock,  
    the wine from those grapes they'd be treading,  
the sustenance of sheep and flock.
6. So Jacob ate – you've had your fill,  
turned restive as a creature will.  
    You scoffed at your fling with temptation  
by worshipping gods who are not,  
    some demons not known at creation  
who tussle with the God you've got.

7. The Lord perceived this double path,  
disaster in the aftermath,  
    by scorning the way of salvation  
to see how the outcome would be,  
    by letting that fool of a nation  
make slaves of them who once were free.
8. I'll hurl a storm upon their head,  
an empty barn, a lack of bread,  
    the graybeard in plights now exilic  
where enemies hurt them the most,  
    the youth in those ways, once idyllic,  
that end when they begin to boast.
9. But should they read their luck amiss,  
I'll say I play no part in this,  
    this nation that's blind to my aura,  
not able to see my design,  
    from Sodom, their grapes, with Gomorrah,  
the adder's poisoned dose their wine.
10. For they to me are something dear,  
so precious when they reappear.  
    Their enemies' doom is on rushing,  
repayment is mine on that day.  
    Now where are those gods that were blushing,  
to rescue them and hear them pray?
11. Behold the Lord, the one to be,  
no other god to equal me.  
    The common are mine, and the clever,  
with life and with death I'm attuned.  
    As sure as I AM, now and ever,  
I care, whatever caused your wound.
12. Allow the sons of God to pay  
their homage on this joyful day.  
    The Lord will come down from the heavens,  
go on with those folk and their land,  
    and treat them like bread that one leavens  
by honing in on happenings planned.

1. Lest Israel bear that perilous brunt,  
the covenant-ark went bravely in front,  
the mighty Jordan reaching.  
When they had banked, where swimmers usually swam,  
streams in their course backed up behind a dam,  
their band no longer beaching.
2. The clergy in charge would clearly have drowned,  
but now the whole crew stood still on dry ground,  
with power to deliver  
all of the body, fording via feet,  
while the cortege continued to complete  
its crossing of the river.

Joshua 3 Chris Nelson @ 2014

Genevan 114 10 10 7.10 10 7 Serial (bc), (cb) [Before Christ, Canaan-bound]  
[pact first bed, debts rift cap]

1. Answers, Lord, am I busy questing,  
tweed on a threshing-floor for testing.  
My wool with dew will be a-swellung,  
earth left dry, our relief foretelling,  
or let it fully dry be found,  
dew on the so-il all around.
2. Gideon was, by this fit occasion,  
eased for expanding an invasion.  
Addressed by God on trepidation,  
some escaped with this proclamation:  
Let all examine mind and heart!  
Too many clans are taking part!
3. Only some for the job were gifted . . .  
"Ask that the alternates be sifted.  
Arrange those doggy-tongue-revealers  
on the beach by the downward-kneelers."  
For some, the lapping tongue was best,  
those who had knelt were all the rest.
4. "Warriors, you are the very flower.  
March on the Midians with your power."  
To these the people came and handed  
horns and jars as they'd been commanded.  
The multitudes were moved away,  
each to a domicile to stay.
5. Locust-like for a final rally,  
'sand on the seashore' in the valley,  
their beasts impossible to number,  
dreamed by one in a state of slumber:  
a cake composed of barley bread  
rolled through the camp and right ahead.
6. Barley bread with abode collided.  
Turned on its top, a tent provided  
green lights which signified to Gideon  
victory over all of Midian,  
an omen of a great retreat,  
one puts an army on its feet.

7. "When we're there where the edge is brewing,  
each of your eyes on what I'm doing!"  
    With pitchers smashed and trumpets blowing,  
    with effect, with their torches glowing,  
they bellowed to the sleeping horde,  
"This is for Gideon and the Lord!"
8. All awake, they could hear the shouting,  
rout and reverses never doubting.  
    While noise from instruments resounded,  
    Midian felt they were all surrounded,  
on one another turned the sword,  
fled to the river and its ford.

Judges 6-7    Chris Nelson @ 2021  
Genevan 109    999988    Serial (teamster)



1. Philistines on reconnaissance were camping,  
troops laying waste plus plundering and tramping.  
Why did you come here treating neighbors thus?  
Samson it is who's irritating us.  
Hordes found that rascal hiding in a bower.  
Are you aware of uninvited power?  
What have you done and what's your stratagem?  
How others fought is how I dealt with them.
2. We have come to release you to our rival.  
In will I go but swear on my survival.  
This we intend, to bind you hand and arm,  
not take your life inflicting any harm.  
Two were ideal, those brand-new ropes for binding  
captives for peaceful offerings, never minding.  
Up to the town, they brought the one accused,  
up to the foe, the air with shouts infused.
3. Seizing me is a fit of overturning,  
light are the linen ropes that I am burning!  
Lo, what a jawbone, much to my delight,  
taken to lay them out with all my might!  
This is the way they'll bend to my de-si-re,  
just as I lit those torches with a fi-re.  
When I am done, I'll hurl it from my hand,  
'bone that I threw', this name upon the land.
4. Samson called for some help, severely panting.  
True, it's your triumph, yet you're duly granting  
part of your praise in reckoning my feat,  
but must I die of thirst in such a heat?  
Right in the ground God opened up a hollow,  
Spring-source of One who Called, where one could swallow  
streams gushing out and fe-el A-O.K.  
There it supplies a river still today.

15:5

1. Ruth asked Naomi soon upon returning,  
 "Let me appraise this field for which I'm yearning,  
 to move behind one in whose sight I find  
 favor, whose words to me are good and kind".  
 So she set out for acreage belonging  
 to Boaz, where the harvesters were thronging,  
 just come from Bethlehem, with this address:  
 The Lord of our earth my employees bless!
2. One who would listen, Boaz was observant,  
 called to the one in charge, a loyal servant,  
 'This woman so young, that you like, is whose?'  
 This is the Moabitess, one I'd use:  
 "Please, let me daily linger with the sweepers  
 who gather up the corn behind the reapers."  
 So does her willingness to work here last  
 from morning 'til now while the time has passed.
3. 'Here in my fields it's I who give the orders.  
 Don't leave my own but stay within the borders.  
 And if you're in thirst, as the others will,  
 drink from the pitchers that the women fill.'  
 Stirred by desire, her only thought was vowing  
 fidelity expressed by deeply bowing.  
 "Why did you look at me, your hunch obey,  
 in spite of my land being far away?"
4. 'Knew you of nothing, coming here with daring  
 when you a next-of-kin were so declaring.  
 Your pay may you get from the king of kings,  
 find you a domici-le neath those wings.'  
 "Yes, I can see you've noticed my condition  
 in giving me some nerve by recognition,  
 talked to me kindly though indeed I'm not  
 the equal of one in your worker-lot."
5. When it was meal time Boaz gave the greeting,  
 'Come dip your piece in wine, the bread you're eating',  
 and made her a heap of the roasted grain  
 till she was satisfied, some strength to gain.  
 'Leave her alone to glean where sheaves are standing,  
 and even leave some extra, I'm demanding.  
 Do not reproach but keep her chances good,  
 till evening to work as she surely would.