CHIMES OF FREEDOM  (continued)

Tolling for the searching ones
On their speechless seeking trail
For lonesome hearted lovers with too personal a tale
and for each unharmful gentle soul misplaced inside a jail
As we gaze upon the chimes of freedom flashing

As we listened one last time
and we watched with one last look
spellbound and awe struck 'till the tolling ended
Electric streaks strike like arrows
blazing for those condemned to drift
Or else be kept from drifting

Tolling for the aching
whose wounds cannot be nursed
or the countless confused, accused, misused
Abused ones and worse
and for every shackled person
in the whole wide universe
As we gaze upon the chimes of freedom flashing.
**I SHALL BE RELEASED, Bob Dylan**

They say everything can be replaced  
Yet ev’ry distance is not near.  
So I remember ev’ry face  
Of ev’ry man who is here.

**CHORUS**

I see my light come shining from the west to the east  
Any day now, any day now, I shall be released.

They say every man needs protection  
They say every man might fall  
Yet I see my reflection  
Some place so high above it all.

**CHORUS**

Standing next to me in this lonely crowd  
Are men who swear they’re not to blame  
All day long we hear them shout  
Crying out they’ll not be shamed.

**CHIMES OF FREEDOM**

Far between the sundown’s finish  
and midnights broken toll we ducked inside  
the doorway as thunder went crashing  
As majestic bells of bolts  
struck shadows in the night  
seeming to be the chimes of freedom flashing

Flashing for the soldiers  
whose strength is not to fight  
flashing for the refugees  
on the unarmed road of flight  
and for each and every underdog soldier in the night  
As we gaze upon the chimes of freedom flashing

At Shabbat service evenings  
Rabbi weaves wondrous Torah tales  
While Cantor sings the songs of our religion  
As the prayers of this assemblage start fading sounding lower  
leaving only bells of lightning and its thunder

Tolling for the rebel tolling for the rake  
Tolling for the luckless the abandoned and forsaked  
For those whose thoughtless choices lead only to mistakes

As we gaze upon the chimes of freedom flashing  
(Over)