

בְּזִכְרוֹן

*For our loved ones - and
for those who came to
the Land of Israel and
built it with their lives.
And for those who were
there, whose lives became
intertwined with ours.*

תְּנַצֵּב"ה

... עוד לא עבדה תקותנו ...

And still we have not abandoned
The two millennia-old Jewish hope:
To be a free people in our own land -
The abode of Zion and Jerusalem!

*from Hatikvah, the Israel National Anthem
Hebrew Words: Naftali Imber*

Service compiled by Rabbi Ari Fridkis

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With gratitude to the three-millennia Jewish textual tradition as well as the myriad of gifted, liturgical poetry excerpted from the prayerbooks of the Central Conference of American Rabbis and elsewhere. All remaining passages were written, translated and edited by Rabbi Fridkis and are the author's intellectual property.

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מִדּוֹר לְדוֹר

The Generations of Israel

Holy One: restore our fortunes, as streams revive the Negev.
For then those who sow in tears shall reap in joy.
Those who go forth weeping, bearing sacks of seeds,
shall return with shouts of joy, bearing their sheaves.

Psalms 126

Like the flame
which rests atop the Holy Ark -
a symbol of the Great Light
in the wilderness -
this Torah too is forever.

Within this Sanctuary, just as
in the inner recesses of our hearts,
You have set the ways of justice,
love and peace.
They too are forever.

And like You at the Bush, the flame
which burns in us may flicker,
but can never be spent.

That flame, Your ways of Justice,
and this Torah
were once Yours.
Now they are ours!

This Torah is Everything -
And Everything is in It !!!

You inspired our people Israel
to raise parts of ourselves -
and hold both Word and Light aloft.
To minister to Truth,
to become a Nation of Priests
and a holy people:
the very meaning of our existence!

Now, generations later,
we descendants of Abraham,
redeemed from slavery, stand *here*
again at Sinai to receive this Torah.

The ancient promise is fulfilled!
The ancient covenant affirmed!
To bind all generations!

*Ari Fridkis, with words of
CCAR, Gates of Repentance*

L'chi Lach לְכִי לְךָ

L'chi Lach: to a land that I will show you
Lech l'cha, to a place you do not know
L'chi lach: on your journey I will bless you
And you shall be a blessing, l'chi lach.

L'chi lach: and I shall make your name great
Lech l'cha: and all shall praise your name
L'chi lach: to the place that I will show you
L'sim-ḥat ḥa-im: L'chi lach.

Words and Music: Debbie Friedman

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The City of David: Blessings of Peace

With the Torah, Israel's Tree of Life, in their arms, the Israelites journeyed from Sinai. Now, freed from bondage, they could freely inscribe God's word on the hearts of their children as they entered the Promised land.

A great metropolis: Jerusalem, Citadel of David and city of peace arose upon a hilltop of Zion. There King Solomon built a magnificent Temple. Mighty cedars, the gift of King Hiram of Lebanon, supported the ramparts, and the splendid walls of golden limestone, flooded the city with light.

Yet the true light were the words of Torah. The sons and daughters of Judah were taught not just to learn Torah, but to live Torah. For the People of Israel, Torah was her life, the way she walked in the world.

When King Solomon entered the Temple for the first time he offered thanksgiving unto God:

“Blessed be the Holy One who has given rest to the people of Israel! ...
“May The Eternal be with us, as He was with our fathers and mothers.
And may The Holy One never leave or forsake us.
For we shall walk in His ways and keep His commandments.”

Then the King added these words which would shape the religion of Israel:

“O Eternal One: concerning the stranger that is not of Your people Israel, when he shall come out of a far country to witness Your glorious House - for they will surely hear of Your Great Name, and Mighty Hand, and Outstretched Arm - hear the pleas of the stranger and do what she asks of You, so that all peoples will know Your Name, as do we, Your people Israel.”

1st Kings 8

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The Priestly Blessing בְּרַכַּת כֹּהֲנִים

When the entire congregation of Israel was arrayed before them in the Temple courts, the Kohanim - priests of Israel - blessed them with these Divine words:

יְבָרְכֶךָ יְהוָה, וַיִּשְׁמְרֶךָ.

May the Eternal One bless you!

יָאֵר יְהוָה פְּנֵי אֲלֶיךָ, וַיִּזְנֶךָ.

May the light of the Divine presence be upon you and good to you!

יֵשָׂא יְהוָה פְּנֵי אֲלֶיךָ, וַיִּשֶׂם לְךָ שְׁלוֹם.

May the Holy One look upon you and grant you Shalom: Peace!

Numbers 8:24-26

Shir Hu Lo Rak Milim שִׁיר הוּא לֹא רַק מִיְלִים

לחן

שִׁיר, שִׁיר הוּא לֹא רַק מִיְלִים. שִׁיר, שִׁיר הוּא לֹא רַק צְלִילִים.
שִׁיר, שִׁיר הוּא הַתְחַלָּה. שִׁירוּ, שִׁיר תְּקוּהָ גְדוּלָּה.

Hebrew Chorus

Shir, shir hu lo rak mi-lim. Shir, shir hu lo rak tz'li-lim.

Shir, shir hu hat-ha-la. Shi-ru, shir tik-va g'do-la.

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A song is not just words. A song is not just a melody.
A song is a beginning. So sing out loud with great hope!

English Verse 1

One soldier fights, one soldier falls; yet always still, so many more.
And so it goes, another war; when will it stop?
So sing out, sing loud, "shi-ru" . . .

Hebrew Chorus (page 6)

English Verse 2

The battle ends, so little won; too few are left, not much's been done.
So pray for peace, the only choice; there's not much else!
So sing out, sing loud, "shi-ru" . . .

Hebrew Chorus (page 6)

The Waters of Babylon: Exile and Return

The reign of peace was short-lived. The faithful of our people were left to the mercy of their neglectful rulers and the aggression of their foes. Israel herself split into two nations. King and Queen, generation after generation, failed to recall the dedication of David and Solomon. Priest, leader and people alike neglected the ways of their mothers and fathers.

All Israel became inheritors of history's cruelest lesson: no nation, no city is eternal. No Temple stands forever. First the stronger, northern kingdom of Israel stumbled and fell as the merciless Assyrian chariots advanced. The heart of Jacob's descendants - the people of Israel - was struck a fatal blow. Ten of Israel's tribes: dispersed and lost.

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Israel's sister nation - home to only two remaining tribes, Judah and Benjamin - was soon conquered by the Babylonians. Jerusalem, her capital, was stormed. The magnificent Temple, built by King Solomon, burned to ashes.

And the pride of Judah, her people, once young and strong as a lion's whelp, were carried away, captives to the conqueror's foreign land.

By the waters of Babylon they laid down and wept, remembering the glory of the once eternal city of Jerusalem and the land of Zion.

The Waters of Babylon עַל נְהַרוֹת בָּבֶל

By the waters of Babylon, we laid down and wept, for thee Zion!
We remember thee, remember thee, remember thee, Zion!

How shall we sing God's song in a foreign land? the people cried. But the Eternal had not deserted the Children of Israel. A new and benevolent ruler rose over the land: King Cyrus of Persia. Cyrus ousted the Babylonians and permitted the remnant of Israel - now known as Jews for they were descendants of the tribes of Judah and Benjamin - to return!

Psalms 137:1-4

“Take comfort, take comfort, My people,”
speaks the prophet Isaiah to the remnant of the House of Israel.
“For the Eternal, the God of Israel, has come to me saying:
‘You shall speak tenderly to the exiles of Jerusalem,
Proclaim to her that her bondage has ended.
Build a road for the Eternal, clear a highway on the hilltops!
Let Judah return to her homeland!
Then every valley shall be exalted, every mountain made low
For the glory of the Eternal One shall be revealed for all to see!’”

Isaiah 40:1-5

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Jerusalem is Mine

I am the sun, Jerusalem, you are a painted sky.
I am a bird, Jerusalem, you have the wings to fly.
You are the music of the hills, I am a note in time,
I am your child, Jerusalem: Jerusalem is mine.

Chorus

You are the cradle of freedom, I am the harvest of springtime.
You are the dawn of a new day. I am tomorrow: You are forever.

You are my shelter from the storm, I am your guiding light,
You are a book whose leaves are torn, I am a page you write.
You are the branches of a tree, I am a clinging vine.
I am your prayer, Jerusalem: Jerusalem is mine.

I have come home, Jerusalem, Jerusalem is mine.

The Second Temple: Jewish Renaissance

A new and great era had begun for the Jewish people. Great ideas that would help shape Judaism for more than two millennia spread swiftly as a warming flame from across the Mediterranean. Greek philosophy proclaimed to the entire world that through knowledge, humanity could perfect itself.

And from Rome came mighty public works: roads wide for horse and chariot, water coursing through hewn channels of stone. Great engineering feats. A new Temple was built in Jerusalem, with hewn rocks thirty-foot long and four-foot square!

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The ritual begins at dawn.
 Great crowds converge from far and near
 until the Temple courts are filled to overflowing
 with Priests and Levites, men and women, young and old.
 The High Priest has prepared himself for seven days.
 How can he intercede for others
 if he is impure himself?

All night he has rehearsed the sacred ritual.
 Robed in gold,
 he burns the incense, offers the sacrifices,
 dispatches a goat into the wilderness,
 a symbol of the people's longing to be rid of sin.

How splendid he looks in his glittering array;
 how heavy is his responsibility
 as alone he enters the Holy of Holies,
 mysterious yet simple,
 containing nothing but a stone –
 but engraved on that stone are God's Ten Words!

אָנָּא ייִ הוֹשִׁיעָה נָּא.
 אָנָּא ייִ הַצְּלִיחָה נָּא.

Ana adonai, hoshia na!
Ana adonai, hatzliha na!

O Adonai, save us!
 O Adonai, deliver us!

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Avinu Malkeinu אָבִינוּ מַלְכֵנוּ

אָבִינוּ מַלְכֵנוּ:

חַנּוּנוֹ וְעַנּוּנוֹ כִּי אֵין בָּנוּ מַעֲשִׂים.
עֲשֵׂה עִמָּנוּ צְדָקָה וְחֶסֶד וְהוֹשִׁיעֵנוּ.

A-vi-nu mal-kei-nu: ha-nei-nu va-nei-nu (2x)
ki ein ba-nu ma-a-sim.

A-sei i-ma-nu tze-da-ka va-ḥe-sed (2x)
v'ho-shi-ei-nu.

Avinu Malkeinu, be gracious to us, answer us, even when we have little merit. Treat us generously and with kindness, and be our help!

How glorious he is,
when he comes from behind the veil of the shrine!

Three times the white-robed High Priest recites
a confession of sins:
first, for himself and for his family.

סְלַח נָא לְעוֹן הָעָם הַזֶּה כְּגֹדֶל חֶסֶדְךָ, וְכַאֲשֶׁר נִשְׁאַתָּה לְעָם
הַזֶּה מִמִּצְרַיִם וְעַד הַנְּהָה. וְשֵׁם נְאֻמָּר:

S'lach na la-avon ha-am ha-zeh k'go-del ḥas-de-cha, v'cha-a-
sher na-sa-ta la-am ha-zeh mi-Mitz-ra-yim v'ad hei-na.
V'-sham ne-e-mar:

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Pardon the sins of this people, O God, as You have loved and been patient with us from the time You brought them out of Egypt until the present day! For it has been said:

כִּי בַיּוֹם הַזֶּה יִכַּפֵּר עֲלֵיכֶם לְטַהֵר אֶתְכֶם, מִכָּל חַטֹּאתֵיכֶם לִפְנֵי
יְיָ תַטְהַרוּ.

Ki va-yom ha-zeh y'ka-per a-lei-chem l'ta-her et-chem, mi-kol
ha-to-tei-chem lif-nei A-do-nai tit-ha-ru.

On this day atonement shall be made for you to purify you! You shall be cleansed for all your sins by the Eternal!

When Priest, Levite and all who stood in the courtyard of the Holy of Holies heard the High Priest, full of reverence, utter God's holy, ancient and awesome Name:

יהוה - Y H V H

they fell upon their knees until their faces touched the stone of the Temple courtyard. And all exclaimed:

בָּרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבוֹד מַלְכוּתוֹ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.

Ba-ruch shem ke-vod mal-chu-to l'o-lam va-ed.

Blessed is the One-That-Is now and forever!

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The Rise of the Synagogue

The Second Temple, like the First, came to an end,
and all its splendid rites,
the majestic confession of the High Priest
and the entire House of Israel
uttered in its courtyards of hewn stone
became a wistful memory.

But with the falling of the Temple
came one of Israel's most magnificent blessings.

The Synagogue:
a house of study and prayer and of assembly of the people
was built upon the rubble foundation of
Jerusalem's former glory.

No sacrifices were offered here.
Yet here Israel's people came
to hear and learn the word of God,
so that the law taught by Moses and the prophets
became the heritage of the entire congregation of Jacob.

Through praise and song to their divine Creator,
they brought - instead of burnt-offerings -
the offering of their lips and the service of their hearts;
together seeking atonement
through repentance, prayer, and charity.

Here, in the synagogue,
our people found the presence of God,
and the guidance they needed to hallow their lives.
And always as they entered them, they sang.

CCAR, Gates of Repentance, adapted

ISRAEL75

Illuminate My Soul כִּי אֶתָּה תִאִיר נְרִי

O God make my light burn bright.
Eternal God will lighten my darkness.

The Holy One who is blessed said to me.
Your light is in my hand
and my light is in Your hand.
The light of God is the hand,
Your light is the Human Soul.
To cause a light to burn continually.
The Holy One who is blessed said:
If you illumine my light,
I will illumine your light.

כִּי אֶתָּה, תִאִיר נְרִי; יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵי, יְגִידָה חֹשֶׁךְ.

Ki a-ta ta-ir nei-ri, A-do-nai E-lo-hai ya-gi-a chosh-ki.

Words and Music: Bonia Shur (based on Psalms 18:29)

The Renewal of Torah

From synagogues and schools throughout the land of Israel, Torah poured forth from Zion. Rabbis, heirs of an archaic yet still quite wise Biblical tradition, fanned the fires of faith and gave new life to Torah. Vast numbers of Greeks, Romans and peoples from throughout the empire professed their love for Judaism and the central message of Torah:

“What is hateful to you, thou shalt not do unto thy neighbor.”

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Surely, you will behold our faith in Truth!
Look back on our noble endurance.
Look back and wonder . . .
What is this noble people?
What is the secret of their faithfulness?
What is the purpose of its life?

Were we not slaves once, under the tyranny of Pharaoh?!

Thus says the Eternal, the One
who created the heavens and stretched them out,
who made the earth and all that grows on it,
who gave birth to its people
and spirit to those who walk on it:

“I, the Eternal One, have called you to righteousness,
And taken you by the hand and kept you;
I have made you a wise and committed people,
A light to the nations.

“To bring the captives out of prison,
To console the bereaved.

“To let the oppressed go free
And to heal the stricken.

“To unlock the shackles of injustice
And to make peace where there is strife.

“Is not this the fast I have truly chosen?
Surely not a day of eyes kept shut!

“But to share your bread with the hungry
And to bring the homeless into your house.

“To cover the naked when you see them in the streets
Yet never withdrawing from your own kin.”

CCAR, Gates of Repentance, adapted

ISRAEL75

A spiritual renaissance flowed from Jerusalem to the far reaches of the Greco-Roman world.

The message? Eternal Life!

Thousands - perhaps as many as one hundred thousand - converted to Judaism. The Temple courtyards - and the population of the House of Israel swelled.

Despite the multitudes of Jews, our people faced persecution and exile once again. With trouble at every border, the empire coming apart at its seams, the Romans became savage rulers. Nowhere was this more true than in Palestine.

Scholars and historians tell us that among the entire empire, the Jews were Rome's fiercest insurgents. For a time, Israel prevailed. Tiny Judea, however, was no match for the myriad of armored soldiers of the Roman legions. Masada fell. Great academies of Jewish learning were shut. The study of Torah was banned.

But the Children of Israel remained steadfast, devoted to their people and God:

שׁוֹמֵר יִשְׂרָאֵל, שְׁמֹר שְׂאֵרֵת יִשְׂרָאֵל!

Sho-mer, sho-mer Yis-ra-el, sh'mor shei-a-rit Yis-ra-el!

O Guardian of Israel, guard over the remnant of Israel!

“These things do I remember . . .”

They had no outward grace to attract the eye, no beauty to win the heart.

As one from whom all turn their face, so were they despised,
and we held them of no account.

Yet it was our suffering they bore, our pains they endured.
And we supposed them punished by God, afflicted.

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All the while they were wounded by our misdeeds, crushed by our sins.
They were oppressed, they were afflicted, yet they never said a word.

Like lambs led to the slaughter, like sheep standing dumb
before their shearers, they never uttered a cry.

By violence and injustice were they carried off.
Who cared about their fate, when they were cut off from the land of the living?

They were given graves among the wicked, a tomb among the base,
though they had done no wrong, practiced no deception.

from Isaiah 53

Eleh Ezkera אֵלֶּה אֶזְכְּרָה

אֵלֶּה אֶזְכְּרָה וְנִפְשֵׁי עָלַי אֲשַׁפְּכָה.
כִּי בְלָעוּנוּ זָרִים כְּעֵגֶה בְּלִי הַפּוֹכָה.
כִּי בִימֵי הַשָּׁר לֹא עָלְתָה אַרוּכָה,
לְעִשְׂרָה הָרוּגֵי מְלוֹכָה.

E-leh ez-k'ra v'naf-shi a-lai esh-p'cha.
Ki b'la-u-ni za-rim k'u-ga b'li ha-fu-cha.
Ki bi-mei ha-sar lo al-ta a-ru-cha,
l'a-sa-ra ha-ru-gei m'lu-cha.

“These things do I remember . . .”

Through all the years, ignorance like a monster has devoured our martyrs, as in one long day of blood. Rulers have arisen through the endless years, oppressive, savage in their witless power, filled with a futile thought: to make an end of that which God has cherished.

Traditional

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Of steel and iron, cold and hard and numb,
 now forge yourself a heart and come
 to walk the world of slaughter.
 You shall wander in and out of ruins,
 look in where all the black and gaping holes
 appear like ragged wounds
 that neither wait nor hope
 for healing in this world.

Hebrew and Yiddish by Haim Nahman Bialik, translation: Helena Frank, adapted

“These things do I remember . . .”

In the 1st century CE, in the time of the emperor Hadrian, it was decreed that Jews could no longer study and teach Torah. The court sentenced to death rabbis who chose to ignore the decree.

How can we survive without Torah, our Tree of Life?
 Why live if the soul is dead?

The Torah was more precious than life itself for these rabbis, so they taught and learned and did God’s will. And for that they were slaughtered.

Shimon ben Gamliel, the leader of the great Jewish court, the Sanhedrin, was first to die. Witnessing his death, his disciples exclaimed:
 “This is Torah - and this is its reward?”

“These things do I remember . . .”

Rabbi Ishmael, the High Priest asked to be executed next so that he would not see the death of the other rabbis. Raising Rabbi Shimon ben Gamliel's severed head, he cried out:

"How the tongue that taught the words of Torah now licks the dust!" And as his own turn came, his face was flayed.

“These things do I remember . . .”

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Rabbi Akiba too had defied the decree and continued to study and teach. When he was caught and led to the executioner, the time for the daily recitation of the Shema had come. As his flesh was flayed, he said:

שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל, יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ, יְיָ אֶחָד.

She-ma Yis-ra-el, A-do-nai E-lo-hei-nu, A-do-nai E-had.

Hear O Israel: for is there is One and only One!

“Even now?” his disciples asked.

His reply:

“All my life I have been troubled by this verse of Torah:

‘Love the Eternal your God with all your heart and with all your soul.’

Now I truly understand its meaning:

‘Love God, even if you must die for it!’

I often wondered and prayed if I would ever be able to fulfill this mitzvah.

Now I can!”

And with his final breath he uttered:

יְיָ אֶחָד.

A-do-nai E-had.

There is only One!

prolonging the last word until his life was gone.

The Romans later sold his flesh by the kilo in the marketplace.

Yet in a godless world, God was affirmed.

“These things do I remember . . .”

through all the years, ignorance like a monster has devoured our martyrs as in one long day of blood.”

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I have taken an oath: to remember it all.
 To remember, to forget nothing at all!
 Till the tenth generation, till the grief disappears, to the last, to its ending,
 Till the punishing blows are ended for good.
 I swear this night of terror shall not have passed in vain.
 I swear this morning I'll not live unchanged,
 As if I were no wiser even now, even now.

CCAR, Gates of Repentance

A World Without

The earth's crust is soaked with the tears of the oppressed, the innocent.
 Like the cry of Cain's brother, the blood of every nation cries out from the earth!
 What people cannot claim their martyrs?

So we remember:

We remember and honor and mourn those of every place and time, all victims,
 all our companions in senseless death, our partners in unmeasurable grief.

Oh, and we, the Children of Israel, are well practiced in our martyrology!

Surely days, years of peace and even welcome have been our lot too.
 Quiet ages, filled with happiness and joy, times when fear was nearly forgotten.

We are a people of amazing fortitude and creativity.
 For centuries at a time, in lands not our own, we've made great strides, kept the
 torch alight, been productive, learned, resilient beyond our small numbers.

Yet again and again our peace has been shattered, our homes and land usurped,
 our dwellings razed to the ground by just a match.

The mind grows numb, the heart like a stone . . .
 as we witness what those who came before us, saw with their very own eyes!
 Unimaginable pain and suffering.

Our foes were not content to give us pain! Their dreams were darker still:
 A world without Jews! A world that would forget our very name!

CCAR, Gates of Repentance, adapted: AF

ISRAEL75

All Shall Praise One

In the days of the Crusades, whole communities of Jews were massacred in the Rhineland. In one city, young and old donned armor and stood behind their leader, Rabbi Kalonymos ben Meshulam. The gate was smashed, their friends fled, and death reached out with sword and fire.

They said to one another:

“Let us be strong and bear the yoke of our faith, for only in this world can the enemy kill us!”

As the flames mounted high, the martyrs started to sing a song, beginning softly, but rising to a crescendo.

Those who heard it came and asked:

“What kind of song is this? We have never heard such a sweet melody!”

It was the Aleinu:

“We must praise the One God of All,”

for one day *all* people will come together in peace!

CCAR, Gates of Repentance, adapted

from **The Great Aleinu** עֲלֵינוּ הַגְּדוֹל

Let us now praise the Sovereignty of the Universe, and proclaim the greatness of the Creator of All: who spread out the Heavens and contracted the matter that formed the Earth; who dwells throughout the Universe and whose Divine Presence is felt in every space.

Mindful of this privilege, we lower our heads in humility and bow in awe and thanksgiving before The One, Holy and Blessed One, The One that is Sovereign over All!

For the day will come, O Eternal One, when all will turn to You, hearing Your voice, bearing witness to Your goodness.

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O Source of life, may we, created in Your image, embrace one another in friendship and joy. Then shall we be one family, and Your compassion be established throughout the earth. Then the word of Your prophet will be fulfilled: “The Eternal One shall reign for ever and ever!”

וְנִאֲמַר, וְהָיָה יְיָ לְמֶלֶךְ עַל כָּל הָאָרֶץ, בַּיּוֹם הַהוּא יְהִיָּה יְיָ אֶחָד,
וּשְׁמוֹ אֶחָד:

V'ne-e-mar v'ha-ya A-do-nai l'Me-lech al kol ha-a-retz, ba-yom
ha-hu y'hi-yeh A-do-nai E-ḥad, u-Sh'mo E-ḥad.

For it is has been told: “The Eternal One shall reign over all the earth. And on that day, O One-That-Is-All, You shall be One and Only One!”

The World of Slaughter

We walk the world of slaughter,
stumbling and falling in wreckage,
surrounded by the fear of death,
and eyes which gaze at us in silence,
the eyes of other martyred Jews,
of hunted, harried, persecuted souls
who never had a choice,
huddled all together in the corner
pressed yet closer, quaking in fear.

For here it was the sharpened axes found them
and they have come to take another look
at the stark terror of their savage death.
Their staring eyes all ask the ancient question:

Why?

ISRAEL75

Without Jews there is no Jewish God.
If we leave this world the light will go out in Your tent.
Since Abraham knew You in a cloud,
You have burned in every Jewish face
You have glowed in every Jewish eye.

We have made You *our image*.

And Now the lifeless skulls add up to millions.
The stars are going out around You.
The memory of You is dimming,
Your reign will soon be over.
Jewish seed and flower are embers.
The dew cries in the dead grass!

The Jewish dream and reality are ravished,
They die together.
Your witnesses are sleeping:
Infants, women, young men, old.
Even the Thirty-Six: Your saints, pillars of Your world,
have fallen into a dead, an everlasting sleep.

Who will dream You?
Who will remember You?
Who will deny You?
Who yearn for You?
Who, on a lonely bridge,
Will leave You,
in order to return?

CCAR, Gates of Repentance

ISRAEL75

ראזשינקעס מיט מאנדלען
Rozhinkes mit Mandlen

אונטער יידעלעם וויגעלע
שטייט א קלאר ווייס ציגעלע
דאס ציגעלע איז געפארן
האנדלען
דאס וועט זיין דיין בארוף
ראזשינקעס מיט מאנדלען
שלאףזשע יידעלע שלאף.

אין דעם בית המקדש
אין א ווינקל חדר
זיצט די אלמנה בת ציון אליין
איר בן יחידל יידעלען
וויגט זי כסדר
און זינגט אים צום שלאפן
א לידעלע שייך.

In dem Beis Ha-mik-dosh
In a vin-kl chey-der
Zitst di al-mo-neh,
bas-tsi-on, a-leyn.
Ihr ben yo-khid-l Yi-de-le
Vigt zi k'sey-der
Un zingt im tzum shlo-fn
a l'Yi-de-le sheyn.

In a crumbling Temple,
in the Holy City,
Dreams a young daughter
of Zion alone.
There rocks her son Yi-de-le,
visions of Torah
and wisdom 'n study
for Yidele lost.

Un-ter Yi-de-le's vi-ge-le
Shteyt a klor vays tsi-ge-le
Dos tsi-ge-le iz
ge-forn hand-len
Dos vet zayn
dayn ba-ruf
Ro-zhin-kes mit man-dlen
Slof-zhe, Yi-de-le, shlof.

But in Yidele's little crib
Sleeps a soft sweet little kid
This small goat will be
a strong and fine man.
So shall you also be:
Raisins, Almonds and Torah:
Sleep my little one, sleep.
Sleep, mayn Yidele, sleep.

*Yiddish Words and Music: Abraham Goldfaden
Interpretive English Verse: Ari Fridkis*

ISRAEL75

A Confession of Silence

Perhaps some of the blame falls on me,
Because I kept silent, uttered no cry.
Fear froze my heart and confused my mind.
And I did not resist the lie.
My clear voice was choked and dumb.
And I allowed them, without protest,
To outrage and violate
what was dearest to me, holiest.
Cowardice came down and walked the earth.
We hid our true feelings from one another.
We did not hear the cry of a friend.
And our own cry we often had to smother.
Black suspicion, like the plague,
Murdered faith, and left hearts cold.

Courage was branded treason,
Betrayal was called heroic, bold.
Light hung its head in shame,
Waiting that at least one man should cry out: No!
But no one cried.
Only one thing was left: the patience to wait,
To wait that justice might prevail one day.
Perhaps that was part of my blame,
That I kept silent, did not speak,
As though I had nothing to say.

CCAR, Gates of Repentance

ISRAEL75

Silence.

Where in this holocaust is the word of God?
Not in the storm, nor in the shaking earth,
nor in the fire, but only within us.
The world was silent; the world was still.
And now, survivors stammer,
their words are haunted.
Behind their words: silence.
Behind the silence,
a witness to the sin of silence.
What pains were taken to save cathedrals,
museums, monuments from destruction.
Treasures of art must be preserved -
they are the song of the human soul!
And in the camps and streets of Europe mother and father and child lay dying,
and many looked away.
To look away from evil:
Is this not the sin of all good people?

*For the sin of silence,
For the sin of indifference,
For the secret complicity of the neutral,
For the closing of borders,
For the washing of hands,
For the crime of indifference,
For the sin of silence,
For the closing of borders,
For all that was done,
For all that was not done,
Let there be no forgetfulness before the Throne of Glory.
Let there be remembrance within the human heart.
And let there at last be forgiveness
When Your children, O God,
are free and at peace.*

CCAR, Gates of Repentance

ISRAEL75

O Eternal: What is Man? יי: מה אדם

יי, מה אדם ותדעוהו, בן-אנוש ותחשבהו.
 אדם להבל דמה, ימיו כצל עובר.
 בבקר יציץ וחקף, לערב ימולל ויבש.
 תשב אנוש, עד-דכא, ותאמר: "שובו בני-אדם!"
 לו חכמו ישפילו זאת, יבינו לאחריהם.
 כי לא במותו יקח הכל: לא-ירד אחריו כבודו.
 שמר-תם וראה ישר, כי אחרית לאיש שלום.
 פדה יי נפש עבדיו, ולא יאשמו כל-החוסים בו.

O Eternal One, what are we, that You have regard for us?

What are we, that You are mindful of us?

We are like a breath; our days are as a passing shadow.

We come and go like grass which in the morning shoots up, renewed,
and in the evening fades and withers.

You cause us to revert to dust, saying: "Return, O mortal creatures!"

Would that we were wise, that we understood where we are going!

For when we die we carry nothing away; our glory does not accompany us.

Mark the whole-hearted and behold the upright: the righteous ones!

For they shall have peace!

Eternal One: Protect their souls!

May no one who trust in You be assailed!

CCAR, Gates of Repentance, adapted

"These things do I remember . . ."

ISRAEL75

There Are Stars Up Above יש כוכבים

יש כוכבים שאורם מגיע ארצה
רק באשר הם עצמם אבדו ואינם.

יש אנשים שזיו זכרם מאיר
באשר הם עצמם יותר בתוכנו.

אורות אלה המבהיקים בחשכת הליל.
הם שמראים לאדם את אורות הדרך.

Yesh ko-cha-vim she-o-ram ma-gi-a ar-tzah.
Rak ka-a-sheh heim atz-mam av-du v'ei-nam.

Yesh a-na-shim sheh-ziv zich-ram mei-ir.
Ka-a-sheh heim atz-mam ei-nam od b'to-chei-nu.

O-rot ei-leh ha-mav-hi-kim b'hesh-kat ha-la-yil.
Hem, hem, she-ma-rim la-a-dam et ha-de-rech.

There are stars up above,
so far away we only see their light
long, long after the star itself is gone.

And so it is with people that we loved:
their memories keep shining ever brightly,
though their time with us is done.

But the stars that light up the darkest night,
these are the lights that guide us.
As we live our days, these are the ways we remember.

Hebrew Words: Hannah Senesh. English Words and Melody: Jeff Klepper

ISRAEL75

שיבת ציון

The Return to Zion

How welcome on the mountains are the footsteps of the herald,
announcing peace, proclaiming deliverance.

Your watchmen raise their voices, as one they shout for joy,
for every eye shall behold Adonai's return to Zion!

Isaiah 52: 7-8

Hannah Senesh, whose words above honor our loved ones with “Yesh Kochavim - There Are Stars,” was one of the most amazing women in history. In 1939, as the situation of Hungarian Jewry became precarious, she emigrated at the young age of only 18, and came to Palestine.

There she enrolled in the Nahalal Girl's Agricultural School where she wrote these words:

Our people are working the black soil,
their arms reap the gold sheaves,
and now when the last ear leaves its stalk,
our faces glitter with gilded oil.

From where comes the new light and voice,
from where the resounding song at hand?
From where the fighting spirit and new faith?
From you, fertile *emek* (Heb = valley),
from you, my land. *Hannah Senesh*

Soon Senesh joined the Haganah, the nascent state's armed forces. In 1943, 32 of 250 young Jews from the Haganah were selected to parachute behind enemy lines in Nazi-occupied Europe, to assist the allies and save Jewish lives.

On March 14, 1944, Senesh and two comrades were parachuted into Yugoslavia where they joined a group of partisans. Having learned the Germans had occupied Hungary, Hannah Senesh and her companions set out for the Hungarian border. There they were arrested by Hungarian gendarmes - Nazi sympathizers - sent to a Budapest prison, and on October 28th, convicted of treason.

A prolific poet and writer, her diary read: “In the month of July I shall be 23 / I played a number in a game / The dice have rolled. I have lost.” She was executed by a firing squad on November 7, 1944.

“These things do I remember . . .”

ISRAEL75

This people has untold potential -
from the day it came to be, to this very day
its career has been a succession of miracles.
Its history, its Torah and religion, and
the people itself are all marvels!
It is not therefore beyond this people's power
to rise again as once before . . . to effect
the miracle of awakening to life even after its death!
And to revive the Hebrew language that died with them.

Eliezer Ben-Yehudah, patriarch of Modern Hebrew

To say that my mother, Stephanie Grossman, grew up in a Jewish neighborhood is, well, like asking if the Pope is Catholic. My mother lived in the Weequahic section of Newark, made famous in Portnoy's Complaint. It was a tight Jewish community in a city that was not always friendly to Jews.

During the 30s and early 40s, the war - and the news that came out after the war - cast a dark pall over this bright, bustling community. But there were glimmers of hope: The ship the Exodus - and others like it - eventually made their way to the Holy Land. More Jews, both Ashkenazi and Sephardi, began to settle in Israel. But would the United States recognize the nascent state?

FDR had been horrible to the Jews; would his vice president be any better? Who knew?

Until one magical night in May: May 14, 1948.

My mother did not just hear on the radio that President Truman recognized Israel. She heard it shouted from every home: from the singing, the dancing in the street, the sheer joy everyone felt and shared. One could hear the celebration from every home, every restaurant. The Weequahic neighborhood erupted in unimaginable bliss!

I saw that light in my mother's eyes, heard it in her voice, saw it on the goosebumps on her arms, 75 years later when she told me this story.

Beth Grossman, TUJ Member

ISRAEL75

Ecstatic and immeasurable suffering seemed to fill every moment of the 20th century Jewish story.

Pogroms

World War I

The Balfour Declaration

Reichsstadt

Kristalnacht

SS St Louis

The Camps

The Exodus

May 14, 1948

War of Independence

The Battle for Jerusalem

“These things do I remember . . .”

Bab el Waad בַּאבְּ אֵל וואַד

פּוּחַ אֲנִי עוֹבֵר. נֶצַב לִיד הָאָבֶן,
כְּבִישׁ אֶסְפֹּלֵט שְׁחֹר, סְלָעִים וְרֶכְסִים.
עָרַב אֶט יוֹרֵד, רוּחַ יָם נוֹשֶׁבֶת
אוֹר כּוֹכַב רְאִשׁוֹן מֵעֶבֶר בֵּית-מַחְסִיר.

ISRAEL75

לחן

בָּאֵב אֶל וָוֵאָד: לְנִצְחָ זְכוֹר נָא אֶת שְׁמוֹתֵינוּ.
 שִׁירוֹת פְּרָצוּ בְּדֶרֶךְ אֶל הָעִיר.
 בְּצִדֵי הַדֶּרֶךְ מוֹטָלִים מִתֵּינוּ.
 שְׁלֵד הַבְּרוֹזֶל שׁוֹתֵק, כְּמוֹ יַרְעִי.

Through here I pass, as firmly as stone on the black asphalt
 amidst the twists and turns of narrow valley and stony ridge.
 The evening descends slowly, a distant sea breeze blows,
 as the first star appears over the nearby Arab village.

Chorus

Bab el Waad (*Arabic; English: Gate to the Valley*): Do not forget our names!
 For here we protected the armored convoys on their journey up to Jerusalem.
 By the roadside ditches lie our dead -
 and the stalled and burnt steel armored cars, silent as cattle.

Here we spent days boiling in the sun with leaden bullets upon the hot tar.
 Here we passed nights of terror and fire.
 Here we lived as brothers and sisters in both splendor and angst,
 among the singed armored convoys and names of the dead.

I walk here silently, surreptitiously,
 as I remember each of my comrades.
 For here we fought together among the mines and ridges.
 Here we were always like one family.

Soon there'll be a Spring day when the fields will again blossom
 with red anemone on the hills and slopes.
 Thus will be these paths we protected and walked:
 So please, do not forget us, Bab el Waad.

מילים: חיים גורי, לחן: שמואל פרשקו
 Words: Haim Guri, Music: Shmuel Frishko

ISRAEL75

We Are Both From The Same Village

We are both from the same village, in the Galilee:
the same height, the same forelock, the same clipped speech -
what is there to say for we are from the same village?

We are from the same village: we walked through the high grass of the fields
and in the evening returned to the village square -
for we are from the same village.

*And on Friday evenings, when a soft breeze passes through the thick black tree
tops, I remember you.*

In the orange groves and among the avenues of trees we loved the same girls;
but in the end we said it doesn't matter -
it all stays in the village.

We ran away to the same places. We went to the same wars.
We crawled among the thorns and brambles -
but we returned together to the village.

*And on Friday evenings, when a soft breeze passes through the thick black tree
tops, I remember you.*

I remember, in the battle that did not end, how I suddenly saw you were broken.
And when the dawn rose among the hills -
I brought you back to the village.

You see: we are here in the village. Almost everything has remained the same.
I pass through the green fields and you lie on the other side of the fence.
For we are both from the same village.

*And on Friday evenings, when a soft breeze passes through the thick dark tree
tops, I remember you.*

Naomi Shemer

ISRAEL75

There still, in the distance,
drifts a white sail below the dark, grey clouds.
May all we ask for, may it be.
And in the evening windows,
as the light of holiday candles flicker.
May all we ask for, may it be.

*English translation from "Lu Yehi,"
Words and Music: Naomi Shemer*

It seems as if until quite recently, the radiance of the State of Israel has grown unchecked, by leaps and bounds, even in the midst of her occupation of the territories. Today, however, to millions of Israelis - and millions of Jews around the world too - Israel's luster seems tarnished. We are fearful of very troubled days ahead.

In the early 20th century, one of the mightiest and most prolific poets of modern Hebrew: Rachel Bluwstein - known best by her first name "Rahel" - wrote a piece called Zemer Nugeh זִמְרַת נוּגָה - "A Poem of Longing." Of sorrow. The poet, living with Tuberculosis in Palestine is quite ill. She longs, just once more, to see her Russian lover, knowing the days of that joyous reunion may never come.

The poem was given melody in the 60s in Israel, and popularized here in America in English by the Broadway musical "To Live Another Summer."

Like the poet's short life, in just a short time Rahel's poignant poem-turned-song became one of the finest Hebrew voices of longing. Listen to its word as we walk these first days of 5784, with longing not for a greater Israel, but a better Israel. With angst that it could "all" be lost again. The words express the same love and longing for Israel . . . for America . . . as one might have for a lover.

ISRAEL75

A Yearning Melody זְמֵר נוֹגָה

הַתְּשַׁמַּע קוֹלִי, רְחוּקֵי שְׁלִי,
הַתְּשַׁמַּע קוֹלִי, בְּאַשֶׁר הַנֶּה.
קוֹל קוֹרֵא בְּעוֹז, קוֹל בּוֹכֶה בְּדַמִּי
וַיַּעַל לְזִמְן מִצְוֶה בְּרַכְהָ?

Ha-tish-ma ko-li, r'ho-ki she-li,
ha-tish-ma ko-li, ba-a-sheh hin-cha.
Kol ko-reh b'oz, kol bo-cheh bid-mi,
u-mei-al haz-man, m'tza-veh bra-chah.

Can you hear my voice, now so far away.
Can you hear my voice, from another day.
Can you hear my voice, calling earnestly,
As the night descends, calling out to me.

Oh the world is wide, there are many roads.
We may pass and then, never cross again.
If I search them all, I may never find,
All the things I've lost, that I left behind.

So I spend my days, waiting silently,
For the final word, that is haunting me.
If the end is near, can I find a way,
To recast the past (3x), I will try.

מילים: רחל, לחן: שמוליק קראוס

Hebrew Words: Rahel, Music: Shmulik Krauss

English Words: Hayim Heffer, crafted by Ari Fridkis

“These things *must* I remember . . .”

ISRAEL75

If some messenger were to come to us with the offer that death should be overthrown, but with the one inseparable condition that birth should also cease; if the existing generation were given the chance to live forever, but on the clear understanding that never again would there be a child, or a youth, or first love, never again new persons with new hopes, new ideas, new achievements; ourselves for always and never any others: could the answer be in doubt?

Just as we remember those who have gone before us, so too must we image those who will come after us!

"And for those who can no longer sing as they die with all their music in them:" Let us treasure the time we have, and resolve to use it well, counting each moment precious, a chance to apprehend some truth, to experience some beauty, to conquer some evil, to relieve some suffering, to love and be loved, to achieve something of lasting worth.

Help us, then, to fulfill the promise that is in each of us, and so to conduct ourselves that, generations hence, it will be true to say of us: the world is better because, for a brief space, they lived in it.

CCAR, Gates of Repentance, adapted

For the survivors of the Shoah there was just one hope: refuge in Israel.

Shortly after the collapse of Nazi Germany, a little freighter arrived in the south of Palestine with its cargo of illegal immigrants. A young woman stepped onto the beach. She had escaped the gas chambers by serving in a German military brothel. On her left arm was branded: "*Nur für Offiziere*" - "*For Officers Only.*"

As she was carried ashore by a member of the *Haganah* - the young nation's defense forces - she said:

"Why should you risk your life for me? There can be no place on earth for someone like me. I should be dead!"

The sixteen-year-old soldier said to her:

"Here you will live. Here you will find peace."

from the Broadway musical: "To Live Another Summer:" Hayim Heffer

ISRAEL75

Laila, Laila לַיְלָה, לַיְלָה

לַיְלָה, לַיְלָה, הַרוּחַ עוֹבֶרֶת.
 לַיְלָה, לַיְלָה, הוֹמָה הַצִּמְמֹרֶת.
 לַיְלָה, לַיְלָה, כּוֹכָב מְזַמֵּר.
 נוּמִי, נוּמִי, כְּבִי אֶת הַיָּר. (2x)

לַחֲזוֹן
 לַיְלָה, לַיְלָה, נוּמִי, נוּמִי, כְּבִי אֶת הַיָּר.

Lai-la, lai-la, ha-ru-ah o-ve-ret.
 Lai-la, lai-la, ho-ma ha-tza-me-ret.
 Lai-la, lai-la, ko-chav m'za-mer.
 Nu-mi, nu-mi, ka-bi et ha-ner.

Chorus

Lai-la, lai-la, nu-mi, nu-mi, ka-bi et ha-ner.

With the night the winds blows softly.
 With the night the treetops sigh.
 With the night the stars sing.
 So sleep as we shut the light.

מילים: נתן אלטרמן, לחן: משה זעירה
 Words: Natan Alterman, Music: Moshe Zeira

The Valley of the Dry Bones

The hand of the Eternal One was upon me, and set me down in the midst of a valley. It was full of bones, and they were very dry.

The Eternal said to me: "Son of man, can these bones live?"

I answered: Eternal One: "You alone know."

"Then the Eternal said to me: "Prophecy to these bones, and say to them, 'O dry bones, hear the word of the Eternal: Behold, I will cause breath to enter you, that you may live. I will lay sinews upon you, and cause flesh to come upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, that you may live.' Then you shall know that I am the Eternal."

So I prophesied as the Holy One commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived. They stood on their feet, a very great host.

Then the Eternal said to me: "These bones are the whole house of Israel. Behold, they say: 'Our bones are dried up, our hope is lost, and we are cut off.' Therefore prophecy and say to them: 'Thus says the Eternal God. Behold, I will open your graves, O My people; and I will bring you home to the land of Israel. I will put My spirit within you, and you shall live. I will place you in your own land.' Then you shall know that I, the Eternal, have spoken and acted."

Ezekiel 37

The Eucalyptus Grove חורשת האקליפטוס

כשאמא באה הנה יפה וצעירה,

אז אבא על גבעה בנה לה בית.

חלפו האביבים, חצי מאה עברה,

ותלתלים הפכו שיבה בינתיים

ISRAEL75

לדון

אבל על חוף ירדן כמו מאומה לא קרה,
 אותה הדומיה וגם אותה התפאורה.
 חורשת האקליפטוס, הגשר, הסירה,
 וריח המלוח על המים.

K'sheh-i-ma ba-a hei-na, ya-fa u-tz'i-ra
 Az a-ba al giv-a ba-na la ba-yit.
 Hal-fu ha-a-vi-vim, ha-tzi mei-a av-ra
 V'tal-ta-lim haf-chu sei-va ben-ta-yim.

Chorus

A-val al hof yar-den k'mo m'u-ma lo la-ra,
 O-ta ha-du-mi-a v'gam o-ta ha-ta-fu-ra.
 Hor-shat Ha-E-ka-lip-tus, ha-ge-sheer, ha-si-ra,
 V'rei-ach ha-ma-lu-ach al ha-ma-yim.

When first my mother came here, a young and lovely bride,
 Up there my father built for her a cabin.
 And fifty summers later their hair has turned to grey,
 The hills are full of homes, the village thriving.

Chorus

Yet down beside the Jordan it's as nothing ever changed.
 The peaceful dull green water, and the setting is the same.
 The grove of Eucalyptus, the bridge and wooden boat
 The scent of salted mist, upon the water!

ISRAEL75

The sirens roared through Winter, by Spring the battles passed,
 And calm returned again upon the Jordan.
 Now grown the boys and girls, young men and women now,
 Brave soldiers they return to build new cabins.

Chorus

מילים ולחן: נעמי שמר

Words and Music: Naomi Shemer, English trans: AF

A Morning Song שִׁיר בְּבֹקֶר בְּבֹקֶר

לחן

פתאום קם אדם בבוקר ומרגיש
 כי הוא עם ומתחיל ללכת.
 ולכל הנפגש בדרכו
 קורא הוא שלום.

A people awake one morning and find themselves a nation.
 On their journey they call out “Shalom” to each and everyone. . .

Buoyant with the echo of a hundred generations, the sadness of centuries of shame are erased before him. With the splendor of a millennium of wondrous mysteries ahead, they are a thousand years young once again: like a fresh budding frond, a beautiful melody and a glacial spring. . .

A people awake one morning and find themselves a nation.
 And as Spring returns, the fallen leaves of their Tree of Life return; their lifeless and barren world is verdant once again.

“These things *must* I remember . . .”

ISRAEL75

Jerusalem of Gold יְרוּשָׁלַיִם שֶׁל זָהָב

אֲוִיר הַרִים צְלוּל כִּיּוֹן, וְרֵיחַ אֲוֵרָנִים
נִישָׂא בְרוּחַ הָעֶרְבִיִּים, עִם קוֹל פְּעֻמוֹנִים.

A-vir ha-rim tza-lul ka-ya-yin v'rei-ah o-ra-nim
Ni-sa b'ru-ah ha-ar-ba-yim im kol pa-a-mo-nim.

לְדוֹן
יְרוּשָׁלַיִם שֶׁל זָהָב, וְשֶׁל נְחוֹשֶׁת וְשֶׁל אֹר
הִלָּא לְכֹל שִׁירְיִיר, אֲנִי כִינּוֹר.

Chorus

Ye-ru-sha-la-yim shel za-hav v'shel n'ho-shet v'shel or
ha-lo l'cha shi-rai-yich a-ni ki-nor.

The olive trees that stand in silence
Upon the hills of time
To hear the voices of the city
As bells of evening chime.

The Shofar sounded from the Temple
To call the Jews to prayer
With pilgrims coming from all Israel
And peace was everywhere.

Chorus

The Holy City once a widow
Her streets are now alive
With the voices of all her children
Singing "Am Yisrael Chai."

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The Holy City once a widow
 Her streets are now alive
 With the voices of all her children
 Singing "Am Yisrael Chai."

Once more again I come today here
 With a new story told
 The hearts of all the Jewish people
 Filled with images of gold.

Chorus

מילים ולחן: נעמי שמר

Hebrew Words and Music: Naomi Shemer, English Words: AF

Yom Kippur War מלחמת יום כפור

1973: The War Starts at 7pm Tonight

For once the Israeli generals were wrong. The Arab surprise attack began at two in the afternoon. Egyptian jets hurtled across the Middle Eastern sky. Soviet-built tanks rumbled over plastic bridges spanning the Suez canal - and into Israeli-held territory. Thousands of Arab soldiers poured into Sinai.

When the Shofar sounded in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv at sunset to close Yom Kippur - the holiest day of the Jewish year - hundreds of Israelis were dying or already dead, their life's blood spilled in the desert. The battle for Jewish survival was on. Again.

from When God Judged and Men Died, Arnold Sherman

ISRAEL75

“These things *must* I remember . . .”

שיר הוא לא רק מילים Shir Hu Lo Rak Milim

לחן

שִׁיר, שִׁיר הוּא לֹא רַק מִיְלִים. שִׁיר, שִׁיר הוּא לֹא רַק צְלִילִים.
שִׁיר, שִׁיר הוּא הַתְּחִלָּה. שִׁירוּ, שִׁיר תְּקוּנָה גְדוּלָה.

Hebrew Chorus

Shir, shir hu lo rak mi-lim. Shir, shir hu lo rak tz'li-lim.
Shir, shir hu hat-ha-la. Shi-ru, shir tik-va g'do-la.

A song is not just words. A song is not just a melody.
A song is a beginning. So sing out loud with great hope!

English Verse 1

One soldier fights, one soldier falls; yet always still, so many more.
And so it goes, another war; when will it stop?
So sing out, sing loud, “shi-ru” . . .

Hebrew Chorus

English Verse 2

The battle ends, so little won; too few are left, not much's been done.
So pray for peace, the only choice; there's not much else!
So sing out, sing loud, “shi-ru” . . .

Hebrew Chorus

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If I Had Known

If I had known.
 What troubles you were bearing,
 What griefs were in the silence of your face,
 I would have been more gentle and more caring,
 And tried to give you gladness for a space.
 I would have brought more warmth into the place
 If I had known.

If I had known.
 What thoughts despairing drew you -
 Why do we never understand?
 I would have lent a little friendship to you,
 And slipped my hand within your lonely hand,
 And made you stay more pleasant in the land,
 If I had known.

*Author Unknown***Part of You**

I used to be part of you
 belong to you
 the extension of your being
 but now
 you live within me
 you are the spark
 of my consciousness

 I say Kaddish for you
 with you
 as you
 sing your melodies
 speak your words
 hearing your voice in mine
 and my eyes

too green
 have somehow started to reflect
 the blue of yours

I used to be part of you
 protected by your presence
 by your light
 but now
 the time is mine
 and alone
 I must be more than myself:
 your child
 has become your heir
 has become you.

*Menachem Rosensaft***ISRAEL75**

איפה הם כל אבותינו? Where is Abraham?

איפה אבינו? איפה, איפה אברהם?
 איפה אברהם אבינו, ירחם על בנו יצחק?
 איפה הוא יוסף אחינו? איפה בן פורת יוסף?
 איפה הוא יוסף אחינו, שילחם לי חלומות?
 איפה היא רחל אמנו? איפה היא רחל?
 איפה היא רחל אמנו, שתזיל הרבה דמעות?
 איפה הוא משה רבנו? איפה, איפה הוא משה?
 איפה הוא משה רבנו, שיתן את הלוחות?
 אליהו נביאנו? אליהו הנביא?
 אליהו נביאנו, לנו השלום יביא!
 איפה הם כל אבותינו? איפה, איפה הם כולם?
 מי יתן ויברכנו - בזכותם ריבון עולם?

Ei-fo Av-ra-ham a-vi-nu? Ei-fo, ei-fo Av-ra-ham?
 Ei-fo Av-ra-ham a-vi-nu, y'ra-hem al b'no Yitz-hak?

Ei-fo hu Yo-sef a-hei-nu? Ei-fo ben po-rat Yo-sef?
 Ei-fo hu Yo-sef a-hei-nu, sheh-yih-lom li ho-lo-mot?

Ei-fo hi Ra-hel i-mei-nu? Ei-fo, ei-fo hi Ra-hel?
 Ei-fo hi Ra-hel i-mei-nu, sheh-ta-zil har-bei d'ma-ot?

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Ei-fo hu Mo-she ra-bei-nu? Ei-fo, ei-fo hu Mo-she?
Ei-fo hu Mo-she ra-bei-nu, sheh-yi-ten et ha-lu-hot?

E-li-ya-hu n'vi-ei-nu? E-li-ya-hu ha-na-vi?
E-li-ya-hu n'vi-ei-nu? La-nu ha-sha-lom ya-vi!.

Ei-fo hem kawl a-vo-tei-nu? Ei-fo, ei-fo hem ku-lam?
Mi yi-ten v'y'var-chei-nu - b'z'chu-tam Ri-bon O-lam?

Where is Abraham our father? Where is Abraham: his son Isaac needs his love?
Where is Joseph our brother? Where is Joseph who will help us dream?
Where is Rachel our mother? Where is Rachel to warm us with her tears?
Where is Moses our teacher? Where is Moses to bring us the Torah of goodness?
And Elijah our prophet? Elijah the prophet who will finally bring us peace?
Where are all our fathers and mothers? We need them so to bless us now!

מילים: חיים חפר, לחן: שמוליק קראוס

Words: Haim Hefer; Music: Shmulik Krauss; English Translation: AF

Eili Eili אֵלִי אֵלִי

אֵלִי, אֵלִי, שְׁלֵא יִגְמַר לְעוֹלָם.
הַחֹל וְהַיָּמִים, רְשָׁרוּשׁ שֶׁל הַמַּיִם
בְּרַק הַשָּׁמַיִם, תְּפִילַת הָאָדָם.

O God, my God
I pray that these things never end
The sand and the sea
The rush of the waters
The crash of the heavens
The prayer of the heart.

Hannah Senesh

ISRAEL75

The Silver Platter מגש הכסף

“אין מדינה ניתנת לעם על מגש הכסף”
“No nation is given to a people on a Silver Platter”

Chaim Weizman, 1st President of the State of Israel

The earth grows still, as the fiery-lurid sky
 quiets slowly on the smoky horizon of the new nation.
 Heartsick, yet remarkably alive, a people rises
 to witness the long-awaited, awesome miracle.

As the ceremony draws near, and the crowd stands in
 the moonlit night, enwrapped in both trembling and elation.
 From across the stage a young man and woman slowly
 march forward, on tiptoe, before the waiting nation.

Drably clad in battle gear, grimy and heavy-shod
 they approach in complete and utter stillness.
 Still dressed in the thread of combat, faces unwashed from the
 dust and grime of toilsome, aching days and long, fire-filled nights.

Exhausted above and beyond, consecrated to a fatigued endurance,
 but wearing youth like the morning dew,
 the two come into view, silhouettes frozen in place,
 without any sign if they are among the living or the fallen.

The nation stares, betwixt with welling tears and wonder.
 Bewildered, they ask: “Who are you?”
 . . . And the silent two reply: “We are the Silver Platter
 upon which the Jewish state has been delivered to you.”

And in speaking, the two fall into the shadows of the nation’s destiny,
 as the rest is told in the unfolding Chronicles of the Generations of Israel.

Hebrew: Natan Alterman, Translation: AF

ISRAEL75

Children of Winter '73 ילְדֵי חוֹרֵף '73

אֲנַחְנוּ הַיְלָדִים שֶׁל חוֹרֵף שְׁנַת שְׁבַעִים וְשְׁלוֹשׁ,
 חֲלֵמְתֶם אוֹתָנוּ לְרֵאשׁוֹנָה עִם שַׁחַר, בְּתֵם הַקְּרִבוֹת.
 הֵייתֶם גְּבָרִים עֵיפִים שֶׁהוֹדוּ לְמִזְלָם הַטּוֹב,
 הֵייתֶם נְשִׁים צְעִירוֹת מְדַאֲגוֹת וְרָצִיתֶן כָּל כֶּךָ לְאַהֵב.
 וְכִשְׁהֵרִיתֶם אוֹתָנוּ בְּאַהֲבָה בְּחוֹרֵף שְׁבַעִים וְשְׁלוֹשׁ
 רָצִיתֶם לְמִלֵּא בְּגוֹפְכֶם אֶת מַה שֶׁחִסְרָה הַמְּלַחְמָה.

לחן

הַבְּטַחְתֶּם יוֹנָה, עֵלֶה שֶׁל זַיִת, הַבְּטַחְתֶּם שְׁלוֹם בְּבֵית,
 הַבְּטַחְתֶּם אָבִיב וּפְרִיחוֹת, הַבְּטַחְתֶּם לְקַיִם הַבְּטַחוֹת,
 הַבְּטַחְתֶּם יוֹנָה.

We are the children of the Winter of '73:
 You dreamed of us at dawn at wars end.
 You were tired, thankful for the luck you were alive.
 You were worried, and wanted so much to give love.
 So when you conceived us with love in the Winter of '73,
 You hoped we'd fill your souls with that which the war had stolen.

...

Chorus

You promised us a dove, an olive leaf, and you promised us peace!
 You promised us Spring and blossoms; you promised to keep your word!
 You promised us a dove!

מילים: שמואל הספרי, לחן: אורי וידיסלבסקי
 Words: Shmuel Hasifri, Music: Ori Vidislovski

ISRAEL75

Yizkor יזכר

Matter is never destroyed, only transformed.
So, too, can the soul evolve even higher and yet higher:
from instinct to inspiration, haughtiness to holiness,
selfishness to service; from individualism to union,
to join with the Soul of souls, the Infinite One.

CCAR, Mishkan T'filah

for our Loved One: Family and Friends

יזכר אלהים נשמות יקירי שְהֵלְכוּ לְעוֹלָמָם. אָנָּה
תְּהַיְינָה נַפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם צְרוּרָה בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים. אָמֵן.

May the One on High remember forever my love ones
who have been eternally transformed within the Universe.
May their souls now be at one with the One that is life eternal,
and the beauty of their lives shine forevermore,
May my life always bring honor to their memory.

for those of our people and others who Died Sanctifying Life

יזכר אלהים נשמות כל-אחינו ואחיותנו בני ישראל שמסרו
את-נפשׁוֹתֵיהֶם על קדוּשׁ הַשֵּׁם. אָנָּה תְּהַיְינָה נַפְשׁוֹתֵיהֶם
צְרוּרָה בְּצִרוּר הַחַיִּים. אָמֵן.

May the One on High remember forever our brothers and sisters of the House of
Israel who gave their lives for the sanctification of the Divine Name.
May their souls too be at one with the One that is life eternal, and the beauty of
their lives shine forevermore. May my life always bring honor to their memory.

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אל מלא רחמים El Moleh Rahamim

אל מלא רחמים שוכן במרומים. המצא מנוחה נכונה
 תחת כנפי השכינה, במעלות קדושים וטהורים כזהר
 הרקיע מזהירים לנשמות שהלכו לעולמם.
 בעל הרחמים יסתיגם בסתר כנפיו לעולמים, ויצרור
 בצרור החיים את נשמתם. יי הוא נחלתם, וינוחו
 בשלום על משכבם. ונאמר: אמן.

Fully compassionate God on high:

To our loved ones who have entered eternity:
 grant complete and certain rest with You
 in the lofty heights of the sacred and pure
 whose brightness shines like the very glow of heaven.

Source of mercy:
 Forever enfold them in the embrace of Your wings;
 secure their souls in eternity.

Adonai: they are Yours.
 They will rest in peace.
 Amen.

ISRAEL75

Mourner's Kaddish קדיש יתום

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא. בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי בְּרָא כְרַעוּתָהּ, וְיִמְלִיךָ
מַלְכוּתָהּ בְּחַיֵּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל. בְּעַגְלָא וּבְזִמָּן
קָרִיב וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.

יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעֵלְמָא וּלְעֵלְמֵי עֵלְמֵיָא.
יִתְבָּרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח, וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה
וְיִתְהַלָּל שְׁמֵהּ דְקָדְשָׁא בְּרִיךְ הוּא לְעֵלְמָא מְכַל בְּרַכְתָּא וְשִׁירְתָּא.
תְּשַׁבְּחָתָא וְנִחַמְתָּא, דְאִמְרִין בְּעֵלְמָא, וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.
יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא וְחַיִּים עֲלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.
עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו הוּא יַעֲשֶׂה שְׁלוֹם עֲלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל,
וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן.

Yit-ga-dal v'yit-ka-dash Sh'mei Ra-ba. B'al-ma di-v'ra
chi-r'u-tei, v'yam-lich Mal-chu-tei b'cha-yei-chon
u-v'yo-mei-chon u-v'cha-yei d'chol beit Yis-ra-el, ba-a-ga-la
u-vi-z'man ka-riv, v'i-m'ru: A-men.

Y'hei Sh'mei Ra-ba m'va-rach l'o-lam u-l'al-mei al-ma-ya.

Yit-ba-rach v'yish-ta-bach v'yit-pa-ar v'yit-ro-mam v'yit-na-sei
v'yit-ha-dar v'yit-a-leh v'yit-ha-lal sh'mei d'Ku-d'sha b'rich Hu,
l'ei-la min kawl bir-cha-ta v'shi-ra-ta, tush-b'cha-ta
v'ne-che-ma-ta, da-a-mi-ran b'al-ma, v'i-m'ru: A-men.

Y'hei sh'la-ma Ra-ba min sh'ma-ya v' ha-yim a-lei-nu v'al kawl
Yis-ra-el, v'i-m'ru: A-men.

O-seh sha-lom bim-ro-mav hu ya-a-seh sha-lom a-lei-nu v'al
kawl Yis-ra-el, v'i-m'ru: A-men.

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A Yearning Melody זְמֵר נוֹגָה

הַתְּשַׁמַּע קוֹלִי, רְחוּקִי שְׁלִי,
הַתְּשַׁמַּע קוֹלִי, בְּאַשֶׁר הַנֶּה.
קוֹל קוֹרֵא בְּעוֹז, קוֹל בּוֹכֶה בְּדַמִּי
וַיַּעַל לְזִמְן מִצִּיּוֹה בְּרַכָּה?

Ha-tish-ma ko-li, r'ho-ki she-li,
ha-tish-ma ko-li, ba-a-sheh hin-cha.
Kol ko-reh b'oz, kol bo-cheh bid-mi,
u-mei-al haz-man, m'tza-veh bra-chah.

Can you hear my voice, now so far away.
Can you hear my voice, from another day.
Can you hear my voice, calling earnestly,
As the night descends, calling out to me.

Oh the world is wide, there are many roads.
We may pass and then, never cross again.
If I search them all, I may never find,
All the things I've lost, that I left behind.

So I spend my time, hoping patiently,
For a brand new day, singing out to me.
I must make a vow, with my heart and soul,
To rebuild this land (3x), I will try.

מילים: רחל, לחן: שמוליק קראוס

Hebrew Words: Rahel, Music: Shmulik Krauss

English Words: Hayim Heffer, adapted and crafted by Ari Fridkis

ISRAEL75

Our House of Life

If you wish to know the fortress
to which your fathers bore their treasure,
their scrolls of Torah, their Holy of Holies;
if you would know the place of their deliverance;
if you would find the refuge
which kept your people's mighty spirit safe,
whose age – despite years of degradation –
did not disgrace its gracious youth.

Then turn to the ancient, battered house of prayer.
There, to this day, your eyes may see
Jews with faces lean and lined,
Jews of the Exile, bearing the scrolls' heavy weight,
forgetting their toil in a Talmud's tattered page,
their cares in chanted Psalms.
How drab and strange a sight
to those who do not understand!

So listen carefully as you visit,
as your feet touch the threshold of our house of life -
their prayers and voices will tell you:
that God's spirit remains!

And if a spark of hope for better days
illuminates the darkness in which you dwell,
mark well and hearken, my sister and brother:
this house of prayer is itself but a spark, a remnant saved
by a miracle, from the great fire
our fathers always kept upon their altars.

Who can say? Did not the torrents of their tears
carry us safely to this shore?
Perhaps their prayers were the price of our salvation.
And was it not their deaths that bequeathed us life,
life enduring, life without end?

Chaim Stern, CCAR, Gates of Repentance

ISRAEL75

How can we sing and give thanks when we remember Treblinka? Only silence speaks loudly enough for our millions who were marched into the abyss.

We have been where we did not find You, O Hidden One! Yet even there, even there, our people sang:

אני מעמין - Ani Ma-amin: I believe in redemption. And they sang again:

ואג ניט קיינמאל, אז דו גייסט דעם לעצמן וועג

Never say you walk the final road!

And even then, this deathless people was renewing itself, its life.

Whose faith is equal to this people's? Whose will to live? The storm ends. In the sky, a rainbow signals hope and new life. Again, and yet again, there is a song to sing.

Chaim Stern, CCAR, Gates of Prayer

Hatikvah הַתִּקְוָה

עוד לא אבדה תקותנו,
התקוה בת שנות אלפים,
להיות עם חפשי בארצנו,
ארץ ציון וירושלים.

Kol od ba-lei-vav p'ni-ma
Ne-fesh Y'hu-di ho-mi-ya,
U-l'fa-tei miz-rah ka-di-ma,
A-yin l'Tzi-yon tzo-fi-ya.

כל עוד בלבב פנימה
נפש יהודי הומיה,
ולפאתי מזרח, קדימה,
עין לציון צופיה.

Od lo av-da tik-va-tei-nu,
Ha-tik-va bat sh'not al-pa-yim,
Lih'yot am hof-shi bei-ar-tzei-nu,
B'e-retz Tzi-yon vi-ru-sha-la-yim.

ISRAEL75

Still beating within the recesses
of our people's heart is a mighty yearning:
to turn our eyes Eastward,
toward our ancient homeland of Zion.

And still we have not abandoned
that hope of two millennia:
To be a free people in our own land,
the abode of Zion and Jerusalem.

*Words: Naftali Inber; Music: Folk
Translation: AF*

When the Eternal restored the exiles to Zion, it was like a dream.
Our mouths filled with laughter, our tongues with joyful song.
They said among the nations:
“The Eternal has done great things for them!”

Truly the Eternal One has done great things for the House of Israel.
Holy One: restore our fortunes, as streams revive the Negev.
Then those who sow in tears shall reap in joy.
Those who go forth weeping, bearing sacks of seeds,
shall return with shouts of joy, bearing their sheaves.

Psalms 126; Translation: AF
