

מַחְזוֹר רוּחַ חַדָּשָׁה

MACHZOR RUACH CHADASHAH

Services for the Days of Awe

מוֹסֵף לְיוֹם הַכִּפּוּרִים

YOM KIPPUR ADDITIONAL SERVICE


liberal judaism

London
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וְנָתַתִּי לָכֶם לֵב חָדָשׁ וְרוּחַ חֲדָשָׁה אֶתֶן בְּקִרְבְּכֶם.

'I will give you a new heart and put a new spirit within you.'

(Ezekiel 36:26)

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Yom Kippur Additional Service

ובכז לך הכל יכתירו



**A REFLECTION
BEFORE THE ADDITIONAL SERVICE**

Our ancestors acclaimed the God
Whose handiwork they read
In the mysterious heavens above,
And in the varied scene of earth below,
In the orderly march of days and nights,
Of seasons and years,
And in the chequered fate of humankind.

Night reveals the limitless caverns of space,
Hidden by the light of day,
And unfolds horizonless vistas
Far beyond imagination's ken.
The mind is staggered,
Yet soon regains its poise,
And peering through the boundless dark,
Orients itself anew by the light of distant suns
Shrunk to glittering sparks.
The soul is faint, yet soon revives,
And learns to spell once more the name of God
Across the newly-visioned firmament.

Lift your eyes, look up; who made these stars?

God is the oneness
That spans the fathomless deeps of space
And the measureless eons of time,
Binding them together in deed, as we do in thought.

God is the sameness
In the elemental substance of stars and planets,
Of this our earthly abode and of all that it holds.

God is the unity of all that is,
The uniformity of all that moves,
The rhythm of all things
And the nature of their interaction.

ADDITIONAL SERVICE

God is the mystery of life,
Enkindling inert matter with inner drive and purpose.

God is the creative flame
That transfigures lifeless substance,
Leaping into ever higher realms of being,
Brightening into the radiant glow of feeling,
Till it runs into the white fire of thought.

And though no sign of living things
Breaks the eternal silence of the spheres,
We cannot deem this earth,
This tiny speck in the infinitude,
Alone instinct with God.

By that token which unites the worlds in bonds of matter
Are all the worlds bound in the bond of Life.

God is in the faith
By which we overcome the fear of loneliness,
Of helplessness, of failure and of death.

God is in the hope
Which, like a shaft of light,
Cleaves the dark abysses
Of sin, of suffering, and of despair.

God is in the love
Which creates, protects, forgives.

It is God's spirit
That broods upon the chaos we have wrought,
Disturbing its static wrongs,
And stirring into life the formless beginnings
Of the new and better world.

Mordecai M Kaplan

מוסף ליום הכּפּוּרִים

YOM KIPPUR ADDITIONAL SERVICE

(The Congregation will stand)

I make music and compose
sweet songs,
Since it is for You my spirit
longs.
My soul seeks the shelter of
Your hand,
All Your mysteries to
understand.
As I praise Your glorious
name above,
My heart, Eternal One, craves
Your love.
Graciously accept, O God, my
praise,
Since for You my spirit longs
always.

אֲנַעִים זְמִירוֹת וְשִׁירִים אֶאָרוּג,
כִּי אֵלֶיךָ נַפְשִׁי תַעְרוּג.
נַפְשִׁי חֲמֹדָה בְּצֶל יָדְךָ,
לִדְעַת כָּל־רִזְוֵי סוּדְךָ.
מִדֵּי דְבָרֵי בְּכַבּוּדְךָ,
הוֹמָה לְבִי אֶל־דּוֹדֶיךָ.
יַעֲרַב־נָא שִׁיחִי עֲלֶיךָ,
כִּי נַפְשִׁי תַעְרוּג אֵלֶיךָ.

בְּרַכַּת מַעֲיַן שִׁבְעַת

We praise You, Eternal One, our God and God of our ancestors; great and mighty, awesome and exalted God. Your word was a shield and protection to our ancestors. You are the Source of all life, the holy Sovereign, beyond compare. [You give rest to Your people on Your holy Sabbath day.] O good and forgiving God, in awe and

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְאֱלֹהֵי
אֲבוֹתֵינוּ וְאֲמוֹתֵינוּ; הָאֵל הַגָּדוֹל
הַגִּבּוֹר וְהַנּוֹרָא, אֵל עֲלִיוֹן, קִנְיָה
שָׁמַיִם וָאָרֶץ. מְגֹן אֲבוֹת
וְאֲמָהוֹת בְּדַבְּרוֹ, מְחַיֶּה מֵתִים
בְּמֵאֲמָרוֹ. הַמְּלִיךְ הַקְּדוֹשׁ, שֹׁאֵן
בְּמוֹדוֹ. [הַמְּנַיֵחַ לְעַמּוֹ בַּיּוֹם
שֶׁבַת קְדָשׁוֹ.] הָאֵל הַטּוֹב
וְהַסְּלִחַת, לִפְנֵינוּ נַעֲבֹד בְּיִרְאָה

*reverence we shall affirm You,
You are the Source of peace to
whom our thanks are due.*

*We praise You, O God, You
pardon and forgive our iniquities
year by year.*

May the Most High, Source
of perfect peace, grant peace to
us, to all Israel, and to all
humanity.

(The Congregation will sit)

וּפְּחָד, וְנוֹדָה לְשִׁמּוֹ בְּכָל-יּוֹם
תָּמִיד, מֵעֵין הַבְּרָכוֹת. אֵל
הַהוֹדָאוֹת, אֲדוֹן הַשָּׁלוֹם.
בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְיָ, הַמַּעֲבִיר
אֲשַׁמְתִּינוּ בְּכָל-שָׁנָה וְשָׁנָה.

עֲשֵׂה שָׁלוֹם בְּמְרוֹמָיו, הוּא
יַעֲשֵׂה שָׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל-
יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל כָּל-בְּנֵי-אָדָם.

♪
467d

וּנְתַנֶּה תִּקְוָה Unetanneh Tokef

This season urges us to change our ways. But how can we? Is not our future already determined by our past — by the goals we have pursued, the habits we have formed, the relationships we have established, the countless choices, great and small, which we have made over the years?

And yet our destiny is not unalterable. For God has made us free. However strong may be the shackles of our past, we can break its hold. We can change course and so escape from the sequence of events which we ourselves have set in motion.

But to do so requires a supreme effort, the effort of *teshuvah*, of earnest resolve to lead a better life. To urge us, and to help us to make such an effort, is the purpose of this season. If we seize the opportunity it offers, we can liberate ourselves from our past and so avert the destiny to which it would otherwise lead.

May the medieval poem which we now recite stir us, as it stirred our ancestors, to recognise that we are subject to God's judgement, and that the nature of God's judgement depends on the quality of our lives.

Let us proclaim the holiness of this day, a day of deepest awe. On this day Your sovereignty is exalted, Your throne confirmed in mercy, and on that throne You sit in truth.

For truly You are Judge and Arbiter, Expert and Witness. You write and seal, record and recount. You remember deeds long forgotten. You open the book of records, and what is written there proclaims itself, for it bears the signature of every human being.

The great Shofar is sounded; the still small voice is heard, and all who dwell on earth stand arrayed before You.

As a shepherd seeks out the flock, and makes the sheep pass under the staff, so do You muster, number and inspect the souls of all the living, setting an end to every creature's life, and decreeing its destiny.

But repentance, prayer and good deeds annul the severity of the judgement.

וּנְתַנָּה תְּקֵף קְדֻשַׁת הַיּוֹם, כִּי
הוּא נוֹרָא וְאִיּוֹם. וּבוֹ תִנְשֵׂא
מַלְכוּתְךָ, וַיִּכּוֹן בְּחֶסֶד כְּסֵאֶךָ,
וַיֵּשֶׁב עָלָיו בְּאֵמֶת.

אֵמֶת כִּי אַתָּה הוּא דִין
וּמוֹכֵיחַ, וַיִּדְעַ וְעַד, וְכוּתֵב
וְחוֹתֵם, וְסוֹפֵר וּמוֹנֵה. וְתִזְכּוֹר
כָּל־הַנְּשָׁכָחוֹת. וְתִפְתַּח סֵפֶר
הַזְּכוֹרוֹנוֹת, וּמֵאֱלֹוֵי יִקְרָא,
וְחוֹתֵם יָד כָּל־אָדָם בּוֹ.

וּבְשׁוֹפָר גְּדוֹל יִתְקַע, וְקוֹל
דְּמָמָה דְקָה יִשְׁמַע, וְכָל־בְּאֵי
עוֹלָם תַּעֲבִיר לְפָנֶיךָ כְּבִנְי
מְרוֹן.

כְּבִקְרַת רוּעָה עֲדְרוּ, מֵעֲבִיר
צֹאנוּ תַחַת שְׂבָטוֹ, כֵּן תַּעֲבִיר
וְתִסְפּוֹר וְתִמְנֶה וְתִפְקוֹד נַפְשׁ
כָּל־חַי, וְתַחֲתוֹךָ קֶצֶבָה
לְכָל־בְּרִיָּה, וְתַכְתּוֹב אֶת־גְּזוֹר
דִּינָם.

וְתִשׁוּבָה וְתִפְלָה וְצַדִּיקָה
מֵעֲבִירִין אֶת־לַע הַגְּזֵרָה.

Eternal God, it is not the death of sinners You seek, but that we should turn from our ways and live. You wait for us until the last moment, welcoming us back if then we turn to You with contrite heart.

You have created us and know our nature; we are but flesh and blood.

Our origin is dust, our end is dust. Our life is a struggle for daily bread. We are like a fragile jar; like the grass that withers, the flower that fades; like a shadow moving on, a cloud passing by, a particle of dust floating on the wind, a dream soon forgotten.

But You are the Eternal Ruler, the everlasting God.

יְי, לֹא תִחַפּוֹץ בְּמוֹת הַיָּמֹת, כִּי
אִם בְּשׁוּבוֹ מִדַּרְכּוֹ וְחַיָּה, וְעַד
יוֹם מוֹתוֹ תִּתְחַפֵּה לוֹ; אִם יָשׁוּב,
מִיַּד תִּקְבְּלוּ.

אָמֵת כִּי אַתָּה הוּא יוֹצֵרֵם,
וְאַתָּה יוֹדֵעַ יצְרֵם; כִּי הֵם בְּשָׂר
וְדָם.

אָדָם יְסוּדוֹ מֵעֶפֶר וְסוּפוֹ
לְעֶפֶר. בְּנִפְשׁוֹ יִבִּיא לַחֲמוֹ.
מִשׁוּל כְּחָרֶס הַנֶּשֶׁבֶר, כְּחֶצִיר
יָבֵשׁ, וְכֶצִּיץ נוֹבֵל, כְּצֵל עוֹבֵר,
וְכַעֲנַן כֹּלֵה, וְכִרְיֹחַ נוֹשֶׁבֶת,
וְכֶאֱבֶק פּוֹרֵחַ, וְכַחֲלוֹם יַעוּף.

וְאַתָּה הוּא מֶלֶךְ אֵל חַי וְקַיִם. ♪

* * *

Silent Meditation

* * *

I wait for God, I seek God's presence, hoping for an answer to prayer. In the midst of the people, O God, I extol Your might and celebrate Your deeds in joyful song.

We must purify our hearts, and the Eternal One will answer our prayer.

Eternal God, open my lips, that my mouth may declare Your praise. May the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable to You, O God, my Rock and my Redeemer.

אוֹחִילָהּ לְאֵל, אֶחְלֶה פָּנָיו.
אֲשַׁאֲלָה מִמֶּנּוּ מַעֲנֶה לְשׁוֹן,
אֲשֶׁר בִּקְהַל עַם אֲשִׁירָה עֲזוֹ,
אֲבִיעֶה רְנָנוֹת בְּעַד מַפְעָלָיו.
לְאָדָם מִעֲרַכֵי לֵב, וּמִי מַעֲנֶה
לְשׁוֹן.

אֲדַנִּי שְׁפָתַי תִּפְתָּחַ, וּפִי יִגִּיד
תְּהִלָּתְךָ. יִהְיוּ לְרַצוֹן אֲמַרֵי-פִי,
וְהִגִּיֵן לִבִּי לְפָנֶיךָ, יְהוָה, צוּרִי
וְגֹאֲלִי.

From Creation to Redemption

Narrator

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. The earth was empty and without form. Darkness covered the face of the deep. And God's spirit moved over the waters. Then God said: Let there be light! – and there was light. And God saw that the light was good, and God separated the light from the darkness.

בְּרֵאשִׁית בָּרָא אֱלֹהִים אֶת
הַשָּׁמַיִם וְאֶת הָאָרֶץ: וְהָאָרֶץ
הִיְתְּהָ תֵהוֹ וּבְהוֹ וְחֹשֶׁךְ
עַל-פְּנֵי תְהוֹם וְרוּחַ אֱלֹהִים
מְרַחֶפֶת עַל-פְּנֵי הַמַּיִם: וַיֹּאמֶר
אֱלֹהִים יְהִי-אֹר
וַיְהִי-אֹר: וַיֵּרָא אֱלֹהִים
אֶת-הָאֹר כִּי-טוֹב וַיַּבְדֵּל
אֱלֹהִים בֵּין הָאֹר וּבֵין הַחֹשֶׁךְ:

Genesis 1:1-4

ADDITIONAL SERVICE

Reader

O God, whose glory the heavens proclaim,
You rule the cosmos with a law
that stars, planets and moons must obey.
For countless ages, the sun
flooded our small planet with light,
yet no eye beheld its brilliance;
the winds whispered and roared,
but no ear heard their soft murmurs
or thundering peals.

*Then Your creative word went forth:
Let there be more than light – let there be life,
to cover the face of the earth!*

Narrator

And God said: Let the waters teem with living creatures, let birds fly above the earth, across the vault of heaven.

And God said: Let the earth bring forth every species of living creature: cattle, reptiles and wild beasts. And it was so.

וַיֹּאמֶר אֱלֹהִים יִשְׂרָצוּ הַמַּיִם
שָׂרָץ נֶפֶשׁ חַיָּה וְעוֹף יְעוֹפֵף
עַל־הָאָרֶץ עַל־פְּנֵי רְקִיעַ
הַשָּׁמַיִם:

וַיֹּאמֶר אֱלֹהִים תּוֹצֵא הָאָרֶץ
נֶפֶשׁ חַיָּה לְמִינָהּ בְּהֵמָה וְרֶמֶשׂ
וְחַיֵּיתוֹ־אָרֶץ לְמִינָהּ וַיְהִי־כֵן:

Genesis 1:20, 24

Reader

Microscopic creatures were born in the shallow waters,
of one substance with earth and sea and air;
but Your creative word endowed them with powers new.
They could feed and sustain themselves,
reproduce and multiply.
Some had the further gift of sense,
to perceive, explore and apprehend their world.

Thus dawned that consciousness which was
 a prevision of the human mind.
 And so, by Your word, the earth awoke.
 A flood of life burst forth,
 to shape innumerable forms of life
 in an endless variety of living species.

From Psalm 104

Praise the Eternal One, O my
 soul! O my God, You are very
 great! You are arrayed in glory
 and majesty.

*You wrap Yourself in light as
 with a garment, You stretch out
 the heavens like a curtain.*

You set the earth on its found-
 ations, that it might never be
 moved.

*You covered it with oceans as
 with a cloak; the waters stood
 higher than the mountains.*

Then, at Your rebuke, they
 fled; at the sound of Your
 thunder they rushed away,

*Rising over the hills, cascading
 into the valleys, to the place which
 You assigned to them.*

You set a limit which they
 should not pass, lest they
 return to cover the earth.

*You send streams to spring
 forth in the valleys; they run
 between the mountains,*

בְּרַכְּי, וּפְשִׁי, אֶת־יְהוָה!
 יְהוָה אֱלֹהֵי, גִדְּלַת מְאֹד!
 הוֹד וְהָדָר לְבָשָׂת.

עֲטָה־אֹר בִּשְׁלֹמָה,
 נוֹטָה שָׁמַיִם כִּי־רִיעָה.

יִסַּד־אָרֶץ עַל־מְכוּנֶיהָ,
 בַּל־תִּמוּט עוֹלָם וָעֶד.

תְּהוֹם כִּלְבוּשׁ כִּסִּיתוֹ;
 עַל־הָרִים יַעֲמְדוּ־מַיִם.

מִן־גִּעְרַתְךָ יִנוּסוּן;
 מִן־קוֹל רַעְמְךָ יִחַפּוּן;

יַעֲלוּ הָרִים, יִרְדוּ בְּקַעוֹת,
 אֶל־מְקוֹם זֶה יִסְדַּת לָהֶם.

גְּבוּל־שְׂמֹת בַּל־יַעֲבְרוּן,
 בַּל־יִשְׁבוּן לְכִסּוֹת הָאָרֶץ.

הַמְשַׁלַּח מֵעֵינַיִם בְּנְחָלִים; בֵּין
 הָרִים יִהְלִכּוּן.

Giving drink to all the beasts of the field; the wild asses quench their thirst.

The birds of the air nest on their banks, and sing among the leaves.

From aloft You water the mountains, that the earth may be filled with the fruit of Your works.

You make grass grow for the cattle, and plants for us to cultivate, that bread may come forth from the earth,

And wine to cheer our hearts and oil to make our faces radiant, and bread to sustain our strength.

The trees of the Eternal One drink their fill – the cedars God planted in Lebanon.

There the birds build their nests, while the stork makes its home in the fir-trees.

The wild goats roam the high mountains; the badgers find refuge among the rocks.

You made the moon to mark the seasons; the sun knows its time of setting.

You make darkness, and it is night, when all the beasts of the forest go prowling,

יִשְׁקוּ כָּל-חַיְתוֹ שָׂדֵי, יִשְׁבְּרוּ
פְּרָאִים צְמָאִם.

עֲלֵיהֶם עוֹף-הַשָּׁמַיִם יִשְׁבוּ,
מִבֵּין עֲפָאִים יִתְנוּ-קוֹל.

מִשָּׁקֵה הַרִים מַעְלֵי־וְתוֹ,
מִפְּרֵי מַעֲשֵׂיךָ תִּשְׂבַּע הָאָרֶץ.

מִצְמִיחַ חֲצִיר לְבַהֲמָה,
וְעֵשֶׂב לְעִבְדַת הָאָדָם,
לְהוֹצִיא לֶחֶם מִן-הָאָרֶץ,

וַיַּיֵּן יִשְׂמַח לְבַב-אֲנוֹשׁ,
לְהַצְהִיל פָּנִים מִשָּׁמֶן,
וּלְחֶם לְבַב-אֲנוֹשׁ יִסְעֵד.

יִשְׁבְּעוּ עֵצֵי יְהוָה,
אֲרָזֵי לְבָנוֹן אֲשֶׁר נָטַע,

אֲשֶׁר-שָׂם צִפְרִים יִקְנְנוּ
חֲסִידָה בְּרוּשִׁים בֵּיתָהּ.

הַרִים הַגְּבוּהִים לְיַעֲלִים,
סִלְעִים מְחֹסָה לְשֹׁפְנִים.

עָשָׂה יְרַח לְמוֹעֲדִים;
שָׁמַשׁ יָדַע מְבוֹאוֹ.

תִּשְׁתַּחֲשָׁךְ וַיְהִי לַיְלָה;
בוֹתְרַמֵּשׁ כָּל-חַיְתוֹ-יַעַר,

And the young lions roar for prey, demanding their food from God.

When the sun rises they slink away and go to their lairs to rest.

Then we go to our work, to our labour till evening falls.

How manifold are Your works, Eternal One! In wisdom have You made them all; the earth is full of Your creations.

Let the heavens be glad and the earth rejoice; let the sea, and all that fills it, roar out praise.

Every living creature partakes of Your wisdom: fish move and multiply in the cool waters of river, lake and ocean; birds glide effortlessly in the unbounded heavens; beasts of prey go hunting without need of instruction; other creatures use an instinctive ability to flee, to hide, and to defend themselves and their young. But to one species, more than all others, You were lavish in Your gifts.

Narrator

And God said: Let us make a human being in Our image, after Our likeness, and let them take charge of the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, the animals, the whole earth, and everything that creeps on the ground.

הַכִּפְּיִרִים שֹׁאֲגִים לְטָרֵף,
וּלְבִקֵּשׁ מֵאֵל אֲבָלָם.

תִּזְרַח הַשֶּׁשֶׁמֶשׁ, יֵאֲסֹפוּן,
וְאֵל־מְעוֹנֹתָם יִרְבְּצוּן.

יֵצֵא אָדָם לְפַעֲלוֹ
וּלְעִבְדוֹתוֹ עֲדֵי־עָרֵב.

מִה־רָבוּ מִעֲשֵׂיךָ, יְהוָה!
כָּל־כֶּסֶף בְּחָכְמָה עָשִׂיתָ;
מִלְאָה הָאָרֶץ קִנְיֶיךָ.

יִשְׂמְחוּ הַשָּׁמַיִם וְתִגַּל הָאָרֶץ;
יִרְעוּ הַיָּם וּמִלְאוּ.

Psalm 96:11

וַיֹּאמֶר אֱלֹהִים נַעֲשֶׂה אָדָם
בְּצַלְמֵנוּ כְּדְמוּתֵנוּ וְיִרְדּוּ
בְדֹגַת הַיָּם וּבְעוֹף הַשָּׁמַיִם
וּבְבְהֵמָה וּבְכָל־הָאָרֶץ וּבְכָל־
הָרֶמֶשׂ הָרֹמֵשׂ עַל־הָאָרֶץ:

Then God created human beings in the Divine image, in the very image of God, making them male and female.

And God saw the whole creation, and it was very good.

וַיִּבְרָא אֱלֹהִים אֶת־הָאָדָם
 בְּצַלְמוֹ בְּצֶלֶם אֱלֹהִים בָּרָא
 אֹתוֹ זָכָר וּנְקֵבָה בָּרָא אֹתָם:
 וַיִּרְא אֱלֹהִים אֶת־כָּל־אֲשֶׁר
 עָשָׂה וְהִנֵּה־טוֹב מְאֹד:

Genesis 1:26-27, 31

Reader

Human beings were seemingly without defence.
 Not for them the tiger's claws,
 the rhinoceros' thick hide,
 or the armadillo's scaly armour.
 To the gazelle they were slow of foot,
 To the lion, weaklings,
 And the condor thought them bound to earth.
 But You gave them powers
 that other creatures could not comprehend:
 a skilful hand
 a probing mind,
 a loving heart,
 a soul aspiring to know and fulfil its destiny.

From Psalm 8

Eternal One, our God, how majestic is Your name in all the earth ! You have stamped Your glory upon the heavens !

יְהוָה, אֲדַלְּגִינוּ, מַה־אֲדִיר שְׁמֶךָ
 בְּכָל־הָאָרֶץ! אֲשֶׁר תִּנְהַה הַיּוֹדֵךְ
 עַל־הַשָּׁמַיִם!

When I look at the heavens, the work of Your fingers, the moon and the stars that You have established,

כִּי־אֶרְאֶה שָׁמַיִךְ,
 מַעֲשֵׂי אֲצַבְעֹתֶיךָ,
 יָרַח וְכוּכְבָּיִם אֲשֶׁר כּוֹנְנֶתָהּ,

what are we, that You are mindful of us, we mortals, that You care for us?

מַה־אָנוּשׁ, כִּי־תִזְכְּרֵנוּ,
 וּבְנֵי־אָדָם, כִּי תִפְקְדֵנוּ?

*Yet You have made us little less
than divine, and crowned us with
glory and honour !*

You have appointed us to
look after all that You have
made, You have placed all
creation in our care:

*sheep and cattle, all of them;
beasts and birds and fish, and all
that travel the ocean's paths.*

Eternal One, our God, how
majestic is Your name in all the
earth !

וַתַּחֲסֶרְהוּ מִעֵט מַאֲלֹהִים,
וְכָבוֹד וְהָדָר תִּעֲטֶרְהוּ!

תַּמְשִׁילֶהוּ בְּמַעֲשֵׂי יָדֶיךָ,
כֹּל שֶׁתָּה תַחַת־רַגְלָיו:

צֹנֶה וְאֵלֶפִים, כָּלָם; וְגַם
בְּהֵמוֹת שָׂדֵי, צִפּוֹר שָׁמַיִם וְדֹגֵי
הַיָּם, עֵבֶר אֲרָחוֹת יָמַיִם.

יְהוָה, אֲדֹנֵינוּ, מִה־אֲדִיר שְׁמֶךָ
בְּכָל־הָאָרֶץ!

You gave us wit
to fashion tools to meet our needs,
and the power of speech, that magic gift
by which each soul, unique and separate,
yet shares its life with others,
so that the distance between human beings
is bridged by sympathy and understanding.

Thus it came about that, though each individual,
unaided and alone, is weak and helpless,
Your gift of love has taught us
the art of living with our fellow men and women, in
one humanity.

How good it is, and how
pleasant, when brothers and
sisters live together in unity!

הִנֵּה מִה־טוֹב וּמִה־נְעִימִים
שֶׁבֶת אֲחִים גַּם־יָחַד.

Psalm 133:1

Every day we find a new sky and a new earth
with which we are trusted like a perfect toy.
We are given the salty river of our blood
winding through us, to remember the sea and our
kindred under the waves, the hot pulsing that knocks
in our throats to consider our cousins in the grass
and the trees, all bright scattered rivulets of life.

We are given the wind within us, the breath
to shape our words that steal time, that touch
like hands and pierce like bullets, that waken
truth and deceit, sorrow and pity and joy,
that waste precious air in complaints, in lies,
in floating traps for power on the dirty air.
Yet holy breath still stretches our lungs to sing.

We stand in the midst of the burning world
primed to burn with compassionate love and justice,
to turn inward and find holy fire at the core,
to turn outward and see the world that is all
of one flesh with us, see under the trash, through
the smog, the furry bee in the apple blossom,
the trout leaping, the candles our ancestors lit for us.

Fill us as the tide rustles into the reeds in the marsh.
Fill us as the rushing water overflows the pitcher.
Fill us as light fills a room with its dancing.
Let the little quarrels of the bones and the snarling
of the lesser appetites and the whining of the ego cease.
Let silence still us so you may show us your shining
and we can out of that stillness rise and praise.

Marge Piercy

Human growth came not by might nor by power,
 but by Your spirit –
 the thirst for knowledge,
 the urge to create,
 the passion for justice,
 the will to give love and loyalty.
 Sometimes we have seen this
 and lived at peace with one another,
 seeking a common good,
 but all too often we have lost touch
 with the divine wisdom within us,
 preferring ways of savagery,
 abusing our gift for invention
 to forge for ourselves an ever more sinister armoury
 of weapons of mass destruction.

*God created human beings with
 both the inclination to do good,
 and the inclination to do evil.*

שְׁנֵי יִצְרִים בָּרָא הַקָּדוֹשׁ
 בְּרוּחַ הוּא, אֶחָד יֵצֵר טוֹב
 וְאֶחָד יֵצֵר רָע.

Talmud

Narrator

And the Eternal One saw
 that the wickedness of human
 beings on earth was great and
 that their heart seemed ever
 bent on evil.

וַיֵּרָא יְהוָה כִּי רַבָּה רָעַת
 הָאָדָם בְּאֶרֶץ וּכְלֵי-יֵצֵר
 מִחֻשְׁבֹּת לִבּוֹ רָע כָּל-הַיּוֹם:

Genesis 6:5

ADDITIONAL SERVICE

Reader

How long, Eternal One, shall the curse of Cain
continue to haunt the human race?
How long shall Abel's blood, the innocent blood
cruelly shed in countless wars,
plead all unheeded that we are brothers and sisters,
and every one the keeper of every other?
Cannot the race whose mind and will
explore the far reaches of the universe
do equal wonders on its native Earth?

*Though our deeds are stained with blood,
this we know:
You have set in the inmost sanctuary of our being
Your law of justice, love and peace.
The flame which burns upon that altar may flicker,
but it can never be quenched.
For that flame is Your eternal spirit,
burning within us.*

Long ago, but well we remember it,
You inspired a people, the House of Israel,
to recognise that flame and minister to it
as a kingdom of priests and a holy nation.
This was to be the meaning and the message of their existence,
this was the calling of him who gave up home and hearth
to found a nation pledged to do Your will.

Narrator

Then the Eternal One said to
Abram: Go forth from your
country, and your birth-place,
and your parental home, to the
land that I will show you.

וַיֹּאמֶר יְהוָה אֶל-אַבְרָם לֵךְ-
לְךָ מֵאֶרֶץ וּמִמּוֹלַדְתְּךָ וּמִבֵּית
אָבִיךָ אֶל-הָאֶרֶץ אֲשֶׁר אֶרְאֶךָ:

And I will make of you a great nation; I will bless you, and make your name great, and you shall be a blessing ... Through you shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

וְאֶעֱשֶׂךָ לְגוֹי גָדוֹל וְאֲבָרְכֶךָ
וְאֶגְדַּלְתָּה שְׁמֶךָ וְהָיְתָה בְרָכָה:
... וְנִבְרְכוּ בְךָ כָּל מִשְׁפּוּחַת
הָאָדָמָה:

Genesis 12:1-2, 3b

You are Israel, My servant, Jacob whom I have chosen, seed of Abraham My friend; you whom I took from the ends of the earth, and called from its far corners, to whom I said: 'You are My servant.'

וְאַתָּה, יִשְׂרָאֵל עַבְדִּי, יַעֲקֹב
אֲשֶׁר בְּחַרְתִּיךָ, זָרַע אֲבְרָהָם
אֲהַבִּי, אֲשֶׁר הִחֲזַקְתִּיךָ מִקְצוֹת
הָאָרֶץ, וּמֵאַצִּילֶיהָ קָרָאתִיךָ,
וְאָמַר לְךָ: עַבְדִּי-אַתָּה.

Isaiah 41:8-9a

Reader

Many generations later, redeemed from slavery, Abraham's descendants stood at Mount Sinai. The ancient promise was to be confirmed, the ancient mandate reasserted and enlarged, the ancient covenant renewed and sealed to bind all future generations.

Narrator

When God revealed the Torah, no bird chirped, no fowl beat its wings, no ox bellowed, the angels did not sing praises, the sea did not stir, no creature uttered a sound; the world was silent and still, and the Divine Voice spoke: 'I am the Eternal One your God.'

כְּשֶׁנִּתְּנָה הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא
אֶת-הַתּוֹרָה צְפוּרָה לֹא צָוַח,
עוֹף לֹא פָרַח, שׁוֹר לֹא גָעַה,
אוֹפְנִים לֹא עָפוּ, שְׂרָפִים לֹא
אָמְרוּ: קְדוֹשׁ, קְדוֹשׁ, הַיִּם לֹא
נִזְדַּעְזְעוּ, הַבְּרִיּוֹת לֹא דִבְרוּ,
אֵלָּא הָעוֹלָם שׁוֹתֵק וּמִחְרִישׁ
וַיֵּצֵא הַקּוֹל: אֲנֹכִי יי אֱלֹהֶיךָ.

Midrash

I am the Eternal One your God who brought you out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

You shall have no other gods beside Me. You shall not make for yourself a sculptured image, in the form of anything in the heavens above, or on the earth below, or in the waters under the earth. You shall not worship them or serve them.

אֲנֹכִי יְהוָה אֱלֹהֶיךָ אֲשֶׁר
 הוֹצֵאתִיךָ מֵאֶרֶץ מִצְרַיִם מִבֵּית
 עֲבָדִים:
 לֹא יִהְיֶה לְךָ אֱלֹהִים אֲחֵרִים
 עַל-פָּנָי: לֹא-תַעֲשֶׂה לְךָ פֶסֶל
 וְכָל-תְּמוּנָה אֲשֶׁר בַּשָּׁמַיִם
 מִמַּעַל וְאֲשֶׁר בָּאָרֶץ מִתַּחַת
 וְאֲשֶׁר בַּמַּיִם מִתַּחַת לָאָרֶץ:
 לֹא-תִשְׁתַּחֲוֶה לָהֶם וְלֹא
 תַעֲבֹדֵם:

Exodus 20:2-5a

Reader

Thus pledged to play a redemptive role
 in the unfolding destiny of humanity
 Israel journeyed on from Sinai
 and reached the Promised Land,
 the land they loved,
 and which seemed to love them in return.
 On one of its mountains they built a city, Jerusalem,
 and on top of the mountain, a temple,
 a symbol of the splendour of the universal sovereignty
 of Israel's God,
 and of their loyalty to the Eternal One.
 Yet that loyalty faltered and failed again and again.
 They lusted after the *baalim*
 and treated lightly the covenant with Israel's God.
 They relied on priestly ritual,
 invoking the protection of the Temple
 while they oppressed the needy.
 Prophet after prophet rebuked them,
 pleaded with them to return
 to the Fountain of Living Water, saying:

Wash yourselves, make yourselves clean; remove the evil of your conduct from before My eyes; cease to do evil;

learn to do good, seek justice, correct oppression, defend the orphan, plead for the widow.

רְחֹצוּ הַזֹּכוֹ; הִסִּירוּ רָע
מֵעַלְלֵיכֶם מִנֶּגֶד עֵינָי; הִדְלוּ
הָרָע; לְמַדּוּ הַיָּטֵב; דַּרְשׁוּ
מִשְׁפָּט, אֲשֶׁרוֹ חֲמוּץ, שִׁפְטוּ
יְתוּם, רִיבוּ אֶלְמָנָה.

Isaiah 1:16-17

Corrupted within and assailed from without,
Israel stumbled and fell.

The city was stormed, the Temple burnt to ashes,
the flower of the nation carried captive to the conqueror's land.

Hear this, you elders; give ear, all who dwell on earth: has such a thing ever happened in your days, or in the days of your ancestors? Tell it to your children, let them tell it to theirs, and their children to yet other generations.

שְׁמְעוּ-זאת הַזְקֵנִים; וְהֶאֱזִינוּ
כָּל יוֹשְׁבֵי הָאָרֶץ: הֲהִיְתָה זֹאת
בְּיָמֵיכֶם, וְאִם בְּיָמֵי אֲבוֹתֵיכֶם?
עָלְיָהּ לְבַנְיֵיכֶם סִפְרוּ, וּבְנֵיכֶם
לְבַנְיֵיהֶם, וּבְנֵיהֶם לְדוֹר אַחֵר.

Joel 1:2-3

Our holy and beautiful house, where our ancestors praised You, has been burnt to the ground, and all that we cherished is a ruin.

בֵּית קִדְשֵׁנוּ וְתִפְאֲרֹתֵנוּ אֲשֶׁר
הִלְלוּךָ אֲבוֹתֵינוּ הִיְהִי לְשֹׁרֶפֶת
אֵשׁ, וְכָל-מַחְמְדֵינוּ הִיְהִי
לְחָרְבָה.

Isaiah 64:10

Let Zion and her cities mourn like a mother in her anguish, like a young woman in mourning for the husband of her youth.

אֵלֵי צִיּוֹן וְעָרֶיהָ
כְּמוֹ אִשָּׁה בְּצִירֶיהָ,
וּכְבַתּוּלָה חֲגוּרַת שֶׁקַּע
עַל בַּעַל נְעוּרֶיהָ.

From Psalm 137

*By the rivers of Babylon we sat
down and wept*

When we remembered Zion.

*Upon its willows we hung our
harps.*

*There our captors demanded of
us a song*

*And our tormentors required us
to be joyful,*

*Saying: Sing us one of the
songs of Zion.*

How shall we sing God's song

In a strange land?

עַל־נְהַרֹת בְּבַל שָׁם יִשְׁבּוּנוּ

גַּם־בְּכִינוּ בְּזַכְרֵנוּ אֶת־צִיּוֹן.

עַל־עֲרָבִים בְּתוֹכָהּ

תָּלִינוּ כְּנִרוֹתֵינוּ.

כִּי שָׁם שְׁאֵלוּנוּ שׁוֹבֵינוּ

דְּבַר־יִשִׁיר

וְתוֹלְלֵינוּ שְׂמֻחָה,

נְשִׁירוּ לָנוּ מִשִׁיר צִיּוֹן.

אִיךָ נִשִׁיר אֶת־שִׁיר יְהוָה

עַל אֲדָמַת נֶכְרִ?

The exiles did not forget Zion. Their prophets taught them that God had not deserted them; they had deserted God. To God they must and will return. The time of their restoration is at hand.

Narrator

Be comforted, be comforted,
My people, says your God.
Speak tenderly to Jerusalem;
proclaim to her that her
bondage is ended, her iniquity
pardoned, that she has
received from the Eternal
One's hand ample punishment
for all her sins. A voice
proclaims: Build a road for
the Eternal One through the
wilderness, clear a highway
in the desert for our God.

נַחֲמוּ, נַחֲמוּ עַמִּי, יֹאמֵר

אֱלֹהֵיכֶם. דַּבְּרוּ עַל־לֵב

יְרוּשָׁלַיִם; וְקִרְאוּ אֵלֶיהָ כִּי

מְלֵאָה צָבָאָה, כִּי נִרְצָה עֲוֹנָהּ,

כִּי לְקַחָהּ מִיַּד יְהוָה כְּפָלִים

בְּכָל־חַטָּאתֶיהָ. קוֹל קוֹרֵא:

בַּמִּדְבָּר פְּנוּ דֶרֶךְ יְהוָה, יִשְׂרוּ

בְּעֲרָבָה מַסְלָה לְאֱלֹהֵינוּ.

Every valley shall be raised high, every mountain and hill made low; the uneven ground shall be made level, the rough places a plain. The glory of the Eternal One shall be revealed, and all humanity shall see it; for the mouth of the Eternal One has spoken.

כָּל־גֵּיאַי יִנָּשֵׂא, וְכָל־הַר וְגִבְעָה
 יִשְׁפָּלוּ; וְהָיָה הָעֶקֶב לְמִישׁוֹר,
 וְהָרְכָסִים לְבִקְעָה. וְנִגְלָה כְבוֹד
 יְהוָה, וְרָאוּ כָל־בְּשָׂר יְחֻדּוּ; כִּי
 פִי יְהוָה דִּבֶּר.

Isaiah 40:1-5

Reader

It seemed like a dream, but it was true:
 the exiles returned, they laughed for joy;
 God had done great things for them,
 and to God's name they dedicated a new temple.
 Here the ancient forms of worship were resumed,
 and new ones evolved – chief among them
 the Day of Atonement.

The Temple Service עֲבוּדָה

The ritual begins at dawn.
 Great crowds converge from far and near upon the Temple
 till its 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 he-goat into the wilderness
 as 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 he enters the Holy of Holies,
 that curtained chamber, mysterious yet simple,
 containing nothing but a stone!

Narrator

How glorious he was,
 surrounded by the people,
 as he came out of the
 veiled shrine.
 Like the morning star among
 the clouds,
 like the full moon at the
 festal season;
 like the sun shining on the
 temple of the Most High,
 like the rainbow gleaming in
 splendid clouds;
 like roses in the days of
 first fruits,
 like lilies by a spring of
 water,
 like a green shoot on
 Lebanon on a summer day,
 like fire and incense in the
 censer,
 like a vessel of hammered
 gold,
 studded with all kinds of
 precious stones;
 like an olive tree laden with
 fruit,
 and like a cypress towering
 in the clouds.
 And all the people together
 quickly
 fell to the ground on their
 faces
 to worship the Eternal One,
 the Almighty, God Most High.

מִה נְהַדָּר בְּהַשְׁגִּיחוֹ מֵאַהֲלָה,
 וּבִצְאָתוֹ מִבַּיִת הַפָּרְכָת.
 כְּכּוֹכֵב אֹר מִבֵּין עָבִים,
 וּכְיָרַח מָלֵא בַיָּמֵי מוֹעֵד;
 וּכְשֶׁמֶשׁ מִשְׁרָקֶת אֶל הַיָּבֵל
 הַמְּלִי, וּכְקִשְׁת נְרָאֲתָה בְּעֵנָן;
 כְּגִן בְּעֵנְפֵי בַיָּמֵי מוֹעֵד,
 וּכְשׁוֹשָׁן עַל יְבֵלֵי מַיִם,
 כְּפָרַח לְבָנוֹן בַּיָּמֵי קִיץ,
 וּכְאֵשׁ לְבוֹנָה עַל הַמִּנְחָה,
 כְּכֹלֵי זָהָב בְּבַיִת אֲצִיל,
 הַנֶּאֱחָז עַל אַבְנֵי חֶפֶץ;
 כְּזֵית רַעֲנָן מָלֵא גִרְגֵר,
 וּכְעֵץ שֶׁמֶן מְרוֹה עֵנָף.
 כְּל-בֶּשֶׂר יַחֲדוֹ נִמְהָרוּ
 וַיִּפְּלוּ עַל פְּנֵיהֶם אֶרְצָה
 לְהִשְׁתַּחֲוֹת לִפְנֵי עֲלִיוֹן,
 לִפְנֵי קְדוֹשׁ יִשְׂרָאֵל.

Ben Sira

Reader

Three times the High Priest recites a confession of sins:
first, clad in white, on his own behalf
and on behalf of his family.

So, too, we must first purify ourselves
and the institutions we hold sacred:
our homes, our synagogues, our schools.

*O God, let them be dwelling places of Your presence,
where love and justice are taught and practised.
May we always enter them with eager hearts,
abide in them with ardent spirits,
and from them go into the world
with dedication and firm resolve
faithfully to carry out the tasks of life.*

So may we too be priests,
ministering to the needs of others,
and making more apparent in the world
the beauty of holiness.

(The Congregation will stand)

*Eternal God, pardon the sins,
iniquities and transgressions
which I have committed before
You, I and my household; as it
has been said, 'On this day
atonement shall be made for you,
to purify you; you shall be
cleansed from all your sins before
the Eternal God.'*

אָנָּא יְהוָה, כְּפָר־נָא לְחַטָּאִים
וְלַעֲוֹנוֹת וְלַפְּשָׁעִים שְׁחָטָאִתִּי
וְשַׁעֲוִיתִי וְשִׁפְשַׁעְתִּי לְפָנֶיךָ, אֲנִי
וּבֵיתִי, כְּכַתוּב: כִּי בַיּוֹם הַזֶּה
יִכָּפֵר עָלֵיכֶם לְטַהַר אֶתְכֶם;
מִכָּל חַטָּאתֵיכֶם לְפָנֵי יְהוָה
תִּטְהָרוּ. ♪

(The Congregation will sit)

Having confessed his own sins,
the High Priest recites a similar confession
on behalf of all the priests, the sons of Aaron,
and a third time on behalf of the whole House of Israel.
We, too, pray not only for ourselves
but for the Jewish people as a whole
whose destiny is our own,
and whose hope we share.
Alas, how much there is in the life of our people
that is unworthy of its noble past
and its high calling!

Some have strayed from the faith of their ancestors and broken
the chain of tradition.

*Some have despised their birthright, and treated their heritage with the
contempt of indifference.*

Some have made an idol of professional advancement, social
status and material reward.

*Some, while claiming to love humanity, have withheld from their own
people the love it deserves.*

Some have cared *only* for their own people, forgetting that
Judaism is not Judaism if it does not move us to love and serve
all humanity.

*Some, by their wrong actions, or by their failure to act, have brought
dishonour on the good name of our people.*

In our communal life there is much needless strife and ground-
less hatred, dividing the community of Israel;

*and in the name of unity we sometimes disregard the greater
virtue of integrity.*

Self-seeking leaves little room for self-sacrifice,
and our high-sounding words are all too rarely translated into action.

For all these sins we ask forgiveness, and pray that the House of Israel, purified, reconciled and reconsecrated, may again become worthy to stand in Your presence, and to be the messenger of Your word, Eternal One, our God and God of our ancestors.

And so we pray once more in the words of the High Priest:

(The Congregation will stand)

Eternal God, pardon the sins, iniquities and transgressions which we, Your people, the House of Israel, have committed before You; as it has been said, 'On this day atonement shall be made for you, to purify you; you shall be cleansed from all your sins before the Eternal God.'

אָנָּא יְהוָה, כְּפָר־נָּא לְחַטָּאִים
וְלַעֲוֹנוֹת וְלַפְשָׁעִים שְׁחָטָאוּ
וְשָׁעוּ וְשָׁפְשָׁעוּ לְפָנֶיךָ עִמָּךְ
בֵּית־יִשְׂרָאֵל, כְּכַתּוּב: כִּי בַיּוֹם
הַזֶּה יִכַּפֵּר עֲלֵיכֶם לְטַהַר
אֶתְכֶם; מִכָּל חַטֹּאתֵיכֶם לְפָנַי
יְהוָה תִּטְהָרוּ.

When the priests and the people who stood in the Temple court heard the High Priest, full of reverence, utter God's holy and awesome Name, they fell upon their faces and, prostrate, exclaimed:

וְהַכְהֵנִים וְהָעַם הָעוֹמְדִים
בְּעִזָּרָה, כְּשָׁהִיו שׁוֹמְעִים
אֶת־הַשֵּׁם הַנּוֹכָבֵד וְהַנּוֹרָא
מִפְרָשׁ יוֹצֵא מִפִּי כָהֵן גָּדוֹל
בְּקִדְשָׁה וּבְטַהָרָה, הָיוּ כּוֹרְעִים
וּמִשְׁתַּחֲוִים וּמוֹדִים וְנוֹפְלִים
עַל פְּנֵיהֶם וְאוֹמְרִים:

'Praised for ever be God's glorious majesty.'

בְּרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבוֹד מְלֻכּוֹתוֹ
לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.

Narrator

For God established a testimony in Jacob, and laid down a Teaching in Israel, commanding our ancestors to

וַיִּקַּם עֵדוּת בְּיַעֲקֹב, וַתּוֹרָה
שָׁם בְּיִשְׂרָאֵל, אֲשֶׁר־צִוָּה
אֶת־אֲבוֹתֵינוּ לְהוֹדִיעַם

make them known to their children, so that the next generation might know them, the children yet unborn, and in their turn instruct their children to put their trust in God and, never forgetting God's deeds, to keep God's commandments.

לְבַנְיָהֶם, לְמַעַן יִדְעוּ דְוֹר
 אַחֲרָיוֹן, בְּנִים יוֹלְדוּ, יִקְמוּ
 וַיְסַפְרוּ לְבַנְיָהֶם, וַיְשִׁימוּ
 בְּאֱלֹהִים בְּסֶלֶם, וְלֹא יִשְׁכַּחוּ
 מֵעֲלֵי-אֵל, וּמִצְוֹתָיו יִנְצְרוּ.

Psalm 78:5-7

Reader

Our God and God of our ancestors, forgive us, pardon us and grant us atonement:

אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְאֱלֹהֵי אֲבוֹתֵינוּ,
 סְלַח-לָנוּ, מַחֲל-לָנוּ, כַּפֵּר-לָנוּ:

For we are Your people,
 and You are our God.
 We are Your children,
 and You our Parent.
 We are Your subjects,
 and You our Ruler.
 We are Your flock,
 and You our Shepherd.

כִּי אֲנִי עַמְּךָ, וְאַתָּה אֱלֹהֵינוּ.
 אֲנִי בְנִיךָ, וְאַתָּה אָבִינִי.
 אֲנִי עַבְדֶּיךָ, וְאַתָּה אֲדוֹנָנוּ.
 אֲנִי צֹאנְךָ, וְאַתָּה רוֹעֵנוּ.

♪
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We are Your vineyard,
 and You our Keeper.
 We are Your creatures,
 and You our Creator.
 We are Your beloved,
 and You our Friend.
 We are Your people,
 and You our Sovereign.

אֲנִי כַרְמְךָ, וְאַתָּה נוֹטְרָנוּ.
 אֲנִי פֶעֱלֹתְךָ, וְאַתָּה יוֹצְרָנוּ.
 אֲנִי רַעֲיֹתְךָ, וְאַתָּה דוֹרְנוּ.
 אֲנִי עַמְּךָ, וְאַתָּה מְלֻכָנוּ.

(The Congregation will sit)

From Temple to Synagogue

Rabbi Isaac said: Today we have no prophet nor priest, we have no sacrificial offerings nor Temple, and we have no sacrificial altar to atone for us. Yet since the Temple was destroyed, we have another means of atonement – prayer.

אָמַר רַבִּי יִצְחָק, עַכְשָׁיו אֵין
לָנוּ לֹא נְבִיא וְלֹא כֹהֵן, לֹא
קָרְבָן וְלֹא מִקְדָּשׁ, וְלֹא מִזְבֵּחַ
שְׂמֵכַפֵּר עָלֵינוּ, וּמִיּוֹם שְׁחָרַב
בֵּית הַמִּקְדָּשׁ לֹא נִשְׁתַּיֵּר
בִּידֵינוּ אֵלָּא תַפְלָה.

Midrash

Once Rabban Yochanan ben Zakkai was leaving Jerusalem, followed by Rabbi Joshua, when he saw the Temple in ruins. 'What a disaster for us,' said Rabbi Joshua, 'that this place where atonement was made for Israel's sins, lies in ruins!' But Rabban Yochanan comforted him: 'Do not be distressed, my son, for we have another means of atonement, no less effective, and that is the practice of lovingkindness, as it says, "For I desire lovingkindness and not sacrifices."'

פָּעַם אַחַת הָיָה רַבֵּן יוֹחָנָן בֶּן
זַכַּי יוֹצֵא מִירוּשָׁלַיִם וְהָיָה
רַבִּי יְהוֹשֻׁעַ הוֹלֵךְ אַחֲרָיו,
וְרָאָה בֵּית הַמִּקְדָּשׁ חָרֵב. אָמַר
רַבִּי יְהוֹשֻׁעַ: אוֹי לָנוּ עַל זֶה
שֶׁהוּא חָרֵב, מְקוֹם שְׂמֵכַפְרִים
בּו עֲוֹנוֹתָיו שֶׁל יִשְׂרָאֵל. אָמַר
לוֹ: בְּנִי, אֵל יִרַע לְךָ, יֵשׁ לָנוּ
בַּפֶּרֶה אַחַת שֶׁהִיא כְּמוֹתָהּ,
וְאִיזוֹ הִיא? גְּמִילוֹת חֲסָדִים,
שֶׁנֶּאמַר: כִּי חֶסֶד חֲפָצָתִי
וְלֹא זָבַח.

Midrash

The Temple did not last for ever:
the Second, like the First, came to an end,
and all its splendid rituals,
including those of Yom Kippur,
became a wistful memory.

But when it fell, a new and greater institution
 stood ready to take its place: the Synagogue,
 house of the people's assembly.
 No sacrifices were offered here,
 no priests performed mysterious rites
 while the laity watched in silent awe.
 Here Israel's people met as equals,
 together studying the word of God,
 so that the Torah which had been taught to Moses and
 the prophets
 became in truth the heritage of the congregation of Jacob;
 together chanting prayer and praise
 to their Creator,
 bringing to God, instead of bullocks,
 the offering of their lips
 and the service of their hearts;
 together seeking atonement, not through outward
 sacrifice,
 but through repentance, prayer and good deeds.
 Here, in the Synagogue,
 our ancestors encountered the presence of God,
 and the guidance they needed to hallow their lives.
 And as they entered, they sang:

How lovely are your tents,
 O Jacob, your dwelling-places,
 O Israel!

מֵה־טָבוֹ אֹהֲלֶיךָ, יַעֲקֹב, ♪
 מִשְׁכְּנֹתֶיךָ, יִשְׂרָאֵל!

Numbers 24:5

Equipped with synagogues and schools,
 and with a library of sacred books,
 spelling out the will of God for every situation,
 we went out into the world,
 sometimes freely, sometimes under duress,
 to face its perils and meet its challenges,
 to establish in pagan lands enclaves of godliness,
 to proclaim God's unity and sovereignty,
 and the demand that humans shall be humane.

As we look back upon our past,
of bitter suffering, nobly endured,
of stubborn survival, defying the patterns of history,
of creative achievements and world-transforming
influences,
we wonder: What are we? What is the role assigned to
us?

Did God choose us? Or did we choose God?
Or did God choose us because we chose God?
There is a mystery here which reason cannot solve
nor cynicism dismiss.

We can deny it, or we can humbly recognise it,
and each resolve to be a part of it, saying to God:
Hinneyni, Here am I, send me.

See, to the Eternal One your
God belong the heavens, to the
ends of space, the earth and
everything in it;

*Yet to your ancestors the
Eternal One was drawn in love,
and God has chosen you, their
descendants, from all the peoples,
to this very day.*

When Israel was young, I
loved my people and out of
Egypt I called my children.

*How can I give you up, O
Ephraim? How can I surrender
you, O Israel?*

Only if the laws of nature
cease to rule before me, says
the Eternal One,

*Only then shall the Children of
Israel cease to be a people before
Me to the end of time.*

הוּ, לַיהוָה אֱלֹהֶיךָ הַשָּׁמַיִם
וּשְׁמַי הַשָּׁמַיִם, הָאָרֶץ
וּכְל־אֲשֶׁר־בָּהּ.

רַק בְּאַבְתָּיִךְ חֶשֶׁק יְהוָה
לְאַהֲבָה אוֹתָם, וַיִּבְחַר בְּיִרְעָם
אַחֲרֵיהֶם, בְּכֶם מְכַל־הָעַמִּים,
כִּיּוֹם הַזֶּה.

כִּי נָעַר יִשְׂרָאֵל וְאַהֲבָהּ
וּמִמִּצְרַיִם קָרָאתִי לְבָנִי.

אֵיךְ אֶתְנֶךָ אֶפְרַיִם אֲמַגְדֶּךָ
יִשְׂרָאֵל?

אִם־יִמְשׁוּ הַחֻקִּים הָאֵלֶּה
מִלְפָּנַי, נָאִם־יְהוָה.

גַּם יִרְעַע יִשְׂרָאֵל יִשְׁבְּתוּ מִזֵּדוּת
גּוֹי לְפָנַי כָּל־הַיָּמִים.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so You, O God, are round about Your people, from now and for evermore.

יְרוּשָׁלַם הָרִים סָבִיב לָהּ, וַיְהוֹה סָבִיב לְעַמּוֹ, מֵעַתָּה וְעַד-עוֹלָם.

Psalm 125:2

You declared Your words to Jacob, Your statutes and precepts to Israel.

מִגִּיד דְּבָרוֹ לְיַעֲקֹב, חֻקֵּי וּמִשְׁפָּטָיו לְיִשְׂרָאֵל.

Keep them, therefore, and do them, for in this shall the peoples see your wisdom and understanding.

וַשְׁמַרְתֶּם וְעִשִׂיתֶם כִּי הִיא חֻמַּתְכֶם וּבִינַתְכֶם לְעֵינֵי הָעַמִּים.

To you the nations shall come from the ends of the earth and say:

אֵלֶיךָ גּוֹיִם יָבֹאוּ מֵאַפְסֵי-אָרֶץ, וַיֹּאמְרוּ:

'We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you.'

יָלַכְהָ עִמָּכֶם, כִּי שָׁמַעְנוּ אֱלֹהִים עִמָּכֶם.

And many peoples shall come and say: 'Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Eternal One, to the house of the God of Jacob,

וְהִלְכּוּ עִמָּיִם רַבִּים וַאֲמָרוּ: 'לָכּוּ וְנַעֲלֶה אֶל-הַר-יְהוָה אֶל-בַּיִת אֱלֹהֵי יַעֲקֹב,

So that we may learn God's ways and walk in God's paths.'

וַיֵּרָנוּ מִדְּרָכָיו וְנִלְכֶה בְּאַרְחֹתָיו.

For out of Zion shall go forth God's Teaching, and the word of the Eternal One from Jerusalem.

כִּי מִצִּיּוֹן תֵּצֵא תוֹרָה, וּדְבַר-יְהוָה מִירוּשָׁלַם.

Isaiah 2:3b

The prophets spoke of Israel as God's servants whose task was to bring freedom and redemption to all humanity, to be 'a light to the nations'.

Behold My servants, whom I uphold, My chosen ones, in whom My soul delights; I have put My spirit upon them that they may bring justice to the nations. They will not shout or raise their voice, or make themselves heard in the street. Though a reed is bent, they will not break it; though a flame burns dimly, they will not snuff it out: tenderly will they bring forth justice. They will not weaken or run away till they have established justice in the earth, till the most distant lands respond to their teaching.

הֵן עֲבָדַי אֲתַמְּרָבוּ, בְּחִירַי
 רָצְתָה נַפְשִׁי; נָתַתִּי רוּחִי עֲלֵיו
 מִשְׁפָּט לְגוֹיִם יוֹצִיא. לֹא יִצְעַק
 וְלֹא יִשָּׂא, וְלֹא יִשְׁמִיעַ בַּחוּץ
 קוֹלוֹ. קָנָה רָצוֹן לֹא יִשְׁבוֹר;
 וּפְשֻׁתָה כְּהֵה, לֹא יִכַּבְּנָה;
 לְאָמַת יוֹצִיא מִשְׁפָּט. לֹא יִכְהֶה
 וְלֹא יִרוּץ עַד-יָשִׁים בְּאָרֶץ
 מִשְׁפָּט, וּלְתוֹרַתוֹ אֵיִם יִיחַלוּ.

Isaiah 42:1-4

Narrator

Thus says the Eternal God, who created the heavens and stretched them out, who made the earth and all that grows in it, who gives breath 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 covenant people, a light to the nations: to open blind eyes, to bring out of prison the captive, and from their dungeons those who sit in darkness.'

כֹּה-אָמַר הָאֵל יְהוָה, בּוֹרֵא
 הַשָּׁמַיִם וְנוֹטִיָּהֶם, רִקַּע הָאָרֶץ
 וַצֹּאֲצְאֶיהָ, נָתַן נְשָׁמָה לָעָם
 עָלֶיהָ וְרוּחַ לְהִלְכִים בָּהּ: אֲנִי
 יְהוָה קָרָאתִיךָ בְּצַדִּיק, וְאֶחֱזַק
 בְּיָדְךָ, וְאֶצְרָךְ; וְאֶתְנַךְ לְבְרִית
 עִם לְאוּר גּוֹיִם, לְפָקַח עֵינָיִם
 עוֹרוֹת, לְהוֹצִיא מִמְּסַגְרֵי אֲסִירֵי,
 מִבֵּית כְּלָא יִשְׁבֵי חֹשֶׁךְ.

Isaiah 42:5-7

'You are My witnesses,' says the Eternal One, 'and My servant whom I have chosen, that you may know Me, and trust Me, and understand that I am the One. Before Me no god was formed, nor shall there be any after Me. I, I alone am the Eternal, and besides Me there is no saviour.'

אַתֶּם עֵדֵי, נְאֻם־יְהוָה, וְעַבְדֵי
אֲשֶׁר בְּחַרְתִּי, לְמַעַן תִּדְעוּ
וְתִאֶמְרוּ לִי, וְתִבְיִנוּ כִּי־אֲנִי
הוּא. לְפָנַי לֹא־נִוצַר אֵל,
וְאַחֲרַי לֹא יִהְיֶה. אֲנֹכִי, אֲנֹכִי
יְהוָה, וְאֵין מִבְּלַעְדֵי מוֹשִׁיעַ.

Isaiah 43:10-11

Remembering Our Martyrs אֵלֶּה אֶזְכְּרָה

Reader

God's servants and witnesses! Generation after generation, in times of darkness as in times of light, we have struggled to fulfil the divine word: 'You shall be to Me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation.' We have felt the joy of being God's servants, but we have also felt the pain.

Narrator

Let us now remember...
those who were farmers and herdsman
in the villages of Judah,
owners of vineyards and oliveyards in the hills –
far from great rivers and cities,
walking slowly as their cattle,
and for whom time was measured slowly
by the seasons,
now live from day to day among the weeds
where the streets end
and the sewers of Babylon empty
into the river, hurry along,
searching the gutter and rubbish heaps
or selling salt in the bustle of Rome –
are now carried by the waves and winds
to the uttermost islands and lands,

exiles and captives;
 those who left their land
 for all the neighbouring countries —
 standing in the
 puddles of the galleys
 or following
 the chariots, chained together,
 to be howled at in towns
 and stared at by the shepherds —
 are these Jews
 in the cities of Persia and Spain,
 in Egypt and England,
 who have houses of stone and green fields,
 chests heavy with coins and books,
 who ride out gingerly on mules and horses
 to sell damask and furs and spice,
 lend money to the lords,
 and become uneasy physicians and counsellors of kings.
 Those who lived in villages and alleys,
 in huts and cellars,
 selling a calf shrewdly
 and buying a sack of wheat cheap
 to sell cupfuls
 for a copper —
 who were pillaged and murdered
 in the cities of Germany,
 in Spain and Russia,
 from York to Ispahan —
 their sons
 stand up to plead —
 in every language —
 for the poor
 and wronged,
 teach by formula and picture,
 speech and music —
 heal and save!

Charles Reznikoff

Reader

The wandering Jew sought a life and a livelihood in many lands of dispersion. There were times of degradation, then glory and, sadly, so often back to persecution. Dark ages have afflicted our people, yet suffering is not our fate alone.

The inhumanity of human beings to one another knows no borders and recognises no distinctions of colour or faith; the earth's crust is soaked with the tears of the innocent. The blood of every race cries out from the ground. Which is the people without its martyrs? Who has not known war and savage invasion? Where have men, women and children not cowered in cellars and caves, keeping the small flame of life burning against the gale of hate and fear?

Now therefore we honour those of every race, faith and nation who have been innocent victims of cruelty, persecution and murder – men, women and children treated with brutality beyond imagining because they were marked out as being different. Our own time has witnessed innumerable victims mistreated, tortured, and made to disappear at the hands of wicked regimes and their collaborators. When evil triumphs over good all people suffer. As we recall the pain and torment inflicted on our own people, so do we honour and mourn all who endured a similar fate; they are our companions in death and our partners in grief throughout the ages. May they never be forgotten, and may a better world grow from the soil of their suffering.

Yet on this day, we remember especially the suffering of our own people. For Jews, more perhaps than any others, have seen evil face to face. To the crushing of our bodies has been added the mocking of our ways, the burning of our books, the cursing of our faith; we have been homeless wanderers in a hostile world.

Narrator

Look and remember. Look upon this land,
Far, far across the factories and the grass.
Surely, there, surely, they will let you pass.
Speak then and ask the forest and the loam.
What do you hear? What does the land command?
The earth is taken: this is not your home.

Karl Jay Shapiro

Reader

Jewish history, it is true, is not a history of pain alone; we remember with gratitude and pride those achievements of our people which nourish the mind and spirit of all humanity; and we know of many ages when our people dwelt in peaceful habitations, planting and building, giving and receiving, living life without fear. Yet we remember that again and again, in so many countries, including our own, this peace has been shattered: men, women and children have been persecuted, tortured or driven away from their homes. Our long travail numbs the mind and turns the heart to stone. For our enemies have not been content to cause us pain. Their dream was darker still: a world without Jews, a world which has forgotten our very name! From the days of Amalek to the days of modern tyrants, there have been those who sought to put an end to our very presence on this earth. We cannot forget this or be indifferent to its meaning. We remember!

I have taken this oath: to remember it all.

To remember – and never to forget.

Forgetting nothing of this, till ten generations pass,

And the grief disappears, and all the pain,

And 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.

נִדְרָתִי הַנִּדְרָ: לְזָכֹר אֶת־הַכֹּל,

לְזָכֹר – וְדָבָר לֹא לְשָׁכַח.

דָּבָר לֹא לְשָׁכַח – עַד דּוֹר
עֲשִׂירִי,

עַד שֶׁן עֲלִבּוֹנִי, עַד כָּלֵם, עַד
כְּלָהֵם,

עַדִּי יִכְלּוּ כָּל־שִׁבְטֵי מוֹסְרֵי.

קוֹנָם אִם לָרִיק יַעֲבֹר לַיִל
הַזֶּה,

קוֹנָם אִם לְבִקֵּר אֶחָזֵר לְסוּרֵי

וּמֵאִוֶּם לֹא אֶלְמַד גַּם הַפַּעַם.

Avraham Shlonsky

These things I remember as I pour out my heart; ignorance like a monster has devoured our martyrs as in one long day of blood. Rulers have risen 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.

אֵלֶּה אֶזְכָּרָה,
וְנִפְשֵׁי עָלַי אֲשַׁפְּכָה:
כִּי בִלְעוֹנוּ יָדַיִם
כָּעָגָה בְּלֵי הַפּוֹכָה,
כִּי בִימֵי הַשָּׂר לֹא עָלְתָה
אֲרוּכָה,
לְעֶשְׂרָה הַרְוִיגֵי מְלוּכָה.

In the time of Hadrian, emperor of Rome, the study and practice of Torah were forbidden. Israel's leaders said: 'How survive without the Tree of Life? Why live if the soul is dead?' And so they learned and taught and did God's will. Ten leading rabbis and teachers were taken and doomed.

Rabban Shim-on ben Gamliel רַבָּן שִׁמְעוֹן בֶּן גַּמְלִיאֵל was beheaded. Remembering his wisdom and witnessing his death, his disciples exclaimed: 'Is this Torah, and this its reward?'

Rabbi Yishmael רַבִּי יִשְׁמַעֵאל was next to die. In pain and anguish, he cried out, and at his cry the very heavens trembled: 'Accept this; affirm Me,' a cosmic voice seemed to say, 'or the world will crumble into chaos!' Then Yishmael accepted his fate, saying: 'Though You slay me, yet will I trust in You.'

*These things I remember
as I pour out my heart.*

אֵלֶּה אֶזְכָּרָה,
וְנִפְשֵׁי עָלַי אֲשַׁפְּכָה.

Rabbi Akiva רַבִּי עֲקִיבָא had defied the decree and continued to teach. He was among those taken. He was led to his death at the time when the Shema is recited, and as his flesh was flayed, he said שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל – Hear,

O Israel. 'Even now?' his disciples asked. He replied: 'All my life I have been troubled by the phrase "with all your soul"; now I know what it means, "love God, even to the point of death". I have always longed to be able to fulfil this, and now I can!' And with his final breath he said **יְהוָה אֶחָד** – The Eternal God is One – prolonging the last word till life was gone. Thus was God affirmed in a godless world.

*These things I remember
as I pour out my heart.*

**אֱלֹהֵי אֶזְכָּרָה,
וּנְפָשִׁי עָלַי אֲשַׁפֵּכָה.**

Though the Romans had forbidden the ordination of rabbis, decreeing death for ordainer and ordained alike,

Rabbi Yehudah ben Bava **רַבִּי יְהוּדָה בֶּן בָּבָא** risked his life to ordain five of Akiva's students. When the Romans closed in, the students escaped, but Rabbi Yehudah was caught and executed. Yet thanks to him, the chain of tradition was not broken.

*These things I remember
as I pour out my heart.*

**אֱלֹהֵי אֶזְכָּרָה,
וּנְפָשִׁי עָלַי אֲשַׁפֵּכָה.**

In a similar manner died other scholars and teachers of Torah.

Chananiah ben Teradion	חֲנַנְיָא בֶּן תֶּרְדִּיּוֹן
Chutzpit the Interpreter	חוּצְפִית הַמְתַּרְגְּמָן
Elazar ben Shammua	אֶלְעָזָר בֶּן שְׁמוּעַ
Chanina ben Chachinai	חֲנִינָא בֶּן חֲכִינָאִי
Yeshevav the Scribe	יֵשֶׁבֵב הַסּוֹפֵר
Yehudah ben Damah	יְהוּדָה בֶּן דָּמָה

They were ten martyrs among many. We will not forget them. Dying, they did not perish. They made their faith immortal, their people enduring, their God eternal.

Every age has its martyrs: teachers, students, simple men and women, whose faith gives strength to the weak and hope to the despairing. They live in us and in all the generations to come. They form a golden chain in history.

Other times, other places... In the days of the Crusades, whole communities of Jews were massacred throughout Europe. In one city, young and old donned armour and stood behind their leader, Rabbi Kalonymos ben Meshullam. The gate was smashed, their friends had fled, and death reached out with sword and fire. They said to one another: 'Let us be strong and bear the yoke of our holy faith, for only in this world can the enemy kill us ...' As the flames mounted high, the martyrs began to sing in unison a song that began softly but rose to a crescendo. Those who heard it came and asked: 'What kind of song is this, for we have never heard such a sweet melody?' It was the *Aleynu* — 'Let us now praise the Sovereign of the universe ...'

Other times, other places... For a thousand years we sang the Eternal One's song in the land of Spain. We shared its cities and towns with Christians and Muslims, sometimes in conflict, often in harmony. In Sepharad we sank the deepest roots, there the genius of our people flowered, yet despite all this, expulsion came and we were forced to leave.

A shipload of Jewish exiles from Spain, swept by the plague, was compelled to land on a desolate coast. Among them was a man, his wife, and two children. As they struggled on through the waste, the wife died. The man carried his two sick children, but at the last he fainted from fatigue and hunger. When he awoke, he found his two children dead by his side. He rose to his feet and said in his grief: 'Sovereign of the universe, much have You done to make me forsake my faith. But know for a certainty that nothing You have brought, or may still bring, upon me will make me change. In spite of it all, a Jew I am, and a Jew I shall remain.'

Solomon ibn Verga

It was not an ibn Gabirol or a Maimonides, still less a Spinoza, who fulfilled the Jewish mission most truly, or rendered the greatest service to the Jewish cause. No. It was the many little obscure Jewish communities through the ages, persecuted and despised, who kept alive the flame of the purest Monotheism and the supremacy and divineness of the Moral Law.

Claude G Montefiore

Other times, other places... One day Chasidim came to inform the great Rebbe Nachman of Bratslav of renewed persecutions of Jews in the Ukraine. The Master listened and said nothing. Then they told him of pogroms in certain villages. Again the Master listened and said nothing. Then they told of slaughtered families, of desecrated cemeteries, of children burned alive. The Master listened and shook his head. 'I know,' he whispered. 'I know what you want. I know. You want me to shout with pain, weep in despair. I know, I know. But I will not, you hear me, I will not.' Then after a long silence, he did begin to shout, louder and louder: 'Gevalt, Yidden!...Jews, for heaven's sake, do not despair... Gevalt, Yidden!...Jews, do not despair!'

Elie Wiesel

*These things I remember
as I pour out my heart.*

אֵלֶּה אֲזַכֵּרָה,
וְנִפְשִׁי עָלַי אֲשַׁפֵּכָה.

Narrator

The Middle Ages draw near.
Do you hear, sensitive one,
do you feel
The whisper of crawling dust,
the distant smell of sulphur?
That unseen pressure in the
air, the heart and the land,
As during an eclipse...

יְמֵי־הַבִּינָיִם מִתְקַרְבִּים.
הֲתִקְשִׁיב, הַתְּחוּשׁ, אִישׁ־נֶפֶשׁ,
אֶת־רֶחַשׁ הָאֶבֶק הַזּוֹחֵל, אֶת־
רִיחַ־הַגְּפָרִית הַרְחוֹק? —
וְאוֹתָהּ מוֹעֵקָה נֶעְלָמָה בְּאֹרֶץ,
בְּלֵב וּבְאָרֶץ,
כְּמוֹ בְּשַׁעַת לְקוּי־הַחֲמָה —

From medieval oblivion
 returns the ancient mist,
 As all streams return to the sea
 and the sun to the western
 clouds.
 The ancient wheel revolves
 with the old rust creaking...
 So has it always been. Thus
 fate returns to us
 After every spring-like tiding
 seven storms and snows.
 The Middle Ages draw near!

זֶה שָׁב הָעֶרְפֶּל הַקְדוּם מִנְשִׁית
 יְמֵי הַבֵּינָיִם,
 כְּשׁוֹב כָּל הַנְּחָלִים לַיָּם
 וְהַשֶּׁמֶשׁ לְעֻנְיֵי־מַעֲרָב.
 חוֹזֵר הַגִּלְגָּל הָעֵתִיק בְּחַרִיקַת
 חִלּוּדָה יְשָׁנָה,
 כִּהָ הָיָה מֵעוֹלָם, כִּהָ הַזֶּר
 הַגּוֹרֵל אֵלֵינוּ,
 אַחֲרֵי כָל־בְּשׂוֹרָה אֲבִיבִית
 שִׁבְעַת סְעָרוֹת וְשִׁלְג.
 יְמֵי־הַבֵּינָיִם מִתְקַרְבִּים!

Zalman Shneur

Reader

And the horrors of the Middle Ages did return; only yesterday we drained once more the cup of sorrow, and it was deeper than the world had ever known. Six million died, and each a million deaths. How many there are who rest in nameless graves, and how many whose ashes were blown by the winds to every corner of the earth.

Narrator

We received the Torah on Sinai
 and in Lublin we gave it back.
 The dead don't praise God,
 the Torah was given to the living.
 And just as we all stood together
 at the giving of the Torah,
 so did we all die together in Lublin...
 From all sides the souls came flocking,
 The souls of those who had lived out their lives,

of those who had died young,
 of those who were tortured, tested in every fire,
 of those who were not yet born,
 and of all the dead Jews from great-grandfather
 Abraham down,
 they all came to Lublin for the great holocaust.
 All those who stood at Mount Sinai
 and received the Torah
 took these holy deaths upon themselves.
 'We want to perish with our whole people,
 we want to be dead again,'
 the ancient souls cried out.
 Mama Sarah, Mother Rachel,
 Miriam and Deborah the prophetess
 went down singing prayers and songs,
 and even Moses, who so much didn't want to die
 when his time came
 now died again.
 And his brother, Aaron,
 and King David
 and the Rambam, the Vilna Gaon,
 and Maharam and Maharshal,
 the Seer and Abraham Eiger.
 And with every holy soul
 that perished in torture,
 hundreds of souls
 of Jews long dead died with them ...

Jacob Glatstein

A voice is heard in Ramah,
 lamentation and bitter weeping!
 Rachel is weeping for her child-
 ren, refusing to be comforted for
 her children, for they are no
 more.

קוֹל בְּרָמָה נִשְׁמָע נְהִי בְּכִי
 תִמְרוֹרִים! רָחֵל מִבְּכָה
 עַל-בָּנֶיהָ, מֵאֲנָה לְהַנְחִים
 עַל-בָּנֶיהָ, כִּי אֵינָנּוּ.

Jeremiah 31:15

All this has come upon us, yet we have not forgotten You, or been false to Your covenant.

For Your sake were we slain all the day long, and treated as sheep for the slaughter.

Awake, why do You sleep, Eternal God? Arouse Yourself; do not cast us off for ever.

Why do You hide Your face and forget our affliction and our oppression? Arise, come to our help. Save us for Your mercy's sake.

כָּל־זֹאת בָּאֵתָנוּ, וְלֹא שָׁכַחְנוּךָ,
וְלֹא־שָׁקַרְנוּ בְּבְרִיתְךָ.

כִּי־עַלְיֶיךָ הִרְגַּנוּ כָּל־הַיּוֹם,
נִחַשְׁבָנוּ כְּצֹאן טִבְחָה.

עֹרֶה, לָמָּה תִישָׁן אֲדֹנָי?
הֲקִיץֶהָ; אֶל־תִּזְנַח לְנִצָּח.

לָמָּה פָּנֶיךָ תִסְתֵּיר, תִשְׁכַּח
עֲגִיבוֹ וְלִחְצֹנוֹ? קוּמָה, עֲזֹרְתָה
לָנוּ. וּפְדֵנוּ לְמַעַן חַסְדְּךָ.

From Psalm 44

Reader

Eternal God, we have testified to Your presence in the world. But in our day Your presence has been an absence, Your call a silence. Long ago it was written in Your name: 'If you are My witnesses, I am the Eternal One, and if you are not My witnesses, I am not the Eternal One.' We have struggled to live for You, and see what our fate has been!

Let us ask ourselves about silence, the silence of God and the silence of humanity. We have listened to survivors stammering their haunted words, struggling to explain. Through their words the silence grows deeper and we seek an answer still. And behind the silence we know this gravest human sin will be found: the sin of indifference. What pains were taken during the Second World War to protect cathedrals and museums lest treasures of art be destroyed! Meanwhile in the streets and camps of Europe an infinitely greater treasure lay dying – mothers and fathers and their children, while many looked away. To look away from evil, is this not the sin that we all commit?

* * *

Silent Meditation

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.
 The courts were ordered what verdicts to give.
 Trials were secret, the results never in doubt.
 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.

Binem Heller

* * *

Out of the depths I call to
 You, O God, Eternal God,
 hearken to my voice.

מִמְעַמְקִים קָרָאתִיךָ יְהוָה,
 אֲדֹנָי, שְׁמַעָה בְּקוֹלִי.



Psalm 130:1

*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 all that is done,
For all that is 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,
May know reconciliation.*

And yet even in the inferno, even there
were those we call חֲסִידֵי אֲמוֹת הָעוֹלָם
cha-sidey ummot ha-olam – the righteous of the nations.
Some gave their very lives to keep Jews from harm.
Who can measure such courage?
When so many were afraid to act,
they bore witness to the greatness
men and women can reach.
Look and take heart,
if ever such days return,
remember them and find courage.
Consider what can be done, what must be done
to cherish in our souls the image of God.

*Let the righteous who were faithful be remembered for good. By
their deeds, they have inscribed themselves in the Book of Life.*

* * *

Reflections on the Shoah

(One or more of the following Holocaust texts may be read silently or aloud)

THE FIRST ONES

Warsaw, packed with Jews like a *shul* on Yom Kippur... Jews... crowded the walled-in, locked-in city.

The first ones to be destroyed were the children,
little orphans, abandoned upon the face of the earth;
they who were the best in the world,
the acme of grace on the dark earth!
Oh, tender orphans!

From them, the bereaved of the world
in a house of shelter we drew consolation;
from the mournful faces, mute and dark,
we said the light of day will yet break upon us!...

Do not cry...

At this station another girl I saw, about five years old;
she fed her younger brother and he cried,
the little one, he was sick;
into a diluted bit of jam she dipped tiny crusts of bread,
and skillfully she inserted them into his mouth....
This my eyes were privileged to see!

To see this mother, a mother of five years feeding her child,
to hear her soothing words —
My own mother, the best in the whole world
had not invented such a ruse.
But this one wiped his tears with a smile,
Injected joy into his heart — A little girl in Israel!
Sholem Aleichem could not have improved upon her!...

Yitzchak Katzenelson

ADDITIONAL SERVICE

DEATH FUGUE

Black milk of dawn we drink it at even
we drink it at noon and mornings we drink it at night
we drink and we drink
we are digging a grave in the skies there one lies uncrowded.

A man lives in the house he plays with the serpents he writes
he writes 'when the dark comes to Germany' your golden hair
Margarete
he writes it and steps from the house and the stars flash he
whistles up his dogs
he whistles out his Jews 'let a grave be dug in the earth'
he commands us 'now play for the dance'.

Black milk of dawn we drink you at night
we drink you mornings and noon we drink you at even
we drink and we drink.

A man lives in the house he plays with the serpents he writes
he writes 'when the dark comes to Germany' your golden hair
Margarete
your ashen hair Shulamith we are digging a grave in the skies
there one lies uncrowded.
He calls 'stab deeper into the earth you there you others sing
and play'
he reaches for the iron in his belt he swings it his eyes are blue
'stab deeper your spades you there you others play on for
the dance'.

Black milk of dawn we drink you at night
we drink you noon and mornings we drink you at even
we drink and we drink
a man lives in the house your golden hair Margarete
your ashen hair Shulamith he plays with the serpents.

He calls 'play sweeter of death' death is a master from Germany
he calls 'stroke darker the violins' then you will climb as smoke
into the sky
then you will have a grave in the clouds there one lies uncrowded.

Black milk of dawn we drink you at night
we drink you at noon death is a master from Germany
we drink you at even and mornings we drink and we drink
death is a master from Germany his eye is blue
he hits you with a lead bullet his aim is true
a man lives in the house your golden hair Margarete
he sets his dogs upon us he gives us a grave in the sky
he plays with the serpents and dreams death is a master
from Germany
your golden hair Margarete
your ashen hair Shulamith.

Paul Celan

We who lived in concentration camps can remember the men who walked through the huts comforting others, giving away their last piece of bread. They may have been few in number, but they offer sufficient proof that everything can be taken from a man but one thing: the last of human freedoms – to choose one's attitude in any given set of circumstances, to choose one's own way.

And there were always choices to make. Every day, every hour, offered the opportunity to make a decision, a decision which determined whether you would become the plaything of circumstances, renouncing freedom and dignity to become moulded into the form of the typical inmate or whether you would choose instead to be free.

Viktor Frankl

1945

And that year
 When the fire ceased
 And the ovens were finally
 cool
 A strange wind moved out
 In slow, grief-laden eddies
 And sooty swirls
 Across Europe —
 And even beyond.

And those with conscience
 (And even those without)
 Heard faint sounds from afar,
 Echoes from an age-old abyss.
 And sometimes these seemed
 to come
 From inside one's ear —
 So tiny and yet so persistent.
 Echoes of the anonymous cries
 Of numbered millions.

And far from the ovens,
 Far from the funeral fires,
 This wind still carried
 Wraiths of soot
 Too fine to water the eye
 Yet searing the heart
 Of those with conscience
 (And even those without).

That year the strange wind
 Moved slowly across Europe —
 And even beyond,
 Now and then pausing
 To eddy into the deepest
 corners
 Of men's minds
 To remind them,
 To stir them for an instant
 From their dream of
 well-being.

Bernard Mikofsky

ON SHUTTING THE DOOR
 Often, when I leave home,
 I think of you,
 How you'd have shut the door
 That last time
 They fetched you out at dawn.

 What fears would prophesy,
 What intimations
 Could foretell the terrors
 Of those plains,
 The herding into ash?
 Or maybe, you looked round

As if before
A holiday, leaving
No trace of dust,
No crumbs for pests, no moths

In cupboards, carpets;
Covered the chairs,
The settee from the glare
Of light and sun,
Turned off the water, gas...

Lotte Kramer

* * *

Reader

When Leo Baeck came out of the black midnight of the concentration camp, he looked about at the world and those who inhabited it. Many averted their eyes. They had been silent – or they had followed the multitude to do evil. In the darkness of the camp, Leo Baeck had not despaired. He had continued to believe in God and in human beings created in the Divine image. Always, he had sensed the *Shechinah* weeping for her children. And so he continued his tasks as a rabbi: he taught and he gave comfort. When he came back into the new world seared by the flames of Auschwitz and Treblinka, Baeck continued the tasks of comforting his people. He blessed the congregation. When he lifted up his hands for the priestly benediction, the congregation felt the *Shechinah* hovering above them. 'May God look kindly upon you, and be gracious to you.' These words took on new meaning for those at prayer. In ancient times, the image of one Babylonian god was a clay furnace. When the fire of human sacrifices burned high, the glowing eyes of the idol glared death upon the onlookers. To see god was to die. The Torah transformed the vision of God: the terror turned into awe, and fear became love. In God's light, Israel saw light. But in our days the world grew dark again. The pagan furnace roared, and Israel ascended into the sky as smoke. And we who are alive wander across a darkened landscape fitfully illuminated by burning idols used by humans to exterminate their neighbours.

We need our teachers, those who died for the sanctification of the Divine Name, and those who survived to guide and comfort us. They tell us that the encounter with God can take place in the utmost darkness — if we are ready for it.

The blessing which shone through Leo Baeck must touch our lives: May God reach out to you in tenderness, and give you peace.

Albert H Friedlander

DAS PARTIZANEN-LID

You must not say that you	זאג ניט קיינמאל אז דו	♪
now walk the final way,	גייסט דעם לעצטן וועג,	
Because the darkened heavens	ווען הימלען בלייענע	
hide the blue of day.	פארשטעלן בלויע טעג.	
The time that we've longed for	ווייל קומען וועט נאך אונדזער	
will at last draw near,	אויסגעבענקטע שעה,	
And our steps, as drums, will	ס'וועט א פויק טאן אונדזער	
sound that we are here.	טראט, מיר זיינען דא!	
From land all green with palms	פון גרינעם פאלמען-לאנד	
to lands all white with snow	ביז ווייסן לאנד פון שניי,	
We now arrive with all our	מיר קומען אן מיט אונדזער	
pain and all our woe.	פיין, מיט אונדזער וויי.	
Where our blood sprayed out	און ווו געפאלען ס'איז א	
and came to touch the land,	שפריץ פון אונדזער בלוט,	
There our courage and our	שפראצן וועט דארט אונדזער	
manhood rise and stand.	גבורה, אונדזער מוט.	

Zog nit kainmol az du geist dem letzn veg.
 Ven himlen blayene farsteln bloie teg.
 Vayl kumen vet noch undzer oisgebenkte sho,
 Svet a poik ton undzer trot mir zainen do.
 Fun grinem palmen land biz vains land fun shnei,
 Mir kumen on mit undzer pain, mit undzer vei.
 Un vu gefaln s'iz a shpritz fun undzer blut,
 Shprotzn vet dort undzer gvure undzer mut.

From Destruction to Renewal

After the suffering, we lay prostrate; but, refusing to die, we rose again, to tend the wounded and comfort the bereaved, to foster the orphans and reunite the separated; to strengthen old communities, still intact, and to establish new ones in the far-flung corners of the earth; to found new synagogues and schools, and to write new books, retelling the tragic and heroic story of our people, which has not ended and shall not end.

O God, teach us to remember that we are the remnant of a decimated people. Let us feel the responsibility which, now more than ever, rests upon us; to honour the memory of the slain, to continue their work, to cause our faith to flourish again throughout the world, and bring its insights to bear on the problems which beset humanity.

I shall not die, but live, to
declare the works of the
Eternal One.

לֹא אָמוּת, כִּי־אֶחֱיָהּ, וְאֶסַּפֵּר
מַעֲשֵׂי יְהוָה.

♪

Psalm 118:17

From Ezekiel 37

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.

God said to me 'O mortal, can these bones live?' And I answered 'Eternal One, You alone know.'

Then God said to me: 'Prophesy to these bones, and say to them, O dry bones, hear the word of the Eternal One.

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 One.'

So I prophesied as God commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived; they stood upon their feet, a very great host.

ADDITIONAL SERVICE

Then God said to me: 'O mortal, these bones are the whole house of Israel. Behold, they say, "Our bones are dried up, and our hope is lost, we are cut off."

Therefore prophesy and say to them: "Thus says the Eternal God: Behold, I will open your graves, O My people, and I will bring you home into 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 One, have spoken and acted, says your God."

Narrator

TO THE BERGEN-BELSEN SURVIVORS
With your visible and invisible
Innumerable scars,
You are a greater miracle
Than the one in Ezekiel's valley.
What sort of Jewish strength
Is there in your risen bones?
Not only skin to skin, bone to bone,
And flesh to flesh,
But person to person, husband to wife,
Through joy and mourning,
Through sorrow risked.
Lively winds murmur
Around your new households,
Your newly-built homes.

Jacob Glatstein

Reader

Out of the ashes of the Shoah the State of Israel was born. But the price was high: sacrifice and suffering and relentless toil. Yet in the face of the hostility of its neighbours, with love, labour and unwavering resolve, the citizens of an old-new country gave a new lease of life to an ancient land. The pledge of a hundred generations not to forget Jerusalem was redeemed, the ancient prayer for a return to the land of our ancestors was answered.

Let us now honour the pioneers who gave their all to the dream of Zion, and who, loving life, gave their lives for their people's future.

Blessed is the match that is consumed in kindling flame.

Blessed is the flame that burns in the secret places of the heart.

Blessed is the heart with strength to stop its beating for honour's sake.

Blessed is the match that is consumed in kindling flame.

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; on those who dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, its brightness shines.

Zion hears and is glad; the daughters of Judah rejoice, because of Your judgements, O God.

Judah shall abide for ever, Jerusalem from generation to generation.

אֲשֵׁרֵי הַגִּפְרוֹר שְׁנֵשְׂרָף וְהֵצִית לְהַבּוֹת. ♪

אֲשֵׁרֵי הַלְּהָבָה שְׁבַעְרָה בְּסִתְרֵי לְבָבוֹת.

אֲשֵׁרֵי הַלְּבָבוֹת שִׁדְעוּ לְחִדּוֹל בְּכָבוֹד.

אֲשֵׁרֵי הַגִּפְרוֹר שְׁנֵשְׂרָף וְהֵצִית לְהַבּוֹת.

Hannah Senesh

הָעַם הַהֹלְכִים בְּחֹשֶׁךְ רָאוּ אֹר גָּדוֹל; יֹשְׁבֵי בְּאֶרֶץ צַלְמוֹת, אֹר נִגְוָה עָלֵיהֶם.

Isaiah 9:1

שָׁמְעָה וַתִּשְׂמַח צִיּוֹן; וַתִּגְלֶנָּה בְּנֹת יְהוּדָה, לְמַעַן מִשְׁפָּטֶיהָ, יִהְיֶה.

Psalms 97:8

וַיְהוּדָה לְעוֹלָם תֵּשֵׁב, וִירוּשָׁלַם לְדוֹר וָדוֹר. ♪

Joel 4:20

Not only to the land of Israel do we look with hope. For the whole earth belongs to the Eternal One and all peoples are God's children. Wherever the Divine Presence is sought it may be found, and wherever God's teachings are studied the Torah makes its home. We draw confidence from the revival of a vibrant Jewish life in nations where, but a few decades ago, all hope was lost, and pledge ourselves to work for its further restoration. Let all Jews throughout the world join together in the unfinished task we share: to bring the message of enlightenment, the teaching of humaneness, and the vision of a world redeemed to all God's children. For so it has been said:

*It is too small a task for you to be
My servant
merely to preserve the tribes of
Jacob
and to restore the survivors of
Israel:
I will make you a light to the
nations,
that My salvation may reach to
the ends of the earth.*

נִקְלַ מִהֵיּוֹתָךְ לִי עֶבֶד
לְהַקִּים אֶת־שְׁבִיטֵי יַעֲקֹב
וּנְצוּרֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל לְהָשִׁיב:
וּנְתַתִּיךָ לְאֹר גּוֹיִם,
לְהִיּוֹת יְשׁוּעָתִי עַד־קֶצֶה
הָאָרֶץ.

Isaiah 49:6

'We know that we must not announce the light
when there is still darkness,
and we know also that, ultimately,
the night will cease and morning will come.'
There is a price to be paid;
there is a battle to be fought;
there is a victory to be won.
It will not come without our efforts.
We are God's partners in the work of redemption.

*The work of righteousness shall
be peace; and the effect of right-
eousness, quietness and confid-
ence for ever.*

וְהָיָה מַעֲשֵׂה הַצְּדָקָה שְׁלוֹמִים;
וְעַבְדַּת הַצְּדָקָה הַשְּׁקֵט וְבִטָּח
עַד־עוֹלָם.

Isaiah 32:17

'You are children of the Eternal One your God.'
Rich and poor, strong and weak, light and dark,
God has knit all together by bonds of humanity,
so that we may form one loving family.

Have we not all one Divine Parent?

הֵלֹא אָב אֶחָד לְכֻלָּנוּ?

Has not one God created us?

הֵלֹא אֵל אֶחָד בְּרָאנוּ?

Malachi 2:10

And so today, let us remember the earth's oppressed;
let us restore their human heritage:
to the weak and the weary,
the victims of torture,
and all who are imprisoned without just cause.
Let us remember them,
bring peace to every home
and comfort to every heart.
We know the wisdom by which You would have us live;
oceans of ink have been spilled to say it:
be faithful, be true, love one another as you love yourselves.
But the world is dark and cold with fear and rage.
The hammer of Chaos beats loudly within our breasts:
How can we endure?

*This is the vision of a great and noble life:
to endure ambiguity and to make light shine through it;
to stand fast in uncertainty;
to prove capable of unlimited love and hope.*

Karl Jaspers

The storm will end, a rain will fall,
A quiet meadow wind stir into being,
And over a dead tree trunk, a waking bluebell
with tongue of dew will carol in the morning.

Chaim Lensky

I believe with perfect faith
that the time of redemption
will come, and though it be
long delayed, I will daily await
its coming.

אָנִי מֵאֲמִין בְּאַמוּנָה שְׁלֵמָה
בְּבִיאת הַגְּאֻלָּה, וְיֵאָף עַל פִּי
שְׁתַּתְּמֵהֶמָּה, עִם כָּל־זֶה
אַחֲכֶה־לָּהּ בְּכָל־יּוֹם שְׁתַּבָּא.

Our Hope

Eternal One, today we turn to You,
uncertainly proclaiming Your glory
with scarce remembered words and half-forgotten faith.
We have confessed our sins and promised to forsake them.

*O find us as we search for You in our darkness.
Pardon us as we knock upon Your door, for it has been said:
The gates of repentance are never shut.
And it has been taught:
We know our sin is pardoned when we no longer commit it.
So let us strive
more and more to be at one with You,
with ourselves and with our fellow men and women.*

Use us, O God, to speed the day of reconciliation,
when all are at peace with themselves and with one another;
when poverty, racial prejudice and religious hatred no longer
threaten to destroy us;
when violence, angry conflict and mistrust are forgotten evils;
when our wealth is used to feed the hungry and heal the sick;
*when our natural world is cherished and cultivated with care for
future generations;*
when the weak become strong, and the strong compassionate;
*and that which has been commanded shall come to pass: Let justice roll
down like waters, and righteousness like an ever-flowing stream.*

Let justice roll down like
waters, and righteousness like
an everflowing stream.

וַיִּגַל בְּמַיִם מְשַׁפָּט,
וַיִּצְדָּקָה בְּנַחַל אֵיתָן.

Amos 5:24

(The Congregation will stand)

We pray for all members of the House of Israel, who, though scattered over the earth, are yet one people. To those of our sisters and brothers who suffer hardship and oppression because they are Jews, give strength, O God, to endure, and to remain steadfast in their loyalty to our people, until the day comes when they are free, and can embrace their heritage once more.

We pray for the well-being of the State of Israel. O God, grant her leaders the wisdom to govern with justice; protect her people from those who wish them ill, and enable her to live in peace and dignity with all her neighbours. May Israel continue to welcome Jews from all the world, and honour the rights of all Jews as equals, as well as the rights of other people who live amongst and beside them. O God, bless Israel with strength, prosperity and peace, and speed the coming of the day when she will truly be a light unto the nations. *Amen.*

We pray for all humanity. Though divided into nations and races, yet all are Your children, drawing from You their life and being, commanded by You to obey Your laws. Cause all hatred and strife to vanish, that abiding peace may fill the earth, and all its inhabitants enjoy its blessings. Amen.

We pray for all who seek You. Though many differences of belief divide us, yet let the desire to serve You, the longing to know You, and the pursuit of righteousness, unite us. Strengthen the spirit of kinship between people of different faiths, and let us learn to live together with mutual understanding and respect, until the time, for which we hope, when a deeper insight and a larger vision shall bind all seekers after truth into one fellowship, worshipping the God of Truth. *Amen.*

either

All the world shall come to serve

You

And bless Your glorious name,

And Your righteousness
triumphant

The islands shall proclaim.

And the peoples shall go seeking

Who knew You not before,

And the ends of earth shall praise

You

And tell Your greatness o'er.

They shall build for You their

altars,

Their idols overthrown,

And their graven gods shall shame
them,

As they turn to You alone.

They shall worship You at sunrise,

And feel Your sovereign might,

And impart their understanding

To those astray in night.

They shall testify to Your greatness,

Your power to all make clear,

And declare You far exalted

Above all that they hold dear.

And, with reverential homage

Before Your majesty,

They shall glorify You ever more,

And confess Your sovereignty.

וַיָּאֲתָיוּ כָּל לְעִבְדֶּךָ,]

וַיְבָרְכוּ שֵׁם כְּבוֹדֶךָ,

וַיִּגִּידוּ בְּאֵיִם צְדָקָךָ.

וַיְדַרְשׁוּךָ עַמִּים לֹא

יָדְעוּךָ,

וַיִּהְיֶה לְלוֹךְ כָּל־אֶפְסֵי אֲרֶז,

וַיֹּאמְרוּ תְמִיד: יִגְדֵל יְיָ.

וַיִּזְבְּחוּ לְךָ אֶת־זִבְחֵיהֶם,

וַיִּזְנְחוּ אֶת־עַצְבֵיהֶם,

וַיַּחְפְּרוּ עִם פְּסִילֵיהֶם,

וַיִּטּוּ שְׁכֵם אֶחָד לְעִבְדֶּךָ.

וַיִּירֹאוּךָ עִם שֶׁמֶשׁ מִבְּקִשֵׁי

פְּנִיָּךָ,

וַיִּפְּרוּ כֶּחַ מִלְכוּתְךָ,

וַיִּלְמְדוּ תוֹעִים בִּינָה.

וַיִּמְלְלוּ אֶת־גְּבוּרַתְךָ,

וַיִּנְשְׂאוּךָ מִתְנַשֵּׂא לְכָל

לְרֹאשׁ.

וַיִּסְלְדוּ בְּחִילָה פְּנֵיָּךָ,

וַיַּעֲטֹרוּךָ גִּזְרֵ תִפְאָרָה.

With the coming of Your
 dominion
 The hills shall shout with song,
 And the islands laugh exultant
 That they to God belong.
 And all their congregations
 So loud Your praise shall sing,
 That the uttermost peoples,
 hearing
 Shall hail You Sovereign.

וּפְצָחוּ הָרִים רְנָה,
 וַיִּצְהָלוּ אִיִּים בְּמִלְכָּךָ,
 וַיִּקְבְּלוּ עַל מְלִכוֹתֶיךָ
 עָלֵיהֶם.
 וַיְרוֹמְמוּךָ בְּקֹהֶל עָם,
 וַיִּשְׁמְעוּ רְחוֹקִים וַיָּבֹאוּ,
 וַיִּתְּנוּ לְךָ כְּתָר מְלוֹכָה.

or

You may laugh and mock my
 dreams!
 But my dreams shall yet come
 true.
 I believe in humankind,
 As I still believe in you.

שְׂחָקִי, שְׂחָקִי, עַל הַחֲלוּמוֹת,
 זֶה אֲנִי הַחֹלֵם שָׁח,
 שְׂחָקִי כִּי בְּאָדָם אֶאֱמִין,
 כִּי עוֹדֵנִי מֵאֱמִין בָּךְ.

My spirit still for freedom
 yearns,
 Unbartered for a calf of gold;
 In men and women I believe,
 and in their spirit, strong and
 bold.

כִּי עוֹד נַפְשִׁי דְרוֹר שׁוֹאֶפֶת,
 לֹא מִכְרֵתֶיהָ לְעֶגְל פֶּזוּ,
 כִּי עוֹד אֶאֱמִין גַּם בְּאָדָם,
 גַּם בְּרוּחוֹ רֵיחַ עֵז.

And in the future I believe —
 For, though yet distant, come it
 will —
 When nations shall each other
 bless,
 And peace at last the earth shall
 fill.

אֶאֱמִינָה גַם בְּעֵתִיד,
 אַף אִם יִרְחַק זֶה הַיּוֹם.
 אַךְ בֹּא יְבוֹא — יִשְׁאוּ שְׁלוֹם
 אִזּוּ וּבִבְרָכָה לְאֵם מְלֵאָם.

Saul Tchernikowsky

(The Congregation will sit)

All the nations whom You have made shall come and bow down before You, O God, and honour Your name.

All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn to the Eternal One, and all the families of the nations shall worship before You.

And My house shall be called a house of prayer for all peoples.

They shall not hurt or destroy in all My holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea.

Then I will pour out My spirit upon all flesh; your sons and daughters shall prophesy,

Your old shall dream dreams and your young shall see visions.

The hearts of parents shall be turned to their children,

And the hearts of the children to their parents.

Violence shall no more be heard in your land, devastation or destruction within your borders;

And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks;

כָּל־גּוֹיִם אֲשֶׁר עָשִׂיתָ יְבוֹאוּ
וַיִּשְׁתַּחֲווּ לְפָנֶיךָ, אֲדֹנָי, וַיִּכְבְּדוּ
לְשִׁמְךָ.

יִזְכְּרוּ וַיָּשׁבוּ אֶל־יְהוָה
כָּל־אֶפְסֵי־אָרֶץ, וַיִּשְׁתַּחֲווּ
לְפָנֶיךָ כָּל־מְשֻׁפָּחוֹת גּוֹיִם.

כִּי בֵיתִי בֵית־תְּפִלָּה יִקְרָא
לְכָל־הָעַמִּים.

לֹא־יַרְעוּ וְלֹא־יִשְׁחִיתוּ
בְּכָל־הָהָר קְדוֹשִׁי, כִּי־מְלֵאָה
הָאָרֶץ דַּעַה אֶת־יְהוָה כַּמַּיִם
לַיָּם מִכֶּסֶּים.

וְהָיָה אַחֲרֵי־כֵן אֲשַׁפּוּךָ
אֶת־רוּחִי עַל־כָּל־בָּשָׂר, וְנִבְּאוּ
בְּנֵיכֶם וּבָנֹתֵיכֶם;

וְקִנְיֵכֶם חֲלֵמוֹת יַחֲלֹמוּן,
בַּחֲוִירֵכֶם חֲזִינֹת יִרְאוּ.

וְהָשִׁיב יָלֵב־אֲבוֹת עַל־בָּנִים,

וְיָלֵב בָּנִים עַל־אֲבוֹתָם.

לֹא־יִשְׁמַע עוֹד חֲמָס בְּאֶרְצְךָ,
שֹׁד וְשָׁבֵר בְּגִבּוֹלֶיךָ;

וְכָתַתּוּ חַרְבֵי־תֵּיחָם לְאֵתֵים
וְחִנִּיתֵי־תֵּיחָם לְמִזְמֹרוֹת;

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

But every one shall sit under their vine and under their fig-tree, and none shall make them afraid.

Let Paradise be in us.
Let us be instruments of God's spirit,
Strings in the concert of God's joy.

Jacob Trapp

Our God and God of our ancestors, may You rule in glory over all the earth, and let Your grandeur be acclaimed throughout the world. Reveal the splendour of Your majesty to all who dwell on earth, that all Your works may know You as their Maker, and all the living acknowledge You as their Creator. Then all who breathe shall say: 'The Eternal One, the God of Israel, is Sovereign, ruling over all creation.'

The Eternal One shall reign for ever; Your God, O Zion, from generation to generation. Praise the Eternal One!

לֹא-יִשְׂאוּ גּוֹי אֶל-גּוֹי חֶרֶב
וְלֹא-יִלְמְדוּן עוֹד מִלְחָמָה.

וַיֵּשְׁבוּ אִישׁ תַּחַת גַּפְנוֹ וְתַחַת
תְּאֵנָתוֹ וְאִין מִחֲרִיד.

אֱלֹהֵינוּ וְאֱלֹהֵי אֲבוֹתֵינוּ, מֶלֶךְ
עַל כָּל-הָעוֹלָם כֹּלֹ בְּכַבּוֹדְךָ,
וְהַנְּשֵׂא עַל כָּל-הָאָרֶץ בִּיקְרָךְ,
וְהוֹפֵעַ בְּהַדָּר גָּאוֹן עֲזוֹךְ, עַל
כָּל-יֹשְׁבֵי תֵבֵל אֶרֶץ. וַיֵּדַע
כָּל-פְּעוּל כִּי אַתָּה פְּעַלְתָּנוּ, וַיִּבִין
כָּל-יִצְוֹר כִּי אַתָּה יִצְרָתוּ,
וַיֹּאמֶר כֹּל אֲשֶׁר נִשְׁמָה בְּאִפּוֹ:
'יְי אֱלֹהֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל מֶלֶךְ,
וּמְלִכּוֹתוֹ בְּכֹל מְשָׁלָה.'

♪ יְמַלְךָ יְי לְעוֹלָם, אֱלֹהֶיךָ צִיּוֹן,
לְדֹר וָדֹר.
הַלְלוּיָהּ!

עלינו ALEynu

(The Congregation will stand)

Let us now praise the Sovereign of the universe and proclaim the greatness of its Creator, whose unity it is our mission to make known, whose rule it is our task to make effective.

We bow in awe and thanksgiving before the supreme Sovereign, the Holy One, ever to be praised, who spread out the heavens and established the earth, whose glory fills the highest heavens, whose might extends throughout all space, who alone is our God, for no other exists, who in truth is our Sovereign, for there is none else; as it is written: 'Know then this day and take it to heart: the Eternal One is God in the heavens above and on the earth below; there is no other.'

Trusting in You, Eternal God, we hope soon to behold the glory of Your might, when false gods will vanish from our hearts, and idolatry cease for ever. Help us to perfect the world by bringing it under Your unchallenged rule, when all will invoke Your name, relinquish evil, and turn to You alone.

עלינו לשבח לאדון הכל,
לתת גדלה ליוצר בראשית,
אשר שם חלקנו ליחד
את שמו, וגורלנו להמליך
מלכותו.

ואנחנו כורעים ומשתחוים
וימודים לפני מלך מלכי
המלכים, הקדוש ברוך הוא,
שהוא נוטה שמים ויוסד ארץ,
ומושב יקרו בשמים ממעל,
ושכינת עזו בגבהי מרומים.
הוא אלהינו, אין עוד. אמת
מלכנו, אפס זולתו, ככתוב
בתורתו: 'וידעת היום והשבת
אל-לבבך, כי יהוה הוא
האלהים בשמים ממעל ועל
הארץ מתחת, אין עוד.'

על-כן נקווה לך, יי אלהינו,
לראות מהרה בתפארת עזך,
להעביר גלולים מן הארץ,
והאלילים פרות יפירתן,
לתקן עולם במלכות שדי,
וכל-בני בשר יקראו בשמך,
להפנות אליך כל-רשעי ארץ.

468c

May all who dwell on earth come to know that to You every knee must bend and every tongue swear loyalty. Before You, Eternal God, let them humble themselves, and to Your glorious name let them give honour. Let all submit to Your sovereign rule; may that time come soon, and last for ever.

For ultimate sovereignty is Yours, and to all eternity You will reign in glory, as it is written: The Eternal One shall reign for ever.

And it has been said: The Eternal God shall rule over all the earth; on that day the Eternal God shall be One, and known to be One.

KADDISH TITKABEL

Magnified and sanctified be the great name of the One by whose will the world was created. May God's rule become effective in your lives, and in the life of the whole House of Israel. May it be so soon, and let us say: *Amen*.

May God's great name be praised to all eternity.

יִכִּירוּ וַיִּדְעוּ כָּל־יְשׁוּבֵי תֵבֵל כִּי
לְךָ תִכְרַע כָּל־בְּרִיָּה, תִשָּׁבַע
כָּל־לִשׁוֹן. לְפָנֶיךָ, יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ,
יִכְרְעוּ וַיִּפְּלוּ, וְלִכְבוֹד שְׁמֶךָ
יִקָּר וַיִּתְנֶה, וַיִּקְבְּלוּ כָל־אֶת־עַל
מַלְכוּתְךָ, וְתִמְלוֹךְ עָלֵיהֶם
מִהֲרָה לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.

כִּי הַמְּלֻכוֹת שְׁלֶךָ הֵיא,
וְלְעוֹלָמֵי עַד תִּמְלוֹךְ בְּכְבוֹד,
כַּכְּתוּב בְּתוֹרַתְךָ: יְהוָה יִמְלֹךְ
לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד.

וַנֵּאמַר: וַהֲיָה יְהוָה לְמֶלֶךְ
עַל־כָּל־הָאָרֶץ; בַּיּוֹם הַהוּא
יְהִיָּה יְהוָה אֶחָד וַשְּׁמוֹ אֶחָד.

468c

קְדִישׁ תִּתְקַבֵּל

יִתְגַּדֵּל וַיִּתְקַדֵּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא
בְּעֵלְמָא דִּי־בְרָא כְרַעוּתֵהּ,
וַיִּמְלִיךְ מַלְכוּתֵהּ בְּחַיִּיכוּן
וּבְיוֹמֵיכוּן וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל־בֵּית
יִשְׂרָאֵל, בְּעַגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב,
וַאֲמַרו: אָמֵן.

יְהִיא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ לְעַלְמִים
וְלְעַלְמֵי עֵלְמָיָא.

468d

Blessed and praised; glorified, exalted and extolled; lauded, honoured and acclaimed be the name of the Holy One, who is ever to be praised, though far far above the eulogies and songs of praise and consolation that human lips can utter; and let us say: *Amen*.

May the prayers and supplications of the House of Israel everywhere be accepted by their loving Creator, and let us say: *Amen*.

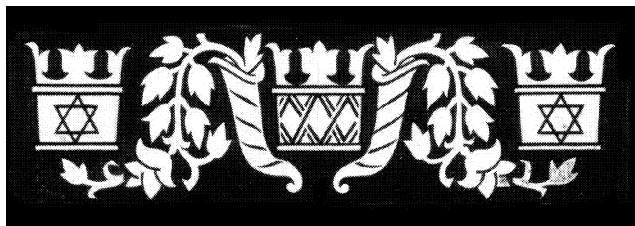
May great peace descend from heaven, and abundant life be granted, to us and all Israel; and let us say: *Amen*.

May the Most High, Source of perfect peace, grant peace to us, to all Israel, and to all humanity, and let us say: *Amen*.

יְתַבְרַךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח, וְיִתְפָּאֵר
וְיִתְרוֹמַם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא, וְיִתְהַדָּר
וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלֵּל שְׁמֵהּ
דְּקוּדְשָׁא, בְּרִיף הוּא, לְעֵלָּא
לְעֵלָּא מִן כָּל-בְּרַכְתָּא
וְשִׁירָתָא, תְּשַׁבְּחָתָא וְנַחֲמָתָא
דְּאִמְרִין בְּעֵלְמָא, וְאִמְרוּ: אָמֵן.
תְּתַקַּבֵּל צְלוֹתְהוֹן וּבְעוֹתְהוֹן
דִּי-כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל קָדָם אָבוּהוֹן
דִּי בְשִׁמְיָא, וְאִמְרוּ: אָמֵן.
יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן-שְׁמֵי
אֱלֹהִים עָלֵינוּ וְעַל-כָּל-יִשְׂרָאֵל,
וְאִמְרוּ: אָמֵן.
עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרוֹמָיו, הוּא
יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל-
יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל כָּל-בְּנֵי-אָדָם,
וְאִמְרוּ: אָמֵן.

This day, strengthen us!	<i>Amen</i>	אָמֵן	הַיּוֹם תְּאַמְצֵנוּ!	♪
This day, bless us!	<i>Amen</i>	אָמֵן	הַיּוֹם תְּבָרַכְנוּ!	
This day, exalt us!	<i>Amen</i>	אָמֵן	הַיּוֹם תְּגַדְּלֵנוּ!	
This day, be good to us!	<i>Amen</i>	אָמֵן	הַיּוֹם תְּדַרְשֵׁנוּ לְטוֹבָה!	
This day, hear our prayer!	<i>Amen</i>	אָמֵן	הַיּוֹם תִּשְׁמַע שׁוֹעֲתֵנוּ!	
This day, uplift us with Your righteousness!	<i>Amen</i>	אָמֵן	הַיּוֹם תִּתְמַכְּנוּ בִּימִין צְדִיקְךָ!	

Transliterations



MAH TOVU

a

Mah tovu ohalecha ya-akov, mishkenotecha yisrael! Va-ani, berov chasdecha avo vey-techa, eshtachaveh el heychal kodshecha be-yir-atecha.

Adonai, ahavti me-on bey-techa, u-mekom mishkan ke-vodecha. Va-ani eshtachaveh ve-ech-ra-ah, ev-rechah lifney Adonai osi.

Va-ani tefillati lecha, Adonai, eyt ratzon. Elohim, berov chasdecha, aneyni be-emet yish-echa.

SHEHECHEYANU

b

Baruch attah Adonai, eloheynu melech ha-olam, shehecheyanu, ve-kiyyemanu, ve-higgi-anu la-zeman ha-zeh.

ESSA EYNAI

c

Essa eynai el he-harim, mey-a-yin yavo ezri?

Ezri mey-im Adonai, o-seh shamayim va-aretz.

Al yitteyn lamot raglecha, al yanum shomerecha.

Hinneh lo yanum ve-lo yishan shomer yisrael.

Adonai shomerecha, Adonai tzillecha al yad yeminecha.

Yomam ha-shemesh lo yakkeka, ve-yarey~ach ba-layelah.

Adonai yishmorcha mikol ra, yishmor et naf-shecha.

Adonai yishmor tzeytcha u-vo-echa mey-attah ve-ad olam.

SHEMA

d

Shema yisrael, Adonai eloheynu, Adonai echad.

Baruch sheym kevod malchuto le-olam va-ed.

Ve-ahavta eyt Adonai elohecha bechol levavecha u-ve-chol naf-shecha

u-ve-chol me-odecha. Ve-ha-yu ha-devarim ha-eyleh, asher anochi

me-tzavvecha ha-yom al levavecha. Veshinnantam le-vanecha,

ve-dibbarta bam be-shivtecha be-veytecha, u-ve-lech-techa va-derech

u-ve-shoch-becha u-ve-kumecha. U-keshartam le-ot al ya-decha, vehayu

le-totafot beyn eynecha. U-chetavtam al mezuzot beytecha u-vish-arecha.

LE-MA-AN TIZKERU

e

Le-ma-an tizkeru va-asitem et kol mitzvotai, vi-heyitem ke-doshim

leyloheychem. Ani Adonai eloheychem asher hotzeyti et-chem mey-eretz

mitzrayim liheyot lachem leylohim. Ani Adonai eloheychem.

TRANSLITERATIONS

MI CHAMOCHAH

a

Mi chamochah ba-eylim, Adonai? Mi kamochah ne-edar ba-kodesh? Nora tehillot oseh fele? Adonai yimloch le-olam va-ed.

TZUR YISRAEL

b

Tzur yisrael, kumah be-ezrat yisrael, go-aleynu, Adonai tzeva-ot shemo, ke-dosh yisrael. Baruch attah Adonai, ga-al yisrael.

ADONAI SEFATAI & AVOT

c

Adonai, sefatai tiftach, ufi yaggid tehillatecha.

Baruch attah Adonai, eloheynu veylohey avoteynu ve-immoteynu, elohey Avraham, elohey Yitzchak veylohey Ya-a-kov, elohey Sarah, elohey Rivkah, elohey Racheyl veylohey Ley-ah, ha-eyl ha-gadol, ha-gibbor ve-ha-nora, eyl elyon, gomeyl chasadim tovim ve-koneh ha-kol, ve-zocheyr chasdey avot ve-immahot, umeyvi ge-ullah livney veneyhem le-ma-an shemo be-ahavah. Zochreynu lachayyim, melech chafeytz ba-chayyim, ve-chotveynu* be-seyfer ha-chayyim, le-ma-an-cha elohim chayyim.

Melech ozeyr u-mo-shi~a u-mageyn.

Baruch attah Adonai, mageyn Avraham ve-ezrat Sarah.

* In the Yom Kippur Concluding Service, substitute ve-chotmeynu.

GEVUROT

d

Attah gibbor le-olam Adonai, mechayyeh meytim attah, rav le-hoshi~a. Mashiv ha-ru~ach u-morid ha-geshem, mazri~ach ha-shemesh u-morid ha-tal. Mechalkel chayyim be-chesed, me-chayyeh meytim be-rachamim rabbim. Someych noflim ve-rofey cholim u-mattir asurim u-mekayyem emunato lisheyney afar. Mi chamocha, ba-al gevurot, u-mi domeh lach, melech meymit u-mechayyeh u-matz-mi~ach yeshu-ah?

Mi chamocha, av harachamim, zocheyr ye-tzurav la-chayyim be-rachamim?

Ve-ne-e-man attah le-hachayyot mey-tim.

Baruch attah Adonai, mechayyeh ha-meytim.

KEDUSHAH

e

Kadosh, kadosh, kadosh, Adonai tzeva-ot, melo chol ha-aretz kevodo.

Baruch kevod Adonai mi-mekomo.

Shema yisrael: Adonai eloheynu Adonai echad.

Ani Adonai Eloheychem.

Yimloch Adonai le-olam, elohayich tziyyon le-dor va-dor. Halleluyah.

TRANSLITERATIONS

VAYIGBAH

a

Va-yigbah Adonai tzeva-ot ba-mishpat, ve-ha-eyl ha-kadosh nikdash bi-tzedakah. Baruch attah Adonai, ha-melech ha-kadosh.

ADONAI ADONAI

b

Adonai, Adonai, eyl rachum ve-channun, erech appayim ve-rav chesed ve-emet; notzeyr chesed la-alafim, nosey avon va-fesha ve-chatta-ah, ve-nakkeh.

YIHEYU LE-RATZON

c

Yiheyu le-ratzon imrey fi, ve-hegyon libbi le-fanecha, Adonai,tzuri ve-go-ali.

OSEH SHALOM

d

Oseh shalom bimromav, hu ya-a-seh shalom aleynu ve-al kol yisrael, ve-al kol be-ney adam.

SHEMA KOLEYNU

e

Shema koleynu, Adonai eloheyenu, chus ve-racheym aleynu ve-kabbeyl be-rachamim u-veratzon et tefillateynu. Hashiveynu Adonai eylecha ve-nashuvah, chaddeysh yameynu ke-kedem.

KI ANU AMMECHA

f

Ki anu a-mmecha ve-attah eloheyenu. Anu vanecha ve-attah avinu. Anu avadecha ve-attah adoneynu. Anu tzonecha ve-attah ro-eynu. Anu char-mecha ve-attah not-reynu. Anu fe-ullatecha ve-attah yotz-reynu. Anu ra-yatecha ve-attah dodeynu. Anu ammecha ve-attah malkeynu.

AVINU MALKEYNU

g

Avinu Malkeynu, chonneynu va-aneynu ki eyn banu ma-asim; aseh immanu tzedakah vachesed vehoshi-eynu.

HODO AL ERETZ

h

Hodo al erez ve-shamayim, va-yarem keren le-ammo, tehillah lechol chasidav, livney yisrael, am kerovo. Halleluyah!

KI LEKACH TOV

a

Ki lekach tov natati lachem, torati al ta-azovu. Eytz chayyim hi la-machazikim bah, ve-tomecheha me-ushar. De-rachecha dar-chey no-am, ve-chol ne-tivoteha shalom.

Hashiveynu, Adonai, eylecha ve-nashuvah. Chaddeysh yameynu ke-kedem.

VE-AL KULLAM

b

Ve-al kullam, elo~ah selichot, selach lanu, mechal lanu, kapper lanu.

ALEynu

c

Aleynu le-shabbey~ach la-adon ha-kol, lateyt gedullah le-yotzer bereyshit, asher sam chelkeynu le-yacheyd et shemo, ve-goraleynu le-hamlich malchuto.

Va-anachnu kore-im u-mishtachavim u-modim, lifney melech malchey ha-melachim, ha-kadosh baruch hu.

She-hu noteh shamayim ve-yoseyd aretz, u-moshav yekaro ba-shamayim mi-ma-al u-shechinat uzzo be-govhey me-romim. Hu eloheynu eyn od, emet malkeynu efes zulato, ka-katuv betorato: ve-yadata ha-yom va-hasheyvota el levavecha, ki Adonai hu ha-elohim ba-shamayim mi-ma-al ve-al ha-aretz mi-tachat, eyn od...

Ve-ne-emar: ve-hayah Adonai le-melech al kol ha-aretz. Ba-yom ha-hu yiheyeh Adonai echad u-shemo echad.

KADDISH

d

Yitgaddal ve-yitkaddash shemeh rabba, be-alma di-vera chi-r-uteh, ve-yamlich mal-chuteh be-chayyeychon u-ve-yomeychon, u-ve-chayyey dechol beyt yisrael, ba-agala u-vizman kariv, ve-imru ameyn.

Yehey shemeh rabba mevarach le-alam u-le-almey almayya.

Yitbarach ve-yishtabbach, ve-yitpa-ar ve-yitromam ve-yitnassey, ve-yithaddar ve-yit-alleh ve-yit-hallal shemeh de-kudsha be-rich hu, le-eyla le-eyla min kol bir-chata ve-shirata, tushbechata ve-nechemata da-amiran be-alma, ve-imru ameyn.

Yehey shelama rabba min shemaya ve-chayyim aleynu ve-al kol yisrael, ve-imru ameyn.

Oseh shalom bimromav, hu ya-aseh shalom aleynu ve-al kol yisrael, ve-al kol beney adam, ve-imru ameyn.

ADON OLAM

a

Adon olam asher malach be-terem kol yetzir nivra,
le-eyt na-asah ve-chef-tzo kol, azai melech shemo nikra.

Ve-acharey kichlot ha-kol, le-vaddo yimloch nora,
ve-hu hayah ve-hu hoveh ve-hu yiheyeh be-tif-arah.

Ve-hu echad, ve-eyn sheyni, le-hamshil lo, le-hach-birah,
be-li reyshit, be-li tachlit, velo ha-oz ve-ha-misrah.

Ve-hu eyli, ve-chai go-ali, ve-tzur chevli be-eyt tzarah,
ve-hu nissi u-manos li, menat kosi be-yom ekra.

Be-yado afkid ruchi be-eyt ishan ve-a-irah,
ve-im ruchi geviyyati, Adonai li ve-lo ira.

EYN KEYLOHEYNU

b

Eyn keyloheni, eyn kadoneynu,
eyn ke-malkeynu, eyn ke-moshi-eynu.

Mi cheyloheynu, mi chadoneynu,
mi che-malkeynu, mi che-moshi-eynu

Nodeh leyloheynu, nodeh ladoneynu,
nodeh le-malkeynu, nodeh le-moshi-eynu.

Baruch eloheynu, baruch adoneynu,
baruch malkeynu, baruch moshi-eynu.

Attah hu eloheynu, attah hu adoneynu,
attah hu malkeynu, attah hu moshi-eynu.

HAVU LADONAI

c

Havu ladonai be-ney eylim, havu ladonai kavod va-oz! Havu ladonai
ke-vod she-mo, hish-tachavu ladonai be-hadrat kodesh. Kol Adonai al
ha-mayim! Eyl ha-kavod hir-im! Adonai al mayim rabim! Kol Adonai
ba-ko~ach, kol Adonai be-hadar. Kol Adonai shoveyr arazim,
va-yeshabbeyr Adonai et ar-zey ha-levanon, va-yarkideym ke-mo ey-gel,
le-vanon ve-siryon kemo ven re-eymim. Kol Adonai chotzeyv lahavot eysh;
kol Adonai yachil mid-bar, yachil Adonai midbar kadeysh. Kol Adonai
yecholeyl ayyalot, va-yechesof ye-arot u-ve-heyshalo kullo omeyr: kavod!
Adonai la-mabul yashav, va-yeyshev Adonai melech le-olam. Adonai oz
le-ammo yitteyn, Adonai ye-va-reych et ammo va-shalom.

TRANSLITERATIONS

YIGDAL

Yigdal elohim chai ve-yish-tabbach,
nim-tza ve-eyn eyt el metzi-uto.
Echad ve-eyn ya-chid ke-yichudo,
ne-elam, ve-gam eyn sof le-achduto.

Eyn lo demut ha-guf ve-eyno guf,
lo na-aroch eylav kedushato.
Kadmon lechol davar asher nivra,
rishon ve-eyn reyshit le-reyshito.

Hinno Adon olam, le-choh notzar
yoreh gedullato u-mal-chuto.
Shefa nevu-ato netano,
el anshey segullato ve-tifarto.

Lo kam be-yisrael ke-mosheh od navi,
u-mabbit et temunato.
Torat emet natan le-ammo eyl,
al yad nevi-o ne-eman beyto.

Lo yachalif ha-eyl, ve-lo yamir dato,
le-olamim le-zulato.
Tzofeh ve-yodey~a setareynu,
mabbit le-sof davar be-kadmato.

Gomeyl le-ish chesed ke-mif-alo,
noteyn le-rasha ra ke-rish-ato.
Yish-poch lekeytz yamin al kol basar rucho,
lifdot mechakkey keytz yeshu-ato.

Chayyey olam nata be-tocheynu,
baruch adey ad sheym tehillato.