

Hakotel

Lyrics: Yossi Gamzu

Music: Dov Seltzer

A girl stood facing the kotel (western wall)
She drew her lips and chin close to it.
She said to me, the shofar's blasts are strong
But the silence is even stronger.
She told me: Zion, the Temple Mount
She was silent, about the reward and the right.
And what shone on her forehead at evening
Was the purple of royalty.

Chorus:

The kotel, moss and sadness.

The kotel, lead and blood.

There are people with a heart of stone.

There are stones with a human heart.

The paratrooper stood at the kotel.
Of his whole division - the only one.
He told me that death has no image
But it has a diameter -
Nine millimeters only.
He told me, I'm not shedding tears
And again lowered his glance.
But my grandfather, God knows,
Is buried here, on Har Hazeitim (the Mount of Olives).

Chorus:

She stood, dressed in black, at the kotel.
The mother of one of the infantry soldiers.
She told me, it's the eyes of my son that are shining
And not the candles on the wall.
She told me: I'm not writing
Any note to hide between the cracks.
Because what I gave to the kotel only last night
Is greater than any words or writing.

Chorus:

עמדה נערה מול הכתל שפתיים קרבה וסנטר
אמרה לי: "תקיעות השופר חזקות הן אבל השתיקה עוד יותר"
אמרה לי: "ציון הר הבית שתקה לי: הגמול והזכות"
ומה שזוהר על מצחה בין ערביים היה ארגמן של מלכות

הכתל אנוב ועצבת, הכתל עופרת נדם
יש אנשים עם לב של אבן
יש אבנים עם לב אדם

עמד הצנחן מול הכתל מכל מחלקתו רק אחד
אמר לי: "למנות אין דמות אף יש קטר - תשעה מלמטר בלבד
אמר לי: "אינני דומע" (ושב להשפיל מבטים)
אך סבא שלי אלקים היודע קבור כאן בחר הזיתים...

עמדה בשחורים מול הכתל אמו של אחר מן החי"ר
אמרה לי: "עיני נערי הדולקות הן ולא הנרות שבקיר"
אמרה לי אינני רושמת שום פתק לטמון בין סדקיו
כי מה שנתתי לכתל רק אמש גדול ממלים ומכתב...

AN ARAB SHEPHERD IS SEARCHING FOR HIS GOAT ON MOUNT ZION

Yehuda Amichai

An Arab shepherd is searching for his goat on Mount Zion
And on the opposite hill I am searching for my little boy.
An Arab shepherd and a Jewish father
Both in their temporary failure.
Our two voices met above
The Sultan's Pool in the valley between us.
Neither of us wants the boy or the goat
To get caught in the wheels
Of the "Had Gadya" machine.

Afterward we found them among the bushes,
And our voices came back inside us
Laughing and crying.

Searching for a goat or for a child has always been
The beginning of a new religion in these mountains.

M'al Pisgat Har Hatzofim

From the summit of Mount Scopus,
I will prostrate myself to you,
From the summit of Mount Scopus,
O Jerusalem, peace unto you.
For a hundred generations I have dreamt of you,
To merit/to cry
And behold the light of your countenance.

Chorus:

Jerusalem, Jerusalem
Light up your face to your son,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem
From your ruins will I build you.

From the summit of Mount Scopus,
O Jerusalem, peace unto you.
Thousands of exiles around the world,
Raise up their eyes to you.
In thousands of blessings may you
be blessed,
Kingly sanctuary, royal city.

Chorus:

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
I shall not move away,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
The Messiah will surely come, one day.

Me'al pisgat har hatzofim
Eshtachaveh lach apa'im.
Me'al pisgat har hatzofim
Shalom lach Yerushala'im.
Me'ah dorot chalamti alayich
Liz'kot/liv'kot,
Lirot be'or panayich.

Chorus:

Yerushalayim, Yerushalayim
Ha'iri panayich livnech.
Yerushalayim, Yerushalayim
Mecharvotayich evnech.

Me'al pisgat har hatzofim
Shalom lach Yerushalaim.
Alfei golim mik'tzot kol tevel
Nos'im elaich einaim
Alfei brachot hayi b'rucha
Mikdash melech ir mluchah.

Chorus:

Yerushalayim, Yerushalayim
Ani lo azuz mipo
Yerushalayim, Yerushalayim
Yavo hamashiach yavo.

Lach Yerushalayim

Lyrics: Amos Ettinger

Music: Eli Rubenstein

Lach Y'rushalayim bein
chomot ha-ir,
Lach Y'rushalayim or
chadash ya-ir.

לך יְרוּשָׁלַיִם בֵּין חוֹמוֹת הָעִיר
לך יְרוּשָׁלַיִם אוֹר חָדָשׁ יָאִיר

B'libeinu rak shir echad
kayam
Lach Y'rushalayim bein
yardein va-yam.

בְּלִבֵּנוּ רַק שִׁיר אֶחָד קַיָּם
לך יְרוּשָׁלַיִם בֵּין יַרְדֵּן וַיָּם

Lach Y'rushalayim nof
k'dumim va-hod,
Lach Y'rushalayim lach razim
va-sod.

לך יְרוּשָׁלַיִם נוֹף קְדוּמִים וְהוֹד
לך יְרוּשָׁלַיִם לך רִזִּים וְסוֹד
בְּלִבֵּנוּ . . .

B'libeinu . . .

Lach Y'rushalayim shir nisa
tamid,
Lach Y'rushalayim ir migdal
David.

לך יְרוּשָׁלַיִם שִׁיר נִסָּא תָמִיד
לך יְרוּשָׁלַיִם עִיר מִגְדַּל דָּוִד
בְּלִבֵּנוּ . . .

B'libeinu . . .

For you, O Jerusalem, fortress of David, let a new light
shine.

In our hearts there exists but one song, a song dedicated
to you.

For you Jerusalem, between the city walls,
For you Jerusalem a new light will shine.

In our heart there exists but one song
For you Jerusalem, between the Jordan and the sea.

For you Jerusalem, an ancient glorious view,
For you Jerusalem a riddle and a secret.

Sisu Et Yerushalayim

Text: Isaiah 66:10, 62:6 Music: Akiva Nof

Sisu et Y'rushalayim gilv va
Gilv va kol ohaveha kol
ohaveha.

שִׁישׁוּ אֶת-יְרוּשָׁלַיִם גִּילּוּ בָּהּ
גִּילּוּ בָּהּ כָּל-אוֹהֲבֶיהָ
כָּל-אוֹהֲבֶיהָ

Al chomotayich ir David
hif-kad-ti shomrim
Kol hayom v'chol halaila.
Sisu . . .

עַל חוֹמוֹתֶיךָ עִיר דָּוִד
הִפְקַדְתִּי שׁוֹמְרִים כָּל-הַיּוֹם
וְכָל-הַלַּיְלָה
שִׁישׁוּ . . .

Al tira v'al teichat avdi
Ya-akov
Ki yafutzu m'sanecha
mipanecha.
Sisu . . .

אַל תִּירָא וְאַל תִּיחַת עַבְדִּי
יַעֲקֹב כִּי יִפְּצוּ מִשְׁנְאָיְךָ
מִפְּנֶיךָ
שִׁישׁוּ . . .

S'i saviv einayich ur'i
kulam
Nik-b'tzu u-va-u lach.
Sisu..

שְׂאֵי סָבִיב עֵינֶיךָ וּרְאֵי כָל־
נִקְבְּצוּ וּבָאוּ לָךְ
שִׁישׁוּ . . .

V'ameich ameich kulam
tzadikim
L'olam yirshu aretz.
Sisu . . .

וְעַמְּךָ עִמָּךְ כָּל־צַדִּיקִים
לְעוֹלָם יִירָשׁוּ אֶרֶץ
שִׁישׁוּ . . .

Rejoice with Jerusalem, all you who love her.
I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem.
They shall never hold their peace, day or night.
Do not fear, my servant Jacob,
For your enemies shall be scattered before you.

Tourists

Yehuda Amichai

Visits of condolence is all we get from them.

They squat at the Holocaust Memorial,

They put on grave faces at the Wailing Wall

And they laugh behind heavy curtains

In their hotels.

They have their pictures taken

Together with our famous dead

At Rachel's Tomb and Herzl's Tomb

And on Ammunition Hill.

They weep over our sweet boys

And lust after our tough girls

And hang up their underwear

To dry quickly

In cool, blue bathrooms.

Once I sat on the steps by agate at David's Tower,

I placed my two heavy baskets at my side. A group of tourists

was standing around their guide and I became their target marker. "You see

that man with the baskets? Just right of his head there's an arch

from the Roman period. Just right of his head." "But he's moving, he's moving!"

I said to myself: redemption will come only if their guide tells them,

"You see that arch from the Roman period? It's not important: but next to it,

left and down a bit, there sits a man who's bought fruit and vegetables for his family."

PSALM 122

122:1 A Song of Ascents; of David. I rejoiced when they said unto me: 'Let us go unto the house of the Lord.'

122:2 Our feet are standing within your gates, O Jerusalem;

122:3 Jerusalem, you are built as a city that is compact together;

122:4 There the tribes went up, even the tribes of the Lord, as a testimony unto Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

122:5 For there were set thrones for judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

122:6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; may they prosper that love you.

122:7 Peace be within your walls, and prosperity within your palaces.

122:8 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say: 'Peace be within you.'

122:9 For the sake of the house of the Lord our God I will seek your good.

L' ma'an Ahai

לְמַעַן אַחֵי וְרַעִי	L'ma'an aḥai v'rei'ai
אֲדַבְרָה נָא שְׁלוֹם בְּךָ.	adab'ra na shalom bakh.
לְמַעַן בֵּית יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ	L'ma'an beit hashem eloheinu
אֲבַקֶּשָׁה טוֹב לָךְ.	avaksha tov lakh.

For the sake of my family and friends I will pray for your peace.
For the sake of God's house I will seek your welfare.

— Psalm 122:8-9

Jerusalem Is Mine

Lyrics and music by: Kenny Karen

I am the sun, Jerusalem,
You are a painted sky
I am a bird, Jerusalem,
You have the wings to fly
You are the father of my dreams,
I am a gift of time
I am your child, Jerusalem,
Jerusalem is mine

You are an orchard in the sand,
I am the fruit you bear
You are the glove that warms my hand,
I am the smile you wear
You are the music of the hills,
I am the words that rhyme
I am your song, Jerusalem,
Jerusalem is mine

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

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

YIBANEH HAMIKDASH

Yibaneh hamikdash
Ir Tzion timalei
V'sham nashir shir chadash
U-virnana na-aleh.

יבנה המקדש
עיר ציון תמלא
ושם נשיר שיר חדש
וברננה נעלה.

The Temple will be rebuilt,
The city of Zion will be filled.
And there we will sing a new song
And be uplifted with rejoicing.

UVA-U HA-OVDIM

Uva-u ha-ovdim b'eret
Ashur
V'hanidachim b'eret
Mitzrayim.
V'hishtachavu lashem b'har
hakodesh Birushalayim.

ובאו האבדים בארץ אשור
והנדחים בארץ מצרים
והשתחוו לה' בהר הקדש
בירושלים.

Those who were lost in the land of Assyria,
And those who were cast away in the land of Egypt,
Shall come and worship the Lord on the holy mountain at
Jerusalem.

Yerushalayim Shel Zahav

Lyrics and music by Naomi Shemer

Avir harim tzalul kayayin
v'reiach o-ranim
Nisa b'ru-ach ha-arbayim
im kol pa-a-monim.
Uv-tardeimat ilan va-even
sh'vuya ba-chaloma
Ha-ir asher badad yoshevet
uv-liba choma.

אֵוִיר הָרִים צָלוּל כַּיָּאִין
וְרֵיַח אֲרָנִים
נִשָּׂא בְרוּחַ הָאַרְבָּעִים
עִם קוֹל פְּעֻמוֹנִים.
וּבְתַרְדֵּמַת אֵילָן וָאֶבֶן
שְׂבוּיָה בַּחֲלוּמָה
הָעִיר אֲשֶׁר בְּדָד יוֹשֶׁבֶת
וּבִלְבָּה חוֹמָה.

Y'rushalayim shel zahav
v'shel n'choshet v'shel or
Halo l'chol shi-rayich ani
kinor.

יְרוּשָׁלַיִם שֶׁל זָהָב
וְשֶׁל נְחֹשֶׁת וְשֶׁל אוֹר
הֲלֹא לְכָל-שִׁירֶיךָ אָנִי כִנּוֹר.

Chazarnu el borot hamayim
lashuk v'lakikar
Shofar korei b'har habayit
ba-ir ha-a-tikah.

חֲזַרְנוּ אֶל בּוֹרוֹת הַמַּיִם
לְשׁוֹק וּלְכִיקָר
שׁוֹפָר קוֹרֵא בְּהַר הַבַּיִת
בְּעִיר הָעֲתִיקָה

U-vam'arot asher ba-sela
alfei sh'mashot zor'chot
V'shuv neireid el yam
hamelach b'derech Y'richo.
Y'rushalayim shel zahav ...

וּבְמַעְרוֹת אֲשֶׁר בַּסֶּלַע
אַלְפֵי שִׁמְשׁוֹת זֹרְחוֹת
וְשׁוּב נִרְדֵּד אֶל יָם הַמֶּלֶךְ
בְּדֶרֶךְ יְרִיחוֹ.
יְרוּשָׁלַיִם שֶׁל זָהָב ...

Ach b'vo-i hayom lashir lach
v'lach likshor k'tarim
Katonti mitz-ir banayich
umei-acharon hamshor'rim
Ki sh'meich tzoreiv et
has'fatayim kin-shikat saraf
Im eshkeich Y'rushalayim
asher kula zahav.
Y'rushalayim shel zahav ...

אֲךְ בְּבוֹאֵי הַיּוֹם לְשִׁיר לָךְ
וְלָךְ לְקֹשֶׁר כְּתָרִים
קִטְנֹתִי מִצֵּדִיר בְּנִיךָ
וּמֵאַחֲרוֹן הַמְּשׁוֹרְרִים
כִּי שִׁמְךָ צוּרֵב אֶת-הַשְּׂפָתִים
כְּנִשְׁקַת שָׂרָף
אִם אֲשַׁכַּח יְרוּשָׁלַיִם
אֲשֶׁר כָּלָה זָהָב.
יְרוּשָׁלַיִם שֶׁל זָהָב ...

Mountain air as clear as wine and the scent of pine, borne
on the evening wind with the sound of bells.
And in the slumber of trees and stone, imprisoned in her
dream is the city which dwells alone, a wall within her
heart.

Jerusalem of gold, of copper and of light,
Behold I am a harp for all your songs.