

ALIKE

LYRICS AND TRANSLATIONS

Songs my Mother Taught Me – Adolf Heyduk

Als die alte Mutter mich noch lehrte singen	When my aging mother taught me to sing
Tränen in den Wimpern gar so oft ihr hingen	Tears would often hang from her eyelashes
Jetzt, wo ich di Kleinen selber üb im Sange	Now when I teach my little ones to sing
Rieselst's in den Bart oft von der braunen Wange	Tears often trickle down my cheek.

Song of Songs – adapted from “Song of Solomon”

Вже загорілися зорі вечірнії	Vzhe zavorilysja zori vechirn'iji,	The evening stars are burning
Вітер тихесенько віє	Viter tykhesen'ko vije,	The wind quietly blows
Поле рососою вечірною скріплене,	Pole rosoju vechirnoju skriplene,	The fields are wet with dew
Сном оповите ясніє.	Snom opovyte jasn'ije.	The sleeping field grows bright.
Тільки вершина Кармеля далекого	T'il'ky vershyna Karmelja dalekoho	Only the peak of Mt. Carmel far away
В сяйві рожевім зникає.	V sjajvi rozhevim znykaje.	Disappears in a pink glow.
Тиша настала і всюди замовкнуло,	Tysha nastala i vsjudy zamovknulo,	Silence has fallen everywhere
Милого серце чекає	Myloho sertse chekaje.	A heart awaits its beloved
Де ж ти, коханий мій,	De zh ty, kokhanyj mij,	Where are you, my beloved?
Де ти, хороший мій,	De ty, khoroshyj mij,	Where are you, my dear?
Тихий шатер свій ховаєш?	Tykyhy shater svij khovajesh?	Are you hiding in a quiet tent?
Де ти пасеш своє стадо опівдні	De ty pasesh svoje stado opivdn'i,	Where is your flock grazing at noon?
Де ти, скажи, оддыхаєш?	De ty, skazhy, oddykhajesh?	Tell me, where are you resting?
Чуєш ти голос мій?	Chujesh ty holos mij?	Do you hear my voice?
Бачиш ти, любий мій,	Bachysh ty, ljubyj mij,	Do you see, my dear,
Чорні пекучі сі очі?	Chorn'i pekuchi s'i ochi?	My burning, black eyes?
Довго шукала я тебе	Dovho shukala ja tebe,	Long I have searched for you
Коханого, шукала	Kokhanoho, shukala	Beloved, I have searched
В сутіні літньої ночі	V sut'in'i l'itn'oji nochi.	In the twilight of a summer's night
Довго, довго шукала,	Dovho, dovho shukala,	Long, long I have searched for you
Довго шукала я	dovho shukala ya	Long, I have searched

І ось він, коханий мій!	I os' vin kokhanyj mij!	And here he is, my beloved!
Від його щастям палає...	Vid joho shchastjam palaje	From him, happiness radiates
Під головою в мене його правая,	Pid holovoju v' mene joho pravaja	Under my head is his right arm
Ліва – мене обіймає.	Liva- mene objimaje	His left – embraces me

KADDISH - Brooke Bailey Johnson

Rocking horse without a rider
 Mother with no one beside her
 Wash their hair. Clean their faces.
 Let them go to peaceful places.
 Rolling hoop without a turner.
 Teacher left without a learner.
 Wash their hair. Clean their faces.
 Let them go to peaceful places.
 See them playing in the lanes.
 By the lake, in the fields.
 See them playing in the clouds.
 Laughing, dancing in the lanes.
 By the lake, in the fields.
 Laughing, dancing in the clouds.

Yisgadal, v'yiskadash sh'mey raba (Magnified and Sanctified be his great name)

Rocking horse without a rider
 Mother with no one beside her
 Wash their hair. Clean their faces.
 Let them go to peaceful places.

Oseh shalom bimromav (May the one who makes peace in high places)
Hu yaseh shalom aleinu v'al kol Yisrael (Make peace upon us and all of Israel)

Laughing, dancing in the lanes.
 By the lake, in the fields.

Oseh shalom bimromav (May the one who makes peace in high places)

Now they sing and dance for me
 Music of tranquility

Yisgadal, v'yiskadash (Magnified and Sanctified)

They are always here beside me.

Oseh shalom bimromav (May the one who makes peace in high places)

Hu yaseh shalom aleinu (Make peace upon all of us.)

Amen.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER – Amy Beach

Darkness hovers o'er the land when from the breaking heart
deep in slumber's soft embrace,
the woes of life depart.

Lonely, lonely wanders far a maid in sorrow.

Lonely o'er the desert wild.

Fearing, fearing the morrow,

Her sweet voice now so plaintive is echoed again.

Ere these words in her grief, she utters all in vain.

“At dawn the tender vine may drink Aurora's light,

While the palms fresh and green shall whisper on high.

The flow'r pale and fair will linger for the night.

Yet I, alas, must die.

The friends I leave in sadness, when mother love shall waken.

In their hearts filled with rapture,

Will breathe a secret sigh.

A son in their arms will rest, while I am forsaken.

Great Jephthah's name must die!

If their father shall bow 'neath the burden of years,

Their love so pure and tender will be forever nigh.

Strength unto him will give and soothe his trembling fears.

But I, alone must die!

O Thou who art in Heaven,

Thou hearest my bitter complaining.

Behold the grief of my father and heed his lonely cry.

All the days lost to me, give him whose life is waning.

Then shall I learn to die.

Morghe Sahar (Bird of Dawn) - Mohammad-Taqi Bahar, translation by Kian Ravaei

کن

Morghe sahar nāle sar kon	Bird of dawn, sing your lament
Dāghe marā tāze tar kon	Renew my pain
Zāhe sharar bār in ghafas rā	With a sign that rains fire
bar shekan o zir o zebar kon	Break and overturn this cage

بلبل پر بسته ز کنج قفس در آ نغمه آزادی نوع بشر سرا وز نفسی عرصه این خاک توده را پر شرر کن

Bolbole par baste ze konje ghafas darā	Flightless nightengale
Naghme ye āzādiye noe bashar sarā	Escape from the cage
Vaz nafasi arseye in khāke toode rā	From the breath of the masses
por sharar kon	Fill the open earth with fire

ظلم ظالم, جور صیاد آشیانم داده بر باد ای خدا ای فلک ای طبیعت شام تاریک ما را سحر کن

Zolme zālem, jore sayād	The cruelty of the cruel and the tyranny of the hunter
Āshiyānam dāde bar bād	Have left my nest dwindling in the wind
Ey khodā ey falak ey tabiat	O God, O Universe, O Nature
Shāme tārike mā rā sahar kon	Turn our dark evening into dawn.

نوبهار است گل به بار است ابر چشمم ژاله بار است این قفس چون دلم تنگ و تار است

No bahār ast, gol be bār ast	It is a new spring; the flowers have bloomed.
Abre chashmam zhāle bār ast	The clouds in my eyes are filled with dew
In ghafas chon delam tang o tār ast	This cage, like my heart, is suffocating and dark

شعله فکن در قفس ای آه آتشین دست طبیعت گل عمر مرا مچین جانب عاشق نگه ای تازه گل از این

Shole fekan dar ghafas ey āhe ātashin	O fiery sigh, set this cage alight
Daste tabiat gole omre marā machin	O hand of nature, do not trim the flower of my life.
Jānebe āshegh negah ey tāze gol az in	O flower, give this lover a glance.

بیشتر کن, بیشتر کن, بیشتر کن مرغ بیدل شرح هجران مختصر مختصر کن مختصر کن

Bishtar kon, bishtar kon, bishtar kon	Make it longer! Make it longer! Make it longer!
Morghe bidel	You heartless bird.
Sharhe hejrān	The story of suffering and longing
Mokhtasar kon	Make it brief!

Invocation – Text collected by Kim D. Sherman from the people in her neighborhood

Make peace on all your lands (English)

Assalaam ‘alaa kullil ‘aa lam (Arabic)

La’asot shalom b’chol ha’olam (Hebrew)

Faccia la pace in tutto il mondo (Italian)

Subete no kuni ni, heiwa o, kizuki maho (Japanese)

Sara Vishva me shanti rakhiye (Hindi)

Faites la paix sur tous le monde (French)

Irini se oli di yi (Greek)

Haga la paz en todas sus tierras (Spanish)

Machen sie Frieden auf allen ihren Ländern (German)

Face pacem in terra (Latin)

Myr (Ukrainian)

He Ping (Chinese)

Sollh (Farsi)

Pace (Italian)

Vishva (Hindi)

Frieden (German)

Mir (Russian)

Shalom (Hebrew)

Assalaam (Arabic)

Peace (English)