

שִׁיר הַכְּבוֹד

אֲנַעִים זְמִירוֹת וְשִׁירִים אֶאְרוֹג, כִּי אֶלֶיךָ נַפְשִׁי תֵּעָרוֹג.
Anim zemirot v'shirim e'erog ki eilecha nafshi ta'arog.

נַפְשִׁי חֲמֻדָּה בְּצֵל יְדֶךָ, לְדַעַת כָּל רֹז סוּדֶךָ.
Midei daberu bi'chvodecha homeh libi el sodecha

מִדֵּי דַבָּרִי בְּכֻבוֹדֶךָ, הוֹמָה לְבִי אֶל דּוֹדֶיךָ.
Midei daberu bi'chvodecha homeh libi el dodecha

עַל כֵּן אֶדְבֵּר בְּךָ נִכְבְּדוֹת, וְשִׁמָּה אֶכְבֵּד בְּשִׁירֵי יְדִידוֹת.
Al kein adabeir, b'cha nich'badot v'shim'cha achabeid b'shrei y'didot

אֶסְפָּרָה כְּבוֹדֶךָ וְלֹא רְאִיתִיךָ, אֶדְמָה אֶכְנֶה וְלֹא יִדְעִתִּיךָ.
*Asap'ra ch'vodcha velo r'i'ticha
adam'cha achan'cha v'lo y'daticha*

בְּיַד נְבִיאֶיךָ בְּסוֹד עֲבָדֶיךָ, דְּמִיתָ הֵדָר כְּבוֹד הוֹדֶךָ.
B'yad n'viecha b'sod avadecha dimita hadar k'vod hodecha

גִּדְּלָתֶךָ וּגְבוּרָתֶךָ. כִּנּוּ לְתִקְוָה פְּעֻלָּתֶךָ.
G'dulat'cha ug'vurotecha, kinu l'tokef p'ulatecha

תִּיקַר שִׁירַת רֹשׁ בְּעֵינֶיךָ, כַּשִּׁיר יוֹשָׁר עַל קֶרֶבְנֶיךָ.
Tikar shirat rush b'einecha, k'hir yushar al kor'baneicha

בִּרְכָּתִי תַעֲלֶה לְרֹאשׁ מִשְׁבִּיר, מְחוּלָל וּמוֹלִיד צַדִּיק כַּבִּיר.
Birchatu ta'ale l'rosh mashbir, m'choleil umolid tzadik kabir

וּבִבְרָכָתִי תִנְעֲנַע לִי רֹאשׁ, וְאוֹתָהּ קַח לָךְ כְּבָשִׁמִּים רֹאשׁ.
Uv'virchatu t'na'a'nah li rsh, V'o'tah kach l'cha ki'visamim rosh

(2) יַעֲרַב נָא שִׁיחִי עֲלֶיךָ. כִּי נַפְשִׁי תֵּעָרוֹג אֶלֶיךָ.
Yerav na sichi aleicha ki nafshi ta'arog eilecha

SONG OF GLORY

I will chant sweet psalms and weave songs
because my soul longs for You.

My soul desired the shade of Your hand,
to know Your hidden mysteries.

Even as I speak for Your glory,
my heart yearns for Your love.

Therefore, I shall speak for Your glories
and I shall honour Your name with loving songs

I shall tell of Your glory though I have not seen You,
through images I will describe You, though I have not known You.

By the hand of Your prophets, the counsel of Your servants,
You imaged the majestic glory of Your power.

They portrayed You, not through your essence
but according to Your deeds.

May the song of the poor in spirit be as dear to You
as the song that was sung over Your sacrifices.

May my praise rise up to the sustainer of all
giver of life, the mighty One of righteousness.

And as to my praise, incline your head to me,
take it to Yourself as the finest incense

May my prayer be sweet to you, for my soul longs for you.(2)