

Pslam 128

Shir hamma'alót,

'Ashréi kol yeré 'adonái haholékh bidrakháv.
Yegía' kappékha ki tokhél;
'ashrékha vetóv lakh.
'Eshtekhá kegéfen poriyyá beyarketéi veitékha;
banékha kishtiléi zeítim savív leshulhanékha.
Hinné khi khen yevórahk gáver yeré 'adonái.
Yevarekhekhá 'adonái mitsiyyón,
ur'é betúv yerushaláyim kol yeméi hayékha.
Ur'é vanim levanékha; shalom 'al yisra'él.

Psaume 80:4, 8, 20

Elohim hashivénu veba'ér panékha venivashé'a.
Elohim tseva'ót hashivenu veba'ér panékha
venivashé'a.
Adonái 'elohim tseva'ót hashivenu veba'ér panékha
venivashé'a.

Psalms 126

Shir hama'alót,

Beshúv 'adonái 'et shivát tsiyyón,

hayínu kehólemím.
'Az yimmalé sehók pínu
ulshonénu rinná.
'az yomerú vaggoyím:
higdíl 'adonái la'asót 'im 'éle.
Higdíl 'adonái la'asót 'immánu, hayínu semeḥím.
Shuvá 'adonái 'et sheviténu ka'afikím bannégev.
Hazzore'im bedim'á berinná yiktsóru.
Halókh yelékuvakhó nose meshekh hazzára'.
Bo yavó verinná nose 'alumotáv.

prob. Ottavio Rinuccini (1562-1621)

Sfoga con le stelle

Un infermo d'amore,
Sotto notturno ciel, il suo dolore;
E dicea, fisso in loro:
"O imagini belle
De l'idol mio ch'adoro,
Sì come a me mostrate,
Mentre così splendete,
La sua rara beltate,
Così mostraste a lei,
Mentre cotanto ardete,
I vivi ardori miei;
La fareste col vostro aureo sembiante
Pietosa sì, com'hor me fate amante."

A song of ascents.

Blessed are all who fear the Lord,
who walk in obedience to him.
You will eat the fruit of your labor;
Blessings and prosperity will be yours.
Your wife will be like a fruitful vine within your house;
Your children will be like olive shoots
around your table.
This will be the blessing for the man who fears the Lord.
May the Lord bless you from Zion;
May you see the prosperity of Jerusalem
all the days of your life.
May you live to see your children's children;
peace be on Israel.

God restore us, brighten Your face and we shall be saved.
God of hosts restore us, brighten Your face and we shall be saved.
Lord God of hosts restore us, brighten Your face and we shall be
saved.

A song of ascents.

When the Lord restored the fortunes of Zion,
we were like those who dreamed.
Our mouths were filled with laughter,
our tongues with songs of joy.
Then it was said among the nations:
"The Lord has done great things for them."
The Lord has done great things for us,
and we are filled with joy.
Restore our fortunes, Lord, like streams in the Negev.
Those who sow with tears will reap with songs of joy.
Those who go out weeping, carrying seed to sow,
will return with songs of joy,
carrying sheaves with them.

A lovesick man poured forth

To the stars
In the nighttime sky, his grief,
And said, his eyes fixed on them:
"Oh beautiful images
Of my idol, whom I adore,
Just as you show me,
While you so glitter,
Her rare beauty,
So may you show her,
While you so strongly burn,
My living fires;
With your golden features, you might make her
Merciful, just as you now make me amorous."

Giambattista Marino (1569-1625)

Tu parti, ah! lasso, e il core
Mi parte il tuo partire;
E fra il dubbio e il martire,
Mentre ch'io tremo e piango,
Muto amante rimango.
Ma se tremando agghiaccio
Miseramente e taccio,
Parla il silenzio e fann'ufficio intanto
Gl'occhi di bocca e di parole il pianto.

Giovanni Battista Guarini (1538-1612)

Cor mio, deh, non languire,
Che fai teco languir l'anima mia.
Odi i caldi sospiri: a te gl'invia
La pietate e'l desire.
S'io ti potessi dar morend'aita,
Morrei per darti vita.
Ma vive, ohimè, ch'ingiustamente more
Chi vivo tien ne l'altrui petto il core.

Guarini (from Il Pastor fido, III 6)

Udite, lacrimosi
Spiriti d'Averno, udite
Nova sorte di pene e di tormento.
Mirate crudo affetto
In sembiante pietoso:
La mia donna crudel più de l'inferno.
Perchè una sola morte
Non può far satia la sua ingorda voglia.
E la mia vita è quasi
Una perpetua morte:
Mi comanda ch'io viva,
Perchè la vita mia
Di mille mort'il dì ricetta sia.

Guarini

Tirsi mio, caro Tirsi,
E tu ancor m'abbandoni?
Così morir mi lasci e non m'aiti?
Almen non mi negar gl'ultimi baci.
Ferrirà pur due petti un ferro solo;
Verserà pur la piaga
Di tua Filli il tuo sangue.
Tirsi, un tempo sì dolce e caro nome,
Ch'invocar non soleva indarno mai,
Soccorri a me, tua Filli,
Chè, come vedi, da spietata sorte
Condotta son a cruda et empia morte.

You are parting, alas,
And your parting parts my heart;
And among doubts and torments,
While I tremble and weep,
I remain a speechless lover.
But though in trembling I freeze
Miserably, and stay silent,
The silence speaks, and meantime
The eyes act for the mouth, and the tears for the words.

My heart, oh, do not languish,
For you make my soul languish with you.
Hear my hot sighs: they are sent to you
By pity and desire.
If I could give you help by dying,
I would die to give you life.
But, alas, lives the one, who unjustly dies
For keeping his heart alive in another's breast.

Hear, watery
Spirits of Avernus, hear
A new fate of pain and of suffering.
Behold a cruel affection
In a merciful face:
'Tis my lady, more cruel than Hell.
For a single death
Cannot satisfy her gluttonous desire.
And My life resembles
A perpetual death:
She commands me to live,
In order for my life
To be a harbour for a thousand deaths per day.

My Tirsi, dear Tirsi,
Are you deserting me again?
Thus you leave me to my death without helping me?
Do not refuse me, at least, the last kisses.
One sword alone will indeed wound two hearts;
The wound of your Filli
Will indeed shed your blood.
Tirsi, once a name so sweet and dear,
That I used never to appeal to in vain,
Assist me, your Filli,
For as you see, by ruthless fate
I am led to a cruel and wicked death

Livio Celiano (1557-1629)

"**Rimanti in pace**," alla dolente e bella
Fillida, Tirsi, sospirando, disse:
"Rimanti; io me ne vò, tal mi prescisse
Legge, empio fato e sorte aspra e rubella."
Ed ella, hora da l'una e l'altra stella
Stillando amaro umore, i lumi affisse
Nei lumi del suo Tirsi, e gli traffisse
Il cor di pietosissime quadrella.

Ond'ei, di morte la sua faccia impressa,
Disse: "ahi, come n'andrò senza il mio Sole
Di martir in martir, di doglie in doglie?"
Ed ella, da singhiozzi e pianti oppressa,
Fievolmente formò queste parole:
"Deh, cara anima mia, chi mi vi togli?"

Psalm 100

Mizmór letodá.

Harí'u ladonái, kol ha'árets.
'Ivdú 'et 'adonái besimhâ,
bó'u lefanáv birnaná.
De'ú ki 'adonái hu 'elohím,
hu 'asánu veló 'anáhnu,
'ammó vetsón mar'itó.
Bó'u she'aráv betodá, hatsetotáv bithillá,
hodu lo, barekhú shemó.
Ki tov 'adonái, le'olám hasdó
ve'ad dor vadór 'emunató.

Psalm 146

Haleluyáh: Halelì nafshì 'et 'adonái.
'Ahalelá 'adonái behayyái;
'azammerá lelohái be'odi.
'Al tivtehú vindivim,
beven 'adám she 'éin lo teshu'á.
Tetsé ruhó, yashúv le'admató;
Bayyóm hahú 'avedú e'shtonotáv.
'Ashréi she'él ya'akóv be'ezró;
Sivró 'al 'adonái 'eloháv.
'Osé shamáyim va'árets,
'et hayyám ve'et kol 'asher bam;
Hashomér 'emét le'olám.
'Osé mishpát la'ashukìm, notén léhem lare'evìm;
'adonái mattir 'asurìm.
'Adonái pokéah 'ivrim, 'adonái zokéf kefufum;
'adonái 'ohév tsaddikim.
'Adonái shomér 'et gerim,
yatóm ve'almaná ye'odéd
vedérekh resha'im ye'avvét.
Yimlokh 'adonái le'olám,
'eloháyikh tsiyyón ledór vadór: Haleluyáh.

"Stay in peace," said Tirsi, sighing,
To the sorrowing and beautiful Fillida.
"Stay; I must go, thus I've been ordered by law,
by wicked destiny, by a harsh and stubborn fate."
And she, distilling a bitter liquid now from the one,
Now from the other star, fixed her beams
On the beams of her Tirsi, and pierced
His heart with most merciful darts.

At that point he, with death stamped on his face,
Said: "alas! without my sun, how will I survive,
Going from pain to pain, from sorrow to sorrow?"
And she, oppressed with sighs and tears,
Feverishly formed these words:
"Oh my dear soul, who takes you away from me?"

A psalm for giving grateful praise.
Shout for joy to the Lord, all the earth.
Worship the Lord with gladness;
come before him with joyful songs.
Know that the Lord is God.
It is he who made us, and we are his;
we are his people, the sheep of his pasture.
Enter his gates with thanksgiving,
and his courts with praise;
give thanks to him and praise his name.
For the Lord is good and his love endures forever;
his faithfulness continues through all generations.

Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord, my soul.
I will praise the Lord all my life;
I will sing praise to my God as long as I live.
Do not put your trust in princes,
in human beings, who cannot save.
When their spirit departs, they return to the ground;
on that very day their plans come to nothing.
Blessed are those whose help is the God of Jacob,
whose hope is in the Lord their God.
He is the Maker of heaven and earth,
the sea, and everything in them,
he remains faithful forever.
The Lord upholds the cause of the oppressed.
The Lord gives food to the hungry.
The Lord sets prisoners free.
The Lord gives sight to the blind,
The Lord lifts up those who are bowed down,
The Lord loves the righteous.
The Lord watches over the foreigner
and sustains the fatherless and the widow.
He frustrates the ways of the wicked.
The Lord reigns forever,
your God, O Zion, for all generations.
Praise the Lord.

Psalm 137

'Al naharót bavél sham yashávnú gam bakhinu
bezokhrénu et tsiyon.
'Al 'aravím betokháh talínu kinorotéinu.
Ki sham she'elúnu shovéinu divrei shir vetolaléinu
simhá shíru lánú mishír tsiyón.
Eikh nashír et shir adonái 'al admát nekhár.
Im eshkahékh yerushaláyim tishkáh yeminí.
Tidbák leshoní lehíkí im lo ezkerékhí im lo a'alé et
yerushaláyim 'al rosh simḥati.
Zekhór adonái livnéi edóm et yom yerushaláyim
ha'omerim 'áru 'áru 'ad hayesód bah.
Bat bavél hashedudá ashréi sheyeshalém lakh et
gemulékh shegamált lánú.
Ashréi sheyohéz venipéts et 'olaláyikh el hasála'.

Hohelied 4:1-7

Hinach yafa rayati, hinach yafa.
Einayich yonim miba'ad letsamatech,
se'arech ke'eder ha'izim shegalshu mehar Gil'ad.
Shinayich ke'eder haktsuvut
she'alu min harachatsa,
shekulam mat'imot veshakula ein bahem.
Kechut hashani siftotaich umidbarech nave,
kefelach harimon rakatech miba'ad letsamatech.
Kemigdal David tsavarech banui letalpiot,
elef hamagen talui alav, kol shiltei hagiborim.
Shnei shadayich kishnei ofarim
te'omei tsvia haro'im bashoshanim.
Ad sheyafuach hayom venasu hatslalim,
elech li el har hamor ve'el giv'at ha levona.
Kulech yafa rayati vemum ein bach.

Guarini

Ohimè, se tanto amate
Di sentir di "ohimè," deh perchè fate
Chi dice "ohimè" morire?
S'io moro, un sol potrete
Languido e doloroso "ohimè" sentire;
Ma se cor mio vorrete
Che vita habbia da voi e voi da me,
Havrete mille e mille dolci "ohimè".

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we
remembered Zion.
On willows in its midst we hung our lyres.
For there were we asked by our captors to deliver songs and by our
oppressors to make merry, sing us a song of Zion.
How can we sing the song of the Lord in a foreign land?
If I forget you Jerusalem let my right hand forget itself.
Let my tongue stick to my palate if I do not remember you, if I do
not raise Jerusalem to the summit of my joy.
Remember Lord the sons of Edom in the day of Jerusalem. They
said: raze it, raze it to its foundations.
Daughter of Babylon to be ravaged, blessed be he who repays you
in the coin you paid us.
Blessed be he who grasps and smashes your babes against the
rocks.

Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair.
Thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks;
thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead.
Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn which came
up from the washing, whereof every one bear twins, and none is
barren among them.
Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely; thy
temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks.
Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armory, whereon
there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.
Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed
among the lilies.
Until the day break and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the
mountain of myrrh and to the hill of frankincense.
Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.

Alas, if you love so much
To hear me say "alas!", then why do you make
Him who says "alas!" die?
If I die, you'll only hear
A single languid and sorrowful "alas";
But if you want, my heart,
For me to have life from you and you from me,
You will have sweet "alas" by the thousands.

Hohelied 1:5-7

Shchora ani venava bnot Yerushalaim,
ke'ohalei Kedar, Kiri'ot Shlomo.
Al Tir'uni shani shcharchoret
She'shzafatni hashamesh.
Bnei imi nicharu vi,
samuni notera et hakramim, karmi sheli lo natarti.
Hagida li she'ahava nafshi, eicha tir'e?
eicha tarbits batsaharayim?
Shalama ehve ke'otya al edrei chaverecha?

Gabriello Chiabrera (1552-1638)

Messaggier di speranza,
Amato sì degl'occhi miei conforto,
Lume di due pupille, ove m'hai scorto?
Di quanti miei tormenti
Oggi fassi cagion il tuo splendore?
E de tuoi raggi ardenti,
Quanto, oh quanto, potria dolersi il core?
Ma sì mi vince amore,
Ch'omai sommerso fra tempeste e morto,
Amo non men che s'io mi fossi in porto.

Guarini

Vedrò'l mio sol, vedrò prima ch'io mora,
Quel sospirato giorno,
Che faccia il vostro raggio à me ritorno.
O mia luce, o mia gioia,
Ben più me è dolce il tormentar per vui,
che il gioir per altrui.
Ma senza morte io non potrò soffrire,
Un sì lungo martire;
E s'io morrò, morrà mia speme ancora,
Di veder mai d'un sì bel dì l'aurora.

anonymus

In dolci lacci e'in un soave foco
Mi sfaccio a poco a poco,
E tanta gioia sento
Fra le pene e il tormento,
Ch'io canto a tutte l'hore:
Viva, viva Amore che m'ardi il core!

Dark am I, yet lovely, daughters of Jerusalem, dark like the tents of
Kedar, like the tent curtains of Solomon.
Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked
upon me.
My mother's children were angry with me; they made me the
keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept.
Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where
thou makest thy flock to rest at noon; for why should I be as one
that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?"

Messenger of hope,
So beloved a comfort for my eyes,
Beam of two pupils, where have you led me to?
How many of my torments
Today, are due to your splendor?
How much, oh how much could my heart
Suffer from your burning rays?
But love so conquers me,
That though submerged midst storms, and dead,
I love no less than if I were in a port.

I will see my sun, will see it before I die,
On that sighing day,
That would make your ray return to me.
Oh my light, oh my joy,
To torment for you is sweeter
Than to be happy for another.
But without death I will not be able to suffer
Such a long pain;
and if I die, my hope to see
The dawn of such a beautiful day will die as well.

In sweet bonds and in a gentle fire
I am destroyed little by little,
And I feel so much joy
Amidst the pains and torments,
That I sing at all hours:
Long live Love that burns my heart!

Gebet - Kaddish

Yitgadál veyitkadásh sheméih rabá be'almá
divrá khir'utéih veyamlíkh malkhutéih,
beḥayeikhón vyomeikhón
uvḥayéi dekhól beit yisra'él
ba'agála uvizmán karív, ve'imrú amén.

Yitbarákh veyishtabáḥ veyitpa'ár veyitromám
veyitnasé veyithadár veyit'alé veyithalál
sheméih dekudshá berikh hu.

Le'éila le'éila min kol birkhatá shirató tushbehata
veneḥamatá da'amirán be'almá,
ve'imrú amén.

Titkabál tselotehón uva'utehón
dekhól beit yisra'él kodám avuhón devishmayá,
ve'imrú amén.

Yehé shelamá rabá min shemayá
veḥayím tovím 'aléinu ve'al kol yisra'él,
ve'imrú amén.

'Osé shalóm bimromáv, hu berahamáv
ya'asé shalóm 'aléinu ve'al kol yisra'él,
ve'imrú amén.

Magnified and sanctified be His great name in the world
He created according to His will, and may He establish His
kingdom during your life and during your days and during the lives
of all the House of Israel speedily and shortly, and say amen.

Blessed and praised and glorified and elevated and exalted and
extolled and honored and celebrated be the name of the Holy One,
blessed be He.

High above, high above all blessings, songs, praises and
consolations that we offer in this world, and say amen.

May acceptance be granted to the prayers and petitions of all the
House of Israel by their Father who is in heaven, and say amen.

May there be much peace from heaven and a good life for us and
for all Israel, and say amen.

May He who makes peace on His heights, Himself, in His mercy,
make peace for us and for all Israel, and say amen.