

A Poem of YEHUDAH HA'LEVI - Sung by ETTI ANKRI

YEFE NOF	BEAUTIFUL VISTA
<p>*Yeffe nof, messos tevel, Kirya le'melech rav. Lecha nich'saffa nafshi Mi'pahtei Ma'arav.</p>	<p>Landscape of beauty, joy to the world Headquarters of a sovereign multitude. For you my soul yearns From the far, far West.</p>
<p>Hamon rachamai nichmar Ki'eskerah kedem Kavodech asher galah K'navech asher charav.</p>	<p>Great compassion is stirred within me By remembrance of future past Your glory, which was revealed, Your dwelling places, doomed by the sword.</p>
<p>**U'mi yit'neh'ni Al kanfei nesharim Ad aravei be'dimoti Afar'ech ve'hitarav.</p>	<p>And who will give me with which to fly, eagle's wings? Until with my grateful tears I can quench the dust of your dry earth.</p>
<p>Drashti'ich, ve'im Malkech Ein bach ve'im bimkom Tzori Giladech, nachash Saraf ve'gam akrav.</p>	<p>You are always on my mind And though your King is not within you And if, instead, where flowed the Balm of Gilead Now scuttle the snake and also the scorpion.</p>
<p>Halo et avanai'ich Achonon ve'eshakem Ve'ta'am regava'ich Le'fi mi'dvash yei'rav.</p>	<p>Still on your stones I will bestow kisses for the taste of the Land on my lips Is sweeter than honey.</p>
<p>Repeat ** Repeat *</p>	



Artwork: Alex Levine

Yefe Nof R. Yehuda Halevi
Spain - Sfarad 11th-12th Century

יִפֶּה נוֹף מְשׁוֹשׁ תִּבְּל קִרְיָה לְמֶלֶךְ רַב
לְלֶךְ נִכְסָפָה נִפְשֵׁי מִפְּאַתִּי מֵעָרֵב

הַמּוֹן רַחֲמֵי נִכְמַר כִּי אֲזַכְּרָה קֶדֶם
כְּבוֹדְךָ אֲשֶׁר גָּלָה וְנוֹד אֲשֶׁר חָרַב

וּמִי יִתְנַנֵּי עַל כַּנְּפֵי נְשָׁרִים עַד
אֲרוּהָ בְּדַמְעָתִי עֶפְרַיִם וְיִתְעָרֵב

דְּרִשְׁתִּיךָ וְאִם מִלֶּכְךָ אֵין בְּךָ וְאִם בְּמִקּוֹם
צָרִי גִלְעָדִךָ נִחַשׁ שָׁרְרִי וְגַם עִקְרָב

הֲלֹא אֶת אֲבָנֶיךָ אֲחַוּנוֹן וְאֲשָׁקֵם
וְטַעַם רִגְבִּיךָ לְפִי מִדְּבַשׁ יַעֲרֹב

Another translation of the original poem in 1927 by Jewish philosopher and biblical commentator Franz Rosenzweig (1886 - 1929).

THE CITY ON HIGH

You sit up high and shine on the world,
You city, throne of the Lord of the world.
For you my heart yearns from
the world's western wall.

My insides [compassion] well up hotly,
when I recall how it once was,
the glory, now in shambles,
the abode now scorned.

And if I could fly on the wings
of the eagle , I would soon mix
my tears with your dust,
until it would be malleable like clay.

I seek you, even though your Lord
is far removed and even
though in Gilead, Your consolation,
there now are viper and scorpion.

To caress and to kiss
your stones I desire,
and the taste of your soil would
be for me a reward as sweet as honey.