JUDAH HALEVI

myrrh. Everyone here longs for you; by your good graces, they ride over the sea upon a mere plank. Oh, do not abandon

מנו שלמפר לוג עם שער מלללו act to oct the the cal date. Contract to March לי יונה סיום ולי ימת. אינואה מיוונים הקרוד לעבי נקרות ובים פול מודרי לניש (שנו פנות). אמר אמרים מקפשר ים, אוי ישים לבב הים ניסיר נפות.

until you reach the boly mountains, and

ocean, bresk a path through the see

there anbide. Rebule the east wind that whips up the sea and turns it into a boiling cauldron.

the ship, when the day draws to its end or when it begins. Smooth out the

מנו יצאונו פסע לנה מאני אאר Page of gard, can being שוים בין באלמי נכד פרום - נחוא יוצר קרום סרים הכורא רומו

But how can the wind hulp, for it is a prisoner of the Rock — nonetimes held back and cometimes let looke? Only God can grant my deepest wish: for He is the maker of high mountains and the creater of winds!

ALTER 1824 CETT

they read attracted and they are יילצו יונין ליניול אין יוליו. מוכב – נפגן עלקנו להקעונר AL MI SZ, COU SZAMINI ממני שליר הקנה צישר נקנה שו שבר ליוות נווי – לויוות が一ながないない。 ALAK CAN BLOK CAN BUTH arts two Kits after בים, ושלם רוחון עלו ראוזה. graf negra egyen énntur. שלום, וציל אמים וציל אחות. שוני בנד פונד לנד פונית,

SONG AT SEA

who was ransoned by the sea and committed his spirit into the hands of the winds. Now they push him back and forth: the west wind guides his ahip, while the east wind thrusts it back. Between him and don't there is without any earth; not even four cabits," and slaturs, from this prisoner of hope nothing but a step; between them only the thickness of the plants. He is not even a bandful. He sice, for there is no room for him to stand; he lies down, and he cannot streath out his lags. He is it it, he is sirvid of the Greetings to the kinefolk, to brothers buried affive in a wooden coffin, but

1. The minimum required for a grave.

JUDAH HALEVI

ום כלנו לסטים יפריחות חלקל וכילח, בל גנר פרטח, ch chicara wa par chi الاستراكة والمعالم أعاد والمعالمة "myser car than eg" --מה משוקקה הפסים המשק נומיל אלכול לאל, מיבול לחיבים מוכוח, במות שירות נקשנחות. Do Datto do Literaju. - nimen sis of the נכח מקום ארון ימונחות.

Crentile passengers, as well as of pirates and ghosts. The belansman and the sailors – all of them riffraff – are the vicerays and governors here! Honour does not belong to the wise nor success to the skilful — only to those who know rejoice? -- but only for a moment; until now to awim! Because of this my face boson of God, at the site of the Ark and the Attar. Then I shall render to God, who renders favours to the undeserving, I my choicest songs and is downcast - how could my heart come to pour out my soul in the praises

ON THE HIGH SEAS MAD KAL

אלגן מום נאסים נטלני علوم لمونا يبدق أسها صائلة أسها יקראות טר לשתחו לי מנותה ושתמים לכל אנה - ושין כל epitt (The gar type acce) עים יוצוי – נולקה נוציקו" לי אלי כקניש אלקיק קרקה. ופיין לראחת פני קנרין ונוכני. זיטן מכל ושקביו מצובה ז Many Country of Martin. לניסן בטריפיחוי פציליו. ואיושב פי ההום יחשב לשיכה. ולב ספים יבחיש קקוניה. הקא פצול ושים פבל הרכה ז

me. I look in every direction, and there waste? For dry land is nowhere to be seen. There is neither man, nor beast, nor bied, Have they all perished, all him down in torment and died? If only comforted; even a desert would delight age! Deceifully, the sea covers the sing, as though it had taken it by theft. and leviathan churning the deep, until I could see a bill or valley, I would be The sea is in turnsoil, but my soul is full of joy, for she is drawing near to it seems that the abysa is white with Has a flood come and haid the world is nothing but see and sky and ship, the termple of her God.

An allusina to the Benediction as Deliverance, recited by those who come safely through danger.
 The word hare is the race used for Noak's ark.

JUDAH HALEVI

יצלת־מז, נחקי לכב

THE SENSITIVE DOE

בצלח מן, רויסי לבב שבנמיו מעודף. פולמי פי יום מניקי – אמלי בנילוך. גם וצה יטוסי ציר למנים על חודף. בי המחים ביים של חודים אל חודים. שם אמשום זמי שני - ונים לא ונושוששו היקורים הם פונדי - ונים לא ונשי. היב נמויי לשלאל ונקין ערעיים. היקורים הם פונדי - ונים לא ונשי. בלני של זמן למני למני, נוקשי מושי. למני לקיף מוכיה, נומים ולמשי, לקיי לקיף מוכיה, נומים ולמשי, לקיי לקיף מוכיה, נומים ולמשי,

יום אני כבין בחיון בשמר כתרוון, כי שלוטים מפרים וקבוקם, אבינם מוסון: על זיי ביויים: יקבוקם, אבינם מוסון:

O graceful doe, pity this heart in which you have dwelled all your life. Know that the day you leave me, your going will be my ruin. And even now, when my eye it due to giance at your splendont, I am string by the serpents that guard your cheefs, for their poison burns like fire and they drive me out.

She connect my heart with the breath that lie upon her heart of stone, and yet it put forth two apples! They stand guard, to the left and to the 19th, like lance. Then feer, faipples burn! in my heart, though they have never come near me. Their mouths have drank my blood, they felt no shame at all!

This doe violates the laws of God with her eyes: she kills me with melice aforethought, yet no one averges me, flave you ever seen the beart of a lion joined no the equils for a grassile? Her eyesids have learned to tent like a lion, they that hampened arrows at me, they drain my heart's about to the dregs.

They are out for my life.

One day, when I was recling like a drankerd, longing for the wine of her love, the dispetithed envoys to me boaring greetings and complaints; and when thay returned to her, she begged then: 'O measongers of peace, come again and yet again?' These tidings seduced any beart and revived any spirit.

JUDAH HALEVI

יום קנף רעי ביי וביים ששי. אקלה: 'ערף בייך – הכי עה לא נמי ו אקרים לי החליקה לככי ממטרי אלגלאלה רכיצה בשתאת המרשרי.

But one day when my hands were grazing in her garden and fondling her breasts, she said: 'Now take away your hands — they are not shifnil enough.''
And her words were so seducive that they melted my heart: 'Do not touch me, friend, I do not like those who hur me. My breasts are soft and scusitive. Enough! I shall refuse one and all!?'

ONTO THE LAUNDRESS

אַפְּרְיה קְבְּבָּט אָה בְּּבְרִיהְ בְּּבְיִי רְאִי שְׁאֵבְיִה מֵי הַצְּבְּנִוֹח רְשָׁכְשְׁ הַבְּיִ רְאִי שְׁאֵבְיִה מֵי הַצְּבְּנִוֹח - אֲבִי שְׁתֵּרֵי בְּיִבְי, רְלְיִא שְׁבְּבָּשׁ – לִילָי מאָרָה.

My love washes her clothes in the water of my tears and spreads them out in the sun of her beauty. She has no need of spring-water - she has my two eyes; nor of the sun - she has her own radiance.

SONG OF FAREWELL

W on the team water they are the country to the team of the team o

Why, O fair one, do you withhold your envoys from the lover whose heart is filled with pain of you? Do you not know that I time means nothing to your beloved, unless he hear your welcoming voice? If we two are doomed to parting, stay a while and let me look at your face. I do not know if my heart has come to a stap between my ribs, or else has wandered off with you. Oh,

i. Or, they fare breastly have not yet experienced such things?. a. The let two faces are in mined Arabic and Remaine. The menuing is uncertain.

מַרֹב בְּאַבִי לְשׁוֹנִי מַרֹב בְּאַבִי וְאוֹנִי יִבְעֵר בְּמֵר אָשׁ חָרוֹנִי יִבְעֵר בָּמוֹ אָשׁ חָרוֹנִי פַּפָּה אָיַחָל וְכָפָּה הָיָה לְבָבִי סְחַרְחַר הָיָה לְבָבִי סְחַרְחַר הַיִּי בִּלְוֹנִי בִּיִּי בִּלְוֹנִי

טַרָם כְּלוֹת צַפָּאוֹנִי בין תאותי וביני יושב בשבת יעני לבו כלב תחבמוני זה יחליק ראש ויניא יאמר לן: "בּי אַדוֹנִי". מָהִיוֹת בָּלַבִים לְצֵאנִי בִּי אָם צָבַעוּם בְּשְׁנִי! נים בּעוֹנְבִים בִּעִינִי! עפוי במו עם יוני: בִּי זָה לְשוֹן אֵשְׁקַלוֹנִי וְ" כִּי קַלְּשוֹנִי לְשוֹנִי מה יעשה פעמוני? לשאת זהב שהרוני פִיהָם לְמֵלְקוֹשׁ עֲנָנִי בשם עבן קנמוני פֵי גוֹי בַּמוֹ זָה שָׁכַנִי!

> פָאוֹב וְכַיִּדְעוֹנִי אָשִׁית בָּמוֹ שֵׂק מְלוֹנִי שֵׁנִי חֲמִישִׁי וְשֵׁנָי

אצמא לרע ואכלה בָּאָלֹּוּ שְׁתַּקִים וְתַילַם נַוְשָׁב כְּמוֹ גֵר וְתוֹשָׁב בֵּין כָּל פָּתַלָּתֹל וְטַכַל זָה יַשְׁקְרָ רֹאשׁ בִּתַנִים ישים ארבו בקרבו עם -- נמאסו לי אבותם לא יַאַדִימוּ פְנֵיהָם -הם בענקים בעינם – בְּשָּׁאַת מִשַׁלִי יִרִיבוּן בַּבַּר מָּפַת מַם וֹנְמְּמַע". עַתָּה אַדַקַם כְּמוֹ סִיט אָם אָזְגָבֶם לִי שַׁרֵלָה – לא יוּכָלוּ צַוְארֵיכֵם לו פערו הפתאים - נְטַף בְּשָּׁמִי עַלֵיהַ**ת** אוי לתבונה ואוי לי

דַעַת אַלהִים יִשִּׁימוּן

אַכֹף בּאַנְמוֹן וַאַצוּם

על זאת איליל ואטפד

Solomon ibn Gabirol

ON LEAVING SARAGOSSA

My tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth, my throat is parched with pleading, my heart is loud, my mind confused with pain and continual grieving.

My sorrow swells and will not bear sleep's gift to my eyes:

How long will this rage and yearning like fire inside me burn?

I'll be consumed in my thirst before my thirst for friendship is quenched, as though the sky and its hosts were arrayed between me and all that I crave. I'm treated here as a stranger, despisedas though I were living with ostriches, caught between impostors and fools who think their hearts have grown wise. One hands you venom to drink, another strokes you with words and lies in wait in his heart, addressing you: "Please, my lord . . . "; people whose fathers were not fit to be dogs to my flock of sheeptheir faces have never known blushing, unless they were painted with crimson cheeks.

They're giants in their own eyes, grasshoppers here in mine.
They quarrel with all my teachings and talk, as though I were speaking Greek.
"Speak," they carp, "as the people speak, and we'll know what you have to say"—and now I'll break them like dirt or like straw, my tongue's pitchfork thrust into their hay.

If your ears aren't able to hear me,
what good could my harmonies do?
Your necks aren't worthy of wearing
my golden crescents and jewels.
If these boors would only open their mouths
to the rain that descends from my clouds,
my essence would soon come through them
with its cinnamon scent, and myrrh.

Have compassion for wisdom, compassion for me surrounded by neighbors like these—people for whom the knowledge of God is a matter of spirits and ghosts.

Therefore I mourn and wail, and make my bed in ashes, and bow my head like a reed and fast on Monday and Thursday and Monday.

ולב נבוב

וְלֵב נָבוּב וְתוּשִׁיָה סְתּוּמֶה / וְגוּף נִרְאָה וְנָפֶּשׁ נַעֻלְמָה,
וֹאֶרֶץ שׁוֹחֲרֶיהָ יִמְּצְאוּ רֵע / וְלֹא שֵׁשׁוֹן לְאָדָם בָּאֶדָמָה:
וְּבֶּן יָהְוֹם עֲלִי אָבִיו וְאִפּוֹ / וְכֵּן הַבַּת בְּאֶבִיהָ וְאָמָה,
יִנִי חָיֵי אָנוֹשׁ יִשְּׂא עָמֵלִים / וְיִשָּׂא אַחֲרִיתוֹ בּוּשׁ וְרְפֶּוּה.
וְתָשׁוֹ הָאָדָמָה לְנִשְׁא עִמֶלִים / וְיִשָּׂא אַחֲרִיתוֹ בּוּשׁ וְרְפֶּוּה.
וְתָשׁוֹב הָאֻדָּמָה לָאָדָמָה / וְתַעַל הַנְּשָׁמָה לַנְּשְׁמָה.

HEART'S HOLLOW

And heart's hollow
and wisdom is blocked;
the body apparent
but soul obscured:
those who wake in the world
for gain come to corruption.
On earth a man rejoices in nothing. . . .

The servant, soon, will slaughter his master, the handmaidens turn on their mistress and queen; a daughter will rise—against her own mother, a son—against his father's name.

My eye in the world dismisses

what others most love,
and all is labor, a ploughing for worms.

Slime—to slime returns.

Soul—ascends to soul.

Yehudah HaLevi ca. 1075- ca. 1141, Spain

I Lift My Cup

עַל אַהַבֶּתֶךּ אֶשְתֶּה גְבִיעִי שָלוֹם לְּךְ שָלוֹם יוֹם הַשְּבִיעִי הַשְּׁמָּח לִי עֵת בֵּין הַשְּׁמָשוֹת לְרְאוֹת פְּנֵי שַׁבָּת פָּנִים הָאוֹ בְתַפּוּחִים הַרְבּוּ בְאוֹ יוֹם מְנוּחִי זָה דּוֹדִי זָה יוֹם מְנוּחִי זָה דּוֹדִי וְרִעִי.

I lift my cup to celebrate my love for you, and say: shalom to you, shalom, seventh day.

How pleasing to me this moment of twilight, ushering in Shabbat, the world's new face, beginning tonight. Come, enter this orchard, eat of its fruit, for this is my companion, my friend, my time of quietude. Al ahavatekha eshteh gʻvi-i shalom I'kha shalom yom ha-sh'vi-i mah na amah li eit bein ha-sh'mashot lirot p'nei shabbat panim hadashot bo u v'tapuḥim harbu ashishot

-YEHUDAH HALEVI

zeh yom m'nuhi zeh dodi v'rei i.

Gratitude

My instincts are from You, my body was fashioned by You, the songs I sing reach up to You, and with offerings of thanksgiving I greet You.

The air I breathe is Yours, the light in my eyes reflects Your glory, my insights are formed from Your mystery, thoughts of You are guideposts of my life.

Whenever my love calls to You, my heart finds You. But my mind cannot contain You.
And my thoughts and conceptions can never truly picture You, or my errors and mistakes ever diminish You.

-after YEHUDAH HALEVI

Prayer is for one's soul what nourishment is for one's body. The blessing of one's prayer lasts until the time of the next prayer, just as the strength derived from one meal lasts until another.... During the time of prayer, one cleanses the soul of all that has passed over it and prepares it for the future.

-YEHUDAH HALEVI

My Soul
On the day that I searched for God—for I could not see the Divine—
I turned to my heart and my mind and found Your throne within, a witness to You in me.

-YEHUDAH HALEVI

A MEDITATION FOR BAR'KHU

Almighty no thing exists without You and none can be like You the source of all maker and creator

You have no image eyes observe but the soul lodged in the heart recognizes You and sees Your glory's breadth encompassing all for in You all finds its place but You occupy no place

my soul seeing but unseen come thank the seeing but unseen and bless

Solomon Ibn Gabirol, 1021-1058, Spain

This poem was written by Solomon ibn Gabirol (1021–1058, Spain), among the greatest of Jewish medieval poets. It is taken from his masterpiece, Keter Malkhut, a philosophical work written in poetic meter. In it, Ibn Gabirol talks of the moment we might see God.

אַתָּה אוֹר עֶלְיוֹן Atah or elyon

ְנְעֵינֵי כָּל־נֶפֶּשׁ זַבָּה יִרְאִוּךְ, וְעַנְנֵי עֲוֹנִים מֵעֵינֵיהָ יַעלימוּךָ.

> אַתָּה אוֹר נֶעְלָם Atah or nelam

בָּעוֹלְם הַזֶּה וְנִגְלֶה בָּעוֹלְם הַנְּרְאֶה, בְּהַר יחוח יֵרָאֶה.

אַתָּה אוֹר עוֹלְם, Atah or olam

וְעֵין הַשַּׂכֶל לְךּ הַּבְּסוֹף וְתִשְׁהָאָה, אֶפֶס קצֵהוּ תִרְאָה וָכָלוֹ לֹא תַרְאָה.

You are the celestial light—innocent eyes see You; clouds of sin hide You.

You are the hidden light of this world, revealed in visions, seen on God's mountain.

You are the eternal light the mind's eye searches and seeks; only an aspect ever seen, never all.

-SOLOMON IBN GABIROL

God's Mystery I called to You to reveal the mysteries never hidden from You. instead, I uncovered the deep within me and did not depart emptyfor in the songs I sang to You, I saw a vision of a ladder. I offer thanks for Your wonders though I do not understand them but I will not forget what You whispered to me as my heart dreamed its dream.

-SOLOMON IBN GABIROL

Who Is Like You,
Almighty?
Who can know the w

Who can know the won-drousness of all You have fashioned?

You formed our bodies in ways that can serve You:

giving us eyes to see Your miracles,

ears to hear of Your aweinspiring deeds,

a mind to understand some of Your mysteries,

a mouth to speak Your praise,

and a tongue that can speak of Your deliverance.

Today, I, Your servant, child of Your handmaiden, describe according to the meagerness of my ability, a bit of Your greatness, a fraction of Your ways.

-SOLOMON IBN GABIROL