Good Shabes!

Gut Shabes!

Shabes, Shabes, Shabes
Let there be Shabes throughout the world.
Shabes, shabes, shabes, shabes, shabes!
Zol zayn, zol zayn, shabes!
Shabes zol zayn, shabes zol zayn,
Shabes oyf der gantser velt!
Ya-ba-ba-ba Ya-ba-ba-ba Bay-bay-bay-bay-bay....

Shabes, Shabes, Shabes
Let there be peace throughout the world.
Sholem, sholem, sholem, sholem, sholem!
Zol zayn, zol zayn, sholem!
Sholem zol zayn, sholem zol zayn,
Sholem oyf der gantser velt!
Ya-ba-ba-ba Ya-ba-ba-ba Bay-bay-bay-bay-bay....

Shabes, Shabes, Shabes
Let there be justice throughout the world.
Yoysher, yoysher, yoysher, yoysher, yoysher!
Zol zayn, zol zayn, yoysher!
Yoysher zol zayn, yoysher zol zayn,
Yoysher oyf der gantser velt!
Ya-ba-ba-ba Ya-ba-ba-ba Bay-bay-bay-bay-bay....
The seventh day is the Sabbath. On it you shall not do any work, neither you, nor your son or daughter, nor your manservant or maidservant, nor your ox, your donkey or any of your animals, nor the foreigner within your gates, so that your manservant and maidservant may rest, as you do.

---Deuteronomy 5:14

Shabes—the first worker’s holiday!

Song of May (M Sorevives/M Posner)

Whose voice do I hear ringing?
Let us sing new songs.
All our troubles have passed
With the long, cold winter.
Rich in colors, rich in sounds.
The first of May arrives.

Whose voice do I hear ringing?
Let us sing songs of freedom.
Slavery will end.
Sounds will lighten, chains will loosen.
Brightly adorned with fresh blossoms,
The first of May arrives.

Whose voice do I hear ringing?
Let us sing loudly and strongly.
Let our song carry openly and freely from all corners.
Awakening us to a new life,
The first of May arrives.

---Devarim 5:14

Shabes—der ershter yontef fun arbetslayt!

May Lid

Vemes shtime her ikh klingen?
Naye lider zol men zingen.
Al dos beyze iz farbay,
Mit dem vinter, kaltyn, langn.
Raykh in farbn, raykh in klangen
Kumt tsu geyn der ershter may.

Vemes shtime her ikh klingen?
Fraye lider zol men zingen.
S’nemt a sof tsu shklaferay.
Loyz di klangen, loyz di keytn.
Hel baputst mit frishe kveytn
Kumt tsu geyn der ershter may.

Vemes shtime her ikh klingen?
Hoykht un munter zol men zingen.
Zol zikh trogn frank un fray
Undzer lid fun ale ekn.
Tsu a nayem lebn vekn
Kumt tsu geyn der ershter may.

דבארים 5:14

שבת - דער ורטשאטר ייִנְטב וואָן אַרבעטסלייט

מײַליד

װעמעס שטייטעgetService.sh

נײַע lider באָזט דײַן גאָט

אָבער דער זיבעטער טאָג איז שבת צו השם דײַן גאָט

װעמעס שטייטע서비스

נײַע lider באָזט דײַן גאָט

אָבער דער זיבעטער טאָג איז שבת צו השם דײַן גאָט
Boruch atah adonoi elohenu melech ho'olom
asher kedshanu b'mitzvasov vetsivanu l'hadlik ner shel shabbat.

ליכטיק איז די שײַן פֿון דער וועלט
ליכטיק איז די שײַן פֿון מנטשבלוּקעט
ליכטיק איז די שײַן פֿון פשאלט
ליכטיק איז די שײַן פֿון שבת

Radiant is the light in the world
Radiant is the light in humanity
Radiant is the light of peace
Radiant is the light of Shabes

Akhdes (Unity) (by Morris Rosenfeld, excerpt; translation by Max Rosenfeld)

"Proletarians of all lands, unite!
Wait! Don't think this is an invention of the later prophets. The idea of unity is older than Karl Marx...
Ask that old student there, in the corner of the stove, to open up the Midrash T'hillin. They'll be only too happy to do it for you. What a story that Midrash has to tell:
And the waters grew strong. The earth hurled forth mountains and valleys. Great canyons formed and the waters came and filled them. Then the waters again grew proud of their strength and boasted: "We are the mightiest of all creation! Come, waves, let us cover over the entire face of the earth!" We are too confined. We need the whole earth—all of it!
A wind rose over the surface of the earth, moving sand to create a barricade. When the brazen waves saw the grains of sand, each one tiny and insignificant, they grew even more insolent.

"Proletarier aler lender, fareynikt aykh!"
Shat! Meynt nit, az dos is der oyftu fun di akhroynim. Hot keyn toes nicht. Der rayun fun akhdes is elter fun karl marks...
Bet, zayt moykh, dem altn batlen in beys-hamikdesh baym oyvn, vet er aykh oyfminshn dem medresh t’hilim. Ir vet zikh mekhaye zayn. Vos medresh fargint zikh tsu dertseyln:
Un di vasern hobn zikh geshtarkt. Di erd hot aroysgegebnn berg un toln. Es zaynen gevorn griber, un es zaynen gekumen di vasern un hobn zey onefilt... Nokhdem hobn zikh di vasern vider gekoyekht un gekhokhmet mit a gadles: "Mir zaynen di shтарксте fun gantsn ponim fun dr’erd. Es iz an eng. Mir darfn di gantse erd... di gantse!..."
A vint hot zikh a trog geton in der luftn, shikn dem zamd un im makhn far a girenets. Ven di azes-ponimdike khvalyes hobn derzen di kerner-zamd, vi kleyn un din zey zaynen, hobn zey vider geletsevet.
“What can this small-fry do against us? This will be a picnic! The smallest of our waves will move against them and make an end of them with no trouble at all!”

When the largest grain of sand looked around and saw how frightened they were, it called out to them:

“True, comrades, it’s true, we’re very small, and each of us alone cannot do much. But let us all stay together, let us never separate, then the waves will feel our strength. We can throw their sneers back into their teeth!”

When the grains of sand heard this, they came running from all ends of the earth. They assembled in great, limitless numbers and besieged the mighty upstarts on all sides. The waves hurled themselves at the sandy banks and recoiled with an angry growl.

Then a voice was heard over the waters: “Consider well the wise plan of the grains of sand—even the smallest forces become a mighty power when they are united!”

“True!” sang the grains of sand, as the crest of a mighty wave struck a beach and broke into a thousand pieces....
Wine

As we come to week’s end, we are grateful that we can share the fruit of the vine together.

The New Song (A Reisen)

And even though the time is distant
Of love and peace
Still it will come, sooner or later
This time is no dream.

I hear the song of love, peace
The mighty singing
And every note of the song proclaims
The sun has risen
The night is ending, the world awakens
Full of hope, cheer, and striving
You hear in the air a voice proclaiming:
To courage and strength and life!

Challah

In the tradition of our people, we share bread, the fruit of the earth.
more singing

**The Internationale (E Pottier/E De Geyter)**

Arise ye prisoners of starvation
Arise ye wretched of the earth
For justice thunders condemnation
A better world’s in birth!
No more tradition’s chains shall bind us
Arise, ye slaves, no more in thrall;
The earth shall rise on new foundations
We have been naught we shall be all.

'Tis the final conflict
Let each stand in their place
The International working class
Shall be the human race.

**Working Women (D Edelstadt)**

Working women, suffering women!
Women, wasting away at home, in the factory,
Why stand aside? Why not help build
A temple of freedom, of human happiness?

Help carry the banner of scarlet
Forward, through storms, through dark nights.
Help spread truth and light
Among ignorant, lonely slaves!

Help raise the world from its squalor
And achieve everything we value.
Fighting together like mighty lions
For freedom, for equality, for our ideals!

More than once have noble women
Made tyrants and thrones tremble.
They have shown that they can be trusted,
In the bitterest storms, with the holy flag.

mer zingen

**Der Internatsyonale**

Shteyt of, ir ale, ver vi shklafn,
In hunger lebn muz in noyt.
Der gayst, er kokht, er ruft tsu vafn–
Tsum shlahkt undz firn iz er greyt.
Di velt fun gvald-tatn un laydn,
Tseshtern veln mir un dan
Fun frayhayt, glaykhayt a gan-eydn
Bashafn vet der arbetssman.

Dos vet zayn shoyn der letster
Un antsheydener shtrayt;
Mit dem Internatsyonal,
Shteyt of ir arbetsslayt.

**Arbeter Froyen**

Arbeter froyen, layndne froyen!
Froyen, vos shmakhtn in hoyz, in fabrik
Vos shteyt ir fun vaytn? Vos helft ir nit boyen
Dem templ fun frayhayt, fun menshlekhn glik?

Helft undz trogn dem baner dem royt,
Forverts, durkh shturem, durkh finstere nekht!
Helft undz vorhayt un likht tsu farshpreytn,
Tvishn umvisnde, elnte knekht!

Helft undz di velt fun ir shmuts derhoybn!
Ales opfern, vos undz iz lib.
Kemfn tsuzamen, vi mekhtike lebyn
Far frayhayt, far glaykhhayt, far undzer printsip!

Nit eyn mol hobn shoyn nobele froyen,
Gemakht tsitern henker un tron,
Zey hobn getsaygt az men ken zey fartyoen
In biterstn shturem di heylike fon.
One Voice

This is the sound of one voice,
One spirit, one voice,
Echoing on mountains and valleys.
This is the sound of one voice.

This is the sound of voices two
In harmony with a nightingale.
In our duo, there is no woe.
This is the sound of voices two.

This is the sound of voices three,
Singing together, free as birds,
In a land of justice, may it be.
This is the sound of voices three.

This is the sound of everyone,
All united, full of fire,
No matter what, no matter when.
This is the sound of everyone.

This is the sound of one voice,
One people, one voice,
Yesterday, today, and always.
This is the sound of one voice.

Eyn Kol

Ot iz der klang fun eyn kol,
Eyn gayst, eyn kol,
Mit viderklangen oyf barg un tol.
Ot iz der klang fun eyn kol. (2x)

Ot iz der klang fun keler tsvey,
In harmonye mit a solovey,
In der khevruze, nito keyn vey.
Ot iz der klang fun keler tsvey. (2x)

Ot iz der klang fun keler dray,
Zingen tsuzamen frank un fray,
In a land fun yoysher, halevay.
Ot iz der klang fun keler dray. (2x)

Ot iz der klang fun alemen,
Ale in eynem, ful mit bren,
Eyder vos un eyder ven.
Ot iz der klang fun alemen. (2x)

Ot iz der klang fun eyn kol,
Eyn folk, eyn kol,
Nekhtn, haynt un alemol.
Ot iz der klang fun eyn kol. (2x)