

שיר הכבוד

The Ark is opened and all stand.

שִׁיר: אֲנַעִים זְמִירוֹת וְשִׁירִים אֶאָרֵג, כִּי אֵלַיִךְ נַפְשִׁי תַעֲרֹג.

קִדְלָה: נַפְשִׁי חֲמֹדָה בְּצֵל יָדְךָ, לְדַעַת כָּל רוֹן סוּדְךָ.

שִׁיר: מִיַּי דְּבָרֵי בְּכַבּוּדְךָ, הוֹמָה לְבִי אֶל הוֹדֶיךָ.

קִדְלָה: עַל כֵּן אֲדַבֵּר בְּךָ נִכְבְּדוֹת, וְשִׁמְךָ אֲכַבֵּד בְּשִׁירֵי יְדִידוֹת.

שִׁיר: אֶסְפְּרָה כְבוֹדְךָ וְלֹא רְאִיתִיךָ, אֲדַמְּךָ אֲכַנְּךָ וְלֹא יָדַעְתִּיךָ.

קִדְלָה: בְּיַד נְבִיאֶיךָ בְּסוּד עֲבָדֶיךָ, דַּמִּית הַדָּר כְּבוֹד הוֹדְךָ.

שִׁיר: גִּדְלָתְךָ וּגְבוּרָתְךָ, כִּנּוּ לְתַקְּךָ פְּעֻלָּתְךָ.

קִדְלָה: דְּמוּ אוֹתְךָ וְלֹא כַפִּי יִשָּׁךְ, וְיִשְׁוֹךְ לִפִּי מַעֲשֶׂיךָ.

שִׁיר: הַמְּשִׁילוֹךְ בְּרַב חַזְיוֹנוֹת, הִנֵּךְ אֶחָד בְּכָל דְּמִיוֹנוֹת.

קִדְלָה: וַיַּחְזוּ בְּךָ זְקֵנָה וּבַחֲרוֹת, וְשָׁעַר רֵאשֶׁךְ בְּשִׁיבָה וּשְׁחָרוֹת.

שִׁיר: זְקֵנָה בְּיוֹם דִּין וּבַחֲרוֹת בְּיוֹם קָרֵב, כְּאִישׁ מְלַחְמוֹת יָדָיו לֹא רָב.

קִדְלָה: חֶבֶשׁ כּוֹבֵעַ יְשׁוּעָה בְּרֵאשׁוֹ, הוֹשִׁיעָה לוֹ יְמִינוֹ וְזֹרַע קֶדְשׁוֹ.

שִׁיר: טֹלְלֵי אוֹרוֹת רֵאשׁוּ נְמִלָּא, קוֹצוֹתָיו רְסִיסֵי לֵילָה.

קִדְלָה: יִתְפָּאֵר בִּי כִּי חִפֵּץ בִּי, וְהוּא יִהְיֶה לִי לְעֹטְרַת צְבִי.

שִׁיר: כְּתָם טְהוֹר פָּו דְּמוֹת רֵאשׁוֹ, וְחֶק עַל מִצַּח כְּבוֹד שֵׁם קֶדְשׁוֹ.

קִדְלָה: לְחֵן וּלְכְבוֹד צְבִי תִפְאָרָה, אֲמַתּוֹ לוֹ עֲטָרָה עֲטָרָה.

Song of Glory: Attributed to either Rabbi Judah HeHassid (d. 1217) or his father Rabbi Samuel, this hymn is structured as an alphabetical acrostic, with a (non-acrostic) four-line introduction and a three-line conclusion, followed by biblical verses. The poem, with great grace and depth, speaks about the limits of language in describing the experience of God. On the one hand, God – infinite, eternal, invisible – is beyond the reach of language. On the other, we can only address Him in and through language.

SONG OF GLORY

The Ark is opened and all stand.

Leader: I will sing sweet psalms and I will weave songs,
to You for whom my soul longs.

Cong: My soul yearns for the shelter of Your hand,
that all Your mystic secrets I might understand.

Leader: Whenever I speak of Your glory above,
my heart is yearning for Your love.

Cong: So Your glories I will proclaim,
and in songs of love give honor to Your name.

Leader: I will tell of Your glory though I have not seen You,
imagine and describe You, though I have not known You.

Cong: By the hand of Your prophets, through Your servants' mystery,
You gave a glimpse of Your wondrous majesty.

Leader: Recounting Your grandeur and Your glory,
of Your great deeds they told the story.

Cong: They depicted You, though not as You are,
but as You do: Your acts, Your power.

Leader: They represented You in many visions;
through them all You are One without divisions.

Cong: They saw You, now old, then young,
Your head with gray, with black hair hung.

Leader: Age on the day of judgment, yet on the day of war,
a young warrior with mighty hands they saw.

Cong: Triumph like a helmet He wore on his head;
His right hand and holy arm to victory have led.

Leader: His curls are filled with dew-drops of light,
His locks with fragments of the night.

Cong: He will glory in me, for He delights in me;
My diadem of beauty He shall be.

Leader: His head is like pure beaten gold;
Engraved on His brow, His sacred name behold.

Cong: For grace and glory, beauty and renown,
His people have adorned Him with a crown.

שיר קהל
מחלפות ראשו כבימי בחורות, קוצותיו תלתלים שחורות.
נוה הצדק צבי תפארתו, יעלה נא על ראש שמחתו.

שיר קהל
סגלתו תהי בידו עטרת, וצנף מלוכה צבי תפארת.
עמוסים נשאם, עטרת ענדם, מאשר יקרו בעיניו כבדם.

שיר קהל
פארו עלי ופארי עליו, וקרוז אלי בקראי אליו.
צח ואדם ללבושו אדם, פורה בדרכו בבואו מאדום.

שיר קהל
קשר תפלין הראה לענו, תמונת יהוה לנגד עיניו.
רוצה בעמו ענים ופאר, יושב תהלות בם להתפאר.

שיר קהל
ראש דברך אמת קורא מראש דור ודור, עם דורשך דרש.
שית המון שירי נא עליך, ורנתי תקרב אליך.

שיר קהל
תהלתי תהי לראשך עטרת, ותפלתי תכון קטרת.
תיקר שירת רש בעיניך, כשיר יושר על קרבניך.

שיר קהל
ברכתי תעלה לראש משביר, מחולל ומוליד, צדיק בביר.
ובברכתי תנענע לי ראש, ואותה קח לך כבשמים ראש.

שיר קהל
יערב נא שיחי עליך, כי נפשי תערג אליך.

The Ark is closed.

לך יהוה הגדלה והגבורה והתפארת והנצח וההוד, כי כל בשמים
דברי הימים
אכט
ותהלים קו
ובארץ, לך יהוה הממלכה והמתנשא לכל לראש: • מי ימלא גבורות
יהוה, ישמיע פל־תהלתו:

Hence the various literary forms – metaphor, image, mystic vision – used by the prophets and poets and their successors to indicate, through words, that which lies beyond words. The images are many, but God is One.

In some communities the hymn is said each day. Many authorities, however, held that it was too sublime to be said daily, and limited its recital to Shabbat and Yom Tov.

Leader: Like a youth's, His hair in locks unfurls;
Its black tresses flowing in curls.

Cong: Jerusalem, His splendor, is the dwelling place of right;
may He prize it as His highest delight.

Leader: Like a crown in His hand may His treasured people be,
a turban of beauty and of majesty.

Cong: He bore them, carried them, with a crown He adorned them.
They were precious in His sight, and He honored them.

Leader: His glory is on me; my glory is on Him.
He is near to me when I call to Him.

Cong: He is bright and rosy; red will be His dress,
when He comes from Edom, treading the winepress.

Leader: He showed the tefillin-knot to Moses, humble, wise,
when the LORD's likeness was before his eyes.

Cong: He delights in His people; the humble He does raise –
He glories in them; He sits enthroned upon their praise.

Leader: Your first word, Your call to every age, is true:
O seek the people who seek You.

Cong: My many songs please take and hear
and may my hymn of joy to You come near.

Leader: May my praise be a crown for Your head,
and like incense before You, the prayers I have said.

Cong: May a poor man's song be precious in Your eyes,
like a song sung over sacrifice.

Leader: To the One who sustains all, may my blessing take flight:
Creator, Life-Giver, God of right and might.

Cong: And when I offer blessing, to me Your head incline:
accepting it as spice, fragrant and fine.

Leader: May my prayer be to You sweet song.
For You my soul will always long.

The Ark is closed.

Yours, LORD, are the greatness and the power, the glory, the majesty and 1 Chr. 29
splendor, for everything in heaven and earth is Yours. Yours, LORD, is the Ps. 106
kingdom; You are exalted as head over all. • Who can tell of the mighty
acts of the LORD and make all His praise be heard?