

יהודה הלוי
שירים נבחרים



THE SELECTED POEMS OF
Yehuda Halevi



TRANSLATED & ANNOTATED BY
Hillel Halkin

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Foreword

JONATHAN ROSEN
Editorial Director
Nextbook, Inc.

YEHUDA HALEVI, who lived more than 900 years ago, was arguably the greatest poet Judaism has produced, and one of the world's great poets. Nextbook Press is pleased to make available this collection of 35 poems by Halevi in their original Hebrew, alongside masterful translations by renowned essayist, critic, and translator Hillel Halkin. Each poem has been annotated by Halkin to offer brief commentary and context for a poet who could be intensely erotic, confessional, spiritual, and liturgical, often at the same time.

This collection of poems is a companion volume to *Yehuda Halevi*, the magisterial biography written by Halkin and published by Nextbook/Schocken Books in 2010. In that book, Halkin tells one of the greatest romantic stories in all of Jewish history. Halevi was born in Spain at the height of its Golden Age, but though he was celebrated as a master of the poetic forms of this most poetic era, enjoying wealth and fame as a poet, physician, and sage, in 1140, then in his late sixties, he turned his back on Spain and sailed for Crusader-ruled Palestine.

For hundreds of years, legend had it that Halevi was killed by a Muslim horseman at the gates of Jerusalem. Although even today it is not clear how much truth there is in this, modern scholarship has revealed that he did die in the land of Israel within several months of arriving there. Halkin traces the overlapping strands of myth and history, the secular and the sacred, the rootedness of Spain and the unquenchable longing for the land of Israel that Halevi braided into his poetry, and that Judaism braided into its legend of the poet. We hope readers of this volume will want to turn to Halkin's *Yehuda Halevi* for a full portrait of the man and his world and its meaning. But we are extremely pleased to give readers a chance to encounter Halevi purely as a poet, both in the original Hebrew and in the English of a master translator.

Introduction

HILLEL HALKIN

Translator & Annotator

THE ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS of the 35 poems posted below all appear as part of my biography of Yehuda Halevi published by Schocken Books and Nextbook in 2010. In preparing the book for publication, I had wanted to include the original poems in an appendix, so that readers with some knowledge of Hebrew could read them with the help of the English and have a better idea of both what Yehuda Halevi and I had done. Unfortunately, this proved impractical. I am therefore grateful to Nextbook for making possible on the Internet what could not be done in print.

A few, brief words on technical matters for those who are interested:

Translating Hispano-Hebrew poetry into English is in some respects a more difficult task than translating French, German, or Russian poetry. This is because, of its two main formal characteristics, Arabic-style mono-rhyme and Arabic-style quantitative meter, the first is rarely reproducible in English and the second never is.

Mono-rhyme—the repetition of a single rhyming syllable throughout a poem, no matter how long it is—is possible in Hebrew and Arabic because both languages have numerous stressed grammatical suffixes that can be rhymed line after line. An example of this is Poem 10, “A Lament For Moshe ibn Ezra,” in which the last word of every one of the poem’s 34 Hebrew lines has the masculine plural ending *-im*. (A line in most Hispano-Hebrew poems was a distich numbering between 20 and 30 syllables and divided into two equal hemistichs. Because the Hebrew texts in this selection were taken from different anthologies, some poems appear with longer, distich-length lines and some with the shorter, hemistich-length ones into which their editors divided them.) In English, on the other hand, grammatical suffixes like “-s,” “-ing,” and “-ed” are unstressed and do not rhyme.

To be sure, Arabic-style mono-rhyming in Hebrew is not so easy, either, since the initial consonant of the rhyming syllable must repeat itself, too; thus, in “A Lament For Moshe ibn Ezra,” each line ends in *-mim* and Halevi had to restrict himself to plurals of nouns, verbs, and adjectives having the final Hebrew letter *mem*. Yet Hebrew has large inventories of such words, whereas a mono-rhymed 34-line poem in English is all but unimaginable.

Although such a rhyme scheme in a Hispano-Hebrew poem, especially a long one, may seem monotonous to our ears, its purpose is not the same as that of European rhyme. Rather than create a varied pattern of sameness-within-difference that links certain lines while separating them from others (as in a sonnet, for instance), it functions like a repetitive drum beat or plucked chord, regularly marking the point where one musical phrase ends and the next begins. Nor is the English translator completely helpless in the face of it. He can rhyme in some places and not others, or resort to long strings of slant-rhymes or unstressed English suffixes that do not rhyme. In different translations, I have tried all of these methods.

As for Arabic quantitative meter, it depends on a regular alteration of long and short syllables, the distinction between which is intrinsic to Arabic phonetics and grammar. In point of fact, not only English, but Hebrew as well, recognizes no such distinction. Yet in Hispano-Hebrew poetry, starting with the mid-10th century, vowels came to be arbitrarily defined as long or short to adapt them to the Arabic system. The *shva na*, *hataf patah*, *hataf kamatz*, and *hataf segol*, and sometimes the conjunctive *shuruk*, were treated as short; all other vowels, as long. Apart from liturgical verse, most Hispano-Hebrew poems of Halevi’s age were composed according to this system, which no English translation can convey.

Here, too, however, the English translator is not without recourse. Since, for grammatical reasons, Hispano-Hebrew’s “short” syllables are all unstressed, Arabic-style quantitative meter in Hebrew tends to result in regular patterns of stressed and unstressed syllables like those found in English poetry, so that a line of Yehuda Halevi’s read aloud is not very different in its metrical effect from, say, a line of John Donne’s. In translating Halevi’s poetry, therefore, I have generally fallen back on the common English meters. These do not necessarily have the same stressed/unstressed sequences as does Halevi’s Hebrew, and I often chose them on the basis of the first line or two of a translation to come to mind, instinctively following my ear without noticing where it was leading me—but this, after all, is how a great deal of metrical poetry gets written. Because medieval Hebrew is a more highly inflected and compact language than English, I also usually turned the hemistichs of Halevi’s Hebrew into separate lines of English. In some cases, I broke Halevi’s verse into separate stanzas in places where he did not have them.

Hispano-Hebrew poets did not punctuate their work; all the punctuation marks in this selection of poems have been added for intelligibility either by myself or by other anthologists. Nor did the poets of Halevi’s time give titles to their poems, which were known to their readers and to posterity by their first words or line. In some cases, I have followed this practice in English. In others, I have given poems titles of my own.

In short, in translating these poems I have not followed any one strategy. Each poem was a challenge in its own right and I sometimes responded to similar challenges in different ways. Like all Hispano-Hebrew poets, Halevi was extremely fond of puns, complicated wordplay, and alliteration, and I have sought to represent these aspects of his verse, too—although, again, not always on a direct basis: an alliterative cluster of words in one of his lines may have been transferred by me to another, a play on words that I could not capture where it occurred may have had a different one substituted for it further on.

Like all great poets, Yehuda Halevi is translatable, but like all great poets, too, he is a greater poet in his own language. I hope the 35 poems appearing below in Hebrew and English will convince the reader of both these truths.

בְּךָ אֶעִיר זְמֵרוֹת

The Poet Thanks an Admirer for a Jug of Wine

בְּךָ אֶעִיר זְמֵרוֹת כֹּל יְמוֹתַי וּבַעֲסִיֶּסֶךָ אֲשֶׁר מָצוּ שְׂפִתַי,
וְאֲחִי אֶקְרָאָה אֶל כַּד שִׁלַּחְתּוֹ וּמִפִּי אֶטְעֶמָה טוֹב מִגְדָּנוֹתַי,
עָדִי רְעִי חֲשֹׁבוֹנֵי לְסוֹכָא וְעֵקֶב זֹאת שְׂאֵלוֹנֵי "לְמַתִּי?"
עֲנִיתִים, "אֵיךְ צָרִי גִלְעָד לְנִגְדִי – וְלֹא אֶשְׁתֶּה לְרִפָּא מַחְלוֹתַי?
וְאִיכָּה אֶמְאַסֶּה בְּכַד עֲדָנָה – וְעוֹד לֹא נִגְעוּ עַד כִּ"ד שְׁנוֹתַי!"

I shall sing your praise all my days
For the nectar you sent for my lips.
Brother Jug joins in my lays,
And from him I won't cease my sips

Even though all my friends say, "Come, come!
How much longer will you play the rake?"
"What?" I'll reply. "I have Gilead's balm
And shan't drink to cure every ache?

"I'm too young to put down the cup
I've only begun to pick up. To and for
What end should I stop
When my years are not yet two and four?"

Although not necessarily the earliest poem of Halevi's to have come down to us, this is the earliest that is datable, written, as its last, punning stanza informs us, when the poet was not yet 24. (In Hebrew, the pun is on the word *kad*, "jug," whose two letters *kaf* and *dalet* have the numerical value of 20 and four.) This does not, of course, mean that he was 23, as he could have been quite a few years younger. In any event, he was sitting, so it would seem, in a tavern with friends when an admirer sent over a jug of wine, to which he replied with some improvised verse.

"The Poet Thanks an Admirer" is written in five mono-rhymed distichs, each composed of two 11-syllable hemistichs. Its meter, known in Hebrew as the *m'rubeh*, is *short-long-long-long, short-long-long-long, short-long-long-long, short-long-long-long*. As was customary in mono-rhymed poems, the rhyming syllable is introduced by the internal rhyme of *y'motai* and *s'fatay* in the first distich. The poem's 10 hemistichs have been rearranged in my translation as the 12 lines of three predominantly anapestic, ABAB-rhymed English quatrains.

As an aspiring young poet, Yehuda Halevi left the Christian north of Spain in which he was born for the Muslim south, with its more lively and sophisticated literary culture. There, in Andalusia, the great Hispano-Hebrew poet and critic Moshe ibn Ezra (1055–1135) was his first and most important literary patron. Ibn Ezra belonged to a wealthy and prominent family in Granada, but following the Almoravid conquest of that city in 1090, which took place when Halevi was in his teens, he was driven into exile in northern Spain. In this poem of farewell, Halevi calls him “Beacon of the West” because Andalusia was at the western end of the medieval Muslim world. To reach Christian territory, Ibn Ezra would have had to cross its high mountains to the Castilian plateau. These are refigured in the poem as Mount Hermon, the Land of Israel’s tallest peak, and lowly Mount Gilboa, cursed with barrenness by the biblical David, the two symbolizing the more cultivated Spanish south and the less lettered north.

Like “The Poet Thanks an Admirer,” “To Moshe ibn Ezra” consists of five distichs, which have the mono-rhyme of –o‘a. Its meter, known as the *shalem*, is long-long-short-long, long-long-short-long, long-long-long. The *m’rubeh* and the *shalem* were the two meters most favored by Halevi, who wrote a high percentage of his poems in them. The meter of the translation is that old English mainstay, iambic pentameter, and I have used similarly ending half-rhymes (“rest,” “last,” “crossed,” “against,” “West,” “cast”) in six of the translation’s ten lines.

אֵיךְ אַחֲרֶיךָ אִמְצָא מְרוּעַ?

To Moshe ibn Ezra, On His Leaving Andalusia

אֵיךְ אַחֲרֶיךָ אִמְצָא מְרוּעַ?
 תִּנַּע וְהֵלֵב עִמָּךְ יְנוּעַ.
 לוֹיְלֵי לְכַבּוֹת יִחְלוּ יוֹם שׁוֹבֶךָ
 אִזּוֹ יוֹם פְּרִידָה תִּמְנּוּ לְגֹעַ.
 הֵן הַרְרֵי בְּתֵר יַעֲיִדוּן כִּי מִטֵּר
 שִׁחַק מְאֹד כִּי לֵי וְדַמְעֵי שׁוּעַ.
 נֵר מַעַרְבֵי שׁוֹב לְמַעַרְבֶּךָ, הֵיָה
 חוֹתֵם עָלַי כָּל לֵב וְכָל אֲזֹרוּעַ!
 שָׁפָה בְּרוּרָה, מֵה לֶךְ אֶל עֲלִיָּם,
 אוּ מֵה לְטַל הַרְמוֹן אֶלִי גִלְבוּעַ?

Where, now that you are gone, will I find rest?
 When you departed, with you went all hearts,
 And had they not believed you would return,
 The day you left them would have been their last.
 Be my witnesses, wild mountains that you crossed,
 That heaven’s rains are scant when set against
 My wealth of tears. Beacon of the West,
 Be again our seal and coat-of-arms!
 What will you do, O peerless tongue, among the dumb,
 Like Hermon’s dew on bare Gilboa cast?

אַרץ כִּילְדָה הִיתָה יוֹנָקָה

To Yitzhak ibn el-Yatom

אַרץ כִּילְדָה הִיתָה יוֹנָקָה
 גִּשְׁמֵי סִתּוֹ אֶתְמוֹל וְעַב מִיִּנְקָתָה,
 אוֹ הִיתָה כְּלָה כְּלוּאַה בְּסִתּוֹ,
 נִפְשָׁה לְעֵתוֹת אֶהְבָּה שׁוֹקֵקָתָה,
 הִשְׁקָה לְעֵת דּוֹדִים עָדִי נִגַּע זְמַן
 קִיץ וְכוּ נִרְפָּא לְכַב הִשְׁקָתָה.
 בְּלָבוּשׁ עֲרוּגָת פּוֹז וְרִקְמַת שֵׁשׁ כְּבֵת
 מִתְעַנְנָה בְּלָבוּשׁ וּמִתְפַּנְקָתָה,
 כָּל יוֹם חֲלִיפוֹת הֶרְקָמוֹת תַּחֲלִיף
 וְלֶכֶל סְבִיבָיָה בְּסוֹת חֲלָקָתָה.
 מִיּוֹם לְיוֹם עֵינַי צָמְחִים תַּהַפֵּף,
 עֵץ דָּר לְעֵץ אָדָם וְעֵץ בְּרָקָתָה,
 תִּלְבִּין וְתוֹרִיק עֵת וְגַם עֵת תֵּאָדִים
 תִּמְשִׁיל צְבִיָּה אֶהְבָּה נִשְׁקָתָה.
 יָפוּ פָּרְחִיָּה מְאֹד עַד אֶחָשׁוּב
 כִּי כּוֹכְבֵי אֵל הִיתָה עֹשֶׂתָה.
 פָּרְדָּם שְׁלַחֲיָה שְׁחֲרֻנוּהוּ בְּכֵת
 גִּפְז בְּרִשְׁפֵי אֶהְבָּה הַנִּשְׁקָתָה,
 קָרָה כְּקוֹר שֶׁלֵּג בְּיַד תִּפְשֶׁה אֶבֶל
 בִּינּוֹת קָרְבִיּוֹ הִיא כְּאֵשׁ דּוֹלְקָתָה.
 מִתּוֹךְ כְּלֵי חֶרֶשׁ בְּחָרֶם תַּעֲלֶה
 נִגִּישׁ כְּלֵי שֶׁהֶם וְהִיא מוֹצֵקָתָה,
 בָּה נִהְלֵךְ תַּחַת צִלְלִים עַל סְבִיב
 גִּנָּה לְכַכִּית הֶרְבִּיב שְׁחֻקָתָה.
 תִּשְׂמַח וְדַמְעַת עַב בְּפִנְיָה רְסִים
 בְּזֶרֶק בְּדוֹלַח מַעֲנֵק זוֹרְקָתָה;
 תִּשְׁיֵשׁ עָלַי קוֹל סִים כְּעַל עֶסִים וְקוֹל
 יוֹנָה מְנַהֶגֶת וְסוֹד מִמְתַּקָּתָה;
 תָּרַן בְּעַד עֲלָה בְּרֵן עֲלָמָה בְּעַד
 מְסֻךְ וְרִקְדָת וּמִשְׁתַּקְשָׁקָתָה.
 נִפְשֵׁי לְרוּחַ הַשְּׁחָרִים שְׁחָרָה
 כִּי בָה לְרִיחַ הַיְדִיד חִבְּקָתָה.
 רוּחַ מִשְׁחַקָתָה וְתַנְיָף הַהֲדָס
 רִיחוֹ לְהַשְׁקִים רְחִקוֹ מִרְחַקָתָה,
 וְסַעֲיָף הַדָּם יִגָּאָה וְיִכְפַּל וְכַף
 תָּמַר בְּרֵן צִפּוֹר לְכַף סוֹפְקָתָה,
 מִתְנַוֶּפֶפָה מִשְׁתַּחֲוֶה נִגְדַּ פְּנֵי
 יִצְחָק וְתַבֵּל עִם שְׁמוֹ צִחְקָתָה.
 תֹּאמֶר, "הֲלֹא עָשָׂה אֱלֹהִים לִי צְחוּק
 כִּי בַעֲבַת יִצְחָק אֲנִי מְחֻזָּקָתָה!"
 אֹמֶר: וְאֵין מְשִׁיב אִמְרֵי עַל שְׂבַח
 הוֹדוֹ וְאֵזֶן שְׁמַעָה מְצַדֶּקָתָה.
 שֵׁם כָּל נְדִיבִים נִחְלַק אֵל טוֹב וְרַע—
 אֲכֵן שְׁמוֹ רַק טוֹב כְּלֵי מְחֻלָּקָתָה!
 מִה נִעְמָה אֲזַנִּי בְּשִׁמְעוֹ כְּאִשֶׁר
 נִפְשֵׁי בּוֹזְכְרוּ הִיתָה עוֹסֵקָתָה,
 אֵךְ בְּחֻזוֹתָה אֶת דְּמוּתוֹ יִסְפָּה
 שְׂבַח וְכַפְלִים לְשִׁיר מַעֲתַקָתָה!
 בְּךָ הַגִּבּוֹר יִצְחָק לְשׁוֹנֵי תַעֲנָה
 צְחוֹת וְשִׁיר תַּחֲבִיר וְלֹא מִפְּסָקָתָה,
 כִּי אֶכְרַתָּה עִמָּךְ יְמֵי חַיֵּי בְרִית
 מִמְּחֻלָּלֶךָ בַּל תִּהְיֶה שְׁתַּקָּתָה.
 מִה זֹאת אֶקְדָּם מִשְׁבַּחֶיךָ וְהֵן
 נִפְשֶׁךָ כְּכֹל מִינֵי יִקָּר מְדַבְּקָתָה;
 בְּךָ הַנְּדִיבוֹת אֶהְלִיחֶם תִּקְעוּ
 וְלֶךְ תְּבוּנָה מִחֻנָּה מְזַעֶקָתָה.
 נִפְשֶׁךָ בְּדוֹדֵי הַתְּבוּנָה רוֹתָה
 וְלִתְעַלְמָה אַחֲרִית בּוֹדֶקָתָה,
 כִּי מִצָּאָה קֵן לָהּ בְּלִבְךָ וְתִהְיֶה
 מִשְׁתַּעֲשָׂעָה עִמָּךְ וּמִתְרַפֶּקָתָה.
 לָכֵן פָּרָה וְרִבָּה וְהַנְחִל זֶרַעַךְ
 רוּחַ נְדִיבָה לְךָ וְיָד מַעֲנֵקָתָה,
 וְרֵאָה כְּנִי כְּנִים לְכַנְיָךְ וְעַב
 חֶסֶד עֲלֵיהֶם תִּהְיֶה יוֹצֵקָתָה.

The earth's an infant, sucking at the breast
 Of winter's showers, the clouds her wet nurse—
 Or better yet, a maiden, long kept indoors by cold,
 Who longed for love. Now, the warm days here,
 Her pining heart is healed. Coquettishly,
 She stepped outside today in a new dress,
 White-trimmed with gold embroidery,
 Long skirt spread wide. Yet every day
 She wears a different pattern of wild flowers:
 Now pink, now turquoise, now a pearly pale,
 Now blushing red as though kissed by a lover.
 So glorious a garland must have been
 Stolen by her from the stars in heaven!

Come, then, let us picnic on her greensward
 With the passionate daughters of the vine!
 (Chilly to the touch, they're inward fire,
 Hot with sunshine hoarded in a pot
 And poured from there into the finest crystal.)
 We'll greet the dawn in a tree-shaded park,
 Whose boughs weep softly from a last
 spring rain,
 As through her tears she smiles and wipes away
 The drops that fall like beads of glass unstrung,
 Rejoicing with the vine's juice and the jays
 And murmuring doves, and fluttering gaily,
 Like a dancing girl, behind a veil of leaves.

I fain would rise at such a sunrise to a breeze
 That brings embraces from a dearest friend!
 Let it play around the myrtle's branches
 And bear their scent to cherished hearts afar
 While palm trees clap their hands at the
 birds' song,
 So that they wave and bow to Yitzhak,
 Whose name means laughter and with whom
 all laugh.
 "It is a godly jest," the whole world says,
 "To put the All in thrall to just one man!"
 And I reply: Refute me if you can,
 But Yitzhak's glory cannot be denied.
 Although no ordinary grandee is all good
 Without a modicum of bad, in him
 Not a smatter of the latter's to be had.
 My ears are gladdened when, thinking of him,
 I hear his name; think then how seeing him
 Would double and redouble my acclaim!

For you, Don Isaac, my voice flows in pure verse,
 The pursuance of your praises my life's pledge.
 Yet how win the race to add to these
 When you are surrounded by such honors?
 All the virtues have pitched camp in you,
 And your wisdom rallies their joint forces;
 Drinking deeply from discernment's sources,
 You plumb the mysteries of things unseen,
 Whose knowledge nests and frolics in your being.
 Go forth and multiply, and give your progeny
 The spirit of your generosity,
 And may their sons and son's sons have more sons
 On whom God's grace rains down its benisons!

A wealthy Andalusian Jew, Yitzhak ibn el-Yatom was a patron of Yehuda Halevi's in the period following Moshe ibn Ezra's banishment from Andalusia. Hispano-Hebrew poets were expected to praise their patrons lavishly in verse, and not all of the flattery in this poem need be assumed to have been sincere. Yet it is marvelously well-crafted flattery, written in an Arabic form known as the *qasida*, a longish poem that begins with a secondary theme—here, a description of a flower-strewn Andalusian spring morning into which a group of early-rising picnickers ventures with a hamper of wine. Only when this scene has been fully developed does the poet introduce his main theme, the extolling of "the dearest friend," Ibn el-Yatom, whose first name of Yitzhak, like that of the biblical patriarch, means "he laughs."

The Hebrew is mono-rhymed. Apart from a few places, such as the poem's closing lines, my translation foregoes rhyming.

הַיִּדְעוּ הַדְּמְעוֹת מִי שֶׁפָּכַם

Carved on a Tombstone

In addition to the financial support of patrons, the young Halevi made a living by writing verse to order for occasions like weddings and funerals. Only three distichs long, this little poem was composed for the tombstone of an unknown “grandee.” Its lovely music depends equally on its mono-rhyme of *-kham* and its repetition of key words (e.g., *hafakham, r'gavim, b'tokham*) at the end and beginning of consecutive lines, causing it to double back on itself each time that it also moves forward.

הַיִּדְעוּ הַדְּמְעוֹת מִי שֶׁפָּכַם
וַיִּדְעוּ הַלְּבָבוֹת מִי הֶפְּכָם?
הֶפְּכָם בּוֹא מְאוֹרֵם תּוֹךְ רְגָבִים
וְלֹא יִדְעוּ רְגָבִים מֶה בְּתוֹכָם.
בְּתוֹכָם שֶׁר וְגָדוֹל, תָּם וַיִּשֶׁר,
יִרְא הָאֵל וְאִישׁ נְבוֹן וְחָכָם.

Does the tear know whose cheek it runs down,
Or the heart by whom it is turned?
It turns to its light that is now in the ground,
And the ground knows not who has returned.
Returned is a grandee of our town,
A man who feared God and was upright and learned.

עֲזוּב לְרֵאוֹת אֲשֶׁר יְהִיָּה וְהִיָּה

A Wedding Poem

The identity of the couple whose wedding Halevi celebrated in this poem is also unknown. Moving from initial humor to ultimate gravity, his poem was undoubtedly meant to be read aloud to the wedding guests. For all its light touch, its final declaration that every groom and bride are an Adam and Eve illuminating, however briefly, a fallen world with new hope is a solemn one.

I have translated the poem's six distichs as English couplets, each with its own rhyme.

עֲזוּב לְרֵאוֹת אֲשֶׁר יְהִיָּה וְהִיָּה
 וְקַח לְךָ מֵאֲשֶׁר תִּרְאֶה רְאִיָּה!
 צָבִי יְצוּד בְּעֵינָיו הָאֲרִיּוֹת
 תִּצְוֹדֵנּוּ בְּעֵינֶיהָ צְבִיָּה,
 בְּעֵץ אִם תִּמְתֶּנּוּ וְיָמוֹת
 וְשִׁפָּה אִם תִּחְיֶהוּ וְחִיָּה.
 שְׁנֵי אֲבָנֵי יָקָר הֵמָּה וְהָאֵל
 אֶסְפָּם לְהִיּוֹת אֶבֶן שְׁתֵּיָּה,
 מְאוּרֵי אֹר בְּאֶרֶץ מֵאֲפֵלִיָּה
 וְנִהְרֵי נְחָלֵי עֵדֶן בְּצִיָּה.
 יָקָר נִתְּלָה בְּכָבוֹד מִן בְּמִינוֹ
 בְּהַתְּלוֹת בְּהִנָּה בְּלוּיָהּ.

Leave what was and what will be.

Stick to what you plainly see!

Every lad must hunt his lion,

And each lass should keep her eye on

Her young man: One look can bag him,

And a single word may snag him.

Yet when to a gem a gem engaged is,

God joins them in a rock of ages

Whose bright rays light up the dark

And of this waste make Eden's park.

By two such souls we now stand blessed

As though by Levite and by Priest.

The subject of this bantering epigram may have been a real woman with whom the young Halevi conducted a disappointing flirtation or simply a pretext for a display of wit. "Ofra," in any case, would certainly not have been the young lady's real name. The word means "doe" in Hebrew, and stags and does were conventional metaphors for male and female lovers in the Arabic and Hebrew poetry of the age.

עפֶרה

Ofra

עפֶרה תִּכְבֵּס אֶת בְּגָדֶיהָ בְּמִי
דְּמָעֵי וְתִשְׁטַחֵם לְשֶׁמֶשׁ זֹהָרָה:
לֹא שֶׁאֲלָה מִי הָעֵינֹת – עַם שְׁתִּי
עֵינֵי, וְלֹא שֶׁמֶשׁ – לִיפִי תֶאָרָה.

Ofra does her laundry in my tears
And dries it in the sunshine she gives off.
She doesn't have to take it to the trough,
Or wait to hang it till the weather clears.

לקראת חלל השקד קרב החזיקי

Love's War

לקראת חלל השקד קרב החזיקי, ובאש נדד האהבה הדליקני.
 מאסת בי על-כן תריקין לי חנית, ואני בנפשי אמאסה – הריקני!
 רעית צבי, לא-טוב היות דודך שבי, קרבי ורכבי הנדד הרחיקני.
 ערש דוי הפכי לערש תענוג, ודבש וחלב אהבך הניקני.

Over this fallen soldier fight your war,
 Then make him burn still more as you withdraw.
 You have stopped loving me, so cast your spear
 And let it strike a heart that doesn't care.

And yet, my sweet, I deem it not seemly
 That I should languish in captivity.
 Reverse your chariot and with one kiss
 Convert my sickbed to a bed of bliss!

In their fusing together of the physical and the spiritual, their love of fanciful conceits, and the playful intricacy of their language, the great Hispano-Hebrew poets of the 11th and 12th centuries have been compared to the Metaphysical poets of 17th-century England, and my rendition of this four-distich poem of Halevi's may make some readers think of Robert Herrick or Andrew Marvell. Yet the poem, with its metaphor of sexual warfare, is equally typical of its place and time. Like "Ofra," it was most probably written by Halevi when he was in his twenties, prior to the poignant love affair described in "Why, My Darling, Have You Barred All News?"

מה לך צביה, תמנעי צריך

Why, My Darling, Have You Barred All News?

This is one of the greatest of Halevi's poems, probably the first written by him to earn him a place in the pantheon of Hebrew verse. If the women in "Ofra" and "Love's War" were either poetic inventions or passing episodes, the woman in "Why, My Darling?" was real and momentous. She was someone Halevi had an intense love affair with in the years before his marriage and who then, to his anguish, left him for a journey from which she sent no word of herself. This is all we know about her.

I have sought to imitate the poem's mono-rhyme of *-ayikh*, which occurs in all of its 39 distichs, by ending each of my translation's 73 lines with an "s" sound. Yet not only does this lack the musical effect of true rhyme, the rhyme it fails to reproduce is inimitable. Consisting of the two syllables of the second-person singular, feminine, possessive suffix *-ayikh*, "your," it builds up slowly into a haunted cry for the missing loved one. Moreover, since it is close in sound to *ayèkh*, the feminine form of "Where are you?," this question repeats itself like a subliminal lament at the end of each line.

מדוד, צלעו מלאו צריך?
בלתי שמע קול שלמותי?
עמדי מעט עד־אחזה פניך!
לבי ואם ילך למסעך.
אזכר אני לילות תשוקותי,
בן אעברה־נא בחלומותי!
גליו, ולא־אובל עבר אליך,
אז נבקעו מימיו לכף רגליך.
קול פעמן זהב עלי שלליך,
אשאל בדדיך ובשלומיך!
עדים: לחניך ושתתותי—
דמי ועלכי שפכו ידיך!
שנים להוסיף על־שני חייך.
אתן שנת עיני לעפעפיך!
אבני לכבות שחקו מימיך,
לבי בדמעותי וגחלליך!
ראש הנדד ודבש נשיקותי,
אתו, פתילם קצצו ידיך.
אראה שפתך עלי שניך,
על־זהרו— עבי קוצותיך;
הזן והיפי כסות עיניך,
ההוד והחמדה שכיותיך;
להיות כאחך ואחיותיך,
להיות עבדיך ושפחותיך.
מחוט שפתך, חגור מתניך:
נרדי ומרי בין שני שדיך.
אחיה כחותם על זרעותיך:
אס־אשכחה אהבת כלולתיך.
נפת שפתי מנשיקותיך;
אולי בריחי אשקה אפיך!
בך נכבדו היום תהלותיך:
תשתחונן לאלמותיך!
בשם ומר מבין הליכותיך:
סתרי לבבי קול צעדותיך!
חשקך ויום בו יהיו מתך,
נסעך בצאתך יצאה אחריך.
אם הזמן ישאל שאלותיך:
הפצך ואל־ארץ מברותיך!

מה לך צביה, תמנעי צריך
לא תדעי כ־אין לדודך מזמן
אם הפרדה על־שנינו נגורה,
לא אדעה אם בין צלעי נעצר
חי אהבה! זכרי מי חשקך, כמו
כאשר דמותך בחלומי יעבר,
ביני ובינך ים דמעות יהמו
אך לו פעמך לעברו קרבו,
לו אחרי מותי באזני יעלה
או תשאל לי לשלום ידיך— משאול
אכן עלי שפכך דמי לבי שני
איך תאמרי "לא־כן" והם עדי עלי
מה־תחפצי מותי? והן אהפין אני
אס־תגזלי נומי בליל חשקי הלא
מימי דמעות לחכה אשך וגם
באתי באש חשקך ומי בכי, אהה,
בין מר ומתוק יעמד לבי, והם:
אחרי דברך בפחים רקעו
מראה דמות אדם עלי ספיר בעת
שמש בפניך, וליל תפרשי
משי ורקמה הם כסות גופך אבל
משכית עלמות מעשה יד־איש, ואת־
הרם וסהר, עש וכימה קנאו
בנים ובנות חשבו, אם חפשו,
לא־אשאלה מהון זמן חלקי לבד
יערי ודבשי בין שפתך, כמו
שמתך כחותם על־ימיני, לו אני
אשבח ימיני משמאלי, יעלה,
המר נדד לבי בזכרי יערת
ריחי בריח מר־דרורך אמהלה,
הנה כבוד נשים תהלתן, ואת־
בשדה בנות־חשק אלמות אהבה
מי־תנני אחיה עד־אארה
לא־אשמעה קולך, אבל אשמע עלי
פקדי, ביום פקדך לחיות חללי
נפשי להשיב אל־גותי, ביום
בשלום ידיך, יעלת־חן שאלי
שובי, וצורנו ישיבך אל־מחוז

Why, my darling, have you barred all news

From one who aches for you inside the bars of his own ribs?

Surely you know a lover's thoughts

Care only for the sound of your hellos!

At least, if parting was the fate reserved for us,

You might have lingered till my gaze had left your face.

God knows if there's a heart caged in these ribs

Or it has fled to join you in your journeys.

O swear by Love that you remember days of embraces

As I remember nights crammed with your kisses,

And that, as through my dreams your likeness passes,

So does mine through yours!

Between us lies a sea of tears I cannot cross,

Yet should you but approach its moaning waves,

They'd part beneath your steps,

And if, though dead, I heard the golden bells

Make music on your skirt, or your voice asking how I was,

I'd send my love to you from the grave's depths.

That you have shed my blood, I have two witnesses—

Your lips and cheeks. Don't say their crimson lies!

What makes you want to be my murderess

When I would only add years to your years?

You steal the slumber from my eyes,

Which, would it increase your sleep, I'd give you gratis.

My vaporous sighs are stoked by passion's flames,

And I am battered by your icy floes,

And thus it is that I am caught, alas,

Between fire and the flood, hot coals and cold deluges.

My heart, half sweetness and half bitterness,

Honeyed kisses mixed with hemlock of adieus,

Has been shredded by you into pieces,

And each piece twisted into curlicues.

Yet picturing your fairness—

The pearl-and-coral of your teeth and lips;

The sunlight in your face, on which night falls in cloudy tresses;

Your beauty's veil, which clothes your eyes

As you are clothed by silks and embroideries

(Though none's the needlework that vies with Nature's splendor, Nature's grace)—

Yes, when I think of all the youths and maidens

Who, though freeborn, would rather be your slaves,

And know that even stars and constellations

Are of your sisters and your brothers envious —

Then all I ask of Time's vast hoard is this:

Your girdled waist, the red thread of those lips

That were my honeycomb, and your two breasts,

In which are hidden myrrh and all good scents.

O would you wore me as a seal upon your arms

As I wear you on mine! May both my hands

Forget their cunning if I forget the days,

My dearest, of our love's first bliss!

Hard for the heart made vagrant are the memories

Of your ambrosia on my lips—but could I mix

My exhalations with their perfumed essence,

I would have a way to kiss you always.

Are women praised for their perfections?

Perfection in you is praised for being yours.

The fields of love have many harvesters—

And your harvest is bowed down to by their sheaves.

God grant that I may live to drain the lees,

Once more, of your limbs' sweet elixirs!

Although I cannot hear your voice,

I listen, deep within me, for your footsteps.

O on the day that you revive Love's fallen legions

Slain by your sword, think of this corpse

Abandoned by its spirit for your travels!

If life, my love, will let you have your wishes,

Tell it you wish to send a friend regards.

May it bring you to your destinations,

And God return you to your native grounds!

Moshe ibn Ezra had three brothers, Yehuda, Yitzhak, and Yosef. For a while in the early 12th century, all four lived in Toledo, the capital of Christian Castile, as did Halevi, who was practicing medicine there. Yehuda was the first of the Ibn Ezras to die, and this elegy that Halevi wrote for him begins with a pun, since *hevel*, the biblical word for “vanity,” is also the Hebrew name of the biblical Abel. (Literally, the poem’s first Hebrew distich reads, “Because it sees that man is *hevel*/ Time turns on him and becomes Cain.”) The next-to-last line is a barb aimed at Yosef, an official in the Castilian administration. Apparently having gone to see him on some matter following Yehuda’s death, Halevi was told that he was too busy to receive him.

רָאָה זְמַן בִּי הָאֲנוּשׁ הַכֵּל

On the Death of Yehuda ibn Ezra

רָאָה זְמַן בִּי הָאֲנוּשׁ הַכֵּל וְאִז
נִהְפֵךְ לְצַר עָלָיו וְהֵנוּ קִינָה,
אֵךְ שֵׁת לְכַבוּ לְהַרְגַּ בְּבָנָי יִקָּר
וַיַּהַרְגַּ כֹּל מַחְמַדֵּי עֵין.
פָּרֵץ תְּמוּל פָּרֵץ בְּאַרְבַּעַת בְּנֵי
עֲזָרָא וְהַמְתִּיק הַכֵּבִי מֵיין.
אֶל הַשָּׁנִים הָרַחוּקִים אֶהְמָה
בִּי אֶחָזָה יָמִים יְנִיפוּן זֵין;
אֲשֶׁאל בְּעַד יוֹסֵף וַיֹּאמְרוּ לִי הִכָּה
וּבְעַד יְהוּדָה יֹאמְרוּ לִי אֵין.

Because it sees man is but a vain thing,
Time turns on him. Like Abel killed by Cain,
It lays the splendidest of our sons low
And slays the darlings of our fancy.
Souring our wine until our tears taste sweet,
It has breached the Ibn Ezra’s foursquare lines.
For two of them, now far away, I pine,
And for the days in which they won the palm;
While asking for Yosef I’m told to wait,
And for Yehuda, “He is gone.”

ידענוך נדד מימי עלומים

A Lament for Moshe ibn Ezra

Moshe ibn Ezra left Toledo, under unclear circumstances, for a life of unhappy wandering in northern Spain. (It has been conjectured on the basis of a poem of his that he departed due to a family rift caused by his falling in love with his brother Yitzhak's daughter.) Although Halevi himself continued to live in Toledo for many more years, it was a city whose atmosphere and inhabitants he disliked. He never thought of it as a permanent home and, prior to developing a determination to settle in the Land of Israel, dreamed of returning to Andalusia. This mono-rhymed verse letter addressed by him to Moshe ibn Ezra is thus a lament for the transiency of both their lives. The poet's mining of "truth's storerooms for its rarest stones" is apparently a reference to the composition of *The Kuzari*, Halevi's great intellectual defense of Judaism, which he began to work on in his Toledan years.

I have not sought to reproduce this poem's monorhyme of *-im*. Its meter is the *shalem*. I have used a longer English line in translating it than I did with the same meter in "Why, My Darling, Have You Barred All News?", resulting in a mere 41 English lines for its 64 Hebrew distichs.

ידענוך נדד מימי עלומים,
 ונחל הבכי נחל קדומים.
 הרב עם הזמן על לא הטאה
 ועם ימים ואין עון לימים?
 פלכים הם בקו צדק ירוצו
 ואין נפתל ועקש במרומים.
 הוזה חדש ואין תבל חדשה
 והקיה באצבע אל רשומים,
 ואיך ישנו דבריה וכלם
 בטבעת ימין עליון התומים?
 וכל סבה מצואה במסכה
 וכל חדש כבר היה פעמים,
 ולא חבר אנוש כי אם לפרד
 להוציא מלאם אחד לאמים,
 ולולא נפרדו מאז בני איש
 אזי לא מלאה ארץ עממים.
 ויש דבר אשר ייטב וירע
 ובו שקוי ורקב לעצמים,
 בהתקצף אנוש יזמו יקלל
 ויקב את רגעיו הזעומים
 והוא היום יברכוהו אחרים
 אשר אתו יבלו בנעימים.
 וכל מאכל בפי בריא כנפת
 והנפת בפי חלה רתמים,
 ודאג יחשכו אורים בעיניו
 ולא יראם והם לו נעלמים
 בעיני יום שכן ענן עליהם
 לנד משה והם ירדות זרמים.
 מקור חכמה אשר אמצא בפיהו
 מקום הפז ומחצב הכתמים.
 ידידות קשרה נפשי בנפשו
 בעוד רכבי נדד אינם רתומים,
 בעוד לא נסתה נפשי פרידה
 ואתנו בני ימים שלמים.
 ילדונו בנות ימים פרדים
 וכת אהבה ילדתנו תאומים,
 אמנים על ערוגת הבשמים
 וינקי שד שדי בת הפרמים.
 זכרתיך עלי הרי בתרים;
 תמול היו בך הרי בשמים,
 ועפעפי מגוללים בדמעה
 והדמעה מגוללה בדמים!
 זכרתיך ונזפרתי לימים,
 עברנומו והיו כחלמים.
 המירך לי זמן בגד בכל איש
 אשר לבו קרב ובפיו שלומים.
 אדבר בם ואם אמצא בפייהם
 תמורת מנדח חציר ושומים.
 חמסי וחמתי על פתאים
 אשר המה בעיניהם חכמים,
 אשר קראו לשקריהם אמונות
 וקראו שם אמונותי קסמים,
 אשר זרעו וקצרו שבליהם
 ושמהו בם ואם המה צנמים,
 והצוני דבר חכמה חדשים
 לכסות הפנינים הפנימים,
 ולי גרות אחפש בם הדריו
 ואוציא מגנזיו הלשמים,
 וסכל פי יבקש סוד עניתיו
 עלי אף החזיר מה לגזמים,
 ואיך על לא מקום זרע אבקש
 ענני לערף עליו גשמים?
 וצרכי לזמן נקל ונדמה
 כמו צרף נשמה לגשמים,
 אשר מדי יכילוה תחים
 ואם נלאו עזבתם צלמים.

Wander-life, you are an old friend—
 And the River of Tears has flowed for long years.
 Shall I quarrel with fate? But why fault what is fated?
 Or with time that goes by? What else should time do!
 Like a skein from the spindle it runs straight and true,
 As does all made above. This may not be new;
 But the world is not new and its laws are writ in God's hand.
 How expect them to change when they all bear His stamp,
 And all things run their course and each cause has its cause?
 Men are joined in order to part—that's how differences start,
 From which nations are born and the earth is peopled
 with tribes.
 Nothing is all good or bad; every potion is also a poison,
 And the day cursed as paltry by one man, others praise for
 its bounty.
 A rich dish is a treat if you're well, hot coals in your mouth
 when you're ill,
 And so black is the sight of the man who is vexed that it
 darkens all light,
 As my eyes are clouded and wet because Moshe is gone.

The source of all wisdom, his words were pure nuggets
 of gold!
 Our friendship is old; it goes back to when no one
 harnessed or rode
 The wagons of wandering's road, and my soul
 Was unpracticed at parting, and our days were
 unfractured and whole.
 Time bore us separately, but Love, which bore us twins,
 Raised us in her spice garden and suckled us with
 guzzled wines.
 When I think of you, many mountains away (why,
 just yesterday
 You were my pleasure's peak!), the blood leaves my cheeks
 For the tears running down them. I think—and remember
 the days
 That once were. Were we dreaming? What a traitor time is!
 It has taken you from me and given me strife-minded men
 Who pretend to be friends. The more their manners
 Stink like garlic, the more I miss the manna of your speech.
 Damn the fools who are so wise in their own eyes
 That their own lies they deem the dogmas of true faith,
 And my faith sorcery! They sew and reap empty ears and
 call it grain;
 With the exteriors of fashion they cover up the gems within.
 But I will mine truth's storerooms for its rarest stones
 And rest not till their sheaves bow down to mine.
 "What? And cast my pearls before the swine?"
 I'll say when they come knocking. "Why on seedless soil
 Let fall my rain?" No, all I need from this poor age is what
 my soul
 Needs from my body: A place to live in while it lasts,
 And to abandon when it topples and we leave.

הָהָ בְּתִי הַשְּׂכַחַת מִשְׁכַּנֶּךָ

On the Death of a Daughter

הָהָ בְּתִי הַשְּׂכַחַת מִשְׁכַּנֶּךָ
כִּי לִשְׂאוֹל נָסְעוּ נְשָׂאֵי אֲרוֹנְךָ?
וְאִין הִלְקִי מִמֶּךָ רַק זְכוּרְךָ,
וְאַחֲוִינְךָ אֶת עֶפְרוֹת צִיּוֹנְךָ
עַתָּה אֲסוּר לִשְׂאֹל לְשׁוֹמֵךְ וְאִינְךָ,
כִּי הַמּוֹת יִפְרִיד בֵּינִי וּבֵינְךָ.

בַּת מוּצֵאת מִהַדָּר הוֹרְתָהּ,
אֵיךְ אַחֲיָהּ וּמִנְפָּשֵׁי גִזְרְתָהּ?
צוּר אֲבָקֶע עַתָּה אֲרָאָה צוֹרְתָהּ!
אֵיךְ תִּשְׁנֶה לְבָנָה מִהַדָּרְתָהּ
שֶׁשֶׁם בְּשִׂאוֹל אֲרָאָה יוֹם הַתְּנַתָּהּ?
אֵיךְ תִּשִׁים גּוֹשׁ עֶפֶר הַפְתָּהּ
וְאֵיךְ מִתְקוּ לָהּ רַגְבֵי קִבּוּרְתָהּ?
מֵר לִי מֵר בְּתִי עַל־הַסְרוּנֶךָ,
כִּי הַמּוֹת יִפְרִיד בֵּינִי וּבֵינְךָ.

שׁוֹשְׁנָה בְּלֹא עֵתָהּ נִקְטְפָת
אֲשֶׁר צִלְמָהּ בֵּין עֵינַי טֹטְפָת,
אֵיךְ דְּמָעָה כְּנָהָר שֹׁטְפָת,
אֵיךְ בַּת עֵשׂ בַּחֵיק עֶפֶר נֶאֱסָפָת,
וְאֵיךְ חֲמָה בְּרַמָּה מִתְעַלְפָת,
וְחִבְלֵי שְׂאוֹל עַל רֵאשֵׁהּ מִצְנָפָת?
הָהָ בְּתִי אִין דָּן לְמוֹזוֹר דִּינְךָ,
כִּי הַמּוֹת יִפְרִיד בֵּינִי וּבֵינְךָ.

קוֹל כְּחוֹלָה שְׂמַעְתִּי לְאִם שְׂכוּלָה.
הֲרִפָּה לָהּ כִּי נִפְשָׁה מָרָה לָהּ,
כִּי מוֹת בְּחִלּוֹנֶיהָ עָלָה.
עַם גִּזְרַת כְּבִדָּה כְּבוֹדָה גָּלָה,
וַיִּהְפֹּךְ שְׂמֵחָתָהּ לִילָלָה
יוֹם נִעְקְרָה גִּפְזָן בְּלִב שְׂתוּלָה.
”מָה אֲזַעֵק בְּתִי וְאֲזַנֶּךָ עֲרָלָה,
וְלַעֲנוֹתֵי מְלָה אִין בְּלִשׁוֹנְךָ,
כִּי הַמּוֹת יִפְרִיד בֵּינִי וּבֵינְךָ.

הָהָ בְּתִי הַכְּרַע הַכְּרַעַתְנִי!
”אוּי אֲמִי אוּי לִי כִי יִלְדֶתְנִי
אֵךְ הַיּוֹם אֵיךְ מְאוֹס מְאֻסְתְּנִי,
כִּי לְכַבוֹר מוֹת גִּדְלֶתְנִי,
כְּהִגִּיעַ תֵּר לְנַפְשִׁי שְׁלַחֲתְנִי
וּבַעֲטָרַת עֶפֶר עֲטַרְתְּנִי,
וּבְחַפַּת אֲבָדוֹן הוֹשַׁבְתְּנִי.
כְּעַל כְּרִחֵךְ אָמַת כִּי לֹא כְרִצוֹנְךָ,
כִּי הַמּוֹת יִפְרִיד בֵּינִי וּבֵינְךָ.”

הַגְּזוֹר וְאִין מִפֶּר גִּזְרוֹתָיו
אֶת חֲבִלְךָ יִפִּיל בְּנַעֲיֻמוֹתָיו
וְרַב מִהֵיֹת קִצְפוֹ עַל צְבָאוֹתָיו.
יִנְחֵם וְיַעֲזֵר מִגִּפּוֹתָיו,
וְיִנְחֵם לִבִּב מִקּוֹרוֹתָיו.
לְקִץ יָמִין יִקְיֹצֵךְ בְּטַל אוֹרוֹתָיו;
גַּם יִתְמַךְ בִּימִין צְדָקוֹ יְמִינְךָ,
כִּי הַמּוֹת יִפְרִיד בֵּינִי וּבֵינְךָ.

My child!
Had you forgotten the way
To your own home
That your pallbearers strayed
To the underworld's gloom,
Leaving me with
(Since you are not there
To ask how you are)
A grave's clods to kiss
And your memory?
Ah, death has come between you and me.

O daughter torn
From her mother's rooms!
What life have I left when,
Shaped from my soul,
She makes my tears flow
Like a spring from split stone?
How can she be so changed,
Once white as the moon,
That she now wears the earth
As her bridal gown,
Its sod the sweets
Of her wedding feast?
Bitter is my own misery,
For death has come between you and me.

Plucked like a flower
Before her time,
She always will be
Before my eyes
Like a frontlet.
Yet were I to cry
Whole rivers for her,
Still she would lie,
A fallen star
In a wormy pit,
Deep-sepulchered,
Earth-bonneted.
My child, there is no clemency,
For death has come between you and me.

Languishing,
Her mother's voice,
Bereft, I hear.
(Ah, let her be!
She too grieves bitterly.
Death scaled her walls,
And pierced her side,
And drove her pride
From its abode,
And turned her joy
Into a dirge
The day it ripped
The vine she planted
From her heart.)
“What good, my child,
Does it to cry your name?
Your ears are deaf
And you are silenced utterly,
For death has come between you and me.

Alas, my child,
You have laid me low!”
“O mother, O!
You should not have had me
If you meant to spurn me,
And when my turn came
To Death's minion to wed me,
And with dirt to wreath me
And cruelly lead me
Under doom's canopy.
Yet in truth you did not do it willingly,
For death has come between you and me.”

May He
Whose judgments
None repeal
Unseal your bonds
And heal your sleep
With angels' song,
And be not wroth
With His own flock
And stop the plague
That He sent forth,
And comfort every heart
For what it lost!
And may you wake
On the Last Day,
To light like dew,
And rise in the arms of His mercy,
For death has come between you and me.

In purely formal terms, this moving elegy written by Halevi for a teenage girl of marriageable age who died in an epidemic is unusual. Divided into six stanzas ranging from six to nine lines, each with its own separate monorhyme but all ending with the same refrain, it is written not in Arabic-style meter but according to the older Hebrew system of counting stressed syllables alone—in this case, four to the line. Three different voices speak in it: the dead girl's father's, her mother's, and her own. Each utters the refrain, which is taken from the Book of Ruth, where Ruth tells her mother-in-law Naomi: “Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried. May the Lord do unto me accordingly if aught but death come between you and me.”

In all the biographical accounts of him, Halevi is mentioned as having had a single daughter, who bore him at least one grandson. The possibility that this poem is about the death of a second daughter, and that he himself is the speaker in it, has never been raised. Yet I believe that this was the case, and that a third child, a small boy, was probably mourned by him in yet another poem that he wrote.

יְהוָה אֵיךְ אֶמְצְאֶךָ?

Lord, Where Will I Find You?

Hispano-Hebrew poets sometimes signed their work by weaving their names into it. The initial letters of each stanza of this poem spell “Yehuda.” One of Halevi’s most anthologized poems, “Lord, Where Will I Find You?” deals with a central concern of his religious sensibility: the paradox of a transcendent and unknowable God who is nevertheless present in this world and “closer to man than his own skin and bone.” The “Creator of All” is the same God who was present in the Ark of the Covenant in the room of the Holy of Holies in the Temple. The poem is written in the form of what the Arabs called a *muwashah* or “girdle” poem. The “girdles” or stanzas are preceded by a “necklace,” an introductory distich that introduces a rhyme (*ne’elam/ olam*) that runs through the second and fourth “girdles” and ends the last two lines of all four. As in “On the Death of a Daughter,” the poem eschews Arabic-style metrics for the older Hebrew system that counts only the stressed syllables in each line.

מְקוֹמְךָ נִעְלָה וְנִעְלָם.	יְהוָה אֵיךְ אֶמְצְאֶךָ?
כְּבוֹדְךָ מֵלֵא עוֹלָם.	וְאֵיךְ לֹא אֶמְצְאֶךָ?
אֶפְסֵי אֶרֶץ הַקִּיּוֹם.	הַנִּמְצָא בְּקִרְבֵּי
הַמְּבֹטָה לְרַחוּקִים.	הַמְּשֻׁנָּב לְקִרְוֵי,
אַתָּה שׁוֹכֵן שְׁחֻקִים.	אַתָּה יוֹשֵׁב בְּרוּבִים,
וְאַתָּה עַל רֹאשׁ מְהַלְלִים.	תִּתְהַלֵּל בְּצַבְאֶךָ,
אַף כִּי חֲדָרֵי אוֹלָם.	גִּלְגַּל לֹא יִשְׁאָךְ,
עַל כֵּס נִשְׂא וְרֹם,	וּבְהַנְשֵׂאךָ עֲלֵיהֶם
מְרוּחָם וּמְבִשְׂרָם.	אַתָּה קְרוֹב אֵלֵיהֶם
כִּי אֵין בְּלִתְךָ יוֹצֵרִים.	פִּיָּהֶם יַעֲדֵד בָּהֶם
וְעַל מַלְכוּתְךָ עֲלָם.	מִי זֶה לֹא יִרְאֶךָ?—
וְאַתָּה נוֹתֵן אֶכְלָם.	אוֹ מִי לֹא יִקְרָאֶךָ?—
בְּכָל לִבִּי קִרְאתֶיךָ	דְּרִשְׁתִּי קִרְבְּתֶךָ,
לְקִרְאתִי מִצִּבְרֹתֶיךָ,	וּבִצִּבְרֹתֶיךָ לְקִרְאתֶךָ
בְּקִדְשׁ חֲזִיתֶיךָ.	וּבְפִלְאֵי גְבוּרְתֶךָ
הֲזֵן שָׁמַיִם וְחֵילָם	מִי יֹאמֵר לֹא רָאֶךָ?
בְּלִי נִשְׁמַע קוֹלָם.	יִגִּידוּ מוֹרָאֶךָ,
אֱלֹהִים אַתָּה הָאֵדָם?	הָאֵמָנָם כִּי יֵשֵׁב
אֲשֶׁר בְּעֶפְרַיִם יְסוּדָם?	וּמִה יִחְשַׁב כָּל חוֹשֵׁב
תְּהִלּוֹתֶם וּכְבוֹדָם.	וְאַתָּה קְדוֹשׁ יוֹשֵׁב
הָעוֹמְדוֹת בְּרוּם עוֹלָם.	חַיּוֹת יוֹדוּ פְּלִאָךָ
וְאַתָּה נוֹשֵׂא כָלָם.	עַל רֹאשֵׁיהֶם כְּסִיאֶךָ,

Lord, where will I find You?

Your place is remote and concealed.

And where will I not find You?

Your being fills the world.

Creator of All, You are in all that is small.

To the far You are near, to the near You are here.

An ark was Your home—so is heaven’s dome:

Its Hosts sing Your praises and You are host to their clan.

The spheres cannot hold You, but a room can.

Alone and unknown, above on Your throne,

You are closer to man than his own skin and bone.

His words proclaim that it was You who made him.

Who does not know You? Your yoke is his guide.

Who does not pray to You to provide?

I have longed for Your presence, I have called You in Your absence,

As I set out to greet You I have found You come to meet me:

In Your holiness I saw You, in the wonder of Your glory.

Yet who has not seen You, if ever he saw,

In skies that are silent, stars loud with awe?

Did You truly decide to reside in man’s midst?

O let him but trust in that, made out of dust,

Though You dwell in solitude, sacred and blessed!

The seraphs extol You from their supreme height:

They carry Your seat—and You, the world’s weight.

נִמְתָּ וְנִרְדַּמְתָּ

The Dream

In the year 1130, the Hebrew year 4890, Yehuda Halevi, then a man in his late fifties, had a dream in which he saw the Jewish people “raised high” and the downfall of the Arabs, symbolized by Ishma’el—Hagar’s son and the biblical Isaac’s half-brother, called a “wild ass of a man” by the Bible. The Aramaic lines in the poem, which are retained untranslated in my English, come from the Book of Daniel, whose arcane prophecies were traditionally mined by Jews for their messianic hints. Daniel’s *pum memalel ravrevan*, “a high-and-mighty mouth,” was probably meant by Halevi to refer to the bombastic language of Muhammed in the Koran. *Hasaf tina be-raglei farzela*, “feet of iron mixed with clay,” is from the Babylonian king Nebuchadnezzar’s dream of a “great image” or idol, interpreted by Daniel to represent the four evil kingdoms of history. *Avna di-meḥat tsalma*, “the stone that smote the image,” signified for Halevi the smashing of the fourth, Islamic kingdom. I have sought to reproduce his pun on *tatazt*, “890” (the Hebrew letters *taf, taf,* and *tsadi*, 400+400+90), and *tutatz*, “will be smashed” with “will end in naught,” in which “naught” also refers to the zero in 4890.

נִמְתָּ וְנִרְדַּמְתָּ וְהִרְדָּ קִמְתָּ—
 מַה הַחֲלוֹם הַזֶּה אֲשֶׁר חֲלַמְתָּ?
 אוֹלֵי חֲלוֹמֶךָ הֲרֵאָה שׁוֹנֵאָה
 כִּי דַל וְכִי שָׁפֵל, וְאַתָּה רַמְתָּ.
 אִמְרוּ לְבֶן הַגֵּר: אֲסֹף יַד גְּאוּה
 מִבֶּן גְּבוּרָתְךָ אֲשֶׁר זָעַמְתָּ!
 שָׁפֵל רְאִיתִיךָ וְשׁוּמִם בְּחֲלוֹם;
 אוֹלֵי בְּהַקִּיץ בֶּן בְּבָר שְׁמִמְתָּ,
 וְשָׁנַת תַּת”ץ תַּתִּיץ לָךְ כָּל גְּאוּה,
 תִּבּוּשׁ וְתַחֲפֹר מֵאֲשֶׁר זָמַמְתָּ.
 הֵאֵת אֲשֶׁר נִקְרָא שְׁמֶךָ פָּרָא אֲנוּשׁ?
 מַה כְּבֹדָה יָדֶךָ וּמַה עֲצָמְתָּ!
 הֵאֵת מְקַרָּא פֶסֶם מְמַלֵּל רַבְרָבָן
 וְאֲשֶׁר בְּקִדְיָשִׁי זָבַל נִלְחַמְתָּ?
 הֵאֵת חֶסֶף טִינָא בְּרַגְלֵי פְרוּזָא
 בְּאַחֲרִית בָּאתָ וְהִתְרוּמְמְתָּ?
 אוֹלֵי נִגְפָךָ אֵל בְּאַכְנָא דִּי מְחַת
 צְלָמָא, וְשָׁלַם לָךְ אֲשֶׁר הִקְדַּמְתָּ!

Heart pounding, you wake. Is it as it seemed?
 What is this dream that you have dreamed?

Did its vision truly show
 Yourself raised high and your foe laid low?

Tell Hagar’s son, then: “Cease to scorn
 The son of Sarah, higher born,

For in my dream you were undone.
 Has your doom so soon begun

That in the year 4890
 Your sway will end in naught also?

Proud tyrant! Assailant of Heaven! Are you not the one
 Called ‘wild ass of a man’ and *pum memalel ravrevan*,

The last to rise against God’s Law,
Hasaf tina be-raglei farzela?

Suppose He has struck you down with *avna di-meḥat*
Tsalma, and paid you back for all that you begot!”

יְחִידָה, שִׁחְרֵי הָאֵל וְסַפִּיּוֹ

Nishmat

יְחִידָה, שִׁחְרֵי הָאֵל וְסַפִּיּוֹ, וְכַקְטָרֶת תְּנִי שִׁירְךָ בְּאַפִּיּוֹ:
 הֲלֹא אִם תִּרְדְּפֵי הַבְּלִי זְמַנְךָ, וְתֹאמְרֵי כִי אַמַּת הֵם כָּל בְּשָׁפֵיּוֹ,
 וְתִזְלִי אַחֲרָיו לֵילֶךְ וְיוֹמֶךָ וְתַעְרֹב לְךָ תְּנוּמָה מִנְשָׁפֵיּוֹ,
 דְּעֵי כִי אֵין בְּיַדְיֶךָ מְאוּמָה אֲבָל עֵץ יִבְשׁוּ מִחַר עֲנָפָיו.
 הֵי לִפְנֵי אֱלֹהֶיךָ וּמִלְכְּךָ אֲשֶׁר בָּאת לַחֲסוֹת תַּחַת כְּנָפָיו.
 שְׁמוֹ יִגְדֹל וְיִתְקַדֵּשׁ בְּפִי כָל אֲשֶׁר נְשָׁמַת אֱלוֹהֵי חַי בְּאַפִּיּוֹ!

My soul!

Cross God's threshold at dawn and breathe to Him sweet-incensed song.
 How long will you follow Time's follies and think that their witchcraft is truth,
 Though days' and nights' revels and mornings slept softly away
 Will soon leave you holding only the dead branch of a tree?
 Shelter under the wing of your Lord and your King,
 May his great name be praised by all that lives from His breath!

The preceding poems, with the exception of “Lord, Where Will I Find You?,” would have been classified as *shirey hol*, “secular poems,” by the standards of Hispano-Hebrew poetry, since none was intended to form part of the liturgy of a Jewish synagogue service. This poem and the three following ones would have been classified as *shirey kodesh* or “sacred poems,” also known as *piyyutim*, because their purpose was liturgical. Each was meant to be sung by the cantor or prayer leader at a specific juncture—this “*Nishmat*” before the prayer in the morning service beginning, *Nishmat kol hai teva-rekh et shimkha adonai eloheynu*, “The breath of all that lives shall bless Your name, O Lord our God.” The poem’s last words, *asher nishmat eloha hai be’apav*, would have led directly into the *Nishmat* of the prayerbook. Prayer is depicted here by Halevi as a kind of divine circuitry in which God exhales the breath of life into the early morning worshiper and then re-inhales his own exhalation in the form of prayer.

The initial Hebrew letters of the first five distichs of this poem spell “Yehuda.”

יעִירוֹנִי בְּשִׁמְךָ רַעִיוֹנִי

Barkhu

יעִירוֹנִי בְּשִׁמְךָ רַעִיוֹנִי וַיִּשְׁימוּ חֲסָדֶיךָ לְפָנַי.
 הִבֵּינוֹנִי דְבַר נֶפֶשׁ יִצְרָתָהּ קְשׁוּרָה בִּי – וְהִיא נִפְלְאֹת בְּעֵינַי,
 וְלִבִּי רָאָךְ וַיֵּאֱמֶן בְּךָ כְּאֵלוֹ מַעֲמַד הָיָה בְּסִינַי.
 דְּרִשְׁתִּיךָ בְּחֻזְיוֹנַי וְעַבְרָ בְּבוֹדֶךָ בִּי וַיֵּרֶד בְּעַנְנַי.
 הִקִּימוֹנִי שְׁעָפִי מִיִּצְוֵעֵי לְבָרְךָ שֵׁם כְּבוֹדֶךָ אֲדַנִּי.

My thoughts of You wake me at night and I muse on Your kindness to me.
 Through it I fathom the soul You have lodged in me, which yet is beyond me.
 I see and believe in You in my heart as though Sinai rose over me.
 I have sought You in visions and in their clouds Your glory swept down on me.
 And I think: My Lord who is blessed, let me rise at day's dawning to bless You!

A *barkhu* is a *piyyut* preceding the invocation *Barkhu et adonai ha-mevorakh*, “Bless ye the Lord who is blessed,” which follows the *Nishmat kol hai*. This one describes the poet waking from a “vision” or dream of God, which, although not described, was clearly an intense experience. A “soft” mystic who never aspired, as more radical mystics do, to a waking union with the Divinity, Halevi nevertheless regarded his religious dreams as revelatory moments in which God appeared to him.

Once again, the first letters of this poem’s five distichs spell the name of the poet.

יְעַבֵּר עָלַי רְצוֹנְךָ

Ge'ula

A *ge'ula*, literally, a “redemption,” is a *piyyut* sung before the blessing *Barukh ata adonai, ga'al yisra'el*, “Blessed are you O Lord, who redeems Israel,” which comes in the section of the prayer between the *barkhu* and the Amidah. The theology of this *ge'ula* is conventional: inasmuch as God (characteristically described by Halevi as both near and far, “Ark-dwelling” and “looking down” from above) has not forgiven Israel for its sins, the chastisement of exile must be borne. Yet the final line hints at rebellion. One would have expected it to read, “Redeemer, look down on *Your* folk from *Your* place and redeem.” The unexpected “my” as though declares to God: “You say we are *Your* people—but you are in *Your* place and we are in ours, and from where we are, *Your* redemption is not discernible.”

The name Yehuda is woven into this *piyyut*, too.

יְעַבֵּר עָלַי רְצוֹנְךָ	בְּאִשֶּׁר עָבַר חֲרוֹנְךָ—
הַלְעוֹלָמִים עוֹנֵי	יַעֲמִד בֵּינִי וּבֵינְךָ?
וְעַדִּי מִתִּי אֶבְקֹשׁ	אוֹתְךָ עִמִּי— וְאֵינְךָ?
דָּר בְּכַנְפֵי הַכְּרֻבִים,	הַפְּרָשִׁים עַל־אֲרוֹנְךָ,
הַעֲבַדְתָּנִי לְזָרִים—	וְאֲנִי כֹנֵת יְמִינְךָ!
גְּאֹלִי, לְגֹאֹל הַמּוֹנֵי	רִם וְהִשְׁקֵף מִמְּעוֹנְךָ!

Your will be done until Your anger is gone.

Must I always be parted from You by my sin?

How long must I seek You and of You find no sign?

Why, O Ark-Dweller beneath cherubs' wings,

Have You enslaved me to strangers when You are mine?

Redeemer, look down on my folk from Your place and redeem!

יעלת־חן, ממעונה רחקה

Ahava

אוֹהֶבָה כַּעַס – וְלָמָּה צָחָקָה?	יעלת־חן, ממעונה רחקה,
הַמְבַקְשׁוֹת לַחֶשֶׁק דּוֹד הַשָּׂקָה!	צָחָקָה עַל בְּת־אֲדוֹם וּבָנוֹת עָרֵב
יעלה על־הצבי התרפקה?	הֵן פְּרָאִים הֵם – וְאֵיךְ יִדְמוּ אֵלַי
הַפְּרִית, אֵי הַשְּׂכִינָה דְבָקָה?	אֵי נְבוּאָה, אֵי מְנוֹרָה, אֵי אֲרוֹן
כִּי תִכְבוֹה וְהִיא אִישׁ נִשְׁקָה!	אֶל־מִשְׁנָאֵי, אֶל־תְּכַבּוּ אֶהְבָּה,

A rare beauty far from her place of high birth:

Why does she laugh when her true love is wroth?

She laughs at the daughters of Edom and at

Arabia's mignons and at the thought

That they covet her beau. Low-born sows!

Don't they know that she lay in his arms as his doe?

Where are their Prophets? Where their Menoráh?

Where their Holy Ark and Shekináh?

Don't, my foes, don't hope to quench love's desire.

You will only be burned by love's fire.

An *ahava* was a *piyyut* prefaced to the blessing of *Ohev amo yisra'el*, "Who loves His people Israel," which occurs in the service before the *Shma Yisra'el*. Like Halevi's *ge'ula*, this *ahava* touches on God's perceived abandonment of Israel, but from a different perspective. Here the stress is on His love. The "rare beauty" is the exiled Jewish people, while Edom is a rabbinic term for Christendom. Despite their degraded condition, this *ahava* affirms, the followers of Judaism can mock their Christian and Muslim rivals' pretensions in the confidence that they alone are God's true partner. No matter how long His quarrel with them lasts, He could no more lose His heart to the "low-born sows" (*pra'im* or "wild asses," in Halevi's Hebrew) who are vying with them than a king could choose a rude peasant girl over a princess.

The poem's last two lines invoke the verse in the Songs of Songs, "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the flood drown it." Such incorporation of biblical language for allusive purposes, known in Hebrew literary criticism as *shibutz* or "insetting," was a common technique in the Hispano-Hebrew poetry of Halevi's age.

יְעִירוּנִי רְעִיוֹנֵי

Waked By My Thoughts

A modified "girdle" poem (my translation retains its original rhyme scheme), "Waked By My Thoughts" compares God to a king in a cloud-moated castle to which the poet, likened to a slave, tearfully but boldly seeks admission. The tension climaxes in the fourth stanza, which starts with an appeal, borrowed from the imagery of romantic love, for dawn, the enemy of trysting lovers, to be delayed so that the petitioning slave can finish "pouring out" his "heart's blood," and ends with his gaining a seat at the king's nocturnal table.

The image of "the king at his feast" is taken from the Song of Songs. A second biblical inset is "If He finds me proud"—in the Hebrew, "If my heart is lifted up in His eyes." This comes from Ezekiel 28:2, which reads, "Son of man, say unto the prince of Tyre ... because thine heart is lifted up ... thou hast said, I am a God ... yet thou art a man and not God." Although "Waked By My Thoughts" is one of the most mystical of Halevi's poems, he was nevertheless, by means of this inset, disassociating himself from the radical goal of becoming God through mystical union with Him. While God is approachable when love overcomes fear, the nearer one draws to Him, the more conscious one is, for Halevi, of how far away He remains. This poem is a signed one.

וְסוּד לְבִי וּמִשְׁאָלוֹ, בְּזִמְרַת אֵל וּמִהַלְלוֹ, חֲצוֹת לַיְלָה בְּגִלְלוֹ, וּלְבָקֶר בְּהִיכְלוֹ!	יְעִירוּנִי רְעִיוֹנֵי הַגּוֹת דְּבָרֵי תַחֲנוּנֵי וְלֹא אֶתֶן שְׁנַת לְעֵינַי לְחִזּוֹת בְּנַעַם-אֲדָנִי
מִי הוּא אֲשֶׁר הִקְיַצְנִי? תְּהַלּוֹתַי הֵאֵיִצְנִי, וְחִזְקֵי וְאַמְצָנִי, אֶבְרַךְ אֲשֶׁר יַעֲצֵנִי וְהַגּוֹיָה מִפְּעֻלוֹ!	הִקְיַצְתִּי וְאַחֲשֵׁב: וְהִנֵּה קְדוֹשׁ יוֹשֵׁב וְנָתַן בְּאָזְנֵי קֶשֶׁב, וְכָל-עוֹד רוּחֵי הַיָּשׁ צוּר, אֲשֶׁר הִנְשָׁמָה לוֹ
וּבְתַפְלָה אֶתְעַנֵּג, וּמְתִקוּ מִצוּף וּפְנֵג, בְּעַת נֶמֶס כְּדוֹנֵג, מִפְּחָדוֹ יִתְמוּגֵג, יִנְשֵׂה אֶת-כָּל-עַמְּלוֹ!	וְאֶתְפַּלֵּל לְפָנָיו— וּבִקְעוֹ דְמָעֵי עֲנָנָיו— וְגִבָּה לְבִי בְעֵינָיו, בְּעֶבֶד לְפָנֵי אֲדָנִי וְכִי יִזְכֹּר מַחְמָלוֹ
וְאַחַר שֶׁחַר מִבּוֹא, בְּתַחֲנוּנָיו אֶל-רַבּוֹ, וְיִגִּיד נְגַעֵי לְבוֹ, עַם-הַמֶּלֶךְ בְּמִסְבוֹ, לְיֵשׁ דְּגָלוֹ וּמִגְדָּלוֹ!	דוֹם לַיִל וְהַכְּבֵד עַד-יִתְרַצֶּה עֶבֶד וְיִשְׁפֹךְ דָּם לֵב וְכִבֵּד, וְיִתְיַחַד הָעֶבֶד וְיִשִּׁיר וְיִשָּׂא מִשְׁלוֹ
לְפָנֵי מֶלֶךְ מְלָכִים וְדָמְעוֹ נְהַלְכִים— בְּעוֹד חַיִּיו נִמְשָׁכִים, וּמִתּוֹדִים וּמִבְּרָכִים, אֲשֶׁר בַּחוּל מִשְׁקָלוֹ!	הִנֵּה עֶבֶד עֶבְדִים עֹמֵד, וְיָדָיו כְּבִדִים לֵךְ יִצְרִינֵי נְעֻבָּדִים וְכָל-אֶבְרָיו מוֹדִים סֶלַח לְרַע מַעֲלָלוֹ,

Waked by my thoughts and driven to profess
God's praise in song and plead my neediness,
I from my eyes brush midnight's sleepiness
To seek the pleasance of the Lord's palace.

Roused from drowsiness, I ask: Who stirred me?
The holy dweller in glory has spurred me.
He has taught me to listen; stood by me and beside me;
To my undying thankfulness, advised me.
All souls are His, all forms bear His impress!

To Him I pray—and rapt is my prayer.
Its tears pierce His clouds and are sweeter than nectar.
If He finds me proud, my heart is like butter,
Melting with fear like a slave's of his master.
May love make him forget his distress!

Stay, solemn night! Let dawn wait in the east
Till the vassal who offers his heart's blood has ceased
Pouring it out and his lord is appeased,
And the slave is alone with the king at his feast,
Pledging his flag in his fortress!

A slave of slaves before the King of Kings!
With heavy hands and many tears he brings
His life and limbs as Your sworn underlings
To bless You and confess You in all things.
Forgive like so much sand his sinfulness!

אֲדֹנָי, נִגְדֶדְךָ כָּל תַּאֲוֹתַי

Lord, You Are My Sole Desire

Toward the end of his long stay in Toledo, Yehuda Halevi underwent what today might be called a mid-life crisis. The sense that time was running out and that, despite all his poetic achievements, something of ultimate importance had been left undone began to take hold of him. All the honors and adulation that were his merely weighed on him. Growing old, for most people a process of accommodation to who they are, had become for him the anxiety of who he still was not.

"Lord, You Are My Sole Desire" is an expression of this state. The poem begins with a declaration of extreme religious devotion coupled with a fatigue so great that it is couched as an open death wish; pulls back from this brink with the reflection that, despite the poet's sense of having lived enough, he is unprepared to cast off a world in which he has not yet fulfilled, or even clarified, his true mission; and ends with the confession that this failure makes him as frightened as the next man of the death he thought he had longed for. The stage for a radical decision was being set.

אֲדֹנָי, נִגְדֶדְךָ כָּל תַּאֲוֹתַי
 וְאִם לֹא אֶעֱלֶנָּה עַל שִׁפְתַי.
 רְצוֹנְךָ אֲשַׁאֲלָה רַגַע וְאֶגּוּעַ—
 וּמִי יִתֵּן וְתִבּוֹא שְׂאֵלָתִי,
 וְאֶפְקִיד אֶת שְׂאֵר רוּחִי בְיָדְךָ
 וְיִשְׁנֶנְתִּי, וְעַרְבָה לִי שְׁנָתִי.
 בְּרַחֲקֵי מִמֶּךָ מוֹתִי בְחַיִּי,
 וְאִם אֲדַבֵּק בְּךָ חַיִּי בְּמוֹתַי.
 אֲכַל לֹא אֲדַעַה בְּמָה אֶקְדָּם,
 וּמָה תִּהְיֶה עֲבוּדָתִי וְדָתִי.
 דַּרְכֶיךָ, אֲדֹנָי, לְמַדְנִי,
 וְשׁוֹב מִמַּאֲסֵר סְכָלוֹת שְׁבוּתַי,
 וְהוֹרְנִי בְעוֹד יֵשׁ בִּי יְכֹלֶת
 לְהִתְעַנּוֹת, וְאֵל תִּבְּזֶה עֲנוּתִי
 בְּטָרָם יוֹם אֱהִי עָלַי לְמִשְׁא,
 וְיוֹם יִכְבֵּד קִצְתִּי עַל קִצְתִּי,
 וְאֶפְנֶעַ בְּעַל בְּרַחֲמֵי, וְיֹאכַל
 עֲצָמַי עֵשׂ, וְנִלְאוּ מִשְׁאֵתִי,
 וְאֶסַּע אֶל מְקוֹם נִסְעוֹ אֲבוֹתַי,
 וּבְמְקוֹם תִּחְנַנּוּתָם תִּחְנַנְתִּי.
 בְּגֵר תּוֹשֵׁב אֲנִי עַל גַּב אֲדָמָה,
 וְאוֹלָם כִּי בְּכַטְנָה נִחַלְתִּי.
 נְעוּרַי עַד הַלֵּם עָשׂוּ לְנַפְשָׁם,
 וּמָתִי גַם אֲנִי אֶעֱשֶׂה לְבֵיתִי?
 וְהָעוֹלָם אֲשֶׁר נָתַן בְּלִבִּי
 מִנְעֵנִי לְבִקֵּשׁ אַחֲרֵיתִי.
 וְאֵיכָה אֶעֱבֹד יוֹצְרֵי בְעוֹדֵי
 אֶסִּיר יִצְרֵי וְעֹבְדֵי תַּאֲוֹתַי?
 וְאֵיכָה מֵעַלָּה רָמָה אֶבְקֵשׁ
 וּמִחֶרֶת תִּהְיֶה רָמָה אַחֲוֹתַי?
 וְאֵיךְ יִיטֵב בְּיוֹם טוֹבָה לְבָבִי
 וְלֹא אֲדַע הֵיטֵב מִחֶרֶתִּי?
 וְהֵימִים וְהַלִּילוֹת עֲרָבִים
 לְכָלוֹת אֶת שְׂאֵרֵי עַד כְּלוּתִי,
 וְלָרוּחַ יִזְרוּן מִחֲצִיתִי,
 וְלָעֶפֶר יִשְׁיִבּוּן מִחֲצִיתִי.
 וּמָה אֲמַר, וְיִצְרֵי יִרְדְּפֵנִי
 כְּאוֹיֵב מִנְעוּרֵי עַד כְּלוּתִי?
 וּמָה לִּי בְזִמְזָן אִם לֹא רְצוֹנְךָ?
 וְאִם אֵינְךָ מְנַתִּי, מָה מְנַתִּי?
 אֲנִי מִמַּעֲשִׂים שׁוֹלָל וְעָרָם,
 וְצִדְקָתְךָ לְבִדְדָה הִיא כְּסוּתִי.
 וְעוֹד מָה אֲאַרְיֶךָ לְשׁוֹן וְאֲשַׁאֲלֶךָ?
 אֲדֹנָי נִגְדֶדְךָ כָּל תַּאֲוֹתַי.

Lord, You are my sole desire,
 Though I keep it my soul's secret.
 Could I but do Your will and die
 That moment, I would seek it.
 Placing in Your hands my spirit,
 I would sleep—and sweet such sleep is.
 Far from You, all life is dying;
 Death is life with You beside me.

And yet I know not how to further
 Most my faith or best to serve it.
 Instruct me in Your ways, then, Lord,
 And free my mind from folly's service.
 Teach me while I have strength to suffer,
 Nor despise my suffering
 In the time still left before,
 Myself a burden to myself,
 My cankered bones fail to support me
 And, my only choice submission,
 I make the voyage to my fathers,
 Stopping to rest at their last stop
 Deep in the earth, I who once was
 A sojourner upon its surface.

My young years thought of naught save themselves.
 When will my world-sated soul save itself?
 How worship my Maker when all He has made
 Makes me passion's captive and slave,
 Or strive for the heights when at the day's end
 Sister worm awaits my descent?
 How, even, be glad in glad times,
 When none know what the future will spell,
 And the days underwrite my decay
 With the nights, half of me to dispel
 To the wind and half to the dust?
 What can I plead when I am pursued
 By my lust from my youth to my wane?
 What of this world but Your will is my share,
 And if You are not mine what is mine?
 What more can I ask or declare?
 I am naked of deeds, Your justice my only attire.
 Lord, You are my sole desire.

Most likely it was sometime after the Crusader conquest of Jerusalem in 1099 that Halevi had the dream described in this poem, in which he took part in the ancient Temple sacrifices and listened to the song of the Levites. Since he was a Levite and “singer” himself, his dream was also about his own sense of religious and literary vocation.

“In the Temple” also has another dimension. We have seen how Halevi both struggled with, and delighted in, the paradox of a God who created the world from without yet dwelt within His creation. Though how this could be was a conundrum that human reason could not resolve, God’s “nearness” in Halevi’s dream is as “clear as things seen.” What is unknowable to the intellect, “In the Temple” proclaims, can nevertheless be grasped by direct experience.

If we look at the remarkable sequence of poems about Jerusalem and the Land of Israel that came to be known to posterity as Yehuda Halevi’s *shirey tsiyon*, his “songs of Zion,” “Your Dwellings, Lord” was probably the first of them. This is because, unlike the others, it does not express the thought or hope of actually going to live in the Land of Israel—a hope that, for Halevi, came as a response to the crisis described in “Lord, You Are My Sole Desire.” It is as if when Halevi wrote ‘Your Dwellings, Lord’ such a hope did not yet exist—or, going a step farther, as if the hope were engendered by the dream

אֱלֹהִי! מִשְׁכְּנוֹתֶיךָ יְרִידוֹת

In the Temple

אֱלֹהִי! מִשְׁכְּנוֹתֶיךָ יְרִידוֹת,
וְקִרְבָּתְךָ בְּמַרְאֵה, לֹא בְּחִידוֹת.
הִבִּיאֲנִי חֵלוּמֵי מִקְדָּשֵׁי אֵל,
וְיִשְׁרָתִי מִלְּאֲכוֹתָיו הַחֲמוּדוֹת,
וְהָעוֹלָה וּמִנְחָתָהּ וְנִסְכָּהּ,
וְסָבִיב תִּימְרוֹת עֶשֶׂן כְּבִדוֹת.
וְנִעַמְתִּי בְּשִׁמְעֵי שִׁיר לְוִיִּם
בְּסוּדֵיהֶם לְסֹדֵר הָעֲבוֹדוֹת.
וְהַקִּיצוֹתִי, וְעוֹדֵי עִמָּךְ אֵל,
וְהוֹדִיתִי, וְלֶךְ נָאָה לְהוֹדוֹת.

Your dwellings, Lord, are places of love,
And Your nearness is clear as things seen,
not guessed of.

My dream took me to Your Temple’s mount to sing
In all its lovely worshiping and bring
My offerings with their libations.

Around me swirled thick smoke and ministrations,
Sweet to my ears, of Levites at their stations.

I woke, but when I did You still were there
For me to thank You as befits my prayer.

לְבִי בְּמִזְרָח

My Heart in the East

לְבִי בְּמִזְרָח וְאַנְכִי בְּסוֹף מַעֲרָב.
 אֵיךְ אֶטְעֶמָה אֶת אֲשֶׁר אֶכֶּל וְאֵיךְ יַעֲרֹב?
 אֵיכָה אֲשַׁלֵּם נְדָרַי וְאַסְרֵי, בְּעוֹד
 צִיּוֹן בְּחֶבֶל אֲדוּם וְאֲנִי בְּכַבֵּל עָרֹב?
 יִקַּל בְּעֵינַי עֲזוֹב כָּל טוֹב סִפְרָד, כְּמוֹ
 יִקַּר בְּעֵינַי רְאוֹת עֲפְרוֹת דְּבִיר נְהָרָב.

My heart in the East
 But the rest of me far in the West—
 How can I savor this life, even taste what I eat?
 How, in the bonds of the Moor,
 Zion chained to the Cross,
 Can I do what I've vowed to and must?
 Gladly I'd leave
 All the best of grand Spain
 For one glimpse of the ruined Shrine's dust.

"My Heart in the East" is probably the best-known and most translated of all Halevi's poems. In formal terms, it is easily described. Its three 28- or 29-syllable distichs have the meter, known as the *mitpashetet*, long-long-short-long, long-short-long, long-long-short-long, long-short-long. The poem has the mono-rhyme of *-rav*. It has one pun, a double play on *hevel*, "domain," but also "rope," and *khevel*, "chain," and three phonetically linked pairs of words: *mizrah*, "East," and *ma'arav*, "West," *yeykal*, "it would be little," and *yeykar*, "it would be precious," and *tuv s'farad*, "the goodness of Spain," and *d'vir neherav*, "the Shrine [i.e., Temple] in ruins."

All this is cut-and-dried. Yet, describing the conflict of a man who has decided to journey to Crusader-ruled Palestine and live there, yet who is frighteningly aware of the difficulties of doing so, "My Heart in the East" is a living poem. Indeed, it is a perfect one, a miniature marvel of balance in which opposites tug in different directions while remaining musically joined.

יפה נוף, משוש תבל

To Jerusalem

In this poem, the dust of Jerusalem's ruins that the poet sought a mere glimpse of in "My Heart in the East" is imagined as a more intense sweetness, the taste of a lover's kiss. Indeed, "To Jerusalem," with its beauteous queen banished from her "cloister" of the Temple, has the motifs of a romantic love poem. Its pining lover; its beloved he has been torn from by a cruel fate; its hope for a blissful reunion with her—all are met with often in the medieval poetry of the troubadors and in romances like *Tristan and Isolde*. In many of Halevi's "songs of Zion," of which this is one of the most consummate, one finds, uniquely, the themes of romantic love fully integrated with the theme of Jewish exile and the yearning for an end to it.

יפה נוף, משוש תבל, קריה למלך רב!
 לך נכספה נפשי מפאתי מערב.
 המון רחמי נכמר בי אזכרה קדם,
 כבודך אשר גלה ונוך אשר חרב.
 ומי יתנני על פנפי נשרים עד
 ארוה בדמעתי עפרך ויתערב!
 דרשתיך ואם מלכך אין בך, ואם במקום
 צרי גלעדך נחש שרף וגם עקרב,
 הלא את אבניך אהנן ואשקם,
 וטעם רגביך לפי מדבש יערב.

O fair of view! World's joy! Great monarch's home!
 For you, from earth's far end, my spirit yearns.
 Compassion stirs in me when my mind turns
 To your lost cloister and its splendor's doom.
 Would that on an eagle's wings I flew
 To mix the water of my tears with your parched clay!
 Always I think of you—and though your king's away,
 And snakes and scorpions scuttle where once grew
 Your balm of Gilead, your stones and earth
 Would taste when kissed like honey in my mouth.

צִיּוֹן הֲלֵא תִשְׁאַלִי לְשָׁלוֹם אֲסִירֶיךָ

Zion, Do You Wonder?

צִיּוֹן הֲלֵא תִשְׁאַלִי לְשָׁלוֹם אֲסִירֶיךָ,
 דּוֹרְשֵׁי שְׁלוֹמֶךָ וְהֵם יִתֵּר עֲדָרֶיךָ?
 מִיָּם וּמִזֶּרֶחַ וּמִצָּפוֹן וּתְיִמָּן שְׁלוֹם
 רְחוֹק וְקָרוֹב שְׂאֵי מִכָּל עֲבָרֶיךָ,
 וּשְׁלוֹם אֲסִיר תְּאוּהָ, נוֹתֵן דְּמַעְיו כְּטַל—
 חֶרְמוֹן וְנִכְסֵף לְרֹדְתָם עַל הַרְרֶיךָ.
 לְכַבּוֹת עֲנוּתֶךָ אֲנִי תִנִּים וְעַת אֲחֹלֵם
 שִׁיבַת שְׁבוּתֶךָ אֲנִי כְּנוֹר לְשִׁירֶיךָ.
 לְפִי לְבַיִת אֵל וּלְפָנַיִל מְאֹד יְהִמָּה
 וּלְמַחְנִים וְכָל פְּגַעֵי טְהוֹרֶיךָ,
 שֵׁם הַשְּׂכִינָה שְׁכָנָה לָךְ וְהַיּוֹצֵרֶךָ
 פָּתַח לְמוֹל שְׁעָרֵי שְׁחָק שְׁעָרֶיךָ,
 וְכָבוֹד יִי לְבַד הִיָּה מְאוֹרֶךָ וְאִין
 שְׁמֵשׁ וְסִהַר וְכוֹכְבִים מְאִירֶיךָ.
 אֲבַחֵר לְנַפְשִׁי לְהִשְׁתַּפֵּךְ בְּמִקּוֹם אֲשֶׁר
 רוּחַ אֱלֹהִים שְׁפוּכָה עַל בְּחִירֶיךָ.
 אֵת בֵּית מְלוּכָה וְאֵת כֶּסֶף יִי וְאֵם
 יֵשְׁבוּ עֲבָדִים עָלַי כְּסִאוֹת גְּבִירֶיךָ.
 מִי יִתְנַנֵּי מִשׁוֹטֵט בְּמִקּוֹמוֹת אֲשֶׁר
 נִגְלוּ אֱלֹהִים לְחֻזּוֹיֶךָ וְצִירֶיךָ!
 מִי יַעֲשֶׂה לִי כְּנַפִּים וְאַרְחִיק נֶדֶד
 אֲנִיד לְכַתְרֵי לְכַבִּי בֵּין בְּתָרֶיךָ!
 אֲפֹל לְאַפִּי עָלַי אֲרִצֶךָ וְאַרְצָה אֲכֹ—
 נֶיךָ מְאֹד וְאַחֲזֵן אֶת עַפְרֶיךָ,
 אֵף כִּי בְּעַמְדֵי עָלַי קִבְרוֹת אֲבֹתֵי וְאִשֵּׁ—
 תּוֹמֵם בְּחֶבְרוֹן עָלַי מְבַחֵר קִבְרֶיךָ.
 אֲעֹבֵר בְּיַעֲרֶךָ וּבְרַמְלֶךָ וְאֲעַמֵּד בְּגִלְ—
 עָדֶךָ וְאֲשַׁתּוֹמְמָה אֵל הַר־עֲבָרֶיךָ,
 הַר־הָעֲבָרִים וְהַר הַהָר אֲשֶׁר שֵׁם שְׁנֵי
 אוֹרִים גְּדוֹלִים מְאִירֶיךָ וּמוֹרֶיךָ.
 חַיֵּי נְשָׁמוֹת אוֹרֵי אֲרִצֶךָ וּמִמְרַדְרֹר
 אֲבָקַת עַפְרֶךָ וְנִפְתַּת צוּף נְהַרֶיךָ.
 יִנְעַם לְנַפְשִׁי הַלּוֹךְ עֵרֶם וְיַחַף עָלַי
 חֶרְבוֹת שְׁמָמָה אֲשֶׁר הִיוּ דְבִירֶיךָ,
 בְּמִקּוֹם אֲרוֹנֶךָ אֲשֶׁר נִגְנְזוּ וּבְמִקּוֹם כְּרוֹד
 בֵּיךְ אֲשֶׁר שְׁכָנּוּ חֲדָרֵי חֲדָרֶיךָ.
 אֲגִזּוּ וְאֲשַׁלִּיךְ פֶּאֶר נִזְרֵי וְאֲקַבֵּ זִמָּן
 חֲלַל בְּאֶרֶץ טְמֵאָה אֶת־נְזוֹרֶיךָ.
 אֵיךְ יַעֲרֹב לִי אֲכֹל וּשְׁתוֹת בְּעַת אֲחֻזָּה
 כִּי יִסְחָבוּ הַכְּלָבִים אֶת כְּפִירֶיךָ?
 אוֹ אֵיךְ מְאוֹר יוֹם יְהִי מִתּוֹק לְעֵינַי בְּעוֹד
 אֲרָאָה בְּפִי עֲרָבִים פְּגָרֵי נְשָׁרֶיךָ?
 כּוֹס הַיְגוֹנִים לְאֵט הַרְפִּי מַעֵט כִּי כָּבֵר
 מְלֵאוֹ כְּסֵלִי וְנַפְשִׁי מִמְרוֹרֶיךָ!
 עַת אֲזַכְּרָה אֶהְלֵה אֶשְׁתַּה חֲמַתֶךָ וְאֲזַכֵּר
 אֶהְלִיבָה וְאֲמַצָּה אֶת־שְׁמֶרֶיךָ!
 צִיּוֹן כְּלִילַת יָפִי, אֶהְבֶּה וְחַן תִּקְשְׁרֵי
 מֵאֹז וּבָךְ נִקְשְׁרוּ נַפְשוֹת חֲבֵרֶיךָ,
 הֵם הַשְּׂמַחִים לְשִׁלוֹתֶךָ, וְהַכְּאֵבִים
 עַל שׁוֹמְמוֹתֶיךָ, וּבוֹכִים עַל שְׁבָרֶיךָ.
 מְבוֹר שְׁבִי שׁוֹאֲפִים נִגְדֶךָ וּמִשְׁתַּחֲוִים
 אִישׁ מִמִּקּוֹמוֹ אֵלַי נִכַּח שְׁעָרֶיךָ,
 עֲדָרֵי הַמוֹנֵךְ אֲשֶׁר גָּלוּ וְהִתְפָּזְרוּ
 מִהָר לְגִבְעָה וְלֹא שָׁכְחוּ גִדְרֶיךָ,
 הַמַּחְזִיקִים בְּשׁוֹלֵיךָ וּמִתְאֲמָצִים
 לְעֹלוֹת וּלְאֲחֹז בְּסִנְסְנֵי תִמְרֶיךָ.
 שְׁנַעַר וּפְתָרוֹס הִיעַרְכוּךָ בְּגִדְלָם וְאֵם
 הַבָּלָם יִדְמוּ לְתַמְיָךְ וְאוֹרֶיךָ?
 אֵל מִי יִדְמוּ מִשִּׁיחֶיךָ וְאֵל מִי נְבִי—
 אֵיךְ וְאֵל מִי לְוִיךָ וְשָׁרֶיךָ?
 יִשְׁנֶה וְיַחַלֵּף כְּלִיל כָּל מַמְלָכוֹת הָאֵלֶּלֶל,
 חֲסִנְךָ לְעוֹלָם לְדוֹר וְדוֹר נְזוֹרֶיךָ.
 אֲנִי לְמוֹשֵׁב אֱלֹהֶיךָ וְאֲשֵׁרִי אֲנוֹשׁ
 יִבְחַר יִקְרַב וְיִשְׁכַּן בְּחֻצְרֶיךָ!
 אֲשֵׁרִי מַחְבָּה וְיִגִיעַ וְיִרְאָה עֲלוֹת
 אוֹרֶךָ וּיִבְקְעוּ עָלָיו שְׁחָרֶיךָ,
 לְרֵאוֹת בְּטוֹבַת בְּחִירֶיךָ וּלְעֹלֹז בְּשֵׁם—
 חֲתֶךָ בְּשׁוֹבֶךָ אֵלַי קִדְמַת נְעוֹרֶיךָ.

Zion! Do you wonder how and where your captives
 Are now, and if they think of you, the far-flocked
 remnants?

From north and south, east, west, and all directions,
 Near and far, they send their greetings

As I send mine, captured by my longings
 To weep like Hermon's dew upon your mountains.

Mourning your lowliness, I am the wail of jackals;
 Dreaming your sons' return, the song of lute strings.

My heart stirs for Peniel, and for Bethel, and all
 those places

With their pure traces of God's presence, where
 your gates,

Facing the portals of the highest heavens,
 Stand opened by your Maker. You He illumines

Not with the sun, or moon, or stars, but with
 the rays

Of His own glory. Gladly I would choose
 To pour my soul out where your chosen ones

Stood in a downpour of God's effluence.
 You are the throne of the Lord, His royal house—

How then are slaves enthroned in your lords'
 houses?

If only I could wander past the way points
 Where God appeared to your appointed and

your seers,
 And, flying to you with a bird's wings,

Shake woeful head, remembering the throes
 Of your dismemberment, my face

Pressed to your earth, cherishing its soil and
 stones—

Yes, even so, the graves of patriarchs.
 Wondrous in Hebron at your choicest tombs,

I would cross Gilead, and Carmel's woods,
 And stop to marvel at your lofty peaks

Across the Jordan, on which, illustrious,
 Lie buried the two greatest of your teachers.

Your very air's alive with souls;
 Your earth breathes incense and your rivers

Run with balm. I would rejoice
 To walk with my bare feet, in tatters,

Upon the ruins of your Sanctuaries,
 In which, before it was removed from us,

The Holy Ark stood guarded by its Cherubs
 Posted at the innermost of chambers—

And then, all worldly pomp cast off, I'd curse
 The fate that did defile your peerless pilgrims.

How could I eat or drink, seeing the dogs
 Make off with the remains of your proud lions?

How find the daylight sweet when my two eyes
 Were forced to witness crows feast on your eagles?

Enough, desist from me, O cup of sorrows,
 Drained to the dregs of all its bitterness!

Zion! God's love, combined with Beauty's grace,
 Has bound to you the souls of all your friends,

So that they joy when you're at peace
 And weep when you're all wounds and wilderness.

Imprisoned, they yearn for you, each from his place
 Turning to bow in prayer to your gates—

Your many flocks, dispersed to distant hills
 Yet ever mindful of their vows

To re-ascend to you and reach your heights,
 As the palm tree, rising above all else,

Is scaled by the bold climber. Who compares
 To you? Not ancient Babylon, nor Greece:

What are all their empty oracles
 Beside your Prophets and the breastplates of

your priests?

The heathen kingdoms lapse, collapse, and pass,
 But you remain forever, crowned for the ages.

God makes His home in you: Blesséd are those
 Who dwell with Him, residing in your courts.

Blesséd is he who comes, and waits, and sees
 The rising sun illuminate your dawns,

In which your steadfast share the happiness
 Of your lost youth, restored as it once was.

"Zion, Do You Wonder?" is another of Halevi's best-known poems, one familiar to many Jews from the book of lamentations for Tisha b'Av, the day of mourning for the destruction of the Temple. Yet despite its inclusion there by Jewish tradition, it was not originally written for liturgical use and would have been considered a "secular" rather than a "sacred" poem by Halevi's contemporaries.

Indeed, the poem that "Zion, Do You Wonder?" most has to be read in conjunction with is "Why, My Darling, Have You Barred All News?" Like it—and unlike anything else Halevi ever wrote—the 34 distichs of "Zion, Do You Wonder?" have the haunting mono-rhyme of "–ayikh," and like it, too, they follow the same progression of emotions from bereaved longing to bitter grief to hope for love's restoration. In composing this, the greatest of his songs of Zion, Halevi was clearly aware of having modeled it on the greatest of his love poems.

As in my translation of "Why, My Darling, Have You Barred All News?", I have substituted a final "s" sound for Halevi's mono-rhyme. The poem's Hebrew meter is the *mitpashetet*, for which I have once again fallen back on an English iambic line.

הַתְּרַדְּף נְעוּרוֹת אַחַר הַמְּשִׁים?

A Man in Your Fifties

Yehuda Halevi was in his fifties from the early 1120s to the early 1130s, and while the idea of leaving Spain for the Land of Israel increasingly preoccupied him during this period, he repeatedly put off its implementation. As the friends who urged him to abandon it kept reminding him, Crusader Palestine was a war zone, its Jewish population decimated by its Christian conquerors. Mediterranean travel was dangerous, and even if he arrived safely, Halevi, a lionized figure in Spain, would have nothing but a life of social and cultural isolation to look forward to. The entire plan seemed like madness.

Halevi hesitated—and castigated himself for doing so. The perilous sea voyage imagined in this poem is a metaphor for the entire project of settling in Palestine. The poem can be read as a waking dream in which the poet masters his anxiety by letting the worst happen in his thoughts, so that his heart beats as wildly as a ship tossing in high seas and then, the winds subsiding as he regains control of his fears and his breathing becomes regular again, reassuringly slows to the steady pulse of the certitude of being in God's hands.

וְיִמִּיךָ לְהִתְעוֹפֵף הַמְּשִׁים!
וְתִכְסֹף אֶל-עֵבֶדֶת הָאֱנָשִׁים,
פָּנִי אֶחָד לְכָל-הַפִּיץ דְּרוּשִׁים,
וְתִמְכַר חֶלְקְךָ בְּנוֹזֵד עֲדוּשִׁים?
וְתִאָּוֶתָה תִּבְכַּר לְחֻדְשִׁים?
וְסוּר מֵעַל חִמְשַׁת הָרִגְשִׁים,
יְמוּתִיךָ אֲשֶׁר אֲצִים וְחָשִׁים,
וְאֵל-תִּלְדֶּךָ לְךָ לְקִרְאָת נְחָשִׁים;
וְקַל בְּצַבִּי וְגִבּוֹר בְּלִישִׁים,
וְהָרִים תִּחְזֶה מַטִּים וּמְשִׁים,
וְהַכְּמִי הַחֲרָשִׁים מַחְרִישִׁים,
וְשָׁבִים אֶל-אֲחֹרֵיהֶם וּבָשִׁים,
וְאִין מְבָרַח לְךָ כִּי אִם-יְקוּשִׁים,
וְיָנוּעוּ וְזוּעוּ קְרָשִׁים,
כְּנִשְׂאֵי הַעֲמָרִים בְּדִישִׁים,
וּפְעַם תַּעֲשֶׂה מֵהֶם גְּדִישִׁים,
וְעַת הַחֲלָשׁ דָּמוֹ נְחָשִׁים,
כְּצַפְעָנִים וְאִין לָהֶם לְחָשִׁים;
וְהַתְּרֹן וְהַנֶּס נְחָלִישִׁים,
כְּתַחֲתִים שָׁנִים כְּשִׁלְשִׁים,
וְנָשִׁים וְאֲנָשִׁים—נְאֻנָּשִׁים,
וְקִצּוֹ הַגּוֹיּוֹת בְּנִפְשִׁים,
וְאִין חֲמֻדָּה לְתַחְבֵּלֵת יִשְׂרָאֵל,
וְנִהְפְּכוֹ לְקָנִים הַבְּרוּשִׁים,
וּבְרוּזֵלֵי אֲדָנִים כַּחֲשָׁשִׁים,
וְאֵת פָּנָה לְקֻדְשׁ הַקְּדוּשִׁים,
אֲשֶׁר עַל-כָּל-לְבָבוֹת הֵם הָרוּשִׁים,
בְּעַת שִׁינְגָרְשׁוּ מִימֵי רַפְשִׁים,
וְיִזְכְּרוּ לְךָ זְכוּת אֲבוֹת קִדְשִׁים!
לְפָנָיו שִׁיר מַחֹל מַחֲלִים וּמוּשִׁים,
וְיַחֲזִי הַעֲצָמִים הַיְבֻשִׁים,
עֲדָרִים עַל-פָּנָי אֶרֶץ נִטְשִׁים,
צָבָא מְרוּם וְעָלְיוֹ שֵׁר הַמְּשִׁים—
וְכַתְּכֵלֶת בְּמִלְאָת גְּבִישִׁים,
בְּגָרִים מִמְּעוֹנֵיָהֶם גְּרוּשִׁים,
בְּלֵב הָיִם כְּלֵהָבוֹת וְאֲשִׁים,
עָדִי לֵיל מְטַהְרִים לְטוּשִׁים,
שְׁנֵיהֶם אִזְ שְׁנֵי יָמִים חֲבוּשִׁים—
בְּשׂוֹא גְּלִי שְׁבַחֵי הַחֻדְשִׁים!

הַתְּרַדְּף נְעוּרוֹת אַחַר הַמְּשִׁים?
וְתִבְרַח מֵעֵבֶדֶת הָאֱלֹהִים,
וְתִדְרֹשׁ אֶת פְּנֵי-רַבִּים, וְתִטַּשׁ
וְתַעֲצֵל לְהַצְטִיד לְדִרְכְּךָ,
הֲלֹא אִמְרָה לְךָ עוֹד נִפְשֶׁךָ: הוֹן!—
נִטָּה מֵעַל עֲצָתָה אֶל-עֲצַת-אֵל,
וְהַתְּרַצֵּה לִיְצַרְךָ בִּיתֵר
וְאֵל-תִּדְרֹשׁ בְּלֵב וְלֵב רְצוֹנוֹ,
הֲיִה לַעֲשׂוֹת רְצוֹנוֹ עוֹז בְּנִמְר
וְאֵל-יְמוּט בְּלֵב יָמִים לְכַבֵּךְ,
וּמְלָחִים יְדִיהֶם כְּמִלְחִים,
שְׂמַחִים הַלְכִים נִכַח פְּנֵיהֶם—
וְאִקְנִינֹס לְפָנֶיךָ לְמָנוֹס,
וְיָמוּטוּ וְיָנוּטוּ קָלְעִים,
וְיִדְרוּחַ מִצְחָקֶת כְּמִים,
וּפְעַם תַּעֲשֶׂה מֵהֶם גְּרִנוֹת,
בְּעַת הַתְּגַבֵּרֶם דָּמוֹ אֲרִיוֹת,
וְרֵאשֻׁנִים דִּלְקוּם אֲחֻרָנִים
וְצִי אֲדִיר כְּקֻט יִפֹּל בְּאֲדִיר,
וְהַתְּכָה וְקִנְיָה נְבָכִים,
וּמְשֻׁכֵי הַחֲבָלִים—בְּחֲבָלִים,
וְרוּחַ חֲבָלָה מַחְבְּלֵיהֶם,
וְאִין יִתְרוֹן לְחֻזַק הַתְּרַנָּים,
וְנִחְשָׁבוּ לְקֹשׁ תְּרַנֵּי אֲרֻזִים,
וְנִטַּל חוֹל בְּנֵב הָיִם כְּתִבְּךָ,
וְעַם יִתְפַּלְלוּ כָּל-אִישׁ לְקֻדְשׁוֹ—
וְתִזְכֹּר מִפְּלֹאוֹת יַם-סוּף וְיִרְדֵּן,
תְּשַׁבַּח לְמִשְׁבִּיחַ שְׂאוֹן יָם,
וְתִזְכְּרוּ לוֹ זְכוּת לְבוֹת טְמֵאִים—
יְחַדֵּשׁ נוֹרְאוֹתָיו כִּי תַחֲדֵשׁ
וְיָשִׁיב הַנְּשָׁמוֹת לְפָגְרִים,
וְרִגַע יִשְׁתַּקּוּ גְּלִים, וְיִדְמוּ
וְהַלִּיל—כְּבוֹא שְׁמֶשׁ בְּמַעְלוֹת
כְּבוּשִׁית מִשְׁבָּצוֹת זֶהָב לְבוּשָׁה,
וְכּוֹכְבִים בְּלֵב הָיִם נְבָכִים,
וְכַדְמוֹתֶם בְּצִלְמֶם יַעֲשׂוּ אוֹר
פָּנֵי מִים וְשָׁמַיִם עֲדִי-יָם
וְיָם דּוֹמָה לְרִקִיעַ בְּעֵינֵינוּ,
וּבִינּוֹתֶם לְכַבִּי יָם שְׁלִישִׁי,

A man in your fifties—and you still would be young?
Soon your life will have flown like a bird from a branch!
Yet you shirk the service of God, and crave the service of men,
And run after the many, and shun the One
From whom the multitudes of all things come,
And laze about instead of setting out
On your true way, and for a mess of pottage
Sell your immortal part. Has not your soul had enough?
Why then yield each day to its lusts?
Leave its counsel for God's, put the five senses aside,
And make amends to your Maker before your last days rush away.
Don't pretend you have to seek to know His will,
Or wait for auguries. Will but to do it!
Be bold as a panther, swift as a deer!
Fear not the open sea, though mountains of waves crest and crash,
And hands shake like rags in a gale,
And speechless ships' carpenters quail,
And crews leap to the task and in dismay stagger back,
Trapped in an ocean with nowhere to flee
While the sails flap and crack, and the deck creaks and groans,
And the wind whips the water into haystack-high bales.
One day it towers like ricks and the next it's flat as a field,
A ripple of snakes without even a whisper or hiss.
Yet when roiled to a prideful of lions, each hot on the other one's heels,
Mighty fleets reel and are wrecked. Masts totter and fall;
Bulwarks are breeched; the tiers of great triremes are pierced,
Unmanning their oarsmen; men, women, grow faint with dread;
Sailors stand stunned by their shrouds; the living would rather be dead;
The heft of the yards counts for nothing, for nothing the tricks of old tars;
Tall spars are no stronger than straws; cedar beams snap like stems;
The ballast cast out is but chaff; keels have the resistance of grass.

At such times, when each man prays to what is holy to him,
You turn to face the Holiest of Holies.
Recount, then, stamped in men's memories,
The wonders of the Red Sea's parting,
And of the Jordan's in the days of Joshua.
Praise the Soother of the storms that stir the depths,
The Pardoner of stained souls, who for His sainted Patriarchs' sakes
Will pardon yours. Sing Him a Levite's song while He renews
His awesome world, restoring souls to bodies, life to dry bones.
Now, the waves subside; like flocks of sheep they graze upon the sea.
The sun has set, departing by the stairs
Up which ascends the night watch, led by its silver-sworded captain.
The heavens are an African spangled with gold, blue-black
Within a frame of milky crystal. Stars roam the water,
Flare and flicker there, outcasts far from home.
The seaward-dipping sky, the night-clasped sea, both polished bright,
Are indistinguishable, two oceans cupped alike,
Between which, surging with thanksgiving, lies a third, my heart.

הַצִּיקְתָּנִי תְּשׁוּקָתִי לְאֵל הָי

Driven by Longing for the Living God

הַצִּיקְתָּנִי תְּשׁוּקָתִי לְאֵל הָי
 לְשַׁחַר אֶת מְקוֹם בְּסֵאוֹת מְשִׁיחִי
 עָדִי כִּי לֹא נִטְשָׁתָנִי לְנִשְׁק
 בְּנֵי בֵיתִי וְאֶת־רַעִי וְאָחִי,
 וְלֹא אֶבְכֶּה עָלַי פְּרִדָּם נִטְעָתִי
 וְהִשְׁקִיתִיו וְהִצְלִיחוּ צְמָחִי,
 וְלֹא אֶזְכֹּר יְהוּדָה וְעִזְרָאֵל
 שְׁנֵי פְּרָחֵי יָקָר מִבְּחַר פְּרָחֵי,
 וְאֶת יִצְחָק אֲשֶׁר כָּבֵן חֲשַׁבְתִּיו
 יָכוֹל שְׂמֵשִׁי וְטוֹב גְּרֵשׁ יִרְחִי.

Driven by longing
 for the living God
 to hasten to where
 His anointed ones dwelt,
 I had no time
 to kiss my friends
 or family
 a last farewell;
 no time to weep
 for the garden I grew,
 the trees watered and watched
 as they branched and did well;
 no time to think
 of the blossoms they bore,
 of Yehuda
 and Azarel,
 or of Yitzhak,
 so like a son,
 my sun-blessed crop,
 the years' rich yield.

וְכַמְעַט אֲשַׁכְּחָה בֵּית הַתְּפִלָּה
 אֲשֶׁר הָיוּ בְּמִדְרָשָׁיו מְנוּחִי,
 וְאֲשַׁבַּח תַּעֲנוּגֵי שַׁבָּתִּי
 וְהַדְרַת מוֹעֲדֵי וּכְבוֹד פְּסָחִי,
 וְאֶתֶּן אֶת כְּבוֹדֵי לְאַחֵרִים
 וְאֶעֱזֹב לְפִסְיִלִים אֶת שְׂבָחִי.
 הַמִּירְתִּי בְּצֵל שִׁיחִים הַדְרִי
 וּבְמִשׁוֹכַת סִבְךְּ חֶסֶן בְּרִיחִי,
 וְנִפְשֵׁי שְׂבָעָה רְאִישֵׁי בְּשָׂמִים
 וְרִיחַ נַעֲצוּיִן שְׂמֵתִי רִקְחִי,
 וְחִדַּלְתִּי הַלּוּדַי עַל כַּף וְעַל אֶף
 וְנָתַתִּי בְּלֵב יָמִים אֲרָחִי
 עָדִי אֶמְצֵא הַדּוֹם רְגְלֵי אֱלֹהֵי.

Forgotten are
 my synagogue,
 the peace that was
 its study hall,
 my Sabbaths
 and their sweet delights,
 the splendor of
 my festivals:
 I've left them all.
 Let others have
 the idol's honors
 and be hailed—
 I've swapped my bedroom
 for dry brush,
 its safety
 for wild chaparral,
 the scents
 and subtle fragrances
 that cloyed my soul
 for thistles' smells,
 and put away
 the mincing gait
 of landlubbers
 to hoist my sail
 and cross the sea
 until I reach
 the land that is
 the Lord's footstool.

וְשָׁמָּה אֲשַׁפְּכָה נַפְשִׁי וְשִׁיחִי
 וְאֶסְתַּוְּפֶה בְּהַר קִדְשׁוֹ, וְאֶקְבִּיל
 לְפָתְחִי שְׁעָרֵי שַׁחַק פְּתָחִי,
 וְאֶפְרִיחַ בְּמִי יַרְדֵּן נִרְדִּי
 וְאֲשַׁלִּיחַ בְּשַׁלַּח שְׁלָחִי.
 אֲדַנֶּי לִי וְאֵיךְ אֵירָא וְאֶפְחַד
 וּמִלֵּאךְ רַחֲמָיו נִשְׂא שְׁלָחִי?
 אֶהַלֵּל אֶת שְׁמוֹ מִדֵּי חַיּוֹתַי
 וְאוֹדְנֵנוּ עָדִי נְצַח נְצָחִי.

There will I
 pour out my heart
 and huddle by
 His holy hill,
 and pitch my tent
 at heaven's gate,
 and irrigate
 from Jordan's rill
 and the pool
 of Siloam
 the sacred spikenard
 of my soul.
 I am the Lord's
 and fear no ill
 as long as His
 own angels shall
 take up cudgels
 for me while
 I praise Him till
 my breath falls still.

In this poem, we see Halevi finally setting out on the voyage he had debated for years. The poem's "drivenness," with its opening description of a hasty departure from Spain, led me to render its *m'rubeh*-metered, 11-syllable hemistichs in short three-to-six-syllable lines. I wanted to convey their breathless quality, their feeling that now, his journey begun at last, events were taking place for Halevi with a rapidity that was the opposite of the long delays that preceded it. Since this makes the English poem many lines longer than the Hebrew one, I have broken the latter into separate stanzas that do not exist in Halevi's version.

Of the three names mentioned in this poem, only one can be certainly identified, that of Halevi's grandson Yehuda. (Sephardic Jews, unlike Ashkenazim, permitted the naming of children for living grandparents.) A second may be that of Halevi's son-in-law Yitzhak ibn Ezra, son of the renowned Hebrew poet, Bible critic, and polymath Avraham ibn Ezra. Azriel could have been a second grandson, but this is conjectural. The poem was apparently written in the course of a land journey that was to be followed by a sea voyage.

קראו עלי בנות ומשפחות

A Letter from Aboard Ship

Halevi sailed for Palestine via Egypt in the summer of 1140, when he was in his late sixties, and "A Letter From Aboard Ship" may have been posted by him to family and friends in Spain from one of the North African ports his vessel docked in on its way to Alexandria. Alternately, however, it may have been a mere poetic conceit. In either case, it is a playful poem, in response to which I allowed myself a free arrangement on the page of its twelve distichs.

The poem's account of a 12th-century sea voyage is entirely accurate. Medieval ships were small, crowded, and unsanitary, and their passengers slept one against another in an unventilated hold beneath the deck and prayed they would not be capsized by storms or attacked by pirates. Halevi's high spirits in the face of this testifies to the enormous relief felt by him at finally being on his way.

קראו עלי בנות ומשפחות
 שלום, ועל אחים ועל אהות,
 מאת אסיר תקנה אשר נקנה
 לים, ושם רוחו ביד רוחות,
 דחוי ביד מערב ליד מזרח,
 זה יעבור לנחות וזה לדחות.
 בינו ובין מות כפשע, אך
 בינו וביניו מעכה לוחות,
 קבור בחיי בארון עץ, לא
 קרקע ולא ארבע ולא פחות,
 יושב ואין לעמד עלי רגליו,
 שוכב ואין רגליו משלחות,
 הולה ויירא מפני גוים
 גם מפני לסטים ומרוחות.
 הבל ומלח כל בני פרחח
 הם הסגנים שם והפחות;
 לא לחכמים שם וגם לא חן
 ליודעים, רק יודעים לשחות.
 יתעצבו רגע לזאת פני:
 איך יעלו הלב והטוחות
 עד אשפכה נפשי בחיק האל
 נכה מקום ארון ומזבחות?
 אגמל לאל גומל לחיבים
 טובות, בטוב שירות ותשבחות.

To sisters, brothers, family, and friends:

Greetings from one,

a prisoner of hope sold to the sea,

his spirit hostage to the winds

that blow from west to east and back again!

Between him and death is nothing more

than a thin sliver of a board

(unless death already has occurred,

since he is buried in a wooden box

six feet under water without a coffin's worth of space).

Seasick and scared of pirates, tempests, and Mohammedans,

he sits because there isn't room to stand,

lies down and has no place to put his feet.

The captain is a brute, the crew are no-accounts,

yet they're this kingdom's king and counts

with whom no education counts if you can't swim.

I'll tell you, though, what makes them glum:

It's when I smile because I know

that soon I'll lay my soul in my Lord's lap.

There, where once His ark and altar stood,

I'll thank Him, requiter of men's guilt with good,

with all the song and praise I can bestow.

הָבֵא מְבֹל

At Sea

Although Mediterranean sea captains in the Middle Ages generally sought to stay close to land, they sometimes strayed out of sight of it in good weather, as Halevi's ship is described in this poem as having done. I have partially reproduced the poem's monorhyme by slant-rhyming all 17 lines of my translation: "land," "ground," "man," "remained," "sand," "mind," etc. While these may not have the same effect as the single repeated –*va* of the Hebrew, they do give some idea of it.

הָבֵא מְבֹל וְשֵׁם תֵּבֵל הָרָבָה	Has a new Flood drowned the land
וְאֵינְךָ לְרֵאוֹת פְּנֵי אֶרֶץ הָרָבָה,	And left no patch of dry ground,
וְאֵינְךָ אָדָם וְאֵינְךָ חַיָּה וְאֵינְךָ עוֹף?	Neither bird, beast, nor man?
הֲסָף הַכֹּל וְשָׁכְנוּ מֵעֲצָבָה?	Has nothing remained?
וּבְרֵאוֹת הַיָּם וְשׁוֹחָה לִי מְנוּחָה,	A strip of bare sand
וְאֶרֶץ הָעֲרָבָה לִי עֲרָבָה,	Would be balm for the mind;
וְאִשְׁגִּיחַ לְכֹל עֶבֶר וְאֵינְךָ כֹּל	The dreariest plain,
אֶבֶל מַיִם וְשָׁמַיִם וְתֵבֵל	A pleasure to scan.
וְלוֹיִתָּן בְּהִרְתִּיחוּ מְצוּלָה,	But all that is seen
וְאִחְשֵׁב בִּי תְהוֹם יַחֲשֵׁב לְשִׁיבָה	Is a ship and the span
וְלֵב הַיָּם יִכְחֵשׁ בְּאֵנִיָּה	Of the sea and the sky, and Leviathan
כְּאֵלֹהֵי הַיָּם בְּיַד הַיָּם גְּנֵבָה.	As he churns up the brine,
וַיִּזְעַף וַיִּנְפְּשֵׁי תַעֲלוּ, בִּי	Which shakes its white mane,
אֵלַי מִקִּדְשׁ אֱלֹהֶיךָ קִרְבָּה.	Gripping the ship as the hand
	Of a thief grips its find.
	Let it foam! My heart bounds
	As I near the Lord's shrine.

ראה ערים

Egypt

ראה ערים והתבונן פְּרוֹזוֹת אֲשֶׁר הָיוּ לְיִשְׂרָאֵל אַחֲזוֹת,
 וְתֵן כְּבוֹד לְמִצְרַיִם, וְהַקֵּל פְּעֻמֶיךָ וְאֵל תְּדְרוּךְ עֲזוֹזוֹת
 בַּחוּצוֹת עֲבָרָה בָּם הַשְּׂכִינָה לְבִקֵּשׁ דָּם בְּרִית עַל הַמְּזוֹזוֹת,
 וְעִמּוֹד אִישׁ וְעִמּוֹדֵי עֲנָנִים, וְעֵינַי כָּל מְצַפּוֹת בָּם וְחוֹזוֹת,
 וּמִשָּׁם הֵצִיבוּ בְּעַלְיֵי בְּרִית אֵל וּפְנּוֹת עִם אֲדָנָי שָׁם גְּרוֹזוֹת.

These great cities, these country villages,
 Were of old lived in by Israel.
 All honor then to Egypt!
 Tread gingerly in streets
 Through which God's presence roamed,
 Seeking His blood-pact on the doors.
 Columns of fire, columns of cloud,
 Seen by every eye!
 The people of the Covenant carved out,
 Its mighty cornerstones
 Cut for the ages!

Letters discovered in the Cairo Geniza in the 1950s tell us that Yehuda Halevi landed in Alexandria in early September, 1140 and remained there until mid-May, 1141. Although the length of his stay might seem to indicate a renewed uncertainty about continuing on to Palestine, the difficulties were in fact largely logistical. Yet Halevi was deeply impressed by the richness and lushness of Egypt and by its wealthy and sophisticated Jewish community. Moreover, he felt he was already treading on semi-sacred ground, since much of the biblical account of the Patriarchs, as well as the entire story of the exodus, takes place in Egypt. The biblical references in this poem are to the blood of the paschal sacrifice that the fleeing Israelites painted on their door jambs and to the columns of cloud and fire that led them through the desert to the Red Sea.

אֱלֹהֵי פְּלִאָה דְּדוֹר דְּדוֹר יִרְחֵשׁ

From Age to Age

אֱלֹהֵי פְּלִאָה דְּדוֹר דְּדוֹר יִרְחֵשׁ וּמִפִּי אָב לְבָנִים לֹא יִכְחָשׁ,
וְזֶה הַיְאֹר לְעַד כִּי דָם הִפְכֶתוּ בְּלֹא לֵהִט וְלֹא קָסַם וְנִחַשׁ,
אֲבָל שִׁמְךָ בְּיַד מֹשֶׁה וְאַהֲרֹן וְהַמַּטֵּה אֲשֶׁר נִהְפְּךָ לְנִחַשׁ,
הָיָה עֹזר לְעַבְדְּךָ הָאֱמִינִן בְּךָ וְלִרְאוֹת אֶת מְקוֹמוֹת פְּלִאָה חֵשׁ!

From age to age Your wonders, God, are told
And not denied by father or by son.
This river Nile has always testified
To how its waters were turned into blood.
No hierophants performed the magic trick,
But only Your name and Moses and Aaron's rod,
Transformed by You into a hissing snake.
Help then Your trusting servant to make haste
To a place more wondrous yet than this!

Halevi remained in Alexandria until mid-November 1140, staying at the home of the prominent, Jerusalem-born rabbinical judge Aharon el-Ammani before traveling up the Nile to Fustat or old Cairo. Watching the great river flow, he felt he was looking at the same water that Moses and Aaron had turned to blood with a wave of their staffs in the first of the Ten Plagues. Yet as he was to write elsewhere, whereas God's presence in Egypt had been "like a traveler's, / Resting in the shade beneath a tree, / In Zion, it's at home and dwells / Grandly, as all Scripture tells." Egypt was once the site of sacred events. The Land of Israel—"a place more wondrous yet than this"—was sacred. Nothing he saw in Egypt could take its place.

יְפֵי קוֹל קִדְמוֹ כְּנוֹר לְיָפוֹת

from "Let's Have More Lutes for the Lovely Girls"

At a dinner party in Fustat, Yehuda Halevi took part in a poetic competition in which the guests were asked to improvise a tribute to the absent Aharon el-Ammani. He chose to do so in the form of a *qasida*, choosing for its preliminary theme a musical concert he had recently attended. Facing the garden that its male audience sat in was a latticed window through which a crowd of attractive young women had gathered to watch. It was easier for Halevi to let his eyes stray in their direction when the singers were silent, and his poem, reliving this moment, begins with an appeal for the instrumentalists to play by themselves before turning to a teasing description of the female beauty that, too old to bid for its favors, the aging poet can still appreciate.

"Laban's daughter" is the biblical Rachel, who dutifully runs to tell her father that Jacob has kissed her at the well. Only the first part of the *qasida* appears here. It represents, one might say, an old man's last, wry experience of sexual desire, whose cessation frees the soul to contemplate beauty undisturbed by the wish to possess it, yet whose unexpected return, if only for a final parting, comes as an even greater moment of grace.

יְפֵי קוֹל קִדְמוֹ כְּנוֹר לְיָפוֹת
וְשָׁרִים אַחֲרֵי נְגִינִים חֲלִיפוֹת,
עֲלָמוֹת לְעֲלָמוֹת נְעֻלְמוֹת
וְנִשְׁקָפוֹת בְּעַד אֲשַׁנְּב וְצָפוֹת,
בְּתוֹלוֹת לְמָדוּ מִבֵּית בְּתוּאֵל
קִדְשֵׁת טְהָרַת לְבוֹת וְגוֹפוֹת,
אֲבָל כִּי מִשְׁכּוֹ קִשְׁת לְתַמָּם
וְהָרְגוּ אִישׁ, וְהֵם זָכוֹת וְהָפוֹת
אֲשֶׁר לֹא שָׁאֲלוּ לְקָרֵב הַרְבוֹת
וְדִים בְּזָרְעוֹת הַחֲשׂוֹפוֹת.
וְאֵיךְ נִשְׂאוּ צְמִידִים אוֹ צְעָדוֹת
עֲצָלוֹת מִנְּשׂוֹא עַפְעָף יַעֲפוֹת?
וְלוֹ נִשְׂאוּ אֵלַי חֲמָה פְּנִיָּהם
אֲזִי עֲזָבוּ פְּנֵי חֲמָה שְׂזוּפוֹת!
וְתִאֲמַרְנָה יְהִי חֲשֵׁךְ יְהִי אוֹר
בְּאוֹר פְּנִים וּבִשְׁחֹר מִחֲלָפוֹת,
וְכִתְנֹת אוֹר בְּאוֹר חֲבָרָה לְבוֹשׁוֹת
בְּלִיל שֶׁעַר בְּלִיל פִּרְוֹד צְנוּפוֹת,
מְאוֹרוֹת נָתְנוּ לְבִי רְקִיעִים
תְּסוּבְּכָנָה עָלַי כְּמָה תְּקוּפוֹת,
וְיֵשׁ לְשִׁגּוֹת בְּרַכּוֹת וְעֲנָגוֹת
וּפּוֹרִיּוֹת עֲבָתוֹת וְעֲנָפוֹת,
וּפִיפִיּוֹת יְפֵה־פִיּוֹת אֲדָמוֹת
עָלַי טוֹרֵי בְּדִלְחִים רְצוּפוֹת.
לֹאט בְּמִשְׁקָרוֹת וּמִשְׁקָרוֹת לִי,
לֹאט בְּהֵן וְלוֹ הָיוּ הַנְּפוֹת,
מִסְּבָלוֹת בְּתַפּוּחַ וְרִמּוֹן
וְשׁוֹשְׁנִים וְעָלִיהֶן תְּרוּפוֹת!
וּמָה אֲמַר בְּהוֹד קוֹמָה בְּתִמְרָה
וְהָרוּחַ יְנִיפָה תְּנוּפוֹת?
רְאֵה כִּי נִטְרָפוּ לְבוֹת לְקַחוּם!
שְׂאֵל הִישְׁלָמוּ אֶת הַטְּרָפוֹת,
וְאִם לְקַחוּ נָקָם צִיצַת לְחִיָּהם
אֲשֶׁר הָיוּ בְּעֵינֵינוּ קְטוּפוֹת?

Let's have more lutes
For the lovely girls,
You sweet singers!
Give the instrumentalists their chance
To serenade the secrets sirens
Looking through the lattice!
Well-behaved they learned to be
From Laban's daughter at the well;
Is it their fault,
Unwitting archers that they are,
That their arrows have pierced hearts,
Though their bare arms
Never sought to lift a sword?
So languidly they move
That you would think
They could barely lift an eyebrow,
Much less bear
The armor of their ankle-bands and bracelets.
One look at the sun from them
And it would be sunburned!
"Let there be light," they say,
And it shines in their faces;
"Let it be dark"—
It's in their raven tresses.
Their tunics are bright
Like the splendors of friendship;
Their hair is as black
As the gloom of goodbyes.
They're so like stars
That I would be the sky
In which they orbited forever.
Full or delicate, lush, lithe, or lanky—
I could fall for them all
And for their perilous red mouths,
Each perfect with two rows of pearly crystal.
Be gentle if you catch them making eyes
(At me, I hope),
Gentle with their wives,
For they are burdened by
Silver bells of apples and of pomegranates,
And roses sprinkled with rare essences.
And what about that stately one back there,
Swaying like a palm tree in the breeze?
Just count the hearts they've stolen!
I ask you:
Will they pay for them,
Or is it retribution
For the curls on their soft cheeks
Our eyes have poached on?

הַפֶּשֶׁט הַזִּמְן בְּגֵדֵי הַרְדּוֹת

By the Nile

הַפֶּשֶׁט הַזִּמְן בְּגֵדֵי הַרְדּוֹת וְלִבֵּשׁ אֶת בְּגָדָיו הַחֲמוּדוֹת,
 וְלִבְשָׁה הָאֲדָמָה יֵשׁ וְרִקְמָה וְעִשְׂתָּה מְשֻׁבָּצוֹת זָהָב רְפִידוֹת?
 וְכָל מִזְרַע יְאוּר תִּשְׁבִּיץ בְּאֵלוֹ נְאוֹת גִּשְׁן בְּחֶשֶׁן הֵן אֶפּוֹדוֹת,
 וּמְרַבְּדֵי נְאוֹת מְדַבֵּר הַטּוֹבוֹת וְרַעְמָסִס וּפְתָם פֹּז רְבוּדוֹת.
 וְשָׂדֶה עַל שִׁפְתַּת הַיָּאֵר וְשָׂדוֹת צְבָאוֹת הֵם, אֶכֶל שֵׁהִם כְּבִדּוֹת,
 יְדִיהֶם כְּכָדוֹ מִן הַצְּמִידִים וְצָרוּ צַעְדֵיהֶם בְּצַעְדוֹת.
 וְיָלֵב יַפְתָּה וְיִשְׁבַּח אֶת זְקוּנָיו וְיִזְכֹּר עוֹד יְלָדִים אוֹ יְלָדוֹת
 בְּגִן עֵדֶן בְּמִצְרַיִם בְּפִישׁוֹן, בְּגִנּוֹת עַל שִׁפְתַּת נְהַר וְשָׂדוֹת.
 וְהַקְּמוֹת יִרְקָקוֹת אֲדָמוֹת וְלִרְקָמוֹת מְלֻבְּשׁוֹת בְּגָדוֹת,
 וְרוּחַ יָם תִּגְנִיפֵמוֹ, וְנִרְאוּ כְּמוֹ מִשְׁתַּחֲוֹת אֵל אֵל וּמוֹדוֹת.

Has time cast off its grim old clothes
 And dressed itself in its holiday best,
 And the earth put on an embroidered vest
 Festooned with patterns of checkered gold?
 The vale of the Nile is a blazon of fields,
 The land of Goshen an ocean of grain,
 Palm islands etched against the sky,
 The glint of far pyramids bright in the sun.

A girl by the banks of the river:
 So like gazelles they are, but heavy-laden,
 Heavy the bracelets on their arms,
 The anklets circling their slim steps.
 And the foolish heart forgets how old it is,
 And remembers other boys and other girls,
 Here, in this paradise of Egypt,
 In these gardens, by the river, in these fields.
 The yellow stalks are a rich brocade,
 And when the sea breeze ripples through them,
 They bow and pray in gratitude to God.

During the winter of 1140–41, Halevi took a boat trip up the Nile, from where he wrote a letter to an acquaintance in Fustat that included these lines. Their mood is of a piece with the calm but joyous acceptance of old age's still-enduring ability to respond to beauty that we find in "Let's Have More Lutes For The Lovely Girls." Not far from where the poet stood flowed the river. A bare-armed girl walked beside it. In the distance, where the watered valley yielded to the desert, were the cones of pyramids and the fronds of oases rising from the sands. A north wind bent the stalks of wheat low. An old man about to set out on his last journey, Halevi was filled with a great thankfulness for everything.

בְּשׁוּטֵי מַעְבְּרוֹת מִזְרַח וְתִימָן

On Shlomo ibn Gabbai

בְּשׁוּטֵי מַעְבְּרוֹת מִזְרַח וְתִימָן, יְחִידֵי מִבְּלֵי קְרוֹב בְּאַלְמָן,
 שְׂאֵלוֹנִי: "הֲתִצְטִיד בְּלֵי יָד וְאֵין חוּמַל לְרַעְבוּנָה וְרַחֲמָן?"
 עֲנִיתִים: "הַזְמַן זְמַן לְיָדֵי אָחִי צֶדֶק וְאִישׁ יִשְׂרָאֵל וְנֶאֱמָן
 אֲשֶׁר מִן יֶאֱכִילֵנִי בְּכָל יוֹם וּמִטְעָמָיו בְּפִי – מִמֶּתֶק וּמִשְׂמָן."
 וְאָמְרוּ: "אֵין בְּתִבֵּל מֶן!" עֲנִיתִים: "וְאִם אֵין מֶן בְּתִבֵּל – שֵׁם אָחִי מֶן."

An ever-eastward wanderer,
 Lone as a childless widower,
 I'm asked, "How could you get along
 Without the kindness of a helping hand?"
 "My luck," I say, "is that a righteous man
 Feeds me manna every day
 That tastes like sweets and choice viands."
 "Manna?" they say. "Don't you anachronize?"
 "Not," I reply, "when it's Ibn-Gabbai's!"

Shlomo ibn Gabbai was one of two young traveling companions who accompanied Yehuda Halevi from Spain to Egypt, where he remained devotedly by his side. The other was Halevi's son-in-law, Yitzhak ibn Ezra, who informed Halevi in Fustat that he did not intend to return to his family in Spain. For Halevi, who had to blame his voyage for his daughter's loss of her husband, this was a bitter blow.

Though humorous, Halevi's tribute to Shlomo ibn Gabbai is heartfelt. A literal translation of its final Hebrew distich would be: "They said: 'There is no manna in this world.' I answered: 'If there isn't, there is manna's brother.'" "Manna's brother" is *ahi man*, a pun on the biblical name Ahiman in the Book of Numbers. When a play on words can't be gracefully conveyed in translation, the translator has to try something different in meaning but similar in spirit, which is what I sought to do here.

לעת כזאת

On Boarding Ship in Alexandria

לעת כזאת תכל עיני ותרד ותשים נחלי דמעי במורד
 אשר התלקחו ביקוד לבכי בהתלקח יקוד גחל בכרד.
 תמול נקל פרד יצחק בעיני, ואם יתר לבכי לו וחרד,
 אבל נד ממקומו על שלמה אשר נד ועזבני מפרד.
 איאש מראות אחי ורעי – וזה סוף כל ידי מספרד!

At such a time, my eyes can't hold
 The tears back any more.
 They pour like hailstones,
 Hot from a storm-wracked heart.
 To part from Yitzhak was the easy part,
 Even though the shock of it was rude.
 But now that Shlomo is gone too,
 I'm left in solitude
 With no hope of seeing anyone again.
 And that's the last of all my friends from Spain!

Halevi boarded the ship that took him to the Land of Israel on May 7, 1141. Although he was wined and dined constantly during his months in Egypt, not a single one of his hosts volunteered to travel with him to Palestine, whose Crusader rulers had a reputation for viciousness and were greatly feared. Having already parted angrily from Yitzhak ibn Ezra in Fustat, he now said goodbye to Shlomo ibn Gabbai, describing it in one of the simplest and most moving poems he ever wrote.

הָרַף שְׂאוֹן יָם

On Parting from Aharon Al-Ammani

הָרַף שְׂאוֹן יָם עַד אֲשֶׁר יִקְרַב תִּלְמִיד וַיִּשָּׂק אֶת פְּנֵי הָרַב.
 יָד אֶהְרֵן הָרַב, אֲשֶׁר שִׁבְטוֹ לֹא נָס נְעִים לַחַה וְלֹא הָרַב,
 לְמַד וְלֹא אָמַר לְפִיּהוּ "הוֹן," פֶּזֶר וְלֹא אָמַר לְיָדוֹ "רַב."
 הַיּוֹם אָנִי מוֹדֶה כְּנֶפֶס מְזֻרָה, כִּי מִחֶרֶת אֶקַּב כְּנֶפֶס מְעָרַב,
 אֵיךְ יַעֲזֹב אִישׁ אֶת צָרִי גִלְעָד אֶחָרָיו, וְהוּא הוֹלֵה נְשׁוּף עֶקְרָב,
 אוֹ יַחֲלִיף אֶת צֶלַע עֲנַף עֲבוֹת בְּחוּם וּבִקְרָח וּבִשְׂרָב,
 חֲלָף לְצֵל קוֹרֶת נֹת הָרַב צְלִי מְעוֹן קַרְיָה לְמִלְךָ רַב?

Be still, you booming surf, enough to let
 A pupil go to kiss his master's cheek.
 (That's Master Aaron, whose unflagging staff
 The years have not made tremulous or weak.)
 A teacher who never says, "The lesson's done,"
 A giver who never fears to give too much,
 He makes me bless the east wind's wings today
 And curse tomorrow's gusts out of the west.
 How can a man who feels as though a scorpion
 Has stung him leave Gilead's balm behind?
 How trade the shade of a grand, leafy tree
 For winter's ice and summer's savagery,
 The shelter of a masterly mansion
 For the shriving of God's rain and sun?

Yehuda Halevi's ship remained in port for a week after boarding its passengers, waiting for the east wind that was blowing to change to a westerly. Passengers were required to stay nearby and Halevi, unable to pay his friend Aharon el-Ammani a last visit, wrote him this poem.

"Master Aaron" and his "unflagging staff" are perfunctory allusions to the biblical Aaron, whose name El-Ammani bore. Yet the poet's wish that the east wind keep blowing is a startling confession of last-minute fear that the Land of Israel might prove to be a disappointment. Always in the many poems written during his sea voyage, Halevi depicted the west wind as his ally, pushing him onward to his destination, and the east wind as a foe holding him back. Now, all this was reversed. Suddenly it was the west wind that was dreaded, threatening to bring Halevi to a land of torrid heat and icy cold in which he would not find his place, while Egypt, the "leafy tree" beneath which the poet had likened God's presence in biblical times to a homeless traveler's, now seemed like home—as indeed Aharon el-Ammani's grand mansion in Alexandria had been for many months.

הַזֶּה רוּחַךְ צֵד מֵעֶרֶב רְקוּחַ

West Wind

זֶה רוּחַךְ צֵד מֵעֶרֶב רְקוּחַ,
 הַנִּרְדָּ בְּכַנְפָיו וְהַתְּפוּחַ—
 מֵאוֹצְרוֹת הָרֶכְלִים מוֹצֵאָךְ
 כִּי אֵינְךָ מֵאוֹצְרוֹת הָרוּחַ.
 בְּנִפְי דְרֹר תִּנְיָף וְתִקְרָא לִי דְרֹר
 וּכְמִרְדְּרֹר מִן הַצָּרוֹר לָקוּחַ.
 מֵה־נִּכְסְפוּ לָךְ עִם אֲשֶׁר בְּגִלְלָךְ
 רָכְבוּ בְּגַב יָם עָלַי גְּב־לוּחַ!
 אֵל נָא תִרְפֶּה יָדְךָ מִן הָאֲנִי
 כִּי יַחְנֶה הַיּוֹם וְכִי יָפוּחַ,
 וְרַקַּע תִּהְיוּם וְקִרַע לְבַב יַמִּים, וְגַע
 אֶל הַרְרֵי קִדְשׁ וְשֵׁם תִּנּוּחַ,
 וְגַעַר בְּקָדִים הַמְּסַעַר יָם עָדִי
 יִשִּׁים לְבַב הַיָּם כְּסִיר נְפוּחַ!
 מֵה יַעֲשֶׂה אֲסוּר בְּיַד הַצּוֹר אֲשֶׁר
 פָּעַם יְהִי עֲצוּר וְעַת שְׁלוּחַ?
 אֶךְ סוּד שְׂאֵלְתִי בְּיַד מָרוֹם, וְהוּא
 יוֹצֵר מָרוֹם הָרִים וּבוֹרֵא רוּחַ.

Spikenard-and-apple-tinged,
 Winged from the west,
 You, wind,
 Come not from the Cavern of Winds,
 But from the storerooms of a spice merchant:
 Scented like incense,
 Swift as a bird,
 Bearing my freedom.
 How you were longed for
 By those who rode
 The sea's back this far
 While they bestrode
 The deck of a bark!
 Stay not your hand from us now.
 Fill our sails, long becalmed.
 Stamp flat the depths.
 Part the water in two.
 Rest not till you reach the most sacred of mounts.
 Rebuff the easterlies that stir the sea like a bubbling stew!
 Now leashed, now loosed—
 What could a Lord-lashed prisoner do
 But trust in him,
 Maker of mountains and winds,
 To send you?

The wind, letters from the Cairo Geniza tell us, finally changed on May 14, the day on which Halevi's ship sailed. Since May 14, 1141, was the first day of the holiday of Shavu'ot, on which writing was forbidden (sailing on the holiday, on the other hand, was permitted by rabbinic law), we know that this poem could not have been written, as it was long thought to have been, on that day. Rather, it must have been composed in similar circumstances en route to Egypt, in a North African port where, too, east winds had held up Halevi's voyage. Yet there is nothing to keep us from imagining Halevi thinking of it as his ship raised its sails in Alexandria. Did his heart rebound as they went up, his doubts and fears drop away like the stage fright of an actor when the curtain rises? No more poems of his have survived to tell us. We know only, informed again by letters from the Geniza, that he died less than three months later, in July or early August, in the Land of Israel.

The Hebrew Types of Guillaume Le Bé

From 1559 through 1565, the punchcutter Guillaume Le Bé made a series of Hebrew types that he sold to the Antwerp printer Christophe Plantin, who would use them in the magnificent Polyglot Bible, regarded as one of the masterpieces of typographic art. Le Bé (1525–1598), who had learned his craft with the Paris printer Robert Estienne, had become a specialist in “oriental” languages, especially Hebrew. Settling in Venice by 1546, he produced types for some of the earliest printed editions of the Talmud and other Judaic works for the printers Marc’Antonio Giustiniani, Meir de Parenzo, and others. The types sold to Plantin are Le Bé’s most mature work and, as such, are among the finest of the Golden Age of Hebrew printing—bold, elegant, spirited, and easy to read.

The Hebrew types used here are digital versions of Le Bé’s types made by Matthew Carter and Scott-Martin Kosofsky. They are very close renderings of two sizes of the original types, the larger *gros double canon*, and the *texte*, both of which survive at the Plantin-Moretus Museum, in Antwerp. This is their début appearance. Historical type forms have not played a significant role in modern Hebrew typography, as they have in Latin types, but we hope this might inspire further interest. The other types used in this e-book are Garamond Small Text, by Robert Slimbach, and Trinité, by Bram de Does.