

A Tu-Bishvat Community Concert in Support of Israel



*Barry,  
Lara  
& Rabbi*  
*- in -*

# Let's Hear It for the Land!

Sunday, January 28, 2024  
Israel Center of Conservative Judaism

All proceeds to benefit



Saving lives. It's in our blood.

Barry Wyner: Vocals, Piano  
Lara Traum: Vocals  
Rabbi Hillel Lavery-Yisraëli: Vocals, Strings

A joint production of:



# Hashkediyaḥ – The Almond Tree

(Y. Duschman & Menashe Ravina, 1932?)

*Hashkediyaḥ poraḥat, v<sup>e</sup>shemesh paz  
zoraḥat, tziporim merosh kol gag,  
m<sup>e</sup>vas<sup>e</sup>rot et bo heḥag.*

***Tu Bishvat higi'a, ḥag ha'ilanot.  
Tu Bishvat higi'a, ḥag ha'ilanot!***

*Ha'aretz m<sup>e</sup>shava'at, higi'ah et lata'at,  
kol eḥad yikah lo etz, b<sup>e</sup>itim neitzei  
ḥotzetz.*

***Tu Bishvat higi'a, ḥag ha'ilanot.  
Tu Bishvat higi'a, ḥag ha'ilanot!***

*Nita kol har vageva, miDan v<sup>e</sup>ad B<sup>e</sup>er  
Sheva, v'artzenu shuv nirash, erez zet  
yitz'har ud'vash.*

***Tu Bishvat higi'a, ḥag ha'ilanot.  
Tu Bishvat higi'a, ḥag ha'ilanot!***

השקדיה פורחת, ושמש פז זורחת.  
צפורים מראש כל גג מבשרות את בוא  
החג:

**ט"ו בשבט הגיע – חג האילנות.  
ט"ו בשבט הגיע – חג האילנות!**

הארץ משועת: הגיעה עת לטעת!  
כל אחד יטע פה עץ, באתים נצא  
חוצץ:

**ט"ו בשבט הגיע – חג האילנות.  
ט"ו בשבט הגיע – חג האילנות!**

נטע כל הר וגבע, מדן ועד באר-שבע:  
וארצנו שוב נירש – ארץ זית וצהר  
ודבש.

**ט"ו בשבט הגיע – חג האילנות.  
ט"ו בשבט הגיע – חג האילנות!**

The almond tree is blooming, a golden sun is shining. Birds on every rooftop announce the arrival of the holiday:

**“Tu Bishvat is here, the holiday of the trees!”**

The land is begging: It's time for planting! Everyone will plant a tree, gleefully coming out with shovels.

**“Tu Bishvat is here, the holiday of the trees!”**

We'll plant every mountain and hill from Dan until Be'er-Sheva! Once again we'll settle our land, the land flowing with oil and honey.

**“Tu Bishvat is here,  
the holiday of the trees!”**



# Garden Song

(David Mallett, 1975)

*Inch by inch, row by row,  
I'm gonna make this garden grow.  
All it takes is a rake and a hoe  
and a piece of fertile ground.  
Inch by inch, row by row,  
someone bless these seeds I sow.  
Someone warm them from below  
'til the rain come tumbling down.*

Pulling weeds and picking stones,  
we are made of dreams and bones.  
I feel the need to grow my own  
'cause the time is close at hand.  
Grain for grain, sun and rain,  
I'll find my way in nature's chain.  
I tune my body and my brain,  
To the music of the land.

***Inch...***

So, plant your rows straight and long,  
and temper them with prayer and song.  
Mother Earth can keep you strong,  
if you give her love and care.  
Now, an old crow watching hungrily,  
from his perch in yonder tree.  
In my garden I'm as free  
as that feathered thief up there.

***Inch...***



# Where Have All the Flowers Gone

(Pete Seeger, 1955)

Where have all the **flowers** gone? *Long time passing...*  
Where have all the **flowers** gone? *Long time ago...*  
Where have all the **flowers** gone?  
**Young girls** have picked them, every one.  
*Oh, when will they ever learn? Oh, when will they ever learn?*

Where have all the **young girls** gone? *Long time passing...*  
Where have all the **young girls** gone? *Long time ago...*  
Where have all the **young girls** gone?  
Gone to **young men**, every one.  
*Oh, when will they ever learn? Oh, when will they ever learn?*

Where have all the **young men** gone? *Long time passing...*  
Where have all the **young men** gone? *Long time ago...*  
Where have all the **young men** gone?  
Gone for **soldiers**, every one.  
*Oh, when will they ever learn? Oh, when will they ever learn?*

Where have all the **soldiers** gone? *Long time passing...*  
Where have all the **soldiers** gone? *Long time ago...*  
Where have all the **soldiers** gone?  
Gone to **graveyards**, every one.  
*Oh, when will they ever learn? Oh, when will they ever learn?*

Where have all the **graveyards** gone? *Long time passing...*  
Where have all the **graveyards** gone? *Long time ago...*  
Where have all the **graveyards** gone?  
Gone to **flowers**, every one.  
*Oh, when will they ever learn? Oh, when will they ever learn?*



# Day is Done

(Peter Yarrow, 1969)

Tell me why you're crying, my son,  
I know you're frightened, like everyone.  
Is it the thunder in the distance you fear?  
Will it help if I stay very near?  
I am here.

***And if you take my hand my son,  
all will be well when the day is done.  
And if you take my hand my son,  
all will be well when the day is done.  
Day is done...***

Do you ask why I'm sighing, my son?  
You shall inherit what mankind has done,  
In a world filled with sorrow and woe.  
If you ask me why this is so,  
I really don't know.

***And if you take my hand my son...***

Tell me why you're smiling my son.  
Is there a secret you can tell everyone?  
Do you know more than men that are wise?  
Can you see what we all must disguise,  
through your loving eyes?

***And if you take my hand my son...***



# **This Land is Your Land**

(Woody Guthrie, 1940)

This land is your land, this land is my land,  
from California to the New York island,  
from the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters.  
This land was made for you and me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway,  
I saw above me that endless skyway.  
I saw below me that golden valley.  
This land was made for you and me.

***This land is your land...***

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,  
and the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling;  
as the fog was lifting a voice was chanting:  
This land was made for you and me.

***This land is your land...***

Nobody living can ever stop me,  
as I go walking that freedom highway.  
Nobody living can ever make me turn back.  
This land was made for you and me.

***This land is your land...***



## V<sup>e</sup>hi she'am<sup>e</sup>da

(Haggada; Yaakov Shwekey & Yonatan Razel, 2009)

*V<sup>e</sup>hi she'am<sup>e</sup>da  
la'avotenu v<sup>e</sup>lanu.  
Shelo ehad bilvad  
amad alenu l<sup>e</sup>khalotenu...  
v<sup>e</sup>Hakadosh Barukh Hu  
matzilenu miyadam.*

וְהִיא שְׁעֵמֶדָה לְאַבוֹתֵינוּ וְלָנוּ.  
שֶׁלֹא אֶחָד בִּלְבַד  
עָמַד עָלֵינוּ לְכַלּוֹתֵנוּ ...  
וְהַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא  
מִצִּילֵנוּ מִיָּדָם.

It [God's promise] is that which stood  
for our ancestors as well as for us.  
For it was not only one [person who]  
tried to annihilate us;  
(rather, in each and every generation  
there are those who try to annihilate us).  
But the Holy, Blessed God  
saves us from their hands.



# Al Kol Eleh

(Naomi Shemer, 1980)

*Al had<sup>e</sup>vash v<sup>e</sup>al ha'oketz, al hamar vehamatok, al bitenu hatinoket sh<sup>e</sup>mor Eli hatov. Al ha'esh ham<sup>e</sup>vo'eret, al hamayim hazakim, al ha'ish hashav habayta min hamerhakim.*

***Al kol eleh, al kol eleh, sh<sup>e</sup>mor na li Eli hatov, al had<sup>e</sup>vash v<sup>e</sup>al ha'okets, al hamar vehamatok. Al na ta'akor natu'a, al tishkah et hatikva, hashiveni va'ashuva, el ha'aretz hatova.***

*Sh<sup>e</sup>mor Eli al zeh habayit, al hagan, al haḥoma, miyagon, mipahad peta, umimilḥama. Sh<sup>e</sup>mor al ham<sup>e</sup>at sheyesh li, al ha'or v<sup>e</sup>al hataf, al hap<sup>e</sup>ri shelo hivshil od, v<sup>e</sup>shene'esaf.*

***Al kol eleh...***

*M<sup>e</sup>rashresh ilan baru'ah, meraḥok nosher kokhav, mish'alot libi baḥoshekh nirshamot akhshav. Ana sh<sup>e</sup>mor li al kol eleh, v<sup>e</sup>al ahuvei nafshi, al hasheket al habekhi, v<sup>e</sup>al zeh hashir. **Al kol eleh...***

Protect, my good God, the honey and the sting, the bitter and the sweet, and our baby daughter; [protect] the burning fire, the pure water, and the person returning home from afar.

**Protect all of these, my good God! The honey and the sting, the bitter and the sweet! Do not uproot the planted, do not forget the hope. Return me, and I will return to the good land.**

Protect, my God, this house, its garden and its fence, from woe, sudden fear, and war. Protect the little that I have, the light and the children; [protect] the fruit which has been gathered but is not yet ripe.

A tree rustles in the wind, far away a star falls; my heart's wishes in the dark are recorded now. Please protect all of these, and those my soul loves; [protect] the stillness, the crying, and indeed, this song!

על הדבש ועל העקץ, על המר והמתוק,  
על בתנו התינוקת שמר אלי הטוב.  
על האש המבערת, על המים הזכים,  
על האיש השב הביתה מן המרחקים.

על כל אלה, על כל אלה, שמר נא  
לי אלי הטוב, על הדבש ועל העקץ,  
על המר והמתוק. אל נא תעקר  
נטוע, אל תשכח את התקוה.  
השיבני ואשובה, אל הארץ הטובה.

שמר אלי על זה הבית, על הגן, על  
החומה, מיגון, מפחד פתע, וממלחמה.  
שמר על המעט שיש לי, על האור ועל  
הטף, על הפרי שלא הבשיל עוד  
ושנאסף.

**על כל אלה...**

מרשרש אילן ברזח, מרחוק נושר כוכב,  
משאלות לבי בחשך, נרשמות עכשיו.  
אנא שמר לי על כל אלה, ועל אהובי  
נפשי, על השקט, על הבכי, ועל זה  
השירה. **על כל אלה...**





# Lu Y<sup>e</sup>hi

(Naomi Shemer, 1973)

*Od yesh mifras lavan ba'ofek, mul  
anan shaḥor kaved, kol shen<sup>e</sup>vakesh  
— lu y<sup>e</sup>hi. V<sup>e</sup>im baḥalonot ha'erev,  
or nerot haḥag ro'ed, kol  
shen<sup>e</sup>vakesh — lu y<sup>e</sup>hi.*

**Lu y<sup>e</sup>hi, lu y<sup>e</sup>hi, ana — lu y<sup>e</sup>hi,  
kol shen<sup>e</sup>vakesh — lu y<sup>e</sup>hi.**

*Im ham<sup>e</sup>vaser omed badelet, ten  
milah tovah b<sup>e</sup>fiv, kol shen<sup>e</sup>vakesh—  
lu y<sup>e</sup>hi. Im nafsh<sup>e</sup>kha lamut sho'elet  
mip<sup>e</sup>riḥa ume'asif, kol shen<sup>e</sup>vakesh  
— lu y<sup>e</sup>hi. **Lu Yehi...***

*Mah kol anot ani shome'ah, kol  
shofar v<sup>e</sup>kol tupim, kol shen<sup>e</sup>vakesh  
— lu y<sup>e</sup>hi. Lu tishama b<sup>e</sup>tokh kol eleh  
gam t<sup>e</sup>filah aḥat mipi, kol  
shen<sup>e</sup>vakesh— lu y<sup>e</sup>hi. **Lu Yehi...***

There's still a white sail on the horizon in front of a heavy black cloud; all that we ask is – let it be. And if in the evening's windows the holiday candlelight trembles, all that we ask is – let it be.

**Let it be, let it be, please, let it be. All that we ask is – let it be.**

If the announcer is standing in the doorway, put a good word in his mouth; all the we ask is – let it be. If your soul longs to expire from the blooming and the harvesting, all that we ask is – let it be. **Let it be...**

What is that sound I hear, the sound of a shofar, the sound of drums? All that we ask is – let it be. If among all this my one small prayer can also be heard, all that we ask is – let it be. **Let it be...**

עוד יש מפרש לבן באפק, מול ענן שחר  
כבד, כל שנבקש לו יהי. ואם בחלונות  
הערב אור נרות החג רויד,  
כל שנבקש לו יהי.

לו יהי, לו יהי, אנא לו יהי – כל  
שנבקש לו יהי.

אם המבשר עומד בדלת, תן מלה טובה  
בפיו, כל שנבקש לו יהי. אם נפשך למות  
שואלת מפריחה ומאסף – כל שנבקש לו  
יהי. לו יהי לו יהי...

מה קול ענות אני שומע, קול שופר וקול  
תפים, כל שנבקש לו יהי. לו תשמע בתוך  
כל אלה, גם תפלה אחת מפיו, כל שנבקש  
לו יהי. לו יהי לו יהי...

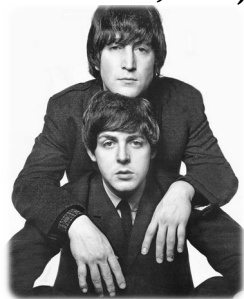
**Let it Be**

**(The Beatles, 1970)**

And when the broken-hearted people,  
living in the world agree,  
there will be an answer – Let it be.  
For though they may be parted,  
there is still a chance that they will see.  
There will be an answer – Let it be.

**Let it be... whisper words of wisdom – Let it be.**

**Lu Y<sup>e</sup>hi!**



# Bashana haba'a

(Ehud Manor, Nurit Hirsch, 1970)

*Bashana haba'a neshev al  
hamirpeset v<sup>e</sup>nispor tziporim  
nod<sup>e</sup>dot. Y<sup>e</sup>ladim b<sup>e</sup>hufsha y<sup>e</sup>sahaku  
tofeset ben habayit l<sup>e</sup>ven hasadot.*

***Od tireh od tireh kama tov  
yih'yeh bashana bashana  
haba'ah.***

*Anavim adumim yavshilu ad  
ha'erev, v<sup>e</sup>yug<sup>e</sup>shu tzon<sup>e</sup>nim  
lashulhan. V<sup>e</sup>ruhot r<sup>e</sup>dumim yis<sup>e</sup>u el  
em haderekh, itonim y<sup>e</sup>shanim  
v<sup>e</sup>anan. **Od tireh...***

*Bashana haba'a nifros kapot  
yadayim, mul ha'or hanigar  
halavan. Anafa l<sup>e</sup>vana tifros ba'or  
k<sup>e</sup>nafayim v<sup>e</sup>hashemesh tizrah  
b<sup>e</sup>tokhan. **Od tireh...***

בשנה הבאה נשב על המרפסת, ונספר  
צפרים נודדות. ילדים בחפשה ישחקו  
תופסת, בין הבית לבין השדות.

עוד תראה, עוד תראה כמה טוב  
יהיה, בשנה, בשנה הבאה.

ענבים אדמים יבשילו עד הערב, ויגשו  
צוננים לשלחן. ורוחות רדומים ישאו על  
אם הדרך, עתונים ישנים וענן.  
**עוד תראה...**

בשנה הבאה נפרש כפות ידים, מול האור  
הנגר הלבן. אנפה לבנה תפרש באור  
כנפים והשמש תזרח בתוכן.  
**עוד תראה...**

Next year we'll sit on the veranda and count wandering birds.  
Children on vacation will play tag between the houses and the fields.

**You will see, you will see, just how good it will be, next year!**

Red grapes will ripen before evening and be brought to the table  
chilled. Sleepy breezes will carry old newspapers and clouds to the  
crossroads.

**You will see, you will see, just how good it will be, next year!**

Next year we'll spread our hands towards the spilling white light.  
A white heron will spread its wings in the light, and the sun will shine  
between them.

**You will see, you will see, just how good it will be,  
bashana haba'a.**



# One Day

(Matisyahu, 2008)

Sometimes I lay under the moon and thank God I'm breathing.  
Then I pray, "Don't take me soon, 'cause I am here for a reason."

Sometimes in my tears I drown, but I never let it get me down.  
So when negativity surrounds, I know some day it'll all turn around,  
because...

All my life I've been waiting for, I've been praying for,  
for the people to say, that we don't wanna fight no more,  
there'll be no more wars, and our children will play.

**One day...**

It's not about win or lose, 'cause we all lose when they feed  
on the souls of the innocent, blood-drenched pavement,  
keep on moving though the waters stay raging.

In this maze, you can lose your way.

It might drive you crazy, but don't let it phase you, no way.

Sometimes in my tears I drown, but I never let it get me down.  
So when negativity surrounds, I know some day it'll all turn around,  
because...

All my life I've been waiting for, I've been praying for,  
for the people to say, that we don't wanna fight no more,  
there'll be no more wars, and our children will play.

**One day...**

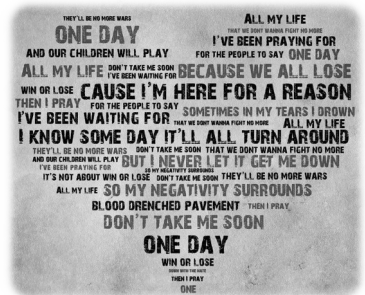
One day this all will change, treat people the same,  
stop with the violence, down with the hate.

One day we'll all be free, and proud to be,  
under the same sun, singing songs of freedom like:

Wai-o...

All my life I've been waiting for, I've been praying for,  
for the people to say, that we  
don't wanna fight no more,  
there'll be no more wars, and  
our children will play.

**One day...**



# Hatikva

(Naftali Herz Imber, 1878)

*Kol od balevav p<sup>e</sup>nima,  
nefesh Y<sup>e</sup>hudi homiya,  
ul'fa'atei mizrah kadima,  
ayin l<sup>e</sup>Tziyon tzofiyah.*

כָּל עוֹד בַּלֵּבב פְּנִימָה,  
נֶפֶשׁ יְהוּדֵי הוֹמְיָה,  
וּלְפָאֵתֵי מִזְרַח קְדִימָה,  
עֵין לְצִיּוֹן צוֹפְיָה.

*Od lo av<sup>e</sup>da tikvatenu,  
hatikva bat sh<sup>e</sup>not alpayim,  
lih'yot am ḥofshi b<sup>e</sup>artzenu,  
eretz Tziyon V<sup>i</sup>rushalayim.*

עוֹד לֹא אָבְדָה תִּקְוַתְנוּ,  
הַתִּקְוָה בַּת שְׁנוֹת אַלְפִים,  
לִהְיוֹת עַם חָפְשִׁי בְּאַרְצֵנוּ,  
אֶרֶץ צִיּוֹן וִירוּשָׁלַיִם.

As long as the Jewish soul yearns deep inside the heart, and the eye looks to the East, towards Zion, we have not lost our hope – that two-thousand-year-old hope – of being a free nation in our own land, the Land of Zion and Jerusalem.

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*Our heartfelt thanks to our sponsors, our supporters, our volunteers, our audience, our families, the **Israel Defense Forces** and **Magen David Adom**.*



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*Barry, Lara & Rabbi*