

UJPO PRESENTS

Rosh Hashonah & Yom Kippur Holiday Observances

FORWARD
TO A
Socialist World





Hineh Ma Tov

Hineh ma tov uma na'im
shevet amim gam yachad

Oy, vi gut un vi voyl s'iz
lebn vi mentshn tsuzamen

How good it is for nations/peoples
to live together in peace





Tates, Mames, Kinderlekh (Barikadn)

words & music by Shmerke Katsherginski

Tates, mames, kinderlekh
Boyen barikadn,
Oyf di gasn geyen arum
Arbeter-otryadn.

S'iz der tate fri fun shtub
Avek oyf der fabrik,
Vet er shoyn in shtibele
Nit kumen haynt tsurik.

S'veysn gut di kinderlekh,
Der tate vet nit kumen,
S'iz der tate haynt in gas
Mit zayn biks farnumen.

S'iz di mame oykh avek
In gas farkoyfn epl,
Shteyen in kikh faryosemte
Di teler mitn tepl.

S'vet nit zayn keyn vetshere
Zogt Khanele di yatn,
Vayl di mame iz avek
Tsuhelpn dem tatn.

Plutsling – trakh! a pule iz
Arayn in kleynem shtibl,
Farbaygefloygn Khanelen,
Gemakht in vant a gribl.
Oyb azoy – zogt Khanele
Kinder, kumt mit mir!
Motye, nem di groyse korb,
Meyerke – di tir.

Di shuflokn fun kamod,
Mit an altn fas,
A barikade shteln mir
Oyf in mitn gas.

Di barikade oyfgeshtelt,
In shtibl nito keyner,
Loyfn politsey farbay,
Di kinder varfn shteyner.

Vos mir, ven mir vetshere,
Es dunern harmatn,
Di kinderlekh fun shtibele
Helpn mamen-tatn.

Tates, mames, kinderlekh
Boyen barikadn,
Oyf di gasn geyen arum
Arbeter-otryadn.

Fathers, mothers, and little children
Are building barricades.
Patrolling the streets
Are worker brigades.

Father left the house early
To go to the factory,
Back to the house
He will not come today.

Father's in the street today,
Busy with his gun.

Mother's gone away as well
To sell her apples in the street.
Standing in the kitchen like orphans
Are all the pots and dishes

There won't be any supper
says Khanele to the boys,
for mother's gone
To help out father.

Suddenly – bang! A bullet
Enters the little house,
Flies past Khanele,
And buries itself in the wall.

In that case, says Khanele,
children, come with me!
Motye, take the big basket,
Meyer, get the door!

We'll take the dresser drawers
And an old barrel,
And put up a barricade
In the middle of the street.

The barricade is up,
Nobody's at home;
Police run past,
The children throw stones.

Who cares about supper
(When) cannons thunder;
The children from the little house
Are helping mother and father.





Reflections

We Pay Homage

To those who came before us, including the founders of our organization, the tireless activists, poets, thinkers and fighters who laid the groundwork for our ongoing struggles in communal solidarity.

We take joy

In our brilliant and inspiring community elders, who continue to model dedication, integrity and radicalism, pointing the way forward while grounding us in our traditions

We take joy

In the sweetness, delight and fire in our youth, in the beauty and promise of our babies and children, in their limitless energy and potential.

We find inspiration

In the radical activist desires of all among us who are already working to ally with the marginalized and heal our wounded planet.

May We Have Strength

To strive for social justice, in active solidarity
To remain dedicated to our community principles
To remain dedicated to lifting our community members from sorrow and isolation
To remember that celebration, through music, art and the fostering of communal joy, is essential to creating a bessere welt, a better world.





Dos Naye Lid

words by Avram Reisen,
composer unknown

Un zol vi vayt nokh zayn di tsayt
Fun libe un fun sholem,
Dokh kumen vet, tsi fri, tsi shpet,
Di tsayt--es iz keyn kholem!

Ikh her dos lid fun libe, frid,
Di mekhtike gezangen;
Un yeder ton fun lid zagt on:
Di zun iz oyfgegangen!

Es ekt di nakht, di velt dervakht
Ful hofnung, lust un shtrebn.
Du herst - in luft a shtime ruft:
Tsu glik un freyd un lebn!

No matter how far away the time
Of love and peace,
Still it will come, whether soon or late,
That time--it's no dream!

I hear the song of love and peace,
The mighty singing;
And every note of the song asserts:
The sun has risen!

The night is ending, the world is awakening
With hope and joy and striving.
You hear--in the air a voice calls
To happiness, to joy, to life!





Di Tsukunft

words by Morris Winchevsky

O di velt vet vern yinger
Un dos lebn laykhter, gringer
Yeder kloger vet a zinger
Vern brider, bald

Loz dos folk nor vern kliger
Un faryogn dem batrigger
Im dem fuks un oykh dem tiger
Fun zayn sheynem vald

O di velt vet vern shener
Libe greser, sine klener
Tvishn froyen, tsvishn mener
Tsvishn land un land

O di velt vet vern frayer
Frayer, shener, yinger, nayer
Un in ir di varheynt tayer
Tayer vi a fraynd

O di velt vet vern dreyster
Un es vet nit zayn a mayster
Nit di kroyn un nit der tayster
Nit dem zelnere shverd

Alzo mutik in di reyen
In di reyen tsu bafrayen
Tsu bafrayen un banayen
Undzer alte velt!

Oh the world will grow younger and
life will be lighter, easier.
Every complainer will be a singer.
Soon, we will become brothers!

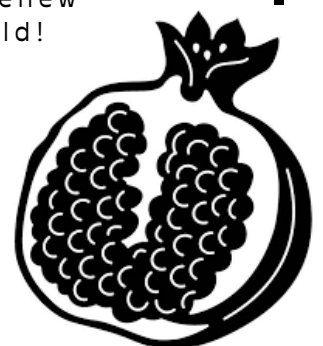
Let the people become wiser
and chase away the traitor;
the fox and the tiger too from their
beautiful forest.

O the world will grow more beautiful,
love greater, hatred smaller,
between women, between men,
between country and country.

O the world will become freer
freer, more beautiful, younger, newer.
And then the truth will be dear
as dear as a friend.

O the world will grow bolder
and there will be no master.
Not the crown, nor the purse
nor the soldier's sword.

So, courage in the ranks
in the ranks to free
to free and renew
our old world!





The Person Who...

The person who attends a community event
but thinks only about work

Hears but does not really hear

The person who hears family and does not
catch the note of urgency: "notice me, help
me, care for me."

Hears but does not hear.

The person who blindly inherits ways of
seeing

Can't unlearn and then see anew

The person who knows of oppression but does
not act

Knows but does not really know





Talkin 'Bout a Revolution

words & music by Tracy Chapman

Don't you know
They're talking about a revolution?
It sounds like a whisper
Don't you know
Talking about a revolution?
It sounds like a whisper

While they're standing in the welfare lines
Crying at the doorsteps of those armies of salvation
Wasting time in the unemployment lines
Sitting around waiting for a promotion

Don't you know
Talking about a revolution?
It sounds like a whisper

Poor people gonna rise up
And get their share
Poor people gonna rise up
And take what's theirs

Don't you know you better run, run, run, run, run, run
Run, run, run, run, run, run
Oh, I said you better run, run, run, run, run, run
Run, run, run, run, run, run

'Cause finally the tables are starting to turn
Talkin' 'bout a revolution
'Cause finally the tables are starting to turn
Talkin' 'bout a revolution, oh no
Talkin' 'bout a revolution, oh

I've been standing in the welfare lines
Crying at the doorsteps of those armies of salvation
Wasting time in the unemployment lines
Sitting around waiting for a promotion

Don't you know
Talking about a revolution?
It sounds like a whisper

And finally the tables are starting to turn
Talkin' 'bout a revolution
Yes, finally the tables are starting to turn
Talkin' 'bout a revolution, oh, no
Talkin' 'bout a revolution, oh, no
Talkin' 'bout a revolution, oh, no





Yamlid

words by Judah Ha-Levy,
music by Moishe Shneour

Kh'hob fargesn fargesn ale libste,
Kh'hob farlozt mayn eygn hoyz;
Kh'hob dem yam zikh opgegebn;
Trog mikh, yam, tsum muters shoys.

Un du, mayrev-vint getrayer,
Trayb mayn shif tsu yenem breg,
Vos mayn harts mit odler-fligl
Zukht shoyn lang tsu im a veg.

Breng mikh nor ahin besholem,
Nokh dem fli zikh dir tsurik,
Grisn zolstu ale libste
Un dertseyl zey fun mayn glik.

I have forgotten all my loved ones
I have left my own home.
I've abandoned myself to the sea!
Carry me, sea, to my Mother's bosom!

And you, loyal west wind,
Drive my ship to that shore,
Where my heart on eagle's wings
Has long been seeking a path

Bring me there unharmed
And then fly back again.
Give greetings to all my loved ones
And tell them of my happiness





Have You Been to Jail for Justice?

words & music by Anne Feeney

Was it Cesar Chavez or Rosa Parks that day?
Some say Dr. King or Ghandi set them on their way
No matter who your mentors, are it's pretty plain to see
That if you've been to jail for justice
You're in good company.

(chorus)

Have you been to jail for justice?
I want to shake your hand
'Cause sitting in and laying down
Are ways to take a stand
Have you sung a song for freedom
Or marched that picket line?
Have you been to jail for justice?
Then you're a friend of mine.

You law-abiding citizens, come listen to this song
Laws are made by people, and people can be wrong
Once unions were against the law, but slavery was fine
Women were denied the vote, while children worked the mine
The more you study history, the less you can deny it
A rotten law stays on the books
'til folks with guts defy it!

(chorus)

Well the law is supposed to serve us, and so are the police
When the system fails, it's up to us to speak our peace
We must be ever vigilant for justice to prevail
So get courage from your convictions
Let 'em haul you off to jail!

(chorus)





Visions for the Future

And then all that has divided us will merge.

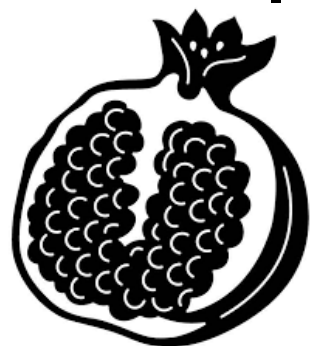
And then compassion will be wedded to power.
And then softness will come to a world that is
harsh and unkind.

And then all people will be gentle. And then all
people will be strong.

And then no person will be subject to
another's will. And then all will have plenty.

And then the greed of some will give way to
the needs of many. And then all will share
equally in the Earth's abundance.

And then all will take care and then all be
nourished.





Carry It On

words & Music Buffy Sainte-Marie

Hold your head up
Lift the top of your mind
Put your eyes on the Earth
Lift your heart to your own home planet
What do you see?
What is your attitude
Are you here to improve or damn it
Look right now and you will see
we're only here by the skin of our teeth as it is
so take heart and take care of your link with Life and

Oh carry it on - We're saying
Oh carry it on - Keep playing
Oh carry it on - And praying
Oh carry it on

It ain't money that makes the world go round
That's only temporary confusion
It ain't governments that make the people strong
It's the opposite illusion
Look right now and you will see
they're only here by the skin of our teeth as it is
so take heart and take care of your link with Life

Oh carry it on - Keep saying
Oh carry it on - And playing
Oh carry it on - And praying
Oh carry it on

Look right now and you will see
we're only here by the skin of our teeth as it is
so take heart and take care of your link with

Life is beautiful
if you got the sense to take care of your source of perfection
Mother Nature She's the daughter of God and the source of all protection

Look right now
and you will see she's only here by the skin of her teeth as it is
so take heart and take care of your link with Life

Oh carry it on - Keep saying
Oh carry it on - And playing
Oh carry it on - Keep on praying
Oh carry it on





Ale Brider

words by Morris Winchevsky, composer unknown
(additional lyrics by Peggy Davis, Rabbi Eli
Braun, Jeffrey Shandler, and Linda Gritz)

Un mir zaynen ale brider,
Oy, oy, ale brider,
Un mir zingen freylekhe lider,
Oy, oy, oy.

Un mir haltn zikh in eynem,
Oy, oy, zikh in eynem,
Azelkhes iz nito bay keynem,
Oy, oy, oy.

Un mir zaynen ale shvester,
Oy, oy, ale shvester,
Vi Sore, Rivke, Rut, un Ester,
Oy, oy, oy.

Un mir zaynen ale eynik,
Oy, oy, ale eynik,
Tsi mir zaynen fil tsi veynik,
Oy, oy, oy.

Un mir zaynen ale freylekh
Oy, oy, ale freylekh,
Vi goynosn un dovid hameylekh
Oy, oy, oy.

Un mir zaynen ale pleytim
Oy, oy, ale pleytim,
Tseraysn lomir ale keytn.
Oy, oy, oy.

Un mir zaynen freylekh munter
Oy, oy, freylekh munter
Zingen lider tantstn unter,
oy, oy, oy

Un mir zaynen mitkinder,
Oy, oy, mitkinder,
Arop mit tsveyike reydt atsinder,
Oy, oy, oy

And we are all brothers,
Oy, oy, all brother
And we sing happy songs.
Oy, oy, oy

And we stick together,
Oy, oy, stick together
Like no one else.
Oy, oy oy

And we are all sisters,
Oy, oy, all sisters
Like Sarah, Rebecca, Ruth, and Esther
Oy, oy, oy

And we are all united,
Oy, oy, all united
Whether we are many or few.
Oy, oy, oy

And we all are gay,
Oy, oy, all are gay
Just like Jonathan and King David.
Oy, oy, oy

And we are all refugees,
Oy, oy, all refugees
Let's break all the chains.
Oy, oy, oy

And we are happy, cheerful,
Oy, Oy, happy, cheerful!
Singing songs, dancing along
Oy, oy, oy

And we are all siblings,
Oy, oy, siblings
Down with binary language now!
Oy, oy, oy





Change

words and music by Big Thief

Change, like the wind
Like the water, like skin
Change, like the sky
Like the leaves, like a butterfly

Would you live forever, never die
While everything around passes?
Would you smile forever, never cry
While everything you know passes?

Death, like a door
To a place we've never been before
Death, like space
The deep sea, a suitcase

Would you stare forever at the sun
Never watch the moon rising?
Would you walk forever in the light
To never learn the secret of the quiet night?

Still, like a stone
Like a hill, like home
Still, what I find
Is you are always on my mind

Could I feel happy for you
When I hear you talk with her like we used to?
Could I set everything free
When I watch you holding her the way you once held me?

Change, like the sky
Like the leaves, like a butterfly
Death, like a door
To a place we've never been before

Would you live forever, never die
While everything around passes?
Would you smile forever, never cry?





Forgive Me

To my friends:

Forgive me - if I ignored you when you needed my help
Forgive me - If I gave you advice when all you wanted was
for me to listen

Forgive me - If I laughed at your expense
Forgive me - If I gave away your secrets
Forgive me - If I spoke behind your back
Forgive me - If I took advantage of you

To my family:

Forgive me - If I made you angry, especially on purpose
Forgive me - If I took you for granted
Forgive me - If I made fun of your values
Forgive me - If I became angry when you tried to help me
Forgive me - If I am sometimes ashamed of you
Forgive me - If I forget that everyone needs both privacy and
freedom

To my fellow human beings:

Forgive me - If I did not defend you when I was called upon
Forgive me - If I lacked the courage of my convictions
Forgive me - If I did not keep my promises
Forgive me - If I forgot our common humanity

To myself:

If I did not pause to celebrate my gratitude for this life, If I
did not rest when I needed to rest, If I chose to lie to myself
instead of facing a difficult truth, if I did not take care of
myself, if I was not as true to my values as I knew I could be
- I need to forgive myself and go on.





Di Zun Vet Aruntergeyn

words by Moishe Leib Halpern,
music by Ben Yomen

Di zun vet aruntergeyn hintern barg,
Vet kumen a shtile di libe tsu geyn;
Vet kumen a shtile di libe tsu geyn
Tsum umet, vos zitst oyf a goldenem shteyn
Un veynt far zikh eynem aleyh,
Tsum umet, vos zitst oyf a goldenem shteyn
Un veynt far zikh eynem aleyh.

Di zun vet aruntergeyn hintern barg,
Vet kumen di goldene pave tsu flien;
Vet kumen di goldene pave tsu flien,
Vn mitnemen vet zi undz ale ahin,
Ahin vu di benkshaft vet tsien,
Un mitnemen vet zi undz ale ahin,
Ahin vu di benkshaft vet tsien.

Di zun vet aruntergeyn hintern barg,
Vet kumen di nakht un vet zingen lyu-lyu;
Vet kumen di nakht un vet zingen lyu-lyu
Griber di oym, vos faln shoyn tsu
Tsu shlofn in eybiker ru,
Ariber di oym, vos faln shoyn tsu
Tsu shlofn in eybiker ru

The sun will be setting behind the mountain,
In silence approaching then love will come softly;
In silence approaching then love will come softly
To sorrow, that sits on a golden stone
And weeps for itself all alone,
To sorrow, that sits on a golden stone
And weeps for itself all alone.

The sun will be setting behind the mountain,
Then the golden peacock will come flying;
Then the golden peacock will come flying
To carry us all over there where she's been,
Where our longing ushers us in,
To carry us all over there where she's been,
Where our longing ushers us in.

The sun will be setting behind the mountain,
Then night will be coming and singing lu-lu;
Then night will be coming and singing lu-lu
Over the eyes about to close
In sleep of eternal repose,
Over the eyes about to close
In sleep of eternal repose





Who By Fire

words and music by Leonard Cohen

And who by fire, who by water
Who in the sunshine, who in the night time
Who by high ordeal, who by common trial
Who in your merry merry month of may
Who by very slow decay
And who shall I say is calling?

And who in her lonely slip, who by barbiturate
Who in these realms of love, who by something blunt
Who by avalanche, who by powder
Who for his greed, who for his hunger
And who shall I say is calling?

And who by brave assent, who by accident
Who in solitude, who in this mirror
Who by his lady's command, who by his own hand
Who in mortal chains, who in power
And who shall I say is calling?





Harbstlid

words and music by
Beyle Schaechter-Gottesman

Autumn's here

And what was green is gold & withered
Autumn's here, the summer's at an end
I thought somehow that it would last forever
I thought I held forever in my hand

Oh, all the leaves are falling
Oh, the summer days are gone
Oh, the fog is in the valley

So how am I to know the road I'm on?

Birds are headed south outside my window
And the wind lets out a high & lonesome sigh
It whispers how it wishes it were somewhere
Far away where summer fills the sky

Oh, all the leaves are falling
Oh, the days all slip away
Oh, the fog is in the valley

How can November ever turn to May?

Rain beats down like racing wild horses
Falling to the ground so hard & cold
It asks me why I'm always waiting for the springtime
When fall is where the year spins all its gold

Oh, all the leaves are falling
Oh, it's darker everyday
Oh, the fog is all around me
So how am I to ever find my way?

Ze s'iz harbst

Un vos gegrint fargelt, farvyanet

Ze s'iz harbst

Un vos geblit fargeyt

Un ikh vos kh'hob gemeynt

S'iz shtendik friling

Un kh'halt in hant

Di gantse eybikeyt

Oho, falndike bleter!

Oho, fliyendike teg!

Oho, vi vel ikh itster blondzhen

Ven s'ligt gedikhter nepl

Af mayn veg

Krakn feygl, zogn troyerik:

zay gezunt dir!

Krekht in fentster

Un se klogt der vint

o, vi volt ikh itst avek fun danen

Tsun a breg

Vu nokh der friling grint

Oho, falndike bleter...

Flit der regn

A galop af vildn ferd!

Roymt mir ayn a sod:

Er hot mikh holt

tsu vos-zhe darftsu

Vartn afn friling

Az s'hot der osyen fule koyshns gold.

Oho, falndike bleter...





Kol Nidre

Kol Nidrey ve-esarey va-ha-ramey v'konamey v'hinu-
yey v'kinusey u-sh'vuot, di-n'darna u-d'ish-t'vana,

u-d'ah-rimna, v'di-asarna al naf-sha-tana mi-yom
kipurim sheh-avar ad yom kipurim zeh ha-ba aleynu
l'tovah, kol-hon ih-ratna v'hon, kol-hon y'hon sharan.

Sh'vikin, sh'vitin, b'teylin u-m'vutalin, la sh'ririn v'la ka-
yamin Nidrana la nidrey, ve-esarana la esarey, u-
sh'vuatana la sh'vuot.

All vows, oaths and promises which we made from last
Yom Kippur to this Yom Kippur and were not able to fulfill.

May we be forgiven of all such vows.

May we be absolved of them and released from them.

May these vows not be considered vows.

May these oaths not be considered oaths.

May these promises not be considered promises.





When I'm Gone

words and music by Phil Ochs

There's no place in this world where I'll belong when I'm gone
And I won't know the right from the wrong when I'm gone
And you won't find me singing on this song when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

And I won't feel the flowing of the time when I'm gone
All the pleasures of love will not be mine when I'm gone
My pen won't pour a lyric line when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

And I won't breathe the brandy air when I'm gone
And I can't even worry 'bout my cares when I'm gone
Won't be asked to do my share when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

And I won't be running from the rain when I'm gone
And I can't even suffer from the pain when I'm gone
There's nothing I can lose or I can gain when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

Won't see the golden of the sun when I'm gone
And the evenings and the mornings will be one when I'm gone
Can't be singing louder than the guns when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

All my days won't be dances of delight when I'm gone
And the sands will be shifting from my sight when I'm gone
Can't add my name into the fight when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.

And I won't be laughing at the lies when I'm gone
And I can't question how or when or why when I'm gone
Can't live proud enough to die when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here.





Atonement

Is this the fast I have chosen:

The day for people to afflict their souls?
Is it to bow down our heads as bulrushes,
And to spread sackcloth and ashes under us?
Will you call this a fast?

No, this is the fast I have chosen:

To loosen the fetters of evil,
To undo the bonds of the yoke
And to let the oppressed go free;
To break every yoke.

It is to give your bread to the hungry:

And to bring the outcast poor into your home.
When you see the naked, that you cover them
And not hide yourself from your own flesh.

Is not this the fast that I have chosen?





Dedication

This New Year, we dedicate ourselves:

To act, not merely to speak out

To raise our voices against all forms of
hatred, violence and brutality

To encompass the struggles of all the
oppressed as our own

To work towards positive political changes at
all levels of government

To make real and viable the social conscience
we have gleaned from our Jewish heritage

To ensure that our society becomes more
caring, community-oriented and pluralistic





Volt Ikh Gehat Koyekh

traditional, words adapted
by Adrienne Cooper

Volt ikh gehat koyekh
Volt ikh gelofn in di gasn
Volt ikh geshrign sholem
Sholem, sholem, sholem

If my voice were louder
If my body stronger
I would tear through the streets
Crying peace, peace, peace

