

UNITED JEWISH PEOPLE'S ORDER PRESENTS

ROSH HASHONAH & YOM KIPPUR

SEP 23, 10:30 AM

OCT 1, 7:30 PM



**In-person
and online**

**Society Clubhouse
967 College St, Toronto**

CREATION & DESTRUCTION

5786 / 2025



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





Arbeter Froyen/Working Women

words & music by David Edelstadt, Adrienne Cooper,
Daniel Khan

Arbeter froyen, laydende froyen!
Froyen, vos shmakh'tn in hoyz un fabrik
Vos shteyt ir fun vaytn? vos helft ir nit boyen
Dem templ fun frayhayt, fun mentshlekhn glik?

Helft undz trogn dem baner dem roytn
Forverts, durkh shturem, durkh finstere nekht!
Helft undz vorhayt un likht tsu farshpreytn,
Tsvishn umvisende, elente knekht!

Arbeter froyen, hard-working women
Women who labor in fact'ries & homes
Join in the fight, for it's only beginning
And no one should stand in the struggle alone

Let us all carry the red flag together
Weathering storms in the dark of the night
Building a temple of freedom forever
Helping each other to carry the light

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

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

So many sisters, daughters & mothers
Have given their lives for the things they believe
Mighty as lions they fight for each other
For freedom & justice & equality

We'll carry the banner as sisters & brothers
Waking the world to the light of the day
As friends & companions, as comrades & lovers
Arbeter froyen, show us the way





Reflections

We Pay Homage

To those who came before us, including the founders of our organization, the tireless activists, poets, thinkers and unionists 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 of our youth, in the beauty and promise of our babies and children, in their limitless energy and potential.

We find inspiration

In our movement partners, who work tirelessly alongside us, who share the struggle with us, who return to the work again and again.

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, though music, art and the fostering of communal joy, is essential to creating a bessere velt, 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 varheyt 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 bafraien
Tsu bafraien 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 or the stresses of
daily life

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 inherits ways of seeing
without listening for new perspectives and
ideas

Can't unlearn and then see anew

The person who knows of oppression but does
not act

Knows but does not really know





Changes

words and music by Phil Ochs

Sit by my side, come as close as the air,
Share in a memory of gray,
And wander in my words,
Dream about the pictures that I play
Of changes.

Green leaves of summer, turn red in the fall
To brown and to yellow they fade,
And then they have to die,
Trapped within the circle time parade,
Of changes.

Scenes of my young years were warm in my mind,
Visions of shadows that shine,
'Til one day I returned,
And found they were the victims of the vines,
Of changes.

The world's spinning madly, it drifts in the dark,
Swings through a hollow of haze,
A race around the stars,
A journey through the universe ablaze,
With changes.

Moments of magic will glow in the night,
All fears of the forest are gone,
But when the morning breaks,
They're swept away by golden drops of dawn,
Of changes.

Passions will part, to a strange melody,
As fires will sometimes burn cold,
Like petals in the wind, we're
Puppets to the silver strings of souls,
Of changes.

Your tears will be trembling, now we're somewhere else,
One last cup of wine we will pour,
And I'll kiss you one more time
And leave you on the rolling river shores,
Of changes.





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)

*Dedicated to the Toronto Community Justice Fund





Banks of Marble

words and music by Les Rice

I've travelled around this country
From shore to shining shore
It really made me wonder
The things I heard and saw

I saw the weary farmer
A-plowing sod and loam
I heard the auction hammer
Just a-knocking down his home

[Chorus]

But the banks are made of marble
With a guard at every door
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
That the farmer sweated for

I've seen the sailor standing
Idly by the shore
And I heard their bosses sayin'
"Got no work for you no more."

[Chorus]

I've seen the weary miner
Scrubbing coal dust from their back
And I've heard their children cryin'
Got no coal to heat the shack

[Chorus]

I've seen the people working
Throughout this mighty land
I've prayed we'd get together
And together make a stand

Then we'll own those banks of marble
With a guard at every door
And we'll share those vaults of silver
That we have sweated for





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.





Many Flames One Fire

lyrics and music by Sarena Sairan & David Wall

Many Flames One Fire
Many Flames One Fire
So many voices in our choir
So many voices in our choir

We've come so far
Here is where we are
In hope we unite
With strength, song and Yiddishkayt

Many Flames One Fire
(Alzo mutik in di reyen)
Many Flames One Fire
(Tsu bafrayen un banayen)
So many voices in our choir
(Tsu bafrayen un banayen)
So many voices in our choir

With hands, hearts and minds
We repair through time
We tear down and we disrupt
Then build a new world from ground up

Li li li li...

Many Flames One Fire
(Alzo mutik in di reyen)
Many Flames One Fire
(Tsu bafrayen un banayen)
So many voices in our choir
(So many voices in our choir)
So many voices in our choir

(Repeat chorus...)





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





Nisht (Not)

Poem: Zackary Sholem Berger; music: Josh Waletzky

nisht zeyer toyt vet mekhaye zayn di toyte.
nisht zeyer hunger iz undzer broyt.
mern zeyere trern vet nor trern mern.
blut iz royt. iz royt.

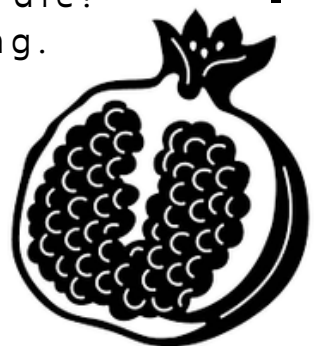
der sharbn afn vaser. dos kind gekept –
dos kind unter khurves. hot koym gelebt.
der gekhapter otem fun yid un goy
luftert nisht keynems noyt.

ikh zits un shrayb, os nokh os.
yiesh iz gornisht. ekhye? omus?
nisht zeyer tseshterung hot ufgeboyt.
toyt iz toyt.

Their death will not revive the dead.
Their hunger is not our bread.
Multiplying their tears will only mean
more tears.
Blood is red. Is red.

“The skull upon the water...” *
The child put to death –
the child under rubble. Lived hardly at all.
The breath taken from Jew and non-Jew
does not breathe sustenance into anyone.

I sit and write, letter after letter.
Despair is nothing next to “Will I live or die?”
Their destruction has not built a thing.
Dead is dead.





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 was careless with consumerism
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.





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





I'll Still Amplify

words by Sarena Sairan

What happened to us/and all that we lost
This is the cost the price we pay

What happened to you/after all you've been through
You've gone too far and lost your way

If I must die
it's more blood on your hands
If I survive
I'll be making demands

Too many have died
Now your legacy's tied
We're seven generations deep

The pain and the shame
The land that you claim
The side of history you keep

If I must die
I will still amplify
If I survive
I'll repair what you deny

If I must die
Would your silence still hide
If I survive
I'll put truth where you lie

If I must die

If I must die





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?





El Nora 'Alila

poem from Sephardic and Mizrahi Yom Kippur liturgy

El nora 'alila, El nora 'alila,
Ham'tzi lanu mechila, bish'at hane'ila. (x2)

Metei mispar k'ru'im, lecha 'ayin nos'im,
um'salDIM bechila, bish'at hane'ila.

Shofchim lecha nafsham, meche pish'am
vechachsham,
veham'tzi'em m'chila, bish'at hane'ila.

El nora 'alila, El nora 'alila,
Ham'tzi lanu mechila, bish'at hane'ila. (x2)

Heye lahem lesitra, vehatzilem mim'era,
vechotmem lehod ul'gila, bish'at hane'ila.

Z'chor tzidkat avihem, vechadesh et yemeihem,
kekedem ut'chila, bish'at hane'ila.

El nora 'alila, El nora 'alila,
Ham'tzi lanu mechila, bish'at hane'ila. (x2)

Source of Stories
Source of Might
May we find our way back home
Before the gate is locked tonight

We raise our eyes
To the great height
Our songs plead for life
Before the gate is locked tonight

Pouring out our soul
We hope our sentence will be light
May we be pardoned and begin again
Before the gate is locked tonight

Ancestral legacy sustains us
Every day and night
Let this new year renew us
Before the gate is locked tonight

Come Archangels, bless us left and right
Michael and Gabriel, Elijah-
Open redemption's door
Before the gate is locked tonight





Dedication

This New Year, we dedicate ourselves:

To act, not merely to speak out - even when
it is inconvenient or difficult

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

To encompass the struggles of all the
oppressed as our own

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

To make space for a more just world, by
remaining open to change, and dismantling
what is unjust

To build the communities we want to live in,
ones that are more caring, community-
oriented and pluralistic





The Future's Here

words and music by Sarena Sairan

Blood's thicker than water
Blood's thicker than the sea
There's a river between us
That wants to run free

Stomach's are empty
Heart's are heavy as stone
There's blood in the flour
Broken bread and broken bones

Not in our name
We'll never be the same
The future's here, from far and near
We are the change

They've been coming to get you
Now they're coming after me
The river it widens
Till there's nowhere left to be

I don't want to believe it
I don't want it to be true
What they're ready to justify
And what they're willing to do

Not in our name
We'll never be the same
The future's here, from far and near
We are the change

