

Shabbat Korach (almost) July 4th

מה טובו אהליך יַעֲקֹב, מִשְׁכְּנֹתֶיךָ יִשְׂרָאֵל.
וְאֲנִי בְּרַב חֶסֶדְךָ אָבוֹא בֵּיתְךָ

*Mah tovu ohalecha Ya'akov, mish'k'notecha Yisra'eyl.
Va'ani b'rov chas'd'cha, avo betecha.*

How good are your tents, Jacob; your Divine dwelling places, Israel. (Numbers 24:5)
By your grace, I will enter your house. (Psalm 5:8)

הַרְחִיבִי מְקוֹם אֹהֶלְךָ

Harchivi m'kom ohalech (Isaiah 54:2)

Enlarge the place of your tent.

עֲזִי וְזִמְרַת יְהוָה וַיְהִי לִי לְיִשׁוּעָה

Ozi v'Zimrat Yah Vayahi li lishuah (Psalm 118:14 and Exodus 15:2)

My Strength (balanced) with the Song of God will be my salvation

אֹר חָדָשׁ עַל צִיּוֹן תִּאִיר, וְנִזְכֶּה כָּלֵנוּ מִהַרָּה לְאוֹרוֹ

Or Chadash al Tzion ta-ir, v'nizkeh chulanu m'hayra l'oro (Liturgy)

Shine a New Light on Zion, and may all of us soon be worthy of enlightenment.

Ahavah rabbah ahavtanu

with boundless love You have loved us

Shma yisra'el havaya/adonai elohainu havaya/adonai echad

Listen! you who struggle with the Infinite, that which is possibility and becoming,
that is our God which is one

זָרַח בַּחֹשֶׁךְ אֹר לַיְשָׁרִים חֲנוּן וְרַחוּם וְצַדִּיק
Zarach BaChoshech Or LaY'sharim, Chanun v'Rachum v'Tzadik (Psalm 112:4)
Even in the darkness a light shines for the upright, gracious, compassionate and just.

From "Let America Be America Again"

[Langston Hughes](#) - 1902-1967

Let America be America again.
Let it be the dream it used to be.
Let it be the pioneer on the plain
Seeking a home where he himself is free.
(America never was America to me.)

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed—
Let it be that great strong land of love
Where never kings connive nor tyrants scheme
That any man be crushed by one above.
(It never was America to me.)

O, let my land be a land where Liberty
Is crowned with no false patriotic wreath,
But opportunity is real, and life is free,
Equality is in the air we breathe.
(There's never been equality for me,
Nor freedom in this "homeland of the free.")

O, let America be America again—
The land that never has been yet—
And yet must be—the land where *every* (one) is free.
The land that's mine—the poor (one)'s, Indian's, Negro's, ME—
Who made America,
Whose sweat and blood, whose faith and pain,
Whose hand at the foundry, whose plow in the rain,
Must bring back our mighty dream again.
Sure, call me any ugly name you choose—
The steel of freedom does not stain.
From those who live like leeches on the people's lives,

We must take back our land again,
America!

O, yes,
I say it plain,
America never was America to me,
And yet I swear this oath—
America will be!
Out of the rack and ruin of our gangster death,
The rape and rot of graft, and stealth, and lies,
We, the people, must redeem
The land, the mines, the plants, the rivers.
The mountains and the endless plain—
All, all the stretch of these great green states—
And make America again!

עֲבְרוּ עֲבְרוּ בַּשְּׁעָרִים פָּנּוּ דְרֶךְ הָעָם

Ivru, ivru ba'sh'arim, panu derech ha'am. (Isaiah 62:10)
Go through, go through the gates, clear the way of the people!

El na refa na la

Heal our bodies, Open our hearts
Awaken our minds

Sheckinah

(English and music R' Aryeh Hirschfield z'l)

Kaddish

לְתַקֵּן עוֹלָם בְּמַלְכוּת שַׁדַּי

L'takayn Olam b'malchut Shaddai

Healing the World through the Majesty of Nurture (Alaynu)