



## Light These Lights *Debbie Friedman*

Oh hear our prayer we sing to You.  
 Be gracious to the ones we love,  
 And bless them with goodness, and mercy and  
 peace.  
 Oh hear our prayer to You.  
 Let us light these lights and see the way to You,  
 And let us say: Amen.  
 Let us light these lights and see the way to You,  
 And let us say: Amen.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו, וְצִוָּנוּ  
 לְהַדְלִיק נֵר שֶׁל שַׁבָּת.

*Baruch atah, Adonai Eloheinu, Melech haolam, asher kid'shanu b'mitzvotav, v'tzivanu  
 l'hadlik ner shel Shabbat.*

## Roll Into Dark *Noam Katz*

Roll into dark, roll into light,  
 Night becomes day, day turns to night.  
 גּוֹלֵיל אוֹר מִפְּנֵי חֹשֶׁךְ *Goleil or mip-nei cho-shech*  
 וְחֹשֶׁךְ מִפְּנֵי אוֹר *V'cho-shech mip-nei or*



# The Last Butterfly

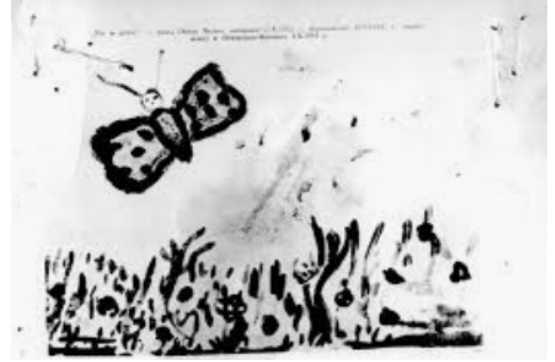
*Text: Pavel Friedman, 1942, died at Terezin camp at age 14*

*Music: Lisa Glatzer Shenson*

The last, the very last  
So richly, brightly, dazzling yellow.  
Perhaps if the sun's tears could sing against a white  
stone.



Such, such a yellow is  
carried lightly way up high.  
It went away, I'm sure, because it wished to kiss the world  
goodbye.



The last, the very last  
So richly, brightly, dazzling yellow.  
Perhaps if the sun's tears could sing against a  
white stone.



For seven weeks I've lived in here, pent up inside  
this ghetto  
But I have found my people here.  
The dandelions call to me  
And the white chestnut candles in the court,  
Only I never saw another butterfly.

The last, the very last  
So richly, brightly, dazzling yellow.  
Perhaps if the sun's tears could sing against a white  
stone.

That butterfly was the last one,  
Butterflies don't live in here.

