

Will Their Children Light the Candles

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*As my children light the candles
On Chanukah tonight
I watch their faces shining
In the old menorah's light
And I wonder if for them these lights
Will keep their magic glow
And I ask myself a question
Whose answer I would give the world to know –*

Will their children light the candles
Will they watch them with delight
Will they see their quiet splendour
As they shine there in the night
Will they tell the ancient story
Of this time, long ago
Will they see Maccabees and miracles
In the candles' gentle glow.

Will their children light the candles
Will they make their *dreydls* spin
Will they know what all the letters mean
Nun, gimel, hey and shin
Will they sing the ancient melodies
Will they say the ancient prayers
Will their children light the candles
And know that they are theirs?

Will their children light the candles
Will they lead Jewish lives
Will they marry Jewish husbands
Will they marry Jewish wives
Or will they look on, puzzled
And wonder, "Why the fuss?
"What on earth is Chanukah
"What's it got to do with us?"

Will they know a *bis!* Yiddish
And the Old World it evokes
Will they get the bitter irony
Will they understand the jokes?
Will they feel the joys and sorrows
That every Jew has known
Will their children light the candles
And know them for their own?

Will they know that being Jewish
Is to be chosen and to choose
To be apart and separate–
To be "other," to be Jews
Will they know this is our glory
Our fate, our doom, our pride
Will their children light the candles
That make them sanctified?

Will their children light the candles
When all is said and done
Or will 10,000 generations
Be lost in just their one?