

Khagim uZmanim

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With thanks to the Copper Family

*The time passes onward, the years circle round
With feasts, fasts, and festivals each season is crowned
They join past and present, bring distant lands near
Unite friends and families as year follows year—*

In autumn when *Tishrei*'s new moon is a gleam
Rosh HaShana begins the *yamim nora'im*
Shana tova tikateyvu, good wishes abound
While apple and honey go cheerfully round.

Soon *t'kiya!* will sound as **Yom Kippur** begins
The Day of Atonement, forgiveness from sins
The solemn *Kol Nidre*, the *shofar*'s loud blast
The Book of Life sealed as the judgment is passed.

*Yom, layla, shavua, shavua, shanim
Yom tovim, khagim uzmanim.*

Just after *Yom Kippur*, **sukkot** can be seen
In backyards and laneways, their roofs topped with green
We welcome *ushpizin*—in Hebrew, *orkhim*
Shake *etrog* and *lulav*—the *arba minim*.

On **Shmini Atzeret**, we leave the *sukkah*
In time to rejoice upon **Simkhat Torah**
Read the last of *Dvarim* and the first of *Breyshit*
Then dance with the *Torah*—its cycle complete.

When freezing winds blow through the long winter's night
The candles of **Chanukah** shed a sweet light
As frost nips the air and snow covers the ground
We eat golden *latkes* and *dreydl*s spin round.

*Yom, layla, shavua, shavua, shanim
Yom tovim, khagim uzmanim.*

More bleak winter days when the fields and lakes freeze
Then comes **Tu biShvat**, the New Year of the Trees
Dried figs, dates, and raisins midst winter's dark gloom
Remind us in Israel, the almond's in bloom.

Then **Purim**, and Esther saves all of the Jews—
And with Mordechai evil Haman subdues
Megilla and *gragars* and costumes and fun
We eat *homentashn*—prune filling or *mohn*.

At last winter's over and springtime draws near
We clean out our *chometz* for **Peysakh** is here

Haroset, maror, karpas, zroah, matzah
We sing through the *seder* right to *Chad Gadya*.

Yom, layla, shavua, shavua, shanim
Yom tovim, khagim uzmanim.

The **Omer** begins when the *seders* are done
Then it's forty-nine days to the sixth of *Sivan*
No weddings, bar mitzvahs, or such revelry
Except **Lag Ba'Omer** (that's day thirty-three).

Shavuot is one of the *shlosh regalim*
To the Temple they came with the first *bikurim*
Today we eat cheesecake and blintzes likewise
Then read from the Sages from dusk till sunrise.

We grieve for Jerusalem on **Tisha B'av**
The day of deep mourning all others above
Our sad lamentations the centuries cross
For the Temple's destruction, and exile and loss.

Yom, layla, shavua, shavua, shanim
Yom tovim, khagim uzmanim.

But hope for the new year becomes our refrain
For now **Rosh Hashana** comes round once again
Another year ended, another begun
The cycle starts over – but my song is done.

Yom, layla, shavua, shavua, shanim
Yom tovim, khagim uzmanim
Yom, layla, shavua, shavua, shanim
Yom tovim, khagim uzmanim.