

## Door Step Opera – Va Pensiero – Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves

Let our thoughts fly on swift golden arrows,  
On those soft velvet hills make their dwelling.  
Every breath, every fragrance is telling  
of our longing for the land of our birth.  
By the lake in a carpet of flowers,  
Where the waters of Jordan rush through the narrows,  
In the shade of Jerusalem's towers  
I remember my dear native earth.  
Now our harps' golden strings are not playing  
and our music is silent and muted.  
But our songs should proclaim the uprooted,  
Must for ever remember their home.  
But in Zion the wild dogs are baying,  
In a howl of despair for our nation.  
Lord, give ear to our loud lamentation,  
Let thy people not suffer alone,  
Let thy people not suffer alone,  
Let thy people not suffer alone.  
Do not leave us alone