Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves

Cantabile sotto voce

Let our thoughts fly on swift golden arrows, on those soft velvet hills make their dwelling. Ev’ry breath, ev’ry 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

harps’ golden strings are not playing and our music is silent and muted. But our songs should proclaim the rooted, must forever 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. Do not leave us alone.