Hymn of Glory - שִׁיר הַכָּבוֹד

אַנְעִים זְמִירוֹת / וְשִׁירִים אֶאֶרוֹג, כִּי אֵלֵיךְ / נַפִּשִׁי תַעַרוֹג.

I sing hymns and compose songs because my soul longs for You

נַפְשִׁי חָמְדָה בְּצֵל יָדֶךְ, לָדַעַת כָּל רָז סוֹדֶךְ.

My soul desired the protective shade of Your hand, to know all Your mystery

מָבֵּי דַבְּרִי בִּכְבוֹדֶךְ, הוֹמֶה לִבִּי אֵל דּוֹדֶיךְ.

Whenever I speak of Your glory, my heart yearns after Your love

עַל כֵּן אֲדַבֵּר בְּךָ נִכְבָּדוֹת, וְשִׁמְךְ אֲכַבֵּד בְּשִׁיֵרִי יְדִידוֹת. And so I speak about Your glories and honour Your name in love songs

אָסַפְּרָה כְבוּדְדּ / וְלֹא רָאִיתִידְּ, אַדַמָּדְ אָכַנְּדְ / וְלֹא יָדַעֹתִּידְ.

I talk about Your glory, though I have not seen You; I describe You, though I have not known You

בִּיַד נִבִיאֶיך בִּסוֹד עֲבָדֵיך, דִּמִּיתְ הֲדַר כִבוֹד הוֹדֶך.

By the hand of Your prophets, through Your servants' mystery, You gave a glimpse of your glorious majesty

כֹּנוּ לְתְּלֵף / פִּעָלְתֶּך.גְּרַנְּתֶּךְ.

Recounting Your greatness and Your power, from the display of Your mighty works

דִּמוּ אוֹתְדְּ וְלֹא כְפִי יֶשְׁדְ, וַיְשַׁוְּוּדְ לְפִי מַעֲשֶׂידְ.

They imagined You, but not as You really are; they pictured You in accordance with Your deeds

הִמְשִׁילְוּךְ / בְּרוֹב חֶזְיוֹנוֹת, הַנְּךְ אֶחְד / בְּכְל דִמְיוֹנוֹת.

They depicted You in countless visions; yet You are One in all the imagery

ַניֶּחֶזוּ בְדְ זִקְנָה וּבַחֲרוּת, וּשְׂעַר רֹאשְׁךְ בְּשֵׂיבָה וְשַׁחֲרוּת.

They looked at You as both aged and youthful, with the hair of Your head now grey, now black

זִקְנָה בִּיוֹם דִין / וּבַחֲרוּת בִּיוֹם קְרָב, בָּאִישׁ מִלְחַמוֹת / יַדִיו לוֹ רַב.

Aged on the day of judgement, youthful in time of war; as a warrior with mighty hands

ּחָבַשׁ כְּוֹבַע יִשׁוּעָה בִּרֹאשוֹ, הוֹשִׁיעָה לּוֹ יִמִינוֹ וּזִרְוֹעַ קְּדְשׁוֹ.

Triumph like a helmet was worn on God's head, God's right hand and holy arm achieved great victory

טַלְלֵי אוֹרוֹת / רֹאשוֹ נִמְלַא, קָנְצוֹתְיוּ / רְסִימֵי לַיִּלָה.

With sparkling dew God's head is covered, God's locks are filled with fragments of the night

יִתפָּאֵר בִּי כִּי חָפֵץ בִּי, וְהוּא יִהְיֵה לִי לַעֲטֶרֶת צְבִי.

God glories in me, for God delights in me; and will ever be my crown of beauty

בֶּתָם טַהוֹר פַּז / דְמוּת רֹאשוֹ, ּוָחַק עַל מֵצַח / כִּבוֹד שֵׁם קַּדִשׁוֹ.

God's head is like pure fine gold, on Whose forehead is engraved the holy divine name

לְחֵן וּלְכָבוֹד צְבִי תִפְּאָרָה, אֻפְּתוֹ לוֹ עִשְיְרָה עֲטָרָה. For grace and glory, for beauty and splendour, God's people have adorned God with a crown

מַחִלְפוֹת רֹאשוֹ / כִּבִימֵי בִחְרוֹת, קָּוָצוֹתַיוּ / תַּלְתַּלִּים שָׁחוֹרוֹת.

The locks of God's head are like those of a youth; tresses flowing like black ringlets

ָנָוָה הַצֵּדֵק צָבִי תִפָּאַרִתּוֹ, יַעֲלֶה נָא עַל רֹאש שִׁמְחָתוֹ.

May the splendid Temple of righteousness rise up as God's highest joy

ּסָגַלַּתוֹ תִּהִי / בְיָדוֹ אֲטֶרֶת. וּצְנִיף מֶלוּכָה / צְבִי תְפָאֵרֶת.

May the treasured people be a crown in God's hand; a royal diadem of glorious beauty

ּצְמוּסִים נְשָׂאָם עֲטֶרֶת עִנְּדָם, מֵאֲשֶׁר יָקְרוּ בְעֵינִיו כִּבְּדָם.

Carried, lifted up and crowned by God, So precious, they were greatly honoured

פְּאֵרוֹ עָלַי / וּפְאֵרִי עָלָיוּ, וְקָרוֹב אֵלַי / בְּקָרְאִי אֵלְיוּ.

God's glory rests on me and my glory rests on God, Who is so close to me whenever I call

צַח וְאָדוֹם לְלְבוּשׁוֹ אָדוֹם, פּוּרֶה בִּדְרְכוֹ בִּבוֹאוֹ מֵאֵדוֹם.

God is dazzling and ruddy with clothes that are red, as if coming from treading the winepress in Edom

The knot of God's tefillin were shown to humble Moses, A likeness of God before his eyes

God delights in the people of Israel, and glorifies the humble; enthroned on and glorified by their praises

Your first word, Your call to every age is true; O seek out Your people who seek only You.

שִׁית הַמוֹן שִׁירֵי נָא עָלֶידְ, וְרִנָּתִי תִּקְרַב אֵלֶידְ.

Set my many songs before You; May my joyous cry come close to You

ּתְּהִלְּתִי / תְּהִי לְרֹאשׁךּ עֲטֶרֶת. וּתְפִּלְתִי / תִּכּוֹן קְטְׂרֶת.

May my praises be a crown for Your head, and my prayers rise like incense before You

ּתִּיקֵר שִׁירַת רָשׁ בְּעֵינֶיךְ, כַּשִּׁיר יוּשַׁר עַל קְרְבָּנֶיךְ.

Let the poor man's song be precious in Your eyes, like the song that was sung at Your offerings (in the Temple)

בּרְכָתִי תַּעְּלֶה \ לְרֹאשׁ מַשְּבִּיר, מָחוֹלֵל וּמוֹלִיד \ צַדִּיק כַּבִּיר.

May my blessings rise to the Chief Provider, Who creates and produces and is righteous and mighty

וּבְבָרְכָתִי תִנַעֲנַע לִי רֹאשׁ, וְאוֹתָהּ קַח לְךְ כִּבְשָׂמִים רֹאשׁ.

As for my blessings, nod Your head in approval, and accept it as the choicest of incense

ָיֶעֲרַב נָא \ שִׂיחִי עָלֶיךְּ. כִּי נַפִּשִׁי \ תַעֵּרוֹג אֵלֵיךְּ.

May my meditation be sweet to You, for my soul is yearning for You

לְדְּ יִי הַגְֻּּדְלָּה וְהַגְּבוּרָה וְהַתִּפְאֶרֶת וְהַבֵּצֵח וְהַהוֹד, כִּי כֹל בַּשָּׁמַיִם וּבָאָרֶץ, לְדְ יִי הַמַּמְלְכָה, וְהַמִּתְנַשֵּׂא לְכֹל לְרֹאשׁ.

Yours, Adonai, is the greatness, the power, the glory, the pre-eminence and the majesty
And all that is in heaven and on earth; Yours Adonai, is the kingdom, and You are exalted as the Head of all

מִי יְמַלֵּל / גְּבוּרוֹת יי יַשִּׁמְיעַ / כָּל תִּהִלָּתוֹ.

Who can tell of the mighty acts of God, or sufficiently proclaim God's praise?