

Husband And Wife

(M. Martin/ B. T. Littrell/ K. Lundin/ Y.M. Golding/ C. Srulowitz)

Walking to the *chupa*
As *chosson* and *kallah*, alright!
It took five months of waiting
To be finally ready for this night.
Music and flowers, everything feels right.

All those people came to see, came to see,
The wedding night that made it all reality.
The *chosson* says "*Harei Aht Mekudeshes Li*"
And that makes them husband and wife.

Looking at the crowd
All dancing in the hall, c'mon!
Wishing that the guests are
All having a ball, c'mon!
Hear the glass shatter, shout "*Mazel Tov...*"
(*All those people...*)

I Wanna Hold my Land

(J. Lennon/ P. McCartney/ G. Veroba)

Oh, Yasir, I'll tell you somethin'
I doubt you'll understand.
My home's *Yerushalayim*
I wanna hold my land.

I wanna hold my land
Don't wanna lose my land.

Oh, please, say to me
You'll take back your demand.
Then please let me be,
I wanna hold my land.

I wanna hold my land
Don't wanna lose my land.

And when I shake your hand
I wonder inside.
It's such a feeling, I can't tell
What you hide, what you hide, what you hide.

Oh, please say to me,
Please say you'll understand,
My home's *Yerushalayim*
I wanna hold my land.

I wanna hold my land
Don't wanna lose my land.

Oh, Yasir is to me like Pharoah or Ha-man.
When he comes to me,
Unshaved and with a plan...

I wanna hold my land.
Don't wanna lose my land.
I wanna hold my land.

Od Yishoma

(R. Rosa/ D. Child/ D. Hamelech)

Candle in The Night

(E. John/ B. Taupin/ C. Srulowitz/ G. Veroba)

Goodbye, brother dear,
Though I never knew you so well,
You had a grace all to yourself,
That those around you felt.
We all stopped and listened.
When you whispered your melody,
You were my holy brother,
You were reaching out to me.

And it seems to me,
You lived your life like a candle in the night,
With the melodies and the stories
That still shine so bright.
And that's how we got to know you,
The sweetest of them all.
Your candle burns bright in our hearts,
a legend evermore.

Opened up your home and your heart
To all who came to see
The man who went around the world
And how the legend came to be.
You led your people singing
And, to this day, your songs don't skip a beat
We see them as more than musical.
Mamash, "sweeter than the sweet."
(*And it seems to me...*)

Goodbye, brother dear,
Though I never knew you so well,
You had a grace all to yourself,
That those around you felt.
Goodbye, Rebbe Shlomo,
From the young and also from the old
Our children have learned to love you, too,
From the stories they've been told.
(*And it seems to me...*)

Masechta#5

(D. P. Prado/ L. Bega/ Zippy/ E. Rachaim/ G. Veroba)

1,2,3,4,5... the days go by but I still
must try
keeping up with the *daf* is too big a fight
My eyes just close when I learn at night

Early in the morning don't make it any
better

It all becomes a blur down to the last
letter

Zeraim, Moed, Nashim, Nezikin,
Kodshim, Taharos...

no time until the weekend!

But I can't give it up and not learn at all
That wouldn't be too good, I'd feel
pretty small.

So I try real hard and focus my attention,
Making sense of the Talmud's question.

A little bit o' *Brachos* in a *shiur*
A little bit o' *Shabbos* in a shul that's
near

A little *Menachos* on the phone
A little *Megillah* when I get home
A little bit o' *Basrah* works the brain
A little bit o' *Yuma* on the train
A little bit of Artscroll, CD-ROM
A little *Moed Katton*, then I'll move on.

Jump up and down, I completed the *blatt*
Shake my head in disbelief,
cause I seemed to learn a lot
It comes every day, all year long,
It brightens up my life and
makes my mind feel strong
I learn a *daf* once, I learned a *daf* twice,
I learned to be strict and it turned out
nice

A little bit o' *Taanis* in a *shiur*
A little bit o' *Kesubos* is good to hear
A little bit o' *Chulin*, so I'll know
A little *Baba Kama* and the rest will
flow

A little *Chagiga* seems enough
A little bit of *Eruvin* can be tough
A little *Sanhedrin* with my friend
We'll finish up with *Niddah*,
then we'll start again

A little bit o' *Brachos* in a *shiur*
A little bit o' *Shabbos* in a shul that's
near
A little *Menachos* on the phone
A little *Megillah* when I get home
A little bit o' *Basrah* works the brain
A little bit o' *Yuma* on the train
A little *Sanhedrin* with my friend
We'll finish up with *Niddah*, then we'll
start again

I am just like you,
got myself a job and a schedule, too.
You can run life on the fly.
Learn everyday, you'll find the time.

Everlasting Love

(B. Cason/ M. Gayden/ E. Rechaim/ G.Veroba)

We go astray, leaving faith when we go.
We turn away when Hashem we need you so.
Filled with regret, we come back, begging You,
“Forgive, forget. Where's the love we once knew?”

Open up your eyes, then we'll realize,
There you are with true everlasting love.
Need you by our side, take us all in stride,
Don't want to be denied everlasting love.
Give us a new start, open up our hearts,
Again to be a part of everlasting love.

We go astray, leaving faith when we go.
We turn away when Hashem we need you so.
Filled with regret, we come back. Yes, we do,
“Forgive, forget. Where's the love we once knew?”
(Open up our eyes...)

When we become good friends, our differences will end,
And so we will be sent everlasting love
Our nation will then shine, no longer will we pine
For just another sign of Your eternal love
When other loves are gone, ours will still be strong
We have our very own everlasting love

Homeward Bound

(P. Simon/ E. Rachaim)

I'm sittin' in the subway station,
Manhattan is my destination.
Traveling on that dirty train,
Each day I live is much the same.
And I think, "what can I gain,
Living in this endless game?"

Homeward bound,
I wish I was homeward bound.
Home to Yerushalayim,
Home, where my heart is lying,
Home, where my destiny waits silently for me

Every day's an endless stream
Of disappointment, broken dreams.
And each day looks the same to me,
Assembly lines and factories.
And every stranger's face I see
Reminds me that I long to be...
(*Homeward bound...*)

Tonight I'll sing sad songs again,
Lament this world of pretend.
And all my words come back to me,
This life of mediocrity.
Like emptiness and harmony,
I need Hashem to comfort me
(*Homeward bound...*)

In The Middle of the Night

(B. Joel/ E. Rachaim/ G. Veroba)

In the middle of the night
I awaken from my sleep,
From my comfy soft bed,
To the ice cold street.
The dispatcher said something,
Some kind of call with a code.
So I jumped out of bed,
Raced my car down the road.

And even though I know there'll be others
Racing to the scene and saving those lives,
I try to be the very first to respond
To the Hatzolah call,
So I can help 'em survive...

In the middle of the night.
Though I'm hoping for more sleep,
I'm too tired for fear.
I hold on to my dreams,
Cause I'm responding to something,
Something deep in my soul,
And now it's making me choose
A job that makes you feel whole

I don't know how I got stuck in this spot,
But I'm committed
And now I don't think anymore.
And so it won't take the rest of my life
Until I find what it is I've been living for.

In the middle of the night,
When a woman can't breathe,
The family's shaking in fright,
But all's fine when we leave.
And there's a man with some chest pain,
Something so undefined,
It can only be treated
By the deeds of the kind,
In the middle of the night.

I believe, with all the people we help,
That every *mitzvah* we do
Will always earn a reward.

But I won't even be waiting that long.
I just think of the people
And my faith is restored.

In the middle of the night,
I awaken from my sleep,
From my comfy soft bed,
To the ice cold street.
I use a hydrant for parking,
The other side of the road.
Got my siren and my lights,
And I'm ready to roll,
In the middle of the night
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The Greatest Gift Of All

(L. Creed/ M. Masser/ T. Shoshani)

I believe the children are our future.
Teach them well and let them lead the way,
Show them all the beauty they possess inside.
Give them a sense of pride to make it easier,
Let the children's laughter
remind us how it used to be.

I believe the children are our future.
Let them grow as each one finds his way,
Every child has something special deep inside.
Help him to feel that pride.
Treat him with tenderness,
Step-by-step and he will see,
This world is a safe place to be.

I believe that, long ago,
Hashem made plans for every soul.
Each *neshoma* can succeed,
It's special role has been decreed.
Loved and cherished,
Softly shown,
A gentle way that's all his own.
Because the greatest gift of all
Is the easiest to give.
Show them the joy they bring
Every moment that you live.

These are children searching for our true love,
Help them grow as each one find the way.
Every child has something special deep inside,
Help them to find a place filled with dignity.
See the smiling faces,
A dream fulfilled for you and me.
(I believe that long ago...)

Show them the magic
You bring to them each day.
Because the magic of HASC
Will always light the way.

Ain't Gonna Work When The Sun Goes Down

(K. Williams/ G. Brooks/ K. Blazy/ C. Srulowitz/G. Veroba)

One o'clock Friday noon,
Everybody's leaving soon.
Put the business stuff away,
Preparing for the holy day.
Finished all the memos,
say good-bye to clientele.
Activated voice-mail,
Does the job just as well,
Paper's in the fax machine,
Office, desk and floors are clean,
People running 'round,
Getting ready for the Shabbos Queen.

Two o'clock and work is ending,
Board meeting, not attending.
Market's up, your broker's waiting,
Tell him now you're finished trading.
Call the house, I won't be late
Picked up flowers on the way.
Close the office, lock the door,
go down to the first floor.
Drive the car, lift the gate,
Everything will have to wait.
You're finished for the week, now,
Sundown is at 6:08!

Ain't gonna work when the sun goes down,
Ain't giving in, my feet are on the ground.
Shabbos is here, don't wanna fool around,
Ain't gonna work when the sun goes down!

Ten to three, it doesn't matter,
Slow down on the corporate ladder.
Three o'clock, they come a-knocking,
Office closed, they find it shocking.
Must reschedule, not to worry,
Talk on Monday, got to hurry!
Four o'clock, I'll hit the highway,
Half and hour, in the driveway.
(*Ain't gonna work...*)

Eight o'clock, Shabbos Day,
A giant meal is on it's way.

Clean the house for special guests,
Dressed up in our Shabbos best.
Table-cloth, starched white cotton,
All your worries, just forgotten.
Time for family and friends,
Here we are again!
(*Ain't gonna work...*)