

THE JEWISH PEOPLE'S COUNCIL

TEL AVIV, 4TH IYAR 5708

13.5.1948

Dear Sir,

We are honored to invite you to be present at

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

On Friday, 5th Iyar 5708

(14.5.1948) at 4:00 p.m.

in Museum Hall (16 Rothschild Blvd)

**Please do not reveal the contents of this invitation
or when the Council will convene**

**Invitees are requested to arrive at the Hall
at 3:30 p.m.**

Yours sincerely

The Secretariat

Personal invitation

—

Formal attire

I Have No Other Home Land

Ehud Manor

Translated by Karen Alkalay-Gut

I have no other homeland
though my earth is aflame
a word in Hebrew alone
pierces through my veins to my soul -
with aching body, with hungry heart,
Here is my home.

I will not stay silent
that the face of my land has changed
I won't give up but keep reminding her --
singing in her ears
until she opens her eyes

I have no other country
though my land is burning
only a word in Hebrew
pierces my veins my soul -
with aching body, hungering in my heart,
this is my home.

I will not remain quiet
though the face of my land has changed
I won't stop reminding her --
singing in her ears
until she opens her eyes

I have no other country
until she renews her days of old
until she opens her eyes
I have no other country
though my land is burning
only a word in Hebrew
pierces my veins my soul -
with aching body, hungering in my heart,
this is my home.

Morning Song

Nathan Alterman

In the mountains the sun already flames,
And in the valley the dew sparkles still,
We love you, motherland,
With joy, with song and with toil.

From the slopes of the Lebanon to the Dead Sea
We will pass you with plows,
We shall plant for you and build for you,
And adorn you with beauty.

We'll dress you a gown of concrete and cement,
And we'll spread for you carpets of gardens,
Over the redeemed earth of your fields
The crops will jingle their bells.

The desert – we'll cut a road through it
The swamps – we'll dry them
What shall we give you more for glory and plenty,
What we haven't given yet – we will.

In the mountains, in the mountains our light has glowed,
To the top of the mountain we'll climb.
Yesterday was left behind us,
But to tomorrow the road is long.

If the road is hard and betraying,
If more than one will fall slain,
Forever we'll love you motherland
We are your in combat and in toil.

They Say there is a Land

Shaul Techernichovski

They say there is a land
Land flooded by the sun.
Where is that land?
Where is that sun?

They say there is a land
Seven are its pillars
Seven stars shine
Over every hill

Maybe it is no more.
For sure its glory is gone
For us, God did not
Commend anything.

Any one can enter
Meet a brother on arrival
Welcoming outstretched hands
Light and warmth enfolding

Where is that land
Where are those stars
Who will show us the road?
Who will lead the way?

Maybe it is no more.
For sure its glory is gone
For us, God did not
Commend anything.

We have traveled
Deserts and seas
We have walked,
Our strength is running out.

How could we go wrong?
Why can we not rest?
That sunny land
We never found

TO MY COUNTRY

Rachel

Translation: Robert Friend

I have not sung you, my country,
not brought glory to your name
with the great deeds of a hero
or the spoils a battle yields.
But on the shores of the Jordan
my hands have planted a tree,
and my feet have made a pathway
through your fields.

Modest are the gifts I bring you.
I know this, mother.
Modest, I know, the offerings
of your daughter:
Only an outburst of song
on a day when the light flares up,
only a silent tear
for your poverty.

We Do Not Need

Lyrics: Avi Koren

Music: Shmuel Imberman

Our eyes already dried of tears
And our mouth is mute of voice
What more shall we ask, tell us what more.
We had already asked for all.

Just give us rain on time
Spread flowers in the spring
Just let him come back home again
We really need no more.

We had already suffered a thousand bruises,
We buried deep inside, a sigh
Our eyes are dry of crying
Please tell us we had already passed the test

Just give us rain on time
Spread flowers in the spring
Just let her see him again
We really need no more.

We already covered a mound
and yet some more.
We had buried our heart among cypress,
The sigh will soon erupt.
Accept it for a personal prayer

Just give us rain on time
Spread flowers in the spring
Just let us see him again
We really need no more.

Tzion Tamati

Menahem Mendle Dolitzki

Tzion my innocent, Tzion my beloved
To you my soul yearns from afar.
Let my right hand forget her cunning,
if I forget thee my fair,
Until my grave, closes its mouth in me.