

Shema Yisrael

Yaakov Shwekey

Soprano

Am Am/G Am/F Esus4

Em Am Am/G

1. He raised his hand to wave good bye, saw the pain in

Am/F Esus4 Em

mo-ther's eyes, who left her litt-le pre-cious boy of four. In a

Am Am/G Am/F

ci-ta-del of ash-en stone, that preached a faith un-like his own, per-haps he just may

Esus4 Em G Am

yet sur-vive this war. In the sha-dows stood a man in black.

G Am

"My child," he said, "You must not look back."

G Fmaj7 Dm Am

Yet one i-mage lin-gered, the tears on her face, and mother's words

Am/F E Am Fmaj7

from their last em-brace. Ref.: She-ma, She-ma Yi-sra-el,

C G

know that there is but one God a-bove. When

Dm Am

you feel pain, when you re-joice, know how he longs to hear your voice, Ha-

The image shows a musical staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, rhythmic style. Above the staff, the following chords are indicated: G, Em, Am, Am/G, Am/F, and Esus4. Below the staff, the lyrics are written: 'shem E-lo-kei - nu, Ha - shem E - chad.' The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

1. He raised his hand to wave goodbye,
saw the pain in mother's eyes,
who left her little precious boy of four.
In a citadel of ashen stone,
that preached a faith unlike his own,
perhaps he just may yet survive this war.

In a shadows stood a man in black.
"My child," he said, "you must not look back."
Yet one image lingered, the tears on her face,
and mother's words from their last embrace.

Ref.: Shema, Shema Yisrael,
know that there is but one God above,
when you feel pain, when you rejoice,
know how he longs to hear your voice,
Hashem Elokeinu, Hashem Echad.

2. Deep within the iron gate,
far from the stench of war and hate,
he knew not of a world gone insane.
"You must believe us," he was told,
"our faith alone can save your soul,
please let us heal your wounds and ease your pain."

He tried not to forget his past, his home,
but he was so very young and all alone.
While visions of his shtetl, so vivid and clear,
began to fade, and all but disappeared.

Ref.:

3. The winds of war had finally passed,
one man took on a sacred task,
to bring the scattered Jewish children home.
He travelled far, from place to place,
a quest to reignite the faith
of those sent into hiding long ago.

He entered the fortress grey and cold,
"Your kind is not among us," he was told.
"Hashem above," he whispered, "please don't let me fail,"
as he began to sing Shema Yisrael.

Ref.: 2x