

## ANIM Z'MIROT/A HYMN OF GLORY

translated by Reb Zalman Schachter-Shalomi

I chant to please You, I weave You dear songs  
For You my soul yearns, For You she longs.  
Nestled in Your palm her love for You grows  
She will not rest until it's You she knows!  
I look for words to speak Your praises  
my heart to You its yearning raises.  
Therefore I will speak the virtues of Your Fame  
And garland with excellence the honor of Your Name.  
Though I do not see You, still I draw Your Face  
Portray Your features, name Your Place.  
Your prophets spoke, Your servants darkly knew  
In symbols and myths they referred to You.  
When describing your pow'r and declaring Your care  
Of Your awesome compassion they made us aware.  
Yet it is not Your Being that they could describe  
Only the way Your compassion touches our life.  
Countless their visions of Your mysterious feats  
In all their forms Your ONENess meets.  
They saw you Young, they saw You Old  
They saw You patient, They saw You bold.  
Ancient of Days Eternally Just  
Each moment our Helper in Whom we trust.  
Wearing Your helmet as hero to help us  
Your strong arm, Your right hand to save us.  
Your hair drenched with light drops, all shining with brilliance.  
Your Darkness is shelter, Your love in all radiance.  
How fair is Your kindness, how splendid Your sight  
May our song rise to crown You with endearing delight  
A jewel all golden Your image sends rays  
with t'fillin on forehead we follow Your ways.  
With grace and honor, all splendid in glory  
Your people sing loudly your triumphal story  
In words of young lovers they gaze at your visage  
the letters of Torah in black hold Your message.  
Justice Your mantle in balance with kindness  
This gives You pleasure delight and sublimeness.  
May we deserve to be scepter in Your regal hand  
A crimson royal cape, we Your loyal band.  
The burdened sufferers ,You sustained them with might  
How precious You held them, so dear to Your sight.  
Your glory my pride is, my delight for Your care  
So close You are, to answer my pray'r.

Your shining face illumines my days  
I am awed by the magic revealed in Your ways.  
To Moshe You showed Your Head-T'fillin's knot  
Your image was clear in his mind and his thought.  
Though humble Your folk, they are Your proud fame  
You'r enthroned on their praises, they honor Your Name.  
Truth is Your Word , enduring its worth  
From parent to child its message flows forth.  
I cannot sing your praises complete ,  
May those that I do sing and reach You be sweet.  
Like perfume and incense may my singing rise high  
A pean to crown You, a poor lover's sigh.  
My poor song devoid is of all artifice  
still this loving song is my best sacrifice.  
My blessings are lifting to rise to new heights,  
To make fertile the birth of the Tzaddik with might.  
And with with these blessings, these love words so fond.  
With a nod of Your head, I ask You :Respond.  
Regard please these poor words that I blush to recite  
My soul's ardent longing to give You delight.