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# MEMORIAL SERVICE,

12TH KISLEV, 5640, 27TH NOVEMBER, 1879.

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## DIRGE

TO BE CHANTED ON THE

EXPIRATION OF THE ELEVEN MONTHS OF  
MOURNING

FOR THE LATE LAMENTED

REVEREND DR. BENJAMIN ARTOM,

*Chief Rabbi of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews of England.*

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COMPOSED BY THE LATE

REV. DAVID MELDOLA,

FOR A SIMILAR OCCASION, 19TH IYAR, 5589—22ND MAY, 1829,

IN MEMORY OF HIS FATHER,

THE REV. HAHAM RAPHAEL MELDOLA.

THE METRICAL VERSION BY THE REV. A. P. MENDES.

—  
1879.



1.

נָרִים בְּקוֹל בְּכִיָּה הוּיָהּ ! בְּלָנוּ  
כִּי נֶאֱסַף צַדִּיק הַדֶּרֶת דּוֹרָנוּ •  
הַיּוֹם עֲוֹנָנוּ הוּיָהּ ! עָנּוּ בָּנוּ •  
עַל שְׂמֹמֹת קָדֵשׁ מְעוֹז רֵאשֵׁנוּ :

2.

אוּי ! בְּשִׁעָרִים שְׁוַעְתָּם יִצְעֲקוּ •  
בּוֹכִים בְּמַר שִׁיחַ אֶל רוּם שָׁמַיִם •  
גַּם שִׁעָרַי אֹזְרָה שֵׁם חֵיל יִנְאָקוּ •  
אֵיךְ לַעֲזֹב הַיּוֹם מֵאִיר עֲנָיִם :

3.

לֹא לְאֲבִידָה מִסֶּפֶד מֵר נִשְׁמִיעַ •  
לְאֹבְדִים אֹתָהּ יִגְדַּל הַשָּׁבֵר •  
כִּי הוּא לְכֹל שׂוֹאֵל דָּת וְדִין הַשְּׁמִיעַ •  
הֵן אֲבִידָה אֶרֶץ מְשׁוּשׁ כֹּל גִּבֹּר :

4.

אוּר הָאֲמֶת נִעְדָּר כִּי חֲשָׁךְ מָנוּ •  
שֶׁר הַתְּעוּדָה כֹּל סְתוּם הוֹדִיעַ •  
גְּדוֹל וְרֵם וְחֶכֶם וְדִיִּן מוֹרְנוּ •  
הַרְבַּ בְּמִלְאָף הוּא שׁוֹכֵן רְמִיעַ :

## 1.

WE weep, we raise our voices sad on high,  
 For God hath called our Leader from our side.  
 Alas! this day our sins must testify  
 Against a people wayward; for our pride  
 Is humbled; through the mist of falling tears,  
 All desolate our holy place appears.

## 2.

Within our "gate"<sup>1</sup> is heard the voice of woe,  
 All, weeping bitterly, to "Heaven" pray.  
 The "Gates of Light"<sup>2</sup>—their lofty heads brought low—  
 In anguish groan.—"Ah! where is he?" they say,  
 His age's ornament—his people's pride,  
 The Guardian of the "Tree of life,"<sup>3</sup> our Guide.

## 3.

Yet not for him we wail, who hath but left  
 This world to find reward beyond the grave:  
 We weep for those by this sad loss bereft;  
 For those to whom he law and counsel gave.  
 For *them* we weep—our eyes with tears are dim—  
 The chief of human joys is lost in him.

## 4.

The light of Truth has waned, for from our sight  
 Has passed the Chief who hidden truth disclosed;  
 The Great—the High—the Sage—the Judge—the Light,  
 In whom the wisdom of old days reposed,  
 The Guide, that like the Angel from above,  
 Our path directed by the Law of love.

<sup>1</sup> Gates of Heaven—the title of the Congregation.

<sup>2</sup> The title of the Orphan Asylum.

<sup>3</sup> The title of the Beth Hamedrash.

