From the composer:

The following letter was received from Daniel Pearl's father, Judea Pearl:

Seven years have passed since that incomprehensible day when my son, Danny, was abducted and murdered in Karachi. In those seven years I have watched horrible scenes on television, I have visited dozens of Jihadi websites, I spoke to presidents, ministers, authors and spiritual leaders, addressed large and small crowds, about terrorism, conflicts, morality, civilization and humanity, spoke to Muslims, Christians and Jews, [have been] interviewed by the press and TV about this and other tragedies - - I thus became inert, rational, totally de-sensitized to pain. And yet, whenever I read these lines:

Perhaps he is only resting.
Perhaps in foreign places
he measures the path of Your world, O God,
Like a wandering monk, with kisses.

my eyes get foggy again, and my heart overflows, I see Danny, as he was before that horrible day, still believing, despite everything he knew and saw, that man is not a predator to other men, but a brother, a kindred spirit, I see him carrying the heavy torch of civilization, standing his ground, our ground, I see the angels in heaven weeping in shame for a God that overslept his watch. And I hear Sharon Farber's music to *Mothers' Lament* as it was first sung by the Los Angeles Master Chorale:

He measures the path of Your world, O God Like a wandering monk, with kisses.

And I hear it sung by thousands of choirs ringing the earth for sanity and humanity, each year, in October, on the annual Daniel Pearl World Music Days.

With kisses.

Judea Pearl Los Angeles January 11, 2009

The Third Mother/Mothers' Lament

by Nathan Alterman Translation by Robert Friend

Mothers are singing. Mothers are singing.

A fist of thunder bangs down.

Strong silence.

Red-bearded lamps are marching

In the empty streets in rows.

Autumn mortally ill, weary, inconsolable autumn, rain without beginning or end.

No candle in the window, no light in the world

Three mothers

Sing.

I hear one of them say:
"He was here but yesterday.
I shall kiss his every fingernail and finger.
I see a tall ship in a calm bay,
And my son from the topmast hanging."

And the second one says:
"My son is tall and quiet.
I am sewing a holiday shirt for my dear.
He's walking in the fields. He will soon be here.
And he holds in his heart a lead bullet."

And the third mother says with her wondering eyes:
"No one was dearer or kinder ...
Who shall weep when he comes if I cannot see?
I do not know where to find him."

And she bathed her eyelashes with weeping.
Perhaps he is only resting.
Perhaps in foreign places
He measures the path of Your world, O God,
Like a wandering monk, with kisses.

Translation and Pronunciation Guide

Ee-ma- <u>hot</u> Mothers	sha- <u>rot</u> . are singing.	Ee-ma- <u>hot</u> Mothers	sha- <u>rot</u> . are singing.		
Eg- <u>rof</u> A fist	ra-a'm of thunder	nee- <u>tach.</u> bangs down.	Doo-mee- <u>yah</u> Silence		cha-za- <u>kah</u> . strong.
Ba-choo- <u>tzot</u> In the streets	ha-rei- <u>kim;</u> empty	tza-a- <u>doo</u> marched	beh-shoo- <u>rot</u> in rows		
pa-na- <u>seem</u> street lamps	a-doo- <u>mei</u> red	za- <u>kahn</u> . bearded.			
Stav Autumn	a- <u>noosh</u> , mortally ill,	stav autumn	yah- <u>ge</u> -ah weary,		
ve- <u>lo</u> and not	me-noo- <u>chahm</u> consolable	oo-mah- <u>tahr</u> rain	blee without	ach- <u>reet</u> end	va- <u>rosh.</u> and beginning.
Oo- <u>vlee</u> And without	ner candle	bah-chah- <u>lon</u> , in the window	oo- <u>vlee</u> and without	or light	bah-oh- <u>lahm</u> in the world
sha- <u>rot</u> singing	ee-mah- <u>hot</u> mothers	sha- <u>losh.</u> three.			

Ve-o-me-reht ah-chaht: reh-ee-tee-hoo ka-eht. And says the first one: I have seen him just now. Ah-nah-shehk bo kol etz-bah kta-nah veh-tzee-po-ren. I will kiss finger little and fingernail. in him every ha-sha-ket O-nee-ya'h meh-hah-le'h-chet bah-yaam A ship is walking in the ocean calm tah-looy ahl rosh ha-to-ren. oo-vnee and my son from is hanging the top mast. Ve-o-me-reht shnee-yah: the second one: And says veh-sha't-kahn Bnee gah-dol My son is tall and quiet koo-to'h-net shel chahg to'h-feh-ret. vah-ah-nee poh 10 for him and I am here a shirt of holiday sewing. Hoo ho-lech ba-sah-dot. in the fields. He is walking Hoo yah-gee-ah ad kahn. He will arrive till here. beh-lee-boh o'-feh-ret. Hoo noh-seh kah-door in his heart He holds bullet a lead. Ve-ha-em ha-shlee-sheet beh-ehy-neh-ha to-ah And the mother the third with her eyes is wondering 10 ha-yah lee yah-kar kah-mo-hoo. like he is. no one was to me dearer veh-ey-neh-nee ro-ah, Ei-cha' ehvck lee-krah-to How I will cry towards him and I cannot see, ehy-neh-nee yo-dah-aht ehy-foh hoo I do not know where is he. Ahz ro-chetz ha-be-chee eht ree-seh-ha sheh-lah. Then the weeping bathes her evelashes of her. Veh-ooh-lai ohd loh nahch. And perhaps not rested. yet hoo ohd Veh-ooh-lai moh-ded bee-neh-shee-kot, he still And maybe measures with kisses, me-shoo-lach, ke-na-zeer like a monk wandering, et o'lam-cha Eh-lo-haie. ne-<u>tiv</u> the path of your world my God.

Mothers' Lament

The Third Mother

SATB divisi, a cappella

Nathan Alterman*

Sharon Farber



Duration: 8:00

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