

The image features a handwritten musical score on ten staves. The music is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes, and various chords are indicated above the staff. The lyrics include: "A-tu-na 'tu-fu-li", "tu-na, a-tu-na, a-tu-na sa-lam", "I am a child with some-thing to say please lis-ten", "to me", "let me?", "My toys are wait-ing", "My friends are play-ing, School hours have", "be-gun, Give us a chance", "chance, give us a chance", and "Please! Please! Give us a chance". The chords shown include Em, Am, D7, G, E7, B7, and spoken: D7. The score is partially obscured by the main title text.

## Songs FOR Peace & Justice IN THE Middle East

## Broadside

The National Topical Song Magazine

### BROADSIDE #159

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This is the third in a series of special issues of BROADSIDE. Many thanks go out to the guest editors for using their resources and talents to produce issues I couldn't have done on my own. The March issue will be back to the regular format with lots of songs and things that have been waiting for a while. The next issue scheduled is by Tom Goodkind of The Washington Squares. Other topics for special issues are invited.-ed.

## MALVINA REYNOLDS

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# Songs FOR Peace & Justice IN THE Middle East

The editors of this special issue of Broadside Magazine represent some of the communities concerned with peace and justice in the Middle East. One of us is an Arab-American; another is a Jewish-American; and the third is an Afro-American. We share a common vision of peace and justice in the Middle East which includes national self-determination and equal rights for all the peoples and regions in all the states in the region. Within each state, all people must have equal rights and liberties. We have selected songs and poems which, we believe, point toward this goal.

We affirm the power of songs and poems to express the wishes and hopes of people. We hope that this issue of Broadside Magazine will help Palestinians and Israelis, as well as Americans, learn the songs of others who are concerned about peace and justice in the Middle East. Perhaps some of these songs and poems will inspire new songwriters and poets.

We have selected Palestinian Arab songs and poems which express the longing of the Palestinian people for a homeland. We have selected Israeli Jewish songs which focus on the themes of peace and justice in Jewish tradition and express a vision for peace and justice in the Middle East. And we have selected American songs and poems which represent an commitment to mutual recognition of each people's right to national self-determination, equal rights, and security.

Many songs and poems could not be included simply because of space limitations. We hope that future anthologies will include more of these songs, as well as new songs and poems which will be written for peace and justice in the Middle East.

#### Contents

Lyngbæk 100     Gil Grinberg 17  
 Yo' Chayimberg of Israel 13  
 Burt 14  
 My Beer 15  
 I'm Not Gay, Please Don't Pick on Me 16  
 David Against Goliath 17  
 My Brother and I 18  
 Oppression 19  
 I Can't Understand 20  
 Paper 21

Lucy Murphy  
 Office Business for the Palestinian  
 Human Rights Campaign

The Blood and  
 Sweat of the People for the  
 American Arab Anti-Discrimination  
 Committee

Art Cohen  
 Director of New York Agency

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# Sing With Me . . . Oh Freedom

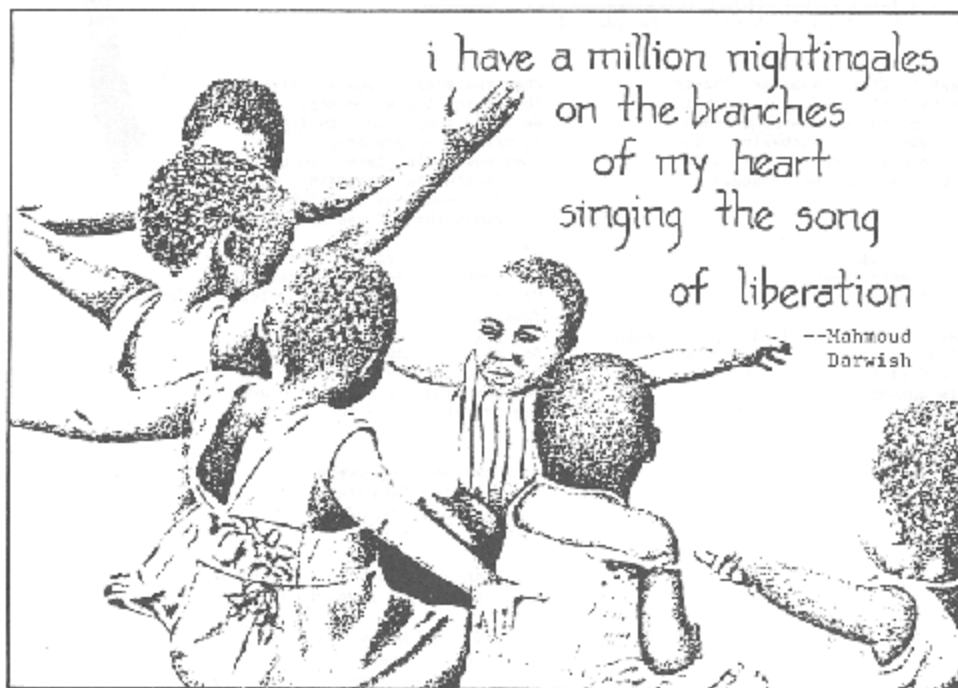
music by Paul Matar; words by Abido Basha

Paul Matar and Abido Basha live in Lebanon and are well-known in the Arab world. This song is from a children's play called "The Vegetarian Fox," which describes a fox who decides not to eat chickens anymore. The song was suggested to us by Ronnie Gilbert who got it from Tina Naccach.

The musical score is written on a grand staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of six systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics in Arabic and a piano accompaniment line with chord markings. The lyrics are:
   
Hra-nu mai hra-nu ..... la w- a-h-la w-sa-h-la u-lu- la
   
win karat ma-sra b'a-i-di bi-d' ar-eb bass-en da hu- la
   
Hra-nu mai hra-nu la w- a-h-la w-sa-h-la u-lu- la
   
win karat ma-sra b'a-i-di bi-d' ar-eb bass-en da hu- la
   
Ma bak-hesal ma beh-ki ham da-wal a-mar-wu nu- 't shams Bel-da-ni ka-
   
-rawal thas n'eta se-rini n'e-ta u-bas Bi-bahrik ya hurriyi ya hurriyi

Hranu ma'i hranu la  
 Mahla wasahla ulula  
 Win karat marra b'a idj  
 Bet arreb bassen dabula  
 (Ma bakhesal ma behki ham  
 Dawal amar uw nuri shams  
 Beldanel kacrawal khams  
 M'eta seriki n'eta ubas) 2X  
 (Bibahrik ya hurriyi ya hurriyi) 2X

Sing with me, sing to her  
 And welcome and say to her:  
 If she was once far away  
 She will come closer but call her.  
 I am not ashamed I don't talk whispers.  
 Light of moon and light of the sun,  
 The countries of the five continents  
 Are a small drop, a drop only  
 In your sea — Oh freedom, oh freedom.



## Shir L'Shalom (Song of Peace)

music by I. Rosenbloom; words by I. Rothlitt

"Shir L'Shalom" is the anthem of the Israeli peace movement. Written shortly after the 1967 war, it expresses the plaintive words of three dead soldiers who say, "It won't help us if you sing a fighting song...or softly say a prayer. Only sing songs of peace!" This song offended some in the military and religious communities in Israel, but it became a very popular peace song in Israel and in Jewish communities throughout the world.

Tru La-shemesh La-a-lot La-boker Le-ha-ir  
Ha-za-ka She ba-filot o-ta-nu Lo tach zir  
Mi a-sheh ka va-ne-ro u-ve-a-fur-nit man  
be-chi-mar lo ya-i-ro lo yach-ziro le-chen  
Ish o-ta-nu lo ya-shir mi bar tach-tit a fel kan loy-i-ku  
lo sim-cha ha-ni-tsa-chen u'-lo shi-ri ha-lei la-chen-rak  
shl-ru shir la-sha-lom al til-cha-shu t'fi-la nu-tav ta  
shl-ru shir la-sha-lom be-f'se-a-ka g'do-la

Tru la-shemesh la-alot, la-boker l'ha-ir.  
Ha-za-ka she-bat'filot, otanu lo tachzir.  
Mi asheh ka-va ne-ro, she-a-fur mit-nun  
Be-chi mar lo ya-i-ro lo yach-ziro l'chen.  
Ish otanu lo ya-shir mi bar tach-tit a-fel  
Kan lo yodnu lo simchar hanitzachon  
u'lo shirey ha-lel.

La-chen rak shiru shir la-shalom  
Al til-cha-sh'u t'filah.  
Nu-tav ta-shiru shir la-shalom  
Bi-tse-a-ka ha-g'do-lah.

Tru la-shemesh la-cha-dor, mi-be-ad la-prachin  
Al ta-bitu l'asheh ha-nichu la-hol-chim.  
S'u ey-na-yim b'tikvah lo de-rech kavanim  
Shiru shir la-ahavah v'lo la-mitchamot.  
Al ta-gidu yom yavo ha-vi-u et yachon  
Ki lo chalom hu u'v'chol ha-ki-ka-rot  
Ha-ri-u rak shalom.

When the morning sun so bright  
Shines and leads the way,  
We'll no longer see its light  
No matter how you pray.  
When someone's flame goes out and dies,  
It's buried in the grave.  
It can't awake by mournful cries,  
Or shouts that it was brave.

No one now can bring us back  
From our deep darkened cave.  
No it won't help us if you sing a fighting song  
That tells us to be brave.

So only sing new songs of peace,  
Don't softly say a prayer.  
So only sing new songs of peace,  
Just shout it loud and clear!

Let the sun penetrate  
Through the flowers.  
Do not look backwards,  
Let go of the dead.

Look ahead with hope, not through sighs.  
Sing a song to love and not to victory of wars.

Do not say "A day will come."  
Bring about that day!  
For it is not a mere dream.  
And in all the town squares  
Cheer only to peace!





# Bisan

recorded by Fairouz

"Bisan" is the name of an old Palestinian town, now within the borders of Israel and re-named Beit Shanan. This song made famous by the Lebanese singer Fairouz expresses the longing of the Palestinians (on our people) for a home and a homeland. It has been recorded by Fairouz on one of her albums and by Bright Morning Star on their album "Live in the US."

Published by M. Ghaliq and Sons, Beirut, Lebanon

Kanet lana min zaman.  
Bayyaraton jamila  
Wa dai 'atun dhallila  
Yanenu fi afya iha nisan.  
Dai 'atuna kanas maha Bisan.

Khuthuni ila Bisan  
Ila dha 'acish shita iyyah.  
Hunaka yashi 'ul hanan.  
'Alal hafafiren ramadiyyah.

Khuthuni ilath thuhairat.  
Ila ghuwfaten 'inda babi  
Hunaka maddat 'alish.  
W'anigq sanacati curabi.

Athkuru ya Bisan.  
Ya mal 'abat rufala  
Afya ukil khajala  
Wa kullu shai en kan  
Baban wa shubbakan  
Kulluna fi Bisan.

Khuthuni, khuthuni na 'al hassain  
Ilath thilalizi lati tabki  
Rufuton minal 'aidin.  
'Ala haminan laha takki.  
Khuthuni ila Bisan.

A long time ago we owned a beautiful orchard.  
A shady village in which April surrendered to sleep.  
The name of our village was Bisan.

Take me to Bisan, to my winter village.  
There, where tenderness thrives, up to the grey edges.  
Take me to those long afternoons,  
To those peaceful naps against my door.  
There where I can hug the silence of the earth.

I remember Bisan, a playground of innocence,  
Humble dwellings, pastoral shadows,  
Everything that we called home,  
Our home in Bisan.

Take me, take me with the songbirds  
To those same shadows that now weep.  
Rows and rows of the Returning (from the Diaspora)  
To a tenderness now reduced to words.  
Take me to Bisan.

## My Sister

Rabbi Lynn Gottlieb

Rabbi Lynn Gottlieb, a former staff member of the Jewish Peace Fellowship, is one of the first women rabbis. In addition to her rabbinical duties with her congregation in Albuquerque, New Mexico, she is a poet and a storyteller. This poem was originally published in *Menorah* in January-February, 1983.

My sister  
I called you the Other  
The stranger  
The refugee/Hazer  
I did not call you by your name or by the name of your people  
I, Sarah, in my old age tried to wrest your inheritance from you  
Saying: "You are my bondswoman. Your child is mine."  
I, Sarah/faraighted woman could not see my own blindness  
I lived enwrapped in the vision of my times  
But you, the other woman, the one I did not see, cast out to die in the wilderness  
by my own hand,  
You beheld the great spirit who blessed you and gave you vision and strength.  
You called to your unborn son in the wilderness saying,  
"Yishmael, the great spirit hears all prayers."  
You survived and returned and illuminated my vision,  
bore a child, kept your inheritance, and Yishmael became like my child Isaac,  
a great nation.  
We rejoiced for a time. But I cast you out again.  
Only at the end of my life when I saw Isaac crying under  
Abraham's knife, only then did I realize our common suffering.

I called out to the great spirit, my voice became an angel's hand, the soul of the  
shofar,  
My people made this a beginning, a New Year, a time for waking the spirit for  
turning toward compassion and justice,  
Love and forgiveness.  
A time for removing the hindrances which prevent us from truly helping other people.  
So my sister, forgive me, for the sin of not knowing your name,  
your stories, dreams, life, prayers.  
Tell me how we can make peace between our estranged children.  
Remind them they have the same father.  
My sister, forgive me for the sin of not knowing your name.



Burton from the Jewish Peace Fellowship:  
"Lo Yisah Goy Cherev, Lo Yilמד  
Ad Milchama" (Let nation not lift sword  
against nation or learn war anymore)  
"Shalom" (Peace)

## Lo Yisah Goy (Nation shall not lift sword against nation)

Traditional

This traditional Jewish peace song -- with lyrics from the Prophets -- is known in many cultures. A recent recording is on "Bright Morning Star Arisin'," available from Rainbow Snake Records, PO Box 922, Greenfield, MA 01302.

1. And every one 'neath their vine and fig tree, shall live in peace and un-a-raid, And every one 'neath their vine and fig tree, shall live in peace and un-a-raid.  
And in-to plow-shares beat their swords, Na-tions shall learn war no more.  
And in-to plow-shares beat their swords, Na-tions shall learn war no more. lo yis-ah

Lo yisah goy el goy cherev  
Lo y'ilמד milchama ad milchama.

And everyone 'neath the vine and fig tree  
Shall live in peace and unafraid.  
And into plowshares beat their swords.  
Nation shall learn war no more.

# My Brother and I

music and words by Sara Alexander

Sara Alexander is an Israeli topical folksinger, now living in France. Her songs and poems draw not only on Biblical/historical references to Arabs and Jews, but also on her personal experience with Palestinians and Israelis. She speaks and sings in several languages and has appeared in joint concerts with Palestinians and other Israelis. Sara Alexander has performed in Europe, the Middle East, and the U.S. This song was recorded on her album "Shalom, Salaam."

Em F D7  
 He'ya zeh kvar lifnai al-fai shu-nim  
 D C B7 Fdim  
 Al narvadei ha'chol betzel umrim  
 F B7  
 Shan yachdav hovalno et hatron  
 Em B7 F  
 El ein unear zornim mayav shel hayarden.

Em D G  
 Noladnu yachad lechiot  
 E Em E  
 Brochim bechol hayam veyerek choresh zeitim.

Em F  
 Zoren lo hayarden hazem  
 B7 D C B7 Fdim F  
 Miger vet oyev gorshami lanochan  
 B7 Em B7  
 Baruch stav lenu ezkor shgan ein  
 F  
 Heifid gorai beini ovencha

Em D G  
 Noladnu yachad lechiot  
 B7 E Em E  
 Brochim bechol hayam veyerek choresh zeitim.

Em F B7  
 Koch et libi hotarti be'etrah  
 D C B7 Fdim F B7  
 Ubesdot zarim likot hochrach kegoreim oti  
 Em B7  
 Poirin haanashim vehanashim  
 F B7 Em  
 Bi kortim melionim shech.

F  
 Ovrin bli shorushim huetz  
 B7 D C B7 Fdim  
 Lo yelavlev ovrim bein tikvah yechodal  
 F B7 Em  
 Halev veharetz ba tananti shoteh ramzah  
 B7 F Em D  
 El lashon ladarach hazara veyachdav  
 C B7 E  
 Gan lechiot bruchim nichol hayam veyerek zeitim.

F B7  
 Ach em shovi yatzat lanochan  
 D C B7 Fdim F  
 Horac beit ez sedot shakar kmo shovi  
 B7 Em B7  
 Becha hotir yerocha et leshar  
 F B7  
 Tsamu hauer shel hagalat.

Em F B7  
 Adien mai yarden zornim el yam  
 C D  
 Ach adam trivan vetim ken yechotel  
 F B7  
 Lecheravot unazerot lechanitot.

Em F  
 Hoshet li et yadcha yadi  
 B7 D C B7 Fdim  
 Shlocha anechnu ken niveneh et hamecher  
 Em  
 Uinnu yeladim sedot kara  
 B7 F Em  
 Yishmael borot hamayam negolal kan  
 D C B7  
 Yachdav shov nechyah bakhol  
 E  
 Hazem veyerek choresh zeitim.

Em D G  
 Ken yachdav shor nechyah  
 B7 E Em E  
 Brochim bechol hayam veyerek choresh zeitim.



Thousands of years ago  
 between the waves of sand and the palm trees,  
 We led our sheep together to the water.  
 Since the water has flowed in the Jordan,  
 We were born brother and sister,  
 Blessed by the sea and by the shade of the olive trees.

Flow, flow, Jordan; time is fleeing.  
 And it has made us leave my country,  
 Dispersed like a leaf in the wind,  
 But before separating our hands, our souls,  
 We were born brother and sister,  
 Blessed by the sea and by the shade of the olive trees.

Leaving my heart close to the sea,  
 I crawled about the world,  
 And everywhere people tried  
 To crack my spirit like a nut.  
 Tell me not! Even after the six million!

It is said that without roots, the tree dies.  
 It is said that without hope the heart stops.  
 Thus the land which guards my own tree, my own roots  
 Gave me a sign: I took the road of return,  
 Finding there my brother,  
 Blessed by the sea and by the shade of the olive trees.

But, it is thus that my brother lost his tree,  
 His hope, his land.  
 This time it was my brother who took the road to exile,  
 The gun becoming his only companion.

How much time, how much blood  
 Must be spilled until we learn  
 To forget our past errors and find the road to peace?

Put down your gun my brother, I put down mine.  
 Let us create together our tomorrow  
 So that our trees, our children, our wheat fields, our blue skies  
 Will no longer be entangled in barbed wire.  
 Let us live in peace, brother and sister,  
 Blessed by the sea and by the shade of the olive trees.

Line drawing by Kamal Boullata, *The Palestinian Wedding* (Three Continents Press, Washington, D.C. 1982)



# Opposition

Rashid Hussein

I am against my country's revolutionaries  
 Wounding a sheaf of wheat  
 Against the child  
 any child  
 Carrying a hand-grenade  
 I am against my sister  
 Feeling the muscle of a gun  
 Against it all  
 And yet  
 What can a prophet do, a prophetic,  
 When their eyes  
 Are made to drink  
 The sight of the raiders' hordes?  
 I am against boys becoming  
 heroes at ten  
 Against the tree flowering  
 explosives  
 Against branches becoming scaffolds,  
 Against the rose-beds turning to trenches  
 Against it all  
 And yet  
 When fire creates my friends  
 my youth  
 and country  
 How can I  
 Stop a poem from becoming a gun?

Rashid Hussein was a Palestinian poet -- fluent in both Arabic and Hebrew -- who lived in Israel for many years after 1948. He worked as a journalist for several Israeli newspapers before he came to New York City in the early 1970s. Rashid Hussein's poems are well-known among Palestinians and Israelis, and his poetry has been collected in an anthology edited by Kamal Boullata and Nimona Ghossein, *The World of Rashid Hussein* (1979).



# O Israel, O Palestine

music and words by Ted Warmbrand

Ted Warmbrand writes: "I am an American Jew, born in New York City with Black, Puerto Rican, Irish Catholic, Jewish neighbors and then some. My home's Tucson, Arizona -- a desert town on one more refugee trail. I make songs now and again. Finishing this one's hard for me. Though it's easier to write a song than right a wrong."

Musical notation for the song "O Israel, O Palestine". The notation is in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: Am, Dm7, Am, Em7, Am, Dm7, Am, Em7, Am.

you hold a gun you close your eyes you are someone I recognize  
 If this is hell 'th' yours and mine O Is-ra-el O - pal-estine

You hold a gun  
 You close your eyes  
 You are someone  
 I recognize  
 If this is hell  
 It's yours and mine  
 O Israel  
 O Palestine.

The desert blooms  
 'Mid smoke and flame  
 But can't consume  
 The burning shame  
 Where doves to shell  
 A rainbow sign  
 For Israel  
 For Palestine?

This land is fed  
 On blood and bone  
 So many dead  
 From each our own.  
 Who clings a hell  
 For more to dine  
 On Israel  
 On Palestine?

You hold a gun  
 You close your eyes  
 You are someone  
 I recognize  
 We can't but dwell  
 Where fates entwine  
 My Israel  
 My Palestine.

As presents soill  
 From far away  
 These notes that kill  
 Leave debts to pay.  
 Who'll rise and yell  
 "How draw the line"  
 In Israel  
 In Palestine?

# Passport

music by Marcel Khalife; words by Mahmoud Darwish

The Lebanese singer Marcel Khalife is a graduate of the National Conservatory of Music in Beirut, and he has served there as professor of the *oud*, the traditional Arabic stringed instrument. Khalife's music is a synthesis of traditional quarter-tones and rhythms with contemporary Arabic styles. He is sensitive to the daily concerns of the common people as well as the legacy of Arab culture. Mahmoud Darwish was born in Palestine in 1942 and lived in Israel from 1968 through 1971. He is one of the best-known Palestinian poets, as well as a leader of the Palestine National Congress. This song tells of the poet's sadness, anger, and irony when all Palestinians were required to carry identity cards or passports in Israel. This song has been recorded on Marcel Khalife's album "Promises of the Storm" (Parade Records, Box 40768, San Francisco, CA 94140).

*Oud*  
 Ya la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la  
 la la la Ya la la la la la la la la la la  
*Oud* *Am*  
 Lam ya'ri-fu-ni fi-shilal-illati il-la-ti Tam-fas-in lam-ni fi ja-sar-iss-a-far Wa-kil-ra jur-ki'ir da-tawna-rag-daw Li-sa'li-him Ya' sha-ya juaf al-fu-war Lam ya'ri-fu-ni Ma --- il-ta-tru-ki ka-ri Bi-la-shar- sun i khal-nash sha-jar Ya ri-ak-ni fi ri-fu-ni Kur-haq-ki-nil-ma-tar Li tar La-ta-tru-ki-ni sha-hi-ban kal-ga-mar Oh- oh- kal-ga-mar  
 Ya la la la la la la la la la la la la la  
*Am*  
 Ya la la la la la la la la la la la la la

They did not recognize me in the shadows  
 That suck away my color in this passport  
 And to them my wound was an exhibit  
 For a tourist who loves to collect photographs.  
 They did not recognize me.  
 Ah... Don't leave  
 The palm of my hand without the sun  
 Because the trees recognize me  
 All the songs of the rain  
 Recognize me.  
 Don't leave me pale like the moon!

All the birds that followed my palm  
 To the door of the distant airport  
 All the wheatfields  
 All the prisons  
 All the white tombstones  
 All the barbed boundaries  
 All the waving handkerchiefs  
 All the eyes  
 Were with me,  
 But they dropped them from my passport.

Stripped of my name and identity?  
 On a soil I nourished with my own hands?  
 Today Job cried out  
 Filling the sky:  
 Don't make an example of me again!  
 Oh, gentlemen Prophets,  
 Don't ask the trees for their name.  
 Don't ask the valleys who their mother is.  
 From my forehead bursts the sword of light.  
 And from my hand springs the water of the river.  
 All the hearts of the people are my nationality.  
 So take away my passport!

Transcriber's note: This was the most challenging piece I had to transcribe. The moving introduction, first with *oud*, and then with vocals, seems straightforward enough. However, the vocals develop more complex rhythms and melodies as the piece develops, straining the capabilities of Western European-style notation!

Lam ya'rifuni fi-shilal-illati  
 Tomtassu lawni fi jawaz-issafar  
 Wakana jurhi 'indahum na'radan  
 Lisa 'ihia ya'shaqu jam' assuwar

Lam ya'rifuni Ah la taturuki  
 Kaffi bila shamsen  
 I'annash-shajar  
 ya'rifuni  
 Ta'rifuni kullu aghanil-satar  
 La taturukini shahiban kal-gamar

Kullu-l-'Asafir -illati lahagat  
 Kaffi 'ala bab-il-satar-il-ba'idi  
 Kullu huqul-il-gamhi  
 Kullu-s-sujuni  
 Kullu-l-gubur-il-bidi  
 Kullu-l-hududi  
 Kullu-l-masadili-l-lati lawwahat  
 Kullu-l-'uyuni  
 Kanat ma'i, lakinnashaw

Qad' asqatuha min jawaz-iss-safar  
 'Aran min-al-isim, min-al-intima'i  
 Fi turbaten rahbaytuha bil-yadrini  
 Ayyubu saha-l-yawmu nil-ase-asma'  
 La taj'aiuni 'ibratan marratayni  
 Ya asdati, ya sadati-l-anbiya'  
 La tas'alu-l-ash-jara 'an lumiha  
 La tess'alu-l-widyana 'an umiha

Min jabhati yanshaqu saifa-dd-diya'  
 Wa min yadi yamba'u na'as-nabar  
 Kullu qulubi-un-na'i jinsayyati  
 Feltuqitu 'amni jawaz-ase-safar.

## Meeting

Sara Alexander

*This poem is dedicated to Mahmoud Darwish, whom Sara Alexander met in Paris in 1982.*

Refrain: The same dreams  
Memories that cry the same way  
Haifa so sweet and so bitter  
There between Carmel and the sea.

One autumn evening in Paris  
By chance  
We met, we spoke  
In Arabic and Hebrew.

The smell of jasmine, orange blossoms,  
Mint, cypress and palm trees.  
He is Arab, lived in Haifa;  
My kibbutz is two areas away.

Mahmoud -- poet in exile  
Retells the fleeing,  
The village, the woods, the  
House in which he grew up.

I tell him about the Jewish people  
Their suffering, their identity  
Their dream of thousands of years  
To find freedom and dignity.

### REFRAIN

Mahmoud told me of  
The occupation, the stolen land  
The repression, humiliation  
The broken hope.

I tell him about the demonstration  
Where 400,000 cried out:  
"Palestine-Israel  
Mutual Recognition."

It's midnight and they're closing up.  
Paris is unmasked and going to sleep.  
One last cigarette: "Pass me a light."  
Holding the flame in a cupped hand.  
Our hands touch, cupping our dreams,  
Our hearts touching.

### REFRAIN

And so it happened one evening  
That we made hate dissipate  
Like magicians  
And so like magicians  
We made hope live again  
For one evening.



Peace

Shalom

Salaam

# שלום שכשיו

"Shalom Achshav" (Peace Now) -- The largest Israeli peace group which brought almost 400,000 Israelis to the demonstration in September, 1982, to protest the invasion of Lebanon and the massacre at Sabra and Shatila.

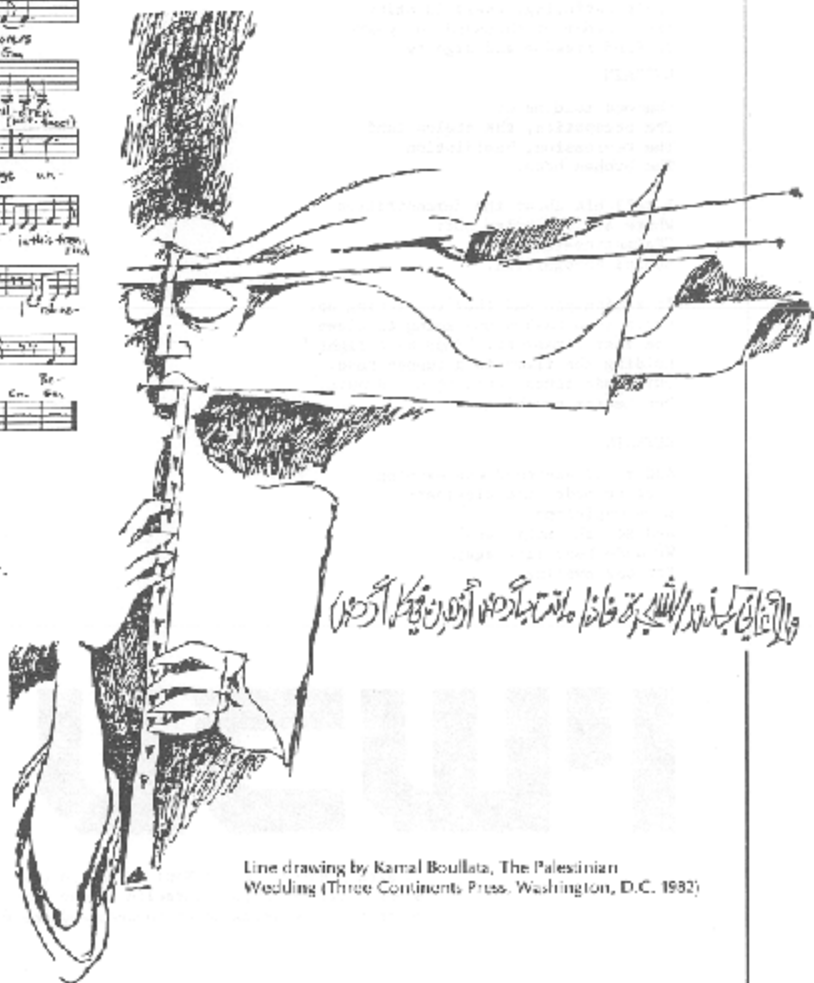
## Write Down I'm An Arab

music by Zeinab Shaath; words by Mahmoud Darwish

Zeinab Shaath is a Palestinian singer who now lives in the U.S. Her English-language recording of several Palestinian poems/songs has become a "classic" for people interested in the Palestine national movement. This song presents lyrics by the Palestinian poet Mahmoud Darwish in a readily-accessible American folk music style.

write down I'm an Arab my card number is fifty thousand  
- sure I have 8 children, the ninth will come next  
summer Are you angry are you angry?  
write down I'm an Arab I cut stone with comrade laborers  
I squeeze the rock to get a loaf to get a book for my 8 children  
But I do not plead charity And I do not cringe un-  
- der your sway I'm a name without a title steadfast in this frenzied  
world But please write down on top of all I hate nobody I rob no-  
- body But when I starve I eat the flesh of my marauders  
-wars, beware because my hunger, beware, beware my wrath

Write down I'm an Arab.  
My card number is fifty thousand.  
I have eight children, the ninth will come next summer.  
Are you angry?  
Write down I'm an Arab.  
I cut stone with comrade laborers.  
I squeeze the rock to get a loaf  
To get a book for my eight children.  
But I do not plead charity.  
And I do not cringe under your sway.  
I'm a name without a title,  
Steadfast in this frenzied world.  
But please write down on top of all  
I hate nobody, I rob nobody.  
But when I starve, I eat the flesh of my marauders.  
Beware, beware my hunger, beware my wrath.



Line drawing by Kamal Boullata, The Palestinian Wedding (Three Continents Press, Washington, D.C. 1982)

# Now You Know

music by Roy Brown; words by June Jordan

One hundred and thirty-five thousand Palestinians in Beirut, but I didn't know and nobody told me. And what could I do or say? They said you shot their London ambassador, and when that was not true, they said so what. They said you shelled their northern villages, and when UN forces reported that was not true because your side of the cease-fire was holding, they said so what. They said they simply wanted to carve a twenty-five mile buffer zone, and then they ravaged your water supplies, your electricity, your hospitals, your schools, your highways and byways all the way north to Beirut. They blew up your homes and demolished the grocery stores and blocked the Red Cross, and took away doctors to jail, and cluster-bombed girls and boys whose bodies swelled purple and black into twice their original size. They said something about never again and then they made close to one million human beings homeless in less than three weeks and they killed or maimed 40,000 of your men and your women and your children.

### Transcriber's Note:

The first verse and two choruses are transcribed here, giving a flavor of some wonderful syncopation. As with all pieces transcribed here, it's best if you can actually listen to the performer's recording, to get a fuller appreciation of the song.

June Jordan is a Black poet whose work addresses many topics, including women's issues, racism, and militarism. Roy Brown is a Puerto Rican musician whose compositions are an important part of the "Nuyorican" (New Song) movement. We include this song because it expresses the outrage we felt at the Israeli invasion of Lebanon in the summer of 1982. The Lyricist (June Jordan) notes that American aid and support was used by the Israeli government for the invasion. However, by referring to Israelis only as "they" and making no distinctions, the song can be taken to refer to all Israelis rather than the government. Many Jews may consider this song offensive because there are no distinctions. Had the song referred to the Israeli government (including Begin, Sharon, Shamir, and others who supported the invasion of Lebanon), its outrage would have been directed at those responsible. The composer (Roy Brown) makes his own interpretation in the liner notes on his album for this song: "The theme is not anti-Jewish; it is the song and the greed we denounce." We believe that it is important to acknowledge those Israelis working against the invasion of Lebanon -- such as the Israeli soldiers who went to prison rather than participate in the invasion; the parents of soldiers who held daily demonstrations against the invasion; and the huge number of Israeli peace activists who demonstrated frequently to protest the invasion.

Chorus: One hundred and thirty five thousand  
Palestinians in Beirut;  
but I didn't know and nobody told me  
and what could I do or say, anyway?

They said you shot their London ambassador,  
And when that was not true, they said so what.  
They said you shelled their northern villages,  
And when UN forces reported that was not true  
Because your side of the cease-fire was holding,  
They said so what.

They said they simply wanted to carve a  
Twenty-five mile buffer zone,  
And then they ravaged your water supplies,  
Your electricity, your hospitals, your schools,  
Your highways and byways all the way north to Beirut.

### CHORUS

They blew up your homes and demolished the grocery stores  
And blocked the Red Cross,  
And took away doctors to jail, and cluster-bombed girls  
And boys whose bodies swelled purple and black  
Into twice their original size.  
They said something about never again and then they  
Made close to one million human beings homeless  
In less than three weeks and they killed or maimed 40,000  
Of your men and your women and your children.

### CHORUS

They said they were victims, they said you were Arabs.  
They called your apartments and gardens guerilla strongholds.  
Then they told you to leave.  
Didn't you read the leaflets that they dropped  
From their hot-shot fighter jets?  
They told you to go.  
Oh yes, I did know it was the money I earned as a poet  
That paid for the bombs and the planes and the tanks  
That they used to massacre your family.

# Lechem (Bread!)

music and words by Yehoshua Sobol; performed by Ha Brira Harivit

"Lechem" has been recorded by Ha Brira Harivit (The Natural Gathering), an Israeli Sephardic music group. Shalom Bar, the leader of the group, is a Moroccan Jew who brings Arabic rhythms and Sephardic Jewish musical styles to the group's songs. Their instruments include drums, guitar, violin, sitar, and string bass. Ha Brira Harivit has performed at a number of peace rallies in Israel.

Em Am Em  
Al-lah Al-lah kal- beit Al-lah Al-lah kal- beit  
Am Em Am  
Al-lah Al-lah kal- beit Al-lah Al-lah kal- beit  
Am Em B7  
Al-lah Al-lah kal- beit  
Am  
-chem Be- ged Pat l' bush ko-rat  
59g le--- chem le--- chem  
Pat l' bush ko-rat 59g -bush ko-rat 59g  
le-chem-ged Pat l' bush Pat l' bush ko-rat 59g

Allah Allah 'ala kal beit  
Allah Allah 'al beit  
  
Lechem  
Boged  
Pat l' bush  
Korat gog

May God bless every home.  
How beautiful is every home.

Bread!  
Clothes!  
A crust!  
Clothing!  
A roof!

repeats several times, each time a little faster

קבל כאן

צבא העגנה לישראל

דאר רשמי

1983/204

אל:

שם משפחה	שם פרטי
מס' זיהוי	מס'
מכתב	מספר
שם	מספר

כל תחום למנוח שמדור על הכותב הנמוח  
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(2-82)

**החזירו את החיילים הביתה!**

נא לא לקרוע את המעטפה  
במעטפה זו עליך להחזיר השכונת/איזור  
לחזר שפולא את הוראות הנכונות  
המסן הקשולת פוסת, פוליה חספס  
כחובת הויחוד, הדוכס אוחת  
המעטפה על בני החכות פולך  
שם כחובת יאון צורך כחובת

"Yesh G'vul" (There is a Limit)... "Bring the Soldiers Home!"  
This is the Yesh G'vul announcement for the 1983 "Concert for Peace"  
at which most leading Israeli musicians performed and approximately  
20,000 Israelis were in attendance.



# Camps of Lebanon

music and words by Bob Norman 1582

(In parentheses are chords if the capo is placed three frets up.)

Chords: Ab(F), Dp(G), B1(G), Gm(Em), Cm(Am), Cm(Am), Dp(G), Fm(Dm), Dp(G), Cm(Am), Cm(Em), Cm(Am), Cm(Am).

Lyrics:  
 1. To-night we light the candles one more time. May they  
 burn for those whose new year will ne- ver come. And to-  
 night the flame of shame must burn in every Jew-ish heart  
 those who died in the camps of Le-ba-non 2. Was it for

Tonight we light the candles one more time.  
 May they burn for those whose new year will never come.  
 And tonight the flame of shame must burn  
 In every Jewish heart  
 For those who died in the camps of Lebanon.

Was it for this we lit the candles five thousand times?  
 Was it for this we fought the fascists with our guns?  
 And tonight the flame of shame must burn in every  
 Jewish heart  
 For those who died in the camps of Lebanon.

Never again will they do this in our names.  
 There'll come a year when such bitter songs won't be sung.  
 But tonight the flame of shame must burn  
 In every Jewish heart  
 For those who died in the camps of Lebanon.

Bob Norman wrote this song after the massacres at Sabra and Shatila. The massacres occurred on Rosh Hashana, the Jewish New Year, and Bob Norman found himself lighting the traditional candles with a new sense of soul-searching and prayer. This was his personal response. Upon hearing the song, Pete Seeger asked himself, "How can I sing this song as a non-Jew? I come from 30 generations or more of north Europeans who at best slandered Jews (Merchant of Venice, David Copperfield) and at worst shovelled them into ovens. This song is impossible to sing unless I add another line: "...Tonight the flame of shame must burn in every Christian heart, for those..." After all, it was so-called Christians that did the shooting. And if this human race survives, we will all survive. Oh none. Perhaps we should sing: "...in every human heart, for those that died in the camps of Lebanon."



Prophet  
 From 'City Gates,' a novel by Elias Khoury

Line drawing by Kamal Boullata, from his booklet,  
 "Drawings for a Text" (Lothian University  
 Washington, D.C. 1982)

## Give Us a Chance

performed by Re Mi Bendaly

Re Mi Bendaly is a 5-year-old Lebanese girl whose songs have become remarkably popular in Lebanon during the past few years. The song "Give Us A Chance" (written by her father) has become a collective expression of hope by all Lebanese for reconciliation, justice, and peace in Lebanon.

A-tu-na tu-fu-li A-tu-na sa-lam  
 I am a child with something to say ... Please listen  
 to me ..... I am a child who wants to play why don't you  
 let me? My toys are waiting, my friends are playing, School hours have  
 begun, Give us a chance. Give us a chance, give us a  
 chance, give us a chance Please! Please! Give us a chance.

A-tu-na tu-fu-li a-tu-na sa-lam  
 I am a child with something to say.  
 Please listen to me.  
 I am a child who wants to play.  
 Why don't you let me?  
 My toys are waiting  
 My friends are playing,  
 School hours have begun.  
 Give us a chance.

Give us a chance,  
 Please! Please! Give us a chance.



# At-Tariq (The Road)

music and words by George Kirmiz

The musical score for 'At-Tariq' is presented in a piano-vocal format. It consists of ten systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written in Arabic script below the vocal line. The score is written in a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are:
   
Bianika ya watani  
'Arafu-l-mustahil  
Wa damu sha'bi  
Yanzifu nfa jaddi  
Fashhadi ya biladi  
Li-sumud il-ahrar  
Sha'bis Aqasna 'al-kifsh  
Yashuqu tariqan lil-fida'  
Li-turab-il-ardi  
Wa dima-il-shuhada'  
Shahida Aqasna 'al-kifsh  
Yashuqu tariqan lil-fida'  
Li-turab-il-ardi  
Wa dima-il-shuhada'

Bianika ya watani  
'Arafu-l-mustahil

Motherland, in your name  
I have known the impossible.

Wa damu sha'bi  
Yanzifu nfa jaddi

And the blood of my people  
is running anew.

Fashhadi ya biladi  
Li-sumud il-ahrar

Witness, oh motherland,  
the steadfastness of your free children.

Sha'bis Aqasna 'al-kifsh  
Yashuqu tariqan lil-fida'

My people have taken a vow  
to stay on the road of sacrifice.

Li-turab-il-ardi  
wa dima-il-shuhada'

For the sake of the land  
and of the martyrs.



The Beloved  
Song of Songs: VIII:6-7

Line drawing by Kamal Boullata, from his booklet,  
"Drawings for a Text," (Catholic University,  
Washington, D.C. 1997)

George Kirmiz is a Palestinian composer and performer, now living in the U.S.

## Children of Abraham

music and words by Arlo Guthrie

Arlo Guthrie's song suggests to the children of Abraham: "You have to live just like a family." His own sensitivity to this issue undoubtedly is influenced by his own family, which brought together Jewish, American, and other cultural traditions. This song was recorded on one of Arlo Guthrie's earlier albums.

Child-eren of A - bra - ham, what's your sto - ry?  
Kill - ing each oth - er for a piece of land...

Child - eren of A - bra - ham, this ain't glo - ry.  
You've got to walk to-gether hand in hand... Take down the flags that just  
sep - a - rate the peo - ple, take down the wire on the bound - a - ry...

Take back the words that were spok-en in an - ger, you've got to live just like a  
fam - ily... Child-eren of A - bra - ham, I must be dream-ing,  
riv - ers of blood run-ning thru your hands... Child-eren cry-ing,  
moth-ers scream-ing, it just wasn't look-ing like the Prom-ised Land...

Children of Abraham, what's your story?  
Killing each other for a piece of land.  
Children of Abraham, this ain't glory,  
You've got to walk together hand in hand.

Take down the flags that just separate the people,  
Take down the wire on the boundary,  
Take back the words that were spoken in anger,  
You've got to live just like a family.

Children of Abraham, I must be dreaming,  
Rivers of blood running through your hands.  
Children crying, mothers screaming,  
It just wasn't looking like the Promised Land.

Words and music by Arlo Guthrie (Copyright 1974, 1985 by Howard Beach Music Inc. All rights reserved. Used by permission.)



Hand and Earth  
From *Days of Dawn* a novel by Nadia Sarraf  
Copyright © 1984 by Nadia Sarraf, Inc. All rights reserved.  
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## A Home in Palestine

music and words by Kristin Lems

I said the fellow, I filled the land, where are the products of my hand?  
I said the teacher in the village school, Can not work under foreign rule.  
Don't tell me my moment's gone, I'm still alive and my struggle goes on.  
Don't tell me the land's not mine, I have a home in Palestine.

copyright 1976 Kleina Ding Music (additional verse, 1984)

"I," said the fellow, "I filled the land.  
Where are the products of my hand?"  
"I," said the teacher in the village school,  
"Cannot work under foreign rule."

CHORUS: Don't tell me my moment's gone,  
I'm still alive and my struggle goes on.  
Don't tell me the land's not mine,  
I have a home in Palestine.

"I," said the woman in the occupied town,  
"Tried to protest, shut my tailor shop down.  
The Zionist soldiers marked my door.  
What do they say they came here for?"

CHORUS

"I," said the child in the East Bank tent,  
"Do not know where my brother went.  
One fall day, a day of black,  
He went away and he never came back."

CHORUS

"I," said the girl in the Sabra camp,  
"Shook as I heard the hard boots tramp,  
Lit by torches they made their way  
And no one in my family's living today."

CHORUS

Sure as I know my family's name,  
I know we're a people, I know our site:  
A world in which our dreams can be known,  
A piece of earth to call our home.

CHORUS (twice)

Kristin Lems has lived in several countries of the Middle East, including Israel, Iran, and Morocco. She speaks several languages and knows the music of several cultures. Through her multi-cultural experiences, she has come to an understanding of the hopes and fears of the people in the Middle East.

## Resources

Songs and poems can inspire people to become active. If you want to get involved in working for peace and justice in the Middle East, we recommend that you contact the following organizations. The first three groups are the ones with which the editors of this issue are affiliated, and therefore a narrative description is provided for them.

**Palestine Human Rights Campaign --**  
220 S. State Street  
One Quincy Court, Suite 1300  
Chicago, IL 60604  
(312-987-1830)

also: PHRC, PO Box 41344  
Washington, DC 20010  
(202-232-4700)

**American-Arab Anti-Discrimination--**  
Committee  
1731 Connecticut Ave, NW  
Suite 400  
Washington, DC 20009  
(202-797-7662)

**New Jewish Agenda**  
149 Church St., 82N  
New York, NY 10007  
(212-227-5835)

The Palestine Human Rights Campaign (PHRC) is a national organization based in Chicago, formed in 1977 by concerned individuals from a number of peace, religious, civil rights and Middle East related groups. The goal of the Campaign is the establishment of a just peace for all the people of the Middle East -- a peace which cannot be achieved without the recognition of full human rights for the 4.5 million Palestinians.

The American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee (ADC) was founded to protect the rights of people of Arab descent. It is a grassroots advocacy organization of primarily Arab-Americans joined by Americans of all backgrounds who share a commitment to challenge anti-Arab defamation, discrimination, and disenfranchisement in all forms of American life.

-- New Jewish Agenda (NJA) is a multi-issue organization of about 4,500 progressive Jews organized into over 60 chapters throughout the U.S. It works on American political issues (racism, disenfranchisement, economic justice, feminist issues, and others), areas of special Jewish concern (anti-Semitism, American Jewish communal life), and the Middle East. NJA has sponsored many Israeli and Palestinian speaking tours in this country, but NJA believes that political discussion is only one way to build understanding and trust between Americans and the Palestinians and Israelis in the Middle East. Poetry, drama, song, art, and music can touch crucial dimensions of awareness and sensibility in all people, and in many who ordinarily shun political discourse. NJA sponsors Palestinian and Israeli theater groups, art shows, and musical programs. In this spirit and with these hopes, NJA welcomes and celebrates this special issue of Broadside Magazine on Songs for Peace and Justice in the Middle East.

**American-Israeli Council for**  
**Israeli-Palestinian Peace**  
4816 Cornell Ave.  
Bowers Grove, IL 60515

**American Friends Service Committee**  
1501 Cherry Street  
Philadelphia, PA 19102  
(215-241-7142)

**Arab-American Cultural Foundation**  
2435 Virginia Ave, NW  
Washington, DC  
(202-337-1644)

**Feminist Arab-American Network**  
PO Box 725  
East Lansing, MI 48823-0625

**International Jewish Peace Union**  
Boite Postale 44, 75462  
Paris Cedex 10, France

**Israel Council for Israeli-Palestinian Peace**  
PO Box 956  
Tel Aviv, Israel 61008

**Jewish Peace Fellowship**  
Box 271  
Nyack, NY 10960  
(914-358-4601)

**Middle East Research and Information Project**  
PO Box 43445  
Washington, DC 20010

**Palestine Research and Educational Center**  
818 18th St, NW  
Washington, DC 20006  
(202-466-3205)

**Palestine Information Office**  
818 18th St, NW  
Washington, DC 20006  
(202-466-3348)

**Peace Now**  
PO Box 108  
Jerusalem, Israel

## Biographies of Editors

**Luci Murphy**, an Afro-American from Washington, D.C., is a singer and educator whose blues, calypso, and topical folk songs have become well-known throughout the U.S. Her a capella style invites the audience to sing along, and her lyrics address many issues of peace and justice. Luci has traveled widely, including a trip to Lebanon in 1981, and she brings her musical and political knowledge and experience to this Broadside Magazine project. Luci Murphy is office manager for the Palestine Human Rights Campaign in Washington, D.C.

**Eric Hooglund** is an Arab-American from Maine. He has lived a total of five years in the Middle East, working and studying with Arabs, Iranians, Kurds and Turks. He has published books and articles about the economic, political and social conditions of the region and has a particular interest in popular literature. Currently he resides in the Washington, D.C., area and is the Director of Research at the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee.

**Ken Giles** is a Jewish-American who lives in Washington, D.C. He is a member of New Jewish Agenda and of the American-Israel Council for Israeli-Palestinian Peace. He has traveled extensively throughout the Arab countries and Israel, meeting with leaders and peace activists. As a fiddler with the topical folk music group "Bright Morning Star," Ken has brought together his concern for Middle East peace and his musical skills to sing Arabic and Hebrew songs. Ken Giles is employed at a health and safety agency in Washington, D.C.

## Notes

**Gaining permission** for publication. We tried to contact all of the lyricists/composers/performers whose songs and poems we have included. However, since some are living in the Middle East where there are delays or disruptions in the mail, we have not heard from everyone. Nevertheless, we include their songs and poems because we believe they are important examples of the cultural expressions of Palestinians and Israelis. We hope that they will grant us permission for publication and understand our reason for proceeding.

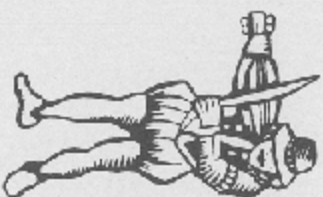
**Those not included.** We had approximately twice as many songs and poems as we could fit into this issue. Future anthologies may be able to print more of them. Among those lyricists/composers/performers whose work is not included here are: Mustafa al-Kurd; Matt Jones; Barbara Dane; Peter Yarrow; Richard Silverstein; Rita Fabel; Mindy Meyers; Teyfik Zayvad; Anik Einstein; Ruthie Gordon; and others.

**Acknowledgements.** Three major contributors to this document should be thanked for making the issue easy to read, attractive in layout, and scrupulously correct in musical notation. Steve Jones transcribed almost all of the music; Bevi Chagnon did the typesetting, design, and layout; and Kamal Boullata transliterated the Arabic into Latin script, and also donated several of his graphic illustrations. In addition, we thank Dick Anderson, Typesetting By Design, for the use of his facilities.

**A number of people offered advice,** suggested songs, or provided constructive criticism. These included: Ofra Alir, Jacob Bender, Reena Bernards, Gordon Fellman, George Fulantti-Shakar, Ronnie Gilbert, Joy Graeme, Carol Haddad, Amy Horowitz, Charlie King, Rev. T.D. Kirkpatrick, Robbie McCauley, Tina Naccach, Gail Pressberg, Hillel Schenker, Pete Seeger, Toshi Seeger, Abby Smith, and Arthur Waskow.



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**CONTENTS :**

**Songs :**

Sing With Me, Oh, Freedom..... 3  
 Shir U'Shalom ..... 4  
 Btsgn..... 5  
 Lo Yisah Goy(Nation Shall Not Lift Sword  
 Against Nation)..... 8  
 My Brother and I..... 7  
 Oh Israel, O Palestine..... 9  
 Passport..... 10  
 Write Down I'm An Arab..... 11  
 Now You Know..... 13  
 Lechem(Bread) ..... 14  
 Camps Of Lebanon..... 15  
 Give Us A Chance..... 16  
 At Jarig(The Road)..... 17  
 Children Of Abrsham..... 18  
 A Home In Palestine..... 18

**Poetry:**

My Sister..... 6  
 Opposition..... 9  
 Meeting..... 11  
 Resurresces..... 19