

# Ballad of Three Prophets

Text by Nava Semel

Music by Ella Milch-Sheriff

Performed by Moran Choir, conducted by Neomi Faran.

Premiere: SongBridge Festival, Poland, May 8, 2008

Translated from Hebrew by Sharon Neeman

See him walking; his feet are caressed by the sea –  
 My prophet, he is old, bowed down by history.  
 The sun begins to set;  
 The shoreline seems closer, and closer yet.  
 They call out in fright:  
 "We will wander forever; no end is in sight" –  
 And yet he goes on;  
 His staff points to freedom, new life and new dawn.

***El male rachamim, shochen bamromim, hamtze menucha nechona.***  
 (God of mercy, who dwells in the heavens, give proper rest)

**Murmuring in the background:**

Moses, Moses...

See him walking on water, on the Sea of Galilee –  
 My prophet, he is young; his mother weeps silently.  
 Carpenter's son, so simple and kind –  
 A crown of thorns to his head they will bind;  
 He will carry his cross down Jerusalem's lanes;  
 Yet the trace of his footprints on water remains.

***Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.***  
 (Give them rest, God, and may perpetual light shine on them)

**Murmuring in the background:**

Jesus, Jesus...

See him rushing through deserts like a storm on the sand –  
 My prophet, he is new, and he conquers the land.  
 The tribes follow as one! In the hot desert sun,  
 They follow him, calling his name aloud,  
 As he rides al-Buraq at the head of the crowd;  
 From the dawn in the east to the night in the west,  
 Arabia's wasteland with his teachings is blessed.

***Ya rab! Eghifer lel'akhaya wa'l'amwat minna walel'khadhrin  
 wa'l'ghakhibin.***

(Oh God, forgive our living and our dead, those present among us and those missing from us)

**Murmuring in the background:**

Muhammad, Muhammad...

And I, one small person, I pray and I cry  
To You, the Great Spirit, so high in the sky,  
To you, as You were, as You are and shall be,  
One Spirit alone, through eternity.

And I, small and nameless, no prophet or king  
In beauty I walk and in glory I sing;  
The world is my temple; my song rings out clear,  
And You, the Great Spirit, will always be near.

***El male rachamim, shochen bamromim, hamtze menucha nechona.***  
(God of mercy, who dwells in the heavens, give proper rest)

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