

JERUSALEM IS MINE

30TH ANNIVERSARY CD

All Words and Music © Kenny Karen

JERUSALEM IS MINE

Words & Music by Kenny Karen

I am the sun, Jerusalem,
You are a painted sky
I am a bird, Jerusalem,
You have the wings to fly.
You are the father of my dream
I am a gift of time
I am your child, Jerusalem,
Jerusalem is mine.

You are an orchard in the sand
I am the fruit you bear
You are the glove that warms my hand
I am the smile you wear.
You are the music of the hills
I am the words that rhyme
I am your song, Jerusalem,
Jerusalem in mine.

You are the cradle of freedom
I am the harvest of springtime
You are the dawn of a new day
I am tomorrow
You are forever.

You are my shelter from the storm
I am your guiding light
You are a book whose leaves are torn
I am a page you write.
You are the branches of a tree
I am a clinging vine
I am your prayer, Jerusalem,
Jerusalem is mine.

I have come home, Jerusalem,
Jerusalem is mine.

SOMEBODY'S CHILD

Words & Music by Kenny Karen

I climb the stairs
The second floor,
An answered prayer
An open door,
A warm embrace
A loving smile,
And I am still
Somebody's child.

His eyes are warm
His voice is strong,
Between the lines
Of mama's songs,
We live the years
We walk the miles,
And I am still
Somebody's child.

The room's filled with clutter and photographs,
The loneliness plays with his mind.
Pieces of mem'ries lie torn in half,
Since he remained behind.

I touch his cheek
I take his hands,
It's time to go
He understands,
I watch his face
I read his eyes,
I hold him close
We kiss good bye.

He's in my heart
I'm in his smile,
I feel his love
And all the while
I know I'm still
Somebody's child.

IF THE WORLD HAD CRIED

Words & Music by Kenny Karen

Did the flowers cry, did their petals fall
Did they live one day, were they blown away
Were they there at all?
Did the oceans roar, did the trumpets call
Did they stop to pray on that godless day
Did they care at all?

Were their eyes deceived, were their hearts
betrayed
Did they rise or fall, did they march or crawl
Through the masquerade?
If the world had cried, long before the tears
Would they not have died, would they still be
here?

And, what of the children with hope in their
eyes
Would they be masters or slaves?
And, what of the future, the truth and the lies
Would there be children to save?

They were much too young, they were much
too old
Finding any trace, each remembered face
Mem'ries bought and sold.
Pictures without hope, families without names
Were we all too blind, did we trust mankind
Do we share the blame?

Did we not believe, were we not afraid
Were there storied told of forgotten souls
Of the price they paid?
If the world had cried, long before the tears
Would they not have died, would they still be
here?

We must not forget, it has stained our lives
Were we blessed with time, were we next in
line
Why did we survive?
If the world had cried, for the missing years
For the love that died, would they still be here?

WORDS FROM MAMA'S EYES

Words & Music by Kenny Karen

Sweetness and sorrow she wore with style
Yesterday's sadness, tomorrow's smile
Strength of conviction or helpless child
She would be all things to me.

Bridging the waters throughout her life
Mother and daughter and loving wife
Spoke with the softness of lullabies
Words from Mama's Eyes.

Chaimke, mein kind
I will watch over you
Chaimke, mein kind
No harm will come to you
Wherever you may be, I'll be with you
Chaimke, mein kind.

Standing beside her with watchful eye
Frail imitation of years gone by
Looking to heaven and asking why
Mournful sighs and last goodbyes.

Years entertain us and life goes on
Mem'ries sustain us when dreams have gone
Remembering with flowers and family ties
These words from Mama's Eyes.

Chaimke, mein kind
I will watch over you
Chaimke, mein kind
No harm will come to you
Wherever you may be, I'll be with you
Chaimke, mein kind.

Her legacy, her gift to me
These words from my Mama's Eyes.

THE SEED OF ABRAHAM

Words & Music by Kenny Karen

We are the darkness and the light
The morning and the night,
We are the blessed and the damned
The lion and the lamb,
We stand together or we stand alone
Building dreams or building homes
We feed the land
With the seed of Abraham.

We are the children of Israel
The conscience of history, the pride and the
dignity
We've shown the world that we hold the key to
the Promised Land
We are the seed of Abraham.

We are the weak, we are the strong
We are the right, we are the wrong,
We are the guns, we are the bread
We are the living and the dead,
We are the scattered sand that hugs the shore
A guiding hand through peace and war
We feed the land
With the seed of Abraham.

We are the children of Israel
The conscience of history, the pride and the
dignity
We've shown the world that we hold the key to
the Promised Land
We are the seed of Abraham.

Different fears, the fathers and the sons,
Have we forgotten how to touch the stars?
Through the years have we lost or have we
won?
We need to remember who we are...

We are the children of Israel
The conscience of history, the pride and the
dignity
We've shown the world that we hold the key to
the Promised Land
We are the seed of Abraham.

ONE MORE DAY

Words & Music by Kenny Karen

Ornaments of shining silver
Velvet laced with gold
To believe or to bewilder
Parchment and scrolls.
Word of God and his creations
Blooming in the sand
Chains that tie the generations
To my little man.

One more day in the life of my child
One more day in the warmth of your smile.
As your spirit runs free
You'll discover the key
To wisdom, to courage, respectability....

And as the crowd filters in
As the service begins
You are welcomed as one of our people.
Though your sweet days of childhood are gone
The children of Israel are calling
As I pass the baton
The traditions live on.

But, the prize that I've already won
Is the privilege to call you, my son.
In your eyes I can find
The reflections of time –
The fragrance of childhood
The promise of manhood
Will guide us, divide us
Then bind us together.
Just stay just here beside me
Until you fly away –
Little man, be a child
One more day.

ELLIS ISLAND

Words & Music by Kenny Karen

Ellis Island, dreams upon the water
Freedom's sons and daughters speak your
name.

Ellis Island, common destinations
Scattered invitations still remain.

Who will greet us?
Will we find the streets all paved with gold?
With food enough to share
And children's voices dancing in the air.
Will we lose our hearts?
Will we lose our souls?

Ellis Island, pray that they will take us
God will not forsake us in the end.
Ellis Island, eyes that seek forever
Where they've been they'll never be again.

Broken ties, our separate lives prevail
Distant cries, the family must not fail.
Sacrifice to feed us, mama's strength will lead
us
Waiting in the shadows for the mail.
'Til papa's arms can hold us all together.

Ellis Island, enter through the Great Hall
Faces fill with wonderment and fear.
Ellis Island, morning prayers 'til nightfall
Silence is the only sound we hear.

Immigration, looks into our eyes but not our
souls
And all that they can see is what we've been
and not what we might be.
Have they room for you?
Is there room for me?

Ellis Island, years of persecution
Time for retribution to begin.
Ellis Island, here is my salvation
God protects this nation – let me in!

TATENIU

Words & Music by Kenny Karen

Yesterday keeps passing through my memory
Floating through a honey-colored sky,
Dripping with the sweetness I remember
Flavored by a soothing lullaby.
All of life was young and dreams were on
parade
Marching through an endless field of
serenades,
But when I looked for strength I found it in
your smile
Holding up the world for one believing child.

Remember, sit with me, and hold my hand,
Tateniu,
Talk to me, man to man, Tateniu.
A magical kingdom was there in your eyes
The flutter of wings and an angel's disguise.
I asked you, who am I, what are we, Tateniu?
Will I learn, will I see, Tateniu?
The questions of ages you answered as one:
Love is all you will need, my son.

The years go by and time has quickly flown
A father now with children of my own,
And mem'ries fade into an autumn day
Dreams ago, far away.

So come and rest a while, in your chair,
Tateniu.
When you call, I'll be there, Tateniu.
The head of the family, the heart of the home.
God grant you time to love, time to share,
Time to spend with those who care,
Time to be Tateniu to me.

WITH THIS RING

Words & Music by Kenny Karen

I have always known
That my heart would fly
When the gardens bloomed
And the sun was high.
I would hold your hand
And the hands of time
I would speak the words
That would make you mine.

And the earth would move
And the winds would sleep
And the vows we'd make
Would be ours to keep.
I would break the glass
We would sip the wine
I would speak the words
That would make you mine.

With this ring I thee wed
Promises rendered for life.
Prayers and passages read
As I make you my wife.

And the sun will set
And the stars will shine
What the future brings
Is in God's design.
I will live this day
As a gift of time
I will speak the words
That will make you mine.

"With this ring, you are sanctified unto me, as
my wife."

I have spoken the words
I have made you mine.

THE END OF DAYS **(ISAIAH'S PROPHECY)**

Words & Music by Kenny Karen

I have heard Isaiah's voice
Ringing through the ages.
Poetry and words of choice
Sing through timeless pages.
Time is like a blade of grass
Time is ours to borrow.
All in life that's meant to last
Lives beyond tomorrow.

Prophecies and dreams of men
Thirsting for the fountain.
All have seen Jerusalem
Stood atop God's mountain.
O' to pray at Zion's gate
Center of creation.
Guided by the hands of fate
A light unto the nations.

Who are we to close our eyes
Clouds that hide the morning sun.
Even God wears a disguise
Peace for all, peace for none.

Soldiers of the universe
Live and die together.
Some are blessed and some are cursed
But none shall live forever.
God who sits upon His throne
The End of Days lie passing.
When love is ours to call our own
And peace is everlasting.

BECAUSE I AM A JEW

Words & Music by Kenny Karen, June 2005

The bitter and the sweet
The humble and the proud
The shamed and the discreet
The souls of the departed.

The holy and the pure
The multitude, the few
Their remnants will endure
Because I am a Jew.

They questioned and defied
What others failed to see
Before the stains had dried
Forsaken and discarded.
They turned the other cheek
And fortified the flames
The answers that we seek
Will sanctify their names.

They uttered not one sound
They died without a word
Complicity abounds
Their cause lay unattended.
As tyranny prevailed
Humanity betrayed
The flags remained unfurled
Though innocence had ended.

Is this the will of God
The Messianic view
I stand within my rights
Because I am a Jew.

Where is the Kingdom of God?
Chosen to lead and inspire
A beacon of wisdom and light
Breached by a circle of fire.
Faith and belief will sustain
Truth is, and truth shall remain.

The weak and the secure
The quiet and the loud
The strong and the demure
Their memories are clouded.

The passion and the pain
The different points of view
Their skeletons remain
Because I am a Jew.

The secular, the just
Believers in the law
The insular whose trust
Will always find an answer.

Compliance in their lives
Defiance from the grave
Their principals survive
The dignity they craved.

And where do I fit in?
What do I owe the past?
A new life can begin
As long as we remember.

The battle lines are drawn
The lessons have been learned
Though death has scorched the dawn
There breathes a living ember.

The tattered and the frayed
The ancient and the new
Will live another day
Because I am a Jew.
I'm here and here I'll stay
Because I am a Jew.

CHOIRBOY

Words & Music by Kenny Karen

The ivy filters through the vine
A show of strength, a test of time.
With not one stone replaced, one brick re-faced
We'd sanctify this shrine.
And through the mounds of melting snow
We'd view the changing of the guard.
As the winds of March grew silent
And the southern breezes blew
We would pray for our redemption
Hoping God would see us through.
And everyday would be Thanksgiving
For the humble and the scarred,
At the people's congregation
On St. Joseph Boulevard.

And I heard the call
Papa's sermons, mama's songs.
And if I should fall they were there
To put me back where I belonged.

So I sang for God Almighty
And He sang along with me.
And we harmonized and eulogized
What was never meant to be.
And I would not seek forgiveness
And I could not ease the pain,
And the painted smile would last a while
But, the memories remained.

Back when I was a Choirboy
Back in the sweetness of my youth.
When I would climb the stairs
And sing the prayers
And know that God was truth.
Back when I was a Choirboy
When I was nine and ten years old,
We would welcome every Sabbath
Bringing glory to His name
Singing prayers and benedictions
We were God's eternal flame.
And when the Holy ark was opened
And we'd read the sacred scrolls
We were one with our creator
We were masters of our souls.

And my voice was sweet
Gifted child, my mama's pride.
Wings beneath my feet
I'd be taken on a magic carpet ride.

I would wear a robe of satin
And a skullcap graced my head.
And His spirit would envelop me
In each blessing that I read.
And I'd choose my own direction
And I'd choose to be set free,
If I'd look into the eyes of God
Would I see what He would see?

Well, once I was a Choirboy
The second seat, the second row.
With every new command the leader's hand
Would make the music flow.
And when I was a Choirboy
I'd always do as I was told.
I would be just like the others
And the others just like me,
We were seedlings in the garden
We were branches of a tree.
And, what became of my companions
Did they blend into the fold
Would they challenge the convictions
Of a child as good as gold?

And I lost my place
Searching for my happiness.
In God's saving grace
Would I taste the fruits of life,
Would I be blessed?

I learned to trust the doubters
The wicked and the weak,
The noble men, the holy men
The mighty and the meek.
We're all cast upon the waters
And we're set adrift at sea
To find the strength of our beliefs,
Is it God or is it me?

Well, once I was a Choirboy.
And, I am still that Choirboy.

ZEIDE

Words & Music by Kenny Karen

Glass partition separates the old and new
Definition in a sea of pink and blue
Wrapped securely in the comfort of a nameless
pair of eyes
Reassurance that will resonate through all our
lives.

‘Cause I’m your Zeide
From another time and place,
I’m your Zeide
Lines and creases mark my face,
A reminder of the many years and
opportunities
A succession of the gifts that God has given
me,
Now I’m your Zeide

Steal my heart, as you glance my way
Distant memories left forsaken, live again
today.

Little figure in a strange and distant land
Tiny fingers stroke the contour of my hand
I will show you the traditions that were handed
down to me
And the ethics of our fathers through our
history
‘Cause I’m your Zeide

Shall I stay, shall I watch you grow
Will you be my flower in springtime,
Melt the winter’s snow?

What’s a Zeide, just and a smile and an
embrace
What’s a Zeide, loving hands that hold your
face
My misfortune that I never met the man whose
name I bear
But my Zeide’s badge of honor now is mine to
wear
‘Cause I’m your Zeide.

GOD OF MY FATHER

Words and Music by Kenny Karen

God of my father, Father in heaven
Give us your blessings, we grains of sand.
Show us your kindness, we non-believers
Remove our blindness, give us your hand.

We are as snowflakes dancing one moment
Madness and passion taking command.
Are you eternal? Are you forgiving?
Is life worth living, can we understand?

God of my father, Father in heaven
Where you will lead us, you alone know.
Are we the victims, are we the dreamers
You’re our redeemer, don’t let us go.

Do you not hear us, are you not listening
Cries and confusion of mortal men.
You are our healer, our greatest virtue
God would not hurt you, whisper “Amen.”

God of my father, I must beseech you
How can I reach you, one common stone.
I seek the answers no one has shown me
Until I find them, I’ll be alone
God of my father, please bring me home.

IN EVERY GENERATION

Words & Music by Kenny Karen

Crystal night, a grim beginning
Running through the streets,
Broken glass and shattered windows
Crushed beneath our feet.
Ghetto walls and domination
Wear a yellow star,
And in every generation
Knowing who we are.

Master race and rigid faces
Form a master plan,
Darkness falls and never rises
Where's our fellow man?
Cattle cars and liquidation
Numbers fill the air,
And in every generation
Who'll be left to care.

Seder table, greet Elijah
Cup in hand,
Slavery can't answer freedom's call.
Teach your children
So that they might understand
Pharaohs rise and pharaohs fall.

Scattered ashes, living memories
Fight to gain control,
Take the body, break the spirit
Never lose the soul.
Promised land, emancipation
Brotherhood of men,
And in every generation
Hope will rise again.

And in every generation
We will rise again.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

Words & Music by Kenny Karen

I am frail but I'm protected
In a land of shining seas.
I must go where I'm directed
And be where I long to be.

We are children of the Bible
We are strangers holding hands.
We insure our own survival
We secure our Promised Land.

Fear and hatred all around us
Still our dreams won't turn to stone.
Though our enemies surround us
We will never leave our home.

We have lived in every nation
Washed our dreams on every shore.
We have waited for salvation
Walked through every open door.

We are searchers, we are seekers
One for all, and all for one.
I will be My Brother's Keeper
Until my time on earth is done.

When you hurt, I'll be there with you
When you cry, I'll feel your pain.
All I have is all I'll give you
You'll never be alone again.

We are searchers, we are seekers
One for all, and all for one.
I will be My Brother's Keeper
Until my time on earth is done.

GOODBYE, OLD FRIEND

Words & Music by Kenny Karen

We sit in pews with lowered eyes
What does it matter that the patter's
compromised.

This special man, this priceless gem,
More than a jewel, but fate is cruel,
Goodbye, old friend.

We search for truth, to dry our tears,
His cup was filled but still his voice rings in
our ears.

He's in our prayers, in each "Amen"
The wealth of praise that marked his days,
Goodbye, old friend.

He fought the fight and then moved on,
He filled our shattered lives with hope then he
was gone.

We question how we will sustain,
His mission's done, now we're the ones who
must remain

We read the psalms, the twenty-third,
The Shepard's strength will redefine the holy
word.

Though he won't pass this way again,
We laughed and cried, he lived and died,
Goodbye, old friend.