

## Přílohy

*Příloha č. 1 – Báseň Yehudy Halevi: Ode To Zion (nezkrácená anglická verze)*

Zion! wilt thou not ask if peace be with thy captives  
That seek thy peace – that ate the remnant of thy flocks?  
From west and east, from north and south – the greeting  
“Peace” from far and near, take thou from every side;  
And greeting from captive of desire, giving his tears like dew  
Of Hermon, and longing to let them fall upon thine hills.  
To wail for thine affliction I am like the jackals; but when I dream  
Of the return to thy captivity, I am a harp for thy songs.  
My heart to Bethel and Peniel yearneth sore,  
To Mahanaim and to all the places where thy pure ones have met.  
There the Presence abideth in thee; yea, there thy Maker  
Opened thy gates to face the gates of heaven.  
And the Lord’s glory alone was thy light;  
No sun nor moon nor stars were luminants for thee.  
I would choose for my soul to pour itself out within that place  
Where the spirit of God was outpoured upon thy chosen.  
Thou art the house of royalty; thou art the throne of the Lord, and how  
Do slaves sit now upon thy princes’ thrones?  
Would I might be wandering in the places where  
God was revealed unto thy seers and messengers.  
O who will make me wings, that I may fly afar,  
And lay the ruins of my cleft heart among thy broken cliffs!  
I would fall, with my face upon thine arth and take delight  
In thy stones and be tender to thy dust.  
Yea, more, when standing by my fathers’ tombs  
I would marvel, in Hebron, over the chosen of thy gaves.  
I would pass into thy forest and thy fruitful field, and stand  
Within thy Gilead, and wonder at thy mount beyond -  
Mount Abarim, and Mount Hor, where are the twain  
Great lights - thy Luminaries, thy Teachers.  
The life of souls is the air of thy land, and of pure myrrh  
The grain of thy dust, and honey from the comb thy rivers.  
Sweet would it be unto my soul to walk naked and barefoot

Upon the desolate ruins where thy holiest dwelling were;  
In the place of thine Ark where it is hidden and in the place  
Of thy cherubim which abode in thine innermost recesses.  
I will cut off and cast away the splendour of my crown of locks, and cure the fate  
That desecrated in unclean land the heads that bore thy crown.  
How shall it be sweet to me to eat and drink while I behold  
Dogs tearing at thy lions' whelps?  
Or how can light of day be joyous to mine eyes while yet  
I see in ravens' beaks torn bodies of thine eagles?  
O cup of sorrow! gently! hold a while! already  
My lions are filled, yea, and my soul, with thy bitterness.  
When I remember Oholah I drink thy fury,  
And I recall Oholibah, and drain thy dregs.  
Zion! perfect in beauty! love and grace thou didst bind on to thee  
Of olden time; and still the souls of thy companions ate bound up with thee.  
Is it they that rejoice at thy well – being, that are in pain.  
Over thy desolation, and that weep over thy ruin -  
They that, from the pit of captive, pant toward, thee, worshipping,  
Every one from his own place, toward thy gates;  
The flocks of thy multitude, which were exiled and scattered  
From mount to hill, but have not forgotten thy fold;  
Which grasp thy skirts and strengthen themselves  
To go up and take hold of the boughs of thy palms.  
Shinar and Pathros – were they equal unto thee in their greatness?  
Can they compare thier vanity to thy Thummim and thy Urim?  
And whom could they compare thine anointed Kings?  
and with whom Thy prophets? and with whom thy ministrants and thy singers?  
He will change, He will wholly sweep away all the realms of idols;  
Thy splendour is for ever, from age to age thy crown.  
Thy God hath desired thee for a dweeling place; and happy is the man  
Whom He chooseth and bringeth near that he may rest within thy courts.  
Happy is he that waiteth, that cometh night and seeth the rising  
Of thy light, when on him thy dawn shall break -  
That he may see the welfare of thy chosen, and rejoice

In thy rejoicing, when thou tornest back unto thine olden youth.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> *Translated by Nina Salaman* from Heinrich Brody, ed., *Selected Poems of Jehudah Halevi*, Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society, 1924

*Příloha č. 2 – Interiér domu Rav Isaac Kooka v Jeruzalémě, červenec 2018*

