

כרפס | Karpas

A Reader:

“Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
 Rock’d in the cradle of the western breeze.”
 When earth is freed from winter’s yoke,
 When lambs are born and trees turn green,
 We celebrate the renewal of life and growth, of hope and love.

Leader:

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| קוּמִי לָךְ רְעִיתִי, | Rise up, my love, |
| יִפְתִּי וּלְכִי-לָךְ! | my fair one, and come away! |
| כִּי־הִנֵּה הַסֶּתֵּוּ עָבַר, | For now the winter is past, |
| הַגֶּשֶׁם חָלַף הַלֶּךְ לּוֹ. | the rains are over and gone. |
| הַנְּצַנִּים נִרְאוּ בְּאֶרֶץ, | The flowers appear on the earth, |
| עֵת הַזְּמִיר הִגִּיעַ. | the time of singing has come. |
| וְקוֹל הַתּוֹר נִשְׁמַע בְּאֶרְצֵנוּ. | The song of the dove is heard in our land. |

All:

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| רְאֵה קָמָה לְמִלְאֵת, | The standing corn grows ripe, |
| בְּרִסְיֵי בְּרָכָה: | as dew-drops bring their blessing: |
| לֶחֶם לְאוֹכְלֵי, | food for the hungry, |
| וּמִרְפָּא וְאֲרוּכָה. | healing for the sick. |
| לְמַלְבִּישׁ סוֹת סְמָדָר | The grapevines blossom, |
| עֲרוּמֵי שׁוֹרְקָה; | as the heavens yield their dew. |
| וְהַשָּׁמַיִם יִתְּנוּ טָלָם. | |

The green herbs are dipped in salt water

All:

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| בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ | Ba-ruch a-ta Adonai, Eh-lo-hei-nu |
| הַעוֹלָם, בּוֹרֵא פְּרֵי הָאֲדָמָה. | meh-lech ha-o-lam, bo-rei p’ri ha-a-da-mah. |

We praise You, Eternal One, Creator of the fruit of the earth.

The green herbs are eaten