

candles.” Then she took her hands away from her face. “Listen!” she whispered.

The king listened. He could hear nothing. He listened again. Still, nothing. “It is the sound of the Sabbath,” the woman whispered again. “It is the sound of shalom, of peace.”

“Ahhhhhhhhh!” said the king. “The peace of the Sabbath is the sweetest sound of all.”



3

Is there ever a time when you feel there is too much noise, when you wish everyone would just be quiet so you could think?

I wonder who you are in the story—the king or the woman?

I wonder what you hear when everything around you is silent?

## The Sweetest Sound

“What is the sweetest sound in all the earth?” the king asked the wise men and women of his council. But no one knew the answer. So the king called all the musicians in the kingdom to the palace to play their sweetest melodies. “Each of you play a tune,” he commanded, “and I will decide which is the sweetest to my ears.”

Early Friday morning the king sat on his balcony to listen. All day the violins sang, the flutes fluttered, the harps twanged, the horns blew, the bells rang, the drums pounded, the chimes pealed, the cymbals banged, the gongs rang, the lyres strummed, the trumpets blared, the pipes whistled, the lutes lilted, and all the other instruments rattled and beat and gurgled as sweetly as they could.

But the king still couldn’t decide which sound was the sweetest. As the sun was about to set, he clasped his hands to his aching head. “Stop!” he shouted to all the music makers.

A woman, dressed in her Sabbath best, called out, “O King! I have the answer to your question.” And she took two candles from her pocket and placed them on the railing of the balcony. She struck a match. The candle flames flickered up just as the sun began to go down. Covering her eyes with her hands, she chanted, “Blessed are You, Adonay our God, the Source of light, who makes us holy through your *mitzvot*, and calls us to light the Shabbat

2



## קַבְּלַת שַׁבָּת KABBALAT SHABBAT

### הַדְּלַקַת נֵרוֹת

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יְהוָה  
אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם  
אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו וְצִוָּנוּ  
לְהַדְּלִיק נֵר שַׁבָּת:

Blessed are You, Adonay  
our God, the Source of light,  
who makes us holy through your *mitzvot*,  
and calls us to light the Shabbat candles.

4

### Night Psalm

The moon is wrapped in black,  
The stars are stored away.  
There is from north to south  
no single spark of day.

In the secret tent of my heart  
light a white candle and say:  
In the north and the south  
the sun will bloom today.

—Leah Goldberg, adapted

## בְּרִכּוֹת הַמִּשְׁפָּחָה BIRKOT HAMISHPAHAH

To a son:

יְשַׁמְךָ אֱלֹהִים כְּאַפְרַיִם וְכַמְנַשֶּׁה:

May God make you like Ephraim and Menasheh.

To a daughter:

יְשַׁמְךָ אֱלֹהִים כְּשָׂרָה רְבֵקָה רָחֵל וְלֵאָה:

May God make you like Sarah, Rebekah, Rachel, and Leah.

7

יְבָרְכֶךָ יְהוָה וַיִּשְׁמְרֶךָ:

יֵאָר יְהוָה פָּנָיו אֵלֶיךָ וַיַּחַנְךָ:

יִשָּׂא יְהוָה פָּנָיו אֵלֶיךָ וַיִּשֶׂם לְךָ שְׁלוֹם:

May God bless and protect you.

May God's light and grace be with you.

May God's goodness smile on you and fill you with peace.

הַרְחֵמֶן הוּא יְבָרְךָ אוֹתָנוּ כְּלָנוּ יַחַד

בְּבִרְכַת שְׁלוֹם:

May the Merciful One bless all of us together  
with the blessing of peace.

## שְׁלוֹם עֲלֵיכֶם

שְׁלוֹם עֲלֵיכֶם מְלָאכֵי הַשָּׁרֵת מְלָאכֵי עֲלִיּוֹן  
מִמְּלַךְ מְלָכֵי הַמַּלְכִּים הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא:

בוֹאֲכֶם לְשָׁלוֹם מְלָאכֵי הַשָּׁלוֹם מְלָאכֵי עֲלִיּוֹן  
מִמְּלַךְ מְלָכֵי הַמַּלְכִּים הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא:

בְּרִכּוֹנֵי לְשָׁלוֹם מְלָאכֵי הַשָּׁלוֹם מְלָאכֵי עֲלִיּוֹן  
מִמְּלַךְ מְלָכֵי הַמַּלְכִּים הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא:

צֵאתְכֶם לְשָׁלוֹם מְלָאכֵי הַשָּׁלוֹם מְלָאכֵי עֲלִיּוֹן  
מִמְּלַךְ מְלָכֵי הַמַּלְכִּים הַקְּדוֹשׁ בְּרוּךְ הוּא:

6

Welcome among us

Angels of shalom

Come in peace

Bless us with peace

Leave us feeling at peace

Quiet now,

We enter the peace of Shabbat.



## לְכָה דוֹדֵי

לְכָה דוֹדֵי לְקַרְאֵת כַּלָּה פְּנֵי שַׁבַּת נִקְבְּלָה:

שָׁמּוֹר וְזָכוֹר בְּדַבּוֹר אֶחָד הַשְּׁמִיעֵנוּ אֶל הַמִּיָּחָד.  
יִהְיֶה אֶחָד וְשֵׁמוֹ אֶחָד לְשֵׁם וּלְתַפְאֶרֶת וּלְתִהְלָה:

בוֹאֵי בְּשָׁלוֹם עֲטֹרֶת בַּעֲלָה גַם בְּשִׂמְחָה וּבְצַהֲלָה.  
תּוֹךְ אֲמוּנֵי עַם סְגָלָה בוֹאֵי כַּלָּה בוֹאֵי כַּלָּה:

9

Come with me, my friend, to greet the bride  
To bring Shabbat peace inside.

A day to remember, a day to keep  
If we listen closely, silent and deep.  
We each call God by a different name  
But One God, just the same.

Come with me, my friend, to greet the bride  
To bring Shabbat peace inside.

Come in peace, like a beautiful bride  
Into the palace of time, we'll go inside.  
With joy and love and sweet song  
Come in Shabbat, here we belong.

Come with me, my friend, to greet the bride  
To bring Shabbat peace inside.

