

Hatikvah (The Hope)

Poem by Naftali Herz Imber (1878)

Literal translation by Dr. Anne Lapidus Lerner (2000)

Our hope is not yet lost –
The age-old hope:
To return to the land of our ancestors,
To the city in which David dwelled.

1.
As long as in the heart, within
The soul of a Jew yearns,
And to the far reaches of the East, forward
An eye is looking toward Zion;

Our hope is not yet lost...

2.
As long as tears from our eyes
Flow like bountiful rain,
And tens of thousands of our people
Still frequent the ancestral graves;

Our hope is not yet lost...

3.
As long as the wall of our desirable places
Appears before our eyes,
And over the destruction of our Sanctuary
A single eye still sheds a tear;

Our hope is not yet lost...

4.
As long as the waters of the Jordan in majesty
Flow full between its banks,
And to the Sea of Galilee in a rush
Fall with a roaring sound;

Our hope is not yet lost...

5.
As long as there upon the roads
Stands a gate destroyed in desolation,
And among the waste-places of Jerusalem
The daughter of Zion is still crying;

Our hope is not yet lost...

6.
As long as pure tears
From the eye of the daughter of my people flow,
And to mourn Zion at the start of each vigil
She still arises in the middle of the night;

Our hope is not yet lost...

7.
As long as the drops of blood in our veins
Flow back and forth,
And upon the graves of our ancestors
Drops of dew still fall;

Our hope is not yet lost...

8.
As long as the feeling of national love
Beats in the heart of a Jew,
We can still hope even today
That a wrathful God will still have compassion for us;

Our hope is not yet lost...

9.
Hearken my brothers in the land of my wandering
To the voice of one of our seers,
For only with the last Jew
Does our final shred of hope dissipate!

[Modern Refrain]

Our hope is not yet lost –
The hope of two-thousand years;
To be a free people in our land –
In the land of Zion and Jerusalem.