



Singing with the Trees: Spring (Jerusalem Wild Flowers)

Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree

Lyrics: Lew Brown and Charles Tobias; Music: Sam H. Stept

I wrote my mother, I wrote my father And now I'm writing you too
I'm sure of mother, I'm sure of father And now I want to be sure, very, very sure of you

Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no
Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me Till I come marching home

Don't go walking down lovers' lane with anyone else but me
Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no
Don't go walking down lovers' lane with anyone else but me Till I come marching home

I just got word from a guy who heard From the guy next door to me
The girl he met just loves to pet And it fits you to a "T"

So don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me Till I come marching home,
Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me (With anyone else but her)
No, no, no, not a single soul but me
No, no, no, don't you sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me
Not till you see me, not until you see me marching home Home, home, home, home sweet home

Don't go walking down lovers' lane with anyone else but me (With anyone else but her)
No, no, no, not a single soul but me
No, no, no, don't you go walking down lovers' lane With anyone else but me
Not till you see me, not until you see me marching home Home, home, home, home sweet home
Just wait till I come marching home

Tzadik Katamar psalm 92

Traditional melody: Lewandowsky; Dance Melody: Amitai
Neeman; Dance Choreographer: Jonathan Gabay

צדיק כַּתָּמַר יִפְרַח, כְּאֶרֶז בַּלְבָּנוֹן יִשְׁגֶּה. שְׁתוּלִים
בְּבַיִת יְיָ, בְּחִצְרוֹת אֱלֹהֵינוּ יִפְרִיחוּ. עוֹד יִנּוּבוּן
בְּשִׁיבָה, דְּשִׁנִּים וְרַעֲנָנִים יִהְיוּ. לְהַגִּיד כִּי יֵשֶׁר יְיָ-ה,
צוּרֵי וְלֹא עוֹלָתָהּ בּוֹ.

*Tzadik katamar yifrach, k'erez balvanon yisgeh. Sh'tulim
b'veit Adonai, b'chatzrot Eloheinu yaf'richu. Od y'navun
b'saivah, d'sheinim v'ra-a-nanim y'hi'yu. L'hagid ki yashar
Adonai, tzuri v'lo avlata bo.*

The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree; they shall
grow tall like a cedar in Lebanon. Planted in the house of
Adonai, they will thrive in the courts of our God. They
shall bear fruit even in old age; they shall be every fresh
and fragrant, to proclaim; Adonai is just – my Rock, in
whom there is no flaw.

Connection to Our Tree of Life

עץ חַיִּים הִיא לַמַּחְזִיקִים בָּהּ, וְתִמְכֶּיָה מְאֹשֶׁר. דְּרָכֶיהָ
דְּרָכֵי נְעָם, וְכָל נְתִיבוֹתֶיהָ שְׁלוֹם. הַשִּׁיבָנוּ יְיָ-ה אֵלֵינוּ
וְנִשְׁוֶבָה, חֲדָשׁ יָמֵינוּ כְּקֶדֶם.

*Eitz Chayim hi lamachazikim ba, v'tom'kheha m'ushar. D'rakheha
darkhei no-am, v'kho n'tivotehha shalom. Hashiveinu Adonai
eilekha v'nashuva, chadeis yameinu k'kedem.*

It is a tree of life for those who grasp it, and all who uphold it are
blessed. Its ways are pleasant, and all its paths are peace.
Help us turn to You, Adonai, and we shall return.
Renew our days as in days of old.