Minḥa Ḥadasha

"A New Meal-Offering"

From Zechariah Haber, A"H.

Poetic Version of the translation

The first of your harvest, come reap

After measuring a full seven weeks

That you may mark your counting complete

Ending the time that for students we did weep

*From the time that your harvesting grain has begun*

*Offer it to God beneath the afternoon sun*

A rope around the first fruits he is tying
Let us go, arise, to where the *Leviim* sing
"My father was a fugitive Aramean," recounting
These *bikkurim* leave the threshing-floor pure and clean

*From the time that your harvesting grain has begun*

*Offer it to God beneath the afternoon sun*

To the nation whose heart is as one

From God who in giving, his self has given

Another two tablets of transmission

Learning at their feast, to make up for sleeping

*From the time that your harvesting grain has begun*

*Offer it to God beneath the afternoon sun*

God asks of his children dear

When the days of the harvest-judgment appear

The true end of Pesach is near

A time of white linens, of joyous atmosphere

*From the time that your harvesting grain has begun*

*Offer it to God beneath the afternoon sun*

Let all Jews come and attend
 With offerings, of two *ma'ot* to extend

 Which may be offered up to day seven
In memory of our sacrifices, let our prayers ascend

*From the time that your harvesting grain has begun*

*Offer it to God beneath the afternoon sun*

May it be your will, my Lord
 Creator enthroned on high, adored
 Let joy and gladness be our reward

And our Messiah be restored

*From the time that your harvesting grain has begun*

*Offer it to God beneath the afternoon sun*