



*Candles are placed in the menorah right to left.
They are kindled left to right.*



We praise You, Eternal God,
Sovereign of the universe: You
hallow us with Your Mitzvot, and
command us to kindle the
Chanukah lights.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ
הָעוֹלָם, אֲשֶׁר קִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו
וְצִוָּנוּ לְהַדְלִיק נֵר שֶׁל חֲנֻכָּה.

Ba-ruch a-ta Adonai, Eh-lo-hei-nu meh-lech ha-o-lam, a-sher ki-d'sha-nu
b'mitz-vo-tav v'tzi-va-nu l'had-lik ner shel Chanukah.

We praise You, Eternal God,
Sovereign of the universe: You
showed wonders to our fathers and
mothers in days of old, at this
season.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ
הָעוֹלָם, שֶׁעָשָׂה נִסִּים לְאַבוֹתֵינוּ
וְלְאִמּוֹתֵינוּ בַּיָּמִים הָהֵם בְּזִמַּן
הַזֶּה.

Ba-ruch a-ta Adonai, Eh-lo-hei-nu meh-lech ha-o-lam, sheh-a-sa ni-sim la-
a-vo-tei-nu u-l'i-mo-tei-nu ba-ya-mim ha-heim ba-z'man ha-zeh.

On the first night only

We praise You, Eternal God,
Sovereign of the universe, for
giving us life, for sustaining us, and
for enabling us to reach this
season.

בְּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ
הָעוֹלָם, שֶׁהַחַיֵּינוּ וְקִיְּמָנוּ
וְהַגִּיעָנוּ לְזִמַּן הַזֶּה.

Ba-ruch a-ta Adonai, Eh-lo-hei-nu meh-lech ha-o-lam, sheh-heh-cheh-
ya-nu v'ki-y'ma-nu v'hi-gi-a-nu la-z'man ha-zeh.

We kindle these lights in remembrance of the wondrous deliverance
You wrought for our ancestors at this season, in days gone by.

*During the eight days of Chanukah these lights are sacred; we are not
to use them but only to gaze upon them, so that their glow may rouse
us to give thanks for Your wondrous saving power.*

מַעֲוֹז צוּר יְשׁוּעָתִי,	Ma-oz tzur y'shu-a-ti,
לֶךְ נֶאֱהָ לְשַׁבַּח,	l'cha na-eh l'sha-bei-ach,
הַכּוֹן בֵּית הַפְּלִיאִי,	ti-kon beit t'fi-la-ti,
וְשֵׁם הַיְּהוּדָה נִזְבַּח.	v'sham to-da n'za-bei-ach.
לַעֵת הַשְּׁבִית מִטְּבַח	L'eit tash-bit mat-bei-ach
וְצַר הַמְּנַבַּח,	v'tzar ha-m'na-bei-ach,
אֵז אֶגְמוֹר, בְּשִׁיר מִיְּמֹר,	az eg-mor, b'shir miz-mor,
חֲנֻכַּת הַמְּזֻבָּח.	cha-nu-kat ha-miz-bei-ach.

Rock of ages, let our song
Praise Your saving power;
You, amid the raging foes,
Were our sheltering tower.

Furious, they assailed us,
But Your arm availed us,
And Your word
Broke their sword,

When our own strength failed us.

Kindling new the holy lamps,
Priests approved in suffering,
Purified the nation's shrines,
Brought to You their offering.

And Your courts surrounding
Hear, in joy abounding,
Happy throngs,
Singing songs,

With a mighty sounding.



Children of the Maccabees,
Whether free or fettered,
Wake the echoes of the songs,
Where you may be scattered.
Yours the message cheering,
That the day is nearing,
Which will see,
All go free,
Tyrants disappearing.