

Uvshofar gadol yitake.
V'kol d'mamah dakah yishama.
Umalachim yeichafeizun,
v'chil uradah yocheizun,
v'yomru: "Hineih yom hadin"—
lifkod al tz'va marom badin;
ki lo yizku v'einecha badin.

V'chol ba-ei olam yaavrun l'fanecha
kivnei maron.
K'vakarat ro-ei edro,
maavir tzono tachat shivto,
kein taavir v'tispor v'timneh,
v'tifkod nefesh kol chai.
V'tachtoch kitzbah l'chol b'riyah;
v'tichtov et g'zar dinam.

And so a great shofar will cry — *t'kiah*.
A still small voice will be heard.
Angels, in a whirl of fear and trembling, will say:
"Behold the day of judgment" —
for they too are judged;
in Your eyes even they are not blameless.
All who come into the world pass before You
like sheep before their shepherd.
As a shepherd considers the flock,
when it passes beneath the staff,
You count and consider every life.
You set bounds; You decide destiny;
You inscribe judgments.

A GREAT SHOFAR WILL CRY וּבְשׂוֹפָר גָּדוֹל יִתְקַע יִתְקַע. Here the scene expands from the human experience of Rosh HaShanah to a cosmic drama. The poet imagines the angels, too, anxiously awaiting God's judgment, as all created beings live under divinely decreed limits. Yet God is imagined as a shepherd — an image conveying care, concern, and protectiveness.

וּבְשׂוֹפָר גָּדוֹל יִתְקַע.
וְקוֹל דְּמָמָה דָּקָה יִשְׁמַע.
וּמְלָאכִים יַחְפְּזוּן,
וְחֵיל וְרַעְדָּה יֵאָחֲזוּן,
וְיֹאמְרוּ: הִנֵּה יוֹם הַדִּין —
לְפָקֵד עַל צְבָא מְרוֹם בְּדִין,
כִּי לֹא יִזְכּוּ בְעֵינֶיךָ בְּדִין.

וְכָל בָּאֵי עוֹלָם יַעֲבְרוּן לְפָנֶיךָ
כְּבְנֵי מְרוֹן.
כְּבִקְרַת רוּעָה עֹדוֹן,
מִעֲבִיר צֹאנוּ תַּחַת שִׁבְטוֹ,
כִּן תַּעֲבִיר וְתִסְפֹּר וְתִמְנָה,
וְתִפְקֵד נַפְשׁ כָּל חַי.
וְתַחְתּוֹךָ קֶצֶבָה לְכָל בְּרִיָּה,
וְתַכְתֵּב אֶת גְּזֵר דִּינָם.

Uvchein ulcha taaleh k'dushah,
ki atah Eloheinu Melech.

And so, let these words
of sanctity ascend to You —
for You are our God and Sovereign.

Untaneh-tokef k'dushat hayom —
ki hu nora v'ayom.
Uvo tinasei malchutecha,
v'yikon b'chesed kisecha;
v'teisheiv alav be-emet.

Let us proclaim the power of this day —
a day whose holiness awakens deepest awe
and inspires highest praise for Your dominion,
for Your throne is a throne of love;
Your reign is a reign of truth.

Emet ki atah hu dayan,
umochiach v'yodei-a va-eid,
v'choteiv v'choteim, v'sofeir umoneh,
v'tizkor kol hanishkachot.
V'tiftach et sefer hazichronot,
umei-eilav yikarei —
v'chotam yad kol adam bo.

In truth,
You are judge and plaintiff, counselor and witness.
You inscribe and seal. You record and recount.
You remember all that we have forgotten.
And when You open the Book of Memories,
it speaks for itself —
for every human hand leaves its mark,
an imprint like no other.

וּבְכֵן וְלֵךְ תַעֲלֶה קְדוּשָׁה,
כִּי אַתָּה אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ.

וַיִּתְנַה תִּקְוַת קְדוּשַׁת הַיּוֹם —
כִּי הוּא נוֹרָא וְאִים.
וּבו תִּנְשֵׂא מַלְכוּתְךָ,
וְיִכּוֹן בְּחֶסֶד כִּסֵּאֲךָ,
וְתִשֵּׁב עָלָיו בְּאֵמֶת.

אֵמֶת כִּי אַתָּה הוּא דִּין,
וּמוֹכִיחַ וְיֹדֵעַ וְעֵד,
וְכוֹתֵב וְחוֹתֵם, וְסוֹפֵר וּמוֹנֶה,
וְתִזְכֹּר כָּל הַנִּשְׁכָּחוֹת.
וְתִפְתַּח אֶת סֵפֶר הַזִּכְרוֹנוֹת,
וּמֵאֵלָיו יִקְרָא —
וְחוֹתֵם יָד כָּל אָדָם בוֹ.