***Achot Ketanah* LITTLE SISTER**

***A Piyut for Rosh Hashanah from the Sephardi Tradition***

*Translation by Richard Moche*

The Little Sister, her prayers prepared

Her praises to You she has declared

O God, please from illness may she be spared

Let the years and its curses come to an end

 ***Tikleh shanah v'kilelo-teha.***

She calls upon you with words so pleasant

With song and praises, a worthy present

Please lift your eyes, fear not to glance

Enemies consume her inheritance

Let the years and its curses come to an end

 ***Tikleh shanah v'kilelo-teha.***

Tend your sheep that lions chased to the field

And pour your wrath on those who destruction wield

You right hand’s tended vine they steal

And leave her nothing of its yield

 Let the years and its curses come to an end

 ***Tikleh shanah v'kilelo-teha.***

When, Lord, from the pit will you your daughter take?

And free her from the dungeon, its yoke to break?

And with glorious escape great wonders make?

And end her ailments for her sake?

 Let the years and its curses come to an end

 ***Tikleh shanah v'kilelo-teha.***

All her wealth by enemies stolen

Who feasted on it till they were swollen

They tore her heart but despite this fate

She strayed not from your righteous gate.

Let the years and its curses come to an end

 ***Tikleh shanah v'kilelo-teha.***

May to calm and comfort she be taken

Though by her love she has been forsaken

Like a tree of budding blossoms she

That hints of ripeness yet to be

Let the years and its curses come to an end

 ***Tikleh shanah v'kilelo-teha.***

Be strong and rejoice –the plunder is past

Place hope in God’s strength, the covenant shall last

Rise up to Zion and God will say

Clear out the path, Make way, make way

Let the year and its blessings commence!

***Tachel shanah uvircho-teha***