

# Woody Guthrie, The Many And The Few

My name is King Cyrus, my order I give,  
You Jews can go back to your home  
To build your holy temple again  
In the land of Palestine.

We've sung and danced o'er the hot rocky roads  
Back to Eretz Yisroel's land  
We worked with plow and rake and hoe  
And we blessed the works of our hands

My name is Ezra the Teacher man  
I brought my scroll book along  
I brought my flock to Yisroel  
From that land called Babylon

I'll read you my Talmud Torah book  
And the prophet's dreams to you  
And you'll be fertile and multiply  
If you keep your Torah true

My name is Alexander the Great  
More than half of this wide world is mine  
Come stand around, my servants all  
I'm wrapped on my bed here to die

As the King of Syria and Palestine  
Antiochus the Fourth, you'll stand  
To kill the Jews if they refuse  
To worship our idols and gods

My name is Hannah, my first born son  
Now stands before this king  
Guilty of keeping the Sabbath laws  
By the soldiers I see him slain

It's one by one my seven sons  
In front of my eyes cut down  
For keeping to the Torah laws  
I pay with my warm blood now

My name is Mattathias, I've got five sons  
In Modin City we dwell  
They tried to make me bow down to their gods  
Two of the King's flunkies I killed

A hundred or more who'll fight to be Jews  
Did come to these hills with me  
On my death bed your leader I'll name  
Tis Judah, the Macabee

My name is Judah, the Macabee  
By the name of the hammer I'm called  
We'll pray to God before every fight  
Till all of our enemies fall

Appolonius, the Governor, this day I killed  
And his army we did bust  
Some few of his soldiers run away in the wind  
But most we've dropped dead in the dust

Syron is my name, from Syria came  
To destroy that fool Macabee  
My army was great, his army was small  
But he somehow did win over me

To deliver the many to the hands of his few  
For God this is no trick at all  
In a few short hours my army did break  
And we flooded this valley with blood

My name is Lysias, I dreamed up a plan  
To burn the Jews tents as they slept  
When I got there, their tents were all bare  
And the Macabee's army had left

He stormed my own camp as my soldiers did sleep  
And he killed several thousand in fear  
My elephants, my horsemen, my footsoldiers, all  
Judah hammered them down from the rear

My name is Jerusalem where Judah came back  
To build up my Temple once more  
To cut down the weeds and thorny brush  
That grows round my windows and doors

Whole stones, whole stones, we'll build and pray  
To God as a wholehearted Jew  
God's love the hateful many did place  
In the hands of a God loving few

We found in our temple a little oil jug  
Just enough for the lamps for one night  
That one little jug burned Eight whole days  
And it kept our new temple in light

Eight candles we'll burn and a Ninth one too  
Every New Year that comes and goes  
We'll think of the many in the hands of the few  
And thank God we are seeds of the Jews