Rabbi Yitzchok Levy Fifer

Moshe Yess

Rabbi Yitzchok Levi Fifer has a son,
After all these years Hashem gave him one.
And the scholars of Vilna never saw such joy,
As on the day that the Rabbi made a Bris for his boy.

Rabbi Yitzchok Levi Fifer was so proud,
"My son will be a Torah scholar" he would cry out loud,
On the first day he sent his son to school,
He was wrapped up in a Tallis, and held just like a Juul.

And the Rabbi prayed and said onto Hashem,
"My son will teach your Torah to all men",
The Rebbetzin from time to time would say,
"May G-D protect and lead our son, safely on his way".

In the next few years a problem came to light,
The son could not read Alef-Bais quite right.
And the Rabbi who dreamed his son was first,
Cried softly when his son would read a versa.

The son grew up with shame and moved away,
He took up selling rags for humble pay.
He felt the pain and tears behind his fatherâ€™s eyes,
And the pain and embarrassment because he was unwise.

The Rabbi cried and weeped onto Hashem,
â€œMy son is amongst the lowest of all menâ€•.
But the Rebbetzin would comfort him and say,
"May G-D protect and lead our son, safely on his way".
The son from rags to riches slowly grew,
Until he was the richest of all Jews.
He traveled everywhere, from town to town,
And quietly gave charity when no one was around.

And when the Rabbi heard the stories of his boy,
His heart filled dup with happiness and joy,
He told him â€œyou have taught me much my son,
We are given each our special Way to serve the holy oneâ€•.

In the Rabbiâ€™s final moments of his life,

He thanked G-d for his son and loving wife,
And in her memory I sing to you today,
May G-d protect and lead us all, safely on his way.

Lyrics Submitted by Mendel Taitlboim

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/