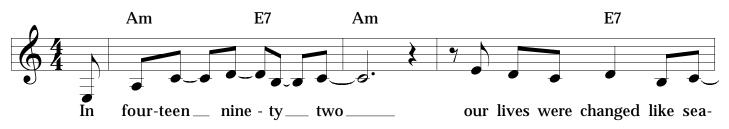
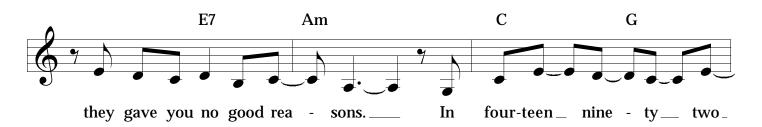
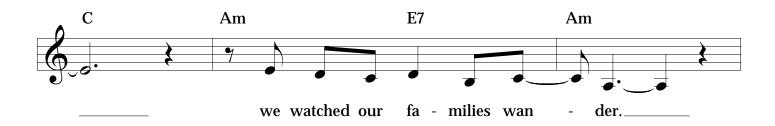
1492

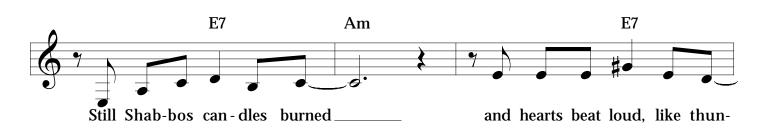
Music and lyrics by Julie A. Silver

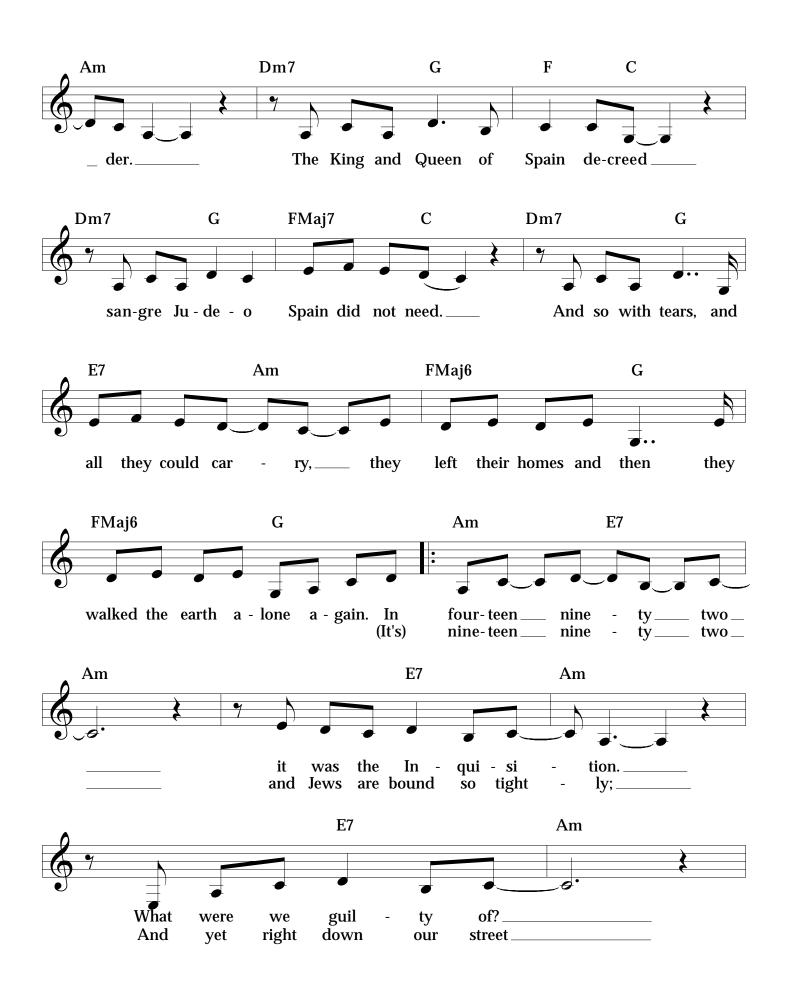


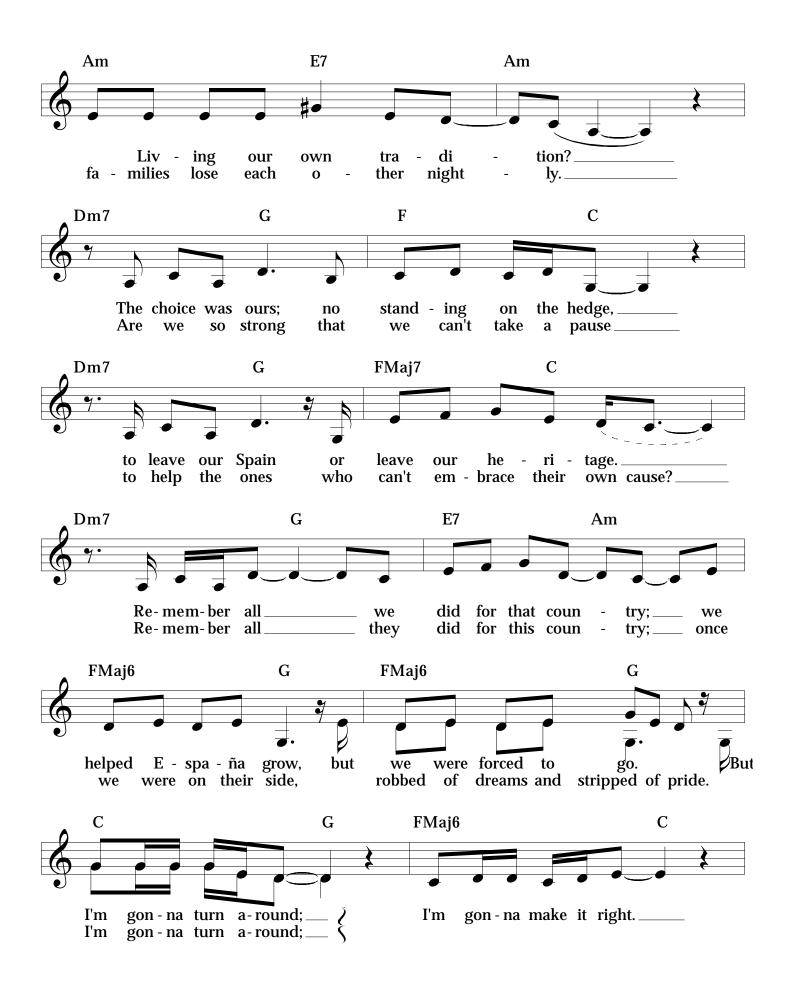














In 1492 our lives were changed like seasons,

And if you were a Jew, they gave you no good reasons.

In 1492 we watched our families wander.

Still Shabbos candles burned

And hearts beat loud, like thunder.

The King and Queen of Spain decreed
Sangre Judeo Spain did not need.
And so with tears, and all they could carry,
They left their homes and then
They walked the earth alone again.

In 1492 it was the Inquisition.
What were we guilty of? Living our own tradition?
The choice was ours; no standing on the hedge,
To leave our Spain or leave our heritage.

Remember all we did for that country;

We helped España grow, but we were forced to go.

CHORUS: (But) I'm gonna turn around; I'm gonna make it right.

Roll up my sleeves, work day and night.

In every darkened time, now and yesterday,

Someone stands tall and leads the way.

(I'll lead)

It's 1992 and Jews are bound so tightly;

And yet right down our street families lose each other nightly.

Are we so strong that we can't take a pause

To help the ones who can't embrace their own cause?

Remember all they did for this country;

Once we were on their side, robbed of dreams and stripped of pride.

CHORUS

In 1492 . . . in 1492 . . . in 1492 . . . it's 1992.