

# 1492

Music and lyrics by Julie A. Silver

Am E7 Am E7

In four-teen\_\_ nine - ty\_\_ two\_\_ our lives were changed like sea-

Am E7 Am

\_\_ sons, \_\_ and if you were a Jew, \_\_

E7 Am C G

they gave you no good rea - sons. \_\_ In four-teen\_\_ nine - ty\_\_ two\_\_

C Am E7 Am

\_\_ we watched our fa - milies wan - der. \_\_

E7 Am E7

Still Shab-bos can - dles burned \_\_ and hearts beat loud, like thun-

Am Dm7 G F C

der. The King and Queen of Spain de-creed

Dm7 G FMaj7 C Dm7 G

san-gre Ju - de - o Spain did not need. And so with tears, and

E7 Am FMaj6 G

all they could car - ry, they left their homes and then they

FMaj6 G Am E7

walked the earth a - lone a - gain. In four-teen nine - ty two  
(It's) nine-teen nine - ty two

Am E7 Am

it was the In - qui - si - tion.  
and Jews are bound so tight - ly;

E7 Am

What were we guilt - ty of?  
And yet right down our street

Am E7 Am

Liv - ing our own tra - di - tion?  
fa - milies lose each o - ther night - ly.

Dm7 G F C

The choice was ours; no stand - ing on the hedge,  
Are we so strong that we can't take a pause

Dm7 G FMaj7 C

to leave our Spain or leave our he - ri - tage.  
to help the ones who can't em - brace their own cause?

Dm7 G E7 Am

Re - mem - ber all we did for that coun - try;  
Re - mem - ber all they did for this coun - try;

FMaj6 G FMaj6 G

helped E - spa - ña grow, but we were forced to go.  
we were on their side, robbed of dreams and stripped of pride. But

C G FMaj6 C

I'm gon - na turn a - round;  
I'm gon - na turn a - round;  
I'm gon - na make it right.

F/D C F C

Roll up my sleeves, \_\_\_\_\_ work day and night. \_\_\_\_\_

C G FMaj6 C

In e - very dark-ened time, \_\_\_\_\_ now and yes-ter-day, \_\_\_\_\_

F/D C 1. F G

some - one stands tall \_\_\_\_\_ and leads \_\_\_\_\_ the way. \_\_\_\_\_ It's

2. F G Am E7

I'll lead \_\_\_\_\_ the way. \_\_\_\_\_ In four - teen \_\_\_\_\_ nine - ty \_\_\_\_\_ two... \_

Am E7 Am

\_\_\_\_\_ in four - teen \_\_\_\_\_ nine - ty \_\_\_\_\_ two... \_\_\_\_\_ in

E7 Am E7 Am

four-teen \_\_\_\_\_ nine - ty \_\_\_\_\_ two... \_\_\_\_\_ it's nine-teen \_\_\_\_\_ nine - ty \_\_\_\_\_ two. \_\_\_\_\_

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.