

**AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION MUSIC  
ISRAEL AT 60 CELEBRATION**

## **YERUSHALAYIM SHEL ZAHAV**



Avir harim tzalul kayayin  
Vereiach oranim,  
Nisa beru'ach ha'arbayim  
Im kol pa'amonim.

Uvetardemat ilan va'even  
Shvuyah bachalomah,  
Ha'ir asher badad yoshevet  
/nitzevet  
Uvelibah chomah.

Chorus:  
Yerushalayim shel zahav  
Veshel nechoshet veshel or  
Halo lechol shirayich ani kinor.  
x2

Eicha yavshu borot hamayim  
Kikar hashuk reikah,  
Ve'ein poked et har habayit  
Ba'ir ha'atikah.

Uvame'arot asher basela  
Meyalelot ruchot,  
Ve'ein yored el yam hamelach  
Bederech Yericho.

Chorus...

Ach bevo'i hayom lashir lach  
Velach lik'shor k'tarim,  
Katonti mitze'ir bana'ich  
Ume'acharon ham'shorerim.

Ki shmech tzorev et hasfatayim  
Keneshikat saraf ,  
Im eshkech Yerushalayim  
Asher kulah zahav...

## **JERUSALEM OF GOLD**

The mountain air is clear as wine  
And the scent of pines  
Is carried on the breeze of twilight  
With the sound of bells.

And in the slumber of tree and stone  
Captured in her dream  
The city that sits solitary  
And in its midst is a wall.

Chorus:  
Jerusalem of gold  
And of bronze, and of light  
Behold I am a violin for all your songs.  
x2

How the cisterns have dried  
The market-place is empty  
And no one frequents the Temple Mount  
In the Old City.

And in the caves in the mountain  
Winds are howling  
And no one descends to the Dead Sea  
By way of Jericho.

Chorus...

But as I come to sing to you today,  
And to adorn crowns to you (i.e. to tell your  
praise)  
I am the smallest of the youngest of your  
children (i.e. the least worthy of doing so)  
And of the last poet (i.e. of all the poets  
born).

For your name scorches the lips  
Like the kiss of a seraph  
If I forget thee, Jerusalem,

Chorus...

Chazarnu el borot hamayim  
Lashuk velakikar,  
Shofar kore behar habayit  
ba'ir ha'atikah.

Uvame'arot asher baselah  
Alfei shmashot zorchot,  
Nashuv nered el yam hamelach  
Bederech Yericho!

Chorus...

Which is all gold...

Chorus...

We have returned to the cisterns  
To the market and to the market-place  
A ram's horn calls out on the Temple Mount  
In the Old City.

And in the caves in the mountain  
Thousands of suns shine -  
We will once again descend to the Dead  
Sea  
By way of Jericho!

Chorus...