



Horah Medura

Banu b'li kol vachol
Anu ani'yei etmol
Lanu hagoral masar
Et milyonei hamachar

Tzei na lama'agal
Ten na shir mizmor ladal
Heina ne'esfu lirkod
Bnei ha'oni vehashot

Hora ali, ali
Esh hadliki beleili
Tehora, rabat ora
Hora medura!

We came with nothing
We, the poor of yesterday.
To us, fate gave
The millions of tomorrow.

Come out to the circle,
Let's have a song for the poor.
Here have gathered to dance,
The sons of poverty and the whip.

Hora arise, arise!
Light a fire in my night.
Pure and full of light,
Campfire hora!