



Sham Harei Golan

Sham harei Golan, hoshet hayad vaga bam
Bidmama botachat metsavim atsor
Bivdidut korenet name Chermon hasaba
Vetsina noshevet mipisgat hatschor.

Sham al chof hayim, yesh dekel sh'fal
tsameret
Stur seiar hadekele k'tinok shovav
Shegalash lemata uv'mei kinneret,
Uv'mei kinneret m'shakshek raglav.

Ma yirb prachim, bachoref al hakerach
Dam hakalanit v'chetem hakarkom
Yesh yamim pi sheva bam yarok hayerek
Pi shivim t'chola hachelet bamarom.

Af im ivareish va'ahalech shacho'ach
Vehaya halev l'masu'ot zarim
Eich uchal livgod bach, eich uchal
lishko'ach
Eich uchal lishko'ach chesed ne'urim/

Over there are the hills of Golan,
Stretch out your hands and touch them.
In their stalwart stillness they give the
command to halt. In splendid isolation
grandfather Hermon slumbers.
A cool wind blows from the peak of
whiteness.

Over there, on the seashore,
a low-topped palm tree stands,
dishevelled like a mischievous infant that
has slid down and splashes in the waters of
the Kinneret.

How abundant are the flowers in the winter,
bunches of blood-red anemones, the
orange of the crocus.
There are days when the greenery is seven-
fold green and seventy-fold is the blue of
the sky.

But even if I become poverty-stricken
and walk bent over and my heart becomes
the beacon for strangers,
how can I betray you, how can I forget.
How can I forget the grace of youth.

ISRAEL