

## **Daliah Lavi "Jerusalem"**

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Where the mothers of sons never cease their weeping

where the fathers of faith in the ground lie sleeping

where the seeds of time have a whirlwind reaping

oh

Jerusalem is.

Where the cobblestones

wet with the blood of ages

hear the echo of wheels turning hist'ry's pages -

where the cries of fools stilled the words of sages

oh

Jerusalem is.

'neath an olive tree branch anyone can listen

to the song of songs as the green leaves glisten.

Then a summer rain falls and the raindrops christen

what Jerusalem is.

And the river runs on and the world keeps turning

and the water's cold

tho the sands are burning

and the mountains know while we still are learning

what Jerusalem is.

Oh

when will tomorrow's sons

tomorrow's daughters

never taste of the bread cast upon the waters

and put down the sword that performed the slaughters

Where Jerusalem is ?

Where the cobblestones

wet with the blood of ages

hear the echo of wheels turning hist'ry's pages -

where the cries of fools stilled the words of sages

oh  
Jerusalem is.

And the river  
oh  
the river runs and the world keeps turning  
and the water's cold  
tho the sands are burning

and the mountains know while we still are learning  
what Jerusalem is.  
And the river  
oh  
the river runs and the world keeps turning.

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