

Miriam Makeba

"Erev Shel Shoshanim"

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Erev shel shoshanim
Nitzeh na el habustan
Mor, besamim ulevana
L'raglech miftan.

Laila yored le'at
Veru'ach shoshan noshvak,
Havah elchash lach shir balat
Zemer shel ahava.

Shachar homa yonah,
Roshech ma'ale t'lalim
Pich el haboker shoshana
Ektefenu li.

Laila yored le'at
Veru'ach shoshan noshvak,
Havah elchash lach shir balat
Zemer shel ahava.

English lyrics:

Evening of roses
Let's go out to the grove
Myrrh, spices, and incense
Are a carpet to walk on

The night comes slowly
A breeze of roses blows
Let me whisper a song to you quietly
A song of love

At dawn, a dove is cooing
Your hair is filled with dew
Your lips to the morning are like a rose
I'll pick it for myself.

The night comes slowly
A breeze of roses blows
Let me whisper a song to you quietly
A song of love

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