

Daliah Lavi, Jerusalem

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 history'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 history'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.