

Noa, Mishaela

Lyrics: Gil Dor

Music: Achinoam Nini (Noa)

Transliteration:

Beineiha, mi yode'a
Ananim aforim mitpazrim la'arba ruchot
Nachal achzav mitmale
Deshe yarok mechaseh
Vehamerchav niftach
Lashamaim, zug einayim
Mabitot, mechapsot, tsolelot bakachol harach
Merachafot ba'avir el hazahav hameir
Et se'arah harach
Mishaela, ma at roah ?
Mah belibech hatsochek el otah hadmamah ?
Az et einai li tifikach
Keshet achat bamizrach
Vahalo dai bechach
Mishaela, ma at roah ?
Mah belibech hatsochek el otah hadmamah ?
Az et einai li tifikach
Keshet achat bamizrach
Vahalo dai bechach
Beineiha, mi yodeo
Ananim aforim mitpazrim la'arba ruchot
Nachal achzav mitmale
Deshe yarok mechaseh
Vehamerchav niftach
Vahalo dai li, dai li bechach ?
Vahalo dai li, vahalo dai bechach

Translation:

Who knows what is in her eyes?
Grey clouds disperse in the four winds.
A dry riverbed overflows.
And the horizon opens wide.

Up to the heaven she turns her eyes.
Searching, diving in to the chilly blue.
Floating in the air
Touching the pure golden light
That glimmers in her hair.

Mishaela, what do you see?
What is it in your heart
That greets the desolate silence with such laughter?

It is one rainbow in the east, she says.
It is all I need.

What more could I want?
It is all that I need.