The morning has risen by now, flooding the valley.
Barns brimming, laden with grain.
In the vineyard grapes cluster, heavy and weary
Ripe are the garden fruits
Like a blue carpet spread across the Kinneret
it the mountains rise
Above
And a young shepherdess before the glen sings
A small song for the flocks
Come Hebrew song, from the glen, from the valley
of the old taste
And bring with tune. In the south, the clod of the earth
melts, blooms; in the north, snow melts again
Hebrew song
do not be demure
How splendid, this year, farmers set forth,
Reaping harvest grain with joyful song
Seeds sprout and every blossom blooms
Heaps of hay heighten
The tractor trails through tracks in fields
And the wind to the morning
Yet
radio
a from
Hebrew song rises
changed little
tune is a
Come, Hebrew song ...

Galilee to Negev
From
My land has grown
Settling on desert
in cities and mountains,
Roads galore, everyone with a car
And the car has a radio that sings

Bo shir ivri, min ha’guy, min ha’emek
. Ve’havve etcha et ta’am ha’nim ha’yashan
Ba’darom poreach regev, ba’tzafun names ha’sheleg
.Hazor shir ivri, al tihiye bai’ashan.

Ma yafa ha’shanna, ekarim yotseem laderech,
Ve’kotzrim be’rina et tvuat ha’katsir
Ve’novevim ha’asamim ve’am shebagan
She’bakerem ve’veshilu ha’perot
Prusa ke’marvad kechulah ha’kinneret
Ve’meal nisaim he’harim
Zemer kat la’adarim

...Bo shir ivri

Artsi hitpatcha mi’galil ve’ad negev
Yeshuvim el ha’har ve’arim bamidbar
Kvishim le’machbir u’lechol echad yesh rechev
.U’barechev yesh radio she’shar

Shar bechol ha’asafot ve’makeh be’chol ketsev
Ma sheyesh, pachot o yoter
.Aval shir ivri, hu od kan

.Hu odeno, hu eineno mevater