

Etz Ha-Rimon - עץ הרימון

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Hebrew Text

Etz ha-rimon natan reycho	ָעֵץ הָרִמּוֹן נָתַן רֵיחוֹ
Beyn yam ha-melach l'y'richo	בֵּין יָם-הַמֶּלַח לִירִיחוֹ
Shav chomati, gdudech min'dod	שָׁב, חוֹמָתִי, גְדוּדֵךְ מִנְּדוֹד
Shav tamati, dodech mi-dod	שָׁב, תַּמֶּתִי, דּוֹדֵךְ מִדּוֹד
Otz'rot ofir u-tz'ri gilad	אוֹצְרוֹת אוֹפִיר וּצְרִי גִּלְעָד
Rechev mitzrayim shalalti lach bat	ֶרֶכֶב מִצְרַיִם שָׁלַלְתִּי לֶךְ בַּת
Elef ha-zemer et'leh lach magen	אֶלֶף הַזֶּמֶר אֶתְלֶה לָךְ מָגֵן
Min ha-y'or ad ha-yarden	מָן הַיְּאוֹר עַד הַיַּרְדֵּן
At k'lula mikol kalot	אַתְּ כְּלוּלָה מִכָּל כַּלוֹת
At d'gula ka-nid'galot	אַתְּ דְּגוּלָה כַּנִּדְגָּלוֹת
Sh'tayim eynayich ki-shtey yonim	שְׁתַּיִם עֵינַיִךְ כִּשְׁתַּיִם יוֹנִים
V'-kol kolech pa'amonim	וְקוֹל-קוֹלֵךְ פַּעֲמוֹנִים
Lach ha-t'ruot, lach ha-zarim	לֶךְ הַתְּרוּעוֹת, לֶךְ הַזֵּרִים
Lach kol shiltey ha-giborim	לֶךְ כָּל שִׁלְטֵי הַגִּבּוֹרִים
Ma li cheyl elef u-ma r'vava	מַה לִּי חֵיל אֶלֶף וּמָה רְבָבָה
L'vavi met meh-ahava	לְבָבִי מֵת מֵאַהֲבָה
Shav el ha-keshet, shav ha-chetz	שָׁב אֶל הַקֶּשֶׁת, שָׁב הַחֵץ
Shav ha-rimon el rosh ha-etz	שָׁב הָרִמּוֹן אֶל רֹאשׁ הָעֵץ
Lach v'-elayich ha-chayil yochel	לָבְ וְאֵלַיִבְ הַחַיִּל יוֹחֵל
Boʻi kala ki rad ha-leil	בּוֹאָי כַּלֶּה, כִּי רַד הַלֵּיל

English Translation

The pomegranate tree has given its fragrance From the Dead Sea to Jericho, My fortress, your troop is back from its wanderings, My perfect one, your lover has returned.

Treasures of Ofir and fragrance of Gile'ad, Chariots of Egypt I sent to you, my girl A thousand songs I will hang for you as a shield From the Nile to the Jordan.

You are more perfect than all the brides, You are marvelous as the stars in their courses. Your two eyes are like two doves And your voice is like the sounds of bells.

For you the trumpeting, for you the wreaths, For you the medals of the heroes, What use to me is an army of a thousand, or ten thousand? My heart is dying of love.

The arrow returned to the bow, The pomegranate returned to the tree, To you and for you the warrior longs, Come my beloved, for evening falls.

Recording by Liat Yitzchaki