

Erev Shel Shoshanim (English)

Miriam Makeba

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