



Al Sedeinu

Al sadeinu rad ha'erev,
Alata – al nir vagan;
Uvatelem rach hanevet,
Od tzome'ach hadagan.

Mi yagen al taf sadeinu?
Et lachmeinu mi yintzor?
K'naf haleil – mishmar laboker,
Hachalom – chalom miftan la'or.

Numa, nir, amal kapeinu,
Tz'fon hazera – ad yigdal;
Yom yavo – tanuv beshefa,
Habricha tered mei'al.

Yam shel paz tehi shibolet,
Gal shokek beyom katzir –
Numa, nir, becheik ha'erev,
Ad yunaf, yunaf magal beshir.

Evening has descended over our field,
Darkness – over plowed field and garden;
And in the furrow the sprout is tender,
The grain is yet starting to grow.

Who will protect the little children of our field?
Our bread, who will guard?
The wing of the night – a watch for the
morning,
The dream – a dream of a threshold to the
light.

Sleep, plowed field, work of our hands,
The seed is hidden – until it grows;
The day will come – you'll flourish in plenty,
Blessing will descend from above.

Ear of grain, you will become a sea of gold,
A bustling wave on harvest day –
Sleep, plowed field, in the bosom of evening,
Until the sickle is waved with song.