



Rakefet (Cyclamen)

Mitachat lasela tzomachat lefele
Rakefet nechmedet me'od
Veshemesh mazheret nosheket oteret
Oteret la keter varod

Rakefet rakefet tzipor metzaftzefet
Hatzitzi ach rega elai
Rakefet nehederet basela nisteret
Nisteret minefesh kol chai

Yatza'a im haruach rakefet lasuach
Haya az haboker bahir
Kol tzemach kol perach osefet baderech
Ufia ach zemer vashir

Bat sheva mezameret
rakefet memaheret
Metzitza ach rega echad
Mi zot hanishkefet achen zo rakefet
Bat sheva nigheshet le'at

Misela vageva yoredet Bat sheva
Rakefet chen al hechaze
Tzipor metzaftzefet veruach lotefet
Vesof kvar lazemer haze

Under the rock grows like a wonder
A very cute Cyclamen
The shining sun kisses it
And crowns her with a pink crown

Cyclamen, the bird whistles
Look at me for a minute
Beautiful Cyclamen hiding under the rock
Hiding from every thing

Bat sheva went out for a walk
The morning was bright
She collected every flower and plant
Her mouth full with a song

Bat sheva sings
Cyclamen speeds up
peeps out for a moment
Who is looking at me here? That's
Cyclamen
Bat sheva gets closer slowly

Bat sheva gets off the rock
A beautiful Cyclamen on her chest
A bird whistles the wind fondles
And this song comes to an end.

ISRAEL