

Es Iz Nokh Faran Aza Blum (There is Still Such a Flower)

When the golden sun sets,
I steal down to the valley
Where my flower rests.
I see her always, all around.
Last rays fall like sapphires
With pure gold everywhere.

The forest sings for me the Song of Songs
And my flower bows her head to me.

Aha, aha – sings a wind in the valley.
Aha, aha – it sings to me for the last time.

There is still such a flower
Whose beauty no one knows.
I love her always in secret –
She loves me in silence

When the golden sun awakens,
The valley says to me: Run away
To where you once were.
No one has to see you here,
The creek flows to water the forest.
Moist trees crown all around.
The wind sings Song of Songs to me.
My flower bows her head to me.

Aha, aha – sings a wind in the valley.
Aha, aha – it sings to me for the last time.

There is still such a flower
Whose beauty no one knows.
I love her always in secret –
She loves me in silence.