As clear as wine the wind is flying Among the dreamy
Al as the drying wells and fountains Forgotten market
But when I come to count your praises And sing Hallelujah to
pines As evening light is slowly dying a lonely bell still
day The sound of horn from Temple's mountain No longer calls to
you With pretty rhymes I dare not crown you As other poets
chimes So many songs so many stories The stony hills re
pray The rocky caves at night are haunted By sounds of long ago
do Up on my lips is always burning Your name so dear so
call A round her heart my city carries A lonely ancient
go When we were going to the Jordan By way of Jericho
old I shan't forget Yerushalayim Of bronze and light and

Yerushalayim Shel Zahav
Text and Melody: Naomi Shemer
arr. Ron K. Cytron
wall co
gold

Ye-ru-sha-la-yim shel za-hav v'-shel n'-

cho-shet v'-shel or ha-lo l'-chol shee-rei-ich a-

ni kee-nor Ye-ru-sha gold-en sight

Thanks to Carl Smith for help with this arrangement