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## A DOVE WEEPS IN THE TREETOPS

YEHUDA HALEVI

A dove weeps in the treetops  
And her sobs make my heart sore,  
For its pangs are as her pain is  
And my fate is shared by her.  
I cry for kin and country,  
She for her old nesting grounds;  
I for my lost dear ones,  
She for her scattered friends;  
I for days long vanished,  
She for youth now fled.

## OFRA DOES HER LAUNDRY IN MY TEARS

YEHUDA HALEVI

Ofra does her laundry in my tears  
And dries it in the sunshine she gives off  
She doesn't need to take it to the trough,  
Or wait to hang it till the weather clears,