TIKVATENINU- OUR HOPE

Avram Adan of Kfar Giladi is rasing a ink drawn flag during the 1948 Arab-Israeli War to mark the capture of Eilat.*

As long as in the heart, within,
A Jewish soul still yearns,
And onward, towards the ends of the east,
An eye still gazes toward Zion;

Refrain:
Our hope is not yet lost,
The ancient hope,
To return to the land of our fathers,
The city where David encamped.

As long as tears from our eyes
Flow like benevolent rain,
And throngs of our countrymen
Still pay homage at the graves of (our) fathers;

Refrain

As long as our precious Wall
Appears before our eyes,
And over the destruction of our Temple
An eye still wells up with tears;

Refrain

As long as the waters of the Jordan
In fullness swell its banks,

And (down) to the Sea of Galilee
With tumultuous noise fall;

Refrain

As long as on the barren highways
The humbled city gates mark,
And among the ruins of Jerusalem
A daughter of Zion still cries;

Refrain
As long as pure tears
Flow from the eye of a daughter of my nation,
And to mourn for Zion at the watch of night
She still rises in the middle of the nights;

Refrain

As long as drops of blood in our veins
Flow back and forth,
And upon the graves of our fathers
Dewdrops still fall;

Refrain

As long as the feeling of love of nation
Throbs in the heart of the Jew,

We can still hope even today
That a wrathful God may still have mercy on us;

Refrain

Hear, O my brothers in the lands of exile,
The voice of one of our visionaries,
(Who declares) That only with the very last Jew -
Only there is the end of our hope!

* Picture from Wikipedia

http://his-israel.com