Hillel and Aviva

MOUNTAIN SO FAIR

Folk Songs of Israel

A famous pair of Israeli performers, Hillel and Aviva, combine their unique musical talents in this collection of traditional Israeli folk songs.

Their repertoire — sung in Hebrew — comprises a set of fourteen pastoral songs about shepherds and their flocks, cool rivers, night sounds from the hills, and communal rejoicing in honor of the wool shearing and First Harvest Festival. Included are four pipe solos.

Eight of the songs are reproduced below — in English translation and in transliteration.

Side I

Band 1 — EL HAMAYAN ("A little white kid . . .")
Music: Immanuel Amiran

A little white kid came to the spring.
"Where do you come from, oh kid?"
Said he, "how do you come from here?"
"How is Lavan, Betuel's son?"
"How is Yaakov, and Rachel?"
Said the kid in reply:
"They're well."

Band 2 — SHIRAT SADEH ("The shepherd sings . . .")
Lyrics and music: Nisan Hav-Ron

The shepherd sings of hill and dale
And rolling open fields,
Where lambs do dance and sing and play.
So happy and so gay,
"Li li li," the shepherds flute.
"Me, me, me," reply the lambs.

Band 3 — AGADA (A Legend)
Music: Chana Krichevsky
Pipe solo

Band 4 — SHAON METAEK (The Ticking Clock)
Lyrics: Anda Amir, Music: Yechekel Baron

The clock ticks, on weekdays and holidays.
It never stops: Tik-tak, Tik-tak.
An hour passes, two hours pass,
A day passes, two days pass.
And the clock ticks, on weekdays and holidays.
It never stops: Tik-tak, Tik-tak.

Band 5 — ALI BER ("Oh well, give me cool water . . .")
Music: Sara Levi
Pipe solo

I have a quick-footed donkey.
He doesn't know how to speak.
All day long he brays.
It never stops: Ho. . . .
All day long he brays.
I have a hard-toiling donkey.
Carrying boxes all day.
From the orange grove to the port.
To get a box of oranges.
Ho . . .
And carrying it to the port.
That's how the donkey lives.
It works, and it brays.
I have a quick-footed donkey.
Ho . . .
That's what my donkey does.

Band 7 — SHECHORA ANI (Song of Songs)
Music: Immanuel Amiran

Side II

Band 1 — THE OPENING TO THE OMER (FIRST HARVEST) FESTIVAL
Music: Matiyyahu Shelem
Pipe solo

Band 2 — LEYAD HANACHAL (On the River Bank)
Lyrics and music: Nisan Hav-Ron

The shepherd sings of the river bank.
The flock comes down the hill.
The sun has set. Night has come.
Jackel's howl pierces the night.
"Ha Ha—night has come," the wind howls.
"Ha Ha—night has come," a jackal howls.

Band 3 — OD NAGIA (We Will Arrive)
Lyrics: Moshe Dor; Music: Yosef Hadar

Soon we'll arrive at the river's water.
The sheep were thirsty on the mountains.
How green is the grass here.
The Acacia flowering against the orange grove.
Your flock has scattered away, maiden.
I'll go out to seek your sheep for you.
I wish I could be a little kid
And you'd caress me on the mountains.
Dance and prance and sing a song,
Sing a song of shearing, O.
We'll have mountains of wool.
Every shepherd is full of joy.
Hand in hand the shepherds dance.
The flock is heard coming.
The maidens in the field approach—
Their hearts go out to the shepherds.

Band 4 — ALEY GIVAH (On a Hill)
Music: Menashe Rabina
Pipe solo

Band 5 — HITBASER ROEH CHAVIV (Shepherd, Good Cheer)
Lyrics and music: Matiyyahu Shelem

Shepherd dear, be good cheer.
For spring is here at last.
Come down from the mountain.
The fields are gray and wide.
Your rod is loud and strong.
Your shepherd song of old.
Shine your name.
Come down from the mountains.
Sing a song, O flocks, sing.
Be of good cheer, O sheep and goat,
Shearing time is here at last.
Happy herds and shepherds too.
The wheat is ripe upon the fields,
The flocks are white as snow,
The shepherds sing their song.
Shear the shearmen, shear and shear,
Shear every sheep and goat.
Shear, the shearmen, shear and shear.

Band 7 — BOKREY LACHISH (The Cowboys of Lachish)
Lyrics and music: Nisan Hav-Ron

The threshold to the Negev
Is a region called Lachish,
An ancient breeze blows there joyously.
It sings a song of desert-wide.
In Lachish the cowboys' song
Both please the desert wide.
All answers: the mighty song
Of desert-conquering youths.
Give me a song, shalom.
And give me a song.
Ha Ha to Lachish.
A song of a city to you, Dimona.
Old and new are both in you.
A song of herders on the river's water—
Ha Ha to the Negev.

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