Shir Amami

Jane Siberry

I look into the well
In the light of the morning sun
Perhaps within the jug I draw
I'll find the bliss of yesterdayOh fill my jug up for me
Oh fill it up for me
fill it with happiness
Oh fill it to the brim
The flocks have quenched their thirst
Now quench mineI am as the lonely palm
In the hills of Canaan
My heart calls out
But only the south wind responds

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