

# Street Corner *Havdala*

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On *shabis banakht, banakht, banakht,*  
*banakht*

On *shabis banakht* (On *shabis ba—On*  
*shabis ba—On shabis banakht*)

On *shabis banakht —*

On Saturday evening  
When the weather is good  
I meet with my buddies  
In our neighbourhood  
We watch on the corner  
For three stars in the sky  
Then we sing out so sweetly  
“*Borukh atah adoshem*”

Our baritone’s Bernie  
Arnie sings bass  
High tenor is Izzie  
He’s our falsetto ace  
Our voices rise upwards  
(In Hebrew – “*I’mala*”)  
In a street corner *havdala*.

*Ha-mavdil beyn kodesh*  
*Beyn kodesh l’khol*  
Separates *shabis*  
From the week as a whole  
*Beyn or l’khoshekh*  
*Yisrael l’amim*  
Everything in its place—  
It’s that old Jewish theme.

We haven’t got spices  
We haven’t got wine  
No *havdala* candle  
With wicks intertwined  
Just our harmony closer  
Than *khosn* and *kalah*  
In our street corner *havdala*.

A pizza’s our spices  
A soda’s our wine  
A streetlamp’s our candle  
So brightly does shine  
Don’t look in the *Zohar*  
We’re not talking *kabbala* –  
It’s our street corner *havdala* [*falsetto*]

On *shabis banakht* (On *shabis ba—On*  
*shabis ba—On shabis banakht*)  
On *shabis banakht* (On *shabis ba—On*  
*shabis ba—On shabis banakht*)

*HAV-DA-LA!*