

Complete Texts of Umm Kulthūm's Lyrics

edited by

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CONTENTS

Notes on Editors	xi
Acknowledgement	xii

Complete Texts of Umm Kulthūm's Lyrics

Songs Composed by Muḥammad 'Abd al-Wahhāb

On the Gate to Egypt (على باب مصر)	5
This Is My Night (هذه ليلتي)	6
Shall I Meet You Tomorrow! (أغداً ألقاك)	8
You're My Life (أنت عمري)	9
Hope of My Life (أمل حياتي)	10
Remind Me (فكروني)	12
You're Love (إنت الحب)	13
A Sole Path (طريق واحد)	15
And Days Go by (ودارت الأيام)	16
A Night in Love (ليلة حب)	17

Songs Composed by Riyāḍ al-Sunbāṭī

The University (نشيد الجامعة)	23
Homeland's Voice (صوت الوطن)	24
Baghdad (بغداد)	25
Army (الجيش)	26
God Be with You (الله معك)	27
Friend of the People (حبيب الشعب)	27
Rise with Faith (قوم بإيمان)	28
To the Beloved's Town (على بلد المحبوب)	29
Āyida (أوبرا عايدة)	30
Celebration of Time (عيد لدهر)	36
They Say: "The Priest Is in Love..." (قالوا أحب القس)	37
I Rather Respect My Dignity (أصون كرامتي)	37
I Rush My Life to Pass (أتعجل العمر)	38
Muḥammad's Outer Garment (نهج البردة)	38
How Did Hearts Pass by Your Love?! (كيف مرت على هواك القلوب)	39
Ask My Heart (سلوا قلبي)	40
Rejoice, My Heart! (إفرح يا قلبي)	40
Ask the Chalices of Gold (سلوا كؤوس الطلا)	41
The Guiding Prophet Is Born (ولد الهدى)	42
The Nile (النيل)	43
Sudan (السودان)	45

Khayyām's Quatrains (رباعيات الخيام)	45
Egypt Speaks for Itself (مصر تتحدث عن نفسها)	47
I Feel Jealous from the Breeze of the South (أغار من نسمة الجنوب)	48
I Knew Love (عرف الهوى)	50
A New Dawn (الفجر الجديد)	51
I'll Leave You to Your Fate (ح سييك للزمن)	52
I Sacrifice with My Father and Soul (بأبي و روحي)	53
The Story of Yesterday (قصة الأمس)	54
The Story of the High Dam (قصة السد)	55
Repent (توبة)	56
The Land of Ancestors (أرض الجدود)	56
To Arafat (Mecca) (إلى عرفات الله)	57
A Riot of Doubt (ثورة الشك)	59
Ruins (الأطلال)	59
Talk of the Soul (حديث الروح)	62
Egypt (مصر)	64
Oh Drinking Companions (يا صحبة الراح)	64
Oh Hills of Damascus (يا ربى الفيحاء)	65
It's Night (أقبل الليل)	65
A Message (رسالة)	66
For the Sake of Your Eyes (من أجل عينيك)	67
My Eyes Cry for My Eyes (على عيني بكت عيني)	69
Holy Trilogy (الثلاثية المقدسة)	69
King's Birthday (ميلاد الملك)	71
I Spent My Life (قضيت حياتي)	72
See Him Tomorrow (ح أقاله بكره)	72
Everybody Was Unjust to Me (ظلموني الناس)	73
I Tried Hard to Reconcile with Myself (غلبت أصلح)	74
Peace Champion (بطل السلام)	75
Spring Sang (غنى الربيع)	76
Moonlit Nights Are Here (هلت ليالي القمر)	77
Gamāl, Example of Patriotism (يا جمال يا مثال الوطنية)	78
Revolution of Freemen, You're Destined to Victory (منصورة يا ثورة أجراء)	79
Between Two Epochs (بين عهدين)	80
How Long My Torture Lasts! (يا طول عذابي)	80
My Moaning Was Heart-rending to You (ياللي كان يشجيك أنيني)	81
With Peace and Amity (بالسلام و المحبة)	82
Staying up All Alone (سهران لوحدي)	83
The Leader and the Revolution (الزعيم و الثورة)	84
Why Did You Awaken Love?! (جست حبك ليه)	85
My Love Story (قصة حبي)	86

Sound of Peace (صوت السلام)	87
To Whom Should I Go?! (أروح لمين)	88
New Morning (الصباح الجديد)	89
When Patience Lasted Too Long (بعد الصبر ما طال)	90
Sun of Dusk (شمس الأصيل)	91
I Made My Eyes Get Used to ... (عودت عيني)	92
I Became at a Loss (دليلي احتار)	93
I've Forsaken You (هجرتك)	94
Our House (يا دارنا يا دار)	96
That Is How Love Is (الحب كده)	97
Revolutionaries (ثوار)	98
You Confused My Heart (حيرت قلبي)	99
You Still Think...?! (لسه فاكرك)	101
You're the Example of Patriotism, Gamāl (يا جمال يا مثال الوطنية)	102
What Do I Say about Crave, Darling! (أقول لك ايه عن الشوق)	103
No, Darling! (لا يا حبيبي)	104
You're Our Great Love (يا حبنا الكبير)	105
Go around and See (طوف وشوف)	106
God Called on Me and I Responded (دعاني لبيته)	107
Rechannelling the Nile (تحويل النيل)	108
Song of Spring (أنشودة الربيع)	109
Baghdad (بغداد)	110
Sleep Plays with... (النوم يداعب)	111
Remember Me (اذكريني)	112
Remember when You Were Here?! (فاكر لما كنت جنبي)	113
You're Not Fair with Me (يا ظالمني)	114
Holiday Eve (يا ليلة لعيد)	115
If You Plan to Forsake Me... (لما انت نواية تهجر ريني)	116

Songs Composed by Muḥammad al-Qaṣabgī

Saad Zaghoul Pasha (سعد زغلول باشا)	119
Dawn's Light Is Rising (لاح نور الفجر)	119
Heart's Wake (يقظة القلب)	120
My Life in Love Is Astonishing (إن حالي في هواها عجب)	120
Good Morning (يا صباح الخير)	121
Sing, My Heart! (يا فؤادي غن)	122
Darling, Stop Being Cruel! (يا روحي بلا كتر أسيه)	122
Crave (الشوق)	123
Bird's Whisper (مناجاة الطائر)	124
Motherhood (الأمومة)	124
The Fountain (النافورة)	125

The Holiday (العيد)	125
Sacrifice (التضحية)	126
Despair and Hope (يأس و أمل)	127
Oh Glory; I Craved You So Long (يا مجد ياما اشتهيتك)	127
Your Light, Lady (نورك يا ست الكل)	128
Night Is Longer Now (الليل أهوه طال)	129
Oh Breeze of Dawn! (يا نسيم الفجر)	129
Wandering at the Sea of Life (هايم في بحر الحياه)	130
Oh Ship! (أيها الفلك)	131
I've Left You Willingly (بعد عنك بخاطري)	132
You've Been Deprived of Kindness (ياللي انحرمت الحنان)	132
You've Taken Your Voice from My Soul (أخذت صوتك من روحي)	133
Seeing You in a Dream Is a Dream (خيالك في المنام حلمي)	134
Your Spectre Visited Me (زارني طيفك)	135
Leave Tears to My Eyes (خلي الدموعي دي لعن)	135
Doubt Stirs Love (الشك يحبي الغرام)	136
A I Was Silent and Tears Spoke (سكت والدمع اتكلم)	137
If I Were to Forgive (ان كنت اسامح)	137
My Eyes Have Tears in Them (عيني فيها الدموع)	138
She Stopped Talking to Me (خاصمتني)	139
Oh Companion of the Past! (يا عشرة الماضي)	139
You, Out of Sight! (يا غائباً عن عيوني)	140
Sleeping Forsook Me! (ياللي جفاك المنام)	141
You, by My Side! (ياللي انت جنبي)	141
Where Are Those Eyes?! (فين العيون)	142
Look! (انظري)	143
Why Are You So Confused, My Eyes! (حيرانه ليه يا دموعي)	144
I Wish I Were the Breeze! (با ريتني كنت النسيم)	144
You Were Loyal to Pledges (ياللي رعيت العهود)	145
How Often I Called on You! (يا ما ناديت)	146
Oh, Star! (يا نجم)	146
Your Heart Betrayed Me (قلبك غدر بي)	147
Tomorrow We'll Leave, Heart (يا قلبي بكره السفر)	148
My Beloved Has Become Tender (رق الحبيب)	149
Why Have You Dumped Me? (بيعني ليه كان ذنبي ايه)	150
He Swore (قال ايه حلف)	151
Abandonment Is against My Will (على عيني الهجر)	151
I Love You without You Know about It (أحبك وانت مش داري)	152
My Love Took Pity (عطف حبيبي)	153
Separation Lasted Long (البعد طال)	154
She Cares about and Smiles at Someone Else (تراعي غيري وتتبتسم)	155

She Observes and Investigates about Me (تشوف أموري وتتحقق)	155
Are You Really Angry at Me? (صحيح خصامك)	156
Cheer up (ما تروق دمك)	157
Till When? (ولحد إمتي)	158
My Heart Was Loyal to You (ياللي وفي لك قلبي)	158
He Was Honest and Loved You; Who Would Say? (صدق وحبك مين يقول)	159
I'm in Love But It Doesn't Show (حبيت ولا بانش عليه)	159
I Feel Pity (يصعب علي)	160
Flowers of the Meadow (الزهر في الروض)	161
Do You Remember Me? (انت فاكراني)	162
You Kept My Mind Busy (ياللي شغلت البال)	163
Why Do You Play Games with Me? (ليه تلاو عيني)	164
Have Mercy on Me after Separation (ياللي جفيت ارحم حالي)	165
I'm at Loss, Folks! (مختار يا ناس)	166
I Won't Say that You Love Me (حرمت أقول بتحبيني)	167
You Do Love Me; So, Why Do You Deny It? (مادام تحب بتنكرليه)	168
You Leave Me While You Have My Soul Is with You (يا فايئتني وانا روحي معاك)	169
What Would You Benefit from Torturing Me (ينوبك إيه من تعذيبي)	169
Song of the Water Spring (أنشودة النبع)	170

Songs composed by Zakariyā Aḥmad

Deserted Palace (القصر المهجور)	175
Tell Your Spectre (قولي لطيفك)	175
Spring Flowers (زهر الربيع)	176
Going in a Hurry! (أيها الرائح المجد)	177
What Do I Call Love? (إيه اسمي الحب)	177
Tomorrow We Shall Leave (بكره السفر)	178
Flowers which Dew ... (ورد ياللي الندى)	179
You and I (أنا وأنت)	180
The Balcony (الشرفة)	181
Rose and Jasmine Have Opened (الورد فتح والياسمين)	181
All Lovers (كل الأحبة)	182
Cotton (القطن)	183
How Joyous Love Ones Are! (يا فرحة الأحباب)	184
Write to Me (أكتب لي)	184
I'm Waiting for You (أنا في انتظارك)	185
Moan (الآهات)	186
Between the Humiliation of... (بين ذل الهوى)	187
Let My Love Be Happy (حبيبي يسعد أوقاته)	188
People of Love (أهل الهوى)	188

In Passion, First (الأوله في الغرام)	189
Beauty of Life (جمال الدنيا)	190
A Dream (حلم)	191
An Overwhelming Victory (نصره قوية)	192
Hope (الأمل)	192
In the Light of Your Forehead (في نور محياك)	193
Is Love Really Overwhelming? (هو صحيح الهوى غلاب)	194
You, Far away (يا بعيد لبدار)	195
How Bitter Separation Is! (ياما أمر الفراق)	195
Meaning Made Me Sad (شجاني نوحى)	196
Greetings (سلام الله)	197
Oh My Eyes! (عيني يا عيني)	197
I Never Thought So (ما كانش ظني)	198
Oh God! (آه يا سلام)	199
Sing, Friend! (يا بشير الأنا غني)	199
Does This Please God? (هو ده يخلص من الله)	200
What Did You Have to Do, My Heart? (يا قلبي كان مالك)	200
Who Said This About Moon? (مين اللي قال إن القمر)	201
Flowers Smile (ابتسام الزهر)	202
When Will I Love? (امتى الهوى)	202
You Who Complain about Love... (ياللي تشكي م الهوى)	203
Here Come Back the Happy Nights! (عادت ليالي الهنا)	204
Your Will, My Creator God! (برضاك يا خالقي)	204
What Is Left to Me, Oh Fate! (يفضل لي إيه يا زمان)	205
Where, Happy Nights! (فين يا ليالي الهنا)	205
Against My Will (غصبن عني)	206
Lucky Is the One Who Is in Love with You (اللي حبك يا هناه)	207
May God Make You More Beautiful! (جمالك ربنا يزيد)	208
They Asked: When Will Your Heart Heal? (قالولي امتى قلبك يطيب)	209
The Envier Is So Carefree (العزول فايق ورايق)	210
I Would Be Happy... (أكون سعيد)	211
Why Are You So Sad Today, My Heart? (ما لك يا قلبي حزين اليوم)	212
She Forgot About My Love (ناسيه وداوي وجافياتي)	213
Sing for Me a Little Bit (غني لي شوي)	214
Tell Me and Do Not Hide It, Pretty One (قوللي و لا تخيبش يازين)	215
Why Do You Humiliate My Dear Tears (ليه عزيز دمعي تنله)	216
Language of Flowers (لغة الزهور)	218
I liked to Complain to You (أنا كنت أحب الشكوى إليك)	219

Songs Composed by Shaykh Abū al-'Ilā Muḥammad

You are Hope and Request (وَحَقُّكَ أَنْتَ الْمُنَى وَالطَّلَب)	223
Eyes Reveal Love (الصب تفضحه عيونه)	223
Leave my Heart (أقصر فوادي)	224
Say to the One Who Doesn't Care to Say Hello (قل للبخيلة بالسلام)	224
Like a Deer (مثل الغزال)	225
Oh Moon! (أماناً أيها القمر المظل)	225
Oh Physician of the Neighbourhood! (يا آسي الحي)	226
I Don't Believe Myself (أكذب نفسي)	226
I Sacrifice Myself to Him If He Keeps Love (أفديه إن حفظ الهوى)	226

Songs Composed by Dr. Aḥmad Ṣabrī al-Nagrīdī

How Often I Sent Greetings with the Breeze (كم بعثنا مع النسيم سلاماً)	231
I Take Pleasure in Humility (لي لذة في ذلتي)	231
Why Am I So Fascinated! (مالي فتنت)	232
Love Was Years Ago (الحب كان من سنين)	232
I Swear to God, No One Brought It (والله ما حدث جنى)	233
I Saw by My Own Eyes (شفت بعيني)	233
Dawn Rose (طلع الفجر)	234
Wantonness and Dissipation (الخلاعة و الدلاعة)	235
Jasmine and Roses (الفل و الياسمين و الورد)	235
I'm at Your Disposal (أنا على كيفك)	236
Why Teasing Me, Lady? (يا ستي ليه المكايده)	237
Oh Nightingale; Please Say Hello (يا كروان و النبي سلم)	238

Songs Composed by Baligh Ḥamdī

We Are Commandos (إنا فدائيون)	241
What Is Love? (حب إيه)	242
Would I Forget You? (أنساك يا سلام)	243
The Name of Love (سيرة الحب)	244
Away from You (بعيد عنك)	246
You and I Are Not Fair to Love (أنا وأنت ظلمنا الحب)	248
Every Night and Every Day (كل ليلة و كل يوم)	249
It's Too Late (فات الميعاد)	250
A Thousand and One Nights (ألف ليلة و ليلة)	252
All My Love... (الحب كله)	254
We Are Ordered by Love... (حكم علينا الهوى)	256

Songs Composed by Muḥammad al-Mūjī

Anthem of Evacuation (أنشودة الجلاء)	261
Tavern of Fates (حانة الأقدار)	262
Light the Suns (أوقدوا الشموس)	262
How Sweet You Are, Egyptian! (محلاك يا مصري)	263
The Sound of Our Country (1st Egyptian Radio) (صوت بلدنا)	264
How Wonderful the Nation Is! (يا سلام على الأمة)	265
Patience Has a Limit (للصبر حدود)	266
Ask Yourself (اسأل روحك)	267

Songs Composed by Dāwūd Ḥusnī

My Sweetheart Is Here (شرف حبيب القلب)	273
My Love Got along on My Happy Day (يوم الهنا حبي صفالي)	273
My Heart Learned the Meaning of Crave (قلبي عرف معنى لأشواق)	274
Separation Taught Me How to Stay up the Night (البعد علمني السهر)	274
Your Tears, My Eyes! (يا عين دموعك)	275
My Soul and Yours Have Mixed (روحي وروحك في امتزاج)	275
I Was away from Love (كنت خالي)	276
What Will You Get, My Heart? (يا فؤادي ايه ينوبك)	277
My Love's Good Manners... (حسن طبع اللي فنتني)	277
My Paradise (جنة نعيمي)	278

A Song Composed by 'Abduh al-Hāmūlī

I See that Your Tears Are Hard to Shed (أراك عصي الدمع)	281
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Songs Composed by Kamāl al-Ṭawīl

I Never Begged Anyone Save You, God (لغيرك ما مددت يدا)	285
It's Been Long Time, My Weapon! (و الله زمان يا سلاحي)	286

A Song Composed by Farīd Ghusn

I Said Good-Bye to My Love (وقفت أودع حبيبي)	289
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A Song Composed by Sayyid Mikkawī

You Make Me Stay up the Night (يا مسهرني)	293
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Notes on Editors

Nobuo MIZUNO is professor emeritus at the Hyogo University of Teacher Education. He specialises in ethnomusicology in the Middle East. He is known as a leading scholar on Umm Kulthum and published *Ongaku no Arabesuku: Unmu Kurusūmu no Uta no Katachi* [*Musical Arabesque: A Study of Umm Kulthum*] (2004) as a study of Arabic and Islamic tradition on songs of Umm Kulthum. He published a dozen of books and recently published *Chūtō Sekai no Ongaku Bunka: Umarekawaru Dentō* [*Music cultures in the Middle East*] (ed. with Tetsuo NISHIO, 2016) in Japanese.

Tetsuo NISHIO is professor and deputy director-general at the National Museum of Ethnology. He is also director of the Center for Modern Middle East Studies at the National Museum Ethnology. He specialises in linguistic anthropology and popular culture especially relating with *Arabian Nights*. He published *The Arabian nights and Orientalism: Perspectives from East & West* (ed. with Yuriko YAMANAKA, 2006) and ‘The Takarazuka Revue and the Fantasy of “Arabia” in Japan’, in *Scheherazade's Children: Global Encounters with the Arabian Nights* (eds. by Philip F. Kennedy and Marina Warner, 2013).

Acknowledgement

This volume presents an English translation of a complete collection of Arabic lyrics from various songs sung by the famous Egyptian singer Umm Kulthūm (1904?–1975) throughout her lifetime.

Umm Kulthūm was born in a village on the Nile Delta, and moved to Cairo with her family at a young age. She began a spectacular singing career thanks to her beautiful voice which she had cultivated in her hometown. Her remarkable voice would be on the airwaves in Cairo whenever she had a concert, and was highly acclaimed not only in Egypt but also throughout the Arab countries.

Although Umm Kulthūm's songs owe a debt to Arab traditions, they also represent innovations in modern music. Her songs are formed based on the "arabesque" method, and convey deep emotions in combination with her unique voice.

In her later years, Umm Kulthūm travelled to other Arab countries and Paris but still concentrated her activities in Cairo, making it her base to launch new songs. In this sense, Umm Kulthūm was truly an unparalleled singer, produced by Egypt for her fellow Egyptians, and a modern Egyptian legend.

All of her concerts were recorded live and a huge volume of CDs was made from the original tapes. These spread throughout not only the Middle East but the entire world. Thanks to these recordings we can listen to her vibrant voice even today.

Umm Kulthūm's songs were supported by the work of modern Egyptian composers and poets. Muḥammad Abd al-Wahhāb, Riyād al-Ṣunbāṭī, Muḥammad al-Qaṣabgī were among the many top composers and master poets involved in her lyrics. These artists included Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī (Tonsi), Aḥmad Shawqī and others, poets of major renown in Egypt. The lyrics of Aḥmad Rāmī (1892-1981) comprise more than half of Umm Kulthūm's huge repertoire. Without their generous support, Umm Kulthūm's songs would have never gained their immovable status as a national cultural heritage.

Umm Kulthūm is said to have sung more than 300 songs throughout her lifetime. The 282 songs comprising this main volume contain representative song lyrics assembled according to composer. The majority of lyrics are of love songs but also include patriotic songs, eulogies, and songs of praise.

The lyrics have the following genre indications, which also corresponds to song type or music format. They are: qaṣīda (ode), monologue (a new genre that Umm Kulthūm championed), ṭaqṭūqa, dor (dawr), mawwāl (ballad), ughniya (song), nashīd (anthem), muwashshah, and so on.

In this volume, the original Arabic title, its English translation, the genre, the poet's name, and the musical mode are presented in order for each song. Some data are missing, in which case they are left blank.

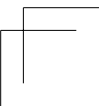
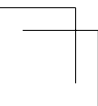
All of the qaṣīda and some of the ughniya are written in Classical Arabic, while the lyrics of the other songs are written in Egyptian Arabic dialect. When translating the Arabic into English, we did not use the special symbols generally used in Arabic transliteration.

This volume is based on the second part of *The Life and Song of the Oriental Star, Umm Kulthūm*, published by Dār Maktabat al-Ḥayāt of Beirut, Lebanon (publication year unknown, Arabic original title *Ḥayāt wa Aghānī Kawkab al-Sharq, Umm Kulthūm*).

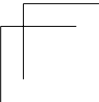
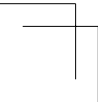
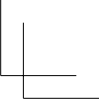
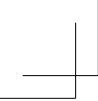
As for the English translations in this volume, we received the assistance of Dr. 'Abd al-Wahhāb of Cairo University. Also, in digitizing the original manuscript, we are greatly indebted to Kenji Kuroda, a research fellow at Center for Modern Middle East Studies, National Museum of Ethnology (the Center for Transdisciplinary Innovation, National Institutes for the Humanities). We would like to express our gratitude here.

January 2017

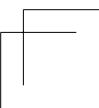
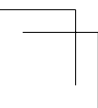
Nobuo MIZUNO and Tetsuo NISHIO



Complete Texts of Umm Kulthūm's Lyrics



Songs Composed by Muḥammad ‘Abd al-Wahhāb



على باب مصر

On the Gate to Egypt

An Anthem by Kāmil al-Shinnāwī

On the gate to Egypt, hands clap with noise
 Winds blow, mountains revolve, and seas turn stormy.
 All astonishingly wonder and ask
 Where, who and how.
 Is it a miracle with no prophets?
 Is it an earth revolution with no space?!

Parades go on with new comers
 of all colours and all walks of life.
 From Mibna’s era to ‘Amr’s time
 From Amr’s time to that of Gamāl.
 How could a dream come true
 and who, I wonder, made it come true?!

How could a time prisoner
 got free from shackles?!

The other clay he built pyramids
 with hands tied up.
 Now here he builds
 pillars of his bright hopes.
 Here he built a strong, wonderful dam
 that gives prosperity and inspires confidence.
 The lives of his children are free
 and his voice and opinions are absolutely free.
 No master, no slave,
 but all are equal without discrimination.
 Is it a miracle with no prophets?
 Is it an earth revolution with no space?!

A strong, free call came up from the people
 A voice that is independent, strong and deep,
 Saying: “I am the people, I am the miracle.”
 I am the people, nothing can stop me,
 And everything I say I do.
 From my free land
 our eternal civilization was made,
 by nationalism and socialism,
 and by the impulse of pan-Arabism through the nation.

I am the people and nothing impossible to me
I have no choice but eternity.
My country is open like skies,
embracing all friends, but destroying any intruder.

I am the people, glory and struggle,
I like peace, but I can fight bravely.
Truth as well as imagination are from me,
I have beauty and I have Gamāl.

هذه ليأتي

This Is My Night

An Ode by Jūrj Jirdāq, in Kurd

This is my night and the dream of my life,
between the past of time and you.
You are all love and wishes,
So, fill up the cup with love and hand it over to me.
In a while, love will go away,
and the birds will forsake their nests.
The houses which were houses in the past
shall see us - just as we see it- deserted.
Life shall make fun of us,
So, come over, I now love you more.

Evening came slowly to us
Then, with love in our it listened to a question
about love, an answer and a talk that melts on our lips.
It remained long when it called on me
So it might take crave away of my eyelids.
Come closer to me and take my tenderness
Then, close your eyes so you may see me.
Let our night be long, long
for being together is so rare.

Oh darling, love has come true, so what would it be
 if we carry days in our palms?!
 An accident has offered us life
 and made our union possible, and we met.
 At seas where the wind cries
 and where both the raw and the boatman got lost
 Separation humiliated us,
 Night is morning when we get together.
 Oh darling, I lost sleep for long,
 since you left with my heart.

Crave stayed up in beautiful eyes,
 A dream that love wished to prolong;
 A serious talk which if we do not have together
 Silence around us would utter it.
 Oh darling, you're my wine, my cup
 my wish and delight of my being.
 My silence, talk and whisper are all for you,
 Tomorrow in your love goes ahead of yesterday.

During that night, spectres of friends showed up,
 and Abū Nuwās embraced Khayyām.
 From my memory, they sipped dreams,
 and made lime drunk.
 Oh God, where does time get younger
 Despite mornings and evenings?!
 Love will see no one after us,
 for we are both night and noon of love.
 My heart is full of crave and so is my being,
 The night is mine. So stop, time.

أغداً ألقاك

Shall I Meet You Tomorrow!

An Ode by al-Hādī Ādam, in ‘Ajam

Shall I meet you tomorrow?! How I fear tomorrow!
 How I crave and burn down waiting for our date!
 How I fear tomorrow while I beg it to come closer;
 I used to beg it, but I was scared when it approached.
 Joy of reunion prevailed when it responded;
 This way I can stand both joy and pain of life.
 It is a heart touched by crave and melt down.
 So, shall I meet you tomorrow“?!“

You’re heaven of love, crave and insanity,
 You’re abode of my soul, my freedom and grievance.
 Will your lights shine tomorrow on the night of my eyes!
 Woe with the joy of dreams and with the fear of suspicion!
 I call on you and my voice has crave and hope in it;
 Oh my hope, how tortured I am by my long hope.
 Had it not been for you, I wouldn’t care who’d come or go;
 I live on crave and then on the hope to see you.
 So, do with my heart whatever you wish.
 Shall I meet you tomorrow?!

Life is like a book and you’re the ideas therein.
 Life is nights and you’re life.
 The world is like eyes of which you’re vision.
 The world is like skies in which you’re the moon.
 Have mercy on a heart that loves you,
 for tomorrow you may hold it in hand.
 Heaven shall come true tomorrow in rivers and shadow;
 and tomorrow we shall forget and never think of the past.
 Tomorrow we’ll transcend and know nothing about absence.
 Tomorrow we’ll live for a bright present and nothing else.
 Absence may be sweet,
 but the present is even sweeter.
 Shall I meet you tomorrow?!

أنت عمري

You're My Life

A Song by Aḥmad Shāfiq Kāmil, in Kurd

Your eyes took me back to my good old days;
 They taught me how to regret the past and its wounds.
 What I experienced before seeing you
 is all lost time. How should it count?!
 You're my life and with your light, morning started.
 Much time has passed before seeing you,
 Oh darling, how much time!
 My heart was never happy before seeing you,
 and had nothing but the taste of wounds.
 Only now I started loving life;
 Just now I began to fear that time might run.
 Every joy I have ever imagined,
 My heart found it in the light of your eyes.
 You're dearer than my life,
 Why didn't I find your love before?!
 What I experienced before seeing you
 is all lost time. How should it count?!
 You're my life and with your light, morning started.

Sweet nights, crave and passion,
 Have always been saved for you at heart.
 Sip love with me, sip, little by little,
 from my heart's tenderness.
 Let my eyes roam in your eyes;
 Let my hands touch yours and relax.
 Oh darling, come over; too much for separation.
 We missed too much, dear.
 What I experienced before seeing you
 is all lost time. How should it count?!

You're my life and with your light, morning started.
 You're more precious than life,
 and sweeter than dreams.
 Take me tenderly,
 take me far away from being.

Far away, you and I,
 far away and all alone together.
 Our days wake up on love,
 and our nights sleep on crave.
 With you, I forgave my days;
 and with you, I reconciled with life.
 With you, I forgot all about pains,
 and with you, I forgot grievance.
 Your eyes took me back to my good old days;
 They taught me how to regret the past and its wounds.
 What I experienced before seeing you
 is all lost time. How should it count?!

أمل حياتي

Hope of My Life

A Song by Aḥmad Shāfiq Kāmil, in Kurd

Oh hope of my life; you're a precious love that never ends.
 You're the sweetest heart has ever heard and can never be forgotten.
 Take all my life, but let me live today.
 Let me be by your side, in your heart.
 Let me dream. I hope time won't awake me.
 Oh hope of my life, my eyes; you're dearer to me than my soul.

You're yesterday's beloved, and today's be loved.
 You'll be my beloved tomorrow and till the end of my life.
 Tell me, say to me
 What wish of mine that hasn't come true when I'm in your hands!
 I've never tasted tenderness like yours.
 I love my life only for you.
 I met my wishes, the whole world, and met love
 once I met you and gave you my heart, oh soul of my heart!
 I don't dream of more than that joy.
 More than what I have got, I ask for nothing.
 More than this happiness with you, I regret nothing should I lose my life.
 It's enough to wake up you're your lips asking me to live.
 I hear a song asking my love not to end.

Let me be by your side you're your heart.
Let me dream. I hope time won't awake me.

Loving you filled the whole world with love.
Being nearby you awakened a whole life, awakened a heart.
With you, it's pity to blink even for a second.
It's pity to miss your beauty even for a little while.
So much I crave for you; so much I pant after you!

I wish I can tell you a word never said to anyone else.
A word as big as loving you, as big as my crave and pant.
A word just like you, but who is like you?!
Like you, there is only one.
It's enough to wake up with your lips asking me to live.
I hear a song asking my love not to end.
Let me be by your side, in your heart.
Let me dream. I hope time won't awake me.

Oh lovey, my life with you is too short,
however long it may last.
Long generations are not enough you.
for the happiness I find in loving you.
Loving you fills my heart and thought.
It lightens my night and make my life longer.
Loving you is always increasing more and more.
It's new and sweet for ever.
You made me live in love, in a thousand love.
In every look at you I fall in love with you once again and in love I remain.
In your eyes, I loved the whole world,
I loved even my foes and those who envy me.
Everybody has become so sweet in my eyes.
As long as I see the world by your side.
I sleep and wake up you're your lips asking me to live.
I hear a song asking my love never to end.
Let me be by your side, in your heart.
Let me dream. I hope time won't awake me.

فكروني

Remind Me

A Song by ‘Abd al-Wahhāb Muḥammad, in Rāst

They talk to me again about you. They reminded me.
 They awakened the fire of love in my heart and in my eyes.
 They awakened the past with all its joy, sweetness, torture and cruelty.
 I remembered how I was happy with you,
 and I remembered also why, beloved, we fell apart.
 I forget, and my heart could do without you and learn how to be cruel.
 With one whisper, things changed. Why did they remind me?!

I got used to being away from you against my will;
 I forgot wishes and hopes.
 But two words were said and I lost patience.
 Two words awakened in my eyes crave to your smile;
 Two words awakened in my ears longing for a word from you.
 Two words awakened even jealousy; even suspicions.
 My heart started melting me down with pains;
 And night became longer than usual.
 I stay up listening to my heartbeat calling you.
 I love you whatever happens, I love you.
 The whole world is worth nothing without you.
 Life is life only with you.
 I go back to the past,
 and returned to my life with you.
 I forget, and my heart could do without you and learn how to be cruel.
 With one whisper, things changed. Why did they remind me?!

Again they talked to me about you,
 After I had been deprived from you for long time.
 They awakened a wound that was about to turn into a memory
 They made me stay up dreaming about tomorrow.
 Oh beloved, I'm all puzzle, jealousy and longing for you.
 I wish I could escape torture; I hope I could lay in your arms.
 Separation, forsake and cruel nights, all don not make me forget loving you.
 What was in heart is in heart. We changed but it never did.
 Same love and more. Same crave and more.
 I go back to the past,

and returned to my life with you.
 I forget, and my heart could do without you and learn how to be cruel.
 With one whisper, things changed. Why did they remind me?!

Oh beloved; without you life is unbearable to me;
 Oh beloved; Life is too short.
 Why waste life in forsake and separation
 while we can create a beautiful life.
 With amity and love, life be renewed;
 With tenderness and passion, pains can turn into joy.
 We can live the future better than the past.
 Joy make the moon more lightening;
 Stars will seem even prettier and bigger.
 We will see the trees more green before spring.
 We can forget about the past, with all its cruelty.
 Let us catch up with the few happy days left.
 In separation, life is no real life.
 We, lovey, won't live twice.
 How do they remind me?! I never forgot about you.
 You're closer to me than my own soul,
 Whether you were away or with me.
 Days and nights go by,
 But loving you never ends.

إنت الحب

You're Love

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nahāwand

So many hearts rove around you,
 with the hope of gaining your consent.
 My heart is in your hand,
 and you may give or deprive, as you wish.
 Night has become so long,
 between staying up and lamenting.
 I hear my foes blaming,
 I smile despite my wounds.
 I never complain about loving you,

no matter how I suffer by loving you.
 But still, I feel jealous from anyone who may love you
 or keep loving you more than I do.

Once our eyes met,
 mine realized the way to crave between us.
 When I asked about you,
 my heart said: "The hell fire of loving you is a heaven".
 And I believed my heart.
 But love made me at a loss,
 and because of your being away, I stay up the night.
 My tears keep going down;
 have you forsaken, forgotten, or do you still remember me?
 I never complain about loving you,
 no matter how I suffer by loving you.
 But still, I feel jealous from anyone who may love you
 or keep loving you more than I do.

I love, whether you were nearby or far away;
 I long for reunion, but still I give in to your forsaking.
 Should you go away, I'd keep your promise,
 and stay loving you.
 I remember
 every word ever said between us.
 My mind lives with you,
 no matter how long you stay away.
 I miss you even when I look at you;
 You make me busy even when you 're away.
 Nights go by,
 ranging from hopes to doubts.
 And you, my love,
 I sacrifice everything for loving you.
 And I never complain about loving you,
 no matter how I suffer by loving you.
 But still, I feel jealous from anyone who may love you
 or keep loving you more than I do.

When I meet someone who is in love with you,
 I find pleasure in talking about you.

I like to know what happened to her,
 and how she cared about you.
 I asked her, when you were away, did she missed you as much as I did; and if you
 would be cruel to her, did she stay up the night whispering to you.
 And I find out that my heart’s love is unprecedented.
 It cannot do without loving you, and has never yielded to anyone else.
 You’re a hope on the light of which I survive,
 a light that never goes away from my eyes.
 You’re crave that I can hear, whenever you go away, it calls on me.
 You’re love, the only love, whether it makes me happy or miserable.
 I never complain about loving you, no matter how it afflicts me.
 However, I feel jealous of anyone who may love you and care about you more
 than I do.

طريق واحد

A Sole Path

by Nizār Qabbānī

Now I have a gun; so take me along to Palestine;
 to sad hills, like Mary Magdalene’s face; to green domes and holy stones.
 Twenty years I have been searching for a land and an identity.
 Searching for my homeland there; for my homeland that is surrounded by wires;
 for my books, photos, a warm comer, and for a flower vessel.

Take me along to Palestine, men.
 I want to live or die like men.
 Now I have a gun; so tell those who may ask about my cause
 that my gun is the cause.

Now I have a gun; now I’m on the list of revolutionaries.
 I lay on thorn and dust, and I wear death.
 I’m with and among revolutionaries, ever since I carried a gun
 to search for my childhood.
 Palestine is only meters away.
 Oh revolutionaries in Jerusalem, in Hebron, in Bīsān, in the valley;
 in Bethlehem, or wherever you may be!

Step forward, free men!
 There is only one path to Palestine, passing through a gun.
 There is only one path to Palestine.

ودارت الأيام

And Days Go by

A Song by Ma’mūn al-Shinnāwī, in Huzām

And clays go by;
 Days have passed,
 in separation and cruelty.
 Once I saw him, I forgot that I don’t talk to him;
 I forgot all about the nights I stayed up.
 I forgave my heart’s torture and confusion;
 I don’t know how I talked to him again.
 I cannot stand being away from my beloved.
 I have no one but him.

He met me with longing in his eyes.
 He said hello and held my hand.
 He whispered asking me to forgive him;
 and then I forgot why we fell apart.
 Where are my tears which stayed up the nights?!
 With one smile, he made me forget all about them.
 I cannot stand being away from him even for one day.
 Patience itself needs patience.
 I cannot stand being away from my beloved.
 For he is the only one I have.

Patience was described to me, but I found out it was illusion
 and only words to be said about love.
 Where do I escape from my heart;
 from our sweet nights everywhere?!
 We spent them in love; .
 and filled the world with hope and affection.
 I feel pity for lovers; they are confused and cannot be patient.

I cannot stand being away from him even for one clay.
 Patience itself needs patience.
 I cannot stand being away from my beloved.
 For he is the only one I have.

And days go by;
 Days have passed,
 Dawn came up after long separation;
 with its pink colour, saying good morning.
 Morning light awakened joy;
 and said to love «let’s rejoice
 I was so much joyous that I lost my mind.
 I feared that joy may sleep and never wake up again.
 I found myself with him in an unbelievable spring.
 I found myself between eternal love and crave that started all over again.
 I cannot stand being away from him even for one day.
 Patience itself needs patience.
 I cannot stand being away from my beloved.
 For he is the only one I have.

ليلة حب

A Night in Love

A Song by Aḥmad Shafīq Kāmil, in Nahāwand

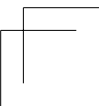
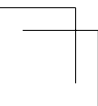
You never forgot our date;
 So, what kept you late tonight? I’m confused.
 what kept you from me?
 No way that the world could keel you late from
 I’m waiting with hope,
 Staying up the night, and you come and stay up with me.
 Come on and let’s live all love in the world, tonight.
 Come on and let’s live all longing of the heart, tonight.
 Don’t delay our crave to tomorrow;
 don’t postpone our joy to tomorrow.
 Let tonight be as if it were the first night of love.

You're my love, my heart beat and light of my life!
 You're the smile of my nights, imagination and memories!
 All became quiet here, and I long for you.
 The whole world is here with me, looking at you.
 Spring, roses, and water spring,
 guitar, whispering and the night,
 are all here, waiting.
 All, darling, long for you,
 for your love, and for my heart,
 for the nights of crave which call on us.
 Don't torture us ...
 Don't keep us longing ...
 Come on and let's live our joy, here.
 Come on and let's live all love in the world, tonight.
 Come on and let's live all longing of the heart, tonight.
 Don't delay our crave to tomorrow;
 don't postpone our joy to tomorrow.
 Let tonight be as if it were the first night of love.

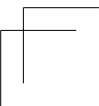
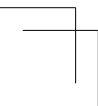
Should all kinds of love, in all hearts, get together,
 my love is bigger.
 You're with me, even when you're far away.
 Imagination and longing increase with me.
 Everything around me reminds me of you.
 Every light in my eyes has the smile of your eyes in it.
 Here is your smile, honey, on candles, while you're away.
 Here are the candles which your smile lightened.
 Here is your step; your whisper, your laugh;
 All of you, your light, spectre and affection.
 Come to dreams, to love, to inspiration ...
 Let's stay up as long as we wish, while all fall asleep.
 Come on and let's live all love in the world, tonight.
 Come on and let's live all longing of the heart, tonight.
 Don't delay our crave to tomorrow;
 don't postpone our joy to tomorrow.
 Let tonight be as if it were the first night of love.

You've left me sweet nights and lovely memories.
 With your affection, you revive my frustrated hopes.
 You're here with me, in my imagination,

Tonight and every night.
We were here in this place where nights got us together.
We flew to heavens. Tonight,
Oh life of my soul, here in this place,
I came over with my heart and affection
All of us came waiting for you, begging you.
Here we came to furnish your way with hope.
No matter how long you’re late, you’ll surely come in a while.
And I’ll take your hand in mine.
and embrace your eyes with mine.
And we’ll spend the night as if it were all life.



Songs Composed by Riyāḍ al-Sunbāḥī



نشيد الجامعة

The University

An Anthem by Aḥmad Rāmī

Oh youth of the Nile; oh pillars of the generation!
Here Egypt calling on you.
So respond to the invitation the noble purpose.
Build glory on the basis of knowledge;
then, go in groups in all directions.
We're time's reserve for the homeland.
We all sacrifice it and look forward to its glory.
Oh youth of the Nile; together and high.
Don't forget your hopes and never disdain.
Sacrifice souls for the homeland.
We all perish but our Egypt shall live.
That is what remains for ever for Egypt and for us.
We're time's reserve for the homeland.
We all sacrifice it and look forward to its glory.
Egypt looks forward to glory through your victory.
So achieve its victory by knowledges and arts.
Write the of verse of its glory and the memory of the eternal.
Our glory lies in industry and agriculture.
So, work hard, and God may guide those who work hard.
Our glory lies in trade and construction.
So, get together around honesty and certainty.
Our triumph lies in justice and carrying the message
of the victory of the right in the world.
So, aim high and look forward to the best.
Youth is the paradise of hope;
Life is a place for hard work;
And fraternity is the way to complete victory.

صوت الوطن

Homeland's Voice

An Anthem by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nahāwand

Egypt is always on my mind, in my mouth;
 I love it with all my soul and blood.
 I wish that every faithful would love and cherish it, like me.
 Oh countrymen, who likes it as much as I do?!

Chorus: We love it and sacrifice the dearest of our life and effort for it.
 Live in dignity under its flag,
 and it shall be glorious among nations.
 I love it for its rich shadow
 amongst green meadows and palm trees.
 How green, golden and silver its plants are!
 How beautiful its Nile is when it runs proud between hills.
 Oh countrymen, who likes it as much as I do?!

Chorus: We love it and sacrifice the clearest of our aliment and needs for it.
 Never scrimp its water for a thirsty;
 and feed every mouth from its prosperity.
 I love it for the noble attitude of its people and army.
 It calls for the right to live for all who live on its land.
 It rebels against tyrants, calling for its rights.
 Its glorious history calls for the annihilation of oppression.
 Oh countrymen, who likes it as much as I do?!

Chorus: We love it and sacrifice the dearest of our patience and will for it.
 Defend it and defend whoever takes refuge on its land
 so it may live and be sound.
 Oh Egypt, oh cradle of prosperity,
 oh place of the Archangel Gabriel!
 We shall always keep our promise
 to support the right.

بغداد

Baghdad

An Anthem by Maḥmūd Ḥasan Ismā'īl, in Rāst

Baghdad, citadel of lions!
 Ka'ba of glory and eternity!
 Head front of the sun for existence.
 In your rising dawn, I heard fire being set in shackles.
 Victory rises again at the square of Rashīd.
 Baghdad, citadel of lions!

You screamed in the dark
 and rose with tight shackles,
 to light, Ba'th (evocation), and went forward.
 To your victorious power and eternal glory.
 You stormed fire and iron
 and came back to light.
 Baghdad, citadel of lions!

Oh Arabs; make nights dizzy;
 storm the rock of the impossible.
 and unite around the flame of struggle
 parades of Ba'th (evocation) and progress
 towards victory in existence.
 Go back - Arabs - to your (old) days, and go back, Baghdad,
 like dawn in your new road.
 Baghdad, citadel of lions!

God Almighty permitted the East to wake up,
 and night to go away from its sky,
 and the sun to rise anew
 from yesterday to the rebel.
 Baghdad, citadel of lions!

الجيش

Army

An Anthem by Ṭāhir Abū Fāshā

Glory went forward in its expected day
and what had set rose anew in its holiday.
So, rise and pay greetings to your army, army of the Arabs
which defends peace, army of peace.
Peace, peace, peace, peace

We've built it from our old glory
and formed it from our rebel blood.

It's clearer to us than souls and eyes,
It's the pioneer of our victorious revolution;
It's the strength of its power;
and it gives refuge to peace in its shadow.
It defends peace and protects the land.
Peace be upon the army in its day.
Peace, peace, peace, peace

Its glories perfumes your valley,
and its holidays come with blessings.
Its soldiers defend pan-Arabism,
whenever someone takes out a sword against it.
They would send him to death,
back to his own oppression.
Morning covered the face of darkness.
Peace be upon the army in its day.
Peace, peace, peace, peace

Ask the battle of 'Ain Gālūt who its mother is;
ask the land of Sinai how powerful it is,
when fear prevails, and when someone calls for death;
and when the lions pray to God.
That is how your army is.
Holy blood and holy land.
Peace be upon the army in its day.
Peace, peace, peace, peace

الله معاك

God Be with You

An Anthem by Ṣalāḥ Jāhīn, in Jahār kāh

We're coming back with the power of arms;
 Coming back to free the homeland.
 Coming back as the morning rises,
 following a dark night.

Army of Pan-Arabism, oh hero, God be with you.
 How great, magnificent and brave you are!
 The tragedy of Palestine pushes you to limits.
 So, turn its pains into gun powder.
 God be with you and with every free man.
 God be with you in the heat of battle;
 Victory is yours no matter how the enemy is conceited;
 No matter how it pretends to be poor or complains.
 It is an usurper being damned by all creeds.
 Palestine is Arab.
 In each step taken by the aggressive,
 the land explodes with anger.

Sea breeze gets angry and waves uprise.
 Oh victorious people, God be with you.

حبيب الشعب

Friend of the People

An Anthem by Ṣālīḥ Gawdat

Rise and hear it from me; I'm the people.
 Stay, for you're a strong dam for the people's hopes.
 Stay, for you're the only hope left for the people.
 You're goodness, light, and you're patience on destiny.
 You're victorious.
 So, stay, for you are the people's friend;

Friend of the people's blood.
 Rise; we've dried tears and smiled.
 Rise; We're all ears, and we've learned the lesson.
 Rise; we've united and went forward.
 Rise for the people, destroy its despair;
 Remember its future and remove its past.
 Rise and push us forward after the Setback,
 and Raise this people's head.
 Stay, for you are the people's friend;
 Friend of the people's blood.
 Rise to God and tell the rebel: long live Egypt,
 despite the wounds and bitterness.
 Tomorrow you will call on the people; "Dawn has risen ."
 Tomorrow you will ring the bells of victory.
 Rise, for we've gotten ready;
 Rise; we've announced unity.
 You shall pave the way back,
 and you shall go forward, supported by the people.
 So, stay, for you are the people's friend;
 Friend of the people's blood.

قوم بايمان

Rise with Faith

An Anthem by 'Abd al-Wahhāb Muḥammad, in Jahār kāh

Rise with faith, spirit and conscience;
 Step on all difficulties and move on.
 You country needs you;
 It needs much effort.
 Step on all difficulties and move on.
 Give more effort to work;
 For hard work is like worshipping.
 Rise with faith, spirit and conscience;
 Step on all difficulties and move on.

Build and add to your glories;
 Build, for the sake of your homeland and children.

Think, search, plant, manufacture;
 Then, every struggler shall achieve his dream.
 God never wastes the effort of a hard worker.
 Create, innovate, produce and export;
 and let your homeland get stronger and bigger.
 Rise with faith, spirit and conscience;
 Step on all difficulties and move on.

You've built the pyramids long before time began;
 You've built the dam in Aswan.
 Add more and more to your glories;
 Let dreams come true by hard work.
 No man is like you.
 Rise with faith, spirit and conscience;
 Step on all difficulties and move on.

على بلد المحبوب

To the Beloved's Town

A Ṭaqtūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Bayātī

Take me to the beloved's town.
 Longing has increased and separation hurts.

Darling, you've got my heart with you;
 and it stays up the night thinking about you.
 My eyes crave to seeing you;
 I complain and you console me

Oh you who ride the Nile,
 I have a friend in Cairo
 and because of loving him, I cannot sleep the night.
 So, take me to the beloved's town.

أوبرا عايدة

Āyida

An Opera by Aḥmad Rāmī

Scene 1, composed by Muḥammad al-Qaṣṣbgī

Orchestrated by ‘Aziz Ṣādiq, Ibrāhīm Ḥaggāg

Scene 2, composed by Riyād al-Sunbāfī

Orchestrated by Ibrāhīm Ḥaggāg

Characterization:

Aida: Umm Kulthūm

Radamis: Ibrāhīm Hammūda

Amneris: sung by Fathīyya Aḥmad, characterized by: Firdaws Ḥasan

Amu-Nassir: sung by Abd al-Ghānī al-Sayyid, characterized by: Fu’ād al-Rashīdī

Archbishop: sung by Anṭūn Salīm, characterized by: Mansī Fahmī

Egypt’s Pharaoh: sung by Ḥasan Abū Zayd, characterized by: Yahyā Shāhīn

Scene One

Temple’s yard

Parade of priests moves towards Isis’ altar

The priests

Oh Isis, bless the valley and its two banks;
 Drive the foes away from us, and help Radamis;
 Take the enemies away from us and protect the land of the ancestors;
 Drive goodness to us from the water springs of eternity.
 Be merciful, Isis!
 and Support Radamis!
 (Everybody including Aida)! Support Radamis!

Aida in the palace’s balcony

How caught I’m between my love and my patriotism!
 My heart sees him as the beloved, Even though he may be among foes.
 I pray for him to have victory upon my father in battle field, after the humility
 of prison and sleepless nights.
 Meanwhile, I see father in shackles with broken heart and sweating front.
 Farewell love, and let my beloved perish!
 But I’m in love with him and my heart seeks his consent.
 He care about me with affection, and he made me taste the ecstasy of love and
 forget about my humility.

I got confused between love and conscience,
 who might help me against the oppression of my savior?!
 Will cry be of any use to me in this confusion and misery?!
 I rather die than be in such painful a torture.
 Oh sad love; oh hidden grievance;
 save me from this torture and kill me.

Amneris: Don't cry, let me see you happy.

Aida: Where is happiness while my folks are far away?!

Amneris: Love can be forgotten and time heals sadness

Aida: Love is torture and hell; hard times in it are pleasure.

Amneris: Tell me, what grievance has set fire in your heart.

Aida: I'm not dreaming.

Amneris: I was told our victims are so many.

Aida: Oh God!

Amneris: And that Radamis was killed.

Aida: How miserable I'm.

(Aida faints)

Music: Victory horns and people's cheer.

(Aida awakes)

Amneris: I deceived you on purpose. He's still alive.

Aida: Thank you God; You revived my soul.

Amneris: I, too, am love him and wouldn't like to be shared in loving him.

Aida: But my love is bigger. greater. Follow me and we'll see

Amneris: And my power is greater. Follow me and we'll see who wins.

(A yard in front of the king's palace)

The King on his throne. Radamis being carried on a stretcher and the people
 after him singing the anthem of victory:

People and soldiers: We gained victory upon the enemies; long live our leader!

Make him a garland of wet flowers; sing him the melody of glory and pride!

Oh Isis, protect the land of this country and defend the land from the pains of time!

The hope of the valley has been set on you, and we placed our luck in your hands.

You are a roving soul; you are a running water spring.

Accept our thanks and protect our land.

The King: Peace be upon you, victorious hero; glory be yours.

You brought victory to the homeland; so ask for whatever you wish.

Radamis: Order the parade to move.

(Prisoners of war enter along with the soldiers and Amu-Nassir)

Aida: Who is this? It's my father.

Everybody: This is her father!

Amneris: So helpless!

Aida: My father is taken prisoner?!

Amu-Nassir: Don't give me pain.

The king: Come closer. Are you her father with the prisoners?

Amu-Nassir: Be kind and merciful.

The priests: Don't have any mercy on them.

The prisoners: Be kind and merciful.

The people: Forgive them!

The king: Their defeat was a punishment, and he who doesn't have mercy on the defeated is wrong.

Radamis: Sire, you promised to make my dream come true one day.

Now here I go down on my knee begging you to fulfil.

The king points with agreement.

Radamis: Set them all free.

The priests: Order everyone here to be killed.

Rafis: If you forgive them, they will rebel once again, Sire.

Radamis: They don't have the power any longer, especially after the leader was prisoned.

Rafis: Then, let him detained with his daughter.

The king: You are right, and that is the best advice. And you, Radamis, have saved my throne and prevented hard times.

Here I offer you my daughter, Amneris, so you may rule after me and defend the land.

Radamis: Hurrah, I'm happy in love.

(The king rises, Radamis, the priests and everybody follow him. Aida all alone at the courtyard.

The people sing while leaving)

Glory to the king and prosperity to the valley.

Here we pray to you, Isis, and thank you.

We won the battle and evil was destroyed.

Oh glorious Isis, we have been completely blessed.

(Aida all alone at the courtyard)

Aida: I have deceived myself when I thought he loved me.

And I built hopes on the one who was contended.

But hope in loving him turned to be just a mirage.

Only a ray that showed to me, and then disappeared.

My love overwhelmed my patriotism.

My heart was wrong and made me forget my share of life.

May be his glory made him forget about my humility in loving him, or probably he got enough of the ecstasy of love?!

Scene Two

Temple's yard

Written by Aḥmad Rāmī

Aida alone whispering to the night
 To you, night, I complain about cruelty and grievance.
 I kept hiding my love till my eyes grew on it.
 I forgot all about my land and its meadows, and sacrificed my folks for loving him.
 A paradise penetrated my mind, and my soul roved with him there.
 Hopes took me aboard the boat of life which moved with the joy of dawn.
 Nights passed in love, and we were happy in the shadows of safe.
 Till we woke up and our dream was broken by hard times.

Oh you to whom I whisper; here I hear your steps.
 Come one in the dark night and wipe my tears with
 I have planted love and dreams in the garden of life, and hid despair from the
 valley of time.
 Night saw me all alone here, shedding tears and complaining about my suffering.
 Stars ask for him with passion and confusion.
 But my heart doesn't know whether it were union or farewell.
 (She hears something. Amu-Nassir shows)

Aida: Oh God; my father!

Amu-Nassir: very strange!

My daughter backs my foe against my land and folks.

Aida: How can a prisoner like me be of any help?

Amu-Nassir: You won't stay prisoner. My men are to fight.

We'll go back home with victory, so we may water its hills and pick
 up its fruits.

Aida: Will we really go back home, to the land crowned by flowers?

Amu-Nassir: Radamis will be with us in the parade after Amneris had been
 deprived of his love.

Aida: I wish my heart can one day be happy with him.

Amu-Nassir: Do you remember what torture we suffered by them?

Aida: Lament of women and children still penetrates my ears.

Amu-Nassir: Their plot shall turn against them, and we'll punish them for
 treachery.

Aida: Who knows what they conspire to do?

Amu-Nassir: You.

Aida: Me? How could I know their secrets?

Amu-Nassir: Radamis will soon be here and we'll know. Do you understand?

Aida: I do, but that is shame, and I wouldn't betray.

Amu-Nassir (angry): Get out of tents, soldiers. Ruin everything and let smoke
rise to the sky.

Aida: Have mercy, father.

Amu-Nassir: You're not my daughter.

Aida: Be kind, father.

Amu-Nassir: Haven't you seen a spectre stretching a hand to you in the dark?

Aida: Be merciful, father.

Amu-Nassir: Your mother's damn on you.

Aida: Be merciful, father.

Amu-Nassir: You're not my daughter. Damn you, prisoner of the Egyptians.

Aida: No father. I don't know who I'm. I'm your loyal daughter.

Amu-Nassir: What is the proof of your loyalty?

Aida: Oh God; what a great sacrifice. Help me stand all this misery.

Amu-Nassir: Have courage; I'm here.

(Then, he hides among palm trees)

Aida: Oh God; help us.

(Radamis shows and hurries to Aida)

Radamis: Here I see you, light of my eyes, after long crave.

Aida: Leave me alone, don't get any closer. What am I to you now?

Radamis: You've got my heart.

Aida: Your heart chose someone else's heart. How can my heart love the one who
betrayed it.

Radamis: You don't believe in my love.

Aida: Love has broken its promise. Hasn't the Pharaoh presented his daughter to
you in front of me? How can you flee from him while you are not safe from
his evil?

Radamis: We'll fight the Abyssinians within a few nights, and I'm the leader of
the heroes. Should I defeat the enemy and come back with victory,
I will build our love and reveal my wishes.

Aida: Then, she will" hurt my father and us, I mean the one who was your fiancé
and left her for me.

Radamis: I'll protect you.

Aida: Nonsense and this won't help us avoid the challenge.

Radamis: If you want to rescue us, you may choose a safer way.

Radamis: And what is this safer way?

Aida: Let's escape and get rid of the foes. Let us flee to our country. Its flowers
are flourishing.

On its hills and in its refuge, we'll find a fertile land for our love.

Let us forget our misery there where there are no foes or enemies.

Radamis: Would I leave Egypt where I grew up with my folks?!

Aida: Love will build us a house where we can do without folks and friends.

If you love me, obey me and release me from all these pains.

Radamis: I do love you, but I don't want you to suffer foes' plots and blame.

Aida: No; you care for the one whom you're going to marry soon.

Radamis: No, I swear to love; I chose no other love but yours.

Aida: Then, do we stay after reunion on love and amity?! Let us go to my homeland where we may be happy and were love and hope may smile on its hills.

Radamis (yielding): Let us go before dawn. Let us leave the valley, and who knows?!

Aida (ready to leave): You didn't tell me what road do we take where your men cannot see us?

Radamis: The road where we were going to take and defeat the enemy.

Aida: What is it called?

Radamis: Nabānā Valley.

(Amu-Nassir appears from among palm trees)

Amu-Nassir: You will find us there and will fight you hard.

Radamis: Woe; I betray my country and give it in to enemies.

Amneris (out of the temple with Rafis, the soldiers and the priests): You've betrayed the homeland!

Radamis (to Aida and her father): Go; leave me and escape. (giving himself in to the priest): Oh priest, my soul is in your hand now.

(taken, guarded by soldiers, to Amneris' room).

Amneris: My father will forgive you.

Radamis: I'm innocent, I swear.

Amneris: Defend yourself.

Radamis: No.

Amneris: You'll die.

Radamis: Nothing is left in my life.

Amneris: No; you'll live, because I love to be with you.

Radamis (to himself): How sad my heart is!

(to her): Haven't I betray my homeland for her?!

Amneris: Never mention her.

Radamis (confused): Where can I see her?

Amneris (angry): You'll meet death against your will.

Radamis: Hurrah; here I'm waiting for it.

(At the well's entrance, Rafis enters and, among guards and priests, announces Radamis's verdict)

Rafis(enters): Radamis; you've made the country's secrets public, deserted your army in action and on purpose. I and the priests here sentence you jail in this well and till death.

Amneris: Will he be buried alive while still so young?

Rafis: He is a traitor, and traitors deserve death.

Arneris: Shall you kill him although I love him? (then, she faints).
(Radamis, among guards and priests, is thrown down the well despite Amneris begging.

Then, the well is blocked with a big stone)

Radamis: I can hear the stone falling down on top of my grave.

Have I now been deprived from sky's light?

A cover has separated me from my love?

Where are you now, love, in this destiny?

What do I hear? Some voice penetrates, like a spectre haunting my grave.

Someone alive stretching hands to me. Oh God, it's Aida!

Aida: Yes; it's me.

Radamis: You here?

Aida: Will I live without my love with me?!

Here I found safety from foes and enviers.

Radamis: Did you leave everybody for me?!

Aida: I have no one else but you in this world.

My eyes are happy only when I see you.

My ears feel ecstasy only when I hear you.

You're my soul and life, and I'm in heaven with you.

Everything I'd sacrifice for you love.

Radamis: Come and make me happy with reunion.

Cruelty is now gone, while love remains.

Aida and Radamis: Here we shall live and forget everything in the world.

Hearts have got their wish; Let hearts be happy.

عيد لدهر

Celebration of Time

An Ode by Aḥmad Shawqī

The throne is yours, since you supported it with the Prophet and his household.

You are a free man in history; you are so tolerant.

Christians support you with their cross, and those belong to Muhammad with their crescent.

Here they find your kingdom where they live happily, by God's mercy and favours.

A kingdom shared by your blessings, and you shall see its good destiny.

You're like Faruq (Caliph Omar) on his chair, in the shadow of whom peoples
of earth were blessed.

You're paradise of the valley, meadow of its spirit, blessing of its soul,
and its happiness.

God has created you like two heavens two creatures,
surrounded by blessings for the people.

(King) Faruq decorated it and its banks. A throne giving refuge in its shadow
to the people.

Your coronation day is its holiday, when. you walk in it with your beauty.

So, be proud among kingdoms in peace for the sake of thousands like him.

قالوا أحب القس

They Say: "The Priest Is in Love..."

An Ode by 'Alī Aḥmad Bākathīr, in Ṣabā

They say that the priest is in love, while he is a pious and clean man.

As if love were destined only to brazens.

Oh people, I'm a man just like you, and my God is your Creator.

I have a liver that longs for love, and a feeling heart like yours.

أصون كرامتي

I Rather Respect My Dignity

An Ode by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Ḥijāz

I rather respect my dignity than my love; for the ego to me comes before my heart.
I rather stand the humility my ego suffers, and I do not like to be humiliated for
love.

It never gave in to anyone but you.

But I meant a respectable kind of love, and I sought consent for you nearby me.

I meant that you may love me back with loyalty, and I let you sip consent from
my love.

But when my soul was sure of the evil, and disloyalty was showing in your eyes,
I forsake you with a bleeding heart, and preferred dignity to love.

أتعجل العمر

I Rush My Life to Pass

An Ode by Aḥmad Shawqī

I rush my life to pass so I may see her. But once I see her I cry for my life.
 Days go by monotonously, while I care only for her next date.
 I prepare what to say when we meet, but this fades away once our eyes meet.
 After I keep observing her coming, I go back with my soul confused out of
 grievance.
 May be she got bored with me, since disloyalty is a second nature of girls'
 love.
 I become enemy of my soul, and it becomes introverted. And sometimes my
 firmness hurts me.

Two worries, one of which I carry within my ribs, and I stand it with patience.
 The other, I helplessly resist after shedding a lot of tears.
 I complain to no avail, so I withdraw within myself with tears.
 I fear she may suffer the pains I suffer in love.
 I consider myself guilty and accept my ego's humility, and guilt to me is when
 she feels my complaint.

نهج البردة

Muḥammad's Outer Garment

An Ode by Aḥmad Shawqī, in Huzām

An addax in the valley shed my blood during the (three) holy months.
 When it looked at me, I said to myself: "Woe to me! It shot the arrow right".
 I hid the arrow in my liver, for the beloved's wound to me is painless.
 You who blame me for loving her, you wouldn't blame if you fall in love.
 I heard but didn't listen to you; for one may hear while one's heart is deaf.
 Oh you who cares not, I hope you'll never taste love; for you made me stay up the
 night while you're asleep.
 Oh soul, your world hides any sadness, even though it may seem smiling.
 Your straight path is due to morals. So, one should mend oneself with morals.
 The soul is sound when it's good; but it suffers bad fate when it is wicked.
 If my guilt is unforgivable, I beg God to give me refuge.
 If I find no saviour, I appeal to God who relieves all agonies.
 I would be humble and beg him to mediate for me.

When a pious man does a good deed, I'd give myself in to him with tears of regret.
 I took refuge to the prince of prophets' gate; and who gets the key to God's gate is
 a winner.
 Muhammad is the elite of God's creatures and His hope among all men.
 "Read" God almighty inspired, and nothing was inspired before.
 God's word with its holy melody filled the ears of (the people) of Mecca.
 Good news spread like light spreading in the dark in both east and west about the
 Guides birth.
 You, Muhammad, were born when men were in total chaos, and idols were worshipped.
 God lifted you to heavens at night, and the angels and prophets all were waiting.
 They all got around their master, like commits surrounding the moon or like
 soldiers around a flag.
 They all performed prayers and you were the imam, and he who gets closer to
 God's friend is a winner.
 You roved heavens or above on the back of a great horse.
 That was God's will, and His will is beyond suspicion.
 Then, you reached a sky that cannot be reached either by a wing or on foot.
 Every prophet stood in his rank. Oh Muhammad; here is the throne; ascend it!
 Oh God; peoples woke up from death, and nations rose from nothing.
 Your judgement is the wise one. Bless your Face as a judge as well as an avenger.
 For the sake of the best of prophets, be kind to us, and don't add to his nation's troubles.
 Oh God; bless your gift to Muslims; so, complete your favour with a good end.

كيف مرت على هواك القلوب

How Did Hearts Pass by Your Love?!

An Ode by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Bayātī

How did hearts pass by your love and were confused who was your beloved;
 Whenever a beauty catches your eyes or a wonderful spirit showed up in your sky?!
 Your sad soul became quiet and rested; for souls rest wherever they like.
 You showed amity and kindness; and the dawn of love is like light.
 Beautiful women's love is like days; for it may be kind sometimes, and failure
 some other times.
 It is a scene which makes souls thirsty, and a pleasure of which one gets little;
 And a misery in which hopes give pleasure, and a safety the achievement of
 which is torture.

سألوا قلبي

Ask My Heart

An Ode by Aḥmad Shawqī, in Rāst

Ask my heart when it was fed up and quit; it may blame beauty.
 A wise man is to ask about great events; did beauty leave him any wisdom?!
 When I asked my heart, tears replied instead.
 Within my ribs I have flesh and blood which became like a weak man who lost youth.
 It penetrated tears and I said "It is over," and it clapped in hearts and I said "It quit."
 If hearts were made of iron, they wouldn't stand the torture it stood.
 No one like someone who lost the love ones can tell you about how capricious days are.
 If you trust days, I tell you that I wore them out like clothes (experienced them).
 In their garden, I found roses and thorns, and in its cup, I sipped honey and bitterness.
 Finally, I found out that God's judgement is the only one, and that God's door is the only one.
 Goodness is the best in life, for it remains longer.
 The Prophet of goodness considered it the only path and guided to it.
 His announcement was a guide, and his horses supported the right.
 He taught us how to build up glory and we overwhelmed the world thereby.
 Needs cannot be fulfilled by wishes; rather, life is to be taken by force.
 Nothing is impossible for a people should courage be their horse.
 Oh Muhammad; I may be too daring by praising you, but I belong to you.
 An eloquent man can learn eloquence only when he takes you as his example.
 When I praised rulers, I reached high ranks; but when I praised you, I went beyond clouds.
 I begged God to forgive my people; and he accepted my mediation.
 Muslims have no other stronghold but you when they harm afflicts them.

إفرح يا قلبي

Rejoice, My Heart!

by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nahāwand

Rejoice, my heart, you're destined to have your dream come true with the beloved.
 Rejoice, my heart.

How happy my sad heart will be when it finds a loyal love, And, after hopes and longing, have its dream come true with the beloved.
 Rejoice, my heart.
 My mind was lost and roving, and my heart, roaming and lonely.
 He who is destined to happiness is the one who has his dream come true with the beloved.
 Rejoice, my heart.
 Sing the melodies of love for him, and tell him the reasons for wandering.
 Rejoice, my heart, with your dream and have it come true with the beloved.
 Rejoice, my heart.
 Pick life's flowers with him so long as your love matches his.
 Be loyal to him and seek his satisfaction and have your dream come true with the beloved.
 Rejoice, my heart.

سلوا كؤوس طلا

Ask the Chalice of Gold

An Ode by Aḥmad Shawqī, in Huzām

Ask golden chalices whether they ever touched her lips,
 And ask wine whether it ever touched her.
 They stayed the night providing me with clear wine
 which is more satisfying than roses.
 What harm would afflict her if she drinks from my goblet,
 or if she gives me clear wine of hers?!

She is as slim as a ben tree when breeze goes around it;
 and birds are attracted to her sides under the ornaments.
 Her talk is magic, yet it's like a melody sung by David.
 Who whispered to the nest's dove?
 And who expressed longing to it in the dark?
 It yielded its neck to the night, and gave it its ears,
 and its eyes were confused.
 Then, longing for the love ones returned to it
 and it burst into tears and shouted with complaint.
 Oh neighbour of the nest, days of love are gone
 like a dream. How beautiful the days of love were!

ولد الهدى

The Guiding Prophet Is Born

An Ode by Aḥmad Shawqī, in Rāst

The guiding Prophet is born and the world is lightened,
and time's mouth smiles.
Gabriel and all angels around him
all spread the good news of the two worlds.
God's throne brags and flourishes
and so does the Holy Cedar.
Inspiration comes down in drops like a chain;
the Tablet and the Great Pen are full.
Greetings to you, the best of creatures
from all the prophets who came with your message.
God spread the good news of your birth in heavens,
and the earth was perfumed by your appearance.
A day the morning and evening of which .
brags about having Muhammad born on it.
It inspires you victory when it is dark and it removes darkness.
Verses come down like a chain and miracles are abundant;
Gabriel comes and goes with them.
A religion that has been built verse by verse,
and its construction has lights.
The right is the basis of it,
and why not? God Almighty is the constructor.
With you, son of Abdallah, a tolerant religion started
with the rightness from among supreme cults of nations.
A religion that is based on monotheism, which is a truth
propagated by Socrates and ancient (philosophers)
and by its light, the priests and soothsayers of the Nile Valley were guided.
Only God is above all creatures, and people are all equal under its flag.
tolerance is the core principle; ruling is by pledge of allegiance;
decisions are taken by consultation and rights by judgement.
You're imam of socialists,
had it not been for exaggeration.
You treated things step by step, while they did in a hurry,
and sometimes illness is easier than medication.
War for a right cause is legitimate to you,
for poison may sometimes produce medicine.
Goodness in your religion is a duty,
not a gift to be offered.

Alms united the way
 so that the generous and the sting met.
 You took from the rich to give the poor,
 for everybody has the right to live.
 You had supreme morals
 which every good person likes.
 Your morals included some characteristics
 which every good person looks forward to.
 In generosity, you were the top
 and you did what a generous wind wouldn't do.
 You were tolerant despite strength,
 and the ignorant wouldn't disdain your tolerance.
 In mercy, you were like a mother or a father,
 and those are the most merciful in the world.
 When you gave a speech, tribunes would shake
 and hearts would cry with tears.
 When you gave or took a pledge,
 all your pledges were fulfilled.
 Only you have the pride of mediation (to God)
 and no mediation is needed to reach you.
 In praising you, I composed brides (long odes)
 with deep love to you.
 They are beautiful ones, and if you kindly accept them,
 their dowry is a beautiful mediation (to God).
 I came to your door not as an admirer, but as a beggar,
 for praise sometimes seems like begging.
 I beg your mediation for my people in a crisis,
 and you're the one to appeal to in such a situation.

النيل

The Nile

An Ode by Aḥmad Shawqī, in Ḥijāz kār

Since when have you been running in villages?
 and with which hand have you been blessing towns?
 Have you come clown from heavens or have you come
 from paradise in streams?
 With which loom do you weave a garment for the banks?

You pour water and it turns into gold,
 and you split the ground and it revives.
 Your sources are confusing to every mind,
 and all are equal in this confusion.
 All admired a generous river
 with fresh, endless water.
 A river that abides by its pledges and promises
 and always runs with sincerity.
 The valley hosts a decent life
 that flows generously from your hands.
 A priceless diamond (girl) is offered every year to you.
 Every noble girl hopes to
 have the chance to catch up with you.
 Glory to pretty women is something to seek
 just like beauty being sought.
 A girl is being taken as a bride to king of kings,
 urged by a debt and passion.
 In a festival in which the world shakes its sides and the East boasts.
 A beautiful girl in a boat
 with everybody on the banks shrilling and clapping hands.
 She'd throw herself to you
 while longing to you.
 She'd offer you her honour and life,
 Is there anything more valuable than those?!
 When love reaches its peak,
 the soul is then something worth to sacrifice
 Oh Nile, you're as good as the Prophet described you,
 and the Bible praised you right.
 The origin of civilization lies steady in your Upper part,
 and this steadiness is a beauty of yours.
 It was born and you were the cradle, then it grew up
 and you were the generous donor.
 It filled your land with wisdom
 which was preserved on rocks and papyrus.
 It built houses of knowledge with high peaks
 being sought by East and West alike.
 To you thanks are due from those to whom
 you have been a refuge for ages.
 They build Egypt for God
 who blesses the building.

السودان

Sudan

An Ode by Aḥmad Shawqī, in Bayātī

Evil on earth has its destiny in the hands of Merciful God.
 God saved Egypt from a sedition the fire of which the Nile was threatened.
 God, who defeated the two Caesars, runs things and limes.
 Time goes by to show who keeps and who betrays pledges.
 Ruling is not the collapse of one government and the coming of another one.
 However, the country relies on the army, and builds its pillars on knowledge.
 We shall never give in the (Suez) Canal or to separate Sudan from Egypt.
 Our possession of both is as clear as the morning which is not hard to distinguish.
 Egypt is a meadow, and Sudan is the water springs and streams of that meadow.
 It is not just water, but it's the vein of life.
 Egypt is an inseparable part of the Nile, just like the pupil to the eye.
 Ever since the Nile existed, Egypt's people are its folks.
 Sometimes a group of lies is hidden under a right title.
 The allegation of the powerful is that of a lion; its evidence is tusks and hooks.

رباعيات الخيام

Khayyām's Quatrains

An Ode by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

I heard an invisible caller at dawn,
 calling on the asleep from heavens.
 Saying "Wake up and fill the goblet of hope
 before it is filled by the hands of destiny;

Never mind the past or the coming future;
 Take pleasure from the present,
 for nights are not known for steadiness".

Tomorrow is unknown, but today is mine.
 Expectations for the future often fail.
 I am not that silly person who sees

life's beauty and fail to enjoy it.

My heart is tired from loving beauty,
and the chest is filled with the untold.
Oh God; do You like me to be so thirsty
while water runs fresh before my eyes?!

This heart better beats
and get burned in the fire of passion.
A day that goes by me without love is a waste.
Wake up and be fresh this dawn,
Forget about sleeping and play with strings.
Sleeping never prolongs lifespan,
Neither does staying up the night shorten it.

So many nights followed daytimes,
and this revolution went around with so many stars.
So, walk humbly, for this dust
is remnants of beautiful eyes.

Never scare yourself with fears and doubts;
Rather, take advantage of the presents certainty.
In dust, both tomorrow's dead and that who died
thousands of years ago are equal.

Extinguish your heart's fire with the honey of a kiss,
for days are just like clouds.
Our life is a spectre,
so, enjoy yourself before youth is gone.

I wore life's garment without being consulted,
and I was confused with various thoughts.
One day I'll take it off, but still I haven't
realized why I came here: no way out!

Oh God; your capability is hard to understand,
and one seeks refuge in obeying you.
I got drunk with guilt, but

I got sober with hopes in your mercy

Even though I were not really obedient,
I look forward to your mercy.
What helps me here is the fact that
I never suspected your singlehood.

You, God, conceal your face from people,
but everything in the universe is made by you.
You created everything and you are the one
who sees the magnificence of your miracle.

A drop of water may be separated from a sea,
nevertheless, finally it ends therein.
The distance between you and me is close
although it is so far away.

You, God, surely know all secrets
and You, God, reveal evil from the miserable.
You, God, accept excuses, and here we seek refuge
in your shadow. So, please accept our repent.

مصر تتحدث عن نفسها

Egypt Speaks for Itself

An Ode by Ḥāfiẓ Ibrāhīm, in Rāst

All people stood looking at
me while I build the bases of glory by myself.
Those who built the pyramids long ago
are enough to speak for me.
I'm the crown of supremacy on the head of the East
and its pearls are remnants of my necklace.
My glory in ancient times is eternal,
Who else has a history and glory like mine?!
Should I were destined to death,
the East will never rise again.
My enemy never goes away with it.

God's providence is my army since ancient times.
 So many states oppressed me.
 They all vanished, and that is the punishment for aggression.
 I'm free and I untied my shackles
 despite my enemies' will.
 I spent my life gaining experiences.
 Do you think I haven't reached the right age?!
 Is it just that others reach clear water
 while mine is unclear?!
 Is it right that others release their lions
 while mine are tied?!
 God provides for me and has guided my children
 who aimed high.
 Rightness is a power of God's,
 and it is tougher than any sword.
 I was promised to reach peaks
 by my men. So, fulfil your promise, children.
 Lay the foundation of my state on knowledge and morals.
 For knowledge by itself is not enough.
 We are now in a situation of different opinions.
 And differences lead to death.
 SO, take a tough position and
 take off with will.

أغار من نسمة الجنوب

I Feel Jealous from the Breeze of the South

An Ode by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

I feel jealous from the breeze of the south
 when it touches your front, darling.
 I envy the sun at noon
 and I envy the sun when it sets down.
 I envy the birds when they sing
 on the peaks of wet branches.
 For you may find in them beauty
 that may attract your eyes, darling.
 I wish I were a beautiful scene
 at which an envier may keep looking.

I wish I were a sad bird
singing the melodies of a nightingale.
I keep offering you the core of souls and
hearts with singing.
This is because I see you look at
the sun in its delightful set;
and like birds singing
on the peaks of wet branches, darling.
And because of my passion, crave,
longing and fire,
I feel jealous from the breeze of the south
when it touches your front, darling.

I feel jealous from the breeze of the south
when it touches your front, darling.
And I envy flowers when they lean
on the lips of a naughty stream.
And I envy flowers when they run
on the carpet of the fertile meadow.

For you may find in them beauty
that may attract your eyes, darling.

I wish I were a stream running quietly
between flowers and perfumes.
I wish I were a flower that sips
the beloved's kiss along with dew;
and stays up whispering to the morning
till it rose in its beautiful garment.
This is because I see you look at
flowers on its wet branch,
and love the river when it runs
echoing melodies and tones.
And because of my passion, crave,
longing and fire,
I feel jealous from the breeze of the south
when it touches your front, darling.

I wish we were two birds
 playing at the meadow's fertile land;
 I wish we were two flowers
 leaning on the lips of a naughty stream;
 and lavender makes me lean toward you
 at the time of sunset.
 This is because I see you look at
 the birds in their vast space,
 and because my heart melts down out of longing
 to the moment of reunion.

عرف الهوى

I Knew Love

An Ode by Ṭāhir Abū Fāshā, in 'Ajam

I knew love since I loved you,
 and locked my heart to anyone else.
 I whisper to you since you can see
 the secrets of hearts, while we cannot see you.
 I love you in two kinds of love: love of passion
 and love for being worth it.
 As for the love of passion,
 it is my care for you, not for anyone else.
 And as for the love for being worth it,
 it is because you revealed curtains for me so I can see you.
 So, thanks are in due to me in either case;
 Rather, you deserve thanks in both.
 I love you in two kinds of love: love of passion
 and love for being worth it.
 And I feel two kinds of longing: longing out of remoteness,
 and longing out of closeness.
 As for my longing out of remoteness,
 this is the fact that my tears shed for your being so far away.
 And as for my longing out of closeness,
 this is the flame of a life that fed away in your light.
 Despite sadness, I do not complain about love.
 But I accept your will for me.

الفجر الجديد

A New Dawn

by Muḥammad al-Māḥī

Who made this new dawn rise
above the hills of the green valleys
In Cairo as well as in all revolting peoples.
He is the maker of history these days,
and he is the hope of our dreams.
Here are his steps leading the road.
He is the only one we got from life,
and we want nobody but him.
The morning was pulled by his hands
out of the dark. Sound be his hand!
Oh Egypt, Oh land of Arab and lighthouse of revolts.
You are the cradle of civilization and the house of the eternal.
Set off and embrace the dawn of truth,
and take your son in to your refuge and peak,
and ask him how eternity spread its hair on your hand,
and how the big homeland met a unity that made him forget
his being far away,
and your son could throw thunder in the heart of oppression.
Your son, 'Abd al-Nāṣir, seeks victorious struggle.

He is the only one we got from life,
and we want nobody but him.

The morning was pulled by his hands
out of the dark Sound be his hand!

ح سيبك للزمن

I'll Leave You to Your Fate

by 'Abd al-Wahhāb Muḥammad, in Huzām

I'll leave you to your fate, without blame or grievance.
 I'll let you suffer regret and pain.
 You complain and I won't ask about you,
 You cry and I'll have no mercy on your eyes.
 For you had no mercy on my eyes
 when my heart was still in your hand.
 Now it's your tum to suffer.

Days of separation will make you suffer the fire I have suffered.
 Days will take revenge for me.
 Every stab and each night I stayed up loving you,
 All forsaking and every wound you have left me,
 all will turn against you through nights.
 Nights will be against you instead of me, and days, too.
 One day you'll need my heart's kindness.
 One day you'll crave for my presence.
 You'll never find a bigger love than mine.
 Regret will remain in your heart,
 with more pain than me blaming you.
 Tomorrow you'll wish that I blame you.
 But I won't blame you.
 No; suffice it to leave you to your fate.
 I'll leave you to fate which has no mercy
 and is too strong to resist.
 I won't tell you, for you know what
 days will do with you.
 Days change all the time.
 They change so many things.
 The more they go by, they change
 smiles to tears.
 You complain and I won't ask about you,
 You cry and I'll have no mercy on your eyes.
 For you had no mercy on my eyes
 when my heart was still in your hand.
 Now it's your turn to suffer.

بأبي وروحي

I Sacrifice with My Father and Soul

An Ode by Aḥmad Shawqī, in Rāst

I sacrifice with my father and my soul those soft pretty girls
 whose smiles reveal white teeth,
 and who satisfy the eyes with fine wine
 and have full cheeks.
 They came with the gold and ornaments of dusk,
 with pockets full of pearls.
 She is the voice of beauty, and when you try to add
 to her beauty in imagination, you won't be able.
 Should the spectre of her beauty pass by the boys of heavens,
 they would fall to their knees.
 Sweeter than a melodious lute,
 and prettier than its strings.
 Oh Egypt, little lions grew up,
 and came to you as unleashed lions.
 The country accepted their efforts,
 and placed a crown on their fronts.
 They came out without noise,
 and were not reluctant to give any effort to their homeland.
 They offered their youth and were about to give more than life.
 They practiced Jihad for the sake of evacuation,
 and in return, they sought God's reward.
 By God, the day of evacuation
 is worth to be called a holiday by Egypt.
 Oh boys of the Nile, go on
 and resume Jihad for long time;
 and build a rich civilization
 on the bases and soul of eternity.
 God won't be angry if you worship
 Egypt's face.
 God has offered you
 a glorious, star-like country.

قصة الأمس

The Story of Yesterday

An Ode by Aḥmad Faṭḥī, in Nahāwand

I will never be back to you, no matter how my heart beats beg for mercy.
You're the one who got bored, averted and betrayed my love first.
If you call on my heart to reunion, it won't respond.

You were mine when love was to me my hope and my world;
when I sang the melody of court amidst the joys of the first love.
You were my eyes, and in their light, youth and beauty started to show.
You were my soul, and in its enigma, my heart roamed, and guesses never
realized its core.

You promised that passion between us would be nothing but content and love.
You said that the torture of separation was an introduction to reunion.
But you broke promises that made my mind rest.
Have you found something new in a fresh love?
My passion is gone after long begging, sleepless nights and crave for you.
To me, you were a bless of imagination and longing and no one was after you.

I wonder what your soul say after me about my separation, pride and boredom?
Live the way you wish, nearby or far away.
So much for wounds, crying, promises, wasted nights, disloyalty,
dates and farewells that left my heart lonely.
The lamp, goblets and memories stay up the night with me.
the light of nights' eyes would fade away in my tears.
What a memory was that on which my soul lived for years.
It has gone from my mind and left an echo to which I got used.

I whisper to yesterday's story, tomorrow's dreams,
beautiful hopes dancing in my temple,
And wounds that set fire to my bed,
and clouds of phantasm.
I will never be back to you, no matter how my heart beats beg for mercy.
You're the one who got bored, averted and betrayed my love first.
If you call on my heart to reunion, it won't respond.

قصة السد

The Story of the High Dam

An Ode by ‘Azīz Abāza, in Rāst

It was a dream, then, an idea, a probability,
 then it turned into a truth not a phantasm,
 A great work of the brain which
 we achieved by knowledge, not haphazardly.
 It's the Dam. So, watch for its birth
 and boast about it among generations.
 It provides goodness by
 flowing south and north in our land,
 and spreads life and plants,
 and its light extends to arid land and sand,
 It protects the river from the caprice of the prodigal
 who may squander money.

Gamāl's will made miracles come true,
 so thank God who gave you Gamāl as a gift.
 He and the Nile made the Dam.
 The former with struggle, and the latter with its golden water.
 When debtors broke their promise
 and the friends turned away from us,
 history looked: will the lion
 give in or will go on struggling.
 He said: "I'll have it built" and relied
 on God and restored the Canal.
 He said this from the hearts of the people,
 and his words were deeds.
 When nations struggle for supreme ends,
 they tear mountains to reach them.

توبة

Repent

An Ode by ‘Abd al-Fattāḥ Muṣṭafā, in Ḥijāz

I repent and my tears flow.
I pity my heart from the tears of repent.
I wish I melted down out of shame
whenever God’s forgiveness is bestowed.

The devil and the angel united in my chest
and I was torn between them both.
Then, illusion shouted and I said “I love you.”
Guilt obeyed me and fell down.
My present wipes the wound of pain

I’m fed up with guilt and longed for peace.
Big difference exists between God’s shadow and a spectre.
Big difference between the light of tightness and darkness’ illusion.
My soul shone and melted down like a melody.
My heart turned serene as if it were inspired.

Oh God, I’m impressed by this universe.
I gained this world of yours; so where is eternity?
I’m honoured to bow down to you.
If you contend, I’m a winner.
For no winning better than God.

أرض الجدود

The Land of Ancestors

An Ode by Aḥmad al-‘Udwānī

Glory and victory sang for you.
Both nomads and urbans boasted.
Oh land of ancestors, nights are memories.

The sun rose only on you.
 Kuwait was mentioned and I said it's a star
 by which other stars are impressed.
 Glory grows at its squares.
 Good fruits and good trees.
 Land of ancestors, you still are stages
 among which the moon moves.
 We lived on your land to which we were attracted
 by passion our souls were destined to.
 Whenever our memories roam around us,
 roses breath and amber spreads.
 Tell Kuwait that those are joys of hope
 driven to you in a prosperous era.
 Pages of history rove around it
 writing down what history states for eternity.
 How great the constitution is when the people
 rule over their own destiny in its shadow.
 The prince is the leader to glory.
 What a great leader and commander!
 A sheik whose right opinion
 lightens when darkness prevails.
 Will and power are in his garment
 which is ornamented by wisdom and victory.
 He based his rule on love,
 and love is the source of the right rule.

إلى عرفات الله

To Arafat (Mecca)

An Ode by Aḥmad Shawqī, in Huzām

To Arafat, oh pilgrim;
 peace be upon you on Mount Arafat
 when you put your face towards Kaaba,
 with a smiling face.
 In Hijaz, the horizon is crowded with angels
 spreading God's greetings and blessings.
 On the gate stands Gabriel
 offering divine messages.

In holy Kaaba there is a corner
which welcomes the pilgrims.
Spring Zamzam flows with heaven's honey wells
between your eyes.
Oh God, You have gathered pilgrims
at a House with clean yard and balconies.
I can see pilgrims coming to you in groups from everywhere
and here ends their alienation.
All equal. Titles do not count
and positions do not differ.
Oh God; does pilgrimage suffice
to forgive one's guilt in a lifetime?
You know that I never hurt or be unjust to anyone
either secretly or in public.
My soul never yielded to worldly temptations
either in action or in thoughts.
Here I came with excuses, humility, fears
and weakness, asking for forgiveness.
You are the Forgiver. So, whiten my smeared pages
with your forgiveness.
He who is deceived when the world smiles at him
dies by smiles, like a womanizer.
If, after Kaaba, you visit Muhammad's grave
and kiss his tomb,
and if your eyes shed tears
out of awe among rooms,
and if a light shines under each fold
and a perfume spreads under each stone,
then say to the Prophet: Oh best messenger,
here I whisper my pains.
Your nations east and west are all
asleep, just like the people of the Cave.
Their religion is all light.
So, why are they in such a darkness?!
This is a period the land and sky of which
is a vast field for any industrious.
Some people now walk on the sky
and build strong towers.
Oh God, guide my people to great achievements
and lead them to good deeds and will.

ثورة الشك

A Riot of Doubt

An Ode by Prince ‘Abd Allāh al-Fayṣal

I almost suspect myself since
 I almost suspect you, and you're part of me.
 It is said you betrayed me
 and did not keep my love.
 You're all my hope
 and to you the steps of youth took me.
 My heart does not believe anything about you,
 and my ears hear everything about you.
 Clouds of doubt roamed around me
 and deprived me from sleep and enslaved me.
 It seems as if I rove with the parade of nights
 which talks about you and me in the whole world.
 But I don't believe what I hear
 and my eyes sees nothing doubtful.
 I believe nothing wrong about you,
 but my good will makes me miserable.
 I have so many doubts
 and tiresome grievance. So, don't deceive me.
 My soul is being tortured in the flame of doubt,
 and is distressed with doubts and hopes.
 Answer me when I ask:
 Is it true what is being said? Didn't you betray me?
 I almost suspect myself since
 I almost suspect you, and you're part of me.

الأطلال

Ruins

An Ode by Ibrāhīm Nāgī, in Huzām

Oh heart, don't ask where love is.
 That was a building made of phantasms, and fell clown.
 Let's drink on its ruins,
 and tell about me as long as tears do.

How did such a love story become past
and a sad talk?!

I never forget about you, for you tempted me
with a sweet mouth,
and a hand stretched to me like that
being stretched to a drowning person through waves,
and like a mirage that makes one thirsty.
Where is such a mirage in your eyes?!

Oh bird of crave, I once visited your nest
and sang my pains.
You're proud, humiliating and bestowed;
You're oppressing, capable and in control.
My longing to you burns my ribs, my blood.
and your rejection is like flames in

Set me free and let go of my hand;
I gave everything and nothing is left.
Oh, your shackle makes my arm bleed.
Why would I keep it while it didn't keep me?!
Why do I keep those pledges which you didn't keep?!
Till when do I stay prisoned while the whole world is ahead?!

Where is that charming beloved,
with pride, owe and shyness?!

He walks with trust like a king;
and excessively good-looking and deliciously proud.
His charm is as odorous as the breeze on top of hills,
The edge of his eye is as distracted as evening dreams.

I crave for a place with you!
It is a complete pleasure.
I'm all love, a wandering heart,
and a confused butterfly approaching you.
There is a messenger between us,
and a friend who offers us the drink.

Has love seen intoxicated lovers like us?
Much phantasm was built around us.
We walked a moony road
and joy was jumping before us.
We laughed like a couple of children,
and ran and got ahead of our shadows.

Suddenly, after nectar faded away, we woke up;
I wish we never did.
All dreams were gone,
and so was the night. What a friend night is!
The light warned us and shone;
and the dawn came up like a fire.
Suddenly, everything came back to normal,
and lovers fell apart, each on a road.

You who stay up the night with sleepy eyes,
mulling over your memories and then wake up.
A wound heals,
but another gets awakened by memories.
So, learn how to forget,
and learn how to erase.

Oh darling, everything is destined;
we cannot help being miserable creatures.
Our fate may get us back together
one day after long separation.
But if one of us denies the other
But if one of us denies the other
and met like strangers,
and each one of us went his own way,
Don't say it's our will; rather, it's fate.

حديث الروح

Talk of the Soul

An Ode by Muḥammad Iqbāl, in Huzām

Talk of the soul goes through to other souls,
and can easily be realized by heart.
I called on it and it flew without wings,
and its moaning stabbed space.
It's made of dust, but
the language of heavens ran on his tongue.
Tears of passion shed,
with a divine talk.
It flew in the sky
and my wail stirred the upper world.

Stars spoke and said it's a voice
coming from nearby the Throne.
Galaxy replied with a phantasm
going secretly from one star to another.
The moon said this is a complaining heart
singing in the evening.
Only Ruḍwān (heaven's gate keeper) recognized my voice,
and he is worth gratitude.

Is it complaint or whisper in this darkness?!
The stars of my night, are they enviers or friends?!
I lived in the past, as if
time cut my yesterday from my tomorrow.
Birds sing on branches,
crying for the hills with its ever new moaning.
My insomnia lasted long and so did their song.
My tears are like dew on a wet branch.
Till when will my silence last?! As if I were a dumb flower
that hadn't been bestowed with the skill of a singer.

My guitar became full of moans.
The oppressed must one day blow up.
To my lips came up the thoughts of my soul

and were expressed by my tongue.
 I haven't gone beyond content and moderation,
 but it is the story of grievances.
 Here is a complaint of a heart
 that lived only to thank you, oh God.

Who called on your name, oh God, before us?!
 Who worshipped the One God before us?!
 Stars and planets were worshipped out of ignorance,
 but no guiding lights were offered by them.
 Did anyone announce monotheism
 or guide confused hearts and sights before us?!
 We shouted in public "No god but the One
 who created existence and defined fates."

Should faith be lost, no safety exists.
 No worldly life for him who doesn't support his religion.
 He who leads life with no religion
 surely makes it end up with nothing.
 Unity certainly leads to oneness,
 and you people won't reach high if you were dispersed.

A Prophet was sent to you, nation,
 to unite you around one goal.
 Your Quran and Qibla are like
 a lighthouse of fraternity and peace.
 And above all, there is a merciful God;
 One God of all creatures.

مصر

Egypt

An Ode by Physician Ibrāhīm Nāgī

Yes; this is the day for those who'd sacrifice for Egypt.
 For Egypt is the niche and the great heaven.
 We were born to love it
 and make all efforts and sacrifice our lives for it.
 Peace be upon you, youth of the Nile, everywhere.
 We've always been achieving glory and pride for the Nile.
 Come over, for it's time of great events.
 No one should ignore the call.
 Come over and let us say to difficulties "Welcome,"
 for we are used to them.
 Should others' eyes fall asleep,
 we, youth, wake up early like birds to receive dawn.
 We are down to the field of glory,
 and he who sacrifices for victory gets victory.

يا صحبة الراح

Oh Drinking Companions

by Tāhir Abū Fāshā

Oh drinking companions, is it time for a drink?
 And is there any melodies to be sung?
 Drinking companion are here but no music at the tavern.
 The chalice of my life has remnants; who cares for a drink?
 And who wants to spend a nice time with me?
 Here are kinds of remnants of sad tears;
 and the jug moaned yet it was happy.
 Should those remnants overflow???
 Should they sink! And how tasty they are for a craving heart!
 I'm used to full chalices of joy,
 with which a drunk boy roams among drunk companions.
 He does not drink wine, yet he's drunk
 or intoxicated, and the chalice is in ecstasy in his hand.
 I wonder, will those nights come back with love?!
 How lonely the chalice is! It has no companions.

يا ربي الفيحاء

Oh Hills of Damascus

An Ode by Maḥmūd Ḥasan Ismā'īl

May God guide our steps,
 and let our hands meet in the parade of victory.
 The sun of noon united our flags,
 and rose in the East to celebrate the festival.
 Don't ask about us or how we met.
 Rather, ask history and time.
 We were one soul, free blood,
 one spirit and one conscience.
 God blessed our steps and the cry
 of dawn spread all over and we responded.
 We headed on way
 in which eternity sings for our glory.

The Arab's glories lightens a unity
 that runs in our blood.
 Oh hills of Damascus, greeting from glories
 and acts of heroism.
 Here our day has come back
 as a story of glory to be narrated.
 In the morning of the East we returned as one nation
 as we have ever been in the world.
 Barada and the Nile unified
 both peoples' hearts and tongues on Day of glory.

أقبل الليل

It's Night

An Anthem by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Bayātī

Here came the night, darling, and longing called on me.
 Your memory is a phantasm roving at the sea of my doubts,
 Spreading the past in shadows. It was company and beauty.
 My heart craves for a period of grievance.

My tears shed with the echo of my moaning.
 You are a guide of the confused in the nights of grief.
 Where are you now; and where am I?
 I'm a beating heart in the world of crave.
 I'm a roving spirit at the valley of grief.
 My mind lost the way between my illusions and hopes.
 I don't know, darling, who or where I am.

رسالة

A Message

by Nizār Qabbānī

Our father Gamāl 'Abd al-Nāṣir:
 I have an urgent message to you about the good land of Egypt.
 From its night which is embroidered with topaz and jewels, and from the coffee
 shops of Hussein.
 From the Qanāṭir gardens, from the Nile branches which look like sad braids.
 I have an urgent message to you from millions of those who are addicted to
 loving you.
 From millions of those who want to see you. I have a message full of grief.
 But sir, I don't know the address.
 Our father Gamal 'Abd al-Nāṣir:
 Plants at the fields, children in town, the Prophet's birthday, the blue minarets,
 church bells on Sundays, and Cairo which fell asleep,
 like a white flowers in the hair of eternity,
 all send greetings to you,
 all kiss your hand and every one coming to town:
 When do you come back home?
 Doves of Azhar send greetings to you.
 Fairies of the Nile send greetings to you;
 and so do cotton in the fields, palm trees, clouds, all send greetings to you.
 Your deserted chair at Manshīyya al-Bakrī cries for Knight of dreams.
 Patience lost patience, and sleeping does not sleep.
 Wall watch wasted time because of confusion.
 You dwelled in time and days. I have an urgent message to you.
 But sir, I don't find peace, I don't find words.
 Our father Gamal 'Abd al-Nāṣir:
 Grief is painted on clouds, trees and curtains;

and you went away, but you didn't go away.
 For you're in the smell of the land, in the flourish of flowers,
 in the voice of birds,
 in kids' books, in letters and notebooks,
 in green eyes, in the tremble of bangles,
 in the heart of the faithful, and in the sword of the rebels.
 I have an urgent message to you.
 But sir, I'm crushed by feelings. Our grief and wound, great master,
 are so deep.
 But we swear to God Almighty to lock tears in our eyes, and to suffocate cries.
 We swear to God Almighty
 to preserve the constitution and the revolution. And when we are asked by our
 children:
 Who are you people? and in which era did you live? Which magician lived in
 your period?
 We'll answer: During the period of 'Abd al-Nāşir.
 What a beautiful testimony for one to live in the period of 'Abd al-Nāşir!

من أجل عينيك

For the Sake of Your Eyes

An Ode by Prince 'Abd Allāh al-Fayşal, in Kurd

For the sake of your eyes I loved love
 after a long time of loneliness.
 Now my eyes ask sleeplessness
 not to leave.
 Had it not been for you, I wouldn't have been shaken by love,
 and passion wouldn't have interested me.
 Here is my heart; have it;
 be unjust to it, or just, if you like!

The lustre of love in your eyes
 stirred crave in me.
 And I sent my eyes on your road
 wherever you go.
 Vision turned cloudy around me
 amidst doubt and certainty.

Hopes dance in my heart
with the tone of my grief.

I recognize longing in your voice
in the form of buried wails
hiding in your breath
so I may not realize them.
I don't know; is it love
of which grief I feared?!
Or did I prefer tranquillity
to avoid being blamed.

You've made the way of love so colourful
like light on the cheeks of a moist morning.
When you sensed any misery afflicting me
you'd cry like a scared child.
And after I was tempted by you,
I found nothing but a mirage in my hand.
It kills my heart
in a more cruel way than envy.

Don't ask where my nights are,
for they were nothing but torture.
Don't ask about our hopes,
for they were nothing but a mirage.
I've lowered a curtain and a veil
over the past.
So, stand you bitter forsaking
and put aside blame.

على عيني بكت عيني

My Eyes Cry for My Eyes

An Ode by Ṭāhir Abū Fāshā

My eyes cry for my eyes, and my soul faded away for my soul.
Love and the long distance between us is the secret of my grief.
For my eyes, for my soul; I need help.
Oh how long the distance is!

My timidity holds me back, but crave pushes me forward.
Forgiveness embarrasses, kills and then bring me back to life.
My days sue me for those which passed; Alas!
Oh how long the distance is!

I whispered to You, God, for You may accept me.
But why do I see my guilt and past days chasing me?!
I stretched my hands, so save me to You and from You, God.
Oh how long the distance is!

الثلاثية المقدسة

Holy Trilogy

An Ode by Ṣāliḥ Gawdat

Oh yard of right guidance and light house,
I heard you at an arena of calmness,
saying: "I am the House, shadow of God,
Abraham, father of prophets' abode.
I'm the House, your Qibla in prayers;
I'm the House, your Kaaba of hope.
So, line up and put your faces
toward the source of light while praying.
Go side by side toward one goal,
and make a call for building up.
A call that may support your faith
and raise your heads to the sky.

Chorus: The moon rose up while bidding farewell,
 And thank was due on us whenever a messenger calls.
 Oh messenger, you've come with a message to be obeyed.

You're a gift of soul from the Prophet
 and an odour from Medina.
 You're talk of holiness
 with which light comes up out of flame.
 Rise and call for the equality
 which unified the hearts of all Arabs,
 for the right fraternity and love
 which unified the paces of the parade,
 and for a free, sincere jihad
 by which conquests reached as far as Morocco.

A nation which love of God taught how
 to build and go high.
 So, it enjoyed unity
 and boasted on the road of pride,
 with one hand working for living
 and the other defending against the aggression of the wicked.
 A nation that mastered the world when it believed
 that faith helps the powerful to get higher.
 When a hero wins martyrdom,
 paradise is pledged for martyrs.

From the mosque where the prophet ascended to heavens,
 from that holy place,
 in a corner of grief, I can hear Mary
 shouting for help for the Master;
 and witness the enemies burning
 a corner where Muhammad stepped;
 and see the stones sad
 shouting at the aggressors: "Oh Jerusalem!"
 But nay; I swear of noon and night,
 and of all stars by which we're guided,
 Dawn will never rise for an oppressor
 absorbed in dark hatred.
 The land will be back to its people,
 crowned with glory and pride;

The Aqsa Mosque shall be back to its God,
crowded with prayers performers.

ميلاد الملك

King's Birthday

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī

Oh Egypt, gather flowers of hope
on the birthday of the king.
Congratulate him and shout:
“Egypt’s people sacrifice for you .”
Blesses shone on it when a caller
announced: “Fārūq has taken over.”
Good news came to it when
it blessed with a shining moon
waving in glorious horizons,
with a beautiful face.
From this moon, nights obtained
the shining planet of kingdom.
A face that stirs hope in souls.
Live in peace, Egypt, in his refuge.
His will calls for a spirit of hard work.
Abide, Egypt, by his steps.
Oh happy king
and launcher of a new era,
Live long in safety for Egypt
so the valley may stay happy and life flourish.
Keep the flag high for the homeland
so the people may have its hope come true.
Your throne is in hearts
and it’s firm and stable.
You have got the fertile valley
and it’s sincere and honest.
So, enjoy the coming era
and smile so the future may smile back.
Long live your high place
and may God provides for your refuge.

قضيت حياتي

I Spent My Life

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī

- I spent my life worried about you.
My heart craved for you.
- We became lovers since we first met.
Our nature matched.
- It tied our hearts together with amity.
Love in origin is when hearts lean.
- I fell in love once I saw you, delight of the eye,
and my long silence revealed my love to you.
- I hoped to gain your content,
but you leaved me, why?
- The phantasm of sleeplessness was confused in my eyes,
and the flame of cruelty added to my grief .
- When I complained and your heart yielded,
and your love to me was revealed,
- I kept my pledge.
Why have you deserted me and left me alone?
- You were unjust to amity and accepted
long separation. Have mercy on a wailing heart.
- Separation hurt me, and abandonment made me cry.
My soul is with you and I crave for you.

ح أقابله بكره

See Him Tomorrow

by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

- I'll see him tomorrow and the day after tomorrow,
and the day after. Tomorrow I'll tell him that
I'll see him tomorrow.
- Be delighted, my eyes, I've found my love,
and I'm destined to see him tomorrow.
- I'll say "hello " and he'll say "hello "
and the daytime will pass before we know it.
- When I leave, I'll tell him that I'll see him tomorrow.

Here comes your fantasy companion, oh heart,
and what happened to you never happens.
- I'll keep his date and his love
and enjoy his stay even once in a lifetime
- so long as I'll see him tomorrow.

- I stayed all alone waiting for tomorrow,
confused among thoughts.
- As he said that he'll come,
I will always waiting to see him tomorrow.
- I'll meet him that I'll see him tomorrow and the day after tomorrow.

- I wish that all lovers meet tomorrow.
- Oh singing bird, oh moist night;
tell my love that I'll see him tomorrow.
- Life will shine for us tomorrow,
because I'll see him tomorrow.

ظلموني الناس

Everybody Was Unjust to Me

by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Bayātī

- Everybody was unjust to me.
They left the guilty and accused me.
- Everybody was so unjust to me.
- Everybody was unjust to me while I was right.
They were so cruel to me
- and were not kind to my weak child
and the whole world helped them against me.
- I have a big heart but no supporter.
All I have is tears.
- Everybody was unjust to me.
- They help the unjust to do more injustice,
and add more misery to the miserable.

- The right is so clear in my hand,
while they say that I'm wrong.
- People are so cruel to the miserable.
They fought against me and won.
- Everybody was unjust to me.
- Oh God, here I yield to you.
Only you may have mercy on me.
- You help the despair
and look after the miserable.
- I'm your creature who relies on you.
So, support me against those who were so unjust to me.
- Everybody was unjust to me.

غلبت أصالح

I Tried Hard to Reconcile with Myself

by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nahāwand

- I tried hard to reconcile with myself
in order to reconcile with you
- after suffering sleeplessness,
moaning and confusion from you.
- I pity what I have suffered
in love and because of long abandonment.'
- I don't know what I did
after I accepted deprivation.
- I kept saying that you have changed
when you were away.
- Or may be accepting humility
made your coddling too much for me.
- I really was loyal in love
and stayed honest all my life.
- Days give and take to me,
while your heart is so sparing.
- I used to complain to you about my days;
so, to whom may I complain about your being unjust to me?
- Your content was light of my dreams
when days got tough on me.
- I now complain about you to myself

while concealing my wounds from you.
 - I got away from you
 but my mind was always with you.
 - My heart was angry at you
 but in the world of love, it stayed with you.
 - It was wounded but it folded its wings
 on the wounds.
 - Night echoed its wailing
 so long as its mate turned away from it.
 - Fate, which stabbed it in the back after you were gone
 and I was the companion of its complaint,
 - shot you and the arrow was in the heart,
 it was kind to you and grief tortured it.
 - Even fate which your kindness
 would help me stand
 - forced me to accept humility
 and give in the soul to it.
 - I asked about you
 while my heart was angry at you.
 - I worried about you
 although you didn't care when I was away for long.
 - I stay the night trying to reconcile with myself
 in order to reconcile with you
 - and to forget about my sleeplessness,
 moaning and confusion from you.

بطل السلام

Peace Champion

A Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Huzām

- Peace champion is back with safety, will and dignity.
 - I welcome him deep in my heart. I say it along with all.

- When our champion talks, he alerts the whole East and draws
 - the line of peace and liberty on the Arab land entrusted to him.

- This is not done by arms or by force; but by amity and fraternity.
- We gained noble hearts and powerful peoples that have long sympathized with us.

- We stretched hands to all, and the just ones responded to us generously, not just by words.
- As for foes and enemies, they were in grief and regret, wishing to restore our friendship.

غنى الربيع

Spring Sang

by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

- The spring sang with a bird's tongue,
and breeze responded amidst branches.
- Dawn said "Good morning,
oh bouquet of sleepy roses"
- The universe became happy and sang,
and each song had its own colour and meaning.
- You, while being away from the love ones,
did nothing to help the confused heart.
- Talk to me; is the past easy to forget
while the mind lives in it ?!
- Reassure me; if your heart became cruel,
I will be patient and bear it.
- Water dried out in land,
and flowers wilted on the branches;
- The sun set in the west,
and here dusk has just appeared;
- Birds were silent
and here is their echo frequenting.
- And you, light of the eye,
where is your voice, darling?
- You who got away from the love ones,
why don't you talk to the confused heart.
- I lived in illusions
when I saw the past once more.

- When I came back from dreams,
My deprivation was added to your being away.
- Nights are gone,
and illusion was gone from my imagination.
- You, while being away from the love ones,
did nothing to help the confused heart.

هلت ليالي القمر

Moonlit Nights Are Here

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

- Moonlit nights are here; so, let's stay up the night together in its light.
- Chat between us becomes so sweet,
and the talk of love, so long. It is the secret of life.
- It's hard to let the nights go by
without seeing you nearby me.
- I spent time taking care of it
and see it grow up with my love.
- I keep counting nights
and think that you'll soon come back.
- I keep imagining myself
when I see the beloved.
- I think where I should meet you
and where to start my talk.
- But once I see you words disappear and I forget them
out of my heart's joy of reunion.
- Moonlit nights are here;
so, let's stay up the night.
- How beautiful the is at the Nile bank!
and all clear and quiet!
- Let's stay up all night
so, I may enjoy and let my heart enjoy.
- I'll enjoy being by your side
while the full moon is roving.
- I'll be happy with your love
while roses are asleep.
- Waves whisper to breeze
telling it our love story.

- We're in the shadow of paradise
and our words are echoed.
- I keep counting nights
and think that you'll soon come back.
- I keep imagining my self
when I see the beloved.
- Oh you of whose light
the moon lit in my heart;
- Come and be contended again,
so life may be sweet again.
- Between your beauty and its phantasm,
between your good looks and its spectre, I roam in a world of imagination,
and congratulate my heart and eyes.
- I taste the paradise of reunion,
and the full moon is my witness.

يا جمال يا مثال الوطنية

Gamāl, Example of Patriotism

A Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Huzām

- Gamal, example of patriotism,
our best Egyptian holidays,
- is the day when you presided over the Republic.
Repeat after me.
- Our best Egyptian holidays,
- is the day when you presided over the Republic.

- Because of your struggle for the rescue of the homeland
Your place is in our hearts.
- A heart defends its love and chooses
and never betrays freemen's amity.
- Its pledges in love are so strong.
- Repeat after me.

- You rid the Nile from all intruders
and it was confused and lacked guidance.

- You've lit a lighthouse in today's Egypt.
- And its light spread to other countries.
- You've unified the Arab nation. Repeat after me.

منصورة يا ثورة أجراء

Revolution of Freemen, You're Destined to Victory

A National Song by 'Abd al-Fattāḥ Muṣṭafā

- Revolution of freemen,
you're destined to victory against imperialism
- No matter what imperialism conspires, God is greater.
A faithful is never burned by fire.
- Revolution of freemen, you're destined to victory.

- Imperialism has set up a thousand treason,
but God protected us.
- Our dream has come true and we took back our Canal
and made a union with Syria.
- Here is our road made of light and day light.
- Revolution of freemen, you're destined to victory.

- The July Revolution is a powerful one.
Its inspires its power from its Arabist spirit,
- from our days, dreams,
and from our longing for freedom.
- We are the Revolution and the revolutionaries.
- Revolution of freemen, you're destined to victory.

- The Revolution is destined to victory and revived by God
who offered us 'Abd al-Nāṣir
- With our leader, we shall wipe out our enemy,
no matter how they attack or besiege.
- For rightness is higher and never collapses.
- Revolution of freemen, you're destined to victory.

بين عهدين

Between Two Epochs

by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

- I closed my eyes and imagined my country
- as my heart wished it to be:
- a shaded garden and its fruits are for those who cultivate it
- and for those who sacrifice all property and youth to defend it;
- As a supreme example and a good memory that stays alive for ever;
- As a good will and a hand shaking another hand.
- Then, I opened my eyes after long waiting
- and checked my illusions and found out that the garden was my home.
- Water was running there and fruits everywhere.
- In its refuge, souls met after long devastation.
- What was previously division turned into amity.
- What was previously enmity turned into peace.
- Countrymen's will split rocks and roads.
- Unanimity achieved a hope in every field.
- What was previously dark turned into light and smiles.
- What was previously words turned into great works.
- Open your eyes, my eyes
- and look amidst two epochs,
- and testify that what was an illusion wished by my heart
- today has become beauty and glory, and my heart shouted:
- "Be safe, Egypt and enjoy triumph."
- I opened my eyes after long waiting
- and checked my illusions and found out that the garden was my home.

يا طول عذابي

How Long My Torture Lasts!

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

- How long my torture lasts between separation and reunion!
- I often resisted sleep and complained about your being away.
- I'd say to my heart: "Why all this crave?! He will be kind and come back;
- Be patient till your dream come true
- and till you see your beloved here and made me happy".

- I forgot all about the nights of crave and moaning
- and feared that time will pass
- before I tell him what I suffered when he was away;
- and then, I'd be confused, what grief would I choose
- either to away from your beloved, while you're full of hopes,
- or to meet him. But patience is hard and time runs when we are together.
- I saw him after separation and my greeting was a blame.
- And after my eyes were satisfied, silence prevailed.
- I want to tell him about what I suffered, but my eyes showed how humiliated I have been.
- I hid my complaint about abandonment and the confusion of my loving heart.
- I tried to show him how happy I was to see him.
- I could neither complain about abandonment or show my happiness.
- I was about to talk, but my heart was in pain when the spectre of separation waved before my eyes.
- So, I was confused and humiliated, and kept asking my heart:
- "Either to away from your beloved, while you're full of hopes,
- or to meet him, but patience is hard and time runs when we are together."

ياللي كان يشجيك أنيني

My Moaning Was Heart-rending to You

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Kurd

- My moaning was heart-rending to you
- wherever I'd complain to you about my grief.
- I wish my longing for crying would last longer when you were here.
- You deprived me from the fire of loving you,
- and I deprived you from my tears.
- I'd complain and that would relieve your heart
- when I used to cry and wail.
- The pride of your beauty can be achieved only
- when someone humiliated is in love with you.
- And where would you get my submission
- and anguish of love?!
- I kept my pledge
- and water my passion with my tears
- when fate blew my love
- and prolonged separation.

- Now I'm in love with love itself
after loving you.
- Now I congratulate any close friend .
and console any stranger;
- I laugh with the happy
and cry with the sad;
- Then, I stay confused,
to whom should I laugh and cry?
- I lived in the hearts of others,

and I console everyone in love.

- They drank love and left the goblet for me
without a companion to drink with.

- My crying was heart-rending to you,
and you heard the melody of courtship in my wailing.
- I'd cry because of your cruelty
and the spectre of hope would smile at me between my eyelids
- when you became cruel
and separation added more to your cruelty.
- I felt pity for my own heart
and it consoled me in my anguish.
- Now I cry for my love
and you cry for my tears.

بالسلام و المحبة

With Peace and Amity

A National Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Huzām

- We greeted first and the whole world greeted back.
- With peace and amity, the world is a better place.
Why would some people be discriminated from others?
- No matter who we are or who you are,
Both of us have the right to live and be respected.

- We stretched hands to our friends
and we were welcomed by all nations.

- Nations should live in light
and we can see the truth when we get out of the dark.

- What a beautiful word,
- especially when it was said by Gama].
- It was like a jewel that was hidden, then discovered.

سهران لوحي

Staying up All Alone

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Huzām

- I stay up all alone whispering to your roving spectre,
and roaming in my grief, with tears running on cheeks.
- The world went to sleep around me
and you stayed up the night in my world.
- I see your spectre in my eyes
and hear you talking to me.
- I think about my life.
Days and nights passed by my mind,
- from my happiness and joy when you are happy with me
to my torture and long wailing when you are cruel to me.
- I kept roving with every event passing by my mind.
- When your absence lasted long,
I longed for the days of abandonment.
- I stayed up the night all alone with confused thoughts,
- seeing your content as illusions and sleeplessness as dreams.
- Even cruelty became a dream;
I wish the days of cruelty lasted longer!
- It was a beautiful period: envy, enmity, busy mind, etc.
- But now my enviers and foes are all gone, and fire is put out.
- You stood my being away while I was confused.
- Neither did reunion please me
nor abandonment make me cry.
- What a long torture and deprivation!
- I stay up all alone whispering to your roving spectre,
and roaming in my grief, with tears running on cheeks.

الزعيم و الثورة

The Leader and the Revolution

A National Song by ‘Abd al-Fattāḥ Muṣṭafā

- The leader and the Revolution fulfilled their promise;
and the nation’s role is still to be achieved by efforts.
- By will, we shall build our great nation.
- All of us shall build our great nation’s glory.
- Hard work is our slogan and main goal.
- A nation lightens its road forward.
- Each step takes it one year ahead.
- We used to say that the country’s fruits go to foreigners.
Now its fruits are back to us.
- We used to say that the intruder controls its destiny.
Now our destiny is in our hands.
- We used to say that the intruder controls its destiny.
Now our destiny is in our hands.
- We used to say that tyrants are oppressors.
Now our workers are honourable.
- By the Revolution, our hope came true
and hope is the soul of hard work.
- Raise the torch so it may lighten the dark;
- Raise it and go a year ahead of time.
- In each holiday, your gift to Carnal should be a renaissance of
his spirit and hopes.
- Make this gift by struggle and achieve all his sayings.
- Hard work is the best greeting and the best gift
- to be presented to the leader every year.
- Present it to the leader every year.

جئت حبك ليه

Why Did You Awaken Love?!

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nahāwand

- Why did you awaken love, after my heart had been relieved.
- Have pity and let it unaware of the past.
- when you were with me, there was hope for reunion.
- Now in separation, my heart suffers deprivation.
- I wonder, does your heart crave or sense my heart's grief?
- Does it have the fire of crave which you put out on purpose?
- If I forget the past and accepted humility,
- How can I bring back my lifetime or the past
- when we were together: you were unjust but I was pleased.

- It's hard for me to say "Love is gone,"
for it's the same and even more.
- I remind you of the bygone nights and describe its heaven.
- You're paradise, and meanwhile you're torture and grief.
- And that is what life is all about.
- Our love may last a year after another,
- But loving you will always be as young as ever.
- You're the past with all its pleasures.
- It's gone but it left behind its spectre in my mind.
- I stay up the night with it, and live on the bygone.
- You're the past with all its grief and misery.
- It's gone but it left behind its flames in my ribs.
- When memories pass by my mind, tears flow out of crave.
- I spent my life with you,
pleased with your rejection and seeking your content.
- You're paradise, and meanwhile you're torture and grief.
- And that is what life is all about.
- Our love may last a year after another,
- But loving you will always be as young as ever.

- Loving you lives in the shadow of amity in my heart.
- You're phantasm and soul, and you're my hope's companion.
- Days come and go, but you remain my life's love.
- How can I say: "We used to be so and so"
while the past was still future?

- The present would have pressed before we knew it.
- When I'm with you roving at the sea of love,
- I never know how long of my life has gone,
and were it pleasure or deprivation.
- You're just on my mind,
and I still love you now as ever

قصة حبي

My Love Story

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Kurd

- Memories crossed the horizon of my mind,
like a lustre glittering in the heart of the night.
- They awakened my heart,
and raised the curtains of my bygone days.
- How can I forget about them
while I still have my heart in me?!
- It's my love story.

- Memories tickle my mind,
and I don't know which of them is closer to me.
- They live in my ears,
just like tones flowing in a melody.
- Between singing and crave, and between crying and wailing.
- How can I forget about them
while my cars still remember my tears
as I cry along with the sad melody?!

- It was a smiling dawn in my eyes
when you shone on me from no where.
- My soul was familiar with your face,
and it found the flower of love while still young and moist.
- Both of us watered it with love and loyalty,
then, we roved in crave and picked it up in a date.
- How can I keep my mind free
before a face that is more like a full moon?!
- It's as delicate as flowing water;
it's a riot that tempts one to fall in love

and leaves a love-free person in grief.

- How can I forget my memories,
while they turned into craves in my heart?!
- How can I forget my memories,
while they turned into an echo in my ears?!
- How can I forget my memories,
while they're my life's dreams?!
- They're my life's the image
on my ego's mirror.
- I lived on them in certainty,
and they were all reunion and amity.
- Then, they lived in my mind
when they were illusion and imagination.
- Then, they last in time
and they're the bygone as well as the coming days of life.
- How can I forget them,
while I still have my heart in me?!
- It's my love story.

صوت السلام

Sound of Peace

A Song by Poet Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Bayātī

- The sound of peace prevails and ruled over
the intruder who was defeated.
- When our enemy started,
we sacrificed our souls.
- And all nations were amazed by our will.

- Three nations launched war to Port-Said
- with tanks and so many fighters.
- They couldn't exceed one step out of Port-Said.
One nation was occupying the country;
the second was conceited after being defeated;
and the third was hired against the Arabs.
- They ruined houses and killed souls,

- and we ruined their will and glory all over the East.

- Three nations heavily armed
couldn't exceed one step out of Port-Said.
- The sound of peace won and ruled over
- Our precious blood was inscribed on land.
- It cannot be erased or removed as long as we're here
holding tight to our right, and armed with our will.

- The enemies found will and power in Egypt.
- They found souls being sold and sacrificed.
- They wailed and regretted what happened,
- and what they built in years was ruined in an hour.

أروح لمين

To Whom Should I Go?!

A Song by 'Abd al-Mun'im al-Sibā'ī, in Rāst

- To whom should I go and whose help should I seek
to make you just to me?
- You're my joy, you're my wound,
and all my suffering is because of you.
To whom should I go?

- A word plus a look equal destiny.
They get two hearts together in love.
- Amidst happy nights, love took me along.
You were happy and I wanted you to be.
- After love, you kept my heart busy
and were cruel to it.
- I wished my happiness would last;
why didn't it?
- Loving you put me in grief;
and one day away from you lasts as if it were years.
- To whom should I go?

- Separation lasts long
and I live without you in crave and grief.
- Between past which is unhappy,
and present which is unable to console me for deprivation.
- So, I keep wailing
and hide my tears.
- I hide them from those who blame ,e,
so they may not see them and rejoice.
- But till when shall it be you and those who rejoice?!
- To whom should I go?

- To whom should I go?
and who will have mercy on my grief?
and who will listen to me'?
- As long as you're away,
I have no friends in the world.
- My mind stays distracted,
and abandonment hurts, delight of the eye.
- Look; my tears are running,
and I stay up in fire,
while you know nothing about me.
- To whom should I go?

الصباح الجديد

New Morning

A Song by Maḥmūd Ismā'īl

- I saw her steps on both banks,
like a morning that lightens both easts,
- spreads eternity, revives existence
and builds life on both banks.

- Homeland; this morning,
good news and happiness shone
- on a story of struggle
during harvest. So, pick up fruits with both hands.

- It erased the night of tyrants from your banks,
and raised dignity on foreheads.
- These generations prevailed life,
and extended time to the sky.

- Darkness no longer exists
on your land.
- Ask the hatchet about it,
for its dreams extend in two paradises.

- It protected it and set its forehead free,
and retained its fruits to those who plant them.
- It used to complain about oppression,
and one tear would turn into two.

- Then, it woke up and restored the flag,
and became an anthem of a proud melody,
- or a dawn of uprising that erases oppression,
and every eye craves for its light.

بعد الصبر ما طال

When Patience Lasted Too Long

A Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Rāst

- When patience lasted too long,
the East arose and said:
- "Our dreams came true
by having as president, Gamal."

- The nation that raised the flags for Saladin,
- gave it to Nassir's right hand.
- Happiness accompanies him and the whole nation backs him.
- Here light shines, hearts rest and evil disappear,
- When patience lasted too long.

- Heroes of Arab unity between from ocean to ocean
- were shaken by your patriotic hands.
- The nation with a powerful spirit can never be divided.
- When patience lasted too long.

- Unity was their dream
- after they were long divided for no reasons.
- In a happy hour, and in a moment, they opened all doors,
- and the sun shone and so did the moon.
- When patience lasted too long.

- By love, our dream came true.
- Rightness can never be divided into lines and borders.
- The whole world, including enemies, yield to rightness.
- When patience lasted too long.

شمس الأصيل

Sun of Dusk

A Song by Muḥammad Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Ḥijāz kār

- Sun of dusk makes palm-tree branches look golden, oh Nile!
- A masterpiece is illustrated on your surface, oh beautiful Nile.
- Flute sings on your bank and bodies move
- when the wind blow and a breeze passes by.

- Oh Nile; my beloved and I are as sincere as you are
- Our hearts softened when your wind softened.
- Our amity is as clear as yours.
- No one is like us when it comes to amity, neither like you.

- Oh Nile; my beloved and I got what we hoped for.
- Wherever love anchors we anchor.
- If right lasts longer, our right get shorter.
- The one tortured by love always cries and has long rights.

- Oh Nile; my beloved and I are in deep crave.
- The moon rises and sets before we know it.
- We listen to nightingale's laughter
- nearby waterwheels that moan for the unlucky ones. Oh Nile.

عودت عيني

I Made My Eyes Get Used to ...

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Kurd

- I made my eyes get used to seeing you,
- and my heart gave in to you.
- I see my eyes happy in your look at me.
- I find my heart's happiness when I find you by my side.
- A day without seeing you does count in my life.

- having you with me is heaven to soul and eyes,
- and your look is like magic.
- Your smile is a joy of two hearts
- living on hope.
- When you're away from me,
- I stay with my doubts;
- sometimes they bring you to me, and other times send you away from me.
- And I get confused between doubts and you.
- A day without seeing you does count in my life.

- If I were used to separation from you, I'd be able to wait and be patient.
- I'd stay up waiting for your date, when fate brings us together.
- I sleep on your whisper, and wake up on your memory.
- I keep thinking about you, but crave defeats me.
- A day without seeing you does count in my life.

- In the shadow of my love, I planted the branch of hope, and you watered it.
- I love everything you like in the world.
- Whatever beauty I see, wherever my imagination roves,
- you're the one who occupies my mind,

- and you have my heart and soul with you.
- A day without seeing you does count in my life.

- The day you make me happy by being by my side,
- I see every one in love.
- The light of love shines on me, and I think that love does know torture.
- Love is all heaven, and does not know blame or deprivation.
- I wish your content would last for the sake of my heart, and I'd stay all my life with you.
- A day without seeing you does count in my life.

دليلي احطار

I Became at a Loss

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nahāwand

- Between separation and crave for you,
and between reunion and fear for you, I became at a loss.
- When you are away, and my night lasts longer,
and my mind becomes busy thinking about you,
I keep thinking when we will meet.
- When we get together, I keep thinking about your absence.
- I fear that it may set us apart once again
and I go back to suffering crave.
- Between separation and crave for you,
and between reunion and fear for you, I became at a loss.
- When I find you by my side,
I think that misery lost its way to me.
- I see your eyes taking care of me
and my heart becomes happy to see you.
- And I see the spectre of absence and deprivation
between your eyes and mine.
- I fear that our nights may go by and I roam at the sea of grief.
And our dreams may fritter away and I suffer again.
- I fear I may miss you when you're away,
and I fear you may leave me when you're by my side.

- By your side, you whisper to me
while the spectre of absence worries me.
- When you're away, you call on me,
and who can take me to you?!
- Neither do I stand your absence till my eyes give in,
- nor do I become happy when you're by my side and let joy speak up.
- I wish you were a dream in my eyelids so I might sleep and
see you, and your spectre be the last thing to see.
- I wish you were a dawn in my eyes so I might sleep and wake
up happily and you be the first thing to see.
- Between your image and your spectre, I can live in happiness.
Every time I see you I fear that you'd go away again.

هجرتك

I've Forsaken You

A Song by Ahmad Rāmī, in Kurd

- I've forsaken you so I may forget about you,
and bid farewell to your cruel heart.
- I thought I could get rid of your memory,
and empty your love from my goblet.
- But in the heat of your cruelty, I found my self
thinking about you.

- I forced myself to forsake you
while loving you runs in my blood.
- I kept thinking about forgetting,
till it became my major worry.
- When you occur to my mind,
or your spectre passes by my imagination,
- I try to escape the thoughts
which set fire to my love.
- I was confused between
reason and heart.
- My forsake was mainly to forget about you
and bid farewell to your cruel heart.

- But in the heat of your cruelty, I found myself
thinking about you.

- It's hard for me to be treated harshly
after all I've suffered in love.
- I cannot forget your content
when you were pleased by my side.
- But what can I do?
My heart still feels pity for me.
- It feels pity for it wished
the paradise of having you by my side
- Its dream came true
and it enjoyed your love.
- But you were back to make it sip your cruelty
from the goblet of forsake;
- and the days of separation passed
in sleeplessness and deprivation.
- I hoped I could one day forget you
and bid farewell to your cruel heart.
But in the heat of your cruelty, I found my self
thinking about you.

- I often tried to forget about you
and forget the nights of love,
- and forget the pleasure I enjoyed
with you by my side.
- I deprived myself from any breeze
that used to blow between you and me.
- I deprived myself from any bliss
that I used to like because of you.
- I tried to live without memories
that might make my heart crave for you.
- The only thought left
was to forget to think about you.
- And between reason and heart
I became confused.
- And as a result of tire,
I try forget about forgetting.
- As long as I forsake you to forget about you,
and bid farewell to your cruel heart.

- But in the heat of your cruelty, I found my self
thinking about you.

يا دارنا يا دار

Our House

Special Song for the Radio of Kuwait by Poet Aḥmad al-‘Udwānī, in Rāst

- Oh our house; you’re a house of freemen.
- You’re a high star on the forehead of hope.
When charm came close, it sang us poems.

- Gold dust is on its land, and pearls are at its sea.
- Love is in its chest and sprang from its monuments.

- You’re a touch of perfume on the bride of the Gulf.
- You’re dawn and delightful birds. How happy the birds are!

- Yes, we love its dust; yes, we and sacrifice ourselves for it.
- In loving it, all of us offer refuge and protect neighbours.

- Kuwait is said to have obtained independence
and its moon became full.
- Today our dream came true,
and fate yielded.

- That was in the shadow of the sun of the morning (Ṣabāḥ,)
our leader in struggle.
- Oh our brave prince,
Let’s go high in success.

الحب كده

That Is How Love Is

A Song by Maḥmud Bayram al-Tūnisī

- That is how love is: reunion, coddling, content and dispute.
- That is how love is; some of this and some of that.
- No doubt; that is how love is.

- When my love dates me,
the world smiles at me.
- When I'm pleased with his reunion,
I think what may happen next.
- He makes me forget about the entire existence.
and nothing occurs to my mind.
- When his mood changes,
my heart becomes confused
- in the crowd of thoughts, I stay in fire
and in confusion, which makes me cry.
- Following night, light comes up,
and after clouds, spring and flowers come.
- That is how love is; some of this and some of that.
- No doubt; that is how love is.

- My beloved, how sweet he is!,
even if he disputes with me.
- I like my submission to him,
and I forgive him even when he is unjust to me.
- After clouds fritter away,
and crave starts anew,
- I love him more,
and having him by my side becomes a feast day.
- Following night, light comes up,
and after clouds, spring and flowers come.
- That is how love is; some of this and some of that.
- No doubt; that is how love is.

- Lucky is he who experienced
the kindness and cruelty of love.
- Unlucky is he who never
tasted love and its sweetness.
- One may see him smiling

while his heart suffers grief and moaning.
 - He lives without soul,
 for love is the soul.
 - My beloved has my heart with him;
 I love him, whether he were kind or cruel.
 - I show him my blame,
 while my heart intends to forgive.
 - He causes so much wounds,
 but he becomes kind again and cures wounds.
 - That is how love is; some of this and some of that.
 - No doubt; that is how love is.

ثوار

Revolutionaries

A Patriotic Song by ‘Abd al-Fattāḥ Muṣṭafā

- We are revolutionaries all the way,
 wherever we go, flowers flourish.
 - Every morning, we wake up with a new dream;
 we renew and add more victories.
 - So long as the Arab nation are hand in hand,
 revolution goes on and struggle continues.

- On this land, faith started;
 Jesus and Muhammad are two eternal revolutions.
 - Knowledge is a revolution, and it all started here,
 along with art, freedom and civilization.
 - We're revolutionaries who shake history so it may set out;
 we order the impossible to be created.
 - Our step goes ahead of time.
 - So long as the Arab nation are hand in hand,
 revolution goes on and struggle continues.

- The nation was up asking for its rights,
 and revolution was like heart beats in their veins.
 - What they achieve today, they must protect tomorrow.
 - We're revolutionaries with the hero who was brought by fate.

- We raised our heads up when he showed up.
- With him, we kissed the sky and stepped on danger.
- Will is firm and steady.
- So long as the Arab nation are hand in hand,
revolution goes on and struggle continues.

- Come on, generations, symbol of hope,
and continue what our generation started.
- Think about us and remember us
with every Song about hard work.
- Hurrah, hurrah; our revolution is hard work and struggle.
- Hurrah, hurrah; raise and make glories.
- Hurrah, hurrah; and build on what your ancestors had built.
- The beginning and the end of our road are far away.
- So long as the Arab nation are hand in hand,
revolution goes on and struggle continues.
- We are revolutionaries all the way.

حيرت قلبي

You Confused My Heart

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Kurd

- You confused my heart, and I try to hide this.
- Tell me what should I do with you.
- I'd like to complain to you about my love fire;
I'd like to tell you how I feel at heart;
- and tell you about what makes me sleepless,
and what makes me cry;
- and show you how my soul is;
but my pride stops me.

- Look into my eyes, cruel hearted,
to see what is inscribed into them.
- You'll find craving look, kindness,
a tear I'm trying to hide
staying with me all night long
- putting me thoughts and grieves,

leaving its shadow inside my eyes;
 - between crave and deprivation,
 and between confusion and hiding.
 - I'd like to complain to you about my love fire;
 I'd like to tell you how I feel at heart;
 - and tell you about what makes me sleepless,
 and what makes me cry;
 - and show you how my soul is;
 but my pride stops me.

- For nights, my imagination and I keep consoling
 myself with any word you have said to me one day.
 - I keep thinking about what happened to you and to me:
 - "Don't he see my confusion when we shook hands?!"
 - "Didn't he see that crave almost spoke in my eyes?!"
 - Then, I forgive you again and feel longing to you.
 - I'd like to complain to you about my love fire;
 I'd like to tell you how I feel at heart;
 - and tell you about what makes me sleepless,
 and what makes me cry;
 - and show you how my soul is;
 but my pride stops me.

- I decided with myself to stop talking to you, to stop again.
 but then I reconcile with you, and then decide
 - I decide to avoid you,
 but my heart finds it hard, for this may add to my deprivation.
 - I'll keep loving you without telling you
 what confuses my thoughts.
 - Till your heart finds out about my hidden love.
 - and till your heart has mercy on me
 and I see love by my own eyes.,
 - and till you call on the one busy thinking about you,
 and till my soul hears your call.
 - I'd like to complain to you about my love fire;
 I'd like to tell you how I feel at heart;
 - and tell you about what makes me sleepless,
 and what makes me cry;
 - and show you how my soul is;
 but my pride stops me.

لسه فاكر

You Still Think...?!

A Song by ‘Abd al-Fattāh Muṣṭafā, in Jahār kāh

- You still think that my heart will trust you,
or that a word will bring back the bygone,
- or a look will link crave to tenderness?!
- If you ask me I'd say: 'That was in the past
- Days were tears running into my heart.
You enjoyed seeing my tears which were my life.
- My tears were often nothing to you, and every time
they'd erase my feeling of security and patience.
- Step by step, love was being lost along with the wounds;
and what I suffered for nights was forgotten in the morning.
- Today, if you ask me about love, crave and tenderness,
I'd say: "That was in the past ."

- You enjoyed my heart's moaning
which were because of your and fate's cruelty to me.
- They sounded like a melody to you, while I heard their echo
like fire melting down our love little by little.
- Now you began to realize how precious our love, which I forgot, was.
- Today, if you ask me about love which has now gone,
I'd say: "That was in the past."

- You used to consider nights as an empty-minded game
whereas they were a precious life.
- I used to stay up the night talking to my thoughts and tears
about you, while you enjoyed my confusion and worry.
- Tell me, what is it now, as we know the end?
- Have you come back longing for my love,
or for tears and grief?
- Today, it is too late,
- No matter how you'd swear I'd say: "That was in the past."

يا جمال يا مثال الوطنية

You're the Example of Patriotism, Gamāl

A Patriotic Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Huzām

- Oh Gamāl; you're the example of patriotism,
The best of our national days
- is the day when you were rescued (from assassination) in Manshīyya.

Repeat after me.

- Your and your homeland's rescue
is joy to us, but lament to those who betrayed you.
- Some treasonist who meant to shoot
at the heart of a love one.
- A heart full of patriotism.

Repeat after me.

- You faced fire with bravery and faith.
- An attitude of a brave man, not a coward.
- Shots to you are musical strings.
- You sacrifice your soul as a free man.
- You present it with proudly.

Repeat after me.

- We heard several shots that took our heart with them.
- They took such a long time, and we kept counting them one
after the other, till eight.
- They were deviated by Providence,
and you were a nationalist miracle.

Repeat after me.

أقول لك ايه عن الشوق

What Do I Say about Crave, Darling!

A Song by ‘Abd al-Fattāḥ Muṣṭafā, in Rāst

- What do I say about crave, darling!
 What do I say and who else knows my feelings but you!
 - I stay up nights loving you and thinking about you.
 Whatever I say, my heart has more.
 - Not enough to say “lovy.”
 I wish there were a better word for “darling.”

- What do I say and what can describe my passion;
 for my heart has endless talk.
 - The sweetest word in the world is “lovely.”
 I say it to you, but it is still not enough.
 - I wouldn’t claim that your love was a dream;
 for it’s more than I dreamed of.
 - Because of my joy when I’m by your side,
 I live a whole life every moment.
 - My heart’s paradise is being by your side,
 and to it, you’re joy and a whole world.
 - What do I say?!
 Not enough to say “lovely.”
 I wish there were a better word for “darling.”

- Your love made life precious.
 So, I count it by seconds, not by nights.
 - I fear I may get distracted;
 for I may lose a glance at you
 or at a world sweeter than a dream.
 - Your love made time forget its nature.
 It took security from it and gave it to us.
 - It hid its tears from us,
 and made it forget us.
 - It lightened candles for hope,
 and reassured our nights with it.
 - What do I say?!
 Not enough to say “lovy.”
 I wish there were a better word for “darling.”

- Your promises in imagination are precious
and more beautiful than reality to me.

- I believe every word you've said to me,

and I don't believe even my thought and eyes.

- I wish there were a word that can describe my love to you
so I may say from heart to heart.

- Words are not enough to describe my passion
or my longing, whether you were by my side or far away.

لا يا حبيبي

No, Darling!

A Song by 'Abd al-Fattāḥ Muṣṭafā, in Nahāwand

Day and night, my mind is busy thinking about you,
and my life for ever is only for you.

And you still believe enviers?!

They say that jealousy increases love,
and that by tears and confusion you gain my heart.

No, lovey.

Only by love you're dear to me,
and only by love you're light of my eyes.

Only by love and it is not a little thing.

No, lovey.

When I fell in love with, I thought about what happened and
would happen to me.

I thought about my joy with you by my side, and my long
nights and torture when you're away.

I never asked how or why I loved you, and I never said I wish so and so.

I just loved you with all mind and with all my heart.

Love is amity and tenderness, and not jealousy, doubts or cruelty.

Love is what ordered me to love you. You and I cannot help it.

Who said that your pride means my humility, or that loving
you shows only in my tears.
If I accept humility, then where is my heart? and how can you
control it within my rips?

Only by love I gave in my heart to you,
Only by love, not by jealousy.
Where is love? Where is security, lovey, if doubts confuse me regarding you?
Forsake is easier than being tortured with you by my side, and
than regret with me by your side.
It's enough to live on memories while you're away, and I've
lived more than my life loving you.
Only by love you're dear to me,
and only by love you're light of my eyes.
Only by love and it is not a little thing.
No, lovey.

يا حبنا الكبير

You're Our Great Love

A Song by 'Abd al-Fattāh Muṣṭafā, in Jahār kāh

- You're our great, first and last love.
- You've gathered us in your shadow and abundant goodness.
- You're loved by everybody, present and absent alike.

- We're millions, but in loving you, we're all family.
- A word from you unifies us, and your revolution pushes us forward.
- Joy is yours and victory is yours.
- On your national days, we congratulate you and sing your song:
- "Long live, homeland."

- Loving you is beyond all limits. To me you're dearer than the whole world.
- You're my anthem for sacrifice, heroism and eternity.
- I'd sacrifice my soul and everything valuable for you so your name may get
higher for ever.
- I'd be friend with your friends and be enemy to your enemies.

- Every day in my life, I love you more and more.
- “Long live, homeland.”

- Your favours for us are dear to us.
- We show gratitude and you show more of it.
- We’ve lived on your banks,
- Under your sun, we planted, and in your shadow, we picked fruits.
- “Long live, homeland.”

- Our struggle for your glory seems like prayers, and loving you is closer to obedience to God.
- Martyrdom on your land is life.
- You’re our great, first and last love.
- Long live so we may be joyous and our land be full of songs.
- With every heartbeat of hope, hearts get full of songs.
- With every moment of hard work, we get a new life.
- Go high by your men’s will, and write down pages of struggle.
- Make your and your people’s dreams come true.
- “Long live, homeland.”

طوف و شوف

Go around and See

A Song by ‘Abd al-Fattāḥ Muṣṭafā

- Go around in God’s heaven in our country and see:
- Two hospitable banks and rows of tall palm trees;
- And the smile of our sun, the best greeting to guests;
- And the breeze dancing on flute and drums on Nile’s waves.
- Go around and see.

- Look here next to factories, chimneys and the crowd.
- Look at his fields which ends with a minaret and dove towers
- And water wheels which haven’t stopped for several thousands of years.
- Look at the beauty of the countryside and have faith in love and peace.
- Go around and see.

- Look at the monuments of several generations of those who filled the world Civilization and innovation.
- They taught the stone how to depict victorious battles.
- They taught it to act as their ambassador of time with pride.
- The dawn of the world hadn't risen yet when it was the heat of daytime here.
- Go around and see.

- These were the treasures of the past. Now look at my country's present time.
- Look at the treasures of the Revolution, talents and skills
- with which our High Dam will be built and God's goodness will increase.
- They creep with water and a new life is created from nothing.
- They reveal the secret of the desert and melt down the will of iron.
- They link the world to our Canal, here, in Port-Said.
- Go around and see.

- The soldiers who defend our glory against any aggressor;
- The rows who build our country's renaissance with their will;
- Those whose steps are kissed by the land as its children;
- They all call for freedom, and the nation rose to challenge the impossible.
- Hope turned into work and imagination became struggle.
- That is my country's Revolution led by Gamāl

دعائي لبيته

God Called on Me and I Responded

A Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Bayātī

- Hearts like beauty, and my eyes have seen so much beauty.
- Constant love is so rare, and it lasts a day or a couple of days, if any.
- The one I fell in love with today is constant and always there.
- He never blames those who repent, and blame is not his nature.
- He is the one and only, and his light spread all over the universe.
- He called on me to visit His House.
- ~ When He was revealed to me, I whispered with tears.

- I would go away from Him, and he would call on me.
- He'd say: "You're destined to yield to me one day and come over."

- "Obey me, servant. Obey me and only me."
- "I gave you without asking."
- "I taught you but you never learn."
- "If you count what I've offered you,
- you'll realize my favours to you."
- "I'm Greater than all. Yield to me and you'll be safe."
- He called on me to visit His House.
- When He was revealed to me, I whispered with tears.

- Mecca with its mountains of light looks above the Holy House.
- We entered Peace Gate and our hearts were filled with peace.
- by Forgiving God's favour.
- Above our heads were doves of the House, as many as stars.
- They flow and roved in thousands,
- Congratulating the guests for forgiving and mercy.
- The One who organized their flying is the One and Only.
- He called on me to visit His House.
- When He was revealed to me, I whispered with tears.

- We arrived at a meadow or a halo of heaven.
- There, lovers get whatever they wish.
- There, it's all light and a goblet of love circulates.
- Those who drink of it sing.
- God's angels are our drink companions.
- With forgiving, they get what have got.
- I wish our love ones would get what have got.
- Oh God; pledge them and accept us.
- He called on me to visit His House.
- When He was revealed to me, I whispered with tears.

تحويل النيل

Rechannelling the Nile

A Song by 'Abd al-Wahhāb Muḥammad

- We've rechannelled the Nile stream; What an event!
- It will be a change of our life; Not just of River Nile.

- Who would believe that the million-year-old river
- Will be turned right
- Or left, as we wish, and that we could adjust it?!

- We had the will of hard workers which can erase mountains,
- and establish buildings in their place and build in all fields.
- The Dam is no longer a dream; but became an unmatched fact

- I can delightedly see a bright future:
- Factories running, plants on infertile land,
- Abundant blessings for all, and a beautiful road to prosperity.

- A phase has been completed, and others are still on the way.
- We'll give the best example for generations.
- With the will of Gamal and this good nation.

أنشودة الربيع

Song of Spring

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī

- Say Hello to Spring, season of roses, joy and hope.
 - Birds sing on branches announcing the approach of joy.
 - Flowers smile when the day became near.
- Say hello to spring.
- Go race on horses' backs, and go ahead to glory.
 - Go and make your dream come true; support each other and cooperate.
- Say hello to spring.
- Water runs through meadows; so, drink and enjoy.
 - The wind blow like amber; so, play and rejoice.
- Say hello to spring.

- Get chalices, pour wine and play with pretty girls.
- How beautiful you are! I-le who gets a hand on me parishes.
- How pretty those eyes and cheeks are!
- I have beautified them with noses, just like lilac on cheeks.
- Just like sleepy eyes.

- Go ahead and drink, play and Say hello to spring.

- The sun is about to set, and sunset is like gold on hills.
- The full moon soon rises like a lover.
- Say hello to spring, season of flowers. Say hello to Widād, moon of moons.

بغداد

Baghdad

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī

- Parade:** The sun was about to set when dusk roses flourished.
Baghdad will soon approach like a fascinating girl in horizon.
- Dananir:** How mild its breeze is and how green its plants are!
Baghdad of ripe fruits, long live blessings and joys!
Baghdad of high castles, paradise of this world and shadow of safety.
- Parade:** A peaceful place like paradise
and residence of the Honourable Spirit.
- Dananir:** How good its weather is
and how fresh its water is!
Its beauty is due Ja'far.
- Parade:** Long live the faithful Wazīr.
- Dananir:** During the prosperous reign of Hārūn al-Rashīd.
- Parade:** Long live homeland.

النوم يداعب

Sleep Plays with...

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Kurd

- Sleep plays with my beloved's eyes,
while my eyelids suffer sleeplessness.
- I wish he falls asleep and become mine,
so my eyes may keep saying him.
- I'd keep roaming around and sip his beauty,
and I'd send him my spectre to rove along with him
- and complain to him about
what's come on to me at nights.
- I often liked to sleep
which is more merciful to my heart than moaning.
But sleeping never liked my eyes.
- I often wished to sleep
so his spectre may be more kind to my soul
and come to me one day.
- I wished to see him so much that
I wished to see him in dreams.
- I thought I might meet him one day
at the valley of illusions.
- My mind became distracted in love,
between sleeplessness and dreams.
- Go to sleep, sweetheart,
and I'll stay up the night for you.
- Leave torture and moaning
to the one who gave in her heart to you.
- Should the breeze of dawn blow
and awaken the sleeping beloved,
it may see sleeplessness in my eyes
and feel pity for the one who stays up the night in dreams.

اذكريني

Remember Me

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Kurd

- Remember me whenever dawn rises
spreading flags of light in horizon,
and awakening birds at nests, and they greet it with songs.
- I stayed up the night all alone, with pains and sleeplessness.
- Then, the morning rose and night left.
- I remembered the bygone which we spent in joy.
- My tears shed out of longing.
Be merciful to my heart and remember me.

- Remember me whenever birds sing
spreading melodies in bushes.
- Flowers listen to them and greet by bowing.
- I kept crying because of my fate and you.
- Birds sang, whispered and enjoyed themselves,
and I remembered what came to my ears
and I mixed the goblet with tears.
- My heart craved.
Be merciful to my tears and remember me.

- Remember me whenever night comes
and awakens the memory of the loyal ones.
- It shows the past and opens the page of loyalty.
- I watered love with amity, and always kept my pledge.
- I felt the pains of forsake I'm suffering;
and remembered our bygone nights
of complaint, accusation and content.
- My soul complained about the fire of grief.
- Come back to me or remember me.

فاكر لما كنت جنبي

Remember when You Were Here?!

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī; in Kurd

- Remember when you were here,
when the breeze was playing with tree branches?!
- A branch leaned on another branch and said:
“How sweet reunion is after long waiting! “
- Joy came to lovers
and the branch hugged its mate.
- My heart melted down in love
without getting what it hoped for.

- My eyes take care of you and my soul is in love with you.
I wish I were with you.
- When the branches are separated,
the breeze comes and gets them back together.
- How sweet reunion is after long waiting!

- Remember when you were here,
when the cloud was playing with the moon’s forehead?!
- Night was on and the Nile was running,
and a wave was chasing another wave
- trying to catch up with it, embrace it and complain to it
about its long nights.
- The breeze came and got them together.
- Each wave was hugging its beloved after long separation.

- Joy came to lovers
and waves embraced as lovers.
- My heart melted down in love
without getting what it hoped for.
- I wish I were like Nile waves
which waited long but finally were relieved and said:
- How sweet reunion is after long waiting!

يا ظالمني

You're Not Fair with Me

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Kurd

- You're unjust to me for you've forsaken me
and my heart is deprived from you.
- You play games with me, put me on fire,
confuse me and make me sad.
- When I complain, you forsake me
and get angry when I say:
"You're not fair with me."

- It's not fair to forsake and accuse me,
and forget all that happened to me.
- I spend days hoping that one day you'll be fair with me.
- I spent years bearing your aversion,
and suffered grief while you were away.
Hoping that one day you'd be kind to me.

- But you forsake me, forget all about me,
leaving me to my grief.
- When I complain, you forsake me
and get angry when I say:
"You're not fair with me."

- In loving you, I obey my heart
and forget about everything for you.
- I suffer hard in loving you
from the goblet of aversion and forsake.
- My grief increases and tears shed.
I often get blamed for loving you.

- I stay up the night crying for myself, and enviers rejoice.
- When I complain, you forsake me
and get angry when I say:
"You're not fair with me."

- I told you why I wail while fire is in my tears of longing.
- Everybody learned about my grief, torture and suffering.
- Even those who had rejoiced became merciful to me,
while your heart never had mercy on me.

- Envious felt my torture, but your heart remained cruel.
- When I complain, you forsake me
and get angry when I say:
“You’re not fair with me.”

يا ليلة العيد

Holiday Eve

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Bayātī

- Holiday eve, welcome.
You’ve renewed hope in our souls.

- Your crescent rose clear to our eyes
and we were happy and sang.
- We hoped that joy would come along
with you, holiday eve.

- You brought friends together
and drinks circulated among companions.
- Birds sang on tree branches
greeting dawn, oh holiday eve.

- My beloved’s boat sails
and my soul go through the breeze.
- Say to him: “It’s still early, beautiful one.
One shouldn’t sleep at holiday eve.

لما انت نواية تهجر ريني

If You Plan to Forsake Me...

A Ṭaqṭūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Huzām

Madhhab

- If you plan to forsake me
what were your tears for, then?!
- I wonder if you were crying for me
or for my love?!

Ghuṣn

- Tears dried out in my eyes
after crying for so long for love.
- I stood people's gossip about me
without even knowing what my guilt was.
- But what were your tears for?!

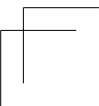
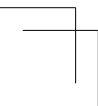
Ghuṣn

- I cried for my distracted mind
which spent time in illusions.
- I realized what happened to my loving heart
which complained about fate's injustice.

Ghuṣn

- So much tears were shed
and so many nights I stayed up thinking.
- I often thought my doubts were not true,
for love is naturally a snitch.
- But what were your tears for?!

Songs Composed by Muḥammad al-Qaṣabgī



سعد ز غول باشا

Saad Zaghoul Pasha

An Eulogy by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nahāwand

- If Saad is absent from Egypt, he is present by memory.
Water may dry, but its good plant remains alive.
- Make him eternal in hopes and link him to loyalty.
Cry for him in songs, for crying is the sweetest complaint.
Sing poems praising his good traits.
- Shed tears of gratitude for his suffering of torture

- and of pains for the sake of the homeland;
- of prison and alienation, young and old.
- Glorify him in songs, make him always alive in hopes.
- Long live the Leader's memory!

لاح نور الفجر

Dawn's Light Is Rising

An Ode by Aḥmad Rāmī

- Dawn's light is rising, smiling with hope, on Coronation Day,
- spreading joy in hearts from birds mouths.
- Brilliancy spreads on the Nile from your forehead.
- Goodness flows in the Valley from your right hand.
- A king whose throne is steadfast in glory, and all hearts cherish you.
- Long live, joy of the Valley; long live, guiding star.
- Our happiness lies in your good reign.
- A generous hand has been stretched to the poor, blessing them with delight.
- Their hopes revived and their hearts were reassured.
- Sleep found its way to their eyelids, while looking forward to the future.
- You're the goal of hopes; may God support your reign.
- Your works are fascinating, and everything in Egypt is flourishing by your dew.
- Your beautiful traces are found in every field.
- So, accept gratitude
- from souls loving you since your boyhood
- from eyes delighted to see you crowned as king

- from hearts keeping your memory alive over years,
- thanking God and praying for you to gain victory.

يقظة القلب

Heart's Wake

An Ode by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Ḥijāz

- You've awakened my emotions and imagination,
and revived my dead hopes.
- You've stimulated my soul after long stagnancy,
while your love never occurred to my me.
- I thought I had become dead fire,
I thought I lived with an empty heart.
- But loving you stirred me and renewed an old crave.
- And I became the most miserable blessed person
when love penetrated my veins.

- You made me forget the past
by making me stay up the night in grief.
- You erased from my mind all the troubles I had suffered
in this world.
- So, I accepted my fate
and my killing grief.
- I did without life's blessings
and took enough of misery in love.

إن حالي في هواها عجب

My Life in Love Is Astonishing

An Ode by Aḥmad Rāmī, in 'Ajam

- My life in love with her is so astonishing.
- Her consent does not please me,
Meanwhile, her anger irritates me.

- If her aversion lasts long,
I find reasons for this.
- So, I seek her forgiveness,
and she has got my destiny.

- Her consent is so sweet
and has so many kinds of courtship.
- Her forsake is so sweet
and revives hope in hearts.
- She keeps my mind busy thinking when she is close to me,
while she causes my illness when she's way.
- She has become all my hope,
and hope gets bored.

يا صباح الخير

Good Morning

A Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Rāst

- Good morning, people;
the nightingale sang and awakened us.
- The sun is rising
and birds are flying in the sky.
- Let us go with them.

- Happy is the one who wakes up
headed for God and forgetting all worries.
- His heart is delighted and his day is happy.
A kind of happiness he'd never forget.

- Morning light has appeared and smiled,
and the whole world waked up.
- Flowers breeze blew
on, and revived, the world's people.
- Early hours are happy ones,
their beauty and brilliancy makes us happy.

يا فؤادي غن

Sing, My Heart!

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Kurd

- Oh heart; sing melodies of loyalty
in a whisper to the tender heart.
- Oh eyes; sip the lights of amity
in the joy the generous shadow.
- A lonely person wishes to see
his soul's twin before one's eyes.
- In sleep, one wishes
that the spectre would stay between one's eyelids.
- I, delight of the soul, have said
the reasons of my wishes.

- Oh heart; lovers' reunion has been achieved.
So, send melodies out of crave and longing.
- Sing for love, for it is
a bless in nearness and a whisper in absence.
- I like to spend my life
in your arms.
- For it seems to me that
my soul is present in your eyes.
- Your wings embraced me,
your were loyal and kept my pledge.
- I love you so long as I live.

يا روعي بلا كتر أسيه

Darling, Stop Being Cruel!

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Kurd

Madhhab

- Darling, stop being cruel. Don't let foes rejoice.

Ghuṣn

- Envious were often snitches
and were liars in what they informed you.

- Be nice to me and forget what they told you.
and don't let them rejoice.

Ghuṣn

- I wasted my youth
and deserted my folks and love ones.
- Enough torture in love.
Don't let foes rejoice.

Ghuṣn

- I always like whoever likes you.
So, what do they change your heart for?!
- It's all my fault, not yours.
Don't let foes rejoice.

Ghuṣn

- I'd rather live lonely,
far away from everybody.
- Tease the enviers and come back to me.
Don't let foes rejoice.

الشوق

Crave

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Kurd

- Why did love lead to my misery and humility?!
- I found pleasure in loving him, but I was humiliated by face/
- I wonder if one day I'll see my beloved again;
- Or will be betrayed and lead a lonely life.
- You set me and my heart apart, and separation is so cruel.
- But he cared about me and consoled my ill heart.
- When he suffered love nights, I wanted to do the favour back.
- A strange bird away from home saw the beloved and came to console him.
- She offered him pure love till satisfaction.
- He who is loyal in love is worth sacrifice.

مناجاة الطائر

Bird's Whisper

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

- A bird lives lonely, way from home;
lonely and has no company to exchange melodies with.
It keeps singing while crying with a sad soul.
- Where is your mate who loves you
so you may complain to it about long moaning.
- I wish fate would clear out and you enjoy your love,
and sing on tree branches
and hear a good echo,
and enjoy your joy and freedom.
- Reunion then will be your happy day.

الأمومة

Motherhood

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Huzām

- Go to sleep, my angel, protected by Providence.
- You're my heart's wish, and everything is nothing to me
when you sleep in my arms.
- Go to sleep

- Go to sleep, my daughter, and be safe from my grief.
- You're everything I've got. Whenever I see you,
- life becomes happy.
- Go to sleep.

الناقورة

The Fountain

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Bayātī

- My pure love is for you,
and I stay up the night whispering to your spectre.
- When I see the full moon - your equal in beauty -
playing with its light in water,
- I say if the enviers hide you,
your spectre shows to my eyes.
- I stay up the night with you,
listening to your whisper
- embodied in the whisper of a leaning tree branch,
and in the river's running water.
- I wish I could see your beauty,
and whispering to your spectre.
- When night's breeze, perfumed with Jasmine odour, blows,
- it keeps. my mind busy, and I find its air full of crave.
- I rove with you and crave you.
- At dawn, night becomes full of illusions;
At moon time, light turns into dreams.
- I stay up the night whispering to your spectre.
- My pure love is for you.

العید

The Holiday

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Hījāz kār

- How delightful is the happy holiday,
when its moist flowers smile.
- How beautiful is the rise of a new day!
How joyous is the singing bird.
- It's the day for greetings among the love ones;
and the day for joy and hope.
- Love drinks are so sweet on that day
with songs going on.

- It's time for imagination, companion of thought,
when a mild breeze blows.
- Sing the melody of crave and congratulate
every one in love for reunion.

التضحية

Sacrifice

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Bayātī

- You did a favour and were the best friend.
I sacrifice my soul for you.
- I was all alone in the world, without any support.
- You felt pity for my pains and crave, and you were friend.
- When I complain to you, you sympathize with me.
- Then, I stop wailing and I say to myself:
- "Go to my love, breeze, and tell him"
- I sacrifice my soul for you.

- Love is back between us, and so is link between our hearts.
- Love revives hope between lovers.
- My life was unbelievable and my misery was painful.
- In it, I saw beauty and enjoyed paradise
- when I saw how kind you are.
- You took care of my heart and heard its whisper.
- I sacrifice my soul for you.

- Nights (fate) were unjust to me and I wailed long.
- The past occurs to my mind and makes my hears sad.
- I had a love one to whom I'd complain,
and he would feel pity for the wounded heart.
- I cannot forget his favour, and I crave him
and I sacrifice my soul for him.
- Speak out, tear!
- Go, breeze
and tell my love:
- "I sacrifice my soul for you."

يأس و أمل

Despair and Hope

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

- I spent my youth dreaming about paradise with the beloved
whose heart is kind to me.
- I thought I might be destined
to wish and see by my eyes.
- But I saw nothing but the spectre of grief,
and heard nothing but the melody of sadness.
- I complained to myself about my wailing.
- Tears are confused in my eyes,
and I keep crying all night long.
- When will my heart be happy, God?!
- I see the spectre of joy
and rove in dreams.
- I hope I'll have my dream come true
and my heart will be happy.
- I hope I'll achieve my hope and make my heart happy
- and make happy the one I love.
- I hope my illusions are true.
- Oh God, make my dream come true.

يا مجد ياما اشتهيتك

Oh Glory; I Craved You So Long

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Māhūr

- Oh glory; I craved you so long,
and spend the night thinking about you,
- I'd say to my heart: "I hope you'll be happy."
and I hear the song of hope.
- I kept singing for my grief
till the universe cried with me.
- My hope and wish
was to make happy my sad heart.

- When I brought hearts together
on love and consent,
- I longed for seeing the beloved
who would console my heart.
- I'd spend my whole life with him
and forget about all dreams.
- So long as I make him happy,
I find all meanings in loving him.

- Oh glory; I craved you
so you might satisfy my imagination and reassure me.
- When you had a partner in my heart,
I craved the beloved along with you.

- I spent nights waiting for him.
so he might come back to me.
- I'd say: "Will I see by my eyes the one I love and crave?!"
- "Will my fate reconcile with me so I may sing the melody of hope?!"

نورك يا ست الكل

Your Light, Lady

A Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Bayātī

- Your light, lady, has lightened our neighbourhood,
and have been honoured by your name.
- My heart was always with you far away,
and every sun rise, I'd ask about you.
- You're all my folks and friends.
The one destined to separation was me.

- I won only by your support, dearest folks.
You're my joy today and ever after.
- I'll never forget my cradle and hope.
The origin of all honour is here (in this neighbourhood).

- I'm lucky to have your kindness, love ones.
I'm so. grateful and thank your favours.
- Oh God; let their dreams come true.
I'm happy only when we're all happy.

الليل أهوه طال

Night Is Longer Now

A Ballad by Muṣṭafā Bē Nagīb, in Rāst

- Night is longer now, and the wound learned when it comes.
My tears have dried out and my eyelids replaced them with blood.
- Woe to my heart! How humiliated it has become.
It's like fire, and she wouldn't put it out in my heart.
- He may reveal his wailing, but to no avail.

يا نسيم الفجر

Oh Breeze of Dawn!

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Ḥijāz kār

- Oh breeze of dawn, you're so moist and mild!
What have you got from my love's town?!
- Seeing him tomorrow is joy for the universe.
Grief is just a cloud in the eye of strangers.
- Birds sing and every mate is happy
- while my heart craves and moans.
- Pains follow pains.
- Eyes are so confused.
- My eyes see through tears lovers coming and going;
- and think of spring clays for my imagination and heart.
- Oh breeze of dawn; you're dew to flowers.
- Birds sing and the stream runs, and odour spreads in the air.
- Light came up and the nightingale shouted and called on
other birds to sing.
- Stars took clouds as veils.

- Dusk's colour in horizon is like melted roses.
- Everything in the universe is happy, but I ... ?
- I'm still alone, in a place where there is nothing but wailing.
- Seeing him tomorrow is joy for the universe.
- Grief is just a cloud in the eye of strangers.

هايم في بحر الحياه

Wandering at the Sea of Life

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī

- Wandering at the sea of life,
deprived from security.
- She gave a hand and
I enjoyed consent and tenderness.
- I greeted her by soul and eyes
before we shook hands.
- I kept nagging: "Where shall we meet?"
so I may whisper and talk to your soul.
- Fate was kind after long deprivation,
and brought us together
- Talk of loyalty ran on my tongue,
and love was showing in my eyes.

- You've revived courtship
by being by my side
- You've lightened the world of hope,
and my heart is happy.
- The breeze blew nice when you were away,
but my heart was ill.
- Rose smiled, while my tears shed.
- When the moon was full,
it stirred grief and crave in me.
- It made birds echo my wailing on tree branches.

- Oh full moon; the clouds
hid your beauty from my eyes.

- Your light guided me, my evening got better
and grief calmed down.
- You're back after long absence;
How happy I'm to have you with me.
- Good things are like a book
and you're the meanings in it.

أيها الفلك

Oh Ship!

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nahāwand

- Oh ship which is about to sail;
I have a friend aboard.
- My tears were about to shed
when he said: "It's time to say good bye."
- My heart cried for what has spread in the universe.
- The sun set beyond the horizon,
then it melted down at dusk.
- Oh God! my breath is about to stop
when my love waved at me and we said good bye.
- My share in him has gone when the ship sailed.
- Oh ship which is about to sail;
-Go easy, for I have a friend aboard.
- I won't sleep till we meet again,
when noon rises on the East.
- Then, I'll greet my love with a craving heart,
-complain about my king nights,
-show my longing all alone in the dark.
- I'll whisper my love while we embrace each other,
-and forget the pains of the heart
-during the days of separation.

بعد عنك بخاطري

I've Left You Willingly

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Ḥijāz kār

- I left you willingly,
so my crave may increase.
- But I found your spectre present in my mind,
in separation as well as in nearness.

- I crave you when we say good bye;
- and I like to leave you when we are together.
- This helps me think by myself
what traits of you I like better;
- this is also more merciful to my heart, cruelty and coquetry.

- I keep your memory in my mind,
and remember what has occurred to me.
- I get confused: what should I choose?
- Your consent after anger,
or cruelty for no reason?!
- Separation could be easy to bear
so long as you're in my heart.
- A loyal one is the one who likes you as much as I do.

يالي انحرمت الحنان

You've Been Deprived of Kindness

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī

- You've been deprived of the kindness
of a tender heart.
- You've been destined
to spend you life as an orphan.
- Who should have been hugging you
out of love and joy?!

- It's the one who'd see himself
when he looks at you.
- You're orphan whereas your father is alive,
deserting you and me.
- You've become homeless,
and I feel pity for you.
- I play with you when you are asleep.
- I say to myself: "You're too young
to be an orphan."
- One day you'll ask me about him
but I won't be able to tell you what has come on to me.
- I play with you when you are asleep.
- Tears shed on my cheeks
and say to myself: "I wish ..."
- I stayed alone in the world
but I haven't given up at heart.

أخذت صوتك من روحي

You've Taken Your Voice from My Soul

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Kurd

- You've taken your voice from my soul,
and the grief of your melody is of my moaning.
- Every meaning of your words
is composed by me for me.

- I'm a flower wilting in your hand,
or a candle lit around you.
- All my hope is in loving you
and looking into your eyes.

- One day you're angry; the other, you're pleased.
but everything is nice in loving you.
- Your fruits, whether sweet or bitter,
are planted by me in my land.

- I watered them from my tears,
and their throne wounded my hand.
- Every time I try to pick them up,
I don't have heart to do.

خيالك في المنام حلمي

Seeing You in a Dream Is a Dream

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Takrīz

- Seeing you in a dream is a dream;
While I forget about you in wake.
- Loving you is in my blood,
and your voice is ecstasy and wine.

- How can I ever forget
about dreams?!
- Life is better
with no pains.

- I suffered in loving you
and was patient.
- I tried hard to soften your heart,
and mine was confused.

- I keep thinking: "What is after all this confusion,
long nights and deprivation?!"
- Then, tears shed
and my mind gets distracted all over again.

- How can I ever forget
about dreams?!
- Life is better
with no pains,

زارني طيفك

Your Spectre Visited Me

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nahāwand

- Your spectre visited me in a dream,
and revived the bygoners.
- You've forsaken me for long,
and it came over and revealed your crave.
- It said: "I'm keeping love for you in her heart
while you're absent from her eyes."
- But why do you make your heart so cruel
while love shows on you?!
- I saw her love in her words,
and her soul in her songs
for the spectre she's whispering to.
- Look how she asks about you when you're away.
- Look how she cares about you.
- Revive the old pledge
as the spring revives flowers.
- Send crave with the breeze
so the birds may send it in songs.

خلي الدموعي دي لعن

Leave Tears to My Eyes

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nahāwand

- Leave tears to my eyes
and let long nights to my eyelids.
- I'm too kind, darling,
to let my grief become yours.

- I wish I fell in love alone
without you knowing what has happened to me.
- I wish I kept being drowned in my crave
without you giving me a hand.

- Grief is created just for my heart
and love is my heart and tongue.
- I fear you may love me back
and suffer what I suffer.

- Let me with my worries
complaining about love to myself,
- and experiencing misery and happiness
between my pains and hopes.

الشك يحيي الغرام

Doubt Stirs Love

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Athar kurd

- Doubt stirs love
and adds more fire to it.
- Forsake and abandonment in it
feels better to the beloved.
- If I could see you more often?!
If I could own your heart?!
- I wouldn't be pleased by your spectre
when it visits me when you've away.

- I feel jealous and get kill by doubts,
while I become more sincere.
- I willingly accept
what others say about me.
- What keeps my heart busy.
is my being away from you.
- Being deprived from you.
makes me love you more and more.
- Does the moon know
about my long nights?!
- Does the singing nightingale know
about my crave?!
- I love you, sweetheart, and accept to be blamed.
- I get confused in loving you, honey, for doubt stirs love.

سكت والدمع اتكلم

A I Was Silent and Tears Spoke

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Ḥijāz kār

- I was silent and tears spoke in detail.
- My heart often suffers pains because of my moaning.
- My tears shed on my cheeks with no mercy.
- I tell her: "My tears are my witness,"
but she doesn't believe.
- She always teases me in love and says: "liar."
- Crave is about to eat out my heart because of these pains.
- Answer to my tears. I feel pity for my tears.
- Fire goes through my rips.
What is cruelty for?!
- Come on and let us explain our love.
I'll tell you about my grief.
- Taste the bitterness I've tasted from the goblet of humility.
- Believe after all that happened
- and have mercy on me.
- I'm confused between my worries
and my heart and its worries for love.

ان كنت اسامح

If I Were to Forgive

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Māhūr

- If I were to forgive and forget about cruelty,
I wouldn't be safe from my eyes' blame.
- They wilted as a result of moaning;
their grief increased and remained sleepless.
- She says: "Forget and have pity on me."
I try, but I find it hard.

- If I accept humility for the sake of love,
I wouldn't be safe from my heart's blame.

- Long torture prolonged its wailing,
and long absence prolonged its crave.
- She says: "Forget and have pity on me."
I try, but I find it hard.

- My eyes and heart are dear
and they don't like what I do to myself.
- Be just and tender
just to rid me of their nag.
- Don't be cruel to me, delight of the eye;
or else separation will be easy to bear.

عيني فيها الدموع

My Eyes Have Tears in Them

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Bayātī

- My eyes have tears in them,
and all is silent and clear.
- The heart within rips is worried for a loyal friend.
- It kept flying and shaking wings
after it had lost security in the nest.
- No one heals its wounds
and no one is tender to it.
- If it were happy, it would sing.
- It is sad and its singing is more like moaning.
- It wails all alone on tree branches, complaining about its crave to night.
- Dawn rises, but its heart is still night.
- The moon rises, but its night is torture.
- No sleep ever touches its eyelids
- and its heart never rests after losing its mate.

خاصمتني

She Stopped Talking to Me

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Ḥijāz kār

- She stopped talking to me,
and I'm confused regarding this.
- She is cruel to me,
and my eyelids never sleep because of this.
- I don't know if this were coquetry, boredom,
- or because pretty women's hearts are capricious.

- We fell apart,
and the past became a spectre in a dream.
- We met,
but no greeting or talk between us.
- Then, she reconciled with me.
I wish she didn't reveal
- what she had suffered those nights.

- She depicted me how she is
when I'm honest in love.
- And complained to me about her fear
that separation would make things easy.
- We kept blaming each other, then we shook hands.
- That is how live is: forsake followed by reunion.

يا عشرة الماضي

Oh Companion of the Past!

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in 'Ajam 'ushayrān

- Oh companion of the beautiful past; I hope you'll be back!
- I've always been grateful to your beautiful favour,
and kept it as a pledge.
- I fear that nights will be longer,
and I will forget about my bygones,

- and the one whom I complain about now
be the subject of my crave again.
- You've experienced my cruelty been.
and seen how submitting I have been.
- Let your heart be kind to me
and have a glance at my loving heart.
- I'll be loyal in love and tender to you,
and let my heart in your hand.
- Love will last long with the one who keeps it.
- The oppressed finds it hard to lose love.

يا غائباً عن عيوني

You, Out of Sight!

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Kurd

- You, out of sight,
but present in my mind!
- Come on and calm down my grief,
for nights are getting longer.
- Come on and entertain my heart;
come on and be my companion in my long nights.
- Nile banks are surrounded by flowers,
under the trees and moon light.
- Get down in the boat and let it sail with us aboard.
Sing for me the melody of love and hope.
- Let the sky of music
be filled with sweet songs.
- The whole world will listen to you
while I cry.
- Come on; a mild breeze is blowing
on green meadows at dusk.
- When the sun is about to set,
and birds go home after sunset,
- I'll observe the stars
and complain about my worries,
- and you show me the tenderness of a beloved.
- Come on and be kind;
for my nights became so long.

ياللي جفاك المنام

Sleeping Forsook Me!

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nahāwand

- Sleeping forsook me and I stayed ill and sleepless.
- I'm deprived of sleep, and your nights are long.
- Meaning hurt me for so long,
and I was at loss about whom I should complain to.
- When I complained about pains,
my moaning became melodies.
- I forgot my wailing on my grief
- and preferred him to be safe, and my solace is
- that he may sleep the night, while I stay up.
- I suffer so much in love and keep sad and roving.
- I complain, but who would listen?!
- I cry, but who would ask about me?!
- Love is torture and passion is humility.
- If though I may be destined to be forsaken by him.

ياللي انت جنبي

You, by My Side!

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nawāthir

- You're by my side even when you're away,
I can see your spectre and hear your whisper.
- Separation kept my mind busy;
Come on and see me.
- You'll find me lonely with long nights;
all I care about in the world is to see you.
- As a result of crave, I rush time
so I may see you sooner.
- I hope my eyes would sleep,
so I may bear separation.
- Nights pass and dago by
- While I'm the same in love,
confused and sleepless.

- The day when my eyes see yours,
and my longing heart greet yours,
- I say to myself Where is your love?!
Where is longing?! Where is crave?!”
- Tears speak in my eyes,
and my talk is like moaning.
- Your heart is unjust to me,
while mine is sad.
- I spent my life
craving to meet you.
- When fate was generous,
I suffered humility in love.
- Woe to your lover on the day of reunion!

فين العيون

Where Are Those Eyes?!

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Māhūr

- Where are those eyes which have left me,
after I had seen in them the light of hope?!
- Every time they look at me,
my moaning turns into songs.
- They're gone and so is my imagination;
and I stayed up lonely nights.
- I ask myself: "Where are those eyes?!"
- Where is grief so I may rove in it,
singing melodies of love therefrom;
- and let my soul whisper to them,
and complain to myself about my sadness”.
- They're gone and so is my heart;
and I stayed up lonely and confused.
- I ask myself: "Where is grief?!"
Where are those doubts that kept my mind busy,
confused my brain, and let my tears shed?!"
- However, my heart was still happy.
- They're gone and so is my crave;
and I stayed up lonely listening to my moaning.
- I ask myself: "Where are those doubts?!"

- Where are arts so I may pick some of the sweetest meanings?!"
- Why does my mind miss them,
while each meaning is close to my tongue?!
- They're gone and so is my heaven.
and I stayed up lonely without my companion.
- I ask myself: "Where are those eyes?!"

انظري

Look!

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in 'Ajam

- Look! Joy wander in my eyes.
- Listen! Here is the anthem of soul, full of crave.
- Strange are your eyes
when they send sings of hope to my heart!
- Why have your cheeks turned red?!
Is it because of consent, or shyness?!
- Talk fray; love cannot be hidden
now that we've tasted it in all cases, forsake and reunion.
- I often would stay up nights whispering to hope,
and asking sleep about your spectre.
- Give me consent in return for my consent;
make me happy, for the fate is unescapable.
- I'm wandering world of hope;
I'm roving and happy.
- A happy hour, with two wings, amity and peace,
has brought us together.
- Here is the soul of love flipping its wings;
Listen to love songs in them.

حيرانه ليه يا دمرعي

Why Are You So Confused, My Eyes!

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nahāwand

- Why, tears, are you so confused between eyelids?!
- You, who live within my rips, why moaning?!
- I'm having good time:
my beloved and love, both are happy with me.
- So why do I cry and wail,
and what are my tears for?!
- I bore too much cruelty
and accepted forsake and separation.
- When he became kind to me,
I couldn't bear his consent.
- I fear that love
made him suffer what I've suffered.
- I fear I may suffer my humiliation and his grief;
and bear my humility and his
- I know the extent of my own tears,
and don't know how big is his crave.
- Cry, my eye; moan, my heart.
- I can tell you, love has confused me.
- You beloved is angry at you
and sleep forsake your eyelids
- and wailing get longer
but you are still happily in love.

يا ريتني كنت النسيم

I Wish I Were the Breeze!

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Ḥijāz kār

- I wish I were the breeze
which plays with your hair!
- I'd freshen up my ill heart,
and smell your odour in it.
- I wish I were the hope
you're thinking of,

- Or the songs
you're repeating.
- If loving you has made me miserable,
whether you're here or away.
- That, too, made me forget lots of pains.
- If I lose my share in love,
and my hope is frustrated,
- your cruelty still feeds
my mind and imagination.

ياللي رعيت العهود

You Were Loyal to Pledges

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Kurdīlī ḥijāz kār

- You were loyal to pledges,
and taught my heart how to be love.
- I saw the entire existence as
a heart consoling another.
- You brought hearts together
and every stranger became intimate.
- You were so kind to me
that I forgot all about hard times,
and sleep came back to my eyes.
- Every time I see two lovers,
my heart becomes happy for them.
- I pray God that their union
lasts, and mine.
- When my mind becomes calm,
and every thing, all right.
- How happy you will be, my heart, in love!
- All my dreams will come true,
and fate reconciles with me.
- So, between fear and crave,
I stayed up the night.
- Hoping that lovers' mind gets reassured.

يا ما ناديت

How Often I Called on You!

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Māhūr

- How often I called on you, my love,
out of grief and loneliness!
- And no one answered but my echo
repeating after me: "My love."
- I heard this call among trees,
on rivers' banks,
- and from birds in the air.
- All universe felt pity for me
and called on you.
- None of all these you may like
and feel pity for
while calling on you?!
- Calling lasted long but no one answered,
and your spectre was never absent from my eyes.
- I kept calling in every valley.
- Calling last long,
and I ask my heart:
- Will my love respond to me,
or will it be me who responds?!

يا نجم

Oh, Star!

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nahāwand

- Oh, star! Why are you so confused
among clouds in dark night?!
- I stayed up with you
while my soul whispers from afar.
- Night comes and you
wander among the clouds.
- I stay up with you
and my mind roves in love.

- When your forehead shows to my eyes,
it revives hope and reassures my mind.
- I thought my fate would reconcile with me
and I'd see my love again.

- When my eyes miss you a little,
I become unjust to myself
- and think that the spectre of torture has come to me
and nights got long again.

- Among hope and doubt,
dawn rose.
- Only morning light
took me out of my grief.
- When it rose and birds sang,
my heart became happy.
- He entertained my imagination and it was my day
when I my love was back.
- I complained to him about my long nights and loneliness,
and he saw my crave in my tears.
- He felt pity for me and love showed on him
after long separation and forsake.
- He made me and my heart happy.

قلبك غدر بي

Your Heart Betrayed Me

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nahāwand

- Your heart deluded, dumped me
and let everybody watch.
- When humility last long,
tears shed from my eyes.
- Tears are the most eloquent tongue
to the one whose tongue betrays him.
- How can I be secure
while love is not secure.

- You're cruel and tender,
but too much cruelty cuts the veins of love.
- All worries of lovers
inflicted me.
- I'm patient and that is what a lover should do.
He who is in love should preserve it.
- I hope a betraying heart
will never feel secure.

يا قلبي بكره السفر

Tomorrow We'll Leave, Heart

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

- Tomorrow we'll leave, heart,
and go away from home.
- Nights will be longer
in separation and grief.
- How can I see the moon
without my love being next to me?!
- The breeze roves and speaks
while we keep silent.
- A soul greeting a soul,
and an eye looks into an eye.
- How often my love was away from me before!
- Separation made my torture longer
and deprived me from sleep.
- But I was patient, and what consoled me.
at the sea of crave and grief
- was that the breeze I smell has passed by him.
- I meet him in imagination and hug him
and complain to him.
- When birds repeat his melodies
and lean on tree branches,
- I hear from them the whisper
of my love who is away from me.
- I saw his spectre nearby me.
and it wanted to speak to me.

- But where is the breeze, heart,
so it may take my crave and thoughts to him?!
- Where are happy times,
in moonlight and dark night?!
- When I stay all alone,
roving in hope and imagination,
- confused and away from my beloved,
I enjoy reunion with him in imagination.

رق الحبيب

My Beloved Has Become Tender

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nahāwand

- My beloved has taken pity and dated me today, after long absence.
- My eyes were deprived from sleep at night
so daylight may reassure me.
- I found it hard to sleep
for fear of seeing dreams what I may not like.
- I stayed up waiting for him,
listening to my chat with him,
and seeing his spectre sitting next to me.
- I craved so much that I went ahead of years
and saw tomorrow before time.
- How can time be of any use to the one living in illusion?!
- The one whose heart is calm enjoys reunion.
- Daytime was on with me staying up in the light of hope.
- Birds sang the melody of love and courtship.
- I kept thinking about my date and his arrival.
- My chat with friends was always on love and lovers.
- I was so happy that I wanted to announce:
“I have a date with my love .”
- But I feared that one of them
might be frustrated in love and, as a result, would envy me.
- I forsook all friends and lived with myself
- for something might show in my eyes
and I feared for myself.
- When my date was on and I went out to meet him,
- I congratulated my heart for this share of reunion.

- I found myself having everything I ever wished.
- The only thing missing then was to enjoy meeting him.
- When this occurred to my mind, I became confused.
- Nearness tortured me.
- I found myself fearing that my life might end
before seeing the beauty of my love.

يبيعني ليه كان ذنبي إيه

Why Have You Dumped Me?

A Ṭaqtūqa by Ḥusayn Ḥilmī al-Mānistirlī, in Hijāz kurd

Madhhab

Why have you dumped me?! What is my guilt?!
Who remains to console the heart?!
Why have you dumped me?!

Ghuṣn

Where are your pledges?! Where is love?!
What do aim at by being so stubborn?!
Are you pleased by torturing my heart?!
Please be merciful.

Ghuṣn

Is it good for you to forsake me?!
Do you find it easy to torture the one who loves you?!

Ghuṣn

How often my heart complained about love!
How much I cried and wailed!
How often I was distracted and became at loss!
You want to kill a lover.

Ghuṣn

You liked my sad heart's fire
and listened my moan.
I was always honest
and I'm the ill one whom you should treat.

قال إيه حلف

He Swore

A Taqtūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

Madhhab

He swore never to talk to me again.
This is only words, but no deed.

Ghuṣn

This oath came to me written in a letter.
I thought: "This may be better."
If his forsake lasts longer, I'll get what I hope for.
His mood doesn't match mine.

Ghuṣn

Come back to your old love.
Can you ever forget me?!
You forsake me but I keep patient.
You become kind I thank God.
You get angry and I find an excuse.
Because I find your cruelty hard to bear.

Ghuṣn

You soul and mine match each other,
whether you're happy or sad.
God is capable to inspire to your heart.
Have mercy on the one loving you.
I cannot live without loving you.

على عيني الهجر

Abandonment Is against My Will

A Taqtūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

Abandonment is against my will.
I didn't mean to go away on purpose.

I loved you and accepted blame.
 You were cruel and sleep forsook me.
 Come to me and see how I'm today.
 Abandonment is against my will.

I loved you sincerely and I offered you the dearest thing I have:
 My grief, tears and long nights.
 Abandonment is against my will.

I suffered so much in love.
 I'd stay up the night with Canopus.
 I feel pain while you're asleep.
 Abandonment is against my will.

Be tender and my heart will be, too.
 I loved you and I left my affairs to God.
 Abandonment is against my will.

أحبك وانت مش داري

I Love You without You Know about It

A Ṭaqṭūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī

Madhhab

I love you, but you don't know.
 Because my love is hidden.

Ghuṣn

I feel jealous but keep patient.
 Who can bear jealousy?!
 I say things, but then I deny.
 Those in love are always at loss.
 And you still don't know about it.

Ghuṣn

What would I say

while my eyes are full of whisper?!
 Why should I reveal my secret
 while your heart hears my wail?!
 And you still pretend not to know about it.

I spend the night and your spectre is all 'the dreams I have got.
 I suffer so much from your lovers and my blamers.
 I fight but you still don't know about it.

You talk to me but I try hard to conceal my secret.
 You leave me while you occupy all my thoughts.
 I love you but you don't know about it.

عطف حبيبي

My Love Took Pity

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nahāwand

My love took pity and made me happy.
 How happy I was when he reconciled with me!
 My love took pity.

I was confused in love. I didn't know what he had in heart.
 As he came to me and became nearby me,
 he revealed his love and crave.
 And after my heart was lonely,
 My love took pity.

I spend the night whispering to him.
 I go to bed while my mind busy thinking about him.
 How often I sent crave calling on him.
 He heard me calling and let me see him,
 and was happy to see his spectre.
 My love took pity.

He said: "Life is sweet with you
 and my heart is happy to meet you,
 and my mind is always busy thinking about you."

When I saw him, he was happy to have me next to him.
I realized his love and my heart said:
“My love took pity.”

البعء طال

Separation Lasted Long

A Ṭaqṭūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Bayātī

Madhhab

Separation lasted long. Does she think about me?!

Ghuṣn

I asked the flowers about her,
and they replied: “Her odour is in us.”
Then, I asked the birds about her,
and they replied: “She is standing by water.”

Ghuṣn

Oh breeze of the sea, ask her
why does she deprive me from her letters.
May be she fears her foes may observe my joy.

Ghuṣn

Why are you silent, sweetheart?! Separation drove me crazy.
Tears shed and both my heart and eyes miss you so much.

Ghuṣn

I’m a breeze blowing towards you.
What are scenes around you?!
I’d see their beauty through your eyes,
and you see them through mine.

تراعي غيري وتتبسم

She Cares about and Smiles at Someone Else

A Ṭaqṭūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in ‘Ushshāq

Madhhab

She cares about and smiles at someone else. It's not my fault.
She leaves without good bye. I don't know why.
Is it by eyes or by hands'?!

Ghuṣn

So long as your heart isn't in love,
don't talk about real love.

Ghuṣn

I no longer feel jealous and pain. What is jealousy for?!
My heart has experienced and learned, but it is sad. All hearts to you are in love.
You're confused, which of them is sincere,
which in love and which of them is cruel.
What is confusion for?!

Ghuṣn

The more one lives, the more one bears.
When one experiences too much,
one may pretend to be an idiot and believe it.

تشوف أموري وتتحقق

She Observes and Investigates about Me

A Ṭaqṭūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Ṣabā

Madhhab

She observes and investigates about me,
but she still doesn't want to believe.

Ghuṣn

She realized how jealous I'm
and she touched fire by her own hand.
She knew for sure how much I like her.

But she still doesn't want to believe.

Ghuṣn

I told her about my long nights,
and she knew how much I crave her.
She saw me lonely even in the crowd.
But she still doesn't want to believe.

Ghuṣn

She hears our foes' gossip,
while I'm busy and patient.
A thousand proves showed to her eyes.
But she still doesn't want to believe.

Ghuṣn

I don't care if she calls me liar,
so long as I'm pleased with myself.
How can she see by her own eyes and believes
if she doesn't want to believe.

صحيح خصامك

Are You Really Angry at Me?

A Ṭaqṭūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Kurd

Madhhab

Are you really angry at me or just kidding?!
Tell me; I'm anxious to know.

Ghuṣn

What's wrong if I mean to be stubborn with you
or pretend to be cruel while my soul is yours?!
Does this make you stop talking to me
and go away while I crave you?!

Ghuṣn

If the mood of love is clear and cloudless,
how can a lover's mood be heaven and torture?!
I'm lying to you, don't believe me.

Talk to me, for I crave you.

Ghuṣn

How sweet clear love is if it lasts;
and sitting with you at a clear night with no foes around!
Stop cruelty and don't irritate me.
Come over to me, for I crave you.

ما تروق دمك

Cheer up

A Ṭaqtūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Huzām

Madhhab

Cheer up. Whom do you care about?! Why are you angry?!

Ghuṣn

Life is smiling at you and fun is all you have.
What is the matter with you, delight of the eye?!
Why are you angry?!

Ghuṣn

You've been envied for being loved by all,
and you heard what you don't like.
I've always cared about you.
So, why are you angry?!

Ghuṣn

Full moon is prettier within clouds;
and roses are more precious among thorns.
It is better if you forget about this anger.
Why are you angry?!

Ghuṣn

Cheer up so you may see the bright side of life,
and look at every one as a friend.
Can you tell me what are you angry for?!
Why are you angry?!

ولحد إمتي

Till When?

A Ṭaqṭūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nahāwand

Madhhab

Till when will you hide love while tears revealed the secret?!

Till when will you hide your feelings at a wounded heart?!

Ghuṣn

I remained silent with a loving heart,

and were patient with coquetry.

All of a sudden, proves showed

when your heart said:

Ghuṣn

“Tell me like all lovers,”

so long as your eyes have something to say

about love, and the language of the eyes is the whisper of love.

ياللي وفي لك قلبي

My Heart Was Loyal to You

by Aḥmad Rāmī

My heart was loyal to you

without you knowing about my love.

I truly loved you between me and my soul.

I tried hard to conceal my grief till I made my soul sad.

Be kind to me and have mercy on my moan.

Look at my eyes and you'll realize how I crave you.

It's not fair to let me in pain

while I'm unable to speak out.

I wish I could tell you even in a dream,

and live happily in love, sweetheart!

صدق وحبك مين يقول

He Was Honest and Loved You; Who Would Say?

A Ṭaqṭūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Shāhnāz

Madhhab

He was honest and loved you;
who would say: “There is a messenger from heart to heart?!”

Ghuṣn

I almost start to talk, but you go ahead of me.
I like to see you in dreams.
If you stay away for long,
There is a messenger from heart to heart.

Ghuṣn

My heart crave you after long absence; so, I call your name.
Torture lasts long in my heart; so, I whisper your name.
I find a proof in your eyes.
There is a messenger from heart to heart.

Ghuṣn

Love owns hearts and controls them.
Each heart has a love one.
You’re the only friend and company.
There is a messenger from heart to heart.

حببت ولا بانس عليه

I’m in Love But It Doesn’t Show

A Ṭaqṭūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

Madhhab

I’m in love but it doesn’t show.
I fell down and I’m to blame.

Ghuṣn

I revealed my love to you, and I hid it in my heart.
Separation and injustice are all my fault.

Why didn't I keep my misery hidden.

Ghuṣn

If I kept hiding my love,
I'd have remained in peace
and my heart would have remained free.
How. could I look and stop myself from falling in love?!
It's all my fault.

Ghuṣn

But I revealed my secrets and then blamed myself.
I put my heart in trouble as I revealed my love.
It's all my fault.
Never again. I'll conceal from now on.
It's all my fault.

يُصِيبُ عَلِيَّ

I Feel Pity

A Ṭaqtūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Kurd

Madhhab

I'd like to reveal what I have at heart,
but I feel pity for myself.

Ghuṣn

Longing became tired between us,
for I kept sending letters and waiting.
If I see him, my eyes reveal all my heart wishes.
I want to hide love, but my heart complains.
When I'm about to reveal what I have at heart,
I feel pity for myself.

Ghuṣn

Years and days have passed by me,
and my crave increases every day.
Love at first is all dreams
that take and give to life.
My nights become longer

and my heart gets angry.
 When I'm about to reveal what I have at heart,
 I feel pity for myself.

Ghuṣn

I'd often talk to myself, and when I meet him I'll talk.
 My eyes had a thousand evidences of the heart in pain.
 Grief flows and my eyes say: "Be merciful to my eyelids ."
 When I'm about to reveal what I have at heart,
 I feel pity for myself.

Ghuṣn

Nights of crave got longer in love.
 He is my only love for ever, no matter how much I change.
 Fire of cruelty increases and my eyes cry.
 When I'm about to reveal what I have at heart,
 I feel pity for myself.

الزهر في الروض

Flowers of the Meadow

by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Huzām

The flowers of the meadow smile,
 and the birds on tree branches sing.
 The breeze is about to speak out of joy
 and congratulate me.

Who in the world is as happy as I'm
 and got his dream true?!
 I'm in heaven because of Loving him.
 He picks up fruits therefrom and gives me.
 The breeze is about to speak out of joy
 and congratulate me.

Oh fresh flowers of the meadow;
 smile at me upon tree branches.

Oh-singing birds of the garden;
let me hear your voice and feel ecstasy.
The breeze is about to speak out of joy
and congratulate me.

Sing for me melodies of souls,
and offer me the chalice of joy.
I'm happy and reassured,
so long as my love makes, me happy.
The breeze is about to speak out of joy
and congratulate me.

انت فاكراني

Do You Remember Me?

A Ṭaqtūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Huzām

Madhhab

Do you remember me or have you forgotten all about me?!
You are unfair to me and have forsaken me.
Do you remember me or have you forgotten all about me?!

Ghuṣn

Longing became too much; separation, too long,
and love flows in my heart.
Never think my heart will ever change.
You are unfair to me and have forsaken me.
Do you remember me or have you forgotten all about me?!

Ghuṣn

When will my heart enjoy reunion,
and fate allow happiness in love?!
Separation is too hard and grief is tough.
You are unfair to me and have forsaken me.
Do you remember me or have you forgotten all about me'?!

Ghuṣn

Nights became longer

while I complain about crave.
 I suffer too much while staying up all alone.
 Why do you want to stay away?!
 You are unfair to me and have forsaken me.
 -Do you remember me or have you forgotten all about me?!

Ghuṣn

Be kind to my heart and ask about me.
 For it is broken by passion.
 When will you be nice to me and make me happy?!
 You are unfair to me and have forsaken me.
 Do you remember me or have you forgotten all about me?!

ياللي شغلت البال

You Kept My Mind Busy

A Ṭaqṭūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

Madhhab

You kept my mind busy.
 I hope you think about me.
 Crave makes various situations.
 I wish I can know about you.

Ghuṣn

Ask the stars of the night
 about my confusion and moan.
 My tears flow like flood,
 and I feel pity for myself.
 I hope you think about me.

Ghuṣn

I spend the night crying
 while you're away.
 I spend daytime complaining
 but who will feel pity for me?!
 I hope you think about me.

Ghuṣn

When jasmine opens
and its breeze freshen up my soul,
I think of those far away,
and my heart cries for its joy.
I hope you think about me.

Ghuṣn

I forget everything but you;
I dream about you being kind to me.
I hope your spectre will be kind to me
when I complain about you.
I hope you think about me.

ليه تلاو عيني

Why Do You Play Games with Me?

A Taqṭūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

Madhhab

Why do you play games with me?!
while you're delight of my eyes?!
What has happened between us in love?!
Why do you play games with me?!

Ghuṣn

When I fell in love with you, I started to suffer,
became sleepless and busy loving you.
I complain about crave and injustice.
What has happened between us in love?!
Why do you play games with me?!

Ghuṣn

Why do you tease me every time I try to speak?!
Why do you play games while my heart has given in?!
When my heart gets free, it aches.
What has happened between us in love'?!
Why do you play games with me?!

Ghuṣn

Love starts by a look that becomes chronic.
 Beauty attracts and coquetry fascinates.
 Your going away is impossible.
 What has happened between us in love?!
 Why do you play games with me?!

Ghuṣn

Listen to complaints and feel pity for tears
 of the one who spent his life loving you.
 A lover who never thought of forgetting you.
 What has happened between us in love?!
 Why do you play games with me?!

يَالِي جَفِيْت اِرْحَم حَالِي

Have Mercy on Me after Separation

A Taqtūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

Madhhab

Have mercy on me after separation.
 It's unfair to keep my mind busy.

Ghuṣn

I offered you my heart and soul and yielded to humility.
 Why do add to my moaning?!
 Will you tell me?!
 Why have you forsaken me?! What will you get from
 the torture I suffer ?!
 It's unfair to keep my mind busy.

Ghuṣn

You've forsaken me, and this is unfair.
 Why did I do this to myself?!
 The more days pass, the more my mind gets busy.
 Is this coquetry or boredom,
 or may be your heart have become free?!
 It's unfair to keep my mind busy.

Ghuṣn

What has changed you and made you forget my love?!
 My heart has always been kind to you.
 Why don't you keep my pledge?!
 Why separation?! Where is love?!
 Your kindness is sweet to me.
 It's unfair to keep my mind busy.

Ghuṣn

Your cruelty increased and crave got longer.
 Why cruelty?!
 Be kind and stop being so cruel.
 Go back to consent, forget about cruelty,
 yield to love and come back to me.
 It's unfair to keep my mind busy.

محتار يا ناس

I'm at Loss, Folks!

A Ṭaqṭūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Shūrī

Madhhab

I'm at loss in love between consent and dispute, folks.

Ghuṣn

When he is angry, I say: "May be he is having trouble."
 But my life is in his hand.
 Tell me, folks, what should I do between consent and dispute?

Ghuṣn

When he forsakes me, I say: "Just playing hard to get."
 But when this lasts long, I fear he may have gotten bored.
 Find me a solution, folks, between consent and dispute.

Ghuṣn

When he averts me, I get angry and say: "Stay away."
 Being away may be useful
 between consent and dispute.

Ghuṣn

If he is sincere, he'll keep in love
and long for you after separation.
I'm at loss and so is my heart
between consent and dispute.

حرمت أقول بتحبيني

I Won't Say that You Love Me

A Ṭaqtūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Bayātī

Madhhab

I won't say that you love me
or else you may get angry.
I won't say it any more.

Ghuṣn

I see all kindness in your eyes,
but all I hear is about aversion and forsake.
I fear to say that love is showing,
or else you may get angry.
I won't say it any more.

Ghuṣn

Would lovers forget about the bygones?!
Would birds forget about tree branches?!
Crave took nest at my heart,
and love's melody pleases me.
I listen and say:

Ghuṣn

“Why do deprive me from your love
while I bear calmly your aversion.”
Stop this aversion
or else I'll say that you love me
and keep saying it.

مادام تحب بتنكر لي

You Do Love Me; So, Why Do You Deny It?

A Taqtūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nahāwand

Madhhab

You do love me; so, why do you deny it?!
It shows in the eyes when one is in love.

Ghuṣn

You leave and forsake me,
and when I talk to you, you avert me.
But if I stay away for one clay, you ask for me.
I realize your love when I see you.
It shows in the eyes when one is in love.
You do love me; so, why do you deny it?!

Ghuṣn

Are you afraid of your own heart
so it may be a snitch and your love may show?!
You get angry at me when we're together.
You see my eyes yielding to cruelty and you be kind again.
It shows in the eyes when one is in love.
You do love me; so, why do you deny it?!

Ghuṣn

If you really want to please me and get sleeping back to my eyes,
you'd console when I complain to you.
Your eyes hide love, and I try to get along
while my heart knows.
It shows in the eyes when one is in love.
You do love me; so, why do you deny it?!

Ghuṣn

But your heart loves me, and my crave tells that you love me.
You can never do without me,
especially when I'm in your arms,
complaining and looking into your eyes.
It shows in the eyes when one is in love.
You do love me; so, why do you deny it?!

يا فاييتي وانا روحي معاك

You Leave Me While You Have My Soul Is with You

A Ṭaqṭūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Ḥijāz kār kurd

Madhhab

You leave me while you have my soul with you.
Tell me, what made you cry?

Ghuṣn

Why moaning, sweetheart?
My heart is torn into pieces for you.
I love you and sacrifice my soul for you.
Tell me, what made you cry?

Ghuṣn

Why do you cry? Where are my tears
so I may cry along with you
and cry for you with tears?!
Tell me, what made you cry?

Ghuṣn

You should avoid grief,
for it might give you pain and add to your sadness.
My heart is at loss in loving you.
Tell me, what made you cry?

ينوبك إيه من تعذيبي

What Would You Benefit from Torturing Me

A Ṭaqṭūqa by ‘Alī Shukrī

Madhhab

What would you benefit from torture and tears’?!
This isn’t fair. Be kind, sweetheart!

Ghuṣn

How often I complained about long moaning.
I stay up the night, delight of the eye.

How often I cry, love of my soul.
 But where do I get patience from?!
 I'm ill because of my wounded heart.
 This isn't fair. Be kind, sweetheart!

Ghuṣn

I fear that abandonment may last longer,
 and I live alone, away from you.
 Envious also may rejoice.
 I hope you can see how I crave.
 I'm ill because of my wounded heart.
 This isn't fair. Be kind, sweetheart!

Ghuṣn

I keep thinking in dreams:
 may be you'll be kind again.
 But this was nothing but illusion,
 and I had no companion but my music.
 I'm ill because of my wounded heart.
 This isn't fair. Be kind, sweetheart!

Ghuṣn

Come on and make my heart happy today.
 Be kind to my confused heart.
 Let my eyes get some sleep,
 and be merciful enough to get me out of sadness.
 I'm ill because of my wounded heart.
 This isn't fair. Be kind, sweetheart!

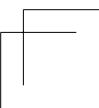
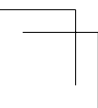
أنشودة النبع

Song of the Water Spring

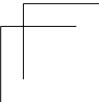
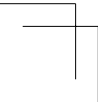
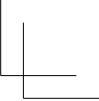
An Anshūda by Aḥmad Rāmī

- A nice breeze blew when he came at dusk.
- Water was good, just like pearls running among palm trees.
- When daytime passes by and night comes,
- Come over and put out the fire
 and drink from the running water spring.

- It is a heaven for the thirsty
who is tired of a long journey.
- Tree branches have leaned on it
and trees craved it.
- Your shadow took care of me, made me happy
and made crave easier for me.
- Being nearby you makes me happy.
I enjoy and my eyes are happy.



Songs composed by Zakariyā Aḥmad



القصر المهجور

Deserted Palace

An Ode by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Ṣabā

- Singing birds have left you,
and fresh flowers have wilted in you.
- Oh palace; life is just like lines,
and you are a remnant of those lines.
- Love died at you and security was lost.
Both were sweeter than smiles.
- I used to listen to nice songs at you.
Now I hear nothing but my moan and sigh
- for an old love and a bygone time;
a lost love who was my company.
- You, palace, were a place for company and love;
a place for hope and light.
- Now loneliness prevailed in you,
just like grief prevailed my big heart.
- We're alike in misery.
Both of us are miserable because of days' unfairness.
- The face of a beloved has gone away from both of us,
while I kept it in my deserted heart.

قولي لطيفك

Tell Your Spectre

An Ode by al-Sharīf al-Rāḍī

- Tell your spectre to go away from my bed when I lay down
- so I may rest, and the fire set to my heart be put out.

- I'm a sad lover turning and tossing on a sleepless bed.
- That how I'm. So, will reunion be achieved?!

- Tell your spectre to go away from my bed when I go to rest
- so I may rest, and the fire set to my ribs be put out.

- I'm a sad lover turning and tossing on a bed made of tears.
- That how I'm. So, will reunion be back?!

- Tell your spectre to go away from my bed 'when I go to sleep
- so I may rest, and the fire set to my bones be put out.

- I'm a sad lover turning and tossing on a bed made of illness.
- That how I'm. So, will reunion last?!

زهر الربيع

Spring Flowers

An Ode by Muḥammad al-Asmar, in Huzām

- Are those spring flowers, or noble gentlemen?!
- Is this a green meadow or a wonderful party?!
- The East gathered there
- just like necklace in which pearls and gold are shining.
- Suffice it to be organized by the hand of God
- and to be an expected hope of the entire East.
- Oh Arabs; this palace is our Ka'ba,
- and no pilgrim there is a stranger.
- The Nile is amazing; it puts out every fire
- that is about to be set out of crave.
- It greets you and says:
- "Pan-Arabism is a link among us"
- "Here is my hand shaking you on behalf of all Egyptians.
- Shake hands so all Arabs will shake hands with each others.

أيها الرائح المجد

Going in a Hurry!

An Ode by al-Sharīf al-Rāḍī, in Ḥijāz kār

- Oh you who are going in a hurry,
carrying something needed by some roving lover.
- Deliver my greetings to my love ones.
For delivering greetings is half meeting.
- When you pass by that neighbourhood,
be my witness that my heart flows with crave.
- If you were asked about me,
say: "He has been in love, and I don't think he will stay alive."
- And Cry on my behalf. How often I used
to lend tears to lovers.

إيه اسمي الحب

What Do I Call Love?

A Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī

- I don't know what love is.
It seems like something hard to describe.
- Some say that love drives crazy
any cruel-hearted.
- Others say it drives anyone crazy.
And both parties seem true.
- I don't know what love is.
- We were told that love is all trouble
and that its sweet ecstasy rip us of ourselves.
- Its remedy is either patience or solace;
and I cannot bear none of them.
- I don't know what love is.

- What can I say?! Love is so confusing.
It changes from one hour to another.
- Its bitterness is so bitter.
But I cannot deny that this bitter taste is sweet.
- I don't know what love is.

- What can I say about love?!
Its fire can be set in a moment.
- How much it confused and burned me!
However, I never get away therefrom.
- I don't know what love is.

- I cannot tell. You tell me:
who of you has tasted love?
- Did it make you happy or sad?
Am I right to be so confused or what?
- I don't know what love is.

بكره السفر

Tomorrow We Shall Leave

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Bayātī

Concubines: Tomorrow we leave.

Dananir: Tomorrow we leave, our mind will be reassured
and I'll be happy to have you with me.

If we're leaving homeland, love builds us homelands.

Concubines: Tomorrow we leave; tomorrow we leave.

Dananir: You've owned my soul,

and my mind is busy thinking about you.

When will my eyes talk to yours without anyone around?!

Concubines: Tomorrow we leave; tomorrow we leave.

Dananir: When will we live together in peace
and have nice time?!

I will then tell what kept my mind busy and confused.

Concubines: Tomorrow we leave; tomorrow we leave.

Dananir: How often I built hopes on love,
and feared enviers' plots.

Tomorrow we leave, and my loving heart will be happy.

Concubines: Tomorrow we leave; tomorrow we leave.

Dananir: I'll feed your love from my chalice of love,
and let you hear my heart's melodies.
I'll see my beloved by my side
and my heart will be happy.

Concubines: Tomorrow we leave; tomorrow we leave.

ورد ياللي الندى

Flowers which Dew ...

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī

- Oh roses which dew said good morning to you at dawn;
- and the breeze leaned on you and played with you at the shadow of trees;
- You keep leaning on your branches among flowers.
- Every one sees your colours gets confused.
- When daytime passes by you and you stay up with the moon,
- in the morning you become in fate's hand;
- Will the one who picks up your branch preserve your beauty
- or will he neglect it and let you wilt in his hand?
- One of you, roses, is about to open its lips and wishes to tell its secret.
- It's sleepy, and if someone plays with it,
it wakes up and spread its odour.
- All eyes look at you, and all minds are confused:
- Is the one who will pick it up a stranger to the heart?
- Or will the beloved be fair to it and make it happy?
- And you, wilted rose, whose beauty has gone;
- You spent your life at loss with a heart full of wounds.
- You wilted on your branch before anyone sees your beauty.
- No one knows what you have in mind
- and no one knows about your destiny.
- Oh roses which dew said good morning to you at dawn;
- We're alike in love, and controlled by one fate.
- Some of us fell in love but didn't tell for fear of losing the beloved;
- Those stay up the night whispering to a spectre, while the beloved is next to
them.
- Some others are happy with the beloved.
- They waited and got their dream true in love.
- Those inflicted by fate fell apart from the beloved.

- Their humility lasts long and haven't got their share of love.
- Oh roses which the breeze played with you at the shadow of trees;
- We're alike in love, yielding to fate.
- We are destined to the same fate you're destined to by us,
- whether we were happy or frustrated in love.

أنا وأنت

You and I

A Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Huzām

- You and I; you and I.
- Destined to torture is the one who falls in love.
- Fate is fate and one gets nothing but torture of conscience.
- One goes to bed with pain and complaints,
and wakes up at loss and crying.
- Those whose dream comes true
and are destined to happiness are you and I.

- Bitter is the life of the one who falls in love.
He suffers cruelty, grief and wounds.
- He bears fire and cries for himself.
- Tears wouldn't put out the fire in one's rips,
and dreams wouldn't come true by tears.
- Those who got it right in love
and became happy and sang are you and I.

- Say "You and I," and I will say it again "You and I."
- Passion is a song the melody of which
can only be understood by you and I.
- Others may hear it the way they like,
each according to one's intention.
- Those who sing it right are you and I.

- When you and I sang, the whole world sang with us.
- The melody was so beautiful
that the nightingale got intoxicated.
- Passion is a paradise
and the palaces there are only for you and I,

- and the flowers there are watered
and picked up only by you and I.

الشرفة

The Balcony

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Ṣabā

- Oh night; your stars are witnesses of my confusion.
- They heard my moan and saw my tears.
- How often I have complained about my long nights to you in the dark.
- How often I have cried for you and suffered grief.
- Between love and fate, hope was lost.
- I hope happy nights will come back, oh night!

الورد فتح والياسمين

Rose and Jasmine Have Opened

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī

- Roses and jasmine have opened
when my love rose like the moon.
- I kept asking: "For whom is all this crave"
till I was obsessed by his beauty.
- He was a roving spirit spreading joy in the world.
- A spectre floating, like love, on the chalice's surface.
- When his eyes looked into mine,
this was dangerous to my heart beats.
- All days of love were summed up
in a couple of steps between us.
- I was at loss whether to think of the clays I suffered all alone,
- or of the dreams drawn by my crave.

- I forgot about the time I spent in torture;
- I forgot about my place when he came over in my arms.

- But my crave overwhelmed me,
and tears came up to my eyes.
- I was at loss whether these were
tears of joy for being in his arms,
- or heart's complaint for being deprived of crave.

كل الأجابة

All Lovers

A Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Rāst

- All lovers are couples. Where is your love, heart?!

- The beautiful moon rises, but what is it to me?!
- Oh moon, I have no company or friend
to show how beautiful you are.
- Your light, moon, is brighter
- when you rise on a couple.
- But where is your love, heart?!

- I pass by charming flowers
the colour of which turns sadness into joy.
- Oh roses; you are to be dedicated to friends.
So, to whom would I dedicate you?!
- You, roses, with your charming colours,
are delightful to lovers
- When you rise on a couple.
- But where is your love, heart?!

- Everybody is happy at sea, while I keep roaming around.
- A charming breeze blows and plays with transparent waves.
- I look and feel sorry for all the beauty of the scene;
- I wish we were couple!
- But where is your love, heart?!

- You, heart, are destined to live alone.
- So be patient with your chalice, and sip little by little.

- Joy may come in a moment and the bitter becomes sweet
in a couple of chalices.
- But where is your love, heart?!

القطن

Cotton

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Ṣabā

- Cotton has opened;
daily bread has come and we'll have good times.
- Pick up its goodness, for it's the only thing we have.
- It enriches the country and things get better.

- It is so white while still on its branch.
It revives hope when it flourishes.
- Great is God who makes it flourish
and alters bad to good.

- Once it was so significant.
It makes our houses thrive and makes us happy.
- I hope God will revive our hope
and give Egypt with the best times.

- You who stayed up the night taking care of,
watering and waiting for it,
- Now it's time for livelihood.
Oh God; be generous and make us happy.

يا فرحة الأحاب

How Joyous Love Ones Are!

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Shūrī

- How joyous love ones are by having company.
- I wanted to introduce to love ones the best gift on the Holiday.
- So, I picked some charming roses that are unique in beauty.
- In each bouquet, a rose said to me: "Take me for the Holiday ."
- We kept counting days,
and crave is too long for the one who waits.
- When a year passed, we came over to congratulate.
- In each soul, there is joy
carrying an evidence of the Holiday's happiness.
- A year has passed in happiness
and all dreams have come true.
- Oh God; let blessings last long
so we may have good times.
- Our good times come back when we get together
and be happy on the Holiday.
- How happy we are by reunion,
when all dreams come true.
- Then, hope smiles at us
and hearts are happy, and so are the eyes.
- Our good times come back when we get together
and be happy on the Holiday.

أكتب لي

Write to Me

A Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Bayātī

- Write much to me without any delay.
- Write more often to me.
- I got your letter, read it, and saw your beauty in it.
- It smells like your coquetry. I swear to God I hugged it.
- Write more often to me.

- Your letter entertained my loneliness,
even though it also stirred my grief.
- I read it several times
and found new meanings in its words.
- They can be understood only by me and they kill me;
and they are intended to do
- when you wrote it.
- Write more often to me.

- Write to me and tell me about your heart:
what is it busy with?
- How long will you stay away?
Enough what I have suffered.
- while you're away. That is how you meant it to be.
- Write more often to me about the time to see you.
- Write more often to me about your morning and evening.
- Write more often to me whom do you see?
- Write more often to me to whom do you speak?
- Write to me more often and all the time
- and without any delay.
- Write more often to me
- and be kind to the heart you've burned with the spark of love
and then forget all about it.
- Write more often to me.

أنا في انتظارك

I'm Waiting for You

A Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Ḥijāz

- I'm waiting for you keeping fire within my ribs
- with my cheek on my hand
and kept counting moments and you didn't show up.
- I wish I never fell in love.

- I want to know if you were angry
or your heart were occupied by someone else.
- You made so desperate that I thought
this absence would last for ever.

- I kept thinking, what did I do that made you angry,
but I found nothing.
- I wish I never fell in love.

- I kept turning and tossing on the fire brand,
roving with thoughts.
- When a breeze blows, I think it your steps;
and when I hear a whisper, I think it your talk.
- I stayed that way day and night,
and others thought I had gone crazy.
- I wish I never fell in love.

- You keep me waiting for years,
and then come over with excuses.
- Then, you say hello and go fast,
or never show up claiming to have forgotten.
- I wish I never fell in love.

الآهات

Moan

By Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Huzām

- How sweet was our first date, when you looked at me!
- That night I couldn't sleep and kept asking myself about you:
- Will he be kind to a craving heart? ”.
- My soul would answer with a moan.
- Then, I ask my mind: “Will I ever have good time again?.”
- I'd say to my heart: “Does he love me as much as I love him?”
- My soul would answer with a moan.
- Oh God; my mind is at loss;
- and my heart keeps silent and sighs within rips.
- How sweet was our first date, and so was my hope and love!
- How sweet was it when my dream came true;
when I became happy and had good times.
- when you filled your chalices and gave to me.
- How sweet they were, and how cruel they were, too!
- My drink satisfied me, whereas yours burned me.
- That night, all joy in the world was divided between you and me.

- Flowers looked at us and smiled.
- Birds sang for me, and waves repeat: “ah! .”
- What a paradise we found and entered, ah!
- How cruel it was when you turned cruel,
when joy turned into separation!
- I lied to our enviers.
- I pretended to be happy and joyous.
- I was ostensibly patient, while I felt bitterness inside.
- Come and see: birds went to sleep before time.
- Smiling flowers changed; no refreshing odour, no melodies.
- For you were the company and harmony.
- You were the flowers and smiling.
- I’d never think all this would be gone one day
and I’d keep chasing its lost shadow.
- Tell me: where are you?
- You built and then ruined everything;
you populated and then evacuated (my heart);
- You made me laugh and then cry.
- Woe with me from your consent and aversion!

بين ذل الهوى

Between the Humiliation of...

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī

- Between the humiliation of love and my self pride,
my heart was lost.
- I find it so hard to lose my heart
in love between doubts and guesses.
- Every time I say: “It’s easy to suffer loneliness
after you’ve enjoyed company”.
- I feared I might have given my heart
to someone who would sell it cheap.
- My heart is the dearest thing I have
in a life through which I go with senses.

حبيبي يسعد أوقاته

Let My Love Be Happy

A Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Bayātī

- Let my love be happy, and let him be king of beauty.
- The joy of fate is in his looks and smiles.
- As he walks proudly with his physique, tree branches dance.
- As he pleases to speak, melodies are joyous.
- I swear honestly to loving him
- that even imagination cannot illustrate an example
- of my love's beauty and perfection. '
- I placed him at heart, if it is enough.
- There, he can hear its beats, melodies and what is hidden in there.
- At heart, he will find all that pleases him.
- He will see my crave and what is hidden in there.
- Then, I'll have all my dreams come true.
- You will always be my love and for ever.
- He's as pretty as the moon the days of which are counted.
- He's as pretty as the moon which sends its light from afar.
- He's as pretty as the moon, but his beauty is even more.
- Every time it rises, holidays come along.
- Tonight is a holiday, let it be happy for the whole world.
- Let it be glory for you, my love.

أهل الهوى

People of Love

A Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Nahāwand

- Oh night; the people of love have left their beds
and gathered and I was one with them.
- Sometimes they prolong you, Oh night.
- Some other times they shorten you.
- They prolong you because of what they suffer,
and you, night, are the only one who knows what they suffer.
- Some of them have broken hearts, some other in pain,
while others hide their grief and was reluctant to talk.

- Some of them stay lonely after the beloved have left.
And those remain sad, complaining about crave.
- They complain, but no one listens but the stars in the sky.
- They prolong you by sleeplessness and thinking.
And following night, the sun rises.
- And after long torture, you, night, come back to them.
- They shorten you, night, in a happy company
with a ringing string in the morning.
- One of them is a friend who is kind to his friend;
Each of them tells the other about his crave.
- They shorten you, night, by joy.
And following night, day light rises.
- Then, they ask you, night,
when you'll be back.
- Some of them call on you deep at heart;
and others play your name on an organ.
- But we have a full moon
shining in a happy night.
- My beloved has fulfilled his promise at that night.
- He would say "Oh night!," and we repeat.
- All of us would say "Oh night!."

الأوله في الغرام

In Passion, First

A Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī

- First, he pinned me in passion and love.
- Second, he ordered me to yield and bear.
- Third, he left me before time.
- First, he pinned me in passion and love by an eye glimpse.
- Second, he ordered me to yield and have patience,
but where would I get this from?
- Third, he left me before time. Tell me where?
- First, he pinned me in passion and love
by an eye glimpse that set fire to me.
- Second, he ordered me to yield and have patience,
but where would I get this from? My physician got confused.

- Third, he left me before time.
Tell me where my has gone?
- He left on the day he promised me to stay.
- His reunion was a farewell after long aversion.
- I put my hand on my heart while saying good bye to my love.
- I said: "Hurry up, my eyes! Shed tears generously".
- Ever since my love has left, I have been healing my wounds.
- But the day he left, I said good bye to my heart and soul.
- My nights got longer and my mind left me.
- I didn't ask him where he will be or when he'll be back.
- First, he pinned me in passion and love
by an eye glimpse that set fire to me.
- Second, he ordered me to yield and have patience,
but where would I get this from? My physician got confused.
- Third, he left me before time.
Tell me where my has gone?
- First, fire broke out because of a glimpse.
- Second, I got nothing but patience and distress.
- Third, what happened to me never happens.
- My beloved has left.

جمال الدنيا

Beauty of Life

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Shūrī

- The beauty of life shows when I'm with you;
and I enjoy the moment when I'm by your side.
- How sweet it is to walk around at the port
with sea waves around us.
- Waves lean with us
and congratulate me for being with you.
- I enjoy the moment when I'm by your side.
- I have always loved beauty
and his spectre has always been companion of my thoughts.
- I wish I saw all this beauty earlier.

- I saw the world by myself, and liked its small size.
- But its value increased and became sweeter with you.
- I hope I can see again with you
- all that made me happy, delight of the eye.
- My mind has been charmed by your heaven.
- It made the sea smile at me,
- and made birds call on me when I'm with you.

حلم

A Dream

A Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Suznāk

- My love came on time, and achieved my hope after long separation.
- My heart's love.
- He met me with a smile, and reassured me of reunion.
- He said words that made my heart dance.
- He kept talking and I kept talking, and we ran out of talk.
- He said: "My heart loves you," and I said: "My heart loves you more. "
- He said: "How much do you love me?," and I said: "More than you think ."
- He said: "I fear you may forget me," and I said: "That is impossible."

- He kept talking and I kept talking, and we ran out of talk.
- We kept repeating talks by eyes.
- Eyes revealed hearts' secrets and translates them.
- Souls were in harmony, and hands were shook in crave.
- We forgot everything in the world and kept playing, flying and got higher and higher.
- No enviers were around and no one disturbed us.
- It was quiet and silent. What else?
- No one was looking but shining stars and the moon.
- Only tree branches were whispering, and the breeze passing by.

- While I was enjoying this heaven, I found out it was a dream.
- It was a dream that has gone like all dreams.
- I wish it lasted; I wish I remained sleeping for years with him in this ecstasy.
- I wish we could live in peace, even in a dream.

نصره قوية

An Overwhelming Victory

by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Rāst

- An overwhelming victory, a great joy.

- An overwhelming victory we hope God will make it last
for me and for my love ones supporting me.

- Those are my happiness and delight of my eye.
They are what I have in good times.

- It's a great joy that God made us win
and made everyone happy as a reward for patience.

- Our love ones are happy and we are, too.
A joy that wouldn't happen in our wildest dream.

- We went and came back safely. God has supported us.

- He whom God supports can never be defeated.

الأمل

Hope

A Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Rāst

- Had it not been for hope, I would have been a victim of love.

- With hope, I stay up nights
building high palaces in imagination.

- I take you as my company
and own you day and night.

- Getting this dream true,
is my ultimate wish, no matter what.

- Whatever I suffer, I still have the hope.

- I've been waiting for long time,
but you don't know it.

- I bear the fire of separation;
and all this is for the sake of your eyes.
- How often I have hidden every cruel word.
- I hear and forgive;
I become even more affectionate with you.
- Should my heart melt down,
I would never repent for this love.
- You're as high and fortunate as the moon.
- It seems like you as far as coquetry is concerned;
and you seem like it as far as light and remoteness are concerned.
- I haven't found any way to reach you
but silence and waiting.
- What can I do?
I have no choice being weak or strong.
- I would spend my life wailing; that I can bear.
- But what I cannot bear is to live without hope.
- And I do have a hope.

في نور محياك

In the Light of Your Forehead

A Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Bayātī

- Happiness lies in the light of your forehead.
This makes me happy and sing melodies for you.
- Everybody is a slave of your charity.
May God make your heart more kind to us,
- and let your dreams come true
and never put an end to your beauty and goodness.
- Your share of our love is above expected.
May it last for ever.
- You command and you prevent.
He who has both lives like a king.

- All lovers are happy, save me;
for I have got no share of love.
- My share is a wound caused by love
and nothing can heal it.

- My heart complained to my eyes,
but nothing can put out my heart's fire.
- I had a beloved who disappeared,
but his spectre never does.

هوه صحيح الهوى غلاب

Is Love Really Overwhelming?

A Song by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Ṣabā

- Is love really overwhelming?! I don't know.
- Abandonment is said to be bitter and painful,
and one day of it is as long as a year.
- Love has come to me by accident,
and it is getting sweeter.
- I don't think it will take me far away on day.
- It gives me hope for joy;
- whereas I get nothing but wounds.
- How can this be?! I wonder.
- But that is what happens
- and I don't know how.

- It was a glimpse.
First, I thought it was something that would soon pass by.
- To my surprise, it carried along pledges, promises, aversion and pains.
- Promises that are never fulfilled;
- Pledges from someone that cannot be trusted.
- And patience on humility and deprivation.
- However, instead of taking enough,
- I ask God to make it more.
- How can this be?! I wonder.
- But that is what happens
- and I don't know how.

- Oh my heart!
- Love ends in grief, pain, regret and repent,
- and regret is of no use when it comes to fate.
- I wish I had the choice, and I wouldn't live between hellfire and paradise.
- My day is night, and my night, day.
- Those who have experienced love prescribed remedy for love.
- But remedy made it even worse.
- How can this be?! I wonder.
- But that is what happens, and I don't know how.

يا بعيد أباد

You, Far away

A Muwashshah by 'Abbās Ibn al-Aḥnaf, in Huzām (Rhythm: Maṣmūdī)

- You, far away, but linked to my heart and tongue;
you may have been far away by fate, by still nearby.
- The more I feel longing and sad,
the more I take refuge to patience and solace.

ياما أمر الفراق

How Bitter Separation Is!

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Hijāz kār

- How bitter separation is
between two lovers !
- Complaint, moaning and crave,
before farewell and leaving.
- I go away from your spectre
while I illustrate you in my imagination.
- Who in the world got what you got
from a lover's heart !
- You disdain precious tears
and confuse a loving heart.

- The value of love shows
and heart's fire breaks out
- when the beloved leaves.
- The beloved has been out of sight
and who will cure my grief !
- Who will have mercy on my grief
and whose love is mine?!
- Nights get longer
while I stay up whispering to stars.
- Tears flow and fill for me
the chalice of worries in loneliness.
- I remember the past
and live on the bygones.
- He whose beloved is away
has a little share of life
and lives as a stranger among one's own folks.

شجاني نوحى

Meaning Made Me Sad

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Bayātī

- Meaning made me sad, and I cried.
I wish my cry cured me.
- Nights became longer
and hope overwhelmed me.
- Hope waves in my imagination
and makes my sad heart happy.
- Nights get longer
but his spectre still shows so little.
- It hasn't come so I might see its light,
nor did it reconcile with me so I might see its goodness.
- I keep the hope and say:
"May be one day I'll have what I crave."
- Life was spent in hope and imagination.
- The heart leaned so much that it passed away.
- Following boredom, I had hope in hope itself.
- I hope will last!

سلام الله

Greetings

A Monologue by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Rāst

- God's peace be upon sheep the audience, awake or asleep.
- Repeat after me: "Why do you avert from shepherds?"
- We've been shepherding and driving sheep, and we often hit them with rods.
- We found out that sheep liked singing, even though they got abused or hit.
- Billy goats are not so impolite, and rams are not foolish.
- God's peace be upon sheep.
- He should kiss our feet and show regret for his abuse towards sheep.
- Each assembly has its own kind of greeting.
- God's peace be upon sheep.

عيني يا عيني

Oh My Eyes!

A Ṭaqtūqa by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Ṣabā

- Oh my eyes! Shed tears.
- I'd sacrifice my soul if tears stopped shedding
- or a beloved whose place was at heart left.
- I swear I won't forget her,
- no matter how long she stays away.
- I will never love anyone else
- no matter how far I'm taken away.
- Oh my eyes! Shed tears.

- Some joy appeared to me from afar
- after my long waiting.
- She was the only one I had in the world.
- She was like a night dream,
- but I waked up before time.
- Neither my heart nor my eyes
- had the chance to enjoy her.
- Oh my eyes! Shed tears.

- I'll be patient
and put blame on fate.
- It takes me away
and then get me back.
- I keep searching in days
but I don't find nothing
- but someone who doesn't love me.
- Oh my eyes! Shed tears.

ما كانش ظني

I Never Thought So

A Dor by Yaḥyā Muḥammad, in 'Ajam 'ushayrān

Madhhab

- I never thought that love is humility,
and that beauty plays around with brains.
- Why are you happy when I cry? Love is nothing to you.
Do you want a messenger but my tears?!
- My heart is shackled; but what I cannot bear
is to find you see my tears while smiling at my envier.

Dor

- I wish my heart had quit loving you long ago.
How often I ordered it not to love, but it would say: "I still have hope ."
- Believe what you believe and keep waiting for a clear day.
But this cannot be. Has beauty ever been fair ?!
- To whom would I complain or talk ?!
My heart is shackled; but what I cannot bear
is to find you see my tears while smiling at my envier.

آه يا سلام

Oh God!

A Dor by Ḥasan Ṣubḥī, in Rāst

Madhhab

- Oh God; crave is getting more and more,
and I bore too much without any hope.
- Passion has burned my heart,
while the one who burned it is busy.
- When would you do me a favour
so I may be happy and say: "My beloved is fair?"

Dor

- You, heart, fell in love; so, what have you got
but cruelty and humility?!
- You shouldn't complain when you get burned?!
For I've always been telling you not to fall in love.

يا بشير الأنس غني

Sing, Friend!

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Ajam (Waltz)

- Sing, friend, and give ecstasy to soul and imagination.
- Repeat melodies and let every lover be happy with reunion.
- Who suffered the torture and alienation I suffered in love
- and yielded to long absence from a beloved as much I did?!
- Who was as happy as I was in love?!
- My love and I fell apart by fate a year ago.
- Then, we were back together and I became happy.
- Who was as happy as I was in love
- after long separation
- and whose dream has come true in love like mine?!
- Love is hope.
- Sing, friend, and give ecstasy to soul and imagination.
- Repeat melodies and let every lover be happy with reunion.

هو ده يخلص من الله

Does This Please God?

A Dor by Badī' Khayrī, in Zinjirān

Madhhab

- Does it please God that the stronger humiliates the weaker?!
- He doesn't even want to let me see him a little bit.
- What is this all about?!
- Calm down and be nice.

Dor

- The more my heart's fire breaks out
with you in there, the more I fear for you.
- No one sets fire to his own home.
So, be careful not to get your own hands burned.
- Be kind a little bit, not to me,
but to yourself.
- Protect your own beauty against your cruelty,
and calm down and be nice.

يا قلبي كان مالك

What Did You Have to Do, My Heart?

A Dor by Yaḥyā Muḥammad, in Rāst

What did you have to do with love, my heart?
It has been long time since you have done without it.

If love has truly come to you as you wish,
so, love, lean and see what it is.

But should it be delusion, humility and disagreement,
so, keep away from it and be secure.

Dor

Love has confused so many others
who suffered bitterness and torture.

Would you like to go through life being prisoner
and subject to blame?!

Should it be delusion, humility and disagreement,
so, keep away from it and be secure.

مين اللي قال إن القمر

Who Said This About Moon?

A Dor by ‘Abd al-Raḥmān Fayyāḍ, in Rāst

Madhhab

Who said that the moon
looks like my beloved?

Moon beauty is but for one day;
While the beloved beauty is ever increasing.

When will I gain her content
so I would say that my envier has gone for good?

Dor

Love is coquetry by nature.
Moon stands still by nature.

Moon may lighten the universe;
But the beloved is the light of my eyes.

When will I gain her content
so I would say that my envier has gone for good?

ابتسام الزهر

Flowers Smile

A Dor by ‘Umar ‘Ārif al-Qāḍī, in Ḥijāz kār

Madhhab

Flowers smile resembles the beloved
when she is happy, and my heart craves for her content.

Dor

Should she be pleased with me, I feel so happy, oh God!
When she is angry at me, separation is like fire.
Her being away drives me crazy, for I have melted in love.

Because of separation, I stay up the night reconciling my heart
which is angry at my beloved.

Is not it enough that the foes have rejoiced?!
So what are separation and forsake for?
Be generous and please me,
for I would sacrifice my life for you.

امتى الهوى

When Will I Love?

A Dor by Yaḥyā ‘Umar, in Huzām

Madhhab

When will love come to me
so I would be pleased just for one day in lifetime.

Oh gents; my heart is on fire
and no sleep ever comes to my eyes.

Oh fair people; whose law is it
that I live for ever in blame.

Dor

Why have you confused me
with your games. oh love?

What will you lose if you please me
by taking someone else as for a toy.

Lean on someone else and say:
Why did you obey me? It was your fault.

ياللي تشكي م الهوى

You Who Complain about Love...

A Dor by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Bayātī

Madhhab

Oh you who complain about love, take it easy,
and buy the heart of the beloved in return for your eyes tears.

You have given in your heart
before you know what love is.

You have pleased her with your affection,
and were pleased with her separation.

Why would stay the night in sadness
while you are loyal in love?
Do not you feel sad for being so humiliated in love?

Dor

Tenderness is the essence of love.
He who is unlucky keeps thinking about beauty.

To him, torture becomes sweet
for the beloved to be pleased.

Should she one day allow blame,
I imagine that she is about to come to me.

Between her averting and her content,
Sleep becomes rare and thinking distracted.
He who is in love is pleased even with phantasm.

عادت ليالي الهنا

Here Come Back the Happy Nights!

A Dor by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Bayātī

Madhhab

Here come back the happy nights
and my heart got its dream true.

My beloved became tender
and my eyes tasted sleep.

All bygones became past
and no other lovers as happy
as we are today.

Dor

What was the torture of love for?
What were the nights of separation for?!

I suffered your separation for so long;
and I was confused between myself and my soul.

Would I forget the past and forget about your love,
or would I yield to tears and lamentation
when our hearts get together?!

برضاك يا خالقي

Your Will, My Creator God!

A Ballad by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Hijāz

It was your will, God, not mine
that you created my voice, and your hands formed my organs.

With my voice, my wishes come true
as I whisper to you, God, and as you listen to my complaint.

يفضل لي إيه يا زمان

What Is Left to Me, Oh Fate!

A Ballad by Aḥmad Rāmī

What is left, oh fate, to me to cry for
After those who have gone and left me to grievances?

They (she) were all I wanted. and my heart was happy with them.
When I was happy, they would be happy as well.

And when I complained about destiny, they would console me.
You, fate, deprived me from them and I remained all alone.
Woe to me from you, cruel hearted!

فين يا ليالي الهنا

Where, Happy Nights!

A Ballad by Aḥmad Rāmī.

Where, happy nights, is the delight of the beloved
who was unfair to me while I sacrifice my soul for him?

He has forsaken my heart and taught me how to cry and lament.
I slay up the night all alone with my tears shedding from my eyes.

My thinking is distracted
and no soul is left in my body.

غصبن عني

Against My Will

A Ṭaqṭūqa by Ḥusayn Ḥilmī al-Mānistirī, in Rāst

Madhhab

Night gets longer and teases me,
and dawn is cruel, for it tortures me.

Morning nightingale
adds more to my lamentation.

It sings
and my tears keep shedding
against my will.

Ghuṣn

I solaced my heart, though it was it that got me trapped,
and I asked my eyelids to be patient.

Love did not obey me,
and crave overwhelmed my heart and eyes.

You have disappointed me
and I was back to wailing.
Against my will

Ghuṣn

Why, love, do you give me pain
and take away sleep from my eyes?

What did I do for all this torture?
Why do you leave fire keep burning me?
Why do you capture me?
Why would I suffer sleeplessness against my will?

Ghuṣn

Who can be fair to me
other than the beloved who tortures me?

He may take away my pain and have mercy on me
and heals my heart which got me trapped in this.
He could make me happy
and tears would go away from my eyes.
against my will.

اللي حبك يا هناه

Lucky Is the One Who Is in Love with You

A Ṭaqtūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst (Waltz)

Madhhab

Lucky is the one who is in love with you,
whether in joy or in misery.

Ghuṣn

Your eye light lighten his heart
at long nights.

Should you keep loving him
while he is away, lucky he is!

Ghuṣn

Should he hear a nice word
or see how kind you are to him,

he would forget all worries
and misery. How lucky he is!

Ghuṣn

When you go away, he keeps thinking
about what you have said and what he has said.

He finds some word that pleases him,
and becomes at ease. How lucky he is!

Ghuṣn

Sometimes he forsakes me and says you are unfair to me.
Tomorrow you will forget and be happy again.

What is good about forsake is being unfair.
How blessed he is in misery!

جمالک ربنا یزیدہ

May God Make You More Beautiful!

A Ṭaqtūqa by Ḥasan Ṣubḥī, in Jahār kār

Madhhab

May God make you more beautiful!
It is a world organized by the Master Lord.

Ghuṣn

Your love, sweetheart, made me forget
to be friendly with my own folks and friends.

I became your hostage,
and I have no other beloved but you.
My heart has melted down, and what choice does it have?

Ghuṣn

When you see my heart
begging to you,

You become more conceited and forsake me.
Your conceit makes my envier rejoice
He (the envier) teases me; may God tease him!

Ghuṣn

Here you have captures the soul
with the magic of the eyes.

You swept my mind, you capable!
and I do not know any more where it is
When will I have it back?

قالولي امتى قلبك يطيب

They Asked: When Will Your Heart Heal?

A Ṭaqṭūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Shūrī

Madhhab

They asked: when will your heart heal?
How, folks, can I forget about the beloved?!

Ghuṣn

Once I saw him, I forgot his spectre.
Before I see him, I forget even myself.

I heard his voice whispering to my soul,
wailing with me for what has befallen me.
Would anyone forget the voice of the beloved?!

Ghuṣn

I paid him a visit to complain.
My tears complained before me.

When he realized how kind I am,
my heart had mercy on me.
Would anyone forget the tenderness of the beloved?!

Ghuṣn

He saw my torture, and he became more coquette.
I was patient despite separation.

When he realized how humiliated I was,
he loved me in return.
Would anyone forget the passion of the beloved?!

Ghuṣn

I suffered torture once more in his love;
between his content and separation.

Should my heart forget about his passion,
it would never forget the days of happiness.
For it is hard for a lover to forget old days.

العزول فايق ورايق

The Envier Is So Carefree

A Taqūqa by Ḥasan Ṣubḥī, in 'Irāq

Madhhab

The envier is so carefree.
He never knew the taste of passion.

His heart has no mercy on a lover.
He is so good at blame.

Ghuṣn

Should my heart lean toward someone else,
it would be strange to my body.

If you ask your conscience,
you will find no beloved but me.

I am deep in love, and you know it.
I live inside you, and you see it.
But you are just afraid of gossip.

Ghuṣn

In your love, I saw wonders.
Woe to me from your passion!

My mind is present and absent when it comes to you.
I sacrifice both heart and soul for you.

Just tell me what have you seen
in the heart you have teased
after all this separation.

Ghuṣn

The wound of my heart and all emotions
are all taken against you.

A day may come
and I complain about my love at your presence.

Why are you so stubborn. Be kind

and tease the enviers.
Your love will then be as I wish.

أكون سعيد

I Would Be Happy...

A Ṭaqtūqa by Ḥasan Ṣubḥī, in Bayātī

Madhhab

I would be happy if I see you one day
after all this absence.

My heart would be pleased after long blame,
and I would forget about blame.
and I would be happy.

Ghuṣn

I was lucky to fall in love with you
soul to soul.

If you have mercy on my craving heart,
I would calm down and forget about wailing,
and I would be happy.

Ghuṣn

Swear to your beauty, if you one day drop by,
say hello to me with your eyelids.

If you fall in love with me,
I would offer you both my heart and soul,
and I would be happy.

Ghuṣn

I stay up the night all alone and mind distracted,
whispering to your spectre all night long.

The harder you get,
the more crave I get,
and I be happy.

ما لك يا قلبي حزين اليوم

Why Are You So Sad Today, My Heart?

A Ṭaqtūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Kirdān

Madhhab

Why are you so sad today, my heart?

Why, my eyes, are you sleepless?

What is it, my heart?

What is it, my eyes?

I swear to God.

I am confused.

Ghuṣn

My eyes have seen and my heart leaned.

They (heart and eyes) made me confused.

If I please my eyes with the beloved,
my heart complains about torture.

My eyes see beauty,
while my heart is deprived.

What is it, my heart?

What is it, my eyes?

I swear to God,

I am confused.

Ghuṣn

If my beloved is gone and separation got long,
my eyes complain about my heart.

My beloved is absent and I have hopes in him.
I keep his love and he keeps mine.

My heart enjoy thinking,
while my eyes do not see even his spectre.

Why are you so sad today, my heart?

Why, my eyes, are you sleepless?

Be patient, my heart?

Oh my eyes; my beloved may once be fair to me and you.

ناسيه وداوي وجافيانى

She Forgot About My Love

A Ṭaqtūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Bayātī

She forgot about my love and got away from me,
but I still miss her.

Turning away from me was hard.
I was patient while you are away.

When I remembered the time of amity,
I craved and I suffered again.

My tongue uttered and I said once more:
I miss you so much, I swear to your eyes.

Who would believe that you become so cruel to me
after what you have seen in my eyes.

It is hard for me to forget.
It occurred to me how I am and how you are.

The nights I suffered made me say:
I miss you so much, I swear to your eyes.

Your beauty has left me,
and everything keeps reminding me.

I looked at the full moon and it fascinated me.
But your beauty when you were here made me say:
I miss you so much, I swear to your eyes.

Why did you go away and turn away from me
while I live only when you are with me?

I love you and my heart craves for you.
No matter how you turn away, my amity is still strong.

My heart is loyal and keeps saying:
I miss you so much, I swear to your eyes.

غني لي شوي

Sing for Me a Little Bit

A Ṭaqtūqa by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Rāst

Sing for me a little bit
 Sing for me a little bit.
 Sin for me and take my eyes (in return).

Let me play melodist which the audience would dance,

and tree branches, narcissus
 and tree branches, narcissus
 and jasmine would shake.

Travelers would keep going with them
 and cross the desert.

Sing for me a little bit.
 Sin for me and take my eyes (in return).

Singing is the life of the soul.
 The ill would heal by hearing it.

It cures a wounded liver
 that physicians cannot cure.

It makes night darkness
 look like light in the eyes of lovers.

Sing for me a little bit.
 Sin for me and take my eyes (in return).

I will sing and say to birds
 good morning.

Turtle doves and sparrows
 will repeat after me.

Sing for me a little bit.
 Sin for me and take my eyes (in return).

I will always sing
and show my art to all creatures.

Man will tell jennies
and those going will tell those coming.

It cures a wounded liver
that physicians cannot cure.

It makes night darkness
look like light in the eyes of lovers.

Sing for me a little bit.
Sin for me and take my eyes (in return).

قوللي و لا تخبيش يازين

Tell Me and Do Not Hide It, Pretty One

A Ṭaqṭūqa by Maḥmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī

Tell me and do not hide it, pretty one:
what would an eye say to an eye?

When an eye sees the beloved,
it says without any fear of an envier.

Is your friendship possible or not,
and where will I see you on a date?

That is what an eye would say
to another eye.

He who meets his beloved one day
in a date is no sinful.

One may go on a date
should this be a cure to his illness.

There are so many guilt forgiven by God.

God cares only for what hearts intend.

That is what should be said.
It is what should be said.

Tell me and fear no blame:
is it a sin to kiss, or is not it?

A kiss on the cheek
of someone who craves for it,

may be accepted. not one. but a thousand kiss.
without listening to people talking.

One should not listen to gossip
and should not fear blame.

Tell me, you who know best about crave.
is love sweet or hot?

Love is immeasurably sweet
to be tasted by all, young and old.

It is so sweet that it makes one live longer
if it is not followed by separation.

ليه عزيز دمعي تذله

Why Do You Humiliate My Dear Tears

A Ṭaqtūqa by Ḥasan Ṣubḥī, in Huzām

Madhhab

Why do you humiliate my dear tears
every hour when (I cry) in your presence

after being patient all my lifetime
and after being so worried about you?

Is not this unfair? It is unfair.

Ghuṣn

Do as much coquetry as you please.
Sweetness is in coquetry.

Just let my eyes see you
one day and enjoy beauty.

Why do you tease me
and why your spectre keeps my eyelids sleepless?

Ghuṣn

What would I do; love has settled
in my soul, and I crave more and more.

Your physique is straight but
it is unfair to my heart.

All this while my heart is patient.
You have forsaken me; woe to me!

Is not this unfair? It is unfair.

Ghuṣn

Passion gives orders and prohibitions
even in the dreams of my youth.

In one dream, your spectre makes me happy.
and another dream adds to my torture.

All this while you care nothing about me.
You do not even send greetings.

Is not this unfair? It is unfair.

لغة الزهور

Language of Flowers

By Mahmūd Bayram al-Tūnisī, in Huzām

- Flowers are beautiful and have leaves
with evidences of longing on them.
- When a lover dedicates it to the beloved,
it means that reunion will soon take place.
- Look at flowers and learn.
They have a language between lovers.
- Look and learn!

- Narcissus leaned with coquetry right and “left
on tree branches.
- Its eyes say: “We have enviers around;
come on far from enviers.”
- Look at flowers and learn.
They have a language between lovers.
- Look and learn!

- Oh Arabian jasmine; you are my soul.
He who smells your odour never forgets you.
- With your own language, you tell everyone in love:
“You have a longing lover waiting for you.”
- Look at flowers and learn.

- They have a language between lovers.
- Look and learn!
- Look at jasmine; it’s beautiful and sleepy.
It sleeps well on tree branches.
- Hands hold it kindly,
and pretty women’s chests are beautified with it.
- Look at flowers and learn.
They have a language between lovers.
- Look and learn!

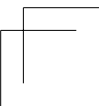
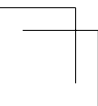
أنا كنت أحب الشكوى إليك

I liked to Complain to You

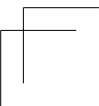
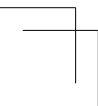
A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Ṣabā

- I liked to complain to you,
and found comfort in this.
- When crave got more and more,
I hid complaints at heart.

- I fell in love and crave showed in my eyes
when my heart left along with you.
- I stayed all alone in the world,
asking for you, and my soul with you.
- I liked to complain to you.
- Tears revealed my secret and said:
“Nights of crave and wailing have become longer.”
- When tears dried out,
my wounded heart spoke out.
- I liked to complain to you.
- First, I used to complain to you,
and kept doing this for long.
- When I was fed up, I complained to you
and tears were my messenger to you.
- I liked to complain to you.
- I used to complain to you about love,
so you might believe and feel pity.
- But complaint lasted long at my heart,
so I kept silent in pain.
- I liked to complain to you.



Songs Composed by Shaykh Abū al-‘Ilā Muḥammad



وَحَقُّكَ أَنْتَ الْمُنَى وَالطَّلِبُ

You are Hope and Request

An Ode by Imām ‘Abd Allāh Shabrāwī, in Huzām

- You are hope and request, and you are my goal.
- Oh you who forsook me; I have a crave
that all lovers find hard to describe.
- I keep chatting with a star in the sky
every time it rises or sets in the dark.
- I avert from those who gossip or blame me for loving you.
- Please be kind to the one
who belongs to you through love humility.
- Oh you who forsook me; tell me
the reason for abandonment after all that consent.
- I beg you to stop this cruelty, and you’re the one to beg.
- When, beautiful one, will I get back
your consent after this anger?
- I love you, as you know; but loving you is so strange.
- Someone like you shouldn’t avert from such love.
- I watch your marvellous beauty, and get intoxicated.
- I like your beautiful physique, nice talk and politeness.
- You can take enough of being so pretty, generous and noble.
- I swear to God who beautified your forehead, put wine in your lashes,
- and planted beauty garden on your cheek, but watered it with blazing water,
- you’re my hope and I have no one else to love, whether you respond or avert.

الصبُّ تفضحه عيونه

Eyes Reveal Love

An Ode by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Bayātī

- Eyes reveal love and uncovers crave.
- I have concealed love,
and the most killing illness is a hidden one.
- Dove moaning stirs me, and its wailing moves me.
- Breeze carries my kisses. Will it be honest and deliver them?
- Hearts became cruel.
Is there something that can make yours yield

- and comfort a craving heart whose grief never rests?
 - Memories passed by my heart and it craved the bygones.
 - I'm the one who keeps your secrets and give you affection.
 - I suffer what you suffer.
- But who will keep my secret and yours?

أقصر فؤادي

Leave My Heart

An Ode by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

- Leave my heart, for memories are useless
and cannot get back the bygones.
- Ask the heart which you shared love.
Now, you fail alone.
- Will you be ready for such a day
when crave turns into grief!
- I spent my life breaking into fire for the sake of reunion,
and many kinds of fire when you forsook me.

قل للبخيلة بالسلام

Say to the One Who Doesn't Care to Say Hello

An Ode in Bayātī

- Say to the one who doesn't care to say hello:
"How would you shed my blood so indifferently,
- and claimed to be back within a year?
I won't wait till you come back
- She is so pretty, and her face, unlike any other face,
has God's providence on it.
- Why didn't you just wink
or even point a finger at me the day we fell apart?
- Be sure I love you so much,
then, do whatever you like.

مثل الغزال

Like a Deer

An Ode in Rāst

- She is just like a deer.
Who would see her once without being fascinated?!
- She is the prettiest of all creatures;
and who else is!
- Her mouth, cheek and hair are
water, greenness and beauty.

أماناً أيها القمر المظل

Oh Moon!

An Ode by Ibn al-Nabīh al-Miḍrī, in Ḥijāz kār

- I take refuge from you, moon;
for your eyelids launch swords.
- Your beauty gets more and more everyday;
while I have a deteriorating body.
- Illness never found its way to my body before;
but my love's coquetry brought me down.
- She averts from me with her charming eyelashes.
It is true that narrow eyes is cupidity.
- If their lashes were spread on water,
a shadow would spread on it.
- Oh king of hearts; you've killed them,
And a king shouldn't kill his subjects.
- A little bit of separation works with her.
She will be affected by this, at least a bit.

يا آسي الحي

Oh Physician of the Neighbourhood!

An Ode by Ismā'īl Ṣabrī Pasha, in Rāst

- Oh neighbourhood physician; have you examined my liver?
Have you found any illness in its folds?
- What a burn that has destroyed most of it,
and still penetrates the rest of it.
- Oh longing; be kind to my ribs which you've stormed.
For my heart beats in fear within their corners.

أكذب نفسي

I Don't Believe Myself

An Ode by Ibn al-Naṭṭāḥ, in Huzām

- I don't believe myself in all that I'm seeing,
and I let my ears hear what is not being heard.
- Neither my liver get worn out, nor you show mercy;
Neither can I go away from you, nor am I greedy.
- I suffered from you what I never suffered before;
And from you, I expect more of it.
- So, don't ask for more in love;
for the smallest part of it wounds, and its lowest level sheds tears.

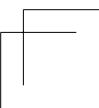
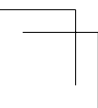
أفديه إن حفظ الهوى

I Sacrifice Myself to Him If He Keeps Love

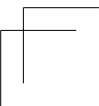
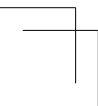
An Ode by Ibn al-Nabīh al-Miṣrī, in Bayātī

- I sacrifice myself to him whether he keeps or wastes love.
He owns my heart; what can I do?

- He who never tasted a lover's as sweet unfairness as this
will never know love.
- Oh pretty face; save patience;
for it has been weakened.
- Is there any mercy at your heart for someone
deeply in love with an ill heart within his ribs?
- Is there any way that I can let you know of my crave
or complain about my troubles, or even express pain?
- As I'm used to, I wouldn't beg for less
than your full consent.



Songs Composed by Dr. Aḥmad Şabrī al-Nagrīdī



كم بعثنا مع النسيم سلاماً

How Often I Sent Greetings with the Breeze

An Ode by Ibrāhīm Ḥusnī Mīrzā, in Ḥijāz

- How often I sent greetings with the breeze
to my beautiful love wherever he is,
- and heard birds singing at the meadow,
and took some of their words.
- We are eternal people, even though
we were created to die for love.
- Should eyes sleep,
our hearts wouldn't, sweetheart.
- Because of the pain of crave, they beat
playing nice melodies.

- I'm satisfied with loving him
even though he might stay an hour and forsakes for a year.
- How often he visited me in dreams, and
I wished I would spend my life sleeping.
- My heart was broken by those eyes which
slept ill because of their beauty.
- Hearts were just like a flag,
and the eyes, arrows.
- I, my friends, drank wine only
to forget these pains.

لي لذة في ذلتي

I Take Pleasure in Humility

An Ode in Nahāwand

- I take pleasure in humility,
and I like to shed tears in your arms.
- These tears are within rips
and they give me comfort from passion.
- A lover's humility while expressing love is no shame
and his forsake of passion is not good.

- I may have done something wrong
but where is your forgiveness of a broken heart?!
- Be generous and kind,
and don't let him need to beg for mediation.

مالي فتنت

Why Am I So Fascinated!

An Ode by 'Alī al-Jārim, in Bayātī

- Why am I so fascinated by your attractive eye lashes,
and left all other pretty women for you!
- Your left hand held the reins of my passion,
and my love is in your right hand.
- When you get along, everything smiles;
When you forsake, everything cries.
- This is my blood. I recognized it on your cheeks.
Your eyes cannot deny it.
- Had it not been for love's heat and flame,
I would have made you stay within my ribs.
- I feel jealous from chalices. So, put aside
this chalice which kisses your mouth.
- You are proud of your youth or coquetry.
Your beauty fascinated everybody.

الحب كان من سنين

Love Was Years Ago

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Jahār kāh

- Love was years ago,
and every heart recognizes its mate.
- What is destined by fate
must happen.
- I've suffered too much from fate,
and I wouldn't complain about my pains.

- I tried hard to hide my humility,
but my tears and moaning scandalized me.
- Love has planted in my heart
the branch of passion and hope.
- Then, it picked up my worries and sleeplessness,
and placed dew on my mind and tongue.

والله ما حدث جنى

I Swear to God, No One Brought It

A Monologue in Bayātī

- By God, no one brought this trouble to me
except my heart.
- It made me ruin in a moment
what I had built in a year.
- I left others control it,
and now even love became far away.
- My heart deserted passion,
and lived happily.
- I saw my love once;
his physique was moderately beautiful.
- My heart fell in love
and tears shed on cheeks.
- I fell in love, and I was destined
to love him long ago.
- What should I do, fair people?!
That is what happened.

شفت بعيني

I Saw by My Own Eyes

A Ṭaqtūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Bayātī

Madhhab

- I saw by my own eyes and was not told by someone.

Ghuṣn

- Why do you play hard to get, sweetheart?!
- All I meant was that you stay with me.
- Tell me, what did I do?!
- I saw by my own eyes and was not told by someone.

Ghuṣn

- Why do you play hard to get?! It's not fair.
- Here I'm at your disposal.
- Stop coquetry, please.
- I saw by my own eyes and was not told by someone.

Ghuṣn

- I saw the pretty one at the garden.
- His physique was like a ben tree branch.
- On his chest, I saw pomegranate.
- I saw by my own eyes and was not told by someone.

Ghuṣn

- When will I see my fascinating love
- playing and having fun, like in old days?!
- Then I'll say: "Here he comes."
- I saw by my own eyes and was not told by someone.

طلع الفجر

Dawn Rose

A Monologue in Huzām

- Dawn rose at happy hours,
- with friends, wine, and songs of youth.
- What a nice time!
- Time of reunion, welcome.
- My eyes never saw anything sweeter.
- or more precious than you.
- We all are fascinated by you.

الخلاعة و الدلاعة

Wantonness and Dissipation

A Ṭaqtūqa in Huzām

Madhhab

- Wantonness and dissipation are my religion.
- I like them long ago, I swear to the Prophet.

Ghuṣn

- When my beloved walks proudly,
my heart leans out of joy.
- His coquetry, physique and looks
make hearts joyous. I swear to the Prophet.

Ghuṣn

- He visited me on night and the moon was shining;
and said: "Who is prettier; the moon or I?!"
- When my love's forehead shines in our neighbourhood,
our hearts become joyous. I swear to the Prophet.

Ghuṣn

- He left and then came back, and I saw his light and delight.
My heart revived and became happy.
- Fate is kind so long as goes on with his shake.
hearts joyous. I swear to the Prophet.

الفل و الياسمين و الورد

Jasmine and Roses

A Ṭaqtūqa in Nahāwand

Madhhab

- Arabian jasmine, jasmine and roses
made a love bouquet.
- They allied themselves with flowers
and talked on our behalf to my love.

Ghuṣn

- It is true his cheeks look like theirs,
but where is his bright colour,

- eyelid's charm, lashes and cheek roses?

Ghuṣn

- Your beauty may last for an hour,
while my love' beauty is ever lasting.
- No other way but to yield
to the one I'm in love with.

Ghuṣn

- Some flowers are colourful,
some others have nice odour.
- My love has a whole gardens beauty.
Then, I cannot help fall in in love with him.

Ghuṣn

- How nice he is when he walks proudly;
he leans and brags with his physique.
- Nothing like these beautiful looks.
Woe to me from this beauty!

أنا على كيفك

I'm at Your Disposal

A Ṭaqtūqa in Bayātī

Madhhab

- I'm at your disposal;
I cannot violate your order.

Ghuṣn

- I was destined to love.
It's fate. I hope you'll get the same.
- Separation is hard for me, I swear.
When will I become happy with reunion?

Ghuṣn

- You, delight of the eye, asked for my soul,
and I gave it to you.

- Between you and me, sweetheart,
I always like what you do.

Ghuṣn

- You get angry and I say: "He'll soon reconcile
so long as he knows how sincere I'm."
- Be careful, sweetheart, not to disappoint me.
For I'm at your disposal.

يا ستي ليه المكايده

Why Teasing Me, Lady?

A Ṭaqtūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

Madhhab

- Why teasing me, lady?!
- Isn't it enough to dispute?!
- Why teasing me?! What would you get from this?!
- Playing hard to get is of no use.

Ghuṣn

- I fell in deep love.
I cannot love you more,
- and meanwhile cannot hope that love be gone.
My love is almost adoration.

Ghuṣn

- You, mum, is like my daughter.
And you see how much I love you.
- Stop coquetry.
My heart has yielded.
- Your heart is still with me.

Ghuṣn

- To whom do I complain about separation,
forsake and stubbornness.
- When will you come back?
My heart has melted down in love.

يا كروان و النبي سلم

Oh Nightingale; Please Say Hello

A Ṭaqtūqa in Hijāz kār

Madhhab

- Oh nightingale; please say hello
to your love and speak to him.
- Tell him that his love is in pain,
and because of forsake, he became in trouble.

Ghuṣn

- Oh nightingale; sing and give me pleasure;
Your voice revives me.
- Let my friends congratulate me.
This is all passion and coquetry.

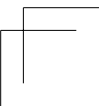
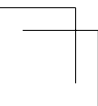
Ghuṣn

- Oh nightingale; sing and don't rush,
and never turn away from the moon.
- My enviers always exaggerate,
but my heart still loves you.

Ghuṣn

- Oh nightingale; sing and coddle.
My heart is on fire.
- When you fly high, look upon me,
and sing a ballad on my love.

Songs Composed by Balīgh Ḥamdī



إننا فدائيون

We Are Commandos

An Anthem by ‘Abd al-Fattāḥ Muṣṭafā

- Veils were lifted from betraying faces,
and devil’s truth was uncovered.
- We’re commandos; we rather die than be humiliated.
We are victorious.

- Veils fell down from betraying faces.
- Let us hit with every strong hand possible.
- Let us shoot with every storming soul.
- We’re commandos; we rather die than be humiliated.
We are victorious.

- No surrender and no leniency in battle.
- No oil and no Canal from now on.
- We are 90 million going to war.
- We’re commandos; we rather die than be humiliated.
We are victorious.

- No, my enemy; no, supporter of my enemy.
- You shall never see my sea or my sky.
- No; but I’ll go on achieving victory.
- We’re commandos; we rather die than be humiliated.
We are victorious.

حب إيه

What Is Love?

A Song by ‘Abd al-Wahhāb Muḥammad, in Bayāfī

- What love are you talking about?
- Do you know in the first place what love is
- that you’re talking about?
- A whole world separates you from love;
- a world you cannot reach even in imagination.
- As for love itself, this is a different story to me.
- Something more precious than anything else.
- What do know about love?!
- Why being unfair to it?!
- If you love just for a couple of days
- love would turn you into an angel.
- Why are you unfair to love?!
- Do you know in the first place what love is
- that you’re talking about?
- What love are you talking about?

- I used to sincere with all my heart in love,
- while you betrayed love with all your heart.
- You sold my love, sold my heart.
- You’ve sold me and still think I’d crave you.
- A whole world separates you from love;
- a world you cannot reach even in imagination.
- As for love itself, this is a different story to me.
- Something more precious than anything else.
- What do know about love?!
- Why being unfair to it?!
- If you love just for a couple of days
- love would turn you into an angel.
- Why are you unfair to love?!
- Do you know in the first place what love is
- that you’re talking about?
- What love are you talking about?

- I have always been bearing your cruelty
- till hope was worn out while I was dreaming about you.

- You saw complaint in my eyes.
- A whole world separates you from love;
- a world you cannot reach even in imagination.
- As for love itself, this is a different story to me.
- Something more precious than anything else.
- What do know about love?!
- Why being unfair to it?!
- If you love just for a couple of days
- love would turn you into an angel.
- Why are you unfair to love?!
- Do you know in the first place what love is
- that you're talking about?
- What love are you talking about?

أنساك يا سلام

Would I Forget You?

A Song by Ma'mūn al-Shinawī, in Rāst

- Would I forget you?! How can it be?!
- This is impossible, and never occurred to my mind.
- It's impossible for my heart to yield and love someone else.
- This is impossible.

- I couldn't sleep any day or night When we were in love.
- Where was your heart; and where was your kindness?!
- I may forget your cruelty and my torture; but not loving you.
- Would I forget you?! How can it be?!
- Why would I love again?!
- and what do I do with my love to you?
- It's impossible for my heart to yield and love someone else.
- This is impossible.

- I never forget the memories of our love.
- These were the days when my heart was alive.
- I then expressed my dreams and you made them come true.
- And I still have dreams to express.
- The last part of my life was yours.

- And the coming part will be yours in time.
Why would I love again?!
- and what do I do with my love to you?
- It's impossible for my heart to yield and love someone else.
- This is impossible.

- Ours was the most beautiful love story in our lives.
- No previous years of love were as beautiful as ours.
- Years of love passed as if they were seconds.
- All sweet feelings between us remained the same, even in days of dispute.
- How can you think that I may forget you and change,
whereas I love now even more than before.
- Why would I love again?!
- and what do I do with my love to you?
- It's impossible for my heart to yield and love someone else.
- This is impossible.

سيرة الحب

The Name of Love

A Song by Mursī Tamīl 'Azīz, in Huzām

- I've always feared love, the name of love
and love's being unfair to lovers.
- I know of love stories filled with moan, tears and wailing;
and lovers melted down but never gave up.
- I always admit that I cannot bear crave,
and my heart cannot bear its torture.
- Then, I met you, and you changed my entire life.
- I don't know how I fell in love with you;
- I don't know how, sweetheart.

Just a whisper of love, and I fell in love, and melted down in
love; and kept waiting at its door day and night.

- Years and years have passed in my life,
and I saw so many lovers.
- Some of them complain to themselves,
- Others cry for themselves.
- Lovers are really miserable people.

- How often love called on my heart,
but my heart never answered.
- How often crave tried to seduce me,
and I'd say to it: "Go away, torture".
- How often eyes tried to tempt me,
and I never gave in.
- Only your eyes took me and ordered me to love you.
- They ordered me to love you, and I fell in love, and melted
down in love; and kept waiting at its door day and night.

- Some of you, lovers, were unfair and accused love.
- It's you or your lovers to blame. As for love itself, oh God!
- Nothing in the world is as sweet as love is.
- No matter how we complain about love, we're still in love!
- How sweet is love's sighs, whether in reunion or separation!
- How sweet are crave candles as they' lighten a lover's night!
- How sweet is life in the eyes of those in love!
- I was taken to love, and fell in love, and melted down in love;
and kept waiting at its door day and night.

- You filled my life with love, and I dedicate my life to you.
- My soul, heart, brain, love, all of me is yours.
- Your voice, glances, whispers, are all incredible.
- These filled the world with flowers and candles.
- How sweet is your love, and my happiness with you!

- No tear or moan has ever wounded my heart.
- All say about your love is: "Oh God!"
- I was taken to love, and fell in love, and melted down in love;
and kept waiting at its door day and night.

بعيد عنك

Away from You

A Song by Ma'mūn al-Shinawī

- I forgot all about sleep and its dreams;
I forgot all about its days and nights.
- Away from you, my life is torture.
Don't let me be away from you.
- No love ones but tears are left for me
when I'm away from you.
- I have been overwhelmed by crave
and melted down because of my long nights.
- No matter how crave makes me stay up the night;
and no matter how separation make me at loss,
- neither the fire of love nor fate
can take me away from you.

- Separation hasn't left sleep or tears in my eyes.
- I forgot all about sleep and its dreams;
I forgot all about its days and nights
- between crave and its pains
and fear and its illusions.
- I fear for you, and fear you may forget me.
Craving you keeps me always awake.
- I have been overwhelmed by crave.
and melted down because of my long nights.
- No matter how crave makes me stay up the night;
and no matter how separation make me at loss,
- neither the fire of love nor fate
can take me away from you.

- Remember me in a sweet moment
we spent in love.
- Remember any song
we once listened to together.
- Take my whole life,
and leave only moments to see you in.
- Woe to crave and its deeds!
Sometimes I reveal them, and some other times, I hide them.

- I have been overwhelmed by crave
and melted down because of my long nights.
- No matter how crave makes me stay up the night;
and no matter how separation make me at loss,
- neither the fire of love nor fate
can take me away from you.

- I used to crave you
when only two steps separated us.
- Look now how we became?!
Look where I'm now, sweetheart, and where you are.
- Now what is to be done?!
Tell me, what should I do?!
- As for hope, you're hope.
Why would you deprive me from hope?!
- The eyes which used to envy me for being in love
now cry for my misery.
- Where are you, delight of the eye and soul of the heart?!
Where are you?!
- Where can I complain to you
when I imagine things?!
- Where can I cry in your arms?!
Tears sometimes comfort me.
- I have been overwhelmed by crave
and melted down because of my long nights.
- No matter how crave makes me stay up the night;
and no matter how separation make me at loss,
- neither the fire of love nor fate
can take me away from you.

أنا وأنت ظلمنا الحب

You and I Are Not Fair to Love

A Song by ‘Abd al-Wahhāb Muḥammad, in Bayāfī

- You and I are not fair to love.
- We accused and hurt love, but it never gave up.
- None of us wanted to be more merciful than the other,
- or sacrifice for the other.
- Therefore, love has gone between two stubborn hearts.
- Love has gone; and now neither of us can forget about it
or find it again. You and I.

- You and I are not fair to love by jealousy and doubts.
- Both of us lost hope several times
because of jealousy and doubt.
- Our love was great, but it became little once jealousy started.
- Fire cooled off and broke out again, but we went on our way.
- You and I.

- You and I forgot even to reprimand each other
and talk frankly.
- You found it hard to quit stubbornness and forgive.
- And I found it hard to be the one who starts with forgiveness.
- So, every day became harder than the day before.
- Both of us forgot lovers' tenderness;
both of us were unconsciously cruel.
- How could we forgot, and what happened to both of us?!
- You and I.

- You and I were the most tender and loving couple.
- The longest separation would melt down
only in a couple of days.
- Why did it last longer this time
and a step between us became miles?!
- We fell apart and love has gone.
- Therefore, love has gone between two stubborn hearts.
- Love has gone; and now neither of us can forget about it
or find it again. You and I.

كل ليلة و كل يوم

Every Night and Every Day

A Song by Ma'mūn al-Shinawī, in Rāst

- Every night and every day,
I stay up waiting for you, sweetheart.
- All night long I keep thinking of my nights with you;
and all day long I keep thinking of my days with you.
- Who are you thinking of, sweetheart, I wonder?!
- What do you do with crave?
- What do you do with longing?
- You made my eyes stay up the night,
and awakened pains.
- Every hour, every night and every day,
I'll be able to sleep only when I'm reassured about you

- Tell me, what is nice in my life when you're away?
- Every night I suffer sleeplessness,
and it has been too long since you've gone away.
- I suffered and hid from you so much that
- I don't believe I would bear joy when we meet again.
- Who are you thinking of, sweetheart, I wonder?!
- What do you do with crave?
- What do you do with longing?
- You made my eyes stay up the night,
and awakened pains.
- Every hour, every night and every day,
I'll be able to sleep only when I'm reassured about you

- all fire turns into ashes in the morning,
except that of crave, which gets higher and higher everyday.
- Write to me to let me know where you are, if you can.
- I'm waiting for a word from you, and nothing more,
- so I may be reassured about you, and about love.
- Who are you thinking of, sweetheart, I wonder?!
- What do you do with crave?
- What do you do with longing?
- You made my eyes stay up the night,
and awakened pains.

- Every hour, every night and every day,
I'll be able to sleep only when I'm reassured about you

- Having you by my side was all joy, tenderness,
and beautiful, happy nights.
- Hope took me on its wings and flew so high that
I touched the stars by my own hands.
- When you're away, oh God!
Life is not the same life.
- I'll keep this way, sweetheart,
waiting the nights to come.
- Who are you thinking of, sweetheart, I wonder?!
- What do you do with crave?
- What do you do with longing?
- You made my eyes stay up the night,
and awakened pains.
- Every hour, every night and every day,
I'll be able to sleep only when I'm reassured about you

فات الميعاد

It's Too Late

A Song by Mursī Jamīl 'Azīz, in Huzām

- It's too late; we fell apart,
and fire turned into smoke and ashes.
- How can regret be of any use,
and what does blame lead to?!
- Nights of pain have lasted long,
and lovers fell apart.
- Enough torture, misery
and tears in separation and tears in meeting!
- Why do you reprimand me? What could I do?
It's too late.

- How often I wished to meet you with a smile,
a glance of love or a word of reprimand.

- But you forgot how to smile as you forgot pains.
- Grief as well as joy are often forgotten in time.
- As for our old love and the painful wound,
- Why do you reprimand me? What could I do?
It's too late.

- Night, and clock beats awakening the night;
- Night, moaning pains in the heat of the night;
- cruel sighs, loneliness and sleeplessness, are still there.
- You want us to be back in the bygones.
Ask time to go back;
- Bring me a new heart that hasn't fell in love, melted down,
been broken, or suffered deprivation.
- How can regret be of any use,
and what does blame lead to?!
- Nights of pain have lasted long,
and lovers fell apart.
- Enough torture, misery
and tears in separation and tears in meeting!
- Why do you reprimand me? What could I do?
It's too late.

- Woe be to me from my fire,
my long nights, enviers' rejoice,
- from your cruelty as the beloved,
and from fate's cruelty on me!
- Night and parting separate us from each other.
- How can regret be of any use,
and what does blame lead to'?!
- Nights of pain have lashed long,
and lovers fell apart.
- Enough torture, misery
and tears in separation and tears in meeting!
- Why do you reprimand me? What could I do?
It's too late.

ألف ليلة وليلة

A Thousand and One Nights

A Song by Mursī Jamīl ‘Azīz, in Nahāwand

- Oh my love! Night and the sky, stars and moon; staying up;
you and I. Oh my love! Oh my life!
- We all are alike in love and passion.
- Love is staying up making us sip happiness and saying: "To
your health! ". Oh my love!
- Let us live in the eyes of night.
- Let us say to the sun: "Rise in a year, and not before "
- For tonight is a sweet night of love
and is worth a thousand and one nights.
- It is worth a whole life;
How many nights like this one does one get in a whole life?!

- What can I tell you, sweetheart,
how I was before meeting you?
- I wouldn't remember a yesterday,
and hadn't had a tomorrow to wait for.
- I didn't even live my day.
- Then, you took me to love in a moment;
and showed me how sweet life is.
- Night, which was all loneliness, turned by you into safety.
- Life, which was like a desert, became a meadow.
- Oh my love! Let us live in the eye of night.
- Let us say to the sun: "Rise in a year, and not before "
- For tonight is a sweet night of love
and is worth a thousand and one nights.
- It is worth a whole life;
How many nights like this one does one get in a whole life?!

- Oh my love! What is better than night
and a couple in love, like us?!
- We rove and don't know
whether life is to be counted by moments or years.
- All we feel is that we're in love.
- Living only for night and love.
- Oh my love! Love is our life, home and bread.

- Everyone has got a world of his own, and we have ours.
- If it is said that lovers melt down in the fire of crave,
- this fire is our heaven.
- Love never hurts, and it bears only the fruits of joy.
- Oh my love! Let us live in the eye of night.
- Let us say to the sun: "Rise in a year, and not before "
- For tonight is a sweet night of love
and is worth a thousand and one nights.
- It is worth a whole life;
How many nights like this one does one get in a whole life?!

- Oh moon of my night; shadow of my day; my love;
my happy days; I have the most beautiful gift for you:
- The word of love by which you own the whole world.
- Say it to me;
- Say it to the birds, to trees, to people, to all the world.
- Say that love is a gift, not a sin.
- God is love; goodness is love; light is love.
- Oh God; let the sweetness of the first shake hands
remain in our hands.
- Let the joy of the first date lit like candles around us.
- Let time pass by us and cover us with its security.

- Let us never touch the bitter chalice of parting.
- Let love never know where we are or come to us.
- Let our nights see nothing but candles of joy.
- Oh my love!
- Oh my love! Let us live in the eye of night.
- Let us say to the sun: "Rise in a year, and not before ”
- For tonight is a sweet night of love
and is worth a thousand and one nights.
- It is worth a whole life;
How many nights like this one does one get in a whole life?!

الحب كله

All My Love...

A Song by Aḥmad Shaḥīq Kāmil, in Rāst

- I loved you with all my love;
and lived all my life just for you.
 - Sweetheart, say with me to all the world,
and to every beating heart:
 - “love, love, love.”
For life is nothing but love.
 - Hand over a drink and again,
a chalice of love, a chalice of you, a chalice of fate’s light.
 - Hand over a drink, for ever since I saw you
I loved as if I were created all over again.
- ***
- My love and life;
angel of my dreams;
 - What was I before seeing you?!What was I?!
 - And what did I live my life for, sweetheart?!What for?!
 - I walked the road of my life before seeing you in long night,
with no heart by my side, and no beautiful spectre.
 - Once I saw you
 - I was attracted to you with all crave in the world;
and I called on you and ran to you with all love in the world.
 - I called on the whole world,
and on every beating heart.
 - “love, love, love.”
For life is nothing but love.
 - Hand over a drink and again,
a chalice of love, a chalice of you, a chalice of fate’s light.
 - Hand over a drink, for ever since I saw you
I loved as if I were created all over again.
- ***
- Thirsty love at your heart calls on you;
You’re more tender than a breeze and prettier than an angel.
 - You’re my soul, all life and light of my days.
What am I to you, sweetheart?!
 - I have been created for you, sweetheart; only for you.

- My heart lives on an affectionate touch of you;
and only for you.
- Days are so sweet; dreams are so sweet; my life is so sweet;
so sweet and fly, sweetheart.
- Oh time; oh long nights
with sweet dreams that never come back.
- Oh time; oh fast-passing nights
which erase wishes and leave us like ashes.
- It won't hurt if you forget a couple;
- a couple in love; a couple living for love;
- a couple melting down and living in love.
- a couple living to call on the whole world,
and on every beating heart: "love, love, love ."
For life is nothing but love.
- Hand over a drink and again,
a chalice of love, a chalice of you, a chalice of fate's light.
- Hand over a drink, for ever since I saw you
I loved as if I were created all over again.

- My love; odour of crave;
Oh my share of crave nights;
- What poetry?! The words in your eyes
make the sweetest words feel jealous.
- What perfume?! The odour of your hand
says that your hand is perfume.
- From the spring in your lips to the nights in your eyes,
- to the blaze in your cheeks, to the tenderness of your hand,
- is a journey in which my soul lost the road,
and I was lost in you.
- Hide me from fate;
Hide me from fate's eyes.
- How I fear for the great joy;
they may take it away and leave me.
- Let say to the whole world,
and on every beating heart: "love, love, love."
For life is nothing but love.
- Hand over a drink and again,
a chalice of love, a chalice of you, a chalice of fate's light.
- Hand over a drink, for ever since I saw you
I loved as if I were created all over again.

حكم علينا الهوى

We Are Ordered by Love...

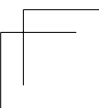
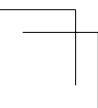
A Song by ‘Abd al-Wahhāb Muḥammad, in Rāst

- We, eyes, are ordered by love to fall in love.
- Look where you were and where I were before love.
- Woe be to me from my fate!
- Woe be to me from my fate!
- It cannot be avoided between eyes and hearts.
- We are ordered by love
to fall and melt down in love.
- It is true that love is a compulsory fate.

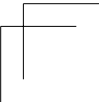
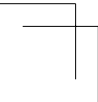
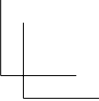
- Happiness is fate,
but it starts with an eye glance.
- You and I are a loving soul,
a lucky one.
- And then a couple of hearts were brought together.
- Woe be to me from love!
- It made our hearts speak of joy.
- Woe be to me from my fate!
- Woe be to me from my fate!
- It cannot be avoided between eyes and hearts.
- We are ordered by love
to fall and melt down in love.
- It is true that love is an unavoidable fate.

- First, we say it and it revives us.
- Second, embrace our nights, joy!
- Third, we gave in to you, love,
and found our lives and dreams in you
- Woe be to me from love!
- It made our hearts speak of joy.
- Woe be to me from my fate!
- Woe be to me from my fate!
- It cannot be avoided between eyes and hearts.
- We are ordered by love
to fall and melt down in love.
- It is true that love is an unavoidable fate.

- It is said that love is fate, and I said it brings us together
- and lives becomes meaningful when are together.
- It makes night fly in seconds with you, sweetheart.
- Then, when I'm alone, night prolongs deprivation.
- Because of loving you, sweetheart, joy's light showed up.
- In your shadow, sweetheart, I feel secure.
- Luck smiles at us and fate, too.
- Woe be to me from love!
- It made our hearts speak of joy.
- Woe be to me from my fate!
- Woe be to me from my fate!
- It cannot be avoided between eyes and hearts.
- We are ordered by love
to fall and melt down in love.
- It is true that love is an unavoidable fate.



Songs Composed by Muḥammad al-Mūjī



أنشودة الجلاء

Anthem of Evacuation

By Aḥmad Rāmī

- Oh Egypt; the right has come; so, welcome the dawn of hope.
- Today evacuation will be completed,
and dreams have come true.
- Egypt has become happy.

- This land is ours; It is rich with shadow and fruits.
- How can we accept that strangers defend our homeland?!

- We have the priority to protect our home;
We have the priority to respect neighbourhood.
- Any aggressive or intruder will taste death from us.
- We have lived on promises, but these old days passed.
- We set out in existence, like fire, light and glory.
- Go ahead and guard our borders
with tanks in plains and on plateaus.
- Surround our seas with ships sailing deep.
- Decorate our sky with planes that fly like comets.
- Years passed in wishes and doubts.
- Till the morning of certainty rose and Egypt became happy.
- It saw men around it, united around loyalty and sacrifice.
- The men sacrificed their souls and liked the taste of death.
- And achieved in its shadow the hope of martyrs and victims.
- You, men, have sacrificed the purest blood to defend home.
- We raised the flag with pride to the sky. ’
- Then, we united around it with souls, hearts and hands.
- We shall build glory and pride for Egypt.
- We pray God for victory for ever.

حانة الأقدار

Tavern of Fates

An Ode by Ṭāhir Abū Fāshā

- I asked about love the people of love,
waiters of tears, and companions of grief.
- They answered: "Be alert to its grief,
seriousness, folly
- and to night's anger and joy.
Ask the birds about its singing, if you like.
- Singing has the touch of passion,
revealing crave and expressing love."

- When I was prevailed by darkness and love,
I met love and knew it.
- its waiter is at night tavern,
and those stars are its company.
- The whisper of breeze is its secret,
and its fire is beneath the tent of darkness.
- Love shows in everything,
but to those who taste love.

أوقدوا الشموس

Light the Suns

A Song by Ṭāhir Abū Fāshā

Chorus: Light the suns and beat drums.
Bride's parade is roving the sky.
Dreams are about to come true. So, beat drums.

Rabi'a: Consent, light, nymphs and love, all are roaming.
It's time for the stranger to see home.
His coming day is the coast of life.
Dreams, roving the sky, are about to come true.
So, beat drums.

Peace caller walked around sending greetings
 and awakening the sleepy.
 His pledge is an oasis of rescue.
 The beginning of the road is its end.
 Dreams, roving the sky, are about to come true.
 So, beat drums.

محللك يا مصري

How Sweet You Are, Egyptian!

A Song by Ṣalāh Jāhīn, in Kurd

- How sweet you are Egyptian while rowing your boat.
Our victory makes the Canal seem like a parade.
- Oh Egyptians; come on to the Canal shore;
sing to them and say:
- “God has said ’No impossible’.
The intruder has left and the native is good enough.”

- Salute the dark-skinned men aboard the ship.
Salute those who struggled so our Valley may rejoice.
- Oh Egyptians; come on to the Canal shore;
sing to them and say:
- “God has said ’No impossible’.
The intruder has left and the native is good enough.”

- My heart still remembers who hurt it.
Had it not been for the day of victory, I wouldn’t let go of him.
- I saw the Canal in the hands of countrymen,
and my heart almost flew out of joy.
- Oh Egyptians; come on to the Canal shore;
sing to them and say:
- “God has said ’No impossible’.
The intruder has left and the native is good enough.”

- Our friends, from both East and West, came to our country
with roses and jasmine presented to our children.
- Our breeze embraces their flags,
and our Canal tells them the story of our struggle.
- Oh Egyptians; come on to the Canal shore;
sing to them and say:
- "God has said 'No impossible'.
- The intruder has left and the native is good enough."

صوت بلدنا

The Sound of Our Country (1st Egyptian Radio)

A Song by 'Abd al-Fattāḥ Muṣṭafā, in Ḥijāz

- The sound of our country is the sound of our struggle.
- It's the highest tribune and minaret of religion,
- meanings, songs, pan-Arabism and of our union.
- Go higher and higher, sound of our country.

- Poetry, melodies, knowledge and flags
all raise a medal of salute from millions of people.
- A salute all the way
on behalf of every Arab.
- A salute to a billion friends
from all races and creeds.
- Go higher and higher, sound of our country.

- Fly high, best ambassador, on the wings of ether,
and go through space and skies!
- Be a messenger of principles
with a whisper from an honest heart
- to be heard by all hearts.
- How often a word or a melody
makes peace among nations,
- and reconcile peoples with each other.
- Go higher and higher, sound of our country.

- You (Egyptian radio) entertain listeners
and bring friends together.
- You get the world closer
and unify thoughts,
- meanings, songs, pan-Arabism and our word.
- Go higher and higher, sound of our country.

يا سلام على الأمة

How Wonderful the Nation Is!

A Song by ‘Abd al-Fattāḥ Muṣṭafā, in Nahāwand

- How wonderful the nation is when it comes to unity
by love and unanimity.
- A will supports another will, from rows to the leadership,
by consultation and conviction.
- The people’s right choice paved the road to victory
by love and support, from Port-Said to Upper Egypt.

- Pan-Arabism is like a heart,
and you’re the impulse of this big heart.
- You represent the return of the soul and conscience
in its life story.
- In its veins, you’re the challenge
in the name of the fatal battle.
- You are a miracle; and miracles have no match.
- We’re going ahead guided by your light,
and our victory lies under your flag.
- The dignity of pan-Arabism is your message and end.
- How wonderful the nation is when it comes to unity
by love and unanimity.
- A will supports another will, from rows to the leadership,
by consultation and conviction.
- The people’s right choice paved the road to victory
by love and support, from Port-Said to Upper Egypt.

- God's Providence and our people's word
have chosen the one who will take care of our country.
- The people backed you with its heart
to share responsibility with you.
- All difficulties can be overcome so long as you're by our side.
- With your steps, the road's marks became clear.
- Under your flag, it seemed clear and lightened.
- So, we went ahead,
realizing who is a friend and who is an enemy.

للصبر حدود

Patience Has a Limit

A Song by 'Abd al-Wahhāb Muḥammad, in Rāst

- Don't let me be hanging
with promises, sweet talk and pledges.
- I have borne torture and humility for too long.
- That was a fault, but it will never be repeated.
- Crave and longing are still there,
but patience has a limit, sweetheart.

- Love made me bear too much,
and I hid too much at heart;
- and I forgave your injustice, but
all this had an effect.
- The cruelty of nearness proved
that separation is much better.
- While in love with you,
I ran out of patience;
- I survived on hope,
though I wasted too many years in love with you.
- That was a fault, but it will never be repeated.

- I reprimanded you more than once,
and gave you time to think.

- I had a big heart, and forgave you,
but your betrayal was bigger;
- bigger than my heart's forgiveness;
and than my patience;
- bigger than my love,
despite all that dear bygones.
- While in love with you,
I ran out of patience;
- I survived on hope,
though I wasted too many years in love with you.
- That was a fault, but it will never be repeated.

- Don't let me be hanging.
It's over; I'm fed up.
- Show me loyalty,
so I may sacrifice, no matter how much I suffer.
- No love in the world
can survive on illusions.
- A true love never
needs words to prove.
- While in love with you,
I ran out of patience;
- I survived on hope,
though I wasted too many years in love with you.
- That was a fault, but it will never be repeated.
- Crave and longing are still there,
but patience has a limit, sweetheart.

اسأل روحك

Ask Yourself

A Song by 'Abd al-Wahhāb Muḥammad, in Hijāz kār

- Ask yourself; ask your heart,
before you ask me what has changed me.
- I changed because of my suffering in love,
after hope had kept me patient.
- Your betrayal affected me.

- I changed little by little;
I changed and I couldn't help it.
- Then, I started putting aside my crave to you,
and hate my weakness and patience.
- Then, I chose to go away
and learned how to be stubborn.
- I became able even to forsake you.
See what cruelty can do ?!

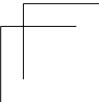
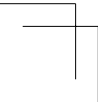
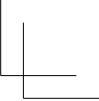
- I used to meet you with tenderness.
I was a sea of love and a shore of security.
- I felt that you were my fate,
my today, my tomorrow and the day after. -
- I saw by the eyes of my love,
whether you were away or nearby me;
- closer than smile to my lips,
and than my feeling to my heart.
- What can I give to you
more than the loyalty I offered you,
- and love which I had for you,
and my life which I lived for you ?!
- Your betrayal affected me.

- I haven't forgotten love, its pledge,
days or nights.
- As for love itself,
I welcome it without your unfairness.
- Loving you made me at loss;
and in order to forget all about you,
- I'll keep away from any place
I have ever been to with you;
- I'll avoid the closest friends
who know my story with you;
- I'll change the subject
when your name is mentioned.
- You made me be in this situation,
after my soul had been in your hand.
- I left you to no one else
who might occupy my heart and mind.

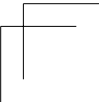
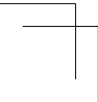
- I left you without even thinking
whether I could leave you or not.
- Your betrayal affected me.

- Ask yourself; ask your heart,
before you ask me what has changed me.
- I changed because of my suffering in love.
But what made you change?!
- Did my tenderness make you cruel even to me?!
- Or may be my consent, too,
made me like a toy in your hand?!
- Or may be my forgiveness
made you disdain me ?!
- It's true that I forgive, sweetheart,
but not when it comes to my self-pride.
- When I'm fed up, I forget how to forgive
and I know how to be unfair to my own heart.
- Your betrayal affected me.

- I changed little by little;
I changed and I couldn't help it.
- Then, I started putting aside my crave to you,
and hate my weakness and patience.
- Then, I chose to go away
and learned how to be stubborn.
- I became able even to forsake you.
- If you, sweetheart, were in my place,
what else would you do?!
- Ask yourself.



Songs Composed by Dāwūd Ḥusnī



شرف حبيب القلب

My Sweetheart Is Here

A Dor by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Hijāz kār

Madhhab

- My sweetheart is here after long absence.
- Mutual blame with the beloved is so sweet after long forsake.
- I complained about patience after him,
and suffered grief when he was away.
- He became kind to my heart and I forgot all about grief.

Dor

- He forgave me, and it was beautiful from him to do;
and he was generous.
- He leaned. How sweet it is when a tree branch leans
with the breeze.
- I picked up roses from his cheek,
and drank honey from his.
- My ill heart tasted his sweet reunion.

يوم الهنا حبي صفالي

My Love Got along on My Happy Day

A Dor by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāhit ārwāḥ

Madhhab

- My long got along on my happy clay,
after long cruelty and grief.
- It was destined for your heart
to become kind to me.
- You are sure of my love,
so, why are you so stubborn?!
- You saw the blaze of my love,
and crave showed in my eyes.

Dor

- Is it love or jealousy
that made you play hard to get with me?!
- Cr may be your heart is at loss.
I just want to know your intention
so long as you accepted him as a lover.

قلبي عرف معنى لأشواق

My Heart Learned the Meaning of Crave

A Dor by Kāmil al-Khula‘ī, in Ṣabā

Madhhab

- My heart learned the meaning of crave,
when my love made friends with my envier.
- Longing deprived me from sleep,
and a lover's night is too long.
- Which law approves that I love someone
who gets in love with someone else'?!
- But this is my fate, and that is that!

Dor

- Oh God! This is really strange.
How could he forsake me after getting along?!

البعء علمني السهر

Separation Taught Me How to Stay up the Night

A Dor by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Bayāṭī

Madhhab

- Separation taught me how to stay up the night,
and a lover's night is so long.
- Oh delight of soul and eyes;
- It has been long since you forsook me, tears shed,
- and my heart flew with hope.

Dor

- Console and be kind to a hurt lover,
and cure an ill heart,
and come back so his soul may be back to him.
- Reunion is his wish; nearness is his hope;
Forsake is torture, and separation is pain to him.

يا عين دموعك

Your Tears, My Eyes!

A Dor by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

Madhhab

- Your tears, my eyes, cure me in love.
Be patient, my heart, with cruelty and torture.
- If moaning for love gives me ecstasy,
I would bear bitter separation, sweetheart.
- He is the origin of beauty; coquetry is his nature,
and my heart loved him.
- How much I have suffered,
and I was destined to sleeplessness.

Dor

- My heart is hurt; cure it from love.
- My tears shed on my cheeks water it.
- Being tender to my ill heart cures it
if you remember, or have you forgotten it?!
- I sacrifice my soul for you, and love your consent
on a happy night.
- Be merciful to my heart; make it happy and come back.

روحي وروحك في امتزاج

My Soul and Yours Have Mixed

A Dor by Ḥasan Wālī, in Ṭirāz jadīd

Madhhab

- My soul and yours have mixed
in love before creation.
- Chalice of separation cannot be cured,
and love by nature is based on promises.
- It is said that life has joy,
and love includes happiness.
- But life has torture.
If he just comes back!

Dor

- Why does my heart yield to beauty;
while love leads to torture.
- When his friend yields to him, he gains reunion.
but why does he blame when he gets bored?!
- Life is just an illusion
and sweet drinks have bitterness.
- A lover gets what he wants if he is patient;
since patience is the key to all doors.

كنت خالي

I Was away from Love

A Dor by Kāmil al-Khula'ī, in Bayātī

Madhhab

- I was away from love;
no forsaking beloved and no blaming envier.
- What has come on to me?!
My heart started roving in love.
- I used to laugh at a lover
who cries or complains about passion.
- I keep looking at the stars,
and the moon is the master.

Dor

- I'm waiting for your order
and the fulfilment of your promises.
- Isn't it unfair, sweetheart, to turn back on your promises
after reconciliation?!
- Why would I think of reunion,
while you go on with coquetry?!
- Yes; give alms for your beauty.
Be kind and tender, for love is ever-lasting.

يا فؤادي ايه ينوبك

What Will You Get, My Heart?

A Dor by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Shūrī

Madhhab

- What will you, my heart, get from moaning?!
- What will you, my soul, get from wailing?!
- My love's heart doesn't give up cruelty,
 and wounds don't heal as a result of this moaning.
- Love is so cruel,
 and lovers willingly suffer humility,
- boredom or reunion.
- He comes in a dreams lie a spectre and salutes.

Dor

- Where are our old days, sweetheart?!
- Where are the nights of love, and where is love?!
- Is the world of love so insecure,
 or may be long separation changed you?!
- Be tender and merciful, sweetheart.
 Your separation set fire to me.
- When does your mind anchor at the sea of love?!

حسن طبع اللي فتني

My Love's Good Manners...

A Dor by Kāmil al-Khulaī, in Rāst

Madhhab

- My love's good manners
 taught my heart how to love.
- Oh God; if you just see
 the beauty that captured me!
- He is like a rising crescent
 and like a sweet deer,
 and as tender as the breeze.
 So, how can my enviers blame me?!
- This is not fair, folks!

Dor

- Enviars saw me by their own eyes
while I was complaining about crave.
- Leave me alone, enviars;
Blame is of no use.
- If you, enviars, suffer what I suffer,
you will not get sleep for nights.
- Since my love forsook me,
he deprived my eyes from sleep.

جنة نعيمی

My Paradise

A Ṭaqtūqa by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Ḥijāz kār kurd

Madhhab

- My paradise is in loving you;
and I love nothing save you in this world.

Ghuṣn

- How beautiful the paradise of our love is!
All tree branches there keep staggering.
- My love's soul like love
away from enviars.

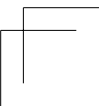
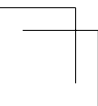
Ghuṣn

- The full moon comes from your beauty;
You are a rising full moon.
- Heart's paradise lies in your consent;
It commands and prohibits in love.

Ghuṣn

- Your eyes' narcissus whispers to me;
It cures pains.
- I hope you make me happy, sweetheart,
and cure my heart who is about to speak.

A Song Composed by ‘Abduh al-Hāmūlī

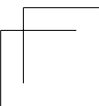
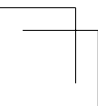


أراك عصى الدمع

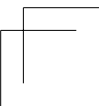
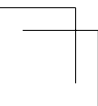
I See that Your Tears Are Hard to Shed

An Ode by Abū Firās al-Ḥamadānī, in Bayāṭī

- I see that your tears are hard to shed, and that you are patient.
But doesn't love have any effect upon you?!
- Yes; I crave and feel grief;
but the secret of someone like me is never revealed.
- When night comes, I become absorbed in passion,
and shed proud tears.
- Fire almost blazes within my ribs
when flared up by crave and thinking.
- She indulges me in the hope that she will soon come to me,
while death is closer than this.
I would die of thirst and she wouldn't give a drop of water.
- She said: "Fate has come down hard on you after I left"
and I said: "God forbid! It was you who did so, not fate."



Songs Composed by Kamāl al-Ṭawīl



لغيرك ما مددت يدا

I Never Begged Anyone Save You, God

An Ode by Ṭāhir Abū Fāshā, in Huzām

- I never begged anyone else save you, God;
and no one is as generous as You are.
- Your door is never shut to me;
and You would not ward off someone coming to You.
- Your power is ever-lasting,
and You would not prevent anyone heading for You.
- Your kindness, oh God,
protects when fate gets cruel.
- I put a hand on my heart
and stretched a hand towards You.
- I kept wandering aimlessly
and don't know to what extent;
- always chased by grief
and always accompanied by sadness.
- My day is a terrible heat,
and my night is a deep darkness.
- Woe be to me at noon,
and woe be to me at night!
- You are the only support I have;
and You are all my folks and back up.

و الله زمان يا سلاحي

It's Been Long Time, My Weapon!

An Anthem by Ṣalāh Jahīn, in 'Ajam

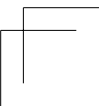
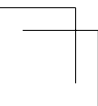
- It's been long, my weapon,
I crave you in struggle.
- Speak up and say "I'm fully on the alert."
It's been long, war!

- It's been long since the soldiers
have been creeping like thunder,
- taking oath to be back
only with victory.

- Go ahead and join the line;
put your souls on your hands (for sacrifice.)
- The enemy shall suffer
so much in battle.

- Oh glory; oh glory!
- You were built up here,
- by our effort and sweat.
- You shall never turn into humility.
- The nation creeps like light;
the people are mountains and seas;
- a volcano of anger; a boiling one;
a quake digging graves.

A Song Composed by Farīd Ghusn



وقفت أودع حبيبي

I Said Good-Bye to My Love

A Monologue by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Nahāwand

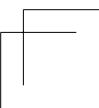
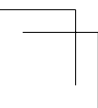
- I said good-bye to my love,
with tears in my eyes;
- hiding grief and wailing,
for fear he may know how sad I was.
- He feels pity for me.
In his eyes, I see
- grief and crave,
and I cry.
- I told him what made me sad
when separation occurred to my mind.

- I'd like to satisfy my eyes by looking at him
before he goes away.
- I deprived myself
in the heat of my wailing
- from him seeing my tears complaining to him
about the fire of crave,
- or hearing my tongue telling him about longing.

- I bid him farewell without saying a word;
and I left him with my soul saying good-bye.
- As I stepped a little far away,
I wanted to have a look before he left.
- I looked behind crying for my love.
- Through my tears, I saw his shadow leaving.
- The world is a mirror reflecting my grief.
- The sun cried
along with me at dusk.
- It felt pity to leave the world
as I bid farewell to my love.
- The sun is sad and so is my heart
which has 10st its share in life.

- Oh birds flying home at dusk;
You'll find a company and a friend.
- You'll meet him in the bushes,
as night breeze gets mild.
- Your grief will become more and more
as you enjoy a friend's whispering.
- You'll talk and cure him
with happiness.
- I love him so much
but he has left me.

A Song Composed by Sayyid Mikkawī



يا مسهرني

You Make Me Stay up the Night

A Song by Aḥmad Rāmī, in Rāst

- Have it ever occurred to you mind to ask about me?!
My eyes are sleepless, for you make me stay up the night.
- My heart asks me: "What changed him,"
and "Have I ever occurred to you mind?!"
- Then, where is your dear love?
And where is your affectionate heart?
- Where is your sweet nearness?
Where is amity, and tenderness?
- You forgot me but I think of you,
and your shadow never leaves me.
- Be kind to me
and have mercy on me from doubts.
- Ask about me, you who make me stay up the night.

- Ask about the one who spends the night
between hope and memories;
- consoling a busy heart which says to me:
"We'll meet tomorrow."
- Tomorrow passes by, and so does the day after,
and no word or a message from you.
- Life's clays are countable,
and it's been long since you left.
- You forgot me but I think of you,
and your shadow never leaves me.
- Be kind to me
and have mercy on me from doubts.
- Ask about me, you who make me stay up the night.

- You make sleep stay up the night in my eyes;
you also made my thoughts stay up the night with you.
- I cannot help being patient
as crave takes me deep into the sea of love.
- I say to myself: "What have I done?"
and my heart replies: "Be patient with him;

- One day he'll be kind to us,
and then you'll know what he forsook us for."
- You forgot me but I think of you,
and your shadow never leaves me.
- Be kind to me
and have mercy on me from doubts.
- Ask about me, you who make me stay up the night.

- Come on and let night breeze
blow on the wings of crave.
- It's been long since you've forsaken me,
and patience is so hard, while days of life fly.
- Days are getting longer and longer. So, come on to me.
- I have much to say to you.
No time, even in dreams.
- You forgot me but I think of you,
and your shadow never leaves me.
- Be kind to me
and have mercy on me from doubts.
- Ask about me, you who make me stay up the night.
