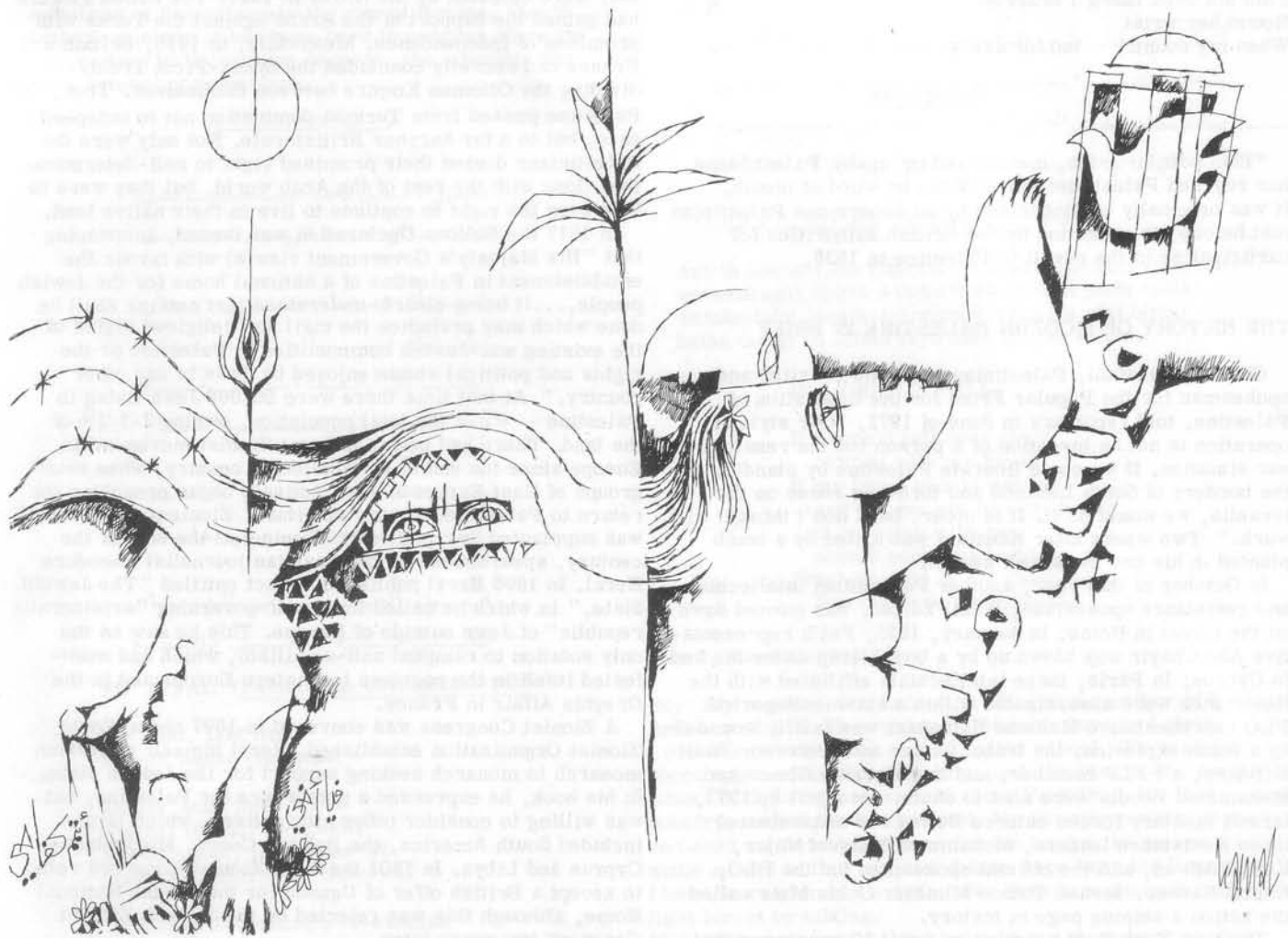


PAREDON P-1022

PALESTINE LIVES!

*Songs from
the struggle of the people of Palestine*

فلسطين فلتحي
فلسطين
أنا ناسك
من كساح
بشرع
فلسطين



LYRIC FROM 1936*

Night: let the captive finish his song.
By dawn his wing will flutter
And the hanged one will swing
With the wind.

Night: slow your pace.
Let me pour out my heart to you,
Perhaps you have forgotten who I am
And what my troubles are.

Pity, how my hours have slipped
Down your hands.

Do not think I weep from fear.
My tears are for my country
And for my fledgling children,
Hungry at home
Without their father.

Who will feed them after me?
My two brothers
Before me swung on the scaffold.

And how will my wife spend her days,
Lonely and in tears?
I did not even leave a bracelet
Round her wrist
When my country cried for arms.

Anonymous

*This popular lyric, memorized by many Palestinians, has reached Palestinian generations by word of mouth. It was originally extemporized by an anonymous Palestinian just before his execution by the British authorities for participating in the revolt in Palestine in 1936.

THE HISTORY OF MODERN PALESTINE IN BRIEF

Ghassan Kanafani, Palestinian journalist, writer and spokesman for the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, told reporters in June of 1972, "Our style of operation is not an invention of a person but the result of our situation. If we could liberate Palestine by standing on the borders of South Lebanon and throwing roses on the Israelis, we would do it. It is nicer, but I don't think it will work." Two weeks later Kanafani was killed by a bomb planted in his car by Israeli agents.

In October of that year, another Palestinian intellectual and resistance spokesman, Wahil Zaiter, was gunned down on the street in Rome; in January, 1973, Fat'h representative Abu Chayir was blown up by a booby-trap under his bed in Cyprus; in Paris, three intellectuals affiliated with the Resistance were assassinated within a six-month period: PLO representative Mahmud Hamshari was fatally wounded by a bomb explosion; the Iraqi writer and professor Basil Kulbaisy, a PFLP member, and the Algerian filmmaker Mohammed Boudia were shot to death. On April 9, 1973, Israeli military forces entered Beirut and assassinated three Resistance leaders, Mohammed Youssef Najjar, Kamal Adwan, and the official spokesman for the PLO, Kamal Nasser. Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir called the action a shining page in history.

The New York Post headline on April 10 announced that "Israeli Raiders Kill 3 Terrorist Chiefs" (emphasis added). Exactly twenty-six years earlier, on April 9, 1947, the Irgun and Stern Gang, Zionist underground organizations which fought against both the British and the Arabs prior to

the declaration of the State of Israel, entered the Arab village of Deir Yassin and massacred 254 women, children and old men. The leader of the Irgun, Menachem Begin, today leader of Israel's right-wing Likud coalition, wrote, "The massacre was not only justified but there would not have been a state of Israel without the victory of Deir Yassin."

* * *

In the future, when it will be of little use to the victims, the world will undoubtedly correct its bizarre and outrageous misjudgment of the Palestinian situation. In the future, historians and sociologists and psychologists will find reasons to explain not simply how an injustice came to be perpetrated against an entire people -- for this is common -- but also how the victims came to be seen as the aggressors, and their aggressors as the victims.

Like most third world people, the Palestinians came from an area that has seen successive invasions and conquests. Biblical Palestine was settled by the Canaanites around 2500 BC; the Hebrews invaded around 1200. Following the split of the Hebrew Kingdom into Israel in the North and Judea in the South in the tenth century, the Assyrians swept over the North in 722, and the Babylonians ended the rule of Judea in the South in 586. The Persians took over in 538, the Greeks in 331 and the Romans in 64 BC. The Islamic conquests reached Palestine in 636. From 1099 to 1187, the Christian Crusaders occupied Jerusalem. The Ottoman Turks came to power in 1517 and maintained their rule until they were defeated by the Allies in 1917. The Allied Powers had gained the support of the Arabs against the Turks with promises of independence. Meanwhile, in 1916, Britain and France had secretly concluded the Sykes-Picot Treaty dividing the Ottoman Empire between themselves. Thus, Palestine passed from Turkish domination not to independence, but to a far harsher British rule. Not only were the Palestinians denied their promised right to self-determination along with the rest of the Arab world, but they were to lose even the right to continue to live in their native land.

In 1917 the Balfour Declaration was issued, announcing that "His Majesty's Government view(s) with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, . . . it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of the existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country." At that time there were 56,000 Jews living in Palestine -- 8% of the total population, owning 2-1/2% of the land. There had been a nascent Zionist movement in Europe since the end of the nineteenth century, when small groups of East European Jews actively began preaching the return to Palestine. Their "spiritual" Zionism, however, was supplanted by "political" Zionism at the turn of the century, spearheaded by the Austrian journalist Theodore Herzl. In 1896 Herzl published a tract entitled "The Jewish State," in which he called for a self-governing "aristocratic republic" of Jews outside of Europe. This he saw as the only solution to rampant anti-semitism, which had manifested itself in the pogroms in Eastern Europe and in the Dreyfus Affair in France.

A Zionist Congress was convened in 1897 and a World Zionist Organization established. Herzl himself went from monarch to monarch seeking support for the Jewish state. In his book, he expressed a preference for Palestine, but was willing to consider other alternatives, which later included South America, the Belgian Congo, Mozambique, Cyprus and Libya. In 1903 the Sixth Zionist Congress voted to accept a British offer of Uganda for the Jewish National Home, although this was rejected by the Seventh Zionist Congress two years later.

Herzl himself considered Zionism a "colonial idea" (Diaries). The Jewish State in Palestine, he wrote in his book, would be a "part of the rampart of Europe against Asia... an outpost of culture against barbarism." That a

number of the early Jewish immigrants to Palestine shared none of Herzl's attitudes and were in fact motivated by religious or political ideals is not to be denied, but these ideals were negated by the reality of more powerful interests. The Balfour Declaration, issued thirteen years after Herzl's death, was simply the acknowledgment that Britain saw the situation in this way. In 1920 the League of Nations assigned the mandate over Palestine to Britain, and the area was opened to Jewish immigration.

The Arab population, whose rights were to be protected under the Balfour Declaration, reacted against the British rule and Zionist encroachment with riots and strikes throughout the twenties. By 1936 the Arab Higher Committee was formed and a general strike waged for six months. Resistance forces continued to engage the British Army until the movement was finally suppressed in 1939. In that year, as a gesture of appeasement to the Arab world, the British government issued a White Paper, declaring that a Jewish National Home had been established in Palestine. However, since further development would violate British pledges to the Arabs, Jewish immigration was to be limited for a period of five years and then halted. Jewish land purchases were also to be restricted. The Zionists responded to the White Paper with a campaign of terrorism against both the British and the Arabs, carried out by their military units: the Haganah of the Jewish Agency (indirectly armed by the British to fight the Arabs in 1936-39), the underground Irgun, and an offshoot of the Irgun, the Stern Gang.

During the second world war, the plight of European Jews gave prominence to the cause of the Zionists at the expense of the Palestinian Arabs; at the same time the indifference of the US and other allied powers to the situation of the Nazi victims left little alternative for refuge besides Palestine. Yet, the actions of the Zionists themselves revealed that their principal aim was not the rescue of these victims, but rather the continuation of immigration to Palestine and the establishment of a Jewish state. In 1943, Izhak Greenbaum, head of the Jewish Agency Rescue Committee, declared, "If I am asked, could you give from UJA (United Jewish Appeal) money to rescue Jews, I say No, and I say again No. In my opinion we have to resist that wave that puts Zionist activities in the second line."

Inside Palestine, the Zionists gained from the war in several ways. A Jewish fighting force of 30,000 was incorporated into the British army; Jewish industry developed through the production of supplies and munitions for the allies; Palestine served as a supply depot for the USSR. On this ascendant note, the Zionists stepped up their campaign for statehood immediately after the war, largely through acts of terrorism against the British. At the same time, they consolidated their support in the United States, which emerged from the war as the major western power.

In 1947, Britain passed the "Palestine Problem" along to the newly formed United Nations, announcing that their Mandate would end the following year. At that point, the Arabs constituted two-thirds of the population of Palestine and owned 94.4% of the land. The majority proposal of the United Nations was that Palestine be partitioned into two separate states: the Zionists, with one-third of the population and 5.6% of the land, were to receive 55% of the total area of Palestine. On the first vote, not one Asian or African country, with the exception of South Africa, voted in favor of the plan. The United States, under President Truman, however, responded with a pressure campaign on those countries which were considered most vulnerable -- Haiti, Ethiopia, Liberia, the Philippines, China and Greece. All but Greece capitulated, and the plan was approved by the United Nations on November 29, 1947.

The Partition was to take effect on May 15, 1948. Immediately after it was approved, however, the Zionist fighting

forces launched a series of raids and attacks on Arab villages -- including the infamous attack on Deir Yassin -- in order to intimidate the inhabitants into leaving. By May 14, 1948, the day Israeli "independence" was declared, 400,000 Arabs had fled. The following day the armies of Egypt, Lebanon and Syria entered Palestine and full-scale fighting broke out. By the time the last armistice agreements were reached in July, 1949, the state of Israel included 22% of the territory allotted to Arab Palestine, and in fact, occupied 78% of the entire land of Palestine. Of the remaining 22%, the West Bank was annexed to Jordan, and the Gaza Strip came under Egyptian administration. 750,000 Palestinians had become refugees.

They expected to return. On December 11, 1948, the United Nations passed resolution 194, calling for their repatriation or compensation for their land. But the Israeli authorities ignored this and subsequent resolutions to the same effect. In 1950, the Knesset passed the first of several Absentee Property Laws, which by convoluted legal definitions declared basically that anyone absent from his property at any time during the period from Nov. 29, 1947 through May 19, 1948, regardless of why he left and whether he returned, was legally an absentee, and thus his property was subject to expropriation by the state. The same year, the Knesset also passed the Law of Return, granting every Jewish person, regardless of where he was born, the right to immigrate to Israel.

Seventeen years later, Israel occupied the remaining areas of Palestine -- East Jerusalem, the West Bank and the Gaza Strip -- along with the Egyptian Sinai and the Syrian Golan Heights. An additional 410,000 Palestinians became refugees. On June 15, 1969 Golda Meir told reporters, "There was no such thing as Palestinians. They never existed." In a certain sense, she was right. The Western world, with its tennis-match conception of the "Arab-Israeli Conflict," saw only two opposing monoliths -- Herzl's European rampart versus the barbarians. Class distinctions between people and governments were not considered, for Israel as much as for the Arab world. The colonialist basis of Herzl's idea, and its modern development into imperialism, went unmentioned. The Palestinians, having no one at all to represent their interests in terms of nation or class, remained for some 25 years the "cavemen of the twentieth century." In 1964, however, the first Palestinian National Council was convened in Jerusalem, and a Palestine Liberation Organization was proclaimed. The same year saw the formation of the Palestine Liberation Army, and in 1965, the first commando actions inside Israeli occupied territories were carried out. The last decade has seen the emergence of a number of resistance organizations with varying ideologies. Taken as a whole, however, it is their three-fold political, military and cultural development which has given a new direction and identity to the struggle of the Palestinian people whom they represent. And this is a direction which points not only to the dismantling of the Zionist institutions and the creation of a democratic secular state in Palestine, but also the overthrow of reactionary Arab regimes and the expulsion of imperialist interests from the entire region.

- Miriam Rosen

"I hope this drawing contains the spirit of the rhythms of the songs in the record. The navel of the fallen man is a wound/womb, a blossom growing parallel to a palm tree - the hair of the woman is a hill that shelters the fedayee - the hill is the barbed wires that cover the fallen man - the woman stretches out her arms to kiss the moon, to free a song - the mouth of the moon slips - the song remains caged in your record - the words say 'Palestine Lives!'"

Kamal Boullata

ABOUT THE SONGS AND SINGERS:

To an Arab the radio is as indispensable as a car is to an American. The radio, as it were, became today's extension of the long oral tradition of the Arabs as the car became the requisite passport to the spacial freedom Americans traditionally yearned for.

If an Arab cannot afford to have a radio of his own, all he has to do is to go down to the *souk*, where radios of shopkeepers are turned on full blast, or to a nearby cafe where men sit closely together on low chairs smoking their *arghileh*. Or he may choose to go to a neighbor's house for a cozier atmosphere. There is always something important to hear with someone: a Koran recital, a favorite song or a news bulletin.

In times of war or political tension, crowds of people would be seen on a street corner, in a village square, gathering in one lump around a transistor as if that gadget were the palpitating heart of the group's survival. For over twenty years, displaced Palestinian Arabs on both sides of the barbed wire used to gather around some radio to hear the news of relatives they were separated from by the ever-expanding borders of the state of Israel.

I am speaking of all this because these defiant songs that were to be embraced by the masses were first heard over the radio, the same vehicle that had been a mirror for too much Arab escapism, sorrow and deceit.

* * *

In the aftermath of the war in June 1967, there was a disturbing lull. People had just heard Nasser resigning. A stroke of lightning hit the backbone of the Arab masses. People could not recover from the shock of the extent of defeat suffered by the regular Arab armies. It was at such a time that news of guerrilla operations started leaking. Handfuls of Palestinians, people heard, were able to defy the victors of the Six-Day War and strike deep into an Israel which had just announced to the world that its borders were sealed off with minefields and electronic devices. The radio started announcing bulletins of the beginning of a new kind of war. The phosphate factory at Sodom was blown up, the plastic factory at Bersheba followed, the patrol refinery at Elath, in Haifa; the Dodge assembly plant at Nazareth... and with the accomplishment of every new operation there were the beginnings of a new song.

The Palestine Liberation Movement has never had a stable transmitting station of its own. However, it has been able, according to the wavering political climate of Arab capitals, to borrow time on local state-owned stations to transmit their bulletins and to air the songs.

In the beginning, the songs were few, like the number of fighters. Many seem to have been composed in a frenzy. One of the very first songs to be aired over the radio was *Biladi*. The music for this song was borrowed from an Egyptian national song of the twenties. The words were altered to fit the theme of Palestine. Likewise, at this time, the rusty weapons used by the commandos were the weapons that were left behind by the retreating Arab armies, or weapons they captured from their enemies. With the ever-increasing number of volunteers who joined the armed struggle, and the intensification of operations, the songs multiplied. The Classical Arabic used in earlier songs was dropped. Newer songs were composed in the colloquial dialect of the Palestinian peasant. Now, Palestinians in their camps picked up the tune, danced to it, and added verses of their own to the song. Student groups and workers together with the peasant population felt a reciprocal identification with each new song.

You ask now, "But who wrote these songs that still vibrate?" At that time, nobody asked. The composers had remained anonymous just as Abu Khaled, Abu Yunis, Abu

Ayub in their lives and in their deaths remained anonymous fighters - except for their eyes which still glitter from beneath the *Kaffiyah*. Let me explain.

The *Fida'i* emerged from among the refugee camps into a world where the personality cult of a leader had dominated the scene, whether it was the profile of Nasser on the political arena or the voice of *Um Kalthum*. The defeat of the regular Arab armies during the war of 1967 was the beginning of a necessary defeat of the artificial state of authority that had long been imposed from above. The ground became fertile for the emergence of a new authority, this time rooted at the base of society. These songs are the sounds of the roots as they twist underground. They are orphic songs, and their basic value is that they are answers to a bleeding need and calls for action.

They could only have been group songs, because in traditional Arab music there is no passive audience. Anybody can start the song in the presence of others; the rest of the group joins in, regardless of performing talent. Here, the listener and the singer become one, for the chief delight of the listener-singer is the sound of the group as it rises to break the walls of silence in a room full of students, in a cell packed with prisoners, in a march on the streets of Amman, in a lonely cave deep in the *aghwar* where comrades spend their time between operations, in a village square, or in a courtyard. For silence in such Arab moments is like death, and the guerrilla defies death with the same nakedness of a human voice that defies the cathedral of silence. If death (silence) surprises us, then "Let it be welcome," Guevara said, "if our battle cry has reached even one receptive ear..." That is why the sounds of these songs descend on us like a thundering of horses.

The content of these songs is direct and simple, many times bordering on the mere rhetoric; they may tirelessly repeat words such as "wound," "chains," "fire" and "the road," but such words hit the Palestinian ear like a bullet hits its mark.

Music masterpieces cannot be expected of composers who are daily exposed to the sounds of shelling and artillery, composers who had known only the sounds of the winds blowing through their canvas dwellings. That is why "survival" and "endurance" are their song, its rhythm is the pulse in the vein of a bitter reality in constant motion. The idiom is brief, as ammunition is scarce to a guerrilla fighter.

Guerrilla warfare must have been invented and developed at the same time and pace as portable weapons, just as the best instruments that are developed to accompany these songs of the Palestinian guerrillas are the *durbukkeh*, the *tar*, the *nakkara* or better, your bare hands. The rest is the power of the human voice as it is knit into a rough unison that stretches across the horizon.

Are these songs the sounds of the liberation of Palestine? Certainly not. Listen. Abul Hassan had said, "We ought to shoot *Assifa's* first shell close to the ears of the peasants so that they may hear the sound of the liberation of the land." That indeed is the only sound of liberation.

What you hear on this record is an echo - the echo of a very important phase in the long struggle of the people of Palestine. Listen to these songs. You will know. This is only the beginning. The struggle goes on. Palestine lives.

Kamal Boullata

souk - market place
arghileh - water pipe
Um Kalthum - Egypt's greatest and best-known singer
Fida'i - (also spelled *Fedayeeh*) - freedom fighter
durbukkeh, *tar*, *nakkara* - musical instruments
Assifa - "the storm" of guerrilla struggle
kaffiyah - head scarf
aghwar - valley

THE INSTRUMENTS:

- TAKHT Literally "platform" in Arabic. It is the traditional group of instruments used as the basic orchestra. The instruments include:
- 'OUD Antecedent of the lute and guitar, plucked with an eagle feather.
- QANUN A plucked instrument with 24 triple-stringed notes, held horizontally. It dates back to the ancient kingdom of Southern Arabia.
- SANTUR A hammered string instrument similar to the hammered dulcimer, with movable bridges and ninety-six strings.
- NAY A flute with six digit holes, played vertically. Probably of Persian origin.
- KAMANJEH Corresponds to the violin, but is held vertically, like a cello. Of Persian origin.
- DAFF A small tambourine. The fingers of the right hand strike the heavy (dum) beats. The left hand taps the jingling metal plates, giving the light (tak) beats.
- DURBEKKEH Drum, usually made of clay, shaped like a horn, with the large end covered by a skin. Usually played with hands, thumb and middle finger. Individual players find their personal combinations.
- TAR A large, single-headed hoop drum, very much like a large tambourine. Played with the hand.
- NAQQARA A pair of bowl-shaped earthen drums, similar to bongos but played with mallets. Heads are of skins held on by thongs.

CREDITS:

KAMAL BOULLATA wrote the introduction, made the translations and transliterations, and compiled notes for each song. The drawing on the cover and booklet are his.

A Palestinian born in Jerusalem in 1942, he graduated from the Academy of Rome. His paintings have been shown in Jerusalem, Beirut, Damascus, Zurich, Rome, Paris, London, and in Third World communities of the U.S. and Canada. His drawings have appeared in various Arabic and English publications. His writings on politics and art have appeared in diverse journals including Shi'r, Mawakif, Freedomways, and Muslim World. He lives and works in Washington, D. C.

MIRIAM ROSEN wrote the brief history of Palestine. She conducts the radio program "Middle East Press Review" on Pacifica station WBAI in New York City.

BARBARA DANE supervised the overall production of the record and booklet.

THE MUSIC was recorded in Amman, Jordan, during the 1960's by Arab fighters for the liberation of Palestine.

THE INTERVIEWS were recorded for the sound track of the film, "We Are The Palestinian People" by Cine News, Box 40014, San Francisco, Ca. 94140. Used by special permission.

THE FILM may be booked through Tricontinental Film Center, 333 6th Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y. 10014 or Box 4430, Berkeley, Ca. 94704





Side 1, Band 1: (0:25)

Man: Try to imagine yourself living in these tents, not for a day, not for a week, not for a month, not for a year. Suppose you imagine yourself, all your life you are going to stay in this tent. Believe me, you will make a guerrilla. You will go and fight, fight for your land, fight for your home, fight for your country.

Side 1, Band 2: BELADI (MOTHERLAND) (4:00)

One of the earliest songs that caught up with the sentiments of the Palestinian and the Arab masses was "Beladi." The music of this song was popular since the twenties. It was originally composed by Saïd Darwish (1892-1923), an Egyptian pioneer who was a founder of a people's music in the Arab world. The original words of the song were uttered in a speech by Mustafa Kamel, an Egyptian nationalist hero, upon his return from exile in France. The words here were slightly altered to serve the theme of Palestine. This is one of the few Palestinian songs that is accompanied by the takht traditional orchestration; likewise in terms of content it retains a traditional vision of the motherland.

بلادي

بلادي بلادي فتح ثورة علاء عادي
فلسطين يا أرض الجدود اليك لا بد أن أعود
فتح ثورة ستسود والعاصفه أمل بلادي

فلسطين يا حبي الكبير أنت غايتي والمصير
اليك لا بد اسير يصفع الظلم عنادي
فلسطين يا مهد المسيح مسرى محمد يصيح
حرروا بلدي الجريح طهروه من الاعادي
فلسطين يا أملي الوحيد اليك لا بد نعيد
عزة الشعب الطريد تحت رايات الجهاد
فلسطين شعبك لن يموت وهو لن يرضي السكوت
والعاصفه دايمًا تكون يدها فوق الزناد
العاصفه تمشي هناك تزرع الارض شراك
بالردي والي الهلاك كل غاسب في لبلادي

BILADI (Classical Arabic)

Biládi, (3) Fat'hu thawra 'al a'ádi
Filistinu yá árda-l-judúd, ilaiki lá budda án aúd
Fat'hu thawra sátasúd, wal assifa amal biládi

Filistinu yá hubbi-l-kabír, anti ghāyati wal masír
Ilaiki lá budda asír, yasfa'u-th-thulma inádi

Filistinu yá máhda-l-masíh, masrá muhammadon yasíh
Harriru baladi-j-jaríh, tahhirúhu-mil-a'ádi

Filistinu yá amali-l-wahíd, ilaiki lá budda nu'íd
Izzata-sh-shá'abi-t-taríd, tahta ráyáti-l-jihádi

Filistinu shá'abuki lan yamut, wahwa lan yarda-s-sukút
Wal assifa daiman takún, yadaha fawkal-zinádi

Al assifa tamshi hunák, tazra'ul arda shirák
Birrada wa ilal halák, kulla ghasiben fi biládi.

BELADI (Motherland)

Motherland, motherland,
Fat'h is a Revolution against the enemy.
Palestine, the land of our forefathers,
to you we will return.
Fat'h is a revolution that shall win:
Assifa is the hope of my motherland.

Palestine, oh great love,
you are my goal and my destiny.
To you I walk, and my determination
shall overcome oppression.

Palestine, birthplace of Christ,
destination of Muhammad's journey,
Liberate my wounded land,
cleanse from it the usurpers.

Palestine, my only hope,
to you we shall restore
The dignity of our destitute people,
under the banner of protracted struggle.

Palestine, your people shall not die.
It shall defy silence, and Assifa
shall keep the finger on the trigger.

Assifa walks there,
planting the land with explosives
Loaded with destruction and doom
for every exploiter of the motherland.

Side 1, Band 3: (0:51)

Boy: We are the Palestinian people. We have lived on our land, our Palestine, for thousands of years. Now we are almost all refugees. The Zionists have driven us off our land. Now we must live in refugee camps outside our Palestine. Some day we will return. I am making a picture of my village out of sticks and stones, my village in Palestine before the Zionists drove us out. It was always a rich and beautiful place. It was not a desert as the Zionists say.

Side 1, Band 4: THE REVOLUTIONARIES' DEBT (1:40)

Despite the use of a full traditional background orchestration to this simple song, the tar and the durbukkeh seem to overshadow all other instruments. The rough unison of the group carries a certain virility and tenderness that parallel the harsh life of the fida'i and his determination to continue the struggle. "I carried my machine gun that the next generation may carry a sickle" became a popular slogan used on various posters, banners and revolutionary literature of the movement.

دين الثوار

انا يا اخي امنت بالشعب المضيق والمكبيل
وحملت رشاشي لتحمل بعدنا الاجيال منجبل
وجعلت جرحي والدماء للسهل والبوديان جدول
دين عليك دماؤنا والدين حرق لا يوجد

DAYNU-TH-THUWAR (Classical Arabic)

Ana ya akhi, ámantu bi-sh-sha'bi-l-mudayya-i wal mukabbal
Wa hamaltu rash-sháshi litahmila ba'dana-l-aj-yálu minjal
Wa ja'áltu jurhi wa-d-dima liss-sáhlí wal widyáni jadwal
Daynu alaika dima'una wad-daynu huqon lá yu'ajjal.

THE REVOLUTIONARIES' DEBT

Brother, I have had faith in the people,
who were made lost and chained.
Because of this I have carried my machine gun,
so that the next generation may carry a sickle.
I have made of my wound and my blood
a flowing river to the hills and valleys.
The blood of the fighters is a debt owed you all,
and a debt has a right not to be postponed.

Side 1, Band 5: THE RISING TIDE (2:25)

Dance and song are closely interrelated in Palestine, and form an integral part of the daily life of the villages. Palestinian peasants have a dance for almost every social occasion. Words to a rhythm are usually composed extemporaneously. This song, which follows the beat of a typical halja rhythm, is a good example of the use of a peasant musical tradition, highlighted with the flute, together with the militant content of the words.

المد .. المد ..

المد المد يا ثورتنا الشعبيه
ما بيقدرد حد يوقف زحف الفدائيه
يا ثورتنا المد .. المد
يا عزوتنا المد .. المد
هاذا صوت الشعب بيدوي أقوى من الرعد
فتح الثورة نحمي حماه
دمي ودم ولادي فداها
احنا نساند .. احنا نعاهد
احنا وراهنا الدرغ الصامد
عهد الطالب يا ثورتنا
عهد العامل والفلاح
بأييد الثورة نعالي رايتنا
وبالثانيه شاديبن السلاح

IL MADD-IL-MADD (Palestinian Colloquial Arabic)

Il madd-il-madd yā thawritnash-sha'biyyeh
Ma biyeqdar hād yowqef zahf-il-fidai'yeh
Ya thawritna, il madd il madd
Ya 'Izwitna, il madd il madd.

Hāda sot ish-sha'bi biyādiwi... aqawa mnir-ra'ad

Fath ithawra nihmi himāha
Dammi-w-dam-w-lādi fidāha
Ihna-n-sāned, ihna-n-'āhed
Ihna warāha, id-dir 'issāmed.

'Ahdit-tāleb, ya thawritna
'Ahdil-āmel wil fallāh
B-īd ith-thawra, n-'alli rāyitna
W-bittanya shaddīn liss-lāh.

THE RISING TIDE

Our people's Revolution is a rising tide.
Nobody can stop the Fedayeen's onward drive.
Oh Revolution, oh rising tide,
Oh comrades, oh rising tide.

Here, the people's voice echoes louder than thunder!

Fat'h, the Revolution, we defend you.
My blood and my children's blood we sacrifice to you.
We support you, we promise you
we will remain your steadfast shield.

These are the times of students,
oh Revolution!

These are the times of workers and peasants,
With one hand we raise the banner of Revolution,
While the other hand holds steady on the gun.

Side 1, Band 6: THE TESTAMENT OF A MARTYR (2:47)

Perhaps more than other songs in this collection, the melodic line of this song retains the tremolo quality which is familiar in traditional Arabic music and in all other modal music. This effect adds a tone of melancholy to the vigorous beat of this song that focuses on heroic death.

انمى يراعك في دمي واكتب نشيدا من فمي
وارقب شفاهي وهي تمتفحازمات فأنا اردد أغنيات قبل المعات
هذى امانى الجرح تتلوها الشفاء هذى صلا
فأكتب علي هام الحياه قصص الابـــــــــــــــــاء
الشعب آمن بالحراب بالفتح تستل الحراب
بدم يسيل على التراب

فانمى يراعك في دمي واكتب وصايا من فمي
اكتب الي كل الرجال .. يا اخوتي .. يا عزوتي
ها قد كتبت وصيتي

هذه رسالة جيلنا .. انتم علامة فجرنا انتم نهاية ليلنا
أنا أن قضيت فاكلوا وتحملوا وتحملوا

WASIYYAT SHAHID (Classical Arabic)

Ighmess yara-'aka fidamī,
Waktob nashīdan min famī,
Wārkob shifāhī wahya tāhtufu hāzimat
Fa ana Uraddidu Ughniāt qablal mamāt
Hathi Amānil-j-jurhu tatlūhash-shifāh, hāthi salāh
Faktob 'ala hāmil hayā qisasoil ubāh
Ash-sha'bu amana bil hirāb
Bil fat-hi tastallul hirāb
Bidamen yasilu 'alat-turāb.

Faghmess yara 'aka fi dami,
Waktob wasāya min fami,
Uktob ila kullir-rijāl
Ya ikhwatī, ya izwatī
ha qad katabtu wasiyyati

Hāthi risālatu jīlinā
Antom 'alamatu fajrinā
Antom nihayatu lailinā
Ana qad qadaitu fa akmilū
Watahammalū Watahammalū
Watahammalū.

THE TESTAMENT OF A MARTYR

Dip your pen in my blood
And write the song of my heart.
See how firmly my lips utter songs
I repeat before I die.

My song is the wish of a wound,
which my lips repeat like a prayer.
So write over the brow of Life
the tales of the heroic fathers.
The masses believe in the necessity of battle.
Fat'h paves the way.
Blood that runs over the earth is here.

Dip your pen in my blood
And write the testament of my heart.
Write to men everywhere,
to brothers and sisters.
That is my will.

This is the message of our generation:
you are the sign of our days,
you are the end of our nights,
And I, if I die, you go on, you persist, you endure.

Woman: We were living in very bad conditions after the exodus in 1948. There was not enough land, farms nor vegetables for the native people. The people would eat anything, anything green. We were very hungry. There was much starvation. We lived ten people to one small room. Our people were afflicted with tuberculosis. Four out of five babies died before they reached the first year of life. After six months of almost complete starvation, the United Nations began their program to give us only six cents worth of food every day, barely enough to survive. The Revolution changed all of our lives. We started the General Union of Palestinian Women, and organized workshops and schools for women. The income from this sewing workshop helped support our families and the revolutionary movement. In spite of all our hardships, we keep our Palestinian culture alive.

Side 1, Band 8: THE ROAD OF DIGNITY (1:35)

This song with its solemn rhythm reaches us through the naked human voice free from any instrumental ornamentation. It is an authentic echo of the natural sound of such songs as they are sung in daily life, on a base, in a cave, or in an open field.

طريق العزة

انا قد كسرت القيد قيد مذلتني
وسحقت جلادى وصانع نكبتي
ونسفت سجنى وانطلقت عواصفى
لهبى ادمم تحت رايه ثورتى
انا ابن فتح ما هتفت لغيره
ولجيشها المقدام صانع عودتى
فهي التي صنعت لشعبى ثورة
وهي التي شقت طريق العزة

TARIQ AL-IZZATI (Classical Arabic)

Ana qad kasartul qaida qaida mathallatī
Wa sahaqtu jalladi wa sāni'a nakbati
Wa nasaftu sijni wan talaqtu awāsifan
Lahaban udamdimu tahta rāyati thawrātī
Ana ibnu fat'hen mā hataftu li ghairihā
Wa lijaishihal miqdami sānia awdati
Fahial lāti sana'āt li sha'biya thawratan
Wa hial lāti shaqqat tariqal izzati.

THE ROAD OF DIGNITY

I have broken the chains of my humiliation
Crushed the chains of my executioner, the one behind my
disaster
Blasted my prison and broken out into hurricanes
I am the flames kindled under the flag of my Revolution
I am Fat'h's son, I belong to its militia
Which is clearing the way for my homeward journey
Fat'h is making my people's Revolution
Fat'h is carving out the road of dignity

فداءي

فدائي يا أرضي يا أرض الجود
فدائي يا شعبي يا شعب الخلود

بعزمي وناري
واشواق دممي
صعدت الجبال
تهرت المحال

فدائي

بعضف الرياح
واصرار شعبي
فلسطين داري
فلسطين ناري

فدائي

بحق القسم تحت ظل العلم
بأرضي وشعبي ونار الآلم
ساحيا فدائي
واقضي فدائي

فدائي

FIDA'I (Classical Arabic)

Fida'i ya ardī, ya ardal judūd
Fida'i ya sha'bi, ya sha'bal khulūd

Biazmī wa nāri, wa burkāni thāri
Wa ashwāqa dāmi, li ardī wa dāri
Sa adtul jibāla, wa khudtun nidāla
qahartul muhāla, hattamtul guyūd

Biasfir Riāhi, wa nāriss-silāhi
Wa issrari sha'abi, likhawdil kifāhi
Filistinu dāri, Filistīnu nāri
Filistīnu thāri, wa ārduss sumūd

Bihaq-qīl qasam, tāhta thillil alām
Bi ārdi wa sha'abi, wa nāril alām
Sa ahya fidā'i, wa amdi fidā'i
Wa aqdī fidā'i, ila ān aūd.

FEDAYEE (Freedom Fighter)

My land, land of our forefathers:
Here am I a freedom fighter.
My people, the immortal people,
Here I am a freedom fighter.

With my determination and my fire,
and the volcano of my revenge,
The yearning in my blood
for my land and my home,
I climbed mountains and waged battles,
I conquered impossible goals,
and I broke off the chains.

Fedayee,
With the storming of the winds,
the fire of the guns,
And my people's determination
to struggle,
Palestine is my home,
Palestine is my fire,
Palestine is my goal,
land of endurance.

Fedayee,
I have sworn in the shadow of your flag,
I have sworn by the precious land,
By my people and the flames of pain,
I will live as a Fedayee,
I will persist as a Fedayee,
I will die a Fedayee,
Till I return home,
Fedayee.

Side 1, Band 10: (3:06)

Man: In 1956, we started the Palestinian Liberation Movement, in the Gaza strip. For nine years, we were very secret. We met together, we talked together, always discussing the armed struggle. On January 1, 1965, we launched our first operation into Occupied Palestine, also called Israel. This was the first time that we faced the enemy. The people heard about us and wanted to join us. At first, we contacted the other Arab political parties and proposed the armed struggle. They not only rejected our ideas, but even tried to attack us, saying that the Palestinians can never liberate their land. They opposed the idea of a long "people's war," claiming that the war must be short and decisive. Both the Israeli and the Arab governments sent their secret police to hunt down our commanders. Mass arrests were made, both inside Israel and the Arab countries. All the governments feared our Revolution. We knew from the beginning that our war was not against the Jews, our war was against the Zionist military machine that brutalized our people.

Woman: We are saying that Israel has taken our land by force, and there is no other way but by force to return to our land.

Man: By September, 1970, our Revolution had gained much support among the Arab people. Jordan was our main base against Zionism. As the Revolution grew stronger, the U.S. government proposed that the United Nations adopt a special resolution, a so-called "peaceful solution" to the Middle East crisis. The U.S. government began to send many arms to Hussein's regime in Jordan, not to fight Zionism, but to attack the Revolution. The giant U.S. corporations and banks have billions of dollars invested in the Arab countries. They would like to continue exploiting the resources that belong to the Arab people. That is why they are trying to crush the Revolution. But the Palestinians have awakened the Arab people to fight U.S. Imperialism and its partners. Now we work underground in Jordan. From Syria and Lebanon our operations continue against Israel. Inside the occupied territory, there are daily acts of resistance. Today, we are not alone. All over the world, in Vietnam, in Latin America, in Africa, people are fighting for their national liberation. Our fight will take many years, but we are determined to fight until victory.

Side 1, Band 11: PALESTINIAN ARAB (1:52)

Over the years, Palestinians under occupation were called many derogatory names, such as *Aravi Melokhlakh* (dirty Arab). Palestinian poets had unrelentingly dealt with the subject courageously as in Darwish's poem "Identity Card." In another poem Darwish had written: "I will write it with

my nails/ eye sockets and dagger/ I will recite it in my
prison cell/ in the bathroom/ in the stable/ under the whip/
under the chains.../ a million nightingales over the branches
of my heart/ singing the song of liberation."
This song combines in colloquial Palestinian Arabic the two
themes in one.

عربي فلسطيني

دمي .. دربي .. بلدي .. اسمي
عنواني عربي فلسطيني

أنا جمره في نار الثور
أنا حربه طعنتها ممره
أنا خزنة نار في باروده
أنا أيد عالم دفع مشدوده
في القدس في يافا في الرمله
أنا ثور أرضي المحتله

هأدا هو طريق الحريه
بتشقه الايد الفدائيه
بالايد نحارب بالخنجر
بالشبريه وبالطوريه
بصاروخ بمدفع بالاضفر
ثورة ومسيرة شعبيه

دمي .. دربي .. بلدي .. اسمي
عنواني عربي فلسطيني

ARABI .. FALASTINI
(Palestinian Colloquial Arabic)

Dammi, dárbi, báladi, ísmi
Inwání: arabi Falastíni

Ana jamra finár-ith-thawra
Ana harba ta-anitha murra
Ana khaznet nar fi barudeh
Ana íd al midfa' mashdudeh
Fil 'Uds fi Yáffa fi Ramleh
Ana thawret ardil muhtalleh

Háda huweh tari' il hurriyyeh
Bitshu 'ol íd il fida'iyyeh
Bil íd nhareb, bil khanjar
Bish-shibriyyeh w-bit-turiyyeh
Bisarúkh, bimidfa', bil udfar
Thawra wi masíreh sha'biyyeh.

Dammi, dárbi, báladi, ísmi,
Inwání: arabi Falastini.

PALESTINIAN ARAB

My blood, my road,
my town, my name,
my address: Palestinian Arab.

I am the burning coal
in the fire of the Revolution.
I am the spear with bitter point.
I am the loaded artillery
inside the gun's barrel.
I am the hand
pressed on a machinegun.
In Jerusalem, in Jaffa, in Ramleh,
I am the Revolution
of the occupied land.

This is the road to liberty,
carved by the hand of the Fedayeen.
We fight with bare hands,
we fight with a knife,
A dagger and an axe,
a missile and a cannon,
We fight with our nails.
This is the Revolution.
This is the People's march.

My blood, my road,
my town, my name,
My address: Palestinian Arab.

Side 2, Band 1: TAKE ME WITH YOU (3:08)

The smallest interval in Arabic music is the quarter tone (24 to an octave) as opposed to Western music, where it is the semitone (8 to an octave). This difference produces a musical embroidery that may sound unfamiliar to the Western ear. In this particular song, which uses the full orchestration of the traditional takht, quarter tones seem to be more emphasized than in most other songs in this collection. Its ornamental shades, familiar in Palestinian folksongs, seem to bring its leading note (especially in its refrain) closer to the *Ushshaq* and *Nawa* modes which call forth courage and simplicity.

خذني معاك

يا هاجر البيت والولاد والحضن والنور والدفا
خذني معاك أموت واغني تحت نار العاصفه
خذني معاك خذني معاك
خذني معاك

خذني معاك يارفيقي ياسايقني في طريقي
أنا مثلك عطشان للفجر ما بين النصر بيل ريقي
خذني معاك خذني معاك
خذني معاك

خذني معاك وقتت وقتت حتي شاب القلب وشبت
وهلا لمست شبابي ابدي لما لقيتك قلت اوصلت
خذني معاك خذني معاك
خذني معاك

KHUDNI MA-AK (Palestinian Colloquial Arabic)

Yá hajer il beit wiliwlad wil hudni wil nur wid-dáfa
Khudni ma-ák amút wa ghanni taht nár il Assifa
Khudni ma-ak, Khudni ma-ak
Khudni ma-ák

Khudni ma-ák ya rafi'i, ya sabi'ni fi tari'i
 Ana mitlak 'atshán lal fajri ma bein innasr yibil ri'i
 Khudni ma-ák, Khudni ma-ák
 Khudni ma-ák

Khudni ma-ák w-ift, w-ift hatta sháb il alb w-shibt
 W-halla lamast shabábi bi-ídi lamma la'eitak ult w-silt
 Khudni ma-ák, Khudni ma-ák
 Khudni ma-ák.

TAKE ME WITH YOU

You who have abandoned home and family,
 the warmth and shelter, the light,
 Take me with you to die and to sing,
 under the flames of the Tempest.
 Take me with you, take me with you,
 take me with you.

My comrade, take me with you,
 You who preceded me on my road.
 Like you, I have thirsted to drink the dawn,
 and only victory can quench my thirst.
 Take me with you, take me with you,
 take me with you.

I have been standing, standing
 until my heart has grown old
 And my hair has turned white.
 Now I seize my youth with my own hands.
 Take me with you, take me with you,
 take me with you.

Side 2, Band 2: (1:27)

Man: The Palestinian Revolution was born in our refugee camps, where the poor, the hungry, and the landless survived. Some of us began to think: "We are the Palestinians, the land is Palestinian, the problem is Palestinian, and the people are Palestinians, so -- only we can find the solution."

Second Man: Well, I tell you the freedom fighters in South Vietnam, they are fighting the greatest nation in the whole world. They are fighting a nation with atomic bombs, and H bombs, and we do believe, as they do believe, that they will liberate their country. If you have been deported out of your homeland, what else have you to do?

First Man: We went to the workers in the oil refineries. We helped them organize a union, and supported their strikes. We organized a workers' militia. We published many newspapers, so that all the Arab people could learn about our struggle. We set up hospitals for the wounded fighters, and clinics for our people in the refugee camps.

Side 2, Band 3: THE MARCH OF OUR PEOPLE (0:54)

Palestinians are familiar with the red anemone flower that spreads all over the hills around Jerusalem in springtime. Pagans used to call it "the blood drops of Adonis." The legend was carried down many generations. In Palestinian Christian legends today, the little red wild flower is referred to in colloquial Arabic as "the blood drops of Christ" due to its appearance around Eastertime. The theme of this song crystallizing in the words, "the drops of my blood like little flames spreading over the hills" recalls in simple local idiom a chain of allegorical associations that are rooted in Palestinian soil. Likewise, the tonal delivery of the song is reminiscent of the recital of biblical text in the Eastern Arab churches or to some degree the recital of Koranic verses.

مسيرة شعبنا

انا يا اخي في موطني راضي توسدت الثرى
 عانقته ولثمته شوقا اليه فهل تــــرى
 قطرات دمي كاللهب تناثرت فوق الذرى
 هذى مسيرة شعبنا فجر سيشهده الورى

MASIRAT SHA'BUNA (Classical Arabic)

Ana ya akhí, fi mawtini ráden tawassadtu-th-thará
 Anaqtuhu, wa' lathamtuhu shawgan ilayhí fahal tará
 Qataráti dami kallahabi tanátharat fawga-th-thurá
 Háthi masíratu sha'bina fajran sayash-haduhul wará.

THE MARCH OF OUR PEOPLE

Brother, of moist earth in my land
 I made my bed.
 I embraced it and kissed it with longing.
 Do you see
 Drops of my blood like little flames
 spreading over the hills?
 This is the march of our people,
 the coming generations shall witness
 the dawn.

Side 2, Band 4: THE REVOLUTIONARIES' PLEDGE (2:40)

Since the Palestinian Revolution began preparing the masses for a protracted war of liberation, the status quo of the Arab establishments was threatened and their very *raison d'être* was shaken. Attempts to liquidate the movement militarily took place in Lebanon, Syria and Jordan. The U.S. moved into the area with talks about "peace" and "reconciliation." This song was composed in answer to these proposals.

قسم الثوار

لا صلح لا استسلام لا	مليونون لا
قسما بعاصفة الابهاء	قسما ترده الدماء
من كل جرح دم دماء	
قسما يجلجل هادرا	
ليدق أبواب السماء	
لا صلح لا استسلام لا	مليونون لا
من كل حنجره ابييه	من كل فتحة بندقيه
من كل رشاش ورفم	من كل عرق فييه دم
من أعين الايتام	لا صلح لا استسلام
لا . . . مليونون لا	

الشعب لن يحني الجباه
 الشعب ما كلت يدهاء
 الشعب ماضي في طريق النصر
 ينتزع الحياه
 الشعب يهدر عاصفا
 لا . . . مليونون لا

شعبي علي وهج السلاح
 اوراس يرجع من جديد
 ماض علي درب الكفاح
 بمواكب الفجر الوليد
 برصاصنا بشهيدنا
 لا صلح لا استسلام
 مليون لا
 مليون لا

My people have taken up arms,
 Marching on the road of the struggle,
 The spirit of Oras is returning
 with the procession of the new dawn
 With our bullets and our martyrs,
 With our guns we shall declare:
 No to reconciliation, no to surrender,
 no, a million times no.

QA'AMU-TH-THUWWAR (Classical Arabic)

á súlha, láss tiss lám, lá miliyona lá
 qasaman bi ássifatil ibáh,
 qasaman turaddiduhud-dimá
 Min kulli jurhen damdamá
 Qasaman yujaljilu hádirá
 Liyadugga abwábass-samá
 Lá súlha, láss tiss lám, lá miliyona lá

Min kulli hanjuraten abíyya
 Min kulli fat-hati bunduqiyya
 Min kulli rash-shashen wa fam
 Min kulli írquen fihi dam
 Min a'yunil aytam
 Lá súlha, láss tiss lám, lá miliyona lá

Ash-sha'abu lan yahni-j-jibáh
 Ash-sha'abu má kallat yadáh
 Ash-sha'abu máden fi taríq innasr
 Yantazi 'ul hayáh
 Ash-sha'abu yadhuru ásifan
 Lá súlha, láss tiss lám, lá miliyona lá

Sha'abi 'alá wahji-ss-siláh
 Máden 'alá darbi-l-kifáh
 Owrasu yarjiu min jadíd
 Bimawákibil fajril walíd
 Birasásína, bishahídína
 Bisiláhína, sanaqúlúhá
 Lá súlha, láss tiss lám, lá miliyona lá.

THE REVOLUTIONARY'S PLEDGE

No to reconciliation, no to surrender,
 no, a million times no.
 We vow by our father's tempest,
 A vow echoed by our flowing blood
 Murmured by every little wound
 A thundering vow
 That knocks at the gates of heaven:
 No to reconciliation, no to surrender,
 no, a million times no.

From every defiant throat
 and every opening of a gun's barrel,
 From every machine gun, every mouth,
 Every vein that contains blood,
 From the eyes of the orphans, the words:
 No to reconciliation, no to surrender,
 no, a million times no.

The people's heads shall not be lowered
 The people's hands are not weary,
 The people are marching on the road to victory
 Plucking the fruits of life.
 The people thunder:
 No to reconciliation, no to surrender,
 no, a million times no.

Side 2, Band 5: THE WEDDING OF VICTORY (2:15)

A song that succeeds in the use of the skin-headed instruments combined with a melodic line familiar in the traditional folkloric weddings of Palestine. The joyful sounds of this simple song reflect the vision of Palestinian poets who write about their motherland as if she were a bride.

عرس النصر

في عرس النصر
 أنا حالف أعوذ النار
 أنا زاحف في عرس النصر
 أنا حالف أعوذ النار

أنا في (نابلس) الاحرار
 أنا ارضي جبال النار
 أنا في (خان يونس) الحرة
 أنا ارضي جبال النار
 أنا بركان أنا اعصار
 أنا ارضي جبال النار
 فدائي ما اخاف الموت
 هو الموت كام مره
 برشاشي ٥٥ أنا ماشي
 على ارضي في عرس النصر

أنا حالف يمين الله
 فدائي ما بكلمهم
 يا يما ارفع الراية
 علي جسي على هامسي
 عن أعدائي ما يرجع
 بغير النار والمدفع
 يا يما في الوطن اصغر
 جموع الشعب راح ترفع
 رايات النصر والتحرير في ارضي
 في عرس النصر

'URSS INNASR (Palestinian Colloquial Arabic)

Fi 'urss innāsr aná zāhef
 fi 'urss innāsr
 'a-akhdit tār aná hálef,
 'a-akhdit tār

Ana fi-Nábles il ahrár
 Ana fi-Khan Yúnes il hurra
 Ana árdi jibál-innar
 Ma zállat wala marra
 Aná burkán, aná l'sár, aná thawra
 Fida'i ma akháf il mót
 Huwwal mót kam marra
 Birash-sháshi ana máshi
 ala 'árdi bi 'urss innāsr

Ana hálef yamín allah
 'An a'idái má barja'
 Fidá'i ma bakallimhom
 bigheir innari-wil midfa'
 Ya imma árfa irráya
 Ya imma fil watan ussra'
 'ala jismi, 'ala hámi,
 jumu'ish-shabi ráh tirfa'
 Rayát innasr, wiltahrír,
 fi árdi bi 'urss innāsr.

THE WEDDING OF VICTORY

In the wedding of victory, I advance
toward the wedding of victory.
To take revenge,
I have sworn to take revenge.

I am in free Nablus.
I am in free Khan Yunis.
I am in the land of the hills of fire,
that have never submitted to foes.
I am a volcano, I am a hurricane,
I am Revolution.
I am a Fedayee, fearless of death.
(How many deaths can one die?)
With machine gun in hand,
I march over the land
In the wedding of victory.

I have sworn
never to retreat from my enemies.
I am a Fedayee,
and to them my language is fire
and rifles.
Either I raise the freedom banner
over my land, or I die there.
Over my body, over my brow
the masses shall raise
The flag of liberation over my land,
in the wedding of victory.

Side 2, Band 6: (1:47)

Man: The town of Karameh, in Jordan, was our first fixed base. From Karameh, we launched many raids into Occupied Palestine. The Zionists intended to eliminate us completely, but after the battle of Karameh in March, 1968, the Palestinian people knew that we could fight and win. The Zionists attacked Karameh with almost 10,000 men. We were 450. We fought for 15 hours. Their tanks ran out of gas. We blocked all the roads. They had many wounded, and finally, they retreated.

Second Man: Well, this is a turning point in the history of guerrilla, in the history of Al Fat'h revolutionaries. A turning point in the history of the Arab nation. This is the first confrontation battle we did, and we win.

First Man: After the battle, all the Palestinians heard about Karameh, and thousands wanted to join the movement and fight to return to Palestine.

Interviewer: And what did you do before you joined Al Fat'h?

Clerk: I have been working as a clerk in a machine company, electric machine company.

Interviewer: And why did you join Al Fat'h...?

Clerk: Because I wanted to do my best to fight the Israeli army to get back my country, Palestine country.

Interviewer: How many years do you think you will have to fight?

Clerk: It doesn't matter. Three, four, five, ten - in five years my children will be big, and they will fight instead of me.

Side 2, Band 7: BLOOD UNITED US (2:15)

One of the most successful songs in which the traditional beat of the Dabkeh dance (emphasized in the first two verses) is combined with the militant spirit of the movement. The song not only mentions Karameh but celebrates that victory with the joy of the Palestinian peasants.

Karameh (which means dignity) was the name given to a refugee camp of over 50,000 uprooted Palestinians. The camp, which is situated in the vicinity of Jericho, witnessed various raids by the Israeli forces. On March 21, 1968, the Israeli army attacked again with the intention of crushing the Palestinian commando bases there. The battle lasted over 15 hours, and was the first face to face battle in which the Palestinian fighters emerged as victors. The Israelis suffered their highest casualty figure in one day (100 soldiers and officers, the equivalent of putting 8,000 Americans out of action in a single day). It took the Israelis more than five hours to complete their retreat. The result of the clash raised Palestinian and Arab morale to an unprecedented level. Crowds turned out in tens of thousands in Amman the following day to attend the funeral of the Palestinian commandos. Ever since the Karameh battle, the word Karameh and the meaning of dignity became interchangeable symbols of Palestinian defiance.

وحدنا الدم

غلابه يا فتح ثورتنا	غلابه
غلابه الايد اللي تفجر	دبابه
وحدنا الدم يا كرامه	وحدنا الدم
والشمل التم يا كرامه	والشمل التم
في جبال النار	فدائيه
بين الاغوار	فدائيه
عاجيين الارض العربيه	وحدنا الدم
لحرب التحرير الشعبيه	وحدنا الدم
غلابه يا فتح ثورتنا	غلابه
غلابه الايد اللي تفجر	دبابه
فوق أرض النار يا كرامه	وحدة ثوار
والايد في الايد يا كرامه	شعلة اصرار
وحدة ثوار	فدائيه
شعلة اصرار	فدائيه
عاجيين الارض العربيه	وحدنا الدم
لحرب التحرير الشعبيه	وحدنا الدم
غلابه يا فتح ثورتنا	غلابه
غلابه الايد اللي تفجر	دبابه

WAHADNA-D-DAM (Colloquial Palestinian Arabic)

Ghallábeh ya Fat'h, ya thawritna ghallábeh,
Ghallábel íd illi tfajjer dabbábeh

Wahadna-d-dam, ya Karámeh, wahadna-d-dam
Wish-shamlil-tam, ya Karámeh, wish-shamlil-tam
Fi jbalimmar, fidaiyyeh
Bein il aghwár, fidaiyyeh
'Ajbn il ardil arabiéh, wahadna-d-dam
Lharbit-tahrir ish-sha'bieh, wahadna-d-dam
Ghallabeh ya Fat'h ya thawritna ghallábeh,
Ghallabel íd illi tfajjer dabbabeh.

Fo' ardinnár, ya Karameh, wihdet thuwwar
wil íd fil íd, ya Karameh, shu'let isrár
wihdet thuwwar, fida'iyyeh
shu'let isrár, fida'iyyeh
'Ajbín il ardil arabiéh, wahadna-d-dam
Lharbit-tahrir ish-sha'bieh, wahadna-d-dam

Ghallabeh ya Fat'h ya thawritna ghallábeh,
Ghallabel íd illi tfajjer dabbabeh.
BLOOD UNITED US

Fat'h, our Revolution is overcoming
The hand that explodes a tank is overcoming

Blood united us, oh Karameh, blood united us
The masses brought it together, oh Karameh
In the hills of fire are the Fedayeen.
In the valleys are the Fedayeen.
On the brow of the Arab land, blood united us
In the people's war of liberation, blood united us
Fat'h, our Revolution is overcoming
The hand that explodes a tank is overcoming

Over the land of fire, oh Karameh, one Revolution.
One hand holds another, oh Karameh,
a flame of determination
A unity of revolutionaries and Fedayeen
A flame of determination, Fedayeen
On the brow of the Arab land, blood united us
In the people's war of liberation, blood united us

Fat'h, our Revolution is overcoming
The hand that explodes a tank is overcoming.

Side 2, Band 8: AL-ASSIFA (THE STORM) (3:42)

*Al-Assifa, which means "The Storm," is the name given to the fighting forces of the Palestine National Liberation Movement (Fatah).

One of the earliest songs aired over the Movement's radio, Al-Assifa became popular overnight. Palestinians identify with it as one would with a national anthem.

"Fatah passed through here..." refers to operations undertaken in occupied territories. The forces of Al-Assifa were able to break and leap into Palestine despite the enemy's efforts to seal off the borders with minefields and electronic devices.

*Karameh - dignity (see note for "Blood United Us").

العاصفة

باسم الله باسم الفتح باسم الثورة الشعبيه
باسم الدم باسم الجرح اللي بينزف حريه
باسمك باسمك بافلسطين أعلنها للعلايين
عاصفة .. عاصفة .. عاصفة

عاصفة عاصفة الله أكبر اعصفي
دميريهم انصفيهم فجي
عاصفه عاصفه الله أكبر اعصفي
واشعليه ثورة حره وانصفي
امضي بقسف المدافع والحديد
عاصفه في كل دار عاصفه اصرار ونار
عاصفه .. عاصفه .. عاصفه

يا مشاوير الكرامه
يا جبال النار يا ثورة
فتح مرت من هنا
ومن هنا ومن هنا
تزرع الارض بكمايين
عاصفه في كل دار
عاصفه .. عاصفه .. عاصفه

AL ASSIFA (Classical Arabic)

Bism illah, bism il-Fat'h, bism ith-thawrash-sha'biyyeh,
Bism iddam, bism ij-jurh, illi bynzef hurriyyeh,
Bismek, bismek ya Falasteen, a'lannáha lil malayeen,
Assifa, assifa, assifa

Assifa, assifa, Allahu Akbar, I'sifi
Dammiríhum, insifíhum, fajjiri
Wash'ilíha thawra murra wansifi
Imdí bikasfil madafi' wal hadfí
Assifa fi kulli dár
Assifa isrár wa nár
Assifa, assifa, assifa

Ya mashawír Al-Karameh, marhabá
Ya jibal innar ya thawra, marhabá
Fat'h marrat min huna, marhabá
wa min huna, wa min huna, wa min huná,
Tazra'ul arda bikamá'en min faná
Assifa fi kulli dár
Assifa isrár wa nár
Assifa, assifa, assifa

AL-ASSIFA*; THE STORM

In the name of God, Fat'h,
and the People's Revolution,
In the name of blood and
the wound that bleeds "freedom,"
In your name, Palestine, we
have declared it to the masses:
A storm, a storm, a storm!

Storm, storm, God is great.
Blow them, destroy them,
and explode.
Storm, storm, God is great.
Blow them, and ignite
the flames of revolution.
Explode,
and keep the cannons firing.
There is a storm in every home.
A storm of determination
and fire.
A storm, a storm, a storm.

The days of Karameh*: greetings!
The hills of fire,
The Revolution: greeting!
Fat'h passed through here:
greetings!
Through here it passed,
through here and here,
Planting the land with
explosives of doom.
There's a storm in every home,
A storm of determination
and fire,
A storm, a storm, a storm!

Side 2, Band 9: (2:00)

Woman: Well, my part in the Revolution is to be the principal of the organization (inaudible) the school. We have about 70 girls. These girls come from different parts where there are refugee camps, the Palestinian refugee camps. The girls we accept here are the daughters or sisters of martyrs or prisoners, and the girls here have full board and education. We give them lessons about their own homes, their own villages in Palestine. To which town do they belong? What do they grow in their farms? What work do they do in their villages? In the higher classes, in addition to the second language, that's English, we give them Hebrew. We have a very important aim for giving these girls Hebrew. We are going to live with the Jews. We have been living with the Jews. And what the Revolution is fighting now is fighting Zionism. We do not prepare them to be fighters. But our Revolution is a long-lasting Revolution. If these girls, by themselves, will find it necessary that they become fighters, we do not stop (them). But we do not force them to become fighters. We want to bring a new generation that will know their country, and who are always talking about their country and want to go back to their country.

Side 2, Band 10: OVER THE HILL (1:00)

"Jabal innar," the mount of fire, is the name of a mountain in the district of Samaria near the city of Nablus. Due to its strategic position it has been hard to conquer since the early crusades. In Palestinian legends, the mountain has become a symbol of resistance.

فوق التل

فوق التل تحت التل
اسأل عنا الريح تنقل

اسأل عنا جبل النار
اسأل اسأل الاغوار
اسأل أرضك اسأل زرعك
راح تلقاه مرشوم نوار

مد الخطوة شرقة وشامه
تلقني عواصف تلقني نشامه

فوق الجبال في الوديان
تلقني عزة تلقني كرامه

FO' ITTAL (Palestinian Colloquial Arabic)

Fo' ittal, taht ittal
Iss-al 'annar rih tindal

Iss-al 'anna jabal innar
Iss-al, iss-al, il-aghwār
Iss-al ardak, iss-al zar-ak
Rah tilqāh marshum thuw-wār

Middil khatwa sharq'a-w-shāmah
Tilqa awāsef, tilqa nishāmah

Fo' lijbal, fil widyān
Tilqa 'izze, til-a karamah.

OVER THE HILL

Over the hill, Advance to the East,
under the hill, advance to the West,
Ask the winds about us: You will meet storms,
They will lead you to us. you will meet signs.

Ask the mount of fire Over the mountains,
about us, in the valleys,
Ask the caves, the valleys You will meet dignity,
Ask your land, you will meet glory!
ask your crops,
You will find it watered
with revolutionaries.

Side 2, Band 11: IF I SHOULD FALL (1:22)

The militant stroke in the rhythm of this song has a serene quality. The sound produced leads the soul in a march towards the feeling of heroic death. The background drum beats do not seem to be percussion to the melody, but rather a metaphoric sound of automatic weapons in action.

طريقي في الكفاح

أنا ان سقطت على التراب مسربلا بك يا جراحی
وتدفقت منك الدماء ومالك جنبي سلاحی
وتخطفت جسدي الطيور الحا ثمت على البطاح
هذا طريقي في الكفاح فيا أخي أتم كفاحی

TARIQI FIL KIFAH (Classical Arabic)

Ana in saqattu ala t-turābi, musarbalan biki ya jirāhi
watadaffagat minki d dima'u wa malaki janbi silāhi
watakattafat jasadi-t-tuyuru-l-haimatu alal bitāhi
hatha tariqi fil kifāhi faya akhī atmem kifāhi.

IF I SHOULD FALL

If I should fall over earth
clothed with my blood,
If my blood should run out
and my gun not be next to me,
And hovering vultures
should seize my body,
Brother, this is my road;
You continue my struggle.

Side 2, Band 12: (1:10)

Boy: My name is Abu Zaid. I'm 13. I'm a member of the Ashbal with 300 other young Palestinian boys and girls. I come here every day at 2:30, after school. We practice shooting, hand-to-hand fighting, and climbing of the mountains. In the classes, we talk about Palestine, the lost country, and of the life we lead. My parents encourage me and send me here to prepare for the future, so we can make an end to this bad life. I have been here for 7 months. I have learned to use a rifle. We have seen that we can't fight Israel by talking.

Man: You see, we (our) real aim is to return back to our homes, to liberate this home, and to establish a state in which all the people, all the races, all the religions, can live in peace and friendship, and justice.

After the Israeli occupation of the West Bank of Jordan, any act of resistance or civil disobedience by Palestinians was met with severe penalties. All sorts of brutal measures were practiced against the civilians to dissuade potential leaders from organized action. The demolition of homes (referred to in this song - line 5) was only one penalty among others which the Israeli forces applied in violation of the Geneva Conventions of 1949 regarding civilians in time of war.

This song expresses the feelings of Palestinians in general but especially those under the Israeli occupation. It reiterates the theme of "sumud" which was first expressed by the Palestinian poets living under the Zionist occupation since 1948. The sole accompaniment of the Tar adds a dramatic heartbeat to the words of the song.

أنا صامد

أنا صامد صامد أنا صامد
 وأرض بلادي أنا صامد
 وإن سرقوا زادي أنا صامد
 وإن قتلوا ولادي أنا صامد
 وإن هدموا بيتي يا بيتي
 في ظل حطائك أنا صامد
 وبنفس أبيه أنا صامد
 وعصا وشبريه أنا صامد
 والرايه في أيدي أنا صامد
 وإن قلعوا أيدي والرايه
 بالأيدي الثانيه أنا صامد
 يحقلى ويستاني أنا صامد
 بعزيمي وايماني أنا صامد
 بخافري واستاني أنا صامد
 وإن زادت في جسيمي جروحي
 بجروحي ودمي أنا صامد

ANA SÁMED (Colloquial Arabic)

Ana sámed, sámed, ana sámed
 wib ardi bládi, ana sámed
 win saraq'u zádi, ana sámed
 win qatalu wládi, ana sámed
 win hadamu beiti, ya beiti
 fi zilli hitánek, ana sámed.

Wib nafsi abiyah, ana sámed
 w'asa-w-shibriyyah, ana sámed
 wirráya-f-ídi, ana sámed
 win qata'u ídi wirráya
 bil íd ittanya, ana samed.

Bhaqli-w-bustáni, ana sámed
 B-azmi-w-imáni, ana sámed
 B-dufri-w-asnáni, ana sámed
 win zádat fi jismi jrúhi
 Bi jrúhi-w-dammi, ana sámed.

I AM ENDURING

I am enduring, steadfastly, I am enduring
 In my homeland, I am enduring.
 If they snatch away my bread, I am enduring
 If they murder my children, I am enduring
 If they blow up my house, O my house
 In the shadow of your walls, I am enduring.

With pride, I am enduring
 With a stick, with a knife, I am enduring
 With the flag in my hand, I am enduring;
 And if they cut off my hand and the flag
 With the other hand, I am enduring.

With my field and my garden, I am enduring
 With determination in my beliefs, I am enduring
 With my nails and my teeth, I am enduring;
 And if wounds in my body should multiply
 With my wounds and my blood, I am enduring.

RECOMMENDED BOOKLIST:

- African Research Group; "David and Goliath Collaborate in Africa." ARG Box 213, Cambridge, Mass. 02138
 Bober, Arie; "The Other Israel." Doubleday
 Chaliand, Gerard; "Palestine Resistance." Penguin Books
 Cooley, John K.; "Green March, Black September." Frank Cass (London), 1973
 El Kodsý, Ahmad and Lobel, Éli; "The Arabs and Israel." Monthly Review Press
 Israeli League for Human and Civil Rights; "The Shahak Papers" compiled and edited by Adnan Amad. NEEBII Box 5376, Beirut, Lebanon
 Jiryès, Sabri; "The Arabs in Israel." Institute for Palestine Studies
 Petran, Tabitha; "Palestine, the Arabs and Zionism." New England Free Press, 791 Tremont St. 02118 also- Tricontinental Magazine #13
 Rodinson, Maxime; "Israel and the Arabs." Penguin Books
 " " ; "Israel a Colonial Settler State?" Monad Press, dist. by Pathfinder Books, 1972
 Schleiffer, Abdullah; "The Fall of Jerusalem" Turki, Fawaz; "The Disinherited." Monthly Review Press

PALESTINIAN POETRY IN ENGLISH TRANSLATION:

- "A Lover from Palestine and other poems" edited by Abdul Wahab Al Messiri, illustrated by Kamal Boullata, Free Palestine Press, Box 21096, Kalorama Sta., Washington, D.C. 20009
 "Enemy of the Sun" edited by Naseer Aruri
 "Poems from an Israeli Prison." Fawzi El Asmar KNOW Books, 340 E. 51 St., apt. 2G, NYC 10022

PERIODICALS:

- Journal of Palestine Studies. Box 329-A, RD 1, Oxford, Pa. 19363 -or- Box 7164, Beirut, Lebanon
 Free Palestine. Box 492, London SW7, England
 MERIP Reports. Box 3122, Columbia Heights Sta., Washington, D.C. 20010
 Resistance in the Middle East. Box 134, West Newton, Mass.

To receive a complete record catalog, write:
 PAREDON RECORDS/Box 889/Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231