

AFIF BULOS SINGS SONGS OF LEBANON, SYRIA & JORDAN

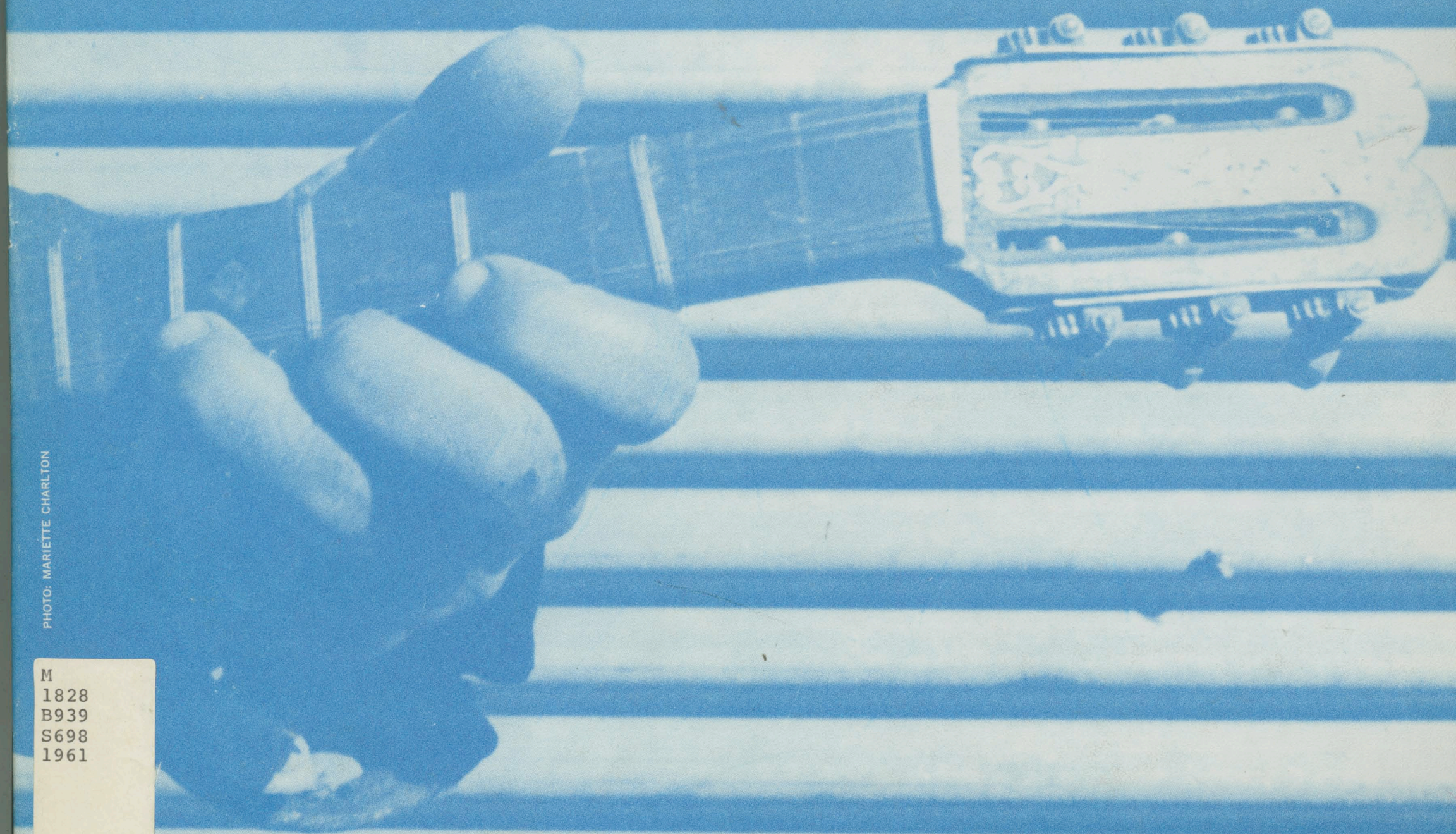


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M
1828
B939
S698
1961

MUSIC LP

AFIF BULOS SINGS SONGS OF LEBANON, SYRIA & JORDAN

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8816

DESIGN: BOB MCCARRON

Mash'al
Bint-esh-Shalibiya (The Pretty Lass)
Ar-Rozana (The Rozana)
Yamli 'Abaya (Maiden Beautiful)
Tatta Hindi (Indian Taffeta)
Hayyin Darb-is-Seif (The Fall of
the Sword Is Easier)

Lamman Bada Yatathanna (When My
Love Languished)
Al-Loma (Instrumental)
Ala Dal'ona (The Spoilt One)
'Al Yadi (The Valley)
Ali-'Imayim
Ya Ghzayel (O Gazelle)

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FW 8816

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Songs of LEBANON, SYRIA and JORDAN

sung by Afif Bulos

Notes on Afif A. Bulos

Afif Alvarez Bulos whose home is Beirut, Lebanon is a Teaching Fellow at Harvard University where he has spent the last three years before getting his Ph.D. in Linguistics in June 1961. An Associate of the Royal College of Music in London, he originally intended to follow an operatic career. He has studied music in Beirut, London and Venice, and though he has given up the idea of an operatic career, he has continued to give vocal recitals in this country, in England and in the Near East. He has sung at the B.B.C and appeared on other TV and radio stations. He has a published monograph on Arabic music as well as piano and voice arrangements of Lebanese Folk Songs. He has also lectured in three continents on Arabic music, with the help of a tape recorder and a harpsichord. Next year he hopes to continue residing at Harvard to conduct post-doctoral research.



Arabic Folksongs

The folksongs of a nation or a people are part of its cultural heritage and every effort should be made to preserve them -- particularly in this era of swift adaptations to other cultures and art forms. Songs, particularly, are a mirror of the souls of people and a spontaneous expression of their true feelings and attitudes. Considerable effort has been expended in Europe and more recently in the United States to compile and publish the folksongs of their various regions. Simplified editions have appeared for use in schools and more elaborate editions for the professional musician or musicologist. Thus the songs have not only been preserved for posterity but they have been made available to everyone who wishes to sing them. The great composers owe their inspiration ultimately to the folksongs on which they have been reared.

The Arab countries of the Fertile Crescent -- Syria Lebanon, Jordan and Iraq -- have an amazingly rich fund of folksongs which are threatened with total extinction or corruption by indiscriminate and inartistic borrowings from the West. Under the impact of Hollywood films, young Arabs are turning away from their own songs, to sing the latest jazz banalities. This, coupled with the attitude that Arabic folksongs belong to a motley and useless past, is alienating the youth from a vital and useful inspiration and enrichment.

The songs arranged and recorded by Afif Bulos in this album are mainly Lebanese, though they are popular all over the Fertile Crescent, that is Syria, Jordan and Iraq. The strictly Lebanese songs are:

Ar-Rozana	Tafta Hindi
Bint-ish-Shalabiyya	Ya-Ghzayyel
Al-Yadil	Ah-'Imayyim

The last two are played on the shibbabe and mijwiz for the Dabkeh, the national folk dance in these countries, since their rhythm is admirably suited to the various steps and figures involved in it.

Bint-ish-Shalabiyya, is an old tune, which has had a variety of texts. In the First World War it had a different text. The present text is about seven years old.

Yammil 'Abaya (Maiden Beautiful) is a song of Iraqi

or Bedouin origin but it is known everywhere in the countries mentioned. Hayyin Darb-il-Sayf (The Fall of the Sword) came out of Jordan and has a definitely Bedouin character.

Ala-Dal'ona is so widely popular that it is difficult to say precisely where in the Fertile Crescent it originated. But one can rule out Iraq; Egypt, of course is not part of the Fertile Crescent. Ah Ya Asmar-il-lawn (The Brunette), however, is known in Egypt. (Incidentally some of the folk songs of Egypt are charming; unfortunately there was no room for them here.)

To Lebanon goes the credit for the folk song revival, and the International Festival at Baalbak has given it tremendous impetus. Under the auspices and active guidance of Madame Camille Chamoun, the first Folklore Festival was held at Baalbak in 1957. Moizeif, the well-known Russian choreographer and ballet master, came to Lebanon at the invitation of the then Lebanese Government, studied the varieties of the Dabkeh and trained instructors to teach it to a troupe of 150 men and women, many of whom were society girls who were eager to learn properly their national folk dance. The Folklore Festival was a tremendous success and has since become an established feature of the Baalbak Festival.

In the musical field, while one lauds all the magnificent efforts that have been expended for reviving the folk song, one fears the tendency to incorporate more and more Western elements, which if they continue the Lebanese, and the Arabic folk-song in general, might lose its national individuality.

These songs, however, avoid any suggestion of Westernization, even in the two songs with the English text.

Most of the English translations are metrical translations which make up for their loss of fidelity to the original texts -- which, as is always the case, are not very translatable -- by the fact that they can be sung to the same tunes.

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SIDE I

Band 1: Tafta Hindi -- Indian Taffeta

تفتا هندی

تفتا هندی تفتا هندی
عندي بصاحه للسات

فتحتي رنادحتي
ادخلتي رصرتما العالی

تفتا تفتا بعيني شفتي
فوصفتي وما صابتي

رايح صيدا وجاي من صيدا
رايح حمرة وجاي من حمرة

تفتا هندی نفق الدار
صرحا الجار علينا صار

Metrical Translation by Afif Bulos

Indian taffeta, Indian taffeta
Silks and muslin, every kind.
Open for me, lovely maiden
From me all the ladies buy.

Welling fountain close beside me
In my heart I sing a lay;
Though unmindful of my longing
In my heart she'll always stay.

Called she for me, o you vendor,
Vendor of the crimson lace
So I went into her palace
And beheld her dusky face.

You from Sidon, you from Tyre
Let me tell you of her eyes
Dark like pools within a forest
But she will not heed my sighs.

Taffeta, taffeta, shooting arrows
From her eyes did pierce my soul
All my silks I offered to her
But she laughed and let them fall.

Band 2: Mash'al

أوف مشعل

أوف مشعل أوف مشعلاني مع السلامه بابعدى ظلاني

حبي رمانی بپر طالع منه
يلعن مشعلو دني بفربته

مشعل بارودي قوم داوي جهودي
لاخلدك وروح مجلد السودان

وان جيت نحو الدار بكيت عيني
بكبت عيني والراح وظلاني

سوز مشعل على طوح الباشا
والله ان مسكنك ما بملك باشا

Metrical Translation by Afif Bulos

Mash'al is leaving
Go with peace, my darling
I will be waiting
Don't leave me, my darling

Into a deep well
My true love has thrown me
I long for some one
To come here and lift me
I pray for patience
So I'll bear his absence.
I am still waiting
Don't leave me, my darling

Where is the balsam,
On my wounds do place it
I long to take thee
Far beyond the mountain.

When I behold your house
My eyes shed tears
I weep, for some one
Who left me behind him.

Behold Mash'al
On the roof is standing,
His cheeks are glowing,
Roses in the garden.
If I could catch thee
No one can release thee
But God almighty,
Master of the heavens.

Band 3: Ala Dal'ona -- The Spoilt One

علي دلعونه

علي دلعونه علي دلعونه
هو الشمال خير اللونه
هو الشمال خير لي حالي
راحدرا الجبابب ما ردت عونا

علي دلعونه اول حمول
يولي هو الو بالقلب حقل
يحرم حلي الدبكه بالاول
ما داملكه نجاب يا سحر اللونه

باللي رطلنو اول مبارح
وان كان سكتوا كل الطراح
يللي هو الو بالقلب جارح
مطرح حبيبي لانك سكتونا

كحيت الرهندي علي حواله
سام الدير عاشت بحاله
بما بابرا تشوفي حواله
راسه جهردله ودقزه جهردله

بجا يارا الشاب ساددي
من اول ليله فرصتي محدي
حيره فرسه دهيره محرد
دبرو للاقبل رينو ما بقوما

Translation by Afif Bulos

North winds are blowing
I'm pale and weary
Dal'ona has gone and left me
Without coming to see me.

You who departed two days ago
My love for you does smart,
No one else but you can dwell
In the labyrinths of my heart.

You who left me two years ago
My love for you festers within me
Never will I the dabkeh dance
So long as you're away from here.

O where, o where is my love
You have placed the vast sea between us
Yet will I part the waters to join him
Despite his parents and all his family.

'Al Yadi -- The Valley

عاليادي

عاليادي اليادي
صبيتي من صغر
يامم العباديه
ومولعه في

لاطلع عراس الجبل
وأقول بامر صبا
واشرف على الوادي
نسم هو بلادي

يا سونة شفتي
بما ما أطلها
نخبز على الصباح
بضارعتناجه

يارب بغيب القمر
وتكون ليلة محتم
لسلك حالي
والسرح مطنبة

يا سونة شفتي
وضرره كبر
على البر نسالة
رونوز الكمر شال

Translation by Afif Bulos

There lies the valley
There lies the village
I loved her from childhood
And she's very fond of me.

I walk up to the mountain top
And look down upon the vale
Welcome o breeze
Wafted from my homeland

O wondrous sight to see her
Baking bread on the Saj
Her hands are jasmine white
Her movements are beguiling

If only the moon would set
I would surrender myself to you
In the sweetness of the night
When all the lights have been extinguished

Behold her in the field
With langorous steps approaching,
A cummerbund round her waist
A shawl flung on her shoulders.

Ali-'Imayyim --

عالمهم

عالمهم عالمهم
بضارعتناجه
سلم لي عماحوني
وارجع ردي السلام

من هالليل ومن هالليل
ساهرى رنجوم الليل
فوت صدردي دمع الوصل
رجعوني لطوي الأيام

ياي صلح كاديني
كيف لك نلب مجاني
نوادي السر راصيني
لا سلام ولا سلام

Metrical Translation by Afif Bulos

When you see the blue-eyed girl
With her fair skin and blond hair
Will you give her my regards
Then return with her regards

Wheresoever I do turn
Tears of woe flow down my face (cheeks)
Ever counting stars at night
With my lids I fold the days

Branded am I with your love
In an abyss I do lie,
Yet you have avoided me
Without reason without cause.

Band 3: Ya Ghzayyel -- O Gazelle

يا غزائل

يا غزائل يا الوالها
يا صلو يا معذبا
يا بن حتر صلي
لفاعشير الصبا

يا غزائل قله تله
من كعدنا يادله
نصينا العمر كله
ما قلنا له مرصبا

يا غزائل عالناسل
وان كنت عالدرج واصل
يا ثرية القناصل
احلاوسر بلا ومرصبا

Metrical Translation by Afif Bulos

O come and rejoice with me
Ghzayyel is now back with me
He is the one I cherish
Mem'ries will never perish
See him leap over fences
Love pervades all my senses
O welcome to your presence
And a thousand 'marhabas'

See him there in the garden
With love my heart is laden
O come soon to your maiden
O Ghzayyel ya bul-hiba

Band 4: Bint-esh-Shalibiyya -- The Pretty Lass

نبت الشلبية

نبت الشلبية
عيني علي
حمله من حلي باعيني
وانت عيني

نحت الرماة
سغني غناني بايما
حي حواني
واقفل في

نحت القناطر
كسر الواطر ياويما
حبيبي ناصر
ما هانشردي

نحت القناطر
هي الفلاحة بايما
نابي برياحه
سحرت عيني

نحت الزينونه
هي الحنونه بايما
نابي باعوني
حنت علي

Metrical Translation by Afif Bulos

Behold the lassie
The pretty lassie
I love her hazel eyes, I love
Her tender glances

In yonder orchard
She sleeps so gently
I gaze and gaze but do not dare
To lift her to me.

Under the arches
My love is waiting
Cease to torment me, o my love,
My heart is breaking.

By yonder myrtle
My maid did meet me
Now I sing joyous songs of love
Praising her beauty.

عالم روزنه

عالم روزنه عالم روزنه
واش حوتت الروزنه
كل الرهنا فيرك
تنبك جازيتير

بارا بيحيني عتدب
بارا بيحيني عتدب
فون العنبت نقاح
انا حبيبي راح
كل من حبيبي معه
ترد الحبيب كي
باربي نسمة همرا

بيروت يا بسكنك
والشام يا منبتي
بيروت نيك ستوب
الكن فير المحبوب

English Text by Afif Bulos

The rozana the rozana
She is my paradise
She is the maiden for me,
You must all realize.
She is the maiden on whom
I like to feast my eyes
Oh when will she come to me
The dark eyed rozana.

For Aleppo you are bound
With figs, apples and vine
Taking my loved one with you,
I long to make her mine.
To each one his heart's delight,
O let my arms entwine
The waist of my dearest one,
The lovely rozana.

In Beirut I cannot live,
Beirut is much too warm
I long for fair Damascus
Her orchards and her charm
For there lives my beloved
Away from every harm;
Oh, for a breeze to waft me
Close to my rozana.

Band 2: Hayyin Darb-is-Seif -- The Fall of the Sword
Is Easier

هيّي ضرب السيف

هيّي ضرب السيف بابا
ولا شونك تدم حبيبي
هيّي عليّ
زعلان عليّ

طعوا النبال يا يا
راح قلبي في هدمالم
وماودعوني
وكيت عيوني

هيك أصل الحب بابا
تاخلو الغير بابا
وماودعوني
بشموا فيّ

يا طيور البوغني
والطلبوا الاصوات بي
عقدبر الي
والف جرحه بي

يا هو لبنان هب هب وزور الي
نقعوا المحبوب بابا جالس على الي
كيف الهم عيني بابا بسعوا فيّ

Translation by Afif Bulos

Far easier the fall of the sword would be
Than seeing you standing before me
Looking angrily at me.
The tent ropes have been severed
Yet he never came to say good-bye.
Distraught with anguish
I shed bitter tears
How can you leave without seeing me
How can you let others gloat in my sorrow.

Ye birds of the skies
Winging over the stream
Sing of my thousand wounds
Sing of my sighs.
Breezes of Lebanon, blow, blow
Toward my love's abode
There you will find him dallying by the river
Oblivious of my inner woe.

Band 3: Yamil 'Abaya -- Maiden Beautiful

يم العبايه

يم العبايه
يا حلوه ديا
حلوه عباتك
زينه بفتاك

علا وصيت ملا
والقواب انسلي
يا روم الفلا
من لوى عويناتك

يا حيازة الروح
والبسم طروح
والقلب محروح
من لوى حبيباتك

يا بنت عي
تكليلك هي
صرت دي
يلعن ابوك

English Text by Afif Bulos

Maiden beautiful wearing the 'aba
Lovely is your face, full of glowing grace.

A thousand welcomes, O Syrian gazelle
My heart is burning, for your returning.

Beloved cousin, for you I languish
Love me tenderly, abate my anguish.

Won't you put a smile on those ruby lips.
Let it be the last of my fading bliss!

Band 4: Lamman Bada Yatathanna -- When My Love
Languished

INSTRUMENTAL

Band 5: Al-Loma

INSTRUMENTAL