Muwashshah Fouq il-Naghl

1. Fouq il-nakh\l Fouq Fouq yaba fu-gin nakh\l
    Madri la ma' kahda yaba madrl\l gomar fug.
    Wallah marid-da ma-ri-da bali ni balah

(Above the palm tree, above, above, oh father above the palm tree
I can't tell whether its the glistening of her cheek of the moon)

Walla ya majra l-mayya bi sallim 'alay hum 'alayhum
Wa Sa'abana l-furg\a 'alayya
ya hashtagna illay -hum illayhum
Walla marida marida... ballini bal wa

(By God Oh river bed, say Hello to them)
(it's difficult when they make fun of me
I miss them I miss them)

Wa ya Rafeq\a -l-wata yaba wadak laban hin lab\a
Wa nizlin 'ala al-hammam yaba Hamm\u00edn\u00ea sha'ir in sha'ir hayn
Wa kullil banat inn- joumi yaba wint\u00ed gomar in gomar hayn
Walla marida marida ballini bal wa

(Going down to the bath Oh Lord, Hamm\u00edn\u00ea, Oh poet
All the girls are stars and you are moonlight)
Above the palm tree, above, above, O father, above the palm tree
I can't tell — is it the glistening of a cheek, or the moon above
O God, I am weary, weary, misfortune has worn me away

By God, O river bed, greet them for me
It's difficult when they make fun of me (Pleasure makes me feel sorry)
I miss them, I miss them
O God, I am weary, weary

Going down to the bath, O Mr. Hammu, O poet
All of the girls are stars, and you are the moonlight
O God, I am weary, weary, misfortune has worn me away

The nightingale cooed on the jasmine branch
Ah, anemore!
My intention is to find my beloved
Between the jasmine and the sweet basil

A beggar came to the door of the house
The coquette told him "God will provide"
He told her "I am not a beggar"
Give us a little kiss, why don't you"
Give us a little kiss, why don't you"

We were six at the spring
the beloved came and we became seven
He asked for a kiss, I didn't give it
I told him "It's wrong, it's Friday"

My heart is on fire, what a shame
I want a doctor to treat me
but the doctor's medicine does not cure me
the doctor's medicine does no good
Only seeing my beloved will cure me

I've given you the choice, so now you choose
Between paradise and hell
Between death on my breast
Or on the notebooks of my poetry
Or on the notebooks of my poetry

O the state I'm in, my state, my state
What's wrong with me, what's wrong with me
O my condition, my condition, my condition
Il-bulbul nagha gus nil-ful. (The nightingale twitters on the jasmine branch)
Wa sha'i 'an nu' ma ni :// (Oh the anemonies)
'asdi al a'i mahabu bi (It is my intention to meet my beloved)
bayni il yasmin w-irihani ya 'aini (Amidst the jasmine and the basil)
bayni il yasmin w-irihani

(A beggar came to the door)
(q)Aliltlu il-hilwi 'ala-llah :// (the beauty told him, leave it to God)
God will provide
(q)all-laha ana mani shahad
atini busi dakhil Allah ya 'ayn
atini busi dakhil Allah (he said "I'm not a beggar")
(give me a kiss in the name of God)

(We were six at the stream)
(ija shahad 'ala bab-id-dar
(q)Aliltlu il-hilwi 'ala-llah :// (the beloved came and then we were seven)
God will provide
(q)all-laha ana mani shahad
atini busi dakhil Allah ya 'ayn
atini busi dakhil Allah (he said "I'm not a beggar")
(give me a kiss in the name of God)

(We were six at the stream)
(ija shahad 'ala bab-id-dar
(q)Aliltlu il-hilwi 'ala-llah :// (the beloved came and then we were seven)
God will provide
(q)all-laha ana mani shahad
atini busi dakhil Allah ya 'ayn
atini busi dakhil Allah (he said "I'm not a beggar")
(give me a kiss in the name of God)

(Kinna sitti 'ala naba'a
(ija al-mahbub surna sab'a
Talab (bi) busi ma 'ataitu
(q)ultilu haram youm i-joum'a
(My heart is on fire, what a bummer)
(bidi tabib yida wini ://
dawa tabib ma b-yishfini
(dawa tabib ma b-yinfa'ani
Shufit habibi bi-tishfini -- ya 'aini
Shufit habibi bi-tishfini
(I need a Dr. to treat me)
(medicine of the dr. doesn't cure me
(cure doesn't help // not useful)
(seeing my beloved is what cures me)

Inni khayartuki faktari
Mabaini jannati wanari ://
(I give you the choice you should choose)
(between heaven and hell)

Mabaina al-mauti 'ala sadri
aw fouqa dafatiri a-sha'ari ya 'ayni
aw fouqa dafatiri a-sha'ari
(It's between death upon my bosom)
(or on top of my tombs of poetry)

Halli Halli hal (my state)
Malli Malli Mal (what's wrong with me)
Balli Balli Bal (my state of mind)