

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8818

Classic Arabic Music

A Recital of Muwashahat
with Afif Bulos & his ensemble

Kanun, Lute, Nay & Rig

M
1828
B939
C614
1976

MUSIC LP

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SIDE 1

- Band 1 Andalusian Muwashah - Lamma bada 4:10
vocal with instrumental
- Band 2 Andalusian Muwashah Uthkurini 4:10
(preceeded by recitation of Jadakal-ghaythu)
Afif Bulos & Ensemble
- Band 3 Modern Muwashah Ya man yahinnu 3:10
Afif Bulos & Ensemble
- Band 4 Song without Words, instrumental 3:00
Biut-esh-shalahiyya
- Band 5 Modern Muwashah for instruments 5:00
Ya shadiyal-alhan

SIDE 2

- Band 1 Song of Upper Egypt 4:00
Tita ya mahla nurha
Afif Bulos & Ensemble
- Band 2 Modern Muwashah for voice and instruments 3:50
Ya louru hubbiki 3:30
Afif Bulos & Ensemble
- Band 3 Lebanese Air
Wayli minal gharami 2:50
Afif Bulos & Ensemble
- Band 4 Lebanese Air 3:40
Al-Loma
Afif Bulos & Ensemble

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Classic Arabic Music

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with
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8818

A Recital of Classical Arabic Music

Afif Bulos & His Ensemble

Kanun, Lute, Nay & Riq

Arrangements by Afif Bulos

ARABIC ART SONGS

It is not generally known that Arabic music reached in the Middle Ages a high degree of development and sophistication in terms of musical form, both vocal and instrumental. Some think that Arabic music is nothing but a collection of ditties, but there is quite a literature of art-song, and instrumental music going back to the twelfth century, if not earlier, not to mention a rich heritage of folk-song. The songs of Medieval Spain where the Arabs ruled from the eighth century to the 15th century, are an example of the Arabic art-song at its best. These were called muwashahat and a number of them have come down to us. Also at the turn of the century, the late Egyptian singer and composer Sayyid Darwish, helped to revive this form, both by singing Andalusian (Spanish) muwashahat and also by composing songs in the muwashah (singular form of muwashahat) style. An example of the latter is Ya shadiyal-alhan (O, singer of songs) an instrumental version of which is included in this album. "Lamma bada yatathanna" (When he appeared before me) and "Athkurul-ayyama" (I remember the beautiful days) are an example of the Andalusian muwashahat.

MUWASHAH

In Arabic poetry muwashah is the name applied to a kind of verse that first appeared in Andalusia in the ninth century AD. It is strophic, each strophe obeying a set of prosodic rules in terms of number of lines, length of line, meter and rhyme. In Arabic music the generic term muwashah is applied to a type of classic vocal composition. This form constitutes a large part of classical Arabic songs in our days. It is the Lied of Arabic vocal music.

1. Andalusian Muwashah - Lamma bada
Vocal & Instruments
2. Medieval Andalusian Muwashah
Preceded by recitation of Jadakal-ghaythu
Afif Bulos & Ensemble
3. Modern Muwashah - Ya man yahinnu
Afif Bulos & Ensemble
4. Song without words. Bint-esh-shalahiyyah
Instruments
5. Modern Muwashah for Instruments -
Ya shadiyal-alhan
6. Song of Upper Egypt - Tilat ya mahla murha
Afif Bulos & Ensemble
7. Modern Muwashah for voice and instruments
Ya luru hubbiki
Afif Bulos & Ensemble
8. Lebanese Air - Wayli minal gharami
Afif Bulos & Ensemble
9. Lebanese Air - Al-Loma
Afif Bulos & Ensemble

MEDIEVAL MUWASHAH OF ANDALUSIA

I remember the beautiful days of yore
When we dallied in the woods by the river shore
When we roamed, moaning words of ardent love
Night then held us together in its arms
And hid our passion from the world.
If I complain of your remoteness
You must not blame me, for you are mine.
Remember me every day at dawn
Remember the nights of love
Remember me whenever birds chant
And the moon the woods its beams haunt.
Remember me and remember our bliss
In the stillness of the fleeting night.
How we dallied in the meadows of
contentment
And sported in the shadow of song,
The scent of roses wafting in the breeze
As we swayed to the music of the murmuring
trees.

Translation by Afif A. Bulos

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اذكُرِينِي

اذكُرِ الايام يا حلو الهوى
 حين كنا والهوى حلو الفوى
 منا الليل على بوح طوى
 فانا ان اشتكي من النوى
 اذكُرِينِي كلما الفجر بسدا
 اذكُرِينِي كلما السير بسدا
 اذكُرِينِي واذكُرِي عهد الهنا
 نحن جمعنا من الليل الغنا
 يا حبيبي هرب الليل بنا
 فلمونا عند واحات الهنسا
 يا فا دنيا من الورد لنا
 نتهادى نتهادى والغنسا

في حنايا الغاب عند الجدول
 نتشاكى في حنين القبول
 كل ما في قلبنا من غزل
 لا تلمني يا حبيبي انت لسي
 واذكُرِي الايام ليل السر
 وحكي للغاب ضوء القمر
 ما ترى اشدر اذا لم تذكُرِي
 وحكايات الجمال الزهر
 ومشيهاها دروب الحليم
 وجلسنا في ظلال النسيم
 وعشيات خفاف النسيم
 طائر في كل رو يرتضي

x x x

"Uthkurini": Muwashah of Ancient Andalusia

O Sing the Song of Loma (AL-LOMA)

English Text by Afif Bulos
 Arranged by Afif Bulos

Oh Loma Lo - ma Lo - ma Oh sing the song of Lo - ma the

song of joy - ful moments when our life was a ro - mance O maiden, you're too

play - ful, with men, oh please be care - ful, oh maiden you're too play - ful, with

men oh please be care - ful, scorn not a heart that's grate ful, for one look of de -

WAYLI MINAL-GHARAMI
(The Suffering of Love)

ويلسى من الغرام

Love is my undoing
The cause of all my troubles,
The pangs of love
Have stirred up my sorrows

I saw her one morning
Her face all radiant
In a garden where the fragrance
Of flowers filled the air.

I heard her singing
Like a bird on the bough
She awakened in me
My fruitless yearning.

Oh friends, if you only knew
How much I suffered
You'd weep over my woe
Though weeping is in vain.

Free Translation by Afif A. Bulos

مسبب السقام
لواعج الهوى

والنور منها لاح
من زهرها الشذى

كالطير فوق الغصن
لواعج الهوى

لو تعلم وعذابى
لا ينفع البكى

ويلسى من الغرام
قد هيجت اشجانى

رايتها صباحا
فى روضة قد فاح

سمعتها تغنى
قد هيجت فى حزنى

اواه يا اصحابى
تهكوى على مصابى

YA MAN YAHINNU ILAYKI FUADY
(O you to whom my heart is yearning)

O you to whom my heart is yearning

Do you remember the vows we made?

Do you remember the nights of love?

Do you remember the bliss of our meetings?

The valleys were clad in beauty

And songs echoed our love

The roses spread their blooms

Their perfume soared above

The fame of our passion

Spread o'er hill and valley.

Do you remember our embraces?

O, for those wonderful nights

Above us shone the moon

Filling our hearts with blissful love.

Free translation by Afif Bulos

Dr. Afif A. Bulos is at present a Visiting Fellow at Princeton University, on a Fulbright grant, doing research in American Literature and writing a novel. Normally he is Professor of English at Beirut University College, and this happens to be his sabbatical year. Dr. Bulos has a Diploma from the Royal College of Music and a Ph.D. from Harvard University, and is the author of Handbook of Arabic Music published in Beirut, and being considered for republication in this country.

In Beirut part of his spare time was occupied in writing musical criticism, choral conducting, and giving lectures on Arabic music, illustrated by some of the leading instrumentalists in Lebanon and by himself as a singer. He is particularly interested in classical Arabic music in which he has done a great deal of research.

Dr. Afif A. Bulos has been decorated with the Order of the Cedars (1974) by the Lebanese Government, and with the M.B.E. Medal by the British Government. He received the latter decoration in a ceremony at Buckingham Palace, a year ago.



Dr. Afif A. Bulos

يا من يحسن

يا من يحسن الهك فوادى هل تذكرين عهد الوداد

هل تذكرين ليالى هواننا يوم التتينا وطاب لقاننا

حين الرفا للاقاصى دطنا طاب الجبال على كسل وادى

هل تذكرين فداة السورود حنت علينا وطابت ومورود

كانت لنا فى الغرام عهد طارت حديث الريف والشوادى

هل تذكرين ليالى الوصال آه على هاتيك الليالى

كما نضى ونور الهلال يذيب الصباية فى الاكباد

YA LOURU HUBBUKI

(O Lour You're Breaking my heart)

O Lour you're breaking my heart.

I gave you my love and devotion,

No one but you knows what ails me.

O heart be patient

Do not despair.

Lour, I entreat you to view this tomb

And renew memories of my bleeding heart

Then tell it, "You died for love."

May God punish you

For spurning me

If you ever visit my grave

and tears flow down your face

My bones will dance with joy

Will try to wind your love

O Lour.

Free Translation by Afif A. Bulos

يا لور حبك

يا لور حبك قد لوع الفواد

وقد وهبتك القلب والوداد

سواك لا يدري ما عتني انا

يا قلب صبرا على الوفى

الا قفي بالـه فوق ذا الضريح

وجددي ذكري فوادي الجريح

وقولي له يا ميت الهوى

جزاك ربي على النوى

ان زرت قهري وانهاالت الدموع

تري عظامي تحاول الرجوع

تهتز كلها تناضل المفقود

بين رقادي وحبك يا لور