

# eclipse

HAMZA EL DIN



**1 helalisa (nubian song) 3:36**

Lyrics—Mohiye 'Ed'dean H. Sherif  
Music—Hamza 'El Din

**2 the visitors 9:47**

Lyrics—Abdell Ghanni 'El Khality  
Music—Hamza 'El Din

**3 ollin arageed 8:00**

Hamza 'El Din

**4 youz love is ever young\* 18:30**

Lyrics—Ahmed 'Rami  
Music—'Riadhi As'soombati  
Arrangement—Hamza 'El Din

**5 mwashah 3:54**

Traditional, arrangement by Hamza 'El Din

\*Um Kaltioum: Performance model for  
"Your Love Is 'Ever Young"

**oud, dumbek, vocals, handclaps:** Hamza 'El Din

All songs performed and composed by Hamza 'El Din

**this** is the fourth album by Hamza 'El Din, pioneering oud master from the Sudan. Also a singer and composer, Hamza is an emissary bringing to new audiences the pleasures and subtleties of Arabic music and of the folk music from his home in Nubia. Although Nubians, whose language is as richly poetic as Arabic and much like what was spoken in ancient Egypt at the time of the Pharaohs, have always used music to express themselves, the only indigenous instrument among the people of the upper Nile is a drum called the **tar**, prized for its three-dimensional resonance. (In Pharaonic temples there are hieroglyphic representations of people playing the tar). Recognizing that a new medium was required to express the changing traditions of Nubians, Hamza went to what is now the Arab Institute of Music in Cairo to study the **oud**, which was not used in Nubia until he introduced it. A precursor of the lute (Arabic "al oud") through Moorish influence in Spain, the oud historically has been used in Middle Eastern music only as accompaniment to a singer, as a composition instrument, or in ensembles. Hamza has developed its use as a solo instrument by elegantly combining Arabic music with his own.

## helalisa (nubian songs)

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This song is sung by someone who is working his **shaddouf**, a water-pulley irrigating device on the Nile. The rhythm of his pulling is determined by the rhythm of the song. It is a love song begging a migrating pelican to carry the man's greeting to his beloved, praying to Allah, the Carrier of that which cannot be carried, to help him bear his burden of love, as he raises his burden of water to his fields.

## the visitors

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In 1965, a year after my people had moved from our village to escape the rising water from the Aswan High Dam, I returned home to visit. Feeling uncomfortable in a new place, I went traveling throughout the Middle East till I arrived in Baghdad. Sitting in the garden of a small hotel on the Euphrates, I saw that the opposite shore of the river looked just like my flooded home. I realized what I had been looking for in traveling. I felt at home and I stayed. "The Visitors" is a poem in Iraqi Arabic, composed in honor of his friend's fiancée by Abdell Ghanni El Khalily after a period of 10 years in which he had been obliged to stop writing poetry. A third friend had published the poem in his weekly magazine, and there in the garden of the hotel they were celebrating the rebirth of the poet. I accepted their invitation to join them, and setting the first line to music in a Nilotic mood, I sang it for them. They were delighted and in the days following didn't leave me till I finished it. The composition came as a mixture of Iraqi **maqam** Egyptian melody, and Sudanese pentatonic, ornamented with a Nubian flavor. The composition itself has a flexibility of rhythm, a kind of singing poetry, and was the work of a new friendship.

## THE VISITORS

I carried the word to my home  
And to the melodious bird nesting  
in the wall crevices;  
The night and the lovers united  
in convivial talk, jasmine  
perfume and a heavenly nectar.  
I carried the word to my study and  
penned it into my journal  
Adding to my many memoirs.  
When I announced the good news  
to them,  
They were joyously intoxicated with  
the happy tidings of the union.  
And with the return of the visitors,  
Our home will be misted with  
perfume, lights and flowers.  
Joy wells in my heart.  
As the spring shoots sprout  
in the field;  
I return singing to the betrothed  
and to love.  
So that all the world may dance  
on my kithara.

## ollin arageed

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A Nubian percussion performance, played for a person only once in a lifetime—at the celebration of a first wedding—the rhythm composed of three different beats on the tar, accompanied by a melodic handclapping, feet beating on the ground, and, traditionally, singing and the noise of women's jewelry in their soft movements to those rhythms.

## your love is ever young

Um Kalthoum (1902–1975) was a great Egyptian singer, beloved as “the twinkling star of the East” by all who know Arabic music. Her musical training began with her father who recited the **Quraan** in the local mosque and directed a singing group which performed on religious occasions. Disguised as a boy since public performances by girls were frowned upon, Um Kalthoum was the lead singer in her father's group until she was discovered and made her first record at age eleven. She is the only person to bridge classical and contemporary Arabic music so successfully. Her song lyrics ranged from the poetry of Omar Khayyam to the best of contemporary writers; throughout her career the finest composers and musicians wrote and played for her. Ahmed Rami, a long-time companion of hers, wrote the lyrics for this song, and As'soombati composed the music.

### **YOUR LOVE IS EVER YOUNG**

Now that my heart has been at  
peace for so long,  
Why do you reawaken our love  
again?  
This is sinful of you; leave my heart  
at peace, undisturbed.  
When we were still close, had you  
rejected me,  
It would then have been easy for  
us to be reconciled,  
But the span of time made my  
heart deprived,

Inured to suffering for want of you.  
Now it is as though your heart  
is longing,  
Feeling the pain in my heart for you.  
You will flame the fire of anticipation,  
Which you extinguished before by  
your own hand.  
If I could forget the past  
And if I could bear the price of  
recapturing time,  
I would discover another lifetime  
to relive the past.  
When we are together, you are  
accusing and I accepting  
It is hard for me to speak as if our  
love is past,  
Since it exists as it was, and now  
even more strongly.  
I remind you of the nights past,  
Describing and imagining how  
heavenly they were.  
You are the joy and ecstasy,  
And you are the pain and agony,  
And what is love, except these all?  
As time passes by, year after year,  
Your love is ever young.  
I could forget the past joys which  
have scarred my heart.  
I will be awake nights whirling over  
memories of our past.  
I would that I could forget the past  
And its pain which left its burn in  
my tears.



If this is memory, tears will  
stream down  
From the overwhelming joy of  
your memory,  
You to whom I have devoted my life,  
Yearning for your devotion in return.  
You are the joy and ecstasy,  
And you are the pain and agony,  
And what is love, except these all?  
As time passes by, year after year,  
Your love is ever young.  
Oh, you! That your love lives in  
my heart,  
Within the shadow of unity  
You are imagination; you are  
the spirit;  
You are the companion of  
all wishes.  
Time will come and go, and you  
remain the eternal love.  
How can I say how it was in  
the past?  
In the past, tomorrow was in  
the future.  
And the present will pass before  
we notice it.

When I am with you in a trance in  
your sea of love,  
I do not notice what is passing from  
my life.  
Whether you accept or reject me,  
You alone will be in my mind  
As the one I shall always love,  
As I have loved in the past.  
You are the joy and ecstasy,  
And you are the pain and agony,  
And what is love, except these all?  
As time passes by, year after year,  
Your love is ever young.

## MWASHAH

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This is a classical traditional piece for teaching voice from the time of the Moors in Spain.

### MWASHAH

When the gossamer nymph  
appears,  
My beloved's beauty drives me  
to distraction;  
Surrender  
Surrender  
When I am enraptured by a  
glimpse,  
My beloved's beauty is a tender  
branch caught by the breeze;  
Surrender  
Surrender

Oh, my destiny, My perplexity,  
No one can comfort me in my  
misery,  
In my lamenting and suffering  
for love,  
But for the one in the beautiful  
mirage;  
My beloved's beauty drives me  
to distraction,  
Surrender  
Surrender

## technical notes:

Eclipse was recorded on a custom Ampex MM 1000.2" 16-track analog tape recorder at 15 FPS. A Neumann model U-47 microphone was used on Hamza's voice, while a 421 Sennheiser dynamic microphone was placed close to the tar. A Neumann KM-84S cardioid microphone was used for the oud and handclaps. This signal was then amplified by an Ultra Sound custom direct-coupled servo'd amplifier.

Remixing was accomplished in July 1988. The 16-track master was mixed using a Studer model A-80, 16 track, through a custom Audiotechnics 501 console to a Sony R-DAT digital recorder. Quantec digital reverbation was used for spatial enhancement.

A "D" to "D" copy was made for editing using a Mitsubishi X-80 digital 2-track. The signal was then converted through the Harmonia Mundi converter from 48k Hz to 44.1k Hz clock frequency to make it compatible with the Sony PCM 1630 that created the U-matic tape for the final transfer to compact disc. The U-matic tape was also used to create the master for the audio cassettes. The mixdown process was monitored using Meyer 833 studio monitors with sub-woofers.

**Produced by:** Mickey Hart

Recorded at The Barn, Novato, California, January 1978

**Engineers:** Mickey Hart, Dan Healy

Re-mixed at Studio "X" Petaluma, California, July 1988

**Engineer:** Tom Flye

**Assistant Engineer:** Jeff Sterling

**Digital Mastering:** Joe Gastwirt

**Cover Photo:** Q. Whiting O'Keefe

**Cover Design:** Jerry Takigawa

**Package Design:** Steven Jurgensmeyer

**Series Ethnomusicology Consultant:**

Fredric J. Lieberman, Ph.D.

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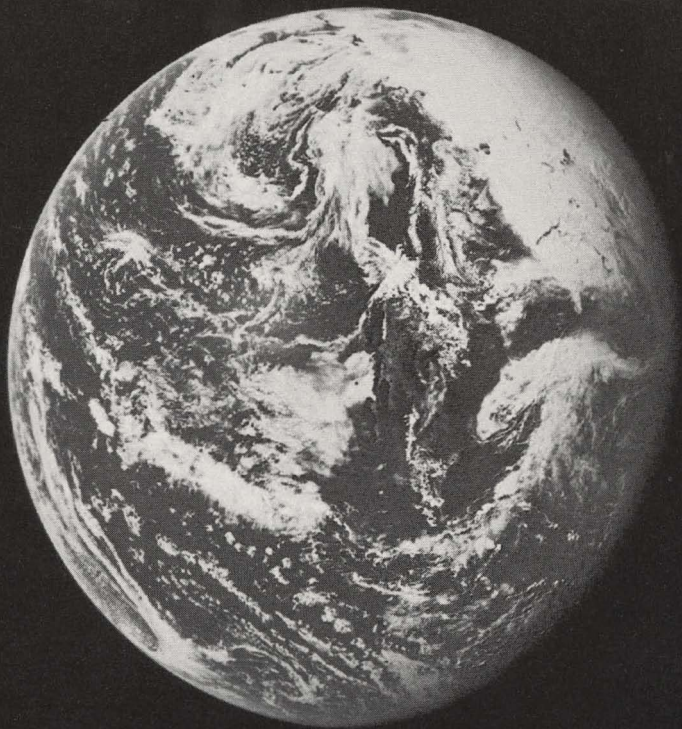


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*Eclipse*

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- 5 Mwashah 3:54

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