

Hannibal's "Malek Rama Lakhouma": The Tall Handsome Prince

The excerpts below are taken from the book "Hannibal Alkhas: Selected Works of Poetry" which was type set and published by Mr. Marcel Josephson in San Jose, CA in 2010 and is available from lulu.com website.

The poem "Malek Rama Lakhouma" (The Tall Handsome Prince) is currently being used for the creation of a musical by Mr. Edwin Elieh. Mr. Josephson continues his role as a consultant to Mr. Elieh on language matters. He has also provided a full translation of the poem which will be used by the Mesopotamian Night team during the production of the musical.

We would also like to thank Ms. Anna Alkhas for giving us the permission to use the poem in the creation of this musical.

In the context of this magnificent fairy tale, a reasonable translation for the term "Malek Rama Lakhouma", the main character of the tale would be "The Tall Handsome Prince". This tale is about envy, wicked-thinking, conspiracy, deception, viciousness, and finally the triumph of good over evil.

It is the tale of three unfortunate sisters sitting down for weaving in their poor cabin; one wishing to become a queen to weave a tie for pants that every woman and her husband can use to wrap their pants, one wishing to become a queen to cook a noodle dish that whoever ate from it would admire the good taste of it, and the third wishing to give birth to a warrior to become a king. In our language words the tie for a pair of pants (tekta) and the noodles (rekta) rhyme so nicely that with Hannibal's immaculate creativity give an amusing opening to this poem.

It so happens that the king was passing by and overhears the conversation of three sisters. He marries the third sister and hires the other two to do the weaving and the cooking in the palace. King was at war and had to leave right after the marriage ceremony. It comes the time that his wife gives birth to a healthy boy. She sends a message to her husband to share the good news but the message was intercepted by her two sisters and her mother-in-law. They re-wrote the message stating that the newborn was a monster. First he got disappointed and wanted to have the newborn's life terminated but he soon changed his mind and sent a message asking newborn to be saved until king's return. The conspirators intoxicated the messenger and changed the content of the king's message to read "get rid of the newborn and the mother; leave them to the sea".

The newborn and mother were put in a basket and left afloat on the sea. The basket finally beaches at an island where the boy has grown into a young man. The islanders ask him to become their prince. Upon beaching at the island, in search for food in the woods, he rescues a pigeon that was just about to be killed by an eagle. To return the favor, the pigeon would grant him any wish he asked for. Many ships originally from the land where his father ruled would pass by his island and he would ask the sailors to anchor and he would host them very generously.

Upon their sail away he would feel homesick missing his father. Each time the pigeon would convert him to an insect so that he could travel unnoticed with sailors to his father's land to see him. Each time the sailors would report to king how greatly they were treated by the prince of the neighboring island. They would also describe the magnificent developments they would witness on the island and would notify the king that the prince has extended an invitation to the king to visit the island.

The envious two aunts and the grandmother, each time would undervalue the developments on the island by saying that they have heard of something even more miraculous in other lands. The prince as an insect would sting one of the three envious conspirators each time. The sailors of the next ship would describe the actual occurrence of what conspirators had mentioned they had heard. And each time another conspirator would get stung.

At last, the king decides to visit the prince where he comes face-to-face with his wife and the entire plot is revealed. This imaginative work has many repetitions such as many ships pass by and many sailors get treated so highly; and yet, each repetition has its own uniqueness showing progression and continuous improvement of environmental conditions influenced by man. Except in the beginning where some of the most inferior inclinations of human being are demonstrated, the rest of the poem illustrates hope, development, and advancement. At the climax of this constructive trend, it is very remarkable to see how skillfully Hannibal brings Gilgamesh on the scene within the setting of this entirely fictional work.

This work also very brilliantly reveals a son's desire to see his father who has been away from him for a long time. In my view, the main character of this tale and Hannibal share same feelings in regards to being away from father.

مَلِكُ رَمَا لَكْهُومَا

حَبْد: اَهُبْبَلَا بُكْتَلِي (1930-2010)

Malek Rama Lakhouma (The Tall Handsome Prince)

A fairy tale composed by:

Hannibal Alkhas (1930-2010)

Translated to English by:

Marcel E. Josephson

Text of poem in Assyrian taken from:

Hannibal Alkhas, Selected Works of Poetry

<http://www.lulu.com/content/8015829>

Once upon a time in a cabin of poor people
Three girls were sitting down and weaving.

“If I were a queen
I would wove a pant-tie (tekta)
That all women and their husbands
Would tie their pants with.”
Was saying one of them.

“If I were a queen
I would cook a noodle dish (rekta)
That would eat it from it and get full
Whoever felt like it
And would talk about good taste if it.”
Was saying her sister.

The third one was saying:
“I would give birth to a warrior
If I were a queen
Come on over Malek. Come.”

حَمَلَتْ سَيِّدِي مِصْحِيَّتِي بِنَدِ دِهْدَدِ،
أَكَا تَكْتِي مَبِيَّتِي مَسَّوَه يَوْتَدَدِ.

"أَهْ تَبِ مَسَّوَه مُكَلِّتِي،
تَوْتَدَدِ مَسَّوَه سَدَّوَه أَجَّتِي،
دَحَكْ يَهِيَّتِي هِجْدَتَكْ،
بُيِّتِي مَسَّوَه هِجْدَتَتَا!"
لَمَكَدَدِ مَسَّوَه سَدَّوَه مَبِيَّتِي.

"أَهْ تَبِ مَسَّوَه مُكَلِّتِي،
بُخَكْ مَسَّوَه سَدَّوَه دِيحَكْ،
دَلَّجِكْ مَسَّوَه هَقِيَّتِي مَسَّوَه،
حَكْ بِنَدِ دِيحَكْ مَسَّوَه،
دُؤِيَّتِي مَسَّوَه مَبِ كَمَكَمَقَّة!"
بِي مَكَدَدِ مَسَّوَه مَسَّوَه.

أَهْ مَبِ أَكَا مَسَّوَه لَمَكَدَدِ:
"تَدَّجِكْ مَسَّوَه بِنَدِ أَجْتَدَدِ،
أَهْ تَبِ مَسَّوَه مُكَلِّتِي،
دِي لَمَكَدَدِ كَمَبِيَّتِي! مَلِكِي لَمَكَدَدِ!"

Upon their words were finished
They heard the door knock
Malek Slita entered
Who was the ruler on the land.

هَذَا حَبِيبٌ هُوَ كَمُ كَدَّيْ،
عَمِيكَتَهُ سَدَّيْ دُفْطُيْ.
عَجِيذِي "مَلِكٌ هَلْبِيْ"
دَحْلِيْ دَعَا بَسْوَئِيْ جَلْبِيْ!

"I stood behind your door
I listened to your words
I am not afraid of marriage
I also picked you.

"كَمَا دُفْطُيْ كَمُ جِيْ كَبِ،
بُنْتُوتِيْ جِيْ عَمِيْ كَبِ.
مِيْ عَجِيْزِيْ كَرِيْ دِيْ كَبِ.
دَهِيْ تَمَّ جِيْ دِيْ دِيْ كَبِ.

Give birth to a warrior for me
As you said.
And you sisters, get up
And change homes
In my palace, in my home
You will be for me
One sister the cook
One sister the weaver."

مَدَّ كَبِ بِنْدِيْ كَعْتِيْ،
هُوَ دِيْ مِيْ دِيْ مِيْ لَمَدِيْ.
هِيْ مِيْ مِيْ مِيْ سَهْوِيْ،
بَسِيْ مِيْ مِيْ سَهْوِيْ!
كَمُ بِيْزِيْ كَمُ بِيْ،
بِيْ مِيْ مِيْ مِيْ،
سَدَّيْ سَيِّ جَعَلِيْ،
سَدَّيْ سَيِّ كَدَّيْ.

He said this and left
And had the girls follow him.

هَوِيْ كَمُ هَوِيْ مِيْ.
كَمُ كَمُ مِيْ مِيْ.

That they as the sun set
Malek became a groom.

هُوَ نَمَّ مَلِكٌ جَدَّ كَعِيٍّ كِيٍّ ،
مَلِكٌ بِيَهَاتٍ سَوَّهٍ كِيٍّ .

In a royal reception
With the virgin girl
On a bed made of ivory
He lay down next to her.
The guests gradually left
And left them alone.

تَمِيحًا سَوَّهٍ دَبَّ مَلِكٌ ،
مَلِكٌ دَبَّ دَبَّ كِيٍّ ،
بَدَّ دَبَّ مَلِكٌ دَبَّ مَلِكٌ ،
بِيَهَاتٍ دَبَّ مَلِكٌ .
كِيٍّ دَبَّ مَلِكٌ دَبَّ مَلِكٌ ،
مَلِكٌ دَبَّ مَلِكٌ دَبَّ مَلِكٌ .

The cook was angry
The weaver was crying
They were jealous and envious
At the sister who was the queen.

حَدَّ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ دَبَّ مَلِكٌ .
بِيَهَاتٍ مَلِكٌ دَبَّ مَلِكٌ .
مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ ،
مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ دَبَّ مَلِكٌ .

But the sweet bride
Kept her word
And at the night of wedding
She became pregnant with a boy.
The world was in war
And people (men) were away from homes.

دَبَّ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ ،
بَدَّ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ .
هُوَ دَبَّ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ ،
بِيَهَاتٍ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ .
دَبَّ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ .
دَبَّ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ .

As he (Malek) was getting on his horse
 He asked her to well
 She take care of herself
 Because away from her
 He was busy with quarrels
 As he was fighting with enemies.

كَلِمَهُمْ أَسْأَلُهُ إِذْ خَبَّرَ ،
 هُفَمِي أَسْأَلُكَ تَكْبَرُ ،
 بِيَمِينِي أَسْأَلُكَ فَاغْتَمِرْ ،
 خُذْ أَسْأَلُكَ دِيَسْتِي مَعِي ،
 تَكْبَرُ لَسْأَلُكَ حَمَلًا تَكْبَرُ ،
 مَعِي هَتِي لَسْأَلُكَ فَكْتَبَرُ .

It came the day that
 She gave birth to a good looking
 Warrior boy
 That she had promised to the husband
 His (baby's) mother was happy with him
 As birds are with their eggs.

لِيَوْمٍ لِيَوْمٍ لِيَوْمٍ لِيَوْمٍ ،
 مَدِينَةٍ بِنَدِ كَسَفَهُ ،
 بِنَدِ كَسَفَهُ بِنَدِ كَسَفَهُ ،
 دَعَمُهُ كَسَفَهُ لِيَوْمٍ .
 سَدَبَهُ يِيَمِينِي تَبَمِ ،
 بِيَوْمٍ بِنَدِ تَبِ يِيَمِينِي .

To her husband a message
 She sent to give
 The good news
 And to further his love (for her).

فِي إِجْدَاهِ أَسْأَلُكَ حَكْبَرُ ،
 عَمِ دَدَّ أَسْأَلُكَ دَسَبَرُ ،
 مُسَدَّبَتِي يَسَدَّبَرُ ،
 هَلَسَمِ تَبَمِ فَوِيَدُ .

The cook and the weaver

بِنَدِ كَسَفَهُ هَلَسَمِ ،

Along with her crazy mother-in-law
 The old granny
 With her long nose
 Were jealous and envious
 Were cutting and chopping (planning a conspiracy).

بِمَ سَفْهَةٍ عَزِيزَةٍ،
 هَجْرٌ "تَذْبِئٌ"،
 نَسْبَذَهُ تَبَخَّرَ،
 بِنَهْمٍ هَجَسَ،
 فَدَعَا لَمَسًا هَجْرًا.

They changed the message.
 The word then was:
 "In the night close to dawn
 Not white,, not black
 Not a boy, not a girl
 Without a mouth or ears
 Not a frog or a worm
 She gave birth for you
 From her abdomen a newborn
 Your wife after labor."

عَمَّ سَيِّئًا هَـ تَهَ حَكْرًا.
 نَبَّذَ لَمَسًا لَمَسًا:
 "تَكَلَّمَ صَدَقَ كَسْفًا،
 كَرَّ سَدَّ كَرَّ لَحْمًا،
 كَرَّ حَذَقَ كَرَّ حَذَقًا،
 كَرَّ حَمَّ هَكَرًا،
 كَرَّ حَمَّ هَمَّ كَرَّ،
 فَهَمَّ مَكَّةَ تَهَمَّ،
 مَجَّ حَذَّهَمَ تَهَمَّ وَذَكَ،
 نَجَّهَمَّ مَجَّ تَهَمَّ حَذَّكَ."

He was angry furiously
 The father from the message.
 He wanted to have vanished
 The baby and be drowned/strangled.

حَذَّبَ لَمَسًا تَبَّ سَفْهًا،
 تَبَّ مَجَّ هَجْرًا.
 هَجَّرَ دَهَّ كَسْبًا،
 طَبَّ وَكَسَمَ شَعْبًا.

But he elected to be patient

لَمْ يَجْعَلْ كَيْدِيهِ هَتْدًا،

He wrote to the messenger:

حَمِيْلِيهِ لَمْ يَكْتَدِدْ:

“The baby to be saved until my return

”كَلِمَاتٍ سَمِعْتَنِي كَدْتَدَاب،

You will receive my message.”

تَضَعُكَ هَا كَا فَسُجْدَاب!

The cook and the weaver

تُجَكَّتْ هَا كَدَكَّتْ،

And the crazy grandmother

هَاتَعَتْ يَدِي دِي،

The old granny

هَجَتْ ”تَدْبَسْت“،

With her long nose

تُسْبِذْ هَا بُدْبَجْ،

Made the messenger drunk

مَمْدَه كَسَهَا كَدْتَدِدْ،

And reached his pocket.

لَمْ يَدْتِ كَيْسْتَمِ هَا كَدْتَدِدْ.

They swapped the message

كُفْسْتَدَا هَا مَمْسِيك كَسَهَا.

And changed the words:

هَا يَدْتِي مَمْسِيك كَسَهَا:

“Malek Slita ordered:

”فَمِيْدِيهِ مَلِكِي هَلْبِي:

Get rid of that damn

أَكْصَمَا كِي هَا كَبِي!

Poppy with his mother

حَمْدَاهَا بَلَا مِيْلِي،

Leave them to the sea.”

هَمِيْمَمَا كَسَهَا تَمْمَلِي!”

In sorrow and trouble

كَمَا يَبْتِي هَا يَبْتِي دَاهَا،

They executed the message
Since the order was from king
There was no room for hesitation.

أَمْ يَحْذَرُونَ كَسْفَ ظُلَمٍ .
فَمَهْدَتْنِي بِأَمْرِ مَلِكِي ،
فَلَمْ يَكُنْ لِي رُغْمٌ .

In a woven basket
Covered with tar
The son and the mother
Were left in the sea.

أَمْ سِدْرَ مَكْنُونٍ ،
دَمْرًا مَكْنُونًا مَعَهُ ابْنُ مَرْثَدٍ ،
فَلَمْ تَذَرْتَنِي فِي الْيَمِّ ،
هَمَّ فَبَدَّهَ .

In the sky stars are shining
In the sea waves are quarreling
The clouds are rising in the sky
The basket is running on the sea
The queen is crying and shaking
The boy is growing stronger.
Not daily but second to second
Talking and saying to the wave:
"O strong and almighty wave
Who is the freedom seeker like me
The scraper of sharp rocks
The savior and destructor of ships

أَمْ حَمَلَتِ السَّمَاوَاتُ الْكَوَكِبَ .
أَمْ تَمَّكُنَّ كَقِيٍّ مَعَهُ مَجْدُوهِي .
لَبِيحَتِي لَمَحَلَّتْ مَعَهُ حَيْسَتُهُ ،
هَلَكْتُ مَكْنُونًا يَدْرُسُهَا كَفَاهُ .
يَجِبُنِي مَكْنُونًا مَكْنُونًا هَيَّزْتُ ،
تَكَلَّفْتُ حَيْسَتِي مَعَهُ يَوْمَئِذٍ .
كَلَّمْتُ نَمْرُودًا مَعَهُ حَذَقًا ،
أَمْ صَوَّهِي هَمْزِيَّةً تَلِي كَلَمًا :
" تَلِي كَلَمًا سَبَّحْتَنِي هَيْسَتُهُ ،
تَكَلَّمْتُ دِيْلَمِيَّةً مَعَهُ لَمَّا ،
كَدَّرْتُ دِيْلَمِيَّةً سَبَّحِي ،
فَدَّهِي هَمْزِيَّةً مَعَهُ يَلَمُّ .

Come and be a man!
Lead us to the land.”

لَا تَأْتِ اِهْبِجَ بَكْسِي دَعَا ،
مُصْحَبٌ كَيْ بَكْسِي دَعَا!

The wave listened
To the boy in the basket
And it pulled them to the land
And gradually left them.

دِيصَلِيهِ كَفَتَ تَلَا ،
كَلَفَتَ دِيصَلِيهِ هَلَا .
كِي دَعَا تَلَا بَكْسِي ،
بَسْتًا مَيْتَ كِي دَعَا .

The boy exerted force
He broke and opened the basket.
The lush and broad plain
Was like a flame in colorful flowers
The irrigated hills
Are surrounded by the sea
There is an acorn tree out there
Standing tall.

مَيْتَ لِيهِ بَسْتًا تَلَا .
بَكْسِيهِ كِي دَعَا هَلَا .
دِيصَلِيهِ مَيْتَ هَذِهِ بَسْتًا ،
كَلَفَتَ دِيصَلِيهِ دَعَا كِي دَعَا كِي دَعَا .
دِيصَلِيهِ مَيْتَ هَلَا ،
تَلَا مَيْتَ سَمَدِي دِيصَلِيهِ .
بَسْتًا تَلَا كِي دَعَا ،
كَلَفَتَ مَيْتَ دَعَا .

The boy thought
And imagines a sling-shot.

تَلَا تَلَا مَيْتَ دَعَا .
سَدًا مَيْتَ دَعَا كِي دَعَا .

He removed the cross from neck

كَلَفَتَ لِيهِ دَعَا كِي دَعَا .

And took the twine.

He tied it to a curved branch

He sharpened a cane.

Bow and arrow in his hand

He went to the end of the plain

For a catch from the sea

To bring and eat with mother.

تَمَّيَّسَ مَعْمَهُ دَ بَدَّكَ .
 لَهْذِيَّ لَفَكَةً دَ بَعْلِيَّ .
 بَدَّ وَ لَكَ مَمَّ سَدِّيَّ .
 تَلَبَّجَهُ دَ بَدَّ دَ مَبِيَّتِي ،
 ذَمَّيَّسَ كَسْفًا دَ دَرِّيَّ .
 تَلَّ بَدَّ بَدَّ دَ مَكْمَلِي ،
 مَبَّيَّ هَلَّ جَك مَبِيَّتِي .

There was no calm in the see

There was no stopping.

But from behind a boulder

A supplicating voice

Reached boy's ears.

The voice was from a dove

Around her was flying

An eagle to attack her.

تَمَّكَ بَهْ هَلَّ هَلَّ ،
 لِي هَلَّ سَدَّ مَحْكَلِي .
 دَبَّ تَهَّ ذَ بَدَّ تَلَّ ،
 بَدَّ تَلَّ يَلَّ ،
 لِي هَلَّ كَعَّ دَدَّهَلَّ ،
 تَلَّ بَهَّ هَلَّ مَسَدَّ تَهَّ .
 هَدَّ لَهَّ دَعْمَهْ ،
 يَدَّ بَعَّ لَكَمَهْ .

There was no choice left

He released the arrow from bow

And hit him (the eagle) in his neck

His voice rose to the sky.

لَهْ ذَمَّ لِي هَلَّ هَلَّ ،
 بَدَّيَّسَ لِي دَدَّ مَبِيَّتِي .
 مَبَّيَّ لِي مَجَّ كَمَ تَدَّكَمَهْ .
 ذَمَّيَّسَ لَهَّ تَلَّ تَلَّ .

Like human's voice
Suffering from anguish.
He died and the surface of the sea
Turned red from his blood.

بُحِي تَكَلُّ دَخْدَتِي ،
بِحَمِي حِي بُتِي .
مَبِي كِي سَفَا تَكَلُّ ،
مُهَمَمِي سَاةُ مَدِي كِي .

He lost his mind (was fascinated)
When he heard the dove
In Assyrian dialect
No longer supplicating,
Was saying: "O boy
The wise boy
Do not feel sorry
That you killed the eagle
Not only a dove
You have also saved the creation.

فَدِي كِي مَدِي مَسَبُ أَسَا ،
بُحِي دَحِي كِي تَمَا ،
كِي كِي أَسَاةُ دِي ،
لَسِي دَا كِي كِي ،
لَمَدَا سَاةُ : " لَمَا دَاةُ ،
لَمَا دَاةُ أَسَاةُ ،
كَا أَسَا كَمِي بُتِي ،
دَحِي كَمِي لَمَا كِي دَاةُ ،
كَا لَمَا سَاةُ مَسَاةُ ،
كَمَا دَاةُ مِي سَاةُ دَاةُ .

O my almighty savior
I do understand
That you lost your arrow in the sea
You are faced with hunger
You have started a life

بُدَاةُ مَسَبُ سِي كَاةُ ،
بُدَاةُ مِي مَسَاةُ ،
بُدَاةُ كَمَا كَمَا دَحِي كِي ،
بُدَاةُ مَسَاةُ مَسَاةُ .
بُدَاةُ مِي مَسَاةُ ،

You will be rewarded by me.

You remain with your mother

Your name will be glorified.”

مَلِكٌ كَسِيهَ هَدْتَنِي (هَدْتَنِي).

هَمَّ اُتَا اَهْبَجَكَ يَحْمَدِي،

سَهْبَدْتَنِي كَسِيهَ يَحْمَدِي.

With her white wings the dove was flying.

For hungry birds it was time to sleep.

On the third day as the sun rose

The warrior boy woke up

سَيِّفِي سَهَدْتَنِي هَدْتَنِي سَهَدْتَنِي.

لَمَّا اُتَا حَبِيئِي كَدْتَنِي دَدْمَجْتَنِي سَهَدْتَنِي.

كَسَهْتَنِي اُكْتَبْتَنِي جَدْتَنِي دَبْمَلِيهَ،

كَدْتَنِي اُكْتَبْتَنِي مَلِكٌ يَحْمَدِيهَ.

What he saw in front of his eyes was a city

A big city, a cheerful city.

The golden walls were arrayed between rocks

The mountains were bowing before palaces

Old convents and tall churches.

Then he gradually woken his mother:

مَلِكٌ دَبْتَنِي سَهَدْتَنِي، حَلْبَتَنِي كَدْتَنِي اُكْتَبْتَنِي مَدْبَعْتَنِي!

سَدْتَنِي مَدْبَعْتَنِي كَسَهْتَنِي سَدْتَنِي مَدْبَعْتَنِي سَدْبَعْتَنِي.

كَسَهْتَنِي دَدْمَجْتَنِي سَدْبَعْتَنِي سَيِّفِي حَلْبَتَنِي،

كَسَهْتَنِي كَسَهْتَنِي دَدْمَجْتَنِي مَحْمَدِيهَ.

دَدْمَجْتَنِي اُكْتَبْتَنِي كَسَهْتَنِي دَدْمَجْتَنِي.

مَلِكٌ دَبْتَنِي سَهَدْتَنِي اُكْتَبْتَنِي حَلْبَتَنِي لَمَّا يَحْمَدِيهَ:

“See what the dove has prepared for us

The wise dove with miracles.”

The son was saying and mother was happy

Hand in hand, they arrived in the city.

” سَوْبٌ لَمَّا، كَسَهْتَنِي مَلِكٌ كَسَهْتَنِي دَدْمَجْتَنِي!

اُتَا كَسَهْتَنِي سَلْبَتَنِي مَدْبَعْتَنِي دَدْمَجْتَنِي دَدْمَجْتَنِي!”

لَمَّا دَدْمَجْتَنِي سَهَدْتَنِي، سَهَدْتَنِي سَهَدْتَنِي سَدْبَعْتَنِي،

دَدْمَجْتَنِي كَسَهْتَنِي مَلِكٌ كَسَهْتَنِي اُكْتَبْتَنِي مَدْبَعْتَنِي.

The sound of trumpets was deafening
 To receive them as guests, people were coming out of houses
 With golden carriages, the government officials
 Came and respectfully knelt
 Presented the crown made of diamonds
 Put it on the head of the warrior boy
 Called him lord
 "Be our King" they said.

فَكَرَّ دَجِبَهُ دِي سَوَّكُ تَهْتِي ،
 لِحَبْلِكَا لِي دِي سِي كَكِي مَحْبَهةةةة .
 حَبِيكِي دِدِهَسِي لَتِي دِمَلِكَمَا ،
 لِي لِسَهْ . يَحْدُكُ مِيكِي مَمَمَهةةةة .
 مَمَمَهِيكِي هْ . اَسِي مَمَمَهِيكِي حَبِيكِي .
 مَمَمَهِيكِي هْ . كَذِيكِي دِي سَوَّكُ تَكِي ،
 مَمَمَهِيكِي لِسَهْ . تَهْتِي مَمَمَهِيكِي .
 "اَسِي مَمَمَهِيكِي" لِي مَمَمَهِيكِي .

He with mother's permission
 Who gave him the name
 Rama Lakhouma (the handsome tall)
 Was reigning from that day on.

اَسِي مَمَمَهِيكِي دِي سَوَّكُ ،
 دِي سَوَّكُ تَهْتِي مَمَمَهِيكِي ،
 لِي مَمَمَهِيكِي دِي "دَعَا كَسْفًا"
 اَسِي مَمَمَهِيكِي لِسَهْ مَمَمَهِيكِي تَهْتِي .

There were winds in the sea
 There was a ship on the sea
 The ship was running through waves
 The winds and the sails were intertwining

كَمَمَمَهِيكِي مَمَمَهِيكِي يَحْبَلِكَا .
 سَوَّكُ لِي كَمَمَهِيكِي بَكْرٌ كَمَمَهِيكِي تَمَمَهِيكِي .
 لِي كَمَمَهِيكِي حَبِيكِي يَحْبَلِكَا .
 كَمَمَهِيكِي مَمَمَهِيكِي يَحْبَلِكَا .

And squeezed in corner
In the ship afloat on the sea
Happy and sad (with mixed feelings).

حَسْبٌ مِمَّنْ يَكْبِتُ صِيوِيَّةً .
كَمْ يَلْكَفُ كَفَاةً تَمَنُّ ،
حَسْبٌ يَهْتَمُّ .

The winds were happily gusting
The ship was swimming with the waves
From one island to another
The journey on the sea was not short.

فَهَيَّيْ تَبْدِئُهُ مَسْتَبِئُ .
يَلْكَفُ مَلْكَفٍ يَهْتَمُّ .
مَسْبٌ كُؤُودًا لَمَّ لَمَّ يَدَا ،
لَهْ ذَلَّ تَمَلُّ كَلَّ حَذْبُ .

They arrived their country happily
And were invited to a reception
Respectfully to the palace of Malek Slita
Our young warrior following them.

مَلِكٌ لَمَّ هُ ، كَلَّ ذَلَّ تَبْدِئُهُ .
فَبَدَّ هُ ، جَبَّ ذَلَّ ذَمُّ .
لَفَّ ذَلَّ دَمَلِكٍ تَلَّ بَدَّ ،
تَلَّ ذَلَّ ، وَهْ ذَلَّ ، لَفَّ ذَلَّ .

He saw his father sitting
From head to tow in gold
While sad
He sat next to his father
His sweet cook aunt
His other aunt the weaver
And his grandmother the granny

سَوَّيْ لَيْتَ تَلَّ تَمَّ مَ مَبَّ ،
مَدَّ مَمَّ كَلَّ مَلَّ مَ كَمَّ ذَمَّ .
بَبَّ مَكَمَّ مَمَّ بَدَّ ،
مَبَّ دَمَّ مَمَّ فَمَّ .
مَلَّ مَمَّ سَلَّ تَلَّ ،
مَلَّ مَمَّ لَمَّ ذَمَّ كَمَّ ،
بَلَّ مَمَّ تَمَّ تَمَّ ،

With her long nose.

تَاهَ نَسْبُهُ تَبَجَّجَتْ .

Malek Slita was asking (the sailors)

مَلِكٌ هَلْبَةً يَهْتَكُنْ :

To tell from little from large (from here and there)

دُأَبٌ مَبْدَجَةٌ مَجَّ دُكُنْ ،

From counties behind the sea

مَلْبَدَةٌ دُكُنْ دُكُنْ ،

From bad times and good times.

مَلْبَدَةٌ هَمَّهْمَةٌ .

Bowing respectfully

ذُكُنْ حَبْلُهُ لَاحِظٌ ،

The sailors were saying to him:

كُكُنْ لَكُنْ لَكُنْ :

“Passing through countries

”يَعْبُدُ مَلْبَدَةٌ ،

Coming upon skills (trades)

يَهْتَكُنْ تَبَّ مَدَّجَةٌ ،

But from an island

لَبَّجَتْ مَجَّ سَدَّجَتْ ،

Upon our return what have we seen!

مَدَّجَتْ سَيُونُ مَدَّجَتْ كَمَّ دُكُنْ !

An acorn tree out in the field

بَدَّجَتْ كَمَّجَتْ سَدَّجَتْ دُكُنْ ،

Has turned into a colorful city.

سَدَّجَتْ كَسَدَّجَتْ مَدَّجَتْ مَدَّجَتْ .

The palaces, the convents, and the gardens

طَبَّجَتْ هَدَّجَتْ هَدَّجَتْ ،

Who can describe their beauty!

مَدَّجَتْ مَدَّجَتْ مَدَّجَتْ !

The golden dome of churches

كَمَّجَتْ مَدَّجَتْ دُكُنْ ،

Who can explain them!

مَدَّجَتْ مَدَّجَتْ مَدَّجَتْ !

Malek Rama Lakhouma

مَلِكٌ دَعَا كَسْمَةً ،

Is sending to your excellence greetings

كَمَّجَتْ مَدَّجَتْ مَدَّجَتْ ،

And request that you take the road
And be his guest at his region.”

فَدَعَاكَ دَعَاكَ دَعَاكَ ،
لَكَ سَجَمَهُ فَبَدَأَ دَعَاكَ .”

Malek Slita was astonished
And with a broken heart was saying”
“If my life allows me
I will visit the magical place.”

عَمَّيْتُ سَهَةً مَلِكٌ هَلْبَكُ ،
لَمَّا دَعَا سَجَدَ يَتَمَّيْتُ :
”بَتَّبَ تَهَابَ كَبَّ دَعَا ،
لَكِيهِ سَيَّيْتُ مِ لَوَكْتُ .”

The cook and the weaver
Along with the granny
Their hearts were beating rapidly
Not wanting the king
To see that serene island
The cook with a loud voice
While having a heartburn from pain
Winking at her sister
Said: “There is no magic
That you all be amazed by much.
I will tell about a magic
That will have magicians’ jaws dropped.
On a tree in a forest

بُحَكَّتْ ، نَبَّ كَدَكَّتْ ،
مَتَّذِبَتْ يَدَدَتْ ،
كَيْتُ دَعَاكَ سَجَدَ ،
كَلَّ كَلَّ دَسِيءُ فَكَلَّ ،
كَسَّ كُوذُكُ بَدَكَّتْ .
حَكَلَّ دَعَا بَحَكَّتْ ،
حِيْذَهُ هَبَّ حَمَدَكَ يَسَمَكْتُ ،
كَسَاهُ هَبَّ بَسَتْ يَسَمَكْتُ ،
لَمَّا دَعَا : ” كَسَاهُ عَمَّيْتُ ،
دَبَّيْبَهُ هَبَّ سَهَةً دَعَا .
مَتَّذِبَتْ يَدَدَتْ هَبَّ سَجَدَتْ ،
مَتَّذِبَتْ هَبَّ مَلَّ كَسَاهُ .
سَجَدَ دَبَّكْتُ كَسَدَ كَبَّ ،

The golden hazelnuts do grow
 That a squirrel would pick them
 While singing with beautiful voice.
 The shells of yellow gold
 But the nuts of emeralds.
 This is the worthy magic
 That like it cannot be found in the world.”

حَصَبٌ يَحْدِقُ دُرَّهَانًا ،
 دُرٌّ يَحْتَلُّ كَسَهُ ، سَدَّ فُهْمَدًا ،
 دَهَبًا يَكُنُّ حِينَ وَهْدًا ،
 يَحْدِقُ مَدْرَسَةً وَذَدًا ،
 يَكُنُّ بَعْدَ يَوْمِ وَهْدًا ،
 لَيْسَ بِشَيْءٍ سَعْبًا ،
 كَرِيمًا كَرِيمًا كَرِيمًا كَرِيمًا .”

The father was very surprised
 The son was getting angry
 He could no longer wait
 He flew and stung the aunt.
 She became blind on one eye
 She fainted right where she was.

كَمَ يَحْتَلُّ تَكُنُّ ذَدًا ،
 كَذَلِكَ ذَدًا يَحْدِقُ ،
 كُنُّ لَيْسَ كَرِيمًا كَرِيمًا ،
 كَذَلِكَ كُنُّ كَرِيمًا ،
 سَدَّ بَعْدَ هُوَ كَرِيمًا ،
 كَرِيمًا هُوَ كَرِيمًا كَرِيمًا .

Servant and maids
 Got together to kill the mosquito
 The mosquito escaped through a crack
 As fast as a ship
 And flew with her small wings
 Until she arrived in her own country.

فَكُنُّ بَعْدَ فَكُنُّ ،
 يَحْتَلُّ هُوَ كَرِيمًا كَرِيمًا ،
 كَذَلِكَ كَرِيمًا كَرِيمًا ،
 كَرِيمًا كَرِيمًا كَرِيمًا ،
 كَرِيمًا كَرِيمًا كَرِيمًا ،
 كَرِيمًا كَرِيمًا كَرِيمًا ،
 كَرِيمًا كَرِيمًا كَرِيمًا .

Again at the coast
That Rama Lakhouma
Has sat thinking
Until he saw his dove.

مِجْدِي كِدْكِي دَمَكِ ،
هَه دَمَكِ كَسْفًا ،
هَبَّ جَنِكِ لِكِه اِسْمِي ،
هَك سِيوِي كِه تَلِ تَمِي .

“O Rama Lakhouma
Brightening of the day
Why are you sad?
What can I do for you?”

" تَلِ دَمَكِ كَسْفًا ،
جَاهِ دَمَكِ دَمَكِ .
لَمَمِ دَبَّ بِمِي هَبَّ جَنِي ؟
مَمِ دَبَّ كَبَّجِي لَمَمِي هَبَّ جَنِي ؟ "

“My heart desires
Something astound.
The golden hazelnuts
On a tree in a forest
That a squirrel would pick
And sings beautifully
The shells are yellow gold
But the nuts are emeralds.
I am not sure though
The words are from a liar.”

" لِيَب لِكِه جِيكَكِي ،
بَدَّ مِعَدَبِ دِعَمِ لِيَكِي .
يَعِدَقِي مِي دِهَجِي ،
جَبَكِي جَبَدَ لِيَكِي .
دَجِي لِيَكِي سَدَّ هَمَدِي ،
هَجَبَدَا لِي جِي وَهَدِي .
يَعِدَقِي بَدَّ وَدَدِي ،
يَعَدَا مِي وَهَدَا كَدِي .
لِي مَمَ لِي جِيكَا لِي ،
بَسَدِي بَدَّ مَدَجَكِي . "

“Your heart not to be bitter (do not worry)

The words are correct.

I know magic

The sorrow be away from you (cheer up)

Ask me abundantly

You will be rewarded.”

After that comfort (by the dove)

He proceeded to home.

"لَيْسَ لَكَ مُذَبِّدٌ .
 مُبَدِّدٌ بِكِهِ مُذَبِّدٌ .
 لَمْ يَكُنْ لَكَ مُذَبِّدٌ ،
 ذَمَّ مَعَهُ مُبَدِّدٌ .
 بِكَلَمَةٍ مَعْبُودٌ ،
 يَجْزِيهِ كَذِبٌ ."
 مِمَّا تَأْتِيهِ مُبَدِّدٌ ،
 فَجَاءَهُ لِيَتَمَّ دَبُّهُ .

What did he see in the yard?

A miracle had happened!

The hazelnuts on the tree

The squirrel busy working.

The shells of yellow gold

The nuts of emeralds.

The squirrel singing

And by whistling saying:

مِمَّا دَبَّ سَوْءٌ لِيهِ تَذَدُّدٌ ؟
 مِمَّا مَكَرٌ يَدْمُدُّهُ !
 فَجَدَّتْ تَلْبُكُهُ ،
 مُمَدِّدٌ مَكْرَهُ يَكْتُمُ .
 تَلْبُكُهُ ذَمُّهُ وَذَدُّدٌ ،
 صَعْدٌ مِمَّا يُوْمَدُّكَ .
 مُمَدِّدٌ مَكْرَهُ يَوْمَدُّدٌ ،
 تَبُّ مُمَدِّدُهُ لَمَدُّدٌ :

“It rained last night

My sweetheart came with a walking stick.”

"تَلْبُكُهُ مُمَدِّدٌ لَمَدُّدٌ ،
 سَلْبُوبٌ تَسْمُدُّدٌ لَمَدُّدٌ ."

Rama was very happy
 And saying with a great shock
 "Good for you dove
 I lost my mind.
 I am so happy
 How about you dove?"

سَجِي كِه دَمًا دَمًا ،
 لَمَكَا ب عَمِّيَتَا :
 "بَهْمَا كَتَجِب تَمَا ،
 هَذِي سِيَه مَذِيَب هَه تَا .
 حَمَا سِيَدِي بِي لَمَا ،
 بَلَا ب دَلِجِب تَمَا؟"

The house made of glass
 Guarded by an attendant
 He constructed for the squirrel.
 A squirrel that sings,
 The guard is writing (documenting the count)
 Of emeralds and gold.

بِنَا مِي يَكُه دَمًا ،
 حَقَقَم هَا بِنَا كَه دَمًا ،
 مَه تِي كِه تَمَا بَهْمَا دَمًا .
 سَجِي بَهْمَا دَمًا دَلِجِب وَ مَكَا دَمًا ،
 تَه دَمًا يَحَا بِنَا ،
 مَلِي وَ مَلِي دَمًا مِي دَمًا بِنَا .

The non-stop work of squirrel
 Is profit for Rama.

تَمَا بَهْمَا دَمًا يَكْسَتَمَا كَمَا حَكَمَا ،
 تَمَا دَمًا كَسَفًا مَلِي بَلِيَه تَمَمَا .

There were winds in the sea

كَمَتِي مَكَمَا يَصَمَمَا .

There was a ship on the sea
 The ship was running through waves
 The winds and the sails were intertwining
 On the deck of the ship
 Some exhausted travelers
 Are looking at a city
 That is filled with surprises.

سَفِينَةٌ فِي الْبَحْرِ كَانَتْ تَجْرِي .
 فِي الْبَحْرِ تَجْرِي فِي دَوَّانٍ .
 كَمَا تَتَوَلَّى فِي الْبَحْرِ تَتَوَلَّى .
 عَلَى مَدِينَةٍ فِي الْبَحْرِ ،
 حَمَلٌ شَوْهَتِي فِي مَدِينَةٍ .
 فِي مَدِينَةٍ فِي مَدِينَةٍ ،
 مَدِينَةٍ فِي مَدِينَةٍ مَدِينَةٍ .

The gun salute began
 Asking the ship to anchor
 Rama Lakhouma arrived
 And greeted the guests
 He welcomed them in his house
 In a reception to eat and drink.

بَدَأَ فِي مَدِينَةٍ فِي مَدِينَةٍ ،
 فِي مَدِينَةٍ فِي مَدِينَةٍ .
 فِي مَدِينَةٍ فِي مَدِينَةٍ ،
 فِي مَدِينَةٍ فِي مَدِينَةٍ .
 فِي مَدِينَةٍ فِي مَدِينَةٍ ،
 فِي مَدِينَةٍ فِي مَدِينَةٍ .
 فِي مَدِينَةٍ فِي مَدِينَةٍ .

From sea, from their purpose
 Where to they were going
 He was asking them
 The sailors replied:

فِي مَدِينَةٍ فِي مَدِينَةٍ ،
 فِي مَدِينَةٍ فِي مَدِينَةٍ ،
 فِي مَدِينَةٍ فِي مَدِينَةٍ .
 فِي مَدِينَةٍ فِي مَدِينَةٍ :

“We are traveling the world

”فِي مَدِينَةٍ فِي مَدِينَةٍ ،

And passing through countries
 From big and small horses
 Domesticated and wild
 At profit or loss
 We are buying and selling
 Now gradually
 We are departing
 From your country your excellence
 To the land of Malek Slita.”

مَلِكٌ دَعَا كَسْفًا ،
 مَهْمَقًا كَمَقًا هَوَكَمَقًا ،
 بَعْتِي هَتَمَهَقًا ،
 كَه صَتَا كَه وَتَا ،
 وَبَعِي مَمَس هَيَوْتَا .
 لَمَيَدَا بَسَا بَسَا ،
 يَبْعَا مَمَس لَمَه دَسَا ،
 مَلِكٌ دَعَا نَبَّجًا ،
 لَمَدَا دَمَلِكٍ هَلِكًا .

“On this long journey
 Happy traveling (bon voyage)
 You convey over there from me
 To Malek Slita greetings”

"لَمَدَا لَمَدَا بَدَجَا ،
 سَوَا هَجَهْ كَدَجَا .
 مَه بَلَمَه مَبَبَا ،
 لَمَلِكٍ هَلِكًا بَلَمَدَا ."

After bowing
 They departed on their journey.
 Following them Malek Rama
 Came to the sea shore.
 He found the dove
 That was swimming; and he screamed:

لَمَدَا مَجْعَا دَدَا ،
 بَلَمَدَا لَمَدَا دَسَا .
 لَمَدَا مَلِكٍ دَمَلِكٍ ،
 لَمَدَا لَمَدَا دَمَلِكٍ .
 لَمَدَا لَمَدَا مَمَدَا ،
 يَمَدَا ، هَمَدَا مَمَدَا :

“Because of sorrow again,
My heart misses my father (deep desire to see his father.)”

"تَبَيْتُ مِجْدِي كِتَبٌ ،
مَمْسُتُ بِلَيْهِ مِجْ تَتَبُ ."

From sea, the dove
Sprinkled water on the boy
So that he would outgrow a mosquito
And turn into a fly.
He flew buzzing
And squeezed in corner
In the ship afloat on the sea
Happy and sad (with mixed feelings).

مَتَّبَعْتُ مَكْتَبَ تَمَّتْ ،
مَمَّ ذِيهِمُ الْبُكْ حَذَوْتُ .
دَجَّ خَصَّةً مُوَيْجِ سَوَّ ،
سُجِّذَ سَوَّ لِكَبِّ دِجِّ .
فَذِي سَوَّ سَوَّ سَوَّ .
سَجَّ سَمَّ سَكَّ سَكَّ .
كَمَّ يَلَكَّ لَكَّ تَكَّ ،
سَجَّ سَجَّ سَجَّ .

The winds were happily gusting
The ship was swimming with the waves
From one island to another
The journey on the sea was not short.

كَمَّتْ تَبْدَهْ سَكَّ .
يَلَكَّ مَلَكَّ يَهَسَّ .
مَسَّ سَكَّ كَوَّ كَسَّ ،
سَكَّ سَكَّ سَكَّ .

They arrived their country happily
And were invited to a reception
Respectfully to the palace of Malek Slita

مَلَّ كَسَّ كَلَّ سَكَّ .
فَبَلَ سَكَّ ، جَبَّ كَلَّ سَكَّ .
كَلَّ دَلَّ دَلَّ ،

Our young warrior following them.

كَلْبٌ وَوَلَدُهُ ، يُجْرُونَ .

He saw his father sitting

سَوَّى لَيْسَ عَلَيْهِ كَلْبٌ ،

His robe was embroidered with gold

كَلْبٌ مَلْبُورٌ بِذَهَبٍ .

He sat next to his father and watched him

دَفَعَهُ إِلَى أَبِيهِ ،

Uglier than frogs:

أَشْرَفَ مِنْهُمُ الْفَرَاحِيُّ .

The cook with blind eye,

أَبْصَرَ فِي عَيْنِهِ ،

His other aunt the weaver,

أَخْتُهُ الْوَلَدِيَّةُ ،

And his grandmother the granny

، أُمُّهُ الْكَلْبِيَّةُ ،

With her long nose.

أَنْفُهَا كَالْأَنْفِ .

Malek Slita was asking (the sailors)

سَأَلَ الْمَلِكُ الْبَحْرِيَّةَ :

To tell from little from large (from here and there)

أَنْ تَقُولَ لِي مِنْ هُنَا ،

From counties behind the sea

مِنْ أَمَاةٍ الْبَحْرِ ،

From bad times and good times.

مِنْ أَمَاةٍ الْبَحْرِ .

Bowing respectfully

ذُجِرَ بِرَأْفَةٍ ،

The sailors were saying to him:

أَقُولُ لَكَ :

“Traveling around the world

”سَفَرٌ كَسَفَرِ الْبَحْرِ ،

We have seen –a told- magic.

سَأَلْنَا مَنْ سَمِعَ مِنْهُ .

There is an island in the sea

، فِي الْبَحْرِ ،

Amongst rich or poor.

بَيْنَ أَثْنَانٍ أَوْ فُقَرَاءٍ .

From there Rama Lakhouma

مِنْهَا مَدَّ دَعَا كَسْفًا ،

Is sending to your excellence greetings

لِيُصَلِّعَ بِرَأْسِهِ نَسَبًا عَزِيزًا ،

And requests that you take the road

فِيذَهَبُكَ دَعَاكَ ذَا ،

And be his guest at his region.”

لِيَكُونَ سَجْدًا فِي مَقَامِهِ ذَا .”

Malek Slita was astonished

عَمَّ يَتَنَبَّأُ مَلِكٌ هَلْبَانًا ،

And with a broken heart was saying”

لَمَّا دَنَا حَبْدًا يَتَنَبَّأُ :

“If my life allows me

”بَتَّبَ نَسَبًا كَبَّ عَدَدًا ،

I will visit the magical place.”

لِيَسْمَعَ سَيِّئًا مِنْهُ لَوْ كُنَّا .”

The cook and the weaver

طَبَّاخًا ، نَجَّارًا ،

Along with the granny

مُتَعَدِّبًا عِزَّةً ،

Their hearts were beating rapidly

يَتَخَدَّ ذَهَبًا فِي سَدَجَةٍ ،

Not wanting the king

كَرَّ حَتَّى دَسَّوْا مَلِكًا ،

To see that serene island

لِيَرَوْا كَوْذَابًا جَدِيعًا .

The weaver with a laughing voice

حَتَّى دَسَّوْا دَيْسًا جَدِيعًا ،

Said: “There is no magic

لَمَّا دَنَا : ” لَيْسَ ، عَمَّ يَتَنَبَّأُ ،

That you all be amazed by much.

دَبَّحْتُمْ هَؤُلَاءِ هَؤُلَاءِ ذَا .

A lie or a tale

دَهَيْتُمْ بِي كَرًا ، مَيْتًا ،

Has frustrated me.

I will tell about a magic

That will have magicians' jaws dropped.

مَلِيحٌ قَدْ دَمَعًا كَسَفَهُنَّ ،
مَلِيحٌ يَدْعُوهُنَّ أَمْ يَجْعَلُ
مَلِيحٌ يَدْعُوهُنَّ أَمْ يَجْعَلُ

On an island in the sea

A wave rises

Very early in the morning

With a loud roaring noise

Warriors are emerging from within the wave

To guard the city perimeter

33 good looking young men

Shining with fish scales

They are the same height

One better looking than the other

There is no power to judge them

And Gilgamesh is their leader.

This is the worthy magic

It is not just a word on the wind.”

سَدَّ الْوَدَّاءُ مِنْ تَمَعٍ ،
بَدَّ كَفَّ لِيهِ يَصْنَعُ .
دَعَا يَلْدِي قَدَمًا ،
صَلَّى دَمَعًا دَجْدِمْ ،
فَكَرَّ مَلِكًا يَتَّقِي .
كَيْدًا دَمَجًا تَهْمِي .
أَكْبَهُنَّ جَعْبِي يَهْمِي ،
تَهْمِي دَمَجًا يَصْنَعُ .
حَكَّ حَكَّاءُ بَدَّ قَمَعًا ،
بَدَّ مَدَهَ لَمَدًا كَسَفَهُنَّ .
كَبَّهُنَّ بَدَّ بَدَّ قَدَّ ،
يَلْكُمِي وَ مَدَهَ دَمَجًا .
لَمَدًا يَلْكُمِي يَدْعُوهُنَّ ،
كَبَّهُنَّ كَمَعًا يَجْعَلُ .

The wise guests kept it quiet

And did not pursue any discussion.

لَمَدًا يَلْكُمِي يَدْعُوهُنَّ ،
كَبَّهُنَّ كَمَعًا يَجْعَلُ .

The father is very surprised
 The son is getting angry
 He could no longer wait
 He flew and stung the weaver
 She became blind on one eye
 She fainted right where she was.
 The fly escaped through a crack
 As fast as a ship
 And flew with her small wings
 Until arrived in his own country.

عَمَّ يَتَنَّى مَلِكٌ تَتَنَّى دَعَا ،
 كَذَهَبَ دَعَا يَحْدَثُ .
 حَكَمَ لَمَّ يَدَعَا كَلَّ مَطِيءٌ كَيْسَ ،
 هَذِي سَلِيهِ كَدَلَعَا بَبْرِيكِسَ .
 سَدَّ لُجَمَ هَبَّ كَبَتَا هَمَّ دَعَا ،
 كَيْسَ هَبَّ هَبَّ كَتَمَ هَمَّ هَبَّ كَيْسَ .
 كَذِي سَلِيهِ دَدَبَّ مَبَدَّ كَيْسَ ،
 كَتَمَ دَعَا دَعَا دَسَدَّ يَكَلَّ .
 هَذِي سَلِيهِ كَوَلَعَا يَكَلَعَا هَبَّ ،
 هَبَّ كَدَمَطِيءٌ كَيْسَ كَلَّ دَعَا دَعَمَ هَبَّ .

Again at the coast
 That Rama Lakhouma
 Has sat thinking
 Until he saw his dove.

مَدَدَّ كَدَفَعَا دَعَمَ ،
 هَبَّ دَعَمَ كَسَفَمَ ،
 مَبَبَّ مَلِكٌ هَبَّ مَبَبَّ ،
 هَبَّ كَسَوَّ كَيْسَ كَلَّ مَبَبَّ .

“O Rama Lakhouma
 Brightening of the day
 Why are you sad?
 What can I do for you?”

"لَمَّ دَعَمَ كَسَفَمَ ،
 كَبَبَّ دَعَمَ دَعَمَ .
 كَتَمَ دَبَّ مَبَبَّ مَبَبَّ ؟
 مَبَبَّ دَبَّ كَبَبَّ ، كَتَمَ مَبَبَّ ؟"

“My troubled heart again
Needs a magic.
Another magic
Is asking for eagerly.

"مِدْرِيذٌ يَحِبُّ دَجِيئًا ،
لِكَمْ يَكُنُّ مَلِيحًا هَعْبِيئًا .
بِنَدٍ لَمِيذَاتٍ عَمِّيئًا ،
حَبِّ صَمَدٍ يَهْكَلِيئًا ."

“Open the heart for me
Tell me the magic.”

"فَهَبْ لِي قَلْبًا يَكُنُّ ،
أَحِبُّ لِي عَمِّيئًا ."

On an island in the sea
A wave rises
Every day in one village
With a roaring noise
Warriors are emerging
To guard the city
33 good looking young men
Shining with fish scales
They are the same height
And as good looking as sun
There is no power to judge them
And Gilgamesh is their leader.”

حَسْبٌ لِمَدِينَةٍ مَجْ تَقَلُّ ،
بِنَدٍ كَفَرٍ مَلِيحٍ يَصْنَعُ .
حِكْمٌ تَمَعُ حَسْبٌ مَعُ ،
حَبِّ قَلْبٍ دَجِيئِيئًا ،
فَلَكُنُّ نَعْمٌ يَحْتَقِيئًا .
قَلْبٌ مَدِينَةٍ تَحْفَ قِيئًا .
أَكْهَمُ مَلِيحًا يَكْتَبُ يَهْفِيئًا ،
مَجِّ عَمَلُهُ مَحْدُوهِيئًا .
يَحْكَلُ حَبِّ قَلْبٍ مَعُ ،
كِسْفًا مَلِيحًا مَجِّ مَعُ .
كَيْهَ بِنَدٍ نَسْكَلُ قَلْبٌ دَتُّ ،
يَلْكَلِيئًا وَ مَدِيئًا دَتُّ ."

The dove asked:

“Is this why you are sad?

Let the sorrow away from your heart

I know magic

They are my brothers O Rama

The warriors of the sea.

Let your love be abundant

Because you have guests over in your house.”

حَمِيذٌ أَسْأَلُكَ لِمَ تَحْزَنُ :
 "مَلِكٌ أَسْأَلُكَ لِمَ تَحْزَنُ ؟
 مَلِكٌ مَرِيءٌ مَلِكٌ مَرِيءٌ ،
 لِمَ كَبَّ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ .
 سَمَّ قَبَّ بَنِيكَ دَمًا ،
 لِيُحْتَضِرَ دَمًا دَمًا .
 سَمَّ مَرِيءٌ أَسْأَلُكَ ،
 لِمَ دَمًا لِمَ دَمًا ."

Rama left happily

For his palace while he kept his eye on the sea.

A huge wave raised

And from the bottom of the sea lifted

33 good looking young men

Shining with fish scales

One more pleasant than the other

With shiny hair of silver

Walking in pairs

With steam coming out of their shoulders

And Gilgamesh leading them.

دَمِيئٌ مَلِكٌ دَمًا ،
 مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ .
 مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ ،
 مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ ،
 مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ ،
 مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ .
 مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ ،
 مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ .
 مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ ،
 مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ .
 مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ ،
 مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ مَلِكٌ .

They have arrived Rama's city
 Everyone is coming out of the houses
 People are running to see them.

مِيحِي مَتْنِ كَمَدِبَعَتَا دَدَقَا .
 حَك نَبَدِ مَجِ خَبَه هَس م فَاكَا ،
 نَكَلَمَ كَسَوَا م يَدَشَا .

Gilgamesh said: "I
 Have an order from dove
 Everyday with warriors
 To guard the city.
 Every morning from the sea
 We will come for salutation
 Standing at the perimeter of the city
 To keep the city in joy (away from any danger)
 The ground is harmful for us
 We will go back." Concluded the leader.
 Gilgamesh's words ended
 And all of them disappeared.

لَمَقَدَا يَلَكَمِيح: "لَا ،
 مَكْنَه تَا لَبَه كَب كَمَه دَقَا .
 حَك تَه مَلِيحُ نَجْمُ يَبْتَدِي ،
 هُ هَس م كَمَدِبَعَتَا تَه م دَا .
 حَك تَمَدَمَكَا مَجِ تَمَل ،
 يَد لَهَس م كَدَدَا م حَكَمَل .
 يَحْكَمُ كَسِي دَا مَدِبَعَتَا ،
 نَبَعَمِي م كَمَدِبَعَتَا سَدَبَا .
 لَهَقَدَا بَلِيَه تَه م وَتَم .
 دَمَدَس ! " سَمِي مَكِيَه مَدَه دَمَتَم .
 يَلَكَمِيحُ نَبَدَه هَس م فَاكَا هَس م ،
 حَك مَهَدَبَرُ نَبَتِي م لَهَكَا هَس م .

There were winds in the sea
 There was a ship on the sea
 The ship was running through waves
 The winds and the sails were intertwining

كُهَتِي مَنَمَلُ يَهَنَمَل .
 سَدَا يَلَكَا بَلَه كَهَا لَمَل .
 يَلَكَا حَقَقِي يَدَشَا .
 كُهَتِي مَه تَا يَسْبَا .

Passing by the island

The shining rays are hurting the eyes.

مَجَّ نَدَاةً كَوْدًا لِحَبْدًا ،

مُحَمَّيًّا بِلِسَانِي خَسَفًا .

The gun salute began

Asking the ship to anchor

Rama Lakhouma arrived

And greeted the guests

He welcomed them in his house

In a reception to eat and drink.

أَهَقِيَ عَمَّ ذِي كَسَفَهُ ،

بِحُكْمِي لِكَلِمَةٍ كَذُفًا .

لَمَّا لِيهِ دَمَعًا كَسَفَهُمْ ،

كَتَابِي بِحَمَلِي تَحْكَمًا .

عَمَّ تَكُّ لِيهِ تَجْنِي كَبِيًّا ،

تَمِيحًا لِيهِ لَمَّا لِيهِ هَلَاكًا .

From sea, from their purpose

Where to they were going

He was asking them

The sailors replied:

مَجَّ نَفَاةً مَجَّ تَبِيًّا ،

مَلَبَسًا يَكْتُمُ لَسَفَهُ تَجِيًّا ،

مِيحًا لَسَفَهُ خَسَفًا .

لِيهِ تَكْسَفُهُ لِي كَفِيًّا :

“We are traveling the world

And passing through countries

At profit or loss

We are buying and selling

From iron and steel

Gold or silver

“نَدَمِيًّا لِمَسِّ جِسْدًا ،

مَلَبَسًا دَمَعًا لِحَبْدًا .

لِيهِ تَكْسَفُهُ لِي وَتَبِيًّا ،

وَتَمِيًّا لِمَسِّ هَيَوِيًّا .

مَجَّ كَفِيًّا مَجَّ هَلَاكًا ،

بِذَمِيًّا بِي هَلَاكًا .

Now gradually
We are departing
From your country your excellence
To the land of Malek Slita.”

لَمَّا دَخَلَ بَيْتَ بَنِي ،
يَعْقَلُ مِنْ لَدُنْهُمْ ،
مَلِكٌ ذَمَّ بَنِي بَكْنِي ،
لَدُنْهُمْ دَمَلِي هَلْبِي .”

“On this long journey
Happy traveling (bon voyage)
You convey over there from me
To Malek Slita greetings.”

”كَيْفَ لَمْ يَدُخَلْ بَدَجِي ،
سَوَّاهُ جَهْ كَدَجِي .
مَهْ جَلْمْ مِيْعَبْ أَكْمْ ،
لَمَلِي هَلْبِي تَلْمِي .”

After bowing
They departed on their journey.
Following them Malek Rama
Came to the sea shore.
He found the dove
That was swimming; and he screamed:

كَيْفَ ذَمَّ جَكَ دَدِي ،
بِكَلْمِ هَمْ لَدُنْهُمْ دَسْتِي .
كَيْفَ ذَمَّ مَلِكِي دَمَلِي ،
لَمَّا لِي كَلْمُؤِي دَمَلِي .
فَلَمْ تَمَلْ مَهْ جَجَلِي ،
يَهْسِي ، هَمْ مَهْ سِي :

“Because of sorrow again,
My heart misses my father (deep desire to see his father).”

”كَيْفَ مَدَدِي يَكْب ،
مَهْ سَتَبِي لِي مِي تَكْب .”

From sea, the dove

مَكْتِي مَكْمَلِي نَمَلِي ،

Sprinkled water on the boy

He became a piece

Looking like a wasp.

He flew buzzing

And squeezed in corner

In the ship afloat on the sea

Happy and sad (with mixed feelings).

مَمَّ ذِيهِمَّ كَهْ بَكْ كَذَهْ كَبْ .

هَوَّيْ لِيَهْ هُوَ هَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ ،

كَبَّ مَمَّ لِيَهْ دِي ذِيهِمَّ .

هَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ هُوَ هَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ .

كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ مَمَّ ذِيهِمَّ هَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ .

كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ لِيَهْ لِيَهْ كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ ،

كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ هَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ .

The winds were happily gusting

The ship was swimming with the waves

From one island to another

The journey on the sea was not short.

كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ هَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ .

كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ مَمَّ ذِيهِمَّ هَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ .

كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ ،

كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ .

They arrived their country happily

And were invited to a reception

Respectfully to the palace of Malek Slita

Our young warrior following them.

كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ .

كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ هَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ .

كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ دِيهِمَّ كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ ،

كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ هَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ .

He saw his father sitting

His robe was embroidered with gold

While sad

كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ ،

كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ هَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ .

كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ هَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ كَبَّ ذِيهِمَّ ،

He sat next to his father
The old granny and two sisters
Four eyes and three faces (two eyes are already blind).

هَبَّ بَعْدَ بَعْدٍ دَعَمَ هَبَّ فُجِمَ ذَمَّ ،
تَعَدَّ بَسَّ هَبَّ ذَمَّ شَهَّ هَبَّ ،
بُذِّبَ بَسَّ هَبَّ كَسَهَ هَبَّ هَبَّ .

Malek Slita was asking (the sailors)
To tell from little from large (from here and there)
From counties behind the sea
From bad times and good times.

مَلِكٌ هَلَبَّ يَهَلَكُنْ :
دَهَبَ مَبْدَجٌ مَجَّ ذَمَّ ،
مَلَبَّ ذَمَّ دَهَبَ ذَمَّ ،
مَلَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ .

Bowing respectfully
The sailors were saying to him:
“traveling around the world
We have seen –a told- magic.
There is an island in the sea
Waves are rising from the sea
Warriors are emerging from within the waves
33 good looking young men
They are the same height
One better looking than the other
There is no power to judge them
And Gilgamesh is their leader.

ذَمَّ حَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ ،
شَهَّ هَبَّ يَهَلَكُنْ ذَمَّ :
" يَهَلَكُنْ يَهَلَكُنْ يَهَلَكُنْ دَهَبَ هَبَّ ،
يَهَلَكُنْ هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ .
هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ ،
هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ .
هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ ،
هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ .
هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ ،
هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ .

He marches them in pairs.
 With steam coming out of their shoulders
 They stand at the perimeter of the city
 Guarding the joyful city
 There is no narrator to say
 That there is anyone mightier than them.
 And their king Malek Rama
 Is sending his regards to you.

حَلِيكَهُمْ، وَهَكَذَا كَسَمَهُ،
 مَذْمُومٌ وَتَمَّ كَسَمَهُ.
 حَيْثُ حَلَبَ كَسَمَهُ دِمَجِبَتَهُ،
 تَهْدِيَةً لِمَدِينَتِهِ سَدِيَّةً.
 كَيْفَ بَدَأَ تَمَّ دَمِي،
 دَلِيلٌ عَلَى كَمَالِهِ.
 مَلِكٌ ذَمَّكَ كَسَمَهُ،
 كَسَمَهُ بِجَدِّهِ ذَمَّكَ.

Malek Slita was astonished
 And with a broken heart was saying”
 “If my life allows me
 I will visit the magical place.
 I would get up and depart on a journey
 And would be a guest for Rama.”

عَمِيَّتَهُ سَمَّاهُ مَلِكٌ هَلَبَتَهُ،
 لَمَّا دَلَّ بِسَدِّ كَسَمَهُ:
 "بَتَّبَ تَسَبُّبَ كَسَمَهُ،
 كَيْفَ سَدَّيْهِ مَلِكٌ ذَمَّكَ.
 حَيْثُ تَمَّ هَتَمَهُ لَمَّا دَلَّ،
 هَيْجَ أَمِيٍّ كَسَمَهُ ذَمَّكَ."

Two sisters were quiet.
 With their foreface full of laughs.
 The old granny said
 With her long nose:
 “It may be a lie,

أَذِيْبَ سَمَّاهُ سَمَّاهُ يَلِيْبُ،
 هَمَّوْتِ مَلِيْسَتِ مَلِيْبُ.
 هَمِيْبُ كَسَمَهُ تَمَّ ذَمَّكَ،
 كَسَمَهُ بِسَدِّهِ ذَمَّكَ:
 "دَمِيْبُ سَدِّهِ ذَمَّكَ،

I am not seeing the magic.
I will tell about a magic
That will have magicians' jaws dropped."

كِي نَمَ، يَسَوْنِ عَمَّيْتِي.
أَتَى مَسْبَدَ يَدْتِي سَعْبِي،
مَسْتَعْيِي عَمَّ مَن كَسْبِي.

There is a girl in the sea
With no limit to her beauty
She would take light from day
And would remove the darkness from night
You never get bored of her talk
Her songs resemble water out of a fountain
There is a star on he forehead
And a moon on her hair
She is tall and sparkling
And walks gracefully like a peahen.

سَجِي تَدَا لِي بِي، تَنَمَ،
عَمَّ كَذِهِ أَهْبَجَتِي دَكْرًا تَنَمَ.
تَنَمَ مَسْبَدَ ذِي حَبْلِيكِي،
مَكْبَلِي سِيحِي حَمْبِيكِي.
مَدِي مَدِي مَدِي كِي يَهْبَكِي،
وَمَدَا مَسْبَدَ يَحْبَكِي.
بَدَّ حَمَّ جَبِي ذَحْبِي كَسْبِي،
بَدَّ فَهَسَ ذِي مَسْبَدَ تَحْمَمِي.
حَمَمَكِي ذَمَّ تَحْمَمِي،
وَذَحَمِي تَدِي مَن دَكْمِي.

This is the worthy magic
It is not just a word on the wind."

أَتَى لِي بِي سِيحِي سَعْبِي،
كِي يَحْبَدُ كَمَسَبِي سَعْبِي."

The wise guests kept it quiet
And did not pursue any discussion.

أَتَى لِي أَهْبَجَتِي عَمَّ مَدِي،
تَدَا مَسْبَدَ كِي دِيحَمَدِي.

The father was very surprised
 The son was getting angry
 On her eye he did not want to
 But flew and stung her on her nose
 Her big nose swell
 She fainted right where she was.

عَمَّ يَكُنْ سَوْءٌ تَكُنْ ذَكُّ ،
 ذَهَبُ ذَكُّ يَحْدَثُ .
 مَلْبَعَةٌ هُوَ يَحْمِلُ لَهَا مَلْبَعَةً ،
 فَذِي سَيْفٍ مَتَسَبِّدُهُ هُوَ بَجَبٌ .
 تَسْبَدُهُ هُوَ كَمَذَّ وَبَدَّ ،
 يَكْمُ هُوَ ذُو حَمَلٍ هُوَ يَحْدَثُ .

There was a commotion in the place
 Everyone was shouting
 Hit and snatch the wasp
 It should be killed and cut in pieces.
 The wasp escaped through a crack
 As fast as a ship
 And flew with her small wings
 Until arrived in his own country.

صَبْرٌ ذُو عَيْشٍ هُوَ كَمَذَّ ،
 حَكُّ نَبْذٍ يَحْدَثُ مَلَكٌ .
 مَسِيحٌ ، كَلْبٌ ، كُوذِيكٌ ،
 هُوَ فِي مَلَكٍ هُوَ مَسِيحٌ .
 كَذِيكٌ ، وَذِيكٌ مَجَلَكٌ ،
 حَمَلٌ ذِيكٌ فِي سَبْذٍ فِي كَمَذَّ .
 فَذَكُّ حَمَلٌ ذِيكٌ يَكْفَعُهُ ،
 هُوَ فِي مَلَكٍ كَمَذَّ ذِيكٌ فِي كَمَذَّ .

Again at the coast
 Rama is sad
 He is sitting and thinking
 His dove came near him.

مَجْدِيذٌ كَذِيكٌ فِي كَمَذَّ ،
 نَبْذٌ فِي كَمَذَّ .
 مَسِيحٌ فِي كَمَذَّ ،
 هُوَ فِي كَمَذَّ فِي كَمَذَّ .

“Greetings O Rama
Brightening of the day
Why are you sad?
What can I do for you?”

"تَكْمَلِكُمْ لِي ذَمًّا ،
خَبَسَ ذَمًّا دَمًّا مَلِكًا .
كَمَمَ دَبَّ بِهِيَ هَبَّ سَبَّتًا ؟
مَمَّ دَبَّ كَبَّتًا كَمَمًا هَبَّ لُتًا ؟"

“Deep in my heart I am sad
Because I am lonely.
Because everyone is with a sweetheart
But I without someone to love.”

"كَبَّ بِلِي سَبَّتًا ،
خَبَّ تَبَّوَّبَ بِهِيَ لُتًا .
كَبَّ كَبَّتًا كَبَّ كَبَّتًا ،
لُتًا دَكَّ مَمَّ سَبَّتًا !"

“Put your faith in me
And tell me what you think.”

"لَا هَبَّ جَعَلَ كَمَمًا هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ ،
هَبَّ كَبَّ مَمَّ سَبَّتًا هَبَّ !"

“They say there is a girl in the sea
With no limit to her beauty
She would take light from day
And would remove the darkness from night
There is a star on he forehead
And a moon on her hair
She is tall and sparkling
And walks gracefully like a peahen.

"لَمَّ كَدَّ لَبَّ هَبَّ تَدَّ لَمَّ تَمَّ ،
هَبَّ هَبَّ هَبَّ لِي لِي لَمَّ كَمَّ .
كَمَّ مَمَّ مَمَّ دَمَّ حَبَّ كَمَّ ،
مَمَّ لِي سَبَّتًا حَبَّ كَمَّ .
سَبَّ كَمَّ جَبَّ ذَبَّتًا كَمَّ هَبَّ ،
سَبَّ هَبَّ دَمَّ هَبَّتًا كَمَّ هَبَّ .
كَمَّ مَمَّ ذَمَّتًا كَمَّتًا ،
وَذَمَّتًا حَبَّ مَمَّ دَمَّ هَبَّ ."

You never get bored of her talk
 Her songs resemble water out of a fountain.
 If this is not true
 My sorrow will be bitter.”

مَدَّ مَدَامَهُ تَ كَرَّ يَهْبُكُ ،
 وَمَدَّ مَدَامَهُ مَدَّ يَهْبُكُ .
 بَدَّ تَ كَرَّ تَهْبُكُ ،
 بَدَّ تَهْبُكُ مَدَّ يَهْبُكُ !

The dove was quiet for a short while
 Then she explained to him”
 “Yes. There is such a girl
 That her problem cannot be solved (she is mysterious).
 There is no hand to reach her
 She would not let any arm to embrace her.
 Think about it, and then
 I will grant you your wish.”

تَهْبُكُ مَدَّ يَهْبُكُ ،
 تَهْبُكُ مَدَّ يَهْبُكُ :
 " تَهْبُكُ مَدَّ يَهْبُكُ ،
 دَجَّ ذَهَبُ تَهْبُكُ كَجَدَّ .
 كَرَّ مَدَّ يَهْبُكُ كَجَدَّ ،
 كَرَّ مَدَّ يَهْبُكُ كَجَدَّ .
 دَجَّ ذَهَبُ تَهْبُكُ ،
 تَهْبُكُ مَدَّ يَهْبُكُ ."

Rama said: “I swear
 O dove to carry on my love
 I will go to the end of the world
 Until my life in not ended (as long as I live).
 Even if I am lost or burned
 I will not quit loving her.”
 With a long sigh from her heart

تَهْبُكُ مَدَّ يَهْبُكُ : " تَهْبُكُ ،
 تَهْبُكُ مَدَّ يَهْبُكُ .
 تَهْبُكُ مَدَّ يَهْبُكُ ،
 تَهْبُكُ مَدَّ يَهْبُكُ .
 تَهْبُكُ مَدَّ يَهْبُكُ ،
 تَهْبُكُ مَدَّ يَهْبُكُ ."

The dove said lovingly:

“Why should you experience difficulties

Your wish is about to be granted.

Listen to good news

I am that girl.”

هِيَ كَتَّ نَمَّ كَسَمَّ :
 "فَمَهْ دَبَّ يَمَّ ذَمَّ ،
 كَمَهْ هُجْرٌ كَسَهَ مَلِكٌ .
 مَلِكٌ يَسْمَعُ مَسْمَعٌ ،
 هِيَ كَتَّ كَسَهَ كَسَهَ !"

The dove is rising in the air

And flying over the waves of the sea.

She descended from sky to the ground

And stood behind a tree

She swung her wings

The dove turned into the girl.

نَمَّ كَسَهَ كَسَهَ ،
 كَسَهَ مَلِكٌ كَسَهَ ،
 مَلِكٌ كَسَهَ كَسَهَ ،
 كَسَهَ كَسَهَ كَسَهَ .
 كَسَهَ كَسَهَ كَسَهَ ،
 نَمَّ كَسَهَ كَسَهَ .

There is a moon on her hair

And a star on he forehead

She is tall and sparkling

And walks gracefully like birds

You never get bored of her talk

Her songs resemble water out of a fountain

كَسَهَ كَسَهَ كَسَهَ ،
 كَسَهَ كَسَهَ كَسَهَ .
 كَسَهَ كَسَهَ كَسَهَ ،
 كَسَهَ كَسَهَ كَسَهَ .
 كَسَهَ كَسَهَ كَسَهَ ،
 كَسَهَ كَسَهَ كَسَهَ .

Rama held her close to his chest

كَسَهَ كَسَهَ كَسَهَ ،

And will all his love embraced her
 He took her to his mother
 And fell to his mother's feet.
 He said: "O beloved mother
 A sweetheart has been found for me
 An admired sweetheart
 She will respect you in her life.
 Pray for us
 So that all our wishes will be granted.
 So that we shall live in love and peace
 Until our lives are ended."

She held the icons of saints
 And held the heads to the rock
 The mother was crying and saying:
 "O my god who's name is praised
 Protect them happy and blessed
 In a sweet and trouble-free life.

They did not prolong the case
 They wedded the bride.

حَكَمَ سَمَّاهُ سَعِيدًا كَيْسًا .
 فَهَمَّ هُوَ كَيْسَهُ لَمَّ يَكِيَسًا ،
 فَكَبَّرَ بِرَأْسِهِ دِيصَهُ هَبَّ يَكِيَسًا .
 لَمَّ يَكِيَسًا : " يَمُوبَ مَمَّ يَمَّيَسًا ،
 مَمَّ يَمَّيَسًا مَكَّاهُ فَهَمَّ هَبَّ يَكَبَّيَسًا .
 سَمَّ يَمَّ يَكَبَّيَسًا مَكَبَّيَسًا مَسِيَمًا ،
 فَهَمَّ جَمَّ تَمَّيَسًا هَمَّ مَمَّيَسًا .
 يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ سَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ ،
 دَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ .
 سَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ ،
 هَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ ."

دِيصَهُ هَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ ،
 سَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ .
 لَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ :
 " لَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ ،
 يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ ،
 يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ ."

هَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ ،
 يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ يَمَّ .

Groom beside the bride
Is expecting their child.

بِيَهُتْ كِدْفَتْ دُكُهْ ،
يَهْتَدُ لِيَه كُنْهَسْ .

There were winds in the sea
There was a ship on the sea
The ship was running through waves
The winds and the sails were intertwining
Passing by the island
The shining rays are hurting the eyes.
The gun salute began
Asking the ship to anchor
Rama Lakhouma arrived
And greeted the guests
He welcomed them in his house
In a reception to eat and drink.

كُهْتِي مَنَمْ يَهْتَمْ .
سَدُ يِكْفْ بَدَه كَفَه تَمْ .
يِكْفْ حِكْفْ يَدَسْ .
كُهْتِي مَهْتِي يَسْبُ .
مَجْ قَدَرْ كُودَا عَيْدُ ،
مُحْمَمِي لِيَهْتِي خَسْ دُ .
كُهْتِي مَهْتِي دَسْ هْ . مَسْتِي ،
يَكْتِي يِكْفْ كَدَهْتِي .
لِيَهْتِي دَهْتِي كَسَفَهُ ،
كُدِيَه مَحْمَلِي حَكْفِي .
مَهْتِي لِيَهْتِي حَيْدِي كُنْهِي ،
حَمْمَهْ هَسْ هَسْ جَلْ هَسْ .

From sea, from their purpose
Where to they were going
He was asking them
The sailors replied:

مَجْ تَمْ مَجْ حَيْدِي ،
مَلْجَسْ يَكْتِي مَسْ هَسْ حَيْدِي ،
مِيَكْتِي مَسْ هَسْ حَمْمِ دُ .
يَمْ هَسْ هَسْ هَسْ يَكْفِي :

“We are traveling the world
 And passing through countries
 At profit or loss
 We are buying and selling
 Expensive articles
 From vases and plates
 Now gradually
 We are departing
 From your country your excellence
 To the land of Malek Slita.”

"كَدِهِيِي مَفَس يَسَدَدِي ،
 مَلِا دَوِيِي اَبَدِي .
 كَم صَعِي كَم وَتِي ،
 وَتَمِي مَفَس هَيَوِيِي ،
 مِعِدَتِي مِعِيِي ،
 مِم كَبَدَمِي مِم مَلَتِي .
 لَمِيَدَتِي مَسِي مَسِي ،
 لَه دَبِي بَكَم كَصَدَمِي ،
 مَلِا دَوِيِي لَمِي بَلِي ،
 كَلَمَلِي دَمَلِي مَلِي ."

“On this long journey
 Happy traveling (bon voyage)
 To your king greetings
 You convey over there from me.
 Why has he not come
 To visit us so far?”

"كَم لَم دَمَلِي بَدَجِي ،
 سَوَا هَجَم كَدَجِي .
 مَلِي مَلِكَم هَجَم كَمَلِي ،
 مَه بَلَم مِعَب اَمَلِي .
 مَعَم دَبِي كَم مَلِي لَم ،
 كَمِي هَبِي هَك لَم دَبِي ؟"

He left the sailors
 And this time stayed in his own country.
 Flesh to flesh with sweetheart

مَلِي كَفَدِي دَمَلِي كَدَمَلِي ،
 هَبِي كَم لَم مَلِا دَوِيِي مَلِي .
 كَم مَلِي كَم كَم دَمَلِي ،

Not getting distant from his love.

كَرَ فَدَّعَى مَجَّ مَحْمِيَّتَهُ .

The winds were happily gusting

كَمَتِيَّ تَبَدَّهَ ٱ مَسْتَب .

The ship was swimming with the waves

بِكَلَمٍ مَكَلَقِيَّ يَهْتَسْتَب .

From one island to another

مَسَدَّ ٱ كُودَا ٱ كَسَبَ ٱ يَسَدَّ ٱ ،

The journey on the sea was not short.

لَهْ دَسَّ ٱ تَنَمَّ ٱ كَرَّ حَذَبَ .

They arrived their country happily

مَلِيَّ كَسَهَ ٱ كَبَّ ٱ دَبَ ٱ تَبَدَّهَ ٱ .

And were invited to a reception

فَبَدَّهَ ٱ هَبَّ ٱ كَبَّ ٱ دَسَمَ ٱ .

They found the king sad

فَلَّ مَلَكًا سَوِيَّ كَسَهَ ٱ تَبَدَّ ،

His crown was shining on his head

حَلَبَكُمُ ٱ تَلَكُمُ ٱ دَدَّ .

The old granny

تَعَدَّ ٱ هَبَّ ٱ كَلَّ ،

And the weaving aunt

هَسَبَ ٱ سَكَّ ٱ كَدَّ ،

Were sitting next to him watching

سَبَّ ٱ دَدَّ ٱ هَسَبَ ٱ فَحَمَدَّ ،

There were six eyes of which two were blind

بَيَّ ٱ بَيَّ ٱ ٱ ٱ ٱ ٱ ٱ ٱ .

Malek Slita was asking (the sailors)

مَلِكٌ هَلَبَّ ٱ يَهَلَكُنْ :

To tell from little from large (from here and there)

دَبَّ ٱ مَسَدَّ ٱ مَجَّ دَدَّ ،

From counties behind the sea

مَلَّ ٱ دَدَّ ٱ دَدَّ ٱ مَلَّ ،

From bad times and good times.

مَلَّ ٱ هَسَبَ ٱ هَسَبَ ٱ .

Bowing respectfully

The sailors were saying to him:

ذَمَّ حَبَلَهُ هَبَّ بَجَعٌ بَكْسِي ،

كَسَمَهُ هَبَّ بَجَعٌ بَكْسِي :

“traveling around the world

We have seen –a told- magic.

There is an island in the sea

With limitless beauty of its city

The palaces, the convents, and the gardens

Who can describe their beauty!

The golden dome of churches

Who can explain them!

"سَيَدُّوْا كَسِيْدًا دَدِيِي ،

سِيُوْا مَسَّ عَمَّيْتِي هَبَّ بَكْسِي .

سَدُّ كُوْدًا هَبَّ بَكْسِي ،

مَدِيْتَهُ هَبَّ بَكْسِي كَسَمَهُ كَسَمَهُ .

طَبِيْقًا هَدِيْقًا هَدِيْقًا ،

مَدِيْتَهُ مَدِيْتَهُ مَدِيْتَهُ !

عَمَّيْتِي مَدِيْتَهُ دَدِيْتَهُ ،

مَدِيْتَهُ مَدِيْتَهُ مَدِيْتَهُ !

We saw in a glass house

The squirrel that sings psalms

The squirrel that has been trained to work

Is picking from tree

Golden hazelnuts

But the core (nut) of emerald

Hundreds of dedicated guards

Are protecting the squirrel.

سِيُوْا كَسَمَهُ دَدِيْتَهُ ،

هَبَّ بَكْسِي دَدِيْتَهُ هَبَّ بَكْسِي .

هَبَّ بَكْسِي مَدِيْتَهُ هَبَّ بَكْسِي ،

بَكْسِي مَدِيْتَهُ هَبَّ بَكْسِي ،

هَبَّ بَكْسِي مَدِيْتَهُ هَبَّ بَكْسِي ،

هَبَّ بَكْسِي هَبَّ بَكْسِي .

هَبَّ بَكْسِي دَدِيْتَهُ هَبَّ بَكْسِي ،

هَبَّ بَكْسِي هَبَّ بَكْسِي .

Another magic over there
 A wave rises from the sea
 Warriors are emerging from within the wave
 To guard the city perimeter
 33 good looking young men
 Shining with fish scales
 They are the same height
 One better looking than the other
 There is no power to judge them
 And Gilgamesh is their leader.
 There is no narrator to say
 That there is anyone mightier than them.

عَمَّيْتُمْ لَيْسَتُمْ أَفْكَ ،
 مَلِكٌ دَعَا كِسْفًا ،
 مَلِكٌ دَعَا كِسْفًا .
 لَيْسَتُمْ دَمْدَمَتُمْ تَهْتَدُونَ .
 أَكْهَ أَكْهَ بَعْبَتِي يَمُوتِي ،
 تَعْمَلُكُمْ دَمْتِي مَحْدَمِي .
 حَكَّ يَلِيَّ حَبَدَ تَمُّ مَلِكٌ ،
 نَبَدَ مَدَّتْهُ لَيْسَتُمْ كِسْفًا .
 كِهَ نَبَدَ نَبَكْ تَمُّ دَنْتُ ،
 يَلِكَمِي وَ مَدَّتْ دَنْتُ .
 كِهَ نَبَدَ أَتَتُّ دَأِي ،
 دَبَهَ مَيْتُ تَمُّ نَبَكْتِي .

And the king has a wife
 Without any flaw in her beauty
 She would take light from day
 And would remove the darkness from night
 There is a star on he forehead
 And a moon on her hair.

هَلَبَهَ لِيَهَ سَدَّتْ نَجَّةَ مَلِكْتِي ،
 تَعْمَلُوهَا كِهَ كَهَ نَبَدَ كَحَّ
 تَمُّ مَلِكٌ مَحْدَمَتِي حَبَلِكَمِي ،
 مَلِكَمِي يَتَحُّ حَبَلِكَمِي .
 نَبَدَ تَمُّ جَبَدَ ذَحْبَتِي كِهِيَهَا ،
 نَبَدَ فَاهَتِي دَأِي مَبَدَ تَحْمَمِيَهَا .

Rama is reigning there

دَعَا هُجَّتْ بِلَيْسٍ ،

And sending you his regards.
 He and his household with a united voice
 Are complaining (about you)
 That why you are not visiting them
 And have kept them in anticipation until now.”

فَأَرْسَلَ بِجَدِّهِ ذَمًّا تَكْفِيًّا .
 كَعَمَامَةٍ هَبَّ بِخِيَامِهِمْ تَوْبِيحًا تَكْفِيًّا ،
 حَكَّ مَعَهُمْ فِي تَهَيُّبِهِمْ .
 لِمَهْلِكِ تَعَمُّدِ كَلِّ لَأَيْدِيهِمْ ،
 مَهْمُ هَيَّجَتْ هُكَّ لُذْمِهِمْ .”

The king was frustrated from waiting
 He ordered ships to be prepared
 The cook and the weaver
 Along with the crazy granny
 Were thinking and searching
 How they can stop the king from this journey.

مُحَلِّقًا مَجَّ سَمَلَكَةً هَيَّجِيًّا ،
 كَهَشْدِهِ ذَمًّا يَلْقِي هَيَّجِيًّا .
 خَبَلَكَةً بَطَّ كَدَكَةً ،
 مَتَّذِبَةً يَلْدِيًّا ،
 أَسْمَعِيًّا سَهَّهَ هَجَمِيًّا ،
 كَلَهْ ذَمًّا لِمُحَلِّقِ مَحَلَمِيًّا .

The king angrily looked at them
 And hushed them on their spots.
 “Am I a king or a child?
 Have I been born today?
 We will no longer wait here
 Right today, we will get on the way.”

مُحَلِّقًا خَبَلَكَةً كَمِ يَهْلِيًّا ،
 تَأَمَّ تَعْمَقًا مَهْمُ يَهْلِيًّا .
 ”مُحَلِّقًا بَمٍّ بَطَّ بَطِّينًا ،
 مَجَّ يَهْلِيًّا يَدْمَهْ هَهْ بَطِّينًا ؟
 لَسِيذَمًا لِي تَكْسِ كَلِّجًا ،
 هَذَا يَدْمَهْ تَعْمَقًا كَلَهْ ذَمًّا .”

From his palace again, Rama

مُخْبِرًا ذَمًّا مِيذَمًا ذَمًّا ،

Is looking at the sea.

The waves in the sea are at rest

The thunders have stopped.

In the blue horizon

There are some ships

On one of the ships he sees

His father sailing

He jumped as if he was out of his mind

And screamed to everyone

“Come my wife, come mother

Come sweeter than my blood (beloved ones)

My father is coming

And bringing the ship to the shore.

Through binoculars

Looking from the ship

The cook and the weaver

And his crazy grandmother

Are stunned so much

By the magical city

Trumpets are played

The bells are tolled

فَحَمْدًا لِيهِ تَتَمَلَّحُ .

بِقِي دَمَعًا يَلْتَمِسُ ،

طَبَقًا مَعْنِي حَلِي .

أَمَّ زَهْقِي مَبْكِي ،

يَلْقِي مَعًا مَحْسَمِي .

حَبَدًا يَلْقَى حِسْوِي ،

تُنْزِلِي لِيهِ تَهْدِي .

حَدِّي لِيهِ أَسْهَمِي مَعًا كَذَبِي ،

فَلَمَّ حَكْمٌ مَحْسَمِي .

"أَيُّهَا زَجَابُ أَيُّهَا يَصْبُ ،

أَيُّهَا مَحْمُومِي . يَلْتَمِسُ مَحْمُومِي !

تُحِبُّ لِيهِ تَهْدِي ،

يَلْقَى كَهْدِي مَحْمُومِي .

تَحْسُوهُ دَقِيسِي ،

مَلِيحٌ لِيهِ أَسْمِي .

تَحْكُمُهُ هَدْيِي ،

أَسْهَمِي مَعًا تَهْدِي ،

أَلِيمِي مَعًا دَقِي ،

حَبُّ مَحْمُومِي دَعْمِي .

مَحْمُومِي مَعًا تَهْدِي ،

تَهْمِي مَعًا دَعْمِي .

With greetings to father

فَلَنْ تَتَّخِذَ حَبَّ حَكْمَانَ ،

Rama welcomes him

فَتَحْمِلُكَ إِلَيْهِ دَعْوَانِ .

He is taking to home

فَتَحْمِلُكَ إِلَيْهِ لَتَجْهَرَهُ ن ،

His grandmother and aunts

تَعْمَرُهُنَّ هُنَّ سَلَكَةُ أَسْرَابِ .

Words to his father

فَتُحَدِّثُكَ فَمَا تَحْمَرُهُ ن ،

He has kept in his heart (secret).

سَمَّ مَكْتُبًا إِلَيْهِ تَلِيحَمُهُ ن .

Everyone is on the way

حَاكِبٌ يَهْبِطُ مَعَهُ لَدَى دُشَنِ ،

To the hall to be guests (for reception)

لَدَى هَذِهِ أَسْرَابٌ دُشَنِ .

Malek Slita is looking

مَلِكٌ هَلْبَكًا يُحْمِلُهُ ن ،

At 33 young warriors

لَدَى هَذِهِ أَسْرَابٍ يُحْمِلُهُ ن

Who can describe their beauty?

مَعْمَرُهُنَّ مَعْبُودٌ يُحْمِلُهُ ن .

With a tall posture

تَنْبِذَ قَمَرًا مُسَدِّدًا ن ،

Gilgamesh is leading them

يَلْجَأُ مَعَهُمْ وَهُوَ دَائِمًا ن .

Under a big tree

أَسْرَابٌ هُنَا بِنْدِ بِنْتِ جَمْدَانَ ،

Surrounded by a glass house

كَيْدُهُمْ نَ حَيْثُ دِيكُمُ دَانِ ،

The squirrel is singing and telling (narrating)

فَهَمْدًا نَ حَيْثُ مَدَّ أَسْرَابِي ،

And also picking hazelnuts.

يَعْدِي قَيْنًا وَهُوَ يُحْمِلُهُ ن .

Golden hazelnuts

يَعْدِي قَيْنًا مَدَّ أَسْرَابِي وَدَانِ ،

Bag full of emeralds

تَحْبِطُهُ مَلِكًا نَ وَهُوَ كَدَانِ .

There no spot to sit
 That is not ornamented with gold.
 The guests are moving forward
 And seeing the bride.
 With a magical beauty
 Awakening the asleep.
 There is a star on her forehead
 And a moon on her hair
 The tall posture is cry of exaltation
 The birds are drunk and strutting
 Next to her stands her mother-in-law
 He (Malek Slita) saw her (his wife) and recognized her
 Malek Slita as if talking in his sleep:
 "What are my eyes seeing?"

His heart was racing and calming down
 His eyes were tearful
 He embraced his wife and his son
 And kissed her daughter-in-law on her star
 They sat for supper
 To eat, drink, and celebrate.

كَمَ بَدَ دَهَكَ تَلُ سَكَبُ ،
 دَكِي مَكَّة كَصِبَكَّ حَب دُشَجَبُ .
 نُدَيِي حُدِيَسَتَا مَعَا كَعَدَمَكُ ،
 حِيَسُوْمَهْ أَسْ حَلَفَ أَمَكُ .
 حَب بَدَ عَمَ فَعَدَا سَدُتَعَتَا ،
 تَلُ حِيَكَنُ مُدَيِيَعَتَا .
 بَدَ كَمَ جَبَبُ ذَحَبَبُ كَصِيْبَهْ أَسْ ،
 بَدَ فُهَشَدَا سَبَبُ حَخَهْمَهْ أَسْ .
 قَمَمَكُ دَمَعُ أَسْ كَمَكِي ،
 بَجَبَتَا دِيَهِي وَذَحَمَكِي .
 حَلَبَتَا مَكَّة كَجِهَلَمَهْ أَسْ سَفَاوَهْ أَسْ ،
 حِيَوَنُ كِيَهْ هَدِيَكِيَهْ قَمَمَهْ أَسْ .
 مَلِكٌ هَلَبَبُ نَسِي دَتَدَنُ :
 "بَلَسْتَبْ مَهْمَ دَبَّ مَتَا حِيَسُوَنُ !"

كَمَمَهْ مَسْنُ حِيَكَنُ ،
 دَمَعَتَا مَلَبَعَهْ مَحِيَكَنُ .
 تَلُ بَجَمَهْ مَهْ هَدَهْ مَمَهْ سَفِيَكِيَهْ ،
 تَلُ حَلَفَ مَخَهْ جَبَمَهْ مَحِيَكِيَهْ .
 مَحِيَبَلَسَهْ حَمَمَ فَعَدَا دَلُ ذَسَمَكُ ،
 تَلُ جَلَبَتَا هَمَمَكُ هَمِيَعَمَهْ .

The cook and the weaver

بُحْبُكَةٌ بَحْرٌ كَدَّكَتْ،

And crazy granny

مَتَّذِبَتٌ يَزْدَكْ،

Were hiding in holes

كَمْ يُوَكِّيْ سَهَّهْ جَذْبِيْ،

Until three of them were found.

هَكَ أَكَلَتْ فَبَدَّسَتْ هُ . مَتَّجِبِيْ .

They were scare of death

مَجَّ مَهَّ لَ ذَكَّ، وَجَلَّسَتْ هُ .

And quickly admitted to their guilt.

هَبَّتِيْ بَلَّجَتْ مَهَّ دَلَّ كَسَهُ .

Because the happiness was immense

جَدَّ كَمْ ذَا لَ بَسَّهْ لَ بَدَّجَهْ لَ،

They received freedom (were pardoned).

مَلَّيْ كَسَ قَلَّ بِلَ ذَهْ لَ .

Half drunk, fell asleep

فَلَّجَهْ - ذَهَّ لَ مَجَّيْ عِيْ كَسَ،

Malek Slita and sun did set.

مَلَّيْ هَلَّيْ هَبَّيْ مَجَّيْ عِيْ كَسَ .

The dove flew over the sea

تَهَّ لَ فَذِيْكَتْ كَفَّهْ لَ تَهَّ،

And the tale ended.

مَجَّيْ كَسَ لَ كَسَ كَهْ تَهَّ .