

تلحين: وليد زيدان

Talḥīn: Waleed Zeidan

Music by: Waleed Zeidan

كلمات: جورج زيدان

Kalimāt: George Zeidan

Lyrics by: George Zeidan

ضَاعَ جُلُّ الْعُمْرِ

Ḍā'a Jullul 'Umri

My Days Were Lost

ضَاعَ جُلُّ الْعُمْرِ فِي إِثْرِ السَّرَابِ .. تَارَةً فِي الْأَوْجِ، طَوْرًا فِي الْحَضِيضِ

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Ḍā'a Jullul 'Umri Fī 'Ethre Ssarāb .. Tāratān Fīl 'Awji, Ṭawran Fīl Ḥaḍīḍ

My days were lost, and years withered away. One day in blossom and another in decay

كِبْرِيَائِي وَغُرُورِي رَفَعَانِي لِلْسَّحَابِ .. وَطَلَبْتُ الْعِزَّ ثُمَّ الْمَجْدَ فِي الْعَيْشِ الْعَرِيضِ

Kibriyā'ī waGhurūrī Rafa'ānī liSsaḥāb .. waṬalabtul 'Ezza Thummā Majda Fīl 'Ayshil 'Arīḍ

My pride and arrogance flew me above the clouds

I sought fame and glory in my reckless ways

مُنْقِذِي صَخْرُ الدُّهُورِ .. قَائِدِي نَوْرٌ وَنَارٌ

Munqidhī Ṣakhru Dduhūr .. Qā'edī Nūron waNār

My Savior is an Everlasting God, My Leader is Light and Fire

حَوَّلَ الظُّلْمَةَ نَوْرًا .. بَدَّلَ اللَّيْلَ نَهَارًا

Ḥawwala Ṣḥulmata Nūr .. Baddalal Layla Nahār

He turned darkness into light, He created day out of night

اللازمة

'alLāzima

Refrain

كِدْتُ أَنْسَى أَنْ لِيْثِمَ عِقَابٍ .. حِينَ لَاحَ فِي الظَّلَامِ لِي وَمِيزٌ

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Kidtu 'Ansā 'Anna lil'Ethmi 'Eqāb .. Hīna Lāḥa Fī Ṣḥalāmi Lī Wamīḍ

I would have shut my eyes to the wages of my sins

That was when His Grace and Light shone over me

فَدَفَنْتُ شَهَوَاتِي وَغُرُورِي فِي التُّرَابِ .. وَصَرَخْتُ لِلَّهِ : اِشْفِنِي إِنِّي مَرِيضٌ

faDafantu Shahawātī waGhurūrī Fī Ṭturāb .. waṢarakhtu li'Elāhī: 'Eshfinī 'Ennī Marīḍ

At once! I buried my arrogance and lust in the ground

And I yelled out to my God: Heal me I am sick

كَمْ شَرِبْتُ الْغَمَّ كَأَسَا فِي مَرَارٍ .. غُنْفُوَانُ الدَّاءِ نَارٌ فِي الْهَشِيمِ

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Kam Sharibtul Ghamma Ka'san Fī Marār .. 'Unfuwānu Dhāti Nāron Fīl Hashīm

Countless have I consumed the bitter cup of sorrow, my self-pride burns like flames in the hay

كَمْ جَرَعْتُ الْمُرَّ طَوْعًا، ثُمَّ يَأْسًا بِانْكَسَارٍ .. كِبْرِيَاءُ النَّفْسِ دَرْبٌ وَطَرِيقٌ لِلْجَحِيمِ

Kam Jara'tul Murra Ṭaw'an, Thumma Ya'san bEnkisār

Kibriyā'u Nnafsi Darbon waṬarīqon lilJaḥīm

Countless have I drunk bitter willingly and then hopelessly became broken.

Arrogance is a way and a pathway to hell