

البابور

بابور زمر خش البحر عطي بظهر
لأرض الوطن عز الوكر
بابور زمر خش الغريق سالك طريق
قدى أرض غربة تشيخ السريق
عاطي بظهر ولوجه الصديق وقلب الرفيق
وجوه الاهالي طافيه صفر هم وكدر
بابور زمر بصوت عالي ع الوطن جالي
يحمل شباب ع الشعب غالي
قداه اليدين ترعش تشالي دمع الأهالي
يلذع ويجرح شيح النظر حرق الشفر
بابور زمر خاشش البحر قدى أرض بره
لسما صافيه عاطي ظهره
يحمل شباب من أرض خضرا الحياة مرة
كما يحمل الواد وقت المطر عتوق الشجر
بابور زمر حج م الوطن في مثل سن
يقص الموج قص الجبن
عل بحر أزرق خلّف كفن خلى السفن
ع الشط ترعش خايقة الخطر هاج البحر
بابور سافر ع العين غاب تحت الضباب
محشي معبي بخير الشباب
وسقوه للأجنبي بلا حساب وسق الدواب
الفرق بينو وبين البقر جواز السفر

The Steamship

a ship blew its whistle, entered the sea, turning its back
to the homeland, prime abode
a ship blew its whistle, entered the deep, taking the course
towards a land of exile, which dries up the chrysalis(?)
turning its back to the face of the friend and the heart of the comrade
the faces of the families are darkened and pale, full of care and worry
a ship signalled loudly, departing the homeland,
carrying youth dear to the people,
towards whom the hands tremble and point, the tears of the families
burn and the burning of the eyelids wounds the blurred vision
a ship sounded its whistle, entering the sea, towards a foreign land
to a clear sky it turns its back
carrying youth from a green land, where life is bitter,
as the river carries the tree trunks after a rain
a ship sounded its whistle, deserted the homeland, like a knife
cutting the waves like cheese
on a blue sea it left behind a shroud and made the boats
by the shore tremble fearing danger, as the sea became agitated
a ship sounded its whistle, gone from sight under the fog
filled, loaded with the best of youth
they loaded them for the foreigner in bulk
the only difference between them and cattle is the passport