Hey Mate, Hey Camel Driver

Hey mate, hey camel driver, O Layla
You who drive the flock, O camel-driver
My love is with you

You have maddened me, O Layla
Brown-skinned girl, you've made me crazy,
My love is with you

By God, you've made me drunk, O Layla,
You brought red wine and made me drunk
My love is with you

O mayor, my dear,
Take the red pound note and give me my bride,
My love is with you...

The Youth of the Country

Poem and Music: Muhammad Osman, Martyr

You who is separated from me by a wall
Tomorrow the eyes will see the light
And no longer will there be a wall between us

Tomorrow, my spirit, happiness will flood the world
And before a year passes we will live in freedom
I wil delight in your excellence and my eyes will enjoy
And no longer will there be a wall between us

We will see the candles of happiness light in our joys
Its light will enlighten us and blind our enemies
And no longer will there be a wall between us
I asked the evening moon
It told me the path is rough
It doesn't let pass those who love,
neither does it let the poet pass through.

I asked the evening moon
It told me the way is difficult
It doesn't let the stranger bird pass
He who is wounded in love
How do find a physician for him?

O Lord return to me my beloved
with his head held high
my son my beloved upon your return
(Will be like) spraying salt on the faces of the
jealous ones
and spraying sesame seeds on the faces of the
enemies.