

سيرة الحب

تلحين : بليغ حمدي، تأليف : مرسي جميل عزيز

Story of Love

Music: Balligh Hamdi; Lyrics: Mursi Jamiil Aziiz

طول عمري باخاف م الحب وسيرة
الحب وظلم الحب لكل أصحابه
وأعرف حكايات ملىانة آهات ودموع
وأنين والعاشقين دابوا ما تابوا
طول عمري باقول لا انا قد الشوق
وليالي الشوق ولا قلبي قد عذابه
وقابلتك أنت لقيت كل حياتي
ما اعرفش ازاي حبيتك ما اعرفش ازاي يا حياتي
من همسة حب لقيتني باحب
وادوب في الحب وصبح وليل
فات من عمري سنين شفتك كثير وقليل عاشقين
اللي بيشكي حاله لحاله واللي بيبيكي على مؤاله
اهل الحب صحيح مساكين
ياما الحب نده على قلبي ماردش قلبي جواب
ياما الشوق حاول يحايلني واقول له روح يا عذاب
ياما عيون شاغلوني لكن ولا شغلوني
الا عيونك انت دول بس اللي خدوني ويحبك امروني
امروني باحب لقيتني باحب
وادوب في الحب وصبح وليل على بابه
ياللي ظلمتوا الحب وقتلوا وعدتوا عليه مش عارف ايه
العييب فيكم يا ف حبابيكم
اما الحب يا روجي عليه
في الدنيا ما فيش ابدأ ابدأ احلى من الحب
نتعب نغلب نشتك منه لكن بنحب
يا سلام ع الحب وتنهيده في وصال ورفاق
وشموع الشوق لما يقيدوا ليل المشتاق
يا سلام ع الدنيا وحلاوتها في عين العشاق
وانا خدني الحب لقيتني باحب
وادوب في الحب وصبح وليل على بابه
ياللي مليت بالحب حياتي اهدي حياتي اليك
روحي قلبي عقلي حبي كلي ملك ايدك
صوتك نظراتك همساتك شيء مش معقول
شيء خلى الدنيا زهور على طول وشموع على طول
الله يا حبيبي على حبك وهنايا معاه
ولا دمعة عين جرحت ولا قولة آه
ما باقولش في حبك غير الله . . . الله . . . الله
من كتره الحب لقيتني باحب
وادوب في الحب وصبح وليل على بابه

All my life I have feared love and the story
of love and the oppression of love to all its owners
I know stories full of ah's and tears
and sighs and lovers wasted away, not repenting
All my life I've said "I am not up to this yearning and
the nights of yearning nor is my heart up to its torture
I met you and I found you changed my whole life
I don't know how I fell in love with you I don't know how, O my life,
From the whisper of love I found myself in love
wasting away in love, morning and night
Years passed from my life I saw you much, but few were the lovers
He who bemoans his state to himself and he who cries in his mawwaal
the people of love are truly wretched
How much has love cried out to my heart & it did not give back an answer
how much has yearning tried to cajole me and I said to it "Go away, torment"
how often have eyes diverted me, but not preoccupied me
except for your eyes, only those have taken me & commanded me to love you,
commanded me to love, and I found myself loving
wasting away in love, morning and night at its door
You who have maligned love & said about it, again & again, I don't know what--
Shame on you, or on your lovers
As for love--Ah, how great is my patience for it
There is nothing at all in the world sweeter than love
We tire, we give up, we complain about it, but we love
How good love is, its sighs, whether together or apart
and the candles of desire when they are lit during the night of yearning
How good the world is, with its sweetness in the eye of the lovers
As for me--love took me and I found myself in love
wasting away in love, morning and night at its door
O you who filled my life with love guide my life towards you
My spirit, heart, mind, love, all of me is in your possession
Your voice, glances, whispers are something incredible
Something that has made the world flowers and candles incessantly
O God, my love, how sweet is your love and my happiness with it
Neither an eye's tear can wound nor saying "Ah!"
I say nothing about your love save "O God ..."
As for me love took me and I found myself in love
wasting away in love, morning and night at its door