

مَوطِنِي (إبراهيم طوقان)

مَوطِنِي مَوطِنِي
الْجَلالُ وَالْجَمالُ السَّناءُ وَالْبَهاءُ فِي رَبابِكَ
وَالْحِياهُ وَالنَّجاءُ وَالْهَناءُ وَالرَّجاءُ فِي هَواكَ
هَلْ أراك
سائِماً مُنعمَماً
وَعانِماً مُكرَّماً
هَلْ أراك
تَبلُغُ السَّماكَ
مَوطِنِي مَوطِنِي
الشَّبابُ لَنْ يَكِلَ هَمُّهُ أَنْ تَسْكِلَ أَوْ يَبِيدَ
تَسْكِي مِنَ الرَّدَى وَلَنْ تَكُونَ لِلْعِدا كَالعَبِيدِ
لَا تُريدُ

دُنَّا الْمُؤبَدا
وَعِيشَتنا الْمُدْغدا
لَا تُريدُ
بَلْ نَعِيدُ

مَجَدُّنا التَّليدُ
مَوطِنِي مَوطِنِي
الْحُسامُ وَالْيَراغُ لا الْكلامُ وَالنَّزاعُ رَمَرُنا
مَجَدُّنا وَعَهْدُنا وَواجِبُنا إلى الْوفا يَهْزُنا
عِزُّنا
غايَةَ تُشَرِّفُ
ورايَةَ تُرْفِرفُ
يا هَناكَ
في عُلّاكَ
قاهِراً عِداكَ
مَوطِنِي مَوطِنِي

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My Homeland

Ibrahim Tukan

My homeland
My homeland
Glory and beauty
Sublimity and prettiness
Are in your hills
Life and deliverance
Pleasure and hope
Are in your atmosphere
Will I see you?
Safe and comfortable
Sound and honored
Will I see you?
In your eminence
Reaching the stars
My homeland
My homeland

The youth will not get tired
Their goal is your independence
Or they die
We will drink from death
But we will not be slaves to our
enemies
We do not want
An eternal humiliation
Nor a miserable life
We do not want
But we will return
Our great glory
My homeland
My homeland

The sword and the pen
Are our symbols
Not talking nor quarreling
Our glory and covenant
And a duty to fulfill it
Shake us
Our honor
Is an honorable cause
A raised flag
O, your beauty
In your eminence
Victorious over your enemies
My homeland
My homeland

الشهيد

عبد الرحيم محمود - ١٩٣٧

سَأَحْمِلُ رُوحِي عَلَى رَاحَتِي
وَأُلْقِي بِهَا فِي مَهَاوِي الرُّدَى
فَأِمَّا حَيَاةٌ تَسُرُّ الصَّدِيقَ
وَأِمَّا مَمَاتٌ يَغِيظُ الْعَدَا
وَنَفْسُ الشَّرِيفِ لَهَا غَايَتَانِ
وَرُودُ الْمَنَابِإِ وَتَيَلُّ الْمُنَى
وَمَا الْعَيْشُ لَا عِشْتُ إِنْ لَمْ أَكُنْ
مَخَوْفَ الْجَنَابِ حَرَامَ الْحِمَى
إِذَا قُلْتُ أَصْغَى لِي الْعَالَمُونَ
وَدَوَى مَقَالِي بَيْنَ الْوَرَى
لَعَمْرُكَ أَنِّي أَرَى مَصْرَعِي
وَلَكِنْ أَغْذُ إِلَيْهِ الْخُطَى
لَعَمْرُكَ هَذَا مَمَاتُ الرُّجَالِ
وَمَنْ رَامَ مَوْتًا شَرِيفًا فَذَا
فَكَيْفَ اصْطَبَارِي لِكَيْدِ الْحَقُودِ
وَكَيْفَ احْتِمَالِي لِسَوْمِ الْأَذَى
أَخَوْفًا وَعِندِي تَهُونُ الْحَيَاةُ
وَذَلًّا وَإِنِّي لَرَبُّ الْإِبَا
بِقَلْبِي سَأَرْمِي وَجُوهَ الْعِدَاةِ
وَقَلْبِي حَدِيدٌ وَنَارِي لَطَى
وَأَحْمِي حِيَاظِي بِحَدِّ الْحُسَامِ
فَيَعْلَمُ قَوْمِي بِأَنِّي الْفَتَى

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The Martyr

Abdelrahim Mahmud - 1937

I will carry my soul in my hand
And throw it in the valleys of death
It is either a life that makes a friend
happy
Or a death that makes an enemy angry
The noble man's soul has two goals
To die or to achieve its dreams
What is life if I don't live
Feared and what I have is forbidden to
others
When I speak, all the world listens
And my voice echoes among people
I see my death, but I rush to it
This is the death of men
And whoever desires an honorable
death
Then this is it
How am I patient with the spiteful
And patient with all this pain?
Is it because of fear?
While life has no value to me!
Or humiliation? While I am
contemptuous!
I will throw my heart at my enemies'
faces
And my heart is iron and fire!
I will protect my land with the edge of
the sword
So my people will know that I am the
man

سَعِيد

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أبو سلمى ١٩٥١

فَلَسْطِينُ الْحَيْبَةُ كَيْفَ أَغْفُو
وَفِي عَيْنَيَّ أَطْيَافُ الْعَذَابِ
أَطْهَرُ بِاسْمِكَ الدُّنْيَا وَلَوْ لَمْ
يُبْرِحْ بِي الْهَوَى لَكَمَّمْتُ مَا بِي
تَمُرُّ قَوَافِلُ الْأَيَّامِ تُرْوِي
مُؤَامَرَةَ الْأَعَادِي وَالصُّحَابِ
فَلَسْطِينُ الْحَيْبَةُ! .. كَيْفَ أَحْيَا
بَعِيداً عَنْ سُهُولِكَ وَالْهَضَابِ
تُنَادِينِي السُّفُوحُ مُخَضَّبَاتِ
وَفِي الْأَفَاقِ أَثَارُ الْخِضَابِ
تُنَادِينِي الشُّوَاطِئُ بِأَكْيَاتِ
وَفِي سَمْعِ الزَّمَانِ صَدَى انْتِحَابِ
تُنَادِينِي الْجَدَاوِلُ بِسَارِدَاتِ
تُسِيرُ غَرِيبَةً دُونَ اغْتِرَابِ
تُنَادِينِي مَدَائِنُكَ الْيَتَامَى
تُنَادِينِي قُرَاكَ مَعَ الْقِيَابِ
وَيَسْأَلْنِي الرَّفَاقُ أَلَا لِقَاءِ
وَهَلْ مِنْ عَوْدَةٍ بَعْدَ الْغِيَابِ
أَجَل! .. سَنَقْبَلُ التُّرْبَ الْمُتَدَيَّ
وَقَوْقُ شِفَاهِنَا حُمْرُ الرُّغَابِ
غَدَاً سَنَعُودُ وَالْأَجْيَالُ تُصْغِي
إِلَى وَقْعِ الْخَطَى عِنْدَ الْإِيَابِ
نَعُودُ مَعَ الْعَوَاصِفِ دَاوِيَاتِ
مَعَ الْبَرْقِ الْمُقَدَّسِ وَالشُّهَابِ
مَعَ الْأَمَلِ الْمُجَنِّحِ وَالْأَغَانِي
مَعَ النَّسْرِ الْمُحَلَّقِ وَالْعِقَابِ
مَعَ الْقَجَرِ الضَّحُوكِ عَلَى الصَّحَارَى
نَعُودُ مَعَ الصَّبَاحِ عَلَى الْعُبَابِ
مَعَ الرَّيَّاتِ دَامِيَةِ الْحَوَاشِي
عَلَى وَهَجِ الْأَسِنَّةِ وَالْحِرَابِ

We Will Return

Abdelkarim Al-Karmi (Abu Salma) -
1951

Beloved Palestine, how do I sleep
While the spectrum of torture is in my
eyes
I purify the world with your name
And if your love did not tire me out,
I would've kept my feelings a secret
The caravans of days pass and talk
about
The conspiracy of enemies and friends
Beloved Palestine! How do I live
Away from your plains and mounds?
The feet of mountains that are dyed
with blood
Are calling me
And on the horizon appears the dye
The weeping shores are calling me
And my weeping echoes in the ears of
time
The escaping streams are calling me
They are becoming foreign in their
land
Your orphan cities are calling me
And your villages and domes
My friends ask me, "Will we meet
again"?
"Will we return"?
Yes! We will kiss the bedewed soil
And the red desires are on our lips
Tomorrow, we will return
And the generations will hear
The sound of our footsteps
We will return along with the storms
Along with the lightening and meteors
Along with the hope and songs
Along with the flying eagle
Along with the dawn that smiles to the
deserts
Along with the morning on the waves
of the sea
Along with the bleeding flags
And along with the shining swords and
spears

بطاقة هوية

سَجِّلْ !

أنا عربيّ

ورقم بطاقتي خمسون ألفاً

وأطفالي ثمانية

وتاسعهم سيأتي بعد صيف !

فهل تغضب ؟

سَجِّلْ !

أنا عربيّ

وأعمل مع رفاق الكدح في محجر

وأطفالي ثمانية

أسلّ لهم رغيف الخبز ،

والأثواب والدفتر

من الصخر ..

ولا أتوسل الصدقات من بابك

ولا أصغر

أمام بلاط أعتابك

فهل تغضب ؟

سَجِّلْ !

أنا عربيّ

أنا إسم بلا لقب

صبور في بلاد كل ما فيها

يعيش بفورة الغضب

جُدو !

Identity Card

Mahmoud Darwish - 1964

Write down!

I am an Arab

And my identity card number is fifty thousand

I have eight children

And the ninth will come after a summer

Will you be angry?

Write down!

I am an Arab

Employed with fellow workers at a quarry

I have eight children

I get them bread

Garments and books from the rocks..

I do not supplicate charity at your doors

Nor do I belittle myself at the footsteps of your chamber

So will you be angry?

Write down!

I am an Arab

I have a name without a title

Patient in a country

Where people are enraged

My roots

Were entrenched before the birth of time

And before the opening of the eras

Before the pines, and the olive trees

And before the grass grew

My father.. descends from the family of the plow

Not from a privileged class

And my grandfather..was a farmer

Neither well-bred, nor well-born!

Teaches me the pride of the sun

Before teaching me how to read

And my house is like a watchman's hut

Made of branches and cane

Are you satisfied with my status?

I have a name without a title!

Write down!

سَجَلَّ !
أنا عَرَبِيَّ
أنا إِسْمَ بِلَا لَقَبِ
صَبُورٌ فِي بِلَادِ كُلِّ مَا فِيهَا
يَعِيشُ بِفَوْرَةِ الْغَضَبِ

جُنُورِي
قَبْلَ مِيلَادِ الزَّمَانِ رَسَتْ
وَقَبْلَ تَفْتَحِ الْحَقَبِ
وَقَبْلَ السُّرُورِ وَالزَّيْتُونِ
وَقَبْلَ تَرَعْرِعِ الْعُشْبِ

أَبِي .. مِنْ أَسْرَةِ الْمَحْرَاثِ
لَا مِنْ سَادَةِ نُجُبِ
وَجَدِّي .. كَانَ فَلَاحاً
بِلَا حَسَبٍ .. وَلَا نَسَبٍ !
يُعَلِّمُنِي شُمُوحَ الشَّمْسِ قَبْلَ قِرَاءَةِ الْكُتُبِ
وَيَبْتِئِي ، كُوخُ نَاطُورِ
مِنَ الْأَعْوَادِ وَالْقَصَبِ
فَهَلْ تُرَضِيكَ مَنَزِلَتِي ؟
أنا إِسْمَ بِلَا لَقَبِ !

I am an Arab
You have stolen the orchards of my
ancestors
And the land which I cultivated
Along with my children
And you left nothing for us
Except for these rocks..
So will the State take them
As it has been said!?

Therefore!
Write down on the top of the first page
:
I do not hate poeple
Nor do I encroach
But if I become hungry
The usurper's flesh will be my food
Beware..
Beware..
Of my hunger
And my anger!

سَجِّلْ !
أنا عَرَبِيَّ
سَلَبْتَ كُرومَ أَجدادي
وَأَرْضاً كُنْتُ أَفْلَحُهَا
أنا وَجَمِيعُ أَوْلَادِي
وَلَمْ تَتْرَكْ لَنَا .. وَلِكُلِّ أَحْفَادِي
سوى هَذِي الصُّخُورِ ..
فَهَلْ سَتَأْخُذُهَا
حُكُومَتُكُمْ .. كَمَا قِيلَا !؟

إِنَّ !
سَجِّلْ .. بِرَأْسِ الصَّفْحَةِ الْأُولَى
أنا لَا أَكْرَهُ النَّاسَ
وَلَا أَسْطُو عَلَى أَحَدٍ
وَلَكِنِّي .. إِذَا مَا جُعْتُ
أَكُلُ لَحْمَ مُغْتَصِبِي
حَذَارِ ..
حَذَارِ ..
مِنْ جُوعِي
وَمِنْ غَضَبِي !

محمود درويش ١٩٦٤

القصة

كمال ناصر (١٩٦١)

وسأروي لك قصة ..

قصة عاشت بأحلام الأنام ..

قصة تنبع من دنيا الخيام ..

حاكها الجوع ، ووشتها عشيّات الظلام

في بلادي ، وبلادي حفة من لاجئين ..

كل عشرين لهم رطل طحين ..

ووعود بالفرج .. وهدايا وبقج

إنها قصة الالم الجماعة

صمدوا عشر سنين في مجاعة

ودموع وأنين ..

وشقاء وحنين ..

إنها قصة شعب ضلّوه ،

ورموه في متاهات السنين

فتحدّى وصمّا

وتعزّى وأخذ

ومضى يُشعل ما بين الخيام

ثورة العود في دنيا الظلام

The Story

Kamal Nasir (1961)

I will tell you a story..

A story that lived in the dreams of people ..

A story that comes out of the world of tents..

Was made by hunger, and decorated by the dark nights

In my country, and my country is a handfull of refugees ..

Every twenty of them have a pound of flour..

And promises of a relief .. gifts and parcels

It is the story of the suffering group Who stood for ten years in hunger

In tears and agony..

In hardship and yearning ..

It is a story of a people who were misled

Who were thrown into the mazes of years

But they defied and stood Disrobed and united

And went to light, from the tents, The revolution of return in the world of darkness