

(1960) *Hymn of the Rain* **أَشُودَةُ الْمَطَرِ**
by Badr Shākir Al-Sayyāb (1926-1964)

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Arabic

عَيْنَاكَ غَابَتَا نَخِيلَ سَاعَةِ السَّحَرِ،
أَوْ شُرْفَتَانِ رَاحَ يَنَائِي عَنْهُمَا الْقَمَرِ.
عَيْنَاكَ حِينَ تَبْسُمَانِ تُورِقُ الْكُرُومُ
وَتَرْقُصُ الْأَضْوَاءُ... كَالْأَقْمَارِ فِي نَهْرٍ
يُرْجُهُ الْمَجْدَافُ وَهَنَا سَاعَةُ السَّحَرِ
كَأَنَّمَا تَنْبِضُ فِي غُورَيْهِمَا، النُّجُومُ...

Your eyes are palm trees forests in early light,
Or balconies from which the moonlight recedes
When they smile, your eyes, the vines put forth their leaves,
And lights dance. . . like moons in a river
Rippled by the blade of an oar at break of day;
As if stars were throbbing in the depths of them. . .

وَتَغْرَقَانِ فِي ضَبَابٍ مِنْ أَسَى شَفِيفٍ
كَالْبَحْرِ سَرَحَ الْيَدَيْنِ فَوْقَهُ الْمَسَاءُ،
دَفْءُ الشِّتَاءِ فِيهِ وَارْتِعَاشَةُ الْخَرِيفِ،
وَالْمَوْتُ، وَالْمِيلَادُ، وَالظَّلَامُ، وَالضِّيَاءُ،

And they drown in a mist of sorrow translucent
Like the sea stroked by the hand of nightfall;
The warmth of winter is in it, the shudder of autumn,
And death and birth, darkness and light;

فَتَسْتَفِيقُ مِلءَ رُوحِي ، رَعِشَةُ الْبُكَاءِ

وَلَشَوْءٌ وَحَشِيَّةٌ تُعَانِقُ السَّمَاءَ
كَنَشْوَةِ الطِّفْلِ إِذَا خَافَ مِنَ الْقَمَرِ!
كَأَنَّ أَقْوَامَ السَّحَابِ تَشْرَبُ الْغُيُومَ
وَقَطْرَةً فَقَطْرَةً تَذُوبُ فِي الْمَطَرِ...
وَكَرَّكَ الْأَطْفَالُ فِي عَرَائِشِ الْكُرُومِ،
وَدَغْدَغَتْ صَمْتِ الْعَصَافِيرِ عَلَى الشَّجَرِ
أَنْشُودَةَ الْمَطَرِ...
مَطَر...
مَطَر...
مَطَر...

A sobbing flares up to tremble in my soul
And a savage elation embracing the sky,
Frenzy of a child frightened by the moon.
It is as if archways of mist drank the clouds
And drop by drop dissolved in the rain . . .
As if children snickered in the vineyard bowers,
The song of the rain
Rippled the silence of birds in the trees . . .
Drop, drop, the rain
Drip
Drop the rain

Turkish

Esnedi akşam ve kara bulutların

kederli gözyaşları akıyor hâlâ

Sanki bir çocuk, uykudan önce sayıklamaya başlıyor:

bir yıldır uyandıığında bulamadığı

sonra sormayı direttiğinde de

“yarından sonra döner” dedikleri annesi

muhakkak dönmeli...

Bir de arkadaşları fısıldayınca ona,

annesinin, tepe yamacında ölüm uykusunu uyuduğunu

kabrin toprağından beslenip suyundan içtiğini...

O zaman, sanki mahzun bir balıkçı ağlarını toplar.

Küfreder suya ve kadere,

şarkıyı saçar ay battığında.

Yağmur.. Yağmur

Evening yawned, from low clouds

Heavy tears are streaming still.

It is as if a child before sleep were rambling on

About his mother a year ago he went to wake her, did not find her,

Then was told, for he kept on asking,

'After tomorrow, she'll come back again . . .

That she must come back again,

Yet his playmates whisper that she is there

In the hillside, sleeping her death for ever,

Eating the earth around her, drinking the rain;

As if a forlorn fisherman gathering nets

Cursed the waters and fate

And scattered a song at moonset,

Drip, drop, the rain

Drip, drop, the rain

Farsi

هیچ می دانی که این باران چه آندوهی بر می انگیزد؟

وچه ناله ای از ناودانها بلند می کند؟

و مرد تنها را چه حسی از گمشدگی فرا می گیرد؟

بی انتها... مثل خون جاری، مثل گرسنگی

مثل عشق، مثل بچه ها، مرده ها... چنین است باران

وچشمانت همراهِ من است در باران
 و برق هائی که بر فرازِ خلیج می درخشند
 سواحلِ عراق را با ستاره ها و صدف جلا می دهند
 گویی شفق در تب و تابِ رهایی است
 اما شب روی آن پرده ای می کشد از خون.
 و من به سوی خلیج فریاد می زنم:
 "ای خلیج
 ای بخشنده مُروارید و صدف و مرگ!"
 و صدا برمی گردد
 چون ناله ای سنگین:
 "ای خلیج،
 ای بخشنده صدف و مرگ!"

Do you know what sorrow the rain can inspire?
 Do you know how gutters weep when it pours down?
 Do you know how lost a solitary person feels in the rain?
 Endless, like spilt blood, like hungry people, like love,
 Like children, like the dead, endless the rain.
 Your eyes take me wandering with the rain,
 Lightning's from across the Gulf sweep the shores of Iraq
 With stars and shells,
 As if a dawn were about to break from them, But night pulls over them a coverlet of
 blood. I cry out to the Gulf: 'O Gulf,
 Giver of pearls, shells and death!
 And the echo replies,
 As if lamenting:
 'O Gulf,
 Giver of shells and death .

گاه چنین می پندارم که عراق
 تندر ذخیره می کند
 و برق ها را در دشتها و کوه هایش انبار می کند
 تا وقتی مردان قد آفراشتند

بادها دیگر هیچ نشانی از قبیلهٔ ثمود باقی نگذارند.
انگار می شنوم که نخلها باران را می نوشند
ومی شنوم که روستاها صیحه می کشند
ومهاجران با بادبانها و پاروها
به جنگِ توفان و تندرِ خلیج می روند
سرودخوان:

باران...

باران...

باران...

I can almost hear Iraq husbanding the thunder,
Storing lightning in the mountains and plains,
So that if the seal were broken by men
The winds would leave in the valley not a trace of *Thamud*.
I can almost hear the palm trees drinking the rain,
Hear the villages moaning and emigrants
With oar and sail fighting the Gulf
Winds of storm and thunder, singing
'Rain . . . rain . . .
Drip, drop, the rain . . .

Arabic

وفي العراق جوعٌ
وينثرُ الغلالَ فيه موسمُ الحصادِ
لتشبعَ الغربانُ والجرادُ
وتطحنَ الشَّوانُ والحجرُ
رحىً تدورُ في الحقولِ ... حولها بشرٌ

مَطَرٌ...

مَطَرٌ...

مَطَرٌ...

And there is hunger in Iraq,
The harvest time scatters the grain in-it,
That crows and locusts may gobble their fill,
Granaries and stones grind on and on,
Mills turn in the fields, with them men turning . . .
Drip, drop, the rain . . .
Drip
Drop

وَكَمْ ذَرَفْنَا لَيْلَةَ الرَّحِيلِ، مِنْ دُمُوعٍ
ثُمَّ اِعْتَلَلْنَا - خَوْفَ أَنْ نَلَامَ - بِالمَطَرِ...
مَطَرٌ ... مَطَرٌ...

When came the night for leaving, how many tears we shed,
We made the rain a pretext, not wishing to be blamed
Still falls the rain..
Still falls the rain..

وَمُنْذُ أَنْ كُنَّا صِغَارًا، كَانَتْ السَّمَاءُ
تَغِيْمُ فِي الشِّتَاءِ
وَيَهْطِلُ المَطَرُ،
وَكُلُّ عَامٍ - حِينَ يُعْشِبُ الثَّرَى - نَجْوَعُ
مَا مَرَّ عَامٌ وَالْعِرَاقُ لَيْسَ فِيهِ جَوْعٌ.
مَطَرٌ...
مَطَرٌ...
مَطَرٌ...

Since we had been children, the sky
Would be clouded in wintertime,
And down would pour the rain,
And every year when earth turned green the hunger struck us.
Not a year has passed without hunger in Iraq.
Rain . . .

Drip, drop, the rain . . .

Drip, drop . . .

فِي كُلِّ قَطْرَةٍ مِنَ الْمَطَرِ
حُمْرًا أَوْ صَفْرَاءَ مِنْ أَجِنَّةِ الزَّهْرِ .
وَكُلُّ دَمْعَةٍ مِنَ الْجِيَاعِ وَالْعُرَاةِ
وَكُلُّ قَطْرَةٍ تَرَاقُ مِنْ دَمِ الْعَبِيدِ
فَهِيَ ابْتِسَامٌ فِي انْتِظَارِ مُبَسِّمٍ جَدِيدِ
أَوْ حَلْمَةٍ تَوَرَدَتْ عَلَى فَمِ الْوَلِيدِ
فِي عَالَمِ الْغَدِ الْفَتِيِّ، وَاهِبِ الْحَيَاةِ!
مَطَرٌ...
مَطَرٌ...
مَطَرٌ...

In every drop of rain
A red or yellow color buds from the seeds of flowers.
Every tear wept by the hungry and naked people
And every spilt drop of slaves' blood
Is a smile aimed at a new dawn,
A nipple turning rosy in an infant's lips
In the young world of tomorrow, bringer of life.
Drip.....
Drop..... the rain . . . In the rain.

سَيُعِشِبُ الْعِرَاقُ بِالْمَطَرِ...
أَصِيحُ بِالْخَلِيجِ: "يَا خَلِيجُ
يَا وَاهِبَ اللَّوْءِ، وَالْمَحَارِ، وَالرَّدى!"
فَيَرْجِعُ الصَّدى
كَأَنَّهُ النَّشِيحُ:
"يَا خَلِيجُ
يَا وَاهِبَ الْمَحَارِ، وَالرَّدى."

وَيَنْثُرُ الْخَلِيْجُ مِنْ هِبَاتِهِ الْكُثْرَ،
عَلَى الرَّمَالِ: رَغْوَهُ الْأَجَاجِ، وَالْمَحَارَ
وَمَا تَبَقَّى مِنْ عِظَامِ بَأْسِ غَرِيْقٍ
مِنَ الْمُهَاجِرِينَ ظَلَّ يَشْرَبُ الرَّدَى
مِنْ لَجَّةِ الْخَلِيْجِ وَالْقَرَارِ،
وَفِي الْعِرَاقِ أَلْفُ أَفْعَى تَشْرَبُ الرَّحِيْقَ
مِنْ زَهْرَةِ يَرْبُهَا الْفُرَاتُ بِالنَّدَى.
وَأَسْمَعُ الصَّدَى
يَرِنُ فِي الْخَلِيْجِ
"مَطَرٌ...
مَطَرٌ...
مَطَرٌ..."

Iraq will blossom one day '
I cry out to the Gulf: 'O Gulf,
Giver of pearls, shells and death!'
The echo replies
As if lamenting:
'O Gulf,
Giver of shells and death.'
And across the sands from among its lavish gifts
The Gulf scatters fuming froth and shells
And the skeletons of miserable drowned emigrants
Who drank death forever
From the depths of the Gulf, from the ground of its silence,
And in Iraq a thousand serpents drink the nectar
From a flower the Euphrates has nourished with dew.
I hear the echo
Ringing in the Gulf:
'Rain . . .
Drip, drop, the rain . . .
Drip, drop.'

In every drop of rain
A red or yellow color buds from the seeds of flowers.
Every tear wept by the hungry and naked people
And every spilt drop of slaves' blood
Is a smile aimed at a new dawn,
A nipple turning rosy in an infant's lips
In the young world of tomorrow, bringer of life.
And still the rain pours down.

Reviewing the MENA musical heritage: Gnawa music from Guembri to electric guitar

Live session by Reda Zine (afnorock@gmail.com)

- Presentation of the instruments and the genesis songs
- Shalaban*: reinterpretation of traditional north African slave song (circa 18th century CE)
- Amal/Hope*: Composition and improvisation on lockdown electric guitar, guembri and percussion.