



Folk Songs
of
Many Peoples

VOL. II

108881

FOLK SONGS OF MANY PEOPLES

With English Versions by American Poets

Compiled and Edited

by

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Volume Two

*There I beheld a book
With golden leaves clasped with two chrysolites
Inscribed, "Of Humble Folk, Their Lives."
Whatever was writ there might no man know;
But when one opened it, headlong there came
A flood of simple, importuning song—
Lays of the throstle and the soaring lark,
With now and then a note from nightingale.
. . . We might have had more joy of nightingales
But for the mourning of unnumbered doves.*

—Images of a Mystic.

* * * * *

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O MOTHER MINE

Translation by
Kahlil Gibran

Arranged by
Anis Fuliehan

Andante con moto

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand. The melody begins with a dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note, then continues with a series of eighth notes. The piece concludes with a final chord marked with an 8-measure rest.

O Moth - er mine, spread me the silk - en - sheet, And
love - sick am I, and flames of love con - sume me. And

The first vocal line is in 4/4 time. The melody starts with a quarter note, followed by a dotted quarter note, and then a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

1.
let me lie down — and cov - er me with rose leaves. For
If I die to - mor - row,

The second vocal line continues the melody from the first line. It features a similar eighth-note accompaniment in the piano. The melody includes a first ending bracket over the final two measures.

2.
Moth - er, — I — be - seech you Call round me my com - rades, the
O Moth - er mine —

The third vocal line begins with a second ending bracket. The piano accompaniment includes a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking. The melody is more expressive, with some notes marked with a fermata.

daugh - ters of love, — And o - ver my bier let them
 yes - ter - - day — our se - cret was our own; — To -

1. sing — me my dirge. 2. day who does not know it? My

rit. *a tempo*

love has gone far, And
 you de - ny me pa - per, I'll write on wings of birds; And

1. now — I — would write — to him. — If
 if ink you de - ny me, — I'll

2.

write with my heart's blood!

rit.

8

a tempo

you, who are climb - ing the moun - - tain, - A
 In truth I am not thirst - - y, - But
 And it may be the wind will lift your scarf And

8

1 & 2

drink will you not give me from the hol - low of your hand?
 I would have a word with you;
 let me look full

8

3.
at your face!

موليا

يا امي افرشي لي الحرير بالورد غطيني
وان مت في حيكم بالله تنادوني
انا قتييل هوا وناره بتكوييني
وجيبوا بنات الهوى تندب حوالي

يا امي حبيبي رحل ان شالله يعود بالخير
وان كان ما في ورق لاكتب عاجانح الطير
والسر ما بيننا واليوم صار للدير
وان كان ما في حبر من دم عيني

يا طالع عالجيل واسقيني براحتك
والله نسمة هوا وتميل لثماك
ماني بشان العطش قصدي محاكانك
وبيان وجه لك وانظر بعيني

O Mother Mine

O Mother mine, spread me the silken sheet,
And let me lie down and cover me with rose leaves.

For love-sick am I, and flames of love consume me.
And if I die tomorrow, Mother, I beseech you

Call round me my comrades, the daughters of love,
And over my bier let them sing me my dirge.

O Mother mine, yesterday our secret was our own;
Today who does not know it?

My love has gone far,
And now I would write to him.

If you deny me paper, I'll write on wings of birds;
And if ink you deny me, I'll write with my heart's blood!

O you, who are climbing the mountain,
A drink will you not give me from the hollow of your hand?

In truth, I am not thirsty,
But I would have a word with you;

And it may be the wind will lift your scarf
And let me look full at your face!

Translation by
KAHLIL GIBRAN

I WANDERED AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

Translation by
Kahlil Gibran



This melody should be sung freely, adapting the note values to the demands of the verse, in the manner of a chant.

سأل دمعِي

واطلعت راس الجبل فتش على طيري والقيت طيري يا امي في قفص غيري
خشخت لو بالذهب قلت لو يا طيري قال لي زمانك مضى فتش على غيري

قالوا حببيك سخن والقد راح يموت وامنزلت سوق الخشب وصي على تابوت
وسكره من ذهب ومفتاحها ياقوت واستعجت المملكه شخصين في تابوت

لايس قميص الشعر اسود على حله بيتوك الجسم لا يرحم ابو الحله
لا روح لريس ديرو وبكيلو وبقله شوفه من الحبيب بتسوى ديركم كله

من هو الذي ما عشق من هو الذي ما حب من هو الذي ما مشى في وسط قلبه الرب
شوفوا رمان البساتين متلان حب حتى نجوم السما من بعضها بتنحب

يا قلب حاجي بكي يا قلب وسليهم هم سلوك يا قلب وروح وسليهم
وان كن يا قلب عندك قصد تسليم لاشطك من صديري كرامة بينيهم

يا اسر السر يا ما عيروني فيك وكلما عيروني زاد غرامي فيك
انت الورد عالطبق وانا الندى بسقيك وانت قميص الملس وانا الهوى برميك
وانت الثريا وانا الميزان سايق فيك وانا النجوم برعيك

I Wandered Among the Mountains

I wandered among the mountains searching for my lark,
And I found him, but alas! in another maiden's cage.
With the tinkling of gold I sought to allure him into my cage;
But he sang and said, "Go your way. Your day is forever by!"

They said to me, "Your love is ill and wasted, and tomorrow he will die."
Then to a carpenter I went and ordered a coffin
Whose lock is of gold, and whose key of a ruby carved;
And tomorrow, how astonished the kingdom will be
When they behold two youths in but a single coffin!

My love now wears a black shirt woven of hair,
 Like thorns it wounds his skin.
 Luckless may the weaver be;
 And restless, the dyer!
 Some day I shall seek the head of that monastery
 And plead for my love;
 Then I shall tell him that one glimpse of love
 Is holier than all monasteries.

Who among you has not loved?
 In what heart does God not walk?
 See how close are the pomegranate seeds;
 And behold the stars how near and loving!

Be quiet, my heart, and weep no more.
 He has forgotten you;
 Forget him too. But should you forget him,
 Then will I tear you out of my bosom!

O dark one, how often have I been blamed for your sake;
 And each time I am blamed, my love grows stronger.
 You are the rose, and I, the dew that refreshes you;
 You are the silken garments and I, the wind that moves you;
 You are the Pleiades, and I, Orion, following you;
 You are the moon, and I, the stars that watch over you.

Translation by
 KAHLIL GIBRAN

HEARKEN TO THE JUBILEE

English version by
 Alice Stone Blackwell

Maestoso

Musical score for the first line of the song. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Maestoso'. The lyrics are: 'Hear - en to the ju - bi - lee! Sounds of joy ring

Musical score for the second line of the song. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first line. The lyrics are: 'o'er and o'er. So the thun - der shakes the skies;

THREE MAIDEN LOVERS

Translation by
Kahlil Gibran

Arranged by
Anis Fuliehan

Moderato

Three maid - en lov - ers stood by the

wine - press. One longed si - lent - ly for

her lov - er, who was dis - tant.

ميجانا

١
 شفت ثلاث بنات حول المعصرة والاولي على فراق جيبها محسره
 والثانية بتقول الدعوي ميسره والثالثة بتقول لربي انا

٢
 شفت الرفيقة بالمسا تقطف ذري والهوا يبشرها بيتبخترا
 معتر ومسكين يا لمالك مرا نبيذك الحصرم وخبزك زيوانا

٣
 حملت الارطل وراحت عالسليق برمت الضيعة وما لقيت رفيق
 رميت الارطل وقالت للحريق ولهبتك بخور تلحق ربنا

Three Maiden Lovers

Three maiden lovers stood by the wine-press.
One longed silently for her lover, who was distant

The second one said, "All will be well."
"Ah well," said the third, "but is not love God?"

Yester-eve she was reaping with me in the corn,
And in her hair the wind played gaily.

O ye poor, pitiful, mate-less things!
Your bread is but thistles and sour grapes, your wine!

My love took her basket to gather the herbs,
And all through the village she sought her mate for a companion;

And finding him not, she threw down her basket and said,
"Burn thou up, and let thy flames rise, a sacrifice to God!"

Translation by
KAHLIL GIBRAN

WELCOME SONG

English version by
Alice Stone Blackwell

Con moto

Thou art wel - come, O guest! A - man!

Past now are grief and woe. Joy, we will hail thee!

Joy, we will hail thee! Lords, pass the peace cup,