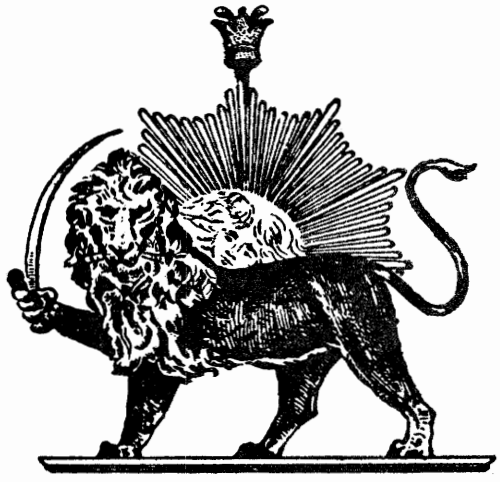

تصنیف ایرانی

TWELVE

Persian Folk-Songs

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

FOR

VOICE AND PIANOFORTE

BY

BLAIR FAIRCHILD.

ENGLISH VERSION OF THE WORDS BY

ALMA STRETTELL.

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS NET.

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED

AND

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*

TO MY MOTHER.

NOTE.

I AM only too sensible how little the following folk-songs retain of their original interest and charm in being sung with so Western an instrument as the piano. The melodies themselves were written down as faithfully as possible just as they were sung to me in Persia, and in the accompaniment I have sought to avoid entirely our Western harmonies, of which the East knows nothing. The sounds of the curious Persian violin, the nasal reed and drum, or the more mellow eastern guitar, cannot be reproduced in the least, of course; yet I have tried—I fear with but very slender success—to give some suggestion of the rhythm and characteristic combinations of sound that are so striking in the originals.

But one needs the setting of the Orient to realize what these songs are: the warm, clear Persian night; the lamps and lanterns shining on the glowing colours of native dresses; the surrounding darkness where dusky shadows hover; the strange sounds of music; voices, sometimes so beautiful, rising and falling in persistent monotony—all this is untranslatable, but the impression left on one is so vivid and so full of enchantment that one longs to preserve it in some form.

My warmest thanks are due to Alma Strettell for the admirable English version of the words, and to Victor Beigel for his sympathetic and suggestive criticism.

B. F.

PARIS, 1904.

The following notes for pronunciation are necessary :—

ā is like the a in tall.	q is like a guttural k.
a " " a " ham.	gh " a guttural g.
e " " e " let.	j " our j.
i " " i " him.	g " " g in get.
ī " ee.	ch " " ch.
u " oo.	

The *h* is always distinctly sounded except when at the end of a word.
The *r* is slightly rolled.

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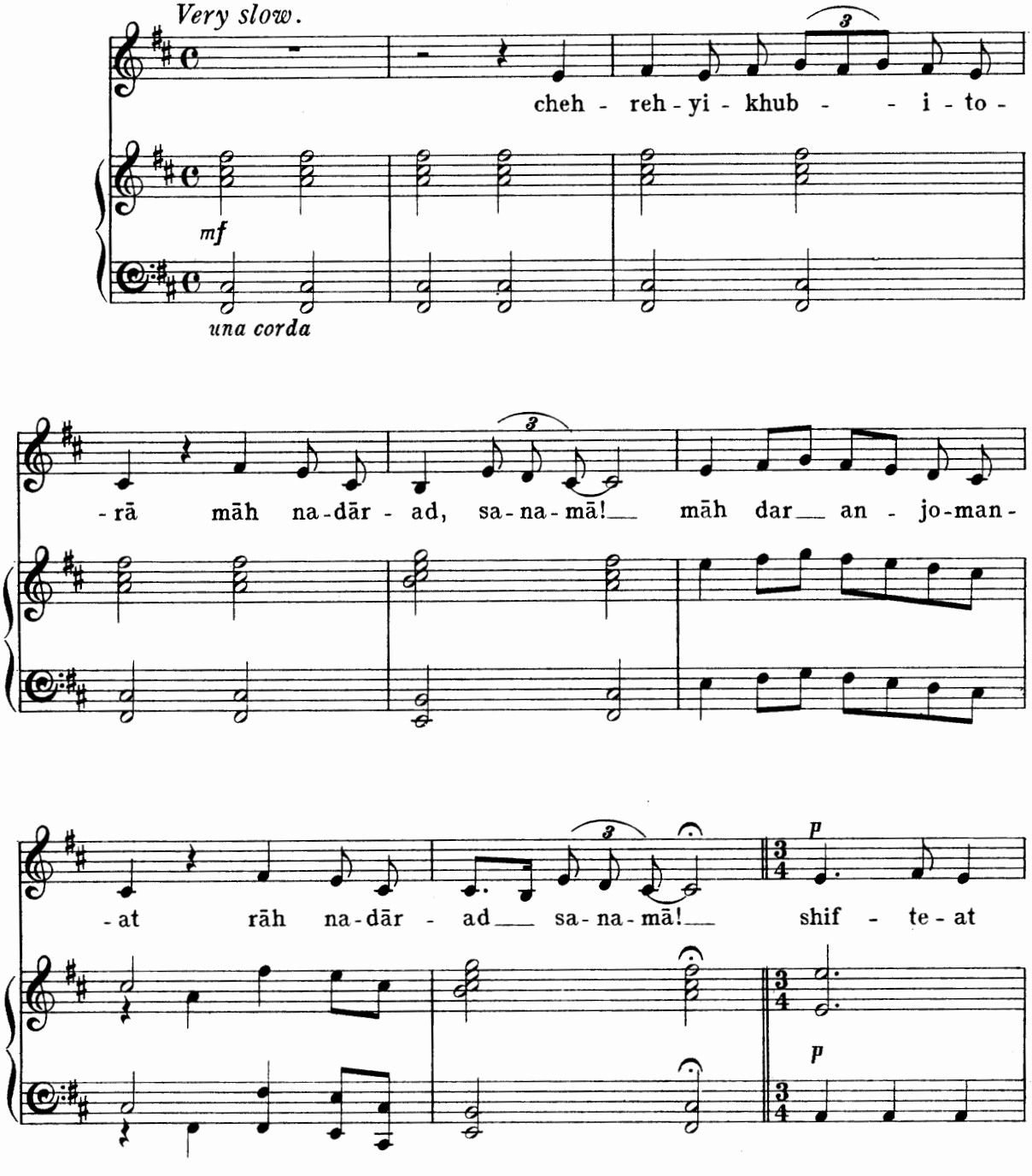
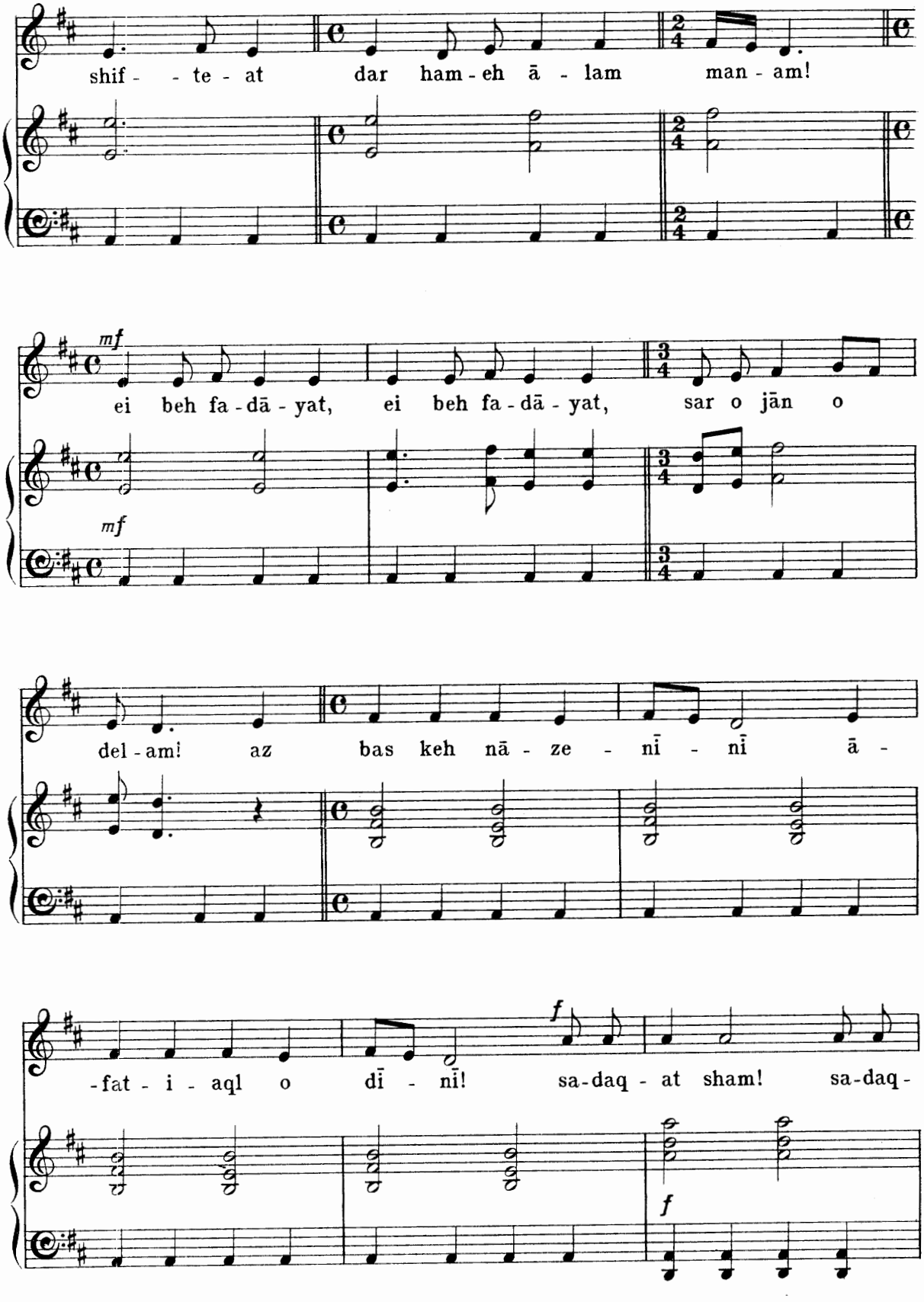
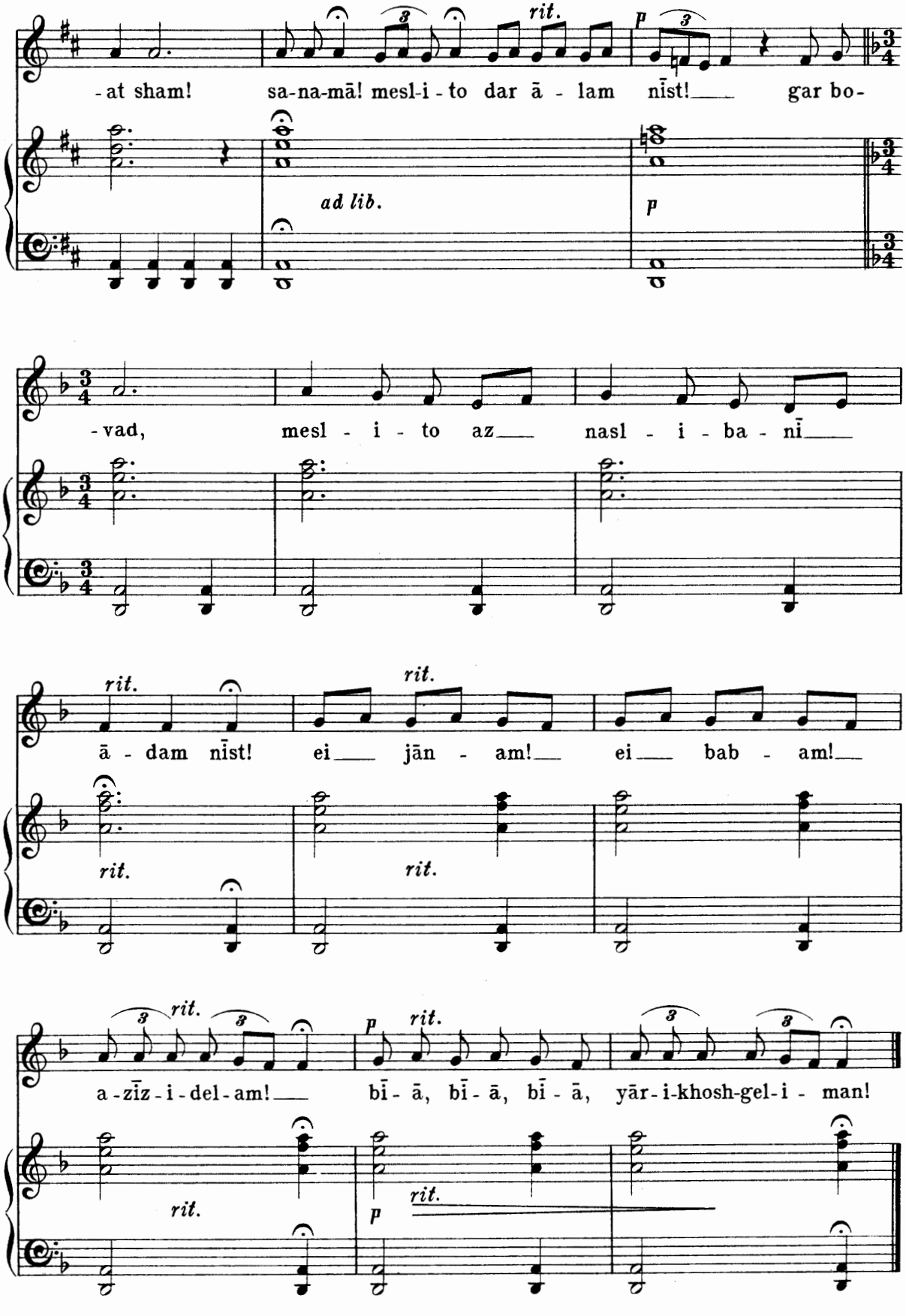
The moon hath no hue like the hues on thy cheek, O my idol!
The moon hath no place—O thou idol of mine!—where thou art;
And I am thy lover, in all the wide world thy true lover,
My head for thy sacrifice yielding, my soul and my heart.
My worship, my wisdom and woe, are thy mighty caresses!
Thy off'ring, thy sacrifice, idol of mine, may I be!
Like thee in the world there is none, through the world let them tell it,
There's none 'mid the daughters of men may be likened to thee!
My soul, my religion— O thou of my heart the beloved
Come, come, thou beloved and beautiful, swiftly to me!

CHEHREH-YI-KHUB-I-TORĀ.

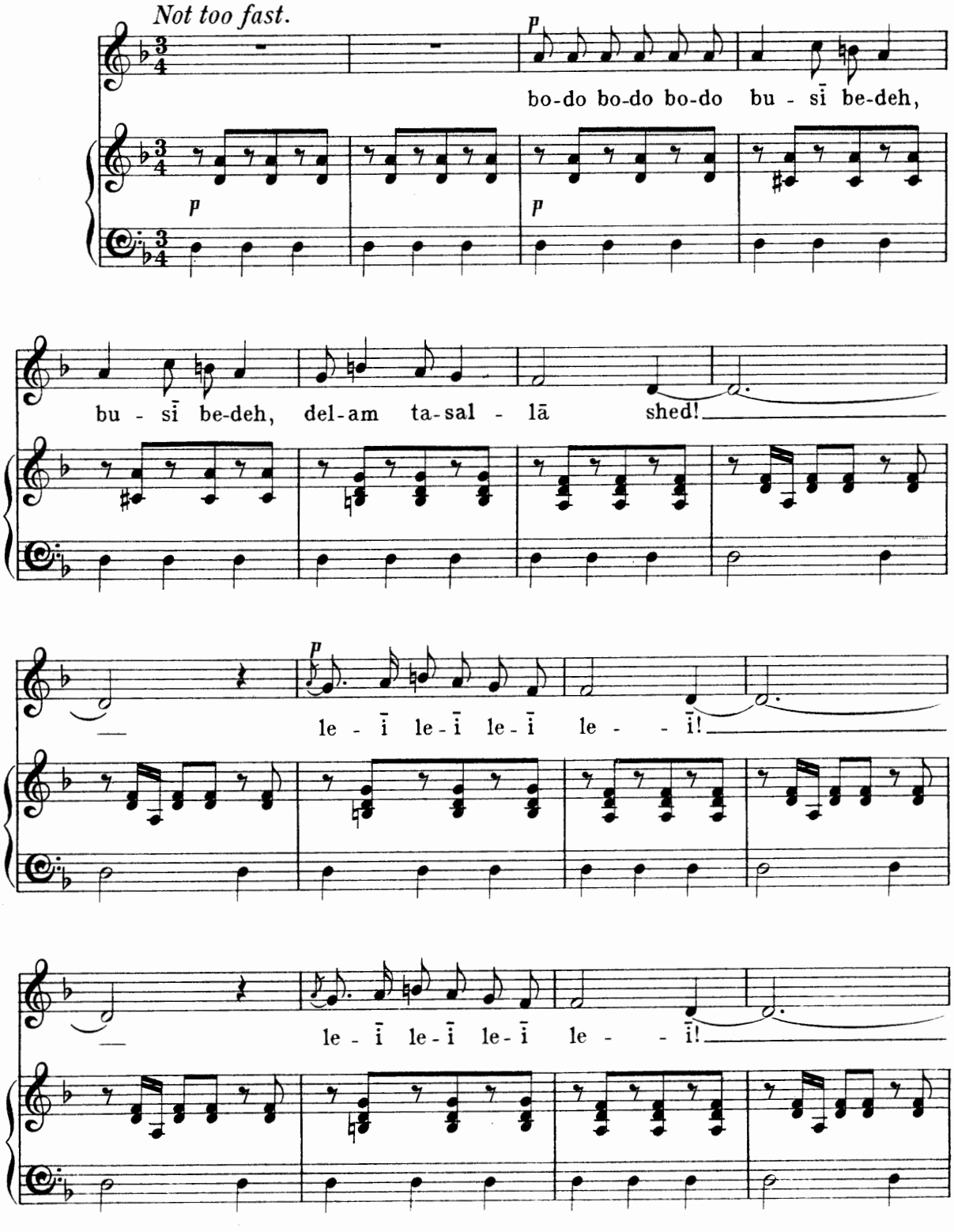


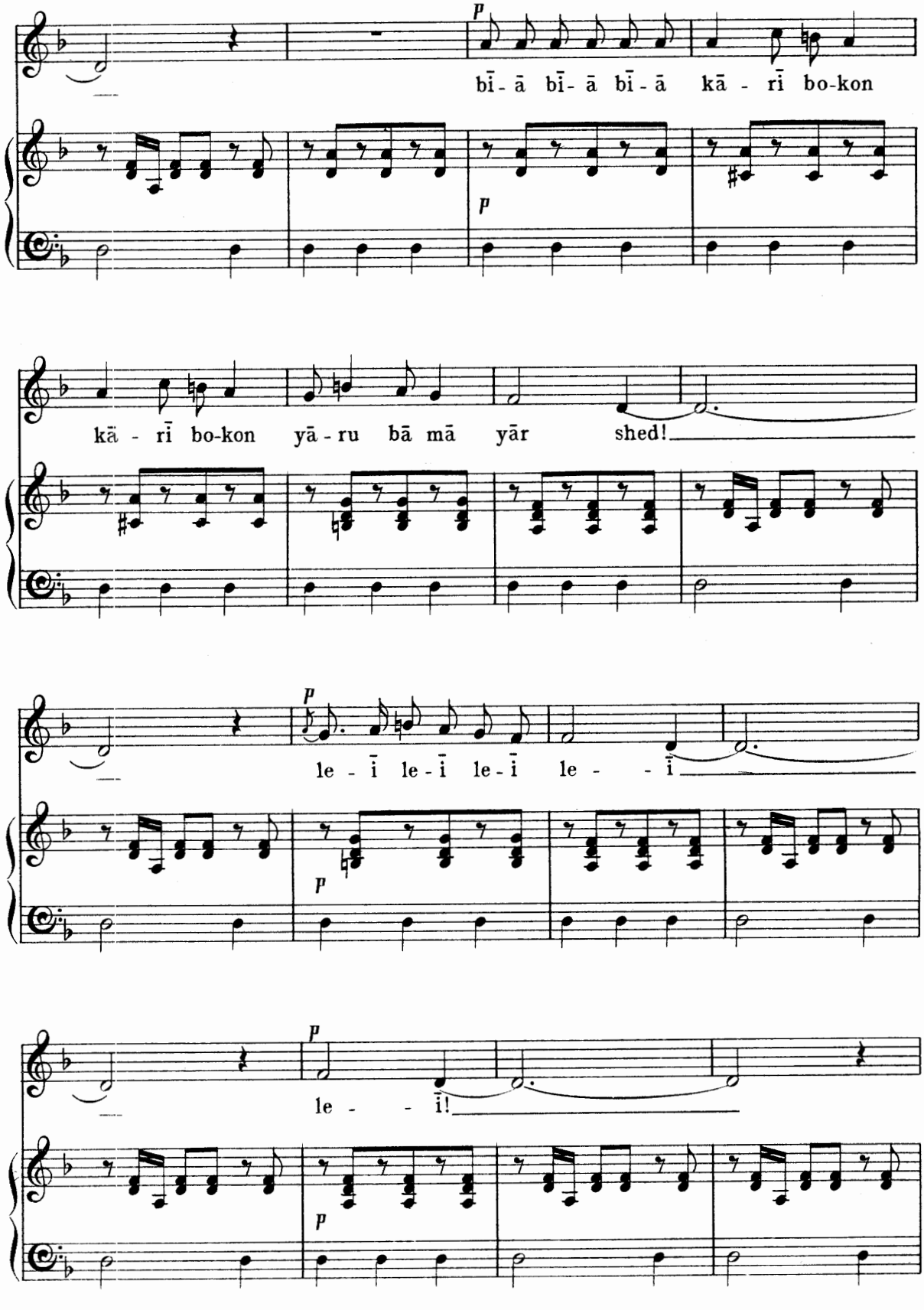

shif - - te - at dar ham - eh ā - lam man - am!
mf
ei beh fa - dā - yat, ei beh fa - dā - yat, sar o jān o
mf
del - am! az bas keh nā - ze - nī - nī ā -
f
- fat - i - aql o dī - nī! sa - daq - at sham! sa - daq -
f

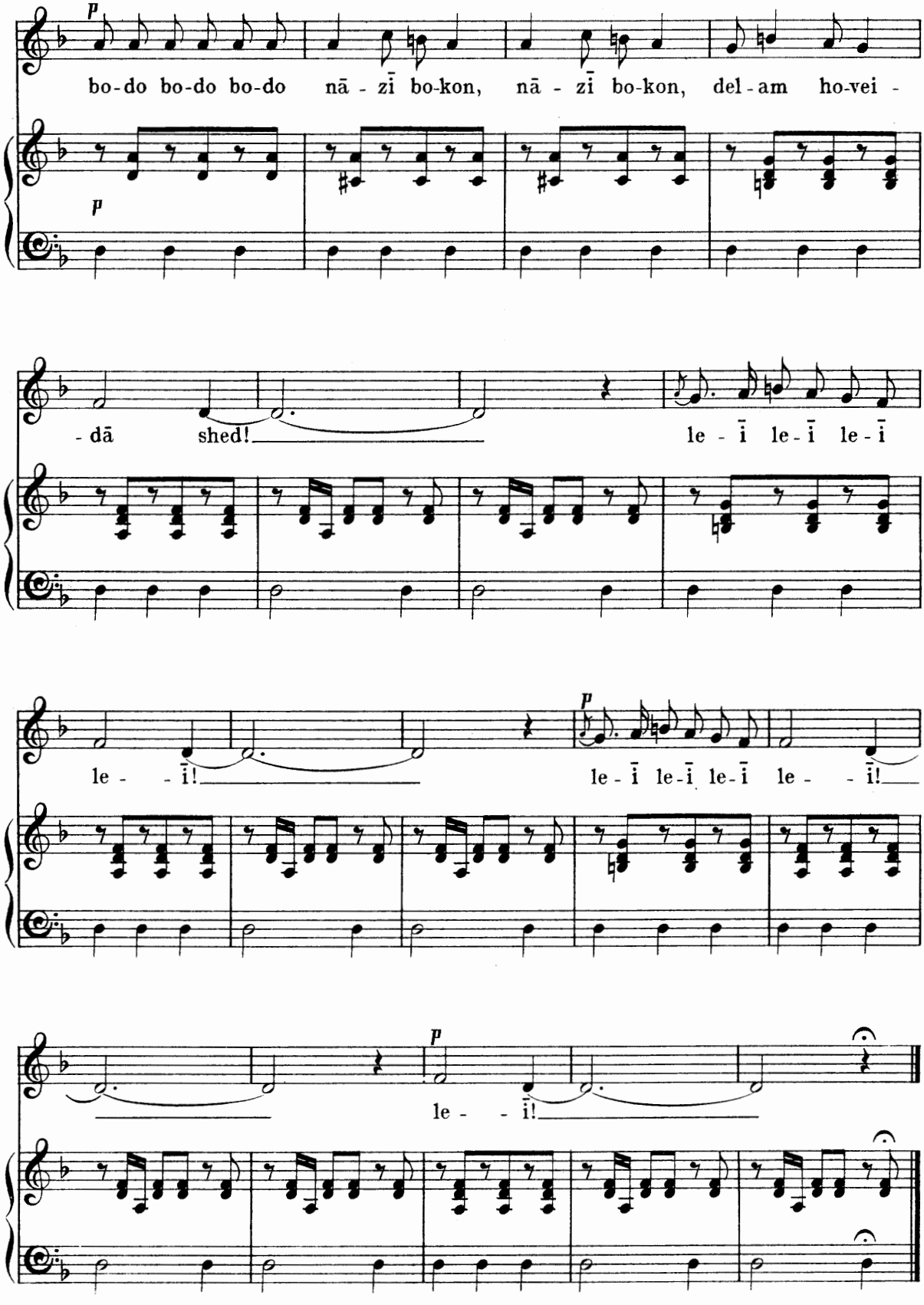

-at sham! sa-na-mā! mesl-i-to dar ā-lam nīst! gar bo-
rit.
p
ad lib.
p
-vad, mesl-i-to az nasl-i-ba-nī
ā-dam nīst! ei jān-am! ei bab-am!
rit.
rit.
rit.
rit.
a-zīz-i-del-am! bī-ā, bī-ā, bī-ā, yār-i-khosh-gel-i-man!
rit.
rit.
p
rit.

Run, run to me, run, bring me hither a kiss,
That my heart may know comfort again!
Come, come to me, come, and do somewhat_that this
Which we know of, be joy to us twain!
Run, run to me, run, and my heart, from thy kiss,
Shall grow clear as the sky after rain.

BODO BODO BODO.




p
bī - ā bī - ā bī - ā kā - rī bo-kon
p
kä - rī bo-kon yā - ru bā mā yār shed!
p
le - ī le - ī le - ī le - - ī
p
p
le - - ī!
p


p
bo-do bo-do bo-do nā - zī bo-kon, nā - zī bo-kon, del - am ho-vei -
p
- dā shed!
le - ī le - ī le - ī
le - - ī!
p
le - ī le - ī le - ī le - - ī!
p
le - - ī!

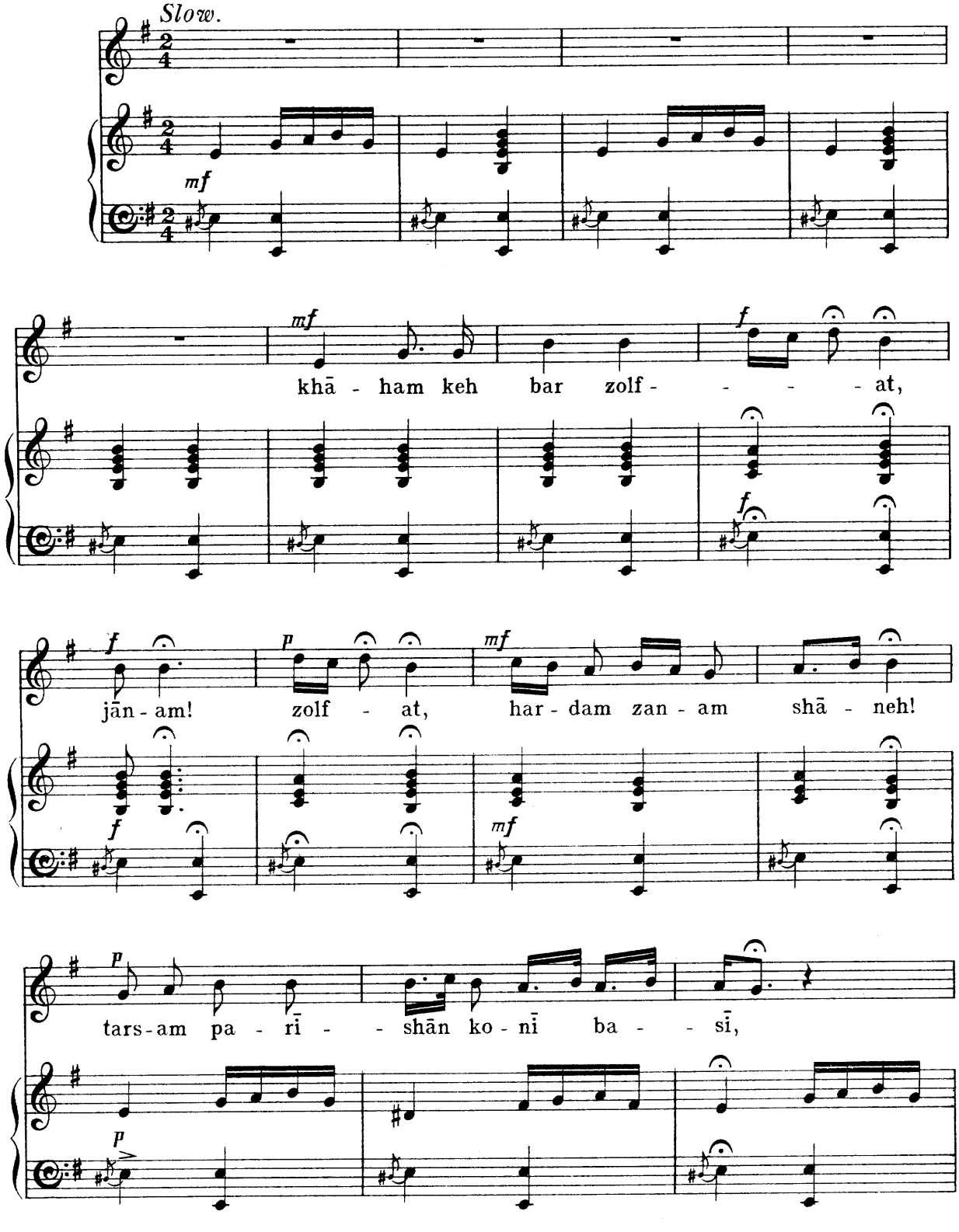
I would strike the comb, my soul, through thy hair,
My soul, through thy hair,
Ceaselessly, thou most fair!
Thou makest me mad for love of thee,
And all men sick like me,
All men like me
Mad for love, mad, mad!

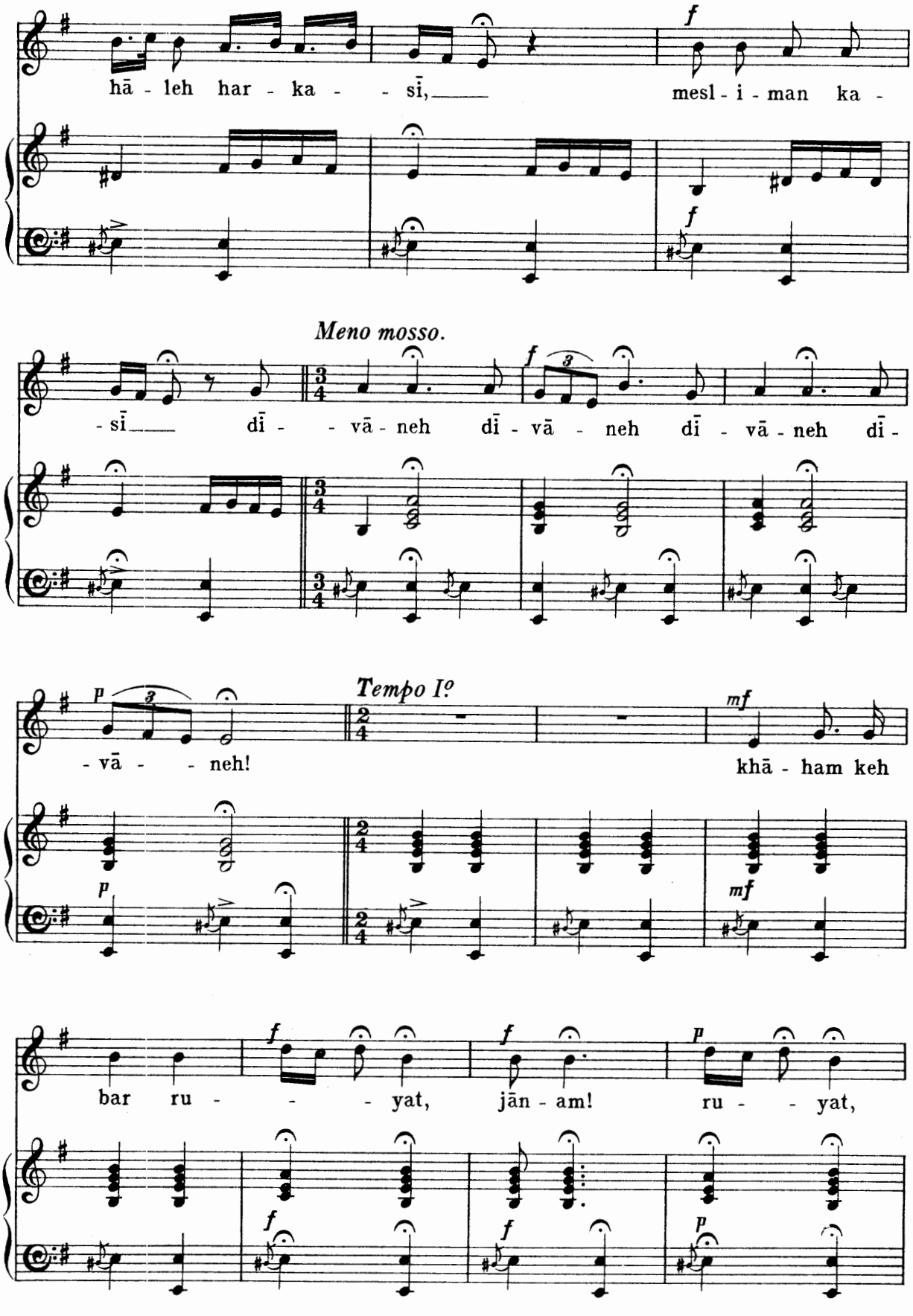
Constantly on thy face, O my flower,
Thy face, O my flower,
Kisses untold I'd shower!
Distraught thou wilt drive me utterly,
All men distraught like me,
All men like me
Drunk with love, drunk, drunk!

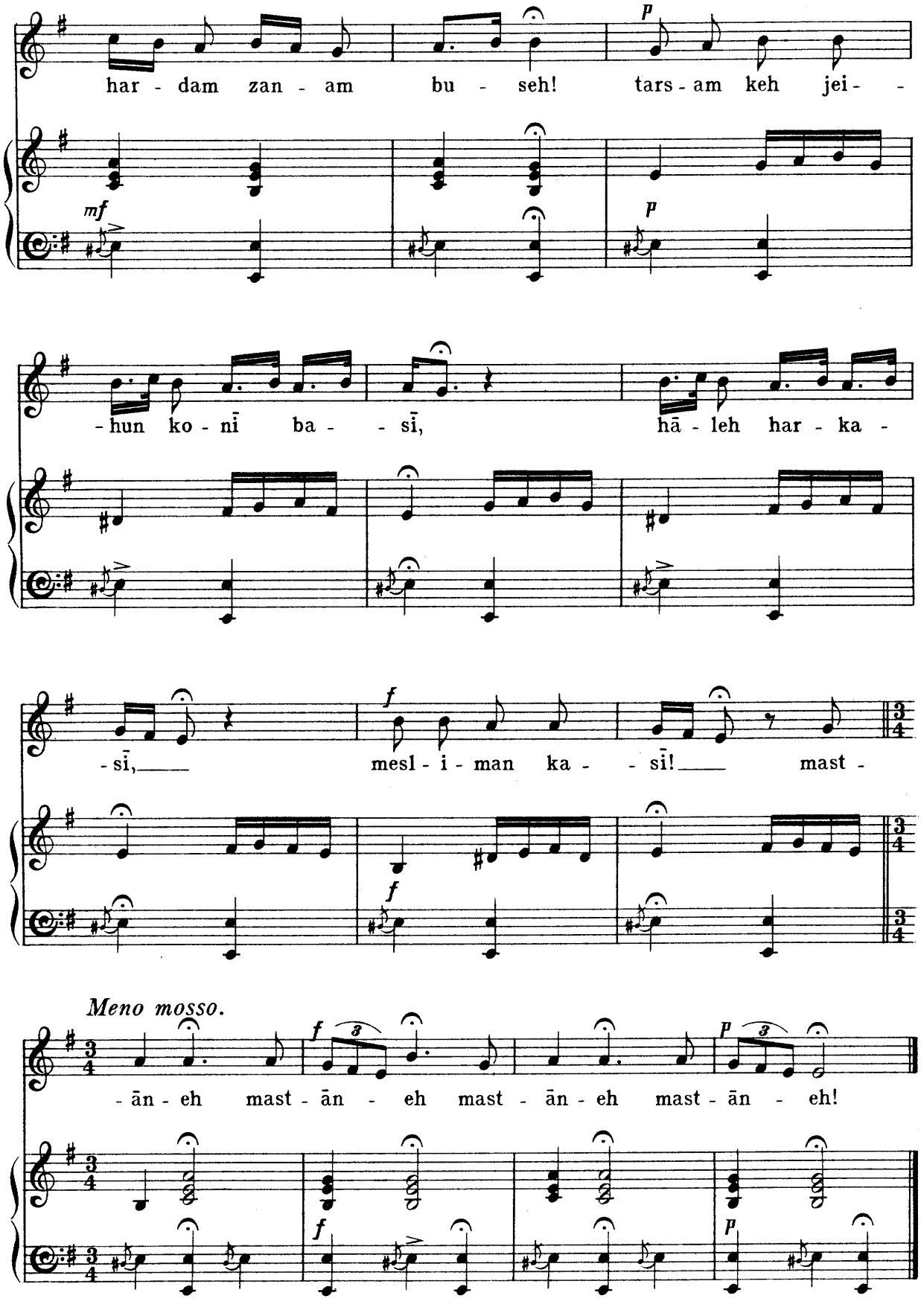
Ceaselessly, O my soul, I would mark,
My soul, I would mark
Thy brows with vasmeh* dark!
I fear, lest all men endlessly
Thou'lt drive to weep like me,
All men like me
Mad for love, mad, mad!

* A black dye used for the eyebrows.

KHĀHAM KEH BAR ZOLFAT.




hā - leh har - ka - - sī,
mesl - i - man ka -
Meno mosso.
- sī dī - - vā - neh dī - vā - neh dī - vā - neh dī -
Tempo Iº
- vā - - neh!
khā - ham keh
bar ru - - - yat, jān - am! ru - - yat,


har - dam zan - am bu - seh! tars - am keh jei -
mf
p
p
- hun ko - nī ba - - sī, hā - leh har - ka -
- sī, mesl - i - man ka - - sī! mast -
f
f
Meno mosso.
- ān - eh mast - ān - eh mast - ān - eh mast - ān - eh!
f
p

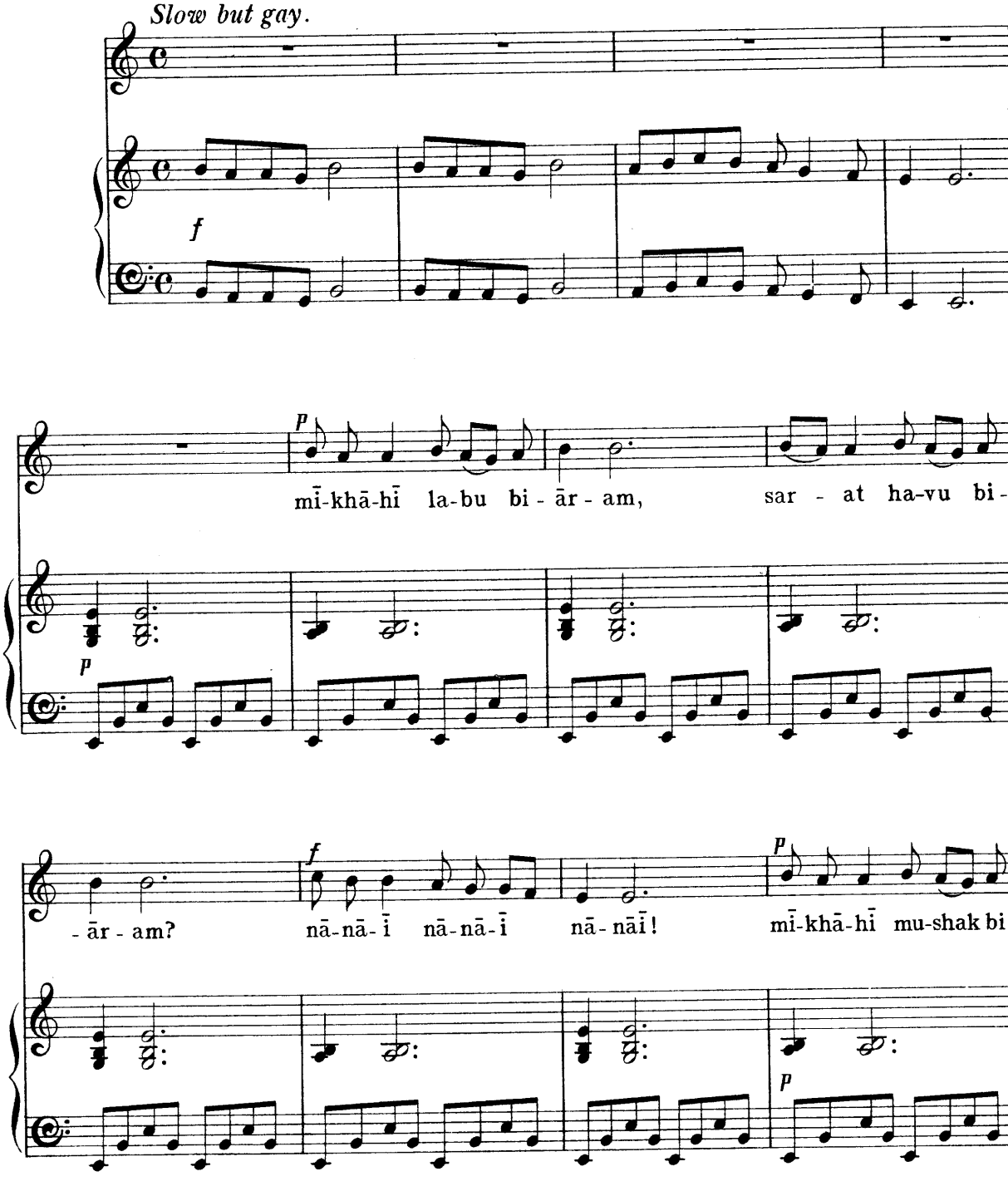
Shall I bring thee some beets, my life ?
On thy head bring a second wife?
O my dear, my dearest dear!

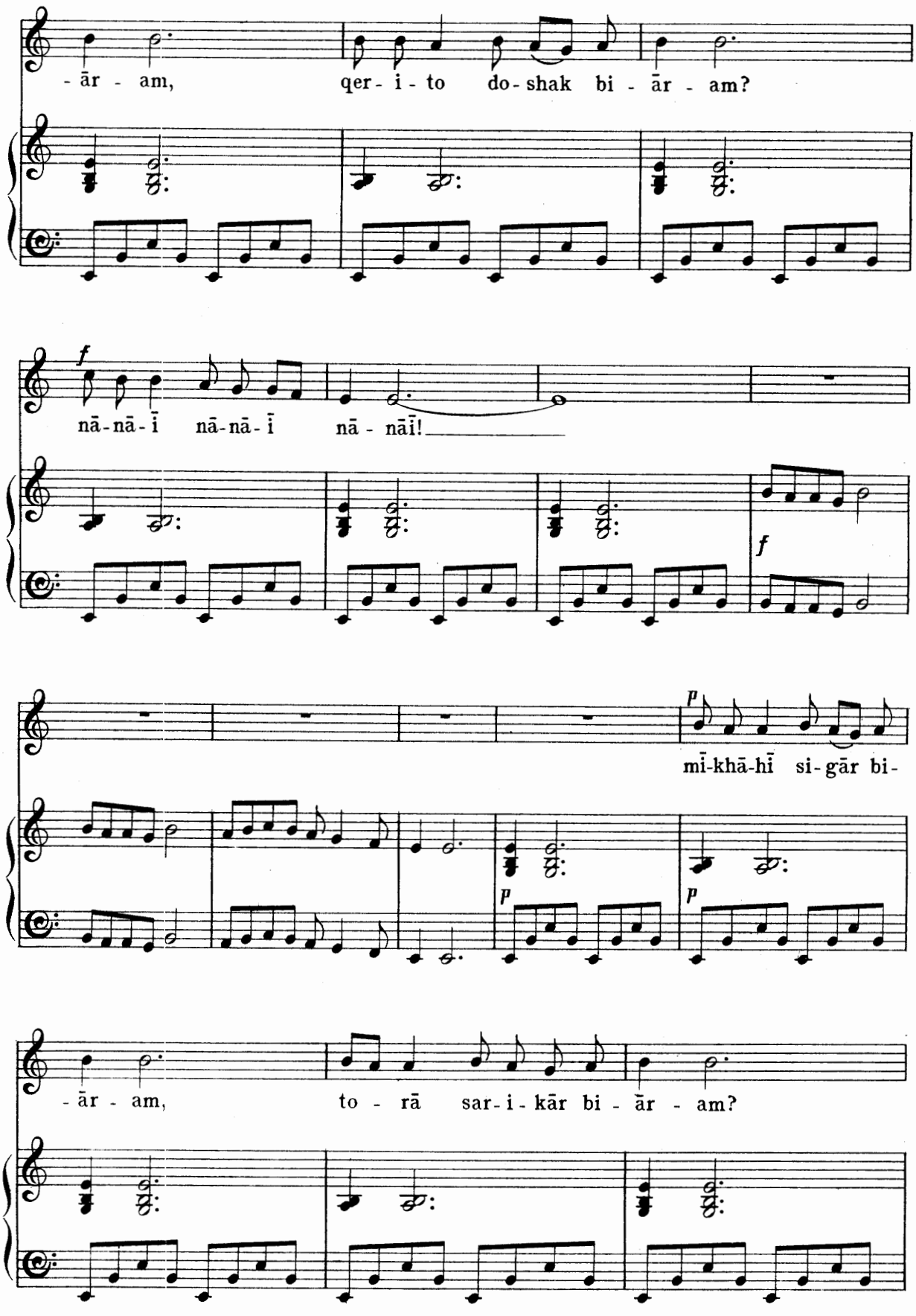
Shall I bring thee some fireworks bright ?
A new mattress by thine to-night?
O my dear, my dearest dear!

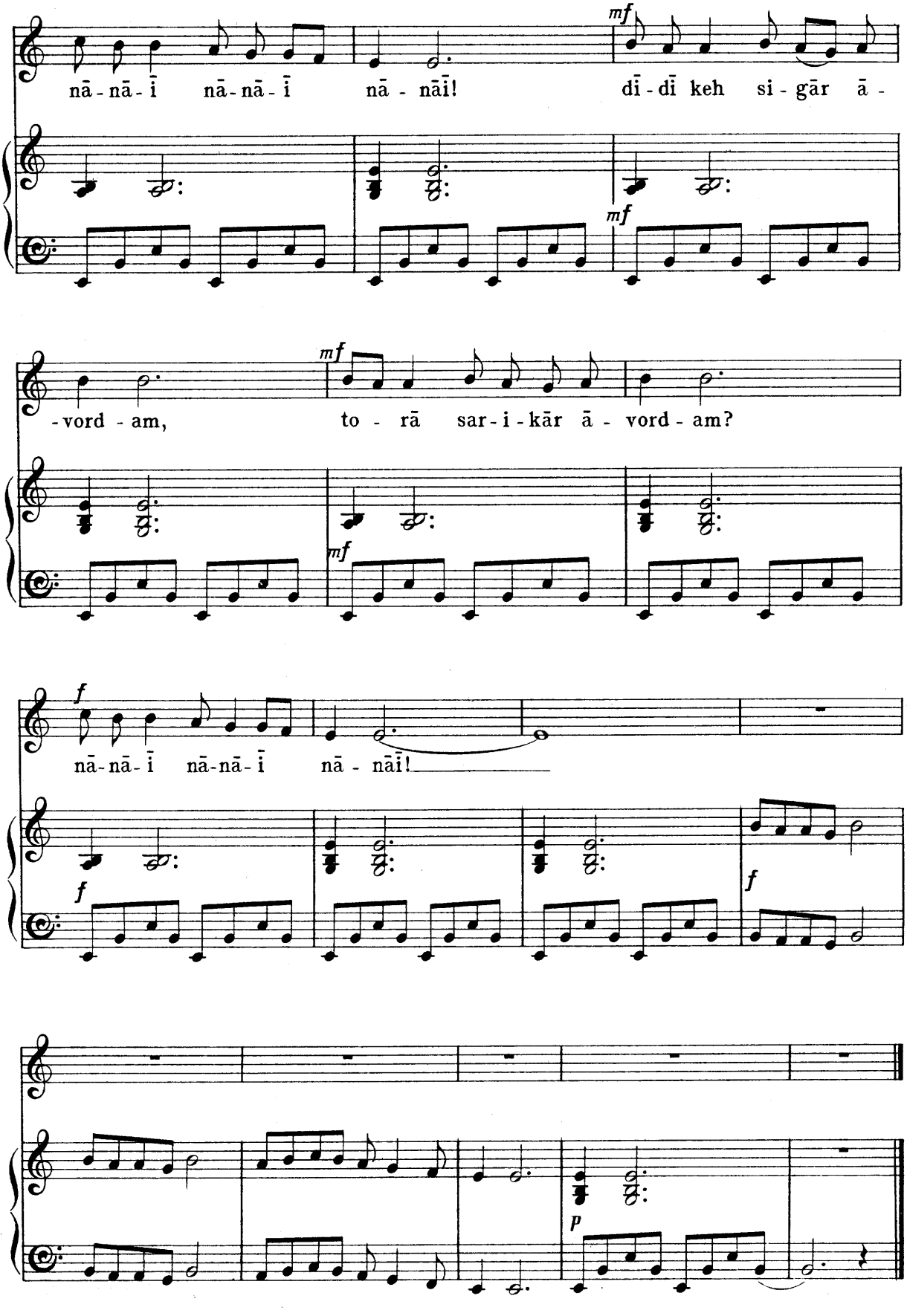
Shall I bring cigarettes, my heart ?
Shall I bring thee to do thy part ?
O my dear, my dearest dear!

Didst thou see, cigarettes I brought?
Didst thou see that the work is wrought?
O my dear, my dearest dear!

MĪKHĀHĪ LABU?



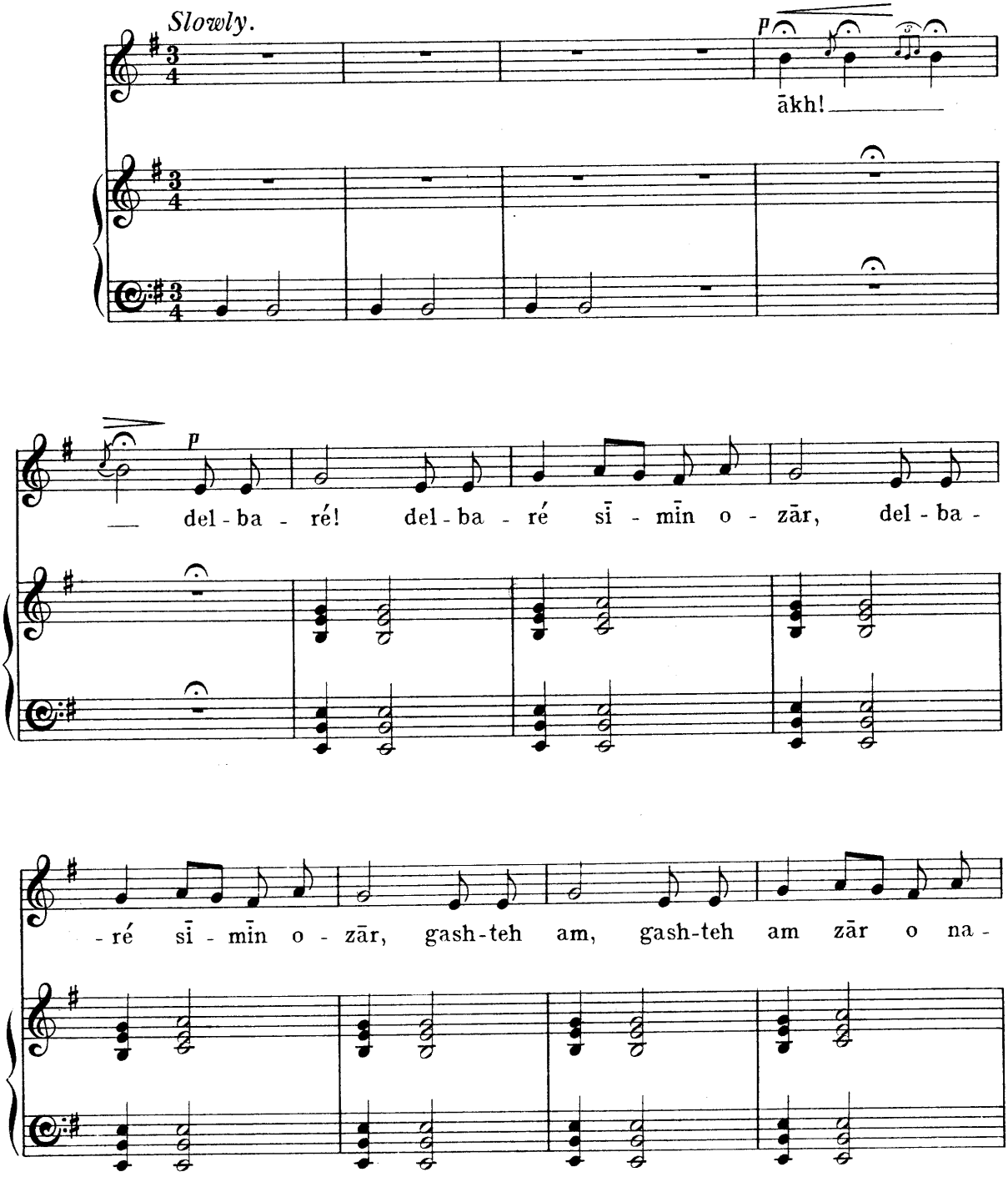

-ār - am, qer - i - to do - shak bi - ār - am?
f
nā-nā-ī nā-nā-ī nā - nāī!
f
p
mī-khā-hī si-gār bi-
p
p
-ār - am, to - rā sar-i-kār bi - ār - am?

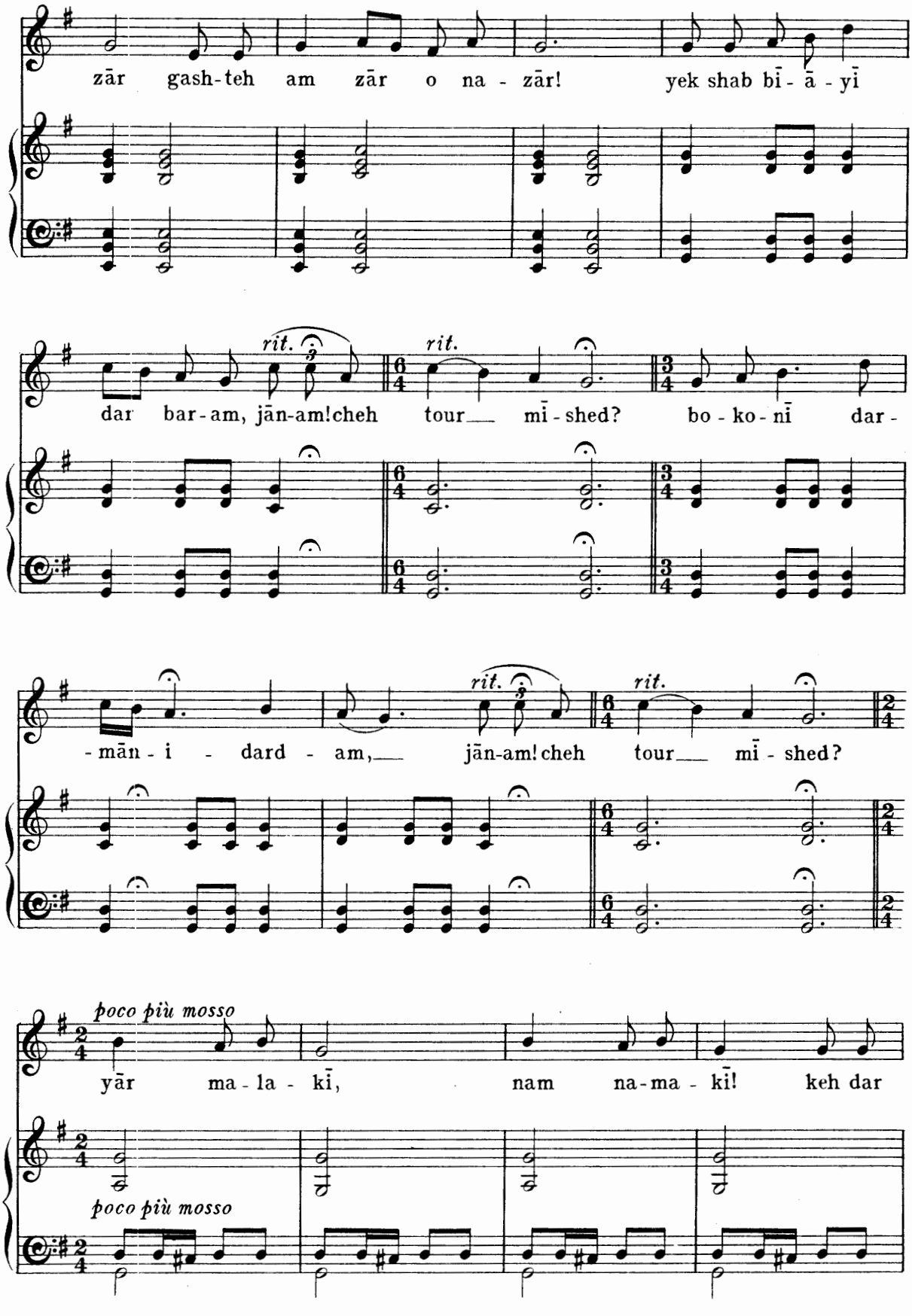

nā - nā - ī nā - nā - ī nā - nāī!
dī - dī keh si - gār ā -
-vord - am,
to - rā sar - i - kār ā - vord - am?
nā - nā - ī nā - nā - ī nā - nāī!

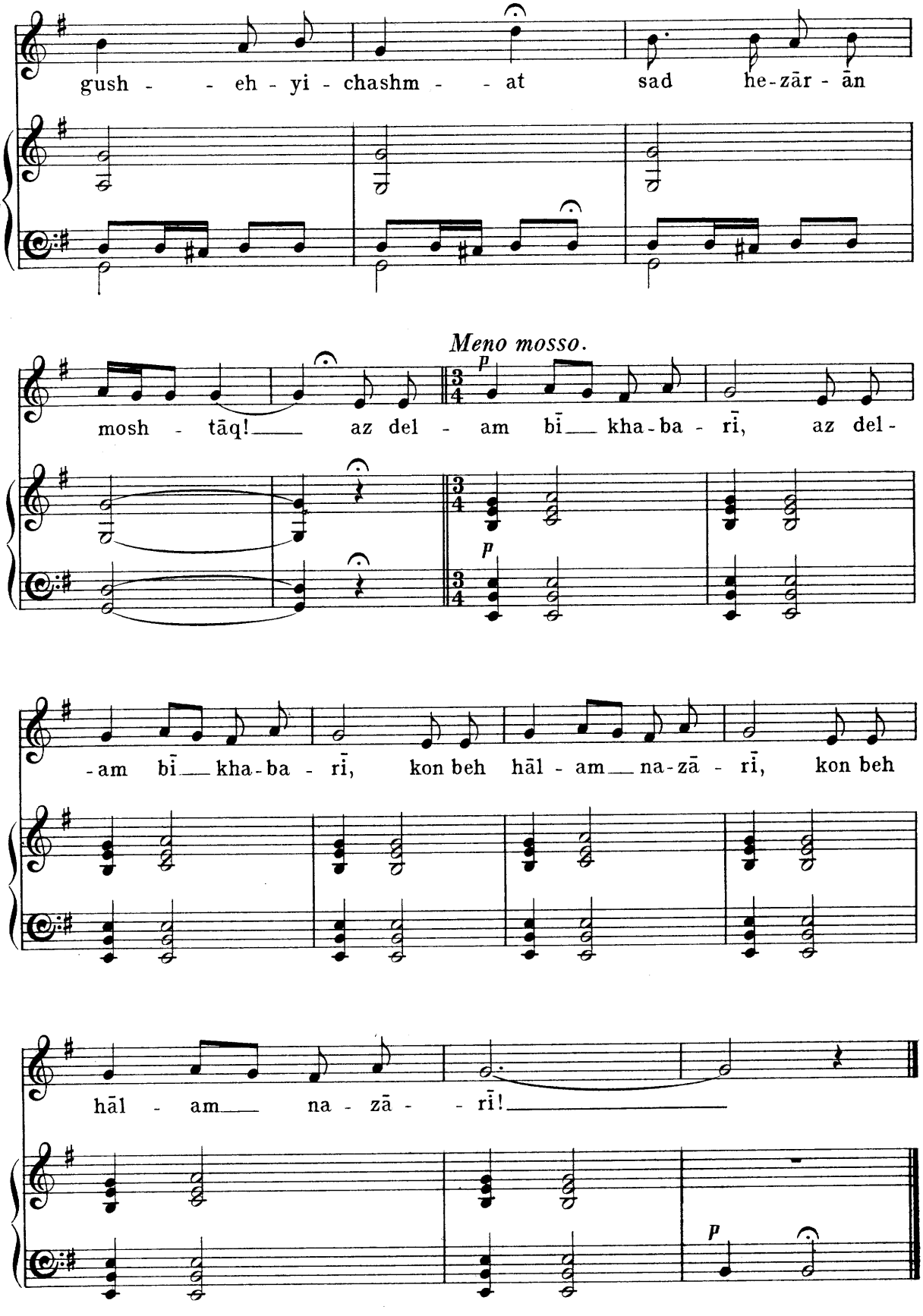
My love, my love of the silver cheeks,
I have wandered wearily—
Come, come one night upon my breast!
O my soul! how will it be?
Ah, work a cure for my pain at last!
O my soul! how will it be?

Salt of my heart! beloved Queen!
Thou, in the corner of whose eye
A hundred thousand longings lie!
My heart is sore for news of thee,
Look on my sickness— pity me!

DELBARÉ.


Slowly.
p
ākh!
p
del - ba - ré! del - ba - ré sī - mīn o - zār, del - ba -
- ré sī - mīn o - zār, gash-teh am, gash-teh am zār o na -


zār gash-teh am zār o na - zār! yek shab bī - ā - yī
rit.
rit.
dar bar-am, jān-am!cheh tour mī - shed? bo - ko - nī dar -
-mān - i - dard - am, jān-am!cheh tour mī - shed?
poco più mosso
yār ma - la - kī, nam na-ma - kī! keh dar
poco più mosso


gush - - eh - yi - chashm - - at sad he-zār - ān
Meno mosso.
p
mosh - tāq! az del - am bī kha-ba - rī, az del-
p
-am bī kha-ba - rī, kon beh hāl - am na-zā - rī, kon beh
hāl - am na - zā - - rī!
p

If my beloved thou would'st be,
Then take no journey hence from me,
But hold me caressed.

And if beside me thou wilt stay,
Then do thou some sweet thing to day!
Ah! hold me caressed.

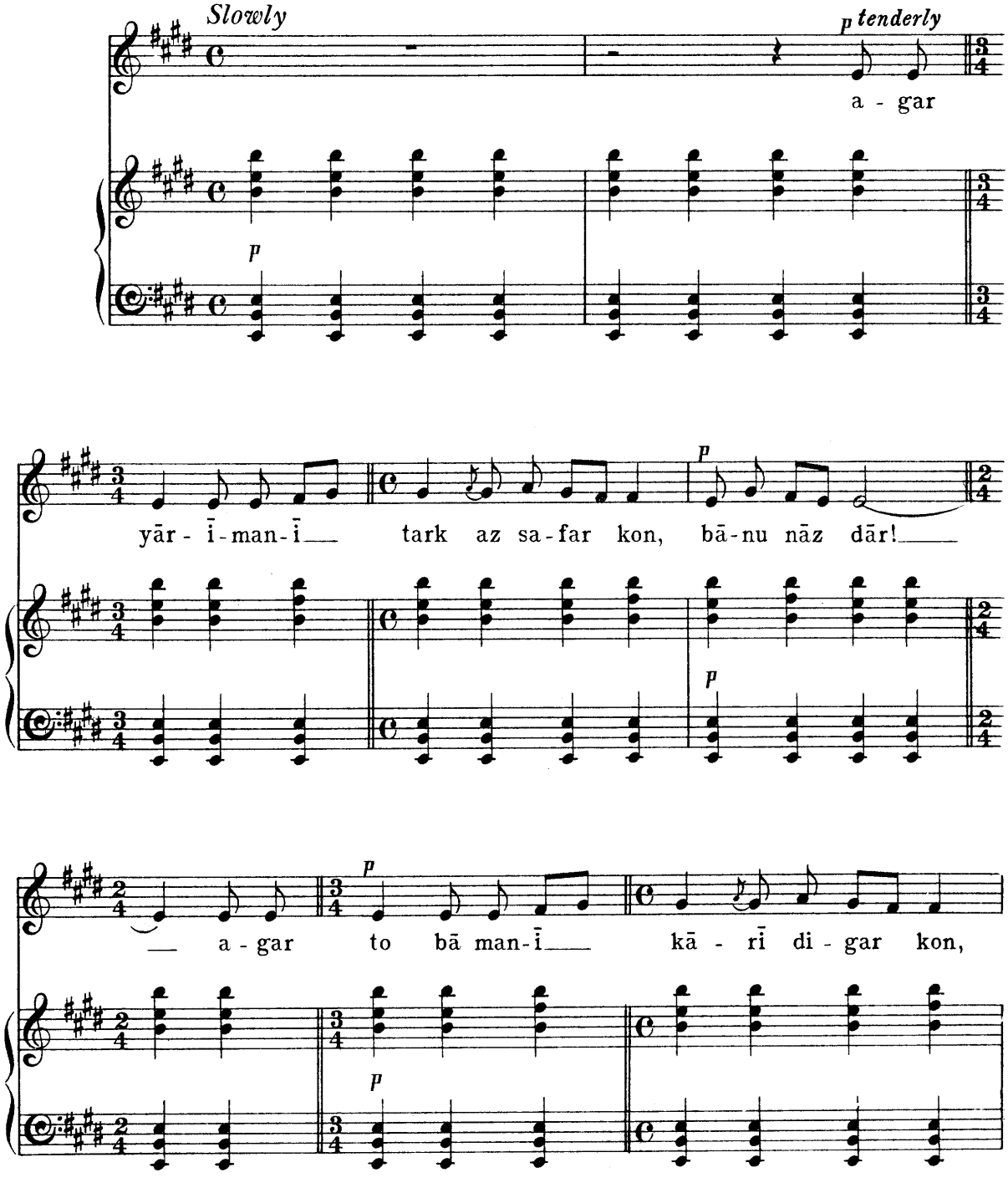
The season has returned of spring;
Then hold me caressed!
The perfumed calian* hither bring,
And hold me caressed.

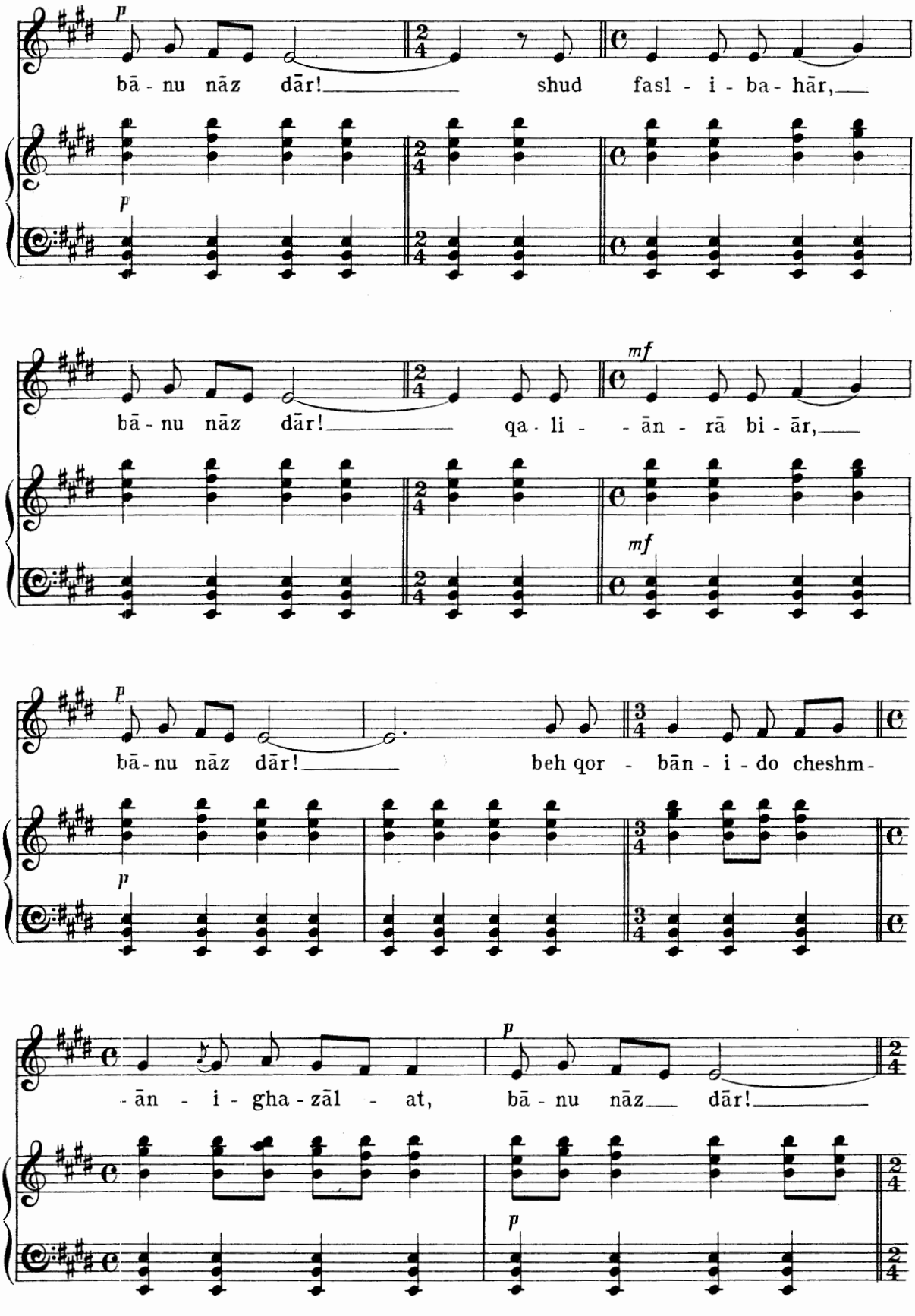
May I become the sacrifice,
Love, of thy two gazelle-soft eyes!
Come, hold me caressed.

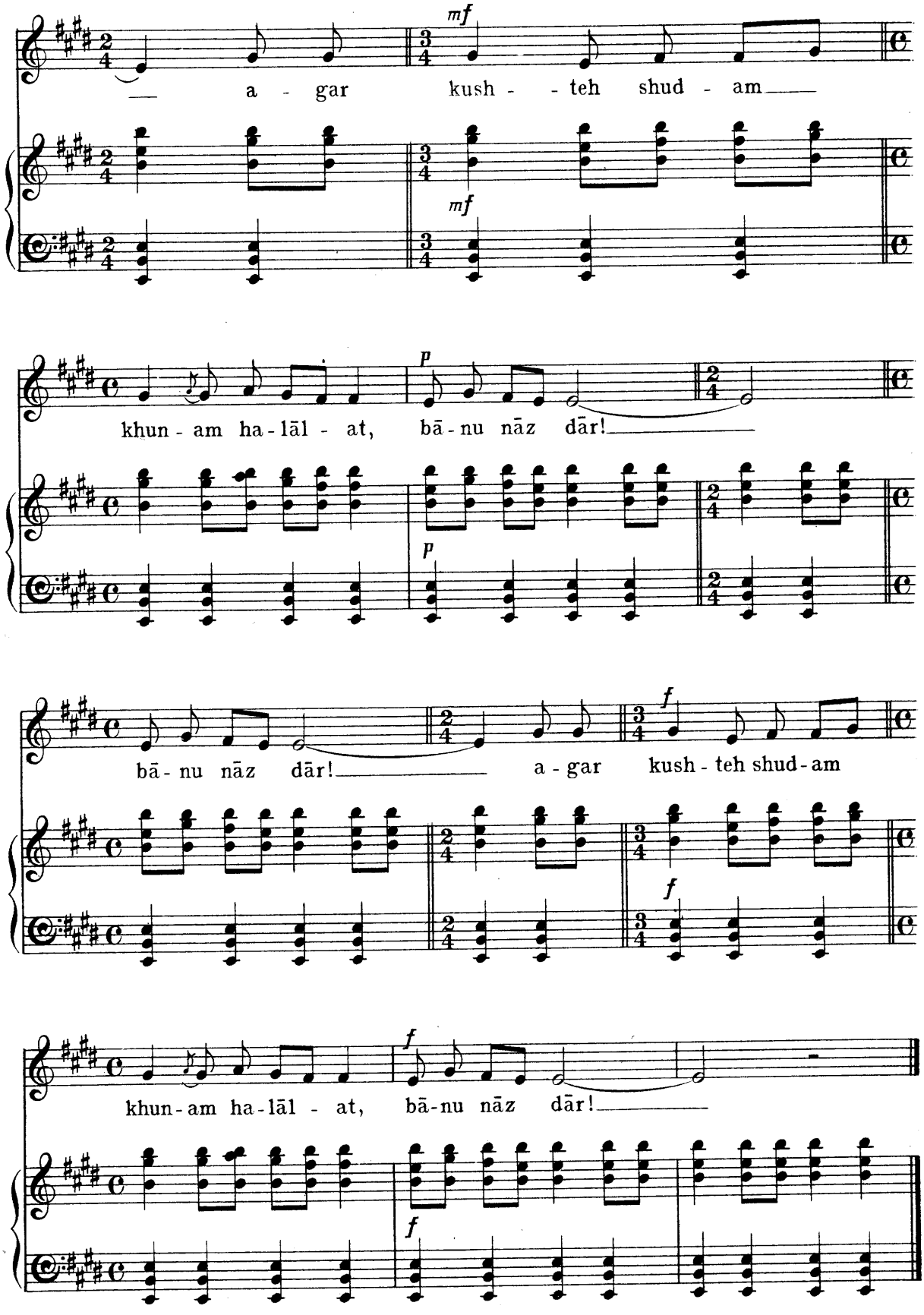
If I be slain — thee, love, I bless!
My life-blood for thy happiness!
Ah! hold me caressed.

* hubble-bubble

AGAR YĀR-I-MANĪ.




p
bā - nu nāz dār! shud fasl - i - ba - hār,
p
bā - nu nāz dār! qa - li - - ān - rā bi - ār,
mf
mf
p
bā - nu nāz dār! beh qor - bān - i - do cheshm -
p
- ān - i - gha - zāl - at, bā - nu nāz dār!
p
p


mf
a - gar kush - - teh shud - am
mf
khun - am ha - lāl - at, bā - nu nāz dār!
p
p
bā - nu nāz dār!
a - gar kush - teh shud - am
f
f
khun - am ha - lāl - at, bā - nu nāz dār!
f

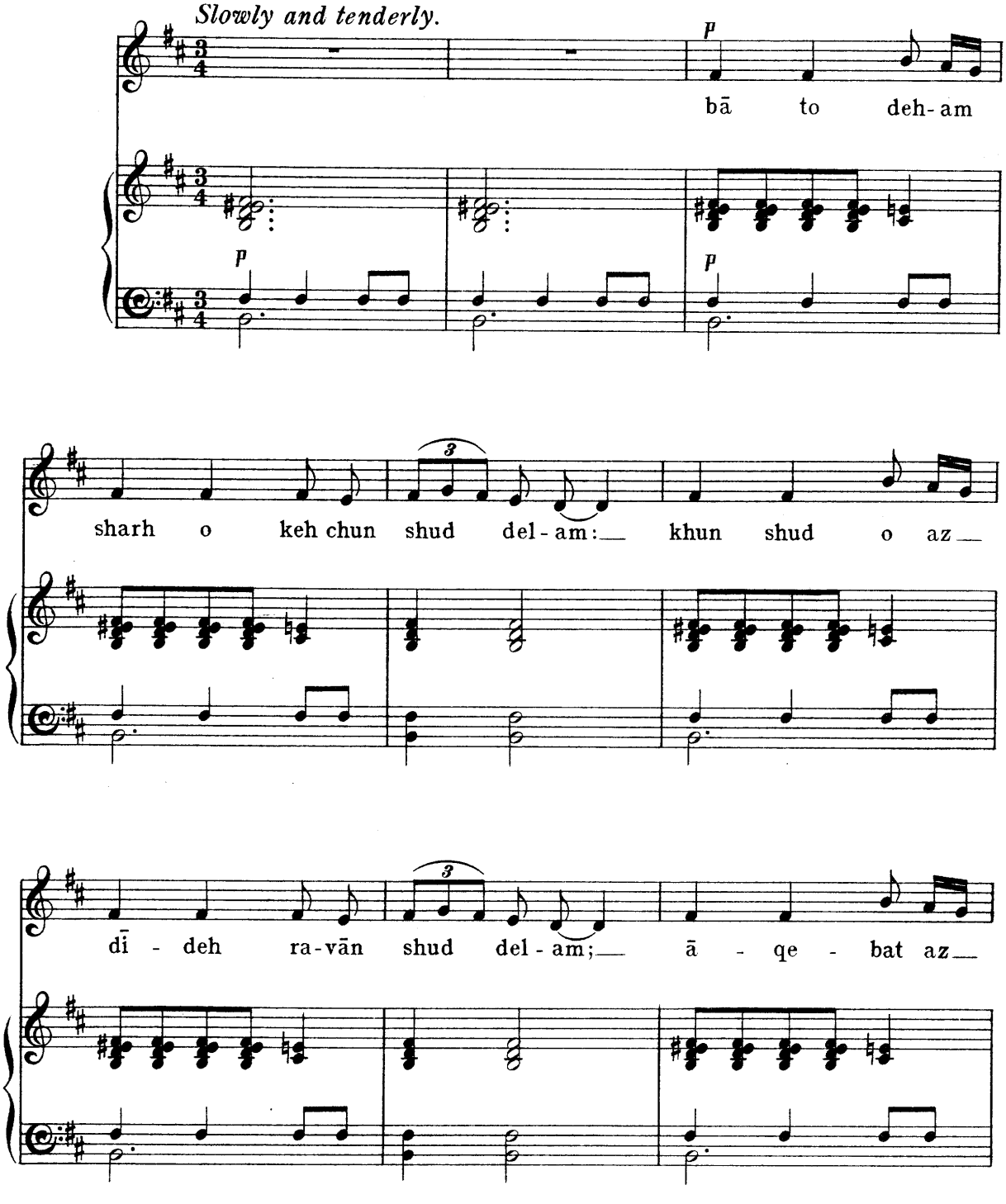
Suffer me to unfold to thee the story of my heart;
From seeing thee it turned to blood, it knew its destiny;
Alas! but it has turned to blood since far from me thou art!
Alas! my heart! Alas! my heart! Ah, my heart!

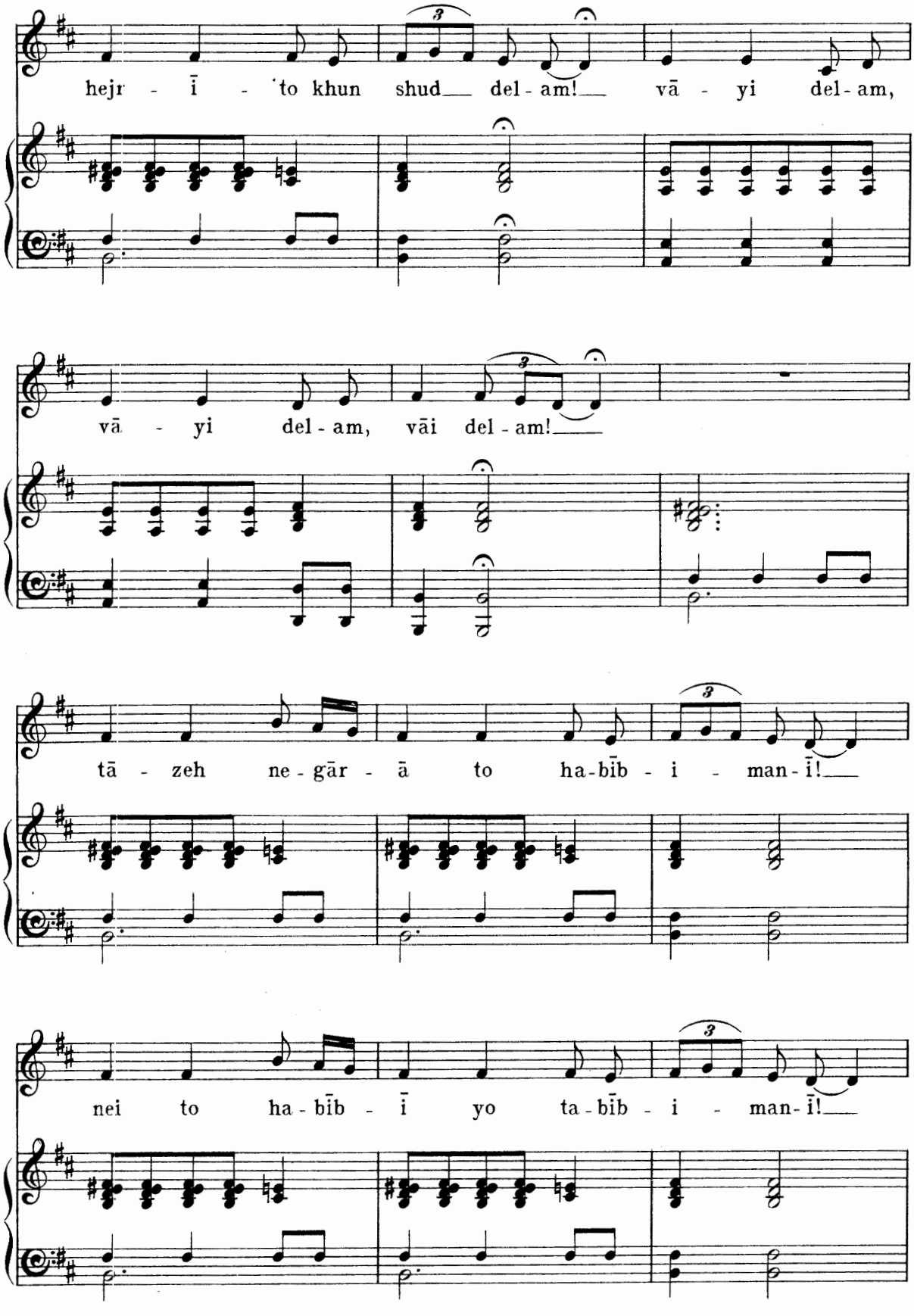
I am thy lover newly come—thou the beloved of me;
Nay, nay, but thou my healer art and my beloved in one;
My sickness and healing come, O love, alike from thee!
Alas for me! Alas for me! Ah me!

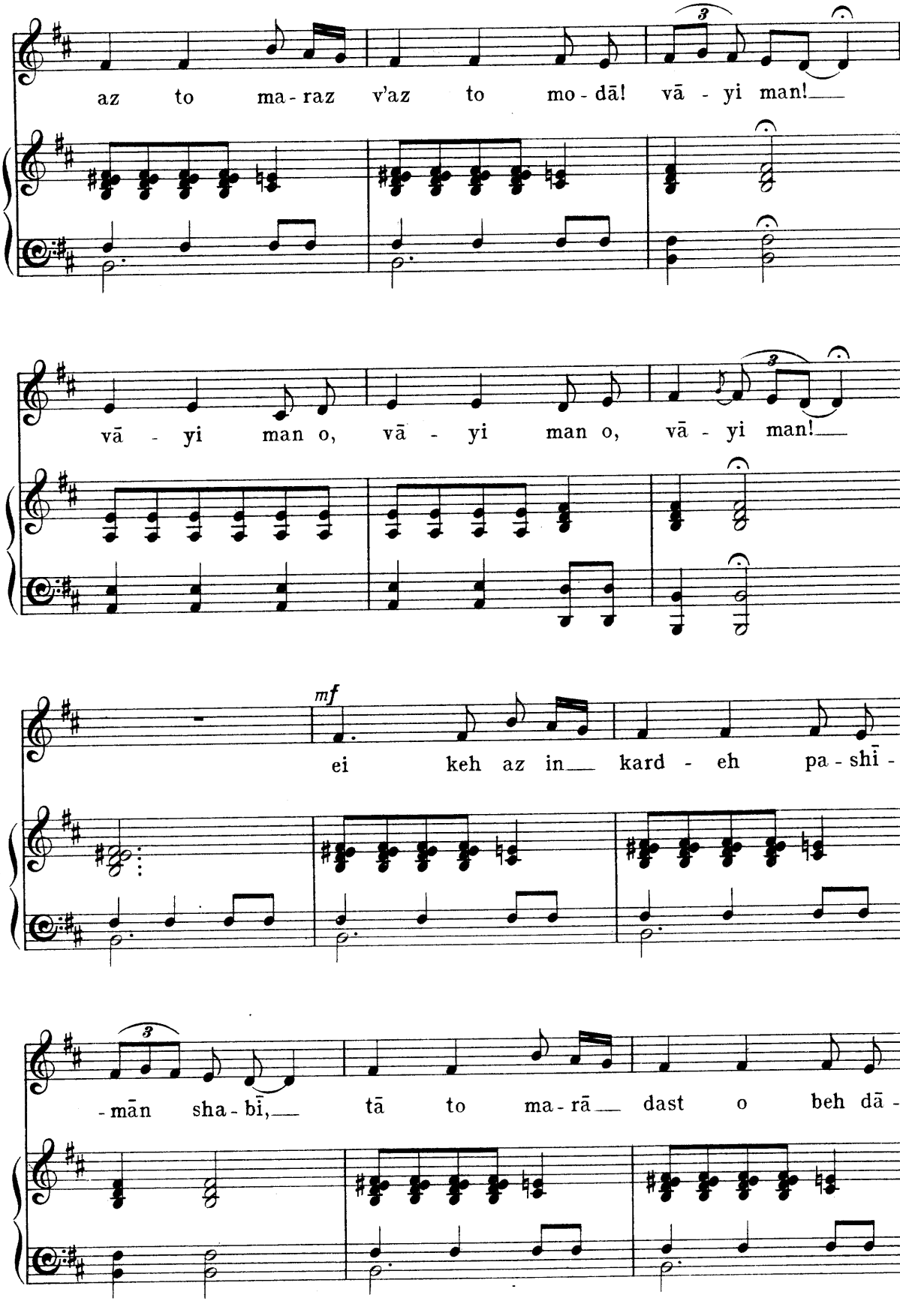
Oh, that repentance for these deeds thy cruel heart would move,
Till thou stretch forth thy hand, and touch my garment, suing for love!
Till it shall be "Beloved," thou—and "Lord and Master," I!
My heart, I die! My heart, I die! I die!

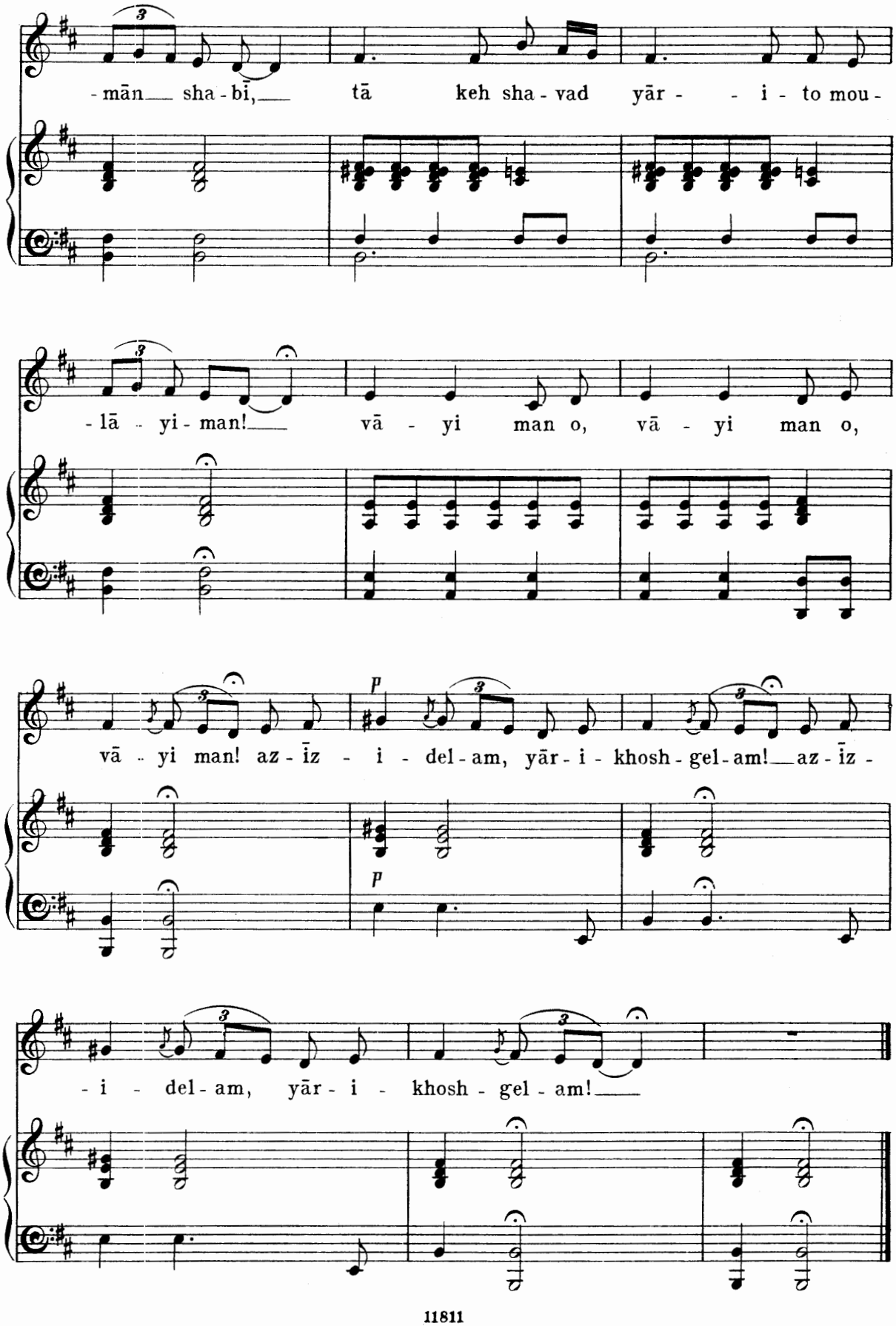
Thou to my heart the nearest,
Most beautiful and dearest!

BĀ TO DEHAM SHARH.




hejr - ī - to khun shud del - am! vā - yi del - am,
vā - yi del - am, vāi del - am!
tā - zeh ne - gār - ā to ha - bīb - i - man - ī!
nei to ha - bīb - ī yo ta - bīb - i - man - ī!


az to ma-raz v'az to mo-dā! vā-yi man!
vā-yi man o, vā-yi man o, vā-yi man!
mf
ei keh az in kard-eh pa-shī-
-mān sha-bī, tā to ma-rā dast o beh dā-

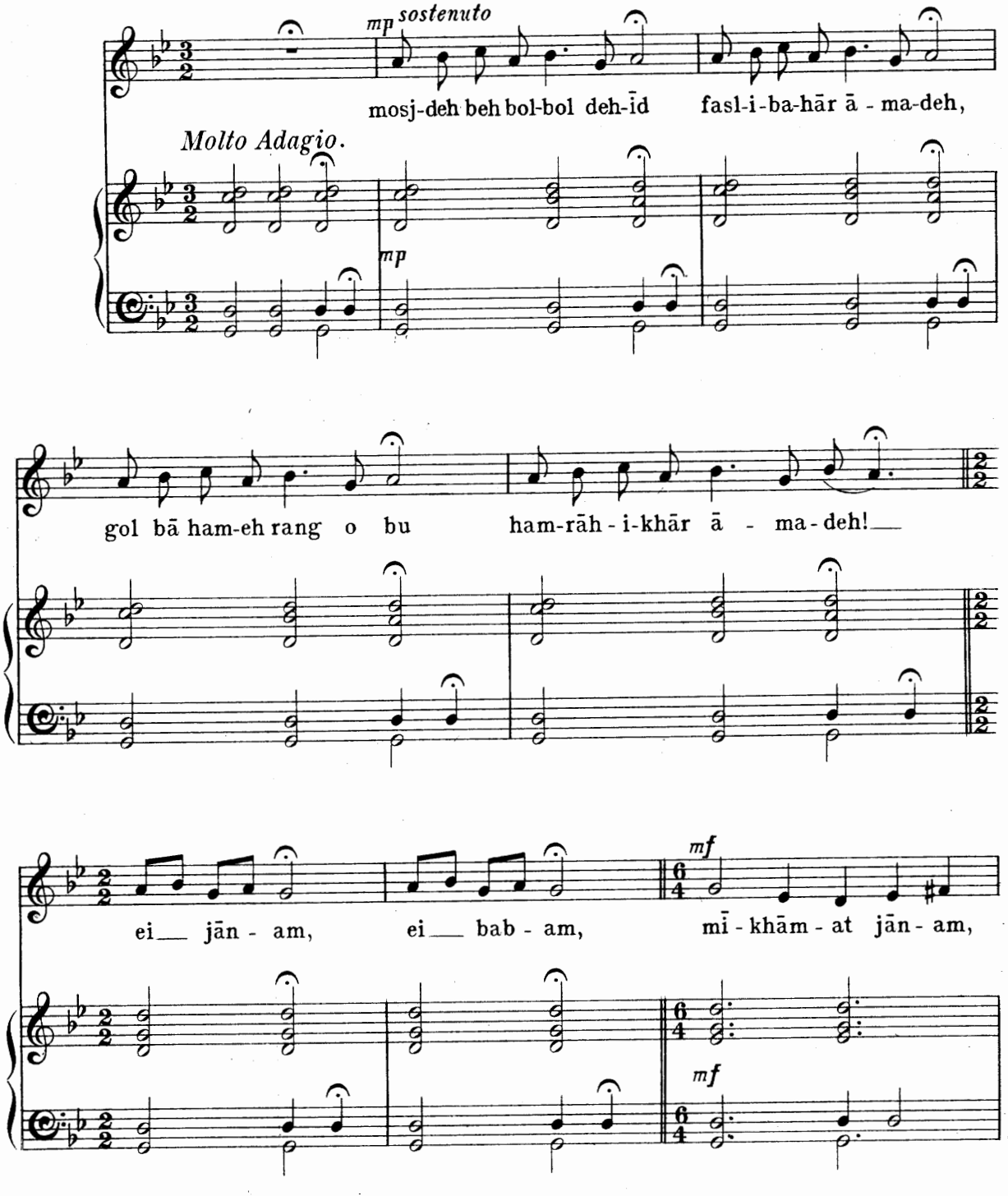

-mān sha-bī, tā keh sha-vad yār- -i-to mou-
-lā-yi-man! vā-yi man o, vā-yi man o,
vā-yi man! az-īz-i-del-am, yār-i-khosh-gel-am! az-īz-
-i-del-am, yār-i-khosh-gel-am!
p
p

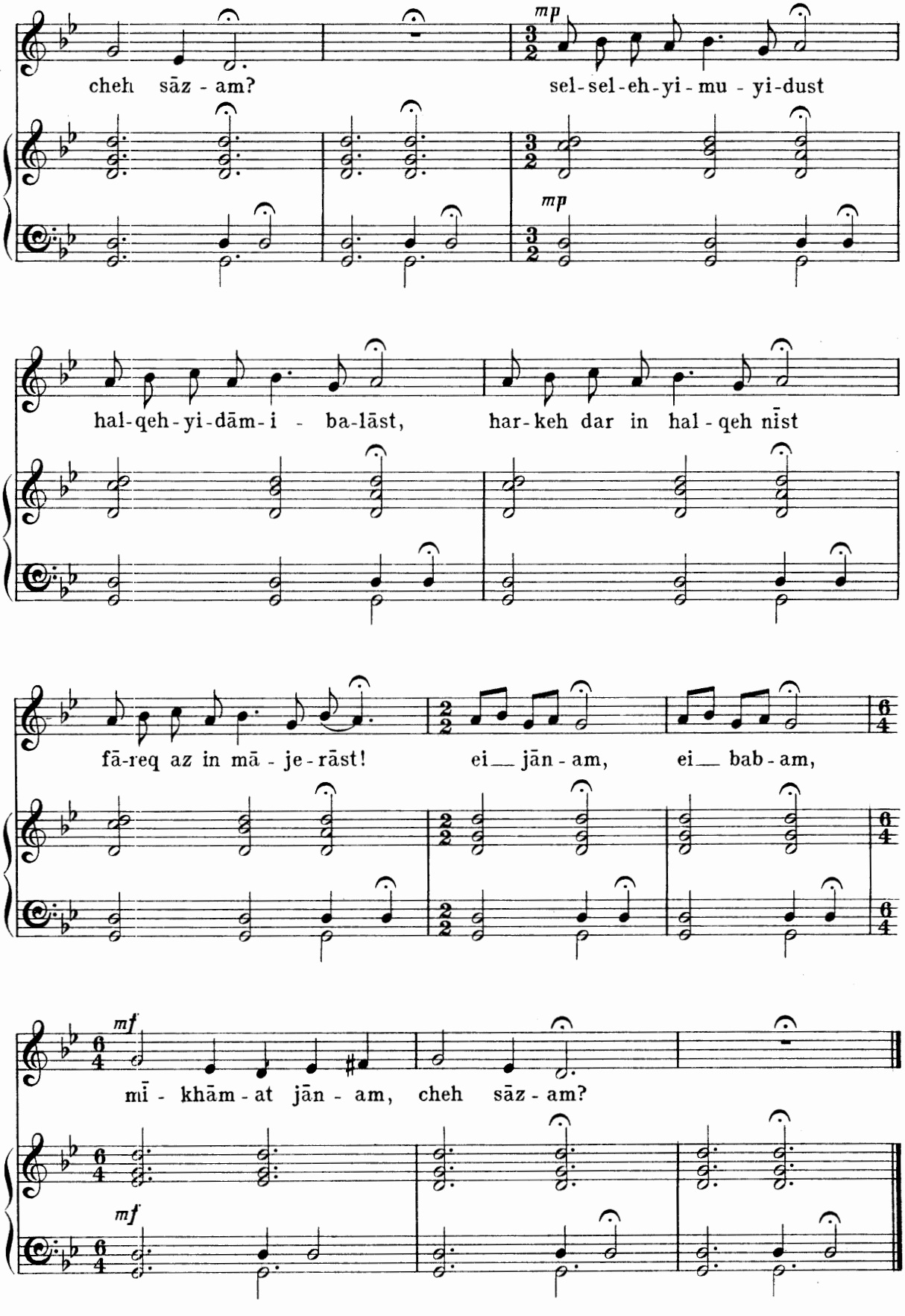
MOSJDEH BEH BOLBOL DEHĪD.

Send tidings to the nightingale
That spring-time once again has come;
And flowers of ev'ry scent and hue
Together with the thorns have come.
O soul of me! beloved of me!
What shall I do for lack of thee?

A net of evil-fate they weave,
The tresses, dear one, of thy hair;
And sad the lot that he escapes
Who is not drawn within that snare.
O soul of me! beloved of me!
What shall I do, desiring thee?

MOSJDEH BEH BOLBOL DEHĪD.




cheh sāz - am?
mp
sel-sel-eh-yi-mu - yi-dust
mp
hal-qeh-yi-dām-i - ba-lāst,
har-keh dar in hal-qeh nīst
fā-req az in mā - je-rāst!
ei__ jān-am,
ei__ bab-am,
mf
mī - khām-at jān - am, cheh sāz - am?
mf

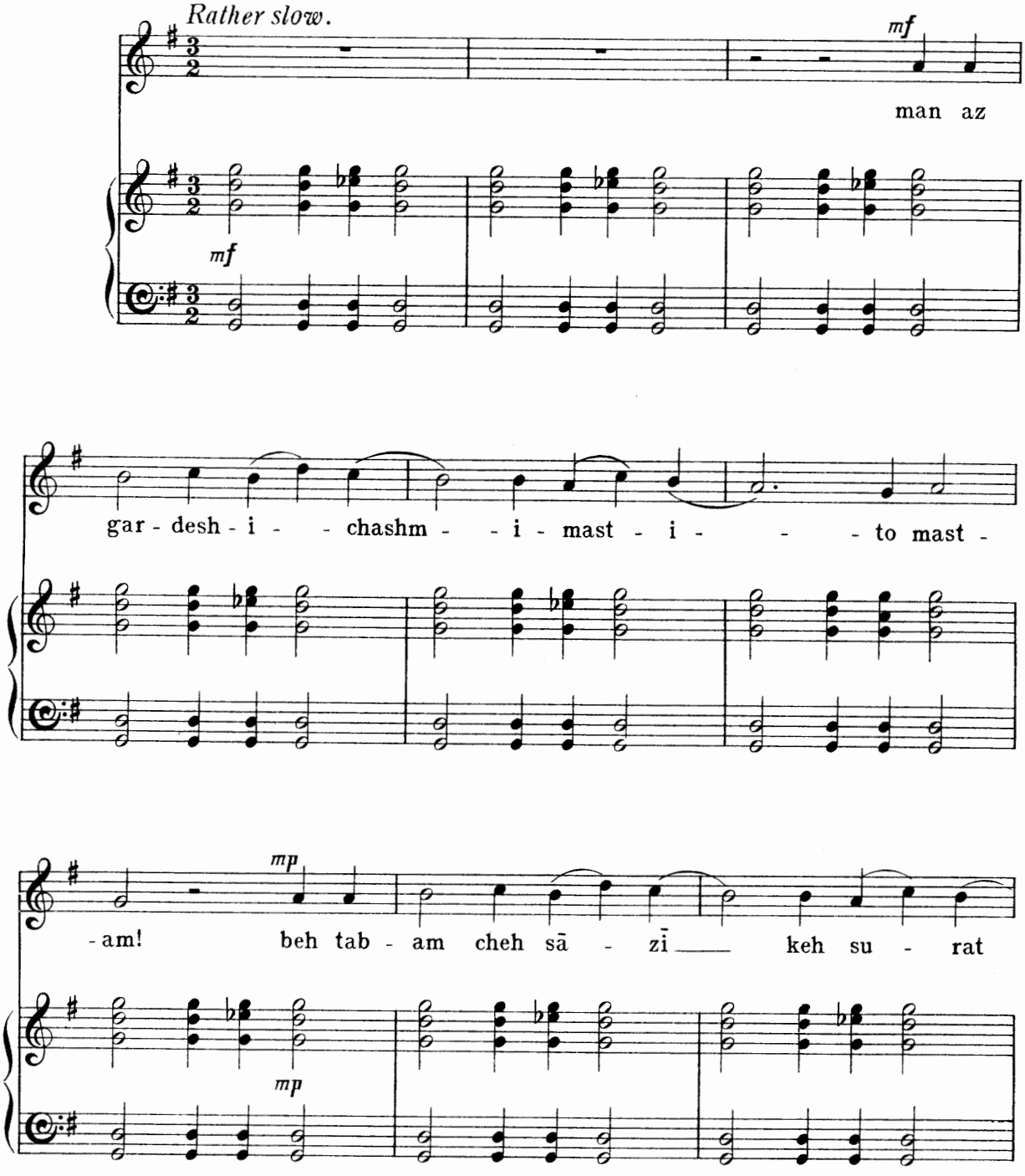
MAN AZ GARDESH.

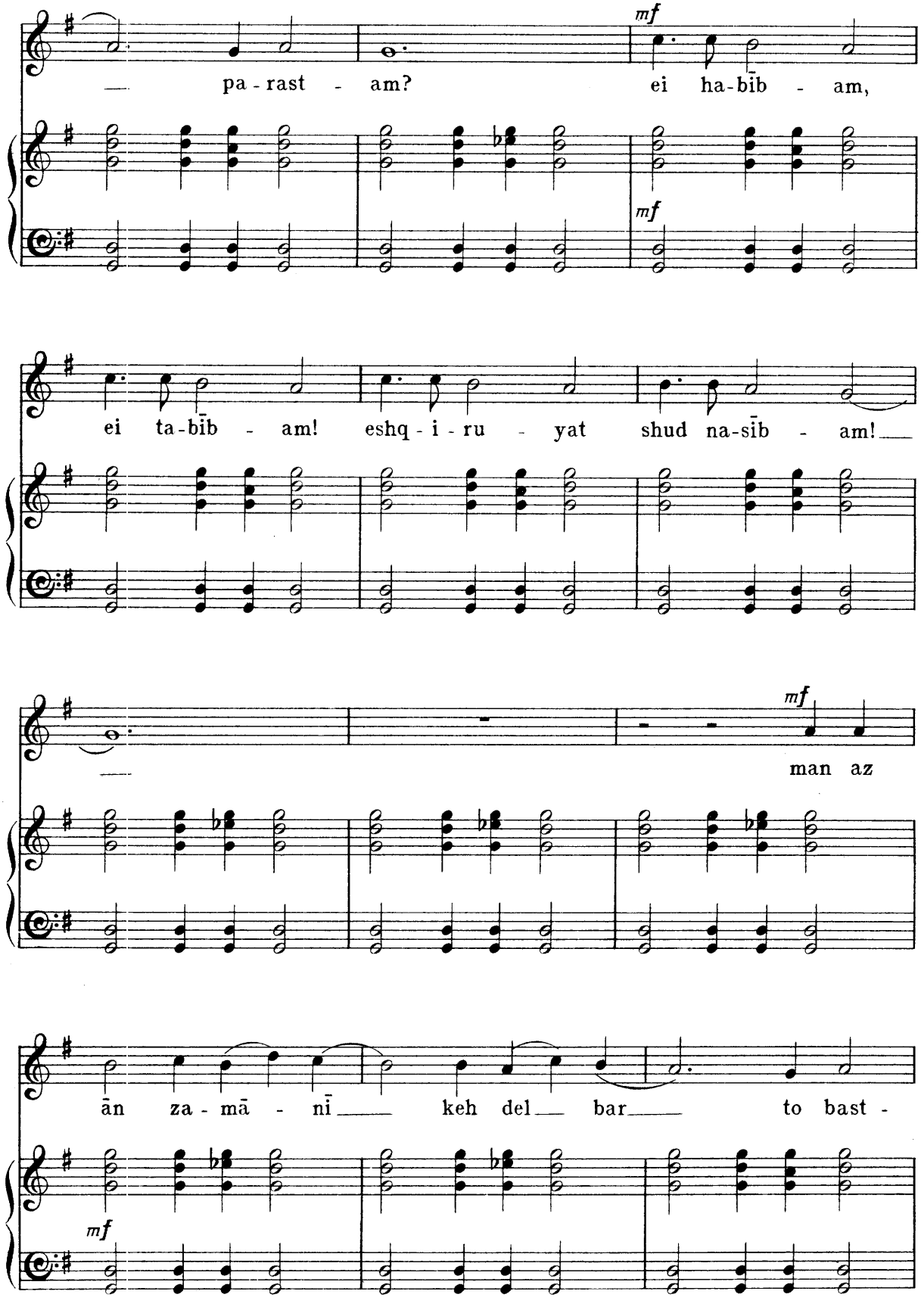
I am drunk with the wine, with the wine of thy wandering glances!
What wilt thou do for my fever, that thy countenance I may adore?
O belovèd! my doctor!
The love of thy face is become my lot and my portion.

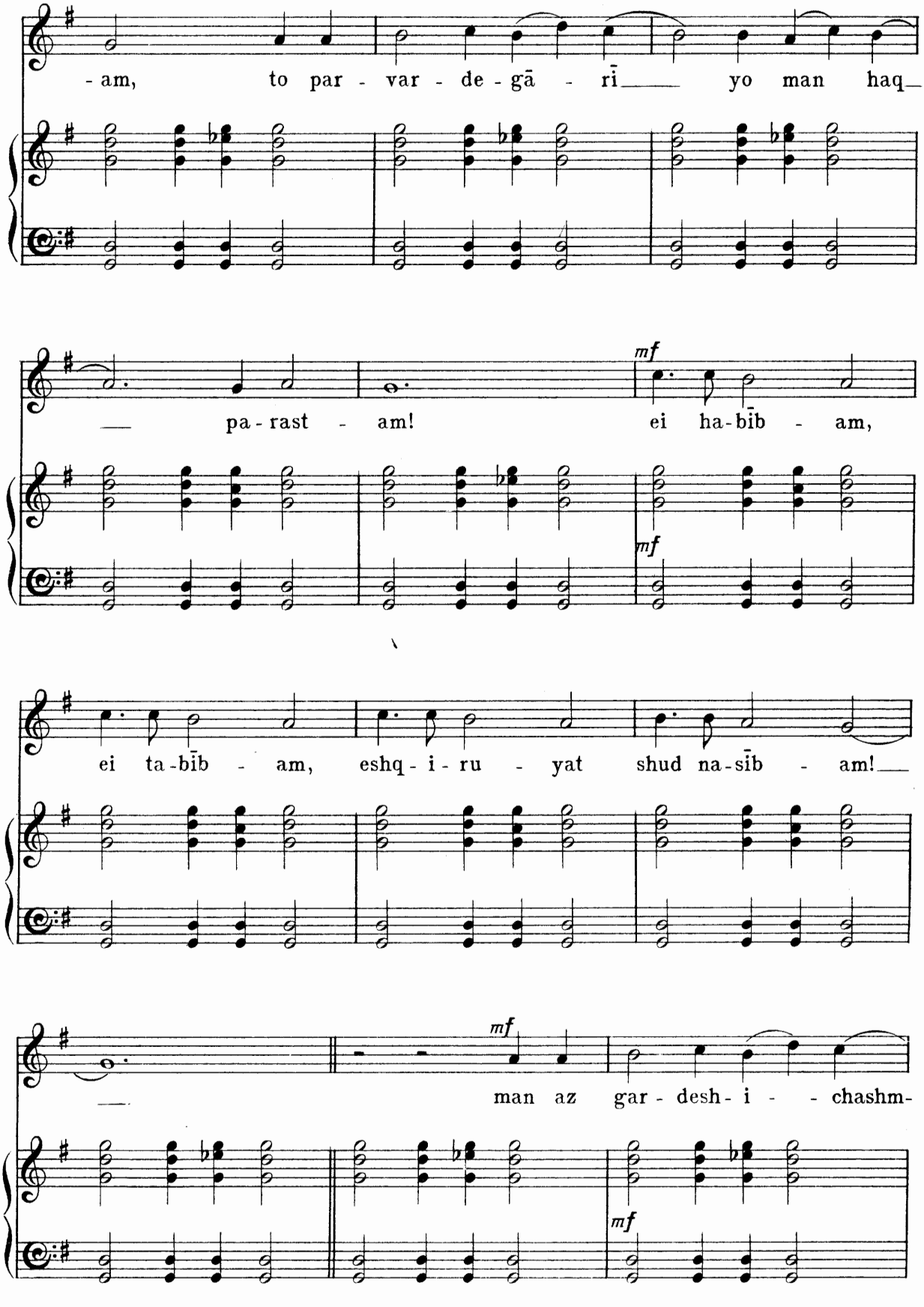
Since the time that my heart on thy beauty I bound; O belovèd,
Thou art become even as God. Alas! that I God might adore!
O belovèd! my doctor!
The love of thy face is become my food and my portion!

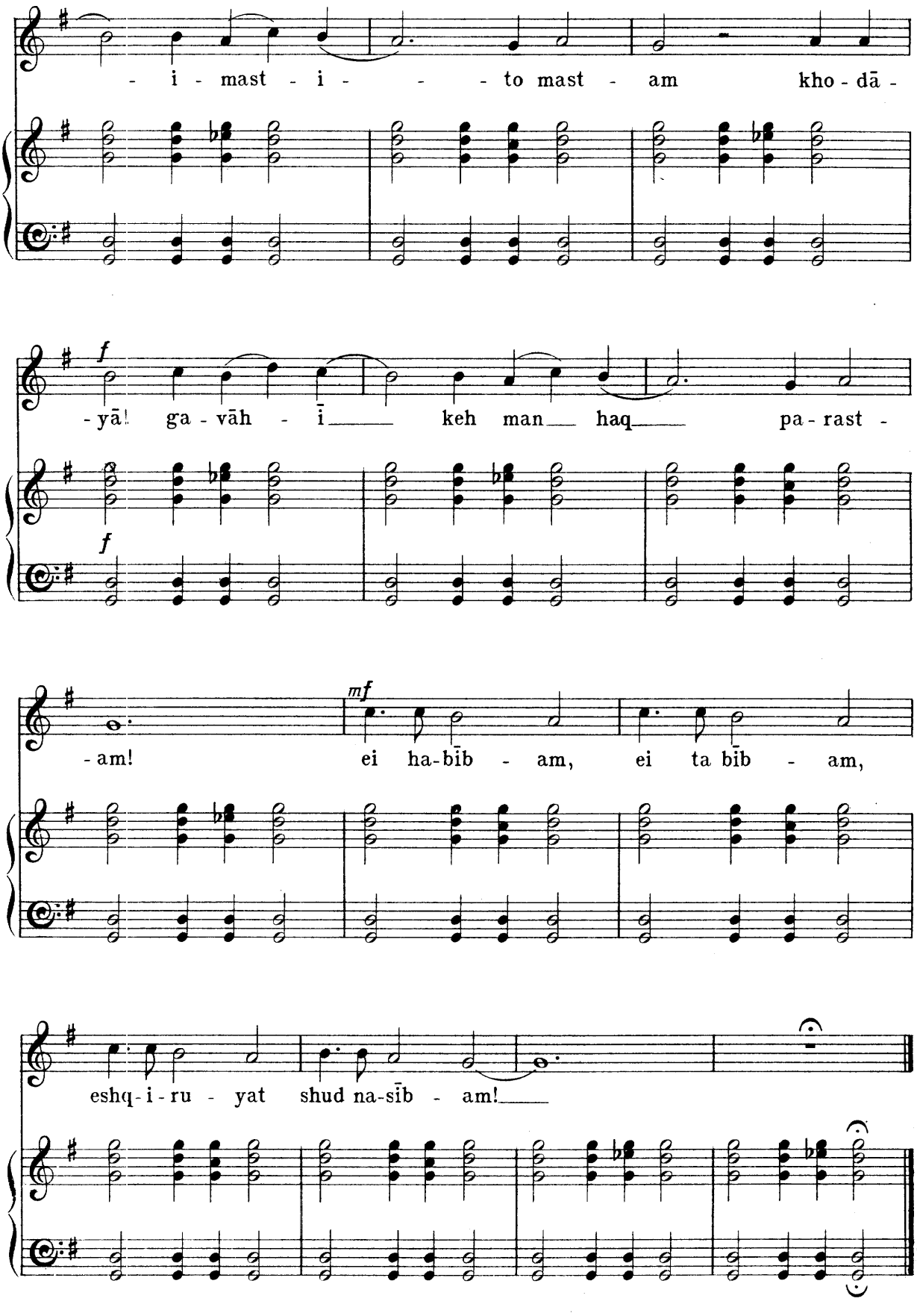
I am drunk with the wine, with the wine of thy wandering glances.
O God! Thou art witness that God I indeed do adore!
O belovèd! my doctor!
The love of thy face is become my life and my portion.

MAN AZ GARDESH.




mf
pa - rast - am? ei ha-bīb - am,
mf
ei ta-bīb - am! eshq - i - ru - yat shud na-sīb - am!
mf
man az
ān za - mā - nī keh del bar to bast -
mf


-am, to par - var - de - gā - rī yo man haq
pa - rast - am! ei ha - bīb - am,
mf
mf
ei ta - bīb - am, eshq - i - ru - yat shud na - sīb - am!
mf
man az gar - desh - i - chashm -
mf


- i - mast - i - - - to mast - am kho - dā -
f
- yā! ga - vāh - ī keh man haq pa - rast -
f
mf
- am! ei ha-bīb - am, ei ta bīb - am,
eshq - i - ru - yat shud na-sīb - am!

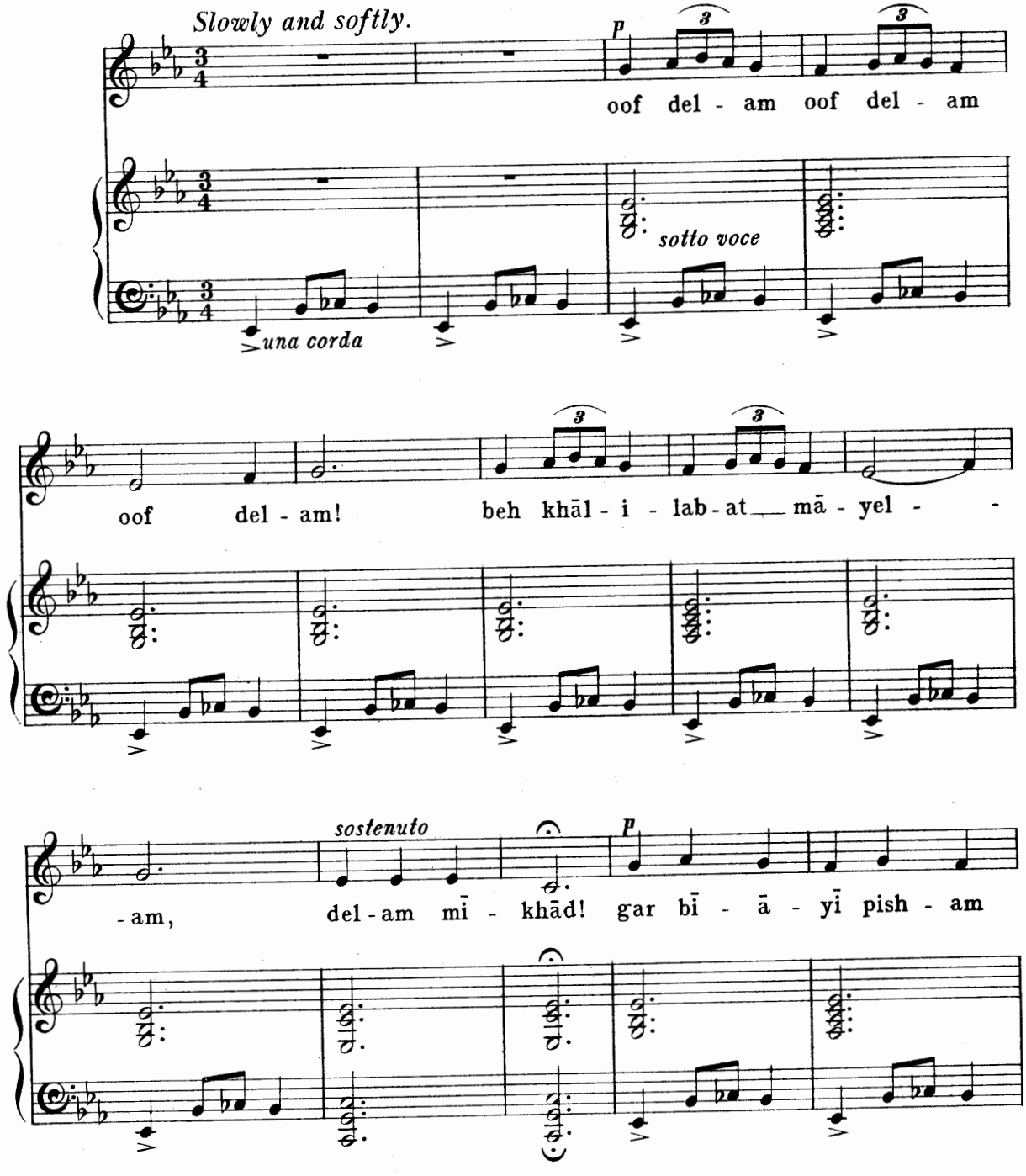
OOF DELAM.

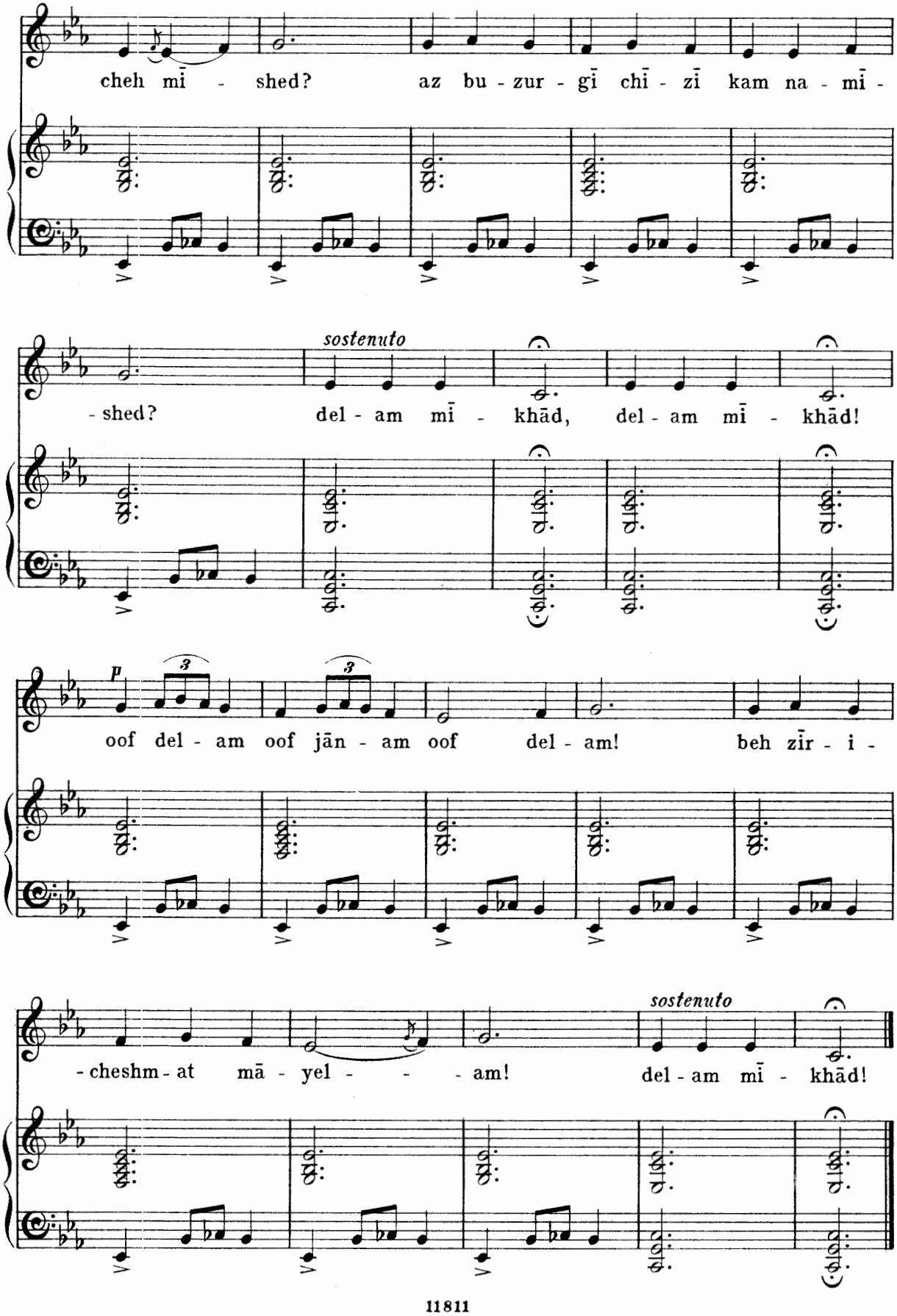
O my heart, O my heart and desire!
For the beauty-spot beneath thy lip my longing is on fire!
O my desire!

If thou wilt come to me, who knows what things may happen yet?
That which is great can grow no less, nor gladness grief beget;
O my desire!

O my heart, O my heart and desire!
For the rose that lies beneath thine eyes my longing is on fire!
O my desire!

OOF DELAM.

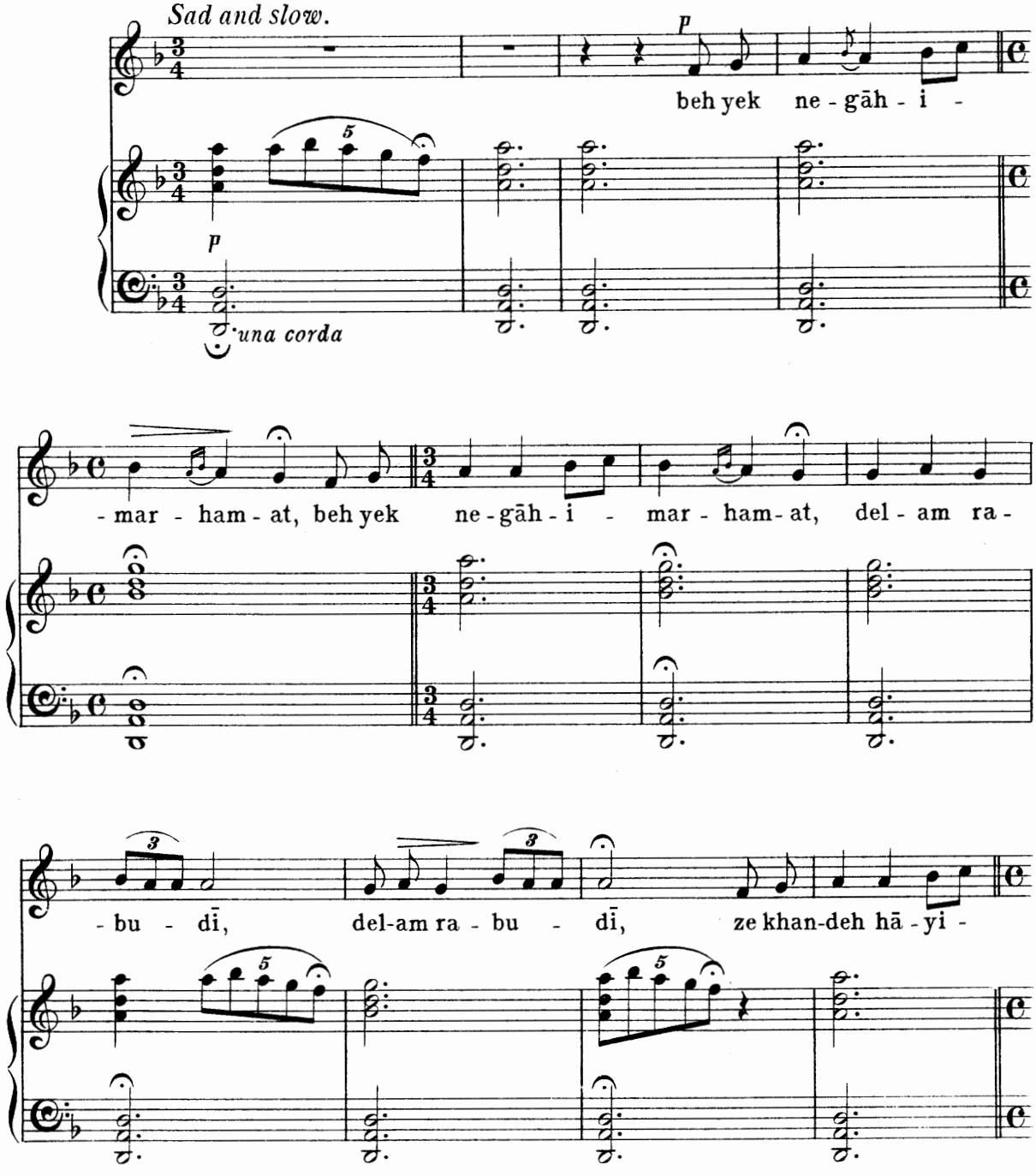

Slowly and softly.
p
oof del - am oof del - am
una corda
sotto voce
oof del - am!
beh khāl - i - lab - at mā - yel -
sostenuto
p
-am,
del - am mī - khād! gar bī - ā - yī pish - am

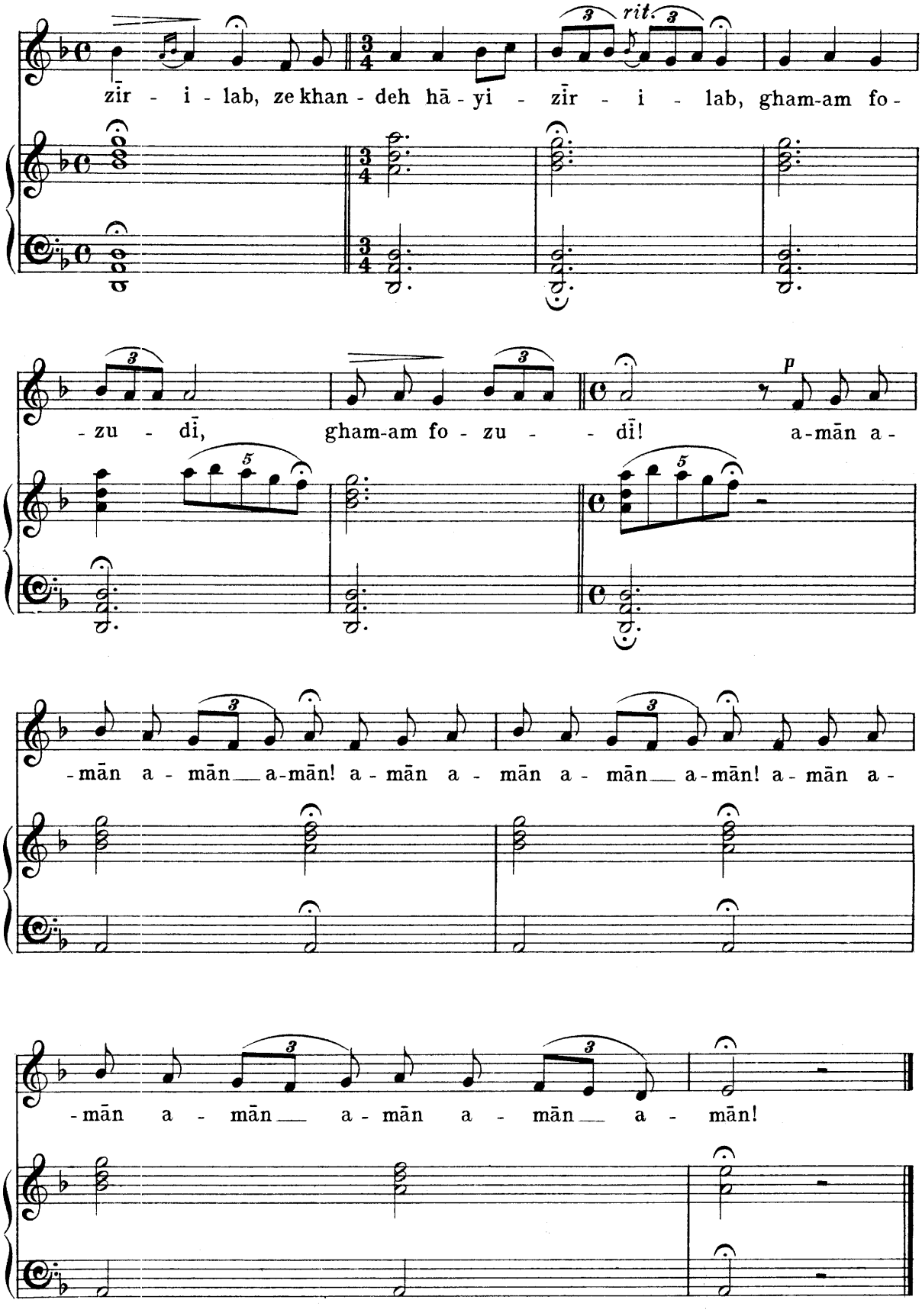

cheh mī - shed? az bu - zur - gī chī - zī kam na - mī -
- shed? sostenuto del - am mī - khād, del - am mī - khād!
p oof del - am oof jān - am oof del - am! beh zīr - i -
- cheshm - at mā - yel - - - am! sostenuto del - am mī - khād!

BEH YEK NEGĀH-I-MARHAMAT.

One kindly glance can my soul entrance,
And wholly ravish me;
But the smile that dwells where thy red lip swells,
Only feeds my misery.
Have mercy, mercy, mercy, have mercy upon me.

BEH YEK NEGĀH-I-MARHAMAT.



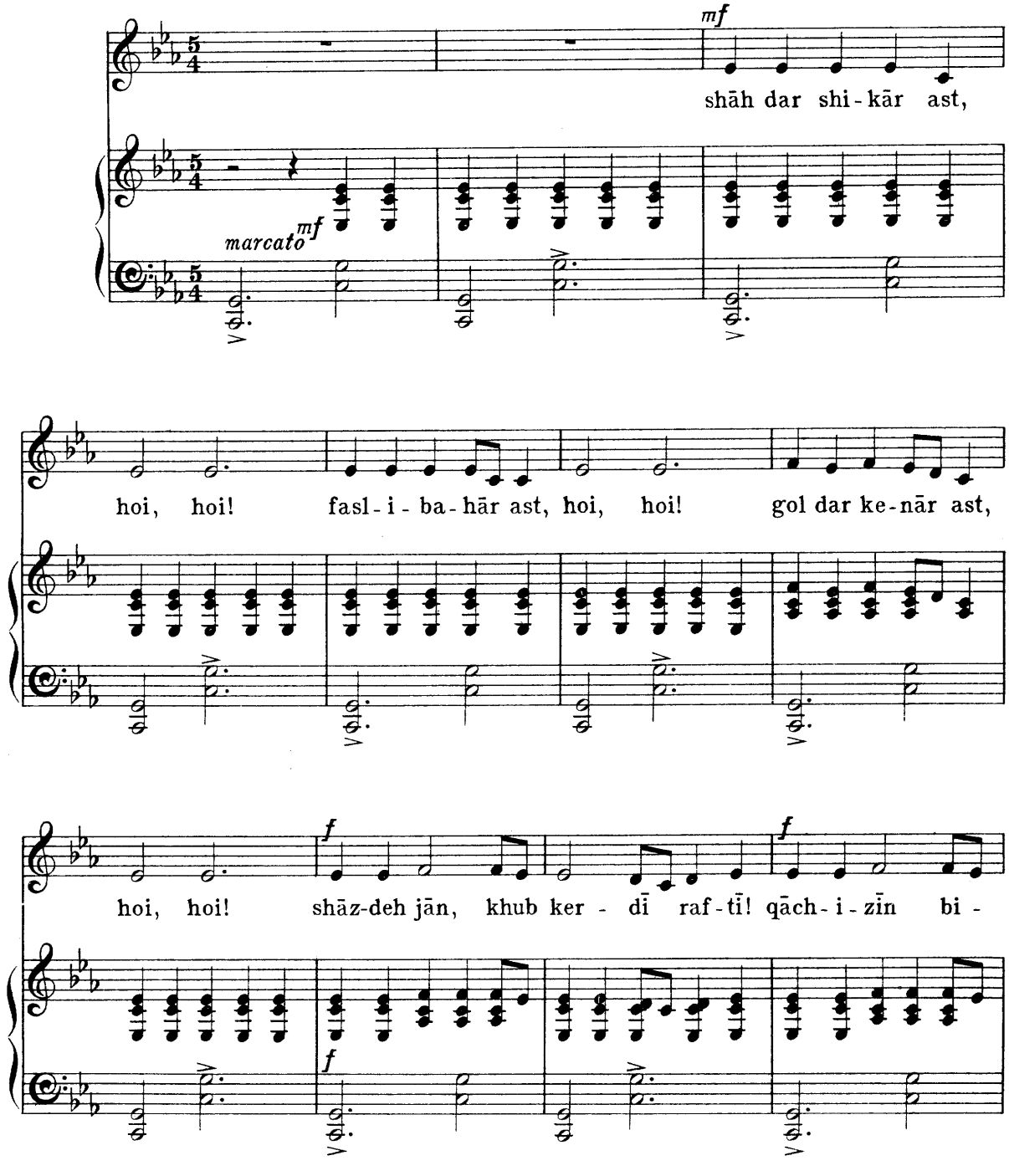

zīr - i - lab, ze khan - deh hā - yi - zīr - i - lab, gham-am fo -
rit.
- zu - dī, gham-am fo - zu - - dī! a-mān a -
p
- mān a - mān a-mān! a - mān a - mān a - mān a-mān! a - mān a -
- mān a - mān a - mān a - mān a - mān!

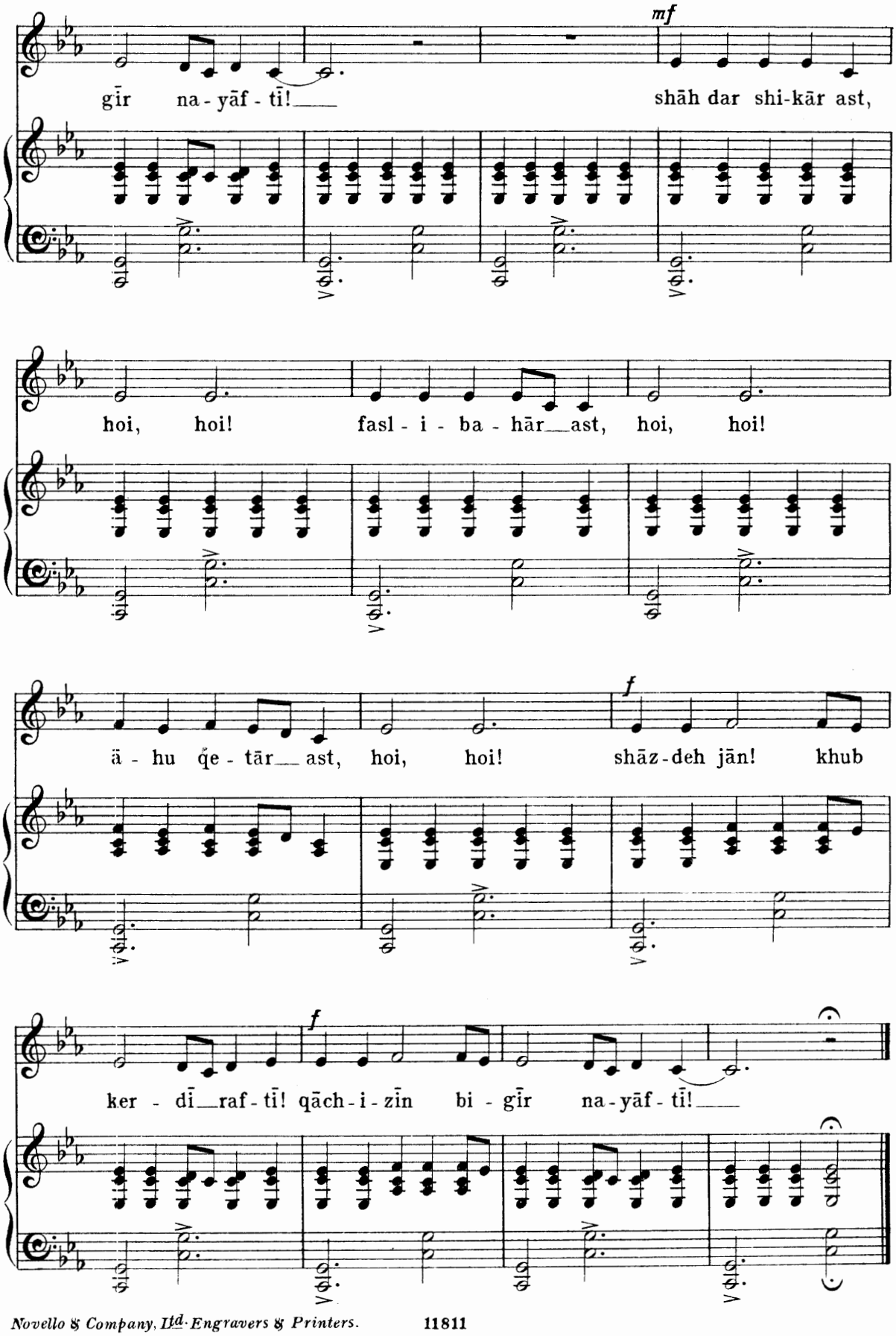
SHĀH DAR SHIKĀR AST.

The Shah has gone to the hunt to-day:
The spring has returned, and the flowers of May:
The shrubs around me with bloom are gay.
O Prince, thou didst well to come at thy lover's call!
Hold fast by thy saddle, dear, lest thou haply fall!

The Shah has gone to the hunt to-day:
The spring has returned, and the flowers of May:
The deer on the mountains are all at play.
O Prince, thou didst well to come at thy lover's call!
Hold fast by thy saddle, dear, lest thou haply fall!

SHĀH DAR SHIKĀR AST.





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