

# Alger Alger

B flat instruments

Line Monty

**A**  
taqsim

**Bm**  
Man waḥsh laḥabab ajou fkārī ou f-rāku-hum

*tr*

**F#7**  
tala°l-lay - ya ki-netfekkerhum tash°al nā - rī wīn rākūm yā wil-

**B**  
piano roll

**Bm**  
diy - ya ghūbti °a-li-kūm ū khali - tu dā-rī ū dima°i

**Em** **Bm** **F#7**

sayyal °a-liy - ya juruḥat khūdūdī wa bashsharī yā rubbī °al-ī ḥann °al-iy -

**Bm** **A** **G** **F#7**

ya juruḥat khūdūdī wa bashsha - rī yā rubbī °al - ī ḥann °al-iy - ya

**C**

**Bm**  
n - shūf a ḥabba - bī wizūlu ghiyya - rī baba wa yemma la° - ziz °al - lay - ya

Transcription by Christopher Witulski

**D**  
instrumental melody

Bm F#7 Em  
J'aime toutes les villes un peu plus Pa - ris lakin mā - shī

10 **E**

comme l'Al-gér - ie Comme elle est belle!

17 **F**

Bm C#°7  
wa n-ḥubha flaḥ - bel fa-yin n - kū - na mā nansa -

25 **G**

F#7 Fine Bm Em  
ha Al - ger Algersh - ḥa - lin-ḥab - ha kin-kunna ba°id natfakrak ou La Blanche

30

Bm Em  
qalbī plein de tristesse mā yensseksh en re-van - che ou es tu Pla - ce du Gouvernement?

30 chord fades until E7

Bm  
ma°am - a - ra baḥ - ba - bi lū nkūn gharīb et pleine de

30

tou - rements ghīr net-fak - ka - ra - ha je sour - is

Verse 1, continued (Repeats before returning to the refrain)

Comment voulez-vous ana mā nḥabhash  
 Fīha kabbrū yemma wa baba  
 De son soleil je ne puis me passer  
 depuis mon enfance najrī dans ses rues sans me laisser  
 Qalbī qalbī en était pris

Verse 2

Beaucoup de jeunes gens yarūḥū et la regrettent  
 waḥid yaduwwas ū lakhur khella waldih d'un coup de tête  
 kī ikūnū ba'id ya'arfū l-qima  
 où es-tu mon père, wīn rāk yā yemma?  
 Mon coeur appelle, il est meurtrit

### Lyrics and translation

فكاري اڤارو مانوحش الحباب  
 او فراكهم تلغ علي  
 كنتقكرهم تشعل ناري  
 وين راك يا ولدي

I don't lament my loves and and my thoughts  
 Or let them rise up inside me  
 I think of them as igniting my fire  
 Where are you, my son?

عوبت عليكم وخلصت داري  
 ودمعي سيل علي  
 جرحت خدودي وبشري  
 يا ربي عليه حن علي  
 نشوف حبابي ويزول غياري  
 بابا ويمما لا عزيز علي

I vanished on you and left my home  
 And my tears leaked down  
 My cheeks and sight were wounded  
 Oh my God, have mercy on me  
 I see my loves and my grief goes away  
 My dear father and mother

J'aime toutes les villes, un peu plus Paris  
 نحبها في لابل comme l'Algérie, comme elle est belle لكن ماشي  
 شحال نحبها Alger, Alger فين نكون ما ننساها

I love all cities, and Paris a little more  
 But not like Algeria, I love her with everything  
 I'm not forgetting her, Algiers, Algiers, how I love her

ou La Blanche  
 ما ينساكش plein de tristesse  
 OÙ es-tu Place du Gouvernement?  
 et plein de tourment  
 ما عمرة بحبابي لو نكون غريب  
 je souris غير نتفكرها

How distant I am, I don't forget you or "[Algers] The White"  
 My heart is full of sadness, even in dreams it cannot forget you  
 Where are you, Government Square?  
 How old is my love if I'm absent and full of torment?  
 I only think of her and I smile

انا ما نحبهاش  
 فيها كبرو يمّا وبابا  
 De son soleil je ne puis me passer  
 Depuis mon enfance نجري dans ses rues me lasser  
 en était pris قلبي قلبي

How can you want that, "I don't love her"  
 It's there that my mother and father grew up  
 I cannot go without its sun  
 Since my childhood, I ran through its streets without getting tired  
 My heart, my heart, it was taken

et la regrettent  
 d'un coup de tête  
 واحد يدوس ولخر خلّ ولده  
 كي نكونو بعيد يعرفو القيوة  
 OÙ es-tu mon père يا يمّا  
 Mon coeur appelle, il est meurtrit

Many people return and they regret it  
 One tramples [the land] and another takes his son's vinegar with a blow to the head  
 How can we be far when we know its value  
 My father, where are you? Where are you mother?  
 My heart is calling, it is bruised