

Alger Alger

Bass clef instruments

Line Monty

A
taqsim

Am
Manwahsh laḥabab ajou fkā-rī ou frākuhum

tr

E⁷
tala°l-lay - ya ki-netfekkerhum tash°al nā - rī wīn rākūm yā wil-

B
piano roll

Am
diy - ya ghūbti°ali-kūm ū khali - tu dā - rī ū dima°i

Dm Am E⁷
sayyal°a-liy - ya juruḥat khūdūdī wa bashsha-rī yā rubbī°al-ī ḥann°al-iy -

Am G F E⁷
ya juruḥat khūdūdī wa bashsha - rī yā rubbī°al-ī ḥann°al-iy - ya

C

Am
n - shūf a ḥabba - bī wizūlu ghiyya - rī ba-ba wa yemma la°-ziz°al - lay - ya

Transcription by Christopher Witulski

D
instrumental melody

Am E⁷ Dm
J'aime toutes les villes un peu plus Pa - ris la-kin mā - shī

10 **E**

Am E⁷
comme l'Al-gér - ie Comme elle est belle!

17 **F**

Am B^{°7}
wa n-ḥubha flaḥ - bel fa-yin n - kū - na mā nansa -

25 **G**

E⁷ Fine Am Dm
ha Al - ger Algersh - ḥa - lin-ḥab - ha kin-kunna ba°id natfakrak ou La Blanche

30

Am Dm
qalbī plein de tristesse mā yensseksh en re-van - che ou es tu Pla - ce du Gouver-nement?

30 chord fades until E⁷

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

كي نكون بعيد نتفكرَك ou La Blanche
 ما ينساکش plein de tristesse قلبي en revanche
 Où es-tu Place du Gouvernement?
 ما عمرة بحبابي لو نكون غريب et plein de tourment
 غير نتفكرها je souris

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 Comment voulez-vous
 فيها كبرو يمًا وبابا
 De son soleil je ne puis me passer
 Depuis mon enfance نجري dans ses rues me lasser
 قلبي فلبى en était pris

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

Beaucoup des gens يروحو et la regrettent
 وحد يدوس ولخر خلّ ولده d'un coup de tête
 كي نكونو بعيد يعرفو القيوة
 وين راک يا يمًا Où es-tu mon père
 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