

Alger Alger

Line Monty

A
taqsim

Manwahsh lahabab ajou fkārī ou f-rāku-hum

tr

tala'cl-lay - ya ki-netfekkerhum tash'al nā - rī wīn rākūm yā wil-

B
piano roll

diy - ya ghūbti 'a-li-kūm ū khali - tu dā-rī ū dima'ī

sayyal 'a-liy - ya juruḥat khūdūdī wa bashsha-rī yā rubbī 'al-ī ḥann 'al-iy -

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

C

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 Gouvernement?

30 chord fades until E7

Am E7
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 ṇabhash
 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'īd 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 راكم 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 لاعزيز 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
 قلبى
 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 يمّا وبابا
 De son soleil je ne puis me passer
 Depuis mon enfance نجرى dans ses rues me lasser
 قلبى قلبى 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

et la regrettent
 Beaucoup des gens يروحو
 d'un coup de tête
 وحده يدوس ولخر خلّ ولده
 كي نكونو بعيد يعرفو القيوة
 وين راك يا يمّا
 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