

Wa Habibi وا حبيبي

Sheet music transcribed & arranged by Wassim Njeim

Good Friday Hymn

www.arabicmusicalscores.com

♩ = 56

Wa Ha bi bi wa ha bi bi ayyu

4 ha len an ta fih man ra' ka fa sha

7 ja ka anta an ta al muf ta di Ya ha

10 bi bi ay ya zan ben hamma laal ad lu ba

13 nih fa a tha bu ka ji ra han laysa

16 fi ha min shi fa wa ha

Fine

Orba عربة (or Orab عرب in plural) is a vocal embellishment done by the singer on one specific letter of the word that is being sung. It is an Arabic singing technique more or less similar to the runs and riffs but generally with much faster tempo and shorter intervals between the notes. The grace notes (tiny notes) included in the above sheet music are only provided as suggestions.

This sheet music transcription (including the place of the Orab) is based on Fairouz's studio rendition of the song. In some of her live renditions, Fairouz sings it on C minor or B minor. D minor remains the most common.

Transliteration:

Wa habibi wa habibi ayyu halen anta fih
 Man ra'aka fa shajaka anta anta-al muftadi
 Ya habibi ayya zanben hammala-al aadlu banih
 Fa athabuka jirahan laysa fiha min shifa

Hina fil bustani laylan sajada-al fadi-el ilah
 Kanati-el duniya tusalli lillazi aghna-al salah
 Shajaru-al zaytuni yabki wa tunadihi el-shifah
 Ya habibi kayfa tamdi atura daâa-al wafa

Translation:

My beloved, my beloved, what state are you in?
 He who sees you, for you would cry, you are the one and only sacrifice
 My beloved, what blame have the nations put upon you?
 They covered you with wounds to which no healing would do.

When in the orchard at night, the God Savior kneeled and prayed
 Life was praying with the One who enriched the prayer

The olive trees are crying as the lips of men quiver
 My beloved how will you go? Has loyalty gone forever?

Based on the translation from Angela Sealana's blog (inspiredangela.wordpress.com) with some adjustments made by myself

وا حبيبي وا حبيبي أيّ حالٍ أنتَ فيه
 من رآك فشجاك أنتَ أنتَ المفتدي
 يا حبيبي أيّ زنبٍ حمّلَ العدلُ بنيه
 فأثابوك جراحاً ليسَ فيها من شفا

حينَ في البستانِ ليلاً سجدَ الفادي الإلاه
 كانتِ الدنيا تصلّي للذي أغنى الصلاة
 شجرُ الزيتونِ يبكي وتناديه الشفاه
 يا حبيبي كيفَ تمضي أتري ضاعَ الوفا