**This Pretty Lady**

El ħēlwa di | ēmet | ta3guen| fil badr**i**yya

Weddeek biyedden |coo coo **coo** coo| bil fegriyya

Yallā binā 3ala bāb āllah| ya sanay3iyya

Yeg3al sābāħek sabaħ al kheyr

Yasta 3atiyya

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Sabbaħ essabāħ| fattaħ ya 3aleem

Welguēb | ma fehshi| wāla malleem

Bes al mezag rēye’ we saleem

Bebel amel bēbek ya raħeem (low)

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Essabr tayyeb 3āl

Eh ghayyar al aħwāl

Yelli ma3āk | al mēl!

Bārdu al fa’eer luh rāb kareem

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Eedi bi eedek yā busalāħ

Madēm te3ammal te3eesh mertāħ

Khalli tikālek 3al fattāħ

Yallabina yallal wa’t ahu rāħ (very slow. Bring it to a stop)

(New Jins)

Weshamsi tēl3et | wel mulki ileeha

Igri li rēz’ek | khalleeha 3lāllah

Um sheel hudūmek | wel 3idda w yaaāllah! (Stadium Voice)

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Back to Refrain

Very Fast

El ħēlwa di ēmet ta3guen fil badr**i**yya

Weddeek biyedden coo coo **coo** coo bil fagriyya 

Yallā binā 3ala bāb āllah ya snay3iyya

Yeg3al sābāħek sabaħ al kheyr

Yasta 3atiyya

Yasta 3atiyya

Yasta 3atiyya

Yasta 3atiyya (Loudest)

**This Pretty Lady**

**By Egyptian Composer, Sayyid Darwish** (1891-1923)

This pretty lady woke up at dawn to knead the bread

The rooster was calling “cock-a-doodle-doo” at daybreak

Hey artisans! Let’s open God’s Door (an Arabic idiom that means let’s go to work)

May your morning be the morning of wealth

O’ Master Atiyya

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Morning came, all providing and knowing God,

And not even a dime is in one’s pocket

But the mood is still good and up

The door of hope is yours, all merciful God

Patience is good and supreme

What changed things?

Lucky is he who has money with him

But the poor man has a generous God too.

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Put your hand in mine O’ Abu Salah

Since you mean to live in peace

Let’s put our trust in God

Let’s hurry to work. Time is flying

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The sun has risen and the world is under his feet

Hurry to work and leave the rest in God’s hand!

Stand! Take your clothes and tools and let’s go.