

Habet Riyahel Hobi fi bali  
\*The breeze of romance started blowing in my mind  
Tahdeeni Salam el habib X2  
\*Present me with the peace of my sweetheart.  
Tigouli 'Erja3 ya Ghali  
\*You will say 'Return my precious,  
Ta3lel fourag wal il gharib' x2  
\*Forget the separation and the strangeness.'

Goulet Hayali "Sharadat Hali,  
\*My imagination will say 'I wonder aimlessly,  
Wa gounet manali sa3eed."  
\*And my ambition will be happy."  
Wa ttalet min bourja3 il 3ali,  
\*And she appeared from the high towers,  
Wou Galet Kilamah Ghareeb...  
\*And said strange words...

"Erja3 ya Hobb,  
\*Return my love,  
Mali fi dounya naseeb.  
\*I don't have luck (destiny) in this world.  
Inta hobi lakin,  
\*You are my love then,  
Mish moumkin tkouni halali."  
\*But it is impossible that you will be mine.

Ah lel  
\*Oh night

Ya 3ayni, ya.  
\*Oh my eye, oh (Arabic term of endearment.)