

**El Hanan**  
**(Tenderness / Warmth)**

Translation: Viviane Kosremelli - Salloum

Let me sing to the evening that will not come  
Let me long for my dream(s)  
Surrendering...when the world surrounds me I awake

Who my dear can describe "el Hanan"?  
It flows deeply within as a rhythm  
And bedews roses in the sympathy of the heart  
Drifts like rain and derives as if traveling  
Oh wandering like gypsies...  
And then rests in our hearts stiff as stones  
Dwells in our yesterdays and takes hold of our tomorrows  
What is today but passing moments

Who my dear can describe el hanan?  
It is a woman who loves us deeply and sincerely  
Loves us unconditionally with all our mistakes and laments  
Sheltering us from the cold nights and sweeping off our sorrow  
In the loneliness of the siege  
Embracing the child in us  
Giving the "ungivable"  
El hanan my dear is a beautiful woman  
With hardhearted features

El hanan my dear  
Is a framed picture  
A candlestick from an old friend  
Received as a gift  
A painting bought together once  
A small oriental carpet  
Offered by someone dear  
El hanan my friend multiplies / boosts / amplifies our radiance  
Makes us soften in the eyes of a baby  
Tastier and more attractive  
Than the eyes of a tender infant

El hanan my dear is God-chosen  
Above all emotions  
To grant our inner self some highness  
El hanan, el hanan is the Cause and the Essence  
El hanan when everybody sleeps at night  
And I remain alone recalling my memories  
Riding my beautiful white horse  
Wandering in the future  
Your "hanan" my dearest  
Is on the fingertips  
Touching the heart, trampling on facts  
Reviving strong feelings  
Restoring my tears and pains  
Your "hanan" my dearest  
Oh gorgeous passionate wanderer

Your hanan dear rider  
Loaded your heart my dearest  
For el hanan sails into the far and deep seas  
Then heaves like countless waves  
Sometimes smoothly  
And sometimes restlessly  
Watering the seashore and pebbles  
Then flows again  
Far, far away  
And sleeps in the depth of the seas  
Drinking in the secrets of pearls and rocks  
Accumulating thousands of secrets of beautiful creatures  
And thousands of catastrophes and tragedies  
But then again rises and shines  
Like the sun shedding warmth  
On our body and soul  
Leaving the wind to tickle our waistline  
And returns my dearest  
The waves always do from endless "hanan"  
And burdens your heart

El hanan my dear  
Is a concern  
Surrounding the pure soul  
A tomorrow uprooting all ideas and then proceeds  
Wondering how to protect children  
Proudly subsiding and bearing the taste of el hanan  
And children's new holiday garments and beautiful toys  
The unknown future  
Unveiled moment in time

Emanation of rose essence and all roses in the world  
El hanan becomes the Cause  
Crossing all obstacles, accessing all fields, beliefs and principles  
Liberating prisoners  
Setting us free from the caves within  
Washing the dirt off everything  
Ah! How dirt is scary  
We need too much time  
To reach the other shore

Melodiously and passionately I sing for el hanan  
And from within upspring our healing  
A young lady dressed in a nightgown  
El hanan my dear is a woman  
Praying, kneeling on the Church stairs  
A veil concealing her beauty  
Her face lit to the sounds of church bells  
Snowflakes falling silently  
On two dark hair curls  
While elapsing  
Ending her fast at sunset by eating two dates

Melodiously and passionately I sing for el hanan  
From the tenderness of mirrors  
I see the light and drown within two tears  
Become passionate to purified eagerness  
Nude, alone, lonely  
A king who traveled the world with his eyes  
And felt eternity for a short while

Who my friend can embrace the wind  
El hanan, el hanan if only I could, my dear  
Kiss my own cheeks  
To taste once again what I am missing  
Breaking my heart and reviving my childhood  
Longing for greedily hugs  
When I kissed my father's cheeks  
Your hanan, my hanan...so pure, so abundant  
Don't you know  
I yearn to kiss my brother's cheeks on holidays ??