



يا البيت

OMBRE DE MON AMANT

RIMA KHICHEICH MIKE FENTROSS MA'ARTEN ORNSTEIN

OMBRE DE MON AMANT

Rima Khcheich
vocals

Mike Fentross
theorbo, vihuela

Maarten Ornstein
bass clarinet

total time: 59'34

- 1 6'29 **Ombre de Mon Amant / Ya Layt / Would That**
Lyrics: Rabih Mroué
Music: Michel Lambert
- 2 6'07 **Ghaymi / Cloud**
Lyrics: Rabih Mroué
Music: Maarten Ornstein
- 3 7'54 **Ya Helou / Sweetheart**
Lyrics: Ghantous El-Rahi
Music: Khaled Abou El- Nasr
Arrangement: Maarten Ornstein
- 4 1'52 **Le Tourbillon**
Music: Marin Marais
- 5 4'36 **Quoy Clorinde / Al Fana'ou-l-Akhir / The Final Banishment**
Lyrics: Rabih Mroué
Music: Constantijn Huygens
- 6 3'46 **Les Voix Humaines**
Music: Marin Marais
- 7 7'17 **Ya Fayetni / You Who I Miss**
Lyrics: Ahmad Rami
Music: Mohammad El-Qassabji
Arrangement: Maarten Ornstein
- 8 6'07 **Que Ferons Nous / Aynay Habibi / My beloved's eyes**
Lyrics: Rabih Mroué
Music: Constantijn Huygens
- 9 7'29 **Paseavase el Re moro**
Music: Luys de Narváez and Diego Pisador
- 10 7'51 **Zourouni / Visit**
Lyrics: Mohammad Younis El-Qadi
Music: Sayyed Darweesh
Arrangement: Maarten Ornstein

A heart needs a blanket

An echo for a bruised heart is fundamental
Vacuum cleaning is no substitute
Keys and strings are pushing me
Godless, left alone

That you would play my stomach
and suffocate me whiningly,
sensible tone that sings the suffering
Death warbles in the ground-bass

Language dismantled
The voice, a kingfisher fluttering,
flickering lightly, deep sky blue
through new sounds

You're transparent in your striped pyjamas and
fragile: your feet a storyboard of hidden tales
Only your socks for always stored
- grubby - in a worn out commode

Whom I love unfolds
in the call and response of
sharp tongues, in the fainting
of questioning quarter tones

You passed away, blown
on a slow-foam mattress
Keys and strings are pushing me
Antiphon: echo of a cardiogram

A heart needs a blanket.

غيمَة

حَيَّالِي رَمَانِي عَالِغِيمِ وَبُرْمُشَة عَيْنِ زَمَانِي تَبْدَل
 وَحَلَّا حَالِي بِحَالِي مَرَايَة وَسْؤَال
 أَلْف لَيْلَة وَلَيْلَة وَلَيْلَة بِهَالْمَنَام
 شَرُوقِ غُرُوبِ وَأَنَا... أَنَا عَلَى غَيْمَة
 يَا غَيْمَة، نَدِّي بِقَلْبِي ت رُوقِ وَيَصْفَى الْعَقْلُ
 سُرُودِ بَرُودِ وَغَنِّي... غَنِّي... غَنِّي هَالْمُؤَالِ

عَالِي عَالِي فُوقِ الْغَيْمِ شَعُورِ عَجِيبِ

رَاسِي عَمِ يَبْرُمُ وَيَدُورِ

كُوكِبِ عَمِ يَبْرُمُ وَيَدُورِ

زَمَانِي عَمِ يَبْرُمُ وَيَدُورِ

حَيَاتِي مَمَاتِي بَتَدُورِ

حُورِ وَدُورِ وَغَنِّي... غَنِّي... غَنِّي هَالْمُؤَالِ

حَالِي يَا حَالِي إِتْسَاءَلِ شُو أَحْلَالِي

إِغْفَى جُورَا الْغَيْمِ

وَلَا يَشُوفُونِي وَلَا يَلُومُونِي

ضَيْعِ رُوحِي وَالنَّجْمَاتِ تَنْسَى إِسْمِي وَتَنْسَانِي الْأَسْمَاءِ

آه... وَيَبْقَى هَالْمُؤَالِ

حَيَّالِي هِدَانِي عَالِغِيمِ وَرِمُشِ الْعَيْنِ حِكَايِي وَغَمَمِ

وَرَدِ حَيَّالِي عِ حَالِي حِكَايَة وَسَلَامِ

أَلْف لَيْلَة وَلَيْلَة وَلَيْلَة بِهَالْمَنَامِ

جِبَالِ سَهُولِ وَأَنَا... أَنَا... أَنَا عَلَى غَيْمَة

يَا غَيْمَة، وَدِّي وَدِّي يُزُورِ كُلَّ الْأَرْضِ

إِحْمَلِ عُودِ وَغَنِّي... غَنِّي... غَنِّي هَالْمُؤَالِ

يَا لَيْتَ

لَيْتَ لِلْمَوْتِ لِسَانًا يَخَاطِبُ الْأَحْيَاءِ... يَرُوي حَالِ الْعُقَابِ
 يَا لَيْتَ... يَا لَيْتَ... لَوِ يَرُوي لِي... لَوِ يَرُوي لِي عِن هِنَاكَ

سَعِيدُ حَبِيبِي أُمِ حَزِينُ؟

أَلْهُوُهُ فِي الْمَمَاتِ كَالْحَيَاةِ ظَرِيفِ؟

لَيْتَ لِلْمَوْتِ سَلَامًا يُهَادِنُ الْأَحْيَاءِ... يَزَعَى شَمَلِ الْعُشَاقِ

يَا لَيْتَ... يَا لَيْتَ... يَرُدُّ لِي... يَرُدُّ لِي مَن هِنَاكَ

فِي غِيَابِهِ سُهَادُ وَنَارُ تَحْرِيقِ الْأَيَّامِ

سَمَاءِ فَوْقَهَا تُرَابِ

طَبِيقُهُ مَا تَغِيبُ يَوْمِي لِي بِالْوَصَالِ

وَأَنَا فِي ظِلِّهِ شَرِيدِ

لَيْتَ لِلْمَوْتِ أَمَانًا ذَهَابًا وَإِيَابًا يُرِيحُ بَالِ الْأَرْوَاحِ

يَا لَيْتَ... يَا لَيْتَ... لَوِ يُوَدِّي بِي... لَوِ يُوَدِّي بِي إِلَى هِنَاكَ

الفناء الأخير

فِي سُكُونِ اللَّيْلِ طُنُونُ
 وَفِي أَسْيَابِ السَّرْدِ حُدُودِ
 فِي زَوَايَا الْبَيْتِ عِيُونِ
 وَفِي جَنَانِ الْخَلْدِ جُنُودِ
 قَرِيباً بَعِيدِ
 فِي فُسُوحِ الظَّلَالِ نَبِيئِ
 فِي رَمُوشِ الْجَفُونِ نَعِيْبِ
 فِي تَنَائِيَا التُّدُوبِ... فِي ثُوبِ جَسَدِ رَقِيقِي رَثِيثِ
 وَاسْقِنِي التَّبْيِيدِ
 أَحْمَرَ... مِنْ شُقُوقِ الْجِرَاحِ... نَبِيذِ
 أَبْيَضٍ مِنْ دَمُوعِ السَّمَاءِ
 وَأُنْفِيئِي بِالْجُنُونِ رَيْثِمَا يَجِلُّ الْفَنَاءُ الْأَخِيرِ
 آهِ الْأَخِيرِ

يا حلو

يَا حَلُو، بَلْ يَا قَمَرٌ أَوْ بِالْحَرِيِّ يَا أَسْمَرُ
 مَا خَلَقَ اللَّهُ وَلَا مِثْلَكَ كَانَ الْبَشَرُ
 مِنْ جَبَلَةٍ طَيَّبَتْهَا عَزَّتْ وَعَزَّ الْجَوْهَرُ
 كُنْتُ، فَكَانَ الْبِدْعُ فِي التَّكْوِينِ وَالتَّصَوُّرِ
 يَا حُلُو بَلْ يَا قَمَرٌ أَوْ بِالْحَرِيِّ يَا أَسْمَرُ
 يَا حُلُو، مَا لِي بُغْيَةٌ مِنْكَ وَلَا لِي ظَفَرُ
 وَإِنْ يَكُنْ لِي بُغْيَةٌ فَبُغْيَتِي تُخْتَصِرُ
 فِي أَنْ أَرَاكَ خِلْسَةً وَأَنْتَ بِي لَا تَشْعُرُ
 لِي أَنْ تَظَلَّ الْحُلْمَ الَّذِي يُرَى وَيُنْظَرُ
 إِذَا مَشَى، يَنْمُو عَلَى دَرَبِ حُطَاهِ الزَّهَرُ
 أَوْ يَمَمَ الْبَحْرَ هَفَّتْ عَفْواً إِلَيْهِ الْأَبْحُرُ
 تَضَمُّهُ أَمْوَاجُهَا بِالرَّفْقِ لَا تَسْتَأْذِرُ
 أَوْ سَلَكَ شُطَّانَ فِيهَا يَنْثَنِي وَيَخْطُرُ
 تَعَلَّقِي فِي الشُّطِّ حُطَّيَّ خَالَدَاتٍ لَا تُدْتَرُ
 يَا حُلُو، عِنْدِي فِي الْحَيَاةِ مَطْمَعٌ لَا أَكْثَرُ
 هُوَ أَنْ تَظَلَّ الْحُلْمَ الَّذِي يُرَى وَيُنْظَرُ

عَيْتِي حَبِيبِي

بَانَ فِي عَيْتِي حَبِيبِي اِنْعِكَاسُ دَمْعِي فِي مُقَلَّتِي
فَطَنَنْتُ حُبِّي يَدْمَعُ شَوْقًا مِنْ أَجْلِ حُبِّ عَاشٍ بَيْنَنَا وَ غَابَ

كَمْ خَابَ ظَنِّي آهَ ظَنِّي بَارْتِدَادِ طَرْفِهِ عَن وَجْهَتِي
فَقَطِئْتُ أَيْ أَرْسَمُ وَهُمَا فَوْقَ زُجَاجٍ تَفْتَتَ رَمْلًا وَ طَارَ
كَمْ خَابَ ظَنِّي، كَمْ خَابَ ظَنِّي

مَسَحْتُ دَمْعِي فَأَمَحَى وَجْهِي

يا فَايْتِنِي وَاَنَا رُوحِي مَعَاكَ

يا فَايْتِنِي وَاَنَا رُوحِي مَعَاكَ

يا حَبِيبِي كَان لِيهِ النُّوْحُ
أَنَا اِحْبَبْتُكَ وَافْدِيكَ بِالرُّوحِ

لِيهِ يَبْكِي وَاَنَا دَمْعِي فِيْنَ
وَإِبْكِيكَ بِدُمُوعِ الْعَيْنِ

لَمَّا أَنْتَ بَقَلْبِكَ حَبِيَّةَ
دِي دُمُوعَكَ دِي عَزِيْزَةَ عَلَيَّه

كَانَ مَالِكُ وَمَالِ الْأَشْجَانِ
أَنَا قَلْبِي فِي حُبِّكَ حَيْرَانَ

مَا تَقُولِي كَان إِيه بَكَّاكُ

دَانَا قَلْبِي اِتَقَطَّعَ لِإِيكَكَ
مَا تَقُولِي كَان إِيه بَكَّاكُ

أَشْكِيكَ وَأَنْوُحُ وَإِيَّاكَ
مَا تَقُولِي كَان إِيه بَكَّاكُ

مُشَ تَرْحَمُ دُؤِي فِي هَوَاكَ
مَا تَقُولِي كَان إِيه بَكَّاكُ

يَتَأَلَّمُ وَتَزِيدُ فِي أَسَاكَ
مَا تَقُولِي كَان إِيه بَكَّاكُ

زوروني

حرام تنسوني بالمرّة	زوروني كل سنه مرة
تشاكوني واشاكيكم حرام تنسوني بالمرّة	انا عملت ايه فيكم انا اللي العمر اداريكم
طول عمره يقاسي الوجد مسكين حاله بالمره	يا عيني ع اللي مالوش حد وتجري دمعته ع الخد
ونساكم وقساكم حرام تنسوني بالمرّة	يا خوفي ع اللي مساكم أنا عمري ما بنساكم
وانا ما احملش دا يجري حرام تنسوني بالمرّة	يا خوفي للعدول يدري وحالي انت به تدري



From left to right:
Rima Khcheich, Mike Fentross
and Maarten OrNSTein.

Ombre de Mon Amant / Would That

Would that death were tongued
 And to the living could speak...
 Telling of the absent
 Would that... would that...
 It could tell me...
 Of there could tell me

Is my love happy or sad?
 Is his frolic witty in death as it was in life?

Would that death were easeful
 Could comfort the living
 Foster lovers' reunions
 Would that... would that...
 It could give back to me!
 From there give back to me

Sleeplessness in his absence and flames that burn the
 days
 Dirt over sky
 His specter enduring
 Beckoning to me with intimacy
 While I in its shadow a rover

Would that death were trustworthy
 In journey there and back
 And could quiet the spirits
 Would that... would that...
 It could take me...
 Could take me there

Ghaymi / Cloud

On a cloud did my fancy throw me
 My days unhinged in a blink of an eye
 Alone with myself
 A mirror and a question
 A thousand and one nights and another in this dream
 Sunrise sunset...
 And I... I on a cloud,
 O cloud, dew on my heart
 To chill and clear the mind
 Easy breezy...
 And sing... sing... sing this *mawwal*

High high above the clouds
 A marvelous feeling
 My head turns and spins
 A planet turns and spins
 My days turn and spin
 My life spins my death spins
 Round and round...
 And sing... sing... sing this *mawwal*

My oh my
 Wonder what for me is best
 To slumber inside a cloud
 Neither seen
 Nor blamed
 To lose my soul,
 My name forgotten by the stars
 My name forgotten by names
 Oh... bides this *mawwal*

My fancy led me to the clouds,
 An eyelash blinked and to me spoke
 Back to my self my fancy sent
 A tale of concord
 A thousand and one nights and another in this dream
 Mountains and plains
 And I... I...I on a cloud
 O cloud send my regards
 To walk the earth
 Carry a *Oud*
 And sing... sing... sing this *mawwal*

Ya Helou / Sweetheart

Sweetheart, lune even
 Or rather brown
 So unlike others God created

A mix of rare clay
 And dear essence, were you
 Novel in form and shape
 Sweetheart, lune even
 Or rather brown

Sweetheart, nothing from you do I seek
 Or wish to conquer
 And if something did I seek
 Simply would it be
 To see you furtively
 You inadvertent

Be for me always a vivid dream
 If it walked, flowers would bloom on its path
 Sweetheart, lune even
 Or rather brown

Or if sea-bound, to him would flutter the seas docile
 Embrace him kindly by their unpossessing waves
 Or if he sauntered on beaches
 In its sands perennial steps would print
 Never to be effaced

Sweetheart, in life I covet
 No more
 Than for you to always be the vivid dream
 To see you furtively
 You inadvertent.

Quoy Clorinde / The Final Banishment

In the hush of night	suspicious
In the flow of narration	limits
In the nooks of home	eyes
In the gardens of perpetuity	soldiers

Near and far
 In... in the cracks of shadows we dwell
 In the lashes of eyelids we set.
 In the creases of scars... in the robe of a body, delicate and
 threadbare.

Give me wine
 Red... from open wounds... wine
 White from heaven's tears
 In madness banish me
 Until it is time for the final banishment
 O the final

Ya Fayetni / You Who I Miss*(Madhhab)*

You who I miss and has my soul Tell what made you cry

(first ghusn)

My love why wail Your sobs tore my heart
Devoted is my love to you Tell what made you cry

(second ghusn)

Do not cry but do see my tears With you I repine and I weep
For you my eyes shed tears Tell what made you cry

(third ghusn)

When tender at heart Pity my meekness in love for you
Your tears are to me dear Tell what made you cry

(fourth ghusn)

Why bring on the heartache Suffer and to your sorrow add
Lost in your love my heart is Tell what made you cry

Que ferons nous / My beloved's eyes

In my beloved's eyes appeared
Reflections of my tearful orbs
Methought my love was pining in tears
For a love that lived between us and passed

How chapfallen, oh how crestfallen!
When away from my cheeks he glanced
An illusion I reckoned was all I had drawn
Over glass now mere sand dispersed
How chapfallen
How crestfallen
I thought it aglitter
I wiped my tears, my face effaced.

Zourouni / Visit

Pray visit but once a year

Pray do remember

(first dawr)

What to you could I have done
For you I cared all my days

You fretting and I repining
Pray do remember

(second dawr)

Pity the lonely
On his cheeks tears in streaks

Suffering a lifetime of passion
A wretch indeed

(third dawr)

I fear the one who bid you goodnight
Never will I forget you

Bid you forget and made you brazen
Pray do remember

(fourth dawr)

I fear the maligner knows
And you know all there is to know

And bear not that he might know
Pray do remember



From left to right:
Mike Fentross, Rima Khcheich
and Maarten OrNSTEIN.

Rima Khcheich

Rima Khcheich, one of the talented Lebanese singers of the uprising generation, is well renowned for having given its rebirth to the Andalusian form Muwashshah, as well as to the traditional Arabic repertoire of the 19th and 20th Century that she both teaches and explores.

She started her singing career at the age of eight as a soloist at “the Beirut Oriental Troup for Arabic Music” where she presented classical Arabic songs from 1984 till 1997.

Graduate of the Lebanese American University in Beirut and the National Conservatory of Music, Rima mastered different styles of singing, notably Muwashshat and Adwar, and built her repertoire excelling in the performance of songs of the Arab world’s most famous composers.

She taught voice at the Lebanese National Conservatory of Music for 12 years and she is giving Arabic Music classes at the American university of Beirut (AUB) since 2011.

Rima has performed live throughout the Middle East, Europe and the USA.

Her career took a decisive turn when she started in 2001 a new musical experience presenting Classical Arabic songs with Jazz arrangements accompanied by prominent Dutch Jazz musician notably Bass player Tony Overwater.

Rima released six albums so far: *Orient Express* (2001), *Yalalalli* (2006), *Falak* (2008), *Min Sihr Ouyounak* (2012), *Hawa* (2013), *Washwishni* (2016).

Her voice all through her CDs reveals that her singing is not an independent state of mind, rather an essential element in a whole musical concept.

Mike Fentross

Lutenist and conductor Mike Fentross has earned his credits as an early music specialist. He has worked all over Europe as a conductor, soloist and basso continuo player and he is professor of lute and basso continuo at the Royal Conservatory in The Hague.

Mike graduated from the Royal Conservatory The Hague where he studied with lute pioneer Toyohiko Satoh in 1988. In 1994 he won the Van Wassenaer Competition in Amsterdam.

‘The playing strings and deep resonating strings of the chitarrone are immensely expressive in the right hands, and Fentross was superb in Friday’s performance.’
— Seattle Post

Mike has conducted in many festivals and concert halls like the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, the Festival van Vlaanderen, Festival d’Ambronay, Philharmonie Essen, Festival Oude Muziek Utrecht, Musikfestspiele Potsdam Sanssouci.

About the opening concert of the Musica Antiqua Festival in Brugge the press wrote: He is a true conductor, not only in his movements, but also and especially in his musical thought, developed and original... Besides a technically perfect performance of his orchestra, his reading of ‘Membra Jesu Nostri’ is ravishing for its intensity and its theatrical performance: Fentross increases the contrasts, uses rubati rarely heard in this repertoire and builds powerful nuances which brings to the music a supplementary dimension of sound. Ton Koopman said in an interview with the German music magazine Concerto: I have found in Mike Fentross an incredibly gifted basso continuo player. I don’t know any one that plays as musical and intelligent continuo as him.

Maarten Ornstein

Maarten Ornstein (1967) studied saxophone and bass clarinet at the Royal Conservatory in The Hague. Among his teachers were John Ruocco, Ferdinand Povel and Harry Sparnaay. He also studied Bansuri for two years with Pandit Hariprasad Chaurasia at the Rotterdam Conservatory.

Since his graduation he has been working as an independent musician in a broad field of different musical genres, ranging from free-jazz to funk to baroque and everything in between. He has played and worked with John Adams, Pat Metheny, David Liebman, Michael Franti, Liam Ó Maonlaí etc. In 2001 He received the first ever composition assignment from the North Sea Jazz Festival, which kickstarted his career as a composer. Since then he has composed for many Dutch and international projects, ensembles and soloists, among them the Calefax Quintet, Dudok String Quartet, the Dutch New Music Choir, The Metropole Orchestra, saxophonist Ties Mellema and pianists Gerard Bouwhuis and Daria van den Bercken.

Living in Amsterdam since the late 1990’s, Maarten Ornstein currently works with the free music trio DASH! which he founded in 2004, Icelandic pianist Sunna Gunnlaugs, cellist Frances-Marie Uitti, performance poet Jeannine Valeriano, bassist Tony Overwater and with lutist Mike Fentross. He plays with Rima Khcheich since 2011 when she recorded her album *Hawa*.

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Kingdom of the Netherlands

Thank you

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Fadi Chahine

Maha Ezzeddine

Emile Slailaty

Jeannine Valeriano

Tony Overwater

Special Thanks

Rabih Mroué

Production: Maarten Ornstein, Rima Khcheich, Mike Fentross, Jakko van der Heijden

Recording & editing: Jakko van der Heijden, Concertstudio, Middelburg

Recorded in Amsterdam

Recording dates: May 18-20, 2018

Mastering: Walter Calbo, Concertstudio, Middelburg

Liner notes: Jeannine Valeriano ©

English lyrics translations: Walid Sadek

Photography: Floris Scheplitz

Layout: Meeuw

Maarten Ornstein plays Légère synthetic reeds.

www.maartenornstein.com

www.rimakhcheich.com

www.lasfera-armoniosa.com

www.zefirrecords.nl



**OMBRE DE
MON AMANT**

Rima Khcheich
vocals

Mike Fentross
theorbo, vihuela

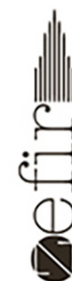
Maarten Ornstein
bass clarinet

total time: 59'34

- | | | |
|----|------|--|
| 1 | 6'29 | Ombre de Mon Amant / Ya Layt / Would That
Lyrics: Rabih Mroué
Music: Michel Lambert |
| 2 | 6'07 | Ghaymi / Cloud
Lyrics: Rabih Mroué
Music: Maarten Ornstein |
| 3 | 7'54 | Ya Helou / Sweetheart
Lyrics: Ghantous El-Rahi
Music: Khaled Abou El- Nasr
Arrangement: Maarten Ornstein |
| 4 | 1'52 | Le Tourbillon
Music: Marin Marais |
| 5 | 4'36 | Quoy Clorinde / Al Fana'ou-I-Akhir / The Final Banishment
Lyrics: Rabih Mroué
Music: Constantijn Huygens |
| 6 | 3'46 | Les Voix Humaines
Music: Marin Marais |
| 7 | 7'17 | Ya Fayetni / You Who I Miss
Lyrics: Ahmad Rami
Music: Mohammad El-Qassabji
Arrangement: Maarten Ornstein |
| 8 | 6'07 | Que Feron Nous / Aynay Habibi / My beloved's eyes
Lyrics: Rabih Mroué
Music: Constantijn Huygens |
| 9 | 7'29 | Paseavase el Re moro
Music: Luys de Narváez and Diego Pisador |
| 10 | 7'51 | Zourouni / Visit
Lyrics: Mohammad Younis El-Qadi
Music: Sayyed Darweesh
Arrangement: Maarten Ornstein |



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