

## تعميم ٤٨

إلى جميع المسؤولين عن الثانويات الرسمية والخاصة  
حول المشاركة في مباراة إلقاء أشعار من قصائد الشاعر جودت حيدر باللغة الإنكليزية

تنظم جمعية أصدقاء الشاعر جودت حيدر مباراة في إلقاء أشعار من قصائده باللغة الإنكليزية،  
يشارك فيها تلاميذ الثانويات الرسمية والخاصة.

### شروط المسابقة:

- أن يكون التلميذ المشارك من الصف الثانوي الأول أو الثانوي الثاني (جميع الفروع).

### آلية المشاركة:

- تجرى مباراة أولية في الإلقاء الشعري بين التلامذة المشاركين في كل مدرسة.
- تمثل كل ثانوية بتلميذ واحد فائز في المباراة الأولية في مدرسته.
- تجرى المباراة النهائية بين جميع التلامذة الفائزين يوم الجمعة الواقع في ٢٣/٤/٢٠٢١،  
في مبنى وزارة التربية والتعليم العالي - قاعة المسرح - الطابق ١٢ - بحضور لجنة  
تحكيم، حيث سيتم توزيع جوائز مالية على الفائزين بالمراتب الثلاثة الأولى من كل  
محافظة.

### لذلك

تدعو وزارة التربية والتعليم العالي جميع المسؤولين عن الثانويات الرسمية والخاصة إلى تشجيع  
التلامذة على المشاركة في هذه المباراة الشعرية، لتحفيزهم على إظهار مواهبهم وإغناء ثقافتهم  
في الشعر والادب.

\* للمزيد من المعلومات الإتصال بالسيدة شاهينة حيدر عسيران على الرقم التالي: ٠٣/٢١٥٥٧٧.

المدير العام للتربية

فادي يرق

مرفق ربطا: ٦ قصائد باللغة الإنكليزية  
يختار التلميذ قصيدة واحدة منها

بيروت في ١٧ أيار ٢٠٢٠



جيداء الحبوب

١٧ أيار ٢٠٢٠

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# Lebanon

I would that you were with me hence, sharing  
This celestial view seen, unseen, before  
Where Sannin eternally up staring  
At the evening star glaring at the shore.

The deep is rising, the ships heading east  
The green mountains capped with snow behind  
Perhaps the eye of an artist possessed  
May contain such a paradise in mind.

Come to me, darling, and look at the strand  
The edge breaking foam lay miles apart  
Amidst a galaxy topping the land  
Looming a sky within heaven a heart.

Come, darling, to see what I see, and more  
Stars above, stars below, moon in between  
A brigade of cavalry charging the shore  
Falling back on sand in glorious sheen.

O life! There's nothing more to enchant me  
Than this vision of growing ecstasy  
I feel dissolved and carried fancy-free  
Where beauty and dreams meet in poesy.

That's the Lebanon the heart of the world  
Where the cedars living for ages unknown  
And the flag of liberty always unfurled  
In a democracy without a throne.

# Beirut

I have never heard nor have read  
Such a cruel tragedy, such a prophecy of fate  
A dreary dawn of smoke rising wiggling overhead  
A sky knitted threads with bullets of hate.

Beirut the city of our pride on fire a grenade  
Bursting charge our tradition and brotherhood to expire  
Brothers why ravage our homes by our hand and spade  
And fall bleeding our hopes for a selfish desire.

Ah! bitter too bitter the tide of the wrath has been made  
Where are the sages to quell the riot of our mind  
And bring to light the alien shades hidden in the shade  
Darling snakes living in our country difficult to find.

Our children are suffering and we are driven astray  
And our enemy's happy watching at the flame  
Jeering at the oath we took not to betray  
Nor to wreck our unity for a penny of shame.

Countrymen cleave the thorn and whittle at the stem a man  
Who may curb the havoc wreaked on this nation to bear  
We people of this mountain land agreed surely we can  
Unmask this specter of agony, bloodshed and despair.

Agreed skin our hate and mark on the hide agreed  
To rebuild our bastion of renown and forget our sorrow  
God who gave us the ocean fresh from the lips of the sky will indeed  
Give us a new dawn breaking with a dazzling sun tomorrow.

# We Shall Ever Be Yearning for Beirut

Adamites be timely timing your time  
To quit a vile world of bloodshed and crime  
Immorality pollution and shame  
A world of a tarnished honor and name

Look how the angels are roving in space  
In a world of peace and love without hate  
A world of devotion and ever sane  
A world of virtue sanity and grace

God willing on his ladder we might climb  
The seven skies to choose one for our fate  
The one preferred by Adam lost to reg'in  
And live back in our old and sweet home 'gain

Paradise where the sacred rivers run  
Where the birds sing and we enjoy to hear  
Where there'll ne'er be an eclipse of the sun  
And where there'll ne'er be pollution to fear

There we promise never to touch the fruit  
Though we shall e'er be yearning for Beirut

3/2000

# One Morning

One morning I was all in all in me  
Walking to my farm on a mountain hip  
I saw a go devil lying on the road  
Looking at it I was consternated  
There and then I was all in all out of me  
Withal I said why should I be afraid  
In Beirut thousands of these go-devils  
Are daily exploding many a charge  
Of dynamite in all the busy streets  
And all the passersby were not afraid  
Instantly I heard a home sick voice saying  
“We were blown up before feeling the creeps”

O world! what years what dire years we've spend  
With hearts tormented shattered blown up bleeding  
And you, you were deaf tongueless senseless  
Nothing but an ill of fading power  
For how long shall we sustain this vortex  
Without an exponent without smiles  
For how long shall we support the grim owls  
Eating the flesh of our children and hearts  
While the criminals laugh in their pockets  
Much pleased by our torture and despair

Baalbeck  
June, 1986

# Brothers

Brothers why be like a moon on the wane  
Ever beating the bolted door in vain  
Hence why not unite again to stand 'gain  
Prideful of your Lebanese cultured vein

Be brave to bear the burden of your fate  
And wise to quell the imposed storm of hate  
Then teach those gate-crashers to understand  
The meaning of our brotherhood and land  
The meaning of free birth and liberty  
The rights of man and his integrity

Beat your sight to the battle field speeding  
Where your envied glory's wounded bleeding  
Bind the wounds with straps of courage and be  
The strong echo heard of your victory.

Baalbeck

November, 1986

# Baalbeck and the Ruins

Take yourself charioted to the city  
Of the gods, a temple built on the plain;  
Upheld by the girders of Time to remain,  
A unique structure of eternal fame.

O, well for the thoughts that tradition stay,  
Centuries back still signaling we find!  
This heirloom of the Roman Empire left,  
But a thought of a heart dead long ago.

Man has nothing more of Magic to show,  
Having the lime stones of these massive walls,  
Quarried a light travel, ere the eye caught,  
A wonder, of the Seven, in the world made.

Time a count of years; here we count no more,  
Hundreds of generations have passed, and still,  
These pillars against time a time tall,  
With the fingers of the wind a harp played.

These shattered walls a relic falling down,  
To stay forever lying, sand on sand,  
Till time with the feet of age passes by,  
Leaving the gods, turning his face away.