Circassian Music & Musicology

Адыгэбзэм теухуа уэрэдхэр Songs on the Circassian Language

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1. «СИ АНЭБЗЭ, СИ АДЫГЭБЗЭ»

('Siy Anebze, Siy Adigebze')

Уэрэд жызыІэр Мэремыкъуэ Хьусен

Ди бзэр зыгъэдахэхэм, зыгъэшэрыуэхэм ящыщщ мы уэрэд дахэр зи ІэдакъэщІэкІ уэрэдус Къэрдэн Хьэсэнрэ, усакІуэ Джэдгъэф Борисрэ.

'My Mother Tongue, My Circassian Language'

[Kabardian]

Sung by Husein Mereimiqwe

Words by Boris Jedghef, music by Hesen Qarden

Husein Mereimiqwe (b. 1948) is the Circassian Caruso, singing in the best tradition of belle-canto. He also sings traditional songs, such as «АДЫГЭ ДЖЭГУ» 'Adige Jegw' ('Circassian Dance Party'), and «АНЭДЭЛЪХУБЗЭ» ('Anedelhxwbze') ['Mother Tongue'].

Hesen Y. Qarden—Qarden (Kardanov) was born in Shejem I in Kabarda in 1923. In 1947, he was admitted to the Leningrad Conservatoire, where he studied vocal art under K. S. Yisachenko, and composition. He graduated in 1954. Qarden was a prolific composer and he delved into most classical music genres, including opera. Among his best works are *In the Homeland*, pieces for symphony orchestra, *Sharjes*, a cantata (1957), *Overture to Joy*, on Kabardian and Balkarian themes (1960), *Rhapsody for Piano and Orchestra* (1960), *Three Symphonic Dances* (1960), *My Republic*, a cantata (1961), *Symphonic Poem* (1961), and *The Evening in the Village*, a symphonic fantasia, 1961.

«СИ АНЭБЗЭ, СИ АДЫГЭБЗЭ»

Макъ:

Уи бзэр бзууэ ІэщІэкІамэ, КІэлъылъати къэпхъуэтэж.

Ар уи щІэблэм Іурыпчамэ, КъатІи машэ итІысхьэж.

Ежьу:

КъэтІысыт сибгъукІэ, си анэ дыщэ, Гущэкъу уэрэдкІэ къызэІущащэ. ¹ Сэ псэуэ сиІэр, ар си анэбзэщ, Ар си анэбзэ, си адыгэбзэщ.

Пщэдджыжь нэхульэм вагъуэр польэльри, Къуалэбзуубзэр мэхъур пшынэбзэ. Бзум я бзэ дахэр сфІощІ си анэбзэ, Ар си анэбзэ, си адыгэбзэ.

Ежьу:

КъэтІысыт сибгъукІэ, си анэ дыщэ, Гущэкъу уэрэдкІэ къызэІущащэ. Сэ псэуэ сиІэр, ар си анэбзэщ, Ар си анэбзэ, си адыгэбзэщ.

'My Mother Tongue, My Circassian Language'

Voice:

If your language flits away like a sparrow, fly after it and snatch it back.

If it escapes your young ones, dig your grave and sit in it.

Chorus:

Sit beside me, my gilded mother, And whisper to me my cradle songs. My soul, that is my mother tongue, It is truly my mother tongue, my Circassian language.

At dawn the stars scatter away,
The chirp of birds turneth into a violin tune.
Meseems the beautiful sparrow song is my mother tongue,
It is my mother tongue, my Circassian language.

Chorus:

Sit by my side, my golden mom, And whisper cradle songs in my ear. The soul that I have, that is my mother tongue, It is verily my mother tongue, my Circassian language.

¹ Гущэкъу (gwscheqw; гущэ [gwsche] = cradle; екъун [yeqwn] = to draw, pull; гущэпс кlапэм екъун [gwscheps ch'apem yeqwn] = to pull the end of the cradle strap) is the ceremony celebrating the strapping of the infant to the cradle. Cradle-strapping songs (гущэкъу уэрэдхэр; gwscheqw weredxer) were chanted during the ceremony. The ceremonies could also be held conjointly with the celebration of the birth of the child, a particularly significant occasion in the Circassian festal calendar. Soft straps (гущэпс; gwscheps) were used to prevent the infant from falling off the cradle (гущэ; хъыринэ; гущэхъыринэ; gwsche, x'iriyne, gwschex'iriyne=suspended cradle; literally: cradle-swing). The ceremony is also called 'хъыринэ хущІэщІэн' ('x'iriyne xwsch'esch'en' = to celebrate the strapping of a son to his cradle; literally: 'to harness to the cradle').

Жыгей мэзыжьу жьым къигъэушым, Ныдэуэршэру псынэр мэушэ. Псынэ Іущащэр сфІощІ си анэбзэ, Ар си анэбзэ, си адыгэбзэ.

Ежьу:

КъэтІысыт сибгъукІэ, си анэ дыщэ, Гущэкъу уэрэдкІэ къызэІущащэ. Сэ псэуэ сиІэр, ар си анэбзэщ, Ар си анэбзэ, си адыгэбзэщ.

Гъатхэ накъыгъэм щІыр игъэпсалъэу, Іурхэр бэвыгъэу къызэрылъалъэм. ЩІылъэм Іурылъыр сфІощІ си анэбзэ, Ар си анэбзэ, си адыгэбзэ.

Ежьу:

КъэтІысыт сибгъукІэ, си анэ дыщэ, Гущэкъу уэрэдкІэ къызэІущащэ. Сэ псэуэ сиІэр, ар си анэбзэщ, Ар си анэбзэ, си адыгэбзэщ.

Ежьу:

Сэ псэуэ сиІэр, ар си анэбзэщ, Ар си анэбзэ, си адыгэбзэщ.

Ежьу:

Сэ псэуэ сиІэр, ар си анэбзэщ, Ар си анэбзэ, си адыгэбзэщ.

When the wind awakenth the ancient oak forest,

The fountain warbleth in conversation.

The whispering spring soundeth to me like my mother tongue, It is my mother tongue, my Circassian language.

Chorus:

Sit beside me, my treasured mother, And whisper to me my cradle songs. My soul, that is my mother tongue, It is truly my mother tongue, my Circassian language.

As the spring efflorescence maketh earth talk, The words issue forth in great abundance. Earth's bounty seemeth to me like my mother tongue, It is my mother tongue, my Circassian language.

Chorus:

Sit by my side, my sweet mom, And whisper cradle songs in my ear. The soul that I have, that is my mother tongue, It is verily my mother tongue, my Circassian language.

Chorus:

My soul, that is my mother tongue, It is truly my mother tongue, my Circassian language.

Chorus:

My soul, that is my mother tongue, It is verily my mother tongue, my Circassian language.

ЗезыдзэкІар: Жэмыхъуэ Амджэд (Амыщ) [Translated by Amjad Jaimoukha]

2. «АНЭДЭЛЪХУБЗЭ»

('Anedelhxwbze')

Уэрэд жызы
Іэр Мэремыкъуэ Хьусен. Усак
Іуэ: Мэзан Хьэнфэн и къуэ Алим

«Адыгэпсэ зыІутым адыгэбзэр дывгъэхъумэ»

'Mother Tongue'

[Kabardian]

Husein Mereimiqwe

(The words are by the Cherkess poet Alim Mezan Henfen [Khanfenov; b. 1922])

«АНЭДЭЛЪХУБЗЭ»	'Mother Tongue'
Адэжь щІыналъэ	It is the fatherland
Си нэр зыгъаплъэ,	That bestoweth light upon my eyes,
Си лъэр здэбыдэ	And steadieth my steps,
Зыми хуэмыдэ.	Like no other.
Уэ уи жьэгу дыщэм	At thy golden hearth
ЩызекІуэ хабзэм	The customs conducted
Анэдэлъхубзэр	In the mother tongue
Ныдобзэрабзэр!	Caress our ears! ²

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² In Circassian cosmology everything was held in place by the universal chain. The hearth-chain (жьэгу лъахъш; *zchegw lhax'sh*) was the household's link to the cosmos – the coupling to the universal scheme of things. Every home had a permanently lit hearth with a wrought iron chain hanging down the chimney. All native North Caucasian religions regard the family hearth with special reverence and it was the principal place at which family rituals were conducted, principally offerings and sacrifices and the rites associated with the cult of Dade (Weriydade; Дадэ; Уэридадэ), the clan hero, the head of the household, whose immortal soul transmigrated to *hedrixe* (хьэдрыхэ; the world beyond) after death. The patrons of the domestic hearth

Ежьу:

Уэ уи жьэгу дыщэм ЩызекГуэ хабзэм Анэдэльхубзэр Ныдобзэрабзэр!

Дэ ди гуфІэгъуи, Ди нэщхъеягъуи Тхузэбгъэзахуэу Утетщ гъуэгу махуэ. Анэдэлъхубзэ, Адыгэ жьабзэ, УздэщымыІэ СыщыремыІэ!

Ежьу:

Анэдэлъхубзэ, Адыгэ жьабзэ, Уздэщымы Іэ Сыщыремы Іэ!

Уэ ди нэ ди псэ, Лъэпкъым и гупсэ. Анэм и жьабзэ, Анэдэлъхубзэ, Уэ узижагъуэр Хэтми мыщІагъуэ, УзыгъэикІэр

Акъыл тхьэмыщкІэщ!

Chorus:

At thy golden hearth
The customs conducted
In the mother tongue
Caress our ears!

Our joy,

And our sorrow

Thou setest in order for us On the path of good fortune.

Mother tongue, Circassian language, Where thou art not Do not keep me there!

Chorus:

Mother tongue, Circassian language, Where thou art not Do not keep me there!

Thou art our eye and soul, The heart of the nation. The language of the mother,

Mother tongue,

Thy foe,

No matter who, is of no significance,

Thy detractors

Are verily poor of mind!

were the deities Sozeresh and Zchegwpathe (Жъэгупатхъэ; literally: God of the Hearth). A new bride was 'unchained' from her father's hearth and then 'joined' to that of her father-in-law in special circumambulatory ceremonies. Vestiges of the cult of Dade are come upon in the corpus of ceremonial songs collectively referred to as 'Weriydade', the most famous of which being the one chanted during the bridal homecoming. The hearth chain still retains symbolic functions and significance.

³ The aspirated 'h' is not represented in Kabardian orthography, since it is not used in the official language. It is however used in other Kabardian dialects.

Ежьу:

Уэ узижагъуэр Хэтми мыщІагъуэ, УзыгъэикІэр Акъыл тхьэмыщкІэщ!

Си гум и хущхъуэ, Псэм и ІэфІыщэ, Сэ уэ пхузощІыр, Адыгэ фІыщІэ. Адыгэ лъэпкъым КъыдекІуэкІ хабзэр Анэдэлъхубзэм Ныдобзэрабзэр!

Ежьу:

Адыгэ лъэпкъым КъыдекІуэкІ хабзэр Анэдэлъхубзэм Ныдобзэрабзэр!

Ежьу:

Ойрэ ой рирэ уэй жи, Анэдэлъхубзэр Къыдобзэрабзэр!

Ежьу:

Ойрэ ой рирэ уэй жи, Анэдэлъхубзэр Къыдобзэрабзэр!

Chorus:

Thy foe, No matter who, is of no significance, Thy detractors

Are verily poor of mind!

The cure of my heart,
The sweetness of the soul,
I extend to thee,
Circassian gratitude.
The customs and traditions
Of the Circassian nation
In the mother tongue
Play with modulations!

Chorus:

The customs and traditions Of the Circassian nation In the mother tongue Caress our ears!

Chorus:

Hoyre hoy riyre we-y zhiy,³ The mother tongue Caresseth our ears!

Chorus:

Hoyre hoy riyre we-y zhiy, The mother tongue Playeth with modulations!

ЗезыдзэкІар: Жэмыхъуэ Амджэд (Амыщ) [Translated by Amjad Jaimoukha]

3. «СИ АНЭДЭЛЪХУБЗЭ!»

('Siy Anedelhxwbze!')

Уэрэд зыгъэзащІэр Вагъуэбэ Ансамблым

Адыгэбзэр адыгэ щэнхабзэм и бзэщ. Адыгэбзэр ди щІэблэщІэм яжьэхэм Іухумэ, адыгэ щэнхабзэр мыхьэнэншэу, мыщІагьуэу къэнэнущ. Дэ ди адыгэбзэр дыхъумэн хуейщ, зы щІэблэм къикІрэ адрейм кІуэуэ.

'My Mother Tongue!'

Performed by the Vaghwebe Ensemble

Circassian is the language of Circassian culture. If the young generation loses the language, Circassian culture shall remain without significance. It is imperative that we safeguard our Circassian language from generation to generation.

The Vaghwebe (literally: Constellation) Ensemble is a modern group with a repertoire of songs in both Circassian and Russian.