

Bingyol

(Lyrics by Avedik Isahagian)

Yerp pats yeghan karnan ganach trneru
Knar taran aghpyoorneru Bingyoli
Sharve sharan antsan zookvadz ooghderu
Yars el gnats yailaneru Bingyoli

Ankin yaris looys yeresin garod em
Nazoog mechkin, dzov dzamerin garod em
Kaghtsr lezvin anoosh hodin garod em
Sev achkerov en yeghnigin Bingyoli

Bagh bagh chrer, babag shoortus chi patsvi
Dzoop-dzoop dzaghgoonk,
latsogh achkus chi patsvi
Ter chdesadz yaris, sirdus chi patsvi
Indz inch, avagh, aghpyoorneru Bingyoli

Molorvel em, jampanerin dzanot chem,
Pyoor ljerin, ked oo karin dzanot chem,
Yes bantookhd em, es degherin dzanot chem,
Kooyrig asa, vorn e jampan Bingyoli?

Village of 1,001 Springs

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When the green doors of Spring opened
The springs of Bingyol sang like a lyre
A caravan of camels went by in pairs
And carried my true love to the fields of Bingyol.

I miss my precious love's bright face
I miss her small waist, her hair wavy like the ocean
I miss her sweet words, her sweet smell,
And the dark eyes (like a deer) of that beauty of Bingyol.

Even for cold waters, my parched lips won't open
Even with layers of beautiful flowers around me,
my crying eyes won't open,
My heart won't open until I see my true love,
Alas, even the beautiful springs of Bingyol won't
open my heart.

I am lost, these roads are foreign to me
These thousands of lakes, rocks, and rivers are
foreign to me
I'm a drifter, I'm not familiar with these parts
Sister, tell me, which is the road to Bingyol?

From Zulal Armenian A Cappella Trio's first album "Zulal".

Zulal invites singers to explore their arrangements.

Contact Zulal at connect@zulal.org for more information or for performance rights for an arrangement.

www.zulal.org