

A Mountain Man Never Cries

This poem/song is my grandfather's story of how his father (while starving) carried him over the mountains in Lebanon on his shoulders for many tens of kilometres during the Turkish occupation before the first world war. He found a lord/land owner in the Beqaa Valley who gave him work and shelter in exchange for food as a little boy. His father returned to their home town where he died of starvation due to the Turkish confiscating all food.

Later, when he grew up, he returned to his home town an orphan, finding all his land stolen, leaving him with nothing.

The mountain men of Lebanon were told to be stoic and brave in character. Facing all pain, loss and bereavement with strength.

Written in loving memory of my great grandfather and grandfather,
Millheim and Yousef Lebbos
Rijal Al Jabal
رجال الجبل

Your memories will never die.

Lyrics: Paul Lebbos
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Original song location: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3pYXWejJk7E>

Rest on my back hold on my head
We're almost there I'm sure there's bread
The journey long the mountains tall
In the valley's a man I recall
Please grant him food a bite to eat
He'll work the trees and reap the wheat

My dearest son my race is run
Now I have to go away
But you'll recall I gave my all
It kills me to die this way

At the close of this day
You know that I can't stay
There are just so many words
Words that we just never say

As you grow up you'll understand
That all this war's not in my hand
Here you'll find food and stay alive
But I must fight just to survive
I must return but don't break down
And there I'll die in our home town

My dearest son my race is run
Now I have to go away
But you'll recall I gave my all
It kills to die this way

At the close of this day
You know that I can't stay
There are just so many words
Words that we just never say

But mountain men never cry
Until the day they die
Keep your tears inside my boy
Work hard in his employ
And remember me my son
For I will remember you my boy
Keep your tears behind your eyes
Make sure this memory never dies
And the lump that's in your throat
From time to time will float
My little boy
A mountain man never cries
A mountain boy never cries