

# *March 12, 1208 in Rumi's Anatolia*

A musical glimpse into the life and times of a great Sufi poet

*What shall I do, O Muslims? I do not recognize myself...  
I am neither Christian nor Jew, nor Magian, nor Muslim.  
I am not of the East, nor the West, not of the land, nor of the sea.  
I am not of nature's mine, nor from the circling stars...*

Mevlana Celaleddin-i Rumi

directed by **Mehmet Ali Sanlıkol** (*voice, ud, saz, cura, duduk*)

**Aaron Sheehan** (*voice*) / **Rassem El Massih** (*voice*)

**Robert Labaree** (*voice, çeng, percussion*)

**Bertram Lehman** (*percussion*) / **Cem Mutlu** (*voice, percussion*)

**Michael Razouk** (*voice*) / **Noam Sender** (*voice, ney*) / **Fred Stubbs** (*ney*)

**Tom Zajac** (*voice, santur, bagpipe, psalterium*)

March 12, 2008 7:30 pm

Mevlana Celaleddin Rumi (1207-1273) is one of the most influential and revered figures of Muslim mysticism (Sufism). This concert explores the rich mix of creeds and cultures of 13<sup>th</sup> century Anatolia, where Rumi spent most of his life, through a wide range of repertoires: Turkish sufi music (Bektaşî and Mevlevî), Byzantine (Greek Orthodox) music, Hebrew sacred poetry set to Turkish melodies, Turkish secular music, and music of the “Frenk”—European soldiers and traders living in or passing through the region. Throughout the concert these distinct musical idioms, instruments and languages—Greek, Latin, Provençal, Limosin, Arabic, Persian, Hebrew and Turkish—interact in a continuous conversation which illuminates the tumultuous period in which Rumi lived, a period of war and religious competition—a period with resemblances to our own.

During the first part of the concert in order to bring balance to our representations we represented the Jewish populations of Anatolia with the poetry of Ibn Ezra (1092-1167) along with the poetry of Israel Najara (b. 1555) in *Yehemeh Levavi Biroti* and Hayyim Bejerano (b. 1850) in *Kha-desh Ke-kedem*. Both of these pieces follow the long tradition of the piyut, which flourished in Spain in the 11th and 12th centuries during the life of the great Jewish poets and philosophers such as Ibn Ezra, Ibn Gvirol and Yehuda Halevi whom are more or less contemporaries of Rumi. All of these poets drew inspiration from Jewish scriptures, liturgy, Jewish mysticism and incorporated Sufi devotional elements into their poetry. Our adaptations are modeled on the *maftirim* choir tradition of the 16<sup>th</sup> to 20<sup>th</sup> centuries, in which Hebrew poetry was sung to the melodies of Sufi devotional music (mainly those of the Mevlevî Sufi order, of which Rumi is the spiritual founder).

In the second part the concert will also follow the Turkish tradition of chanting part of the *Mevlid-i Şerif* to honor an important person. A classic of Turkish literature written in 1409, the *Mevlid* is a long poem meditating on the birth of the Prophet Mohammed. The concert concludes with one movement of a Sufi whirling ceremony (music only) based on Rumi's own poetry.

## PROLOGUE: *Detachment*

The prologue consists of a musical soundscape of instruments from Anatolia which signals our separation from the present and the beginning of a journey in time.

### PART I

#### *Constantinople, the 13<sup>th</sup> Century*

As a boy, Mevlana (“our lord”) Celaleddin Rumi migrated with his family from his birth place in present day Afghanistan to Anatolia, on the edge of the Eastern Roman (Byzantine) empire. The name by which he is best known (“Rumi”) identifies him as a resident of this land of “the Romans”. Greek-Orthodox church music is heard first, representing Constantinople, the Byzantine capital, followed by a piece of sacred music in Latin in a style familiar to 13<sup>th</sup> century European visitors, ending with a French song dating from the Third Crusade (1189-92). Centuries of tension between the western (Roman Catholic) and eastern (Byzantine) Christian churches came to a head in 1204 when crusading European armies sacked Constantinople and a Latin crusader state was established in Anatolia until 1261, lasting through much of Rumi’s lifetime.

**Anixantaria** (from Psalm 103/104)

anonymous

*Anixantos su tin chera ta sympanta plithesontai Christotitos. Apostrepsantos sou to Prosopo tarachthisontai. Antanelis to pnevma auton kai eklipsousi, ke is ton choun auton epistrepsousin. Exapostelis to pnevma sou kai ktisthisonte kai anakenieis to prosopon tis gis. Ito e doxa Kyriou is tous aeonas, efranthisete Kyrios epi tis ergis aytou. O epivlepon epi tin gin kai pion autin tremin, o aptomenos ton oreon kai kapnizontai.*

When you open your hand, they shall be filled with goodness. But when you have turned away your face, they shall be troubled. When you take away their breath, they fail, and return to their dust. You sent forth your Spirit, and they are created; and you renew the face of the earth. May the glory of the Lord endure forever; may the Lord rejoice in his works; who looks upon the earth and makes it tremble; who touches the mountains and they smoke.

**Viderunt Emmanuel** (organum in two voices in Latin)

anonymous

(from the Monastery of St. Martial in Aquitaine, c.1200)

*Viderunt Emmanuel  
Patris unigenitum.  
In ruinam Israel  
Et salutem positum.  
Hominem in tempore  
Verbum in principio  
Urbis, quam fundeverat  
natum ut palacio.*

They have seen the Savior,  
The only begotten Son of the Father.  
In the collapse of Israel.  
Appointed for salvation  
A man in the temporal world;  
The word from the beginning,  
Born in a palace of the city  
which he founded.

**Ja nuns hons pris**

music: anonymous

The English crusader king Richard I (“The Lion-Heart”) was captured on his way back from the Third Crusade and held for ransom for two years by the Holy Roman Emperor, Henry VI. This poem was composed either by Richard himself, or by his personal poet (trouvère).

*Ja nus hons pris ne dira sa raison  
Adroitement, se dolantement non;  
Mais par effort puet il faire chançon.  
Mout ai amis, mais povre sont li don;  
Honte i avront se por ma reançon  
—Sui ça deus yvers pris.*

No prisoner can tell his honest thought  
Unless he speaks as one who suffers wrong;  
But for his comfort as he may make a song.  
My friends are many, but their gifts are naught.  
Shame will be theirs, if, for my ransom, here  
—I lie another year.

*Ce sevent bien mi home et mi baron—  
Ynglois, Normant, Poitevin et Gascon—  
Que je n'ai nul si povre compaignon  
Que je lessaisse por avoir en prison;  
Je nou di mie por nule retraçon,  
—Mais encor sui [je] pris.*

They know this well, my barons and my men,  
Normandy, England, Gascony, Poitou,  
That I had never follower so low  
Whom I would leave in prison to my gain.  
I say it not for a reproach to them,  
—But prisoner I am!

*Mes compagnons que j'amoie et que j'ain–  
Ces de Cahen et ces de Percherain–  
Di lor, chançon, qu'il ne sunt pas certain,  
C'onques vers aus ne oi faus cuer ne vain;  
S'il me guerroient, il feront que vilain  
–Tant con je serai pris.*

*Contesse suer, vostre pris souverain  
Vos saut et gart cil a cui je m'en claim  
–Et por cui je sui pris.*

*Je ne di mie a cele de Chartain,  
–La mere Loës.*

Companions whom I love, and still do love,  
Geoffroi du Perche and Ansel de Caieux,  
Tell them, my song, that they are friends untrue.  
Never to them did I false-hearted prove;  
But they do villainy if they war on me,  
–While I lie here, unfree.

Countess sister! Your sovereign fame  
May he preserve whose help I claim,  
–Victim for whom am I!

I say not this of Chartres' dame,  
–Mother of Louis!

### *Living in Anatolia*

Three of the Jewish and Christian communities of Anatolia during Rumi's lifetime are represented here, sung in Hebrew, Greek and Arabic.

***Kha-desh ke-kedem***, a piyut (liturgical poem) in Hebrew from the repertoire of the Edirne *Maftirim*.

Words: Rabbi Hayyim Bejerano, Chief Rabbi of Istanbul in the 1920s. Music: an unknown Turkish classical or Sufi composer (in *Hicaz makam*). The performers first encountered this piece in a 1989 recording of Samuel Benaroya (b. 1908, Edirne, Turkey), member of the Edirne *Maftirim* chorus from 1920-34.

*Kha-desh ke-kedem yah-meinu sho-khen ze-vula / Lishkon ka-vod be-arts-einu na-vah te-hila /  
Yarum ve-nisah kar-neinu me-od nah-ah-la / Na-vo el me-nu-kha-teinu el ha-nah-khala.*

May the one who dwells on high renew our days once more / and may the presence to which all praise is due rest upon the earth in glory. / May the one who dwells on high raise us to the highest peaks and bring us to the rest and the inheritance we seek.

***Elohai kha'kartani Va'teda*** - ["God You Search Me and You Know"] a piyut (Hebrew liturgical poem) by Abraham Ben Meir Ibn Ezra (1092-1167), adapted and arranged by Noam Sender using a well-known Turkish Sufi melody commonly associated with the words of the 13<sup>th</sup> century Muslim mystic, Yunus Emre. This adaptation is modeled on the *maftirim* choir tradition.

*Elohai kha'kartani va'teda mezimati vere'ee le'merakhok ve'shivti ve'kimati. Banta kol tkhoo'nati ve'arkhi ve'rivee aht zerita, ve'hiskanta dra'kahi lo be'atzmati. Ra'eeta dvar libi be'terem ktseh milah bil'shoni, ve'yada'ata akh'riti ve'tumati. Hen kedem ve'hen akhor tzar'tani ve'al roshi shat kaf ye'minekha, ve'yadkha be'admati. Ma'lehta shmey sha'khak ve'akhrit yam, ahn me'rukhekha elekh – ve'sham ata le'umati? Khosekh lo ye'shoo'feini, ki en mim'kha yakh'shikh, ve'ata asher tots la'or ta'alumati hen kedem knitani uva'beten tesu'keini ve'taas be'takh'tiyot et atsmi ve'rikmati. Galmi ra'ata ene'kha ve'al sijfe'kha koolam yikatevu, ve'lo ekhad me'hem az bekadmati. Ve'li yakru lim'od re'eh'kha u'meh atzmu rosh'ehem, u'mah niv'ar kol da-ati ve'khokh'mati. Od'kha al pla'ekha, od'kha al kha'sade'kha, be'kha ma'amd gvi'yati, le'kha roo'khi ve'nishmati!*

Oh God, You have searched me and know my intentions; You discern my thoughts for afar; You are privy to my every move. You anticipate my plans; my walking and reclining. You observe and are familiar with my ways. You see the word forming in my heart before it reaches my tongue; You know when my days will end; You hem me in behind and in front and from above; You guide me with your right hand, while your left supports me. You fill the high heavens and distant sea; Where can I go from Your presence when You confront me everywhere? Darkness does not conceal me; nothing obscures your view. It is You who reveals my secrets. In the beginning You formed me; You knit me together in the womb; In the depths You crafted my delicate frame. Your eyes behold my bare limbs; they were all recorded in your book; in due time they took their separate shapes. How vast are the sum of your thoughts, they are most difficult to comprehend; my knowledge and wisdom is foolishness. I thank You for your wonders; I am grateful for your loving kindness. By your powers my body is sustained; to You belong my breath and soul.

## **Anarchos Theos (Greek)**

anonymous

*Anarchos Theos kataveviken ke en tin partheno katokesen, Vasilefs ton olon kai Kyrios, erthe ton Adam anaplasasthai. Gegenis skirtate kai xerete, taxis ton Aggelon efrenesthe. Dexou Vithleem ton Despoti sou, Vasilea panton kai Kyrie, Ex Anatolon magi erchonte, dora proskomizontai axia Simeron h ktisis agalete ke paniyirizei kai efrenete Erourem Erourem, herouherouherourem, chaire Despoina, Chare Achrante.*

Unbegotten God, was incarnate in the virgins womb, King of all and Lord, came to restore Adam. People of the earth leap and be joyful, orders of the angels be delighted to receive of Bethlehem your Master, your King and Lord of all. From the East kings are approaching, bringing valuable gift. Today creation is joyful and is rejoicing and delightful.

## **Ilamata ya Rabou tan sai ni (Arabic) Psalm 12/13**

*I la ma ta ya Ra bou tan sai ni A I lal a bad I la ma ta Tas Ri fou waj ha ka ĀEa ni ha li lou yi ya / I la ma ta Ah jou sou fi naf Si mouthi ran il ah za na fi Ka bi ma da la yam i la ma ta ya ta ĀEa la ĀEa dou wi ĀEa lay hA li lou yi ya / Oun thour i la ya is ta mi li A you ha Ra bou i lai hi A nir ĀEay na ya li a la a na ma naw ma tal mawt ha li lou yi ya*

How long, Yahweh, will you forget me? For ever? How long will you turn away your face from me? How long must I nurse rebellion in my soul, sorrow in my heart day and night? How long is the enemy to domineer over me? Look down, answer me, Yahweh my God! Give light to my eyes or I shall fall into the sleep of death. Or my foe will boast, I have overpowered him, and my enemies have the joy of seeing me stumble. As for me, I trust in your faithful love, Yahweh.

## **Meeting of the Mystics**

A musical dialogue between two important streams of Turkish Sufism in Anatolia during the 13<sup>th</sup> century. On the one hand, there is the poem of Yunus Emre (1238-1320), the humble poet of the Turkish countryside, sung to a popular song form (*ilahi*) using the Turkish folk lute (*saz*) and frame drum (*bendir*). On the other hand, there is the poem of Rumi, the learned poet of the Persian language, sung to a classical instrumental melody by a famous 19<sup>th</sup> Greek Ottoman composer using instruments from the Persian tradition: *çeng*, *santur*, *ney* and *kudüm*. The musical conversation culminates in a collective instrumental improvisation which then connects to the words of a Jewish mystic: Israel Najara.

## **Ben ağlarım yane yane (Turkish)**

music: anonymous / words: Yunus Emre

*Ben ağlarım yane yane  
Aşk boyadı beni kane  
Ne akilem, ne divane  
Gel gör beni Aşk neyledi  
Derde giriftar eyledi*

I cry out burning.  
Love has spattered my body with blood.  
I am neither sane, nor insane.  
Come see what Love has done to me.  
It has put me in sorrow.

*Gah eserim yeller gibi  
Gah tozarım yollar gibi  
Gah akarım seller gibi  
Gel gör beni Aşk neyledi  
Derde giriftar eyledi*

At times I blow like the winds.  
At other times I am like the dust on many roads.  
And also I flow like many rivers.  
Come see what Love has done to me.  
It has put me in sorrow.

*Ben Yunus'u biçareyim  
Aşk elinden avareyim  
Baştan aşağı yareyim  
Gel gör beni Aşk neyledi  
Derde giriftar eyledi*

I am Yunus the sorrowful.  
I am not myself because of Love.  
I am wounded from head to toe.  
Come see what Love has done to me.  
It has put me in sorrow.

## **Saht Hoşest Çeşm-i Tu (Persian)**

words: Mevlana Celaleddin-i Rumi  
music: *Müstear Peşrev* by Nikolaki (d.1915)

*Saht hoşest çeşm-i tu an ruh-i gül feşan-i tu  
Düş çi horde dila rast bigü be can-i tu*

Your eyes are beautiful and your cheeks are heart-captivating.  
O please tell me what have you drunk last night.

*Fitnegerest nam-i tu pür şekerest dam-i tu  
Ba tarabest cam-i tu ba nemekest nan-i tu*

You're a troublemaker and your traps are full of sweets.  
Your glass is full of happiness, your bread is salty and tasty.

*Maşrik-u magrib er sevem er suy-i asman revem  
Nist nişan-i zindegi ta neresed nişan-i tu*

I would become the East, the West and even the skies,  
If I don't see a sign of you then there is no reason for me to live.

***Yeheme Levavi Biroti***, a piyut (liturgical poem) in Hebrew from the repertoire of the Edirne Maftirim. Text: Rabbi Israel Najara, (b. 1555, Damascus) poet, preacher, Biblical commentator, kabbalist, and rabbi of Gaza. Music: Based on a Turkish classical Segah Pesrev by Neyzen Yusuf Pasa (in Segah makam).

*Yeheme levavi biroti, tsari yiltosh einav negdi / Shinav yakharok gam yisaar, lehafitz hamon gdudi / Khish aneni Noraot, Elohei ha'Tsvaot / Ad matai ketz plaot, esmakh yagel kvodi / Shama leshama samani, vegila avnei yesodi / Omar amar levala, eer nakhalat tzvi hodi / Khaletz nah eved shadood, yartiaikh kesir vadood / Tsur be'Kha arutz gdood, le'Kha azamer beodi.*

My heart fills with terror, when my enemy stares at me. Gnashing teeth, working up a storm to scatter my companions. Lord of hosts, I beg, respond swiftly with your awesome miracles. How long must I wait for them? How long for that joy and glory? My enemy destroyed me, till the foundations were laid bare and will bring down the glorious city that I long for. I cry out for redemption, a tormented slave, burning in his pain You are my strength; with you I can defeat an army. My song is for you as long as I live.

### ***Love and Dance***

Secular music from Anatolia: a troubadour dance-song (*estampida*) of the kind familiar to European soldiers and traders of the period, and an example of village dance music from southwestern Turkey.

***Kalenda Maya*** (a troubadour song in Provençal)

Raimbaut de Vaqueiras (fl. 1180-1205)

*Kalenda maya, ni fuelhs de faya  
ni chanz d'auzelh ni flors de glaya  
non es quem playa pros domna guaya,  
tro qu'un yselh messatgier aya  
del vostre belh cors, quem retraya  
plazer novelh qu'Amors m'atraya,  
e jaya, em traya vas vos, domna veraya;  
e chaya de playa l gelos, ans quem n'estraya.*

May day, hurrah! neither leaves of tree,  
nor song of bird, nor flower or bee,  
are what pleases me, my most gay lady.  
Until I've heard that swift herald be  
come here to me and who'll recite me  
some pleasant word, for love excites me,  
and joy and draw me toward you lady, truly:  
and may he fall cruelly, the jealous 'for I leave thee.

*Ma belh' amia, per Dieu no sia  
que ia l gelos de mon dan ria;  
que car vendria sa gelozia,  
si aitals dos amans partia;  
qu'ieu ja joyos mais no seria,  
no joys ses vos pro nom tenria;  
tal via faria, qu'om ia mais nom veiria;  
selh dia morria, donna pros,qu'ieus perdria.*

My lovely friend, may God forfend  
that the jealous bastard laugh at my expense.  
His jealous bent's dearly sold if then  
a parting it's fostered 'tween two lovers' sense.  
My joy would be mastered without your dalliance,  
the whole world festered, useless my talents.  
Such road I'd go, no one would see me ever.  
That day I die, lady, when we sever.

*Dona grazida, quecx lauz'e crida  
vostra valor, qu'es abelhida;  
e qui us oblida, pauc li val vida.  
Per qu'ie us azor, don' eyssernida?  
quar per gensor vos ai chauxida,  
e per melhor de pretz complida,  
blandida, servida genses qu'Erecx Enida.  
Bastida fenida n'Engles, ai l'ESTAMPIDA.*

Lady, most gracious, each one cries and praises  
your nobility, which is what pleases.  
He who can forget you leads life of little valor.  
My unique lady, why do I adore?  
For as most worthy I have chosen you  
as fullest in merit from the best there are;  
courted, served better than Erec did Enida.  
Composed and completed, English, this estampida.  
(translation: Paul Blackburn)

***Dirmilcik'ten Gider Yayla'nın Yolu*** (village dance song in Turkish)

anonymous

*Dirmilcik'ten gider yaylanın yolu  
Benim sevdiğim yaylanın güllü  
Çıkma gelin yaylaya da yaz değil  
Gelin iken ağladanlar az değil*

The road to the mountain passes from Dirmilcik.  
My love is the rose of the mountain.  
O bride, don't go up to the pasture, it's not summertime  
People who make this bride cry are many.

## PART II

### *Mevlid-i Şerif and Ayin*

Recognized as a classic of Turkish literature, the *Mevlid-i Şerif* is a long poem commemorating the birth of the Prophet Mohammed written in Turkish in 1409 by Süleyman Çelebi (1351-1422). It is often chanted on special occasions such as the birth of a child or as a commemoration of the dead. Musically, mevlid is a solo form, improvised and unaccompanied, usually performed in conjunction with Koranic chant and informal group singing of devotional songs (*ilahi*). Tonight one section (*bahir*) of the mevlid will be chanted in honor of Rumi himself and in honor of the unusual overlapping of the Jewish, Muslim and Orthodox high holidays this last year. Rumi is also regarded as the spiritual father of the Mevlevi Sufi order, known in the West as the "whirling dervishes" because of the meditative turning movement used in their devotions. Our program ends with the music of one movement of a Mevlevi whirling ceremony (*ayin*), a setting by a 19<sup>th</sup> century Sufi composer of Rumi's own poetry.

#### **The Koran, I : 1-7 The Exordium**

*Bismil-lâ-hir-Rahmân-ir'Rahim*

*Al-hamdu lillahi Rabbil-âlamîn. Ar'Rahmânir-Rahim. Mâliki Yawmiddîn. İyyâka nâbudu ve İyyâka nastain. İhdinassirât al-mustaqîm. Sirat al-ladina an'amta 'alayhim. Gayril magdubi alayhim walad dâllin.*

In the name of God, the Most Gracious, the Most Merciful,  
Praise be to God, the Lord of the Universe. The Most Gracious, the Most Merciful. King of the Day of Judgment.  
You alone we worship, and You alone we ask for help. Guide us to the straight way; the way of those whom  
you have blessed, not of those who have deserved anger, nor of those who stray.

#### **Saba ilahi** (devotional song)

*Seyreleyip yandım mah cemalini  
Nurkundak içinde yatar Muhammed  
Canımın cananısın ya Muhammed*

*Ter ter dudakların bilmem ne söyler  
Hulusi kalb ile Hakki zikreyler  
Daha tûfil iken ümmetin diler*

anonymous

Seeing your beauty I have been burning.  
Muhammed lies in glory.  
O Muhammed you're my beloved.

I don't understand what your lips say.  
Maybe with purity of heart remembers God  
Even early on wished for the good of the people.

#### **Çargah ilahi** (devotional song)

*Ben dervişim diyene bir ün idesim gelir  
Seğirdi ben sesine varıp yitesim gelir*

*Music:* Anonymous *Text:* Yunus Emre

I praise those who call themselves dervish,  
I want to go to them when I hear their calls.

#### **Excerpt from the Allah Adın Bahri of the Mevlid-i Şerif**

Süleyman Çelebi (1351-1422)

*Allah adın zikredelim evvela  
Vacib oldu cümle işte her kula*

Allah! This name invoke we in beginning,  
For this is ever due from us, his servants.

*Allah adın her kim ol evvel ana  
Her işi âsan eder Allah ana*

Allah! The name which brings to all who call it,  
God's present aid, the weight of labour light'ning.

*Allah adı olsa her işin önü  
Hergiz ebter olmaya anın sonu*

Did Allah's name begin each fresh endeavour,  
The end would ne'er fall short of full attainment.

*Her nefesde Allah adın de müdam  
Allah adıyla olur her iş tamam*

With every breath repeat that name, unceasing;  
In Allah's name see every task completed.

*Bir kez Allah dese şevkile lisan  
Dökülür cümle günah misli hazan*

Who says: Allah!. in language truly loving  
Shall see his sins, like autumn leaves, removing.

*İsm-i pâkin pâk olur zikreleyen  
Her murada erişir Allah diyen*

That man is pure who on the pure name calleth;  
Who cries: Allah!. attains his every purpose.

*Aşk ile gel imdi Allah diyelim  
Dert ile göz yaş ile ah edelim*

Come then in love, that holy name repeating;  
Your woeful tears and heart felt fears commingle.

*Ola kim rahmet kıla ol padişah  
Ol Kerimü ol Rahimü ol ilâh*

He may accord us mercy, that great Sov'reign,  
The Generous, the Merciful, the Holy.

*Birdir ol birliğine şek yokdürür  
Gerçi yanlış söyleyenler çok düriür*

He's One! Doubt not his Unity eternal,  
Though multitudes profess their creeds of error.

*Cümle alem yok iken ol var idi  
Yaradılmıştan Gani Cebbâr idi*

While yet the worlds were not, Allah had being,  
Mighty was he, richer than all creation.

*Var iken ol yok idi ins-ü melek  
Arşü ferşü ayü güm hem nüh felek*

He was, while yet was found nor man nor angel,  
No earth, moon, sun, nine spheres nor highest heaven.

*Sün ile bunları, ol var eyledi  
Birliğine cümle ikrar eyledi*

His was the art by which these all were founded,  
Him they confess, his Unity they witness.

*Kudretin izhâr edüp hem ol Celil  
Birliğine bunları kıldı delil*

Omnipotence in these revealed his power  
While giving proofs that testified his Oneness.

*\*"Ol!" dedi bir kere var oldu cihan  
"Olma!" derse, mahv olur ol dem hemân*

He said "be" and the universe came to being.  
If he says "don't be" it will be destroyed immediately.

*\*Bari ne hacet kılavuz sözü çok  
Birdir Allah andan artık Tanrı yok*

There is no need for more since so much is said in guidance.  
There is only one God and there is no other god.

*Ey azizler işte başlarız söze  
Bir vasiyet kılarız illa size*

O worthy friends, here we begin our story,  
We charge you with a legacy most solemn;

*Ol vasiyyet kim derim hem tuta  
Mis gibi kokusu canlarda tüte*

A charge which he who holds in due observance,  
Musk-sweet shall be his soul among its fellows.

*Hakk Teala rahmet eyleye anâ  
Kim beni ol bir dua ile anâ*

May God Most High remember with his mercy.  
Each one of you who me in prayer remembers.

*Her kim diler bu duada buluna  
Fatiha ihsan ede ben kuluna*

For me, your slave, make earnest supplication;  
A Fatiha I beg, your rich donation.

(Translated by F. Lyman MacCallum except marked \* by Mehmet Ali Sanlıkol)

### **Rast ilahi**

anonymous

*Erler demine destur alalım  
Pervaneye bak ibret alalım  
Aşkın ateşine gel bir yanalım  
Devrana girip seyran edelim  
Eyvah demeden Allah diyelim*

Let's get permission to become knowledgeable men.  
Let's look at the moth and learn from it.  
Let's burn with the fire of Love,  
And whirl and dream.  
Before calling out for mercy let's say Allah.

*Günler geceler durmaz geçiyor  
Sermayen olan ömrün bitiyor  
Bülbüllere bak efgan ediyor  
Ey gonca açıl mevsim geçiyor*

Days and nights pass,  
And your life, which is your fortune on earth will soon end.  
Look at the nightingales, they are crying.  
O rosebud it's time to blossom the season is changing.

### **Nihavend Mevlevi Ayini, 1. Selam**

*Bişnev tü zi ney çiha mi güyed  
Esrar-ı nüühüfte kibriya mı güyed  
Bi nutk ü zeban hüda mi güyed  
Men ba tü çünanem ey nigar-i Hu  
Kender galatam ki men tü em ya tü meni  
Ni men menem u ni tu tuyi ni tu meni  
Hem men menem ü hem tü tüyi hem tü meni  
Sermest-i cam-ı aşkam bi sagar ü piyale*

words: Mevlana Celaleddin Rumi  
music: Tanburi Musahip Seyyid Ahmed Ağa (d. 1794)

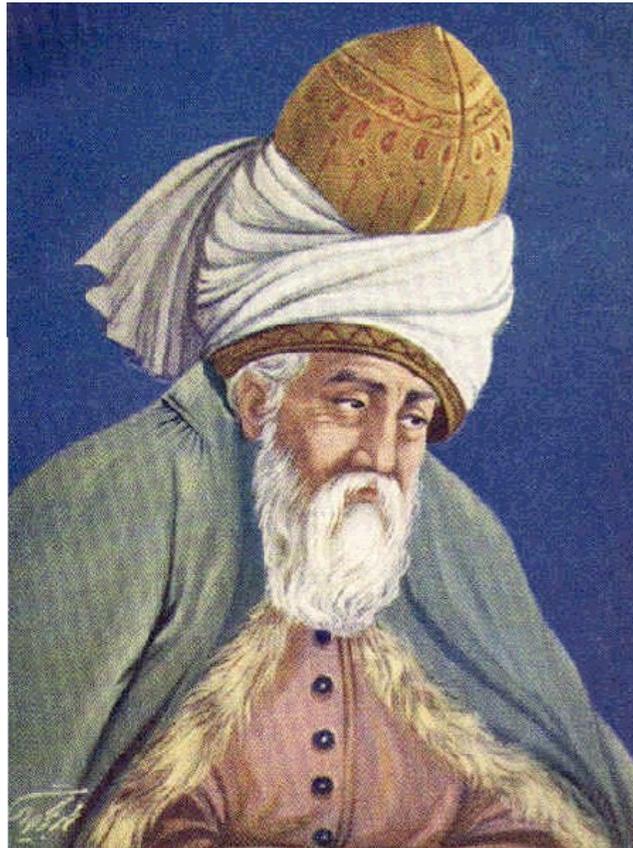
Listen to the ney, to what it is saying.  
It speaks of hidden secrets and divine greatness.  
Without speech or tongue it says "God!"  
O divine image, when I am with you,  
I mistake myself for you, and you for myself.  
I am not I, and you are not you, and you are not I,  
And yet, I am I, and you are you, and you are I.  
I am drunk from the goblet of divine love...[excerpt]  
(Translation by Dimitri Kastritsis)

### **Son Yürük Semai** (instrumental postlude)

anonymous

## *The Musicians*

**Rassem El Massih** (*voice*) is a chanter and student at Holy Cross/Hellenic College. **Robert Labaree** (*çeng, voice, percussion*) is on the Music History faculty of New England Conservatory and Vice President of *DÜNYA*. **Bertram Lehman** (*percussion*) is on the faculty of Berklee College of Music. **Cem Mutlu** (*voice, percussion*), a member of the *DÜNYA* board, plays jazz and a variety of world musics with groups in the Boston area. **Michael Razouk** (*voice*) is a chanter and student at Holy Cross/Hellenic College. **Mehmet Ali Sanlıkol** (*voice, ud, saz, cura, duduk*) is a composer, jazz pianist and president of *DÜNYA*. **Noam Sender** (*voice, ney*) performs with a variety of ensembles in the Boston area and is a member of the advisory board of *DÜNYA*. **Aaron Sheehan** (*voice*) is a faculty member at Wellesley College. **Fred Stubbs** (*ney*) teaches World Music and Ethnomusicology at the University of Massachusetts-Boston. **Tom Zajac** (*voice, santur, bagpipe, psalterium*) is an early music specialist and is a faculty member at Wellesley College.



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