

DÜNYA presents

Sept. 15, 1207 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, düdük*)

Nektarios Antoniou (*voice*) / **Michael Collver** (*countertenor*)

Rassem El Massih (*voice*) / **Robert Labaree** (*voice, çeng, percussion*)

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

Michael Razouk (*voice*) / **Noam Sender** (*voice, ney*) / **Nihat Tokdil** (*voice, ney*)

Tom Zajac (*voice, santur, bagpipe, recorder, çifte*)

Saturday, Sept. 15, 2007 8:00 pm First Church in Cambridge

The year 2007 marks the 800th anniversary of the birth of Mevlana Celaleddin Rumi (1207-1273), one of the most influential and revered figures of Muslim mysticism (Sufism). This concert explores the rich mix of creeds and cultures of 13th 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, Jewish 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, Persia, 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.

In recognition of the coincidence of the beginning of both Rosh Hashanah and Ramadan on September 12th for the last time in 33 years, and of the Greek Orthodox New Year by the old calendar, the concert will also follow the Turkish tradition of chanting part of the *Mevlid-i Şerif* on important occasions. 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 13th 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 13th 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.

Anoixantraria (from Psalm 103/104)

anonymous

Anixantos su tin chera ta sympanta plistesontai 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 compaignons 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*

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,

—*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.*

—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.

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 13th century Muslim mystic, Yunus Emre. This adaptation is modeled on the *maftirim* choir tradition of the 16th to 20th centuries, in which Hebrew poetry was sung to the melodies of secular Ottoman court music and Sufi devotional music.

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 shmay 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 totsli 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 sifre'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 anaplasthai. 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 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 CEa 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 CEa la CEa dou wi CEa 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 CEay 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 13th 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 19th Greek Ottoman composer using instruments from the Persian tradition: *çeng*, *santur*, *ney* and *küdüm*. The musical conversation culminates in a collective instrumental improvisation.

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 zindegı 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

Love, Lament and Dance

Secular music from Anatolia: a troubadour dance-song (*estampida*) of the kind familiar to European soldiers and traders of the period, a Greek lament, 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 ysnelh 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 jelos '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 forbid
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 chاوزida,
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)

Monahoyios o Kostandis (a lament in Greek)

anonymous

*Monahoyios o Kostandis, mikros ke haidemenos
enan ton ehi i mana tou , enan ke kanakari*

Kostandis is the only child his mother has.
He's pampered and much loved.

*Ton elouze ton htenize kai sto sholio ton stelni
ki o dhaskalos ton dhiavaze grammata ton matheni*

She'd bathe him and brush his hair and send him to school
where his teacher would teach him to read and write.

*Andriothiken o Kostandis ki eyine palikari
sti hora itan ksakoustos sti mana tou kamari*

Kostandis soon became a man,
gained fame in his country and adored by his mother

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

anonymous

*Dirmilcik'ten gider yaylanın yolu
Benim sevdiceğim yaylanın gülü
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. 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 19th 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. Mâlîki 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)

anonymous

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

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

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

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

Çargah ilahi (devotional song)

Music: Anonymous *Text:* Yunus Emre

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

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 öñü
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 kula 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 dürür*

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 kalavuz 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

*Gül yüzünü rüyamızda görelim ya Resul Allah
dreams*

O messenger of God let us see your beautiful face in our

Gül bahçene dünyamızda girelim ya Resul Allah

Allow us to enter your garden of roses in this world

Rast ilahi

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

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

anonymous
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

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

*Bishnev tü zi ney çaha mi güyed
Esrar-ı nühişte kibriya mi 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

* * * *

Acknowledgements. The directors and producer wish to express their gratitude to the following people and organizations for helping to make this concert possible: Dan Smith, Krysia Burnham, First Church in Cambridge and all the volunteers.

The Musicians

Nektarios Antoniou (*voice*) lives and performs in Greece and he is an advisory board member of *DÜNYA*. **Michael Collver** (*countertenor*) has recorded and performed with Project Ars Nova, Sequentia, the Empire Brass Quintet, Boston Baroque and the Boston Camerata and teaches at the Longy School of Music. **Rassem El Massih** (*voice*) is a chanter and student at the 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 the Holy Cross/Hellenic College. **Mehmet Ali Sanlıkol** (*voice, ud, saz*) is a composer and 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*. **Tom Zajac** (*voice, santur, miskal, sackbut, recorder*) is an early music specialist and is a faculty member at the Wellesley College.

DÜNYA (the Turkish, Arabic, Persian, Greek word for "world") is a non-profit, tax exempt educational organization located in Boston. Its goal is to present a contemporary view of a wide range of Turkish traditions, alone and in interaction with other world traditions, through performance, recording, publication and other educational activities.

DÜNYA seeks to work with a wide range of cultural and religious organizations and musical groups, but relies on no particular political, governmental or religious affiliation or support of any kind.

www.dunyainc.org