

# The Psalms and Folk Songs of a Mystic Turkish Order

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## PREFACE

The subject-matter of our book is the psalms and folk songs of an Islamic mystic community, the Bektashis of Thrace, the European part of Turkey.<sup>1</sup>

The Bektashi is one of the most important orders of dervishes in Turkey. After their victory at Manzikert (today: Malazgirt) in 1071 the Seljuk Turks began to move in from Central Asia, and parallel with orthodox Islam heterodox Islam also spread in Anatolia. The foundation of the Bektashi order is linked up with a Sufi thinker, Haji Bektash Veli, who moved from Khorasan to Anatolia and brought with him the Sufi thinker and poet Ahmed Yesevi's teachings, which fundamentally influenced the mystic currents of the Turkish world. Though together with other monastic orders this order was also suppressed on several occasions (in 1925 the latest), their communities are active to this day.

We collected music from members of various Islamic mystic groups already during our stay in Turkey in 1987–1993. Continuing Béla Bartók's Turkish collection of 1936, we first wished to outline a comprehensive picture of Anatolian folk music, without being able to devote profound interest to the individual cultures of smaller or greater communities to which Turkey owes its diversity. However, we were already then astonished to learn that among the tunes of Alevi-Bektashi communities songs very similar to Hungarian tunes constituted a high rate.

Most of the music of Bektashi religious communities is unresearched so far, although their deep respect for traditions, the salient role of music among them, and the preservation of pre-Islam customs all indicate that it is worth seeking for traces of the musical culture of ancient Turkic layers among them. Turkish researches into this field have only recently begun, which owes in part to the tension between the majority Sunni and minority Alevi-Bektashi religion and traditions (also embraced by the Kurds, to boot).

In the practice of Bektashi religion, the central role is played by the works of prominent Islamic mystic (Sufi) poets instead of the Quran. These poems folklor-

<sup>1</sup> When speaking of Thracian Bektashis, we always mean the Bektashis living in the European part of Turkey.

ized and varied on the lips of the people are not recited but chanted. The love of God often appears in them with the fervor of worldly love. The elevated or conversely the very practical teachings and guidelines of the poems are just as important for today's people as they were at the time of writing, and for centuries afterwards.

This work is the next step in a series of comparative ethnomusicological investigations which began with Bartók's trip to Anatolia in 1936, continued with László Vikár's and Gábor Bereczki's researches in the Volga–Kama region in 1957–1978 and with our field researches into Anatolian, Caucasian, Azeri, Kazakh, Kirghiz and Mongolian (as well as North American Indian) folk music. The music of Bulgarian Turks living between Anatolia and Hungary fits snugly into this series even geographically.

The fieldwork started in November 1999 when we had the opportunity to take part in the meeting of Bektashi religious leaders (*babas*). An important person – a university professor of law – was invited to the event. The participants were eager to hear answers to the questions about how to defend themselves against violence. They fear attacks, they are afraid to tell their children about incidents like the Sivas atrocity where the local Sunni crowd of some fifteen thousand set fire to the Madimak Hotel and to the Alevis who took shelter inside.

Despite their shyness of the outside world, we received invitations from several *babas*, doors opened to us and collecting work could begin. Between 1999 and 2003 we videotaped over 900 tunes in 24 Thracian villages from 150 Bektashi men and women. By the end of the fieldwork we felt we had attained our goal: we had recorded the overwhelming majority of their religious hymns and also several of their folk songs.

Besides the Bektashi material we managed to collect some religious songs from Anatolian Alevi *dedes*, as well as some dance tunes from local Sunni men and women. Some pieces under the name Bulgarian are exerted in this book in order to serve as material valid for comparison. Naturally we indicate the origin of each single tune.

This material seemed sufficient enough to present the musical culture of the community. For us, however, the tunes mean more than bare dry data needed for analysis because each tune is embedded in a set of personal experience, existential situation, people, their behavior and milieu.

Some of the ancestors of Thracian Bektashis settled in the territory of today's Bulgaria from Anatolia and then they fled back to Turkey in several waves in the 19–20<sup>th</sup> centuries to escape persecution. Consequently, the connection between their folk music and Anatolian as well as Bulgarian folk music must also be examined. We also try to explore contact points between Bektashi folk music on the one hand and the music of other Turkic peoples and the Hungarians, on the other.

Several books and studies have been published about the history of the Bektashis of Turkey, about mysticism, Sufism and specifically about the basic religious principles and philosophy of the Bektashis. They generally agree on the essential facts but there are many deviations and divergences as well as blank spots. It was not our job to provide an up-to-date summary of the history of the Bektashi order, but it appeared

indispensable to present the most widely accepted variants. Following a brief introduction into Sufi ideas, thoughts will be cited from a book attributed to Haji Bektash Veli and a book by Kaygusuz Abdal dervish. The aim is to bring the reader closer to mystic Islamic thinking and the texts of the religious hymns.

Our book has several novelties. There is hardly a study, let alone a book, on folk hymns of the peoples of Turkey. There is none that is devoted to the systematic presentation of the music of a community or region, comparing Turkish folk and religious tunes and interpreting them in a broader context. It is clear however that folk religions preserve a lot of elements of pre-Islam Turkish culture and hence their research is of prime importance for an understanding of Turkish identity, Turkish ethnic and cultural genesis. A broad comparison involving several peoples allows us to establish whether a musical feature is a general or a specific phenomenon.

It is also a novelty that hundreds of folk song texts and the sung poems by Bektashi poets are given together with their English translation. Reading the texts one can get an insight into the everyday thought and religious principles of the community. A glossary is also appended to explain special expressions and concepts.

The overwhelming majority of the tunes in the volume were recorded and all the tunes were transcribed by us, thus they are from first-hand experience, and their authenticity is unquestionable. The collection allows us also to present the most typical tunes in audio variants on the CD attached to the book.

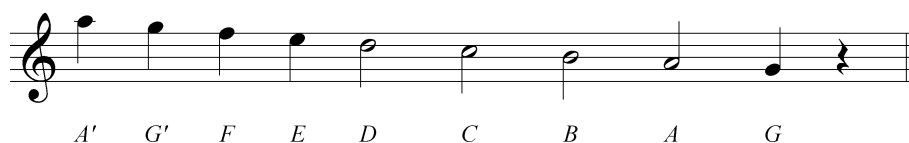
## Notations, abbreviations

- Approximate *phonemic values* of Turkish letters different from English:

A–A	<i>a</i> in <i>father</i> (English)
I–I	<i>ы</i> in <i>мы</i> (Russian)
İ	<i>I</i> in <i>if</i> (English)
Ö–Ö	<i>u</i> in <i>un</i> (French)
Ü–Ü	<i>ü</i> in <i>une</i> (French)
C–C	<i>dj</i> in <i>hadji</i> (English)
Ç–Ç	<i>ch</i> in <i>chain</i> (English)
Ğ–Ğ	lengthens preceding vowel
Ş–Ş	<i>sh</i> in <i>show</i> (English)

- № The numbers indicated with this abbreviation are serial numbers of tunes in the anthology.

- The tones of the scale are marked by the following symbols: A' G' F E D C B A G.



– A note of the scale is put in brackets if it does not play an important role in the tune. For instance, in a melody with the (G<sup>2</sup>)-E-D-C scale, the main role is played by the notes of the trichord E-D-C, with occasional G<sup>2</sup> added, but not in an accentuated role. A-B-C-D/E-C-B-A stands for A-B-C-D-C-B-A and A-B-C-E-C-B-A melodic movements.

– A *cadential note* is the last note of a musical section. For tunes with more than two lines, we sometimes present a cadential formula. The line-ending notes are enumerated in them, with the note of the most important line being in parentheses. The last note of the last line is not shown, because it is always A. Example: for an Aeolian tune E(C)C signifies a tune whose cadential notes are E, C, C, A. E/D(C)C stands for E(C)C and D(C)C cadences.

– The word *chord* designates penta-, tetra- and trichords alike. Instead of the cumbersome “(G<sup>2</sup>-F)-E-D-C penta-, tetra- and trichord” we use “(G<sup>2</sup>-F)-E-D-C chord”.

– *Conjunct movement* means that the tonal ranges of the lines overlap, and on the other hand, the tone steps are primes, seconds and rarely thirds.

– *Single-core tunes* consist of the usually varied repetition of a single musical idea, while *two-core melodies* are built from two different musical ideas (A and B) arranged so that varied repetition of A is followed by variants of B.

–  $A_v$  indicates a variation of the musical section A.

–  $A_c$  and  $A^c$  indicate a variation of the musical section A where the deviation between the two lines is in the last part of the lines. In  $A_c$  the end of the modified section is lower than that of the original, in  $A^c$  it is higher.

–  $A_{ex}$  or  $A+$  indicates an extended musical line in comparison to line A.

– We mark  $\underline{A}$  the musical line that runs parallel, at times identically, with line A, and ends on the same note as line A. In the course of systematization, we did not differentiate the lines  $\underline{A}$ ,  $A_v$  and  $A_{ex}$  from the A lines to which they can be retraced. At the same time we handled the  $A_c$  and  $A^c$  lines as separate.

– The arrows above some notes signify a pitch modification upward ( $\uparrow$ ) or downward ( $\downarrow$ ) by less than a semitone.

## THE BRIEF HISTORY OF THE BEKTASHI ORDER

From the 9<sup>th</sup> century onwards, Turks turning away from the material towards the spiritual realm tried to find God and the way to Him inside themselves and gradually separated from the adherents of the rigidly scholastic religious theology of Islam. Islamic mysticism or Sufism considered asceticism a practice to be appreciated, supported by the name of the trend which derives from Arabic *suf* 'wool': 7–8<sup>th</sup> century ascetics wore gowns of rough wool in their eremitic solitude or in their tiny communities.

The thinkers who developed the Sufi ideology also incorporated the ideas of neo-Platonism in their system called *tasavvuf* 'Islamic mysticism'. They were also influenced by Central Asian, Indian, and primarily Buddhist notions.<sup>2</sup> On the other hand, vestiges of earlier Turkic natural religions, the cult of the ancestors and Shamanism have also been preserved at many places.

Together with Islam, Sufism also spread among Arabs and Persians alike and is known to this day from the Tatars – the northernmost branch of western Turkic peoples – to the Azeris, and from the Balkanian Turks – who are the westernmost Turkic group – to the Uighurs.<sup>3</sup> Outstanding figures of Sufism include Al-Farabi (870–950) and Ibn Sina (980–1037). In the 13<sup>th</sup>-century Spain Muhyiddin Arabi's work was considered a milestone, while in Turkish areas in the wake of the activity of Mevlana Celaleddin Rumi, Yesevi, Shah Ismail, and others a peerless cultural and civilisational phenomenon unfolded from Khorasan to the Balkans. Rumi's *Mesnevi*, in which Islam is interlaced with Sufism, exerted great influence in Islamic areas and even in the West, for centuries.

Khorasan, the centre of the Seljuk Empire had special importance for the Turkish groups immigrating to Anatolia. Anatolian Turks kept in contact for a long time with this Central Asian city in a region of high cultural and scientific knowledge. The first

<sup>2</sup> Goldziher (1981: 155, 173).

<sup>3</sup> Several scholars addressed themselves to the connections between some elements of Central Asian Sufism and the Shamanism of Central Asian tribes of Turkic tongues: Knorozov (1949), Shukhareva (1959: 130), Bayaliyeva (2003: 83). On Sufism among the Tatars, see Shibgatullina (1997).

Turkish dervish order was founded here by the mystic religious founder and poet Ahmed Yesevi (?–1166). Yesevi, whose exemplary life earned him a high moral rank, played a salient role in the development of the Turkish literary language. He did not write his works in the Arabic or Persian language and style that was fashionable in his time, but in Turkish national quantitative meter. His most famous work is entitled *Hikmet* 'Wisdom'.<sup>4</sup> Yesevism played a pioneering role in disseminating Islam among the Turks, with a sizeable following even in the 15–16<sup>th</sup> centuries. In this heterodox religion Shamanism and *Tengrism* 'the veneration of the sky' were strongly present in addition to the worship of ancestors.<sup>5</sup> Its opponents charged that in their rituals men and women worshipped god collectively – as is still customary in contemporary Bektashi rituals.

Sufism and Bektashism played important roles in the foundation of the Turkish state: as they advocated their mystic views specially flavoured with Greek Gnosticism<sup>6</sup> widespread in Anatolia in the Turkish language, they could separate themselves from the rest of the Muslim ethnic groups.<sup>7</sup>

When the Oghuz troops defeated the Byzantines at Lake Van in 1037 and the Seljuks overcame them at Manzikert in 1071, the influx of Turks into Anatolia could begin. The majority of immigrants were Turkmen tribes<sup>8</sup> who were forced to flee from the steppe and Transoxania by the repeated waves of migration into those territories. The refugees wandered through Khorasan to the Caspian Sea where by following the coastline they reached Azerbaijan and then Anatolia.<sup>9</sup>

### First period: the foundation of the order

In the last third of the 12<sup>th</sup> and the early 13<sup>th</sup> century the migrating masses headed to Anatolia included *şeyhs* 'heads of religious orders' and *pirs* 'religious leaders', *mürşids* 'masters' and their disciples the *dervişes* 'those who turned away from the world' and *mürits* 'pupils'.<sup>10</sup> Due to their influence various religious currents struck roots in the rudimentary Turkish states; these emerging state formations gained a lot culturally from this rapidly spreading religion. With the nomadic or semi-nomadic Turkmen tribes, both branches of Islam – Shiite and Sunni – arrived in Anatolia.

<sup>4</sup> One of its manuscripts is preserved in the Oriental Collection of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences.

<sup>5</sup> Artun (2002: 25) enlisted several components of Old Anatolian religions.

<sup>6</sup> In the early phase of Christianity Gnosticism combined eastern elements with elements of Greek philosophy.

<sup>7</sup> Banarlı (1987: 116) in his *History of Turkic Literature* also gave an abbreviated history of events.

<sup>8</sup> The whole Islamic world called the Oghuz Turks Turkmens at that time, see Fodor (1999: 3) and Ocak (1991: 113).

<sup>9</sup> This migration varied in intensity, e.g. it largely strengthened during the Mongol conquest, and lasted until the early 16<sup>th</sup> century when the Ottoman - Safavid conflict put a halt to immigration.

<sup>10</sup> E. I. VII: 631b, Bosworth, C. E. I. VIII: 306a. and MacDonald, D. B. E. I. II: 164a.



Map 1. Bulgaria, Thrace and the western part of Anatolia

These tribes had embraced some sort of Islamic faith and mingled with it their earlier beliefs, developing a heterogeneous Islam. The majority of Turks settling in Anatolia adopted a local variant of one or the other of the *Yesevi*, *Vefai*, *Kalenderi* or *Haydari* branches of Islam. A branch of the Yesevites founded the *Nakışbendi* order in the 14<sup>th</sup> century, and another branch played an important role in developing the *Bektaşî* trend.<sup>11</sup>

In 1243 the Mongol troops of *Hulagu* burst into Anatolia and amidst dreadful bloodshed toppled the rule of the Seljuks. During this dark period the population had good reason to be dissatisfied and the chaos and fear caused the masses to drift towards mysticism and the transcendental. The surviving dervishes from Turkestan

<sup>11</sup> The Nakışbendi order was founded by Bahaeddin Muhammad (†1389), see also E. I. VII: 934b.



founded monastic orders on the model of Khorasan, mingled with the inhabitants and instilled hope in them through the spiritual assistance they provided.<sup>12</sup>

The turmoil caused by the Mongol invasion came opportunely for the *Babai* uprising led by *Baba Ilyas* and launched in 1239-40. Similarly to all revolts up to the 17<sup>th</sup> century, the dervish orders took their share of this uprising as well. The initiators of the rebellion are believed to have been the Turkmen *Kalenderis* who were joined by adherents of the *Vefai*, *Haydari* and *Yesevi* orders as well as large numbers of the local Turkish population. This historical event rocked the whole Seljuk Empire.

*Hacı Bektaş* (Haji Bektash in English), who arrived from Khorasan in the late 1230s, was one of these dervishes. He joined the *Babai* uprising and some claim that he became one of *Baba Ilyas*' closest *halife*. After the quenching of the revolt, he retreated to *Sulucakarahöyük* (today *Hacıbektaş*) where he continued to spread the Sufi teachings with his disciples. His life is full of enigmas. It is an eloquent sign that his date of birth is given variously as 1207 and 1247.<sup>13</sup> All that is known are stories and legends passed down by word of mouth until they were written down several centuries after his death in a book entitled the *Velayetname* by a Bektashi dervish. In this work, Bektash's line of descent is traced back to Muhammad and Ali. It is reported that he came from Nishapur in Turkistan, where he was the student of Lokman Perende, one of the followers of Ahmed Yesevi. The *Velayetname* narrates his deeds, e.g. when a fish rising from a river greeted him in a human voice or when he turned two lions attacking him into stone with a gesture, etc.<sup>14</sup> Legend has it that he died around 1270.<sup>15</sup>

Several legends can be adduced about the birth of Bektashism as well.<sup>16</sup> The order was not founded by the name-giver Haji Bektash himself but by his adopted daughter and Abdal Musa. They gathered the disciples including Otman Baba and *Kaygusuz Abdal*, whose works are included in the popular religious practice to this day and their names are frequent in the Bektashi hymns.<sup>17</sup>

The foundation and rapid development of the order was facilitated by the positive attitude of the Turkmen principalities (*beyliks*) established on the ruins of the Seljuk

<sup>12</sup> The Turkish word *derviş* 'seeker of the door' is of Persian origin of disputed etymology. The other meaning of the word is 'beggar'. At the beginning the dervishes roamed the area alone, beginning to rally into groups around the 12<sup>th</sup> century, cf. E. I. II: 164a.

<sup>13</sup> It should be considered that Bektashis believe there is a second birth (when they join the order) and some sources may have reckoned with that.

<sup>14</sup> Although the date of writing is not explicit, the historical events it alludes to, first of all the Mongol invasion, help date it to the mid-13<sup>th</sup> century, cf. Birge (1937: 49).

<sup>15</sup> The year of his death is equally uncertain, some put it around 1323, see Noyan (1998: 1, 13). Since no written proof has been found, Birge's observation should be accepted. What can safely be stated is that Haji Bektash Veli died before 697 (1297) see (Birge 1937:38). See also Cahen (1969) and Ocak (1996).

<sup>16</sup> Karahan (1998: 96-104).

<sup>17</sup> In more detail see Tschudi (E. I. I: 1161b) and Ocak (1991: 373).

sultanate; they considered its activity and mysticism useful and supported it with money and the foundation of monasteries.

There were other aspects that promoted the strengthening of the order. When the Ottomans took over power in Anatolia, Haji Bektash became the patron saint (*pir*) of the newly established Janissary<sup>18</sup> troops<sup>19</sup>. The tight connection is obvious in the Janissaries calling themselves sons of Haji Bektash, and their cap (*üsküf*) also alludes to Haji Bektash. In this period the Ottoman rule was explicitly the protector of the Bektashi dervishes.<sup>20</sup>

The good relationship between Bektashis and Ottomans was not simply based on mutual sympathy. It was advantageous for the order to have a mighty protector while the Ottomans largely profited by the dervishes who were expert at wielding the sword in battle and also at tilling the soil. There was perhaps an even more important role the dervishes played: their tolerant concept of religion might have mediated between the Islamic Turks and the mainly Christian populace of the occupied areas. Thereby they could promote the consolidation of occupation and prepare the ground for the settlement of larger masses of Turks.<sup>21</sup>

## Second period: unification followed by split-up

The idyllic collaboration between Ottomans and Bektashis did not last forever. A new dervish order – the Kizilbash ‘red head’ – emerged among the Turkmens in the early 16<sup>th</sup> century, gaining popularity rapidly.<sup>22</sup> The situation became more intricate when the descendants of the founder of the order *Şeyh Safi*, the Safavids, became the rulers of Persia. The earlier tolerant Ottomans shifted to an exclusive support of the Sunni branch of Islam mainly for political reasons, and by 1517 they had also acquired the title of caliph of orthodox Sunni Islam. As a response, the Turkmen masses turned towards Shiite teachings, similarly to the Persians.<sup>23</sup>

The Ottomans were facing two possibilities: either to let the strengthening Iranian power grow on them, or to turn against it. In the latter case, however, they risked the loss of an important pillar of their power, the Turkmen masses. Selim I decided for

<sup>18</sup> The name Janissary comes from the Turkish name *yeni çerig* ‘new army’.

<sup>19</sup> The date is uncertain; it can be either 1326 or 1360.

<sup>20</sup> The first three hundred years of the history of the Ottoman Empire was characterized by their cooperation Mélikoff (1999: 8).

<sup>21</sup> In his study Barkan (1942: 294) writes about the colonizing dervishes.

<sup>22</sup> They were called *Kizilbaş* or ‘red-headed’ for the red scarf they wore. The word was originally a term for internal use by Shah Ismail and the Safavid dynasty, but gradually it came to be used as the pejorative name for the Alevis/Bektashis.

<sup>23</sup> Birge (1937: 132) already stressed that the Shiism of the Bektashis apparently deviates from the Shiite views of the Persians. Though the Iranians never accepted the Bektashis as Shiites since the latter worship Ali in the first place, the Bektashis regard themselves as the true Shiites.

war against the Persians, which also entailed the threat of a domestic war within the Ottoman Empire, owing to increasing tensions with the Turkmens inclined towards the Shiite tenets and hence suspicion in the eye of the Ottomans. In the first quarter of the 16<sup>th</sup> century Bektashi uprisings were not infrequent, but it would be a mistake to ascribe them solely to the machinations of the Safavids; the faith of the Kizilbash feeding messianistic ideas also greatly contributed to the changes.

In response to permanent persecution and to Safavid persuasion, the Bektashi religion took on an ever more distinct form. *Balim Sultan* who is regarded as *pir-i sani* or 'second founder of the order' took the lion's share of this effort.<sup>24</sup> In his pioneering book entitled *Erkanname*, he defined the main tenets, unified the rituals and the proper attire, and tried to channel the so-far highly diversified religious practice into a single course.<sup>25</sup>

The controversial relationship between the Bektashis and Ottomans is well illustrated by the following events. Sultan Bayezid II raised Balim Sultan to head the Haji Bektash dervish monastery in 1501. Balim Sultan, in turn, ordained Bayezid's successor sultan Selim I a dervish, portrayed later with a *menguş*<sup>26</sup> in his ear. Nonetheless, Selim I had the Shiite population between seven and seventy years of age registered by spies in the second year of his reign, as he felt they meant a threat to the Ottoman Empire. He had forty thousand people executed or imprisoned for life. In 1514 he led a victorious campaign against his mortal enemy Shah Ismail. Incidentally, the Bektashi educated Janissaries secured the victory for him. Shah Ismail wrote wonderful Bektashi hymns under the pen name Hatayi, and just like Selim I, was a member of the Bektashi order.<sup>27</sup>

In the decades after standardization introduced by Balim Sultan (i.e. after 1546) Bektashism split into two: the so-called rural and the urban branches.<sup>28</sup> The non-standardized rural *Çelebi* branch was embraced by the Turkmen masses who were born into it, as it were. The *Babagan* branch, which later spread around Istanbul and in the Balkans, pursued more strictly regulated religious practice and cherished Haji Bektash Veli's teachings in their monasteries more closely. One could enter only after a long process of learning, by one's own free will. The foundations of the religion, ritual and literature of the two branches are common but there are lesser or greater regional deviations in both.<sup>29</sup>

<sup>24</sup> The date of Balim Sultan's birth is uncertain, but the date of his death is known: 1520 (Noyan 1998: 301 and Birge 1937: 56). On his origins and the miraculous conception of his Christian mother see *ibidem*.

<sup>25</sup> Nevertheless the Bektashi-Alevi religion survives in various individual variants in different regions and communities of Turkey to this day.

<sup>26</sup> Horseshoe-shaped earring of the dervishes indicating their vow of celibacy.

<sup>27</sup> Arslanoğlu (1992) published the poems of other Hatayis as well. (Cf. Birge 1937: 66).

<sup>28</sup> That is how Ágoston (2002) and Mélikoff (1999) contrast them.

<sup>29</sup> It well illustrates the intricacy of the situation in which the communities we examined belong to the *Babagan* branch but they are not urban in character and do not live in monasteries, either.

The *Babagan* branch kept close relations with the Janissary troops, hence its position was strong. Its leader, the *dedebaba* could not become an acknowledged superior of the order unless the Janissary aga of Istanbul crowned him with the pointy hat. The Janissary aga was lauded during every procession by Bektashi dervishes.<sup>30</sup> The dervishes greatly contributed to the spread of the Bektashi order in the occupied territories. The Albanian communities were the strongest. Until the 20<sup>th</sup> century at least four of their sultans joined the Bektashi order: Orhan, Beyazit II, Abdul Aziz and Yavuz Sultan Selim.

### Third period: the suppression of the Janissary troops and the Bektashi order

The glorious period of the Bektashi order ends with the disbanding of the Janissary army and the suppression of the Bektashi order beginning with its *Babagan* branch. In 1826 the Janissaries refused to obey their overlords and began plundering; there was utter disorder. Mahmud II was forced to disband the Janissary troops: on 16 June 1826 the *Nizam-i Cedid* 'Regular Army' equipped with modern arms bloodily suppressed their revolt.<sup>31</sup> Within a few years' time the remains of the Janissary troops were also erased. In a decree of 1826 Mahmud II abolished the Bektashi order together with the training centres of Janissaries. The properties of all the dervish orders were taken over by the Empire or given to the loyal *Nakışbendi* dervishes.<sup>32</sup>

The Bektashi order survived this intervention but its influence drastically decreased. Moreover, the *Çelebi* branch of Turkmens was less affected by the sanctions as they did not really have privileges to lose. From that time on, the Bektashis have concealed themselves, often appearing in the disguise of Sunnites. This form of self-defense has been useful and can still be observed today.

### Fourth period – the 20<sup>th</sup> century

During the reign of sultan *Abdul Aziz* (1861–1876) the Bektashi order flourished again and the ruined monasteries were rebuilt. Soon the *Babagan* branch also strengthened. During the Ottoman Empire the Bektashis supporting all progressive ideas built good relations with the French free-masons, the movement of the *Young Turks* and helped establish lodges. They took part in the fight for liberation in 1919–1923, Atatürk personally appealed for help from *Cemalettin Çelebi* the leader of the order at that time.

<sup>30</sup> Similarly to the responsories, the leading voice shouted *Kerimullah!* 'God is merciful!' and the rest of the dervishes responded *Hu!* 'He himself, Allah!' see (D'Ohhson 1787–1820 IV: 675).

<sup>31</sup> Redhouse (1974: 890) and E. I. VIII: 75a.

<sup>32</sup> Barnes (1986: 101).

General *Mustafa Kemal*, widely known as Atatürk, forced sultan *Abdul Mecit* resign from his rank of caliph after a military coup in Turkey on March 3 1924. He introduced several anti-religious laws and suppressed the dervish communities. On September 4 1925 the whirling *Mevlevi* dervishes' monasteries were closed, as were the convents of the Bektashis. Atatürk dreamed of a Turkish state of organic unity, without castes, where the whole society accepted a single common history, spoke a common language and pursued a single religion; a society in which there was no separatism and no ethnic groups, in which all were Turkish and in which the Turk was identical with the Sunni.<sup>33</sup> In spite of all this, the picture of Atatürk can be seen on the wall of all the Bektashi communal places.

The Bektashi and Alevi tradition has survived the persecutions and the difficulties in secret but in vigour and still exists in our day. In the process of Turkey's attempt to join the EU they can appear more and more frequently in public and a strong "revival" movement can be witnessed among the youth in many places. The musical material we present in this book derives from such communities, and besides these, there are several similar communities in various areas of Turkey.

*Hacıbektaş* is the sacred centre of Alevi-Bektashi Islam, and every year on August 16, 17 and 18, tens of thousands of Bektashi people flock here from Turkey and other Balkan countries. During the three days of ceremonies, people from far and wide: from the *Deliorman* villages of Bulgaria, Albania and the Turkish provinces of *Isparta*, *Tokat*, *Tunceli*, *Mersin*, *Antalya* and *Erzincan* come together here. Teams of *semah* dancers from different regions and in colourful costumes perform these ceremonial dances, each of which represents a separate thread in the rich cultural tapestry. The last representatives of the folk minstrel tradition take the stage, sharing it with modern-day theatre companies and music groups.

On the other hand, the future of some of their groups – for instance in the Thracian areas of Turkey – is threatened by the decreasing number of novices as ever fewer people want to join the order.

## Bektashis in the Balkans

Bektashism spread in the Balkans in the 13–14<sup>th</sup> centuries. Legend has it that Haji Bektash Veli personally sent one of his holy men, *Sari Saltuk*, on a flying rug first to Georgia and later to the western shore of the Black Sea to recruit followers. Sari Saltuk founded a monastery in the town of Kilgra (Kaliakra) in Dobrudja which was also visited by the Arabic traveller Ibn Batuta. In his travelogue (approximately in 1325) Sari Saltuk is described as a historical person, although the legend passed down by word of mouth states that Sari Saltuk killed the seven-headed dragon with the help

<sup>33</sup> This conception was the obstacle to all minority research, hence no studies on these themes have appeared until most recently.

of the famous Islamic saint *Hızır*.<sup>34</sup> Soon after the conquest of the Balkans, Constantinople also came under Turkish rule.

Later the Mongol attacks sent many fleeing from Anatolia westward to more distant Byzantine areas. Those groups then acted as colonizers in the Balkans. These Bektashis called themselves *Rum Abdal*, just like the Anatolian *Kalenderis* and *Haydaris*.<sup>35</sup>

Today, there is a tiny majority among the Bulgarian Turks called Kizilbash, who settled rather far away from one another: in Deliorman (Ludo Garie) and Dobrudja, Gerlova, Stana Zagara and Haskovo, Kircaali.<sup>36</sup> They must be descendants of the Safavid Kizilbashes who emigrated from Anatolia in the 16<sup>th</sup> century, as it has been confirmed by several ethnographic investigations.<sup>37</sup> His field researches in the eighties led *de Jong* to realize that the Bulgarian Kizilbash ritual had many features in common with that of the Turkish *Tahtacıs*.<sup>38</sup> An even earlier migration is revealed by the sects living in Deliorman in Bulgaria; their rituals are completely different from the rest of the Balkanian Kizilbashes.<sup>39</sup> The members of the communities we examined also came from these areas or were descendants of people coming from there (e.g. from Haskovo).

Recently many research studies are being conducted in connection to the Alevi-Bektashi culture. Here we only mention the extensive multinational research by the *Hacı Bektaş Veli* Research Centre of Gazi University in Ankara.<sup>40</sup> Kressing (2000) also wrote an excellent book on the Albanian Bektashis, Clarke (1999) on the world of the Alevis. Their studies reveal the complexity of the question and the heterodox characteristics of Bektashism and Alevism.

<sup>34</sup> Hızır's figure is closely analogous with St. George of Christianity (Birge 1937: 51).

<sup>35</sup> Clarke (1999: 57).

<sup>36</sup> The groups of the Bektashis in these settlements are *Çelebi*, *Babacan*, *Otman Baba*, *Demir Baba* and *Ali Koç Baba* communities.

<sup>37</sup> Babinger (1922).

<sup>38</sup> So far the best research history and findings of fieldwork among the *Tahtacıs* belong to Yörükan (1998), and around Mersin, see Çıblak (2005). A separate chapter is devoted to the religious life and beliefs of the *Tahtacıs* (Çıblak 2005: 43–92, 213–216).

<sup>39</sup> de Jong (1985: 30–32).

<sup>40</sup> The catalogue of manuscripts in Ottoman Turkish (as well as Arabic and Persian) language kept at the National Archives of Albania appeared in 2001 (Aytaş–Yılmaz 2001). In 2007 a separate issue was published on the fieldworks carried out in the Alevi-Bektashi communities in Bulgaria (*Türk Kültürü ve Hacı Bektaş Veli Araştırma Dergisi* 43.).



## THE SYNCRETISTIC RELIGION

Its followers regard the Bektashi order as the most traditional Turkish branch in which natural religions, the worship of nature, veneration of the ancestors, Shamanism, Buddhism, Manicheism and several elements of Christianity have been preserved to this day.<sup>41</sup> In this chapter, we will introduce some of these elements without attempting to depict the whole picture.

### Ancient Turkish beliefs, Shamanism

The beliefs of the Ancient Turks were connected to nature; they believed in the cult of trees, rocks,<sup>42</sup> and Tengrism, Shamanism were prevalent among them.<sup>43</sup> As the Chinese sources also mention it, the ancient Turks erected the majority of their sacrificial shrines on mountain tops and performed the Shamanic rituals mainly in the mountains. They believed that the deities lived on mountain peaks, which were regarded as sacred and tagged as *mübarek* 'blessed', *mukaddes* 'holy', *büyük ata* 'great father', *büyük hakan* 'great ruler'.<sup>44</sup> To illustrate their relationship with trees, we should mention that among some Turkish groups in the Balkans the villagers go into the woods

<sup>41</sup> Eraydın (1990: 550).

<sup>42</sup> It is probably not accidental that the ancient religion of nomadic Arab tribes was similar; they worshipped stones, trees, fountains (Goldziher 1981: 777). The same applies to the Mongols, as the *Secret History of the Mongols* reveals. The cult of rocks also appears in the Hungarian tradition. Eliade (1977: 135) deems it possible that ancient Thracians also venerated the sky god.

<sup>43</sup> Ocak (1983: 34) writes that there are no data to substantiate a hypothesis of Shamanism in Central Asian Turkic societies. There is no reference to Shamanism in the oldest record of the Turkish language, the Orhon inscriptions of the 8<sup>th</sup> century, or in the early Chinese sources about Turkic religion, which of course does not disprove that Turks had Shamans in the 6<sup>th</sup> century. Ocak presumes that the Turks' ancient religion was different and Shamanism spread among them later.

<sup>44</sup> The Turks, Mongols, Manchus of the Altay offer their sacrificial rituals to the god of the sky on top of mountains (Katalin Uray-Köhalmi's kind oral communication).



in groups to carve off the bark of the new sprouts of fir trees and chew on them. They attribute a special vital force to the sap in them.<sup>45</sup>

The taboo of uttering certain proper and common names or using them figuratively is still customary. The *Tahtacı*s living in the Taurus Mountains, for example, never utter the name of the bear but call it *koca oğlan* 'huge boy' or *dağdaki* 'mountain-dweller'.<sup>46</sup> Some elements of ancient religions survive till this day, e.g. the taboo of stepping on the threshold can be traced to pre-Islam Central Asia, this custom being prevalent among Mongols as well.

The Shaman gets into an ecstatic state to communicate with the dead, the spirits and other superhuman beings, mediating between the earthly sphere and the place beyond. He can heal and see the future, when need be. He can descend into the netherworld and ascend into the sky. According to tradition, the Bektashi saints and legendary figures also have superhuman abilities: their souls can leave their bodies then return; they fly into the sky on their mounts to talk to God; they can govern the forces of nature, do not burn to ashes in a fire, etc. They can perform magic, heal the sick, know where lost things are,<sup>47</sup> inform the community of looming events, resuscitate people from bones of animals, etc.<sup>48</sup> The facsimile editions published in Ankara in recent years are readings about the wonder-working abilities of their leading saints.<sup>49</sup> The role of music also points beyond the earthly existence among the

Bektashis. Several of them firmly stated that their *nefes*es had healing powers. Typically enough, the word *nefes* is of Hebrew origin, translated in the Bible mostly as 'being' or 'soul'. The meaning of the Turkish word is also 'soul' but it also means 'healing with breathing, incantation'. The latter alludes both to the healing effect of collective singing with faith and to its Shamanistic origins.

<sup>45</sup> Kúnos (1999: 77). Similar stories survive in Hungary. Sándor Takáts writes that in 1629 "a large lime-tree in the estate of the Zrínyi family is visited by crowds of Christians and Turks on the first Sunday of the new moon, for whom the priest celebrates mass. They keep kissing the tree, claiming that if they make a pledge, their ills will be remedied." Eusebius Fermendzin's account is eerily similar (Zagrabiae, 1892: 390–391); (cit. Sávai 1982: 32): "At Lippa large crowds of Turks and Christians gather at a desert place on the Sunday after every new moon, bringing gifts (*voti*), candles and other objects. The parish priest of the neighbouring settlements celebrates mass for the collected alms, and they adore (*adorano*) this tree, kissing it as if it were the body of a saint and saying: this tree works wonders and heals the ones that bring gifts to it. The Lippa in the account is presumably Kislippa in the district of Alsólendva in Zala county, while Fermendzin's account is about Bosnia. Or is this also a migrant motif?" (Grynaeus 2002: 93).

<sup>46</sup> Atalay (1924: 13).

<sup>47</sup> The Kazaks around Nalayh attributed this faculty to the molla. We witnessed that they asked him for a talisman to help find their lost things in 1996.

<sup>48</sup> Ocak (1983: 95).

<sup>49</sup> The work attributed by many to Hacı Bektaş Veli was translated from Persian into Turkish by D. Duman. (Aytaş, G.–Yılmaz, H. (haz.) 2004). Another book describes the activity of Otman Baba in the Balkans and Thrace in brief chapters with versified inserts (Kılıç, F.–Arslan, M.–Bülbul, T. 2007). Both books contain glossaries of the peculiar expressions for better understanding.

In some *nefes*es the words *sieve* and *drum* are connected to dervishes.<sup>50</sup> № 12: “*The candidate is screened through a fine sieve*”, № 138: “*I was sieved and kneaded*”. They can be seen as Shamanistic in their origins. The Bektashi poets of our days, the *asiks*’ plucked instrument is also analogous with the Shaman’s drum or other instrument by which he can visit other worlds. Today, however, the musician beats the cover plate of the instrument instead of a drum with the ring finger of his right hand.

It is also pre-Islamic and related, as some claim, to Shamanism that in the religious ritual called *zikir* men and women sing, dance and go into ecstasy together.<sup>51</sup> They use the fire in their rituals, respect the forces of nature, sacrifice an animal when a guest arrives, etc.

In the myths and religions of the other peoples living in the region, ideas, having elements in common with Shamanism also appear, and that might have contributed to the survival of these customs in Anatolia.

One such legend is the myth of Orpheus. According to it Orpheus lived a generation before Homer (6–5<sup>th</sup> century B.C.) in Thrace. He was not only a musician but also a healer who – like the Shamans – descended into the netherworld.

He tamed and enchanted the beasts with his magic power, the wild beasts, e.g. the lion and the fawn danced to the music of his lute.<sup>52</sup> It is noteworthy that in a widely known picture Haji Bektash Veli holds the same two tamed animals by his side with his hands.<sup>53</sup>

In Orphic religious communities believing in reincarnation the singer was the protagonist of initiations and mysteries. The Orphics jealously guarded the secrets of various crafts as the guild masters of the Bektashis do in the *Ahilik* organization. The Orphics thought the soul was immortal hence divine.<sup>54</sup> They hoped that one could experience the divine mode of existence due to one’s way of life – which is also very similar to the central goal of the Bektashis.

When Orpheus was torn to pieces by his outraged enemies his head was drifting in the current singing<sup>55</sup>. Both the re-assembling of a man after dismemberment and

<sup>50</sup> Several songs speak about the dense sieve through which the candidate must pass (№. 12, 138, 234).

<sup>51</sup> An important analogy is known about ancient Thracians. Euripides also mentions their Dionysus cult. In *The Bacchae* he narrates that they held their rituals in the mountains at night at torchlight accompanied by wild music during which the believers let out screams of joy in the round dance as it intensified to ecstasy (Eliade 1997: 135).

<sup>52</sup> Fantastic elements (dreams, prophecies, magic) are present in the tradition of Balkanian heroic epic, too, and those who adhere to tradition often take them for granted (Organdžieva 1984: 302).

<sup>53</sup> Eliade (1997: 147).

<sup>54</sup> Eliade (1997: 148).

<sup>55</sup> See Gustave Moreau’s picture: ‘Thracian Girl Carrying the Head of Orpheus on his Lyre’ (1865) in Wikipedia.



Picture 1. Hasan Y. baba and his wife Fatma at a sacred place of the Bektashis (→240)

the severed head that speaks belong to the Shamanistic tradition.<sup>56</sup> The same motif appears in Bektashi *nefes*.<sup>57</sup>

Pythagoras of Greek antiquity also voiced reincarnation, contact with the deities and spirits, the rule over the animal kingdom and the ability of holy people to appear at several places at the same time, and also that the soul can leave the body for lengthier periods of time. Legends have it that Bektashi saints could also appear at several places at once and they could cover distances of several days in the blink of an eye.<sup>58</sup>

<sup>56</sup> A versified manuscript was written along the Volga with the title *Book of the Severed Head* in the 13–14<sup>th</sup> century. The legend is also known among Muslim Tatars; Ahmedgaleeva adapted it in 1979.

<sup>57</sup> „Holy people, serve the mighty one, / Our religious leader Haji, Bektash Veli. / A severed head arrived at lion Ali, / Asking him to save him from the monster”. From a *nefes* of Kul Himmet, a 16<sup>th</sup>-century Turkish poet (Aslanoğlu 1977: 52).

<sup>58</sup> Gül Baba was the Bektashis' saint in Buda; the study about him also mentions this legendary ability (Saral 2004: 192).

## Other Inner-Asian influences

Some Turkic peoples already came to be influenced by Buddhism, Manicheism and became acquainted with Zoroaster's teachings before they moved in from Central Asia. For instance, the Uyghurs living in Tufan were Buddhists in the 9–10<sup>th</sup> century, the yellow Uyghurs are still Buddhists, while in the 8–9<sup>th</sup> century the Uighurs around Orhon were Manicheans. Bektashi teaching is closely tied to Buddhism by the belief in the transmigration of the soul (although the Buddhist concept of the soul is different from the Christian or Islamic concept). The word *Buddha* means 'awakened, enlightened' denoting a person who has got rid of the bonds of the material world and realized the perfect state of mind free from confusion and pollution. Essentially it corresponds to the Bektashis' *kamil insan* 'perfect man' who dies before his death. Actually he dies to the worldly life and withdraws, rejecting the chaotic bustle. The desire to unite with God deepens in him. There are no material or other concerns that keep his attention captive.

Zoroaster founded the first monotheist religion. It has a dualist world view: the world is the venue of the fight between good and evil (light and darkness), but the two sides are manifestations of one and the same God, Ahura Mazda. The notions of heaven, hell, prophet, Messiah, Doomsday, the host of angels that are so well known in the Jewish–Christian culture appear in this religion first. The adherents of Zoroastrianism have distinguished appreciation for the basic elements: earth, water, fire and air. The direct or indirect impact of all this can be discerned in Bektashism.

The Turkic peoples already met with the Sunni, Shiite and mystical traditions of Islam in Central Asia. These branches were already heterogeneous at that time, thus the Islamic mystics could pick and choose from among most diverse views of the appealing elements to create their own syncretistic belief.

## Anatolian Christian impacts

The religions of Anatolia prior to the Ottoman Turks also contributed to the shaping of Turkish Islam. After the battle of Manzikert in 1071 some or all the native non-Islamic population was frightened enough to move away from the eastern areas, vacating the place for the incoming Turks. As time passed, the indigenous populace also came to know the Turkish viewpoint concerning non-Muslims, so they gradually eased back and became assimilated over the course of centuries. The Ottomans were apparently tolerant, not to mention that they levied smaller taxes than Byzantium, so the native people found the Turkish rule more beneficial. The Armenian and Syrian inhabitants chose the Ottomans versus Byzantium from the beginning.<sup>59</sup>

<sup>59</sup> The entry of *Anadolu* 'Anatolia' in *Islam Ansiklopedisi* deals with this issue in more detail (Topaloğlu 1991: 112).

After the Seljuks have settled, great commercial centers evolved in Central Anatolia by the 13<sup>th</sup> century, e.g. Konya, Kayseri and Sivas. Here and in surrounding villages the Muslims mingled with the Christians and the (numerically smaller) Jews. Christianity was present in Anatolia from its first centuries: many early Christians fled from the Holy Land to escape from persecution and found shelter in the caves in the Ihlara Valley and Cappadocia where they created underground towns for themselves.

Owing to the significant rate of Christians and the close ties between Christians and Muslims several Turkish rulers lived in a Christian milieu before they ascended the throne and thus could get to know Christian spirituality. There were mixed marriages, too. Christian and Turkish communities learned each other's languages and influenced each other's religious practices as well. There were towns in which the Anatolian Greek or Armenian Christians converted to Islam upon the impact of Turks living in the same town. There is hardly any document about conversions but it is widely known that their number was high and there were converts in families of most diverse ranks. It is known, for example, that Greek noblemen from the *Gavras* and *Komnenos* families filled Turkish state offices the precondition for which was the conversion to Islam.<sup>60</sup> Several Christians joined actively the Turkish popular movements of social unrest.

Several Bektashi texts display the influence of Christendom. For instance, the motif of the crucifixion appears in the Bektashi *baba* Hasan Yildiz's *cönk defter*.<sup>61</sup>

*A gown and a vest were all left on me,  
I took them off before God.  
Crucify your body on the cross, you said,  
Behold, we have crucified it.*

Setting out on the road may mean joining a religion in the Christian communities as well, e.g. among the Baptists of Hungary. *Religious life is wandering; taking the narrow path; faith is health; faithlessness is illness* – these are all metaphors of the Christian Baptists. The obstacles on the road, the crossroads, the destination, resolve along the road etc. all appear among their concepts of the source, too.<sup>62</sup>

The community of Bektashi dervishes has proclaimed the holy trinity of *Allah – Muhammad – Ali* after the Christian model since the 13<sup>th</sup> century.<sup>63</sup> The point is the consubstantiality of the three persons, that is, the divine essence in all three that only becomes consummate together with the other two. This is the Bektashi holy trinity as

<sup>60</sup> There are examples of the christening of Muslims, especially in the border zones.

<sup>61</sup> The *cönk defter* is a 'handwritten song book' or rather, 'booklet'. People copy in notebooks, date calendars etc. the words of fine sacred hymns or psalms heard at different occasions several times during one's lifetime. There is no notation of the music, and the verses are often put down with Thracian dialectal elements at places.

<sup>62</sup> Urbánné Kuba C. É. (2008: 18) [manuscript].

<sup>63</sup> In more detail on the issue see the most reliable manual so far (Birge 1937: 132).



Picture 2. Dervishes in the early 20th century

compared with the Christian counterpart in which the Father, Son and Holy Ghost are consubstantial. The identity of the three persons is expressed in several works of Bektashi literature, e.g. in the poem of the mystic poet *Sefil Abdal*: “God – Muhammad – Ali is a single secret”. Similarly, in the first song of our Thracian collection, the poem of *Pir Sultan Abdal* has the following strophe, cited from the handwritten songbook of O. B. Bektashi dervish:

*God is one: Allah – Muhammad – Ali,  
This name fills the entire world.  
This way is the way of Allah – Muhammad – Ali,  
Come into the shrine of Muhammad – Ali.*

This does not apply to all sects. The extreme Shiite *Nusayri* sect, for example, added the prestigious *Selman Farisi* as the third member of the holy trinity in addition to Ali and Muhammad.<sup>64</sup>

<sup>64</sup> Goldziher (1981: 230).

As it has happened worldwide, the feasts of earlier religions were adapted to the new religion. The cult of some Christian saints was Islamized. At Ürgüp, for example, the cult of Haji Bektash evolved from the cult of St. Haralambos. On the whole, however, Christianity rapidly lost its basis in Anatolia with the forward thrust of the Turks.

As has been seen, Bektashism is tied by several threads to other religions. Some claim that the believers of all religions are headed towards one and the same summit, only the trails along which they are climbing are different. To put it in another way, the followers of different branches of e.g. Christian, Judaic or Islamic faiths walk along roads going in the same direction, sometimes converging and then diverging. Indeed, there is little difference between the prescriptions of Bektashi gates and *makams* and the correct Christian behavioural norms expected to be abided by. At the level of ordinary existence, the differences were not unbridgeable.

### Alevis, Bektashis and Sufis in Turkey

It is seemingly easy to separate the terms Alevi and Bektashi, as Alevi is relatively new, preceded by Bektashi (and Kizilbash).<sup>65</sup>

Obviously, there is no concrete date at which the Turks embraced Islam; they kept tasting it for centuries. In Anatolia, orthodox and heterodox Islam spread more or less simultaneously. Among those who followed the Shiite branch the town dwellers were those who were mainly influenced by Persian culture, its language and religion, while the nomadic and semi-nomadic Turkmens took over some elements of Islam but they kept their ancient religion as well.

The gap between the urban and rural branches kept widening during the centuries. Some claim that contemporary Bektashis continue the urban branch while the rural populace align themselves with the Kizilbash who followed the teachings of Shah Ismail's father Sheikh Haydar (1460–1488).<sup>66</sup>

Later, the Kizilbash name was applied to those who supported the Persian Safavids against the Ottomans. Still later it was used to designate the Kurds. The term gradually assumed a pejorative connotation and in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century the term *Alevi* finally appeared to replace it. In Mélikoff's view (1999: 3) today *Alevi* has the same meaning as *Kizilbash* used to have. He has also found that the religion of the Kizilbash is not Shiite Islam but the Turkmen interpretation of the Persian Safavid doctrines imbued with Sufism.

<sup>65</sup> In the opinion of Mélikoff (1999: 3) the old name of the Alevis is Kizilbaş. Clarke (1999: 16) shares this view.

<sup>66</sup> Mélikoff's and Köprülü's conception might apply to the first half of the 20th century, but today the Bektashis are not necessarily more urbanized than the Alevis (Clarke 1999: 17).

In contemporary Turkey this is a highly complex and thoroughly politicized issue whose widely diverse views are voiced by many. Typically enough, the definition in the *Encyclopaedia of Islam* does not tally with the Bektashis' self-definition.<sup>67</sup> A part of the (Sunni) public in Turkey thinks that the Alevis are Kurds, the Bektashis are Turks, but in actual fact it is far more complex, the ethnic division not tallying with reality. For example, the overwhelming majority of Urfa are Kurds, yet nearly all are Sunnis. Certainly, in East Anatolia mystic Islam was mainly joined by Kurds, while in the Balkans by the local population in contact with the conquering Turks.

Although both Alevis and Bektashis protest against being mixed together, they have much in common in their traditions, rituals, prayers.<sup>68</sup> It is an essential difference that according to the rules of the *Çelebiyan* trend, only those can be Alevis whose parents are also Alevis (or who marry into Alevi families). Within this group, only the descendants of Ali by blood – the *ocakzade* – are first-class Alevis, the relations by marriage belonging to the second rank.

The Alevis decidedly differentiate themselves from the Sunni Turks who are the majority of the population. They are the followers of Ali who do not identify with Sunni Islam. The Bektashis are on the non-Sunni side whose main saint is Ali and they regard themselves as the preservers of the Turkish language and the ancient Turkish religion: they claim to be the real Turks.

The tensions between the majority Sunnis and minority Alevi – Bektashis have historical reasons for the same as well. While in the Sunni religious schools (*medreses*) the more conservative course tied closely to the Quran was followed, the monasteries of mystic Islam Sufi dervishes (*tekke*) advocated revival and liberty. They proclaimed the infinite love of Allah, sometimes with unrestrained festivals of pleasure, as some travellers noted. Not only did they fail to pray five times in the mosque, but they also burst into singing to praise Allah. Compared to the conservative Sunni *medreses*, the mystic Sufis rallied in the *tekkes* had different views, principles, style and practice. For them, heaven was not marked by angels walking on the shore of cool waters, but it was a possibility to perceive religious beauties and first of all, to reach God. Their attention and philosophy were concentrated on *man* (not only on Islamic man); they proclaimed that the gate of heaven was open to everybody, no matter which road he has chosen to approach it.<sup>69</sup> An essential difference is the Sufis' love of God and the Sunnis' fear of God. The Quran passages (*ayet*) that are recited in the *medreses* – “fear

<sup>67</sup> The interview we made with K. Noyan in Izmir reveals that the Bektashis neglect the public murmur around them. However damning or slanderous the opinions about them may be, they will not protest. They are going along their own way, no matter what the external conditions are like.

<sup>68</sup> One of the most concise description of Alevis (Arslanoğlu 2000: 153) lists basic principles, saints, etc. that are fundamental with the Bektashis as well. He interprets Bektashism as a current playing an important role in spreading Alevis in Anatolia.

<sup>69</sup> The first verse of a Bektashi hymn calls on to the dervishes in these words: “The gate of heaven is open / It is wrought from the glitter of ruby. / Its bridge is thinner than hair, / Come if you can cross it.”



the wrath of Allah” – was a warning to the atheists in the view of the dervishes living in the *tekke*.

The *medreses* rejected Sufism as vehemently as the people welcomed it. Some Ottoman rulers of great acumen, wishing to win the sympathy of the people, inserted their men in certain organizations partly to raise the prestige of the *tekkes*, and partly to get first-hand information of matters there.



Picture 3. Cami in a Bektashi village

## ISLAMIC MYSTICISM

Sufism has never been a unified system, and it manifests itself in diverse forms even today. It does contradict official Islam and its tenets have always been regarded as heresy by orthodox Islam as it criticizes even the Quran. The rules and standards dominating it are different from that of Sunni Islam,<sup>70</sup> but its elaborate, highly ethical system never represented a threat to orthodox Islam.

Sufism is a mystical feeling, the synthesis of thought and belief; it is pure selfless love. It declares the oneness of Allah: Allah is the only true divine existence.<sup>71</sup> The worship of God is the basic precondition of deliverance, the ultimate goal is the glorious union with God. Since God resides in the heart of the believer, those who want to come near to Him must seek him in themselves, but the ignorant seek Him in vain far and wide.<sup>72</sup> He who longs with all his heart may reach God along a way through hard struggles across different stations. His inner struggles will help him rid himself of his ignoble ego and free his soul from his miserable body. The intense love of God and the struggle to reach Him speaks to us in the religious hymns, such as the Bek-tashi *nefes*.

According to Sufi teaching, man is a momentary ray of light that incarnates for only a brief period of time. This fleeting nature however may not mean the lack of higher ambitions for man. Hasan al-Basri (643–728) defined contented man as one who finds peace withdrawing from the crowds. Defeating his carnal needs, he is liberated, eradicating the greed in himself he finds friendship, and if he is capable of patience and the incessant love of God, he may prepare himself for eternal life.

The followers of Sufism believe that by improving oneself one may be duly rewarded even in this earthly existence. Those who incessantly seek improvement, who are extraordinarily good, may experience the nearness of God on Earth. The divine essence may be revealed in every human being. That is the final reward for a long

<sup>70</sup> Goldziher (1981: 148, 813).

<sup>71</sup> Banarli (1987: 115–7).

<sup>72</sup> The same world view is suggested by the *Dede Korkut*, a collection of the early legends of the Ottoman Turks (Ergin 1997: 180).



Picture 4. A popular representation of Hacı Bektash with a lion and a stag (→HacıBektash)

and tiresome struggle, but it must be the aim of every moment of one's life to become perfect. The central goal is to achieve the state of *kamil insan* 'perfect man' which requires great efforts, the turning in the right direction at every crossroads, and to progress, even on the narrowest path step by step unwavering.

The required knowledge can only be learned in practice. Everyone must have a religious teacher (*mürşid*). Temren (1999: 10) stresses that the *mürşid* is a teacher who does not force his pupil but exposes the source of knowledge to him. It is up to the seeker how much he can profit by it. The *mürşid* helps him to learn the doctrine and decides whether the seeker (*talip*) is mature enough to join the community, or not.<sup>73</sup> The advice and opinion of the *mürşid* help orientate the *talip* in everyday life. He educates his pupil with utter devotion, like a good parent who hopes the child will surpass him in every regard: "*The mürşid is a fine sieve / One has to be screened through it.*"<sup>74</sup>

<sup>73</sup> In Hungary the first religious community of a free church whose adherents joined by their own free will was the Nazarene (Szigeti 2002: 133). The Baptist church also accepts as new members only adults, who can join out of their own free will.

<sup>74</sup> Pir Sultan Abdal's poem (Kaya 1999: 96).

The master is above all, for whom the disciple is ready to sacrifice even his life. The pupil whose suffering leads him to reach to the height of his spiritual leader becomes light himself, but he who does not choose a *mürşid* will never reach his goal. “If you have a master, you will become a man, / If you haven’t, you will remain a beast.”<sup>75</sup>

The *baba* leading a religious community directs the attention towards love, tolerance and the importance of mental and communal values. He is the master who shows the right way as the representative of Haji Bektash Veli in the community. He translates abstract notions into everyday practice, turning them into a manner of living, world view, faith and hope. The community not only talks about these, but also actively practices them. We have seen a *baba*, for example, calmly put up a prisoner released that very day for the night in his own house, then take him to the bus terminal the next morning and buy him a ticket to home. He welcomes and puts up Christians as well, gives his last blanket to orphaned Roma children, gives a large sum in advance to Gypsy musicians and is certain that however long he has to wait, the musicians will come as they promised. He is exemplary in rejecting prejudice and truly respecting people.

We will try to bring the Reader closer to Bektashi philosophy, poetry and everyday life, and provide a better understanding of the poems gathered in this book by presenting two sources below. First, we are to cite from a book that reflects the ideas of the founder of the religion Haji Bektash, followed by poetic sentences from the book of a 14–15<sup>th</sup> century dervish, *Kaygusuz Abdal*. We are not citing the texts word for word but paraphrase their meaning – without distortion, we hope – in the way a disciple would glean them from the Master’s teachings. The everyday life of the Alevi–Bektashis is not as glorious as the quotations suggest. Their religious leaders are often simple people on the verge of illiteracy, whose strength is not rooted in abstract theology but in setting an example in ordinary life and in cementing the community. They are nevertheless all characterized by the spirituality advocated by Haji Bektash and Kaygusuz Abdal.

### A book from Haji Bektash’s spiritual workshop

The book is entitled *Makâlât-ı Gaybiyye ve Kelimât-ı Ayniyye*, “Teachings on the invisible and visible things”.<sup>76</sup> It is not absolutely certain that it was written by Haji Bektash but it certainly derives from the intellectual centre of which he was the most outstanding leader. It is a faithful summary of the main principles of the religion and also provides practical advice for living. Let us sum up the main ideas.

<sup>75</sup> Teslim Sultan Abdal’s poem (Birge 1937: 97). The word *beast* is not so pejorative here, it simply alludes to people not treading the correct path, not aspiring for enlightenment.

<sup>76</sup> Gazi University (Ankara) has the best institute for Bektashi–Alevi research. Besides its regular journal it publishes indispensable books with facsimile (Aytaş, G.–Yılmaz, H. 2004).

*About the essence of religion.* The most important thing is to get rid of evil and our own ego; and to seek God incessantly, everywhere. “Let us die before our death” – let us sever ourselves from the worldly vanities, embark the ship of *fena* (the annihilation of the personality) and build out the city of the soul. Let us don the garment of goodness so that we can drink the wine of love and enter the palace of love. The place of the personality is taken by God, all else should be removed. We were created by God, we have to obey Him in high and low spirit, in health and in sickness. Everything is by God, we have to accept everything whole-heartedly, with satisfaction, with the smile of God’s love. God is with those who are tolerant. We have to repent our sins. We must not commit sins via our seven organs; we must reach the state of reconciliation; we have to free ourselves of self-idolatry, and our heart will lead us to see God.

The gravest sin is the love of worldly vanities. Moderate meals, little speech, little sleep, selflessness and poverty all help the fight against the ego and the Satan. Poverty is a superior state in which we may come to understand that we do not need and thus we do not long for anything but God. All ill and tragedy must be accepted as they are by God’s will.

*About seeking God.* Wherever we turn, God is there. He incorporates everything, he knows everything. His true being remains hidden to man; He is the beginning and the end. We may approach Him in three stages. First we get rid of acts governed by our instincts, which purifies the personality of its bad traits (*nefis*). Then we concentrate on Him alone – this purifies the heart. Finally, ridden of all material ties, we rise into the transcendental – this raises the soul. All that God created in heaven and earth has its imprint in us. He created Paradise in heaven and the heart in the soul which is a thousand times larger than Paradise. Paradise is namely the place of longings, while the heart is the place of spiritual knowledge.

At the bottom of the heart, in the venue of love and the worship of God, there is a secret (*sır*): the soul’s secret experience of God, the mystic force. God must be worshipped with all our inner selves: with words, work, behaviour, sitting and standing, eating and drinking, asleep and awake, always and incessantly. We receive happiness and security in return. As a *Hadis-i Kudsi*<sup>77</sup> (‘sacred deeds’) says: “Sleep by my side. Don’t sleep like anyone but like a bride. If you serve me, why would you fear anyone?” God is with us all the time, seeing and judging everything. A dervish should repeat God’s name and think of God day and night, and in this way he can dissolve in Him.

*About the mystic way: 4 gates (stations) and 40 stations (makam)s.* One section of the way leads to God, the other is inside God. One may cover the road to reach God, but the road winding in the realm of secrets within God is infinite. One must be careful even in possession of knowledge. An ascetic without love (*zahit*) only works for

<sup>77</sup> The Turkish word *hadis* comes from Arabic. It means ‘record of a saying or action of the Prophet Muhammad, handed down by his companions, tradition’ (Redhouse 1974: 433).

himself saying “I am the scholar” while a true ascetic (*arif*) looks upon God and loses himself in Him: “Let us see what God says!” There are four levels leading to God: the heart, the intellect, the soul and the personality. God has created man out of fire, wind, water and earth, giving him 4 gates and 40 stations.<sup>78</sup>

*The first gate (Nefs-i Emmâre – sensual desire)* is where *nefis* ‘ego’ tempting to take delight in the perishable world, to behave in a way that does not please God, is to be overcome. It is connected to dry, scorching fire, the purification of the personality that is responsible for evil deeds, sins. All the acts of this cruel Padishah are bad. The 10 stations belonging here are: 1) indifference, 2) wrath, 3) avarice, 4) hostility, 5) taking offence, 6) resentment, 7) bragging, 8) envy, 9) swearing and 10) pharisaism (pretending to profess the Islamic faith). One has to reject these.

*The second gate (Nefs-i Levvâme – the voice of conscience)* belongs to wind and helps overcome the evil and sinful acts that bring disgrace to us. With the feelings of shame and remorse it helps to refrain from wrong things and to repent for the sins. In this phase we turn towards God. Stations: 1) turning away from material goods, refraining from taboos, devoting time to praise God, coolness and lack of desire towards the world in the heart – this is pious asceticism; 2) fear of God and refraining from the things prohibited by religion with the help of fearing God; 3) humility, 4) worship of God, 5) charity, 6) fast, 7) pilgrimage to Mecca, 8) small pilgrimage to Mecca any time in the year, 9) giving over a fifth of our possessions to the state or any authority, and 10) the struggle to defeat ourselves.

*The third gate (Nefs-i Mülhime)* helps to differentiate by divine afflatus between good and evil and sinful, and to act right. The pilgrim along the Path is prepared to enter the last gate in this section. The stations are: 1) wisdom, 2) knowledge, 3) inspiration, 4) divine revelation, 5) compassion, 6) resignation from worldly goods, 7) virtue, 8) generosity, 9) goodness and 10) kindness.

Finally, *the fourth gate (Nefs-i Mutmaine)* is a sublime level – that of the saints and prophets – in which God also takes delight. The master of the earth is Ali, therefore the 10 stations of this stage belong to the earth. Some of God’s commandments are: Be pacified by reciting my name! May God take pleasure in your deeds! Be among the selected ones on the day of Final Judgment! Enter the Paradise reserved for the select few who are close to me! Its stations are: 1) poverty, 2) patience, 3) fairness, 4) justice, 5) spiritual knowledge (science), 6) resignation, 7) the perception of God via His divine signs, 8) the sure knowledge of God’s existence, 9) devotion and 10) passionate love of God.

*A station of acquiring divine knowledge: the city.* The heart is a city in which two sultans live: one is reason, the other is the Satan (*İblis*). Reason has ascended to the sultanic throne with understanding (*fehim*) as his aide. His commanders are sci-

<sup>78</sup> Güzel (2007: 19) compared the use of the concepts of 4 gates and 40 stations in the works of A. Yesevi, Y. Emre, Haci Bektaş Veli and Kaygusuz Abdal. The four stations of the mystical path are: 1) Shari’at ‘the outer law’, 2) Tariqat ‘the inner path’, 3) Ma’rifat ‘mystic awareness’ and 4) Haqiqat ‘reality’.

ence, refraining from harmful things, education, refinement and good morals. Being equipped with these, it is given spiritual knowledge by God, which sinks into the depths of the soul.

The other sultan of the city is the Satan who commits prohibited things. His assistant is the ego (*nefis*), his commanders are pride, envy, avarice, loud laughter, greed and anger. These commanders do not allow one to get rid of the worldly, human follies. The Satan's other helpers are nervousness, calumny, excessive joking and indulgence in temporary pleasures, which do not leave people in peace.

*The secret is: God living in one's heart.* The secret is the message of monotheism. If you want to find yourself, you have to approach God and trust him with all your heart. You can find yourself and God in this way. Let's not speak of ourselves, let's avoid self-praise: God and God again, that's the commandment of monotheism. It is easy to find God because "God is more evident than the Sun". The whole world is His creation, how could he be in secret? But it is hard to find God's saints because their deeds and merits are secret.

*Second birth.* People are born twice. Once they are given life by their mothers, and on the second occasion they are born of body (*gövde*) and radiance. Similarly to the egg, man's treasures are hidden in his body as potentialities; they take wing and fly up for the warmth of the love of the world. One that is blind in this world will be blind in the netherworld. Jesus said, "He who is not born twice shall not reach the kingdom of heaven."

It is more difficult to know God than to learn an art or craft. You also need a master; without saints, apostles or guides you can rarely succeed. What you can't achieve out of your own effort for a long time may be grasped from an hour's conversation with a saint or a religious leader (*şeyh*). Besides, self-education will remain defective, and the candidate will remain immature among the mature ones. The pace of learning may widely vary: a single sign may be enough for the intelligent. The proverb says: The singing of a mosquito is lute music for the knower, while the sound of the zurnas and drums is too little for the ignorant.

*About religious rituals (muhabbet).* You have to take part in the religious gathering with all your heart. There are three levels. First, the brother watches attentively the seventeen thousand worlds created by God. Second, he comprehends that the heart is the city of God, and third, he gets to the level allowed by God to reach. Reciting God's name<sup>79</sup> the dervish whirls until he gets into a trance. Passing the grades he encounters, he gets to ever higher stations and finally he sees in him the object of his love, God. This is also a transitory state (*rü'yet*) and he returns to the earthly life. An hour of meditation by a blissful possessor of divine knowledge (*arif*) is tantamount to seventy years of meditation by an ascetic (*zahid*). It is namely a yearning for God, union with God.

<sup>79</sup> The words *Lâ ilahe illâllah* "There is no God but Allah" are continuously repeated.

*Neither explanation nor illumination is appropriate,  
Neither I, nor we, neither a sign, nor a name,  
The whirling and the whirler cease  
Only God remains, that's all.*

*About fasting.* There are three kinds of fasting. The fasting of the common people means that the desires of the digestive and sexual organs remain unsatisfied. The fasting of the select few means that they do not look on what is not appropriate for the eye, do not listen to what is not appropriate for the ear, and they do not speak false. The third kind of fasting – the fasting of the few selected from among the select few – is the fast of saints and apostles who protect their heart from all else but God. Ali said: “The world is but a day and there is fasting for us there.” Prayers, fasting and pilgrimage are repeated again and again.

*About people.* There are five kinds of people: the self-sacrificing do not eat but give food to others; the generous eat and give from their food to others; the ordinary people eat but refuse to give to others; the bad ones do not eat and do not give to others; and the wicked do not eat, do not give to others and even prevent others from doing good.

### Pieces of advice about the way of living

- Don't seek success, for success is disastrous.
- Don't bother about descent, lineage.
- Your name should rarely be mentioned.
- Don't stand security to anyone.
- In public places don't speak about the great personages of the state or their sons.
- Don't go to lay courts, but don't reject the tribunal of religious law.
- Don't build a dervish lodge, and don't live in a dervish lodge.
- Don't dance semah too often. If the semah cheers you up, it diverts you from the right path, but if it makes your heart rejoice, take part in it.
- As you flee from a lion, so you shall flee the crowds of people, try to be alone.
- Leave anyone you find suspicious.
- Shun marriage if you can, or else you will long for the world and together with the worldly desires you will give up your faith.
- Don't laugh too much, refrain from loud laughing, for much laughing kills the heart.
- Look upon everybody with affection and don't disdain anyone. Don't embellish yourself, for bedecking yourself outwardly will stifle you inside.
- Don't wish to know anybody's secret.
- Don't give assignments to anyone.
- Serve the religious leaders with your property, your soul and your body.



- Don't criticize their deeds, for one who rejects them will never have his face laughing.
- The one who chooses solitude as his companion will have God as a companion along his journey.
- Search and find (God).
- Whatever you look for, search in you.
- Controll your hand, your word and your lust.
- Don't do anything to anyone if you don't want it to be done to you.

### Some thoughts of Kaygusuz Abdal, the "carefree dervish"

*Kaygusuz Abdal* was an itinerant teacher in Asia Minor in the 14–15<sup>th</sup> century. He wrote thousands of poetry lines, yet his prose is among the main readings of the order. One of his most popular works is "The Carefree Dervish".<sup>80</sup>

According to legend, *Kaygusuz Abdal* was prince *Gaybi*, the son of the lord of Alanya. During a hunt he caught sight of a wonderful stag, chased it and wounded it with his arrow. The beast fled into a dervish monastery. The prince knocked on the door which opened and the leader of the order, *Abdal Musa* stepped before him. The prince asked for his prey in fierce words upon which the leader took off his robe: the arrow – the prince's arrow – was sticking out of his side. Upon this miraculous event the prince joined the order, resigned from his earlier life and as his name shows, found peace and love.

In his appealing and varied work the writer illumines Sufi thinking from several angles. A few ideas are selected below.

*About formal knowledge and true knowledge.* The book is meant for the knowers. However many thousands of words I would tell the ignorant, it would be a waste. Since they are selfish and ignorant, they immerse themselves in their dreams, thus they cannot be reached by the word about God and the secrets of divine knowledge. Their mind only knows the external building and has not heard of inner knowledge. Even if he hears about it a thousand times, nothing reaches the heart, except when the enlightened, the people of the heart, join him so that by acquiring this knowledge he shall understand the stations (*makams*) he hasn't seen or heard so far.

*The quintessence: get to know your innermost divine self, you heart.* It is impossible to understand the enlightenment. The point to all teaching is to get to know yourself. If you are a Sultan, be free. If you are a soul, be pure. If you live in a rose garden, why are you content with a rubbish heap? Cast away what you have learnt so far and seek a true master, become yourself a sage and enter the community of the owners of the heart so that the fountains of real wisdom and true knowledge shall burst forth in

<sup>80</sup> *Risâle-i Kaygusuz*, Oriental Collection of the Library of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, Budapest, Turkish Manuscripts, octav 2.

your soul. The essence is the heart. If someone finds the path to the ocean of your heart, he can bring up easily however large a pearl he is yearning for. One who can only see the forms ties a silk rope of ignorance round one's neck. The divine secrets are God's gems. Anyone who enters his own heart can bring forth all he finds there. When the heart is interested in the world, God has no room in it, but when the heart is occupied by God, selfishness has no room in it.

*The two worlds.* The form and the essence are inside you. When you are ready, the dress of perishing falls off you and the gown of eternity will be put on you. If you tarry, the garment of light will be taken off you and the cloak of fire will be put on you. Having reached enlightenment, the hypocrite becomes a sage; if he was a sage, he will fall in love; if he is in love, he will be loved. There is no higher grade, it is heaven itself.

*About ascetics mortifying their flesh without the heart, and about the common people.* False prophets are the most dangerous among the people. They pretend to serve God with all their deeds, whereas they follow the dictates of their egoism and satisfy their own desires. Their devotion is self-interest. These ascetics do not know what secret the candle and wine of the tavern of love hide, they do not understand the language of the pub. The ordinary people are the audience of the false prophets. One who befriends the common folks will be lost. One who has tasted happiness will not mingle with them, will be free from the temptation of the material world, will not waste his time. If you are self-conscious, you mix with true people. Take care lest you should mingle with beasts like the fools. Seek the company of the wise and the people of the heart.

*About the enlightened.* The people of the tavern are those who die before their death. They become liberated of fear and hope, and supersede profit and loss. There is no renown or even name. They enter the realm of letting go, there is no self-praise in their hearts, no quarreling. They have gone beyond life, cast their fame into dust – this is their strength. They put a curb on their tongue, they are always alone, they do not mix with the masses. They help anyone as servants. They walk among the people alone and lonely, poor and miserable, once well fed, then starving. Divine light radiates inside and out of them, but nobody is able to recognize them unaided. Oh, people of the heart who have found God in yourselves! You have understood with your heart and soul what the goal is.

*About circulation.* The creator put me in the centre of the wheel of time and turned me round like the potter turns the clay, and turned me like a mill-wheel... He turned me into man, then plant, then an inanimate matter. He turned me into a leaf, then into dust... How many times I have been born of a mother's womb! How many times I have been a fisherman, then a bird!

*Towards enlightenment.* If you don't know who you are, seek the company of the heart, find a genuine master, get to know yourself. The point to this teaching is the following: you are in this world to find God by getting to know yourself. As long as

people are only concerned with their own things, as long as they don't find the divine secret and truth, their own knowledge is the thickest veil before them.

No one can find God without a guide. Once a seeker has found a true master, he will find love in himself, he will get to know himself, he will be wise and he will discover God inside himself. He will cast off care and resign himself to his fate. Be a fool in this world to be ecstatic in the hereafter. If you wait for remuneration, your work will be suddenly extremely hard, its outcome will generate dislike, and your hand will remain empty like the serfs'. Your fate will turn for the worse, and you will lament in vain.

*The City.* You have to separate from the unthinking crowd and reach the city. There the great change occurs. After entering through the gate God will be the determinant and the wanderer will set out along the long road leading to utter self-dissolution, the disappearance of the ego.

*The Path.* Wavering between total knowledge (all things are one, the differences are only seeming) and the adventures of the mind is part of the Sufi road. The path leads through more elevated and more down-to-earth sections toward the final dissolution.

*The soul.* What is the soul? "I" is meant to refer to the entire body. But in this body there is a whiff of the divine light. There is nothing in the creation that does not contain at least a whiff of the divine light. God has no beginning or end. It is a shoreless sea that covers the whole world. God belongs to those who accept Him. Every creature praises one and the same God, but the hearts are different.

*Identification with the universe.* The dervish has roamed the four corners of the world and he has found that a secret is hidden in the body of all creatures in heaven and earth, and all things give out a sound. He stepped out of his body, listened to the music and said to himself: "I have always lived on this Earth, and on this planet, but now the heaven and the earth are inside me. Wherever I look I observe my own beauty." The dervish entered the city of reason and there he caught sight of the prophet Muhammad. He entered the city of love, and there he caught sight of the majestic Ali.

### *Pieces of advice*

- Don't be hostile to anyone, don't be a nuisance to anyone.
- Beware of injustice, contemplate attentively, speak thoughtfully and be humble in every situation.
- Don't be selfish so that you needn't look round trembling.
- Be loyal to the fellow travellers and patient to the ignorant.
- Having reached the level of wisdom, beware: don't speak when you are not asked. When you are asked and you can answer, reply briefly; when you can't, don't find out answers.
- Don't ask questions just to test someone.



*Picture 5. Bread is ready at a Bektashi family's place in Musulça*

- When you ask something, accept the answer, and don't argue or quarrel.
- Think of others as you think of yourself.
- Avarice - trouble, disbelieving - oppression, wisdom - union, love - the right path, ignorance - indifference, foolishness - difficulty, truth - light, cruelty - fire, old age - blessing, youth - health, son - relief.



## THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY (AYIN-I CEM)

Since the banning of their order Bektashis have held their ceremonies (*ayin-i cem* or simply *cem*) in secret and spacious rooms<sup>81</sup> of private houses in villages or towns. Guards keep unauthorized persons off these premises.

We have seen ceremonies of numerous communities (*ocak*)<sup>82</sup> at many places. Those described below do not record a particular ritual, but show the general Bektashi ceremony based on the widest personal experience.

The size of the communities varies, e.g. that of B. E. Baba's in the Thracian village of *Çeşmekolu* numbered 70-80 people in 2002. This figure may be either lower or higher in the individual communities; in this particular place the majority of the villagers claimed to be Bektashi. There isn't a strict liturgy of *cem*, but it has obligatory parts. We have experienced variations to a different degree, but a *cem* of a community in a metropolis of several million or that of a remote village can be equally high.<sup>83</sup>

<sup>81</sup> E.g. in 1985 a Bektashi baba named Hasan Yıldız together with his wife had a large assembly room (*dergah*) built at the lowermost level under their house, which even opened to a pantry. In the foreground of the *dergah* even a cooking facility and a washbasin were installed. During the month of mourning *aşure* was cooked on kitchen ranges placed here. The assembly room could be accessed from the main entrance through a narrow passage and down-winding stairs. Entry was also possible though from the sidestreet a small narrow corridor near the coal-cellar and the firewood-shed.

<sup>82</sup> We have visited several communities in Thrace only, which is regarded a relatively small area considering the full extent of Bektashism. There are living communities, like the *Kızıldeli* near Edirne, the *Ali Koçlu* around Tekirdağ, the *Balm Sultan* and *Şeyh Bedreddin* around Kırklareli, based on the kind oral communication of a local researcher dervish named Refik Engin. Apart from these a number of other groups are known, like the *Seyyid Ali*, *Amuca*, *Otman Baba*, *Ak Yazılı ocağı*, to name a few.

<sup>83</sup> Van Bruinessen (1999: 549–553) has written a review on the book of Mélikoff written on the Bektashis (*Hadji Bektach: un mythe et ses avatars*), and argues that Mélikoff is right to compare *ayin-i cem* with Turkish *toy*, because women and men alike take part in eating and drinking feasts. The reviewer misses however the mentioning of Christian elements by the author of this same ceremony (e.g. the Last Supper). Van Bruinessen judges the question of both the origin of the Alevi and Bektashi religion and the nationality of its adherents a very complex one.

Ceremonies are suspended for the summer in most cases, as it is the time when village communities living on agriculture do most of the work. Harvest has priority and everybody concentrates on it. For instance the first autumn *cem* in 1999 was held in mid-November in *Kılavuzlu* that we participated in as guests, while we were invited to participate on a *cem* on June 29 2003 in *Zeytinburnu* (an old borough of Istanbul).

Ceremonies have a double function: the basically religious role is complemented by a social one, namely education serving community-building. The rate at which participants can translate the things heard here in their everyday life indicates the extent to which they have identified with the idea. Bektashis actually do not regard it as a religion, but rather as a way of life, a road (*yol*), that can be taken by one who takes a delight in it.

Men, women and children are all present in ceremonies (*cem*) of Alevis and Bektashis, held in closed premises (*cem evi* 'gathering place'), as we have witnessed several times and were even allowed to take photos with the prior permission of the leader of the community. Newcomers in Bektashi communities bow their head in front of the holy threshold,<sup>84</sup> kiss it and never step on it. All in clean clothes – the women practically always enter in baggy pants (*şalvar*), headscarfs (*çember*)<sup>85</sup>, vests, barefoot or in socks – and directly head to the chief place where they greet the religious elder, the *baba*, who sits cross-legged on a sheepskin. The ceremony is all in Turkish. In Musulça the religious leader named M. Ç. Baba has explained: "There may be one or two words that we have not yet been able to translate, but it is basically all in Turkish. We do not pray in a language unintelligible to us."<sup>86</sup>

### Types of ceremonies, oaths

One may hold a ceremony for a number of reasons: out of joy or sorrow, as a mark of respect etc. The person organizing the event will provide the sacrificial animal and invite the participants. If the cause of the gathering is death, then God will be asked to give patience to the survivors and mercy to the deceased. If someone joins the army, he is then wished to complete his service in health and honour, with invocations on the military, and this subject dominates the prayers. Ceremonies may be in remem-

<sup>84</sup> The sacrament of holy threshold is widespread among Altaic peoples. In his account of travels in 1247 Plano Carpini mentioned that among the Tartars if anyone stepped on the threshold of the khan's yurt, he would be killed without mercy (Győrffy 1965: 64).

<sup>85</sup> In Yeni Bedir we were also given such pieces of cloth lest we would feel strangers.

<sup>86</sup> During our field trip of 2003 a Sunnite family, the relatives of a *baba* and his wife invited us to a *mevlit* in Kırklareli. It was a merry feast of thanksgiving with at least a hundred guests, with sacrificial animals served, followed by thanksgiving prayers read by women in Arabic from the Quran for hours. The event was held at the first birthday of a sickly grandson. The *baba* himself was not present, as he regarded the whole ceremony to be hypocrisy.

brance of one's father, mother and departed beloved persons, and the community may also be convened for such purposes.

A volume dedicated to Alevi ceremonies was published by an elder (*dede*). In his opinion, Alevis have three types of ceremonies, also known to the Bektashis (Yalçın 2006: 11).

One of them is the *ikrar verme cemi* or "ceremony convened for taking the initiation oath", where the candidate, upon coming of age, on free will, often together with his/her spouse, solemnly joins the order. Members of married couples take responsibility toward one another, likewise to all acts of adopted brothers or sisters and their spouses. The candidate selects a spiritual guide (*mürşid*), whom he (she) will be attached to in all circumstances. Guides will be selected from among dervishes, and though there are female dervishes, no woman can be chosen as *mürşit*.

The other one is called *musahiplik cemi* or 'ceremony of sworn brotherhood', which essentially means a lifelong association of two persons and, like the relationship of Mohamed and Ali, each accepts the other as brother (*musahib*). Sworn brotherhood is probably a pre-Islamic tradition.<sup>87</sup> Those taking the oath will support each other in all circumstances. The pledge is celebrated by the whole community.

The third is *görgü cem* 'mirror ceremony', where believers are brought to account and have to confess all their trespasses, and they must accept the verdict. They must face all worldly duties here. With an educative purpose, 'mirrors' are a help to each other.

Yet another ceremony is held by one who, in a difficult situation, makes a pledge that, if God gave assistance, gratitude would be expressed in this way. One of our acquaintances (H. Y.) has described a case when serving his military duty in İzmir. He made a pledge there that, when discharged in good health and returned home, he would offer a large animal (cattle, calf) sacrifice (*kurban*)<sup>88</sup> to the community. He had never told about his dream to anyone, and only related it to his wife when he had been given a "warning" from God.

H. H. is also getting several reminders before she makes good on her pledge. She became widowed young with four sons. At the death of her husband she vowed to offer a sacrifice, if God helped to raise her sons. However, she kept postponing the fulfilling of her promise. Her sons all grew up, one of them even married, yet her saved money was always needed for different purposes. She had long waited for a grandchild, despite her day and night prayers, and that was the way God reminded her, she assumed. When her granddaughter *Bahar* 'spring' was finally born, she vowed to organize a *muhabbet* or 'nice conversation' which we had the chance to witness during our visit in 2003.

<sup>87</sup> The concept of sworn brotherhood is also familiar to the Mongolians: Genghis Khan's *anda* was *Jamuka*, he was able to rely on him in any circumstance (*anda* 'sworn brother, friend'; Lessing [1960: 42]).

<sup>88</sup> Locally called „even-hoofed“.



### Outstanding personalities of the community

With Bektashis the uppermost rank among *babas* is *dedebaba*, followed by twelve *halifebabas*. When Birge wrote his book (1937) the *dedebaba* of the Bektashis lived in Tirana's Haji Bektash monastery, while in 1999 in Izmir, Turkey. This election was also recorded on a videofilm, and the *dedebaba* gave us a copy of it to deposit in our own archive. The *dedebaba* is elected by *halifes*, *babas* elect *halifes*, while *babas* are chosen by members of the community, i.e. the dervishes. One may not skip rungs in this hierarchy.

The religious leader (*baba*) is immaculate, respected and liked by all members of the community. He must represent outstanding morality, because it is from him that all arriving participants beg for absolution, in the presence of the rest of the community, at the beginning of an *ayin-i cem* or 'ceremony of worship'.<sup>89</sup> Any verdict brought by him in a dispute is accepted by the entire community, without further objection.<sup>90</sup> We were able to see personally that if a *baba* does not show proper conduct, he loses the confidence of his community.<sup>91</sup>

A *baba*, who also fulfills the role of the local people's judge, oversees the day-to-day life of the community in all possible ways. He is chosen by the community and his voice or decision is final and valid for everyone.<sup>92</sup> He guides criminals back to the proper life and metes out their punishment. His efforts focus on showing the right path and providing moral guidance. Nobody should be selfish, conceited, megalomaniac, but be open-hearted, helpful, and tolerant of difficulties with humbleness. He consistently sets a good example in these, being ever ready to act, tolerant and full with confidence. Participants also receive much advice on good life conduct, practical education about behaviour in different situations and how to react to the unexpected. In most cases the teaching takes the form of a parable, or funny story, but it is primarily the religious songs (*nefes*) that fill this role. *Babas* usually evoke teachings of their masters within their own congregation. Bektashis usually do not defend themselves, nor do they make statements. Should any opinion be said about them, they do not care and they refuse to deal with such things.

<sup>89</sup> Some hold the opinion that this is one of the major arguments to prove that the development of the basic principles of Bektashism was also supported by Christian elements (E. I. I: 1161b).

<sup>90</sup> J. F. Lafitau described the view of society by the American Iroquois in the early 18th century. From that we know that the main Indian chief is regarded as the father by his people, and also as its supreme judge, who administers justice in any case (Cocchiara 1962: 103).

<sup>91</sup> It happened in Kılavuzlu at the very beginning of the 21st century.

<sup>92</sup> See footnote 10.

## Servicepersons

There are servicepersons, honourable women and men, whose duties may be supported by their spouses, or even by a sworn brother and his wife. The twelve helpers of the *baba*, representing the twelve imams, do twelve kinds of services. This has changed somewhat – but not fundamentally – in the course of time. There are communities where this number may be reduced to as low as five or six, depending on the number of participants. Each helper is ready to render any service. That is what we experienced during our field trip to Thrace, but we are aware of a number of different recordings<sup>93</sup>, among others those written by Haji Bektash Veli in his works entitled *Vilayetname* and *Makalat*.

The names of functions may vary by regions. A *rehber* helps both the *baba* and the *mürşid*, having a role first of all in the education, instruction of the community. When someone wants to be a new member of the community, it is the *rehber* who guides the applicant to the *mürşid*. In ceremonies like *ayin-i cem* he takes a place near the *baba*.

A *gözcü* (or *pervane* in other places) will do his best to keep order during a ceremony and to meet various needs. He walks about the village during a ceremony and watches for any danger that may threaten the Bektashis. The one who provides water for the liturgic handwash is the *selman*.<sup>94</sup>

The person responsible for lighting the candles is a *çerağcı/çırağçı*, who would also sit next to the *baba* right to the end of the ceremony and keep an eye on the flame lest anything catches fire. Haji Bektash already mentions the *çırağçı* in his book the *Vilayetname*. The transcription of the word was different there, but denoted the same idea. Of course it is impossible to prove that the ceremony passed the same way as it does today, but it is probable that the basic principles have become employed and stabilized in the Bektashi village communities (cf. Birge 1937: 5.) at least since Balim Sultan's activity.

One of the most interesting actors is the minstrel or lute singer *zakir*, also called *sazandar*, *güvender*, *aşık baba*, *sazcı*, or *kamber*. The *zakir* supports his religious songs by a long-necked lute-like instrument with three pairs of strings.<sup>95</sup> Otherwise anybody may sing in whom love (for God) flares up, with prior permission of the religious leader.<sup>96</sup> We have always seen a *zakir* in an Alevi *cem*, while with the Bektashis only now and then, as they mainly just sing there. In Musulça our host was the *baba*,

<sup>93</sup> Birge's description is especially detailed, discussing at length the variants of the individual positions (Birge 1937: 175–187).

<sup>94</sup> The individual office-holders can have varying roles in the different denominations. E.g. in Gölpınarlı-Boratav's book (1943: 176) a *selman* is 'saki ve rehberdir'.

<sup>95</sup> The role of the twelve helpers are not always shared this way, the variant described is the main trend. Minor differences from this, local peculiarities may be perceived in the individual descriptions of a *cem* (Doğan 1999: 115).

<sup>96</sup> A list of servicepersons may be seen in the attached vocabulary, under the heading *oniki hizmet*.

M. Ç., of the *Kızıl Deli* Bektashi order. He told us that he himself had been *zakir* in his youth for more than ten years in their community, while his father was *baba*. In those days he supported his family as a bus driver. When the community elected him *baba*, he opened a coffee-shop or rather two (one of them being run by his son) in the village, and laid down his musical instrument, as his service rendered in the community has changed from then on. Upon raising our eyebrows he gave the following explanation: primary school children do not need a university professor to teach them how to read and write...

Though the role of the *zakir* (i.e. the musician) is in principle separated from that of the *baba*, the two functions often overlap. In *Zeytinburnu*, for instance, the head of the congregation was also their *zakir* in one person. The relationship between religious leader and musician is an old one. Many regard *Dede Korkut* as father and saint (*pir*)<sup>97</sup> of the *qam* of the early Turkish tribes, of singers, shamans of olden days, of the *baqşı* of Altay Turks or of the *ozan* of the Oghuz people. These were the outstanding people who, besides being poets and performers, also served as priests and preachers, feared and revered as saints by the people.<sup>98</sup> *Zakirs* and *babas* are also persons maintaining old traditions, who preserve and pass on the Alevi–Bektashi culture reaching back to pre-Islamic past through music elevated into the medium of sanctity.

A *süpürgeci* (or *ferraş*, *faraşçı*, *carcı*) ‘sweeper’ is one who symbolically tidies the room between parts of the ceremony, while shouting: *Ya Allah, ya Muhammed, ya Ali*.<sup>99</sup>

The duty of a *sofracı* (*lokmacı*, *aşçı*, *naip*, *kurbançı*) is to bless, kill and flay the sacrificial animals. This is the person who cooks and serves the food for the community, helped by an *ayakçı*. Formerly it was the duty of a *sakka* ‘server, water-carrier’, to offer water. It was he (she) who was responsible for providing clean water for the community. There is also a *Saki* ‘cup bearer’ during a ceremony, who has various other duties.<sup>100</sup>

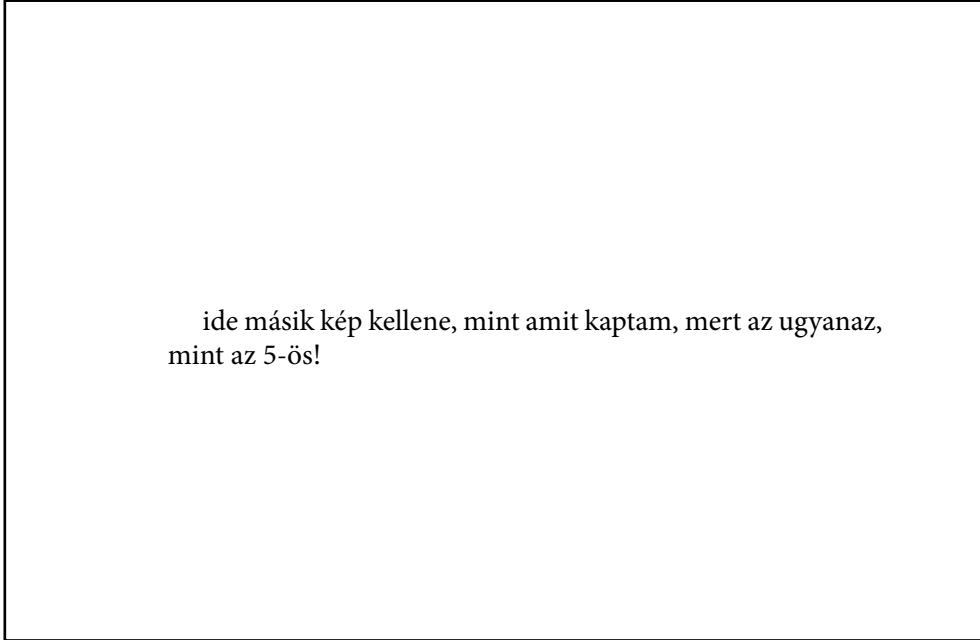
It is the *peyik* (or *davetçi*, *okuyucu*) ‘messenger’ who informs all members of the community about events, about the time and venue of planned assemblies approximately three to four weeks in advance. The *iznikçi* (or *meydancı*) is in charge of those arriving, seeing to it that they take off their shoes as well as keeping order and cleanliness. A *kapıcı* (*bekçi*, *iznikçi*, *güvende ulusu*) would keep watch over the houses of those away from home.

<sup>97</sup> (Şimşek 1995: 22–23).

<sup>98</sup> By all probability *Dede Korkut* served as a general name of holy poets, mythic shamans/wizards who were spiritual leaders of communities „whose word was command, and whose blessing was benediction“. They sung the heroic feats of clans accompanied by the lute. It may be true for the later *Gül Baba(s)*, too.

<sup>99</sup> Allah, Mohammed and Ali form the holy trinity of the Bektashis and Alevis. We were allowed to take photos at an Alevi *cem* with permission of the *dede*. Three girls (all of them with forehead bound with green headband – the traditional Islamic symbol) cried aloud the slogan above, while they kept sweeping vigorously with their brooms.

<sup>100</sup> In Nevâyi Ferhâd ü Şirin’s work written in Chagatai in the 15<sup>th</sup> century, almost all chapters end with a *beyit* addressed to the *saki*, e.g. ‘*Kitiür saki kadeh...?* ‘Hey, cup bearer, bring me a cup, ...?’ (based on Erzsébet Brodszky’s Hungarian translation of 1974).



Picture 6. Semah tunes being recorded from two zakirs during a ceremony

### Day of the ceremony

There are different rules for different cases. On the anniversary of Husain's death, for instance, a sacrificial animal (*kurban*) is slaughtered to express their gratitude to God that his family did not die out. The soul of the sacrificed animal approaches God as a substitute for the soul of the person offering the sacrifice.<sup>101</sup> The prayers at the ceremonies in the month of mourning end by a respectable woman bringing and offering water to every participant. From that moment till the next morning they do not drink water: Imam Husain, whose death is mourned in this month, died of thirst.

Then come the lighting of candles and the blessing of the sacrificial animals. Those who offer the sacrifice look into each other's eye, keep in eye contact, and get the animal's eyes smelt to take memory of it.

At the dawn of the ritual day the *kurbancı* kills the animal (lamb, sheep, cock, hen, etc.). The bigger animals are prayed over by the *baba*. During the ceremony the candle must be approached backing, and the animal is also to be led out from the elder after the blessing going backwards, always facing the *baba*. The person leading the

<sup>101</sup> Dervish H. K.'s kind communication in Çeşmekolu in 2002.

animal away must not turn the head.<sup>102</sup> When the animal has been slaughtered, anise-flavoured brandy or lemonade is passed round and a prayer is said for the owner of the animal.

It occurs in smaller or poorer communities that there is no sacrificial animal but there is some meat dish prepared at home and taken to the communal place to consume it collectively.

As news arrives of the slaughter, the candles are lit amidst blessings and prayer.

### Daytime preparations

In the day the women tidy up and prepare the food. On an occasion, the *baba's* wife (*anabacı*) made fire in the stove to cook *aşure*<sup>103</sup> (traditional Turkish dish on the tenth day of the month of mourning). In the previous days there were some preparations: the grain that cooked slowly was selected, washed and soaked. The wheat was put on to soften till the helpers arrived.

F. Y.'s niece Sabite reproached the women making *aşure* for the absence of the children. She charged that they did not get enough motivation at home, they should be brought along so that they could experience how pleasant it was being together at the *muhabbet*. It was her great childhood experience to hear the elderly tell stories on e.g. how the caravans turned back from *Kevransaray*. On another occasion, this fear was corroborated by dervish B. K. He told us that Bektashism was facing a great slump, with very few young people joining nowadays.

About four o'clock in the afternoon a fire was lit in the iron stove in the *dergah*. There are few volunteers to help, the *baba* has a lot to arrange, he brings in the coal and wood, uses his own fuel, it's getting too much for him. The ceremony begins in the evening and the participants arrive after sunset.

### Arrival, settling, furnishings

Wherever the dervishes convene (*dergah*) the same strict rules are observed as in nomadic Turkish tents.<sup>104</sup> The right and left sides of the door seen from inside correspond to the men's and women's places in the tent. The young and inexperienced ones sit near the entrance as in a tent, the more prominent, elder members of the community are seated further away from the door.

<sup>102</sup> We came at the same analogy of animal sacrifice among the Kazakhs of Mongolia during our collecting trip in Nalay in 1997.

<sup>103</sup> 'Sweet dish made of cereals, sugar, raisins, etc.' (Redhouse 1974: 88)

<sup>104</sup> Róna-Tas (1997: 176) compares it with the Mongolian tent.

The newcomers enter with shouting a loud “*Hu/Hü/Hüy*” (a form of salutation, one of the ninety-nine names of Allah in the mystic orders), bow deep (that is how the elder are greeted in the nomadic tents, too), they kiss the ground in front of the *baba* sitting on a sheepskin, also kiss the *baba*’s palm and shoulder and the hands of the two dervishes flanking him.<sup>105</sup> They present the drinks with a kiss; the *baba* accepts them likewise. The drink is usually *rakı* (‘anise brandy’), but it can be anything, even Coke. Both kiss the drink. Farthest from the entrance is the *post* (‘chief place’, ‘Allah’s throne’) where the highest ranking *baba*, the conductor of the ceremony, is seated on a sheepskin<sup>106</sup>. Other visiting *babas* as guests are seated on his right. Next are the dervishes by age; the men are seated always on the right. The first of them, if he is present, is the *zakir* ‘minstrel’. No one is allowed to turn his/her back to either the *baba* or the *zakir* during the ceremony. To the left of the main place is the *delil*<sup>107</sup> (twelve candles symbolizing the twelve imams)<sup>108</sup> usually on a wooden stand (the symbol of Ali’s saddle), and then the women are seated by age.

The walls are adorned by their number one saint *Hz. Ali*, with *Atatürk* next to him. At places there are also framed pictures of deceased and beloved leaders of the community. The reconstructed picture is popular of *Haji Bektash Veli*, with a deer on his right knee and a lion on the left. The tired participants may sit on their traditionally bent and closed knees, or cross-legged on mattresses, or lean against mattresses lined up along the walls. During the feast, more recently at certain places chairs and benches are used as well, put in the *dergah* for the ceremony and removed immediately.

Birge (1937: 175) gave a detailed description of the Bektashi ritual including function bearers, participants and prayer texts at the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Since then changes have occurred, but the essential features, participants and functions have remained unchanged flavoured with some local traits. Even in the relatively narrow Thrace there are local variants of the ceremony, e.g. in 2003 Nevruz ‘Persian new year, the birthday of *Hz. Ali*’ was greeted differently in some villages.

A sympathizer grandmother<sup>109</sup> (*aşık*) living nearby brought her grandchild to the ceremony. They were ushered out into the kitchen for the secret part of the ritual, and at the beginning of the supper she walked the child home and then returned to stay till the end.

No one can do anything without the *baba*’s permission. During the ceremony everything is perfectly concerted in reverence for one another. The servicemen under-

<sup>105</sup> H. Y. says there are ninety-nine scripts in a man’s palm, which in Hurufi tradition are the ninety-nine names of Allah at the same time.

<sup>106</sup> Each hair of the fur calls, symbolizes Allah according to what F. Y. told us.

<sup>107</sup> The word means ‘proof, evidence’ (Redhouse 1974: 280). The very first participant of the ritual is the *delilci*, the helper whom the *baba* asks to invite the twelve imams to the ceremony. The dervish does so by lighting the candles and praying. The candles are burning when the participants enter the communal room (*dergah*).

<sup>108</sup> At several places there is a thirteenth candle too in memory of mother Fatma.

<sup>109</sup> Neither the grandmother nor her grandchild had submitted themselves to the Bektashi initiation rite yet.

stand each other by the wink of an eye. The *baba* guides them with his glance. They have a covenant, a secret sign by which they understand each other.

When the participants have arrived, the door is locked. As in a beehive, there is such a drone among the *cans*. Upon the loud „*Aşk olsun canlar!*“, „*Susun!*“ ‘Please, dear disciples, be quiet!’ all fall silent and the ceremony begins. Since *Şah İsmail*<sup>110</sup> (*Hatayi*) all their prayers start with *Bism-i Şah* ‘in the name of the king’ as against the traditional majority Sunni *Bism İllah* ‘in the name of God’.

### Lighting the candles

After a lengthy prayer at the head of the ritual, the *baba* orders the candle-lighter: “Get up! Evoke the twelve imams, light the candles!” He gets up and does so. The *çerağ uyandırma* is concrete candle lighting but the implication is more profound. Light was the first being that appeared at the creation of the world. It is distributed in all of us, illumining everyone according to their merits, either just lighting or enlightening the people, as the case may be. According to H. Y. *baba* the goal of Islam is enlightenment, sent by Allah for mankind.

The *baba* says a blessing to the candles and prays in memory of the twelve imams. Then he narrates why the community have gathered, e.g. commemorating *Hz. Ali* and his slain martyr sons.

The story and the prayers are followed by a secret section. We were politely asked to wait in the hall or another time leave the room for some half an hour. A boy led us upstairs to watch TV. At another place, we were entrusted to the care of kindly old women and had to wait in the pantry where we could join them making salad. The secret part may be longer or shorter, depending on the number of those present. It all depends on the number of individual affairs with the community and their solutions.

### The secret part

The first part of the ceremony can only be attended by the members who have taken the oath (*nasip almış*), as the matters concerning them are now discussed. When there is some grievance, they do not ask the state authorities but try to settle matters among themselves. If someone goes astray, it is brought to the community leader (*baba*). The aim is not punishment but betterment, the prevention of wrongdoing in the future.

Every participant of the ceremony comes upon invitation, without wrath or passion. The *baba* asks every participant in the communal room: Are there enemies among you? If there are, they have to make peace, otherwise they are led out.

<sup>110</sup> The founder of the Safavid dynasty Shah Ismail rose to the throne in 1502. Infamous for his cruelty, he wrote beautiful hymns under the name *Hatayi* (cf. Birge 1937: 65).

A *baba* had the following to say about this: “At the beginning of the ceremony is the stoning (*taşlama*) when we get what we deserve. We examine if there are trespassers, sinners among us. Have we slandered someone, have we quarreled? The question is: Are there hostile ones among you? We pacify them. This is a compulsory part of our ceremonies, and there are other, occasional parts. In the month of mourning, for instance, there is no swirling (*semah*) at the end and no merry hymns are sung. When two can't make peace, they are put out and cannot take part. One is our forty, forty is our one, each of us is worth the same, have the same good heart. We call this part reconciliation.”

### Prayer according to the purpose of the ceremony

This section is followed by a string of prayers in praise of the twelve imams, the prophet and Hz. ‘Saint’ *Ali*. The *baba* recites them. There is a lot of blessing and favours to ask. The participants reinforce the *baba*'s words with Allah-Allah exclamations, sometimes saying *amin* ‘amen’. The ceremony also ends with prayers, the praying section of the ritual lasts about an hour, in close connection with the goal of the ritual.

This part is ended with three compulsory *nefes*es ‘sacred hymns’. B. B., the *baba* of the *Zeytinburnu* congregation said: “We start with *Erenlerin meclisi* (№ 241, № 249). The other two are optional, e.g. the second is *Muhammed Ali'yi candan sevenler* (№ 582, № 534). The third begins with *Hak dedim iptidai bir dergaha vardım*.<sup>111</sup> Earlier we chanted *Muhammad Ali, the leader of warriors* as the third one, but today the *zakirs* may choose what they like.”

The occasion of the convening may also determine the choice of the right *nefes*. For the feasts of the month of mourning, of *Nevruz Sultan* (March 21), or *Otman Baba* the respective *nefes*es are sung.

Some of these hymns are known – maybe by the name of *ilahi*, *nutuk*, *hikmet*, *deyiş*, etc. – in other Islamic communities.<sup>112</sup> By singing religious hymns the participants gradually leave behind the concerns of everyday life and give way to religious devotion. The Turkish religious hymns are effective tools of intellectual education; they teach, advice and explain the essence of mystic knowledge and the rules of coexistence. These sung verses replace the holy scripts. They say: *Kuran'ın özü, aşığın*<sup>113</sup> *sözü* „Read the Quran and listen to the word of the *ashik*”. Typically enough, the *ashiks* call their allegedly blessed instrument *telli Kuran*, freely translated as “stringed Quran”.

<sup>111</sup> We recorded it but did not include it in the published corpus.

<sup>112</sup> Köprülü (2007: 322) ascribes great importance to the *nefes*es in traditional national versification forms.

<sup>113</sup> *Aşık* ‘enraptured; enraptured saint, dervish’ (Redhouse 1974: 86), who has an ardent love for God.



### Tripling (üçleme)

M. Ç *baba*: The praying part and the *nefes*es are followed by the offer of *rakı*. First the dispenser of drinks fills the glasses and he says a prayer, followed by the *baba*'s short prayer. The first to drink is the supreme religious leader, then the next in rank, the dervishes, then the *bacı* or wife of the elder, then the elderly women and finally the rest of the participants take the glass. Everyone receives the past glass so that it could not be seen how much was drunk from it.

Three is a magic number with the Turks, too, the *üçleme* 'tripling': three gulps to be taken into the mouth, symbolizing the trinity of Allah, Muhammad and Ali. All three have a separate prayer. "It is not obligatory to drink; you have to lift it to your mouth and then put it down. I have been attending the community rituals for thirty-three years but I have never seen a drunk. Should someone get drunk, we won't call him/her next time, we won't admit such persons. Some people would abolish the drink (*dem*), we are not so keen on this Anatolian custom. Until the *saki* brings the drink, we sit with our knees under us, but then we sit in the Bektashi way, cross-legged, more comfortably."

The *baba* says a blessing to the drink and then *nefes*es ensue again.

### Supper

Now all the invited are ushered to the laid tables. The sacrificial animal has been slain and cooked, other preparations have been made and the supper can be had. The elder says grace to which the participants listen to with bowed heads and fingers laid on the edge of the *sofra*<sup>114</sup> and confirm by a loud *Hu* exclamation at the end. *Hu* can be pronounced both *Hü* or *Hüy* meaning as much as 'he', i.e. Allah – Muhammad – Ali. They express worship of unison this way. No one touches food until the *baba* has said "Go ahead, dear brethren, with good appetite!" The assistants have laid everything fairly in front of the participants. The meal has many courses: hot soups in small metal bowls, salad, kurban, boiled hen torn to pieces, boiled eggs, white cheese, *pilaf*, yogurt, *aşure*, *dem*, Coke, water, other soft drinks, etc.

During the supper spirits are high, there is chatting, joking, laughing. The customary, very healthy dishes of Turkey – cheese, fresh fruits, vegetables – are accompanied by *rakı*. They always take a sip from the drink together, after a toast. Rarely can one

<sup>114</sup> An Arabic loanword in Turkish, *sofra* means 'dining table; wooden or metal tray serving as a table' (Redhouse 1974: 1025). Nomadic Turks did not know the table, for spending most time on horseback they did not need one. When they settled down and embraced Islam, the laid table from which one could eat also spread. A cloth laid on the ground on which the women serve the meals is just as suitable. In the majority of contemporary Turkic languages the word designating a table is of Slavic origin, just as in Hungarian.



Picture 7. Saying grace during a cem

see a tipsy person. Most dishes are made at home, including the *çörek* in which a coin is baked.<sup>115</sup> The table is cleared as quickly as it was laid. The helpers work with clockwork precision, preparing the communal room for the following part. They gather the tables and chairs and even sweep the carpets before the next part would begin.

#### Pleasant conversation (muhabbet)

It is an obligatory part of a *cem*. Similarly to the whole of the ceremony, the aim of this part is also to teach. Depending on the occasion, the *baba* tells instructive stories, sometimes reads them out. There are explanations to illumine the stories. When we were there, the *dedebaba* got out the book of pleasant thoughts, read out from it and then had someone else read on loud.

The themes of Haji Bektash Veli include: Be generous to everybody; share your food, open your gate to whoever is looking for shelter; don't speak immediately when you find something objectionable; of paramount importance in life is love; control your instincts; it's good for a pupil to surpass his/her master by decent and conscien-

<sup>115</sup> The *çörek* is a flaky pastry baked in a round tin up to a meter in diameter, filled with minced meat or vegetables. It is consumed during the supper, while people consuming it keenly watch for the coin baked into it.

tious work; all must learn including women; what is to be learnt first of all is Man. The whole universe, heaven and hell, can be studied in Man; the master should keep giving but he must never demand; don't ask anyone a favour; seek and you will find; beauty radiates from words, not from the face; and so on. These are the most frequently discussed topics during the conversations.

The texts of the *nefes*es are not easy to understand, not only for the archaic language or foreign words but first of all because of the hidden implications. These are explained by the *baba*. Different opinions, arguments can also be adduced. Oft-repeated religious tales, legends, parables, fables or jokes can often be heard (e.g. about Nasreddin Hodja). Current issues are also brought up and discussed.

We were no little embarrassed when the *baba* also involved us in a *muhabbet*. In this section he narrated that he had heard in his childhood that Christians were dirty. He thought it was so for a long time, then he worked in Germany for a few years in an ice-cream factory and was surprised to see the hygienic requirements. It was also astonishing that we being their guests took a shower there every day. So the negative image he had of the Christians had now been disproved.

### Singing nefeses

After the conversation they sing *nefes*es.<sup>116</sup> All listen to the songs with great awe. Those who know the songs join in, including the *baba*, the leader and those with longer seniority. Age is not an advantage but longer affiliation with the order is. Everyone keeps a record of their age as of their second birth, the initiation rite that is admission into the order.

There are merry and sad *nefes*es, some conjure up the great figures of the order, others narrate historical events. Most *nefes*es contain clearly understandable, generally valid advice. They are gladly sung irrespective of the occasions, e.g. grannies sing them to their grandchildren and thus they are passed down from one generation to the other.

The *baba* says to the respectable women: "Women, sing one by one!" Sometimes two or three women start a *nefes*, sometimes a married couple ask permission to sing. The *nefes*es constitute a legacy of several hundred years, transmitted by word of mouth and they become varied like the folk songs. More is said about them in the section on the song texts.

<sup>116</sup> The word *nefes* is an Arabic loanword in Turkish, meaning "respiration, breathing on, inhaling". Among Alevi-Bektashis it designates the poem that conveys their world view and religious devotion. Legend has it that the mystic poet Yunus Emre inhaled the inspiration from the saints to produce hymns in praise of God. The date of the tunes is not known, sometimes it may derive from the same time as the words, and maybe at times the author of the text and the tune is the same person.

## Semah or whirling

Towards the end of the ceremony the members of the Bektashi community swirl a *semah* and approach God with an elevated soul. This kind of movement known in Europe mainly after the whirling Mevlevi dervishes can be found in the ritual of several orders. For an outsider, the *semah*<sup>117</sup> looks like a dance but those who perform it vehemently protest. For them it is prayer performed with sacred enthusiasm and their most ardent wish is to get near God thereby. Those who wish to whirl *semah* during the ceremony are prescribed to carry out certain gestures (kissing the hand, touching the forehead to the ground, etc.), which may vary in Anatolia and have different variants, as we experienced in O. B.'s home in *Çorlu*, or on other occasion in *Musulça*, *Kılavuzlu*, *İstanbul* and several other places.

The word *semah* is of Arabic origin (Ar. *semâ'*) and is not included in the Turkish dictionary of *Kāşğari (Divanü Lügat-it-türk)*,<sup>118</sup> but appears in the poems of the humanist mystic poet Yunus Emre who lived between 1240 and 1322, and in the later Western Turkish written document, the *Dede Korkut*.<sup>119</sup> Today, in the village of *Talas* near *Kayseri* in Central Anatolia or in *Bor* near *Niğde* wedding food or banquets are designated with this name.

Many scholars discern the continuation of Shamanic traditions in the custom of the Sufi's whirling,<sup>120</sup> but Van Bruinessen (1999: 549) argues that the *semah* is basically different from the shaman's dance.<sup>121</sup> There are several choreographies even within a single community and the same choreography can be performed differently by individuals. Geographically there are great differences, similarly to the music.

<sup>117</sup> 'A whirling dance performed during a Mevlevi service; hearing, mention' (Redhouse 1974: 997).

<sup>118</sup> The eleventh-century Turkish–Arabic dictionary being the first, earliest and most important as well.

<sup>119</sup> In Reichl (1992: 43) the mentioned written record dates from the 16<sup>th</sup> century, Erdin thinks they could originate any time between the second half of the 15<sup>th</sup> and the end of the 16<sup>th</sup> century. Nevertheless, both state that the epic stories derive from the 9–11<sup>th</sup> centuries when the Oghuz people still lived along the lower reaches of the Sir-Darya. The syllable counting strophes consist of lines with 7, 8, 11 or 12 syllables.

<sup>120</sup> The basic concept is *devir*, which means whirling and circulation. For them it implies rebirth, reincarnation as well. Bektashis think that after death one's soul is reborn in another body or form.

<sup>121</sup> Among early Christians it was not rare to have dance and meals in the church. An allusion to this is e.g. at the Council of Rome: "there are some people, especially women, who take delight in going to church on the sacred feasts to dance and sing heinous songs, dancing round dances like the pagans" (Goetz 1991). In medieval Paris at Easter the ham market was outside the Notre Dame and the ham was consumed in the church. The meal was followed by dancing, the *ronde* "round dance" which often became uncontrollable (Louis 1963: 79). In Spain the round dance remained a custom until the recent times in the ritual of the church (Martin 1979: 15).



Picture 8. Semah dance in Topcular during a Bektashi outdoor festival

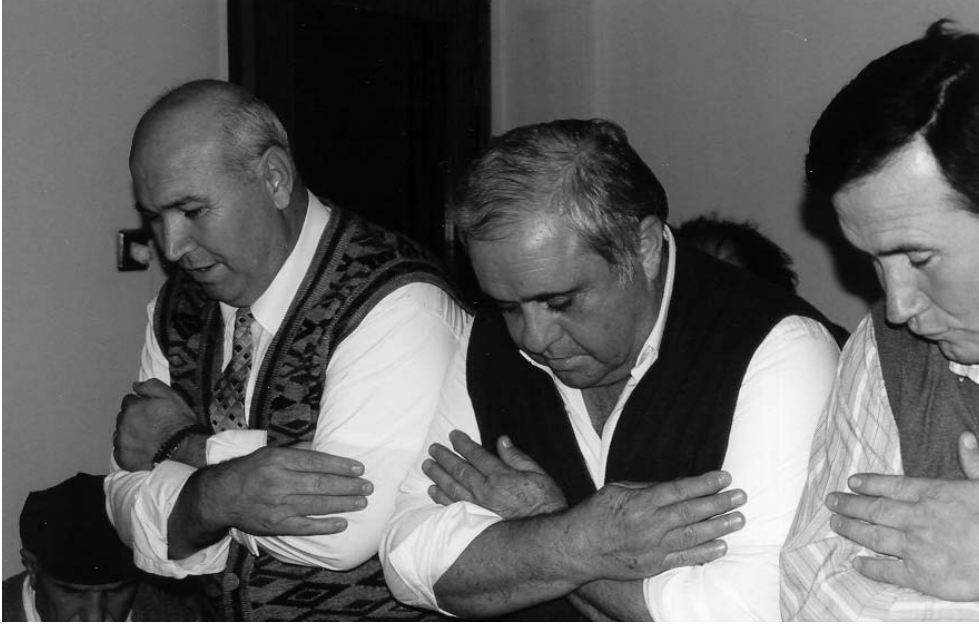
### Our personal experiences of the semah

In the closing part of the ritual, after the sacred hymns (*nefes*) the tunes of the *semah* are played and the community members begin to whirl, which is a series of fine, smooth, rhythmic movements. Men and women swirl together, or in our terms, they dance together, everyone freely alone but all together. They say they dance the *semah* with their souls, not their body.

In some communities the *baba* (or *dede* among Alevis) signals to the musicians or the elder male guest to start the singing of holy hymns. The musician takes his instrument in both hand and lifts it to his chest. He says “Allah – Muhammad – Ali” and kisses the instrument at three different parts: the bridge, the meeting of the neck and the body, and the first frets. He then bows his head to the *baba* and begins singing. When he has finished, he kisses it again three times and puts it back in place.<sup>122</sup>

The *semah* starts slowly and the rhythm accelerates gradually, till the men and women spin very fast. In the *Amuca* community in Thrace, the *semah* always begins with the song starting with *Aşk olsun meydan görene* (N° 63), elsewhere *Açıldı cennet kapısı* (N° 65) is the first song.

<sup>122</sup> Birdoğan (1994: 48–49).



Picture 9. Niyaz at the end of the semah in Çorlu

The *cans* can only rise to start whirling in a definite order. The *semah* is characterized by regular and rhythmic body motion, dignified, graceful and harmonious gestures. The participants do not join hands, they do not even touch each other if possible. When the name of the poet of the text is uttered, they stop for a second and pass their hands over their faces, then cross their lower arms on their chests. The rest of the participants sitting at their places enthusiastically sing and some exclaim *Shah! Shah!*

A *baba* acquaintance of ours described the *semah* in this way: “After a certain time the *semah* begins. The tables are cleared, the place is prepared for the rest of the events. There are several types of *semah*. Every community has their favourite *semahs*. The first to whirl are the elders of the community, followed by the couple who organized the meeting, and then the souls present by the two, in the order of age and rank, and then they whirl by the four. The last to be performed is the dance of the forty, which can be joined by all: old and young and the respectable women.”

According to the number of participants, the dances are called *ikili* ‘by two’, *dörtlü* ‘by four’ and *kırklar* ‘by forty’.<sup>123</sup> The *semah* whirled by two also has an optional part which the *babas* carry on. The rest honour it by standing up. In the *semah* whirled by four four men or four women, two married couples or sometimes three men and a woman whirl. Whirling ends with the forty-kind in which all members of the community take part.

<sup>123</sup> There are several records narrating that during earlier pilgrimages up to 5–600 people joined the whirling around the türbe of the saints under the open sky in a moonlit night.

### Closing prayer

After the *semah* of the forty, the *baba* says a blessing and prayers. The *muhabbet* is long: around two in the morning everyone packs things before leaving. The ceremony, the pleasant conversation is over and the mass disperses. The Bektashis walk home in moonlight; dogs bark outside the houses.

When we were there, the next day many phoned to thank the *baba* for the nice ceremony. Those belonging to the order might drift quite far away but their *baba* will always be the one who admitted them. They receive the invitation to the ceremonies from him. Participants may sometimes arrive from a great distance and distant relatives may be reunited at a ceremony. These events cement the community in several regards.

### Instruments at the Ceremony

Let us say a few words about the instruments used in the ceremony and the melodies. In Anatolian Alevi communities the religious hymns and dances are accompanied by instruments, while the Thracian Bektashis whirl to singing. This is not surprising, as in Bulgaria, too, the fashion of instrumental music was a later-day development upon Turkish influence.

It can be said in general that the long-necked lute, the *bağlama* or *saz* is the most prevalent instrument of Alevi–Bektashis, while the Mevlevis, for example, chose the flute called *ney*. There are often as many as 40 frets in honour of the Forty and 12 strings in commemoration of the twelve imams.<sup>124</sup> The instrument is also a symbolical weapon, one comes across photos or statues of minstrels with a *bağlama* lifted with a suggestive gesture. Some members of the Sunni majority often steal or break off the instrument from the statues, as we also saw during our latest trip to Osmaniye.

The Asian ancestor of the instrument had two strings as is its form now in Khurasan, Turkmenistan, Central Asia and among the Kurds. Many trace the *bağlama* to shamanic traditions,<sup>125</sup> which is also supported by the fact that the *kopuz* is similarly holy in Central Asia and in the old Turkish literature, e.g. in *Dede Korkut's* book<sup>126</sup> or in the equally famous 13–14<sup>th</sup> century minstrels' poems such as those of Yunus Emre. Today usually three pairs of strings are applied to it; its tuning may vary by region. The most frequent tuning among the Bektashi–Alevi is the so-called *bağlama*

<sup>124</sup> The 12 imams are Ali's direct descendants to whom Ali's impeccable and divine characteristic were bequeathed. The "forty pure and innocent" are the children of the 12 imams who were martyred in childhood, many in the battle of Kerbela Husain also fell. Together with the 12 imams, Fatma and Hatice they are also special incarnations of God.

<sup>125</sup> Cremers (1972: 6221).

<sup>126</sup> *Dede Korkut's* book: Turkish myth of origin.



Picture 10. A dervish singing semah at a cem ceremony in Zeytinburnu

*düzeni*, listing the strings from top to bottom: A-G-D. This instrument is revered just as much as the rest of the holy objects; it is held on a high shelf or hanged from the ceiling, wrapped in special cloths.<sup>127</sup> *Pir Sultan Abdal* wrote a hymn to it (N° 64) (*Gel benim sarı tanburam*).<sup>128</sup> An excellent description of the instrument can be read, among other sources, in Picken (1975: 271).

<sup>127</sup> Özer (1997), Picken (1975: 279–281).

<sup>128</sup> Kaya collected most of Pir Sultan's poems (1999: 92).



Some Turkish authors argue that the Alevi–Bektashi music is folk music and cannot be taken for religious music even if it is played in religious gatherings. Though there is not sufficient research into this topic, it can be declared that this music changes regionally, sometimes even from village to village.<sup>129</sup> The contents and the music jointly produce a genre that is different from the rest of the folk music genres.

The musical analysis has revealed that the simplest melodies mainly occur in folk music and in religious dance music, and as we progress toward more advanced forms, we find more and more melodies that are sung as folk songs and religious hymns alike. Very many Thracian tunes have Anatolian analogies, and several large tune groups can even be compared with Hungarian parallels. Exceptional are the typical religious tunes of a musical array whose long lines undulating in low register distinctly separate them from Turkish tunes which usually have a descending character.<sup>130</sup> More can be read about this in the chapter on musical analysis, with several illustrations.

<sup>129</sup> During (1995: 85–86).

<sup>130</sup> It is noteworthy that the laments found here are distinctly different from the Anatolian lament forms.

## THE MUSIC OF THE BEKTASHIS IN THRACE

Since 1920 Turkish musicologists have focused on recording and transcribing folk music for preserving it, and composers tried to create a “national” style based on Turkish folk songs. Analytical and comparative methods trying to discover musical types, classes and the interrelation between them, as well as those comparing the repertoire of different communities have been missing. Ethnomusicological–anthropological approaches concentrating on the social context of music are exceptionally rare as well.

The poems of Alevi-Bektashi poets have never been only recited but always sung. Music has a fundamental role in this culture, and at the ceremonies they sing their religious songs (*nefes, ilahi, deyiş, semah*) in many parts of Turkey. However, reports on Alevi–Bektashi music are limited to short articles, anthologies of verse or music, passing or brief references in general books on the Alevis or on Turkish music and a study of semahs.<sup>131</sup> According to Duygulu (1997: IX): “more and more studies are written about historical, theological and political aspects of the Alevi–Bektashis, but only a few scholars examine their culture”. We can cite Boratav as well: “there are no comprehensive studies about the songs of the (Turkish) folk religion”<sup>132</sup>

At the same time, in the Turkish folk music stock of the TRT (Turkish Radio and Television) numbering over 4500 items there are sporadic *tasavvufi halk müziği* or “folk religious” tunes, usually under the generic label of “folk song”.<sup>133</sup> The archives of

<sup>131</sup> See Clarke (1999), shorter articles (Aydın 1999, Duygulu 1992), anthologies (Duygulu 1997, Eyüboğlu 1983, Gölpınarlı 1992, Nüzhet 1930, Öztelli 1973, *Pir Sultan Abdal* 1976, Tanses 1997, Uluçay 1994), brief references in general books on the Alevis (Atalay 1991; Birdoğan 1988, 1994; Birge 1937; Erseven 1990; Zelyut 1992, 1993) or on Turkish music (Markoff 1996, Stokes 1992) and a study of semahs (Bozkurt 1995).

<sup>132</sup> Boratav: E. I. III: 1094a.

<sup>133</sup> The TRT repertoire contains the variants approved by a committee of the tunes officially permitted for publication. The committee often makes changes on the tunes before printing, first of all modifying the words not deemed appropriate. Yaltrık (2002, 2003) published again the Alevi–Bektashi tunes from the TRT repertoire as well.



Picture 11. Singing semah

TRT and HAGEM<sup>134</sup> contain several other religious tunes not included in the repertoire and not transcribed yet.<sup>135</sup>

In connection with the religious tunes of the European part of Turkey the first names to be mentioned are those of Muzaffer Sarısözen and Halil Bedii Yönetken. They collected in the years after the establishment of the Turkish Republic, also in Kırklareli where they recorded folk hymns from Vahit Lütfi Salcı (Vahit Dede).<sup>136</sup>

The first important publication on the religious music of the region was the outcome of the researches around Kırklareli by Vahit Lütfi Salcı in 1940.<sup>137</sup> He presented a few transcribed tunes and touched on the relations between tune and text, and even on a few linguistic specificities. There are a few *nefes* tunes recorded from Aşık Ali Tanburacı in Cemil Demirsipahi's book "Türk Halk Oyunları".

<sup>134</sup> HAGEM – *Halk Kültürlerini Araştırma ve Geliştirme Genel Müdürlüğü* 'General Directorate of the Research and Development of Folk Culture'.

<sup>135</sup> In Sipos (1994, 1995) we published several Alevi-Bektashi tunes.

<sup>136</sup> Yönetken (1966).

<sup>137</sup> Salcı (1941).

The first works more specifically devoted to Turkish religious folk music are the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> volumes of tunes collected by the “Tasnif Heyeti” of the Istanbul Conservatory<sup>138</sup> published in 1933. They contain the scores of 87 Bektashi nefeses.<sup>139</sup> We have found that only a part of this excellently transcribed repertory is known and sung by the Bektashis living in the territory today.

Mention must be made of the volumes of *Gül Deste* published by Turgut Koca and Zeki Onardan (e.g. Ankara 1987, 1998) which contain several *nefes*es with scores and texts. The Thracian Bektashis do use them but since they don't read music, they can only use the words. The stock of tunes they sing as religious hymns is basically different from the music notated in the *Gül Deste* volumes. Neither in these books, nor in the publications of the Istanbul Conservatory can one find musical systematization or analysis.

Hüseyin Yalırık published his book *Trakya Bölgesinin Tasavvufi Halk Müziği* ‘Religious folk music of the Thracian area’ in 2002, and enlarged this edition with Alevi and Bektashi religious hymns from other areas in 2003, published with the same title.<sup>140</sup> These publications are valuable sources, first of all by presenting the scores and texts of 133 Thracian religious hymns. Their drawback is that the grouping is by the contents of the texts, without any musical analysis or comparison. Though Yalırık (2002: VI) notes that the *tasavvufi halk müziği* in the area of Thrace is different from the religious music in Anatolia, he does not explain his thesis. Nor is the relation between the religious tunes and the folk song stock illuminated.

It seemed well grounded that there was still much to be said about the musical world of the Thracian Bektashis. One aspect open to a researcher was certainly the systematization and the comparative analysis of this music.

### The musical classification

When I showed my book on the Azeri Folk Songs (Sipos 2004) with ample musical transcriptions and analysis to an American ethnomusicologist friend, she gave it back with the following remark “old fashioned”. What is beyond that?

In the 19<sup>th</sup> and the early 20<sup>th</sup> centuries the universalist mode became predominant. It was searching for the origin and the evolution of everything and from this endeavour developed comparative musicology. In contrast to comparative musicology (American) ethnomusicology emerged, with the main question and sometimes methods of „social anthropologists”: how do individual cultures function? Here we

<sup>138</sup> The team included Ali Rifat, Rauf Yekta, Zekâizade Ahmet and Dr. Suphi Ezgi.

<sup>139</sup> İstanbul Konservatuvarı Tasnif Heyeti, *Bektaşî Nefesleri*, 1933, İstanbul.

<sup>140</sup> The first half of the second book is practically identical with the 2002 publication, the second half (III. bölüm) contains several religious songs (*ilahi, nefes, tatyân, deyiş, gülbank and dua*) published earlier, too. There is a CD appended to the volume.

have to mention that Hungarian folk music research was initiated by great musicians such as Béla Bartók and Zoltán Kodály. They became the founders of a new branch of music research: firmly aimed at the national culture while exploring the historical roots and cultural–geographical context broadly – drawing also on linguistics and other fields of research beyond music.<sup>141</sup>

Before deciding which method to choose let us raise a question: is it necessary to examine the sometimes agonizing phenomena of the folk music of village/nomadic people or the music repertoire of a folk religion? Should we not study modern musical trends in the big centers and cities instead?

Undoubtedly, the examination of new phenomena is important. However, besides language, folk music is one of the most outstanding creations of people which deserves special attention. Many of its layers were created by communities having a common cultural background, and these communities had been forming and polishing their melodies and melody styles for centuries or thousands of years, sometime preserving the musical essence in the process of a continuous change.

Music does have its own life, which is independent to a high degree from the society in which it exists. When analyzing Bach's fugues or Schoenberg's compositions we do not necessarily have to know every tiny moment of their lives. And one more thing. Though cultural and social approaches are fundamental in newer ethnomusicology, we cannot expect representatives of other branches of the social sciences to study and analyze the music as it is. It has to be done by us, musicologists and ethnomusicologists.

Linguistics, especially comparative linguistics set a good example. Having different methods and approaches, most linguists agree that dictionary and grammar are important tools. In the case of folk music, a reliable collection of songs is similar to a dictionary, and the classification is similar to a grammar. In folk music research classification means a typology bunching similar melodies into melody types; organizing melody types into melody classes and forming melody styles from melody classes. In this way the puzzling mass of melodies becomes easy to survey.

Classification is especially important if we want to compare folk music of different people because, while the similarity of a few melodies does not have great significance, the similarity of large and musically homogeneous melody groups might refer to deeper, sometimes genetic relations and can even help to trace historical connections and musical universalias.

In an optimal case, the folk music of all the people in the world would be available on our shelves in systematized publications. Then we could attempt to plot the musical map of the world, in which the overlapping seas and the islands of folk music could be demonstrated suggestively. It would reveal how far and in what specific forms the tune types and the musical styles spread, whether they are national or supranational, whether they live locally or have a generally prevalent character etc. That is, unfortunately, only a dream yet.

<sup>141</sup> See Christensen's paper, Budapest, 2007.

In 2004 I joined the 37<sup>th</sup> World Conference of the International Council for Traditional Music in South China. If all of the many hundred participants had collected and analyzed 7000 melodies and wrote 8 books like myself, now we would have an archive of more than two million melodies and a library of 1800 monographies on these melodies. How much nearer we would be to the dream of Béla Bartók: becoming acquainted with the folk music of the world!

### The principles of the classification of the Bektashi melodies

There are hundreds and hundreds of melodies in every folk music, but these melodies are not independent. Some are close variants and we can consider them to be identical, or to be more precise we can say that they belong to the same *melody type*.

In the course of classification, we first determine the melody types, and then we look for connections between them, discovering which types are related, in other words, which types belong to the same *melody class*. Sometimes different melody classes contain melodies with more or less similar musical ideas; this enables us to form musical *styles* from them. Having a classified material ordered into melody types, classes and styles we have the chance to compare the whole folk music material of different peoples instead of only observing a few random similarities.

Owing to our six-year-long field work and the simultaneous transcribing and analyzing process we had the reliable material at hand. The next step was to choose the principles of the classification. As now we are talking about *musical* classification we took non-musical aspects into consideration only secondarily. But there might be many different musical connections between melodies as well. Similar or even identical might be the number of syllables, the number of sections, the range, the rhythm, the musical structure, the scale etc. We can group the material according to any of these features and these groupings bring melodies similar in one or another feature close to each other. But these characteristics can usually be described by a few numbers; consequently we can use comprehensive tables to introduce the rhythmic, structural etc. relations of the melodies (see Appendices).

According to our experiences the *melodic line* encloses the most complex and most substantial musical essence, what is more it cannot be characterized by a few numbers or letters. That is why we choose it as the main principle. To be more exact we made the classification according to the musical line of the first half of the melodies, which in this musical culture usually satisfactorily identifies the whole song. The second half of the two-sectioned melodies is usually less characteristic, often moving under the first one with a descending or an ascending–descending tendency. However, in four-sectioned melodies the structure plays a prominent role, therefore in their classification the cadences (the closing tones of the sections) are more important than in the classification of one- or two-sectioned melodies.

The goal of the musical classification is to find the central forms (melodic lines) to which the majority of the songs can be traced back. As we will see, in the majority of the cases it was possible to classify melodies into melody types and classes.

As in the folk music of many ethnicities, the most typical melodic lines in the Bektashi material are descending or ascending–descending. In this musical world these melodic movements can be handled together. Different is however the undulating movement on a smaller range reaching the final note in the middle of the first section, sometimes even sinking under it. Relatively rare are melodies traceable back to twin bars, and even rarer are melodies with an ascending first part.

As the first step I divided Bektashi folk songs and psalms into six arrays and an Appendix according to their *forms*.<sup>142</sup> The arrays contain melody classes and the melody classes are divided into melody groups.

<i>Arrays</i>	<i>Classes</i>	<i>Basic form of the melodies in the array</i>
A	1–2	One short section
B	3–4	Two short sections
C	5	Four short sections with (A) main cadence
D	6–9	Four short sections
E	12	One/two tripodic sections
F	13	Domed structure
Appendices	App. 1–2	Special melodies

Let us survey now the main melody groups in the arrays and let us start to get acquainted with the musical world of the Bektashis. We warmly recommend the reader to spend a few minutes studying the above transcriptions. It will make the understanding of the classification much easier. If we learn these melodies, the majority of the Bektashi songs will be familiar.

<sup>142</sup> In the arrays there might be melodies moving on different scales if their other features were in harmony with the main characteristics of the array.

**Array A. Melodies traceable back to a single short section***Class 1. Motivic melodies rotating on a trichord, № 1–20*

A - lay - la, pa - lay - la, Tah - ta ka - lay - la, oy, hoy, la.

*Class 2. Tunes traceable to a single short line, № 21–85*

A - na göl - ge - ci - ğim, a - na - cı - ğim, Ver e - li - ni, ö - pe - yim.

**Array B. Melodies traceable to two short sections***Class 3. First line undulating low or rising, frequent A<sup>c</sup>A form, № 86–133*

Ya - rim sa - na gi - de - ce - ğim Ha - zır - mı ge - lin - lik - ler.

*Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range, № 134–238*

Bah - çe - ler - de üç gü - zel var, Ge - zer o dost, ge - zer o.

**Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence, № 239–293**

Ben se - ni se - ve - rim can - dan i - çe - ri,



### Array D. Melodies with four or more sections

*Class 6. Low-moving tunes with B(B)x cadences and higher ones with D(B)x cadences, № 294–312*

Ya-ka-dan gi-der i-ken, Zi-kir Al-lah ve-rir-ken,  
İs-ma-il pey-gam-be-rin Koy-nu gü-der i-ken, Hü, Hü, Hü.

*Class 7. Low- and higher-moving melodies with C(C)x cadences, № 313–361*

Mu-hab-bet ka-pu-sun a-ça-yım der-sen,  
A-çan da aç-tı-ran A-li'-dir, A-li.

*Class 8. "Psalmodic" and descending tunes with E/D(C)C/A cadences, № 362–413*

Te-kir-dağ'-dan yün al-dım, da, Ka-zak ö-re-yım di-ye,  
Te-kir-dağ'-lı bir yar sev-dım Her gün gö-re-yım di-ye.

*Class 9. "Çanakkale" melodies, № 414–476*

*Class 10. Melodies built of line- or bar-sequences, № 477–495*

Oy, na-rin, na - rin, na-rin, Şo - fôr - dür be - nim ya - rim.

Ça-vuş i - zin ver-mi-yor, N'o-la - cak be - nim ha - lim?

*Class 11. Disjunctive melodies, № 496–516*

Kam-ber du-rur-du sa-ğın - da, Gö-ren-de cen-net ba-ğın - da.

A - li Fat-ma Tur da-ğın - da, Dost bi-ri Ve - li' - yi gör-düm.

**Array E (= Class 12). Melodies of tripod lines, № 517–562**

Be - şik - le - re taş be - le - dim nen - ni,

Mev-lam - dan o - ğul di - le - dim, nen - ni,

**Array F (= Class 13). Domed melody structure, № 563–593**

Ye-şil da-ğın kö-şe - sin-de Ağ-lı - yo-rum sa-na sa-na,

Yol-la-rım - da . o - nu Bek-li-yo-rum ka-na ka-na.

## Appendices

### Appendix 1. Tunes similar to the small form of the Hungarian and Anatolian laments, № 593–597

Bir sa-rı yı-lan ko-va-la-dı be-ni,  
Kaç-tık-ça ye-re do-lan-dım ba-yır.

### Appendix 2. Melodies moving by leaps, № 598–602

Ka-ra-ça - lı gi-bi A-ra - mı - za gir - din,  
Ma-dem oğ-lun kıy-met-liy-di, Ne-den ver-din ba-na?  
Ma-dem oğ-lun pek tat - lıy-di,



Picture 12. High spirits during the muhabbet

### Comparing melodies of different form and section length

Melodies having sections of different length may be similar. In the next table we show some examples of this phenomenon.<sup>143144</sup>

a) When each line of a two-line tune ends on the final note, it can be compared with similar single-line songs. <sup>143</sup>	tunes of 5-1
b) Four-line tunes of ABAB, AABB, ABBB and AAAB form are traceable to two-line tunes of AB form.	№ 191-192
c) Dividing a four-bar-long line into two, we get two shorter lines. Thus, tunes of a single long line are comparable with tunes of two short lines, melodies of two long lines are comparable with melodies of four short lines. <sup>144</sup>	№ 271 and № 273
d) Tunes of four long lines can be compared to tunes of four short lines provided that their cadences, line scheme and melody motion are convincingly similar.	№ 385 and № 402

<sup>143</sup> Provided that the second line brings no revolutionary innovation. This form is relatively frequent in Turkish folk music.

<sup>144</sup> Especially when lines 3-4 have little range and close on or near the final note.



## DETAILED MUSICAL ANALYSIS

Let us see now the detailed classification of the tunes and the supporting explanation. This – perhaps somewhat dry – section of the book requires probably the keenest attention, but it contains the most novelties which will afford the attentive reader an insight into the intricate web of a round and complex musical world.

### **Array A. Melodies traceable back to a single short section (Class 1–2)**

#### *Class 1. Melodies built up of motives rotating around the middle tone of a trichord*

These small-range tunes rotate around the middle tone of a trichord and also end on it. Despite the small range and the rotating movement, the tunes of different groups belong to rather dissimilar musical worlds. In group 1, after the repetition of “A B-G” motif and its variants<sup>145</sup> the tune closes on A, while group 2 is characterized by the G-A-B-A and B-A-G-A rotating motif. Group 3 consists of Quran recitation of sections of varying length performed *parlando* in which the rotating movement also appears, but instead of short motifs, recited at length.

1–1. The “A B-G” motif is repeated and varied before melody ends on the tone A (ex. 1–1, № 1–10). Though other tunes are also varied, the extraordinary variability of this group is unusual in this geographic area. The meter can be 2/4, 4/4, 6/8, 9/8; the syllable number is: 6+5, 12+5 and 8+6. The structural scheme is also varied; if  $a = A\ B-G$ ,  $b = G-C-B-G$  and  $c = D$ , the structure of some melodies in this group can be schematized as:  $aa/ba/bc$ ,  $aa/aa/ba/bc$ ,  $aa/bba/bc$ ,  $cb/cb/ba/bc$ , etc. We put № 10 of a slightly different melodic movement in the shadow of the variants of folk songs № 1–9.

1–2. Songs rotating around the middle tone of the B(&)-A-G(#) trichords (ex. 1–2, № 11–16). There are lots of tunes rotating around the middle tone of the B-A-G major third among Hungarian and Anatolian children’s songs and other peoples’ tunes. Most melodies are children’s songs, rain-magic, but some similar Alevi religious songs can

<sup>145</sup> F may also enter in line 2.

also be found (№ 12). We ranged here a few counting-out rhymes and folk songs (№ 15–16) rotating around the central tone of the B&-A-G and B&-A-G# trichords.

1–3. Several (Sunnite) Quran recitations are characterized by rotating round the middle tone of a minor or major third (ex. 1–3, № 17–20). Sometimes they move on two tones and the lower note of the third only enters occasionally, at the end of the line (№ 17), but normally the tune rotates on the whole trichord (№ 18–20). With its flexibly lengthened and shortened lines and parlando rhythm this melody group is separated markedly from the two-bar motifs in tempo giusto rhythm of the previous groups.

1) A - lay - lam, pa - lay - la, Tah - ta ka - lay - la.

2) Yağ sa-ta-rım, bal sa-ta-rım, Us - tam öl - müş, ben sa-ta-rım,  
Zam-bak, zım-bak, da-na-la-ra i - yi bak! Zam-bak, zım-bak, da-na-la-ra i - yi bak!

3)

Example 1. Motivic melodies rotating on a trichord. 1) № 2, 2) № 11, 3) № 18

Similarly to Anatolia, the scales with the minor third are predominant in the Thracian repertoire, although there are quite some songs of Ionian character and others in scales involving the augmented second between the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> degrees. In the next arrays, we grouped together the melodies using different scales but pursuing similar melodic movements. Several musical forms were found ranging from some reiterated motifs of a few tones to forms descending from a larger than octave height via several characteristic lines. Nevertheless, the descending and hill-shaped diatonic lines and the dominance of the basically descending structure lend relative homogeneity to the greater part of the musical stock. Compared to them, a peculiar colour is represented by the few ascending and several undulating ascending–descending–ascending first parts.

*Class 2. Tunes traceable to a single short line*

Here the AA interim form between a single-core and a two-core structure is frequent; in it a higher line closing on A is followed by a parallel but lower line (A) also closing on A. The tunes subsumed here are held together by the narrow range (E-D)-C-B(&)-A and the descending or hill-like movement of the constituting motifs. This class, however, contains groups of widely different character presumably due to different origins.

2–1. Lines built of (A-B&)-C-B&-A Phrygian descending/hill-like motifs (ex. 2–1, № 21–28). This group contains mainly lullabies, folk songs and a single religious hymn (№ 24).<sup>146</sup> We classified in the shadow of the group a few plagal tunes whose gamut increased by a tone or two downward, though these tunes considerably differ from one another and from the above tunes, since the small range enhances the differences (e.g. № 27 sung by Sunnite women of the area).<sup>147</sup>

2–2. (A)-D-B-A tritonic laments and bride's farewell songs containing descending/hill-shaped lines (ex. 2–2, № 29–37). The main melodic movement is also a small-range descent or hill, yet it is not the D-C-B(&)-A tetrachord but the D-B-A triton on which the movement of A-D-D-B | D-B-A character takes place.<sup>148</sup> The origin of this incomplete scale in this Turkish musical realm requires further research. Owing to the tritonic scale the Thracian Bektashi lament differs not only from the melodic world of Thrace but also from the typical tunes of Anatolia, including the small form of laments prevalent elsewhere in Anatolia, and from other more specific Turkish laments we have studied.<sup>149</sup> At the same time, the divergence of laments from other folk music styles is not a unique phenomenon. Let me refer to the fundamental difference between the laments and other folk songs of the Kazakhs in Mongolia (Sipos 2001: 95–99). In addition, we ranged here an Alevi religious tune of similar character (№ 37).

<sup>146</sup> This Alevi religious melody is characterized by lines built of small motifs of trichord-tetrachord range.

<sup>147</sup> When the general tendency of the melodic movement and the main cadences are identical, one may take tunes of four long characteristic lines with different parts as variants of one another (e.g. the end of line 3, a cadence or the height of the 2<sup>nd</sup> degree may often differ). When we have a narrow-range tune, the difference in pitch of a single note might result in great differences, exactly because these songs have little characteristic differentiators. It can be declared in general that the smaller the range and the simpler the structure, the more minute musical aspects must be taken into account in the classification. Besides, the small-range tunes of often archaic functions frequently display musical forms of different origins and development. All this confirms that musical stocks of different kinds need analyzing and classifying methods tailored to their specific needs.

<sup>148</sup> In some laments Bb is sometimes replaced by C at places.

<sup>149</sup> For the description of various Anatolian laments and their comparison with Hungarian laments, see Sipos (1994, 2000, 2002); for the comparison of the laments of different Turkic people, see Sipos (1994, 2004).



2–3. (A)-D-E/D-D-C-B-A hill-shaped/descending first line (ex. 2–3, № 38–78). The melodies of this very populous group are characterized by the A-D/E-A hill and the D/E-A descent. As mentioned earlier, these two kinds of movement are difficult, and perhaps senseless to differentiate. The group includes seven- and eight-syllabic dance tunes, folk songs, semah and nefes tunes, wedding songs, and lullabies in diverse meters (2/4, 8/8, 6/8, 9/8 and 6/4). In the second half of the tunes sometimes cadential variants or extended lines also occur (e.g. № 60, № 65, etc.).

We subsumed in this group a set of variants which contains folk songs beside the melodies of the “ikili semah”. The group begins with tunes rotating low (№ 63–71) and end with religious and secular tunes descending from E/D to A (№ 72–78). These melodies are tightly connected by text, rhythm and function; during lengthy bouts of singing the higher and lower lines alternate (№ 76). Therefore we put them side by side to illustrate one of the diverse interconnections among these tunes, although some variants are more closely characterized by G-A-B-A-B-A rotation, and others by descent from E to A.

2–4. Ionian tunes (ex. 2–4, № 79–85). Similarly to some equivalents with the minor third, they consist of hill-shaped (but Ionian) lines ending on A. The illustration (№ 83) is sung by a Sunnite woman.

1) Nen - ni, yav-rum, nen - ni, U - yu - sun, da, bü - yü - sün,

2) Ver-mem el - ler e - li - mi, Sen-de el kuv-vet-le - ri var-sa,

3) O, gül-ler, gül - ler, top gül - ler, Ya-ri-mi al - dı yad el - ler.

4) Hey, gül-lü, he-le, he-le gül - lü, Peş - te-ma - lı püs - kül - lü.

Example 2. Tunes traceable to a single melodic line. 1) № 23, 2) № 29, 3) № 45, 4) № 83

### Array B. Melodies traceable to two short sections (Class 3-4)

Two classes belong here with several groups in each. The melodies of the classes are differentiated by the movement of the first line. The first lines in class 3 undulate low or rise; the single-core A<sup>c</sup>A form is frequent. By contrast, the melodies in class 4 are built of two short stagnant, descending or hill-shaped small-range lines.

#### *Class 3. First lines undulating low or rising, frequent A<sup>c</sup>A form*

The middle of the close-range (G-D/E) first line of these melodies composed of two short sections sinks to the final note and then rises to the closing note of the line, which is mainly C/B, less frequently D. The answer to the undulating first line is usually a descending or hill-shaped second line.<sup>150</sup>

3-1. A-C-D/E-C-A-B-C/B undulation (ex. 3-1, № 86-92). The wave of the first group rises from A to D/E, descends from there to A/G, then rises to B/C. The tunes of different cadences are held together by the characteristic undulation.

3-2. A/D-E-D-C-A-C-D valley or wave (ex. 3-2, № 93-99). The first lines of the tunes in this group trace a valley, but the main determinant of the tunes is the A<sup>c</sup>A structure, so the valley is created by the cadential leap up at the end of the line. Most tunes have D as the main cadence, but there is a tune with the E at the corresponding place (№ 99). (№ 96 was sung by a Sunnite man.)

3-3. This group is the pendant of 3-1 moving on Ionian scale (ex. 3-3, № 100-112).

3-4. First line rising to D/E (ex. 3-4 = № 118, № 113-133). Ascending motion is rare in the folk music of Turkic peoples, especially in the first line of songs consisting of two short lines. Line 1 of some tunes here rise from A to D/E and the second line descends from E to the closing note. The first line of other tunes ends on D/E after recitation in the C-D strip (e.g. № 116). Most songs are folk songs with several lullabies<sup>151</sup> and a rain-making song; the scale of the latter containing an augmented second between degrees 2 and 3 (№ 128-133). I also added here a tune of similar motion whose scale also had a major third (№ 127). (№ 114 and № 161 were sung by a Sunnite woman.)

<sup>150</sup> Such undulation over a wide range and a pentatonic scale was found among the Kazakhs of Mongolia.

<sup>151</sup> № 114 was sung by a Sunnite woman.

1) Ya-rim sa-na gi-de-ce-ğim Ha-zır-mı ge-lin-lik-ler.

2) E-li ye-şil a-sa-lı, Bi-ze der-viş-ler gel-di,

3) A-şa-ma-lı yol-la-rı, Taş-lık-tır, ya-rim, taş-lık.

4) Ka-ran-fi-lim ta-bur-da, Çok iş-ler var sa-bur-da.

Example 3. First line undulating low or rising. 1) № 90, 2) № 95, 3) № 100, 4) № 118

#### Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range

So far, we have touched on two-line tunes whose first line was ascending, undulating or valley-shaped within a small compass. By contrast, this class contains songs whose first line is descending, hill-shaped or stagnant.

4-1. Several tunes move C-D-C-B(&)/C|C-D-C-B(&)/C within the range of a tri-chord and end on B/C (ex. 4-1, № 134-142). (№ 136 is an Alevi religious song (*deyiş*), and № 134 was sung by a Sunnite woman.)

4-2. Even more songs can be characterized by a first line with a somewhat higher hill or descent A/C-D-(E)-D-C/B (ex. 4-2, № 143-169).<sup>152</sup> Looking at the songs, one realizes that it does not make sense to separate the tunes with C and B main cadences. There are tunes of this character with the augmented second as well (№ 166); but the common melodic line unites the tunes moving on different scales. The meter is 2/4, 4/4, 8/8, 9/8, 6/8 and the performance is parlendo in two cases. The most frequent structural schemes are AB, AABB, less frequently AAAB, AAB<sup>c</sup>B and A = a|b long section. We chiefly arranged the tunes by pitch height, starting with the hill-like ones with A as the first tone. The group ends with (often Phrygian) melodies descending

<sup>152</sup> It was again impossible – and also unnecessary – to separate the hill-like and the descending forms because the A-D-E-D-C movement is of a largely similar character to D-D-E-D-C.

from D and with augmented second (№ 165). The major third of the latter points towards the next group. (Folksong № 143 was sung by a Sunnite man.)

4-3. Similar tunes to the previous group with Ionian scale (ex. 4-3, № 170-181). We arranged them by height, starting from the lower ones and progressing towards those descending from the higher ones. (№ 170, № 171 and № 175 were sung by Sunnite people.)

4-4. The first line has two small E-E-D-C/D | E-E-D-C descents (ex. 4-4, № 182-189). Owing to its repetitive motivic character this movement is markedly different from the so-far discussed hill-like or descending formulae. We put in this group a Bulgarian song with a similar E-E-D-B | E-E-D B beginning (№ 183). № 185 combines several forms, anticipating the “small psalmodic” 4-7 group.

4-5. This group contains tunes like in group 4-4 moving on the Ionian scale (ex. 4-5, № 190-196). № 195 was sung by Macedonian man.

4-6. A few tunes with D main cadence are also in this class because of the first line reciting on the C-D-E trichord and using C saliently, although the melodies of the D main cadence are further in the system (Ex. 4-6, № 197-200).

4-7. A “small psalmodic” melody group of E/C-D-E-E | E-E-D-C scheme with ascending or stagnant character (ex. 4-7, № 201-210). The four bars of these two-line tunes are interrelated as are the four lines of the psalmodic melodies to be discussed later. After the initial C-D-E (or E-E-E) movement, in the second bar there is a descent from E/G<sup>2</sup> to C. The third unit is relatively varied, but often similar to the second or lower. The last part descends from E/D/C to the closing A. This characteristic formula can be found in Hungarian, Anatolian and other people’s music as well.<sup>153</sup> (№ 205 was sung by a Sunnite woman.)

4-8. This group contains tunes of Ionian character similar to the ones in group 4-7 (ex. 4-8, № 211-214). The first line almost always reaches the 6<sup>th</sup> degree. It is worth noting that transposed a third higher, these tunes are similar to the first two lines of the higher four-line psalmodic tunes.

4-9. This group is also a relative of group 4-7, but its melodies descend from G<sup>2</sup> and not from around E (ex. 4-9, № 215-219). The kinship between the two forms is confirmed e.g. by № 216 in which the low start alternates with the high start.

4-10. A tall hill-shape of C-D-E-E/F(♯) | G<sup>2</sup>/E-E-D-D with the D main cadence (ex. 4-10, № 220-230). The first line of the melodies in the group is characterized by a tall C-E-D or C-G<sup>2</sup>-D hill, with usually a descending second line. We ranged here a few tunes whose first lines outline an equally high but more undulating hill (№ 228-230).

4-11. G<sup>2</sup>-G<sup>2</sup>-G<sup>2</sup>-E | E-E-D-D/E first lines descending from high (ex. 4-11, № 231-238). The first line typically begins high (G<sup>2</sup>), stays there for some time and ends on E or D. The answer to the G<sup>2</sup>-D/E descent of the first line is the E/D-A descent of the second. Nefeses, semahs, a “Sunni” folk song (№ 238), Alevi tunes (№ 231-232) and a Macedonian song (№ 237) belong here.

<sup>153</sup> Szendrei-Dobszay (1988), Kodály (1937), Sipos (1994, 2000, 2002).

1) 

2) 

3) 

4) 

5) 

6) 

7) 

8) 

9) 

10) 

11) 



Example 4. Stagnating, descending or hill-shaped small-range first line. 1) № 134, 2) № 146, 3) № 179, 4) № 184, 5) № 191, 6) № 197, 7) № 208, 8) № 211, 9) № 216, 10) № 222, 11) № 234

*Class 5 (Array C). Four short sections with (A) main cadence*

These tunes are classified between the tunes of two short lines and those of four short lines, but are closer to the former. At the end of the second line they close on the final note. Until this point they are often identical with some two-line tunes, and then a second part of not much character follows. Most belong to the typical, original part of the Thracian religious tune stock, but there are several folk songs, too. Many of the ones starting low are similar to the AABA “domed” structures put at the end of the classification.

5-1. A low wave with A(A)x cadences (ex. 5-1, № 239-250). The first line is often built of two identical or similar motifs (№ 242). № 241 displays a similar movement but ends on G,. The majority of the tunes are nefeses, but similar folk song are also found. We placed some Ionian tunes in the shadow of the group (№ 247-249). (№ 245 was sung by a Sunnite man.)

5-2. Low wave or valley with C(A)x cadences (ex. 5-2, № 251-265). Most are religious hymns. Their first line is meandering typically in the G,-D stretch, touching on A. This melodic movement also appears on scales including the minor or major thirds in this group.

5-3. “Small psalmodic” songs + two lines (ex. 5-3, № 266-284). The first two lines of the tunes in this group resemble the so-called “small psalmodic” tunes of two short lines. This is confirmed by the religious tune № 270, the concatenation of a low-starting and a high-starting “small psalmodic” tune. More frequently, the first part is followed by two, low-running plain lines ending on A, to reinforce the termination of the tune, as it were. Though we have apparently a four-line form, the third line usually closes on A (rarely on C or B) and the last line is similar to the second, so the structure is  $ABB_{\vee}B_{\vee}$  or AB/CB. There are Ionian tunes of similar motion as well (№ 282-284). (№ 271 is a Bulgarian folksong.)

5-4. Four-line tunes with D/E (A) x cadences (ex. 5-4, № 285-293). The first two lines of the tunes are identical with some two-line songs. The third and fourth lines are similar to the second, the third mostly closing on A or B. (№ 289 was sung by a Sunnite woman.)

1)    
 Çok şü-kür mu - ba - rek ce-ma-lin gör - düm,  
   
 Ha-yat bul-dum bu cis - mi-me can gel - di, Hü, Hü,  
   
 Ha-yat bul-dum bu cis - mi-me can gel - di, Hü.

2)    
 Ben me - la-met hır-ka-sı - nı ken-dim giy - dim eğ-ni - me,  
   
 A-ru na-mus şi - şe - si - ni ta-şa çal - dım, ki-me ne, ah,  
   
 Hay-dar, Hay - dar, ta - şa çal - dım, ki - me ne?

3)    
 Ev - le - ri - nin ö-nü bağ - lı, Ben is - te-rim bur - da kır - ma-lı yağ-lı,  
   
 Kır-ma-yıy-ılan ma-yıl ol - dum Kır-ma sız - lan ay-rı ol - du.

4)    
 Can de-di-ler, can de-di - ler, Gel iş - te mey - dan de - di - ler.  
   
 Hu-zu-run - da dur - dum da-ra, Yar - dım et kırk - lar ye - di-ler.

Example 5. Four short sections with (A) main cadence. 1) № 242, 2) № 253, 3) № 268, 4) № 285

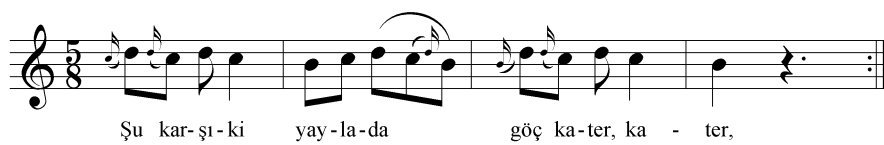
## Array D. Melodies with four or more sections (Classes 6–10)

Array D contains four- (or more-) part tunes which are multiply interconnected and it has several relations with the so-far discussed classes as well.


*Class 6. Low-moving melodies with B(B)x cadences and higher ones with D(B)x cadences*

6–1. Melodies running low with B(B)x cadences (ex. 6–1, № 294–300). The long first line comprises two similar or identical low-moving motifs. The connection between the high and low starts is illustrated by № 298.

6–2. The tunes in this group are built of four short and higher lines. The typical cadences are D(B)x (ex. 6–2, № 301–312).<sup>154</sup> The tunes in the group start from different heights and the interrelation of the lines is similar to that of the melodies in the next arrays. With the main cadence C some of these tunes could fit among the “psalmodic” songs (see later). On account of its cadences we put tune № 312 in the shadow of this group, although it differs on several counts.

1) 

Şu kar-şı-ki yay-la-da göç ka-ter, ka - ter,  
 Bir gü-ze-lin der - di bağ-rım-da tü - ter, bağ-rım-da tü - ter.

2) 

Ya - ka - dan gi - der i - ken, Zi - kir Al-lah ve - rir - ken,  
 İs - ma - il pey - gam-be - rin Koy - nu gü-der i-ken, Hü, Hü, Hü.

*Example 6. Low-moving melodies with B(B)x and higher ones with D(B)x cadences.*

1) № 296, 2) № 301

<sup>154</sup> The cadence of the fourth line is usually 4<sup>th</sup>, rarely b3 and once the 1<sup>st</sup> degree.



*Class 7. Low- and higher-moving melodies with C(C)x cadences*

7-1. The differentiating features of this group are the C(C)x cadential series and the turn of the first line around the middle or before the end to A (ex. 7-1, № 313–332). The first long line is again often made up of two similar motifs (*aa* or *aa<sub>v</sub>*). Similar lines were already met with. (№ 316–317 was sung by a Sunni woman, № 318 by Romas and № 322 by a Bektashi man of Macedonian origin.)

7-2. The first line of the second group also contains two similar motifs (ex. 7-2, № 333–351). Compared to the tunes of the previous group, the motifs are higher, moving on the C-D-E trichord without reaching the final note, arriving here now from lower, now from higher. The first line of the majority of tunes adopts the (A) E-D-C | E-D-C scheme; similar melody contour was seen among songs of two short lines as well. Some of the melodies point towards the simpler, smaller-range forms of the next (psalmodic) group and the “Çanakkale” types. We subsume under this group an Ionian tune of similar structure (№ 350).

7-3. The distinguishing feature of the third group is F, which plays an important role in the first line (ex. 7-3, № 352–361). Sometimes it appears in C-F confrontation (№ 352), sometimes F being the backbone of the first line (№ 357). (Folk song № 354 was sung by a Roma man.)

1) 

Dört ki-ta - bin sır - ri, es - ra - ri sen - sin,  
Tan - rı - nın as - la - nı A-li'm gel, ye - tiş.

2) 

Kim ne bi - lir bi - zi biz ne soy - da - nız,  
Ne bir zer - re ot ne od su - da - nız.

3) 

Ya-pın in-ge - le - rim, ya - pın, kı - na - mı ya - pın,  
Ya-rın a-lay boş dö-ne-cek, cüm - bü - şe ba - kın, ba - kın.

Example 7. Low and higher melodies with C(C)x cadences. 1) № 314, 2) № 337, 3) № 352

Classes 8, 9 and 10 are more closely interrelated, as will be explicated in describing the “Çanakkale” class. Most tunes in these classes are characterized by the descending four-line structure.

*Class 8. Psalmodic and descending tunes with E(C)C/A, less frequently D(C)C/A cadences*

In the group of the smallest range the melody lines fundamentally recite on the E-D-C trichord and sink to A at the end of the melody. In Bektashi (and generally in Anatolian) music such melodies are closely related to some descending tunes in which the C-D-E core is vaguer. Another characteristic feature is that the first line of the melody may be performed rising to D/E or descending there from G', or again, it may stagnate on E. The rest of the lines are descending or hill-like. The melodies move typically conjunctly, both within a line, and across the lines. Most tunes in this group can be compared to many Anatolian, Hungarian and several other peoples' melodies.<sup>155</sup> Ionian tunes of a similar structure are also ranged here. As has been seen, many of the songs of two short lines with major character correspond to the first two lines of these songs. Also among the melodies of four long lines analogies can be found with tunes in this class. The tunes are listed in the order of the height of the first line.

8-1. Lower psalmodic tunes with D(C)x and E(C)x cadences (ex. 8-1 № 362–375). Their typical features are the C-D-E or E-E-E incipit and that the first line is not higher than E. G' may also appear at the end of the first line or in the second line in unaccented places. Some Alevi nefeses and a folk song also adopt this scheme with the difference that at the end of the first line they jump to G' (№ 373). (Folk song № 372 was sung by a Sunnite woman; № 373 is an Alevi religious song.)

8-2. Higher melodies reaching G' at the end of the first line and in the second, with E(C)x cadences (ex. 8-2, № 376–383). The general tendency of these melodies and their cadences often resemble the previous class, but G' already appears emphatically towards the end of line 1, and often the second and sometimes even the third line descends to the E-D-C band from higher. (№ 379 was sung by a Roma.)

8-3. High first and second lines, the first often outlining G'G'EE | G'G'EE (ex. 8-3, № 384–390). The first lines start higher, but in this style G' is the substitute for E if F is missing. The inner lines often move in medium height but they may also descend to the E-D-C zone from higher.<sup>156</sup> (№ 389 was sung by a Sunnite woman.)

8-4. There are several Ionian tunes of similar structure with E(C#)x cadences; their variants at different heights are shown in this group (ex. 8-4, № 391–399). The third line of these songs often ends on B. (№ 391 was sung by a Sunnite woman.)

<sup>155</sup> Sipos (2001, 2004, 2006).

<sup>156</sup> We put the considerably different № 390 in the shadow of this group.

8-5. The fifth group comprises melodies very similar to those in 8-3 but the four lines are longer (or more precisely, they have more syllables) (ex. 8-5, № 400-404). I put an 8-9-syllabic tune (№ 401) here to make the correlation between the shorter and longer forms more plausible. Long lines make it possible to unfold the melody lines in more detail, therefore the opening to A' and the more complex (7/8 + 7/8) rhythm are more frequent (№ 402). There is no real C-D-E core here, but analogies are easy to find mostly among the higher psalmodic tunes of four short lines (class 7-3). (№ 404 was sung by an Alevi dede.)

8-6. We put in the shadow of the former tunes some melodies of AABC form and E(E)C, E(E)B or E(E)D cadences, several of which would fit among the higher types of the psalmodic tunes if they had an ABBC form (ex. 8-6, № 405-413). (№ 406 was sung by a Sunnite woman.)

1)  Te-kir-dag'-dan yün al - dim, da, Ka - zak ö - re - yim di - ye,  
 Te-kir-dag' - lı bir yar sev - dim Her gün gö - re - yim di - ye.

2)  Al Fa - di - mem, bal Fa - di - mem, Ya - nak - la - rı gül Fa - di - mem.  
 U - yan - u - yan, sa - bah ol - du, Gül yü - zü - nü yun Fa - di - mem.

3)  Sa - bah - tan çeş - me - ye var - dım mı, E - li - ni, yü - zü - nü yu - dun mu?  
 Çeş - me ta - şı - nın üs - tün - de Sen be - nim bi - le - zi - ği - mi bul - dun mu?

4)  E - kin ek - tim çöl - le - re de, Yol - dır - ma - dım el - le - re,  
 Kü - çük yaş - ta bir yar sev - dım, Ver - men o - nu el - le - re.

Example 8. Psalmodic and descending tunes with E(C)C/A, less frequently D(C)C/A cadences.

1) № 368, 2) № 379, 3) № 385, 4) № 391, 5) № 400, 6) № 411

*Class 9. “Çanakkale” melodies*

We named these melodies Çanakkale after a typical textual variant (№ 449). The songs have two long lines with C(D)x and D(D)x cadences, and are known all over Turkey as typical Thracian melodies. When the lines move low, the D main cadence lends the first half of the melody a feeling of stagnation or ascent. This class contains songs of long, eleven-syllable lines or others traceable to them; the typical rhythmic scheme is *dd yfvdd f* compared to the previous class which mainly had four short lines of *dd vdd* rhythmic pattern. (Exceptionally, however, four short lined versions may also appear here, as there were occasionally two long lines in the previous class.)

Another typical difference is that in this class the note C often appears before the D main cadence, giving an undulating character to the first part of the melody. By contrast, the tunes in class 8 are predominated by movement on C-D-E and a descent to C in mid-melody. The third line of several “Çanakkale” tunes end on G,.

Another important deviation is that the tunes of class 8 are closer to melodies built of second sequences. To put it in another way, the melodies of class 8 are in between, showing similarities with both the “Çanakkale” and the “sequential” songs. In all three classes religious and secular songs are evenly distributed.

At any rate, the tunes of classes 8, 9 and 10 belong to the same musical style in the *broader sense*, and the classification could have been according to compass of the first part. We decided for the division into twin classes and their presentation consecutively on account of the salient role of the main cadence. Within each class the groups are ranged by the height of the first line.

In the groups below the ends of the first and second part are similar but the first half of the second section is widely varied – just like in other tunes, this part being most exposed to variation. We did not differentiate between tunes starting high and those jumping up from A to carry out the typical motion of the group.

It applies to this class, too, that the melodies are tied by several threads. Probably only a three-D model could illustrate in detail how many melodic and other (rhythmic, tonal, etc.) connections can be demonstrated among them.

9–1. A descent/hill to C (or further to A) and a hill ending on D (ex. 9–1, № 414–441). The cadences are C/A (D) x. The descent or the hill can be lower (№ 414) or higher (№ 432). A relationship with the tunes in 7–2 can also be demonstrated. The group of variants moving on a scale with the augmented second is also ranged here; despite their different cadences, the above melodic movement and the typical structure, text and rhythm hold together this group (№ 438–441). (№ 425, № 419 and № 426 were sung by a Sunnite woman.)

9–2. The first half of the higher group typically descends to D or has a hill, followed by a D-ending hill or a small wave (ex. 9–2, № 442–466). There are also lower (№ 443) and higher (№ 449) variants. In extreme cases, tunes with E(D)x cadences can also be grouped here, if their first lines end with a wave arriving on D (№ 464). It is noteworthy that the lines sometimes end with a G'-E-C-E-D wave instead of a hill.

Also, the second line often descends to G or A in the middle (№ 447). (№ 446 was sung by a Sunnite woman.)

9-3. Compared to the distinctly bipartite first lines in groups 9-1 and 9-2, here the first line has a relatively steadily rising then descending hill ending on D (№ 470), or after a tall hill we have a descent from high (№ 476). (ex. 9-3, № 467-476). The second lines are descending in this group, too. The groups of the class are listed according to the height of the hill. (№ 476 was sung by a Sunnite woman.)

1)    
 Pi-rim A - li de-ğil mi dil - de söy - le - nen,

   
 Kis-me - ti - ni ka - yır - maz - dan u - ru - nan.

2)    
 Al - çak - ta yük - sek - te ya - tan e - ren - ler, Hü,

   
 Mür - ve - ti - niz var - dır, bul - maz dert bi - zi,

   
 gör - mez dert bi - zi, Hü.

3)    
 Git - ti ge - li - rim di - ye, a - man, a - man,

   
 A - man, yo - lu bi - li - rim di - ye.

   
 A - man, yo - lu bi - li - rim di - ye.

Example 9. "Çanakkale" melodies. 1) № 417, 2) № 443, 3) № 470

*Class 10. Melodies built of characteristic line- or bar-sequences*

Though signs of second sequences appeared in the descending tunes of classes 8 and 9, the sequential character assumed firm dimensions in class 10. The main notes of the consecutive lines are a second lower, hence the typical cadences are E-D-C or D-C-B. Often the last note (the closing note of the tune) does not fit this sequential descent, resulting in an  $A^4A^3A^2A^c$  structure. The similar rhythmic pattern of the sections often reinforces the feeling of sequencing. Such sequential melodies can be heard in various parts of Turkey; not only the Alevis–Bektashis, but the majority Sunnites also use them in both the religious and the folk song repertoires.

10–1. E(D)C cadences,  $A^4A^3A^2A^c$  structure (ex. 10–1, № 477–482). This type is characterized by most of the above features. The sequential descent is manifest not in every tone but mainly in its tendency. We added here two melodies of four long lines. They are undoubtedly related, but in № 482 the sequential descent is more palpable, while in № 481 it appears mainly in the cadential notes.

10–2. Seemingly these tunes consist of four long lines with D(A)x cadences (ex. 10–2, № 483–490). These melodies popular all over Turkey are actually built of the sequentially descending repetition of shorter units, usually of two bars. Marking the two-bar sections *a* and *b*, the four long lines can be schematized as:  $ab^4 | b^3b^2b | b^4b^3 | b^2b$  (e.g. № 484). Accordingly, the typical inner cadences are E, D | C, B, A | D, C | B, A.<sup>157</sup> This melodic idea is realized most flexibly in many concrete forms.

10–3. Sequential descent of many lines starting high (ex. 10-3, № 491-495). Some tunes are built of more than four short lines descending sequentially; even eight-lined  $A^8A^7A^6A^5A^4A^3A^2A$  forms can be found. In them F# often plays an important role as the cadential note, too. A tune of four long lines shows kinship with tunes descending on many short lines some of them with F# cadence as well (№ 495). (№ 494–495 were recorded from an Alevi dede.)

<sup>157</sup> We discuss this melody form in more detail in Sipos (1994).

1)   
 Sev- di- ğim kız ge- lin ol - muş, Be- nim de - ğil, e- lin ol - muş.  
 Be- yaz ge - lin - lik i- çin- de Gi- der ge- ne ağ - lı - yor- muş.

2)   
 E- vem üs- tüm şü ci- ha- na gel- me- den, A- dem a- ta gel- di, Pi- rim gör- dün mü?  
 Ab- test a- lıp na- ma - zı - nı kı- lar- ken Üs- tü- mü- ze do- ğan nu- ru gör- dün mü?

3)   
 İp- ti- da - i yol so - rar- san, Yol Mu- ham- med A - li' - min - dir.  
 Yol Mu- ham- med A - li' - min- dir, Hü, Hü.  
 Yet- miş- i- ki dil so - rar- san, Dil Mu- ham- med A- li' - min- dir, Hüy, Hüy, Hüy,  
 Dil Mu- ham - med A - li - 'min- dir, Hüy.  
 Ge- ce o- lur, gün- düz o- lur, Cüm- le a- lem düm- düz o- lur, Gök- te kaç bin yıl- dız o- lur,  
 Ay Mu- ham- med A - li' - min - dir, Ay Mu- ham- med A- li' - min - dir.

Example 10. Melodies built of line- or bar-sequences. 1) № 477, 2) № 485, 3) № 493

*Class 11. Disjunctive tunes*

Disjunctive tunes with F#(D)B& or G'(E)C cadences (ex. 11, № 496–516). The structures discussed so far have nearly exclusively been conjunct, meaning that the first and second halves of the tunes are united by a central tone register. The disjunctive structure, meaning the first half of the tune definitely moving in a higher register than the second half – which is so popular in some layers of Hungarian, Tatar, Mongolian, etc. folk music – is rather alien to Anatolian folk music. In a few tunes with F#(D)B cadences the attempt to separate the first part of the melody from the second can be discovered. The first period of some tunes is distinctly higher by a fifth than the second, and ignoring the line repetitions, the structure can be schematized as A<sup>5</sup>B<sup>5</sup>AB (№ 500–501, № 503–504 and № 508). The first half of some other tunes is a fourth higher (№ 502, № 515–516).<sup>158</sup> Both the disjunctive structure and the attempt to resolve it are well exemplified by № 496–497 in which the regular fifth-shifting structure is interrupted by an inserted sequential line. № 497–498 move along the Ionian scale modified by several variants, e.g. № 499, to a more prevalent scale with the minor third. In some other tunes, fifth- or fourth-shifting occurs between two lines (№ 505–507, № 509–510), and there is a tune whose structure is disjunctive but there is no precise correspondence between the lines.<sup>159</sup> As the cadences also indicate, with tunes having G'(E)C cadences the fourth/fifth-shift is carried out distinctly; these nefes tunes can easily be compared to Hungarian analogues (№ 503). We put into the shadow of disjunctive tunes some special Mixolydian melodies with vaguer fourth- or fifth-shift, often only in the cadences or in some details (№ 511–514).<sup>160</sup> Their melody lines with A at the end would resemble the high psalmodic tunes.

<sup>158</sup> It is interesting to note that the nefes of four long lines № 516 and a folksong descend in bar sequences, while their line structure – A<sup>4</sup>B<sup>4</sup>AB – is disjunctive.

<sup>159</sup> The exact structure of the tunes is as follows: ||: A<sup>5</sup>B<sup>5</sup>: ||: AB: || in № 501, № 503–504, № 508; A<sup>5</sup>B<sup>5</sup>AvBAB+ in № 500; ||: A<sup>5</sup>B<sup>5</sup>: ||: B<sup>5</sup>vAk: || B in № 498; ||: A<sup>3-5</sup>B<sup>3-4</sup>: || AAB in № 502; ||: A<sup>4</sup>B<sup>4</sup>: ||: AB: || in № 515; A<sup>4</sup>A<sup>4</sup>B<sup>4</sup> ||: B<sup>4-5</sup>AB+: || in № 516; A<sup>5</sup>B<sup>4</sup>A<sup>2</sup>BAB in № 496; A<sup>5</sup>B<sup>5</sup>A<sup>2</sup>AB in № 497 and ||: ABk<sup>5</sup>: || CBkCB in № 509–510.

<sup>160</sup> № 513 is a special variant.



Eş- ref - oğ - lu al ha - be - ri, Bah - çe bi - ziz gül biz - de - dir.

Biz de Mev - la - nn ku - lu - yuz, Yet - miş - i - ki dil biz - de - dir.

Hü, Hü, Hü.

Example 11. Disjunctive tune. № 500

#### Class 12 (Array E). Tunes of tripodic lines

So far, melodies with lines divided into two or four bars have been studied. Melodies with tripartite (tripodic) lines need to be discussed separately, although several of them display similarities with tunes of two- or four-bar lines. However, it is not infrequent that a tripodic first period is followed by a period of four subsections.

12-1. Constructed chiefly of broad-ranged descending or hill-shaped lines sinking to the final note in every line (ex. 12-1, № 517-526). The second line always moves lower than the first and is often markedly different. (№ 521 was sung by an Alevi dede.)

12-2. The tripodic tunes with (G) main cadence are specific in the musical realm under scrutiny because one of their cadences is beneath the closing note (ex. 12-2, № 527-531). № 527 is a nefes starting low, № 528-529 are the dipodic and tripodic variants of a tune, № 530-531 are religious *mersiye* tunes in which the second line descends like the first but the last note of the first line is lower. (№ 528 was sung by Gypsies.)

12-3. The distinguishing feature of the few tripodic tunes with (B) main cadence is the low first line (below E) (ex. 12-3, № 532-535). The often dipodic or quadripodic second parts usually also move in this band, rarely jumping higher (№ 535).

12-4. The first lines of the tripodic tunes with (C) main cadence (ex. 12-4 and ex.13-5, № 536-557) either undulate in the A-E strip descending to G, A or B in the middle (№ 536-540), or have a taller C/G<sup>2</sup>-E-C hill or descent (№ 547-557). There are tunes that incorporate both forms (№ 555). This group comprises melodies of various height and movement. (№ 540-541 were sung by a Sunnite people.)

12-5. Many of the tripodic tunes with (D) and (E) main cadences have a C-G<sup>2</sup>-D hill in their first part, which compare them to the previous group's tunes starting with a high hill excepting the cadence (ex. 12-6, № 558-562). Some singular tunes starting high with A<sup>2</sup>-G<sup>2</sup>-D descent also belong here, e.g. № 561 recorded from a man of Macedonian origin. (№ 562 was sung by Sunnite women.)

1)  Dü-nü, gü - nü ar - zu - ma - nım gel be - ri,  
 Aş - kı - na Şa - hım, aş - kı - na.

2)  Ey, nur - i çeş-mi Ah-me - di muh-tar, ya Hü-se - yin,  
 Ey, ya - di - ga - ri Hay-de - ri ker - rar ya Hü - se - yin.

3)  E - ren - le - ri sev - dik, gel - dik bu - ra - ya,  
 Ni-çin mel-hem ol-maz-sı - nız ya-ra - ya, Hü, Hü.

4)  De - ve yük-sek, a - ta - ma - dım ur - ga - nı,  
 Ah, a - man, a - man, ur - ga - nı.

5)  Ga - yet lüt-fiyye - le bi - ri - bi - ri - ne söy - ler,  
 Pir' - im A - li a - hir za - ma - nı söy - ler, Hüy, Hüy, Dos',

6)  Ah i - çin - de ya - tı - yor müs-lüm yi - ğit - ler.  
 Çe - kil gö - nül, çe - kil Şa - ha  
 va - ra - lım, va - ra - lım, Hü, Dost.

Example 12. Tunes of tripodic lines. 1) № 521, 2) № 530, 3) № 534, 4) № 536, 5) № 555, 6) № 558

### Class 13 (Array F). Domed melodic structure

The structure of these melodies widely deviates from the customary Anatolian and Thracian structures, though similar schemes were found earlier too, e.g. among group 5–1. Unlike in Hungarian, or, say, English folk music, in Turkish folk music the four-part melodic structure whose first and fourth lines ending on the final note flank higher second and third lines is rare. In a similar structure the low 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> lines surround the higher 3<sup>rd</sup> line. In contrast to the Hungarian “new-style” songs, however, the range of the sections of these Anatolian melodies encompass maximum four or five, sometimes only three notes, and the typical main cadence is B or perhaps D, but not E.

The simpler tunes are predominated by folk songs, the more complex ones by nefeses. They stand characteristically aside from the majority of Turkish tunes, apparently being more typical of the Bektashi community. Four groups are differentiated in the class.

13–1. A low wave or hill in the first part and A(C/B)x cadences (ex. 13–1, № 563–574). There are several similar Ionian tunes (№ 569–572, № 574), just as there are a few Phrygian (№ 566–568) ones and unique tunes with (E&-F#) augmented second are also found (№ 573). In line with the predominant tendency, the lines are authentic, with the exception of the variant series № 566–568. The range of the lines is often only a third or fifth.

13–2. A low wave or hill in the first part and A(D)x cadences (ex. 13–2, № 575–578). These songs are similar to those in the previous group but the middle lines do not end on C or B but on D, producing an AA<sup>4</sup>A<sup>4</sup>A-like form (№ 575).

13–3. Two long lines with A(D)x inner cadences (ex. 13–3, № 579–590). Here are the tunes starting low and having D for their main cadence, yet they are not domed. The deviation is caused by the AB/AC form (№ 580–583, № 588–589), the AA<sup>c</sup>BC form (№ 584–585) or the second line undulating low despite the D cadence (№ 590 from a Macedonian man, and № 587).

13–4. The two nefes tunes put in this group demonstrate the AABA domed structure on four long lines (ex. 13–4, № 591–592).

1)  Kı - la - vu - zum Şah - ı Mer - dan, Çev - re - si dop - dolu - nur - dan,  
 Ney - ler - sin vaz - geç - ti gö - nül, Ney - ler - sin vaz - geç - ti gö - nül,

2)  Çe - rağ - lar can - lar u - yan - mış, Gö - nül - ler şevk i - le yan - mış,  
 İ - la - hi aş - ka bo - yan - mış, Er - kan mey - dan - da, mey - dan - da, Hü.

3)  Al - lah bir - dir, Hak Mu - ham - med A - li - dir,  
 A - nın is - mi cüm - le a - lem do - lu - dur, Hü.

4)  Zan - net - me biz bu - gün ik - rar ver - mi - şiz,  
 Zan - net - me biz bu - gün ik - rar ver - mi - şiz,  
 A - dem' - den Hav - va' - dan ev - vel er - mi - şiz,

Example 13. Domed melodic structure. 1) № 564, 2) № 575, 3) № 583, 4) № 592

## APPENDICES

Tunes similar to the small form of the Hungarian and Anatolian laments (ex. 14, № 593–597)

What lends special significance to this musical form is that these tunes are similar to the small forms of the Hungarian and the Anatolian laments (№ 597). They are relegated to an Appendix because we collected most of them from a Thracian Sunnite family and not from Thracian Bektashis. There is a single nefes song of this pattern (№ 596). (№ 593–595 were sung by the same Roma woman.)

Ki - mi köy - ler Fa - rı - zı sün - net, ey,

O - dur Mu - ham - met, hüm - met, ey.

*Example 14. Tunes similar to the small form of the Hungarian and Anatolian laments. № 596*

Tunes moving by leaps (ex. 15, № 598–602)

In the world of the massively conjunct Anatolian and Thracian music it is very rare that a melody would move leaping over larger intervals. We only found five such tunes. (№ 598 was sung by a Sunnite woman.)

Ka-ra-ça - lı gi-bi A-ra - mı - za gir-din,  
Ma-dem oğ-lun kıy-met-liy-di, Ne-den ver-din ba-na?  
Ma-dem oğ-lun pek tat - lıy-di.

*Example 15. Melodies moving by leaps. № 598*

### Interrelations in the melodies of the different arrays

The tunes in an array display several similar traits, but sometimes the types in an array have dissimilar musical features, while tunes of different arrays may resemble each other.

As has been seen, the Thracian melodic world is fundamentally characterized by descending conjunct melodies. These tunes can be differentiated well by their structure (those traceable to a single line, two or four lines, as well as tripodic ones). The descending types within an array are not always sharply distinguishable, and there are often similarities with tunes in other arrays.

Clearly distinct from the majority are the tunes that *rotate* around the middle tone of the E(&)-D-(C#) chords (Class 1); that move in *leaps* (Appendix 2); that are *disjunctive* (Class 11) or have a *domed* structure (Class 13). They are rightly treated separately.

Certain melodic movements require separate attention. There is undulating melodic movement in quite a few first lines, a rare phenomenon in the Bektashi and a usual one in the Anatolian melodic world, which thus separates these songs from the rest and at the same time binds them together. The feeling of undulation is first of all caused by the melody line descending to the final note in mid-line and continuing higher. The first half of the tune is quite often constituted by two similar motives. All these tunes could have been grouped together, but it would have disrupted the logic of classification. Anyway, in this melodic realm typical melodic movements draw tunes close to one another, so the tunes of the following groups beginning with an “undulation” can be seen as relatives to a certain extent.

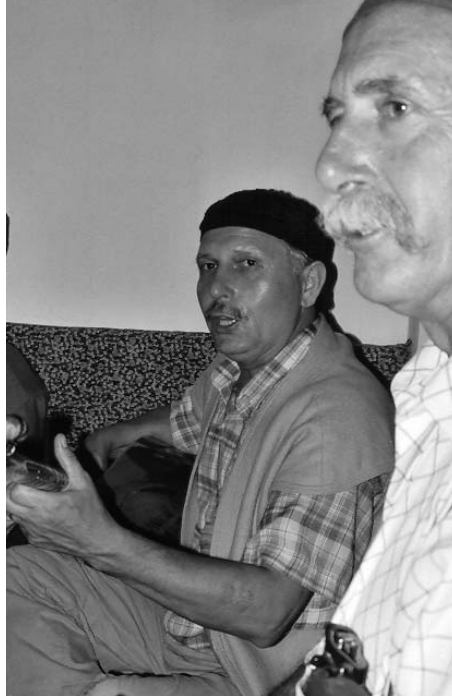
## Melody groups starting with a low undulation:

One short low line	All groups of Class 3
Two short stagnant lines	Class 4–6
Four short lines with (A) main cadence	Class 5–1 and 5–2
Four low lines with B(B)B cadences	Class 6–1
Four low lines with C(C)x cadences	Classes 6–1 and 6–2
Two long lines with C(D)x cadences	Class 9-1, maybe 9-2
Tripodic melodies	Class 12–4
Domed melodies	Class 13

## Correlation between religious and folk tunes

Although among the Bektashis the *semah* melodies and dance help the mystic union with God, there are often identical or very similar tunes used for religious and secular purposes. During the classification it became clear that the religious and secular musical repertoires of the Bektashis are not independent of one another. The relationship is sometimes only structural or tonal, but in many cases – and with the most important types, to boot – there are analogous melodies as well. To sum up in a nutshell: the simplest one-line close-range forms are predominated by folk songs (and a few *semah* tunes), and with the widening of the range and the emergence of larger, four-line forms more and more mutually similar neveses and folk songs can be found.

This relationship is not accidental, since Bektashism is a folk religion without a centralized system of education, and while the verses of the poets have been kept, somewhat varied but essentially preserved, in the hand-copied booklets, the tunes were entrusted to the memory of the people for preservation. That is why they sing most poems to their folk song tunes or to similar forms. This, at the same time, explains why the musical repertoires of communities living in different geographical areas are so divergent, despite the fundamentally identical Alevi-Bektashi customs and basic principles. There are, however, musical layers in some communities that largely deviate from the Turkish folk music styles. Thus, on the one hand, the research into Bektashi music has brought earlier folk music styles to the surface, since using tunes in religious ceremonies facilitates their conservation, and on the other hand, the comparison with folk music has helped separate the different musical layers only connected to the religious rituals.



*Picture 13. Two Bektashi babas singing.*





# ANTHOLOGY OF THE BEKTASHI SONGS

## Array A. Melodies traceable back to a single short section. № 1–85

Class 1. Motivic melodies rotating on a trichord. № 1–20

№ 1

*Hidrellez song*

$\text{♩} = 136$

A - lay - la, pa - lay - la,  
Tah - ta ka - lay - la, hoy, hoy, la.  
Biz ge - lin a - li - riz, biz ge - lin a - li - riz,  
Si - zin a - lay - dan, hoy, hoy, dan.  
Ne is - ter - sin, ne is - ter - sin,  
Sen bi - zim a - lay - dan, hoy, hoy, dan.

## № 2

*Hidrellez song*

♩=92

A - lay - la, pa - lay - la,

Tah - ta ka - lay - la, oy, hoy, la.

## № 3

*Hidrellez song*

♩=93

Be - nim a - ğam ka - tı - ra bin - miş,

Yol - la - ra toz a - tır, hoy, hoy,

Or - da bir, bur - da bir gü - zel gör - düm,

O - nu is - te - rim, oy, hoy, rim.

Gü - ze - lin a - dı - nı, dil - be - rin a - dı - nı,

Bil - di - rin bi - ze, oy, hoy, ze.

## № 4

*Hidrellez song*

♩ = 108

Kar - de - şim - den, kar - de - şim - den

Mek - tup gel - miş, mek - tup gel - miş,

Sı - la - dan ge - çe - mez, oy, hoy, mez.

## № 5

*Hidrellez song*

♩ = 108

El - ma a - ğa - cı, el - ma a - ğa - cı, mey - va ver - miş,

Dal - lar çe - ke - mez, oy, hoy, mez.

## № 6

*Hidrellez song*

♩ = 175

O, gü - ze - li gör - düm,  
O, dil - be - ri gör - düm,

O - nu is - te - rim, oy, hoy, rim.

№ 7

*Hidrellez song*

♩ = 164

Ye - şil yap - rak, ye - şil yap - rak,  
Ker - van kur - muş, yağ - mur ge - çe - mez, oy, hoy, mez.

№ 8

*Hidrellez song*

♩ = 140

Di - le - di - ği - ni bi - le - me - dim,  
A - ra - dığı - nı ben se - çe - rim,  
Hey, dil - ber, hey.

№ 9

*Hidrellez song*

♩ = 108

Aç ka - pı - nı, aç ka - pı - nı,  
Be - zir - gan ge - çe - cek.  
A - ça - mam ka - pı - mı, a - ça - mam ka - pı - mı, ge - ri - de ka - lan,  
Key - le - ri baş - lı se - nin ol - sun.  
Sir - ke - li saç - lı

## № 10

*Mani*

$\text{♩} = 70$

Bir di - lim, i - ki di - lim,  
Üç di - lim el - ma.

## № 11

*Counting-out rhyme*

$\text{♩} = 80$

Yağ sa - ta - rım, bal sa - ta - rım,  
Us - tam öl - müş, ben sa - ta - rım.  
Us - ta - mın kö - kü za - rı - lır,  
Sat - tım on - beş li - ra - dır,  
Zam - bak, zam - bak, da - na - la - ra i - yi bak!  
Zam - bak, zam - bak, da - na - la - ra i - yi bak!

## № 12

*Alevi deyiş*

♩ = 80

Her sa - bah, her sa - bah  
 Ö - tü - şür kuş - lar,  
 Al - lah bir Mu - ham - med  
 A - li di - ye - rek.

## № 13

*Rain begging song*

♩ = 96

Yağ, yağ, yağ - mur,  
 Tek - ne - de ha - mur,  
 Tar - la - da ça - mur,  
 Ver Al - lah' - im, ver,  
 Si - cim gi - bi yağ - mur!

## № 14

♩ = 88 *Semah*

1)

U - yur i - dik, u - yan - dik,  
Ko - yun ol - duk, ses anla - dik,  
Ö - lü - ye say - dı - lar bi - zi,  
Sü - rü - ye say - dı - lar bi - zi.

1.

2.

## № 15

♩ = 100 *Counting-out rhyme*

Si - ra sı - ra sö - ğüt - ler,  
İş - te gel - dik yi - ğit - ler,  
Yi - ğit - le - rin kar - nı aç,  
İ - ki dip - li bir ko - laç,  
Ev üs - tün - de bo - yun - du - ruk,  
Ba - ra ba - ra bo - ğu - duk,  
Ka - pı ar - ka - sın - da yar - ma - lak,  
Ço - cuk - lar ka - pı - yı tır - ma - lar.



## № 16

*Counting-out rhyme*

$\text{♩} = 85$  7x

Ay de - de,                    E - vin    ner - de,                    Ay de - de.

    In - ce    bel - de,

    Ta - vuk   ge - tir,

    Ya - ğa    be - tir,

    Ba - la    ba - tir,

    Sen   gel - mez - sen,

    Ba - na    ge - tir,

## № 17

*Quran recitation*

*Parlando*

## № 18

*Quran recitation*

*Parlando*

## № 19

*Parlando* ♩ = 108 *Quran recitation*

Three staves of music in G major. The first staff has a tempo marking of ♩ = 108 and the title "Quran recitation". The music features a trichord of G4, B4, D5. The first staff contains four measures, each with a triplet of eighth notes. The second staff contains four measures, with the first three having triplets and the fourth ending with a quarter rest. The third staff contains four measures, with the first two having triplets and the last two being quarter notes.

## № 20

*Parlando* ♩ = 108 *Quran recitation*

Three staves of music in B-flat major. The first staff has a tempo marking of ♩ = 108 and the title "Quran recitation". The music features a trichord of Bb4, D5, F5. The first staff contains four measures, with the first having a triplet and the others being quarter notes. The second staff contains four measures of eighth notes. The third staff contains four measures, with the first two having triplets and the last two being quarter notes.

## Class 2. Tunes traceable to a single short line. № 21–85

## № 21

♩ = 158

Gi - din, bu - lut - lar, gi - din,  
 O ya - ra se - lam e - din.  
 O yar uy - ku - - - sun - da i - se,  
 Uy - ku - sun' ha - ram e - din.

## № 22

♩ = 76 *maru*

Gi - de - ne bak, gi - de - ne,  
 Gül sa - rıl - mış di - ke - ne.  
 Mev - lam sa - bır - lık ver - se  
 Gül gi - bi sev - da çe - ke - ne.

## № 23

*Parlando* ♩ = 200*Lullaby*

Nen - ni, yav - rum, nen - ni,  
 U - yu - sun da bü - yü - sün,  
 Oğ - lum büy - ük ço - cuk ol - sun,  
 An - ne - si - ne, ba - ba - sı - na yar - dım - cı ol - sun,  
 Nin - ni, yav - rum, nin - ni.

## № 24

♩ = 90

*Alevi deyiş*

Aş - ma - lı han - gi  
 ye - re gi - de - yim,  
 Git - ti - ğim yer - ler - de,  
 hu - dud et be - ni.

## № 25

*Parlando* ♩ = 176 *Dirge*

Ol a - na - cı - ğım, ol,  
 Bi - zi ki - me bı - rak - tım?  
 Bi - ze kim ba - ka - cak?  
 Bi - ze kim ek - mek ve - re - cek?

## № 26

♩ = 137 *Folksong*

Be - yaz - lar gi - yen  
 kız - lar o - lur,  
 Be - yaz - lar bo - ya - sın, am - man  
 bo - - - ya - ma - sın.

## № 27

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 270$

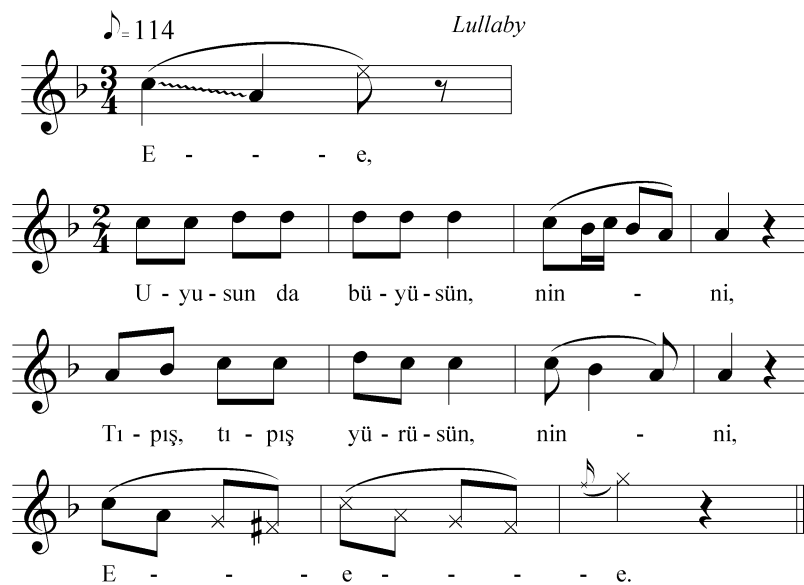


Mek-tep de - ğil ef - ka-rın, Hay - dar,  
Yi-ne be-ni ü - zer - sin.

## № 28

*Lullaby*

$\text{♩} = 114$



E - - - e,  
U - yu - sun da bü - yü - sün, nin - ni,  
Tı - pış, tı - pış yü - rü - sün, nin - ni,  
E - - - e - - - e.

## № 29

*Bride's farewell*

$\text{♩} = 198$



Ver - mem el - ler e - li - mi,  
Ver - mem el - ler ko - lu - mu,  
Sen-de el kuv - vet - le - ri var - sa,  
Ben-de de kız kuv-vet - le - ri var.

## № 30

*♩ = 198* *Bride's farewell*

A - na, göl - gem, a - na - cı - ğım,  
 Ko - yu göl - gem a - na - cı - ğım.  
*Later*  
 Mal - la - rın - dan mal - lar is - te - mem.

## № 31

*Parlando* *♩ = 132* *Bride's farewell*

A - na, göl - gem, a - na - cı - ğım,  
 Bü - yük göl - gem, a - na - cı - ğım,  
 Bu sa - bah - ki sa - bah - lar - da  
 Ne - ler - de eĝ - le - ni - yom.

## № 32

*Parlando* *♩ = 132* *Bride's farewell*

Kalk, E - mi - nem, kar - da - şım, kalk,  
 Ah, bak, sa - bah - lar ol - muş,

Üs - tü - mü - ze gün - ler doğ - muş,  
U - yu - mu - şuk, u - ya - na - ma - mı - şık.

## № 33

*Parlando* ♩=96*Bride's farewell*

U - yan, a - nam, gi - di - yom,  
Ay - rı - lık yel - le - ri e - si - yor,  
A - nam, bu sa - bah - ki sa - bah - lar - da  
Do-ğan gü - neş - ler ay - rı - lık gü - neş - le - ri.

## № 34

*Parlando* ♩=90*Bride's farewell*

A - na göl - ge - ci - ğim, a - na - cı - ğım,  
Ver e - li - ni, ö - pe - yim.



## № 35

*Parlando* ♩ = 166*Bride's farewell*

Kal - kın, kar - daş - la - rım, kal - kın,  
 Si - zin iş hiz - yol - la - rı - nız a - çıl - mış,  
 Be - nim iş hiz - met yol - la - rı - ma,  
 Ka - ra - ca di - ken - le - ri di - zil - miş.

## № 36

*Parlando* ♩ = 182*Bride's farewell*

A - na, göl - ge - ci - ğim, a - na - cı - ğım,  
 A - na - cı - ğım, do - kuz ay kur - sağ - cı - ğım - da ta - şı - ma - mış gi - bi,  
 A - na - cı - ğım, yı - lın on - i - ki a - yı - na,  
 Be - şik dip - le - rin - de.

## № 37

*Alevi deyiş*

♩=68

Cen - net - ten çık - tı A - dem,  
 Dün - ya - ya bas - tı ka - dem.  
 Bu - nu söy - le - di her dem, Al - lah,  
 La i - la - he, ill - al - lah, Al-lay,  
 Mu-ham - me - den re - sul Al - lah.

## № 38

*Kırklar semahı*

♩=152

Kırk - lar mey - da - nı - na var - dım,  
 Gel be - ru, ey, can, de - di - ler, Hü, Hü, Dost, Hü.

## № 39

## Kırlar semahı

$\text{♩} = 152$

Kırk - lar mey - da - nı - na var - dım,

Gel be - ri, ey, can, de - di - ler, Hü, Hü, Dost, Hü.

## Cadence

Hü, A - lim, Hü, Hü, Şa - hım, Hü,

Hü, e - ren - le - rin de - mi - ne . . . Hü.

## № 40

## Nefes

$\text{♩} = 144$

Gök - te ay, gün, yıl - dız dö - ner,

Aşk a - te - şı dur - maz, ya - nar.

## № 41

## Nefes (Nevruziye)

$\text{♩} = 104$

Se - ve - nin, Hü, de i - ma - nı

A - li'm doğ - du, bu - gün Nev - ruz.  
Şah A - li'm doğ - du, bu - gün Nev - ruz.

## № 42

## Nefes (Matem)

♩=96

1. 2.

Ey, nur - u çeş - mi,  
Ah - med - i muh - tar

Ya, Hüs - se - yin.

## № 43

## Folksong

♩=80

Hı - sım po - ruk gi - bi,  
Ne de - di - ğin va - le - va - le.  
Yo - lun - muş ta - vuk gi - bi  
Bas - tı - rım pa - ra - la - rı Ley - la' ya,  
Yi - ne mi de ge - le - ce - ğiz dün - ya - ya,  
*Cadence*  
Hoh, po - po - lar.

## № 44

## Folksong

♩ = 100

Yay - la, yay - la, ko - ca yay - la,  
 1) Çık yay - la - ya, gön - lü - nü ey - le.  
 2) 2.

## № 45

## Folksong

♩ = 114

O, gül - ler, gül - ler, top gül - ler,  
 Ya - ri - mi al - dı yad el - ler.

## № 46

## Hidrellez song

♩ = 123

Hıd - rel - lez ge - li - yor,  
 Ko - şu - ba yö - rün da - ne di - yor.

№ 47

*Hidrellez song*

♩ = 135

Hid - rel - lez ge - li - yor - o,  
Ko - şu - ba yö - rün da - ne di - yor - o.

№ 48

*Wedding song*

♩ = 118

Vu - run ge - li - nin kı - na - sı - nı,  
Ç a - ğ ı - r ın gel - sin a - ğ a - bey - si.

№ 49

*Mani*

♩ = 188

Keş - ke sev - mez o - lay - dım,  
Ö - lü - yo - - - rum bı - ra - k ın.

## № 50

♩ = 129 *Hidrellez song*

1) \_\_\_\_\_ 2) \_\_\_\_\_

A - li'm ge - lir, Şah ge - lir,

Bir u - lu pa - di - şah ge - lir.

1. rep. 2. rep.

## № 51

♩ = 140 *Folksong*

men - dil sal - la,

Men - di - lin u - cu - na sa - kız pa - ra yol - la!

## № 52

♩ = 126 *Folksong*

Ço - ba - ni, ço - ba - ni, bit - li ço - ba - ni,

1) \_\_\_\_\_ 2. \_\_\_\_\_

Ya-rım ev - lek yap - tı - ra - ma - dı, kır - dı sa - ba - ni, kır - dı sa - ba - ni.

1. rep.

## № 53

*Lullaby*

♩ = 68

Ce - vi - zin kö - kü su - da - dır, su - da,  
 Ki-mi-si-ni su - la, ki-mi-si-ni bu-ğ-u-lan ay do - lup, nen - ni,  
 U - yu - sun, da, bü - yü - sün, nen - ni.

## № 54

*Wedding song*

*Poco rubato* ♩ = 134

Dağ-dan ke - ser - ler bas - to - nu,  
 Dağ-dan ke - ser - ler gü - ge - ni,  
 Ha - ni de bu ge - li - nin yor - ga - nı.

## № 55

*Folksong*

♩ = 75

Kır-mı - zı gü - lün da - lı var,  
 Her gün ağ - la-sam ye - ri var.



## № 56

*Folksong*

♩ = 288

1)

1.  
2.

## № 57

*Folksong*

♩ = 72

Ağ - la - ma an - nem, ağ - la - ma,  
Ka - der böy - ley - miş.

## № 58

*Nefes (Methiye)*

♩ = 164

Ka - pı - na ni - ya - za gel - dim,  
Şü - kür - ler him - me - tin al - dim,  
Mü - rüv - vet ka - nı - sın bil - dim,  
Pir Ba - lım Sul - tan.  
Sul - tan, sul - - - tan, sul - tan,  
Hüy, hüy, hüy, hüy, hüy, hüy,  
Dert - - - le - re der - man.  
Can - - - la - ra ca - nan.

## № 59

*Nefes (Nevruzıye)*

♩ = 82

Yüz dön - dür - mez yüz bin er - den,  
Ku - şa - ğı - na do - lu gel - di.

## № 60

*Dirge*

♩ = 138

Ah, A - li'm öl - müş du - ya - ma - dım,  
U - yur di - ye kı - ya - ma - dım, kı - ya - ma - dım.

## № 61

*Dirge*

♩ = 206

Ah, A - li'm yat - mış yol üs - tü - ne,  
Tes - ti pür - çe kol üs - tü - ne.

## № 62

*Dirge*

♩ = 106

1) ———

Kalk, A - li'm, kalk, sa - bah ol - du,

Yen - ge - ler ka - pı - ya gel - di,

Yen - ge - ler ka - pı - ya gel - di.

1.  
rep.

## № 63

*Semah*

♩ = 148

Aşk ol - sun mey - dan gö - re - ne,

Aşk ol - sun mey - dan gö - re - ne.

var-1  
Bir ne - fes - çik söy - le - ye - yim,

var-2  
Bu bi - zim Hak - tan aşk ol - sun...

var-3

## № 64

*Semah*

♩ = 144

Aşk ol - sun mey - dan gö - re - ne...

## № 65

*Semah*

♩ = 180

A - çıl - dı cen - net ka - pı - sı, ka - pı - sı.

## № 66

*Semah*

♩ = 152

E - lif - ten ö - te ge - çe - mem,  
E - lif - ten ö - te ge - çe - mem,  
Ters o - ku - rum, düz o - ku - rum,  
E - lif - ten ö - te ge - çe - mem.

## № 67

*Hidrellez song*

$\text{♩} = 176$

De - ve - ci gel - di, duy - du - nuz mu,

Kal - bı - ra sa - man koy - du - nuz mu?

Hös, Hös, de - ve - ci gel - di.

## № 68

*Semah*

$\text{♩} = 138$

Ters o - ku - rum düz o - ku - rum,

E - lif - ten ö - te ge - çe - mem.

Ar - ka - daş - lar geç - ti be - ni,

He - pi - sin - den kal - dım ge - ri.

## № 69

*Mani*

$\text{♩} = 72$

En - ta - re - si ak gi - bi,  
Ge - lir ge - çer ok gi - bi.

## № 70

*Folksong*

*Poco rubato*  $\text{♩} = 120$

. gar - daş ol - sun,  
İ - ne - ğim göt - lü ol - sun,  
Bu - za - cı - ğım et - li ol - sun,

## № 71

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 156$

Gö - nül aş - ka kan - dın mı, kan - dın mı?  
Gö - nül aş - ka kan - dın mı,  
Gö - nül aş - ka kan - dın mı, Hü, Hü.

## № 72

*Semah*

♩ = 158

Şu dün - ya - nın ö - te - si - ne,

Var - dım di - yen ya - lan söy - ler.

*Cadence*

Aşk A - li, Hü, ya, A - li, Hü.

## № 73

*Hidrellez song*

♩ = 160

İ - ne - ğim et - li ol - sun,

Bu - za - ğım süt - lü ol - sun,

Ba - ba - mın pa - ra ke - se - le - ri dol - sun.

## № 74

*Nefes*

♩ = 192

E - ğil - dım, ni - yaz ey - le - dım,

Ben de - dem A - li' - yi gör - düm.

## № 75

*Hidrellez song*

$\text{♩} = 168$

De - ve - ci gel - di, duy - du - nuz mu,  
Kab - ra - na buğ - day koy - du - nuz mu?  
Vay, de - vem öl - dü, n'a - pa - yım,  
Gı - cı - na şap - lar so - ka - yım.

## № 76

*Hidrellez song*

$\text{♩} = 176$

Vay, de - vem öl - dü, n'a - pa - yım,  
Gü - tü - ne şap - lar so - ka - yım, so - ka - yım.

## № 77

*Hidrellez song*

$\text{♩} = 204$

Ar - pa da ver - dim hap tut - tu,  
Çav - dar ver - dim şak tut - tu,  
Buğ - day ver - dim, tok tut - tu.



## № 78

## Nefes

$\text{♩} = 136$

Gel-dik tür - be - - ne, Gül Ba - bam,  
Gel-dik tür - be - - ne, Gül Ba - bam,  
Gül - le - ri - ni kok - la - ma - ya.

## № 79

## Lullaby

$\text{♩} = 100$

Nin-ni, yav-rum, nin-ni, nin-ni,  
U - yu - sun da bü - yü - sün,  
Yav-rum ge - ne ko - ca - man ol - sun.

## № 80

## Mani

$\text{♩} = 108$

Ay de-dem kut - lu ol - sun,  
Şer - be - ti tat - lı ol - sun,

Ev-lat-la - ri-min ö-mü-rü u - zun ol - sun,  
Ke - se - si pa - ray - la dol - sun.

*Later*

## № 81

*Ballad of the deer*

♩ = 130

Be-nim a - dım ka - ra - ca - dır,  
Be-nim a - dım ka - ra - ca - dır,  
Yav - ru - la-rım a - la - ca - dır.

## № 82

*Parlando* ♩ = 152*Folksong*

Dağ - lar, dağ - lar, vi - ran dağ - lar,  
Yü - züm gü - ler, kal - bım kan ağ - lar,

U - zun ka - vak ne u - zar - sîn,  
 Da - lın - da bül - bül mü ya - tar - sîn,  
 Öt - me, bül - bü - lüm, öt - me,  
 yü - re - ğim ya - ra.

## № 83

## Folksong

♩ = 100

Hey, gül - lü, he - le he - le gül - lü,  
 Refr. Peş - te - ma - lı püs - kül - lü.  
 A - man, A - da - na' - lı, yan - dım, A - da - na' - lı,  
 A - da - na' - da kal - dı yav - rum de - li - kan - lı.

1.  
 rep.

## № 84

*Nefes*

♩ = 116

Gös-ter ce - ma - lin şe - mi - ni,  
O-da yan - sın per - va - ne - ler, per - va - ne-ler.

## № 85

*Nefes*

♩ = 96

Ey, Fa - ti - me, ey, Fa - ti - me,  
Ka - mu sa - dık ya, Fa - ti - me,

**Array B. Melodies traceable to two short sections. № 86–238***Class 3. First line undulating low or rising, frequent A<sup>c</sup>A form. № 86–133*

№ 86

*Semah*

♩ = 156

Ca-nim kur-ban ol - sun  
se-nin yo - lu - na, Hü,

A - di gü - zel, ken - di

gü - zel Mu - ham - med, Hü, Dost, med, Hü.

№ 87

*Semah*

♩ = 97

Ca - nim kur - ban ol - sun

se - nin yo - lu - na, Hü,

A - di gü - zel, ken - di

gü - zel Mu - ham - med, Hü, Dost, med, Hü.

№ 88

*Folksong*

♩=216

A-na-dol'-da top-lar a-tı-lır, a-tı-lır,  
A-lı'-ye ku-şak do-ku-nur, do-ku-nur.

№ 89

*Folksong*

♩=240

Yol-la-dı-ğım ço-rap-lar a-ya-ğı-na ol'  
A-ya-ğı-na ol-du mu in-ce bel-lim.

№ 90

*Mani*

♩=134

Ya-rim sa-na gi-de-ce-ğim  
Ha-zır mı ge-lin-lik-ler.

№ 91

*Folksong*

♩=134

Ko-ca a-dam de-sem o-na,  
Ne de-sem a-lır ba-na.

№ 92

*Folksong*

♩ = 240

Çiğ - dem sa - ri, ben sa - ri,  
Dağ - la - ra sal - dım ya - ri.

№ 93

*Folksong*

♩ = 288

Gi - den oğ - lan, dön be - ri,  
E - lim - de mor men - di - li.

№ 94

*Semah*

♩ = 152

Al - çak çök - tü - müz ba - ri,  
Di - bin - de ye - şil ha - li,  
Ya Mu - ham - med, ya A - li,  
Sen gös - ter bi - ze bu yo - lu.

Bu yol da e - ren - le - rin - dir,  
Doğ - ru - ca ge - len - le - rin - dir.  
Bu yo - la e - ri - lir - sem az,  
Hem se - mah dö - nen - le - rin - dir.  
*Cadence*  
Ek - sik - lik ken - di ö - züm - de,  
Mey - da - na dön - me - ye gel - dim,  
Nok - san - lık ken - di ö - züm - de,  
*rit.* Da - rı - na dur - ma - ya gel - dim.  
Aşk A-li'm, Hü, ya A-li, Hü.

№ 95

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 200$   
E - li ye - şil a - sa - lı,  
Bi - ze der - viş - - - ler gel - di,  
Der - viş - ler gi - yer a - ba,  
Hükm e - der Kaf' - - tan Kaf' - a.



№ 96

*Dancing song*

$\text{♩} = 240$

Kam - pa - na mo - ru du - duş kam - pa - na, \_\_\_\_\_

Oy - na - ya oy - na - ya gel ba - na.

*Melody*

Mal - ka - ra' - nın şe - ker - le - ri hep sa - na, \_\_\_\_\_

Kam - pa - na mo - ru du - duş, kam - pa - na.

№ 97

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 194$

bül - bül,

bül - bül - ler.

№ 98

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 150$

1)

İn de - re - ye, de - re - ye,

Söy - le, ya - rim ne - re - ye,

Ka - ra - göz E - mi - ne'm.

1.  
*rep.*

№ 99

*Hidrellez song*

$\text{♩} = 96$

De - ve - ci gel - di, duy - du - nuz mu?  
Kal - bu - ra buğ - day koy - du - nuz mu?  
Hız, de - vem, hız!

№ 100

*Mani*

$\text{♩} = 100$

A - şa - ma - lı yol - la - rı  
Taş - lık - tır, ya - rim, taş - lık.

№ 101

*Rain begging song*

$\text{♩} = 80$

Bin na - za - ra, na - za - ra,  
Na - za - ra<sub>2)</sub> - mın şal - va - rı,  
İş - te gel - dim pa - za - ra.  
Beş yu - mur - ta - ya yal - va - rı.

Yağ - mur - lar yağ - sın,  
Bol bu - cak ol - sun.

1. rep. 2. rep.

## № 102

*Mani*

♩ = 76

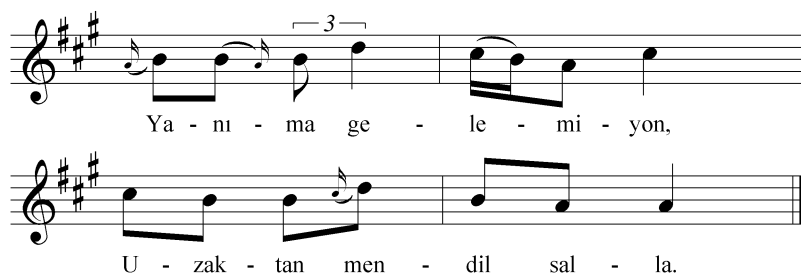
As - ma - nın yap - rak - la - rı,  
Tel o - lur yap - rak - la - rı.  
Gur - bet - te o - lan - la - rın,  
Çın - la - sın ku - lak - la - rı.

## № 103

*Mani*

♩ = 96

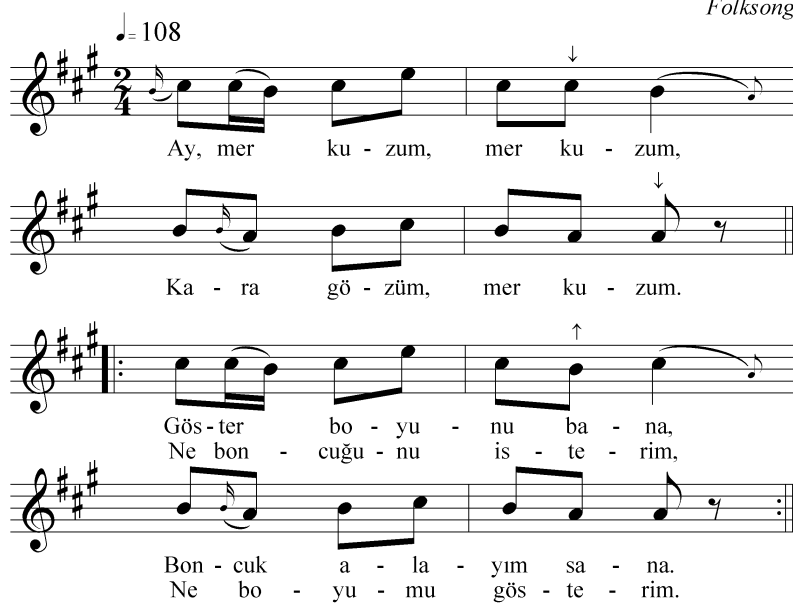
Kar - şı - da ka - ra tar - la,  
Par - la, sev - di - ğim, par - la.



Ya - ni - ma ge - le - mi - yon,  
U - zak - tan men - dil sal - la.

## № 104

## Folksong



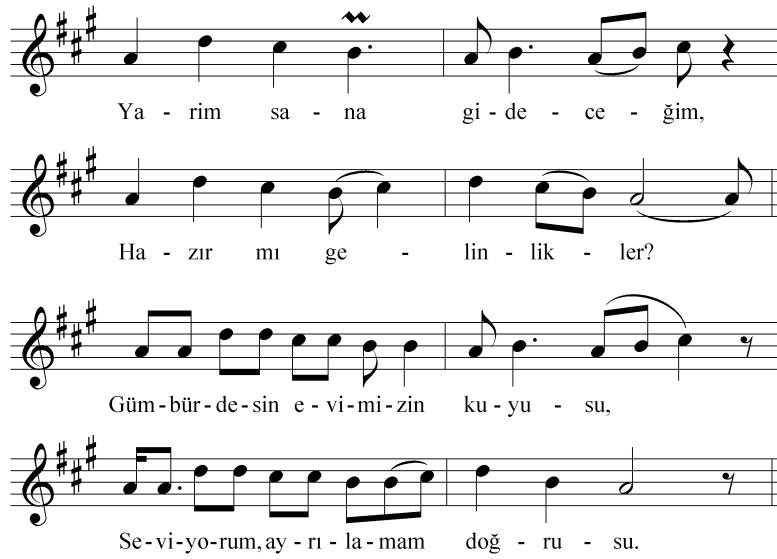
Ay, mer ku - zum, mer ku - zum,  
Ka - ra gö - züm, mer ku - zum.  
Gös - ter bo - yu - nu ba - na,  
Ne bon - cuğu - nu is - te - rim,  
Bon - cuk a - la - yım sa - na,  
Ne bo - yu - mu gös - te - rim.

## № 105

## Folksong



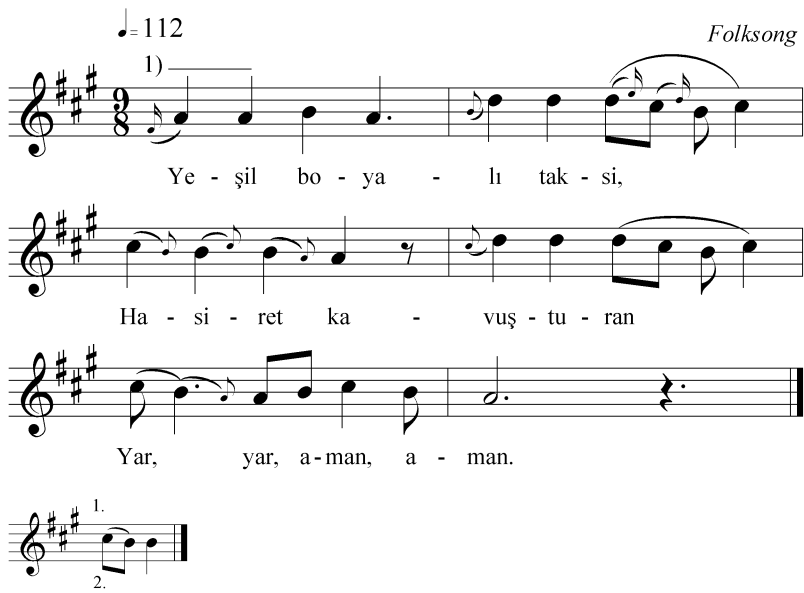
A - ya - ğım - da ter - lik - ler,  
Ba - har aç - miş e - rik - ler,



Ya - rim sa - na gi - de - ce - ğim,  
Ha - zir mı ge - lin - lik - ler?  
Güm - bür - de - sin e - vi - mi - zin ku - yu - su,  
Se - vi - yo - rum, ay - rı - la - mam doğ - ru - su.

## № 106

♩ = 112 *Folksong*



1)  
Ye - şil bo - ya - lı tak - si,  
Ha - si - ret ka - vuş - tu - ran  
Yar, yar, a - man, a - man.

1.  
2.

## № 107

*Folksong*

♩ = 104

Du-man da bas - tı dağ - la - ra,  
Ya - yıl - dı o - va - la - ra,  
Yar, yar, a-man, a - man.

## № 108

*Folksong*

♩ = 132

1) \_\_\_\_\_

Ay - va göm - düm sa - ma - na,  
Du - ma - na bak, du - ma - na,  
Yar, yar, a-man, a - man.

1.  
2.

## № 109

*Nefes (Nevruziye)*

♩ = 144

Hey, gö - nül bül - bül - le - ri,  
Mih-man - lar, hoş gel - di - niz.

## № 110

## Nefes (Nevruziye)

♩ = 120

Hey, gö - nül bül - bül - le - ri,  
 Mih - man - lar hoş gel - di - niz,  
 Kar - daş - lar hoş gel - di - niz.

1. 2. 3.  
 2. 3. 3.

## № 111

## Nefes (Nevruziye)

♩ = 112

Hey, gö - nül bül - bül - le - ri,  
 Mih - man - lar, hoş gel - di - niz,  
 Kar - daş - lar, hoş gel - di - niz.

## № 112

## Nefes (Nevruziye)

♩ = 88

Hey, gö - nül bül - bül - le - ri,  
 Mih - man - lar hoş gel - di - niz,  
 Kar - daş - lar hoş gel - di - niz,

## № 113

*Mani*

♩ = 150

Ben ge - lin ol - ma - yın - ca

Kes - me ben - den u - mu - du.

## № 114

*Folksong*

♩ = 60

Vu - run vu - run kız - lar, \_\_\_\_\_

Vu - run vu - ra - lım!

Bu ge - ce - ki eđ - len - ce - yi

Ner - den bu - la - lım?

Ner - den bu - la - lım?

1.  
*rep.*



## № 115

*Mani*

♩ = 280

Gi - de - gi - de yol bul - dum,  
Ce - ke - ti - me kol bul - dum.

## № 116

*Folksong*

♩ = 244

Men - di - lim al - dan i - yi,  
Bul - dun mu ben - den i - yi?

## № 117

*Folksong*

♩ = 122

1)  
Gi - de - rim ben de - dem - le,  
Bir ay - vam kal - di sen - de.  
1.  
2.

## № 118

*Hidrellez song*

$\text{♩} = 124$

Ka - ran - fi - lim ta - bur - da,  
Çok iş - ler var sa - bur - da.

## № 119

*Mani*

$\text{♩} = 338$

İp - lik - ken ok gel - mez mi?  
Yay - la - ya kuş gel - mez mi?

## № 120

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 176$

Ay, el - le - ri, el - le - ri,  
A - ça - ma - dık el - le - ri.

## № 121

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 100$

El - ler ya - rim de - dik - çe  
Sız - ılı - lor yü - rek - le - rim, rek - le - rim.

## № 122

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 140$

O - tur - muş taş üs - tü - ne,  
Şap - ka - yı kaş üs - tü - ne,  
Ka - ra - göz E - mi - nem.

## № 123

*Mani*

$\text{♩} = 240$

Al o - la - cak, o - la - cak,  
Su tes - ti - me do - la - cak.

## № 124

*Mani*

$\text{♩} = 386$

O - ya ö - re - rim, o - ya,  
O - ya de - ğil fir - ke - te.

## № 125

*Hidrellez song*

♩=234

Sal ya - rim ko - yun - la - rı,  
Bi - zim tar - la ke - lem - li.

## № 126

*Mani*

♩=270

De - re ge - li - yor, de - re,  
Ku - mu - nu se - re se - re.

## № 127

*Folksong*

♩=126

Çık, bo - yu - nu gö - re - yim,  
Boy - nu - na fis - tan a - la - yım.

## № 128

## Kırklar semahı

♩ = 290

Al - ça - cık ki - raz dal - la - ri,  
 Al - ça - cık ki - raz dal - la - ri,  
 Di - bin - de ye - şil hal - la - rı, Aşk, A - li, Hü, Dost, A - li, Hü.

## № 129

## Lullaby

♩ = 106

Dan - di - ni, dan - di - ni das - ta - na,  
 Da - na - lar gir - miş bos - ta - na.  
 Kov bos - tan - cı da - na - yı,  
 Ye - me - sin la - ha - na - yı, E, e.

## № 130

## Lullaby

$\text{♩} = 96$

Dağ - la - ra var - dım, dağ - lar u - yur,  
 E - vi - mi - ze gel - dim, yav - rum u - yur,  
 U - yu - sun yav - rum, nin - ni,  
 Bü - yü - sün yav - ru - um, nin - ni.

## № 131

## Lullaby

$\text{♩} = 106$

Dan - di - ni, dan - di - ni das - ta - na,  
 Al - kım gir - miş bos - ta - na,  
 Kov bos - tan - cı Al - kı - mı,  
 Ye - me - sin bos - tan - la - rı,  
 Nen - ni, de, nen - ni, nen - ni,  
 U - yu - sun yav - rum şim - di.

## № 132

## Lullaby

♩=138

Dan - di - ni, dan - di - ni, das - ta - na,  
 Da - na - lar gir - miş bos - ta - na,  
 Kov bos - tan - cı da - na - yı,  
 Ye - me - sin la - ha - na - yı.  
 E - - - e - - - e - e,  
 E - - - e - - - e - e.

## № 133

## Lullaby

♩=96

Be - nim yav - ru - ma, nin - ni,  
 U - yu - sun yav - rum, nin - ni,  
 Bü - yü - sün ku - zum, nin - - - ni.

## Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range. № 134–238

## № 134

Rubato  $\text{♩} = 114$ 

Dirge

Kar - şı da - ğın yıl - lan - la - rı,  
Ge - lir do - lan do - la - nı.  
Ye - tim yav - ru - mun ya - re - le - ri,  
Gör - dü - nüz mü ba - şı du - man - lı dağ - lar?  
Şu da - ğın ar - dın - da bir ge - lin ağ - lar,  
Nin - ni, be - nim yav - rum, nin - ni.

## № 135

 $\text{♩} = 128$ 

Mani

İN de - re - ye, de - re - ye,  
Ne ol - sa söy - li - yor - lar,  
İ - ne - me - dik - le - ri - ne,  
Çe - ke - me - dik - le - ri - ni,  
sür - me - li yar.



## № 136

*Alevi deyiş*

♩ = 78

Hak' - tan bi - ze na - me gel - di,  
Pir' - im sa - na be - yan ol - sun.

## № 137

*Mani*

♩ = 110

Ay, na - za - ra, na - za - ra,  
Gel, gi - de - lim pa - za - ra.  
Ver, Al - lah' - ım bir bu - lut da,  
Yar o - lan kö - ye dü - şem.

## № 138

*Kırklar semahı*

♩ = 328

Bir ne - fes - cik söy - le - ye - yim,  
Din - le - mez - sen ney - le - ye - yim,  
Bir ne - fes - cik söy - le - ye - yim,  
Din - le - mez - sen ney - le - ye - yim.

## № 139

*Kırklar semahı*

$\text{♩} = 104$  1) —

Ay - na - yı tut - tum yü - zü - me,  
A - li gö - rün - dü gö - zü - me.  
A - li gö - rün - dü gö - zü - me.

1.  
2.

## № 140

*Kırklar semahı*

$\text{♩} = 254$

Ay - na - yı tut - tum yü - zü - me,  
A - li gö - rün - dü gö - zü - me.

## № 141

*Mani*

$\text{♩} = 270$

1) —

Ka - ra ka - yı ş be - lin - de,  
Ö - ren - de - si e - lin - de.  
İ - li ş - me - yin ya - ri - me,  
Ü - vey a - na e - lin - de.

1.  
1.

## № 142

*Mani*

♩ = 104

Ay - va sa - ri ya - pi - rak,  
 Dün - ya ka - ra to - pu - rak.  
 Ben ya - ri - me doy - ma - dim,  
 Doy - sun ka - ra to - pu - rak.

## № 143

*Folksong*

♩ = 226

Al - dir, al - dir, al - dir mo - ru Mu - kad - des,  
 E - li - ne ki - na al - dir,  
 Al ya - nak - la - - rin bal - dir.

## № 144

*Nefes*

♩ = 62

Gö - nül ver - dim sev - dim se - ni,  
A - man mür - vet der - ga - hı - na,  
Ya Mu - ham - med der - ga - hı - na.

## № 145

*Kırklar semahı*

♩ = 92

Biz de Mev - la' - nım ku - lu - yuz,  
Yet - miş i - ki dil biz - de - dir,  
Yet - miş i - ki dil biz - de - dir.

## № 146

*Hidrellez song*

♩ = 105

Bah - çe - ler - de üç gü - zel var,  
Ge - zer o Dost, ge - zer o.

## № 147

*Hidrellez song*

$\text{♩} = 96$

Bah - çe - ler - de üç gü - zel var,  
Ge - zer o Dost, ge - zer o.

## № 148

*Hidrellez song*

$\text{♩} = 162$

Bah - çe - ler - de üç gü - zel var,  
Ge - zer o Dost, ge - zer o.

## № 149

*Hidrellez song*

$\text{♩} = 114$

Yağ - mur - lar ya - ğar e - fen - dim,  
Yer yaş o - lur, yer yaş o - lur.

## № 150

*Hidrellez song*

$\text{♩} = 177$

Şa - rap i - çe - r, e - fen - dim,

Sar - hoş ol - ur.

## № 151

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 106$

Yük - sek, yük - sek te - pe - le - re

Ev kur - ma - sın - lar, ev kur - ma - sın - lar.

## № 152

*Hidrellez song*

$\text{♩} = 63$

Yağ - mur - lar ya - ğar, ey, e - fen - dim,

Ev taş üs - tü - ne, ev taş üs - tü - ne.

## № 153

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 200$

De - dem şim - di yor - gun - dur,  
Kal - kar oy - nar bi - raz - dan.

## № 154

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 170$

Bah - çe - niz - de - ki gül - le - ri  
Der de - di - niz, der - dik iş - te.

## № 155

*Semah*

$\text{♩} = 160$

U - yur i - dik, u - yar - dı - lar,  
Ye - di - ye say - dı - lar bi - zi, lar bi - zi.

1. 2. 3.  
rep. rep. rep.

## № 156

$\text{♩} = 144$  *Selman nefesi*

1) —

Ge - lin, kar - daş, yo - lu - mu - za

Gi - re - mez - sin, de - me - dim mi, me - dim mi?

1.  
rep.

## № 157

$\text{♩} = 180$  *Nefes*

1) —

İlk ev - ve - le şu dün - ya - ya, dün - ya - ya,

Ye - şil gi - yip ge - len kim - dir? len kim - dir?

1.  
later

## № 158

$\text{♩} = 104$  *Nefes (Nevruziye)*

A - li ga - zi - le - rin ba - şı,

Hı - zır Bey - dir yol - da - şı.



## № 159

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 216$

Ge - ce gün - düz a - rı - yo - rum,  
 Ge - ce gün - düz a - rı - yo - rum,  
 U - çan kuş - tan so - ru - yo - rum,  
 Aş - km iy - len a - teş ol - dum,

Su ver, Ley - lam, ya - nı - yo - rum.

## № 160

*Hidrellez song*

$\text{♩} = 100$

Şu Hid - rel - lez ge - li - yor - o,  
 Cu - ma ak - şa - mı ge - li - yor - o.

## № 161

*Hidrellez song*

$\text{♩} = 114$

## № 162

*Hidrellez song*

♩ = 136

Di - rel - lez ge - len el - lez,  
 Be-nium ye-me-ni - mi a - lan el - lez.  
 Be - ni sev - da - ya sa' el - lez,  
 Per - şem-be ak - şa - mı ge - len el - lez.

## № 163

*Nefes*

♩ = 74

Ga - rip bül - bül sa-na n'ol - du,  
 Söy-le, ca - nım bül-bül, söy - le, bül-bül, söy - le.

## № 164

*Folksong*

♩ = 114

İn de - re - ye, de - re - ye,  
 İ - ne - me - diğim yer - ler

## № 165

## Folksong

♩=258

Ver - sin - ler, ver - sin - ler,

1)

Se - ven - le - ri sev - di - ği - ne ver - sin - ler.

1.

2.

## № 166

## Wedding song

♩=270

Vu - ra - lım mı kı - na - sı - nı?

Va - rın so - run a - na - sı - na.

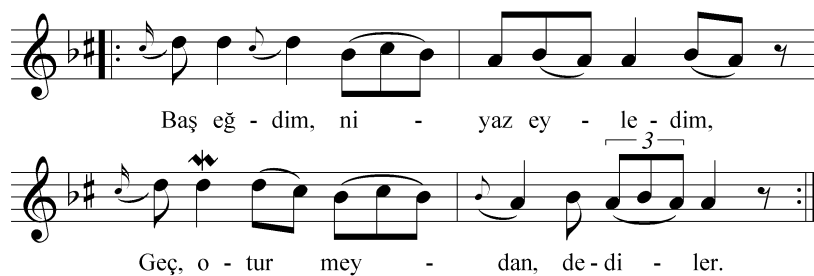
## № 167

## Kırklar semahı

♩=232

Çe - ki - lip kırk - la - ra var - dım,

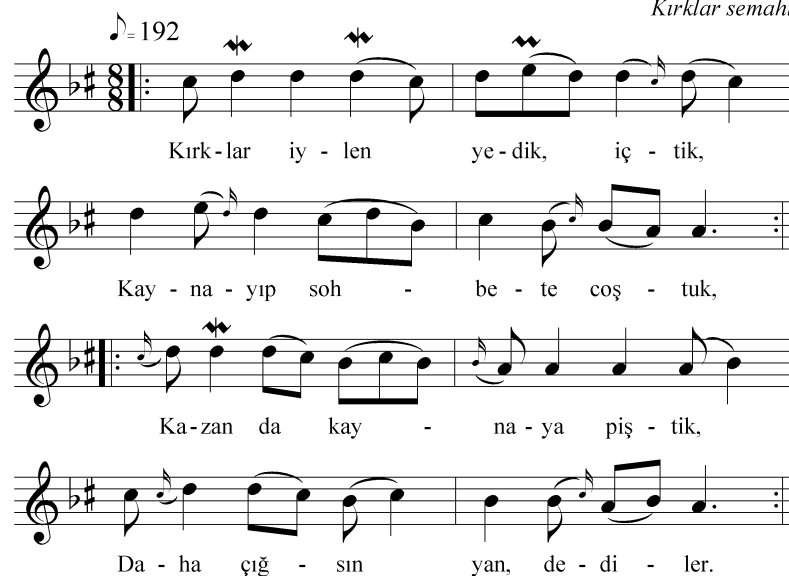
Ni - ye gel - din can de - di - ler,



Baş eğ - dim, ni - yaz ey - le - dim,  
Geç, o - tur mey - dan, de - di - ler.

## № 168

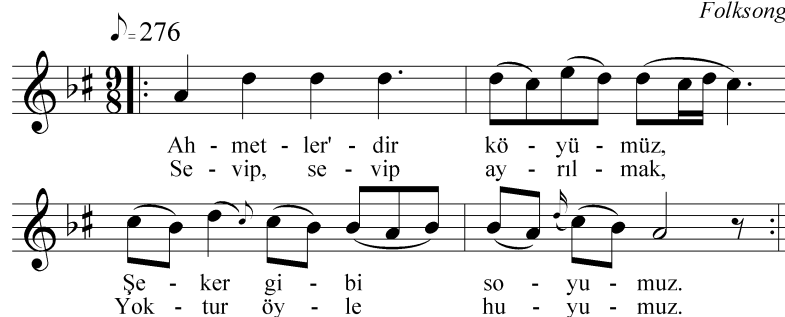
## Kırklar semahı



♩ = 192  
Kırk-lar iy - len ye - dik, iç - tik,  
Kay - na - yıp soh - be - te coş - tuk,  
Ka - zan da kay - na - ya piş - tik,  
Da - ha çığ - sın yan, de - di - ler.

## № 169

## Folksong



♩ = 276  
Ah - met - ler' - dir kö - yü - müz,  
Se - vip, se - vip ay - rıl - mak,  
Şe - ker gi - bi so - yu - muz.  
Yok - tur öy - le hu - yu - muz.

♩=254

Git - ti yar u - zak - la - ra, git - ti ge - le - mez,  
Ben - den baş - ka se - ven yar kim - se se - ve - mez.

№ 170

*Folksong*

♩=120

Dut fi - da - nı bo - yun - ca, vay, vay,  
Dut ye - me - dim do - yun - ca, vay, vay.

№ 171

*Folksong*

♩=100

A - da - na' - nın yol - la - rı taş - lık,  
Yok ce - bim - de beş ku - ruş harç - lık.

№ 172

*Folksong*

♩=80

Kah - ve ol - sam do - lap - lar -  
da kav - rul - sam, a - man, a - man.

## № 173

## Folksong

♩ = 108

Ma - ni ma - ni - ler i - çin,  
Baş - ka ma - ni bil - mi - yom,  
Bu ma - ni se - nin i - çin,  
Bu da ha - tı - rın i - çin,

*Refrain*

Ev - re - şe yol - la - rı dar, dar,  
Ba - na bak - ma, be - nim ya - rim var.

## № 174

## Folksong

♩ = 104

Yu - va - sı da ka - mış - lar,  
Dü - ğün ge - lir, ya - ri - mi  
Ka - mı - şı vı - da - mış - lar,  
O - du - na yol - la - mış - lar.

Ev - re - şe yol - la - rı dar, dar,  
Ba - na bak - ma, be - nim ya - rim var.

## № 175

## Folksong

$\text{♩} = 104$

Bir fi - rın yap - tır - dım,  
Dol - dur - dum ek - mek - le - ri.  
Gel, be - ra - ber yi - ye - lim,  
Ba - ka - rım kö - pek - le - ri.  
Ev - re - şe yol - la - rı dar, dar,  
Ba - na bak - ma, be - nim ya - rım var.

## № 176

## Wedding song

$\text{♩} = 112$

Oy - na, ge - lin, söy - le, kı - zım, oy - na - sı - na,  
Bir a - ra - ya ge - lin - ce, ge - lin - ce.  
Şit mo - ri ya - re - lel - li yar, yi - ne, yi - ni - na, yar, yi - ni - na.

## № 177

*Nefes*

♩ = 112

Tiğ-i-bend-bağ - lı bel - le - rin - de,  
Ha - cı Bek - taş yol - la - rın - da.  
A - li ser - men - zi - li u - zak,  
Cüm - le - miz za - tı - na müş - tak.

## № 178

*Folksong*

♩ = 126

İn de-re-nin i - çi - ne, Ka - nar - yom,  
Yem ve-re-lim ke - çi - ne, hoy, hoy, ne.

## № 179

*Folksong*

♩ = 120

A, mer ku - zum, mer ku - zum,  
Ka - ra göz - lüm, mer ku - zum.



## № 180

Folksong

♩ = 104

Hay, mer ku - zum, mer ku - zum,  
Ka - ra göz - lüm, mer ku - zum.

## № 181

Folksong

♩ = 104

Ay, mer ku - zum, mer ku - zum,  
Ka - ra göz - lüm, mer ku - zum.

## № 182

Folksong

♩ = 120

Ka - pı sık - tı e - li - mi,  
Ki - me tes - lim e - de - yim  
Fe - lek bük - tü be - li - mi,  
Ka - ra göz - lü ya - ri - mi?  
Ay - dın o - da - lar, o - da - lar, o - da - lar,  
Ya - şa - sın de - li - kan - lı - lar.

## № 183

*Bulgarian folksong*

$\text{♩} = 412$

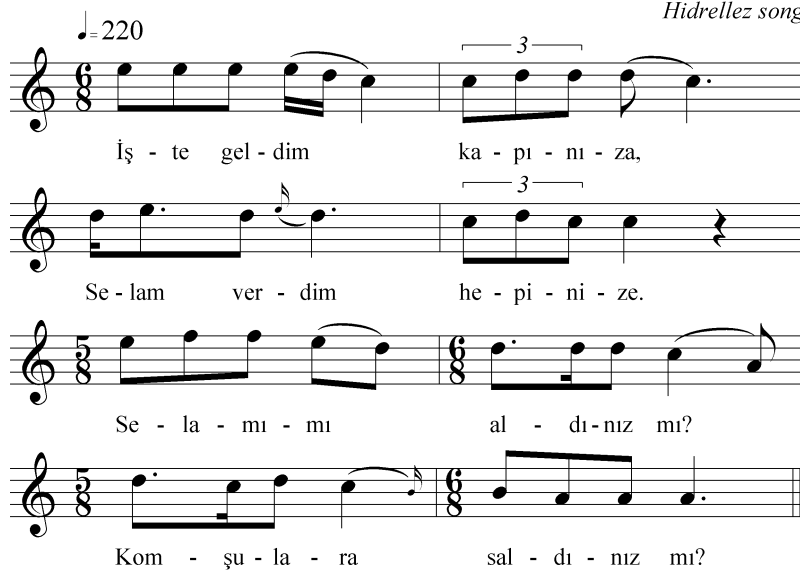


Oy, ko - la - di...

## № 184

*Hidrellez song*

$\text{♩} = 220$



İş - te gel - dim ka - pı - nı - za,  
Se - lam ver - dim he - pi - ni - ze.  
Se - la - mı - mı al - dı - nız mı?  
Kom - şu - la - ra sal - dı - nız mı?

## № 185

## Semah

$\text{♩} = 126$

Bir a - na - ba - cı - lan da, Hü,  
 bir Müs - lüm ba - cı, ci.  
 Kalk - sın, se - mah ey - le - sin is - tek -  
 li can - lar, hey, can - lar,  
 Kalk - sın, se - mah ey - le - sin is - tek -  
 li can - lar, hey, can - lar,  
 Kal - dır, in - dir kol - la - rı - nı, kol - la - rı - nı.

## № 186

## Folksong

$\text{♩} = 190$

Bir ev - ler yap - tır - dım, be, Ra-mi-zem,  
 Sa - ra - ya kar - şı, am - man, am - man, şı.

## № 187

*Nefes*

♩=96

Şu be - nim di - va - ne gön - lüm,  
Yi - ne hab - dan ha - ba düş - tü,  
Yi - ne hab - dan ha - ba düş - tü.

## № 188

*Mani*

♩=132

Mı - sır ka - za - rım mı - sır, rım mı - sır,  
O - tur - dum a - ra - sı - na, - na.

## № 189

*Mani*

♩=150

Çı - kıp mey - da - na dö - ne - lim, dö - ne - lim,  
Mür - şı - de kur - ban o - la - lım, o - la - lım,  
Hü - se - yin - e kur - ban o - la - lım.

1.  
rep.

## № 190

Nefes

♩ = 120

Gü - lü bağ - lar des - te des - te,  
Bağ - lar da gön - de - rir dos - ta.

## № 191

Dirge

♩ = 152

Ya - şım on - se - kiz, an - nem gel - me - sin,  
Çe - ne - mi sı - kın, be - ni gör - me - sin.

## № 192

Semah

♩ = 100

Gü - zel a - şık cev - ri - mi - zi  
Çe - ke - mez - sin, de - me - dim mi?  
Bu bir rı - za lok - ma - sı - dır,  
De - me - dim mi, de - me - dim mi,  
Yi - ye - mez - sin, de - me - dim mi?  
Yi - ye - mez - sin, de - me - dim mi, Hü.

## № 193

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 88$



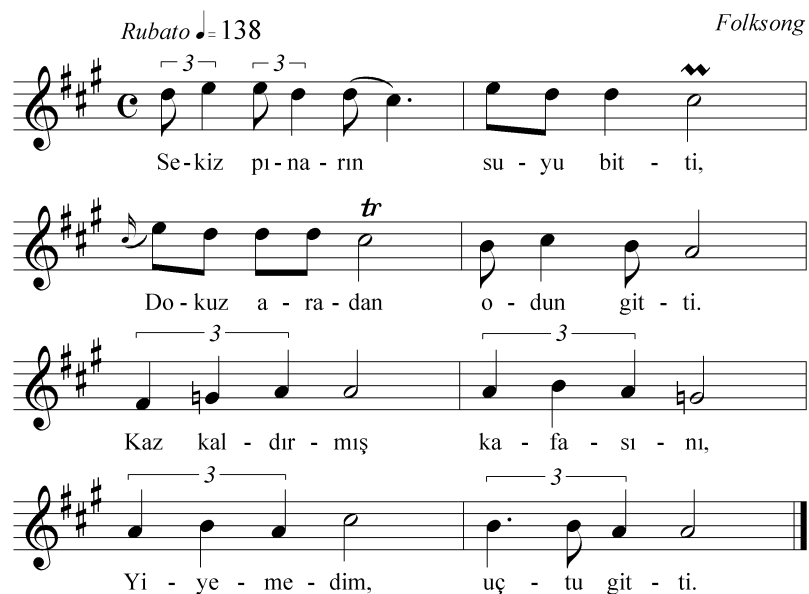
Ey, Fa-ti-me, ey, Fa - ti - me,

Ka-nım şa-ha - det Fa - ti - me, Al-lah, det Fa - ti - me.

## № 194

*Folksong*

*Rubato*  $\text{♩} = 138$



Se-kiz pı-na - rın su - yu bit - ti,

Do - kuz a - ra - dan o - dun git - ti.

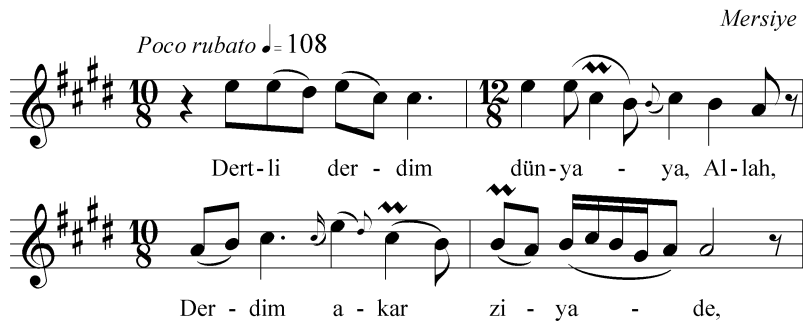
Kaz kal - dır - mış ka - fa - sı - nı,

Yi - ye - me - dim, uç - tu git - ti.

## № 195

*Mersiye*

*Poco rubato*  $\text{♩} = 108$



Dert-li der - dim dün-ya - ya, Al-lah,

Der - dim a - kar zi - ya - de,

Der - dim a - kar zi - ya - de.

Dert ben - de ya - re ben - de, Al - lah.

Ya - re - si e - der yok ben - de.

## № 196

$\text{♩} = 138$  *Folksong*

1) E - mi - nem de giy - miş şal - va - rı, şal - va - rı.

1. 2. şı - ra be - yaz kol - la - rı, kol - la - rı.

1. *rep.*

## № 197

$\text{♩} = 100$  *Folksong*

1) De - dem şim - di yor - gun - dur,

2) Kal - kar, oy - nar bi - raz - dan.

3) 1. 2. 3. 2. 2. 2.

## № 198

*Hidrellez song*

♩ = 144

Ü - şü - düm, ü - şü - düm,

Ah, be-nim ca - nım, ü - şü - düm.

## № 199

*Folksong*

♩ = 192

Ü - şü - düm, ü - şü - düm,

Ah, be-nim ca - nım ü - şü - düm.

## № 200

*Mersiye*

♩ = 160

1) *rit.* 4

Biz dün - ya - dan gi - der ol - duk,

Ka - lan - la - ra se - lam ol - sun, Hü, Hü.


1. 2.

1. 2.




## № 201


*Parlando* ♩ = 88*Bride's farewell*

1) 

Ço - cuk a - na - sı, yi - ğit a - na - sı,



İ - ki e - lin - de mum ya - na - sı.


1. 

*rep.*


## № 202

♩ = 105


*Mani*



Tey - ya - re - ler tek gi - der,



İ - çi - ne İ s - lim bi - ner,



İ - çi - ne İ s - lim bi - ner.

## № 203

♩ = 124

*Kırklar semahı*



Kud - ret - ten bir do - lu gel - di,



İç ba - ka - lım, na - sıl o - lur, Hü.

## № 204

*Folksong*

*♩=162*

Ca - dı, ev - ler de al - san,  
Ca - dı ba - na da ver - sen,  
Ca - dı, kūs - tüm, ba - rıř - mam.

## № 205

*Folksong*

*♩=225*

Al be - ni, gö - tür de - re,  
Ya - re - le, ya - - - re - le,  
Ku - mu - nu se - re se - re, Ya - re - lel - li.

## № 206

*Matem nefesi*

*♩=222*

İn - dim tu - ra - ba dö - řen - dim,  
İn - dim tu - ra - ba dö - řen - dim,  
Gi - di - yo - rum dert - li, dert - li yö - rü, Hü, Hü, Hü.

Bak an - nem gö - züm ya - şı - na,  
 Da-ha ne - ler ge-le - cek ba - şı - ma, Hü, Hü, Hü, Hü.  
 Var - dım mu - sal - la ta - şı - na,  
 Var - dım mu - sal - la ta - şı - na,  
 Ya - tı - yo - rum dert-li, dert-li, Hü, Hü, Hü.

№ 207

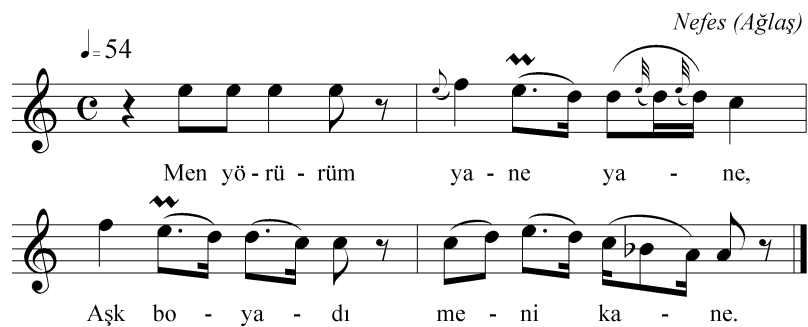
*Kırklar semahı*

Al - ça - cık ki - raz dal - la - ri,  
 Al - ça - cık ki - raz dal - la - ri,  
 Di-bin-de ye-şil hal - la - rı, Aşk, A - li, Hü, Dost, A - li, Hü.

## № 208

*Nefes (Ağlaş)*

♩ = 54



Men yö - rü - rüm ya - ne ya - ne,  
Aşk bo - ya - dı me - ni ka - ne.

## № 209

*Nefes*

♩ = 120

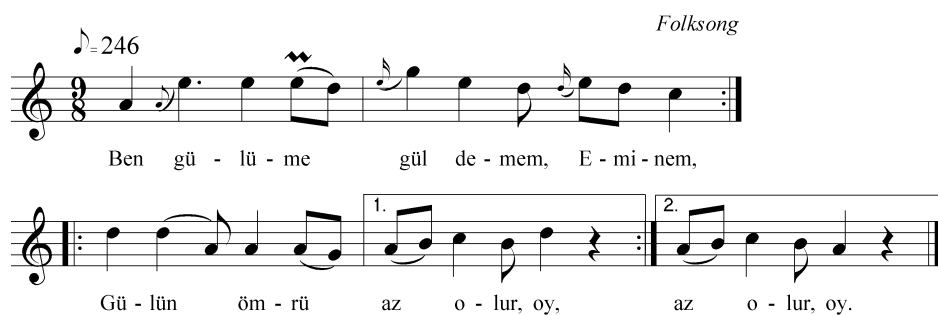


Hak yo - lu - na gi - den - le - rin  
A - sa ol - sam el - le - ri - ne.

## № 210

*Folksong*

♩ = 246

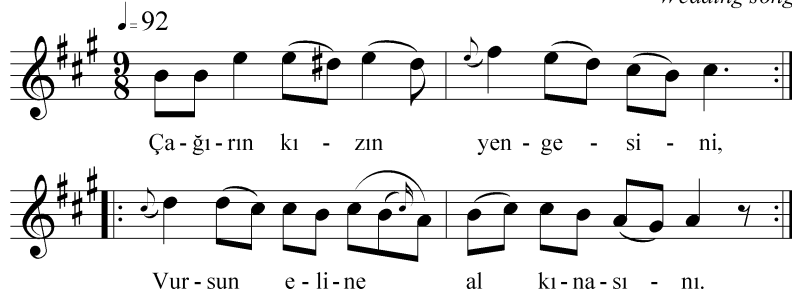


Ben gü - lü - me gül de - mem, E - mi - nem,  
Gü - lün öm - rü az o - lur, oy, az o - lur, oy.

## № 211

## Wedding song

♩ = 92



Ça-ğ1-rın k1-zın yen-ge-si-ni,  
Vur-sun e-li-ne al k1-na-sı-nı.

## № 212

## Wedding song

♩ = 108



Ça-ğ1-rın k1-zın yen-ge-si-ni,  
Yak-sın e-li-ne al k1-na-sı-nı.  
An-ne ben bu ge-ce mi-sa-fi-rim,  
Ni-ne ben bu ge-ce tu-ra-cı-yım.  
Ge-lin a-lı-cı-ya yol ya-ra-şır,  
An-ne ben bu ge-ce ku-ra-cı-yım,  
Ni-ne ben bu ge-ce mi-sa-fi-rim.

## № 213

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 116$



Ey, e - ren - ler bez - mi - mi - ze,  
Gel, de - di - niz, gel - dik iş - te.

## № 214

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 120$



İk - rar ver - dik biz bir pi - re,  
Dil sor - ma - yız her bir ye - re,  
Dil sor - ma - yız her bir ye - re.  
Ben - de - le - ri u - lu e - re,  
Biz Bek - ta - şı gül - le - ri - yiz,  
A - yin - i ce - min bül - bü - lü - yüz.

## № 215

*Mani*

♩ = 102

Kaş - la - rın ka - ra - sı - na  
Gül koy - dum a - ra - sı - na.

## № 216

*Mersiye*

♩ = 104

Hü - se - yin - i der Ye - zi - d'e,  
Bir i - çim su ve - rin bi - ze,  
Ka - nım he - lal ol - sun si - ze,  
Ah, Ha - sa - nım, vah, Hü - sey'n - im.  
*Refrain*  
Naz - lı i - mam Şah Hü - sey - nim.

## № 217

*Nefes*

♩ = 165

İş - te gel - dim, iş - te git - tim,  
Yaz çi - çe - ği gi - bi bit - tim.  
Şu dün - ya - da ne iş et - tim,  
Ö - mür - cü - ğüm geç - ti git - ti.

## № 218

*Folksong*

♩ = 226

(humming)

*Fine*

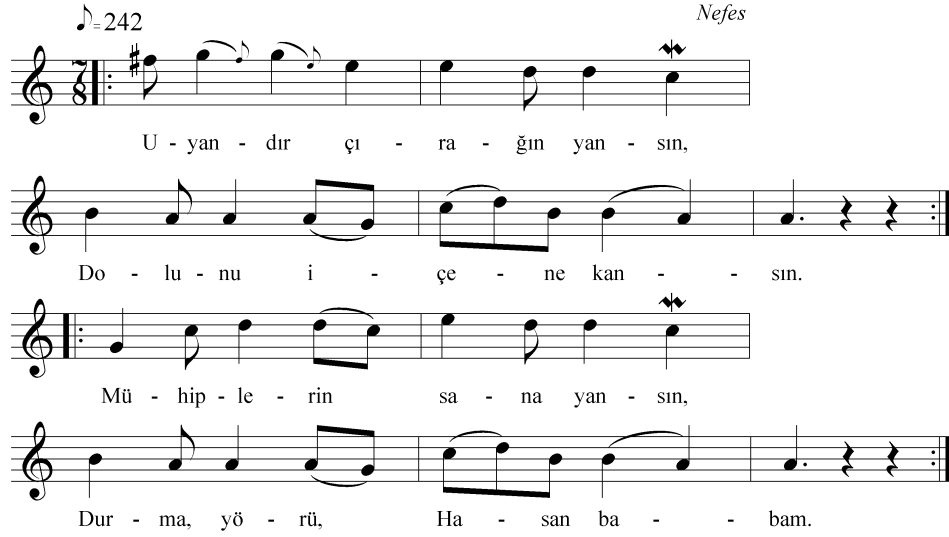
Refrain *D.C. al Fine*

1. 2.



## № 219

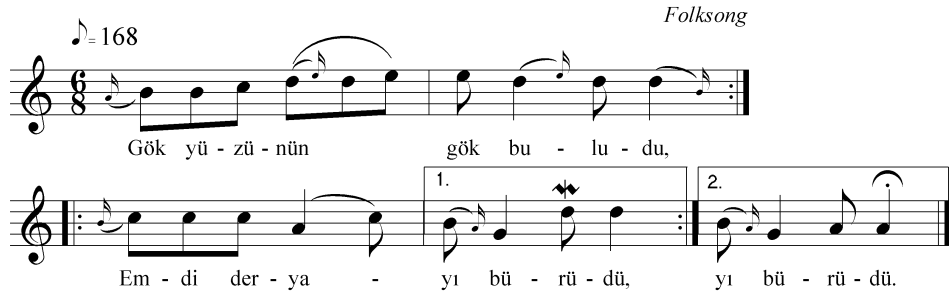
♩=242 *Nefes*



U - yan - dır çı - ra - ğın yan - sın,  
Do - lu - nu i - çe - ne kan - - sın.  
Mü - hip - le - rin sa - na yan - sın,  
Dur - ma, yö - rü, Ha - san ba - - bam.

## № 220

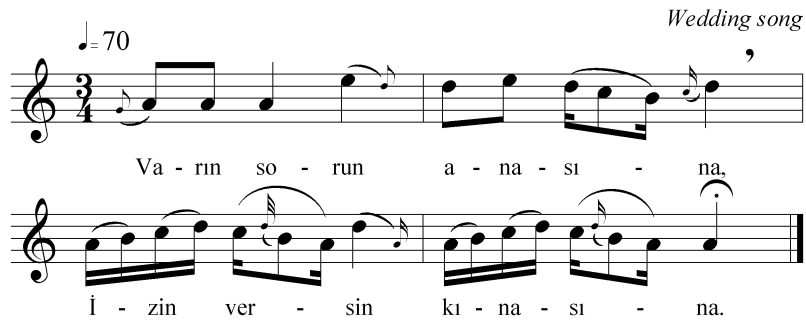
♩=168 *Folksong*



Gök yü - zü - nün gök bu - lu - du,  
Em - di der - ya - - yı bü - rü - dü, yı bü - rü - dü.

## № 221

♩=70 *Wedding song*



Va - rın so - run a - na - sı - na,  
İ - zin ver - sin kı - na - sı - na.

## № 222

*Nefes*

♩ = 164

Ce-set i - çin - de bu ca - nı

Bi - ti - re - nin de - mi - ne, de - mi - ne, Hü.

## № 223

*Nefes*

♩ = 81

Şü-kür bi - zi bu mey - da - na,

Ge - ti - re - nin de - mi - ne, de - mi - ne, Hü.

## № 224

*Nefes*

♩ = 210

Şü-kür bi - zi bu mey - da - na  
Ce-set i - çin - de bu ca - nı,

Ge - ti - re - nin de - mi - ne, Hü.  
Bi - ti - re - nin de - mi - ne, Hüy,

A bu de - mi Hay - dar de - mi,

Böy - le ge - çer dün - ya ga - mı, dün - ya ga - mı.

## № 225

## Mersiye

♩ = 132

Hü-se - yin der Ye - zi - d'e,  
Bir i - çim su ve - rin bi - ze.

## № 226

## Mersiye

♩ = 106

Hü-se - yin i - der Ye - zi - d'e,  
Bir i - çim su ve - rin bi - ze.

## Later

Bir i - çim su ve - rin ba - na,  
İç - sin o - nu ka - na ka - na.

## № 227

## Nefes

♩ = 138

Mür-şid o - lup ta mi - ra - ca,  
Mu - ham-med' - te - ki me - lek - tir, me - lek - tir.

## № 228

*Folksong*

♩ = 222

1) \_\_\_\_\_

Me - şe - li dağ - lar me - şe - li,

2) \_\_\_\_\_

Di-bin - de ha-lı-lar dö - şe-li, ha-lı-lar dö - şe - li.

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

rep. rep.

## № 229

*Folksong*

♩ = 208

1) \_\_\_\_\_

Kül ol - dum, ben bu aşk - a dü - şe - li,

2) \_\_\_\_\_

Al be - ni es-mer gü-ze-lim, kol ko-la ge-ze - lim.

Yar i - le

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

rep. rep.

## № 230

*Mani*

♩ = 94

Ay - va sa - rı - sı, ya - rim,

Ay - va sa - rı - sı, ya - rim,

Li-mon ya - ri - si, ya - rim, Ne-na, ne-ne, nam,  
Li-mon ya - ri - si, ya - rim.

№ 231

*Alevi deyiş*

♩ = 106

A - lem, a - lem o - la - li  
La Fe - ta il - la A - li.  
A - lem, a - lem o - la - li  
La Fe - ta il - la A - li.

№ 232

*Alevi deyiş*

♩ = 122

Bu - gün bi - ze pir gel - di,  
Gül - le - ri ta - ze gel - di.

Ö - nü sı - ra Kam - ber' - in  
A - li' - ye Mür - te - za gel - di.

## № 233

*Düvazdeh nefesi*

$\text{♩} = 236$

Her sa - bah, her sa - bah var - dı - ğım  
On i - ki i - mam A - li'm, A - li'm.  
Her sa - bah, her sa - bah var - dı - ğım  
On i - ki i - mam A - li'm, A - li'm.

## № 234

*Mani*

$\text{♩} = 64$

İN - ce - cik e - lek - ler - den  
Un - dan mi e - li - yor - sun?

Dal - ga - cı hal - i - çin - de  
Gön - lü - mü e - li - yor - sun.

№ 235

*Mani*

♩ = 90

A - lay - da ay - rı - lır - lar,  
Sa - ray - da sav - ru - lur - lar.  
Gel, ü - zül - me, sev - di - ğim,  
Bir za - man ka - vu - şur - lar.

№ 236

*Semah*

♩ = 142

Bir ne - fes - cik söy - le - ye - yim,  
Din - le - mez - sen ney - le - ye - yim? Hü, Hü, Hü, Hü.

## № 237

*Semah*

♩ = 174

Gü-zel a - şık cev - ri - mi - zi,  
Gü-zel a - şık cev - ri - mi - zi,  
Çe - ke-mez-sin de - me - dim mi, aşk A - li'm, Hü,  
Çe - ke-mez-sin de-me - dim mi, aşk A - li'm, Hü.

## № 238

*Folksong*

♩ = 88

Şem - si - ye - min u - cu ka - ra,  
Sen aç - tın da gön - lü-me ya - ra,  
Sen aç - tın gön - lü - me ya - ra.



## Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

№ 239

*Folksong*

♩ = 132

Va - rın söy - le - yin bo - ya-cı - ya, ya,

Al - lar bo - ya - sın am-man bo - ya-ma - sın.

№ 240

*Nefes*

♩ = 100

Şu ya-lan dün - ya - ya gel-dim, gi - de - rim,

Gö-nül sen-den öz - ge yar bu-la - ma - dım, Hü, dım.

№ 241

*Nefes*

♩ = 116

Bül-bül - ler ko - ku - yu gül - ler - den a - lır,

Mec-nun çık-mış dağ-la - ra Ley - la' - yı a - rar, a - rar.

## № 242

♩=80 *Nefes*

Çok şü - kür mu - ba - rek ce - ma - lin gör - düm,  
Ha - yat bul - dum bu cis - mi - me can gel - di, Hü, Hü,  
Ha - yat bul - dum bu cis - mi - ne can gel -  
di, Hü.

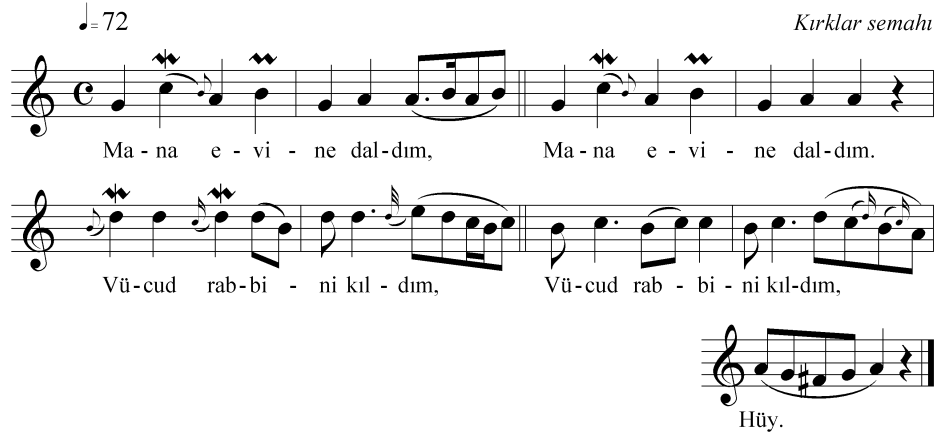
## № 243

♩=88 *Nefes*

Ha - ya - tın üs - tün - de dil - dar e - der - ken,  
El - le - ri es - rar - dan bir süb - han gel - di, Hü,  
El - le - ri es - rar - dan bir süb - han gel - di.

## № 244

$\text{♩} = 72$  *Kırklar semahı*



Ma - na e - vi - ne dal-dım, Ma - na e - vi - ne dal-dım.

Vü-cud rab-bi - ni kıl - dım, Vü-cud rab - bi - ni kıl-dım,

Hüy.

## № 245

$\text{♩} = 152$  *Folksong*



Bah - çe - ler - de eğ - rel - ti,

Oy - na - yan - lar i - ki el - ti.

İ - ki - si de bir boy - da,

Bi - lin - mi - yor kıy - me - ti.

*Refrain*

Şişt mo - ru ye - re - li, ye - ne - ne - ne ne - ne - nom,

Yar yi - ne ye - ne - ne - ne, ne - ne - ne - ne ne - ne - nom.

## № 246

*Alevi deyiş*

♩ = 104

Ey, a-lem - le - - ri ya-ra - tan Al-lah, Al - lah,

1. Kal - dır per - de - - yi a - ra - dan, Al-lah,  
Gös - ter ce - ma - - lin ya-ra - - - tan Al-lah.

2. Kal - dır per - de - - yi a - ra - dan, Al-lah,  
Gös - ter ce - ma - - lin ya-ra - - - tan Al-lah.

## № 247

*Nefes*

♩ = 84

Bül-bül - ler ko - ku - - yu gül - ler - den a - - lır,

1. Mec-nun çık - mış dağ - la - ra Ley-la' - yı a - - rar, a - - rar.

2. Mec-nun çık - mış dağ - la - ra Ley-la' - yı a - - rar, a - - rar.

## № 248

*Nefes*

♩ = 100

Sır-rı-nı na - da - - na söy - le - me sa - - kın,

1. E-ren-le - rin böy - le mec-li-si var - - dır, var - - dır.

2. E-ren-le - rin böy - le mec-li-si var - - dır, var - - dır.

## № 249

*Nefes*

♩=96

Bül-bül-ler ko - ku - yu gül-ler - den a - lır,

Mec-nunçık-mış dağ - la - ra Ley-la' - yı a - ra, a - ra.

## № 250

*Mani*

♩=270

Men - di - li di - li - ne,

Men - dil ver - dim e - li - Ne.

Ka - ra kı - na yol - la - mış

Yar be - nim el - le - ri - - - me.

## № 251

*Mersiye*

♩=120

Ben me - la - met hır-ka-sı - nı ken-dim giy - dim eğ-ni - me,

A - ru na - mus şi - şe - si - ni ta-şa çal - dım, ki-me ne, ah,

## № 252

## Mersiye

♩ = 126

Ben me-la-met hır-ka-sı - nı ken-dim giy - dim eğ - ni-me,  
A - ru na-mus şı - şe - si - ni ta-şa çal-dım, ki-me ne, ah,  
Hay-dar, Hay - dar, ta-şa çal - dım, ki-me ne?

## № 253

## Mersiye

♩ = 116

Ben me-la-met hır-ka-sı - nı ken-dim giy - dim eğ - ni-me,  
A - ru na-mus şı - şe - si - ni ta-şa çal - dım, ki-me ne, ah,  
Hay-dar, Hay - dar, ta-şa çal - dım, ki-me ne?

## № 254

## Nefes

♩ = 88

Ben se-ni se - ve-rim can-dan i - çe - ri,  
İ - lik-ten, ke - mik - ten, kan - dan i - çe-ri, Hü.

## № 255

*Nefes*

♩ = 84

Ben se-ni se - ve-rim can-dan i - çe - ri,  
İ-lik-ten, da - mar - dan, kan - dan i - çe - ri, Hü.

## № 256

*Nefes*

♩ = 88

Ge-ne mih-man gör - düm, gön-lüm şad ol - du,  
Mih-man-lar siz bi - ze se - fa gel - di - niz.  
Mih-man-lar siz bi - ze hoş-ça gel - di - - - - niz.

## № 257

*Nefes*

♩ = 106

Şa-ra - bin a - bu - su do - lar di - li - me, Hü,  
Ta-dı can-dan tat - lı gel - di e - li - me, Hü,  
Ham-dül - il-lah Pi - rim ka-bul ey-le - di, Hü, di, Hü.

## № 258

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 104$

Bir gün dal-dım e - ren - ler mey-da-nı - na, Hü,

Bel bağ-la - dım yo - lu - na, er - ka - nı - na, Hü.

1. rep. 2. rep.

## № 259

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 98$

Bir gün dal-dım e - ren - ler mey-da-nı-na, Hü, na, Hü,

Bel bağ-la-dım yo - lu - na, er - ka - nı - na, Hü.

## № 260

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 104$

Her se-her vak - tin - de gül-ler di-ke - lim, Hü,

Di-kip de dik-ti - ği - mi yer-de bi-te - lim, Hü.

Var. of the second line (many times)



## № 261

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 72$

Gö-nül-den çı - ka - rıp ya - ba - na at - ma,  
İs - ti-nat-ga - hı - mız A - li aş - kı - na, Hü.

## № 262

*Nefes (Nevruziye)*

$\text{♩} = 126$

Ge-lin, hey, kar - daş - lar, sey-ran e - de - lim,  
A - li' - nin doğ - du - ğu ey - yam bu dem - dir,  
Şah' - i - min doğ - du - ğu ey - yam dem - dir.

## № 263

*Nefes*


$\text{♩} = 116$

E - ren - le-rin soh-be - ti, e-le ge-le - si de - ğil, si de - ğil,  
İ - k - rar - iy - le ge - len - ler, mah-rum ka-la - sı de - ğil.

## № 264

*Nefes*

♩ = 72

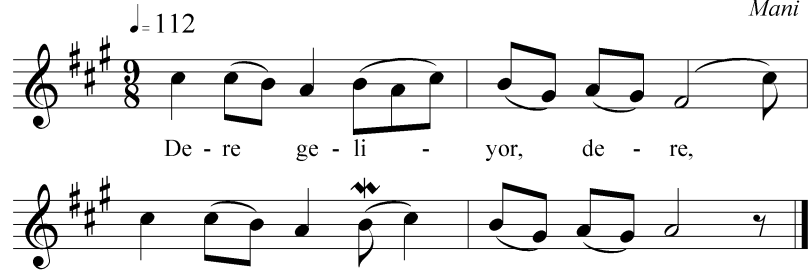


İs - ti - nat - ga - hı - mız A - li aş - kı - na, Hü,  
Biz de hiz - met e - der him - met bek - le - riz, Hü.

## № 265

*Mani*

♩ = 112

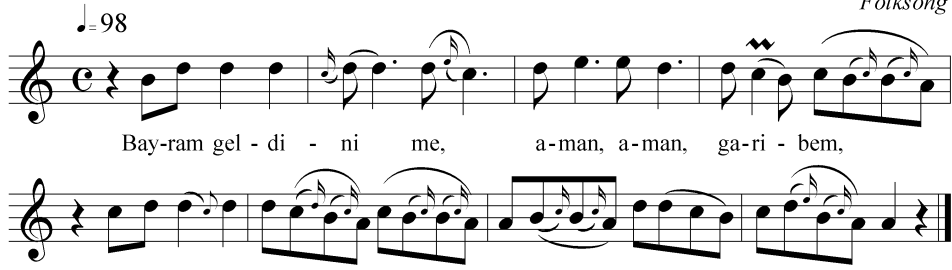


De - re ge - li - yor, de - re,  
Ku - mu - nu se - re - se - re.

## № 266

*Folksong*

♩ = 98



Bay - ram gel - di - ni me, a - man, a - man, ga - ri - bem,  
Kan dol - du yü - re - ği - me, a - man, a - man, ga - ri - bem.

## № 267

*Nefes*

♩ = 86

A - çıl - dım bir ke - nar - sız şen um - ma - nı - na, Hü,

A - çıl - dım bir ke - nar - sız şen um - ma - nı - na, Hü

Şa - ra - bın a - bu - su do - lar e - li - me, Hü,

Ta - dı da can - dan tat - lı gel - di ya di - li - me, Hü.

## № 268

*Folksong*

♩ = 209

Ev - le - ri - nin ö - nü bağ - lı,

Ben is - te - rim bur - da kır - ma - lı yağ - lı.

Kır - ma - yı - lan ma - yil ol - dum,

Kır - ma - sız - lan ay - rı ol - dum.

## № 269

## Folksong

♩=168

El - ma - lı o - lan - da gel, a - nam,  
Bah - çe - yi do - lan da gel.  
İ - yi gün - de gel - me - din, a - nam,  
Ba - ri can ve - - - ren - de gel.

## № 270

## Diivazdeh nefesi

♩=230

1-2. Her sa - bah, her sa - bah var - dı - ğım  
3-4. Şe - fer - be - re ey - le yar - dım,  
On - i - ki i - mam A - li'm, A - li'm.  
Al - lah bir Mu - ham - med Hak - tır,  
Bi - len - le - re sö - züm yok - tur.

## № 271

## Folksong

♩ = 222

Ra-ma zan da

Ra-ma - zan gel - di, gi di - yor,

## № 272

## Lullaby

♩ = 116

Nen - ni de sö - züm ya - ra - şır,

Uy - ku - la - rı do - la - şır,

Nen - ni de yav - rum, nen - - ni.

U-yu - ya-cak da bü-yü-ye-cek şim - di,

Ho - ho - ho - ho, ho, dal - lar,

U - yur ge - zer o ağ - lar,  
U - yu - sun da bü - yü - sün, Ma - şal - lah.

## № 273

♩=102 *Nefes*

Her sa - bah, her sa - bah se - her yel - le - ri,  
Se - her yel - le - ri - y - de e - sen A - li' - dir, A - li' - dir.

## № 274

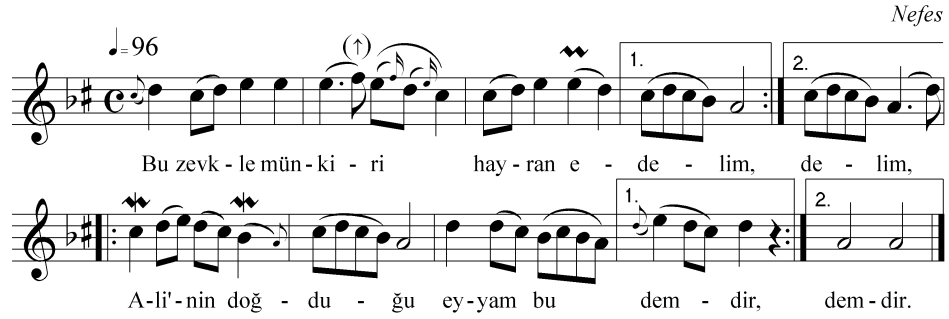
♩=82 *Nefes*

A - man, ey, e - ren - ler, mü - rüv - vet siz - den,  
Ök - sü - züm, ga - ri - bim, a - ma - na gel - dim,  
Ök - sü - züm, ga - ri - bim, a - ma - na gel - dim.

## № 275

*Nefes*

♩ = 96

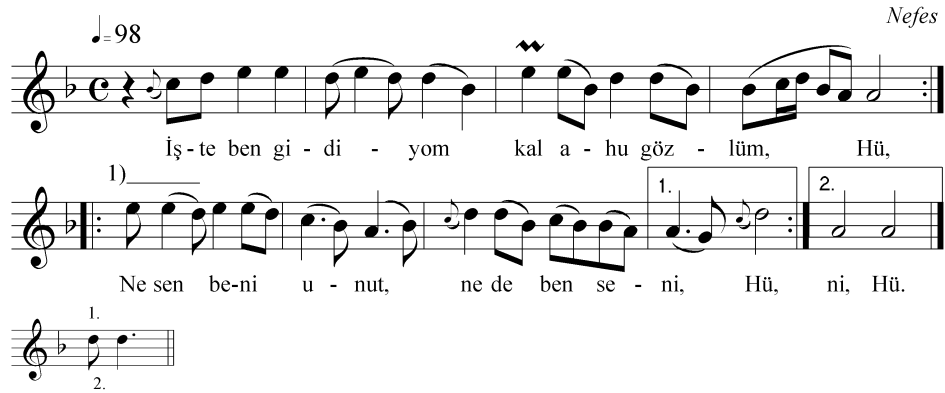


Bu zevk - le mün - ki - ri hay - ran e - de - lim, de - lim,  
A-li' - nin doğ - du - ğu ey - yam bu dem - dir, dem - dir.

## № 276

*Nefes*

♩ = 98

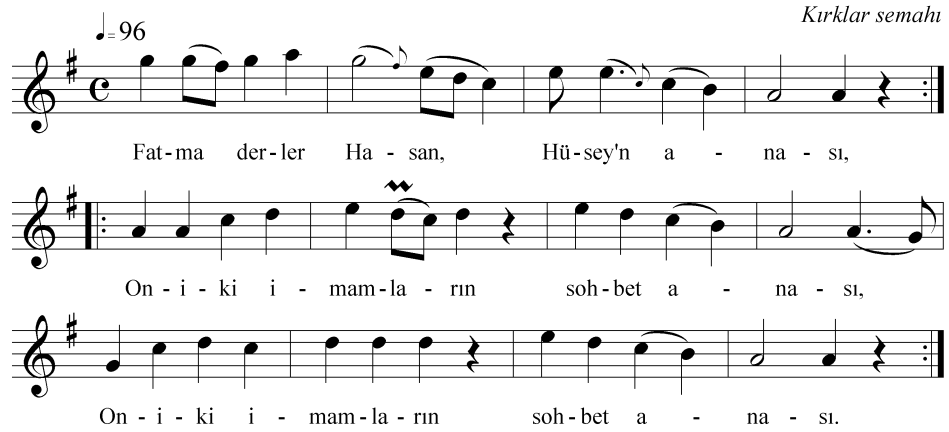


İş - te ben gi - di - yom kal a - hu göz - lüm, Hü,  
Ne sen be - ni u - nut, ne de ben se - ni, Hü, ni, Hü.

## № 277

*Kırklar semahı*

♩ = 96



Fat - ma der - ler Ha - san, Hü - sey'n a - na - sı,  
On - i - ki i - mam - la - rın soh - bet a - na - sı,  
On - i - ki i - mam - la - rın soh - bet a - na - sı.

## № 278

♩ = 150-208

1)

*Kırklar semahu*

A-dım a-dım Hak yo - lu - na va - ra - yım,  
 Gü-ver - cin - lik der - ler şa - ra var - dın mı?  
 A - li' - nin doğ - du - ğu ye - ri gör - - - - - dün mü?

1.  
*rep.*

## № 279

♩ = 140

*Semah*

Hü de - ye - lim ger - çek - le - rin de - mi - ne,  
 Hü de - ye - lim ger - çek - le - rin de - mi - ne,  
 E - ren - le - rin de - mi nur - dan sa - yı - lır, yı - lır.

## № 280

♩ = 110

*Nefes*

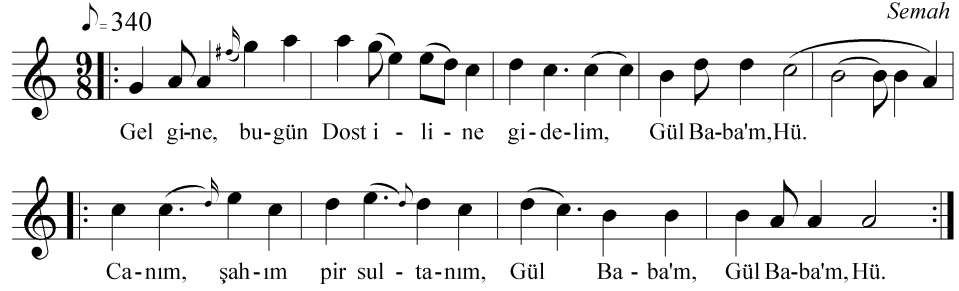
Yi - ne mih - man gel - di, gön - lüm şaz ol - du,  
 Mih - man - lar siz bi - ze hoş - ça gel - di - niz,  
 Kar - daş - lar siz bi - ze se - fa gel - di - niz.



## № 281

*Semah*

♩ = 340

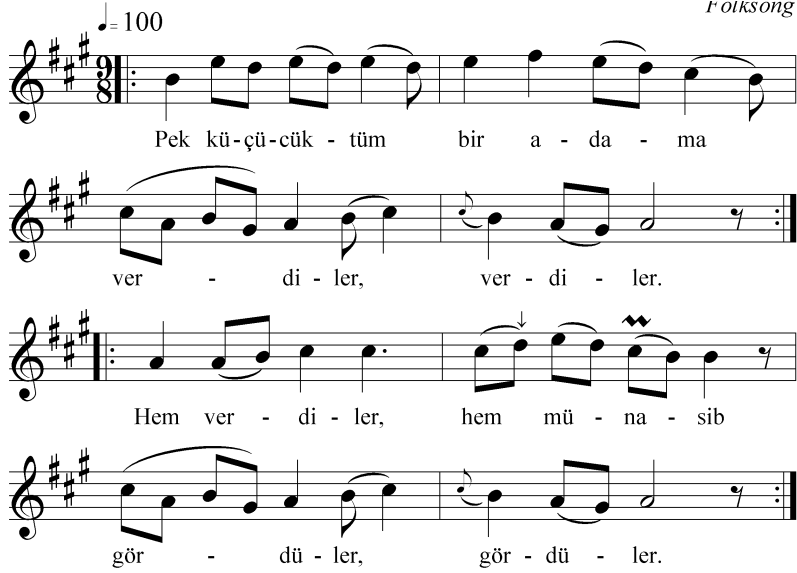


Gel gi-ne, bu-gün Dost i - li - ne gi-de-lim, Gül Ba-ba'm,Hü.  
Ca-nım, şah-ım pır sul - ta-nım, Gül Ba - ba'm, Gül Ba-ba'm,Hü.

## № 282

*Folksong*

♩ = 100

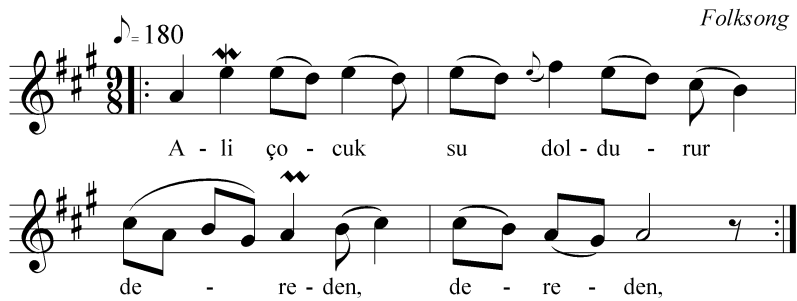


Pek kü-çü-cük - tüm bir a - da - ma  
ver - di - ler, ver - di - ler.  
Hem ver - di - ler, hem mü - na - sib  
gör - dü - ler, gör - dü - ler.

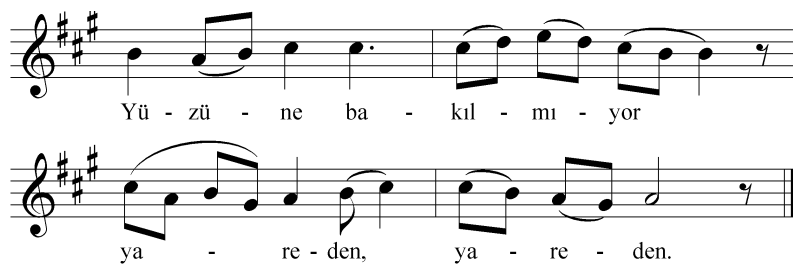
## № 283

*Folksong*

♩ = 180

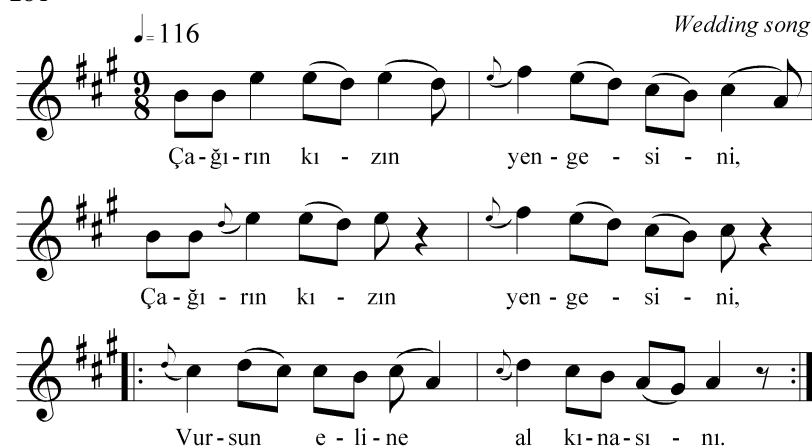


A - li ço - cuk su dol - du - rur  
de - re - den, de - re - den,



Yü - zü - ne ba - kıl - mı - yor  
ya - re - den, ya - re - den.

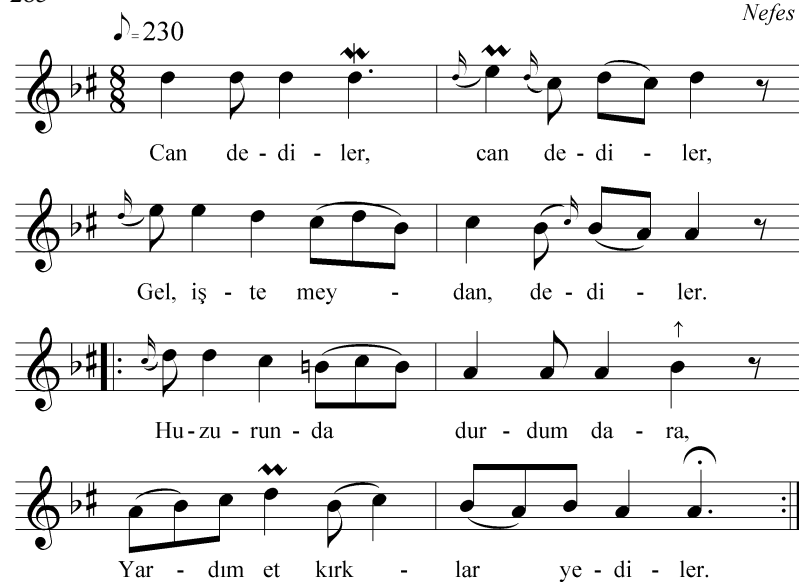
## № 284

*Wedding song*


♩ = 116

Ça-ğ1-rın kı - zın yen - ge - si - ni,  
Ça - ğı - rın kı - zın yen - ge - si - ni,  
Vur - sun e - li - ne al kı - na - sı - nı.

## № 285

*Nefes*


♩ = 230

Can de - di - ler, can de - di - ler,  
Gel, iş - te mey - dan, de - di - ler.  
Hu - zu - run - da dur - dum da - ra,  
Yar - dım et kırk - lar ye - di - ler.

## № 286

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 240$

Çe - ki - lip kırk - la - ra var - dım;

Ni - ye gel - din can de - di - ler.

Baş eğ - dim, ni - yaz ey - le - dim,

Geç, o - tur mey - dan, de - di - ler.

## № 287

*Hidrellez song*

$\text{♩} = 104$

Kar - ta - lım, kar - ta - lım,

Ne - re - ler - de ya - ta - lım,

Bir es - ki de kūr - kūr var,

Sa - rı - la - lım, ya - ta - lım.

Gel - di ba - bam, Hü, Hü,  
Re - is ba - bam, Hü, Hü.

## № 288

*Mani*

Bir çö - rek yap - tım yal gi - bi,  
Ge - lin, yi - ye - lim, bal gi - bi.  
Kız - la - ra he - lal ol - sun,  
Ço - cuk - la - ra ha - ram ol - sun.

## № 289

*Nefes*

Ki - ši hal - den an - la - yın - ca,  
Ha - ki - ka - tı din - le-yin - ce,

Ha - ki - ka - tı din - le-yin - ce,  
 Üs - tü - ne yol uğ - ra - yın - ca,  
 Ay-rıl - ma - yı du-ran da gel - sin Hü,  
 Hü, Hü, Hü, Dost.

*rep.*

## № 290

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 80$

Hak - tan di - lek di - le - di - ğim,  
 Hak - tan di - lek di - le - di - ğim,  
 Gö - ğüs - ten gi - ne do - la - dı - ğım,  
 Mev - lam bu ta - şa can ver - sin.

## № 291

*Folksong*

♩ = 80

Ak - taş de - dim, bi - ley - dim,  
 Hak - tan di - lek di - le - di - ğim.  
 Tül - ben - di - me bağ - la - dı - ğım,  
 Mev - lam bu ta - şa can ver - sin.

## № 292

*Folksong*

♩ = 152

An-nem ağ - lar i - çin, i - çin,  
 Ba - bam ağ - lar bil-mem ni - çin.  
 Ağ - la, an - ne, ağ - la, ba - ba,  
 Ci - ğer - le - rim pa - re - len - di  
 Şu be - nim genç ya - şım i - çin.  
 Ve - rem ha - pı yu - ta yu - ta.

## № 293

*Nefes*

♩ = 204

Ben bu aş - ka dü - şe - li,  
Al - lah i - le bu - lu - şa - lı.  
Al ye - şil, a - la, sa - rı,  
Bi - ze der - viş - ler gel - di.

**Array D. Melodies with four or more sections. № 294–516**

*Class 6. Low-moving tunes with B(B)x cadences and higher ones with D(B)x cadences.*

## № 294–312

## № 294

*Nefes*

♩ = 240

Şu kar - şı - ki yay - la ne gü - zel yay - la,  
Bir dem sü - re - me - dim Dost-lar, gi - de - rim böy - le.

№ 295

*Nefes*

♩ = 180

Şu be - nim sev - di - ğim baş - ta o - tu - rur,  
 Bir gü - ze - lin der - di be - ni bi - ti - rir,  
 Bu ay - rı - lık ba - na ö - lüm ge - ti - rir,  
 Geç - ti Dost ker - va - nı, ey - le - me be - ni, ey - le - me be - ni.

№ 296

*Nefes*

♩ = 230

Şu kar - şı - ki yay - la - da göç ka - tar ka - tar,  
 Bir gü - ze - lin der - di bağ - rım - da tü - ter, bağ - rım - da tü - ter.

№ 297

*Nefes*

♩ = 180

4x

Gör - düm şu bi - na - yı kan - dan i - lik - ten,  
 Du - var - la - rı et - ten, ta - şı ke - mik - ten,  
 Sec - de kıl - dım ni - yaz al - dım e - şik - ten,  
 A - dım a - dım kut - lu tek - ke - me gel - dim, tek - ke - me gel - dim.



## № 298

*Nefes*

♩ = 144

Ke-ra - met baş - ta - dir tac - da de - ğil - dir,  
Ha-ra - ret nar - da - dir sac - da de - ğil - dir.  
Her ne a - rar i-sen, ey, Dost, ken-din-de a - ra,  
Ku-düs'-te, Mek - ke' - de, arş - ta de - ğil - dir.

## № 299

*Nefes*

♩ = 184

Sul-tan Sü-ley - man' - a kal - ma-yan dün - ya,  
Şu dün-ya ye - rin - de ı - rı-lır bir gün, Hüy, Hüy, Hüy.  
1.  
*rep.*

## № 300

*Folksong*

♩ = 184

Bir sa - rı yı - lan sar - dı da be - ni,  
On ye - di ye - rim den ya-ra - la - dı be - ni.

№ 301

*Semah*

$\text{♩} = 176$

Ya - ka - dan gi - der i - ken,  
 Zi - kir Al - lah ve - rir - ken,  
 İs - ma - il pey - gam - be - rin  
 Koy - nu gü - der i - ken, Hü, Hü, Hü.

№ 302

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 176$

Ya - ka - dan gi - der i - ken,  
 Zi - kir Al - lah ve - rir - ken,  
 İs - ma - il pey - gam - be - rin  
 Koy - nu gü - der i - ken, Hüy, Hüy, Hüy.

## № 303

*Nefes*

♩ = 112

Dal - dan in - miş - tir ka - rın - ca,  
Do - lu ol - maz - sa ya - rım - ca.  
Hü, Hü, Hü, Hü, Al - lah,  
Hü, sa - ki - le - rin de - mi - ne, Hü.

## № 304

*Nefes*

♩ = 205

Mür - şı - di - miz Mu - ham - med  
Reh - be - ri - miz - dir A - li.  
A - şık o - lan can be - nim  
Mür - şid i - le reh - be - re, reh - be - re.

№ 305

*Nefes*

♩ = 108

Ar - zu - la - dım sa - na gel - dim,  
Hün - kar Ha - cı Bek - taş Ve - lim,  
E - ši - ği - ne yü - züm sür - düm,  
Hün - kar Ha - cı Bek - taş Ve - li.

№ 306

*Nefes*

♩ = 152

Mih - man ol - duk ce - mi - ni - ze,  
Hü di - ye - lim de - mi - ni - ze.  
Hay - ran kal - dık yo - lu - nu - za,  
Bu mey - dan - da, bu di - van - da.

## № 307

*Nefes*

♩ = 342

Mih - man ol - duk ce - mi - ni - ze,  
 Hü di - ye - lim de - mi - ni - ze, Hü,  
 Hay - ran kal - dık yo - lu - nu - za,  
 Bu mey - dan - da, bu di - van - da, Hü.

## № 308

*Nefes*

♩ = 116

Mih - man ol - duk ce - mi - ni - ze,  
 Hü di - ye - lim de - mi - ni - ze.  
 Hay - ran kal - dık yo - lu - nu - za,  
 Bu mey - dan - da, bu di - van - da.

№ 309

*Nefes*

♩ = 144

Kırk-lar - e - li i - li - ne aç-tık bir o - cak,  
Me-det mür-vet, Şah' - ım vi-la-yet Mür-ta - za.

1.  
rep.

№ 310

*Nefes*

♩ = 172

Ka-rar-mış gö - nül-le - rin pa-sı si - lin - di,  
Pak o - lur ha - ne - miz mih-man ge-lin - ce.

№ 311

*Nefes*

♩ = 176

Şu dün-ya der - din - den bı-k-tım u-san - dım,  
Çek-ti-ğim ce - fa - yı hep se - fa san - dım.

## № 312

*Folksong*

♩ = 108

A - ya - ğım - da - ki ter - lik, u - lan, sa - na yan - dm,  
 1) Min - der - lik - tir, 2) min - der - lik, 1. Bi - lal' - im, 2. bil A - lim.  
 1. rep. 2. rep.

## Class 7. Low and higher moving melodies with C(C)x cadences. № 313–361

## № 313

*Nefes*

♩ = 192

Yi - ne yaz ay - la - rı da gel - di,  
 Has - re - tin bağ - rı - mı del - di.

## № 314

*Nefes*

♩ = 200

Dört ki - ta - bın sır - rı, es - ra - rı sen - sin,  
 Tan - rı - nın ars - la - nı A - li'm gel, ye - tiş.

№ 315

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 192$

Kar-şı - da gö - rü - nen ne gü - zel yay - la,  
Bir dem sü - re - me - dim Dost - lar, gi - de - rim böy - le.

№ 316

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 220$

A - man, a - man, kur - de - lem, yo - rul - dum,  
Dal - ga - lı saç - la - rı - na vu - rul - dum.

№ 317

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 220$

Ver ya - rim men - di - li - ni, ben dü - re - yim,  
Yol - la ya - rim bir dü - ğüm, sa - na dö - ne - yim.

№ 318

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 252$

zurna



## № 319

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 184$

E - ze - li e - zel - den ö - te - den be - ri,  
Sev - dik - çe se - ve - sim ge - lir Pi - ri - mi.

## № 320

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 192$

Bül - bü - lün ha - li bir ma - na al - dı,  
Gö - nül e - vi - ni fi - ga - na sal - dı.

## № 321


*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 96$


Ben bu mec - lis - ler - den ib - a - ret - ler al - dım, Al - lah,  
U - yu - dum, u - yan - dım, ben ha - yal gör - düm.

## № 322


*Parlando* ♩=66 *Mersiye*

1) 


A-kıl pa - di-şah - tır, gö-nül ve-zir - dir, gö-nül ve-zirdi,



Bu can ten-den eğ - ken ge-mim ha - zır-dir,



ge-mim ha - zır - dir, Hü.


1. 

*rep.*


## № 323

*Kırklar semahı*


♩=138



A - dım a - dım Hak yo - lu - na va-ray - dım,

1) 

Gü-ver - cin-lik der - ler şa - ra var-dım mı, Hü, var-dım mı?


1. 

*rep.*


## № 324

*Folksong*

♩=112



Bu - gün çağ - rıl - ma - dık, biz - de - dir, biz - de,



Ka - pat çe - ne - ni, biz - de-dir, biz - de.

## № 325

Folksong

♩ = 132

Ka - le - den ka - le - ye şa - hin u - çur - dum,  
 Ah i - len, vah i - len ö - mür ge - çir - dim.

## № 326

Folksong

♩ = 108

Ar - zu'-mun e - vi-nin ar - dı bok - luk-tur, bok - luk,  
 Ar - zu'-ma ge - li - yor bok-luk ta sık - lık.

## № 327

Folksong

♩ = 126

İs - tan - bul, İs - tan - bul, vi-ran ka - le - si,  
 1) Ta - şı-nı top - ra - ğı - nı sel-ler a - la - sın.

1.  
 rep.

## № 328

Folksong

♩=88

Sal - lan, ka-vak, sal - lan, da - lın ku - ru - sun,  
Ye - re dü-şen yap - ra - ğın yer - de çü - rü - sün.

## № 329

Folksong

♩=124

E - niş-tem, e - niş - tem ab - lam mı san - dın,  
Al - tı ay - lık ge - lin-den ne tez u - san - dın, san - dın.

1.  
rep.

## № 330

Folksong

♩=176

Yük-sek yük-sek te - pe - le - re ev kur - ma - sın - lar,  
Ve - la taş - lı yer - le - re kız ver - me - sün - ler.

## № 331

Folksong

$\text{♩} = 184$

Har - man ö - te - sin - den at - la - ya - ma - dım,

Har - fa - fe - rin ö - nün - den da - ya - na - ma - dım.

## № 332

Nefes

*Giusto*  $\text{♩} = 108$

Arz ey - le - yip yo - la gir - sem, Hü,  
O mü - ba - rek yü - zün gör - sem, Hü,

E-şi-ği-ne yü - züm sür - sem De - mir Ba - bam,

Hü, Hü, Hü, Hü, giz - li Sul - ta - nım, Hü.

## № 333

Nefes

$\text{♩} = 108$

Mu - hab - bet ka - pı - sı - nı a - ça - yım der - sen,

A - çan da aç - tı - ran A - li' - dir, A - li.

## № 334

*Nefes*

♩=80

Mu - hab - bet ka - pı - sı - nı a - ça - yım der - sen, a - ça - yım der - sen,

A - çan da aç - tı - ran A - li' - dir, A - li,  
A - çan da aç - tı - ran Şah - ım - dır, A - lim.

## № 335

*Düvazdeh nefesi*

♩=96

Mu - hab - bet a - çıl - sın, ce - mal gö - rün - sün,

Mu - ham - med, Mus - ta - fa gü - lü aş - kı - na.

## № 336

*Folksong*

♩=156

An - ne, an - ne, ben ba - ba - mı

Ta ca - nım - dan öz - le - dim.

Göz - le - rim - den a - kan ya - şı

El vu - rup ta sil - me - dim.

№ 337

*Nefes*

♩ = 168

Kim ne bi - lir bi - zi biz ne soy - da - nız,  
Ne bir zer - re ot ne ot su - da - nız.

№ 338

*Nefes*

♩ = 112

Ar-zu e-der-di-niz, hey, Dost bir yol gör-me-ye,  
Bu-gün bi-ze hoş gel - di - niz e - ren - ler.

№ 339

*Nefes*

♩ = 144

Ar-zu e-der - di - niz, hey, Dost, bir yol gör-me-ye,  
Bu-gün bi-ze hoş gel - di - niz e - ren - ler.

№ 340

*Nefes*

♩ = 160

Kar - şı - da gö - rü - nen ne gü - zel yay - la,  
Bir dem sü - re - me - dim Dost - lar, gi - de - rim böy - le.

## № 341

♩ = 132

Semah

1) 2)

Sey-yah o - lup şu a - - le-mi ge-ze - lim,  
Bir Dost bu - la - ma-dım da, Hü, gün ak - şam ol - du.

1. 2.  
rep. rep.

## № 342

♩ = 150

Nefes

Bir bö - lük tur - na - ya sö-kün de-di - ler,  
Yü-rek - te - ki der - di, Dost-lar, dö-kün de-di - ler.

## № 343

♩ = 120

Nefes

Ha-ci Bak - taş Ve - li bi - zi dü - şür - me,  
Ha-ci Bak-taş Ve - li bi - zi dü - şür - me,  
Gü-zel ce - ma - li - nin hay-ra - nı ol - dum, Hü,  
Gü-zel ce - ma - li - nin hay-ra - nı ol - dum, Hü.



## № 344

♩ = 160 Semah

Der-dim çok-tur han-gi - si - ne ya-na - yım, yım,  
 Ge - ne ta - ze - len - di yü - rek yâ - re - si, yâ - re - si,  
 Ge - ne ta - ze - len - di yü - rek yâ - re - si.  
 1.  
 rep.

## № 345

♩ = 92 Nefes

Sev-dim se-ni mah-bu-bu-ma, ca - nan di-ye sev-dim,  
 Bir ben de-ğil a - lem sa-na hay - ran di-ye sev-dim, di-ye sev-dim.

## № 346

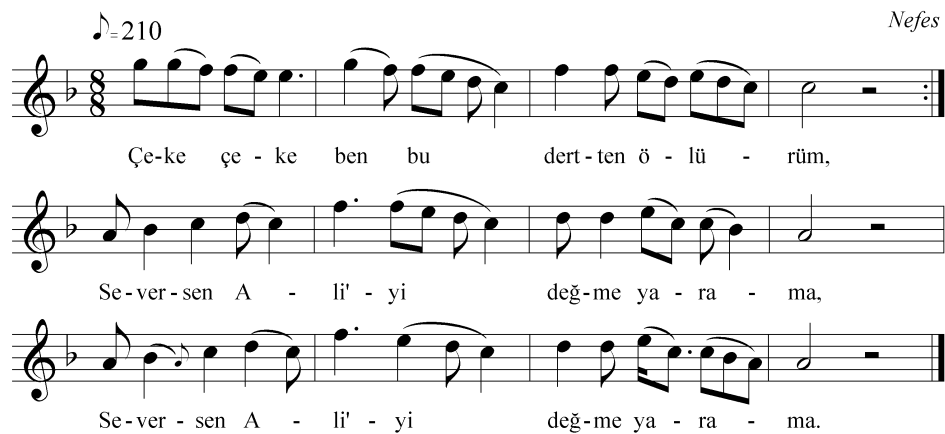
♩ = 144 Semah

Gel ge-ne, bu-gün dost e - li - ne gi - de-lim, gi - de - lim,  
 Ar - şa di-rek di-rek za - rım Gül Ba-ba, Gül Ba - ba.

## № 347

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 210$

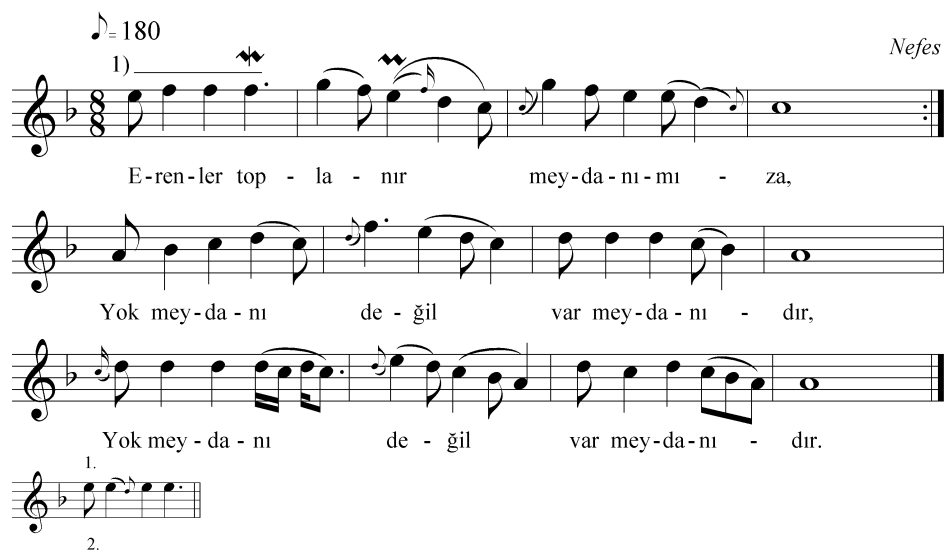


Çe-ke çe - ke ben bu dert - ten ö - lü - rüm,  
Se-ver - sen A - li' - yi değ-me ya - ra - ma,  
Se-ver - sen A - li' - yi değ-me ya - ra - ma.

## № 348

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 180$



E-ren-ler top - la - nır mey-da - nı - mı - za,  
Yok mey - da - nı de - ğil var mey - da - nı - dır,  
Yok mey - da - nı de - ğil var mey - da - nı - dır.

1.  
2.

## № 349

*Nefes*

♩ = 168

Der - ya - da bö - lü - nen sel - le - re dön - düm,  
 Va - kit - siz a - çıl - mış gül - le - re dön - düm, Hü.

## № 350

*Nefes*

♩ = 184

Er - kan - iy - le zin - de - yim,  
 Za - hit - le - re ben - de - yim.  
 Boy - nu bağ - lı ben - de - yim,  
 Ben de bir e - rin oğ - lu - yum,  
 Yol eh - li - nin ku - lu - yum.  
 Hay - de - ri - yem, Hay - de - ri.

## № 351

*Nefes*

♩ = 120

Er - ka - nın - da zin - de - yim,

Za - hit - le - re han - de - yim,  
Boy - nu bağ - lı ben - de - yim,

Hay - de - ri' - yem, Hay - de - ri,  
Hay - de - ri' - yem, Hay - de - ri.

## № 352

*Wedding song*

♩ = 126

Ya - kın yen - ge - le - rim, ya - kın, kı - na - mı ya - kın,

Ya - rın a - lay boş dö - ne - cek, cüm - bü - şe ba - kın, ba - kın.

## № 353

*Dirge*

♩ = 80

U - yan, u - yan e - re - ce - ğim se - nin o - la - yım,

Ar - da - lar al - dı, ya ner - de bu - la - yım, la - yım.

1.

rep.

## № 354

Folksong

$\text{♩} = 70$

Ah, an-ne-ci-ğim, vah, an-ne - ci-ğim, yak-tın ya be - ni,

3x

So - ğuk so - ğuk su - la - ra at - tın ya be - ni,  
 Bu genç ya - şım - da yak-tın ya be - ni,  
 So - ğuk - so - ğuk su - la - ra at - tın ya be - ni,

Bu genç ya - şım-da yak-tın ya be - ni.

## № 355

Folksong

$\text{♩} = 176$

1) \_\_\_\_\_

Ot - man Ba - ba der - ga - hı - nı so - rar - san,

Der-ga - hı cen - net - tir Ot-man Ba-ba - nın Hü, Hü.  
 Mey-da - nı gü - zel - dir ka - ni sul - ta - nın

1.  
rep.

## № 356

Kırklar semahı

$\text{♩} = 164$

Sey-yah ol-dum şu a - lem-de ge-zer - ken, Hü, ken,

1) \_\_\_\_\_

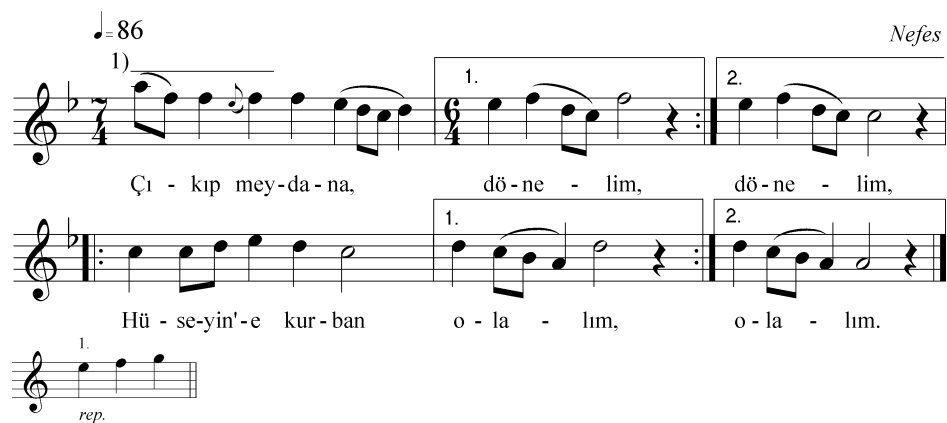
Şü-kür ol-sun Hak'-a, ih-sa - nı bul - dum, Hü, Hü.

1. 2.  
1. 2.

1.  
rep.

## № 357

♩=86 Nefes



1) 1. 2.

Çı - kıp mey-da-na, dö-ne - lim, dö-ne - lim,


1. 2.

Hü - se-yin'-e kur-ban o - la - lım, o - la - lım.

1. rep.

## № 358

♩=92 Nefes



Çı - kıp mey - da - na dö - ne - - lim,

Çı - kıp mey - da - na dö - ne - lim,

Hü - se - yin' - e kur - ban o - la - - - lım,

Hü - se - yin' - e kur - ban o - la - - - lım.

## № 359

*Hidrellez song*

♩ = 124

O te - pe - den bu te - pe - ye ke - çi ge - çer mi?  
Ak - ılı ba - şın - da o - lan iç - ki i - çer mi, mi?

## № 360

*Folksong*

♩ = 72

Zurnas and drums

1. rep. 2. rep.

## № 361

*Folksong*

♩ = 80

On - be - şin - de gi - di - yor kı - zın göz - ya - şı,  
As - lan ya - rim kız se - nin a - dın He - di - ye.

## Class 8. "Psalmodic" and descending tunes with E/D(C)C/A cadences. № 362-413

## № 362

Nefes

$\text{♩} = 120$

Pir Sul-tan'-ım, şu dün - ya - ya

1) Do - lu gel - dim, do - lu be - nim.

2) Do - lu gel - dim, do - lu be - nim.

Bil - me - yen - ler bil - sin be - ni,

Men A - li' - yim, A - li be - nim,

Men A - li' - yim, A - li be - nim.

1. rep. 2. rep.

## № 363

Folksong

$\text{♩} = 126$

Yav-ru-nun der - di-ne bu-lun - maz der - man, a-man, a-nam,

Gez-me cey - lan bu dağ - lar - da se-ni av - lar - lar,

A-na-dan, ba - ba-dan, yar - den ay - rı ko-yar - lar.



## № 364

Folksong

♩ = 126

E - ğer çe - ke - mez - sen aş - kın sa - zı - nı, Al - lah,  
 Ne di - ke - ne do - kun ne gü - lü in - cit, Al - lah,  
 ne gü - lü in - cit.

## № 365

Folksong

♩ = 112

Kı - na - yı tuz - suz ka - ran - lar,  
 A - ra - yı kız - sız ko - yan - lar.  
 Ka - rın da in - ge - ne kı - na - yı,  
 Se - vin - di - rin ca - dı kayn - a - na - mı.  
 Ak ba - kır - la - rım su - suz kal - dı,  
 Kı - zın a - na - sı kız - sız kal - dı.

Ka - rın da in - ge - ne kı - na - mı,  
 Se - vin - di - rin düş - man kayn - a - na - mı.

1. rep. 2. rep.

## № 366

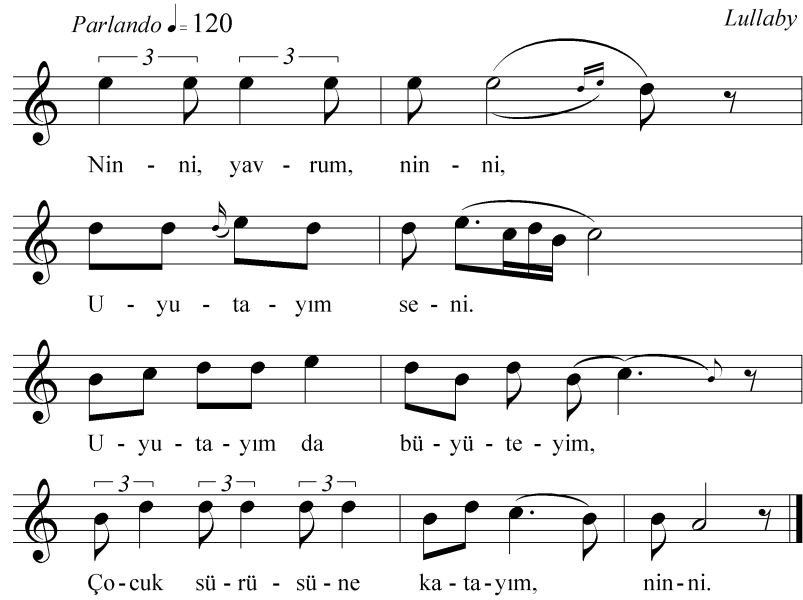
## Lullaby

♩ = 120

E - vin ö - nü - ne  
 as - ma - ya kur - dum sa - lın - cak,  
 E - li - ne de ver - - - dim  
 hem şe - ke - ri - yen o - yun - cak.

## № 367

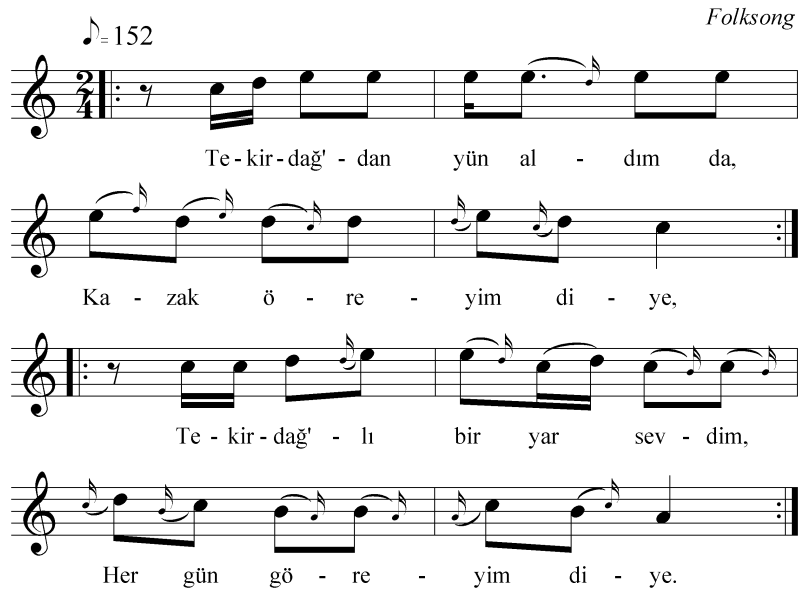
*Parlando* ♩ = 120 *Lullaby*



Nin - ni, yav - rum, nin - ni,  
 U - yu - ta - yım se - ni.  
 U - yu - ta - yım da bü - yü - te - yim,  
 Ço - cuk sü - rü - sü - ne ka - ta - yım, nin - ni.

## № 368

♩ = 152 *Folksong*



Te - kir - dağ' - dan yün al - dım da,  
 Ka - zak ö - re - yim di - ye,  
 Te - kir - dağ' - lı bir yar sev - dim,  
 Her gün gö - re - yim di - ye.

*Refrain*

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh ol - sun da,  
 Es - ki ya - rim yok ol - sun.  
 Ye - ni - ler - den bir yar sev - dim,  
 O - nun öm - rü bol ol - sun.

## № 369

*Wedding song*

♩ = 138  
 Aşk ol - sun şu ge - li - ne,  
 Gi - di - yor sev - gi - li - ne, di - loy - loy.  
 Hal - den bil - mez, ne fay - da,  
 Söz an - la - maz, ne ça - re?

## № 370

Folksong

♩ = 184

Bir su iç - tim su baş - tan,  
 Po - ti - nim kay - dı taş - tan.  
 Po - ti - ni - mi a - rar - ken, ha - nim kız,  
 A - kıl kal - ma - dı baş - - - tan.

## № 371

Folksong

♩ = 138

1)

Be-nim de bir ya - rım var,  
 oy, oy, oy, oy.  
 Bül-bül gi - bi za - rım var,  
 2)  
 Es - me - rim, am - man.  
 1. rep. 2. rep.

## № 372

## Folksong

♩ = 108

Dı - şar - da de - li dal - ga - lar,  
 Ge - lir du - var - la - rı ya - lar.  
 Be - ni bu ses - ler o - ya - lar,  
 Al - dır - ma, gö - nül, al - dır - ma,  
 Al - dır - ma, gö - nül, al - dır - ma,  
 gö - nül, al - dır - ma.

## № 373

## Alevi deyiş

♩ = 138

Ah, Mu - ham - med A - li Dost, Dost,  
 Cev - ru - ma si - ze gel - di.  
 A - li cey - ni - mam su - na - sı,

Ne - si - me bi - ze gel - di, ze gel - di.

*Refrain*

Al - lah, Al - lah, eyv - al - lah,

La i - la - he ill - al - lah.

№ 374

*Dirge*

$\text{♩} = 148$

Şe - ra - fet' - in kar - de - şi

mal - la - ra i - yi bak!

1) Ka - sa - ba - ya gi - der - ken,

dön, me - za - rı - ma bak.

1.  
*rep.*

## № 375

*Dirge*  
1)

♩ = 112

Köy ko - ru - su ar - di - - - na

si - la m'o - kur - dum,

Ben ba - bam - dan kor - ku - ma

ca - nı - mı vur - dum.

1.  
rep.

## № 376

*Nefes*

♩ = 200

Tut e - lim - den düş - me - ye - yim,

Doğ - ru yol - dan şaş - ma - ya - yım, Hü.

Ben der - di - mi deş - me - ye - yim,

Şah' - a böy - le bil - dir be - ni, Hü.



## № 377

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 184$

Tut e - lim - den düş - me - ye - yim,  
Doğ - ru yol - dan şaş - ma - ya - yım, Hü.  
Ben der - di - mi deş - me - ye - yim  
Şah' - a böy - le bil - dir be - ni, Hü.

## № 378

*Düvazdeh nefesi*

$\text{♩} = 76$

1)

Ha - san, Hü - se - yin' - in de - mi sü - rül - sün, Hü,  
Ha - ti - ce, Fa - ti - ma gü - lü aş - kı - na,  
Şah - ım aş - kı - na.

1.  
*rep.*

## № 379

*Folksong*

♩ = 268

Al Fa - di - mem, bal Fa - di - mem,  
Ya - nak - la - rı gül Fa - di - mem.  
U - yan u - yan, sa - bah ol - du,  
Gül yü - zü - nü yun Fa - di - mem.

## № 380

*Nefes*

♩ = 208

1) —

Yü - rü, bi - re ey, ya - lan dün - ya,  
Ya - lan dün - ya de - ğil mi - sen.  
Ha - san' - la Hü - - - se - yi - ni de,  
A - lan dün - ya de - ğil mi - sen.  
1.  
*rep.*

## № 381

*Nefes*

*♩ = 100*

A - lem yü - zü - ne sal - dı zi - ya  
A - li, Mu - ham - med,  
Sey - fin şak e - dip gel - di yi - ne  
1. A - li, Mu - ham - med, 2. A - li, Mu - ham - med.

## № 382

*Folksong*

*Rubato* *♩ = 168*

Taş - la - lar ö - nün - de, ey,  
u - zan - dım, yat - tım,  
Duy - dum bin - ba - şı ge - li - yor,  
ni - za - ma kalk - tım,  
Duy - dum bin - ba - şı ge - li - yor,  
ni - za - ma kalk - tım.

## № 383

*Folksong*

♩ = 168

İş - te der - dim baş - lar be - nim,  
Göz - le - rim de yaş - lar be - nim.

İ - yi gün - de dost o - lan - lar

Kö - tü gün - de taş - lar be - ni,

Kö - tü gün - de taş - lar be - ni.

## № 384

*Ramazan folksong*

♩ = 188

Ne u - yur - sun, ne u - yur - sun,

Bu uy - kuy - la ne bu - lur - sun.

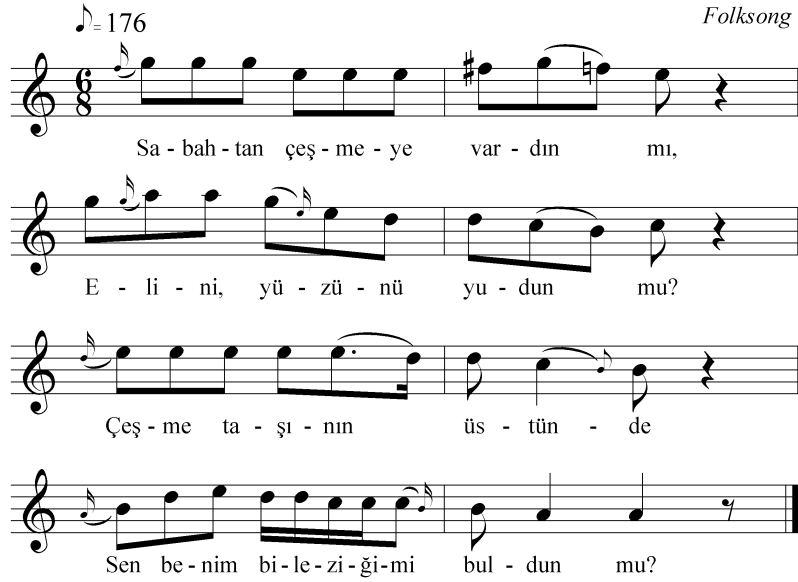
Al ab - des - ti - ni, kıl na - ma - zı - nı,

Cen - net a - la - - - - yı bu - lur - sun.

## № 385

*Folksong*

♩ = 176

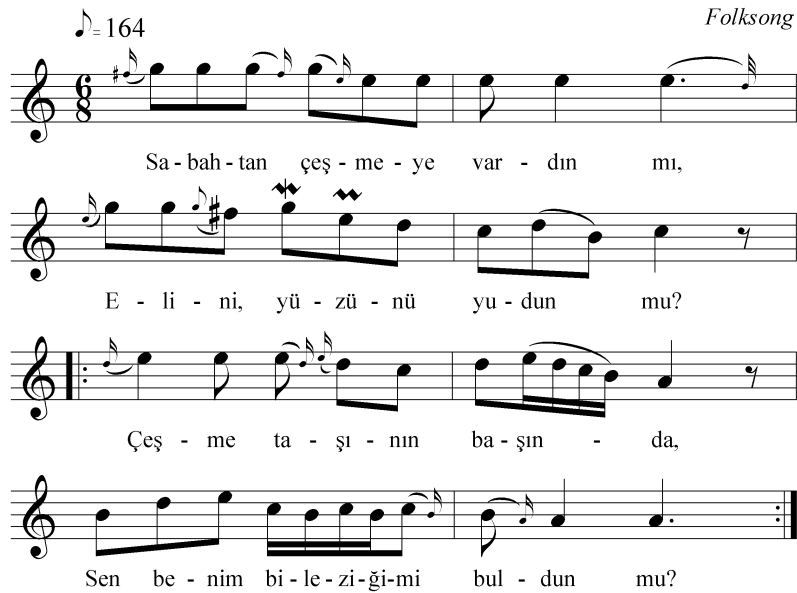


Sa - bah - tan çeş - me - ye var - dın mı,  
E - li - ni, yü - zü - nü yu - dun mu?  
Çeş - me ta - şı - nın üs - tün - de  
Sen be - nim bi - le - zi - ği - mi bul - dun mu?

## № 386

*Folksong*

♩ = 164



Sa - bah - tan çeş - me - ye var - dın mı,  
E - li - ni, yü - zü - nü yu - dun mu?  
Çeş - me ta - şı - nın ba - şın - da,  
Sen be - nim bi - le - zi - ği - mi bul - dun mu?

## № 387

*Nefes*

♩ = 208

Ku - zu - lar, ku - zu - lar, Hü,  
naz - lı ku - zu - lar, Hü.  
Gö - nül aşk e - din - ce, Hü, Hü, Hü,  
kal - bım sı - zı - lar, Hü, Hü.

## № 388

*Nefes*

♩ = 226

Sor - dum sa - rı çığ - de - me, çığ - de - me,  
Se - nin ben - zin ne sa - rı,  
Se - nin ben - zin ne sa - rı.  
Ne so - rar - san hey, der - viş, Hu, der - viş,  
İlk o - kup - ta dön be - ru.  
İlk o - kup - ta dön be - ru.

## № 389

♩ = 120 *Folksong*

Köp - rü - den geç - ti ge - lin,  
 Köp-rü - den geç - ti ge-lin, di - loy - loy,  
 Saç ba - gı düş - tü ge - lin,  
 Hal - dan bil - mez ne fay - da,  
 Söz an - la - maz ne ça - re.

## № 390

♩ = 215 *Nefes*

Ba-şı - na giy - miş al-tın taç gi - bi,  
 En-se - si - ne dö - kül - müş si-yah saç gi - bi.

№ 391

*Folksong*

♩ = 88

E - kin ek - tim çöl - le - re de,  
 Yol - dır - ma - dım el - le - re,  
 Kü - çük yaş - ta bir yar sev - dım,  
 Ver - men o - nu el - le - re.

*Refrain*

Çıt, çıt, çıt, çıt, çe de - ne - ne,  
 Sar be - de - ni be - de - ne.  
 Dün - ya do - lu yar ol - sa da,  
 A - la - ca - ğım bir ta - ne.



## № 392

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 132$

Na - zar ol - dum sul - ta - na

Ka - vuş - tum ih - sa - nı - na,

Mu - rat - la - dım in - sa - na,

O - cak aç - tım e - ren - ler, e - ren - ler.

## № 393

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 132$

E - ren - le - rin ce - mi - ne

Se - fa gel - dik, hoş bul - duk.

Kırk - la - rın sür - düğü de - me

Se - fa gel - dik, hoş bul - duk,

Kırk - la - rın sür - düğü de - me

Se - fa gel - dik, hoş bul - duk.

## № 394

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 184$

E - ren - le - rin ce - mi - ne

Se - fa gel - dik, hoş bul - duk,

1) — 2)

Kırk - la - rın sür - dü - ğü de - me

Se - fa gel - dik hoş bul - duk, hoş bul - duk.

1. 2.

*rep. rep.*

## № 395

*Nefes*

*Rubato*  $\text{♩} = 80$

Hü, Dost, Hü, Dost!

Oy - na - yan a - lem - de her dem

Sırr - ı süb - han - - - dir A - li,

Şah - ı Mer - dan, sırr - ı Yez - dan,

Kutb - ü dev - ran - - - dir A - li,

Hüy, Hüy, Hüy, Dost.

## № 396

*Nefes*

♩ = 120

La - net ol - sun Ye - zid - le - rin ca - nı - na,  
Kıy - dı Ye - zit i - mam - la - rın sa - zı - na.

## № 397

*Nefes*

♩ = 152

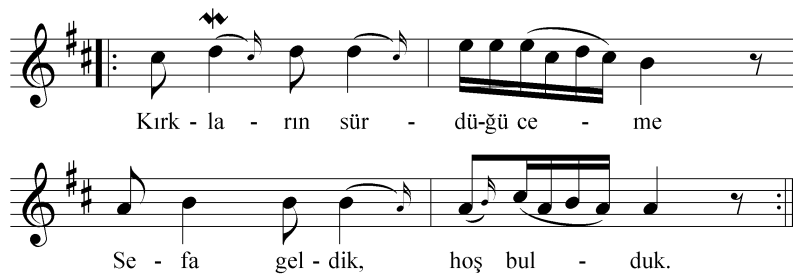
E - ren - le - rin ce - mi - ne  
Se - fa gel - dik, hoş bul - duk, hoş bul - duk,  
Kırk - la - rın sür - dü - ğü ce - me  
Se - fa gel - dik, hoş bul - duk.

## № 398

*Nefes*

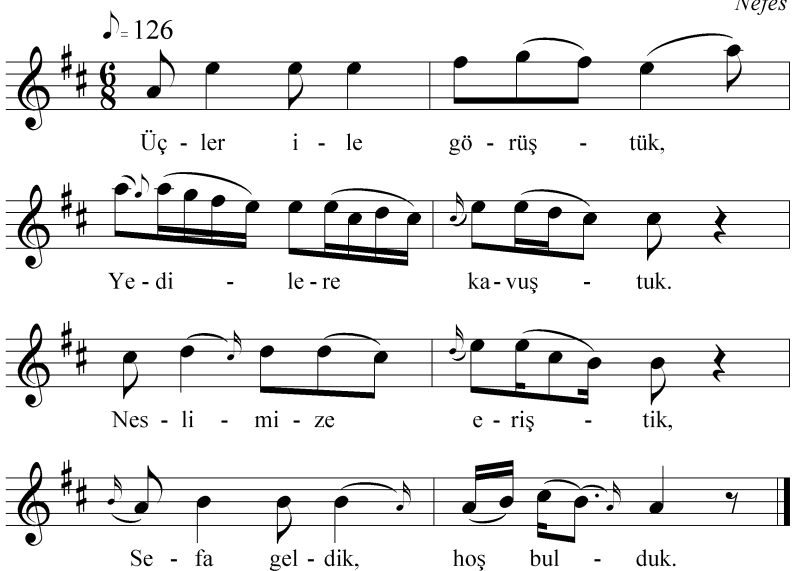
♩ = 112

E - ren - le - rin ce - mi - ne  
Se - fa gel - dik hoş bul - duk,



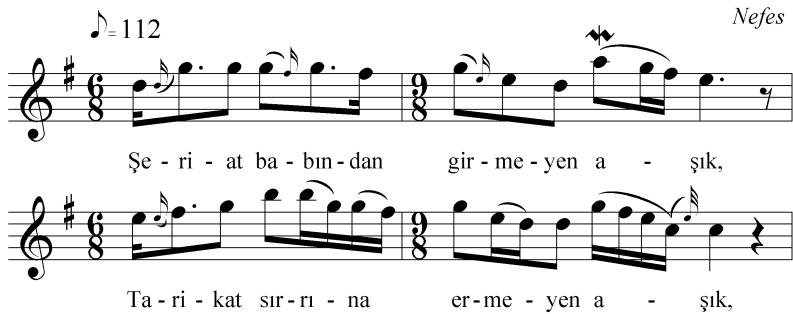
Kırk - la - rın sür - dü-ğü ce - me  
Se - fa gel - dik, hoş bul - duk.

№ 399

*Nefes*


♩ = 126  
Üç - ler i - le gö - rüş - tük,  
Ye - di - le - re ka - vuş - tuk,  
Nes - li - mi - ze e - riş - tik,  
Se - fa gel - dik, hoş bul - duk.

№ 400

*Nefes*


♩ = 112  
Şe - ri - at ba - bın - dan gir - me - yen a - şık,  
Ta - ri - kat sır - rı - na er - me - yen a - şık,

Ma-ri - fet ba - bın-dan geç-me - yen a - şık,  
Ha-ki - kat - ta ka - mil sa - yıl-maz as - la, Hü.

## № 401

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 192$

Dün sa - bah çeş - me - ye var - dım - dı,  
E - li - mi yü - zü - me çal - dım - dı.  
Taş üs - tün - de bi - le - zi - ği - ni gör - düm - dü,  
Val - la - hi al - ma - dım Ar - zu.

## № 402

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 148$

zurna

Seven staves of musical notation in G major. The first three staves are in 4/4 time, and the last four are in 2/4 time. The notation includes various rhythmic values such as quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, along with rests and bar lines.

№ 403

Folksong

♩ = 144

İn - ö - nü dağ - la - rın - da o - tur - dum kal - dım,  
 Şe - hit o - lan - la - rı def - te - re yaz - dım.  
 Ba - ba - sız ye - tim - le - ri bağ - rı - ma bas - tım,

Ya - şa Mus - ta - fa Ke - mal pa - şa, ya - şa.  
İ s - min ya - zı - la - cak mü - ne - ver ta - şa.

## № 404

*Parlando* ♩ = 150*Alevi deyiş*

Ben yi - ne der - viş bu der - de dü - şür - düm,  
Bir Al - lah, bir Mu - ham - med, bir A - li, bir A - li' - dir.  
Ben ö - zü - mü tel çev - re - sin - de pi - şir - dim, pi - şir - dim, pi - şir - dim.  
Bir Al - lah, bir Mu - ham - med, bir A - li.

## № 405

♩ = 116

*Folksong*

İ - nö - nü dağ - la - rın - da çi - çek - ler a - çar,  
Al - tı gü - müş vur - du sır - ma - lı sa - ça,  
Ya - şa Mus - ta - fa Ke - mal pa - şa, ya - şa.  
Al - tı gü - müş vur - du sır - ma - lı sa - ça.  
İ s - min ya - zı - la - cak mü - ne - ver ta - şa.

## № 406

*Hidrellez*

♩ = 116

K1-zım se - ni A - li' - ye ve - re - yim mi?  
İ s - te - mem ba - ba - cı - ğım, is - te - mem,  
O-nun a - dı A - lı, sü - la - le - si de - li,  
İ s - te - mem ba - ba - cı - ğım, is - te - mem.

## № 407

*Folksong*

♩ = 126

Ço - ba - nın ka - rı - sı pa - zı ya - za - maz,  
Ço - ba - nın ka - rı - sı pa - zı ya - za - maz,  
Ço-ban gi - bi pe - ze - venk ka - rı ba - ka - maz, ka - rı ba - ka - maz,  
Ne gü - zel oğ - lan, ya - şa be ço - ban.  
Ço - ban gi - bi pe - ze - mek ka - rı ba - ka - maz,  
Ne gü - zel oğ - lan, ya - şa be ço - ban!



№ 408

*Nefes*

Kı-la - rız na-maz, kıl - ma - yız de - ğil,



Biz Hakk'in em - ri - ni bil - me - yız de - ğil.

*Melody*

Kur-an ki - ta - bı - mız İ-s-lam di - ni - miz,



Ha-di-sen a - ye - ten al-ma - yız de - ğil.



Bil-dik ru - mu - zu - nu sen mi se - la - tin,



İs-te-yip i - zi - ni bul - ma - yız de - ğil,



İs-te-yip i - zi - ni bul - ma - yız de - ğil.

## № 409

♩ = 214 Nefes

1) 2)

Der-man a-rar i - ken der - de düş ol - dum,  
 Ağ-la-ma göz - le - rim, Mev - lam ke - rim - dir,  
 Ağ-la-ma göz - le - rim, Mev - lam ke - rim - dir.

1. 2.  
 rep. rep.

## № 410

♩ = 152 Nefes

1)

Gur-bet el-de bir hal gel - di ba - şı - ma,  
 Ağ-la-ma göz - le - rim Mev - lam ke - rim - dir,  
 Ağ-la-ma göz - le - rim Mev - lam ke - rim - dir.

1. 2.

## № 411

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 192$

Gur-bet el - de bir hal gel - di ba - şı - ma,  
Ağ - la - ma göz - le - rim, Mev - lam ke - rim - dir,  
Ağ - la - ma göz - le - rim, Mev - lam ke - rim - dir.

## № 412

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 144$

Şu ya - lan dün - ya - ya gel - dim, gi - de - rim,  
Gö - nül sen - den öz - ge yar bu - la - ma - dım,  
Gö - nül sen - den öz - ge yar bu - la - ma - dım.

## № 413

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 200$

Bey - le - ri - miz el - van gü - lün üs - tü - ne,  
Er - ler ge - lir Pir' - im Ab - dal Mu - sa' - ya.

♩ = 200 Nefes

1) \_\_\_\_\_

Bey - le - ri - miz el - van gü - lün üs - tü - ne,  
Er - ler ge - lir Pir' - im Ab - dal Mu - sa' - ya.

## Class 9. "Çanakkale" melodies. № 414-476

## № 414

♩ = 200 Nefes

Şeh-ri-ban yas tu - tar, o-nun ya-nın - da,  
İ - ki-si-ni tu - ta - nm ö-nün-de gi - der, Hü.

## № 415

♩ = 88 Nefes

1) \_\_\_\_\_

Ma-tem ay - la - rın - da şe-hit gi-den - ler,  
Ha - ti - ce, Fa - ti - me, Şeh - ri-ban an - da, Hü.

1.  
2.

## № 416

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 220$

E - ğil-dim e - ši - ği - ne ni - yaz ey - le - dim,  
Yü - züm ta - ba - nı - na sür-me-ye gel - dim,  
sür-me-ye gel - dim.

## № 417

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 210$

Pi-rim A-li de-ğil mi dil-de söy-le - nen,  
Kis-be - ti - ni ka - yı - r - maz-dan u - ru - nan.

## № 418

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 200$

Ceb-ra-il' - e nur i - çin-de gö-rü - nen,  
Hün-kar Ha - cı Bek - taş Ve-li de - ğil mi?

## № 419

Folksong

♩=208

A - man, Sür - man A - ğa, ar - pa - lar ol - du mu,  
Be - ni ve - ri - yor - lar ha - be - rin ol - du mu?

## № 420

Nefes

♩=240

1)  
Fe - lek bir ok at - tu, bük - tü be - li - mi,  
A - kar göz - le - ri - min kan i - le, ne - mi, Hü,  
A - kar göz - le - ri - min kan i - le ya - şı, Hü.  
1.  
rep.

## № 421

Nefes

♩=210

Dün - ya - da üç nes - ne bük - tü be - li - mi,  
Bir yok - suz - luk, bir ay - rı - lık, ah, ö - lüm.

## № 422

*Nefes (Nevruziye)*

$\text{♩} = 270$

Yi-ne koç bur - cun - dan ver-di i - şa - ret,

Gö-nül - ler sul - ta - nı Sul-tan - ı Nev - ruz.

Gö-nül - ler sul - ta - nı Sul-tan - ı Nev - ruz.

## № 423

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 200$

Be-şin tu - ta - na ke-mal so - rul - maz,

Al - tı-sın' tu - ta - na az-ap buy-rul - maz, Hü.

## № 424

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 266$

De-de-si Hü - seyn' - i ver-di ho-ca - ya,

Ah, se-nin dert - le - rin, i-mam Hü-se - yin, Hü,

## № 425

*Folksong*

♩ = 224

Sür-man A-ğa'nın ko-yun - la-rı-nı, Gel gi-de-lim, gi-de-lim,  
Kü - çü-cük-sün Sür-man A - ğa, Sö - zü - ne di - re-ne-mem.

## № 426

*Folksong*

♩ = 260

Ba-ğa gir-dim, bağ bu-dan - miş, Bağ bül-bül da-dan - miş,  
On-beş ya-şın-da da Na-zi-fe de ha-nı-mım, Kim-le-re al-dan - miş, miş?

## № 427

*Hidrellez song*

♩ = 144

İn de - re - ye gö - re - yim, ca - nım, E - li - ne gül ve - re - yim.  
Dal - ga - cı - sın sev - di - ğim, ca - nım, Na - sıl gö - nül ve - re - yim.



## № 428

*Folksong*

♩ = 180

Ka-ran - fil o - la - cak - sım, ca - nım, Sa - ra - rıp so - la - cak - sım.  
Ağ - lat - ma be ya - rim, ca - nım, Sen be - nim o - la - cak - sım.

## № 429

*Hidrellez song*

♩ = 165

Gi - din, bu - lut - lar, gi - din, ca - nım, Ya - ri - me se - lam e - din.  
Ya - rim uy - ku - da i - se, ca - nım, Uy - ku - su - nu terk e - din.

## № 430

*Folksong*

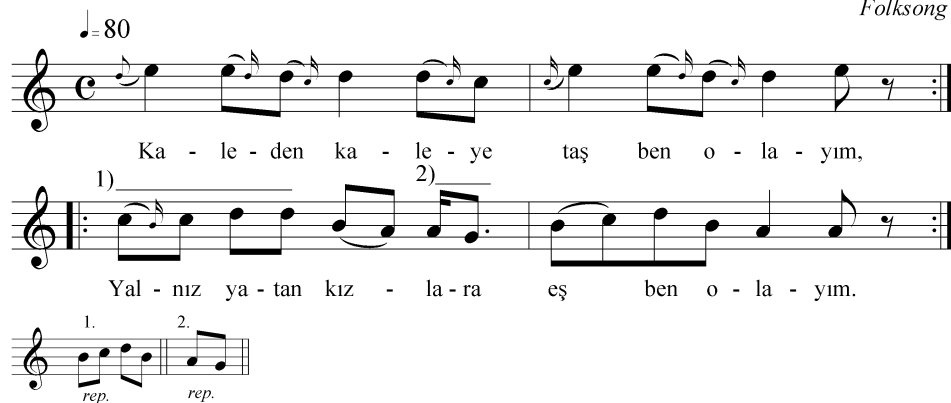
♩ = 192

İ - ne - ği sağ - dım, sü - tü - nü al - dım,  
Hiç el vur - ma - dan, ge - lın ha - nım, do - la - ba koy - dum.

## № 431

Folksong

$\text{♩} = 80$



Ka - le - den ka - le - ye taş ben o - la - yım,  
 1) Yal - nız ya - tan kız - la - ra eş ben o - la - yım.  
 2)

1. rep. 2. rep.

## № 432

Folksong

$\text{♩} = 390$



zurna

Refrain

## № 433

Folksong

$\text{♩} = 126$



zurna

## № 434

*Nefes*

*♩*=234

Şu dün - ya der - din - den bı k-tım u - san - dım,  
Çek - ti-ğim ce - fa - yı hep se - fa san - dım.

## № 435

*Nefes*

*♩*=184

E - şi - ği - ne baş vu - rup ya - tan ab - dal - lar,  
Der - ga - hı cen - net - tir Ot - man Ba - ba - nın,  
Mey - da - nı gü - zel - dir kan - i Sul - ta - nın, Hü, Hü.

## № 436

*Mani*

*♩*=230

Kı - zıl - cık - lar ol - du mu, Se - le - le - re dol - du mu?  
Yol - la - dı - ğım mek - tup - lar E - li - ne u - laş - tı mı?  
*Refrain*  
Men - di - li e - li - ne, Men - dil ver - dim e - li - ne.

## № 437

Mani

♩=240

Kı - zıl - cık - lar ol - du mu, Se - le - le - re dol - du mu?

Gön - der - di - ğim ço - rap - lar A - ya - ğı - na ol - du mu?

*Refrain*

Men - di - li e - li - ne, Men - dil ver - dim ge - li - ne,

Ka - ra kı - na yol - la - miş Yar be - nim el - le - ri - me.

## № 438

Folksong

♩=214

O - tur be ya - rim, o - tur, A - ra - ba - ya ka - na - da, oy.

Ya - rim sa - na gi - de - ce - ğim Düş - man - la - ra, i - na - da, oy, oy, ka - ram,

Ba - na ya - şa - mak ha - ram, oy.

## № 439

Mani

♩=258

Ak ko-yun, ka-ra ko-yun, Gel, ya-rim bur-da so-yun, vay.  
 Ge-ce-le-rin i-ki sa-at, Çi-ka-ra-lim bir o-yun, vay, vay, du-man,  
 Ya-rim ya bur-da du-man var.

## № 440

Folksong

♩=224

Kaş-la-rın ça-tık ma-tık, Söy-let-me be-ni ar-tık, ey.  
 Öy-le bir yar sev-dim ki, Ya-van ek-me-ğe ka-tık, ey, ey, gül-ler, ey.

1. 3. rep.

## № 441

Folksong

♩=242

Par-ma-ğım - da - ki yü-zük, Ya-rim gü-müş hal-kam, oy.  
 Can-dan mı se - vi - yor-sun, Yok-sa ya-rim dal-ga mi, oy? Oy, ka-ram,  
 Ba-na ya-şa-mak ha-ram, oy.

## № 442

Folksong

♩ = 134

*zurna and drums*

## № 443

Nefes

♩ = 120

Al - çak - ta yük - sek - te ya - tan e - ren - ler, Hü, ler, Hü,  
Mür - ve - ti - niz var - dır, bul - maz dert bi - zi,  
gör - mez dert bi - zi, Hü,

## № 444

Nefes

♩ = 90

Biz bu Gül - is - tan' - in bül - bül - le - ri - yiz, yiz,  
Bah - çe - le - rin, da - lın süm - bül - le - ri - yiz, süm - bül - le - ri - yiz.  
Av - nı Ba - ba - nın gül - le - ri - yiz, yiz,  
Sey - yid A - li Sul - tan kul - la - rı - yız, kul - la - rı - yız.

## № 445

Nefes

♩=92

Yi - ne mih-man gel - di, gön - lüm şad ol - du,

1) Mih - man - lar siz bi - ze hoş - ça gel - di - niz, Hüy, Hüy.

2) Kar - daş - lar

1. rep. 2. rep.

## № 446

Folksong

♩=224

1) A - ğa-bey Sür-man a - ğa ar - pa-lar ol - du mu?

2) Be-ni ve - ri - yor - lar ha-be - rin ol - du mu?

1. rep. 2. rep.

## № 447

Folksong

♩=225

1) Yük-sek, yük - sek te-pe - le - re ev kur-ma-sın - lar,

2) Aş' - rı aş' - rı yer - le-re de kız ver-me - sin - ler.

1. rep. 2. rep. 3. rep. 4. rep.

## № 448

Folksong

♩=200

1) An-ne-si - nin bir ta - ne - si - ni hor gör - me - sin - ler,  
U - çan da kuş - la - ra ma - lum ol - sun, ben an - ne - mi öz - le - dim,  
Hem an - ne - mi, hem ba - ba - mı, ben kö - yü - mü öz - le - dim.

1.  
rep.

## № 449

Folksong

♩=100

Ça-nak-ka - le i - çin - de ay - na - lı çar - şı,  
An - ne ben gi - di - yom düş - ma - na kar - şı, hoy,  
genç - li - ğim, ey - vah.



## № 450

Folksong

♩ = 96

Ça-nak - ka - le i - çin - de ay - na - lı çar - şı,  
A - na ben gi - di - yom düş - ma - na kar - şı, of,  
genç - li - ğim, ey - vah, ey - vah, yan - dı da dün - ya.

## № 451

Folksong

♩ = 96

zurna

## № 452

Nefes

♩ = 80

Değ-me ki - şı gö - nül e - vi - ni dü - ze - mez, e - fen - dim,  
Hakk' - ın tak - di - ri - ni kul - lar bo - za - maz,  
Hakk' - ın tak - di - ri - ni kul - lar bo - za - - - - maz.

## № 453

Nefes

♩ = 68

Ö-zen a - şık ö - zen, tev-hi - de ö - zen, e-fen-dim,  
Tev-hid-dir on - la - rın ka - le-sin' bo - zan,  
Tev-hid-dir on - la - rın ka - le-sin' bo - - - zan,

## № 454

Nefes

♩ = 72

Hiç ken-di - ken - di - ne kay-nar mı ka - zan, e - fen - dim,  
Et-ra-fi - na a - teş ey-le-me-yin - ce,  
Yab en ö - le - yim mi söy-le-me-yin - - - ce.

1. rep. 2. rep.

## № 455

Nefes

♩ = 82

A-şık Ga - rıp der - ler de-ru - num ya - nar, e-fen - dim,  
A-şık o - lan a - şık na - mu - sun di - ler.

## № 456

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 108$

Gel şu-ra-ya uğ-ra-ya - lım, Ya-na ya - na ağ - la-ya - lım.

Dert-li-le-ri dağ-la-ya - lım, Gel,Ha-san'-ım, vah,Hü - seyn' im, Hü.

## № 457

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 190$

Sa-ba-hın se - her vak-tin-de, a-man, gö-re - bil-sem ya - ri-mi,

Gül di-ken-de, bül-bül dal-da, a-man, çe-ker ah - ın za - rı-nı.

## № 458

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 112$

Zey-nep düş - tü, ba - yıl - dı, fe-re-ce-si su - ya ya - yıl-dı,

Zey-neb'-in sa - rı saç - la - rı sö - ğüt - le-re do - lan - dı.

## № 459

Folksong

$\text{♩} = 120$

Zey-nep et-miş bir tar - la su var, U-zun-o-luk-tan ge - lir se - lam,  
 Ha-san Zey - neb' - i so - rar-sa dal - ga-lar ö - nün - den gi - der,  
 E - ğer Zey - neb' - i so - rar-sa, dere boy - la - rın - dan gi - der.

1.  
rep.

## № 460

Folksong

$\text{♩} = 132$

Zey-nep düş - tü, ba - yıl - dı, Fe-re-ce-si su - ya ya - yıl - dı,  
 Ha-san da Zey - neb' - i a - rar-sa, so - rar-sa, de-re boy-la - rın - dan gi - der.

1.  
3.

## № 461

Nefes

$\text{♩} = 84$

Yi-ne i-mam nes - li zu-hu - ra gel - di,  
 Bi-ri El-ma - lı' - da Bur-sa' - da kal - dı, dı,  
 Hü, Al-lah, Hü.

1. 2.

## № 462

Nefes

♩ = 168

Yi-ne i-mam nes - li zu-hu - ra gel - di,  
Bi-ri El-ma - lı' - da Bur-sa' - da kal - dı, dı,  
Hü, Al-lah, Hü.

## № 463

Nefes

♩ = 116

Ha - ki - kat kar - daş - lar ha - lim - den bil - mez,  
Ta - ri - kat kar - daş - lar ha - lim - den bil - mez.  
Ha-lim - den yo - lum-dan bi-len-ler gel-sin, Hü, Hü, Hü,  
Bu yo - lun as - ılı - na e-ren-ler gel-sin, Hü, Hü, Hü.

## № 464

Nefes

♩ = 100

Sey - ran - gah ye - ri - dir can - lar ge - lir - ler,  
Kur-ban - lar tığ - la - nıp ö - zür di - ler - ler, Hü, Hü, Hü.

## № 465

Nefes

*♩* = 210

Bir a - ra - ya gel - se üç-beş a - şık - lar,  
On-lar bir-bir - le - rin' sey-ran e - der - ler, Hü.

## № 466

Atatürk nefesi

*♩* = 196

E - lest - i bez - min - de de - mi - şiz be - li,  
Emr - i fer - man et - ti ol Rab - bi ce - li,  
Ef - ka - rı - mız ol - sun gün - düz, ge - ce - li,  
A - man ya Mu - ham - med me - det ya A - li,  
Ru - hun şad ol - sun, Atatürk, hiz - me - tin ba - - - ki.

1. 2. 2. 2.

1. 2.  
*rep. rep.*

## № 467

Atatürk nefesi

*♩* = 88

Se - la - nik şeh - rin - de dün - ya - ya ge - len,  
Genç yaş - la - rın - da Ke - ma - le e - ren, Ke - ma - le e - ren.

## № 468

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 90$

Ka - ya - cık' - tan ge - çe - lim, yol si - zin ol - sun,  
Yi - ye - lim, i - çe - lim, göl si - zin ol - sun, göl si - zin ol - sun.

## № 469

*Turnalar semahı*

$\text{♩} = 69$

Ye - men el - le - rin - den be - ru ge - lir - ken  
Tur - na - lar A - li' - mi gör - me - di - niz mi, Hü,  
Tur - na - lar Şah - ı - mi gör - me - di - niz mi, Hü?

## № 470

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 108$

Git - ti ge - li - rim di - ye, a - man, a - man,  
A - man, yo - lu bi - li - rim di - ye.  
A - man, lu bi - li - rim di - ye.

## № 471

Nefes

♩ = 120

Se - ka - hum sır - rı - nı söy - le - me sa - kın, sa - kın,  
Sak - la ku - lum be - ni, sak - la - yam se - ni, se - ni.

## № 472

Nefes

♩ = 164

Bi - ze mih - man gel - di, gön - lüm şad ol - du,  
Mih - man can - lar bi - ze se - fa gel - di - niz, Hü,  
Mih - man can - lar bi - ze ne hoş gel - di - niz, Hü.

1. *rep.*

## № 473

Nefes

♩ = 100

Me - det sen - den, me - det sul - ta - nım, A - li,  
Dert - li - yim, der - di - me der - ma - nım, A - li, der - ma - nım, A - li.



## № 474

Folksong

♩ = 80

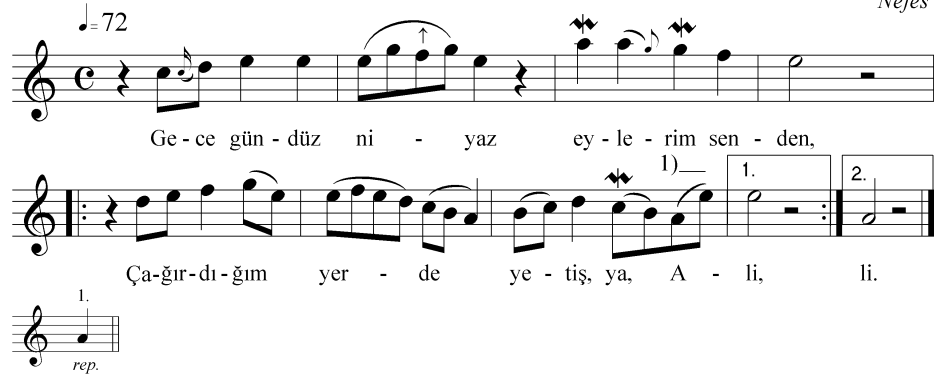


Şar-kö-yü - ne gi - der i - ken sı-ra sı-ra zey-tin - ler,  
On-beş ya-şın-da da Na-zi-fe de ha-nı-ma ya - zık et - ti - ler.

## № 475

Nefes

♩ = 72



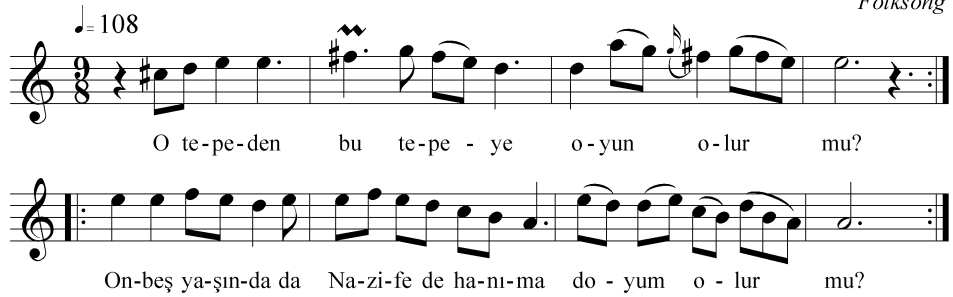
Ge-ce gün - düz ni - yaz ey - le - rim sen - den,  
Ça-ğır-dı-ğım yer - de ye - tiş, ya, A - li, li.

1.  
rep.

## № 476

Folksong

♩ = 108



O te-pe-den bu te-pe - ye o-yun o-lur mu?  
On-beş ya-şın-da da Na-zi-fe de ha-nı-ma do - yum o - lur mu?

## Class 10. Melodies built of line- or bar-sequences. № 477-495

## № 477

*Folksong*

♩ = 80

Sev - di - ğim kız ge - lin ol - muş,  
Be - nim de - ğil, e - lin ol - muş.  
Be - yaz ge - lin - lik i - çin - de  
Gi - der ge - ne ağ - lı - yor - muş.

## № 478

*Folksong*

♩ = 112

Oy, na - rin, na - rin, na - rin,  
Şo - för - dür be - nim ya - rim.  
Ça - vuş i - zin ver - mi - yor,  
N'o - la - cak be - nim ha - lim?

## № 479

Folksong

♩ = 134

Kay - nar ka - zan taş - maz mı?

Yol bu - ra - lar - dan aş - maz mı?

Zer - ya bir gün ka - şı - nır,

Hay - di ar - ka - daş - la - rı.

## № 480

Folksong

♩ = 100

Ak ta - vuk ol - ma - dın mı,

Kü - me - se dal - ma - dın mı,  
Bir ba - ğır su kayn - a - na

1) Sen ge - lin ol - ma - dın mı,  
Gi - di - yo - rum an - nem

2) Ka - ra - ça - lı - ya,  
Kır - ca - lı - ya.

3) 1. 2. 3.  
rep. rep. rep.

## № 481

## Folksong

♩=132

İn - ö - nü dağ - la - rın - da çi - çek - ler a - çar?  
 Al - tın gü - müş vur - muş sır - ma - lı sa - ça.  
 Ya - şa Mus - ta - fa Ke - mal pa - şa, ya - şa,  
 İs - min ya - zı - la - cak mü - ne - ver ta - şa.

## № 482

## Nefes

♩=148

Ha - yal mı - dır rü - ya mı - dır düş mü - dür,  
 Ne - re bak - sam bu rü - ya - nın ben be - ni.  
 Ne - dir a - ra - dı - ğım dağ - lar düş mü - dür?  
 Bo - şu - na mu yo - ru - yo - rum ben be - ni,  
 Bo - şu - na mu yo - ru - yo - rum ben be - ni.

## № 483

$\text{♩} = 204$  *Nefes*

1)

E - vem üs - tüm şu ci - ha - na gel - me - den,  
A - dem a - ta gel - di, Pir - im gör - dün mü?  
Ab - dest a - lıp na - ma - zı - nı kı - lar - ken  
Üs - tü - mü - ze do - ğan nu - ru gör - dün mü?

1.  
2.

## № 484

$\text{♩} = 188$  *Nefes*

Gö - nül, gel, se - nin - le mu - hab - bet e - de - lim,  
Gel, gö - nül se - nin - le mu - hab - bet e - de - lim,  
A - ra - ya kim - se - yi al - ma sev - gi - lim, al - ma sev - di - ğim,  
Ya be - nim ki - mim var, ki - me yal - va - ra - yım,  
Kal - dır kal - bin - de - ki ka - ra - yı, gö - nül.

## № 485

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 112$

E-la göz-lüm, ben bu ev-den gi-der - sem,  
Züm-rüt pe - ri - şa-nım kal me-lul, me-lul, kal me-lul, kal me-lul.  
Ke-ra-met hak - kın-dan çı-kar - ma be - ni,  
A-la göz-ya - şı-nı sil, me-lul, me - lul.

## № 486

*Wedding song*

$\text{♩} = 112$

A-na-dan ay - rı, ay - rı, ba-ba-dan ay - rı,  
Bir deyar-dan ay-rı kal-dım, hep-sin-den a - cı, ah, hep-sin-den a - cı.  
Ya-zık ol - du gel-di geç - ti en gü-zel yıl - lar,  
Se-ver-ken se - vin - mez ol - du a - cı gün - le - rim.

## № 487

*Nefes*

♩ = 144

Şu ya-lan dün - ya - ya gel - dim, gi-de - rim.

Gö-nül sen-den öz-ge yar bu-la-ma - dım, yar bu-la-ma - dım.

Ya-ra-lan - dım al kan - la-ra bo - yan - dım,

Ya-ra - la - rım der-man bul - ma - lı yar.

## № 488

*Nefes*

♩ = 266

Ay mı-dir, gün mü - dür, doğ-muş a - le - me,

Yü-zün - den a - kı - yor nur Ha-cı Bek - taş,

Yü-zün - den a - kı - yor nur Ha-cı Bek - taş.

## № 489

Nefes

♩ = 112

Hay-di do-la - şa-lım yü-ce dağ - lar - da,  
 Hay-di do-la - şa-lım yü-ce dağ - lar - da,  
 Dost be-ni bı - rak-tın ah i-len zar-da, ah i-len zar - da.  
 Gez-mek is - ti - yo-rum vi-ran bağ - lar - da,  
 A-ya-ğ1 - ma cen-net kı-ra-lan - sa da.

## № 490

Nefes

♩ = 220

Şu kar - şı - ki yay - la - da göç ka - ter ka - ter,  
 Bir gü-ze-lin der - di bağ-rım - da tü - ter, bağ-rım - da tü - ter.  
 Bu ay - rı - lık ba - na ö - lüm - den be - ter,  
 Geç-ti dost ker - va - ni, ey-le-me be - ni, eğ-le-me be - ni.



№ 491

Rubato  $\text{♩} = 88$  *Lullaby*

Nen - ni, nen - ni, yav - ru - ma,  
 U - yu - sun da bü - yü - sün.  
 Nen - ni, nen - ni, yav - ru - ma,  
 U - yu - sun da bü - yü - sün.  
 Be - nim gü - zel yav - rum,  
 Nen - ni, nen - ni, nen - ni,  
 U - yu - sun yav - rum, nen - ni,  
 U - yu - sun da bü - yü - sün.

## № 492

*Nefes*

♩ = 126

Pir Sul-tan'-ım şu dün - ya - ya,  
Do - lu gel - dim, do - lu be - nim,  
Bil - me - yen - ler bil - sin be - ni,  
Ben A - li' - yim, A - li be - nim,  
Bil - me - yen - ler bil - sin be - ni,  
Ben A - li' - yim, A - li be - nim.

## № 493

*Semah*

♩ = 134

İp - ti - da - i yol so - rar - san,  
Yol Mu - ham - med A - li' - min - dir.  
Yol Mu - ham - med A - li' - min - dir, Hü, Hü.

Yet - miş i - ki dil so - rar - san,

Dil Mu - ham - med A - li' - min - dir, Hüy, Hüy, Hüy,

Dil Mu - ham - med A - li' - min - dir, Hüy.

Ge - ce o - lur, gün - düz o - lur,

Cüm - le a - lem düm - düz o - lur,

Gök - te kaç bin yıl - dız o - lur,


Ay Mu - ham - med A - li' - min - dir,

Ay Mu - ham - med A - li' - min - dir.

## № 494

*Nefes*

♩ = 112



A - la göz - lü gü - zel Pi - rim,  
 Der - di - me der - ma - na gel - dim.  
 Sen - den gay - ri yok - tur kim - sem,  
 Der - di - me fer - ma - na gel - dim.  
 Sen - sin ho - ca - lar ho - ca - sı,  
 Kur - an' - da o - ku - nur he - ce - si.  
 Bu gün ri - za ge - ce - si  
 Der - di - me der - ma - na gel - dim.

№ 495

*Kırklar semahı*

$\text{♩} = 100$

Der-dim çok - tur han - gi - si - ne ya - na - yım,  
 Der-dim çok - tur han - gi - si - ne ya - na - yım,  
 Yi - ne ta - ze - len - di yü - rek ya - re - si.  
 Ben bu der - de der - man ner - den bu - la - yım,  
 Me - ğer dost e - lin - de o - la ça - re - si,  
 E - le-man, e - le-man be - nim e - fen - dim,  
 Be-nim bu dert - le - re der - man e - fen - dim.

## Class 11. Disjunctive melodies. № 496–516

## № 496

Folksong

$\text{♩} = 144$  1) 2)

Ye - şil ör - dek gi - bi,  
Sen dü - şür - dün be - ni  
Ba - şım a - lıp git - sem

dal - dım göl - le - re,  
dil - den dil - le - re.  
gur - bet el - le - re,

Ne sen be - ni u - nut

ne de ben se - ni,

Ne sen be - ni u - nut

ne de ben se - ni.

1. 1. 2.  
1. rep. 2. rep. rep.

## № 497

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 80$

Gel, gö-nül, yo - la gi - de - lim,  
A - dı gü - zel A - li'm i - le.  
Aç - lar doy-rur, su - suz-lar kan - dır,  
Leb - le - ri - nin ba - lı i - le  
Nur - u Mu-ham - - - med' - len A - li.

## № 498

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 84$

A-li'm ba - na ne - ler et - ti,  
E - lim a - lıp da - ra çek - ti.  
E - lin-de-ki do - lu i - len  
Üs - tü - mü - ze yü - rü - yüş et - ti,  
Nur - u Mu-ham - - - med' - len A - li.

## № 499

*Dirge*

$\text{♩} = 132$

An - ka - ra' - nın ta - şı - na bak,  
Göz - le - ri - min ya - şı - na bak!  
Ma - lum ol - sun ga - rip a - nam,  
Şu fe - le - ğin i - şı - ne bak!

## № 500

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 96$

Eş-ref - oğ - lu al ha - be - ri,  
Bah-çe bi - ziz gül biz - de - dir.  
Biz de Mev - la' - nın ku - lu - yuz,  
Yet - miş - i - ki dil biz - de - dir.  
Biz de Mev - la' - nın ku - lu - yuz,  
Yet - miş - i - ki dil biz - de - dir,  
Hü, Hü, Hü.



## № 501

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 80$

1) ————— 2) —————

3) ————— 4) —————

Taş-tan yap - tır - dım ka - le - yi,  
 Al - dım ba - şı - ma be - la - yı.  
 Gö - nül terk - et - me sı - la - yı,  
 Ya ben ki - me yal - va - ra - yım.

1. *rep.* 2. *rep.* 3. *rep.* 4. *rep.*

## № 502

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 63$

Kam-ber du - rur - du sa - ğın - da,  
 Gö - ren de cen - net ba - ğın - da.  
 A - li Fat - ma Tur da - ğın - da,  
 Ben de - dem A - li' - yi gör - düm,  
 Dost bi - ri Ve - li' - yi gör - düm.

## № 503

*Semah*

♩ = 108

Gel gö - nül yo - la gi - de - lim

A - dı gü - zel A - li'm i - len,

Aç - lar doy - ur su - suz - lar kan - dır

Leb - le - ri - nin ba - lı i - len, Hü, A - li

## № 504

*Nefes*

♩ = 174

Dağ - lar var dağ - lar - dan yü - ce,

Dağ mı da - ya - nır bu gü - ce.

Der - dim var üç gün üç ge - ce,

An - lat - sam bit - mez ya - lı - nız, Hü, Dost, Hüy, Hü.

## № 505

*Rubato* ♩ = 92 *Nefes*

Geç - mi - şiz can i - le ser - den,  
 Pir' - im Ha - cı Bek - taş Ve - li.  
 Bi - zi a - gâh ey - le sır - dan,  
 Pir' - im Ha - cı Bek - taş Ve - li, Hü, Dost, Hü, Hü.

## № 506

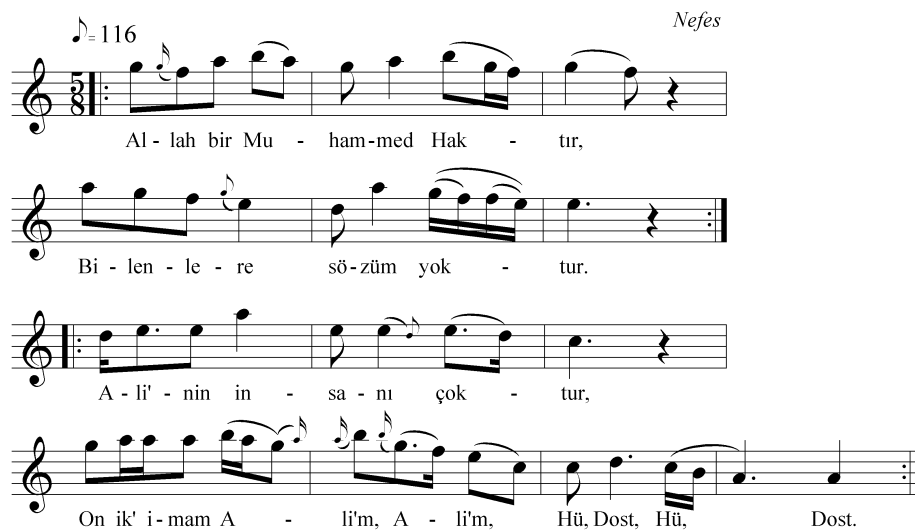
*Rubato* ♩ = 88 *Nefes*

Yol - cu ol - dum, yo - la düş - tüm,  
 Yol - la - rım A - li' - ye ça - ğı - rır.  
 Bül - bül ol - dum gü - le düş - tüm,  
 Gül - le - rim A - li' - ye ça - ğı - rır, Hü, Dost, Hü, Hü.

## № 507

*Nefes*

♩ = 116



Al - lah bir Mu - ham-med Hak - tur,  
 Bi - len - le - re sö - züm yok - tur.  
 A - lî - nin in - sa - nı çok - tur,  
 On ik' i - mam A - lî'm, A - lî'm, Hü, Dost, Hü, Dost.

## № 508

*Semah*

♩ = 106



Gü - zel a - şık çev - ri - mi - zi  
 Bu bir rı - za lok - ma - sı - dır,  
 Çe - ke - mez - sin, de - me - dim mi?  
 Yi - ye - mez - sin, de - me - dim mi?  
 De - me - dim mi, de - me - dim mi,  
 Gö - nül sa - na söy - le - me - dim mi?  
 Bu bir rı - za lok - ma - sı - dır,  
 Yi - ye - mez - sin, de - me - dim mi?

## № 509

*Nefes*

♩ = 88

1)

Ben bu mec - lis - ler - den  
 ib - ret - ler al - dım, Al - lah,  
 U - yu - dum, u - yan - dım,  
 ben a - yan gör - düm, Al - lah, düm, Hü.  
 1. 2.  
 1. *rep.*

## № 510

*Nefes*

♩ = 84

Kal - bı - mı nur i - le  
 bo - yan - miş gör - düm, Al - lah,  
 Mu - ham - med' - in kü - sü  
 Ol ser - ve - rin is - mi  
 1. 2.  
 ça - lı - nır bur - da, Al - lah,  
 yad ol - ur dil - - - de, Hü.

## № 511

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 80$

A-dı-na, şa - nı - na kur-ban ol - du - ğum, Hü,  
8va-----  
Bi - ri-si Mu - ham - med, bi - ri - si A - li,  
Bi - ri-si Ha - san' - dir, bi - ri Hü-se - yin.

## № 512

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 84$

Pir Sul-tan' - ım bu ne - fe-si Hak - la - yan, Hü,  
Şah e - fen-dim bu ne - fe-si Hak - la - yan, Hü,  
1)-----  
8va-----  
A - li' sır - rı - nı can - dan sak - la - yan,  
Şah'ı-mın sır - rı - nı can - dan sak - la - yan.  
1. 2.  
1. 2.  
rep.

## № 513

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 106$

Mu-hip kar-daş - la - rın tat - lı di - li - ni, li - ni,  
İ - şı-dik - çe gö - nül fe - rah-la - nı - yor, nı - yor.  
1. 2.  
1. 2.

## № 514

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 78$

Ey, e-ren-ler be - nim me-yil ver - di - ğim, Hü,

*S<sup>va</sup>* -----

1. Bi-ri-si Mu - ham - med, bi - ri-si A - li,  
2. Bi-ri-si Ha - san' - dir, bi - ri Hü - se - - - yin.

## № 515

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 134$

Ka-ra-dır kaş - la - rın fer - man yaz - dı - rır,

Bu aşk be - ni di - yar di - yar gez - di - rir.

Lok-man He - kim gel - se ya - ram az - dı - rır,

Ya - ra - mı sar - ma - ya yar ken - di gel - sin.

## № 516

Nefes

$\text{♩} = 152$

Ey, za-hit şa - ra - ba ey - le ih - ti - ram,  
 İn-san ol ci - han - da, dün - ya fa - ni - dir.  
 Eh - li - ne he - lal - dir na - eh - le ha - ram,  
 Biz i - çe-riz bi - ze yok-tur ve - ba - li, yok-tur ve-ba - li.

## Array E (= Class 12) Melodies of tripodic lines, № 517-562

## № 517

Nefes

$\text{♩} = 78$

Ey, e-ren-ler be - nim me-yil ver - di - ğim, Hü,  
 8<sup>va</sup> - - - - -  
 Bi-ri-si Mu - ham - med, bi - ri-si A - li,  
 Bi-ri-si Ha - san' - dir, bi - ri Hü - se - - - - - yin.



## № 518

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 100$

Mu-hab - bet kö - pü - nün şa - ra - bı ol - sam,  
Dost be - ni dol - du - rur i - çer mi bil - mem.

## № 519

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 192$

Mu-hab - bet kö - pü - nün ol - sam şa - ra - bı,  
Yar be - ni dol - du - rup i - çer mi bil - mem.

## № 520

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 200$

Gö-nül - den çı - ka - rıp ya - ba - na at - ma,  
İs - ti - nat - ga - hı - mız A - li aş - kı - na.

## № 521

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 270$

Dü - nü, gü - nü ar - zu - ma - nım gel be - ri,  
Di - le - ğim i - mam Hü - se - yin aş - kı - na,  
Aş - kı - na Şa - hım, aş - kı - na.

## № 522

Nefes

$\text{♩} = 184$

Ger - çek e - ren - le - re yüz - ler sü - re - yim,  
 Ni - çin git - mez Yıl - dız da - ğın du - ma - nı,  
 Du - ma - nı, du - ma - nı, el - ler gü - ma - nı.

## № 523

Nefes

$\text{♩} = 184$

Ger - çek e - ren - le - re ha - ber so - ra - yım,  
 Ni - çin git - mez Yıl - dız da - ğın du - ma - nı,  
 Du - ma - nı, du - ma - nı, el - ler gü - ma - nı.

## № 524

Nefes

$\text{♩} = 104$

Sor - dum da sa - rı sa - rı çığ - de - me, hey, Dost, çığ - de - me,  
 Se - nin boy - nun ne eğ - ri, ne eğ - ri,  
 Ne so - rar - sın be hey dev - riş, be kar - daş,  
 Ben hak lok - ma - sı ye - rim, Şah ye - rim,  
 Kud - ret kor - ku - su çe - ke - rim, çe - ke - rim.

## № 525

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 120$

Ha - ni be - nim hır - ka i - len post - la - rım,  
 Ha - ni be - nim hır - ka i - len post - la - rım,  
 Tat - lı dil - li şe - ker söz - lü dost - la - rım, dost - la - rım,  
 Tat - lı dil - li şe - ker söz - lü dost - la - rım.

## № 526

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 96$

Gü - zel o - la - nı sa - rar - lar e - şim, a - man, a - man.  
 Al ka - deh, ver ba - de, dol - dur, i - çe - yim, yim.

## № 527

*Düvazdeh nefesi*

*Poco rubato*  $\text{♩} = 132$

A - kıl al - maz Ya - ra - dan' - ın sır - rı - na,  
 A - kıl er - mez Ya - ra - da - nın sır - rı - na.  
 Mu - ham - med A - li' - ye in - di bu kur - ban, Hü.

## № 528

Folksong

♩ = 108

## № 529

Folksong

♩ = 116

A - man or - man - ci, ca - nim, or - man - ci,  
 Kö - yü - mü - ze bı - rak - tın de - rin bir a - ci.  
 Kö - yü - mü - zün su - la - rı so - ğuk, i - çil - mez,  
 so - ğuk, i - çil - mez,  
 Köp - rü - ler yap - tır - dım ge - lip geç - me - ye.

## № 530

*Mersiye*

♩ = 194

Ey, nur - i çeş - mi Ah - me - di muh - tar, ya Hü - se - yin,  
Ey, ya - di - ga - ri Hay - dar' - i ker - rar ya Hü - se - yin.

## № 531

*Mersiye*

♩ = 200

Ey, nur - i çeş - mi Ah - me - di muh - tar, ya Hü - se - yin,  
Ey, ya - di - ga - ri Hay - dar' - i ker - rar, ya Hü - se - yin.

## № 532

*Parlando* ♩ = 116*Nefes*

Hey, Dost,  
Dül - dül iy - le Zül - fi - kar' - ın sa - hi - bi,  
Hem da - hi bil ya - ri Kam - ber' - dir A - li, Hü,  
Hü, Şah' - ım, Hü.

## № 533

♩=92

*Nefes*

Gü - zel Şah - tan bi - ze bir do - lu gel - di,  
Bir sen iç, sev - di-ğim, bir de ba-na ver, Hü, Hü, Hü.

## № 534

♩=120

*Nefes*

E - ren - le - ri sev - dik, gel - dik bu - ra - ya,  
Ni - çin mel-hem ol-maz - sı - nız ya-ra - ya, Hü, Hü.

## № 535

♩=168

*Matem nefesi*

Bu - gün gü - zel - le - rin sey - ri - ne var - dım,  
Ka - lem el - le - ri-y-le ya-zı ya-zar - lar, Hü, Hü.

## № 536

♩=70

*Folksong*

De - ve yük-sek, a - ta - ma-dım ur - ga - nı,  
Ah, a - man, a - man, ur - ga - nı.

## № 537

Folksong

♩ = 138

De - ve yük - sek, a - ta - ma - dım ur - ga - nı,  
Ah, a - man, a - man ur - ga - nı.

## № 538

Nefes

♩ = 120

Kırk - lar iy - le bir mec - lis - te o - tur - duk,  
Ce - va - bın - da bul - du - ğu ı - rak - ta de - di - ler, de - di - ler..  
1. rep. 2. rep.

## № 539

Hidrellez song

♩ = 96

Ka - ra göz - lüm ef - kar - lan - ma, gül d'ay - rı,  
İr - i - bik - ler ö - ter öt - mez or - da - yım,  
Va - tan bor - cu bi - ter bit - mez, or - da - yım.

## № 540

Folksong

♩=270

Be-nim ya - rim kü - çü - cük - tü, bü - yü - müş,  
Sü - rü - den ay - rı - lan sür - me - li ko - yun,  
O - da - lar döş - et - tim, gel, ya - rim, o - tur.

## № 541

Folksong

♩=88

Üç beş gü-zel bir a - ra - ya gel - miş - ler,  
Be-nim se - ve - ce-ğim yok a - ra-sın - da, yok a - ra-sın - da.

## № 542

Folksong

♩=80

Üç beş gü-zel bir a - ra - ya gel - miş - ler,  
Be-nim de se - ve - ce-ğim yok a - ra-sın - da, yok a - ra-sın - da.



## № 543

Folksong

♩ = 108

Üç beş gü-zel bir a - ra - ya gel - miş - ler,  
Be-nim sev - gi - li ya-rım yok a - ra-sın - da, yok a - ra-sın - da.

## № 544

Nefes

♩ = 88

Pa-yım ge - lir e - ren - le - rin pa-yın - dan, pa-yın - dan,  
Mo-ham-med nes - lin-den A - li so-yun-dan, Hü, Hü, Hü.

## № 545

Lullaby

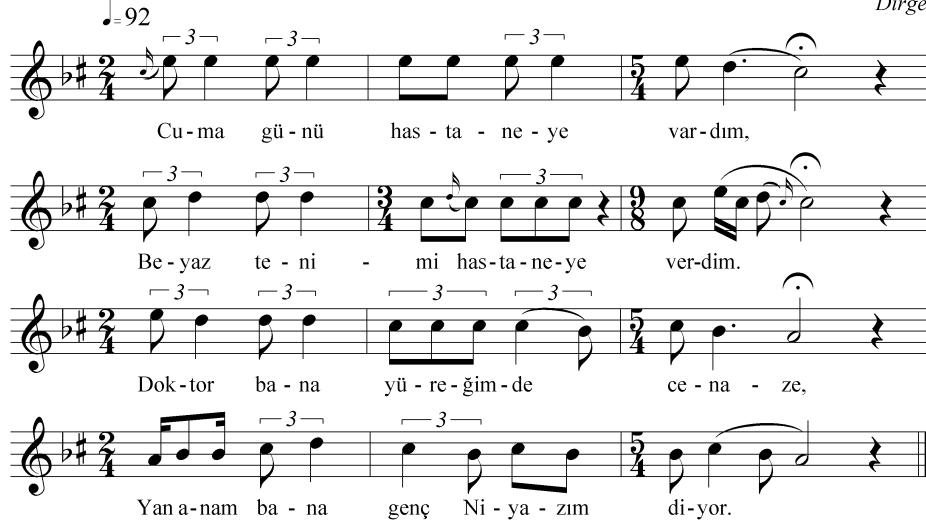
*Parlando* ♩ = 100

Be-şik - le - re taş be - le - dim, nen - ni,  
Mev-lam-dan o - ğul di-le-dim, nen - ni,  
Mev-lam ba - na o - ğul ver - di, nen - ni,  
Şim-di de u - zun ö-mür ver-sin, de, bü-yü - sün, nen - ni.

## № 546

Dirge

$\text{♩} = 92$

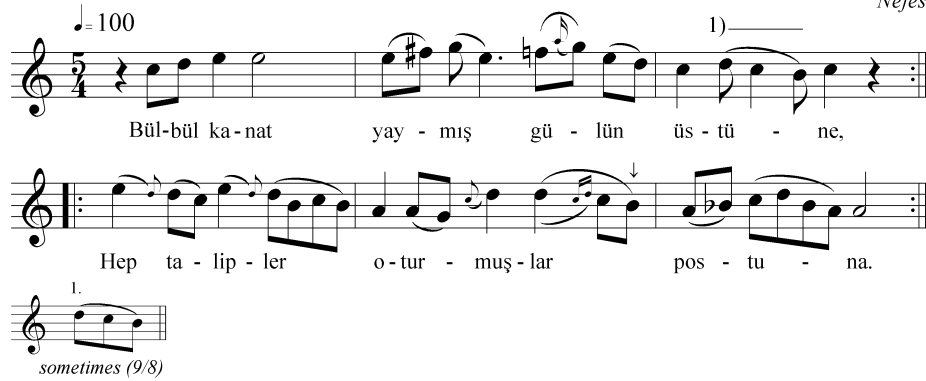


Cu - ma gü - nü has - ta - ne - ye var - dim,  
 Be - yaz te - ni - mi has - ta - ne - ye ver - dim.  
 Dok - tor ba - na yü - re - ğim - de ce - na - ze,  
 Yan a - nam ba - na genç Ni - ya - zım di - yor.

## № 547

Nefes

$\text{♩} = 100$



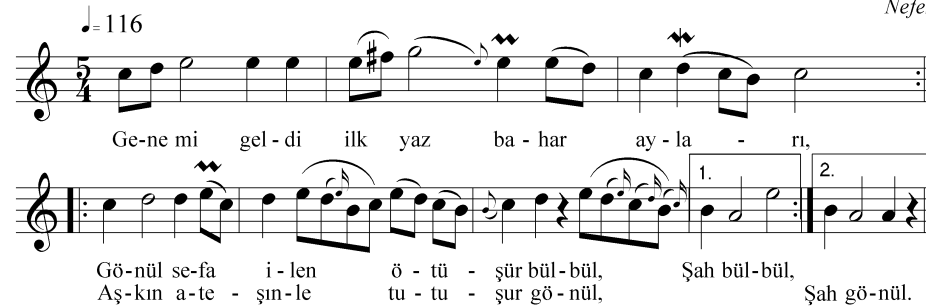
Bül - bül ka - nat yay - mış gü - lün üs - tü - ne,  
 Hep ta - lip - ler o - tur - muş - lar pos - tu - na.

1.  
 sometimes (9/8)

## № 548

Nefes

$\text{♩} = 116$



Ge - ne mi gel - di ilk yaz ba - har ay - la - rı,  
 Gö - nül se - fa i - len ö - tü - şür bül - bül, Şah bül - bül,  
 Aş - kın a - te - şin - le tu - tu - şur gö - nül, Şah gö - nül.

## № 549

*Dirge*

♩ = 92

Ak-şam ol - du kum - ru - lar ö - ter sa - çak - tan,  
Yav - ru - la - rım ök - süz kal - dı bı - çak - tan.

## № 550

*Folksong*

♩ = 126

Ha - lil ço - cuk, çık de - re - den, de - re - den,  
Gös - ter bi - ze yol ne - re - den, ne - re - den,  
A, di - li bül - bül, sa - çı züm - bül Ha - lil' - in.

## № 551

*Folksong*

♩ = 116

Ha - lil ço - cuk, çık de - re - den, de - re - den,  
Gös - ter ba - na yol ne - re - den, ne - re - den.

## № 552

*Nefes*

♩ = 156

Der-ya - da ge - zer - ken çık - tım ka - ra - ya,  
Mev - lam kıs-met et - ti, ya, gel-dim bu-ra - ya, Hü, Hü, Hü, Hü.

## № 553

*Nefes*

♩ = 154

A - lıp a - kıl - cı - ğı-mı da be - ni şa - şır - ma,  
E - mir - lik ker - va-nı da bel-den a - şır - ma, Hü, Hü,  
E - mir - lik ker - va-nı da bel-den a - şır - ma, Hü, Hü.

## № 554

*Nefes*

♩ = 108

E - lim-den al - dır-dım tat - lı ku - zu - mu,  
Her gün kı - ya - met-te oğ - lu-ma ya-na - rım, Hü, Hü,  
Her gün kı - ya - met-tir Şah'-ı - ma ya-na - rım, Hü, Hü.

## № 555

$\text{♩} = 152$   
1) Nefes

Ga - yet lütf - iy - len bi - ri bi - ri - ne söy - ler,  
Gay - et lüt - fiy - len bi - ri - bi - ri - ne söy - ler,

2) 3) 1. 2.

Pir' - im A - li a - hir za - ma - nı söy - ler, Hü, Hü, Dost,  
Bino - tuz - üç yıl - dan be - ri um - ma - nı söy - ler, Höy.

1. 2. 3.  
*rep. rep. rep.*

## № 556

$\text{♩} = 112$   
1) Kırklar semahı

Tür - lü don - lar gi - yer gül - den na - zık - tır,

1. 2.

Bül - bül cev - ey - le - me gü - le, ya - zık - tır, Hüy, Hüy, Dost,  
Bül - bül cev - ey - le - me gü - le, ya - zık - tır, Hüy.

1.  
*rep.*

## № 557

$\text{♩} = 168$   
Folksong

Püs - kül pen - çe - re - den uç - tu, gü - lüm, ey, de, tu,

1) 1. 2.

Uç - tu da der - ya - ya göç - tü, gü lüm, ey de, - tü.

1.  
*rep.*

## № 558

Semah

♩ = 154

Ah i - çin - de ya - tı - yor müs - lim yi - ğit - ler,  
 1) — 2) —  
 Çe - kil, gö - nül, çe - kil, Şah' - a va - ra - lım, gel, va - ra - lım, Hü, Hü.

1. rep. 2. rep.

## № 559

Semah

♩ = 176

Ah, Hı - zır pa - şam bi - zi de ber - dar et - me - den,  
 1) — 2) —  
 Çe - kil, gö - nül, çe - kil, Şah' - a va - ra - lım, gel, va - ra - lım, Hü, Hü.

## № 560

Folksong

♩ = 96

Yağ - mur ya - ğı - yor, sel - ler a - kar, çok o - lar,  
 1) — 2) —  
 Ka - za - nı ka - zar - lar pa - re - yi, ver pa - re - yi ça - kı - lan.

## № 561

*Folksong*

*♩* = 150

A - la - man'-da gün - den tur - nam ge - lir - sin,

Ma - car Bal - kan' - ın - da yol - lar a - çar - sin.  
A - na - lar ağ - la - dı kan - lar sa - çar - sin,  
Tu - nus't' ha - rap o - lur sul - tan Ce - za - yir.

*Later*

Ye - şil - len - miş o dağ - la - rın saz - la - rı,

Ö - tü - şü - yor ör - dek i - le kaz - la - rı.

## № 562

*Folksong*

*♩* = 120

Ce - mil'em - in gez - di - ği dağ - lar me - şe - li, i - ma - nım,

Hay - di, üç gün ol - du, Ce - mil'em benbu der - de dü - şe - li.

*Refrain*

Ay - rı kur - ban Ce - mi - lem, na - sıl na - sıl e - de - lim biz bu i - şı,  
Ni - kah - ı - mızı kıy - sın dün - den ge - len ho - ca - - - - nın i - şı?

**Array F (=Class 13). Domed melody structure. № 563-593**

## № 563

*Kırklar semahı*

$\text{♩} = 160$

Bir ne - fes - cik söy - le - ye - yim,  
Din - le - mez - sen ney - le - ye - yim,  
Aşk der - ya - sın boy - la - ya - yım,  
Um - ma - na dal - ma - ya gel - dim.  
Um - ma - na dal - dım, yo - rul - dum,  
Ka - za - na gir - dım, kav - rul - dum,  
*Cadence rit.*  
Aşk A - lim, Hü, Ya, Şa - hım, Hü, Dost.



## a№ 564

## Nefes

$\text{♩} = 96$

Kı - la - vuz - um Şah - ı Mer - dan,  
 Çev - re - si dop - do - lu nur - dan,  
 Bun - da her ca - hil dost - tan,  
 1) Ney - ler - sin vaz - geç - ti gö - nül,  
 Bun - da her ca - hil dost - tan,  
 2) Ney - ler - sin vaz - geç - ti gö - nül,  
 Ney - ler - sin vaz - geç - ti gö - nül,  
 Ney - ler - sin vaz - geç - ti gö - nül.

1. rep. 2. rep.

## № 565

## Mersiye

*Parlando*  $\text{♩} = 75$

Mah - i mu - har' hic - ran - da,  
 Şah Hu - se - yin der - de,  
 ya - nar ağ - la - rım.

Mah - i mu - ha - rem - de  
der - di hic - ran - da.

## № 566

*Nefes*

Çık - tım gö - nül tu - ru - na,  
Ni - yaz et - tım nu - ru - na.  
E - lif o - lup da - rı - na,  
Dur - ma - ğa gel - dim Pir - im.

## № 567

*Nefes*

Ce - mal' - in cen - ne - ti - ni,  
Gör - me - ye gel - dim, Pi - rim, dim, Pi - im,  
Pu - şı - dı - ne yü - zü - mü,  
Sür - me - ye gel - dim, Pi - rim.

## № 568

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 196$

Ce - mal' - in cen - ne - ti - ni,  
 Gör - me - ğe gel - dim, Pi - rim,  
 Pu - şı - di - ne yü - zü - mü,  
 Sür - me - ğe gel - dim, Pi - rim.

## № 569

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 240$

A - lem ağ - lar i - çin i - çin,  
 Ben bi - li - rim ki - min i - çin,  
 Ağ - la - sın da a - nam, ba - bam,  
 Şu be - nim genç - li - ğim i - çin.

## № 570

*Nefes*

♩ = 80

Bu - gün bi - ze mih - man gel - di,  
Han - ne - mi - zi şen ey - le - di,  
Bi - zim gü - ler yüz - le - ri - miz  
On - la - rı sey - ran ey - le - di.

## № 571

*Nefes*

♩ = 108

Ö - ter bül - bül şa - hım di - ye,  
İ - mam A - li'm ma - hım di - ye,  
Di - lim söy - ler A - li di - ye,  
Fe - rah - la - dı de - li gö - nül.  
*Sometimes the melody begins as follows* 3x

## № 572

Nefes

♩ = 69

Gel - di ba - har öt - tü bül - bül,  
Fe - rah - la - dı de - li gö - nül.

A - çıl - dı ta - ze - ce süm - bül,  
Fe - rah - la - dı de - li gö - nül.

## № 573

Mersiye

♩ = 220

Ker - be - la' - nın ga - zi - le - ri,  
Ya - zıl - mış - tır ya - zı - la - rı.

Fat - ma A - na - nın ku - zu - la - rı,  
Gel, naz - lı i - mam Şah Hü - se - yin, Hü.

## № 574

Nefes

♩ = 76

Bu - gün bi - ze mih - man gel - di,  
Ha - ne - mi - zi şen - ey - le - di,

Bi - zim gü - ler yüz - le - ri - miz  
On - la - rı sey - ran ey - le - di.

## № 575

*Nefes*

♩ = 200

Çe-rag - lar can - lar u - yan - mış,  
 Gö-nül - ler şevk i - le yan - mış,  
 İ - la - hi aşk - a bo - yan - mış,  
 Er-kan mey - dan - da, dan - da,  
 1. Hü,  
 2. Hü.

## № 576

*Nefes*

♩ = 82

Mu-ham - med A - li aş - kı - na,  
 İn - san mey - dan - da, mey - dan - da,  
 Pir Bek - taş Ve - li aş - kı - na,  
 Kur-ban mey - dan - da, mey - dan - da, Hü, Hü,  
 1.  
 2.

1.  
 rep.

## № 577

*Rubato* ♩=168*Nefes*

Ye-şil da - ğın kö - şe - sin - de  
Ağ - lı - yo - rum sa - na sa - na,  
Yol - la - rın - da . o - nu  
Bek - li - yo - rum ka - na ka - na.

## № 578

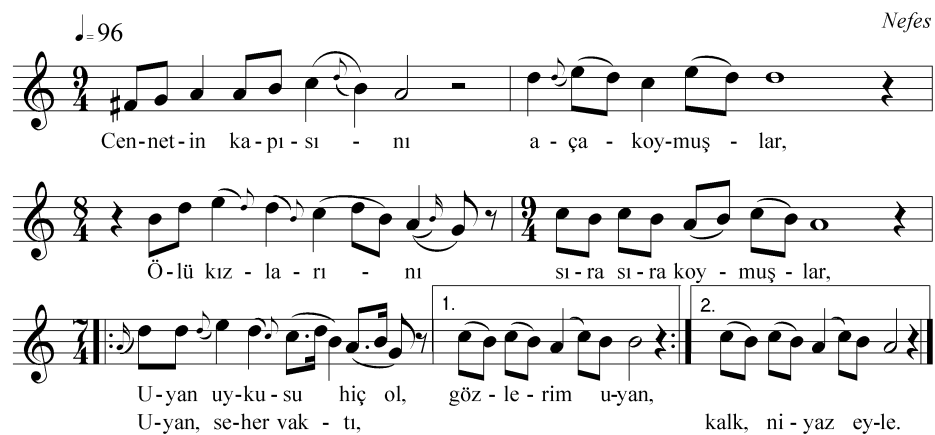
*Folksong*

Kay - nar ka - zan taş - maz mı,  
Yol bu - ra - cık - tan aş - maz mı?  
Sil gö - zü - nün ya - şı - nı, Ha - ti - cem,  
Ay - rı - lan ka - vuş - maz mı?

## № 579

*Nefes*

♩ = 96

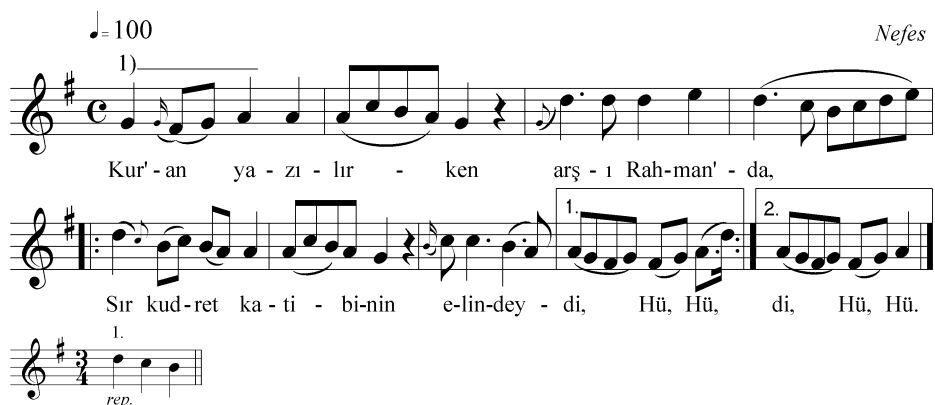


Cen-net-in ka-pı-sı - nı a - ça - koy-muş - lar,  
Ö-lü kız - la - rı - nı sı-ra sı-ra koy - muş - lar,  
U-yan uy-ku-su hiç ol, göz - le - rim u-yan,  
U-yan, se-her vak - tı, kalk, ni - yaz ey-le.

## № 580

*Nefes*

♩ = 100



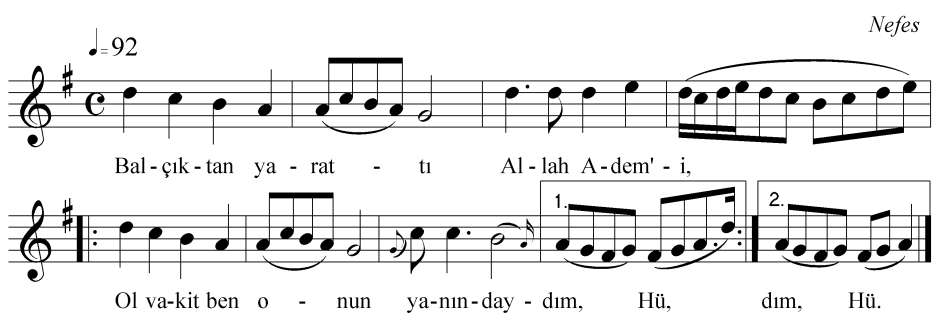
Kur'-an ya - zı - lır - ken arş - ı Rah-man' - da,  
Sır kud-ret ka - ti - bi-nin e-lin-dey - di, Hü, Hü, di, Hü, Hü.

1.  
rep.

## № 581

*Nefes*

♩ = 92



Bal - çık - tan ya - rat - tı Al - lah A-dem' - i,  
Ol va-kit ben o - nun ya-nın-day - dım, Hü, dım, Hü.



## № 582

*Nefes*

♩ = 154

Dün ge - ce se - yi - rim - de bir do - lu iç - tim,  
Hün - kar Ha - ci Bek - taş sen im - dad ey - le.

## № 583

*Nefes*

♩ = 152

Al-lah bir-dir, Hak Mu - ham-med A - li' - dir,  
A-nın is-mi cüm-le a-lem do-lu - dur, Hü.

## № 584

*Düvazdeh nefesi*

♩ = 120

Mu-hab-bet a - çıl - sın, ce-mal gö - rün - sün,  
Mu-ham-met, Mus - ta - fa A - li aşk - ı - na, Hü.

## № 585

*Nefes*

♩ = 184

Subh-u şam, ey, gö - nül, çe-ke-lim gül - bank, Şah-ım, bank, Şah-ım,  
Ha - yır - lar feth ol - sun, şer-ler def ol - sun,

## № 586

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 184$

Mağ-rip ta - ra - fin - dan bir yıl-dız doğ - du, Hü, Hü,

Mağ-rip ta-ra-fin - dan şav-kı on se - kiz bin a-le-me vur - du, Hü, Hü.

## № 587

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 200$

Ö-lüm gel-di bul - du be-ni ha-nem - de, Hü, Hü,

Öğ-lum, ta-lip-le - rim bil-sin kıy-me - ti - mi, Hü.

## № 588

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 168$

Mu-sa kul i - yi be-yin ko-yu-nu-nu gü-der - ken,

Dört kurt gel - di kar - deş, kur-ban is - te - di, Hü.

1.  
rep.

## № 589

$\text{♩} = 168$  Nefes

1) 2)

Mu - sa kul i - yi be-yin ko-yu-nu-nu gü - der - ken,

3)

Dört kurt gel - di kar - deş, kur - ban is - te - di,

Dört kurt gel - di kar - deş, kur - ban is - te - di, Hü,

1. 2. 3.  
2. 2. 2.

## № 590

*Rubato*  $\text{♩} = 66$  Matem nefesi

1) 3

Her bah - çe - de u - çan bül-bül kuş gi-bi,

2) 3 3 3

Uç - tu - ran mı dert - li, u - çan mı dert - li, Hü.

1. 2. 3.  
rep. rep. rep.

## № 591

Nefes

$\text{♩} = 180$

Çık-tım, sey-rey - le - dim ben şu a - le - mi,  
Ba - na da bir han - dı da - lim - den ol - dum,  
Ba-na da bir han - dı da-lim - den ol - dum.

## № 592

Nefes

$\text{♩} = 116$

Zan-net - me biz bu - gün ik - rar ver - mi - şiz,  
Bi - zim ik - ra - rı - mız kal - ü be - li - den.  
Zan - net-me biz bu - gün ik - rar ver - mi - şiz,  
A - dem'-den Hav - va'-dan ev - vel er - mi - şiz.

№ 593

*Rubato* ♩ = 152 *Folksong*

Bir sa - rı yı - lan ko - va - la - dı be - ni,  
 Ka - ra ça - lı - ya do - la - dı be - ni.  
 Ah, a - ra - ba - cı, a - man ta - li - ga - cı,

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and consists of four staves. The tempo is marked 'Rubato' with a quarter note equal to 152. The piece is identified as a 'Folksong'. The lyrics are in Turkish and are placed below the notes. The first staff contains the first two lines of the song. The second staff contains the next two lines. The third staff contains the final line, which includes a triplet of eighth notes. The fourth staff contains the concluding musical phrase.

## APPENDICES

App.1. Tunes similar to the small form of the Hungarian and Anatolian laments. № 593–597

№ 594

*Rubato* ♩ = 134

*Folksong*

Bu dert na - sıl dert, ö - lüm - den be - ter,  
Gen-ein ö - lü - mü, ca-nım a-nam, ci-ha-na ye - ter.  
Ka-la-vuz dol - dur e-cel, bu-gün - le - re bel ge-çer,  
A-kıl bi-lir, söy-le - mez a - ma, a - ca - ba kal-bim-de ne - ler ge-çer?

*Refrain* ♩ = 108

U - zun u - zun ha - yat - lar,  
O - tur - muş yar yor - gan kat - lar,  
Ya - rim or - da, ben bur - da,  
U - zun gün ca - nim çat - la - yır.

№ 595

*Parlando* ♩ = 104 *Mani*

*Refrain*

Men - di - li - min ye - ši - li,  
Ben kayb - et - tim e - ši - mi.  
Ben e - ši - mi bu - lur - sam,  
Al - lah bi - lir i - ši - mi.

*Melody*

Gi - de ge - le mah' - le - ni - ze u - san - dım,  
A - ya - ğı - ma di - ken bat - tı, gül san - dım.  
El kı - zı - nı ben ken - di - me yar san - dım, a - man,  
Ne ey - le - yim şu dün - ya - da yar ol - ma - yın - ca.

## № 596

*Nefes*

$\text{♩} = 175$

Ki-mi köy - ler fa - rı - zı sün - net, ey,  
O - dur Mu - ham - met, hüm - met, ey.  
Gel - sin Mu - ham - me - dim, gel - sin,  
Düş - müş - le - rin e - lin al - sın, hay.

## № 597

*Folksong*

$\text{♩} = 88$

Va-rın se-lam e - din, ah, ba-bam gel - sin,  
Sun - sun e - li - ni, al - sın yı-la - ni,  
Sun - sun e - li - ni, al - sın yı-la - ni.  
1.)  
*rep.*



## App. 2. Melodies moving by leaps. № 598–602

## № 598

## Folksong

$\text{♩} = 104$

Ka - ra - ça - lı gi - bi

A - ra - mı - za gir - din,

Ma - dem oğ - lun kıy - met - liy - di,  
Ma - dem oğ - lun pek tat - liy - di,

Ne - den ver - din ba - na.

## № 599

## Lullaby

$\text{♩} = 126$

Nin - ni, de, nin - ni, nin - ni - si var,

Gü - zel, gü - zel ku - zu - mun uy - ku - su var.

## № 600

*Counting-out rhyme*

♩ = 102

Ley - lek, ley - lek ha - va - da,  
 Yu - mur - ta - sı ta - va - da,  
 Bi - zim ha - yat yı - kül - di,  
 Gel - sin bi - zim ha - ya - ta,  
 Bur - nu bo - ka dü - kül - dü,  
 Uç, ley-le'm, uç!

## № 601

*Folksong*

♩ = 248

Yük - sek çar - dak - tan düş - tüm,  
 Ak ça - yır - dan ot biç - tim.  
 Bin li - ra - lık kız i - dim,  
 Köy i - çin - de sev - di - ğim,  
 Ha - yır - sız pos - ta düş - tüm.

№ 602

Folksong

*Parlando* ♩=82



Şu kar - şı - ki dağ - da de - ve - le - ri gü - de - rim,  
 De - ve - le - rin tu - lum - la - rı de - ve - le - re yük - le - rim,  
 Gö - tü - rüp de pa - zar - la - ra sa - ta - rım, val - lah,  
 An - nem - den i - zin - siz ver - mem ay - ra - ni,  
 Yav - rum ay - ra - ni, gü - zel ay - ra - ni, ca - nım ay - ra - ni.



## THRACIAN SONG TEXTS



# INTRODUCTION

Not intending to interpret the texts, we present as faithful translations as possible to each folk song and hymn text, though we are aware that in the secret language of the Bektashis the common words may have different connotations. For them the colloquial *yol* 'road' only means 'the road leading to God', and *yolcu* 'traveller' is the person who has made up his mind to take the road leading to God and has pledged never to go astray. In some cases the texts had to be changed by us, because the original text was evidently unclear to the singer. Villagers often alter, 'translate' foreign loanwords, 'replacing' them with their own Turkish words. This can be observed in № 564, in which *kılavuzum* 'my guide, my conductor' is replaced in a variant by *kulağımız* 'our ears', a word of equal number of syllables. In some cases older (Old or Middle Turkic) words are replaced by modern ones.<sup>1</sup>

## Dialectal phenomena in the texts

The texts were massively standardized by us in order to offer the reader a readable text. Some dialectal characteristics are noted here, a number of which are kept in the texts and others – for intelligibility's sake – are replaced. Another reason for standardization was that certain words were often performed within a single song, by the same singer differently, and precise presentation would have required an enormous number of annotations, hindering readability.

Sometimes the dialectal verb form deviates from the standard while the number of syllables remains the same in some cases. We can detect certain dialectal verb forms such as: *geçerke* (as opposed to the standard) : *geçerken* (№ 92), *istiyon* : *istiyorsun* (№ 100), *uyucak* : *uyuyacak* (№ 133), *olam* : *olayım* (№ 134, № 157), *okum*, *yazam* (№

<sup>1</sup> The last line of № 564: Instead of *Çün Hakkâ ulaştı gönül* 'The heart reached the true God', where *çün* stands as a variant of Old Turkic *çm* 'true, genuine' (Clauson 1972: 424), was replaced by *Can aşkıma düştü gönül* 'The heart fell into the soul's love'.

136), *kalkı* (№ 153), *basıla geldi* (№ 158), *bilmiyom* (№ 173), *nidem*, *gidem* (№ 187), *yetüyü* (№ 206) and *ne edim* (№ 591) are included in the texts.

In the Thracian dialect the initial *h-* is often omitted before a vowel: [*h*]uyumuz (№ 90), [*h*]em (№ 151), [*H*]akk (№ 209, № 227), [*H*]aticem (№ 578). In other cases inorganic *h-* is inserted before a word starting with a vowel: *hiçen* (№ 158), (*h*)Allah (№ 195). Other inorganic phonemes might also appear in line with the general Anatolian tendencies: *tiren* (№ 141), *topurak* (№ 142), *elektirik* (№ 173). Elision occurs when from two subsequent identical syllables or phonemes the second is omitted: e.g. *koca (a)dam* (№ 91, № 161). The elided sounds are not written under the score when they have no rhythmic unit in the melody: *nâpayım* (№ 75, № 76), *get'sin* < *getirsin* (№ 79), *noldu* (№ 163), *tat'olur* (№ 192), *Karac'Ahmet* (№ 232).

The tendency of two open syllables is present in Turkish as well: when more than two open syllables succeed one another in a word, the vowel of the second syllable is usually omitted, e.g. *ö-mü-rüm* > *ömrüm* 'my life', *oğulum* > *oğlum*. When the rhythm of the melody requires the syllable, the vowel is retained at the end of the second syllable: *ömürü* (№ 80), *ahiretimle* (№ 124).

Dissimilation may occur when the vowel of the suffix does not harmonize with the stem. It is often caused by the rhyming formula and it is a characteristic phenomenon of the local dialect owing its presence to the effect of the Bulgarian language: *dağlar* (№ 82, № 148, № 195), *dalinde* (№ 82), *aylar* (№ 88). Sometimes words with mixed, high and low vowels were homogenized and a suitable suffix was added: *kardaşlar* instead of *kardeşler* (№ 109, № 110, № 156, № 524), *sermeyem* instead of *sermayem* (№ 149).

We had not indicated systematically the higher formation of vowels in the text, except where misunderstanding was to be avoided: *-a-* > *-u-*: e.g. *baba* in place of the dialectal *buba* (№ 73, № 151), also *palayla* instead of *pulaylan* (№ 3), *gece* instead of *gice* (№ 211). Labialization is widespread in Thrace. An unrounded phoneme in a labial context becomes rounded: *bebek* > *böbek* (№ 130), *mürşid* > *mürşüd* (№ 156), *evler* > *övlər* (№ 179). In the standardized text they are not indicated but they can be easily spotted in the recordings.

Delabialization – unrounding the originally rounded phoneme – usually appears in foreign words: *malum* > *malim* (№ 151).

As for morphology the dialectal *+nan* is replaced by *ile* or *+lA* in the standardized text, e.g. *annesiyile* for *annesinnen*. *+lA* or *ile* instead of the dialectal *+lAn*, e.g. *alaylan* is replaced by *alayla* (№ 1, № 2, № 3, № 6), *sevdaylan* is written as *sevda ile* (№ 380), etc. Assimilation was not indicated either, e.g. *yerler* was written for the dialectal *yeller*.

## Precedents of text editions

In Europe, the first attempts to explore the collective art of the people were made in the age of romanticism. The interest in the mentality or soul of ethnicities is associated with the name of Herder. He took folk poetry – the voice of the people, as the basis of studying the language. He claimed that folk poetry was the pristine, intact part of a nation's culture hence it conveyed the soul of that people most perfectly.<sup>2</sup> Romanticism kindled a passion and longing for the East, the world of magic, dreams and tales.

Turkish folk song texts were collected and published more than a hundred years ago, too, usually without commentary. The enormous Siberian Turkic text collection of Wilhelm Radloff<sup>3</sup> had a great impact on subsequent Hungarian Turkish scholars, including József Thúry in the 19<sup>th</sup> century, who also studied Turkish folk literature. A committed researcher of Ottoman Turkish language and ethnography, Ignác Kúnos conducted field collections in Ada-Kale, Turkey, in the 1880s, and he edited Radloff's last volume in 1899.

Our Thracian collection is an addition to comparative ethnographic research. We demonstrate the interaction of the texts of Turkish folk songs and religious hymns. We present text variants of 13–16<sup>th</sup> century poems that developed into religious folk hymns and compare them with their contemporary forms. A glossary of special terms and words of specific meanings is compiled to help better understand the folk and religious texts, as well as Sufi mentality in general.

## About Thracian folk songs

Artun has published two volumes of his West Thracian folk song collection (1978, 1983). We have of course collected many songs whose texts are found in the above mentioned books and are also known in other areas of Turkey. Also we have come across several new texts during our collecting trips between 1999–2003<sup>4</sup>, as folk songs were and are being born and individual informants have different repertoires. Below, we touch on the most important genres.

*Lullabies.* In lullabies mothers often sing about their untold desires or grievances to their babies (e.g. № 23, № 57 és № 272). These simple, often not strophic songs are sung to the rhythm of rocking from time immemorial. Sometimes the text only

<sup>2</sup> Herder, J. G. (1777): Von Ähnlichkeit der mittleren Englischen und Deutschen Dichtkunst.

<sup>3</sup> Radloff (1866, 1870, 1872, 1885, 1896 and 1899).

<sup>4</sup> We collected from Bektashis at the following places: Ahmetler, Beyci, Çavuşköy – Enez, Çeşmekolu, Çorlu, Deveçatağı, Devletliagaç, Enez, Karacakılavuz, Karıncak, Kaşıkçı, Kılavuzlu, Kırklareli, Kırşehir, Kızılıkdere, Kofçaz, Lüleburgaz, Güzelçamlı – Kuşadası, Musulça – Havsa, Ormankent – Enez, Özdere – İzmir, Tatlıpınar, Tekirdağ, Terzidere – Kırklareli, Topçular, Uzunköprü, Yeni Bedir, Zeytinburnu – İstanbul.



contains soothing, lulling formulae, the melody shunning changeable rhythms and large melodic arches. They are performed in a soft voice and become gradually softer and softer and if babies fall asleep, they may stop abruptly. The most frequent stylistic devices include repetition (*döne döne*) and parallelism as well as contrast: *anası yok, bacısı yok* 'he has no mother, he has no elder sister', but he has a father, who is a pig. Line endings of accentuated identity are typical: *güne, döne*, or in another strophe *çamdān, damdān, ondān*.

The suspended or standing cribs or a trough are easy to rock, even with the foot. It is a scene in Hungarian folk songs, too, that "she's rocking with her foot, lulling with her mouth" while she is spinning with her hands. We saw among Turks that the mother who is leaning against the wall put the baby in swaddling clothes on her stretched legs. The head of the babe rested against the mother's feet and she lulled him to sleep humming, looking at his face, while she was swiftly knitting. The baby can be lulled either by the mother, or sometimes by an elder sister or grandmother, or maybe another female relative. The mother's lullabies are most diverse; in these songs the two of them (mother and baby) are the protagonists. The father is often far away and is awaited in the song (e.g. from Damascus) to bring candy or dates for the baby. Sometimes the circumstances of name-giving, everyday concerns or problems may also be told to the child in the lullabies (e.g. № 133, № 367).

It may also be ascribed to the similarity between sleep and death that the melodies of lullabies and laments are partly identical among the Anatolian Turks and perfectly identical among the Azeris. The Azeri word *laylay*<sup>5</sup>, for example, is an onomatopoeic word meaning both lullaby and dirge. In Anatolian lullabies the word *nenni* 'hush, hush-a-bye' is frequent, often repeated at the end of a line. This turns the song monotonous and more effective. The rocking-lulling word *ninna-nenne* is spread along the Mediterranean, in the Near East, the Caucasus,<sup>6</sup> and even in India (Katona 1994: 28–38).

*Laments or dirges.* When genres of folk poetry began to differentiate, occasional songs attached to the beginning and ending points of life must have been among the first to stand apart. The music is wholly abstract and immaterial but charged with emotions – anyone can try it. Its beneficial effect was already recognized in antiquity: it gives relief to both the performer and the listeners. Iordanes' 6<sup>th</sup> century *Getica* reveals that a lament was sung in honour of Attila, the Hunnish ruler when he died in 453. He was laid out in a silk tent and his heroic deeds were enumerated to the

<sup>5</sup> In his article on East Turkestanian folksong Jarring presumes that the word *laylay* is of Persian origin and translates it as 'threshing song'. He notes that Moen who collected the Turk material mentions the word in his description of threshing: *laylai äitdoq* 'we sang laylay (while we had the animals walk over the corn)' (Jarring 1996: 17). We found an analogy in J. Sipos' Azeri collection: Azeri women sing to the animal during milking to calm her and encourage her to give more milk.

<sup>6</sup> Gyula Németh's data, the Kumük *ananay* 'song, chant Lied' may as well be onomatopoeic, but it is not far from *nenni* 'lullaby', either (Németh 1911–12: 95).

accompaniment of pipes and drums. In an 8<sup>th</sup>-century Chinese short story, wailing<sup>7</sup> was an acknowledged occupation, although there men pursued this profession. At the funeral ceremony of Köl Tigin, a Türk kagan in 732 both the *yuğcu*<sup>8</sup> and the *siğitci*<sup>9</sup> took part, both singing dirges (K).

Mourning for deceased family members may have always been a female genre among both Turks and Hungarians. We recorded several laments, all being emotionally charged without exception, as are bride's laments (e.g. № 25, № 36, № 60–62, № 353–354, № 374, № 593). The whole community knows the deceased, and many know details of the tragedy, which provide an opportunity the wailers – relatives, friends and paid mourners – to improvise. There are laments stiffened to legends in which someone's death is lamented though the person probably died many years earlier but the old people of the village still have memory of the circumstances of the death. The melodic world of these songs is characteristically different from the typical lament formulas (e.g. № 191). We were particularly lucky to be able to record the lament sung in Enez by a blind Gypsy woman said to be a hundred years old (№ 593). This song is special because Pál Péter Domokos (1987: 219) collected its Hungarian version in 1929 in a Moldavian village called Szeketura, north of Bákó. He only published the text of that song, but its eighteen lines are identical with the twenty-line Turkish song. However, this musical form used prevalently for lamentation both in Anatolia and in Hungarian areas hardly appears among Thracian Bektashis.

The *bride's farewell songs* shed light on peculiar customs (e.g. № 29, № 54, № 113a, № 166, № 201, № 430). Solely female relatives, girlfriends, as well as women and maidens from the neighbourhood attend the farewell ceremony of the bride usually held on a Friday night at the bride's house. The better-off also hire a musician, a woman singer. She is usually playing some metal or clay drum (*darbuka*). At the beginning they sing folk songs, mostly merry *manis*, and the women clad in male costumes with painted moustaches romp and frolic, dancing round dances (№ 90, № 102, № 117, № 119, № 96, № 170, № 107, № 199, № 406). Later they cover the head of the bride sitting on a chair with a red tulle veil. Then her hands and feet are painted with the prepared, soaked warm henna (e.g. № 48, № 54, № 113a, № 352). She is expected to mourn for her childhood and thank her mother and father for their kindness. The bride says farewell to her parents and siblings whom she may never see again with pathetic, heart-rending words (e.g. № 30–1, № 33–4, № 36). We met informants who

<sup>7</sup> In the 8<sup>th</sup> century, in the year of the wood pig, in the eighth month, Po Hsien-Chien put down the story of a young man who became the most well-trained mourner of the capital and sang the dirge of the Dewy Garlic at the competition of undertakers, earning great success (Hsieng-Chien 1977: 164).

<sup>8</sup> In Clauson's dictionary the word is *yoğcı*, the stem is *yo*: *ğ* 'funeral feast' (Clauson 1972: 899). In the same source the term *siğitci* 'mourning and weeping' can also be found. Clauson gives 'mourner' as the meaning of *siğit*, but it also means 'weeping, lamentation' (Clauson 1972: 806).

<sup>9</sup> MT *siğit* 'mourner' (AHMA 175).

told us that after their weddings their husbands had never let them visit their families (№ 151, № 448).

*Hidrellez*<sup>10</sup> songs. The *Hidrellez greetings* (e.g. № 1–10, № 50, № 73, № 75, № 127) are widespread in Thrace. They are associated with the spring equinox customs. Women, children, marriageable girls and lads have different tasks, and thus they sing different songs. The lassies and lads make a rope swing, and hang it in a tree. The younger ones and they themselves too can swing while singing to the rhythm of swaying (e.g. № 70, № 80). In *Çorlu* our informants introduced us to the camel game. The lads disguise themselves as camels, tie tin cans to the tail of the camel outfit pulling them behind and making a terrible noise: they entertain the fair lasses this way. Related songs are e.g. № 67, № 75–7, № 99. An analogy of the Hungarian rivalry of the flowers folksong group may be the group of tunes about the “three beauties” (e.g. № 146–8).

*Manis* are sung on festive occasions, at weddings and merry feasts. The main formal feature is the four seven-syllabic lines, the rhyme scheme being *aaba*. The contents of successive strophes are usually incongruous (e.g. № 21–22, № 90, № 92, № 107–8). Every little girl learns *manis* from older lassies on her way to the well, during cleaning the house or agricultural work. They compete in composing new lines to declare they are less idle or lazy than others, their fountain has finer water, etc. or they probe into the secrets of love. There are question-and-answer songs when two groups alternate (e.g. № 406).

The *rain-begging songs* are vestiges of ancient Inner Asian Turkic traditions that had spread to the Balkans and even into the Carpathian Basin (e.g. № 13, № 101). On 18 January 2007 it appeared in *Yeni Gökkuşığı Gazetesi* published in Osmaniye: “In the village of *Tüysüz* in Osmaniye county there was no rain for three months. Five thousand people ordered rain magic from twelve imams. 12 sacrificial animals were slaughtered, they were roasted (*kavurma*) and consumed.” An informant in Gaziantep told us in 1999 that she had also taken part in rain magic during a drought when she was 8 or 9. The whole village, young and old, went out to a huge solitary tree in the fields. There was the *yatır* “sacred grave” at which the animal sacrifice was held and the meat was roasted. After the meal everyone prayed for rain, and when the amen was said at the end, the sky darkened and it rained all the way home. The *yağmur duası* (‘rain prayer’) was so effective that the reply was immediate. Osmaniye is not in Thrace but this song type is known in both regions.

In November 1999 we collected a lullaby in Thrace that began as a rain incantation which the singer suddenly changed into a lullaby (№ 128). This informant had been known as a singer in the village since her early childhood. With her father, a Ramazan drummer (*davulcu*) she walked the streets at dawn to wake the people and to collect

<sup>10</sup> *Hıdır* + *İlyas* the proper names of two saints were fused to create *Hidrellez/Hıdırellez*. The 40<sup>th</sup> day after the spring equinox (May 6<sup>th</sup>) is popularly considered as the beginning of summer (Redhouse 1974: 479).



*Picture 15. Dörtlü semeh being danced transfigured in Zaytinburnu*

alms. She also sang at weddings and bride's farewell ceremonies or other occasions for money.

Our collection includes a few unique tunes and also several songs known all over Turkey. A Turkish informant born in Bulgaria learnt a school song in her childhood and sang it to us in Bulgarian (№ 183). Some tunes were familiar to us from our Anatolian and other collections (№ 88, № 129, № 174, № 440, № 447, № 449, etc.). Although men also sing folk songs, the overwhelming majority of the presented tunes were collected from women. That does not apply to religious songs: there the number of male and female informants was about equal.

### About Thracian religious hymns

Almost all performers of the Thracian Bektashi songs claimed that they had learnt the songs from their parents, grandparents or from the grand parents of their spouses, who were born in the Balkans, most of them in Bulgaria, some in Macedonia or in the former Yugoslavia.

The ritual songs of Thracian Bektashis are cherished treasures. They are prayers, the singing of which elevates them towards God. These tunes are passed down like the folk songs, by word of mouth, and their texts are varied in the same manner. They learn them from one another, most easily during the ceremonies, but these songs can be sung at any hour of the day, without limitations. During singing each text line of

a sacred song (*nefes, semah*) is repeated, thus anyone hearing them for the first time may join in singing the repeated line and may easily learn them.

The Bektashis also collect these songs though most of them cannot read music, so they only copy the strophes in notebooks, calendars, or exercisebooks. These are called *cönk defter* 'song book'. Some of the Bektashis fill several such notebooks during a lifetime. We met a retired teacher who had at least ten such collections, one of which he lent us. In this notebook the picture of Atatürk was glued to the first page and a Turkish flag was drawn on the second. The pages were numbered by hand and the songs also had serial numbers. He also designed ornamental lines and ornate initials. He filled nearly four hundred pages in a clear hand in capital letters. At places he interpolated glosses. This collection also had a list of contents separately listing the *nefes*es and *semah*s in alphabetic order of the incipits of the first strophes. In other collections different methods of classification could be observed in the list of contents. It may be compiled by the last letter of the last line of the first strophe, or even by the last letter of the second line of the first strophe. This peculiar systematization reminds one of the Bektashis' way of concealment.

Most *cönk defters* are, however, not so elaborate, since most people cannot write clearly and correctly. Irrespective of the level of schooling, they long to learn as many hymns as possible. Quite a few illiterate old informants speaking a dialect sang the *nefes*es and *semah*s in Middle Turkic<sup>11</sup>.

The Bektashi ritual songs are typically didactic. Someone volunteers to sing in the ceremony, the leader gives permission and the person sings the first line, then the community repeats it. Minor alterations may appear, but this is a good opportunity for outsiders like we were to join in and learn the *nefes*es. When the singer arrives at a word he is unfamiliar with, he simply replaces it with a suitable one,<sup>12</sup> which has the same number of syllables and a meaning compatible with the context.

Several motivic layers can be differentiated in the religious songs. One is related with magic numbers, e.g. four (№ 74), seven (№ 74, № 155–156, № 167, № 195, № 232), twelve (№ 278, № 323, № 414, № 464), forty (№ 167, № 263, № 277). Light is a symbol that is typical to the east (№ 464, № 483, № 488, № 493), while the lamb as a symbol has been presumably borrowed from Christianity (№ 14, № 155, № 387, № 465, № 588). Central to Sufi thought are the treacherousness of world, the vanity of earthly things, the worship of God, etc.

Singing *nefes*es charges the Bektashis with energy, they are enlightened by their contents. The more they sing them the closer they come to God, which is the ultimate aim of their lives.

<sup>11</sup> Middle Turkic is a category constructed by linguists, meaning the phase between Old Turkic and Modern Turkic. The period characterized by Middle Turkic began with Jünggisi's conquests and lasted until the Ottoman age. The Middle Turkic literary language was Chagatay. In every phase several languages, dialects and layers must be reckoned with scattered over vast geographic areas.

<sup>12</sup> The word *kılavuz* is replaced in example 2, see below.

## The structure of the nefes

In the early tradition the predominant line structure was heptasyllabic, and in later tradition having eleven or even a higher number of syllables was preponderant. Several rhyming patterns are possible, the most frequent being *aaab* (№ 65, № 85) and *abab* (№ 12, № 14). Most ceremonial songs consist of five or six four-lined strophes, but we recorded some with 7–8 strophes (№ 216–7, № 227, № 351, etc.) and even longer ones as well (№ 193, № 232, № 493, № 576). *Nefeses* have no titles, but they are recognized by their first lines from where the community can continue.

Minor changes may occur in the repeated line, e.g. in the *Hakk'ı zikreden kardaşlar* (№ 40) the line *Böyle bir Allah'ımız var* ('We have got an Allah like this') was repeated as: *Şöyle bir Sultanımız var* ('We have got such a Sultan like that'). Another example: the line *Söyle canım bülbül söyle* ('Tell me, my dear nightingale') was repeated as *Söyle garip bülbül söyle* ('Tell me, poor nightingale').

Nearly all *nefes*es have miscomprehended, altered variants. The following examples show the nature of these deviations.

### Example 1.

From the following two *nefes*es, the one in the first column was sung by B. E. in the communal place in Çeşmekolu on 5 December 2002 (№ 208).<sup>13</sup> In the second column a similar text from Doerfer (1996: 224) is shown.<sup>14</sup>

Men yürürüm yane, yane,  
Aşk boyadı meni kane.  
Ne deliyim, ne divane,  
Al, gör beni, aşk neyledi,  
Refr. Gel, gör beni, beni aşk neyledi  
Derde giriftar eyledi

Bän yürüräm yana yana  
İşq boyadı bāni qana  
nä 'aqlām nä divānā  
gäl gör bāni işq näylädi

<sup>13</sup> English version: I am walking burning, burning / Love painted me with blood / Neither fool, nor idiotic / Take a look at me, what love caused to me / Come, see what love caused to me / It caused trouble, ruined me. // I am blowing like wind / I am swelling like flood / Or else I'm flying like dust / Come, see what love caused to me / It caused trouble, ruined me. // I have been helpless from the very beginning / I'm Yunus, miserable / Full of wounds from tip to toe / Neither fool, nor idiotic / Come, see what love caused to me / It caused trouble, ruined me.

<sup>14</sup> German version: Ich wandere brennend, brennend, / Die Liebe hat mich mit Blut gefärbt; / Ich bin weder vernünftig noch verrückt. / Komm, sieh, was die Liebe aus mir gemacht hat! // Bald wehe ich wie die Winde, / bald staube ich wie die Wege, / bald flinge ich wie die Sturzbäche. / Komm, sieh, was die Liebe aus mir gemacht hat! Ich, der arme Yunus, bin hilflos, / Bin von Kopf bis Fuß verwundet, / Aus Liebe zum „Freund“ (Gott) bin ich heimatlos. / Komm, sieh, was die Liebe aus mir gemacht hat!

Kah eserim yeller gibi,  
Kah çağlarım seller gibi.  
Kah tozarım yollar gibi, Refr.  
Biçareyim baştan ayal.

Ben Yonuz'um biçareyim,  
Baştan ayağa yarayım,  
Ne deliyim, ne divaneyim.  
Refr.

gâh âsarâm yällär gibi  
gâh tozaram yollar gibi  
gâh aqaram sellär gibi  
gäl gör bâni ʔışq näylädi...

Miskîn Yunus biçärâyäm  
Başdan ayaya yārayam  
Dost äлиндän ävārâyäm  
Gäl gör bâni ʔışq näylädi

Other variants of the same verse can be found in various publications, e.g. Kaplan (1991: 213, column 1) and Tanses (1997: 90 – column 2).

Ben yürürüm yane yane<sup>15</sup>  
Aşk boyadı beni kane  
Ne akilem ne divane  
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi

Aşkın beni mesteyledi  
Aldı gönlüm hasteyledi  
Öldürmeye kasdeyledi  
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi

Gah eserim yeller gibi  
Gah tozarım yollar gibi  
Gah coşarım seller gibi  
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi

Ben Yunusu[sic!] biçareyim  
Aşk elinden avareyim  
Baştan ayağa yareyim  
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi

Ben ağlarım yane yane<sup>16</sup>  
Aşk boyadı beni kane  
Ne akilem ne divane  
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi  
Derde giriftar eyledi

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

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

<sup>15</sup> I am walking burning [with ardent love] / That has painted me with blood / I'm neither wise nor mad / Love painted me with blood / See what love has done to me // Your love enchanted me / I intend to kill [for you] / Took my heart made me sick / See what love has done to me. // Now I am blowing as winds / Now I am rising as floods / Now I am rising as dust from roads / See what love has done to me. // I am Yunus without help / I am wandering because of love / Full of wounds from tip to toe / See what love has done to me.

<sup>16</sup> I am crying burning burning / Love painted me with blood / I'm neither wise nor mad / Refr. See what love has done to me // Love painted me with blood / I'm a victim of suffering / Now I am blowing as winds / Now I am raising as dust from roads / Now I am flowing as floods + Refr. // I am Yunus without help / I am wandering because of love / Full of wounds from tip to toe / Refr. I am Yunus without help / I am wandering because of love / Full of wounds from tip to toe / See what love has done to me.

The above four variants verify the survival of a poem by the 13<sup>th</sup> century Turkish poet Yunus Emre. Here and there they preserve word stems or suffixes in archaic forms but the implied meaning may be identical.

In the first variant, we recorded the first word with the initial *m-*, a secondary phenomenon in Turkish yet it is a criterion of old age. The verbal predicate *yörü-* 'walk' is more closed in modern Turkish: *yürü-*, but in the ritual song the more archaic form was sung and recorded.

### Example 2.

The first version of the second example was collected from A. O. B. and I. D. in *Musulça* in November 1999 (№ 564 – column 1). Its printed variant was found in several books (Doerfer 1996: 229 – column 2, and Kaya 1999: 88).

Yine dosttan haber geldi<sup>17</sup>  
Dalgalandı coştı gönül  
Bir doğru can yola vardı,  
Katarlandı coştı gönül

Kılavuzum Şah-ı Merdan  
Çevresi dopdolu nurdan  
Bunda her cahil dosttan,  
Neylersin vazgeçti gönül.

Sır Ali'nin sırrı idi  
Seyrederdi sever idi  
Şunda bir avcı var idi  
Vardı ağa düştü gönül

Açıldı bahçenin gülü  
Öter içinde bülbülü  
Dost elinden dolu dolu  
Sarhoş oldu içti gönül

Yenâ dostdan xəbâr gâldi<sup>18</sup>  
dalıalandı taşdı gönül  
yâr âlindân kâvsâr gâldi  
däryâ gibi joşdı gönül

Qılayuzum Şâh-i mârđân  
hâr yâri toptolu nürdan  
şunda bir hâr-jâi dostdan  
nâylârsin vaz-gâldi gönül.

Sırr 'Alî'nun sırrı idi  
sâyır-edâni sâvâr idi  
bân qulî da kâmtâr idi  
pîr 'ışqına düşdi gönül

Açıldı baĥçânün gülü  
ötâr içindâ bülbülü  
dost âlindân tolu tolu  
sarĥoş oldı içdi gönül

<sup>17</sup> Translation: Got news from the Friend / My heart leapt for joy / A good soul found the path / My heart leapt for joy // Caliph Ali, my guide / Is surrounded by light, / All the ignorant friends / Were abandoned, what can we do? // The mystery belonged to Ali / He took a look around with pleasure, / There was a hunter there, / My heart fell into his net. // Roses of the garden blossomed / There sings the nightingale / Abundant came the drinks from the Friend / My heart became drunken. // What is Pir Sultan's lock good for? / What is Shah Sultan's lock good for? / Real man never retracts his confession / The idea is taking a walk around / Since the heart reached God.

<sup>18</sup> German version: Wieder kam vom Freunde Kunde, / Das Herz wogte, floß über, / Aus des Freundes Hand kam die Paradiesesquelle, / Wie das Meer geriet das Herz in Bewegung. // Mein Anführer ist der König der Menschen (Ali) / alles an ihm strahlt von Licht / Was tust du mit einem treulosen Freunde hier? / Verlassen hat ihn das Herz. // Das Geheimnis war Alis Geheimnis, / den (mystisch) Schauenden liebte er. / Ich, sein Sklave, war der Geringste, / In Liebe zum Ordensgründer fiel mein Herz. // Es öffnete sich des Gartens Rose, / Drinnen singt seine Nachtigall. / Aus des Freundes Hand – voll, voll – / Ist trunken worden, trank das Herz. // Mein Pir Sultan vergeht eines Tages, / Wer ein (aufrechter) Mann ist, hält am Ordensgelöbnis eifrig fest. / Während das Herz zu Gott gelangt ist.



Pir Sultan'ın zülfü nider  
 Şah Sultan'ın zülfü nider  
 Er olan ikrarın güder  
 Cesed bunda seyran eder  
 Çün Hakka ulaştı gönül

Pir Sultânım bir gün göçär  
 Är-olan iqrârın güdär  
 jäsäd bunda säyrân edär  
 çün Haqqa ulaşdı gönül

Later the same nefes was also found in the handwritten *cönk defters* of R. E., O. B. and B. K. The latter variant displays several differences in meaning but the length is identical with the above two. We recorded the same nefes three years later in Kılavuzlu from other informants:

Yine dosttan haber geldi  
 Dalgalandı coştı gönül  
 Yar elinden kevser geldi,  
 Derya gibi coştı gönül

Got news from the Friend again  
 My heart leapt for joy  
 Got a drink from my sweetheart  
 My heart leapt for joy like the ocean.

Kulavuzum Şah-ı Merdan  
 Her yanı dopdolu nurdan  
 Şurda her biri bir candan,  
 Neylersin vazgeçti gönül.

Hero of heroes, my guide  
 Is surrounded by light,  
 All those present shared one soul  
 The heart gave it up, what can we do?

Sır Ali'nin sırrı idi  
 Sır edeni sever idim  
 Men kuluyum kemteriyim  
 Pir aşkına düştü gönül

The mystery belonged to Ali  
 I used to like the one telling a secret,  
 I am his humble slave,  
 My heart fell in love with the spiritual teacher.

Açıldı bahçenin gülü  
 Öter içinde bülbülü  
 Dost elinden dolu dolu  
 Serhoş oldu işte gönül

Roses of the garden blossomed  
 There sings the nightingale  
 Abundant came the drinks from the Friend  
 My heart became drunken.

Pir Sultan'ım dolu dolu  
 Er olan ikrarı duru  
 Ceset bundan seyran eder  
 Can aşkına düştü gönül

My Pir Sultan is absolutely full of  
 Real saint man never retracts his confession  
 The corps is taking a walk around  
 The heart fell in love with my dear.

The personal pronoun sometimes changes, or the refrain may be different, and the rhyme scheme might change because of the word order. It was also strange to hear a familiar *nefes* sung to an unfamiliar tune at a Nevruz ceremony.

*Example 3.*

The third example was recorded by us in Thrace (№ 347 – column 1)<sup>19</sup> but later we came across it in a book about the *Tahtacı* (Çıblak 2005: 236 – column 2). The *Tahtacı* are a Turkmen ethnic group scattered all over Anatolia, who have preserved the Alevi tradition. They moved from around Baghdad to Çukurova after the collapse of the Ottoman Empire (Yörükkan 1998: 150). Today a sizeable group lives in the Taurus Mountains.

Çeke-çeke men bu dertten ölürüm  
Seversen Ali'yi değme yarama  
Ali'nin yarası yar yarasıdır  
Seversen Ali'yi değme yarama

Ali'nin yarası yar yarasıdır  
Buna merhem olmaz dil yarasıdır  
Ali'yi sevmeyen Hakk'ın nesidir  
Seversen Ali'yi değme yarama

Bu yurt senin değil konar göçersin  
Ali'nin dolusun bir gün içersin  
Körpe kuzulardan nasıl geçersin  
Seversen Ali'yi değme yarama

İlgit ılgıt olmuş akıyor kanım  
Kem geldi kadere talihim benim  
Benim derdim bana yeter hey canım  
Seversen Ali'yi değme yarama

Pir Sultan Abdal'ım deftere yazar  
Şah efendim Haydar deftere yazar  
Hilebaz yar ile olur mu pazar  
Pir merhem çalmazsa yaralar azar  
Seversen Ali'yi değme yarama

Mevlam ben bu dertten ölürüm  
Seversen Ali'yi değme yarama  
Ali'nin yoluna serim veririm  
Seversen Ali'yi değme yarama

Ali'nin yarası yar yarasıdır  
Ona merhem olmaz dil yarasıdır  
Ali'yi sevenler Hakk'ın nesidir  
Seversen Ali'yi değme yarama

İlgit ılgıt oldu akıyor kanım  
Kem geldi didara talihim benim  
Benim derdim bana yeter hey canım  
Seversen Ali'yi değme yarama

Bu yurt bizim değil konar göçersin  
Ali'nin dolusun bir gün içersin  
Körpe kuzulardan nasıl geçersin  
Seversen Ali'yi değme yarama

Pir Sultan Abdal'ım yazdılar yazı

Dilabazlarıma olur mu bazı  
Pir melhem sürmezse yaralar azar  
Seversen Ali'yi değme yarama

<sup>19</sup> Translation: I will die because of this woe, / Don't touch my wound if you love Ali, / Ali's wound is my darling's wound, / Don't touch my wound if you love Ali, // Ali's wound is my darling's wound, / There is no remedy on the wound caused by the tongue. / What connection has to God the one who does not love Ali? / Don't touch my wound if you love Ali, // This country is not yours, you will die, / You will drink Ali's wine once / How can you leave your little ones? / Don't touch my wound if you love Ali, // My blood is flowing slowly, / The onlooker finds my luck little / Hey, darling, my woe is enough for me / Don't touch my wound if you love Ali, // My Pir Sultan Abdal writes into a book / My Shah Haydar writes into a book, / Can one bargain with a tricky lover? / Unless the saint does not apply ointment, my wounds become infected, / Don't touch my wound if you love Ali.

“*Bu yurt senin/bizim değil*” ‘This land is not yours/ours’ – though the actual meaning is different, it is secondary compared to the main message: none of us can possess this earthly world as our inheritance. Formally, any bisyllabic word (yours/ours) suffices.

Such *nefes* variants probably arise because the performer only remembers the essence of the message instead of its minor details. This is a one reason for the emergence of variants that enrich oral folklore, just as folk song variants do.

*Example 4.*

This is a poem by Yunus Emre which we collected from the same performers in Thrace in 2002 and 2003 (№ 254–255 – columns 1–2). The song is published with the score by Kaplan (1991: 128 – column 3) and Banarlı (1987: 333 – column 4). The *nefes*es below are presented in this order.

Ben seni severim candan içeri  
İlikten, kemikten, kandan içeri  
Yolum var bu erkan, erkandan içeri  
Meni sorma bana bende değilim,  
Bende bir bende var benden içeri.

Kalmadı takatım dizde derman yok,  
Bu nasıl mezheptir dinden içeri?  
Süleyman kuş dilin söyler dediler,  
Süleyman var Süleyman'dan içeri.

Yunus'un sözleri yare yakışır,  
Kapında kullar var sultandan içeri.

Seni ben severim candan içeri  
Yolum vardır bu erkandan içeri  
Şeriat tarikat yoludur varana  
Hakikat marifet andan içeri

Beni benden sorma ben ben değilim  
Bir ben vardır bende benden içeri  
Süleyman kuş dilin bilir dediler  
Süleyman var Süleyman'dan içeri

Kesildi takatım dizde derman yok  
Bu ne mezhep imiş dinden içeri  
Yunus'un sözleri hündür ateştir  
Kapında kul var sultandan içeri

Ben seni severim candan içeri  
İlikten, damardan, kandan içeri

Beni sorma bana ben de değilim  
Bende bir bende var benden içeri

Kalmadı takatım dizde derman yok,  
Bu nasıl mezheptir dinden içeri,  
Yunus'un sözleri yare yakışır,  
Bu nasıl mezheptir dinden içeri?

Severem ben seni candan içerü  
Yolum vardır bu erkandan içerü  
Şeriat tarikat yoldur varana  
Hakikat meyvası andan içerü

Tecelliden nasib erdi kimine  
Kiminün maksudı bundan içerü  
Beni bende demen bende değülem  
Bir ben vardır bende benden içerü

Senün aşkun beni benden alupdur  
Miskin Yunus gözü tuş oldu sana  
Kapunda bir kuldur senden içerü

The variants begin with a change of the word order which does not entail a change in the meaning: “I love you / You I love – I love you from the depths of my soul / deeper than anything / in my innermost.” The poem says that man is capable of triumphing over his instincts, suppressing his desires and his own perishable personality or self and turning exclusively towards God. In this transitory, passing world we assume a body – but who is the I?

In modern Turkish word order the predicate is at the end of the sentence, in the fourth variant above it is in the front. Moreover, in this variant the labial character of the suffixes (Old Turkish stage) dominates. For both reasons, this version is believed to be the oldest.

*Example 5.*

The fifth example (*nefes* № 380) also has several variants. The closing strophe of the variant we collected (column 1) says it was written by Pir Sultan, but it also occurs with another poet’s – Hatayi’s – name. Both variants have five strophes, of which only the first and last one are presented here. The 16<sup>th</sup>-century Turkish poet Kul Himmet also has a *nefes* starting with the same line but it goes on differently, so we decided to ignore it here. Several variants of Şah Hatayi’s five-strophe verse survive, one is given in column 2 (Çıblak 2005: 261) and another one in column 3 (Arslanoğlu 1992: 516).

Yürü, bire, ey, yalan dünya, <sup>20</sup>	Yürü yalan dünya yürü	Yürü fani dünya yürü
Yalan dünya değil misen?	Yalan dünya değil misin	Fani dünya değil misen
Hasanlan Hüseyini de	Hasan ile Hüseyin’i	Hasan ile Hüseyin’i
Alan dünya değil misin?	Alan dünya değil misin	Alan dünya değil misin
...	...	...
Pir Sultan’ım ne yatarsın	Şah Hatayi’m deryalar yanıyor	Şah Hatayi’m der konarsın
Kurmuş çarhını dönersin	Kurulmuş çarkı felek dönüyor	Pervane kurmuş dönersin
Ne konarsın ne göçersin	Kimisi göçmüş kimisi konuyor	Hem konarsın hem dönersin
Yalan dünya değil misin	Konan dünya değil misin	Dönen dünya değil misin

There is a lot of evidence that these *nefes*es preserved for six or seven centuries are known in many variants. Sometimes there are considerable deviations, at other times the sequence or number of the strophes differs, or again sometimes the name of the poet mentioned in the last strophe is different. The variation of the texts of the ritual songs is thus very similar to the modification of folk song texts.

This holds true despite the fact that the context of ritual songs is more constrained than that of other songs, due to both the occasion they are sung and the theme they tell about, among other things. Since they are also passed down by word of mouth, they could not avoid variation, either.

<sup>20</sup> In the study about Anatolian laments no. 66 begins like this: Yürü bire sarı çiçek... ‘Fade away ah, yellow flower’ (Esen 1982: 163). It begins identically with several *nefes* variants, the first strophe being the same and the rest deviating (Eyuboğlu 1993: 139).

### The authors of *nefes* and *semahs*

The majority of the Bektashi poets lived long ago (13–16<sup>th</sup> c.), hence there are many uncertainties about their lives. Even today, versifying is popular among the Bektashis, they take delight in finding rhymes, and there is a lot of compilation of existing elements. In Kırklareli, for example, we collected from a dervish “his own nefes”, but later we came across a text variant in a book of songs. Some later and even contemporary poets try to ensure a more secure future for their poems by inserting a notable predecessor’s name in place of theirs in the first line of the last strophe.

The greatest and most popular poets of the Bektashis are: Yunus Emre (124?–132?), Seyyid Nesimi (?–1404), Eşref Oğlu (1353–1469?), Derviş Tefik of Istanbul (14<sup>th</sup> century), Kaygusuz Abdal (14–15<sup>th</sup> century), Hatayi (1487?–1524), Pir Sultan Abdal (16<sup>th</sup> century), Kul Himmet (16<sup>th</sup> century), Muhittin Abdal (16<sup>th</sup>? century), Genc Abdal (Istanbul, 19<sup>th</sup> century) among others. They are enveloped in legends just like the Bektashi saints are. In the collection of their poems<sup>21</sup> and in Turkish manuals of literary history<sup>22</sup> their legendary lives are often narrated. Let us present a few episodes from the lives of the poets also included in our collection.

Yunus Emre is perhaps the best known Turkish poet; his poems are known over the entire Turkish language territory and posterity sings them like folk songs. He is revered as the “father” of mystic Turkic Islamic poetry. The subject of his poems is the love of God and our fellowmen, compassion for others, and a positive attitude to life. He speaks in an informal, direct, modern tone. He has innumerable funeral monuments in Anatolia and all over the Balkans.

The 14<sup>th</sup>-century Bektashi poet’s, Nesimi’s (originally called Alaëddin Gaybi) poems radiate a personal tone that influenced nearly all his followers. It was he who spread Bektashism in Egypt, where four convents were built in his honour. In Aleppo his adversaries skinned him, but he did not renounce his faith.

Şah Hatayi is said to have stemmed from the Karakoyunlu clan and he was the first Safavid ruler. His original name is Şah Ismail. This cruel ruler wrote wonderful poems, laying the foundations of Bektashi poetry. His beloved son el-Kas Mirza was the commander of the castle of Niş and wrote poems under the pen name Can Hatayi.

Kul Himmet was also a 16<sup>th</sup>-century poet who retired from the Janissary corps in old age. He traversed the entire Ottoman Empire during his life, visiting even the smallest villages as well. For some time he served as a dervish in Haji Bektash Veli’s monastery.

Bedri Noyan (1912–1997) dedebaba earned a medical degree in Istanbul, and then settled in Izmir.

One of the more recent authors is Turgut Koca, who was born in Istanbul in 1921. As a mechanical engineer, he worked for the ground forces until he retired. He joined

<sup>21</sup> There are other publications as well, but we utilized those enlisted under the references.

<sup>22</sup> See Banarlı (1987).



Picture 16. The dedebaba with Éva Csáki

the Bektashi order at the age of 23. He was appointed *halifebaba* by Bedri Noyan in 1976. His wife Adviye and he have written wonderful nefeses.

*Nefeses* are written in every community to this day. Everyone can write them and the popular, famous nefeses are particularly enthusiastically performed. Most elevating is the *kırklar semahı* at the end of which the leader's blessing follows and the community members leave with a strengthened heart.

### Text of songs from Thrace

After the №-s we give the form of the song with the name of the singer. There follows the date and place of birth in parenthesis, the latter is only given when it differs from the place where we recorded the song. We also supply information in the same parenthesis about the person who was not a Bektashi in Thrace.

## Folk Songs

№ 1. *Hidrellez song*. Fatma Bulut (1922 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Alayla, palayla, Tahta kalayla, hoy, hoy, Tahta kalayla,	Marching in a group, With a wooden sword, With a wooden sword.
Biz gelin alrız Sizin alaydan, hoy, hoy, Sizin alaydan.	We take a bride, From your group, hey, From your group.
Ne istersin, ne istersin Sen bizim alaydan, hoy, hoy, Sen bizim alaydan?	What do you want, From our group, hey, From our group?
Orda bir burda bir dilber gördüm, Onu isterim, hoy, hoy, Onu isterim.	Here and there I've seen a Fair woman, hey, I want her, I want her.
Dilberin adını, dilberin adını, Bildirin bize, hoy, hoy, Bildirin bize!	The fair woman's name, her name! Tell it to us, hey! Tell it to us!
Dilberin adı, dilberin adı Fatma hanımdır, hoy, hoy, Fatma hanımdır.	The fair woman's name, Her name is Madam Fatma, hey, Madam Fatma.

№ 2. *Hidrellez song*. Bektashi women, Kırklareli

Alayla, palayla, Tahta kalayla, oy, hoy, Tahta kalayla.	Marching in a group, With a wooden sword, hey, With a wooden sword.
Ne istersin, ne istersin Sen bizim alaydan, oy, hoy, Sen bizim alaydan?	What do you want, From our group, hey, From our group?
Güzeli gördüm, dilberi gördüm, Onu isterim, oy, hoy, Onu isterim.	I've seen a beauty, a fair lady, I want her, hey, I want her.
O güzelin adını, o dilberin adını Bildirin bize, oy, hoy, Bildirin bize	The beauty's name, the lady's name, Tell it to us, hey, Tell it to us.
O güzelin adı, o dilberin adı, Şükrüye kadındır, oy, hoy, Şükrüye kadındır.	The beauty's name, the fair lady's name is Madam Sükrüye, hey, Madam Sükrüye.

Uslu mu yavaş mı? Kendisi gelsin, oy, hoy, Kendisi gelsin	Is she decent and soft-spoken? She herself should come, hey, She should come here!
Usludur, yavaştır, Koçsuz varamaz, oy, hoy, Koçsuz varamaz.	She's decent and soft-spoken, She won't go till she's given a ram, hey, Till she gets a ram.
Alayla, palayla, davulla, zurnayla Biz gelin alırsız, oy, hoy, Biz gelin alırsız.	Marching in a group, with a big drum, a Turk- ish pipe, We will take a bride, hey We will take a bride.

№ 3. *Hidrellez song.* Şehriban Bulut (1922 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Benim ağam katıra binmiş, Yollara toz atır, oy, hoy, Yollara toz atır.	My agha has got on a mule, Kicking up dust on the road, hey, Kicking up dust on the road.
Senin ağan eşeğe binmiş, Küllere toz atır, oy, hoy, Küllere toz atır.	Your agha's got on a donkey, Kicking up dust on flakes of fire, hey, Stirring dust on flakes of fire.
Alayla, palayla, Tahta kalayla, oy, hoy, Tahta kalayla.*	Marching in a group, With a wooden sword, hey, With a wooden sword.
Orda bir, burda bir güzel gördüm, Onu isterim, oy, hoy, Onu isterim.	Here and there I've seen a beauty, I want her, hey, I want her.
* Güzelin adını, dilberin adını Bildirin bize, oy, hoy, Bildirin bize!	The name of the fair woman, Tell us quickly, hey, Tell us quickly!
Güzelin adı, dilberin adı, Meltem hanımdır, oy, hoy, Meltem hanımdır.	The name of the beauty, of the fair lady, hey, Is Madam Meltem, hey, Is Madam Meltem.
Allıdır, usludur, Koçsuz varamaz, oy, hoy, Koçsuz varamaz.	She's fair and good as well, She won't go till she gets a ram, hey, She won't go till she gets a ram.



№ 4. *Hidrellez song*. Fatma Yetişir (1923 Deveçatağı), Deveçatağı

Yeşil yaprak, yeşil yaprak  
Kervan kurmuş, kevran kurmuş,  
Dallar çekemez, oy, hoy,  
Dallar çekemez.

Green leaves, green leaves  
Have made a canopy,  
The branches won't hold it, oh,  
The branches won't hold it.

\* Kardeşimden, kardeşimden  
Mektup gelmiş, mektup gelmiş,  
Siladan geçemez, oy, hoy,  
Siladan geçemez.\*

From my brother, from my brother  
I have got a letter, I got a letter.  
He can't part with his country, oh,  
He can't leave his country.

Ahlat ağacı, ahlat ağacı,  
Ahlat vermiş, ahlat vermiş,  
Dallar çekemez, oy, hoy,  
Dallar çekemez.

Wild pear tree, a wild pear tree  
Has yielded field pears, sour pears.  
The branches are covered full, oh,  
The branches are full.

Yeşil yaprak, yeşil yaprak,  
Kervan kurmuş, kevran kurmuş,  
Yağmur geçemez, oy, hoy,  
Yağmur geçemez.

Green leaves, green leaves  
Have made a canopy,  
Rain won't come through, oh,  
Rain won't come through.

Kardeşimden, kardeşimden  
Mektup gelmiş, mektup gelmiş,  
Yarden geçemez, oy, hoy,  
Yarden geçemez.

From my brother, from my brother  
A letter has arrived,  
He can't live without his sweetheart, oh,  
He can't live without his darling.

№ 5. *Hidrellez song*. Huriye Engin (1943 Topçular), Kırklareli

Elma ağacı, elma ağacı,  
Meyva vermiş,  
Dallar çekemez, oy, hoy,  
Dallar çekemez.

Apple tree, apple tree,  
Has yielded fruit,  
The branches are loaded full, oh,  
The branches are loaded.

Yeşil yaprak kevran kurmuş,  
Yağmur geçemez, oy, hoy,  
Yağmur geçemez.

Green leaves have made a canopy,  
Rain won't go through it, oh,  
Rain won't go through it.

Ağamdan, kardeşimden  
Mektup gelmiş,  
Yarden geçemez, oy, hoy,  
Yarden geçemez.

From my elder brother  
I have got a letter.  
He can't live without his darling, oh,  
He can't live without his sweetheart.

Erik ağacı, erik ağacı  
Meyva vermiş,  
Dallar çekemez, oy, hoy,  
Dallar çekemez.

Plum tree, plum tree,  
Has yielded fruit,  
The branches are loaded full, oh,  
The branches are loaded.

Yeşil yaprak kevran kurmuş,  
Yağmur geçemez hoy, hoy,  
Yağmur geçemez.

Ağamdan, kardeşimden  
Mektup gelmiş,  
Yarden geçemez, oy, hoy,  
Yarden geçemez.

Armut ağacı, armut ağacı  
Meyva vermiş,  
Dallar çekemez, hoy, hoy,  
Dallar çekemez.

Green leaves have made a canopy,  
Rain won't come through it, oh,  
Raing won't come through it.

From my elder brother  
A letter has arrived.  
He can't live without his darling, oh,  
He can't live without his sweetheart.

Pear tree, pear tree,  
Has yielded fruit.  
Its branches are loaded full, oh,  
Its branches are loaded.

№ 6. *Hidrellez song.* Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Alayla, palayla,  
Tahta kalayla, oy, hoy,  
Tahta kalayla.

Ne istersin, ne istersin  
Sen bizim alaydan oy, hoy,  
Sen bizim alaydan?

O, güzeli gördüm,  
O, dilberi gördüm,  
Onu isterim, oy, hoy,  
Onu isterim.

O güzelin adını, o dilberin adını  
Bildirin bize, oy, hoy,  
Bildirin bize.

Dilberin adı, güzelin adı

Nuriye kadındır, oy, hoy,  
Nuriye kadındır.

Aslı olsun, uslu olsun  
Kendisi gelsin, oy, hoy,  
Kendisi gelsin.

Kırk davulla, kırk zurnayla  
Gelin alırsız oy, hoy, gelin alırsız.  
Gelin alırsız oy, hoy, gelin alırsız.

Biz onu, biz onu  
Kırk davulla, kırk zurnayla  
Gelin veririz oy, hoy,  
Gelin veririz.

Marching in a group,  
With a wooden sword, oh,  
With a wooden sword.

What do you want, what do you want  
From our group, oh,  
From our group?

I've seen a fair woman,  
I've seen a fair woman,  
I've seen that fair woman,  
I want her, oh, I want her.

The name of that fair woman  
Let us know, oh,  
Let us know!

The name of the fair woman,  
The name of the beauty is  
Madam Nuriye, oh,  
Madam Nuriye.

She must be tidy, she must be good,  
She should come here, oh,  
She should come.

With forty drums and forty flutes,  
We shall bring her as the bride, oh,  
We shall bring her as the bride.

With forty drums and forty flutes  
We shall give her as the bride, oh,  
We shall give her as the bride,  
We shall give her as the bride.

№ 7. *Hidrellez song*. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

(Ahlat ağacı) ahlat vermiş,  
Dallar çekemez, hoy, hoy,  
Dallar çekemez.

Yeşil yaprak, yeşil yaprak,  
Kervan kurmuş,  
Yağmur geçemez, hoy, hoy,  
Yağmur geçemez.

Kardeşimden, kardeşimden  
Mektup gelmiş,  
Yarden geçemez hoy, hoy,  
Yarden geçemez.

Erik ağacı, erik ağacı  
Erik vermiş,  
Dallar çekemez hoy, hoy,  
Dallar çekemez.

Yeşil yaprak, yeşil yaprak  
Kevran kırmış,  
Yağmur geçemez, hoy, hoy,  
Yağmur geçemez.

Kardeşimden, kardeşimden  
Mektup gelmiş,  
Yarden geçemez hoy, hoy,  
Yarden geçemez.

(The wild pear tree) has yielded field pears  
The branches are loaded full, oh,  
The branches are loaded.

Green leaves, green leaves  
Arranged in a canopy,  
Rain won't come through, oh,  
Rain won't come through.

From my brother, from my brother,  
I've got a letter,  
He can't live without his darling, oh,  
He can't live without his sweetheart.

Plum tree, plum tree,  
Has yielded plums.  
The branches are loaded full, oh,  
The branches are loaded.

Green leaves, green leaves,  
Arranged in a canopy,  
Rain won't come through,  
Rain won't come through.

From my sibling, from my brother,  
I've got a letter,  
He can't live without his darling, oh,  
He can't live without his sweetheart.

№ 8. *Hidrellez song*. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

Dilediğini bilemedim,  
Aradığını ben seçerim,  
Hey, dilber, hey.

Altın kuşak yalab olsun,  
Birincik lamba denebilsin,  
Hey dilber, hey.

I didn't know what you wanted,  
I choose what you're looking for,  
Hey, fair woman, hey!

May the golden belt glitter,  
You may try the first lamp,  
Hey, fair woman, hey!

№ 9. *Hidrellez song*. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

Aç kapını, aç kapını,  
Bezirgan geçecek.  
Açamam kapımı,  
Geride kalan keyleri başlı,  
Sirkeli saçlı senin olsun.

Throw open your door,  
Merchant's getting through,  
I can't throw open my door,  
May the abandoned bushel-headed one  
with nits in his hair be yours!

№ 10. *Mani*. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Bir dilim, iki dilim, Üç dilim elma, Gel, sarıl boynuma, Almazsan alma.	One slice, two slices, Three slices of apple, Come here and embrace me, Don't marry me, if you can't!
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№ 11. *Counting-out rhyme*. Sunni schoolchildren, Karacakılavuz

Yağ satarım, bal satarım, Ustam ölmüş, ben satarım. Ustamın kökü zararlır, Sattım onbeş liradır, Zambak, zambak, danalara iyi bak!	I sell butter, I sell honey, The master died, so I sell them. The master's hurt, I've sold them for fifteen liras, Lily, lily, take good care of the cows!
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№ 13. *Rain-begging song*. Orhan Bulut's family, Çorlu

Yağ, yağ, yağmur, Teknede hamur, Tarlada çamur, Ver, Allah'ım, ver, Sicim gibi yağmur.	Let the rain fall, Dough in the kneading trough, Mud in the stubble field, Give, my Allah, give us, Pouring rain!
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№ 15. *Counting-out rhyme*. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliğaç), Devletliğaç

Sıra sıra söğütler, İşte geldik yiğitler, Yiğitlerin karnı aç, İki dipli bir kolaç.	Long line of willows, Here we are, lads. The lads are hungry, Dough fried on both sides.
Ev üstünde boyunduruk, Bara bara boğuduk. Kapı arkasında yarmalak, Çocuklar kapıyı tirmalar.	There's harness on the roof of the house, We went on and drowned. There's semolina behind the gate, The children climb up the gate.

№ 16. *Counting-out rhyme*. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Ay dede! Evin nerde? İnce belde, Tavuk getir, Yağa betir, Bala batır, Sen gelmezsen, Bana getir, Ay dede!	Father Moon! Where is your house? On a slim waist. Bring a hen, Dip it into oil, Dip it into honey, If you don't come, Bring it to me, Father Moon!
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№ 17. *Quran recitation*. Sunni women, Kırklareli

№ 18. *Quran recitation*. Sunni women, Kırklareli

№ 19. *Quran recitation*. Sunni women, Kırklareli

№ 20. *Quran recitation*. Sunni women, Kırklareli

№ 21. *Mani*. Halil Atakan (1928 Iştip - Çetaşka Macedonia), Kırklareli

Gidin bulutlar, gidin,  
O yara selam edin,  
O yar uykusunda ise,  
Uykusun' haram edin!

Yörü yeşillim yürü,  
Eşinden kalma geri,  
Zehir olsa ver içeyim,  
Süt gerdandan akan teri!

Bahçelerde enginar,  
Her bir yarinden civan,  
Ben o yarı sevmişim,  
Sol yanağında beni var.

Elmayı nazık soyarlar,  
Çini tabağa koyarlar,  
Dost güzel olanı,  
Candan sorarlar.

Fly clouds, fly,  
Greet my sweetheart,  
If my sweetheart is still asleep,  
Disturb her sleep!

Walk on, my green-dressed one, walk on,  
Do not fall behind your husband,  
Even if it's poison, let me drink  
The sweat of your white neck!

Artichokes are in the gardens,  
More roguish than any of your lovers,  
I did love my darling,  
With a mole on her left cheek.

The apple is peeled thinly,  
And put on a china plate,  
My friend, a real beauty  
Is asked from the heart

№ 22. *Mani*. Halil Atakan (1928 Iştip - Çetaşka Macedonia), Kırklareli

Gidene bak, gidene,  
Gül sarılmış dikene,  
Mevlam sabırlık verse,  
Gül gibi sevda çekene.

İndim çeşme başına,  
Yazı yazdım taşına,  
Gelen geçen okusun,  
Neler gelmiş başıma.

Look at the one leaving,  
Rose has entwined the thorn,  
I wish God would give patience,  
To the slave of fair love!

I went down to the spring,  
And wrote on a stone,  
Let the passers-by read,  
What has happened to me.

№ 23. *Lullaby*. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Nenni, yavrum, nenni,  
 Uyusun da büyüsün,  
 Oğlum büyük çocuk olsun,  
 Annesine babasına yardımcı olsun,  
 Ninni, yavrum, ninni.  
 Yavrum büyüsün de,  
 Koşa koşa yürüsün de.

Hush-a-bye baby,  
 Sleep and grow,  
 My little son, be a big boy,  
 A helper of his mother and father,  
 Hush, my baby, hush  
 My little one should grow up  
 and run about!

№ 25. *Dirge*. Esmâ Ekin (1929), Kaşıkçı

Ol anacığım ol,  
 Bizi kime bıraktın?  
 Bize kim bakacak?  
 Bize kim ekmek verecek?

Nerden bulalım sizi?  
 Nereye gidelim?  
 Yol tozu kaldı,  
 Babam öldü,  
 Kızana küçük kaldı,  
 Kardeşim kaldı.

Onu nasıl dayanacağız?  
 Onu nasıl yapacağız?  
 Bize kim bakacak?  
 Bize ekmek kim verecek?

My fair little mother,  
 With whom did you leave us?  
 Who will take care of us?  
 Who will give us bread?

Where can we find you?  
 Where shall we go?  
 Only the dust of the road is left,  
 My father has passed away,  
 I am still little,  
 With a younger brother.

How shall we survive this?  
 What will happen to us?  
 Who will take care of us?  
 Who will give us bread?

№ 26. *Folk song*. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler

Varın sorun boyacıya,  
 Beyazlar boyasın, amman boyamasın!  
 Beyazlar giyen kızlar olur,  
 Pırlıl pırlıl elmas sürmeli kızlar,  
 Gözleri çapraz elmas düğmeli kızlar.

Sürün, sürün, amman sürün Fatma'ya,  
 Kıyamadım, amman tuttur düğmeye,  
 Varın sorun boyacıya, varın söyleyin boyacıya!

Ant yeşil boyasın, amman boyamasın,  
 Ant yeşil giyen gelinler olur,  
 Sürün, sürün, amman sürmeli kızlar,  
 Gözleri çapraz, amman düğmeli kızlar.

Go and ask the shoe painter,  
 He should paint white, but he shouldn't paint!  
 Girls wear white,  
 Girls with shining black diamond eyes,  
 Your eyes are diamonds, girls with nipples.

Smear it, smear it onto Fatma,  
 I couldn't, oh, I couldn't resist her nipples,  
 Go and ask the painter!

He should paint green, oh, he shouldn't paint!  
 Young wives wear green,  
 Smear it, smear it, oh, black-eyed girls,  
 Your eyes are diamond buttons.

№ 27. *Folk song*. Seviye Gerenli (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

...aman Haydar, Mektebe gidersin. Mektep değil, efkarın Haydar, Yine beni üzersin.	...oh, Haydar, You go to school, It is not the school, but your troubles Haydar, that make me sad.
Mektebin bacaları Haydar, Giyer alacaları, Haydar beni dolaşır, Haydar Her pazar geceleri. Yarım beni dolaşır, Haydar Her pazar geceleri.	The chimneys of the school, Haydar, They wear speckled, Haydar takes me for a walk, Every Sunday evening, My sweetheart, Haydar, takes me for a walk Every Sunday evening.
Aman Haydar, canım, gülüm Haydar Mektebe gidersin. Mektep değil, efkarın Haydar Yine beni üzersin.	Oh, alas, Haydar, my darling, my rose Haydar You go to school, It is not the school, but your troubles That make me sad again.

№ 28. *Lullaby*. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

E-e-e, Uyusun da büyüsün, ninni, Tıpış-tıpış yürüsün, ninni, e-e-e.	E-e-e- He should sleep and grow, Hush-a-bye, He should toddle, e-e-e.
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№ 29. *Bride's farewell*. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Vermem eller elimi, Vermem eller kolumu, Sende el kuvvetleri varsa, Bende de kız kuvvetleri var.	Strangers, I don't give my hand, Strangers, I don't give my arm, If you have the strength of strangers, I've got the strength of girls.
Eller, eller, yad eller, Eller, eller alemler.	Strangers, wicked strangers, Strangers, strangers, worlds.

№ 30. *Bride's farewell*. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Ana gölgem, anacığım, Koyu gölgem anacığım, Ver elini öpeyim, Kaldır kolun, o geçeyim!	Mother, my protector, mommy, My stronghold, my mommy, Give me your hand, let me kiss it, Raise your arm, let me go!
Ana, gölgem, anacığım, Mallarından mallar istemem, Canlarından canlar istemem, Ana, gölgem, anacığım.	Mother, my protection, mommy, I don't want any of your wealth, I don't want any piece of your big soul, Mother, my protection, mommy!

№ 31. *Bride's farewell*. Hanife Konbal (1947), Çeşmekolu

Ana gölgem, anacığım,  
Büyük gölgem, anacığım,  
Bu sabahki sabahlarda  
Nelerde eğleniyo[ru]m?

Büyük gölgem, anacığım,  
Ah, bak, sabahlar olmuş,  
Günler üstümüze doğmuş.

Ana gölgem, anacığım,  
Bu sabahki sabahlarda,  
Ayrılık yelleri esiyor,  
Ayrılık günleri doğuyor.

Ana gölgem, anacığım,  
Bir tanecik kız kuzuym,  
Nasıl ayrılık atacağıım,  
El yuvacığa katacağım.

Ana gölgem, anacığım,  
Yeşil yuvamın içinden.

Mother, my shelter, mommy,  
My great shelter, mommy,  
On these mornings  
Where shall I play?

My great shelter, mommy,  
Look, morning has arrived,  
The day has dawned on us.

Mother, my shelter, mommy,  
On these mornings  
The wind of parting is blowing,  
The days of parting are coming.

Mother, my shelter, mommy,  
I am your only she-lamb,  
How shall I bear it without you?  
I'll get into a strange nest,

Mother, my shelter, mommy,  
From my green nest.

№ 32. *Bride's farewell*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliğaç

Kalk Emine kardaşım, kalk,  
Ah, bak, sabahlar olmuş,  
Üstümüze günler doğmuş,  
Uyumuşuk, uyanamamışık.

Gaflet uykusuna dalmışık,  
Kalk Emine kardaşım kalk,  
Benim baba gölgeciğim  
Çift odalar yaptırdı,  
Çift kapılar taktırdı.

Get up, my sister, Emine, get up!  
Look, morning has arrived,  
Another day dawned on us,  
We fell asleep, we couldn't wake up.

We fell into a deep sleep,  
Wake up, my sister, Emine, wake up!  
My father, my protector,  
He has made a double room,  
He has had a double gate made.

№ 33. *Bride's farewell*. Naciye Yıldız (1941), Ahmetler

Yok, anam gibi yok,  
Uyan, anam, gidiyo[ru]m.  
Ayrılık yelleri esiyor,  
Anam bu sabahki sabahlarda,  
Doğan güneşler ayrılık güneşleri.  
Anam ayrılık saatleri gelmiş,  
Ayrılık akşamları oluyor.

No, there's none like my mother,  
Wake up, Mother, I am leaving,  
The wind of parting is blowing,  
Mother, the lights born these mornings  
Are the lights of parting,  
Mother, the hours of parting have come,  
These are the evenings of parting.



Ana gölğem anacığım, Büyük gölğem anacığım, Ver elini öpeyim, Aç koltuğunu geçeyim! Duam az mallarından çok mallar istemiyo[ru]m,	Mother, my protector, mommy, My great protection, mommy, Give me your hand, let me kiss it, Open your arms, let me go! My request: I don't want much from your little wealth,
Az mallarından fazla mallar istemiyo[ru]m. Hayır dualarını istiyoy[ru]m.	I don't want much from your little wealth. I want your blessing.
Ver elini öpeyim, Aç koltuğunu geçeyim, Hayır dualarını bekliyo[ru]m.	Give me your hand, let me kiss it, Open your arms, let me go, I want your blessing.

№ 34. *Bride's farewell*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Ana gölgeciğim, anacığım, Ver elini, öpeyim, Aç koltuğunu, geçeyim!	Mother, my protector, mommy, Give me your hand, let me kiss it, Open your arms, let me go!
Ana gölgeciğim, anacığım, Dokuz ay kursakçımda taşınmışım. Oniki ay beşik dibinde çürümüşüm.	Mother, my protector, mommy, You carried me in your belly for nine months, I lay in a cradle for twelve months.
Anam, bana hakkını helal et, Baba, gölgeciğim, babacığım, Çekticeğim emekleri, verdiğin ni'metleri, Babam, bana helal edin, Ellere vardı yarım.	Mother, take leave of me, Father, my little shade, daddy, A lot of work waiting for me, your blessings, Bless me, my father, My sweetheart is living among strangers.
Baba, gölgeciğim, baba, Belki ömü[r]lerim az olur, Baba, benim yavaş babam.	Father, my protection, daddy, Maybe my life will be short, Father, my silent father.

№ 35. *Bride's farewell*. Şükriye Kanaat (1952), Kırklareli

Kalkın kardaşlarım, kalkın, Sizin iş hizmet yollarınız açılmış, Benim iş hizmet yollarıma Karaca dikenleri dizilmiş.	Get up, brethren, get up, Busy workdays are open to you, Thorns have fallen On my busy roads.
Kalkın alaylarım, kardeşlerim, İş hizmet yolları, işinizi yapın, Ben gibi alaylarım, Doymadığım kardeşlerim.	Get up, comrades, brethren, Busy ways be ready for service, mind your duty, My peers who are like me, My brethren of whom I am never tired.

№ 36. *Bride's farewell*. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpaazarı, Bulgaria), Kırklareli

Ana gölgeciğim, anacığım, Anacığım, dokuz ay kursağcığımda taşımamış gibi, Anacığım, yılın oniki ayını beşik diplerinde	My greatest protector, mommy, Mother, as if you hadn't carried me in your belly for nine months, Mother, as if I hadn't spent twelve months in the cradle,
Dizler kollar çürütmemiş gibi, Anacığım, ayırıp atıyo[rsu]n.	My knees and arms went numb in it, Mother, you select me and throw me away from yourself,
Anacığım, kız kuzuları eller olur mu?	Mother, are the she-lambs enemies?
Anacığım, el yuvalarına vardığına, Anacığım, ellerin kötüsü olursa, Anacığım, kötü haberlerim gelirse, Anacığım, ıraklara varacağım mı, Anacığım, dinlenceler bulacağım mı,	Mother, when they get into the nest of strangers? Mother, if the strangers are wicked, Mother, when ill news are rumoured about me, Mother, shall I go far? Mother, shall I find someone who listens to me?
Ah anacığım, anacığım! Anacığım, soylarıma, köklerime, Anacığım, sorup danışsaydın da, Anacığım, beni o zaman ellere kataydın,	Alas, mother, mother! Mother, my ancestors, my forefathers, Mother, I wish you had told me about them, Mother, I wish you had regarded me as a stranger then!
Ana gölgeciğim, anacığım, Gece gündüz uykuların olmasın Anacığım, beşik diplerinde Dizler kollar çürütmüşün, Anacığım beni ayırıp atıyo[rsu]n.	My greatest protector, my mommy, Sleep shall elude you, night and day, Mommy, in the depth of the cradle, You made my knees and arms go numb, Mother, you select me and then throw me away from yourself.

№ 43. *Folk song*. Firdevs Tiriyaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Hısım poruk gibi, Ne dedi[ği]n vale-vale. Yolunmuş tavuk gibi Bastırın paraları Leyla'ya <i>Refr.</i> Yine mi de geleceğiz dünyaya, Hoh, popolar.	Like an old relative, What you said is rubbish. Like on a plucked hen, Hang coins on Leyla <i>Refr.</i> Shall we come into the world once more? Huh, bums!
Başımın tacı yarım, Eller bana acımaz. Sen bari acı yarım, Yine de mi geleceğim dünyaya. Bastırın paraları Leyla'ya. <i>Refr.</i>	My crown, my darling, Strangers do not pity me, If only you would pity me, Shall we come into the world once more? Hang coins on Leyla! <i>Refr.</i>

№ 44. *Folk song*. Huriye Engin (1943 Topçular), Devletliğaç

Yayla, yayla, koca yayla,  
Çık yaylaya, gönlünü eyle.  
*Refr.* İyi oku, doğru söyle,  
Biz sizin kızınızı almaya geldik,  
Hal'nızı hatrınızı sormaya geldik. *Refr.*  
Annesi cadı, babası kadı,  
Agası pezevenk, vermedi kızı.

Yayla, yayla, koca yayala,  
Çık yaylaya, gönlünü eyle. *Refr.*

Hal'nızı hatrınızı sormaya geldik.  
Okumayı bilirmiş dokumayı bilirmiş,  
Ev işi bilirmiş veriniz kızı!  
Annesi cadı, babası kadı,  
Agası pezevenk, vermedi kızı.

Summer pasture, huge summer pasture!  
Go to the summer pasture, be happy!  
*Refr.* Learn well, speak the truth,  
We've come to take your daughter,  
To ask how you are. *Refr.*  
Her mother is a witch, her father is a judge,  
His brother is a pimp, he didn't give the girl.

Summer pasture, huge summer pasture,  
Go to the summer pasture, be happy! *Refr.*

We've come to ask how you are,  
She can read and weave, as they say,  
She can do the house, give me the girl!  
Her mother is a witch, her father is a judge,  
Her brother is a pimp, he didn't give the girl.

№ 45. *Folk song*. Bektashi women, Ahmetler

O, güller, güller top güller,  
Yarimi aldı yad eller.  
Yarimi alırsa eller,  
Beni de kara yeller.

İnce giyerim ince,  
İnci yakışır gence.  
İnsan ne hoş oluyor,  
Sevdiğini görünce.

Oh, roses, roses, guelder roses,  
Strangers took my sweetheart away,  
If strangers take my sweetheart away,  
May the north wind take me away.

I wear thin clothes, thin clothes,  
Pearl suits the young,  
How kindly you can be,  
When you catch sight of your lover.

№ 46. *Hidrellez song*. Bektaş Erol (1920), Çeşmekolu

Hidrellez geliyor,  
Koşuba yürün dane, diyor.

Hidrellez<sup>23</sup> is approaching,  
Put the ox to a carriage, he says.

№ 47. *See № 46*

<sup>23</sup> See above, footnote 10.

№ 48. *Wedding song*. Şerife Aktaş (1941 Ahmetler), Yeni Bedir

Vurun gelinin kınasını,  
Ağlatın anasını, babasını,  
Vurun gelinin kınasını,  
Çağırın gelsin ağabeysi!

Ağabeysi der, ben kıyamam,  
Vurun yengeleri kınasını,  
Varın sorun yengesine,  
Hayır gelsin kınasına!

Yengesi der, ben vururum,  
Ağlasın annesi ile babası!

Paint the bride's henna on her body,  
Make her mother and father cry!  
Paint the bride's henna on her body,  
Call her brother to come here!

I can't do it, her brother says,  
Her sister-in-laws should paint the henna,  
Go and ask her sister-in-law,  
May her henna be blessed.

I will paint it, her sister-in-law says,  
Let her mother and father cry!

№ 49. *Mani*. Fatma Kaçar (1910), Ahmetler

[Bir] gül aldım dilekten,  
Bir yar sevdim yürekten,  
Keşke sevmez olaydım,  
Ölüyorum bırakın.

Mendilim dürüm dürüm,  
Sözümü yürüdüğüm,  
Elin ol değil mi,  
Sevda ile çürüdüm.

Kara[n]fil ekemedim,  
Suyunu dökemedim,  
Bayram geldi be yarım,  
Elini öpemedim.

Elini öpemedim,  
Bir toka yapamadım,  
Kara[n]fil oylum, oylum,  
Gel benim selvi boylum!

I picked roses to my liking,  
I loved one darling from my heart,  
I wish I had never loved you,  
I am dying, leave me alone.

My handkerchief is folded,  
I'll fulfil my promise,  
May you be the stranger's,  
Love has made me sick.

I couldn't plant carnation,  
I couldn't water it,  
The feast has arrived, my darling,  
I couldn't even kiss your hand.

I couldn't even kiss your hand,  
I couldn't even clink glasses.  
Frisled carnation,  
Come, my slender love.

№ 50. *Hidrellez song*. Fatma Bulut (1922) Kılavuzlu, Çorlu

Ali'm gelir, Şah gelir,  
Bir ulu padişah gelir.  
Ver Allahım bir bulut, canım.  
Yar olan köye düşer.

Gidin bulutlar, gidin, canım.  
Yarime selam edin.  
Yarım uykuda ise, canım,  
Uykusunu terk edin.

My Ali comes, here comes the shah,  
A great ruler is coming,  
My Allah, give us a cloud,  
It is raining where my sweetheart is.

Go clouds, go,  
Greet my sweetheart!  
Should my darling be asleep,  
You should disturb her sleep!

Ay doğar ayan beyan, canım  
Yollara çıktım yayan  
Orta boylu gül fidan canım  
Koynuna girdim, uyan.

A big white moon is rising, darling,  
I set out on foot,  
My darling of middle stature,  
I am in your lap, wake up!

№ 51. *Folk song*. Şükriye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliğaç

...mendil salla  
Mendilin ucuna sakız para yolla!  
Çobanın anası pazı yapamaz

...wave a handkerchief,  
Tie money in its corner for chewing gum!  
The shepherd's mother can't cook wild spinach...

№ 52. *Folk song*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliğaç

Çobanı, çobanı bitli çobanı,  
Yarım evlek yapamadı, kırdı sabanı.

You shepherd, you shepherd, lousy shepherd,  
He couldn't make a single furrow, he broke the plough.

Zilli çoban, illi,  
Keçileri zilli,  
Keçileri kapamadan,  
Kulübeye girdi.

Belled shepherd, from the village,  
His goats have bells,  
He didn't even lock them,  
He went into the hut.

№ 53. *Lullaby*. Bektashi congregation, Çeşmekolu

Cevizin kökü sudadır, suda,  
Kimisini sula, kimisini buğulan,  
Ay dolup, nenni,  
Uyusun da büyüsün, nenni.

The foot of the nut tree stands in water, water,  
Water one and steam the other,  
It is a full moon, hush-a-bye,  
Sleep and grow, hush-a-bye.

Armutun kökü sudadır, suda,  
Kimisini sula, kimisini buğulan,  
Ay dolup, nenni,  
Gir koynuma, sar boynuma, uyusun nenni.

The foot of the pear tree stands in water, water,  
Water one and steam the other,  
It is a full moon, hush-a-bye,  
Come into my lap, hug me, hush-a-bye.

Eriğin kökü sudadır, suda,  
Kimisini sula, kimisini buğulan,  
Ay doğdu, nenni.

The foot of the plum tree stands in water, water,  
Water one and steam the other,  
It is a full moon, hush-a-bye.

№ 54. *Wedding song*. Hatice Çetin (1952 Deli Orman, Bulgaria), Musulça

Dağdan keserler meşeyi, Hani bu gelinin döşeği? Dağdan keserler bastonu, Dağdan keserler gürgeni, Hani de bu gelinin yorganı?	The oak is cut off the mountain, Where is the mattress of this bride? The stick is cut off the mountain, The hornbeam is cut off the mountain, Where is the blanket of this bride?
Vurun gelinin kınasını, Ayletmen garip anasını.	Paint the bride's henna on her body, Don't make her miserable mother cry.

№ 55. *Folk song*. Fatma Şain (1936 Karacık), Musulça

Kırmızı gülün dalı var, Her gün ağlasam yeri var, Kırmızı gülün çiçeği.	The red rose has pomegranate, Every sinner has his place, The flower of the red rose.
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№ 56. *Folk song*. [Can't be made out for the loud drumming]№ 57. *Folk song*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Ağlama annem, ağlama, Kader böyleymiş, Köy kurusu ardında Kurt koyun yemiş.	Don't cry mother, don't cry, Fate is like this, Behind the glade of the village The wolf has eaten the lamb.
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№ 60. *Dirge*. Bektashi women, Kırklareli

Ah, Ali'm ölmüş, duyamadım, Uyur diye kıyamadım. Ben Ali'me doyamadım, Uyur Ali'm, uyan Ali'm.	Alas, my Ali has died, I couldn't hear it, I felt sorry for him, let him sleep! I never got tired of my Ali, My Ali is asleep, wake up, my Ali.
Kalk, sabah oldu [...] Oh, Ali'm indirdiler attan, Mor menevşe yapracığı olsam.	Get up, morning has arrived [...] Alas, my Ali is taken off the horse, I wish I could be the leaf of a violet.
Ah, uyan Ali'm, uyan Ali'm, Gül yastığıma dayan Ali'm.	Oh, wake up, my Ali, wake up, my Ali. Recline on my pillow of roses!

№ 61. *Dirge*. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaria), Devletliğaç

Ah, Ali'm yatmış yol üstüne,  
Testi pürçe kol üstüne.  
Uyur Ali'm, uyan Ali'm,  
Al kanlara boyan Ali'm.

Benim Ali'm şehit düştü  
Uyur Ali'm, uyan Ali'm  
Al kanlara boyan Ali'm,  
Gül yastığına dayan Ali'm.

Ali'm ölmüş duyamadım,  
Ben Ali'me doyamadım,  
Uyur diye kıyamadım,  
Uyur Ali'm, uyan Ali'm,  
Al kanlara boyan Ali'm,  
Gül yastığına dayan Ali'm.

Oh, my Ali lay down on the road,  
With a full jug in his arm,  
Sleep my Ali, wake up, my Ali,  
Blood should fill you, my Ali.

My Ali has become a martyr,  
My Ali is asleep, wake up, my Ali,  
Blood should fill you, my Ali,  
Recline on a pillow of roses, my Ali.

My Ali has died, I couldn't hear it,  
I have not had enough of him,  
He is asleep, I thought,  
My Ali is asleep, wake up, my Ali,  
Blood should fill you, my Ali,  
Lean over a pillow of roses, my Ali.

№ 62. *Dirge*. Bektaş Erol (1920), Çeşmekolu

<Ah, Ali'm ölmüş,> duyamadım,  
Uyur diye kıyamadım.  
Kalk, Ali'm, kalk, sabah oldu,  
Yengeler kapıya geldi.

[Alas, my Ali has died], I couldn't hear it,  
I thought he was asleep.  
Get up, my Ali, get up, it's morning,  
The sisters have come to your door.

№ 67. *Hidrellez song*, Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Deveci geldi, duydunuz mu,  
Kalbıra saman koydunuz mu?  
Hös, hös, deveci geldi.

The camel man has arrived, have you heard it?  
Have you put hay into the sieve?  
Whoa, the camel man has arrived.

№ 69. *Mani, Firdevs Tiryaki* (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Entaresi ak gibi,  
Gelir geçer ok gibi.  
Hiç bu yana bakmıyor,  
Sevgilisi yok gibi.  
*Refr.* Eyvallah, Şahım, eyvallah,  
Adı güzel, kendi Şah.

İn dereye, dereye,  
Kuru fındık bulursun.  
Eğil bir yol, öpeyim,  
Sonra da pişman olursun. *Refr.*

Her dress is snow-white,  
She walks very fast like an arrow,  
She won't look this way,  
As if she had no lover.  
*Refr.* Thank you, my shah, thank you,  
Your name is nice, you are shah.

Descend to the stream,  
You'll find dry hazelnuts,  
Lean over here a little, let me kiss you,  
You'll regret it. *Refr.*

Ah benim kunduralım,<sup>24</sup>  
Nasıl ayrı duralım.  
Şu ayrılık aşkına  
Gel, bir çare bulalım. *Refr.*

Oh, my leather-shoed,  
How can we stay away from each other?  
Come, let's find some balm  
For our separation. *Refr.*

№ 70. *Folk song.* Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

[Hem] gardaş olsun,  
İneğim götlü olsun,  
Buzacığım etli olsun,  
Sallayan gardeşimin ömürleri<sup>25</sup> uzun olsun!

...he should be a brother,  
My cow should have a big rump,  
My calf should be well-fleshed,  
The life of my swinging brother should be long.

№ 73. *Hidrellez song.* Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

İneğim etli olsun,  
Buzacığım sütlü olsun,  
Babamın para keseleri dolsun.

My cow should be fat,  
My calf should yield milk,  
My father's purses should be full!

№ 75. *Hidrellez song.* Bektaş Erol (1920), Çeşmekolu

Deveci geldi, duydunuz mu?  
Kabrana buğday koydunuz mu?  
Vay, devem öldü, n'apayım?  
Gıcına şaplar sokayım.

The camel man has arrived, have you heard?  
Have you put wheat in the basket?  
Alas, my camel has died, what shall I do?  
I'll slap on its rump!

№ 76. *Hidrellez song.* Bektaş Erol (1920), Çeşmekolu

Deveci geldi, duydun mu?  
Kaplara buğday koydun mu?  
\* Hay, devem öldü, n'apayım,  
Gütüne şaplar sokayım.  
Harman alıp bağladım,  
Geçtin ardına, yaladın.

The camel man has arrived, have you heard?  
Have you put wheat in the wicker baskets?  
Alas, my camel has died, what shall I do?  
I'll slap on its rump a couple of times,  
I have tied the sheaf of corn,  
You went behind and licked him.

№ 77. *Hidrellez song.* Ahmet Dönmez (1920), Çeşmekolu

Kaldır deveci deveyi...  
\* Arpa da verdim, hap tuttu,  
Çavdar verdim, şak tuttu,  
Buğday verdim, tok tuttu.

Camel driver make the camel stand up,  
I've given him barley, he gulped it down,  
I've given him rye, he crunched it,  
I've given him wheat, he'd had enough.

<sup>24</sup> *Kandura* is a loanword from Greek in Turkish.

<sup>25</sup> Naturally life is singular here also, but there was a syllable missing in Turkish, therefore they added +*lar* (plural suffix) to the word.



№ 79. *Lullaby*. Hatice Çetin (1952 Deli Orman, Bulgaria), Musulça

Ninni, yavrum, ninni, ninni, Uyusun da büyüsün, Yavrum gene kocaman olsun, Babaannesine sular get'sin!	Hush-a-bye baby, hush-a-bye, Sleep and grow up, My baby should grow huge, And fetch water for his father's mother!
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№ 80. *Mani*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliğaç

Ay dedem kutlu olsun, Şerbeti tatlı olsun, Evlatlarımın ömürü uzun olsun, Keseşi parayla dolsun.	May my moon grandfather be blessed! And may his lemonade be sweet. May my children live long, And their purse be filled with money.
Türkiye'miz huzurlu olsun, İneğiğim sütlü olsun, Buzacığim etli olsun, Sallanan kardeşimin ömürü uzun olsun!	May our country, Turkey live in peace, May my little cow yield well, May my little calf be flashy, May my swinging brother live long!

№ 81. *Ballad of the deer*. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliğaç), Kırklareli

Benim adım karacadır, Yavrularım alacaktır.	My name is „roe”, My young are spotty.
O server benim ocağımdır, Ben bir geyik ağlar gördüm, Yavruları meler gördüm, Atladım çıktım kayaya.	The prophet is my family, I saw a deer weeping, I saw his young crying, I jumped onto the cliff.
Çevrildim baktım yuvaya, Avcılar almış araya, Ben bir geyik avlar gördüm, Yavruları [ağlar gördüm].	I turned back and looked into their den, Hunters had surrounded them, I could see a deer hunt, [I saw] the young crying.

№ 82. *Folk song*. Münne Pelvan (1925), Karacakılavuz

Dağlar, dağlar, viran dağlar, Yüzüm güler, kalbim kan ağlar. Uzun kavak ne uzarsın, Dalında bülbül mü yatarsın, Ötme, bülbülüm, ötme, yüreğim yara.	Mountains, mountains, barren mountains, My face is laughing, my heart is bleeding, Tall poplar, why are you stretching, Does your branch give rest to a nightingale? Don't sing, nightingale, my heart is wounded.
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№ 83. *Folk song*. Seviye Gerenli (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Adana'nın yolları taştan, Sen çıkardın beni, beni baştan. <i>Refr.</i> Aman, Adana'lı, yandım, Adana'lı, Adana'da kaldı yavrum delikanlı.	The roads of Adana are paved with stones, You've turned my head. <i>Refr.</i> Oh, you from Adana, I caught fire, My young sweetheart remained in Adana.
Hey güllü, hele hele güllü, Peştemalı püsküllü. <i>Refr.</i>	Hey, rosy, listen, rosy, Her girth is fringy. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 88. *Folk song*. Fatma Yetişir (1923 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Anadol'da toplar atılır, Ali'ye kuşak dokunur, Ali de gönlünü eğler, Hem tütün içer hem ayler.	The cannon is thundering in Anatolia, A belt is being woven for Ali. Ali is having a good time as well. He is smoking and crying.
Gene yeşillendi buğdaylar, Al yeşil olmuş şu dağlar, Anadol'da toplar atılır, Veli'ye kuşak dokunur,	The wheat has turned green again, The mountains are red and green, The cannon is thundering in Anatolia, A belt is being woven for Veli.
Veli de gönlünü eğler, Hem tütün içer hem ağler. Al yeşil olmuş şu dağlar, Gene yeşillendi şu dağlar.	Veli is having a good time as well, He is smoking and crying. The mountains are red and green, The mountains have turned green again.

№ 89. *Folk song*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Yolladığım çoraplar ayağına oldu mu? Ayağına oldu mu ince bellim? Rinna, rinna rinna rinna rin.	Did the socks I sent you fit your feet? Did they fit your feet, my slim-waisted? Rinna, rinna, rinna, rinna.
Maraş'ta asmali salkım Gene gönlüm sendedir, darılma sakın!	A bunch of grapes in the town of Maras, My heart is still with you, don't get angry!

№ 90. *Mani*. Sabite Toygar (1960 Beyci Kofçaz), Kırklareli

Ayağımda terlikler, Beyaza eşerler, *Yarım sana gideceğim, Hazır mı gelinlikler.	Slippers on my feet, They are whitish in colour, My sweetheart, I am going to you, Is your wedding dress ready?
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Beyci'de pazar olur,  
İçinde gezen olur,  
Beyci köyü kızları,  
Eskiden güzel olur.

Tatlıpınar köyümüz,  
Zemzem akar suyumuz.  
Sevip sevip ayrılmak,  
Yoktur öyle [h]uyumuz.

There is a fair in the village of Beyci,  
A lot of people are walking about.  
The lassies of Beyci,  
They are more beautiful than ever.

Our village is Tatlıpınar<sup>26</sup>,  
Our stream is the water of life.  
To love and then part,  
We have no such habit.

№ 91. *Folk song*. Fatma Damgalı (1928), Çeşmekolu

Koca (a)dam desem ona,  
Ne desem alır bana.  
Koca adamı n'apmalı?  
Merdivenden atmalı.  
Merdivenden inerken  
Seyirine bakmalı.

If I ask the old man,  
He will buy anything for me,  
What shall we do with the old man?  
Let's push him down the stairs!  
While he is falling downstairs,  
He should mind his step!

№ 92. *Folk song*. Fatma Zorlutuna (1937), Deveçatağı

Haydi Bismillah!

\*Çiğdem sarı, ben sarı,  
Dağlara saldı yarı.  
Dağlar kurban olayım,  
Tez gönder [beri] yarı.

Karanfil oylum oylum,  
Gördün mü selvi boylum?  
Selvi boylum gelince,  
Şen olur benim gönlüm.

Entarim biçim, biçim.  
Ölüyorum senin için.  
Çok dosta düşman oldum,  
Seni sevdiğim için.

Entarimi biçtin mi?  
Yar yoldan geçtin mi?  
Sen bizim yoldan geçerken,  
Bizim evi seçtin mi?

Let's start with God's name!

Daffodils are yellow, I am yellow, too.  
I have chased my sweetheart into the mountains,  
I have regretted it, oh, mountains,  
Send my sweetheart back!

Crenulate carnation  
Have you seen my slender-built love?  
As soon as she arrives to me,  
My heart is filled with happiness.

My suit is finely cut,  
I am dying for you.  
I've quarrelled with many friends  
Because I love you, my sweetheart.

Have you cut out my dress?  
Sweetheart, have you crossed the road?  
If you go across our road,  
Will you choose our house?

<sup>26</sup> The name of the village means 'Sweetfountain, spring'.

№ 93. *Folk song*. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı/ Bulgaria), Devletliğaç

Giden oğlan dön beri, Elimde mor mendili. Yaşım küçük, boyum alçak, Sevdam öldürür seni.	Come back, departing lad, I've got his lilac handkerchief in my hand, I am young and little, My love is killing you.
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№ 96. *Dancing song*. Mehmet Serez (1929 Selanik, Sunni), Tekirdağ

Kampana moru duduş kampana, Oynaya oynaya gel bana, Malkara'nın şekerleri hep sana Kampana moru duduş kampana.	Brown lamb, brown lambkin, Come nearer dancing, dancing, All the sweetness of <i>Malkara</i> is yours Brown lamb, brown lambkin.
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№ 97. *Folk song*. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı – [cannot be made out]№ 98. *Folk song*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliğaç

İn dereye, dereye, Söyle, yarım nereye, Karagöz, Eminem.	Go down to the valley, to the valley, Tell me where my lover is, My black-eyed Emine.
Bobanın parası yok, Seni evden dilmeye, Kara göz, Eminem.	My father's got no money, To ask for your hand, My black-eyed Emine.
<i>Refr.</i> Emine de derler adına, Doyamadım tadına, Karagöz Eminem.	<i>Refr.</i> She is called Emine, I couldn't have enough of her, My black-eyed Emine.
Elli de kuruş çok mudur Emine gibi kadına? Karagöz Eminem.	Would fifty kurush be too much For a woman like Emine? My black-eyed Emine.
İn dereye, göreyim, Eline gül vereyim, Karagöz Eminem.	Go down to the valley, let me see you, Let me give a rose to your hand, My black-eyed Emine.
Dalgacıysın sevdiğim, Nasıl gönül vereyim Karagöz Eminem? <i>Refr.</i>	You are quarrelsome, my darling, So how could I fall in love with you? My black-eyed Emine. <i>Refr.</i>
Elli de kuruş çok mudur Emine gibi kadına? Karagöz Eminem.	Would fifty kurush be too much For a woman like Emine? My black-eyed Emine.

№ 99. *Hidrellez song*. Şerife Aktaş (1941 Ahmetler), Yeni Bedir

Deveci geldi, duydunuz mu?  
Kalbura buğday koydunuz mu?  
Hız devem, hız!

The camel man has arrived, have you heard?  
Have you put the wheat in the sieve?  
Sit down, my camel!

Deveci geldi, duydunuz mu?  
Kalbura buğday koydunuz mu?  
Hız devem, hız!

The camel man has arrived, have you heard?  
Have you put the wheat in the sieve?  
Sit down, my camel, sit down!

№ 100. *Mani*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Aşamalı yolları,  
Taşlıktır, yarım, taşlık.  
Sen evlenmek istiyon,  
Bobam istiyor başlık.

The roads of *Asamali*<sup>27</sup>  
Are stony, my dear, stony,  
Would you like to marry me?  
My father wants money<sup>28</sup> for me.

Su geliyor enginden,  
Ayırmayın dengimden.  
Dünya güzeli olsa,  
Ayrılmam sevdiğimden.

The water is flowing wide,  
Do not sever me from my love,  
Should the beauty of beauties tempt me,  
I will never leave my lover.

Manıcı başımısın?  
Cebraile taşımısın?  
Sana bir mendil versem  
Cebinde taşır mısın?

Are you the leading singer?  
Are you the gem of Archangel Gabriel?  
If I give you a handkerchief,  
Will you carry it in your pocket?

№ 101. *Rain-begging song*. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliğaç), Kırklareli

Bin nazara, nazara,  
İşte geldim pazara.  
Nazara'mın şalvarı  
Beş yumurtaya yalvarı.

For a witch's glance, a witch's glance  
I have come to the fair,  
I have exchanged five eggs,  
For my Nazara's<sup>29</sup> shalvar<sup>30</sup>.

Yağmurlar yağsın,  
Bol bucak olsun.  
Koca karlar yağsın,  
Geç karlar doğursun.

May the rain come,  
May the fields be rich,  
May deep snow fall,  
May it bring late snow!

<sup>27</sup> Place name in Thrace.

<sup>28</sup> Head-money is paid by the bridegroom to the bride's parents upon agreement.

<sup>29</sup> A female name of Arabic origin from the word *nazar* 'a looking, glancing at a thing; look, glance, sight; the malignant look of an evil eye' (Redhouse 1974: 870).

<sup>30</sup> The shalvar is a pair of comfortable loose trousers worn by both men and women in villages.

Ver, Allahım, ver, ver,  
 Bir gani yağmur.  
 Bu yıl bolluk olacak,  
 Boş ambarlar dolacak.  
 Ver, Allahım, ver, ver,  
 Bir gani yağmur.

Give, my Allah, give, give,  
 Abundant rain,  
 We'll have a rich harvest this year,  
 All the empty granaries will be full,  
 Give, my Allah, give, give,  
 Abundant rain.

№ 102. *Mani*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Asmanın yaprakları  
 Tel olur yaprakları.  
 Gurbette olanların  
 Çınlasın kulakları.  
 Al giydim alsın diye,  
 Mor giydim sarsın diye.  
 İsteyene varmadım  
 Sevdiğim alsın diye.

The leaves of wild vine  
 Its leaves become thin,  
 Those living in a foreign land  
 Should have their ears burning!  
 I dressed in red so that he'd marry me,  
 I dressed in lilac so that he'd embrace me,  
 I didn't marry my suitor,  
 So that my lover would marry me.

№ 103. *Mani*. Firde Gümüş (1936 Topçular), Tatlıpınar

Karşıda kara tarla,  
 Parla sevdiğim parla.  
 Yanıma gelemiyon,  
 Uzaktan mendil salla!  
 Su koydum altın tasa,  
 Verin su susamışa.  
 Su lapacı gelmiyorsa,  
 Haddini bilmemişe.  
 Su gelir boz bulanık,  
 Kızlar uyur uyanık.  
 Yarimden mektup geldi,  
 Okunur yane, yane.

Black fields in front of us,  
 Shine, my sweetheart, shine!  
 If you can't come to me,  
 Wave your handkerchief from far!  
 I've poured water into a golden vessel,  
 Give water to the thirsty,  
 Even if the water is hardly trickling  
 For the one who behaves impudently.  
 The water is troubled and overflowing,  
 The lassies have a light sleep,  
 A letter's come from my sweetheart,  
 They read it crying and whining.

№ 104. *Folk song*. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Ay, mer kuzum, mer kuzum,  
 Kara gözüm, mer kuzum.  
 Göster boyununu bana,  
 Boncuk alayım sana.

Oh, my little lamb, my lambkin,  
 My black-eyed one, my little lamb.  
 Show yourself to me,  
 I'll buy pearls for you.

Ne boncuğunu isterim,  
 Ne boyumu gösterim.

I don't want your pearls,  
 Nor will I show myself.

№ 105. *Folk song.* Şükriye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliğaç

Ayağında terlikler, Bahar açmış erikler. Yarım sana gideceğim, Hazır mı gelinlikler? <i>Refr.</i> Gümbürdesin evimizin kuyusu, Seviyorum, ayrılamam doğrusu.	Slippers on my feet, The plum trees are in spring blossom. I am going to you, sweetheart, Is the wedding dress ready? <i>Refr.</i> Let the water purl in the well, I love her, I cannot leave her.
Ayakkabım toz atar, Yarım bana göz atar. Atma yarım bana göz, El alem bize bakar. <i>Refr.</i>	My shoes are kicking up dust, My sweetheart gives me a glance, Don't glance at me, sweetheart, Everyone is looking at us. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 106. *Folk song.* Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Dargını barıştıran <i>Refr.</i> Yar, yar aman, aman.	Reconciling the angry, <i>Refr.</i> My sweetheart, my darling, oh.
*Yeşil boyalı taksi Hasret kavuşturan. <i>Refr.</i> Mendilinde gül oya, Gülmedim doya, doya. <i>Refr.</i>	A taxi painted yellow, The fulfilment of desire. <i>Refr.</i> An embroidered rose in your handkerchief, I didn't laugh enough. <i>Refr.</i>
Dertlere kariyorum, Günleri saya saya. <i>Refr.</i> Bahçelerde kundura, Gel, yarım dura dura. <i>Refr.</i>	I am in trouble, I am counting the days. <i>Refr.</i> Shoes in the gardens, Come, my darling, stopping at times. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 107. *Folk song.* Sabite Toygar (1960 Beyci Kofçaz), Kırklareli

Duman da bastı dağlara, Yayıldı ovalara, Yar, yar, aman, aman.	Mist descended on the mountains, It has spread over the plain, Sweetheart, sweetheart, oh, oh!
Altın yaptır üç yaptır, Küpeleri çift yaptır, Yar, yar, aman, aman.	Have three pairs made, Three pairs of gold earrings, Sweetheart, sweetheart, oh, oh!
Yarım sana gideceğim Davulla düğön yaptır, Yar, yar, aman, aman.	Sweetheart, I'm going to see you, Make a great wedding with music, Sweetheart, sweetheart, oh, oh!
Duman da bastı dağlara, Yayıldı ovalara, Yar, yar, aman, aman.	Mist descended on the mountains, It has enveloped the plain, Sweetheart, sweetheart, oh, oh!
Yarın haberi olsa, Gelirdi buralara, Yar, yar, aman, aman.	Had my sweetheart heard the news, She would have come here, Sweetheart, sweetheart, oh, oh!

## № 108. Folk song. Firdevş Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Ayva gömdüm samana,  
Dumana bak, dumana.  
*Refr.* Yar, yar, aman, aman.

I've hidden a quince in the hay,  
Look at the mist, the mist.  
*Refr.* Sweetheart, my darling, alas, oh!

Ne sen öldün, kurtuldun,  
Ne ben geldim imana. *Refr.*

You didn't die, you have been saved,  
Nor did I convert to Islam. *Refr.*

Sabah güneşi doğmuş,  
Boyalı konaklara. *Refr.*

The sun has risen  
Over the colourful dwellings. *Refr.*

Yar beni davet etti,  
Elmalı yanaklara. *Refr.*

My sweetheart has offered  
Her rosy cheeks. *Refr.*

## № 113. Mani. Şerife Aktaş (1941 Ahmetler), Yeni Bedir

Benim yeleşim gibi,  
Yarım sana öreyim.  
Beni beğenmezmişin,  
Bul ben gibi göreyim.

I'll knit a waistcoat for you,  
One just like mine,  
You didn't take a fancy to me,  
May you find one like me, let's see!

Havadaki bulutlar,  
Hepsi yağmur buludu.  
\*Ben gelin olmayınca,  
Kesme benden umudu.

There are clouds in the sky,  
All of them rain clouds,  
So long as I am not a bride,  
Don't resign from me.

Kara kara kazanlar,  
Kara yazı yazanlar.  
Cennet yüzü görmesin,  
Aramızı bozanlar.

Black, black cauldrons,  
They predict a black fortune.  
He, who parts us,  
Shall never get into Paradise!

Bende mendil çok yarım,  
Al cebine sok yarım,  
Benim olmadığım yerde,  
Senin işin yok yarım.

I've got a lot of handkerchiefs,  
Take them and put them in your pocket,  
Where you can't find me,  
You have no business to be.

## № 114. Folk song. Kerime Yavuz (1952, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Vurun vurun kızlar, vurun vuralım,  
Böyle eğlenceyi nerden bulalım?

Beat, beat, girls, let's beat [the drum],  
Where can we find such a feast?



№ 115. *Mani*. Hanife Bayram (1944), Ahmetler

Gide-gide yol buldum,  
Ceketime kol buldum.  
Kara gözlü yarime,  
Oniki yaşında vuruldum.

Şu dağlar olmasaydı,  
Çiçeği solmasaydı,  
Ölüm Allah'ın emiri,  
Ayrılık olmasaydı.

Hani benim bandırmam,  
Eskileri andırmam,  
Yeni bir yar sevdim,  
Ablama söyleyim mi?

Wandering I found the way,  
I found sleeves for my coat,  
With my black-eyed sweetheart  
I fell in love when she was twelve.

I wish there hadn't been these mountains,  
I wish the flowers hadn't faded,  
Death is upon Allah's order,  
I wish there was no parting.

Where is my sweet darling,  
I don't remember the old ones,  
I have loved a new lover,  
Shall I tell my sister about it?

№ 116. *Folk song*. Hanife Konbal (1947), Çeşmekolu

...akınca vurdum kalkmadı,  
Kanlı göl oldu, akmadı.  
Bu sabah yarı gördüm,  
Dönüp ardına bakmadı.

Mendilim aldan iyi,  
Buldun mu benden iyi?  
Buldum ama sarmadım,  
Sen darılacağıın deyi.

...I hit her, she did not stand up,  
A puddle of blood formed, it didn't flow,  
This morning I saw my sweetheart,  
She did not even turn to look at me.

My kerchief is red,  
Have you found one better than me?  
I've found one but haven't embraced her,  
Lest you should be angry.

№ 117. *Folk song*. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Giderim ben dedemle,  
Bir ayvam kaldı sende.  
Ayva gibi sarardım,  
Din imam yok mu sende?

Gitme yarım o yana,  
Gel bu yana, bu yana.  
Sana mani söylerim,  
Annem darılır bana.

Gitme dedim de gittin,  
Bilmediğin yollara.  
Kar mı yağdırdın yarım?  
Güvendiğin dağlara.

I am going away with my grandfather,  
I have left my quince apple with you,  
I became pale like the quince,  
You show no respect at all, do you?

Sweetheart, don't you go that way,  
Come this way, only this way.  
If I sing a song for you,  
My mother'll get angry with me.

I told you in vain, you left anyway,  
You set out on unknown ways,  
You let snow fall, my sweetheart,  
On your trusted mountains.

№ 118. *Hidrellez song*. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Karanfilim taburda,  
Çok işler var saburda.  
Ölürsek biz ölelim,  
Çift koysunlar tabuda.

O benim ceviz içim,  
Derd oldu benim için.  
Dostlarım düşman oldu,  
Seni sardığım için.

Yörü yeşillim, yörü,  
Kalma eşinden geri.  
Zehirler olsa içirim,  
Yanaktan akan teri.

Bahçelerde ih derim,  
Hasta oldum yatırım.  
Doktor hekim istemem,  
Sevdiğimi getirin.

Kaşları çatık matık,  
Söyletme beni artık.  
Öyle bir yar sevdim ki,  
Yavan ekmeğe katık.

Yamadan yarım yamadan,  
Yollar çamur olmadan.  
Eğil bir yolcuk öpeyim,  
Al yanağın solmadan.

Dağlarım mazi gibi,  
Melerim kuzu gibi.  
Koynumdan bir kız çıktı,  
Sabah yıldızları gibi.

Bunches of carnations,  
Patience is a great thing!  
If we must die, let us die,  
Let us lie in the coffin together!

She is my nut kernel,  
She caused me trouble,  
My friends became enemies,  
Because I embraced you.

Go on, my green-dressed,  
Do not lag behind your spouse!  
Should it be poison, I would drink  
The sweat of your brow.

I wail in gardens,  
I've fallen ill, I will lie down,  
I do not want a doctor,  
Just bring my sweetheart here!

His eyebrow is bushy,  
Leave me alone at last!  
Once I had a lover,  
He was really gentle and nice.

Hurry up, my sweetheart,  
Before the mud becomes too deep,  
Lean over, let me kiss your  
Rosy cheeks before they turn pale.

There are oak trees on my mountains,  
I keep bleating like a sheep,  
A girl jumped up from my lap,  
She looked like the morning stars.

№ 119. *Mani*. Hatice Ergül (1924 Bulgaria), Devletliğaç

İplikken ok gelmez mi,  
Yaylaya kuş gelmez mi?  
Akranların evlenmiş,  
Sana hiç güç gelmez mi?

Mani bilirim yüz altmış,  
Ak güle gençefil katmış,  
Uyan ey kömür gözlüm,  
Al yanak tere batmış.

Manıcı başı mısın?  
Cevahir taşı mısın?

An arrow can't reach me like a thread,  
Does no bird alight on a summer pasture?  
All your girl mates got married,  
Do you take it amiss?

I know one hundred and sixty songs,  
She tied reseda to white roses,  
Wake up, my black-eyed one,  
Your rosy cheeks are covered with sweat.

Are you the greatest singer?  
Are you a precious stone?

№ 120. *Folk song*. Mehmet Bodur (1938 Topçular), Kırklareli

Ay, elleri elleri,  
Açamadık elleri.  
Bir sabunla yıkarsan,  
Gene çıkmaz kelleri.

Alas, those hands, his hands,  
We couldn't open his hands,  
Even if you soap them,  
The hairs won't disappear.

№ 121. *Folk song*. Fatma Damgalı (1928), Çeşmekolu

Eller yarım dedikçe sızıyor yüreklerim,  
  
Ay, milli, milli, milli, sağ olsun ince belli, sağ  
olsun ince belli.  
Bu türküyü çıkaranlar İzmir'in güzelleri,  
İzmir'in güzelleri.  
Ay, benim tatlı yarım çobanlıkta çürüdü.  
Kızdan kıymetli yarım, kızdan kıymetli yarım,

Ay milli, milli, milli, yaşasın Rumeli, sağ olsun  
ince belli.  
Bu türküyü çıkaranlar Trakya güzelleri, Trakya  
güzelleri.  
*Refr.* Mor Neşe mor mor Neşe mor,  
Atlas kürke fidan boy, fidan boy.

Vay benim yeşil şallım dağları dolaşalım,  
Ah aramızda düşman çok, tenhada buluşalım,

Gitme yarım o yana gel bu yana, bu yana,

Sana mani söylerim, annem darılır bana. *Refr.*

Şapkeyi giydirsene kaşına değdirsene,  
Ben seni bilemedim kendini bildirsene! *Refr.*

When strangers mention my sweetheart, it  
makes my heart tremble,  
Oh, milli, milli, may the slim-waisted be  
healthy,  
The fair girls from Izmir would sing this song,  
the fair girls from Izmir,  
Oh, shepherding ruined my sweetheart.  
My sweetheart, the dearest girl of all, the dearest.

Oh, milli, milli, long live Rumelia, may the  
slim-waisted be healthy.  
The fair girls from Thrace used to sing this  
song.  
*Refr.* Nese in lilac dress, Nese in lilac dress,  
Atlas silk, fur coat on my slender-built love.

Oh, my green-shawled, let's roam the mountains.  
Alas, there are a lot of strangers among us, let's  
meet in a quiet recess,

Don't you go, sweetheart, that way, you'd better  
come this way,

I tell you *mani*,<sup>31</sup> my mother will get angry with  
me. *Refr.*

Put on your cap and pull it over your eyes,  
I couldn't recognize you, reveal yourself! *Refr.*

№ 122. *Folk song*. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Kara göz Eminem  
Oturmuş taş üstüne,  
Şapkeyi kaş üstüne,  
Karagöz Eminem.

Yar elimden su içti,  
Demedi baş üstüne,  
Karagöz Eminem.

My black-eyed Emine  
Sat down on a stone,  
She pulled her cap over her eyes,  
My black-eyed Emine.

My sweetheart drank water from my hands,  
She didn't even say thanks,  
My black-eyed Emine.

<sup>31</sup> *Mani* is a form of Turkish folk music' (Redhouse 1974: 730).

Gel benim atlı yarım,  
Dilleri tatlı yarım,  
Karagöz Eminem.

Çobanlıkta çürüdü  
Kızdan kıymetli yarım,  
Karagöz Eminem.

Gitme dedim de gittin,  
Bilmediğin yollara,  
Karagöz Eminem.

Kar mı yağdırdın yarım,  
Güvendiğin dağlara,  
Karagöz Eminem.

Come, my mounted sweetheart,  
My sweet-voiced darling,  
My black-eyed Emine.

Shepherding ruined her,  
My sweetheart, the dearest girl of all,  
My black-eyed Emine.

I told you not to set out on unknown roads,  
You left all the same,  
My black-eyed Emine.

You let the snow fall  
On your familiar mountains,  
My black-eyed Emine.

№ 123. *Mani*. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Al olacak olacak,  
Su testime dolacak,  
Mani sana olacak.

It will be nice, it will be nice,  
My jug will be full of water,  
This song will be yours.

№ 124. *Mani*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliagaç

Oya örерim, oya,  
Oya değil firkete.  
Ahiretimle ikimiz,  
Gideceğiz bir millete.

Fesleğen ektim dübekte,  
Bir yar sevdim gurbette.  
Gurbetteyse sağ olsun,  
Bir gün gelir elbette.

I am crocheting lace,  
Oh, it's no lace, but a hairpin.  
In the netherworld both of us  
Will belong to the same nation.

I've planted basil in a mortar,  
I loved a sweetheart who was far away,  
Far as he may be, he should be healthy,  
One day he will come home for sure.

№ 125. *Hidrellez song*. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Ak bakırda teleme,  
Kara koyun meleme.  
\*Sal yarım koyunları,  
Bizim tarla kelemli.

Kaşların karasına,  
Gül koydum arasına.  
Beni melhem yapınlar,  
Yarimin yarasına.

Unsalted cheese in a copper pot,  
Do not bleat black lamb.  
Drive the sheep, my darling,  
Cabbage is growing in our land.

The black of your eyebrows,  
I placed a rose in-between them.  
May I be smeared like a balm,  
On the wound of my sweetheart.

Eştirin kızlar eştirin,  
Gül bahçeye düştürün.  
Dertli olan geliyor,  
Derdini iyileştirin.

Ah benim ceviz içim,  
Derd olur benim için.  
Her dostlar düşman oldu,  
Seni sardığım için.

Dig, lassies, dig,  
Drop me in a rose garden.  
You should heal the one  
Who comes with a lot of troubles.

Oh, my walnut kernel,  
He caused me trouble,  
All my friends became enemies,  
Because I embraced you.

№ 126. *Mani*. Cemile Akın (1940 Karaabalar), Ahmetler

Dere geliyor, dere,  
Kumunu sere-sere.  
Al beni götür dere,  
Yarimin oldu yere.

The stream, the brook is coming,  
It is spreading its sand.  
Take me stream to the place  
Where my sweetheart lives!

№ 127. *Folk song*. Hasan Bulut (1920 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Çık, boyunu göreyim,  
Boynuna fistan alayım.

Come forward, let me see you,  
Let me buy clothes for you!

№ 128. *Rain begging song, lullaby*. Esmâ Ekin (1929), Kaşıkçı

Tarlada çamur,  
Teknede hamur,  
Ver, Allahım bol bol yağmur!

Nenni, kız anam, nenni,  
Uyusun da büyüsün, nenni,  
Tıpış tıpış yürüsün, nenni,  
Uzak ninesine gidesin,  
Nenni, yavrum, nenni.

Mud in the ploughland,  
Dough in the dough trough,  
Give us, my Allah, plenty of rain!

Hush, my little girl, hush-a-bye,  
Let her sleep and grow up,  
May she walk toddling, hush-a-bye.  
Let her go to her distant grandmother,  
Hush, my baby, hush-a-bye.

№ 129. *Lullaby*. Hafize Işık (1953), Kırklareli<sup>32</sup>

Dandini, dandini, dastana,  
Danalar girmiş bostana,  
Kov bostancı danayı,  
Yemesin lahanayı, e-e.

Dandini,<sup>32</sup> dandini in the tale,  
The calves went into the garden,  
Gardener, drive the cow away,  
So she won't graze the cabbage! e-e.

<sup>32</sup> *Dandini* is an expression used when dandling a baby (Redhouse 1974: 271).

№ 130. *Lullaby*. Bektashi women, Kılavuzlu

E-e-e,  
Dağlara vardım, dağlar uyur,  
Evimize geldim, yavrum uyur,

Uyusun, yavrum, ninni,  
Büyüsün, yavrum, ninni,  
Hu, yavrum.

Dandini-dandini, danalı bebek,  
Elleri kolları kınalı böbek,  
Dandini-dandini dastana,  
Danalar girmiş bostana,  
Danalar orda otlamış  
Yavrum gene kakasını poplamış.

E-e-e,  
I went to the mountains, the mountains are  
asleep,  
I came home, my baby is asleep,  
Sleep, my little baby, hush-a-bye,  
May you grow, grow up, hush-a-bye,  
Oh, my little baby.

Dandini, dandini, my baby with the calf  
Hands and arms henna-painted baby,  
Dandini, dandini, in the tale,  
The calves went into the garden,  
The calves were grazing there,  
My little one has made a mess again.

№ 131. *Lullaby*. Lütfiye Kuruoğlu (1952, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Dandini, dandini, dastana,  
Alkim girmiş bostana,  
Kov bostancı Alkimı,  
Yemesin bostanları,  
Nenni, de, nenni, nenni,  
Uyusun yavrum şimdi.

Dandini, dandini, danalı bebek,  
Elleri, kolları, kınalı bebek,  
Şimdi benim oğlum uyuyacak,  
O nenni, e nenni,  
Nenni de, nenni, nennice,  
Uslu uslu,  
Yedirdim oğluma doyunca,  
E nenni, o nenni.

Dandini, dandini, danalı bebek,  
Elleri, kolları kınalı bebek,  
Şimdi benim oğlum uyuyacak,  
E-e-e nenni.

Dandini, dandini in the tale,  
Alkim<sup>33</sup> went into the garden,  
Gardener, drive Alkim out,  
So he won't graze the garden,  
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye,  
My little baby should go to sleep.

Dandini, dandini, moo-cow babe,  
Hands and arms henna-painted baby,  
Now my baby falls asleep,  
Oh, hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye,  
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye,  
Nicely, nicely,  
I've fed my little son, he had enough,  
E-e, hush-a-bye, o-o, hush-a-bye.

Dandini, dandini, moo-calf baby,  
Hands and arms henna-painted baby,  
Now my little son will fall asleep,  
E-e-e, hush-a-bye.

№ 132. *Lullaby*. Demir Soysal (1992), Gizem Soysal (1990), Çisem Soysal (1988), Kırklareli,  
Kızılıcıkdere – See № 129

<sup>33</sup> The informant actualized the lullaby, inserting the name of her first-born grandchild in the place of adequate syllable numbers.

№ 133. *Lullaby*. Fatma Bulut (1922 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Benim yavruma ninni,  
 Uyusun yavrum, ninni,  
 Büyüsün kuzum, ninni,  
 Hadi benim yavrum uyucak,  
 Uyucak da büyücek,  
 Tıpış, tıpış yürücek.  
 Hadi benim tatlı yavrum, ninni,  
 Babasına yardımcı kuzum, ninni.

Hush-a-bye, baby,  
 Sleep my little, hush-a-bye,  
 May my lamb grow up, hush-a-bye,  
 Now sleep my little one.  
 He falls asleep and grows up,  
 He'll walk toddling, toddling,  
 Now my sweet little baby, hush,  
 His father's helping lamb, hush-a-bye.

№ 134. *Dirge*. Leman Aydın (1937 Gaziantep/Nizip, Sunni), Istanbul

Karşı dağın yılanları  
 Gelir dolan dolanı.  
 Yetim yavrumun yareleri  
 Gördünüz mü başı dumanlı dağlar?  
 Şu dağın ardında bir gelin ağlar,  
 Ninni, benim yavrum, ninni.  
 Şu dağın başında bir kuzu meler,  
 Kuzunun feryadı da yavrum ciğerim deler,  
 Anasız kuzu da ilet, böyle mi meler?  
*Refr.* Ninni benim yavrum ninni,  
 Ninni benim oğlum ninni.  
 Karşı dağdan da gelen deve mi olam?  
 Devenin boynunda yavrum eller mi olam?  
 Annasız yavruyu eller döverler mi? *Refr.*  
 Karşıkı dağda da zeytin ağacı,  
 Dökülmüş yaprağı,  
 Kalmış siyacı,  
 Evlad acısı da zehirden acı. *Refr.*

The snakes of the mountain opposite,  
 They creep winding,  
 Have you seen the wound of my orphan babies,  
 Mist-enveloped mountains?  
 A bride is crying behind the mountain,  
 Hush-a-bye, my baby, hush-a-bye.  
 A little lamb's bleating on the top of the mountain,  
 The sorrow of the lamb, baby, hurts my soul,  
 A motherless lamb's bleating like this.  
*Refr.* Hush-a-bye my little one, hush,  
 Hush-a-bye, my little son, hush.  
 Shall I be the camel coming down the mountain opposite?  
 Shall I be an enemy on the back of the camel,  
 my little one,  
 Will my motherless orphan be beaten? *Refr.*  
 Olive tree on the mountain opposite,  
 Its leaves have fallen,  
 Its fence has remained there.  
 Worrying about a child is more bitter than  
 poison. *Refr.*

№ 135. *Mani*. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliagaç

İn dereye, dereye, İnemediklerine. Ne olsa söylüyorlar Çekemediklerini, sürmeli yar.	Come down to the stream, Where they can't come down, They will say, anyway, What they don't like, my black-eyed one.
Bahçenin kapısını, Bir vuruşta açarım. Anneme duyurmuşlar, Duyursunlar kaçarım, sürmeli yar.	The gate of the garden I open with one kick, They've told my mother, Let them tell her, I'll escape, my black-eyed one.

№ 137. *Mani*. Fatma Bulut (1922 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Ay nazara, nazara, Gel, gidelim pazara. Ver, Allah'ım bir bulut da, Yar olan köye düşem.	Alas, harmful look, Come, let's go to the market! Give me, my Allah, a cloud, So I can drop into the village of my darling!
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№ 141. *Mani*. Zeynep Sirkeci (1941), Karacakılavuz<sup>34</sup>

Kara kayış belinde, Örendesi <sup>34</sup> elinde, İlişmeyin yarime, Üvey ana elinde.	Black belt on her waist, Her prickly stick in her hand, Do not quarrel with my darling, She is in the hands of her stepmother.
Kara tiren geliyor, Dumanını veriyor, Evde misin be yarım? Sana bayan geliyor.	A black train's approaching, Puffing smoke, Are you at home, darling? A woman's going to see you.
Dere geliyor dere, Kumanı sere sere, Al dere, götür beni, Yarımın olduğu yere.	The stream, the stream's coming, Spreading sand, Take me, stream, Where my darling is.

№ 142. *Mani*. Sabite Toygar (1960 Beyci Kofçaz), Kırklareli

Ayva sarı yapırak, Dünya kara topurak, Ben yarime doymadım, Doysun kara topurak.	A quince-yellow leaf, The world is black soil, I haven't had enough of my darling, Let the soil unite with her!
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<sup>34</sup> It is a pointed tool to hasten the oxen with. (Verbal communication of Ali Erden.)



*Refr.* Ayvalı ayvalı,  
Ayva yas oldum yare.  
Ne belalı başım var,  
Güzeller aldı yari.

Ayvanın dilimleri,  
Masanın kilimleri  
Ne güzel baş bağlıyor,  
Beyci köy gelinleri. *Refr.*

*Refr.* Quince-apple, quince-apple,  
I became quince-coloured for my darling,  
How unlucky I am!  
My darling was seduced by the nice ones.

Slices of quince-apple,  
The cloth of the table,  
How nicely they tie up their hair,  
The brides in the village of Beyci. *Refr.*

№ 143. *Folk song.* Mehmet Serez (1929 Selanik, Sunni), Tekirdağ

Aldır, aldır, aldır moru Mukaddes,  
Eline kına aldır,  
Al yanakların baldır.

Have, Mukaddes in the lilac dress,  
Have henna bought for your hands,  
Your red cheeks are honey.

№ 146. *Hidrellez song.* Refik Engin (1956 Kılavuzlu), Yeni Bedir

Bahçelerde üç güzel var,  
Gezer o dost, gezer o.  
Biri gelin, biri güvey,  
Biri kız dost biri kız.  
Gelin güvey senin olsun,  
Kız benim dost, kız benim.

*Refr.* Biner ata dayler aşar,

Bir efendim var benim.  
Ağzı ballı başı güllü,  
Kokar o dost, kokar o.

Bizim mahallede üç beygir var,  
Kışner o dost, kışner o.  
Biri aygır, biri beygir,  
Biri at dost, biri at.  
Aygır, beygir senin olsun,  
At benim dost, at benim.

In the gardens there are three beauties,  
They're walking, my friend, walking,  
One is a bride, the other's the groom,  
The third is a maid, my friend, a maid.  
Let the bride and the groom be yours,  
The maid's mine, my friend and the maid's  
mine.

*Refr.* He mounts a horse and rides up the  
mountain,

I've got such a husband.  
His word's honey-sweet, his head's rosy,  
He is fragrant, fragrant.

There are three horses in our street,  
They neigh, my friend, they neigh.  
One's a stud, the other's a draft horse,  
The third's a horse, my friend, a horse.  
Let the stud and the draft horse be yours,  
The horse is mine, my friend, the horse is mine.

№ 147. *Hidrellez song*. Fatma Kaçar (1910), Ahmetler

Bahçelerde üç güzel var,  
Gezer o dost, gezer o.  
Biri karı, biri gelin,  
Biri kız dost, biri kız.  
Karı, gelin senin olsun,  
Kız benim, dost, kız benim.

Bahçelerde üç güzel var,  
Gezer o dost, gezer o.  
Biri arı, biri petek,  
Biri bal dost, biri bal.  
Arı, petek senin olsun,  
Bal benim, dost, bal benim.

Bahçelerde üç güzel var,  
Gezer o dost, gezer o.

There are three beauties in the garden,  
They're walking, my friend, walking.  
One's an auntie, the other's a young woman,  
The third's a maid, my friend, a maid.  
Be the aunt and the young woman yours,  
Mine's the maid, my friend, the maid.

There are three beauties in the garden,  
They're walking, my friend, walking.  
One's a bee, the other's a honeycomb,  
The third's honey, my friend, honey.  
Let the bee and the honeycomb be yours,  
Mine's the honey, my friend, the honey.

There are three beauties in the garden,  
They're walking, my friend, walking.

№ 148. *Hidrellez song*. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

Bahçelerde üç güzel var,  
Gezer o dost, gezer o.  
Biri gelin, biri güvey,  
Biri kız dost, biri kız.  
*Refr.* Gelin güvey senin olsun,  
Kız benim, dost, kız benim.

*Refr. 2.* Biner ata dağlar aşar,

Bir efendim var benim.  
Ağzı ballı başı güllü,  
Kokar o dost, kokar o.

Bizim ma'llede üç beygir var,  
Kişner o dost, kişner o.  
Biri aygır biri beygir,  
Biri at dost biri at.  
Aygır, beygir senin olsun,  
At benim dost, at benim, *Refr. 2.*

Bizim ma'llede üç çiçek var,  
Açar o dost açar o.  
Biri lale, biri sümbül,  
Biri gül dost biri gül.  
Lale, sümbül senin olsun,  
Gül benim dost, gül benim. *Refr. 2.*

In the garden there are three beauties,  
They're walking, my friend, walking,  
One is a bride, the other's the groom,  
The third is a maid, my friend, a maid.  
*Refr.* Let the bride and the groom be yours,  
The maid's mine, my friend, and the maid's mine.

*Refr. 2.* He mounts a horse and rides up the mountain,

I've got such a husband.  
His word's honey-sweet, his head's rosy,  
He is fragrant, fragrant.

We've got three saddle animals,  
They neigh, my friend, they neigh!  
One's a stud, the other's a draft horse,  
The third's a horse, my friend, a horse!  
Be the stud and the draft horse yours,  
The horse's mine, my friend and the horse's mine. *Refr. 2.*

We've got three flowers,  
They're blooming, my friend, blooming,  
One's a tulip, the other's a hyacinth,  
The third's a rose, the third's a rose.  
Be the tulip and the hyacinth yours,  
The rose's mine, my friend, it's mine. *Refr. 2.*

Bizim ma'llede üç ateş var,  
Yanar o dost yanar o.  
Biri yağmır biri duman,  
Biri kor dost biri kor.  
  
Yağmır, duman senin olsun,  
Kor benim dost kor benim. *Refr.*

We've got three fires,  
They burn, my friend, indeed burn!  
One's rain, the other's smoke,  
The third's glowing embers, the third's glowing  
embers,  
Rain and smoke should be yours,  
The glowing embers are mine, they are mine!  
*Refr.*

№ 149. *Hidrellez song.* Havva Hari (1945 Devletliğaç), Kırklareli – See № 150

№ 150. *Hidrellez song.* Fatma Kaçar (1910), Ahmetler

Yağmurlar yağar, efendim her yer yaş olur,  
\*Şarap içer efendim sarhoş olur.  
Ayrıl derler efendim, ayrılamam ben.  
İlk sevdamdır efendim, dayanamam ben.

It's raining, soaking the soil,  
He is my first love, I'd rather die.  
It's raining into the lakes, the lakes,  
The girl's become a bride, a fair one.

Yağmurlar yağar, efendim göllere göllere.  
Kız gelin olmuş, efendim güzel olmuş.  
Ayrıl derler, efendim ayrılamam ben.  
Öksüz kaldım efendim dayanamam ben.

My darling's drinking wine till he gets drunk,  
Leave him, they say, but I can't,  
Jilt her, they say, but I can't leave her,  
I am lonely, I would rather die.

Yağmurlar yağar, efendim karlı buzlu.  
Kız gelin olmuş, efendim nazlı, nazlı.

Rain's falling, icy and snowy,  
The girl's become a bride, fastidious and  
haughty.

Ayrıl derler efendim, ayrılamam ben.

Leave her, they say, but I can't.

№ 151. *Folk song.* Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Yüksek, yüksek tepelere ev kurmasınlar, ev  
kurmasınlar,  
Aşrı aşrı memlekete kız vermesinler, kız  
vermesinler,  
Uçan kuşlara malum olsun, ben annemi özle-  
dim, ben annemi özledim.  
[H]em annemi [h]em babamı ben köyümü  
özledim, ben köyümü özledim.  
Babamın bir atı olsa, binse de gelse, binse de  
gelse.

Houses should not be built on high mountains,  
high mountains,  
Girls should not be sent to marry in faraway  
places, in faraway places.  
The birds flying high should know I miss my  
mother, I miss my mother,  
I miss my mother, my father and my village,  
too, I miss my village, too.  
If my father had a horse, he would have to  
mount it and come.

№ 152. *Hidrellez song*. Cemile Akın (1965 Karaabalar), Ahmetler

Yağmurlar yağar efendim,  
Ev taş üstüne, ev taş üstüne.  
Ali'm oynar efendim,  
Ev taş üstüne, ev taş üstüne.

Yağmurlar yağar efendim,  
Şeker gibice, şeker gibice.

It is raining, my lord,  
On houses and stones, on houses and stones,  
My Ali's dancing,  
On houses and stones, on houses and stones.

It is raining, my lord,  
Like powdered sugar.

№ 153. *Folk song*. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

Dedem şimdi yorgundur,  
Kalkar oynar birazdan.  
Kalk(ı) dedem hiy, hiy,  
Geldi babam hiy, hiy.

Bir çörek yaptım yal gibi,  
Gel yiyelim bal gibi,  
Karılara haram olsun,  
Kızlara helal olsun.

My papa's just got tired,  
But he'll get up and dance,  
My papa'll get up,  
My father's arrived.

I've made a pie, it's become soft,  
Come and eat it, it's honey-sweet,  
Let it harm old women,  
And do good for girls.

№ 160. *Hidrellez song*. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

Şu Hidrellez geliyor o,  
Cuma akşamı geliyor o.  
Cuma akşamı gelen eller,  
Benim yemenimi alan eller,  
Beni sevdaya koyan eller.

Şu Hidrellez geliyor,  
Cumartesi akşamı geliyor,  
Cumartesi akşamı gelen eller  
Benim yemenimi alan eller  
Beni sevdaya koyan eller.

Hidrellez's approaching,  
Friday evening's approaching,  
Strangers will come on Friday evening,  
They will take away my slippers,  
They will kindle a flame in my heart.

Hidrellez's approaching,  
Saturday evening's approaching,  
Strangers will come on Saturday night,  
They will take away my slippers,  
They will kindle a flame in my heart.

№ 161. *Hidrellez song*. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

Koca adama verdiler, verdiler. Bende diğer hemi nasıl gördüler, gördüler?	They married me to and old man, old man, How could they think we were matching, matching.
<i>Refr.</i> Annem beni güldürmedi, gülmesin, gülmesin. Benden başka evlat yüzü görmesin, görmesin.	<i>Refr.</i> I couldn't laugh with my mother, she shouldn't laugh either, She shouldn't have any more children but me, she shouldn't have.
Kocađamın üç kızı var, ben gibi, ben gibi.	The old man has three daughters, they're just like me, like me,
En küçücüğü bahçelerde gül gibi, gül gibi. <i>Refr.</i>	The youngest is like a rose in the garden, like a rose. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 162. *Hidrellez song*. Hamdiye Ay (1933 Kılavuzlu), Kırklareli

Direllez gelen ellez, Benim yemenimi alan ellez. Beni sevdaya salan ellez, Perşembe akşamı gelen ellez.	Hidrellez's approaching, He who will take away my slippers Has kindled the flame of love in me, He who will arrive on Thursday night, will take me away.
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№ 164. *Folk song*. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliagaç

Basma taşın üstüne, ıslanıyorum. İsteddiğini al yarım, istemiyorum. İn dereye, dereye, inemediğim yerler var, Inemediğim yerler var. Yar bizim ikimizi, Çekemeyenler de var.	Don't step on the stone, I'll become wet, I don't want, my darling, that you take away what you want. Descend to the stream, where I can't go down, There are places where I can't descend either, My darling, there are people who can't suffer us.
Basma taşın üstüne, istemiyorum. Bana bakma be yarım kıskanıyorum	Don't stand on the stone, I don't want it. Don't look at me, darling, I'm jealous of you.

№ 165. *Folk song*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliagaç

<i>Refr.</i> Versinler, versinler, oy, Sevenleri sevdiğine versinler.	<i>Refr.</i> Lovers should be married, They should be married, married.
Kapı sıktı elimi, Felek büktü belimi. Kime teslim edeyim, Kara gözlü yarımı. <i>Refr.</i>	My hand got stuck, I've been tortured by fate, To whom can I leave My black-eyed darling? <i>Refr.</i>
İndim dere beklerim, Vay, benim emeklerim. Altı aydır beklerim, Çürüdü kemiklerim.	I went down to the stream, I'm waiting, Alas, how much I bother, I've been waiting for six months, My bones are aching.

№ 166. *Wedding song, Esmâ Ekin (1929), Kaşıkçı*

Vuralım mı kınasını?  
Varın sorun anasına.  
Varın sorun kınasını,  
Vuralım mı anasına?

Shall we smear her henna on?  
Go and ask her mother!  
Go and ask if we should smear her henna on  
her mother?

№ 169. *Folk song. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler*

Ahmetler'dir köyümüz,  
Şeker gibi soyumuz,  
Sevip, sevip ayrılmak,  
Yoktur öyle huyumuz,

Ahmetler is our village,  
Our relations are sweet as honey,  
Love and part,  
This is not our custom.

Gitti yar uzaklara, gitti gelemez,  
Benden başka seven yar kimse sevemez.

My darling has left, he won't return,  
No one will ever love him but me.

№ 170. *Folk song. Mehmet Serez (1929 Selanik, Sunni), Tekirdağ*

Dut fidanı boyunca, vay, vay,  
Dut yemedim doyunca, vay, vay.  
Ağzın, dilin kurusun, vay, vay,  
Yar demedim doyunca, vay, vay.

From the mulberry branch, hey,  
I couldn't eat enough mulberry, hey,  
Your mouth and tongue should go dry, hey,  
I couldn't call you my sweetheart often  
enough!

Bahçelerde börülce vay, vay,  
Oynar gelin, görünce vay, vay<sup>35</sup>.  
Oynasınlar bakayım, vay, vay,  
Ağabeyisini alınca, vay, vay.

Black beans in the gardens, hey,  
The bride, the sister-in-law are dancing, hey,  
Let them dance, let me see them,  
We will take her brother away, hey.

№ 171. *Folk song. Seviye Gerenli (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz*

Adana'nın yolları taşlık,  
Yok cebimde beş kuruş harçlık.  
Elden gitti kahpe de gençlik,

The roads of Adana are stony,  
I haven't got five kurush in my pocket,  
My deceitful youth is over.

Aman Adana'lı canım Adana'lı,  
Ben seni seviyorum güzel delikanlı.

Alas, my lovely one from Adana,  
Handsome lad, I love you.

<sup>35</sup> The first two lines of this mani are followed by others elsewhere, there are several known variants of it (Nuş 1996: 44).

№ 172. *Folk song*. Halil Atakan (1928 Iştıp-Çetaşka Macedonia), Kırklareli

Kahve olsam, dolaplarda kavrulsam, aman, aman,	I'd be coffee, roasting in grinders, oh,
Toz duman olsam dağ başında savrulsam, aman, aman.*	I would be a dust cloud, scattering on the mountain top, oh,
Ah, ipek olsam, yar boynuna sarılsam, aman, aman,	I'd be silk, falling on my darling's shoulders, oh,
Karşiki dağda ben bir parça kar idim, aman, aman.	I was a patch of snow on the mountain oppo- site, oh,
Ah, damla damla yar derdinden eridim, aman, aman,	Oh, my love melted me drop by drop, alas, oh!
Ah, eski yarin sevgilisi ben idim, aman, aman.	Oh, I was the sweetheart of my old love, hey, oh.

№ 173. *Folk song*. Elif Aktaş (1961 Kırklareli), Yeni Bedir

Mani maniler için, Bu mani senin için. Başka mani bilmiyom, Bu da hatırın için. <i>Refr.</i> Evreşe yolları dar, dar, Bana bakma benim yarım var.	Song for the singing, This song is for you, This is the only song I know, This is to remind you. <i>Refr.</i> The roads of Evrese are narrow, Don't look at me, I've got a lover!
Elimde elektirik, Karanlıkta çakarsın. Benim olmadığım yerde Ahretine bakarsın. <i>Refr.</i>	I've got a lamp in my hand, You light it in the dark, Where you can't find me, It is the other world beyond the grave. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 174. *Folk song*. Kerime Keski (1938 Haskova, Bulgaria), Çavuşköy

Yuvası da kamlar, Kamları vıdamışlar, Düğün gelir, yarimi Oduna yollamışlar. <i>Refr.</i> Evreşe yolları dar, dar, Bana bakma, benim yarım var.	Her nest's being thatched, Wrapped in reeds. The bridal procession's coming, My sweetheart's been sent for wood. <i>Refr.</i> The roads of Evrese <sup>36</sup> are narrow, Don't look at me, I've got a lover!
Gittin gittin durdun mu? Yokuşta yoruldun mu? Benim iki sözümü Annene duyurdun mu? <i>Refr.</i>	You kept walking, did you stop? Did you get tired uphill? Did you tell your mother about my two promises? <i>Refr.</i>

<sup>36</sup> A southern town in Thrace.

№ 175. *Folk song*. Hatice Gülşen (1949, Sunni), Karacakılavuz

Bir fırın yaptırđım, Doldurdum ekmekleri. Gel, beraber yiyelim, Bakarım köpekleri.	I had a new oven built, I filled it with bread. Come and let's eat it together, I'll take care of the dogs.
Evreşe yolları dar, dar, Bana bakma, benim yarım var.	The roads of Evrese are narrow, Don't look at me, I've got a lover!

№ 176. *Wedding song*. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Oyna gelin, söyle kızım Oynasın kalk bakalım Bir araya gelince Şit mori yarelelli, yar, yın, yınıno.	Get up bride, tell me daughter Let them dance, let's see If they come together, Sit moru yarelelli, yar, yın, yınıno ....
Bahçelerde kalmışım, Kapına dayanmışım. İster al, ister alma, Alnına yazılmışım. Şit mori yarelelli yar yine, yininoy <sup>37</sup>	I stayed in gardens, Leaned against your gate, Marry me or not, I am written in the book of your fate, Sit moru...
Entaresi ak gibi, Gelir geçer ok gibi. Hiç bu yana bakmıyor Sevgilisi yok gibi, Şit mori yarelelli yar, nin, non.	Her dress is snow-white, She walks past straight as an arrow, Never looking at us, As if she had no lover [here], Sit moru...

№ 178. *Folk song*. Sabite Toygar (1960 Beyci Kofçaz), Kırklareli

İn derenin içine, Kanaryom, Yem verelim keçine, hoy, hoy, Yem verelim keçine.	Descend to the stream, my canary, Let's feed your goat, hey, hey, Let's feed your goat.
Altın yaptır, üç yaptır, Kanaryom, Küpeleri çift yaptır, hoy, hoy, Küpeleri çift yaptır.	Get three made of gold, my canary, Have pairs of earrings made, hey, hey, Pairs of earrings.
İste babam vermezse, Kanaryom, Küpeleri çift yaptır, hoy, hoy, Küpeleri çift yaptır.	If my father did not let me marry you, my canary, Get a pair of earrings made, hey, hey, Get a pair of earrings made.

<sup>37</sup> Unintelligible part of text 'dilioyloy, rina rina', it was also collected and recorded in other parts of Thrace (Artun 1978: 212, Nuş 1996: 44).



Hoplayabilir misin Kanaryom,  
Ziplayabilir misin?  
İki sene askerlik, Kanaryom,  
Dayanabilir misin?

Uzundere boyunda, Kanaryom,  
Çanlar öter koyunda, hoy-hoy,  
çanlar öter koyunda.

Köyümüz güzel ama, Kanaryom,  
İlla hudut boyunda.

Can you leap, my canary,  
Can you hop?  
Two years in the army, my canary,  
Can you wait that long?

Along Uzundere, my canary,  
Bells ring on the sheep, hey, hey,  
Bells ring on the sheep.

Our village's beautiful, my canary,  
It's close to the fields.

№ 179. *Folk song*. Fatma Kaçar (1910), Ahmetler

*Refr.* A mer kuzum, mer kuzum,  
Kara gözlüm, mer kuzum.

Çık boyunu göreyim,  
Boyuna gömlek alayım. *Refr.*  
Ne boyumu gösterim,  
Ne gömleğini isterim. *Refr.*

Çık boyunu göreyim,  
Boyuna elbise alayım. *Refr.*  
Ne boyumu gösterim,  
Ne elbiseni isterim. *Refr.*

Çık boyunu göreyim,  
Boyuna övler alayım. *Refr.*  
Ne boyumu gösterim,  
Ne evini isterim. *Refr.*

*Refr.* My baa-lamb, my little lambkin,  
My black-eyed little lambkin!

Show yourself,  
I'll buy a shirt for you. *Refr.*  
I won't show my stature,  
I don't want your shirt either. *Refr.*

Show yourself,  
I'll buy a dress for you. *Refr.*  
I won't show my stature,  
I don't want your shirt either. *Refr.*

Come forward, let me see you,  
I'll buy a house for you. *Refr.*  
I won't show my stature,  
I don't want your house either. *Refr.*

№ 180. *Folk song*. Şerife Aktaş (1941 Ahmetler), Yeni Bedir

*Refr.* Hay, mer kuzum, mer kuzum,  
Kara gözlüm, mer kuzum.  
Göster boyunu bana,  
Fistan alayım sana. *Refr.*

Ne boynumu gösterim,  
Ne fistanı isterim.  
Ben ağabeyime söylerim,  
Ben o kızı isterim. *Refr.*

Göster ayağını bana,  
Patik alayım sana,  
Ne ayağımı gösterim,  
Ne patiğini isterim.

Ben ağabeyime söylerim,  
Ben o kızı isterim. *Refr.*

*Refr.* My baa-lamb, my little lambkin,  
My black-eyed little lambkin.  
Come and show yourself,  
I'll buy clothes for you. *Refr.*

I won't show myself,  
I don't want your clothes either,  
I'll tell my brother,  
I want that girl. *Refr.*

Come and show your feet,  
I'll buy shoes for them!  
I won't show my feet,  
I don't want your shoes.

I'll tell my brother,  
I want that girl. *Refr.*

## № 181. Folk song. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

*Refr.* Ay, mer kuzum, mer kuzum,  
Kara gözlüm, mer kuzum. \*

Çık boyunu göreyim,  
Boyuna fistan alayım. *Refr.*  
Ne boyumu gösterim,  
Ne fistanını isterim.  
Ben ağabeyime söylerim  
Ben o kızı isterim. *Refr.*

Çık boyunu göreyim,  
Boyuna altın alayım.  
Ne altının isterim,  
Ne boyumu gösterim.  
Ben ağabeyime söylerim,  
Ben o kızı da isterim. *Refr.*

Çık boyunu göreyim,  
Ayağına ayakkabı alayım.  
Ne ayakkabını isterim,  
Ne boyumu gösterim.  
Ben ağabeyime söylerim,  
Ben o kızı isterim. *Refr.*

Çık boyunu göreyim,  
Başına tülbent alayım.  
Ne başımı gösterim,  
Ne tülbendi isterim. *Refr.*

*Refr.* My baa-lamb, my little lambkin,  
My black-eyed little lambkin.

Come forward, show yourself,  
I'll buy clothes for you. *Refr.*  
I won't show myself,  
I don't want your clothes either,  
I'll tell my brother,  
I want that girl. *Refr.*

Come forward, show yourself,  
I'll buy clothes for your stature,  
I don't want your gold,  
I won't show my stature either.  
I'll tell my brother,  
I want that girl. *Refr.*

Come forward, show yourself,  
So I can buy shoes for your feet!  
I don't want your shoes,  
I won't show my stature either,  
I'll tell my brother,  
I want that girl. *Refr.*

Come forward, show yourself,  
I'll buy a kerchief for your head.  
I won't show my head,  
I don't want your kerchief. *Refr.*

## № 182. Folk song. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

...koydum tasa,  
Doldurdum basa basa,  
*Refr.* Aydın odalar, odalar, odalar,  
Yaşasın delikanlılar.

Kapı sıktı elimi,  
Felek büktü belimi.  
Kime teslim edeyim,  
Kara gözlü yarimi. *Refr.*

I've put ... in the pan,  
I've filled it up,  
*Refr.* Shining rooms, rooms, rooms,  
Long live the valiant lads.

I've shut the gate on my hand,  
Fate has tortured me,  
To whose care can I leave  
My black-eyed sweetheart? *Refr.*

№ 183. *Bulgarian Folk song*. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaria), Devletliagaç

Oy koladı, oy koladı

№ 184. *Hidrellez song*. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı/ Bulgaria), Devletliagaç

İşte geldim kapınıza, Selam verdim hepinize. Selamımı aldınız mı? Komşulara saldınız mı?	I've come here to your gate, Greetings to you all. Have you received my greeting? Have you forwarded it to your neighbours?
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№ 186. *Folk song*. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliagaç

Bir evler yaptırdım be Ramizem, Saraya karşı aman aman, Saraya karşı.	I had houses built, my Ramize, Opposite the palace, alas, oh. Opposite the palace.
İçinde oturmadım Ramizem, Aleme karşı aman aman, Aleme karşı.	I couldn't live in them, my Ramize. The world didn't let me, alas, oh. The world didn't let me.

№ 188. *Mani*. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Mısır kazarım, mısır, Oturdum arasına. Yar sigara içiyor, Söyleyin bobasına. <i>Refr.</i> O tepeden bu tepeye keçi geçer mi?	I'm hoeing corn, corn, I sat down in its midst, My darling is smoking, Tell his father about it. <i>Refr.</i> Can the goat get to this hill from the hill opposite?
Aklı başında olan içki içer mi?	Does anyone in his right senses drink?
Askeriye cem sesi, Taşa gidiyor taşa, Kara gözlü sevdiğim, Maça gidiyor maça. <i>Refr.</i>	The troops are gathering Thundering like a rock, My black-eyed lover is Leaving for a match, for a match. <i>Refr.</i>
İstanbul'a giderken, Sol tarafta kaldırım, Benden başka seversen, Vursun seni yıldırım. <i>Refr.</i>	On the way to Istanbul, Pavement's on the left side, If you love another lover, You should be struck by lightning <i>Refr.</i>
Mendilimi uçurdum, Kavak yapraklarına, Ben yarimi düşürdüm, Sevda yataklarına. <i>Refr.</i>	My kerchief flew up to a tree, To the leaf of a poplar, I made my darling fall Into the nest of love. <i>Refr.</i>

İstanbul'a giderken,  
Sıra sıra direkler,  
Beni eller alıyor,  
Sende nasıl yürek var. *Refr.*

Gidersen uğurlar olsun,  
Deryalar yolun olsun,  
Benden başka seversen,  
İki gözün kör olsun. *Refr.*

Camlarında perde yok,  
Olsa bile incecik.  
Ver anne sevdiğime,  
Öleceğim gencecik. *Refr.*

On the way to Istanbul  
Poles are standing in line,  
Strangers will get lost,  
Have you got a heart? *Refr.*

If you go away I wish you luck,  
May you cross the sea hereafter,  
If you love someone else  
You should go blind. *Refr.*

There's no curtain hanging on the window,  
Or if there is, it's a thin one,  
Mother, marry me to my lover,  
I will die young. *Refr.*

№ 191. *Dirge*. Esmâ Ekin (1929), Kaşıkçı

Yaşım onsekiz, annem gelmesin,

Çenemi sıkın beni görmesin.

Ey anneciğim ölüyorum ben,  
Kara yerlere nasıl gireceğim?

Toprağım böcek beni yeyecek,  
Zayıf tenimi delip geçecek.<sup>38</sup>  
Ey anneciğim sağ tarafıma,  
Yan veriyorum cuma gecesi.  
Can veriyorum,  
Cuma gecesi, can veriyorum.

Ey anneciğim ölüyorum ben,  
Kara yerlere nasıl gideceğim?  
Kara yerlerde nasıl duracağım?  
Toprağın böcek beni yeyecek,  
Zayıf tenimi delip geçecek.

I'm eighteen, my mother should not come  
here,

Tie up my jaw, she should not see me [like  
this],

Ah, mother, I am dying,  
How can I go into the black earth?

Earthly worm gnaws away my body,  
Picking holes in my tender skin,  
Ah, mother, I turn on my right side  
On Friday night,  
I'll yield my soul,  
On Friday night I'll yield my soul.

Oh, mother, I am dying,  
How can I go into the black earth?  
How can I stay in the black earth?  
Earthly worm gnaws away my body,  
Picking holes in my tender skin.

№ 194. *Folk song*. Şehri Ünal (1950 Ahlatlı), Ahmetler

Sekiz pınarın suyu bitti,  
Dokuz aradan odun gitti.  
Kaz kaldırmış kafasını,  
Yiyemedim, uçtu gitti.

Eight springs have run dry,  
From nine mews the firewood's gone,  
The goose has raised its head,  
It had flown off before I could eat it.

<sup>38</sup> The style of this example is called *ölüm destanı* 'legend of death', further examples were collected by Artun: *Toprağım çiçek beni örtecek / Nazik tenimi böcek yiyecek...* (1978: 188), (1983: 114).

№ 196. *Folk song*. Sevdıye Yılmaz (1932 Tekirdağ), Kılavuzlu

Eminem de giymiş şalvarı,  
Sıra beyaz kolları.  
*Refr.* Yandım Eminem, ben yandım,  
Seni alacak sandım.

Kara kara kazanlar,  
Kara yazı yazanlar.  
Cennet yüzü görmesin,  
Aramızı bozanlar *Refr.*  
Bir pusulaya aldandım.

Karakolda aynalar,  
Kız kolunda damgalar,  
Gözlerinden bellidir.  
Sende kara sevda var. *Refr.*

My Emine has put on a shalvar,  
Her arms are white.  
*Refr.* I got infatuated, my Emine, infatuated,  
I thought I'd marry you.

Black, black cauldrons,  
Foretelling a black fate,  
Those who have torn us from each other  
Should never see Paradise *Refr.*  
I fell into a little trap.

Policemen at the police station,  
The girl's arm is branded,  
It can be seen in your eyes,  
You are passionately in love. *Refr.*

№ 197. *Folk song*. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

Dedem şimdi yorgundur,  
Kalkar, oynar birazdan.  
Kalk dedem hiy, hiy  
Geldi babam hiy, hiy.

My grandfather's tired now,  
Soon he'll get up and dance,  
Get up, grandfather, hey, hey,  
My Father has arrived, hey, hey.

№ 198. *Hidrellez song*. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı – See № 199№ 199. *Folk song*. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Üşüdüm, üşüdüm,  
Ah, benim canım, üşüdüm.  
Kürkünü giy, kürkünü giy,  
Ah, benim canım, kürkünü giy.

Kürküm yok, kürküm yok,  
Ah, benim canım, kürküm yok.  
Alsana alsana,  
Ah benim canım, alsana!

Param yok, param yok,  
Ah benim canım, param yok.  
Çalsana çalsana,  
Ah benim canım çalsana!

Duyarlar duyarlar,  
Ah benim canım duyarlar.  
Kim duyar kim duyar,  
Ah benim canım kim duyar?

I'm cold, I'm cold,  
Oh, my dearest, I'm cold,  
Put on the furcoat, put on the furcoat,  
Alas, my dearest, put on the furcoat.

I haven't a furcoat, I haven't a furcoat,  
Alas, my dearest, I haven't any furcoats,  
Then go and buy one, buy one,  
Alas, my dearest, then buy one!

I haven't any money, I haven't any money,  
Alas, my dearest, I haven't any money.  
Then steal some, steal some,  
Alas, my dearest, then steal some!

They'll hear it, they'll hear it,  
Alas, my dearest, they'll hear it.  
Who will hear it, who will hear it?  
Alas, my dearest, who will hear it?

Polisler polisler,  
Ah benim canım polisler.  
Ne'aparlar, ne'aparlar,  
Ah benim canım ne'aparlar?

Asarlar, asarlar,  
Ah, benim canım asarlar.

Policemen, policeman,  
Alas, my dearest, the policeman.  
What will they do, what will they do,  
Alas, my dear, what will they do?

They'll hang me up, they'll hang me,  
Alas, my dearest, they'll hang me up.

№ 201. *Bride's farewell*. Hatice Çetin (1952 Deli Orman, Bulgaria), Musulça

Çocuk anası, naz anası,  
İki elinde mum yanası,  
Kızanası, garip anası,  
\*Çocuk anası, yiğit anası,  
İki elinde mum yanası.\*

Mother of a child, delicate mother,  
With burning candles in her hands,  
Mother of a daughter, sad mother,  
Mother of a child, mother of a hero,  
Candles are burning in her hands.

№ 202. *Mani*. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaria), Devletliğaç

Teyyareler tek gider,  
İçine İslim biner.  
Teyyarede yar sevenin,  
Ömürü boşa gider.

Alçacık duvar üstü,  
Teyyarem suya düştü.  
Palaskamı alırken,  
Teyyare bana düştü.

Planes fly one by one,  
My Isli got on one.  
Your life is useless,  
If your lover gets on a plane.

The top of a low wall,  
My plane fell into water,  
While we were taking Palaska,  
I had got on the plane.

№ 204. *Folk song*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliğaç

Gelinim elbise alayım,  
Gelinim sana vereyim,  
Gelinim gel barışalım!

Cadış evler de alsan,  
Cadı bana da versen,  
Cadı küstüm barışmam.

Gelinim damat alayım,  
Gelinim sana vereyim!

Daughter-in-law, let me buy a dress,  
Daughter-in-law, let me give it to you.  
Daughter-in-law, come on, let's make friends  
again!

Gammer, should you buy houses,  
Gammer, should you give one to me,  
Gammer, I'm angry with you and won't make  
peace.

Daughter-in-law, let me buy a bridegroom,  
Daughter-in-law, let me give him to you!

№ 205. *Folk song*. Sevim Yozcu (1956 Tekirdağ, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

[Dere geliyor, dere]  
Kumunu sere sere yarelelli  
Al beni götür dere, yarele yarele,  
Yarin olduğu yere, yarelelli.  
*Refr.* Amanın aman aman,  
Zamanın zaman, zaman  
Bizim düğün ne zaman, yarelelli.

Alma tane bir iki, yarele, yarele,  
Sayın bakın oniki, yarelelli.  
Onikinin içinde, yarelel, yalelel,  
En güzeli benimki yarelellim. *Refr.*

Ben armudu dişledim, yarelel, yarelel,  
Sapını gümüşledim yarelellim.  
Sevdiğimin ismini yarelel, yarelel  
Mendilime işledim yarelellim. *Refr.*

Armut daldan düşer mi yarelel, yarelel  
Karıncalar üzer mi yarelellim.  
Sen orada ben burada yarelel, yarelel  
Bize dünya düşer mi yarelellim. *Refr.*

[The stream's coming]  
Spreading its sand, yarelelli,  
Take me stream, yarele yarele,  
Where my sweetheart is, yarelelli,  
*Refr.* Alas, alas,  
The time of times,  
When will our wedding be Yarelelli?

A few apples, yarele yarele,  
Just count them, there are twelve yarelelli,  
Among twelve, yarelelli,  
The nicest is mine. *Refr.*

I bit into the pear, yarelel yarelel,  
Covered its stem with silver my yarelelli,  
I sewed the name of my sweetheart  
Into my handkerchief. *Refr.*

Will the pear fall off the branch yarelel yarelel?  
Will the ants feel cold my yarelel?  
You're there, I am here, yarelel, yarelel  
Will our world ever arrive? *Refr.*

№ 210. *Folk song*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliagaç

[Dere boyu saz olur]  
Gül açılır, yaz olur, oy,  
Ben gülüme gül demem, Eminem,  
Gülün ömrü az olur, oy.

Vay bana, vaylar sana, Eminem,  
Gül oldu aylar sana, Hüy.  
Süpürgesi yoncadan Eminem

[Sedge's growing on the streamside,  
The rose is blooming, summer's here, oh,  
I don't call my rose a rose, my Emine,  
The life of the rose is short, oh.

Damn me and damn you, my Emine,  
Your months became roses.  
The sweep of my Emine is from clover.

№ 211. *Wedding song*, *Bektashi women congregation*, *Kılavuzlu*

Çağırın kızın yengesini,  
Vursun eline al kınasını.  
Ağlatmayın onun annesini.  
*Refr.* Anne ben bu gece misafirim,  
Nine ben bu gece turacağım.

Call the girl's sister-in-law,  
To smear red henna on her hand,  
Don't make her mother cry!  
*Refr.* Mother, I'm a guest tonight,  
Auntie, I'm asking for lodging tonight.

Su bakırları susuz kaldı,  
Yüksek evler ıssız kaldı,  
Kızannesi kızsız kaldı. *Refr.*

Kaynana olan altın takar,  
Güvey olan yollara bakar. *Refr.*

Annem annem canım annem,  
Sütünü emdim kane kane,  
Helal eyle canım annem. *Refr.*  
Atladı gitti eşiği,  
Sofrada kaldı kaşığı.<sup>39</sup> *Refr.*

The water cans remained dry,  
Tall houses remained empty,  
The mother with a daughter remained without  
her daughter. *Refr.*

The mother-in-law hangs gold on her,  
The bridegroom keeps watching the road. *Refr.*

Mother, mother, my sweet mother,  
I sucked your milk until I had enough,  
Don't grudge me this, mother dear. *Refr.*  
She jumped over the threshold, left,  
Her spoon remained on the table. *Refr.*

№ 212. *Wedding song, Şehriban Bulut (1922 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu*<sup>40</sup>

Çağırın kızın yengesini,  
Yaksın eline al kınasını.  
*Refr.* Anne ben bu gece misafirim,  
Nine ben bu gece turacıyım.

Atladı gitti eşiği,  
Sofrada kaldı kaşığı,<sup>40</sup>  
Kızım sana al yaraşır,  
Al üstüne mor yaraşır.  
Gelin alıcıya yol yaraşır. *Refr.*

Call the girl's sister-in-law,  
Smear red henna on her hand!  
*Refr.* Mother, I'm a guest tonight,  
Auntie, I'm asking for lodging tonight.

She jumped over the threshold, left,  
Her spoon remained on the table,  
Red suits you well, my daughter,  
Purple and red go well together.  
The road suits the suitor. *Refr.*

№ 215. *Mani. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu*

Kaşların karasına,  
Gül koydum arasına.  
Benim meylem dediler,  
Sinenin yarasına.

Ah, benim acı yarım,  
Başımın tacı yarım.  
Eller bana acımaz,  
Sen ol da acı yarım.

The black of your eyebrows,  
I placed a rose between them,  
My love's a balm  
For your heart's wound.

Oh, my sorrowful sweetheart,  
My crown, my sweetheart,  
Strangers don't take pity on me,  
You should take pity on me, darling.

<sup>39</sup> In another *mani* these two lines go on the following way: *Mahallenin yakışığı, Gel ayrılıp gitmeyelim* (Nuş 1996: 33).

<sup>40</sup> This *mani* is also known in a lot of variants, for instance see № 211.



№ 218. *Folk song*. Kerime Keski (1938 Haskova Bulgaria), Çavuşköy

humming – without text

№ 220. *Folk song*. Şerife Aktaş (1941 Ahmetler), Yeni Bedir

Gök yüzünün gök buludu,  
Emdi deryayı bürüdü.  
Yar saran kollar çürüdü.  
*Refr.* Oyna püskül döne, döne,  
Ben kül oldum yana, yana.

Mendili var işlemeli,  
Eski yari boşamalı,  
Yenisine başlamalı. *Refr.*

Püskülümün bir dalı sarı,  
Ben çekemem ah iylen zarı,  
Askere yolladım yari. *Refr.*

The heavenly cloud of the sky,  
Absorbed the ocean and shrouded it,  
The arms embracing the beloved slackened,  
*Refr.* Keep dancing, fringy one, whirling,  
I burned to ashes, I petered out.

She's got an embroidered handkerchief,  
She's got to part with her old lover,  
And has to find a new one. *Refr.*

Some of my fringes are yellow,  
I can't stand sighing,  
My darling's been enlisted. *Refr.*

№ 221. *Wedding song*. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Varın sorun anasına,  
İzin versin kınasına,  
Ben veremem, ben kıyamam,  
Kız evladım bir tanedir.

Varın sorun babasına,  
İzin versin kınasına.  
Ben veremem, ben kıyamam,  
Kız evladım bir tanedir.

Varın sorun ağabeyisine,  
İzin versin kınasına,  
Ben veremem, ben kıyamam,  
Kız kardeşim bir tanedir.

Varın sorun yengesine,  
İzin versin kınasına.  
Ben veririm ben kıyarım,  
Annem babam kıydı bana.

Go to her mother and ask her,  
To allow us to paint her with henna,  
I don't allow it, I couldn't bear it,  
She is my only daughter.

Go to her father and ask him,  
To allow us to paint her with henna,  
I don't allow it, I couldn't bear it,  
She is my only daughter.

Go to her brother and ask him,  
To allow us to paint her with henna,  
I don't allow it, I couldn't stand it,  
She is my only sister.

Go to her aunt and ask her,  
To allow us to paint her with henna,  
I allow it, I don't feel pity,  
My mother and father weren't sorry for me  
either.

№ 228. *Folk song.* Ayşe Demir (1934), Zeynep Sirkeci (1941, Sunni), Karacakılavuz

Meşeli dağlar, meşeli, meşeli,  
Dibinde halılar döşeli.

Kül oldum ben bu derde düşeli,  
Al beni esmer güzeli,  
Yarimle kol kola gezelim.

Oak forests in mountains, oak woods,  
Laid out carpets under them.

Love has withered me,  
Marry me, my black beauty,  
Let me walk arm in arm with my darling.

№ 229. *Folk song.* Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Kül oldum, ben bu aşka düşeli,  
Al beni esmer güzelim,  
Yar ile kol kola gezelim.

Love has withered me,  
Marry me, my black beauty,  
So I can walk arm in arm with my darling.

№ 230. *Mani.* Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Ayva sarısı, yarım,  
Limon yarısı, yarım,  
*Refr.* Nena, nenenam, limon yarısı, yarım.

Al giydim, alsın diye,  
Mor giydim, sarsın diye. *Refr.*

Kimselere varmadım  
Sevgilim alsın diye.

The yellow of quince, my sweetheart,  
Half a lemon, my sweetheart,  
*Refr.* Nena, nena, half a lemon, my sweetheart.

I dressed in red for him to marry me,  
I dressed in purple for him to embrace me.

*Refr.*  
I didn't marry anyone,  
So that my sweetheart would marry me!

№ 234. *Mani.* Havva Hari (1945), Devletliğaç

İncecik eleklerden  
Undan mı eliyorsun?  
Dalgacı hal içinde  
Gönlümü eğliyorsun.

Alaydan ayrılalım,  
Yaylada sarılalım,  
Yar ikimiz de bir boy,  
Yar nasıl ayrılalım?

Are you sifting  
Flour in a sieve?  
When you are quarrelsome,  
You're playing with my feelings.

Let's leave the crowds behind,  
Let's make love on a summer pasture,  
We are both alike,  
My darling, how could we part?

№ 235. *Mani*. Şükriye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliğaç

Alay geliyor, alay,  
Çıktım alaya baktım,  
Yarden gelen mektubu,  
Okudum/okumadan hemen yaktım.

Alayda ayrılırlar,  
Sarayda savrulurlar,  
Gel, üzülme sevdiğim,  
Bir zaman kavuşurlar.

Here comes the procession, the bridal procession,  
I went out to see it.  
I've read the letter/burnt the letter unread  
That I received from my sweetheart.

They part in the procession,  
They lose each other in the palace,  
Come now, don't be sorry, my sweetheart,  
One day they'll find each other.

№ 238. *Folk song*. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Şemsiyemin ucu kara,  
Sen açtın (da) gönüme yara,  
Bulamadım derdime çare,  
Söyle yarım kimdir dostun.

Şemsiyemin ucun bastın,  
Söyle yarım kimdir dostun?  
Öldürmeye var mı kastın?

The edge of my umbrella is black,  
You've hurt my heart,  
I found no cure for my trouble,  
Tell me, sweetheart, who's your friend?

You've dented the edge of my umbrella,  
Tell me, sweetheart, who's your friend?  
Do you mean to kill me?

№ 239. *Folk song*. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Varın söyleyin boyacıya,  
Allar boyasın amman boyamasın.

Allar giyer gelinler olur,  
Sürü sürü amman sürmeli kızlar,  
Güğüsleri çapraz amman düğmeli kızlar.

Go and tell the painter,  
To paint it red, alas, not to paint it.

Brides wear red,  
There are many girls with painted eyes  
With buttons on both their breasts.

№ 245. *Folk song*. Mehmet Serez (1929 Selanik, Sunni), Tekirdağ

Bahçelerde eğrelti,  
Oynarlar iki elti.  
İkisi de bir boyda,  
Bilinmiyor kıymeti.  
*Refr.* Şist moru yereleli, yenenene nenenom,  
Yar yine yenenene, yenenene nenenom.

There's fern in the gardens,  
There're two sisters-in-law dancing,  
They are the same height,  
They are invaluable.  
*Refr.* *Sist moru yereleli, yenenene nenenom,*  
My sweetheart again yenenene nenenom.

№ 250. *Mani*. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Mendili, diline, Mendil verdim eline. Kara kına yollamış Yar benim ellerime.	A handkerchief, a kerchief, I handed her a kerchief, My lover's sent me Black henna for my hand.
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№ 265. *Mani*. Cemile Akın (1940 Karaabalar), Ahmetler

[... kurusam] seni, Suda çürütmem seni, Senelerce görmezsem, Gene unutmam seni.	I will dry you, I won't soak you in water, Even if I couldn't see you for ages, I'd never forget you.
Dere geliyor, dere, Kumunu sere-sere, Al beni, götür dere, Yarimin olduğu yere.	Here comes the stream, the stream, Spreading its sand, Catch me and take me, stream, To where my sweetheart is.

№ 266. *Folk song*. Veli Yılmaz (1928 Tekirdağ), Kılavuzlu

Bayram geldi aman, aman, garibem, Kan doldu yüreğime, aman, aman, garibem, Yaralarım sızıyor, aman, aman, garibem, Doktor benim neyime, aman, aman, garibem. Geceler ağrım oldu, aman, aman, garibem, Ağlama karım oldu, aman, aman, garibem.	The feast has arrived, oh, I'm unlucky, My heart's full of sorrow, oh, I'm unlucky, My wounds ache, oh, I'm unlucky, What's wrong with me, doctor, oh, I'm unlucky. My pain started at night, oh, I'm unlucky, I cry day and night, oh, I'm unlucky.
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№ 268. *Folk song*. Esmâ Ekin (1929), Kaşıkçı

Evlerinin önü bağlı, Ben isterim burda kırmalı yağlı, Kırmayılan mayıl oldum, Kırmasızlan ayrı oldum.	A garden in front of the houses, I could do with a fine corn cake, I enjoyed the corn cake indeed, But I didn't like the cake without corn.
Ben çalarım alacaklar, Kolum bağlı, yanacaklar. Aldım bahşişimi gidiyom, Sizde kalanı salıcaklar.	I make music, but they take me away My hands are tied, they're burning, I take my money due to me and leave, Scatter the rest that remains with you.
Kara koyun kuzuludur, Boynuzları yazılıdır, Çok bekletme aile sahibi, Ayacıklarım sızladı.	The black sheep has a lamb, Its horns are flat, Don't keep me waiting, master, My little legs are aching.

Edirne'nin camileri,  
Doksan dokuz penceresi,  
Kalkın uykudan uyanın,  
Yandı pilav tenceresi.

The ninety-nine windows  
Of the mosques in Edirne,  
Get up, wake up,  
The pilaf's got burnt.

№ 269. *Folk song*. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Mavi yazma bağlama,  
Elmalı olanda gel, anam,

Bahçeyi dolan da gel,  
İyi günde gelmedin, anam,  
Bari can verende gel.

Don't tie a blue kerchief on your head,  
Come in your apple-patterned kerchief,  
mother,  
Take a walk in the garden, then come here,  
You didn't come to my nice day, mother,  
Come to my death.

№ 271. *Folk song*. Elderly man (Bulgaria), Bulgaria\* – unintelligible

№ 272. *Lullaby*. Hamdiye Ay (1933 Kılavuzlu), Kırklareli

Uyusun da büyüsün, nenni,  
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho nenni,  
Benim yavrum uyuçak,  
Uyuçak da büyücek.  
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, nenni.

Nenni de sözüm yaraşır,  
Uykuları dolaşır,  
Nenni, de yavrum, nenni.

Uyucak da büyüyecek şimdi,  
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho dağlar,  
Uyur gezer o ağlar,  
Uyusun da büyüsün, Maşallah.

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho desem,  
Dağlara gel dolaş desem,  
Haydi, nenni, yavrum, nenni,  
Uyusun, da büyüsün şimdi.

Sleep and grow up, hush-a-bye,  
Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho, hush-a-bye,  
My baby's going to sleep,  
He'll sleep and grow up,  
Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho, hush-a-bye.

Hush-a-bye, my word fits here,  
His dreams embrace everything,  
Hush-a-bye, my baby, hush.

Now he falls asleep and grows up,  
Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho, mountains,  
He sleeps, walks and cries,  
Let him sleep and grow up, what a miracle of  
God he is!

Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho, I tell you,  
Come and roam the mountains,  
Now, hush-a-bye, my baby, sleep,  
Now sleep and grow up!

№ 282. *Folk song*. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Pek küçüktüm bir adama verdiler, verdiler,  
Hem verdiler, hem münasib gördüler, gördüler.

I was married to a man when I was very young,  
I was married to him – I was regarded as the  
right spouse for him.

Kocađama varayım da n'apayım, n'apayım,  
Akşam sabah çorbacığını yapayım, yapayım.

I marry the old man, but what shall I do with  
him?  
Shall I cook his soup all mornings and eve-  
nings?

Pek küçüktüm kocađama verdiler, verdiler,  
Hem verdiler hem münasip gördüler, gördüler.

I was married to an old man when I was very  
young,  
I was married to him – I was regarded as the  
right spouse for him.

Ah kocađama varayım da n'apayım,  
Delikanlı değil sarılayım yatayım, yatayım.

I marry the old man, but what can I do with  
him?  
He's not a lad whom I could embrace and go to  
bed with.

*Refr.* Annem beni güldürmedi gülmesin, gülme-  
sin,  
Benden başka evlat yüzü görmesin, görmesin.

*Refr.* My mother didn't let me laugh,  
She shouldn't see the face of a child other than  
me.

Ah kocađama yatak yaptım gül gibi, gül gibi,  
Sabah kalktı altına baktım göl gibi göl gibi. *Refr.*

I made a nice bed for the old man,  
He got up in the morning – there was a puddle  
under him. *Refr.*

Kocađama varayım da n'apayım, n'apayım?  
Delikanlı değil sarılayım yatayım, yatayım.

I marry the old man, but what shall I do to  
him?  
He is not a lad whom I could embrace and go  
to bed with.

Kocađamın karyolada yatışı yatışı,  
Seksen yaşında mandaya benzer bakışı, bakışı.  
*Refr.*

The old man is lying idly in the bed,  
His glances are like those of an eighty-years-old  
water buffalo. *Refr.*

Kocađamın üç kızı var ben gibi, ben gibi,  
En küçüceği bahçelerde gül gibi, gül gibi. *Refr.*

The three daughters of the old man are like me,  
The youngest is like the rose of the garden. *Refr.*

№ 283. *Folk song*. Bektashi women, Kılavuzlu

Ali çocuk su doldurur dereden, dereden,  
Yüzüne bakılmıyor yareden, yareden.  
Göster bize evinizin yolu nerede, nerede.

Ali, the child's taking water from the stream.  
His face can't be seen from the wounds,  
Show me the way leading to your house!

Doğrudu[ğu]mda dal boynuna sarıldım,  
sarıldım,  
Hiç bilemedim halim iken ayrıldım, ayrıldım.  
Dili bülbül saçlı sümbül Ali'min bahçelerde gül  
fidanı şerefi.

As I stood up I embraced his cedar body,  
I didn't realize how we parted with each other,  
How I parted with my nightingale-voiced,  
Hyacinth-haired Ali, the pride and rose branch  
of gardens.

№ 284. *Wedding song*. Firdevs Tiriyaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Çağrın kızın yengesini, Vursun eline al kınasını.	Ask the girl's sister-in-law To paint her hands red with henna!
Ağlatmayın annesini, Anne ben bu gece misafirim, Baba ben bu gece misafirim.	Don't make her mother cry, Mother, I am a guest tonight, <sup>41</sup> Father, I am a guest tonight.

№ 287. *Hidrellez song*. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

Kartalım, kartalım, Nerelerde yatalım, Bir eski de kürküm var, Sarılalım, yatalım. Geldi babam Hü, Hü, Reis babam Hü, Hü.	My eagle, eagle, Where shall we sleep, I've got an old fur coat, Let's lie down embracing, My father has arrived, My father, the commander.
Bir çörek yaptım yal gibi, Gelin, yiyelim bal gibi. Karılara haram olsun, Kızlara helal olsun.	I've made sticky pastry, Come on, let's eat it quickly, Let it harm old women, But do good to maidens.

№ 288. *Mani*. Şükriye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliğaç

Bir çörek yaptım yal gibi, Gelin, yiyelim bal gibi. Kızlara helal olsun Çocuklara haram olsun.	I've baked an awful pie, Come on, let's eat it quickly, Let it do good to maidens, Let it harm children.
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№ 290. *Folk song*. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliğaç), Kırklareli

Haktan dilek dilediğim, Göğüsten gine doladığım. <i>Refr.</i> Mevlam bu taş a can versin. Mevlam bu taş a bir can versin,	I asked God to give me what I desired, I had carried it in my bosom. <i>Refr.</i> May God give life to this stone, May God give life to this stone,
Tarlalarda olur bakla, Anneler çekiyor zahmet, Medine'de o Muhammed. <i>Refr.</i>	There are beans in the fields, Mothers are working hard, Muhammad, who is in Medina. <i>Refr.</i>

<sup>41</sup> She is going to be taken away as a bride, her life comes to an end, there is no way back. They indicate that there is no free travelling after marriage.

№ 291. *Folk song*. Emine Engin (1955), Devletliğaç

Aktaş dedim bileydım, Haktan dilek dilediğim, Tülbendime bağladığım, Mevlam bu taş can versin!	I called it a white stone, I asked God for it, I wrapped it in my kerchief, May God give life to this stone!
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№ 292. *Folk song*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliğaç

Annem ağlar için, için, Babam ağlar bilmem niçin. Ağla, anne, ağla, baba, Şu benim genç yaşım için!	My mother's crying bitterly, My father's crying, I don't know why, Cry, mother, cry, father, For my young age!
Portakalı soyamadım, Başucuma koyamadım, Ben bu dertten kurtulup ta, Genç yaşıma doyamadım.	I couldn't peel the orange, I couldn't put it near my head, I couldn't get rid of this trouble, I never really lived my youth.

№ 300. *Folk song*. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Bir sarı yılan sardı ya beni, Onyedi yerimden yaraladı beni.	A yellow snake embraced me, Caused me seventeen wounds.
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№ 312. *Folk song*. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliğaç<sup>42</sup>

Ayağımdaki terlik, ulan sana yandım, Minderliktir, minderlik, Bilal'im, Oy, Bilal'ımsın, Bilal'im, Nasıl ayrı duralım, Bilalim?	The slippers on my feet, lad, I'm burning for you, They're lined, they're lined, my Bilal <sup>42</sup> , Oh, my Bilal, Bilal, How can we survive separated?
Kulağımda küpeler, ulan sana yandım, Halkaya da benziyor, Bilalim,	The earrings in my ears, lad, I'm burning for you, Look like rings, my Bilal.
Yar senin bakışların, ulan sana yandım, Dalgaya da benziyor, Bilal'im, Oy, Bilal'ımsın, Bilal'im, Nasıl ayrı duralım, Bilalim?	Your look, sweetheart, I'm burning for you, It is like the surge of the sea, my Bilal, Oh, my Bilal, Bilal, How can we survive separated?

<sup>42</sup> *Bilal* is a rare Turkish masculine name.



№ 316. *Folk song*. Seviye Gerenli (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Kurdelenin uçları ipekten,  
Kurdelemi seviyorum yürekten,  
Aman, aman, kurdelem, yorulдум,  
*Refr.* Dalgalı saçlarına vuruldum.

The two ends of the ribbon are silk,  
I love my ribbon with all my heart,  
Alas, alas, my ribbon, I've got tired,  
*Refr.* I've fallen in love with your wavy hair.

Kurdelenin uçları yeşilden  
Aman aman kurdelem yorulдум. *Refr.*

The ends of the ribbon are green,  
Alas, alas, my ribbon, I've got tired. *Refr.*

№ 317. *Folk song*. Fatma Gül (1954 Hayrabolu, Sunni), Lüleburgaz<sup>43</sup>

*Refr.* Ver yarım mendilini, ben düreyim,

*Refr.* Give me your kerchief, sweetheart, let me fold it,

Yolla yarım bir düğüm, sana döneyim.

Send me a lot, sweetheart, let me turn to you.

Penceresi siperde,  
Perdenin ucu yerde,  
Ne kız oldum, ne gelin,  
Neden düştüm bu derde.

His window is protected,  
The bottom of the curtain is on the floor,  
I'm neither a maiden nor a bride,  
How did I get into this trouble?

Bizim ayna taş ayna,  
Üstünde beştaş oyna,  
Bizim yoldan geçerken,  
Taksiyi yavaş [h]ayda! *Refr.*

Our mirror is made of stone,  
Play five stones<sup>43</sup> on it.  
If you pass in front of us,  
Drive the taxi slowly! *Refr.*

Evleri kayalıkta,  
Yar gördüm aralıkta,  
Hemen yar mı sevilir,  
Böyle kalabalıkta. *Refr.*

Our house is amidst rocks,  
I've seen a fair lassie.  
Do they choose a lover right away  
In such a crowd? *Refr.*

Karşıdan gelenlere,  
Gaz koydum fenerlere,  
Annem beni verecek,  
Askerden gelenlere. *Refr.*

I've put gas in the lantern of those  
Coming towards me.  
My mother will marry me  
To the discharging soldiers. *Refr.*

Karşı karşı duralım,  
Telefonu kuralım,  
Aramızda düşmanlar,  
Mektupla konuşalım. *Refr.*

Let's stand face to face,  
Let's make a telephone call,  
There's an enemy among us,  
Let's talk in letters! *Refr.*

Ver yarım mendilini,  
Ben düreyim,  
Yolla yarım bir düğüm,  
Sana döneyim.

Give me your kerchief, darling,  
Let me fold it.  
Send me a lot, sweetheart,  
Let me return to you.

<sup>43</sup> *Beştaş* 'jackstone' (Redhouse 1974: 163), literally: 'five stones' – it is a widely played child game in Turkey similarly to *dokuztaş* 'nine stones'.

İstanbul'a giderken,  
Sol tarafta hastane,  
Yarden gelen mektubu,  
Eğlendirme postane. *Refr.*

Karşıda tarlanız var,  
Bankada paranız var,  
Karagözlü yarimle,  
İki yaş aramız var. *Refr.*

On the way to Istanbul  
There's a hospital on the left.  
The letter from my sweetheart  
Should be delivered quickly! *Refr.*

Your stubble field's opposite,  
Your money's in the bank.  
There are two years between  
My black-eyed lover and me. *Refr.*

№ 318. Folk song. Ali Gümüş (1942) and his sons, Tekirdağ, Davul and zurna

№ 324. Folk song. Bektashi woman, Ahmetler

Bugün çağrılmadık, bizdedir, bizde,  
Kapat çeneni, bizdedir, bizde,  
Şu komşunun gözleri, bizdedir, bizde,  
*Refr.* Uzun boylum, boylum, benim efendim,  
Çocuk alayı içinde, seni beğendim.

Kaleden kaleye taş ben olayım,

Ela göz üstüne kaş ben olayım,

Yalnız yatanlara eş ben olayım. *Refr.*

Kaleden kaleye ekerler darı,  
Ekerler, biçerler, ederler karı,  
Yar için saklarlar ayvaylan narı. *Refr.*

We haven't been invited for today,  
Hold your mouth,  
The neighbour's keeping an eye on us.  
*Refr.* My tall man, my husband's tall,  
I got to like you in the group of children.

Let me be the stone in the road from castle to  
castle,

Let me be the eyebrow above a brown eye,  
Let me be the companion of those who sleep  
alone! *Refr.*

Millet is sown from one castle to the other,  
Sown, reaped, bringing grist to the mill,  
The quince and the pomegranate are reserved  
for the darling. *Refr.*

№ 325. Folk song. Huriye Engin (1943 Topçular), Devletliğaç

Kaleden kaleye şahin uçurdum,  
Ah ile vah ile ömür geçirdim.

Kaleden kaleye ekerler darı,  
Ekerler biçerler ederler karı,  
Yar için saklarlar ayvaylan narı,

*Refr.* Uzun da boylum, boylum benim efendim,  
Kız alayı içinde seni beğendim.

I let a peregrine falcon fly from one castle to  
the other,  
I lived my life crying and wailing,

Millet is sown from one castle to another,  
Sown, reaped, bringing grist to the mill,  
The quince and the pomegranate is reserved for  
the sweetheart.

*Refr.* My sweetheart is slender-built,  
I got to like you in the group of girls.

Kaleden kaleye taş ben olayım,	Let me be the road stone from one castle to the other,
Yalnız gezen kızlara eş ben olayım,	Let me be the companion of the girls walking alone,
Yar yüzük yaptırmış taş ben olayım. <i>Refr.</i>	My sweetheart had a ring made – let me be its stone. <i>Refr.</i>
Kaleden kaleye geçemez oldum, Aki karayı seçemez oldum. <i>Refr.</i>	I can't even walk from one castle to the other, I can't even tell white from black. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 326. *Folk song.* Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Arzu'mun evinin ardı bokluktur, bokluk, Arzu'ma geliyor bokluk ta sıklık. <i>Refr.</i> Ağlama, Arzum, ağlama, alırım seni, Eğlen kömür gözlüm, sararım seni.	There's a dunghill behind my Arzu's house, My Arzu is hit by misery and difficulties. <i>Refr.</i> Don't cry, Arzu, I'll marry you, Rejoice, my black-eyed, I'll embrace you.
Arzu'mun evinin ardı kumluk köpürü, Arzu'mu almış Gacallar gece götürür. <i>Refr.</i>	Behind my Arzu's house there's a cloud of dust, My Arzu was taken away by the locals, taken away by night. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 327. *Folk song.* Huriye Engin (1943 Topçular), Devletliğaç

İstanbul, İstanbul viran kalesi, Taşını toprağını seller alsın. Aman padişahım aman izin ver bize, İzinler vermezsen salıver denize.	Istanbul, Istanbul should remain in ruins, Its stones and land be washed away by flood. Alas, my padishah, <sup>44</sup> give me permission, If you don't give me, fall into the sea.
İstanbul içinde zincirli kuyu,  Çekin arkadaşlar buz gibi suyu, İçin arkadaşlar buz gibi suyu.	In the middle of Istanbul there's a well with a chain,  Draw it up, my friends, its water is ice-cold, Drink it, my friends, its water is ice-cold.
İstanbul içinde bir uzun selvi, Kimimiz nişanlı kimimiz evli.	In the middle of Istanbul there's a tall cedar tree, One of us is engaged, the other is married.

№ 328. *Folk song.* Firde Gümüş (1936 Topçular), Devletliğaç

Sallan, kavak, sallan, dalın kurusun, Yere düşen yaprağın yerde çürüsün.	Sway, poplar, sway, your branch should wither, Your fallen leaves should rot away.
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<sup>44</sup> The Sultan of the Ottoman Empire.

№ 329. *Folk song*. Hamdiye Ay (1933) Kılavuzlu, Kırklareli

Eniştem, eniştem ablam mı sandın,	Brother-in-law, brother in-law, you've mistaken me for my sister,
Altı aylık gelinden ne tez usandın,	How soon you've got fed up with your six-month wife!
Ablam tuttu beni suya yolladı,	My sister sent me for water,
Eniştem olan pezevenk, tenhayı kolladı.	My brother-in-law's a swine, he took advantage of me being alone,
Tingır mıngır tezgah enam sesi var,	The loom's rattling, making a loud noise,
Enişte benim ablamın şimdi nesi var?	Brother-in-law, what's the matter with my sister now?

№ 330. *Folk song*. Hanife Bayram (1944), Ahmetler

Yüksek yüksek tepelere ev kurmasınlar, Vela taşlı yerlere kız vermesinler,	No house should be built on top of a tall hill, No girl should be married off to a nearby rocky area.
Verin benim orağımı güller biçeyim, Hem anama hem babama yollar açayım.	Give me my sickle, so I can prune roses, And open the way for my mother and father.
Yüksek yüksek tepelere ev kurmasınlar, Uzak uzak yerlere kız vermesinler.	No one should build on a high hill, No girl should be married to very distant places.

№ 331. *Folk song*. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

Harman ötesinden atlayamadım, Harfaferin önünden dayanamadım, Aman gelincik hanım ne oldu sana, Akpazarın düşmanı kıydı ya sana.	I couldn't jump over the sheaves, I couldn't stand before God, Alas, little bride, what's happened to you? Have you been attacked by the enemy from Akpazar?
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№ 336. *Folk song*. Şükriye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliğaç

Anne, anne, ben babamı, Ta canımdan özledim, Gözlerimden akan yaşı, El vurup ta silmedim.	Mother, mother, I miss my father So much that I die. I can't wipe off the tears Flowing from my eyes.
Anne, anne, babam nerde, Nerde kaldı, gelmedi, Hem yetimler yüzü güldü, Benim yüzüm gülmedi.	Mother, mother, where's my father, Why isn't he coming, where does he tarry? The other fatherless children can laugh, Why can't I?

№ 352. *Wedding song, Havva Hari (1945), Devletliğaç*

Yakın yengelerim, yakın, kınamı yakın,  
Yarın alay boş dönecek, cümbüşe bakın.

*Refr.* Ardalar aldı ya allı gelini,  
Deryalar sardı ya nazik tenini.

Arda'nın boynunda sarı karınca,  
Ben nereye varayım sabah olunca. *Refr.*

Smear my henna, my aunties,  
Tomorrow the bridal procession will return  
without me, look at the wedding guests,  
*Refr.* Arda's family took away the bride dressed  
in red.

Her tender skin was embraced by the sea,  
There was a yellow ant on Arda's neck  
Where shall I go when the day breaks? *Refr.*

№ 353. *Dirge. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler*

Uyan, uyan ereceğim senin olayım,  
Ardalar aldı ya nerde bulayım,  
Verin benim feracemi anneciğim giysin,  
O kıymetli İsmail kendisi gitsin.  
Ah anneciğim, vah anneciğim yaktın ya beni,  
Bu genç yaşta denizlere attın ya beni.

Wake up, wake up, my dear husband, let me be  
yours,  
I've been taken away by Arda's family, where  
can I find you?  
Give me my finest clothes, let my mother wear  
them,  
You/She should marry that „dear” Ismail!  
Alas, mother, alas, mother, you put me into  
trouble,  
You've cast me into the sea at a young age.

№ 354. *Folk song. Tufan Bulut (1988), Enez*

Ah, anneciğim, vah, anneciğim, yaktın ya beni,  
Soğuk soğuk sulara attın ya beni,  
Bu genç yaşında yaktın ya beni.

Alas, mother dear, my darling mother, you've  
burnt me,  
You've thrown me into ice-cold water,  
You've ruined me at a young age.

№ 359. *Hidrellez song. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu*

O tepeden bu tepeye keçi geçer mi?  
Akli başında olan içki içer mi?

Can the goat get here from the hill over there?  
Does the one with a sane mind ever have a  
drink?

№ 360. *Folk song. Sabahattin Kısa (1951) zurna-1, Engin Kısa (1979) zurna-2, Ahmet Karadağ (1949) davul, Kırklareli*

№ 361. *Folk song*. Kerime Yavuz (1952), Lüleburgaz

Onbeşinde gidiyor kızın gözyaşı,	The girl is shedding her tears at the age of fifteen,
Aslan yarım kız senin adın Hediye,	My brave sweetheart, your name's Hediye, <sup>45</sup>
Ben dolandım sen de dolan gel beriye,	I've wandered a lot, you should wander and come back,
Fistan aldım entaresi onyediye,	I've bought a skirt, a dress for seventeen,
Hey, onbeşli onbeşli.	Hey, fifteen-year-old, fifteen-year-old!

№ 363. *Folk song*. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliğaç

<i>Refr.</i> Urfa dağlarında gezer bir ceylan, aman anam,	<i>Refr.</i> In the mountains of Urfa a gazelle is walking, oh, oh,
Yavrusun yitirmiş anam, ağlıyor eman.	She has lost her son, oh, she's crying and wailing, alas.
Yavrunun derdine bulunmaz derman, aman anam,	There is no cure for loosing a child, alas, oh,
Gezme ceylan bu dağlarda seni avlarlar,	Don't walk in these mountains, gazelle, you'll be shot,
Anaydan, babaydan, yarden ayrı koyarlar. <i>Refr.</i>	You'll be torn away from your mother, father and sweetheart. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 365. *Folk song*. Kerime Keski (1938 Haskova Bulgaria), Çavuşköy

Kınayı tuzsuz karanlar,	Those who put on henna without salt,
Arayı kızsız koyanlar,	Who get the idea that the girl be taken far away,
Karın <sup>46</sup> da ingene <sup>47</sup> kınayı,	Apply the henna on the old woman,
Sevindirin cadı/düşman kaynanamı.	Make the witch/hostile mother-in-law happy!
Ak bakırlarım susuz kaldı,	My white jugs remained without water,
Kızın anası kızsız kaldı,	The girl's mother remained without her daughter,
Karın da ingene kınamı,	Apply the henna on the old woman,
Sevindirin düşman kaynanamı.	Make the hostile mother-in-law happy!

<sup>45</sup> Meaning as much as 'present' (Redhouse 1974: 471).<sup>46</sup> *Karın*- 'to pair, copulate' (Redhouse 1974: 608).<sup>47</sup> This is a form used in the local dialect, instead of *yenge* '1. a woman's sister-in-law or aunt-in-law; 2. elderly woman who helps and attends a bride' (Redhouse 1974: 1252).

№ 366. *Lullaby*. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliğaç), Kırklareli

...Ama aldım senin fesini,  
Ah nerelerde işideyim yavrum sesini.  
*Refr.* Uyu yavrum, baba sana nenni diyecek,

Büyü yavrum, baba sana nenni çalacak.

Evin önüne asmaya kurdum salıncak,  
Eline de verdim hem şekeriyen oyuncak. *Refr.*

...Alas, I've got your fez,  
Oh, where could I hear the voice of my baby?  
*Refr.* Sleep, my baby, daddy's telling you a  
lullaby,  
Grow up, my baby daddy is playing you a  
lullaby.

I hung a swing in the arbour in front of the  
house,  
I gave candy and toys in your hands. *Refr.*

№ 367. *Lullaby*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliğaç

Ninni, yavrum, ninni,  
Uyutayım seni,  
Uyutayım da büyüteyim,  
Çocuk sürüsüne katayım, ninni.

Uyusun da büyüsün,  
Tıpış-tıpış yürüsün,  
Nenni, benim yavruma, nenni,  
Uyusun da büyüsün, nenni.

Sleep, my little bird, sleep,  
I lull you to sleep,  
I lull you to sleep and bring you up,  
I add you to the group of children.

Sleep and grow up,  
Walk toddling,  
Hush-a-by-my baby, hush,  
Sleep and grow up, hush!

№ 368. *Folk song*. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Tekirdağ'dan yün aldım da,  
Kazak öreyim diye,  
Tekirdağ'lı bir yar sevdim  
Her gün göreyim diye.  
*Refr.* Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh olsun da,  
Eski yarım yok olsun,  
Yenilerden bir yar sevdim,  
Onun ömrü bol olsun.

Tekirdağ minaresi de  
Yandandır eklemesi,  
Taktık nişan yüzüğü de  
Kolaydır beklemesi. *Refr.*

Tekirdağ'ın yolları da  
Tümenliktir tümenlik,  
Malkaralı yarime de  
Allah vermiş güzellik. *Refr.*

In Tekirdag I bought wool  
To knit a pullover.  
In Tekirdag I had a lover,  
So I could see him every day,  
*Refr.* Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh, so be it,  
My former lover should die,  
I've got a new lover,  
May he have a long life.

A side wing's been added  
To the minaret in Tekirdag.  
We've slipped the wedding rings on our fingers,  
So I can wait [until the wedding]. *Refr.*

On the ways of Tekirdag,  
There are troops, troops,  
Allah gave beauty  
To my sweetheart in Malkara. *Refr.*

№ 369. *Wedding song*. Selviye Bakan (1968 Çavuşköy), Enez

Bak geline, bak geline,  
Kına yakmış eline, diloyloy,  
Halden bilmez ne fayda,  
Söz anlamaz ne çare?

Aşk olsun şu geline,  
Gidiyor sevgiline, diloyloy,  
Halden bilmez ne fayda,  
Söz anlamaz ne çare?

Look at the bride, the bride,  
She's painted henna on her hand, diloyloy,  
She doesn't know what's going on,  
She doesn't listen to reason, what shall I do?

Sweet little woman,  
Going to her lover, diloyloy,  
She doesn't know what's going on,  
She doesn't listen to reason, what shall we do?

№ 370. *Folk song*. Halil Atakan (1928 Iştıp-Çetaşka, Macedonia), Kırklareli

Kınalı hanım kız, düğünümüz ne zaman?  
Bir su içtim su baştan,  
Potinim kaydı taştan.  
Potinimi ararken hanım kız,  
Akıl kalmadı baştan.

Yarım, yarım hayatlar,  
Yarım yorganı katlar.  
Yorganını katlarken hanım kız,  
Bir gözü bana bakar.

Odayı yanık sandım,  
Yarı uyanık sandım.  
Açtım gözümü baktım, hanım kız,  
Atılı pamuk sandım.

Bride with henna, when will our wedding be?  
I drank a little water by the fountainhead,  
My slipper slipped on a stone,  
While I was looking for my slipper, young lady,  
I lost my mind.

Lives left unfinished,  
My sweetheart's folding a blanket.  
While the woman's folding a blanket,  
She can't take her eye off me.

I thought the room had burnt down,  
I though my sweetheart was awake,  
I opened my eyes and saw the young wife,  
Her body was snow-white.

№ 371. *Folk song*. Mehmet Bodur (1938 Topçular), Kırklareli

Benim de bir yarım var, oy, oy,  
Bülbül gibi zarım var, esmerim, aman.

Göz gördü gönül sevdi, oy, oy, oy,

Bunda ne günahım var esmerim/bir tanem,  
amman?

I've got a lover, oh, oh,  
I've got a sad song like the nightingale's, my  
black-eyed love, oh,  
Seeing her and falling in love with her was the  
work a moment, oh, oh  
What did I do wrong, my black-eyed, oh?

№ 372. *Folk song*. Lütfiye Kuruoğlu (1952, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Dışarda deli dalgalar,  
Gelir duvarları yalar.  
Beni bu sesler oyalır,  
Aldırma, gönül, aldırma,  
Gönül, aldırma.

Wild waves outside,  
Washing against the wall.  
These voices are enchanting,  
Don't let yourself be taken in, my dear,  
Don't let yourself, darling.



№ 374. *Dirge*. Hafize Işık (1953), Kırklareli

Şerafet'in kardeşi mallara iyi bak!  
Kasabaya giderken, dön, mezarıma bak.

Serafet's brother, herd the cattle carefully!  
On the way to town, turn back and have a  
look at my grave!

№ 375. *Dirge*. Sabite Toygar (1960 Beyci Kofçaz), Kırklareli

Köy korusu ardına silâ'mı okurdum,  
Ben babamdan korkuma, canımı vurdum.  
*Refr.* Ağlama annem ağlama kader böyleymiş  
Köy korusu ardında kurt koyun yemiş.  
Köy korusu ardına kanlarım akar  
Emsallerim toplanmış hep bana bakar. *Refr.*

Behind the clearing in the village I touched my  
weapon,  
I feared my father, this is why I killed myself.  
*Refr.* Don't cry, mother, don't cry, it was des-  
tined.  
Behind the clearing in the village the wolf was  
eating a lamb.  
My blood is flowing behind the clearing of the  
village,  
My peers gathered, all staring at me. *Refr.*

№ 379. *Folk song*. Tufan Bulut (1988), Enez

Al Fadimem, bal Fadimem,  
Yanakları gül Fadimem,  
Uyan uyan, sabah oldu,  
Gül yüzünü yun Fadimem.  
Al Fadimem, bal Fadimem,  
Yanakları gül Fadimem,  
Uyan-uyan, sabah oldu,  
Namazını kıl Fadimem.  
Şu dağların burcu musun,  
Sen boynumun borcu musun?  
Uyan-uyan, sabah oldu,  
Namazını kıl Fadimem.  
Al Fadimem, bal Fadimem,  
Yanakları gül Fadimem.  
Uyan-uyan, sabah oldu,  
Gül yüzünü yun Fadimem.

My red Fatma, honey Fatma,  
My rose-cheeked Fatma,  
Wake up, wake up, it is daybreak,  
Wash your rosy cheeks, my Fatma.  
My red Fatma, honey Fatma,  
Rose-cheeked Fatma,  
Wake up, wake up, the morning's here,  
Pray, my Fatma!  
Are you the bastion of mountains?  
Am I responsible for you?  
Wake up, wake up, the dawn is here,  
Pray, my Fatma.  
My red Fatma, honey Fatma,  
My rose-cheeked Fatma,  
Wake up, wake up, it is daybreak,  
Wash your rosy cheeks, my Fatma.

№ 382. *Folk song*. Sefer Çalışkan (1925 İştıp, Macedonia), Zeytinburnu

Taşlar önünde ey, Uzandım, yattım. Duydum binbaşı geliyor, Nizama kalktım.	In front of the precipice, hey, I lay down and stretched out, I heard the colonel coming, I jumped up and saluted.
Anneler, babalar gözyaşı döker, Doldur çeşmem, doldur Ben gidiyorum, Anayı, babayı terk ediyorum.	Mothers, fathers are shedding tears, Fill my glass, I'm going away, I'll leave my mother and father here.

№ 383. *Folk song*. Naciye Baykul (1975), Devletliagaç

İşte derdim başlar benim, Gözlerim de yaşlar benim. İyi günde dost olanlar Kötü günde taşlar beni.	My troubles are starting, Tears gather in my eyes, The friends of my good days Throw stones at me on the bad ones.
Bak, ne hale geldim kader, Yerden yere vurdun yeter, Bitsin bunca elem keder, Biraz da bağla gül kader!	Look, fate, what you've done to me, I was tossed about, I've had enough, Let sorrow come to an end, Tie a bunch of roses for me, fate, at last!

№ 384. *Folk song*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliagaç

Ne uyursun, ne uyursun, Bu uykuyla ne bulursun? Al abdestini, kıl namazını, Cennet alayı bulursun.	Why are you asleep, why are you asleep, What can you find in your dream? Do the ritual washing, pray, You will find Paradise.
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№ 385. *Folk song*. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Sabahtan çeşmeye vardın mı? Elini, yüzünü yudun mu? <i>Refr.</i> Çeşme taşının üstünde Sen benim bileziğimi buldun mu?	Did you go to the spring in the morning? Did you wash your hands and face? <i>Refr.</i> Did you find my bracelet By the fountainhead?
Sabahtan çeşmeye varmadım, Elimi, yüzümü yumadım. Çeşme taşının üstünde Ben senin bileziğini bulmadım.	I didn't go to the spring in the morning, I didn't wash my hands or face. I didn't find your bracelet By the fountainhead.

№ 386. *Folk song*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu – See № 385

№ 389. *Folk song*. Şehri Ünal (1950 Ahlatlı, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Köprüden geçti gelin	The bride has crossed the bridge, she has crossed,
Saç bağı düştü gelin, diloyloy.	The bride's ribbon's fallen, diloyloy.
<i>Refr.</i> Haldan bilmez ne fayda, Söz anlamaz ne çare.	<i>Refr.</i> She can't grasp what's with me, She doesn't know what is what, the good-for-nothing.
Köprünün altı diken, Köprünün altı diken, Yattın beni gül iken, diloyloy. <i>Refr.</i>	The bottom of the bridge is thorny, The bottom of the bridge is thorny, You laid me while I was a rose diloyloy. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 391. *Folk song*. Seviye Gerenli (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Ekin ekim çöllere de, Yoldırmadım ellere. Küçük yaşta bir yar sevdim, Vermen onu ellere.	I sowed the plain with corn, I didn't let strangers reap it, I had a lover when I was young, I don't give her to strangers.
<i>Refr.</i> Çıt, çıt, çıt, çıt, çe dene-ne, Sar bedeni bedene. Dünya dolu yar olsa da, Alacağım bir tane.	<i>Refr.</i> Hush, hush, hush, hush, denene, Press her body against yours. Should the world be full of lovers, I'd marry only one.
Ekine kiraz derler de Güzele beyaz derler Küçücükten bir yar sevdim, Sevmeyene kaz derler.	Sowing is said to be cherry, <sup>48</sup> A fair girl is said to be white. I had a lover when I was young, The one that has no lover is mocked by the nickname: goose.
Derdimi kime desem de, Bu dert sana az derler. <i>Refr.</i>	Whoever I talk to about my troubles, They say I don't have many. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 401. *Folk song*. Elif Aktaş (1961 Ahmetler), Yeni Bedir

Dün sabah çeşmeye vardım, Elimi yüzüme çaldım, Taş üstünde bileziğini gördümdü, Vallahi almadım Arzu.	Yesterday morning I went to the spring, I washed my hands and face, I caught sight of your bracelet by the spring-head, But I didn't take it, so help me God, Arzu.
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<sup>48</sup> Red as the color of an apple, cherry or cheek, are considered the most beautiful and desirable.

Eştirme Kamber eştirme,	Don't have it looked for, Kamber, don't search for it,
Yağ yüreğimi deęiştirme	Sweetheart, don't turn away from me,
Çek atının düzgünü,ü,	Hold the rein of your horse,
Ökçelerime bastırma.	Don't tread on the heel of my shoe.

№ 402. Folk song. Instrumental (davul, zurna), Ankara

№ 403. Folk song. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

İnönü daęlarında çiçekler açar, Altı gümüş vurmuş sırmalı saça, <i>Refr.</i> Yaşa Mustafa Kemal paşa, yaşa, İsmin yazılacak münever taşa.	The flowers are blooming on Mount İnönü, She has beautiful golden-silver hair. <i>Refr.</i> Long live Mustafa Kemal Pasha, Your name will be engraved in a memorial plaque.
*İnönü daęlarında oturdum kaldım,	I sat down on Mount İnönü and remained there,
Şehit olanları deftere yazdım.	I took down the names of the fallen in a notebook,
Babasız yetimleri baęırma bastım. <i>Refr.</i>	I embraced fatherless orphans fondly. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 405. Folk song. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu – See № 403

№ 406. *Hidrellez* song. Lütfiye Kuruoęlu (1952, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Kızım seni Aliye vereyim mi? <i>Refr.</i> İstemem babacığım istemem,	Daughter, shall I marry you to Ali? <i>Refr.</i> I wouldn't like that, my dear father, I wouldn't like that,
Onun adı Ali, sülalesi deli. <i>Refr.</i>	His name is Ali, his clan is crazy. <i>Refr.</i>
Kızım seni Veli'ye vereyim mi? <i>Refr.</i> Onun adı Veli sülalesi deli. <i>Refr.</i> Kızım seni Yaşar'a vereyim mi? <i>Refr.</i> Onun adı Yaşar alır beni boşar. <i>Refr.</i>	Daughter, shall I marry you to Veli? <i>Refr.</i> His name's Veli, his clan is crazy. <i>Refr.</i> Daughter, shall I marry you to Yasar? <i>Refr.</i> His name's Yasar, he'll marry me then leave me. <i>Refr.</i>
Kızım seni sarhoşa vereyim mi? <i>Refr.</i> 2. İsterim babacığım, isterim, Onun adı serhoş sarar beni/sarması bir hoş, <i>Refr.</i> 2.	Daughter, shall I marry you to the drunkard? <i>Refr.</i> <i>Refr.</i> 2. I would like that, I would like him. His name is boozing, his embrace is pleasing, <i>Refr.</i> 2.
Kızım seni berbere vereyim mi? <i>Refr.</i> Tıraş eder telleri, pis kokuyor elleri. <i>Refr.</i> Kızım seni Engin'e vereyim mi? <i>Refr.</i> 2. Onun adı Engin, sülalesi zengin, <i>Refr.</i> 2.	Daughter, shall I marry you to the barber? <i>Refr.</i> He shaves men, his hands smell. <i>Refr.</i> Daughter, shall I marry you to Engin? <i>Refr.</i> 2. His name's Engin, his pockets are full. <i>Refr.</i> 2.

№ 407. *Folk song*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliğaç

Çobanın karısı pazı yazamaz, <i>Refr.</i> Çoban gibi pezevenk karı bakamaz, karı bakamaz. Ne güzel oğlan, yaşa be çoban!	The shepherd's wife can't cook beetroot <i>Refr.</i> A woman chaser like the shepherd can't keep a woman, What a handsome lad you are, live as you please!
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№ 419. *Folk song*. Seviye Gerenli (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Aman, Sürman Ağa, arpalar oldu mu, Beni veriyorlar haberin oldu mu? Ağabey Sürman Ağa tut çakal beygiri, Tut çakal beygiri vuralım gemini!	Alas, Sürman agha, is the barley ripe? I'll be married off, have you heard about it? Uncle Sürman agha, keep your worthless horse, Keep your worthless horse, let's bridle it!
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№ 425. *Folk song*. Sevim Yozcu (1956 Tekirdağ, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Sürman Ağa'nın koyunlarını, gel gidelim, gidelim, Küçücüksün Sürman Ağa, sözüne direnemem. Laylay, laylay...	Come on, let's drive the sheep of Sürman agha, You're little, Sürman agha, I can't resist you, Laylay, laylay...
Sürman Ağa'nın karısı sundurmadan bakıyor, Sürman Ağa'yı görünce şeker lokum atıyor, Ağabey Sürman ağa arpalar oldu mu? Beni veriyorlar haberin oldu mu?	Sürman agha's wife is looking out from the window of the hut, When she can see Sürman agha, she gives out candy and lokum, <sup>49</sup> Uncle Sürman agha, is the barley ripe? I'll be married off, have you heard about it?

№ 426. *Folk song*. Mehmet Serez (1929 Selanik, Sunni), Tekirdağ

Bağa girdim, bağ budanmış, Bağ bülbül dadanmış, Onbeş yaşında da, Nazife de hanımım, Kimlere aldanmış?	I went into the garden, it was budding, The nightingale is fond of staying in the garden, How many have cheated on Nazife, my young lady of fifteen?
İndim Şarköy'ün yoluna, Sıra sıra zeytinler, Onbeş yaşında da, Nazife de hanımıma, Yazık ettiler.	I started on the way to Sarköy, Olive bushes all along, Nazife, the young lady of fifteen Has been raped.

<sup>49</sup> *Lokum* 'Turkish delight' (Redhouse 1974: 712) is a dessert filled with hazelnut and pistachio.

№ 427. *Hidrellez song.* Havva Hari (1945), Devletliğaç

Ne olsa söylüyorlar, canım Çekemediklerine,	They speak out loud, my dear, What they can't endure,
İn dereye göreyim, canım, Eline gül vereyim. Dalgacısın sevdiğim, canım, Nasıl gönül vereyim?	Descend to the stream, let me see you, Let me give you a rose, If you are work-shy, my darling, How can I love you?

№ 428. *Folk song.* Şerife Bodur (1930 Topçular), Kırklareli

Karanfil olacaksın, canım, Sarıp solacaksın. Ağlatma be yarım, canım, Sen benim olacaksın.	You'll be a carnation, my dear, You will wither and fade, Don't make me cry, darling, my dear, You will be mine.
Karanfilim ek beni, canım, Saksılara dik beni, Akşam, sabah ver tıma, canım,	Get me planted, my carnation, Put me in a pot, In the morning and in the evening give me, ... my dear,
Açlayım kov beni.	When I start blooming, drive me away!

№ 429. *Hidrellez song.* Fatma Bulut (1922) Kılavuzlu, Çorlu

Ver Allahım bir bulut, canım, Yar olan köye düşem! Gidin bulutlar, gidin, canım, Yarime selam edin. Yarım uykuda ise, canım, Uykusunu terk edin.	Give, Allah, a cloud, Let me fall into the village of my darling, Fly, clouds, drift by, Greet my sweetheart! If my sweetheart is asleep, Drive his sleep away!
Ay doğar ayan beyan, canım, Yollara çıktım yayan. Orta boylu gül fidan canım, Koynuna girdim uyan!	The moon is rising brightly, I set out on foot, My medium-size rose, my sweetheart, I'm in your lap, wake up!

№ 430. *Folk song.* Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaria), Devletliğaç

İneği sağdım, sütünü aldım, Hiç el vürmadan, gelin hanım, dolaba koydum.	I've milked the cow, I took its milk away, I didn't even touch it, bride, I put it in the cup- board,
İnek de benim, sütü de benim, Evler kaynatamın Marı cadı, oğlu da benim,	The cow is mine, its milk's also mine, The houses are my father-in-law's, his son, Mary witch, is mine.

Valla barışmam, billa barışmam,	Honestly, I won't make friends with you again,
Ellere gülüş olduk Mari cadı, inadıma	I won't,
barışmam.	We made friends with the strangers, I won't
	make friends with you again, Mary witch!

№ 431. *Folk song*. Cemile Akın (1940 Karaabalar), Ahmetler

Kaleden kaleye taş ben olayım,	Let me be the stone road from castle to castle,
Yalnız yatan kızlara eş ben olayım.	Let me be the companion of the girls who sleep
	alone!
Kaleden kaleye ekerler darı,	The corn is sowed from castle to castle,
Ekerler biçerler, ederler karı.	Sowed, harvested, bringing gist to the mill,
Kaleden kaleye süt bakır bakır,	The milk is in cans from castle to castle,
Maşallah yarimin gözleri çıkar.	What beautiful grey eyes my sweetheart has!

№ 432. *Folk song*. Instrumental (Mehter müziği), İstanbul

№ 433. *Folk song*. Ali Gümüş (1942) and his sons, Tekirdağ – instrumental

№ 436. *Mani*. Fatma Budak (1934 Topçular), Kırklareli

Kızılıklar oldu mu,	Is the cornel ripe?
Selelere doldu mu?	Is the valley full of it?
Yolladığım mektuplar	Have the letters I sent
Eline ulaştı mı?	Reached you?
Mendili eline,	Her kerchief's in her hand,
Mendil verdim eline.	I gave a kerchief in her hand.

№ 437. *Mani*. Demir Soysal (1992), Gizem Soysal (1990), Çisem Soysal (1988), Kırklareli, Kızılıklıdere

Kızılıklar oldu mu,	Is the cornel ripe,
Selelere doldu mu?	Has it been put in buckets?
Gönderdiğim çoraplar	Do the socks I sent you
Ayağıma oldu mu?	Fit your feet?
<i>Refr.</i> Mendili eline, mendil verdim geline,	<i>Refr.</i> Kerchief in her hand, I gave a kerchief to
	the bride,
Kara kına yollamış yar benim ellerime.	My sweetheart's sent black henna for my hand.
Yaylı gelir taşlıktan,	The cart's coming from a stony place,
Dingil çıkmış başlıktan,	The spoke was displaced,
Şu köyün oğlanları,	In this village the boys
Evlenemez başlıktan. <i>Refr.</i>	Can't get married because of the head money. <sup>50</sup>
	<i>Refr.</i>

<sup>50</sup> See above in № 100.

## № 438. Folk song. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

*Refr.* Oy, oy, karam bana yaşamak haram, oy,  
 Otur be yarım, otur arabaya kanada, oy,  
 Yarım sana gideceğim düşmanlara inada, oy,  
 karam,  
 Bana yaşamak haram, oy.  
 Entarim allılardan isterim dallılardan, oy,  
 Olursa subay olsun kolu sirmalılardan, oy, oy  
 karam,  
 Bana yaşamak haram, oy.  
 Altınlarım bir dizi olacak iki dizi oy,  
 Haberin olsun yarım ayıracağız bizi, oy. *Refr.*  
 İncecik yağmur çiler yarım dükkanı siler oy,  
 Ne kadar dargın olsa beni görünce güler oy.  
*Refr.*  
 Tülbendimi uçurdum kavak yapraklarına oy,  
 Ben yarımı düşürdüm sevda yataklarına oy.  
*Refr.*

*Refr.* Oh, my black one, why should I live with-  
 out you, oh!  
 Come here, sweetheart, and sit down in the  
 wagon, alas!  
 Sweetheart, I'm going to you defying the en-  
 emy, oh, my black one,  
 It's no use living without you, my black one, oh.  
 My gown is reddish, I want a tall one, oh,  
 If I have one, he should be an army officer with  
 gold embroidery on his shoulders, my black  
 one,  
 It's no use living without you, my black one, oh!  
 I'll have one row of gold, two rows, oh,  
 You must know, my sweetheart, I'll be torn  
 away from you, oh. *Refr.*  
 It is drizzling, my sweetheart is cleaning the  
 shop, oh,  
 However angry she is with me, she starts laugh-  
 ing when she sees me. *Refr.*  
 I sent my muslin shawl flying up to the poplar  
 tree, oh,  
 I laid down my sweetheart in love's bed, oh.  
*Refr.*

## № 439. Mani. Esmâ Ekin (1929), Kaşıkçı

Ak koyun, kara koyun,  
 Gel, yarım, burda soyun vay,  
 Gecelerin iki saat,  
 Çıkaralım bir oyun, vay, vay duman,  
 Yarım ya burda duman var.

White sheep, black sheep,  
 Come darling, get undressed here,  
 For two hours in the nights,  
 Let's play, oh, oh, oh,  
 Darling, there's big trouble here.

## № 440. Mani. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Kaşların çatık-matık,  
 Söyletme beni artık, ey.  
 Öyle bir yar sevdim ki,  
 Yavan ekmeğe katık.  
*Refr.* Ey, güller, aldı yarimi eller, ey.

Your eyebrows are fuzzy,  
 Wait you may but I won't beg you,  
 I had a lover,  
 She was kindness herself.  
*Refr.* Ey, hey, roses, strangers have taken my  
 sweetheart away from me.



İn dereye, dereye,  
Kuru fındık bulursun, ey.  
Eğil bir yol öpeyim,  
Sonra pişman olursun, ey, hey. *Refr.*

Kulağındaki küpeler,  
Altın değil menteşe, hey,  
Hanginize gideyim,  
Ben de şaşım bu işe. *Refr.*

Go down to the stream,  
You can find dry hazelnuts there, ey,  
Lean towards me, let me kiss you,  
Later you'll regret it, ey, hey, roses. *Refr.*

Earrings in your ears,  
Not from gold but from iron,  
Which one of you shall I marry?  
I am also confused, ey, hey, roses. *Refr.*

№ 441. *Folk song.* Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Parmağımdaki yüzük  
Yarım gümüş halkam, oy.  
Candan mı seviyorsun,

Yoksa yarım dalga mı, oy.  
*Refr.* Oy karam, bana yaşamak haram, oy.

Kolumdaki bilezik,  
Ne uyduruk ne nazık, oy.  
Bizim köyün kızları,  
Şehir yere münasip, oy. *Refr.*

Altınları takındım,  
Çıktım yola bakındım, oy.  
Yarım gelecek diye,  
Düşmanlardan sakındım, oy. *Refr.*

Mektup yazarsanm yarım,  
Koy kibrit kutusuna, oy,  
Bizim yoldan geçerken,  
At evin arkasına, oy. *Refr.*

Saçlara bak saçlara,  
İstiyorlar nazarlık oy,  
Benim için ölürsen,  
Dere boyu mezarlık oy. *Refr.*

The ring on my finger  
My sweetheart, my silver ring,  
Do you love me, sweetheart, from the bottom  
of your heart?

Or are you just pretending, my black one.  
*Refr.* Ay, my black one, why should I live with-  
out you, my black one.

A bracelet on my arm,  
It is neither fake, nor thin.  
The girls from my village,  
Would stand their ground in town, too, my  
black one. *Refr.*

I put on my gold jewels,  
I went into the road and looked round,  
If my sweetheart's coming,  
I stayed away from the enemy, my black-eyed.  
*Refr.*

If you write a letter, my sweetheart,  
Cram it into a matchbox,  
When you come this way,  
Throw it behind the house. *Refr.*

What hair, look!  
It needs a protective eye,  
If you die for me,  
Your grave will be by the stream. *Refr.*

№ 442. *Folk song.* Sabahattin Kısa (1951) zurna-1, Engin Kısa (1979) zurna-2, Ahmet Karadağ (1949) davul, Kırklareli

№ 446. *Folk song*. Seviye Gerenli (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Ağabey Sürman ağa, arpalar oldu mu?  
Beni veriyorlar haberin oldu mu?

Alas, Sürman agha, is the barley ripe?  
I'll be married off, have you heard about it?

№ 447. *Folk song*. Ümmüş Karaman (1937 İpsala), Enez

Yüksek, yüksek tepelere ev kurmasınlar,  
Aşırı aşırı yerlere kız vermesinler.  
  
Annesini, babasını hor görmesinler,  
Uçan da kuşlara malum olsun, ben annemi  
özledim,  
Hem annemi hem babamı, ben köyümü özl-  
edim.

Houses shouldn't be built on high, high hills,  
Lassies shouldn't be given [in marriage] to  
faraway places!  
Her mother and father shouldn't be despised!  
Flying birds should also know about it, I miss  
my mother!  
I miss my mother, my father and my village as  
well!

№ 448. *Folk song*. Bektashi women, Kılavuzlu

Yüksek, yüksek tepelere ev kurmasınlar,  
Aşırı, aşırı memlekete kız vermesinler,  
Annesinin bir tanesini hor görmesinler,  
Uçan da kuşlara malum olsun, ben annemi  
özledim,  
Hem annemi, hem babamı, ben köyümü özl-  
edim.

Houses shouldn't be built on high hills,  
Lassies shouldn't be given to faraway places.  
The only little one of her mother shouldn't be  
despised.  
Flying birds should also know about it, I miss  
my mother,  
I miss my mother, my father and my village as  
well.

Verin benim orağımı güller biçeyim,  
Hem anneme hem babama yollar açayım,  
Babamın bir atı olsa binse de gelse,

Give me my sickle, let me cut roses,  
Let me clear the way for my mother and father,  
If only my father had a horse, he could mount  
it and come here,  
If only my mother had a sail, she could hoist it  
and come here.

Annemin yelkeni olsa açsa de gelse.

My brothers, if they knew the way, they would  
come here,  
Flying birds should also know about it, I miss  
my mother,  
I miss my mother, my father and my village as  
well!

Kardeşlerim yollarımı bilse de gelse,  
  
Uçan da kuşlara malum olsun ben annemi  
özledim,  
Hem annemi hem babamı ben köyümü özl-  
edim,  
Kaynatamın buğday ekmeği pis kokar bana,  
  
Babamın arpa ekmeği mis kokar bana.

My father-in-law's wheat bread smells bad to  
me,  
The smell of my father's barley bread pleases  
me.

№ 449. *Folk song.* Şerife Aktaş (1941 Ahmetler ), Yeni Bedir

Çanakkale içinde aynalı çarşı,  
Anne ben gidiyom düşmana karşı, hoy,  
gençliğim, eyvah.  
*Refr.* Çanakkale içinde vurdular beni,  
Ölmeden mezara koydular beni, o gençliğim  
eyvah.

Çanakkale içinde bir dolu testi,  
Analar babalar umudu kesti, o gençliğim ey-  
vah. *Refr.*

In Canakkale there's a nice market,  
Mother, I'm going at the enemy, alas, my youth  
is over,  
*Refr.* In Canakkale I was shot,  
I was buried before I had died, alas, my youth  
is over.

In Canakkale there's a full jug,  
Mothers, fathers don't hope any more, alas, my  
youth is over. *Refr.*

№ 450. *Folk song.* Orhan Bulut's family, Çorlu

Çanakkale içinde aynalı çarşı,  
Ana ben gidiyorum düşmana karşı, of,  
gençliğim eyvah.

Çanakkale içinde bir dolu testi,  
Analar babalar umudu kesti, of, gençliğim  
eyvah, eyvah, yandı da dünya.

Çanakkale içinde aynalı çarşı,  
Ana ben gidiyom düşmana karşı, of, gençliğim  
eyvah.

Inside Canakkale there's a nice market,  
Mother, I'm going at the enemy, alas, my youth  
is over.

Inside Canakkale there's a full jug,  
Mothers, fathers don't hope any more, alas, my  
youth is over, the world is burning down.

In Canakkale there's a nice market,  
Mother, I am going at the enemy, alas, my  
youth is over.

№ 451. *Folk song.* Ali Gümüş (1942) and his sons, Tekirdağ - See № 450

№ 458. *Folk song.* Hanife Konbal (1947), Çeşmekolu

Zeynep düştü, bayıldı, ferecesi suya yayıldı,  
Zeynebin sarı saçları söğütlere dolandı.  
Hasan'ın elinde fener Zeynep su üstünde döner,  
*Refr.* Hasan Zeynebi sorarsa dalgalar önünden  
gider,  
Eğer Zeynebi sorarsa dere boylarından gider.  
Uzunoluk değirmenin taşları, Zeyneb'in sarı  
saçları,  
Söğütlere dolandı Zeyneb'in sarı saçları,  
Hasan'ın elinde demir Zeynep istemez ömür.  
*Refr.*

Zeynep fell down, she fainted, her gown spread  
on the water,  
Her blond hair got wound up on the willows,  
Hasan's got a lantern in his hand, Zeynep's  
turning round on the water surface,  
*Refr.* Hasan, if you enquire about Zeynep, she's  
drifting before the waves,  
If you ask about Zeynep, she's adrift the cur-  
rent.  
The mill stones in Uzunoluk, Zeynep's blond  
hair,  
Zeynep's blond hair got wound on the willows.  
Hasan's got a weapon in his hand - Zeynep  
doesn't want to live any longer. *Refr.*

## № 459. Folk song. Firdevş Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Zeynep etmiş bir tarla var, Uzunoluktan gelir selam. <i>Refr.</i> Hasan Zeynebi sorarsa dalgalar önünden gider, Eğer Zeynebi sorarsa, dere boylarından gider.	There's a stubble field, it's been tended by Zeynep, Greetings arrive from Uzunoluk. <i>Refr.</i> If Hasan enquires about Zeynep, she's drifting on the waves, If he enquires about Zeynep, she's adrift the current.
Zeynep düştü, bayıldı, ferecesi suya yayıldı. <i>Refr.</i> Ya bu değirmenin taşları Zeyneb'in hilal kaşları, Söğütlere dolanmış Zeyneb'in sarı saçları. <i>Refr.</i> Hasan Zeynebi sorarsa dalgalar önünden gider.	Zeynep fell down, she fainted, her gown spread on the water. <i>Refr.</i> Oh, the stones of this mill, Zeynep's crescent eyebrows, Zeynep's blond hair got wound on the branches of the willow. <i>Refr.</i> If Hasan's asking about Zeynep, she's drifting with the current.

## № 460. Folk song. Mürvet Altuntaş (1960 Devletliagaç), Kırklareli

Zeynep düştü, bayıldı, ferecesi suya yayıldı. <i>Refr.</i> Hasan da Zeynebi ararsa, sorarsa, dere boylarından gider. Zeynebin tonuk sesi, Zeynep Hasan'ın nesi? <i>Refr.</i>	Zeynep fell down, she fainted, her gown spread on the water. <i>Refr.</i> If Hasan's looking for Zeynep, if he's asking about her, she's moving along the stream. Zeynep's veiled voice, who is Zeynep to Hasan? <i>Refr.</i>
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## № 470. Folk song. Firdevş Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Ateşteki tencereyi taşırdım, Gitti gelirim diye aman aman, Aman yolu bilirim diye.	I took the pot off the oven, He left saying he'd come back Saying he knew the way.
On yedi yemin etti aman aman, Gene alırım diye, Ama yine alırım diye, Adalara gele gide şaşırđım, Ateşteki tencereyi taşırdım.	The seventeen-year-old swore to marry me, oh, alas, To marry me, oh. Going to the islands and back I missed my way, I took the pot off the oven.

№ 474. *Folk song*. Sunni man and schoolchildren, Kaşıkçı

Şarköyüne gider iken, Sıra sıra zeytinler, Onbeş yaşında da Nazife de hanıma Yazık ettiler.	On my way to Sarköy Olive bushes in a row, The fifteen-year-old Young lady Nazife Has been raped.
O tepeden bu tepeye Yolun olur mu? Onbeş yaşında da Nazife de hanıma Doyum olur mu?	Does your way lead From that hill to this hill? Can you have enough of the fifteen-year-old Nazife?

№ 476. *Folk song*. Hatice Gülşen (1949, Sunni), Karacakılavuz

O tepeden bu tepeye oyun olur mu? Onbeş yaşında da Nazife de hanıma doyum olur mu? Çıktım Şarköy'ün yoluna sıra sıra zeytinler, Onbeş yaşında da Nazife de hanıma yazık et- tiler.	From that hill to this hill is there a play, Can you have enough of the fifteen-year-old young lady Nazife? I left for Sarköy, rows of olive bushes, The fifteen-year-old young lady Nazife has been raped.
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№ 477. *Folk song*. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Sevdiğim kız gelin olmuş, Benim değil, elin olmuş. Beyaz gelinlik içinde Gider gene ağlıyormuş.	The girl I loved is a bride now, Not mine, but someone else's, In a white bridal dress, She moves away crying.
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№ 478. *Folk song*. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliğaç

Devletliğaç minaresi Yetmiş iki basamak, ...elfejtette] im yarım Senden ayrı yaşamak.	The minaret of Devletliagac, Has seventy-two stairs. [It is impossible,] my dear, To live without you.
Oy, narin, narin, narin, Şofördür benim yarım. Çavuş izin vermiyor, Ne olacak benim halim?	Oh, slender, slender, slender, My darling is a driver, The corporal won't let me go on leave, What will happen to me?
Oy, narin, narin, narin, Askerdir benim yarım. Çavuş izin vermiyor, Gelemiyor yarım.	Oh, slender, slender, slender, My darling is a soldier, The corporal won't let him go on leave, My darling can't come to see me.

## № 479. Folk song. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Kaynar kazan taşmaz mı? Yol buralardan aşmaz mı? Zerya bir gün kaşınır, Haydi haydi arkadaşları!	Doesn't the boiling cauldron overflow? Does the road cross here? Zerya's scratching one day, Come on, friends!
Verin benim bir tanemi Taştan olur meydanı Benim deyyuş turnam var, Benim derdime çare.	Give me my darling! Its square is from stones, I've got a crane, A cure for my trouble.

## № 480. Folk song. İkbal Yılmaz (1955), Kılavuzlu

Ak tavuk olmadın mı? Kümeşe dalmadın mı? Bir bağır su kaynana Sen gelin olmadın mı Karaçalıya? <i>Refr.</i> Gidiyorum annem Kırçalıya.	Have you never been a white hen? Have you never hidden in a hen-pen? Give me a jug of water, mother-in-law, Have you ever been a bride to Karacali? <i>Refr.</i> I'll go away, mother, to Kircali.
Kaynanamın kafası Kovan sepeti gibi Oğlu beni seviyor, Arının balı gibi. <i>Refr.</i>	My mother-in-law's head Is like a beehive, Her son loves me, Like a bee likes honey. <i>Refr.</i>
Çeşmede bakırım taşı, Yarım bayırı aştı, Ben yarımı görmedim, Gören inadı şaştı. <i>Refr.</i>	By the well I filled my jug, it overflowed, My darling crossed the meadow, I didn't see my darling, Those who saw him were amazed. <i>Refr.</i>
Entaresi vişneden, Şimdi geldim çeşmeden, Alıcaksan al yarım, Yataklara düşmeden. <i>Refr.</i>	Her dress is cherry-red, I've just come from the well, If you marry, marry me now, my darling, Before I take to my bed. <i>Refr.</i>
Dağda tavşan olur mu? İnce akşam olur mu? Yaktın beni, kül ettin, Böyle düşman olur mu? <i>Refr.</i>	Are there rabbits in the mountain? Are there easy evenings? You set me on fire, I burnt to ashes, There is enemy like this. <i>Refr.</i>

## № 481. Folk song. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), İstanbul

İnönü dağlarında çiçekler açar, Altın gümüş vurmuş sırmalı saça. <i>Refr.</i> Yaşa Mustafa Kemal paşa, yaşa, İsmin yazılacak münever taşa.	The flowers are blooming on Mount İnönü, Throwing golden-silver light on the hair <i>Refr.</i> Long live Mustafa Kemal pasha, Your name will be engraved in a bright stone.
İnönü dağlarında oturdum, kaldım, Şehit olanları deftere yazdım, Babası yetim olanları bağrına bastı. <i>Refr.</i>	I sat down on Mount İnönü lost in thoughts, I took down the martyrs' name in a notebook, The orphans were embraced by their fathers. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 485. *Folk song*. Piri Er, (in a bus)

Ben bu elden gidersem  
Ela gözlüm, ben bu evden gidersem,  
Zümrüt perişanım kal melul, kal melul.

Keramet hakkından çıkarma beni,  
Ala gözyaşını sil melul, melul.

Elvan çiçekleri takma başına,  
Kudret kalemini çekme kaşına, çekme kaşına!

If I go away from here, my brown-eyed,  
If I go away from this house,  
My desperate emerald, grieve for me, grieve  
for me.

Don't deprive me of the gracious turn,  
Sadly wipe off the tears of your green eyes!

Don't decorate your head with colourful flowers,  
Don't paint the decision of the Almighty on  
your eyebrows!

№ 486. *Wedding song*. Rahmiye Çeviksöz (1970), Enez

Anadan ayrı, ayrı, babadan ayrı,  
Bir de yardan ayrı kaldım,  
Hepsinden acı ah, hepsinden acı,  
Yazık oldu geldi, geçti en güzel yıllar.

Severken sevinmez oldu acı günlerim,  
Anadan ayrı, ayrı, babadan ayrı,  
Bir de yardan ayrı kaldım,  
Hepsinden acı ah, hepsinden acı.

Far from my mother, far from my father,  
I got far even from my sweetheart.  
More bitter than anything, alas, than anything,  
My nicest years have gone by, they've become  
bitter.

Though I loved, my days have become bitter,  
Far from my mother, far from my father,  
I stayed far away even from my sweetheart,  
More bitter than anything, alas, than anything.

№ 491. *Lullaby*. Müjgan Kahraman (1937 Ipsala), Enez

Nenni, nenni, yavruma,  
*Refr.* Uyusun da büyüsün.

Benim güzel yavrum,  
Nenni, nenni, nenni,  
Uyusun yavrum, nenni. *Refr.*

Hush-a-bye, my little one, hush,  
*Refr.* Let him sleep and grow.

My lovely little one,  
Hush-a-bye, hush,  
May my little one sleep, hush. *Refr.*

№ 499. *Dirge*, *Firdevş Tiryaki* (1939 *Tatlıpınar*), *Kılavuzlu*

Ankara'nın taşına bak,  
Gözlerimin yaşına bak!  
Malum olsun garip anam,  
Şu feleğin işine bak!

Ankara'dan indirdiler,  
Kanlı gömlek giydirdiler.  
Malum olsun garip anam,  
Bir oğlunu öldürdüler.

Look at the streets of Ankara,  
Look at the tears falling from my eyes,  
You should know, my poor mother,  
Heaven has treated me badly.

I was put on the road in Ankara,  
I was dressed in a bloody shirt,  
You should know, my poor mother,  
Your only son has been killed.

№ 501. *Folk song*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Taştan yaptırdım kaleyi,  
Aldım başıma belayı.  
Gönül terketme sılayı,  
Ya ben kime yalvarayım.

Pınar başı ben olayım,  
Bulanırsam bulanayım.  
Verin benim sevdiğimi,  
Dilenirsem, dileneyim.

I've built a castle from stone,  
It incurred trouble on my head,  
Darling, don't leave your country,  
Whom can I entreat?

Let me be the fountainhead,  
If I gush forth boiling, let it be,  
Give me my sweetheart,  
If I have to beg, I will beg.

№ 515. *Folk song*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Karadır kaşların ferman yazdırır,  
Bu aşk beni diyar diyar gezdirir.  
Lokman Hekim gelse yaram azdırır,

Yaramı sarmaya yar kendi gelsin.

Ormanların gümbürtüsü başıma vurur,  
Nazlı yarin hayali karşımda durur.  
Ormanlardan aşağı aşağı giderim,  
Nazlı yarı kaybetmişim arar gezerim.

The black of your eyebrow gets laws written,  
For this love I roam the world over.  
Should doktor Lokman<sup>51</sup> come, my wound  
would be burning,  
My darling should come to bandage my wound.

The murmurs of forests are ringing in my head,  
I conjure up my sweetheart to my mind's eye,  
I'm progressing down from the forest,  
I've lost my sweet darling, I keep looking for  
her.

№ 526. *Folk song*. Seviye Gerenli (1940), Lüleburgaz

Fincanı taştan oyarlar, beyim, aman, aman,  
İçine içine bade koyarlar.  
Güzel olanı sararlar eşim, aman, aman,  
*Refr.* Al kadeh, ver bade, doldur, içeyim.

Fincanın dibi düz olur beyim, aman, aman,  
Güzelin sarması güç olur.  
Fincanın bir yanı sarı, beyim, aman, aman,  
Askere yolladım yarı.

Evlenmeden gelse bari beyim, aman, aman.  
*Refr.*  
Fincanın bir yanı yeşil, beyim, aman aman  
At kolunu boynumdan aşağı  
İçmişim dilim dolaşır, aman *Refr.*

The cup is carved of stone, my master, hey,  
Drink is filled in it.  
A fair one is embraced, my husband, hey,  
*Refr.* Take the glass, give me the drink, pour, let  
me drink.

The cup has a flat bottom, my master, hey,  
It's difficult to embrace a beautiful one.  
One side of the cup is yellow, my master, hey,  
My sweetheart has been enlisted.

I wish my sweetheart would return before I am  
married off, alas, oh. *Refr.*  
One side of the cup is green, my master, hey,  
Put your arm round my shoulders,  
I am drunk, my tongue is glib, hey. *Refr.*

<sup>51</sup> Legendary father of medicine.



№ 528. *Folk song*. Ali Gümüş (1942) and his sons, Tekirdağ – ext can't be made out!

№ 529. *Folk song*. Selviye Bakan (1970 Çavuşköy), Enez

Aman ormancı, canım ormancı, Köyümüze bıraktın derin bir acı. Köyümüzün suları soğuk içilmez, soğuk içilmez. Köprüler yaptırıp gelip geçmeye.	Ah, forest ranger, my dear forest ranger, You left great grief in our village. The water of the village is too cold to drink, I had bridges built for crossing.
Ormanlılar geliyor gelip geçmeye, gelip geçmeye, Yazık oldu ormancı köyün gencine.	Forest rangers are coming and going, You caused trouble for the youth, forest ranger.

№ 536. *Folk song*. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Aman, aman deli ettin beni, Huzur olmadan söz ettin beni, Olur olmazlara söz ettin beni, *Deve yüksek atamadım urganı, Ah aman aman urganı.*	Alas, you've made me fall in love with you, You didn't leave me alone, you gossiped about me, You put me in an embarrassing situation, The camel was tall, I couldn't harness it, Alas, harness it.
Üşüdükçe çek üstüne yorganı, Ah aman aman yorganı, Susadıkça al ağzına gerdanı, Ah aman aman gerdanı.	If you are cold, pull the blanket over you, Alas, the blanket. If you are thirsty, kiss her neck, Alas, her neck.

№ 537. *Folk song*. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu - See № 536/2

№ 539. *Hidrellez song*. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Kara gözlüm efkarlanma gül d'ayrı İribikler öter ötmez ordayım, Vatan borcu biter bitmez, ordayım.	My black-eyed one, don't worry, keep laughing, When they begin chirping, I'll be there, When my patriotic duty is over, I'll be there.
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№ 540. *Folk song*. Mehmet Serez (1929 Selanik, Sunni), Tekirdağ

Daracık sokakları duman bürümüş, Herkes almış sevdiğini yürümüş, * Benim yarım küçücüktü, büyümüş, Sürüden ayrılan sürmeli koyun, Odalar döşettim gel yarım otur, Na-na-na-na-na-na.	The narrow little street were enveloped in mist, All took their lovers by the hand for a walk, My darling was young but she's grown up, A beautiful lamb removed from the flock, I've had the room furnished, come, darling, sit down here, Na-na-na-na-na.
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№ 541. *Folk song*. Lütfiye Kuruoğlu (1952, Sunni, Lüleburgaz)

Üç beş güzel bir araya gelmişler,  
Benim seveceğim yok arasında, yok arasında.

Three-five fair [lassies] have come together,  
My sweetheart is not among them, she's not  
among them.

№ 542. *Folk song*. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Ceviz dalları arasında,  
Güzeli severler bağ arasında, bağ arasında.  
Üç beş güzel bir araya gelmişler,  
Benim de seveceğim yok arasında, yok  
arasında.

Among the branches of the walnut tree  
A beauty is loved in the garden, the garden.  
Three-five fair [lassies] have come together,  
My sweetheart is not among them, she's not  
among them.

Sensiz bu yerlerde duramaz oldum, duramaz  
oldum,  
Sensiz lokmalar yiyemez oldum, yiyemez ol-  
dum.

I can't stay here without you, I can't stay here,  
I can't eat any more without you, I can't eat.

№ 543. *Folk song*. Hanife Bayram (1944), Ahmetler

*Refr.* Güzeli severler kol arasında, kol arasında,

*Refr.* A beauty is loved amidst embraces, amidst  
embraces for sure,

Üç beş güzel bir araya gelmişler,  
Benim sevgili yarım yok arasında, yok arasında.

Three-five fair [lassies] have come together,  
My sweetheart is not among them, she's not  
among them.

Evlerinin önü zerdali dalı,

The branch of the wild apricot outside the  
houses,

Pencereden gördüm bu nazlı yarı, kınalı eli,

I've seen my sweetheart's hand painted with  
henna,

Söğüdün yaprağı dal arasında, dal arasında.

Willow leaves between branches, between

*Refr.*

branches. *Refr.*

№ 545. *Lullaby*. Havva İbrahimioğlu (Bulgaria), Bulgaria

Beşiklere taş beledim nenni,  
Mevlamdan oğul diledim, nenni  
Mevlam bana oğul verdi, nenni  
Şimdi de uzun ömür versin, de, büyüsün,  
nenni.

I swaddled a stone in the cradle,  
I asked my God to give me a boy, hush,  
God has given me a little boy, hush,  
Now he should give him a long life that he  
could grow up, hush-a-bye.

№ 546. *Dirge*. Hediye Sinevova (1935 Razgrad Bulgaria), Bulgaria\*

Cuma günü hastaneye vardım,  
Beyaz tenimi hastaneye verdim,  
Doktor bana yüreğimde cenaze.  
*Refr.* Yan anam bana genç niyazım diyor.

I got into hospital on Friday,  
My white body was given to the hospital,  
The doctor said I was finished.  
*Refr.* Mourn for me, mother, you called me  
your youthful desire.

Anacığım nereye gittim  
Elini yüreğime koymadın  
Anacığım ben ne acılar çektim duymadın. *Refr.*

Mother, what's happened to me?  
You didn't even put your hand on my heart,  
Haven't you heard, mother, how much I suf-  
fered? *Refr.*

№ 549. *Dirge*. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı/ Bulgaria), Kırklareli

Uyu sen yavrum, sen uyu,  
Uyu da ben seni büyüteyim,  
Akşam oldu kumrular öter saçaktan,

Sleep, my little one, sleep,  
Sleep, I'll bring you up,  
It's evening, doves are singing from under the  
ewer,

Yavrularım öksüz kaldı bıçaktan.

My babies were orphaned by a knifing.

Uyu benim nazlı kuzum, sen uyu,  
Nenni yavrum sana nenniler deyeyim,

Sleep, my sweet lamb, sleep,  
Hush, my baby, let me hum a lullaby to you,  
Let me lull you to sleep, my baby, let me bring  
you up.

Uyutayım yavrumu büyüteyim.

№ 550. *Folk song*. Huriye Engin (1943 Topçular), Devletliagaç

Halil çocuk çık dereden, dereden,  
Göster bize yol nereden, nereden.  
Ah, dili bülbül, saçı zümbül Halilim.

My son Halil, emerge from the valley, the valley,  
Show us which direction the way goes,  
Oh, my Halil of the nightingale's tongue and  
hyacinth hair.

Şu karşiki görünen koruyu kırsalar,  
Sevdiğimi sevdiğine verseler,  
İstedğini istediğine verseler.

If only that little forest over there were cleared,  
If only my sweetheart would be married to her  
sweetheart,  
I wish everyone was married to their sweet-  
hearts.

Şu karşiki oda benim odamdır,  
İçinde sallanan selvi fidandır,  
Ah dili bülbül, saçı zümbül Halilim.

That room opposite is mine,  
A cedar branch is swaying in it,  
Oh, my Halil of the nightingale's tongue and  
hyacinth hair.

№ 551. *Folk song*. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

*Halil çocuk çık dereden dereden,	Son Halil, come forth from the valley, the valley,
Göster bana yol nereden, nereden,	Show us where this way goes,
Yüzüne bakılmaz olmuş yaraden.	You can't look at his face for the many wounds,
<i>Refr.</i> Dili bülbül, saçı zümbül lal ile,	<i>Refr.</i> The one of the nightingale's tongue, hyacinth hair and ruby,
Bahçelerde gül fidanı Şerife	In the gardens the rose branch is Serife.
Halil derler bir oğlana vuruldum	I fell in love with a lad called Halil,
Vuruldum da dal boynuna sarıldım	I fell in love with him, I hugged his slender body,
Hiç doyamadım nazlı yarden ayrıldım. <i>Refr.</i>	I couldn't have had enough I had to part with him. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 557. *Folk song*. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaria), Devletliağaç

Püskül pencereden uçtu, gülüm, ey, de,	The fringe has flown out of the window, hey, my rose,
Püskül pencereden uçtu,	The fringe has flown out of the window,
Uçtu da deryaya göçtü, gülüm,	It flew out and fell into the sea, my rose,
Uçtu da deryaya göçtü.	It flew out and fell into the sea.
Benim gönlüm sana düştü gülüm, ey, de,	My heart has chosen you, hey, my rose,
Benim gönlüm sana düştü,	My heart has fallen in love with you, my rose, hey,
Oynar püskül döne döne, gülüm, ey, de	The fringe is dancing in a whirl, my rose, hey,
Ben püskül oldum yane, yane	I've become the fringe, I've fallen in love.

№ 560. *Folk song*. Old man (Bulgaria), Bulgaria

Yağmur yağıyor seller akar çok olar,	It's raining, the water's flooding,
Kazanı kazarlar pareyi	The cauldron is being carved,
Ver pareyi çakılan.	Give me my part [...]
Yağmur yağar seller akar...	It's raining, the water's flooding,
Seller akar	The water's flooding,
Ayşe de Fatima ölüyorum	Ayşe, Fatma, I am dying,
Ölüyorum...	I am dying.

№ 561. *Folk song*. Halil Atakan (1928 Iştıp-Çetaşka Macedonia), Kırklareli

Alaman'da günden turnam gelirsin,	You're coming from where Germany is, my crane,
Macar Balkan'ında yollar açarsın,	You cut a way in the Hungarian Balkans,
Analar ağladı kanlar saçarsın.	Mothers were crying, your blood was shed.
<i>Refr.</i> Tunus'ta harap olur sultan Cezayir.	<i>Refr.</i> In Tunis the Algerian sultan collapsed.
Cengi vardır Sava iylen Tuna'nın.	The Sava and the Danube are waging war.
Yeşillenmiş o dağların sazları,	The marshes of the mountains are green,
Ötüşüyor ördek iyle kazların,	The wild ducks and geese are singing,
Yazı yazar şu Bükreş'in kızları. <i>Refr.</i>	The girls in Bucharest are writing letters. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 562. *Folk song*. Seher Gül (1978, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Cemile'min gezdiği dağlar meşeli, imanım,	There are oak woods on the mountains where my Cemile is,
Haydi üç gün oldu Cemile'm ben bu derde düşeli,	My Cemile, I fell into trouble three days ago,
Ayrı kurban Cemile'm nasıl nasıl edelim biz bu işi,	Alas, my Cemile, how shall we solve this problem?
Nikahımızı kıysın dünden gelen hocanın işi,	Let the priest who arrived yesterday wed us,
Ayrı kurban Cemile'm nasıl nasıl edelim de biz bu işi?	Alas, my Cemile, how shall we solve this problem?

№ 569. *Folk song*. Hatice Çetin (1952 Deli Orman/Bulgaria), Musulça

Alem ağlar için için,	The world is weeping, sobbing,
Ben bilirim kimin için.	I know for whom.
Ağlasın anam, babam,	You may mourn, mother, father,
Şu benim gençliğim için.	For my youth.

№ 578. *Mani*. Huriye Engin (1943 Topçular), Devletliagaç

Kaynar kazan taşmaz mı?	Doesn't the hot boiler overflow?
Yol buracıktan aşmaz mı?	Has this road its continuation?
Sil gözünün yaşını Hatice'm,	Wipe your tears, my Hatice,
Ayrılan kavuşmaz mı?	Won't those who part be united?
Gidiyom ben de ben de,	I am also going away, I am too,
Bir meyvem kaldı sende.	A fruit of mine remained with you,
Meyve gibi sarardım [H]aticem,	I turned yellow like a fruit, my Hatice,
Din imam yok mu sende?	Don't you know what compassion is?

№ 593. *Folk song*. Hamış Zümbül (1903 Selanik), Enez

Bir sarı yılan kovaladı beni  
Kara çalıya doladı beni.  
Ah, arabacı, aman taligacı,  
Olsa da bana bir kiracı.

Kara toprak döşek olacak,  
Yılan da başı yastık olacak.

I was pursued by a yellow snake,  
In the furzy thicket it coiled around me,  
Hey, coachman, hey, wheelbarrow man,  
If only I had a tenant!

My mattress will be the black earth,  
My pillow a serpent head.

№ 594. *Folk song*. Hamış Zümbül (1903 Selanik), Enez

Bu dert nasıl dert, ölümden beter,  
Gencin ölümü, canım anam, cihana yeter.

Kılavuz doldur ecel, bugünlere bel geçer,

Akıl bilir, söylemez ama, acaba kalbimde neler  
geçer.

Uzun uzun hayatlar,  
Oturmuş yar yorgun katlar.  
Yarım orda, ben burda,  
Uzun gün canım çatlar.

What a trouble is this one, worse than death,  
The death of a youth, dear mother, would be  
enough for the world,  
Guide, go and fetch death, my back has become  
bent,  
Although I comprehend, I can't express what-  
ever's going on in my heart.

Long-long lives,  
My sweetheart sat down, she's folding a blanket,  
My sweetheart's there, I am here,  
The day is long, it breaks my heart.

№ 595. *Mani*. Hamış Zümbül (1903 Selanik), Enez

Mendilimin yeşili,  
Ben kaybettim eşimi,  
Ben eşimi bulursam,  
Allah bilir işimi.

Gide gele mah'lenize usandım,  
Ayağıma diken battı, gül sandım.  
El kızını ben kendime yar sandım, aman,

Ne eyleyim şu dünyada yar olmayınca.

Ben de binsem kara kara atlara,  
Derdimi söylesem canım anam yeşil otlara.

Şu dağlar olmasaydı,  
Çiçeği solmasaydı,  
Benim Allahım emri,  
Ayrılık olmasaydı.

My handkerchief's green,  
I have lost my husband,  
If I could find my husband,  
Allah knows what I'd do.

On my way to your place I got bored,  
I got a thorn in my leg, I thought it was a rose,  
I thought the stranger's daughter was my sweet-  
heart,  
What shall I do in this world if I have no sweet-  
heart?

I wish I could mount black horses,  
I'd complain about my trouble, dear mother, to  
the green grass.

Had it not been for those mountains,  
Their flowers wouldn't have faded,  
If my God hadn't ordered  
That we should part with each other.

Oğlanın adı Hüseyin,  
Ben kimlere küseyim.  
Göndersen annem tümünü,  
Umudunu keselim.

The boy's name is Husain,  
With whom should I be angry?  
If you send them all away, mother,  
We can give up all hope.

№ 597. *Folk song.* Hamış Zümbül (1903 Selanik), Enez

Varın selam edin, ah, babam gelsin,  
Sunsun elini, alsın yılanı,  
Sunamam elimi, alamam yılanı,  
Sensiz olurum, kolsuz olamam,  
Sensiz dururum, kolsuz duramam.

Go and say greeting, my father should come,  
He should reach out his hand and take the ser-  
pent out!  
I can't reach out my hand, I can't take the serpent,  
I can do without you, but I can't do without my  
arm.

Varın selam edin, ah, annem gelsin,  
Salsın elini, alsın yılanı.  
Salamam elimi, alamam yılanı,  
Sensiz olurum, kolsuz duramam.

Go and say greeting, my mother should come,  
She should reach for the serpent and take it out!  
I can't reach for the serpent, I can't take it out,  
I can live without you, but I can't live without  
my arm.

Varın selam edin, nişanlım gelsin,  
Salsın elini, alsın yılanı.

Go and say greeting, my bride should come,  
She should reach out her arm and take the  
serpent out!

Salarım elimi, alırım yılanı,  
Sunarım elimi, alırım yılanı.

I'll reach for the serpent and take it out,  
I can do without my arm, but I can't do without  
you,  
I can't live without you, but I can without an  
arm.

Kolsuz dururum, sensiz duramam,  
Sensiz olamam, kolsuz dururum.

№ 598. *Folk song.* Lütfiye Kuruoğlu (1952, Lüleburgaz), Sunni

Karaçalı gibi,  
Aramıza girdin.  
Madem oğlun kıymetliydi,  
Madem oğlun pek tatlıydı,  
Neden verdin bana?

Like a Fury,  
You stood between us,  
If your son's so dear,  
If your son's so sweet,  
Why did you let him marry me?

Al oğlunu koy çuvala,  
Salla salla vur duvara!

Take your son, cram him into a sack,  
Beat him against the wall.

№ 599. *Lullaby*. Veli Yılmaz (1928 Tekirdağ), Kılavuzlu

Ninni de ninni, ninnisi var, Güzel, güzel kuzumun uykusu var. Dağlara vardım, dağlar uyur,	Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, it is his lullaby, My beautiful lambkin's sleepy. I went to the mountains, the mountains are asleep,
Eve de geldim, güzelim uyur.	Then I came home, my beauty's asleep.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, Allah, Kuzuma tatlı uykular ver, Allah.	Oh, oh, oh, o. oh, Allah, Give my lambkin a sweet sleep, Allah!
E-e-e, Ninni, ninni, kınalı bebek, Yarın büyüyecek, olacak adam, E-e-e.	E-e-e, Hush-a-bye, hush-a-by, henna baby, Tomorrow he'll grow up, he'll be a man, E-e-e.

№ 600. *Counting out rhyme*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliagaç

Leylek, leylek havada, Yumurtası tavada, Gelsin bizim hayata.	Stork, stork, up in the sky, Its egg in the frying pan. Let it come into our lives!
Bizim hayat yıkıldı, Burnu boka döküldü, Uç, leyleğim, uç!	Our lives are in ruins, Its nose fell into shit, Fly away, my stork, fly away!

№ 601. *Folk song*. Hatice Ergül (1924 Bulgaria), Devletliagaç

Yüksek çardaktan <sup>52</sup> düştüm, Ak çayırdan ot biçtim, Bin liralık kız idim, Köy içinde sevdiğim, Hayırsız posta düştüm.	I fell off a high roof, I cut grass from a white meadow, I used to be a lass worth a thousand lira, I even had a lover in the village, I was taken to an unblest place.
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№ 602. *Folk song*. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Şu karşıki dağda develeri güderim, Develerin tulumları develere yüklerim, Götürüp de pazarlara satarım, Vallah, annemden izinsiz vermem ayranı,	I graze the camels on the hill over there, I put the water bags on their backs, We take them to the market and sell them, Honestly, without my mother's permission
Yavrum ayranı, güzel ayranı, canım ayranı.	I won't give a bit of ayran, <sup>53</sup> My baby, not a bit of ayran, fine ayran, dar- ling, ayran.

<sup>52</sup> Turkish *çardak* was compiled of the Persian *çar* 'four' and Arabic *tak* 'stake'. They make a hut or hovel in the garden or out in the fields of branches. Its real meaning is 'a lodge for the night'.

<sup>53</sup> Cool drink made of yoghurt and water.



## Religious Songs

№ 12. *Alevi deyiş*. İmam Leşkeroğlu (1933 Sivas/Minare Kangal), Ormankent next to Enez

Her sabah her sabah ötüşür kuşlar,  
Allah bir Muhammed Ali' diyerek,  
Bülbül de gül için figana başlar,  
*Refr.* Allah bir Muhammed Ali diyerek.

Fatma, Düldül, Kamber, durmuş duaya,  
İsa şükreylemiş çıkmış havaya,  
Şehriban sığınmış binmiş deveye. *Refr.*

İştelim gerçeklerin sesini,  
Biz turalım imamların yasını,  
İmam Hasan içti ağu taşını. *Refr.*

Every morn, every morn the birds are singing:  
Allah, Muhammad, Ali are One – they say.  
The nightingale also starts singing for the rose:  
*Refr.* Allah, Muhammad, Ali are One – it says.

Fatma, Düldül, Kamber stopped for praying,  
Jesus blessed them, ascended to heaven,  
Shehriban hunched herself up, got on a camel.  
*Refr.*

Let's hear the voice of reality,  
Let's mourn for our imams,  
Imam Hasan drank the poison while  
He said. *Refr.*



Picture 17. Bektash women at a Bektashi festival in Topçular.

Talip olan ince elekten elenir,  
Mümin olan Hak yoluna dayanır,  
İmam Hüseyin al kanlara boyanır. *Refr.*

The candidate is screened through a fine sieve,<sup>54</sup>  
The true believer treads the God's path.  
Imam Hüsein bathes in red blood while he  
says. *Refr.*

İmam Zeynel Abidin parelendi bölündü,  
İmam Bakıra secdeler kılındı,  
Caferi Sadika erkan verildi. *Refr.*

Imam Zeynel Abidin went up in smoke,  
Many fall on their knees before imam Bakir,  
Holding Ja'fer the Truthful high. *Refr.*

Musa-i Kazimda göründü nurlar,  
Ali Musa Rıza böyle nakleder,  
Taki'yle Naki pirimiz oldular. *Refr.*

Lights appeared to Musai Kazim,  
Ali Musa Riza said so.  
Taki and Naki became our saints. *Refr.*

Hasanül'l-askeri pir olup gitti,  
Mehdi de mağrada sır oldu gitti,  
Yezidin bağırında dağ olup gitti. *Refr.*

Hasan's soldier became a saint and went away,  
Mehdi<sup>55</sup> became a secret in a cave,  
In Yezid's heart there grew a mountain. *Refr.*

Kur'an Muhammedin virdine düştü,  
Dört kitap geldi yeryüzüne düştü,  
Kul Himmet derdini pirine deşti.  
*Refr.*

Mohamed's daily prayer was the Quran,  
Four holy books descended to the earth,  
He complained of his trouble to Kul Himmet's  
saint. *Refr.*

№ 14. Semah. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Uyur idik, uyandık,  
Ölüye saydılar bizi,  
Koyun olduk, ses anladık,  
Sürüye saydılar bizi.

We were asleep, we woke up,  
They thought we were dead.  
We were lambs, we got on well,  
They thought we were a flock.

Halimizi hal eyledik,  
Yolumuzu yol eyledik,  
Her çiçekten bal eyledik,  
Arıya saydılar bizi.

We fell into ecstasy,  
We entered upon God's road,  
We gained honey from each flower,  
They thought we were bees.

Hak divanına dizildik,  
Aşk defterine yazıldık,  
Bal olduk, şerbet ezildik,  
Doluya saydılar bizi.

We lined up in front of God,  
We enrolled among His adorers,  
We turned to honey and they made sweet fruit  
drink from us,  
They thought we were beverages.

Pir Sultan Abdal'ım şunda,  
Çok keramet var insanda,  
O cihanda bu cihanda,  
Ali'ye saydılar bizi.

My Pir Sultan Abdal,  
There's much piety in man,  
In this world, in the hereafter  
They regarded us as Ali.

<sup>54</sup> It is a typical shamanistic feature to have the drum or sieve as instruments appearing in the text of the nefes.

<sup>55</sup> The twelfth Imam of the Shias expected to return to purify Islam (Redhouse 1974: 747).

№ 24. *Alevi deyiş*. Bektashi concert, Istanbul

Aşmalı hangi yere gideyim?  
Gittiğim yerlerde, hudud et beni!

*Refr.* Hudey Hudey şirinleri,  
Gelir geçer dünya gamı.  
İyilere cennet cemal,  
Kötüye hasret/kasavet gamı.

Abdal Pir Sultanım, gönlüm hastadır,  
Kimseyi yemem, gönlüm yastadır.  
Bilmem neyim oldu, bilmem ustadı,

Boyle bir sevdaya saldı dert beni. *Refr.*

I have to go, where shall I go,  
Wherever I go, protect me!

*Refr.* God, oh God, the beauties!  
The grief of the world is passing by,  
Heaven and God's face for the good,  
The grief of desire/pain for the bad.

My Abdal Pir Sultan, my heart is sick,  
I won't eat anyone, my heart is mourning,  
I don't know what's with me, I don't know the  
master,

Trouble has landed me in such love. *Refr.*

№ 37. *Alevi deyiş*. Halil Atakan (1928 Iştıp-Çetaşka Macedonia), Kırklareli

Cennetten çıktı Adem,  
Dünyaya bastı kadem.  
Bunu söyledi her dem, Allah.  
*Refr.* La ilahe, illallah, Allay,  
Muhammed'en resul Allah.

Güneş burcundan doğar,  
Hak'ın varlığın' diler,  
Hak'ın varlığı diler Allah. *Refr.*

[Taştı rah]met deryası,  
Garkoldu cümle ası,  
Dört kitabın manası Allah. *Refr.*

Erenlerin kılıcı,  
Arşa çıkar deruni,  
Hep dertlerin ilacı Allah. *Refr.*

Erenlerin büruku  
Yakın ider yırağı.  
Arşın kürsüsü, direği Allah. *Refr.*

Yunus bunu söyledi,  
Aşk deryası boyladı,

Ümmet için ayeti Allah. *Refr.*

Adam has come out of paradise,  
He set the world on the move.  
He kept saying every minute: Allah.  
*Refr.* There is no other God but Allah,  
Muhammad is Allah's prophet.

The sun is rising from above the stars,  
Desiring the existence of God,  
Desiring the existence of God, Allah *Refr.*

The sea of mercy has flooded,  
All the sinners have received a lot,  
The meaning of the four books, Allah. *Refr.*

The swords of holy people,  
Their souls go up to heaven,  
The balm to all troubles, Allah. *Refr.*

The light of holy people  
Brings the distant here,  
The top and column of heavens, Allah. *Refr.*

Yunus claimed that  
He had swum across the sea of love,  
The prayer of the Muslim community, Allah.  
*Refr.*

№ 38. *Kırlar semahı*. Bektashi dervishes, Çorlu

Kırlar meydanına vardım,  
Gel beru, ey, can dediler,

Behey abdal nedir halin,  
Hakk'a şükret kaldır elin.

Kalk bizimle, semah oyna,  
Silinsin, pak olsun ayna,  
Kırk yıl bu kazanda kayna,  
Dahi çiğ bu ten dediler.

Sıdk ile tevhid edelim,  
Çekilip Hakka gidelim,  
Aşkın dolusun içelim,  
Kalalım mestan dediler.

Kırlar bir yerde durdular,  
Otur deyu yer verdiler,  
Meydana sofraya kurdular,  
Lokmamıza sun dediler.

Kırların kalbi doğrudur,  
Mümin gönlünün eridir,  
Gelişin kanden bellidir,  
Söyle behey can dediler.

Düşme dünya mihnetine,  
Talip ol Hak Hazretine,  
Ab-ı Kevser şerbetine,  
Parmağını ban dediler.

Gördüğünü gözün ile,  
Beyan etme sözün ile,  
Ondan sonra bizim ile,  
Olursun mihman dediler.

Behey abdal nedir halin?

Hakka şükret kaldır elin,  
Kese gör gıybetten dilin,  
Her kulu yeksan dediler.

Şah Hatayı konmuş burda,  
Tazece uğramış derde,  
Mürşitten açılır perde,  
Gör imdi ey can dediler.

I arrived at the sacred square of the Forty,<sup>56</sup>  
Come back, oh, Soul,<sup>57</sup> so they called me,  
Come on, wandering dervish, what's happened  
to you,  
Bless God, raise your hands for blessing!

Get up, turn a semah with us ,  
Clean the mirror, let it shine!  
Boil in this cauldron for forty years,  
This meat is still raw – so they said.

Let's unite from our hearts,  
Let us start to our God,  
Let's drink the drink of love,  
Let's stay drunk – they said.

The Forty stopped at a place,  
Sit down, they said, and offered a seat,  
They got up from the table in the sacred place,  
Take our food, they said.

The hearts of the forty are true,  
True Muslims control their heart.  
Since we have known about your coming,  
Speak up, my Soul, they said.

Do not mind the worldly troubles,  
Be marked for the sacrament of God,  
Dip your finger, they said,  
Into the nectar of the river Kevser of paradise.

What your eyes catch sight of,  
Your mouth should never utter!  
Then you will be with us,  
You will be a leader, they said.

Hey, wandering dervish, what has happened to  
you?

Bless God, raise your hands for blessing,  
Protect your tongue from slander,  
Everyone is equal, they said.

Shah Hatayı sat down here,  
He had just met trouble [divine love],  
The Master is raising the curtain,  
Look around now, oh, Soul, they said.

<sup>56</sup> *Kırk* literally means 'forty' but in the text it is used to designate 'multitude' without numeric limitation.

<sup>57</sup> People address one another as 'Soul' in the Bektashi congregation.

№ 39. *Kırklar semahı, Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu*

Kırklar meydanına vardım, Gel beri, ey, can, dediler. İzzet ile selam verdim, Gir, işte meydan dediler.	I arrived at the sacred place of the crowd, Hey, come back, Soul, they called me. I greeted them with respect. This is the sacred place, you may enter, they said.
Kırklar yerinde durdular, Yerlerinden yer verdiler.	The forty were sitting in their place, They made room for me.

№ 40. *Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir*<sup>58</sup>

Hakk'ı zikreden kardaşlar, [Böyle bir Pir Sultan]ımız var. <i>Refr. 1. Şöyle bir Sultanımız var.</i>	Brothers who mention God, We have [such a Pir sultan]. <i>Refr. 1. We have such a sultan.</i>
Hakka giden Hak bu yoldur, Tevfik ider gör ne kuldur,	This is the true way to God, Tevfik is following this, look, what a good servant he is,
Cümlenin maksudu odur, <i>Refr. 2. Böyle bir Allahımız var.</i>	He brings hope for everyone. <i>Refr. 2. We have such Allah.</i>
*Gökte ay, gün, yıldız döner, Aşk ateşi durmaz, yanar. Bizi gören Mecnun sanar. <i>Refr. 2 Refr. 1.</i>	Moon, sun, stars rotate in the sky, The flame of love burns for ever, Whoever can see us will think we are Majnun. <sup>58</sup> <i>Refr.2. Refr. 1.</i>
Men bir aşıkla dost oldum, Aldı aklım, ser-mest oldum, Ben bu yola derмест oldum. <i>Refr. 2.</i>	I made friends with a dervish, He made me crazy, he made me drunk, I came near the way. <i>Refr. 2.</i>
Aşık Yunus gir meydana, Ver şu canı cananına, Affeder bakmaz isyana. <i>Refr. 2.</i>	God's lover, Yunus come forward, Give your soul to your lover, He will pardon you, forgive you the revolt. <i>Refr. 2.</i>

<sup>58</sup> *Majnun* is the name of the mad lover yearning for Leyla with a deranged mind. Famous legendary figure.

№ 41. *Nefes*. Ali Rıza Bodur (1938 Topçular), Ahmetler

Bugün Nevruz: *Sevenin de imanı, Ali'm doğdu, bugün Nevruz, Şah Ali'm doğdu, bugün Nevruz.	It is Nevruz <sup>59</sup> today: The faith of the devoted, My Ali was born, it is Nevruz today, My Ali shah was born, it is Nevruz today.
Van kalesin feth eyledin, Nice gerçek söz söyledin. Sır kapiya yol eyledin, Ali'm/Şahım doğdu, bugün Nevruz.	You captured the fort of Van, <sup>60</sup> You said such a lot of true words, You showed the way to the gate of secret, <sup>61</sup> My Ali/My Shah was born, it is Nevruz today.

№ 42. *Matem nefesi*. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Ey, nur-u çeşmi Ahmedi muhtar, ya Hüseyin,  Ey, yadigarı Hayderi kerrar, ya Hüseyin, Ah, ah, Hüseyin, vah Hüseyin.	Eyh, chosen prophet with shining eyes, Ahmed, oh, Husain, Oh, you impetuous attacker Haydar, <sup>62</sup> oh Husain, Oh, oh, Husain, alas, Husain.
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№ 58. *Methiye*. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Kapına niyaza geldim, Şükürler himmetin aldım, Mürüvvet kanısın bildim, Pir Balım Sultan. <i>Refr.</i> Sultan, sultan, sultan, Dertlere derman. Hüy, Hüy, Hüy, Hüy, Canlara canan.	I've come to your door to pray, Be blessed for your help, I knew about your piety, Saint Balım Sultan. <i>Refr.</i> Sultan, sultan, sultan, Balm for troubles. Hüy, Hüy, Hüy, Hüy <sup>63</sup> , The lover of believers.
Dergahındır bab-1 hacet, Sizlere olur müracat, Senden evvel bize necat, Pir Balım Sultan. <i>Refr.</i>	Your convent is a place for praying, They pray to you, Let us be freed first, Saint Balım Sultan. <i>Refr.</i>
Her yerde kadrin bilinir, Ziyaretine gelinir, Kapında kulak delinir, Pir Balım Sultan. <i>Refr.</i>	You are highly respected everywhere, People go on a pilgrimage to you, At your gate they are listened to, Saint Balım Sultan. <i>Refr.</i>

<sup>59</sup> The Persian New Year's Day (March 22) (Redhouse 1974: 883).

<sup>60</sup> A famous fortress on the shore of Lake Van.

<sup>61</sup> The gate of secret = Hz. ('Saint') Ali, without whose understanding no one can enter the "city".

<sup>62</sup> Caliph Ali is sometimes also called *Haydar*.

<sup>63</sup> *Hü/Hüy* stands for the name of God and is used in this meaning in several variants.

Dervişlere sensin serdar,  
Sen ganisin, muradın var,  
Yanıdadır Şah Kalendar,  
Pir Balım Sultan. *Refr.*

You are the commander of dervishes,  
You are almighty, you have a goal,  
Kalendar shah is by your side,  
Saint Balım Sultan. *Refr.*

Sen canların cananıysın,<sup>64</sup>  
Sultanların sultanıysın,  
Dervişlerin canı sensin,  
Pir Balım Sultan. *Refr.*

You are worshipped by the believers,  
The sultan of sultans,  
The soul of dervishes,  
Saint Balım Sultan. *Refr.*

Cümle varım sensin yarım,  
Cümlenin serdarı, yarı,  
Hacı Bektaş yadigarı,  
Pir Balım Sultan. *Refr.*

You are all to me, dear,  
The general and lover of all,  
A present from Hacı Bektash,  
Saint Balım Sultan. *Refr.*

Dervişlerin yolu bağlı,  
Yolunda ciğerleri dağlı,  
Medet Mürsel Baba oğlu,  
Pir Balım Sultan. *Refr.*

The way of dervishes is determined,  
They are fired inside on the way to you,  
Help us, Baba Mursel's son,  
Saint Balım Sultan. *Refr.*

Cemali kapında kuldur,  
Kapında isteğim budur,  
Ağlatma kulların, güldür,  
Pir Balım Sultan. *Refr.*

Servant Cemal at your gate,  
At your entrance I ask you:  
Make your followers laugh, not cry,  
Saint Balım Sultan. *Refr.*

№ 59. *Nefes*. Fatma Üzer (1947 Ahmetler), Kırklareli<sup>656</sup>

Evvel baştan bu dünyaya  
Tanrının aslanı geldi,  
Yüz döndürmez yüz bin erden,

The very first to come into this world  
Was the lion of God,  
It won't take its eyes off the one hundred  
thousand saints,  
A glass of drink has been put before him.

Kuşağına dolu geldi.

Ali'dir gaziler başı,  
Hızır Nebi'dir yoldaşı,  
Ali'm der ki men bir kişi,  
Sultan Seyyid Gazi geldi.

Ali is the leader of valiant soldiers,  
Prophet Hızır<sup>65</sup> is his fellow traveller.  
Ali says: „I am only one”,  
Sultan Seyyid Gazi has arrived.

Yusuf'u kuyuya attılar,  
Hem attılar hem sattılar.  
Kurtlara bühtan ettiler,  
Mısır'ın sultanı geldi.

Yusuf<sup>66</sup> was thrown into a well,  
Thrown into a well and sold,  
The wolves were blamed [for all this],  
The ruler of Egypt had also arrived.

<sup>64</sup> We came across the same line in one of Yunus's nefeses (ZK 67): Sen canların cananıysın / Dertlilerin dermanıysın (You are the object of the desires of the souls / Remedy for the troubled ones.)

<sup>65</sup> A legendary person who attained immortality by drinking from the water of Life (Redhouse 1974: 482).

<sup>66</sup> Joseph of the Bible.

Halil Kabe'yi yapınca,  
İslam dinine tapınca,  
Gökten Muhammed kopunca,  
Nur aleme dolu geldi.

Aşk elinden oldum hasta,  
Var derdine derman iste,  
Dahi küçücük nevrete,  
İsmail kurbana geldi.

Şah Hatay'ın nesne bilmez,  
Ab-ı hayat için ölmez,  
Kafir müslümanı yenmez,  
Ezelden basıla geldi.

Halil created the Kaaba,<sup>67</sup>  
He worshipped the Islamic faith,  
Muhammad descended from heaven,  
The world was filled with light.

I suffered from love,  
Go and ask for balm for your trouble,  
Still as a young sprout,  
İsmail came as a sacrifice.

My Shah Hatayi<sup>68</sup> knew nothing,  
He would not die for the water of life,  
An infidel will never defeat a Muslim,  
It was written at the beginning of time.

№ 63. *Semah*. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Aşk olsun meydan görene,

Yoluna doğru gidene,  
[Afer]in Hakkı hak bilip,  
Hak için gönül güdene.

Sen doğru yürü, doğru bak,  
Doğru gidene zevâl yok.  
Rahmet edip yarlıgar Hak,  
Hak için kulluk edene.

Gönlünü yüksekte indir,  
Ar etme alçağa kondur,  
Aç doyurup susuz kandır,  
İbadet borcun ödene.

Besleme gazap atını,  
Sen çekersin zulmetini,  
Tepele nefsin itini,  
Zarar gelmesin bedene.

Kaf ı nundur külli mekan,  
Emrine ram buldu cihan,  
Razı teslim oldu heman,  
Hem yedirip hem yiyene.

Blessed be the one who has seen the sacred  
place,  
Who follows the right way,  
Praise be to the one who knows what is right  
and Turns his heart towards it.

Go straight, hearken to what is right,  
One that does so will not regret it.  
God will judge the one leniently  
Who serves him humbly.

Don't be pretentious,  
Have nothing to be ashamed of,  
Feed the hungry, give water to the thirsty,  
Follow the religious rules.

Do not harbour anger,  
Its flame will burn you,  
Control your instincts,  
So that your body will not be harmed.

„K” and „n”<sup>69</sup> the universal space,  
Upon your order the world was formed,  
It became submissive and obedient,  
Both the donator and the recipient.

<sup>67</sup> At Mecca it is the utmost aim of pilgrims.

<sup>68</sup> Eyuboğlu considers *Pir Sultan Abdal* as the poet of this poem (Eyuboğlu 1993: 91).

<sup>69</sup> The letters *kaf* and *nun* render the Arabic word “be” which God uttered to create the world.



Muhiddin Abdal aşk olsun,  
Sırrını eller duymasın,  
Yemişin nadan yemesin,  
Hem yedip hem yedirene.

Greetings to Muhiddin Abdal,  
No strangers should hear our secret,<sup>70</sup>  
Your fruit should not be eaten by the ignorant,  
He who eats and he who feeds should be  
praised.

№ 64. *Semah*. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli

[Gel benim sarı tanburam,]  
Sen ne için inilersin?  
İçim oyuk, derdim büyük.  
*Refr.* Ben anın için inirim.

Come my yellow tambura,  
Why are you crying?  
My body is hollow, my trouble is big.  
*Refr.* That's why I am crying.

Koluma taktılar teli,  
Söyletirler binbir dili,  
Oldum ayn-i cem bülbülü. *Refr.*

Strings were stretched on my arm,  
They make me speak in a thousand tongues,  
I became the lark at the ritual. *Refr.*

Koluma taktılar perde,  
Uğrattılar binbir derde,  
Kim konar, kim göçer burda. *Refr.*

They fixed frets on my arm,  
They caused me a thousand troubles.  
Some stay, some go away. *Refr.*

Göğsüme tahta döşerler,  
Durmuyup beni okşarlar,  
Vurdukça bağrım deşerler. *Refr.*

They placed a board on my chest,  
They keep stroking me,  
Their playing destroys me. *Refr.*

Gözlerim sarı kan bağlar/Gel benim sarı  
tanburam,  
Dizler üstünde yatıram,  
Yine kırıldı hatıram. *Refr.*

Tears get into my eyes/Come, my yellow  
tambura  
I lie on knees,  
My memory fails me. *Refr.*

Sarı tanburadır adım,  
Arşa çıkıyor feryadım,  
Hü, Şah Pir Sultanım ustadım. *Refr.*

My name is yellow tambura,  
I let out a cry into heaven,  
Shah Pir Sultan is my master. *Refr.*

№ 65. *Semah*. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Açıldı cennet kapısı,<sup>71</sup>  
Lale gevherdir yapısı.  
Kıldan incedir köprüsü,  
Geçebilirsene gel beri,  
Geçemez isen dön geri.

The gate of paradise is opened wide,  
It was made of tulips and precious stones,  
Its bridge is thinner than human hair,  
Come here if you can go across,  
Turn back if you can't!

<sup>70</sup> *Secret* is a basic concept of the Bektashi. Much talk is forbidden, lest someone should blurt it out.

<sup>71</sup> It is of special interest that the poem starting with *Hakikat bir gizli sırdır* is both known from Hatayi and Pir Sultan Abdal. It consists of six strophes in the former version, and nine strophes in the latter case. Five strophes are almost the same.

Canımız melek canıdır,  
Tenim Süleyman tenidir.  
İçti(ği)miz arslan sütüdür,  
İçebilirsen gel beri,  
İçemez isen dön geri.

Ben hocama kul olmuşam,  
Üstattan öğüt almışam,  
Ben kanadım bağlamışam,  
Çözebilirsen gel beri.

Ben has bahçenin gülüyem,  
Ayn-ı cemin bülbülüymem,  
Kırk kapının kilidiyem,  
Açabilirsen gel beri.

Pir Sultan'ım Hayder heman,  
Dağları bürüdü duman,  
İşte İncil, işte Kur'an,  
Seçebilirsen gel beri,

Okumaz isen dön geri.

Our souls are angelic souls,  
My body is Suleyman's body,  
Our drink is lion's milk,  
Come here if you can drink it,  
Turn back if you can't!

My teacher made me a slave,  
My master gave me advice,  
My wings have been tied,  
If you can free me, come here!

I am the rose of a huge garden,  
The nightingale of the community,  
The key of forty doors,  
If you can open them, come here!

Haydar<sup>72</sup> is almost my Pir Sultan,  
The mountains are wrapped in fog,  
Here is the New Testament, here is the  
Quran,  
Come here if you can choose,  
If you can't read, turn back!

№ 66. *Semah*. Halil Bulut (1919 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu<sup>73</sup>

[Kırk senedir ders okurum,]  
Eliften<sup>58</sup> öte geçemem,  
Ters okurum, düz okurum.  
*Refr.* Eliften öte geçemem.

Arkadaşlar geçti beni,  
Hep(i)sinden kaldım geri,  
Ne etsem gitmem ileri. *Ref.*

Elif derim, be deyəmem,  
Be desem de belleyemem,  
Nasıl akıldır bu bilmem. *Ref.*

[I've been studying for forty years,]  
I can't get further than the alif,  
I read it backwards or forward.  
*Refr.* I can't get further than the alif.

My mates have all got ahead of me,  
I am lagging behind all of them,  
Whatever I try, I can't get further. *Refr.*

I say A but can't say B,  
Even if I say B, I'll forget it,  
What a brain! I can't understand it. *Refr.*

№ 68. *Semah*. Halil Bulut (1919 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu – See № 66.

<sup>72</sup> A surname of the Caliph Ali (Redhouse 1974: 466).

<sup>73</sup> *Elif* being the first letter in Arabic is straight to symbolize the Bektashi's way to God. (Mélakoff 1999: 6).

№ 71. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler

Gönül aşka kandın mı?  
Hiç bilemedim kendimi.  
*Refr.* Aşk ila kardaş olalı,  
Sıdk ile yoldaş olalı.

Görün aşkın verdiği,  
Sor bülbüle dardını,  
Attı ya güle kendini. *Refr.*

Görün aşk beni neyledi,  
Aşkınla gönül çağladı,  
Can bülbülü uyandı. *Refr.*

Dağstanoğlu sözleri,  
Hak cemalini gösterir.  
Hasta da oldum inlerim. *Refr.*

My heart, have you become the slave of love?  
I've had no chance to know myself.  
*Refr.* Let's be brethren in love,  
Let's be fellow travellers with honest hearts.

Look at the gift of love,  
Ask the nightingale about her trouble,  
She has given herself to the rose *Refr.*

Look, what love has done to me,  
Devine love makes my heart throb,  
My soul has wakened a nightingale. *Refr.*

The words of Dagestanoglu  
Show the perfection of God.  
I've become ill, I am wailing. *Refr.*

№ 72. *Semah*. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953), İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Şu dünyanın ötesine,  
Vardım diyen yalan söyler.  
Baştan başa sefasını,  
Sürdüm diyen yalan söyler.

Ark kazarlar argın argın,  
Felek çevirmekte çarkın,  
Bu dünyada mal ve mülküm  
Vardır diyen yalan söyler.

Kuru ağaçta olur gazal,  
Kendi okur kendi yazar,  
Ahdî bütün, hüsni güzel,  
Vardır diyen yalan söyler.

Avcılar avlarlar kazı,  
Hakk'a ederler niyazi.  
Şunda beş vakit namazı,

Kıldım diyen yalan söyler.

Şah Hatayî'm der varılmaz,

Varılırsa da gelinmez,  
Rehbersiz hiç yol bulunmaz,  
Buldum diyen yalan söyler.

"I've surpassed this world"  
Who says so, tells a lie.  
"I've always had a good time from the begin-  
ning",  
He, who says so, tells a lie.

Hunters hunt for wild geese,  
They pray to God,  
"I said prayer five times every day"  
He, who says so, tells a lie.

They dig ditches in despair,  
Fate keeps turning your wheel!  
"In this world I have property, wealth",  
He, who says so, tells a lie.

Even the dry tree may have leaves,  
He reads and writes himself,  
"There are people with only charity in their  
heart"  
He, who says so, tells a lie.

"It is impossible to reach him" my Shah Hatayî  
says,  
Even if we reach him, we cannot return,  
It is impossible to find the way without a leader,  
"I found it" - he, who says so, tells a lie.  
[transl. J. S.]

№ 74. *Nefes*. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Bir gece seyrim içinde <sup>74</sup> Ben dedem Ali'yi gördüm. * Eğildim, niyaz eyledim. <i>Refr.</i> Ben dedem Ali'yi gördüm.	One night on the way, I saw my holy leader, Ali, I bent down and expressed my respect. <i>Refr.</i> I saw my holy leader, Ali.
Üç çerağ yanar şişede, Aslanlar gizli meşede, Yedi iklim dört köşede. <i>Refr.</i>	Three candles are burning in a jar, Lions are hiding in the oak forest, Seven climates from four directions. <i>Refr.</i>
Kamberi durur sağında, Salınır cennet bağında, Ali Musa Tur dağında. <i>Refr.</i>	His Kamber stands on his right, I was sent forward in the garden of Paradise, Ali and Musa on Mount Tabor. <sup>75</sup> <i>Refr.</i>
Cennet kapısında duran, Kilidin mührünü kıran, Yediden kılıcın vuran. <i>Refr.</i>	Standing at the gate of Paradise, Sealing the lock, Drawing a sword seven times. <i>Refr.</i>
Kızıl güller deste, deste, Bergüzar yolladım dostu, Üç dolu mihmandan iste. <i>Refr.</i>	Bunches of red roses, I've sent a present to the brother, Ask the master for three glasses. <i>Refr.</i>
Yüce dağlar coşkun, coşkun, Kul Himmet aşkına düşkün, Cümle meleklerden üstün. <i>Refr.</i>	Huge mountains enthuse, Kul Himmet is devoted to his love, He is above every angel. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 78. *Nefes*. Hasan Hüseyin Aslan (1945 Tatlıpınar), Kırklareli

Geldik türbene, Gül Babam, Güllerini koklamaya, Senin gül yüzlü makamını, Doya-doya koklamaya.	We've come to your tomb, my Gül Baba, To smell your roses, To feel your rosy presence, To take pleasure in your fragrance.
Gül Babamın makamına, Cümle alem gelir ona, Duaları derler ona, Yardım eyle, Gül Babacığım.	To meet my Gül Baba, The whole world comes to him, They offer prayers to him, Help us, my dear Gül Baba!
Hasan Hüseyin zikir eyle, Canların muhabbet iyle. Gül Babamın demiyle, Coştı mest eyledi canlar.	Hasan Husain, praise his name! With the ardour of believers. My Gül Baba's drink Has made the faithful drunk.

<sup>74</sup> The first line is mixed up with that of *Hatayi's Dün gece seyrim içinde* (Arslanoğlu 1992: 519), therefore we find there *bir* 'one' or *dün* 'yesterday' respectively.

<sup>75</sup> The Arabic name of Mount Sinai or Mount Tabor.

№ 84. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Göster cemalin şemini,  
Oda yansın pervaneler.  
Aşık vuslat değil mi  
Şemine karşı yanalar?

Ben meye tövbe etmişim,  
Ağyar elinden içmezem,  
Kudret elinden sun bize,  
Dolu dolu peymaneler.

Pek bağla aşkın zinciri,  
Boşanmasın divaneler,

Cevru cefa çekmek ile  
Şemin seni terkeleymez.  
Mescit ile medreseye,  
İsmarladık zahitlere.

Show me the beauty of your face,  
The butterflies shall smoulder in fire,  
Is it the last meeting for a lover,  
If your fire starts burning within him?

I said no to the drink,  
I don't drink from strange hands,  
With your sacred hand,  
Give us overbrimming goblets.

Chain your lover tightly to yourself,  
So that the drunken will never part.

With torture and suffering,  
Semin would never leave you,  
We offered a mosque and a religious school  
To the Sunni.

№ 85. *Nefes*. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Ey, Fatime, ey, Fatime,  
Kamu sadık ya, Fatime.  
Kapında miskin bekliyor,  
Geçmez boğazdan ya Fatma.

Miskinleri doyuralım,  
Biz aç duralım, ya, Fatma.  
Hasan, Hüseyin bakıştılar,  
Kanlı yaşlar akıttılar.

Biz de yemeyiz dediler,  
Oldum meşakkat ya Fatma.  
Su ile iftar edelim,  
Hem yeyip niyet edelim.

Hırkanda vardır kırk yama,  
Elimden çok çektin Fatma.  
Sana sorarsa Mustafa,  
Etme şikayet ya Fatma.

Ah, Fatma, ah, Fatma,  
Faithful Fatima of all,  
A beggar is waiting in front of your door,  
You can't even swallow a bite, Fatma.

Let's give food to the starving,  
And let us stay hungry, Fatma.  
Hasan and Husain looked at each other,  
They shed bitter tears.

We can't eat either, they said,  
I ran into trouble, oh, Fatma,  
Let's break the fast with water,  
Let's eat and offer sacrifice.

There are forty spots on your cloak,  
You suffered a lot for me, Fatma.  
Should Mustafa ask you,  
Do not complain, Fatma.

№ 86. *Semah*. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Canım kurban olsun senin yoluna.  
*Refr.* Adı güzel, kendi güzel Muhammed Hü  
 Dost.  
 Hak nasib eylesin senin yoluna. *Refr.*

Sen Hak peygambersin, şek yok şüphesiz,  
*Refr.* 2. Sana inanmayan dinsiz imansız Hü  
 Dost.  
 Derviş Yunus neyle dünyayı sensiz? *Refr.*

Let my soul be a sacrifice on your way.  
*Refr.* Your name is nice, you are nice yourself,  
 Muhammad!  
 May God help me to find your way. *Refr.*

Your are a true prophet without doubt.  
*Refr.* 2. He who does not believe in you is faith-  
 less.  
 What can Yunus do in this world without you?  
*Refr.*

№ 87. *Semah*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Canım kurban olsun, senin yoluna.  
*Refr.* Adı güzel, kendi güzel Muhammed,  
 Hak nasib eylesin senin yoluna *Refr.*

Çoktur dervişlerin cevri-ü cefası,  
 Cennettir onların zevki, sefası,  
 Onsekizbin alemin bir Mustafası *Refr.*  
 Sen hak peygambersin şek yok şüphesiz  
 Sana inanmayan dinsiz imansız  
 Derviş Yunus neyle dünyayı sensiz. *Refr.*

Let my soul be a sacrifice on your way.  
*Refr.* Nice-named, beautiful Muhammad.  
 I wish I had the privilege to follow your way.  
*Refr.*

Dervishes suffer from agony and pain,  
 Heaven is their joy and pleasure,  
 Mustafa of eighteen thousand worlds. *Refr.*  
 You are the true prophet without doubt,  
 He, who does not believe in you is faithless,  
 Dervish Yunus, what can he do in the world  
 without you. *Refr.*

№ 94. *Semah*. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953), İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Alçak çöktümüz bari,  
 Dibinde yeşil hali.  
 Ya Muhammed, ya Ali,  
 Sen göster bize bu yolu.

Bu yol da erenlerindir,  
 Doğruca gelenlerindir.  
 Bu yola erilirsem az,  
 Hem semah dönenlerindir.

Pir Sultanım der özümde,  
 Şah Sultanım der özümde,  
 Varmıdır noksan özümde?

Eksiklik kendi özümde,  
 Noksanlık kendi özümde,  
 Meydana dönmeye geldim,  
 Darına durmaya geldim.

We fell on our knees on the ground,  
 Under us a green carpet,  
 Muhammad and Ali,  
 Show us the way!

This way is the way of saints,  
 The way of the true-hearted,  
 It's not enough to set out on the road,  
 The way of those who turn the sema<sup>76</sup>, too.

My Pir Sultan asks, is there anything,  
 My Shah Sultan asks, is there anything,  
 Anything you can say against me?

I am lacking in many things,  
 There are defects in my character,  
 I have come to this holy place to turn,  
 I have come here to speak my mind.

<sup>76</sup> A whirling dance performed during a Mevlevi service (Redhouse 1974: 997).

№ 95. *Nefes*. İshet Işık (1963) – Hüseyin Çakır (1962), Kırklareli – See № 293

№ 109. *Nevruziye*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 111

№ 110. *Nevruziye*. Veli Yılmaz (1928 Tekirdağ), Kılavuzlu – See № 111

№ 111. *Nevruziye*. Hanife Konbal (1947), Çeşmekolu

Hey, gönül bülbülleri. <i>Refr.</i> Mihmanlar hoş geldiniz, Kardaşlar hoş geldiniz. Hakk'ı zikreden dilleri. <i>Refr.</i>	Oh, the nightingales of the heart. <i>Refr.</i> Guests, you are welcome! Brethren, you are welcome! Their tongues repeat God's name. <i>Refr.</i>
Şen olsun ocağımız, Sürülsün devranımız, Ey, bizim sultanımız. <i>Refr.</i>	May our homes be happy, Let us live in plenty! <i>Refr.</i> Ah, our Sultan. <i>Refr.</i>
Aşk pazarına gelen, Sırr-ı hakikat bilen, Derya-yı umman olan. <i>Refr.</i>	Arriving at the fair of love, Knowing the secret of God's justice, Being the sea of the ocean. <i>Refr.</i>
Aşıklar serden geçer, Sırat'ı burdan geçer, Sakiye kevser içer. <i>Refr.</i>	The lovers of God lose their heads, They cross the river Sirat, Drinking a heavenly drink with the dispenser of drinks. <i>Refr.</i>
Aşık oldum erenler, Aşk halinden bilenler, Dost cemalını görenler. <i>Refr.</i>	I've fallen in love, holy people, You know what divine love is. You, who have seen God's face. <i>Refr.</i>
Gelin be hey gaziler, Yazıldı nurdan yazılar, Dizildi koç kuzular. <i>Refr.</i>	Just come, you triumphant, Message written from light, The flock has lined up. <i>Refr.</i>
Pir Sultan'ım aşıklar, Budur kalbi sadıklar, Uyumaz uyanıklar. <i>Refr.</i>	My Pir Sultan, the lovers, They are the true-hearted, The ones awake will never fall asleep. <i>Refr.</i>
Pir Sultan'ım hey gaziler, Yazıldı nurdan yazılar, Dizildi analıca <sup>77</sup> kuzular. <i>Refr.</i>	My Pir Sultan, ah, holy martyrs, The scriptures were written from light, The lambs have lined up happily. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 112. *Nevruziye*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 111

<sup>77</sup> *Analı*: 'the one who has a mother = happy' a Turkish denominative word formatting suffix (+cA) with added to it.

№ 136. *Nefes*. zakir of an Alevi congregation, Istanbul

Haktan bize name geldi,  
Pir'im sana beyan olsun,  
Şahtan bize eli geldi,  
Mürşüdüme haber olsun.

Kime okum kime yazam,  
Körolası alem bilmem,  
Mevlam ... tarih yılda  
Rahber sana ayan olsun.

Hak kuluna kıldı nazar,  
Gerçek olan irfan düzer,  
Zağal gelir cemi bozar,  
Gözcü sana haber olsun.

We've received word from God,  
Be it revelation for you, my dear,  
The Shah has given us his hand,  
My master should hear about it.

For whom shall I read or write it?  
I don't know this wretched world,  
In God's .... historic year  
My guide, you should know of this!

God cast an evil eye on his servant,  
He who's true will have knowledge,  
The evil comes and upsets the community,  
Sentry, you should know about this!

№ 138. *Kırklar semahı*. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953) and İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Bir nefescik söyleyeyim,  
Dinlemezsen neyleyeyim?  
Aşk deryasın boylayayım  
Meydana dönmeye geldim.

Ben Hak ile oldum aşna,  
Kalmadı gönlümde nesne,  
Pervaneyim ateşine,  
Meydana/oduna dönmeye geldim.

Aşk harmanında savruldu,  
Hem elendim hem yüğüldüm,  
Kazana girdim kavruğum,  
Meydana dönmeye/yenmeye geldim.

Pir Sultan'ım yer yüzünde,  
Şah Sultan'ım yer yüzünde,  
Kalmadı noksan sözümde,  
Eksiklik kendi özümde.

Meydana dönmeye geldim,  
Darına durmaya geldim,  
Ummama dalmaya geldim,  
Aşk Ali'm.

Let me sing a little nefes,<sup>78</sup>  
What shall I do if you don't listen to it?  
To swim across the sea of love,  
I have come to the sacred place to whirl.

I fell into God's love,  
That's all I have left in my heart,  
I am a nocturnal moth that hovers round a  
flame,  
I've come to the sacred place to whirl.

I was scattered when love was harvested,  
I was sieved and kneaded,  
I got burnt in a cauldron,  
I've come to the sacred square to whirl/to win.

My Pir Sultan on the face of the earth,  
My Shah Sultan on the face of the earth,  
There are no faults left in my words,  
No deficiency in my character.

I've come to the sacred place to whirl,  
I intend to enter through your gate,  
I've come to sink into the ocean,  
My beloved Ali.

<sup>78</sup> The word means 'sacred hymn' among the Bektashis.



№ 139. *Kırklar semahı*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Aynayı tuttum yüzüme, Ali göründü gözüme. Nazar kıldım ben özüme, Ali/Şah'im göründü gözüme.	I held a mirror in front of my face, <sup>79</sup> And caught sight of Ali, I glanced at myself, My eyes saw Ali/my Shah.
Hilmi gedayı bir kemter, Görür gözüm dilim söyler, Her nereye kılsam nazar, Ali/Şah'im göründü gözüme.	I am poor miserable Hilmi, I make mention of what I notice, Whatever I glance at, I catch sight of Ali.

№ 140. *Kırklar semahı*. Bektashi concert, Istanbul

Aynayı tuttum yüzüme, Ali göründü gözüme. Nazar eyledim ben özüme, Ali/Şahım göründü gözüme. <i>Refr.</i> Alim Alim Alim Şahım.	I held a mirror in front of my face, I caught sight of Ali, I glanced at myself, I caught sight of Ali/my Shah. <i>Refr.</i> My Ali, my Ali, my Ali, my Shah.
Ali evvel, Ali ahır, Ali batın, Ali zahır, Ali tayyıp, Ali tahır, Ali göründü gözüme.	Ali's the beginning, Ali's the end, Ali's the essence, Ali's the surface, Ali's good, Ali's clean, I caught sight of Ali.
Adem baba Havva ile, Hem alemelesma ile, Çarkı felek sema ile, Ali göründü gözüme. <i>Refr.</i>	Father Adam with Eve, The universe with God, The wheel of fortune with the sky, I caught sight of Ali. <i>Refr.</i>
Ali candır, Ali canan, Ali dindir, Ali iman, Ali Rahim, Ali Rahman, Ali göründü gözüme.	Ali's the spirit, Ali's the beloved, Ali is religion, Ali is the imam, Ali's gracious, Ali's merciful, I caught sight of Ali.

<sup>79</sup> I. Mélikoff (1998: 249) published a poem similar to the one written by the 19<sup>th</sup> century poet *Hilmi Baba*. The first and last stanza of this poem is translated by her as follows: Tuttum aynayı yüzüme / Ali göründü gözüme / Nazar eyledim özüme / Ali göründü gözüme / Hu Ali'm hu, Hu Şah'im hu... // Hilmi gedayı bir kemter / Görür gözüm dilim söyler / Her nereye kılsam nazar / Ali göründü gözüme / Hu Ali'm hu, Hu Şah'im hu... (J'ai tenu un miroir devant mon visage: / Ali est apparu à mes yeux. / Je me suis regardé moi-même, / Ali est apparu à mes yeux. / Hu, mon Ali, hu, Hu, mon Chah, hu! // Je suis Hilmi, humble et mendiant, / Mon oeil le voit, ma langue le dit, / Partout ou je regarde: / Ali apparait à mes yeux. / Hu, mon Ali, hu, Hu, mon Chah, hu!)

№ 144. *Nefes*. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Gönül verdim, sevdim seni.  
*Refr.* Aman mürvet dergahına,  
 Ya Muhammed dergahına.

Dergahına giden yollar,  
 Seni tespit/teşvik eden diller,  
 Ah sevdiğim konca güller. *Refr.*

Dergahımdan kesmemelim,  
 Kiblemden çevirmem yönüm,  
 Benim Ali'm sana malum. *Refr.*

Kul Hüseyinin zatın ilen,  
 Buldum Muammetin ilen,  
 Geldim günah yüküm ilen,  
 Amman mürvet dergahından.

I fell in love with you, I got to like you.  
*Refr.* Ah, blessed be your dervish convent!  
 Oh, the convent of Muhammad.

The ways to your dervish convent,  
 Tongues that connect you to God,  
 Oh, beloved rosebuds. *Refr.*

Do not tear me away from my dervish convent,  
 I do not turn away from my Kible,  
 My Ali, you know this. *Refr.*

With the person of Kul Husain,  
 I've found him with Muhammad,  
 I've come under the burden of my sin,  
 Ah, blessed be your convent!

№ 145. *Kırklar semahı, Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu*<sup>80</sup>

Eşrefoğlu al haberi,  
 Bahçe biziz, gül bizdedir,  
 \*Biz de Mevlâ'nın kuluyuz,  
 Yetmiş iki dil bizdedir.

Erlik midir eri yormak,  
 Irak yoldan haber sormak?  
 Cennetteki on iki ırmak,  
 Coşkun akan sel bizdedir.

Adam vardır cismi semiz,  
 Abdest alır olmaz temiz.  
 Hakk'ı dahleylemek nemiz,  
 Bilcümle vebal bizdedir.

Arı vardır uçar gider,  
 Teni tenden seçer gider,  
 Can bizden kaçıp gider,  
 Arı biziz bal bizdedir.

Kimi sofı kimi hacı,  
 Cümlemiz O'na duacı,  
 Resuli Ekrem'in tacı,  
 Aba hırka şal bizdedir.

Eshrefoglu, hear the news,  
 We're the garden, the rose is inside us,  
 We are God's servants, too,  
 We speak seventy-two languages.

Is it manly to tire a man?  
 To inquire about news from a distant place,  
 The twelve<sup>80</sup> rivers of Paradise,  
 The stream of zeal is pouring inside us.

There are fat men,  
 Who wash but do not get clean,  
 How could we admit God into ourselves,  
 All the sins are inside us.

A bee's flying here and there,  
 Picking and then flying on,  
 It steals our souls away,  
 We're the bee, the honey is inside us.

Some are saints, some are pilgrims,  
 We all pray for Him.  
 The crown of the most sublime apostle,  
 Cloaks, waistcoats, scarves are on us.

<sup>80</sup> There are twelve rivers in Paradise here while there are sixteen elsewhere (Yaltrık 2003: 170).

Biz erenler gerçeğiyiz,  
Has bahçenin gülleriyiz/çiçeğiyiz,  
Hacı Bektaş köçeğiyiz,  
Edep erkan yol bizdedir.

Hü, kuldur Hasan Dedem kuldur,  
Manayı söyleten dildir,  
Elif<sup>81</sup> Hak'la doğru yoldur,  
Cim<sup>82</sup> ararsan Dal<sup>83</sup> bizdedir.

We are real saints,  
The roses/flowers from the Sultan's garden,  
The dancers of Haji Bektash,  
Virtue, morals, the way are inside us.

Servant Hasan Dede,<sup>84</sup> servant,  
The tongue makes us speak sense,  
Elif<sup>85</sup> is the way to God,  
If you're looking for Jim,<sup>86</sup> we've got the dal.<sup>87</sup>

№ 154. *Nefes*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Ey, erenler bezmimize,  
Gel, dediniz, geldik işte.  
Tatlı canını sen bize  
Ver, dediniz, verdik işte.

Dinle öten bülbülleri,  
Kokla lale sümbülleri.  
\*Bahçenizdeki gülleri  
Der, dediniz, derdik işte.

Kaldım bir aba bir hırka  
Onu da soyundum Hak'a.  
Sen vücudunu çarımha  
Ger, dediniz, gerdik işte.

Yeter çekticeğim azap reç,  
Artık maceralardan geç,  
İçimizden bir güzel seç,  
Seç, dediniz, seçtik işte.

Ayr dolunu, boşunu,  
Vahit iyi bil dostunu,  
Dergahınıza postunu  
Ser, dediniz, serdim işte.

Oh, enlightened holy men,  
You invited us to your feast, here we are.  
Give us your sweet souls,  
You said, and we've done so!

Listen to the nightingale's song,  
Inhale the fragrance of flowers!  
Collect the garden flowers in bunches,  
You said, and we've done so!

All I had on was a cloak and a waistcoat,  
I took them off in front of God,  
Crucify yourself,  
You said, and we've done so.

Let it be enough of suffering,  
You've had too many adventures,  
Choose a beautiful one from among us,  
You said, and we've done so.

Separate the full from the empty,  
Vahit, know your friend well,  
Lay your hide down in our convent,  
You said, and I've done so.

<sup>81</sup> The name of the first letter of the Arabic alphabet; it has the numerical value of one. (Redhouse 1974: 336).

<sup>82</sup> „This letter is the fifth letter of the Arabic alphabet, it has the numerical value of three” (Redhouse 1974: 230). It is to symbolize the beauty of God.

<sup>83</sup> „This letter is the 8th letter of the Arabic alphabet. In chronograms it has the numerical value of 4” (Redhouse 1974: 269). Together with the previous letter they add up to seven which is a mystic number again indicating the number of lines of the face.

<sup>84</sup> *Dede* is the sheikh of a mystic order.

<sup>85</sup> See footnote 80.

<sup>86</sup> The fifth letter of the Arabic alphabet; it has the numerical value of 3.

<sup>87</sup> The eighth letter of the Arabic alphabet; it has the numerical value of 4.

№ 155. *Nefes*. Bektaş Erol (1920), Çeşmekolu<sup>88</sup>

Uyur idik, uyardılar,<sup>88</sup>  
Yediye saydılar bizi.  
Koyun olduk, ses anladık,  
Sürüye saydılar bizi.

Sürüldük, kasaba gittik,  
Kanarayı meskan tuttuk.  
Didar defterine geçtik,  
İnsana saydılar bizi.

Halimizi hal eyledik,  
Yolumuzu yol eyledik,  
Her çiçekten bal eyledik,  
Arıya saydılar bizi.

Hak divanına dizildik,  
Pir defterine yazıldık,  
Bal olduk, şerbet ezildik,  
Doluya saydılar bizi.

Pir Sultan'ım Haydar şu anda  
Çok keramet var insanda.  
O cihanda, bu cihanda,  
Ali'ye saydılar bizi.

We were asleep, then woken up,  
We were counted seven,  
We were sheep, and understood each other,  
We were regarded as a flock.

We were driven to the butcher,  
We settled in the slaughterhouse,  
We were registered in His book,  
We were regarded as men.

We turned our life into existence,  
We turned our way into the way,  
We took honey from every flower,  
We were regarded as bees.

Lining up in front of God,  
Being registered in his holy book,  
We turned into honey, sweet fruit drink,  
We were regarded as a drink.

My Pir Sultan, Haydar, in this minute  
There is a lot of piety in man,  
In the hereafter, in this world  
We were regarded as Ali.

№ 156. *Selman nefesi*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Gelin, kardaş yolumuza  
Giremezsin, demedim mi?  
Bizim gizli sırrımıza  
Eremezsin, demedim mi?

Bu sırrı her kişi bilmez,  
Bilenler de haber vermez.  
Bu sırrı gayrı göz görmez,  
Göremezsin, demedim mi?

Evvel bir mürşüde ulaş,  
Akıt gözünden kanlı yaş.  
Yezit'ten kaç behey kardaş,  
Kaçamazsın demedim mi?

Follow, brother, our way,  
Haven't I told you you can't succeed,  
Haven't I told you you will never  
Approach our hidden secret?

Anyone can't know this secret,  
He who knows it will never say it,  
A false eye can't see the secret,  
Haven't I told you you can't see it?

First you must find a guiding master,  
Shed bitter tears from your eyes,  
Escape, brother, from the mean,  
Haven't I told you you can't escape?

<sup>88</sup> This poem is also published by the ardent researcher of Bektashis, I. Mélikoff (1998: 232) with minor differences.

Erenlerden bul bir name,  
Gezersen şah ile semah,  
Gel, oy, on iki imama  
Uyamazsın, demedim mi?

Üçler yediler erkani,  
Billehle sürer devrani.  
Kırklar deminde kurbanı  
Kesemezsin, demedim mi?

Ali ismi Allah, derler,  
Yüzüne secde ederler,  
Taş yerine baş koyarlar,  
Koyamazsın demedim mi?

Bosnevi ta ezelisten,  
Himmat almış ol veliden,  
Okur ilmiyi nurundan,  
Duyamazsın demedim mi?

Find the message of the saint,  
When you turn sema with the shah,  
Come, to the twelve imams  
You can't fit yourself, haven't I told you?

The order of the three,<sup>89</sup> the seven,  
Live happily with God,  
In the drink of the Forty, haven't I told you,  
You can't slaughter a sacrificial lamb?

They say Ali's name is God,  
They fall on their knees before him,  
They lay head in the place of stone,  
Haven't I told you you can't do this?

Bosnevi from the very beginning,  
Enchanted by that saint,  
Gains his knowledge from the light,  
Haven't I told you you can't hear it?

№ 157. *Nefes*. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliagaç), Kırklareli<sup>90</sup>

İlk evvele şu dünyaya  
Yeşil giyip gelen kimdir?  
Mağrup'ta atılan topu  
Maşrik'ta çelen kimdir?

Vardı da dayandı benge,  
Ali'm biner gider cenge.  
Ak devenin pürsanini  
Bilirmisin geden kimdir?

Yiğit yaran yaranlığa,  
Bayguş öter viranlığa,  
Olam zayı karanlığa,  
Onsekiz yıl salan kimdir?

Erenler Allah evinde,  
Acılar Arafat dağında,  
Erenlerin nazarını,  
Seyreledim pazarını,  
Ve resulun mezarını,  
Bilir misin kazan kimdir?

Pir Sultan'ım gül Ali'nin,  
Bu dünya olur velinin,  
En sonunda Azrail'in,  
Kendi canın alan kimdir?

Who arrived first in this world  
In a green garment?  
Who fired the cannonball in Marik  
Hit in Masrik?

It flew and hit the immortal,  
My Ali gets on a horse and goes to battle,  
You who inquire about a white camel,  
Do you know who has gone away?

A young lad's flattering his lover,  
An owl's screaming over a ruin,  
Let me disappear in the dark,  
Who has shadowed my eighteen years?

Saints in the house of God,  
Sufferings on Mount Arafat,<sup>90</sup>  
Glances of saints,  
I looked at its sale,  
Who could have dug the grave of the  
Prophet, don't you know?

My Pir Sultan, the rose belongs to Ali,  
This world belongs to the saint,  
At the very end to Azrail,  
Who will take your soul away?

<sup>89</sup> Three, seven, nine, twelve, forty, etc. are magic numbers. In more details see: Csáki, É. (2001: 201).

<sup>90</sup> *Arafat* is a hill near Mecca known as a place of pilgrimage (Redhouse 1974: 68).

№ 158. *Nevruziye*. Fatma Üzer (1947 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Evvel baştan bu dünyaya,  
Tanrının arslanı geldi.  
Yüzünü döndürmez yüz bin erden,

Erenler kuşağına dolu geldi.

Ali gazilerin başı,  
Hızır Bey'dir yoldaşı.  
Ali'm analı bir kişi,  
Sultan Seyit Gazi geldi.

Yusufu kuy[u]ya attılar,  
Hem attılar hem sattılar,  
Kurtlara bühitan ettiler,  
Mısır'ın sultanı geldi.

Halil Kabe'yi yapınca,  
İslam dinine tapınca,  
Gökten Muhammed kopunca,  
Nur aleme dolu geldi.

Hak yolundan oldum hasta,  
Var derdine derman iste.  
Dahi küçük nevesteye gel,  
İsmail'a Kurban geldi.

Pir Sultan'ım ah ne bilmez,  
Ab-ı hayat (h)içen ölmez,  
Kafir müslümanı yenmez,  
Erenlerden basıla geldi.

It was God's lion that  
Came to this world first.  
He doesn't turn his face away from hundreds of  
thousands,  
Divine drink has arrived for the saints.

Ali's the leader of the winners,  
A fellow fighter of Prophet Hızır,  
Ali is a happy man,  
Sultan Seyid Gazi has also come.

Joseph was thrown into a well,  
He was cast in and betrayed,  
They said wolves had done it,  
The Sultan of Egypt had gone there.

Halil had built the Kaaba,  
When they converted to Islam,  
When Muhammad descended from Heaven,  
The world was filled with light.

I fell in love with God's way,  
There's balm for your ill, just ask for it,  
Come here at the slightest beckoning,  
A sacrifice has descended to Ishmail.

My Pir Sultan, does he know it?  
He who drinks the water of life will never die,  
An infidel will never defeat a Muslim,  
It has come in print from saints.

№ 159. *Nefes*. Emine Engin (1955), Devletliğaç

Gece gündüz arıyorum,  
Uçan kuştan soruyorum,  
Aşkın iylen ateş oldum,  
Su ver, Leylam, yanıyorum.

Day and night I try to find her,  
I am asking a flying bird,  
Your love has set me on fire,  
Give me water, my Leyla, I'm burning.

№ 163. *Nefes*. Firdevs Tiriyaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Yine yaz ayları geldi,  
Hasretin bağırimi deldi.  
Garip bülbül sana noldu,  
Söyle canım bülbül söyle.

Güller yatağında hal var,  
Var bülbül Hüda'ya yalvar,  
Seher vaktinde bir hal var,  
Söyle canım bülbül söyle.

Tomrucak güle konarsın,  
Alemin bağırın delersin,  
Seher vaktinde ötersin,  
Söyle canım bülbül söyle.

Nice karlı dağlar aşım,  
Nice deryaları geçtim,  
Hü, Yunus'un derdini deştim,  
Söyle canım, bülbül söyle.

Summer's here again!  
My heart is full of desire,  
Sad nightingale, what's with you?  
Speak, my dear nightingale, speak!

They fell into a trance in a rose bed,  
Go nightingale, complain to the Lord,  
In ecstasy at dawn, too,  
Speak, my dear nightingale, speak!

You alight on rosebuds,  
You torment the heart of the world,  
You sing at dawn,  
Speak, my dear nightingale, speak!

I've crossed snow-covered mountains,  
I left several seas behind,  
I've opened up Yunus' trouble,  
Speak, my dear nightingale, speak!

№ 167. *Kırklar semahı*. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliagaç), Kırklareli

Çekilip kırklara vardım,  
Niye geldin can dediler.  
Baş eğdim, niyaz eyledim,  
Geç, otur meydan dediler.  
*Refr.* Can dediler, can dediler,  
Gel işte meydan dediler.  
Huzurunda durdum dara,  
Yardım et kırklar yediler.

Kırklar iylen yedik, içtik,  
Kaynayıp sohbete coştuk,  
Kazanda kaynayıp piştik,  
Daha çışsin yan dediler. *Refr.*

Kırklar meydanı ganidir,  
Görenin kalbini eritir,  
Küllü şekillerden biridir,  
Nerelisin can dediler. *Refr.*

Pir Sultan'ım ganim katlı,  
Selini selime kattım,  
Doksan yıldır ölü yattı,  
Sen ölmezsin can dediler. *Refr.*

I withdrew and went to the Forty,  
Why did you come here, soul, they asked.  
I bent my head and kneeled down for praying,  
Go and take a seat, they said.  
*Refr.* Soul, they said, soul, they said,  
Come, here's the holy place, they said.  
I confess my sins in your presence,  
Help me, Forty, Seven.

We ate and drank with the Forty,  
We started talking and made friends,  
We were cooked in the cauldron,  
You're still raw just keep boiling, they said. *Refr.*

The holy place of the Forty is spacious,  
It's a heart-warming sight.  
One of the figures of all kinds,  
Where are you from, they asked. *Refr.*

I am Pir Sultan, my Almighty,  
Our souls united into one stream,  
Lay dead for ninety years,  
You will never die, soul, they said. *Refr.*

N° 168. *Kırklar semahi*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliagaç – See N° 167

N° 177. *Nefes*. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Bismi/İsmi Haydar dillerinde,  
Bülbül öter güllerinde.  
\*Tiğ-i bend bağlı bellerinde,  
Hacı Bektaş yollarında.

Ali sermenzili uzak,  
Cümlemiz zatına müştak.  
Canı başı vermek mutlak/gerek.  
*Refr.* Hacı Bektaş yollarında.  
Balım Sultan çöllerinde.

Cümlemiz demişiz beli.  
Dersimiz dersiyen celi,  
Tiğ-i bend bağlı bellerinde. *Refr.*

Darın hummanı astılar,  
Kollarımızı kastılar,  
Elimi belimi bastılar. *Refr.*

Sakayım hamrını taktık,  
Gayri revzu dinden attık,  
Cihanı bir pula sattık. *Refr.*

Dost yüzünü gördüm bugün,  
Gülistana girdim bugün,  
Maksuduma erdim bugün. *Refr.*

Cihanın varından geçtik,  
Hakk cemalın görüp çoştuk,  
Varlığında özümüzü seçtik. *Refr.*

Çıntar iki dostu buldum,  
Derya gibi çoştum taştım,  
Ol gevhere malik oldum. *Refr.*

Cehaletten olduk azad,  
Gönlümüz eyledik bünyad,  
Didari hey aldık murat. *Refr.*

He was called Haydar,<sup>91</sup>  
A nightingale's singing on the rose tree,  
Woolen belts<sup>92</sup> round their waists,  
On the ways of Hadji Bektash.

Ali is the final resort far away,  
We all long to be with him,  
We sacrifice our bodies and souls.  
*Refr.* On the ways of Haji Bektash,  
In the deserts of Balim Sultan.

We've all said yes,  
We've learnt every lesson,  
Woolen belts are round their waists. *Refr.*

Your gallows was set up,  
Our arms were extended,  
My hands and arms were broken. *Refr.*

I'm the dispenser of drinks,  
We've excluded all indecency from religion,  
We've disregarded the world entirely. *Refr.*

I've seen a friendly face today,  
I've entered a rose garden today,  
I've achieved my goal today. *Refr.*

We've given up all earthly goods,  
Seeing God's face has inflamed us,  
We've chosen ourselves for his existence. *Refr.*

I've found two friends in a pair,  
My enthusiasm flooded out like a sea,  
I've become the king of a precious stone. *Refr.*

We've got rid of ignorance,  
Taking our hearts as basis,  
Our goal is the encounter. *Refr.*

<sup>91</sup> See footnote 62 above.

<sup>92</sup> This very special woollen belt (*kement, tiğbend*) is bound on the waist of the person to be initiated into a dervish order. To have a belt bound to one's waist is a very highly honoured thing as had been reported in earliest Chinese sources (Ligeti 1940). The original meaning of the word *tigbend* in Persian was 'sword belt' (Redhouse 1974: 1177).



№ 185. *Semah*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Bir anabacıyan <sup>93</sup> da Hü, bir Müslüm bacı	The leader of the community, his wife and a muslim woman
Kalksın, semah eylesin istekli canlar, hey, canlar	Should stand up, all who feel like it should turn semah,
Semah eylesinler de Hü, niyaz eylesin,	Should turn semah and pray,
Kaldır, indir kollarını, kollarını.	Raise and lower your arm, your arms.

№ 187. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Şu benim divane gönlüm, Yine habdan haba düştü. Mah cemalın şulesinden, Dalgalandı göle düştü. <i>Refr.</i> Ya ben nidem şahım nidem, Yaralıyım kime gidem?	My foolish heart Fell from one dream into another. The shine on your face made The moon frolic and it fell into a lake. <i>Refr.</i> What shall I do, my Shah, Whom shall I go to with my wound?
Kiminin meskamı külhan, Kimi derviş kimi sultan, Kimi öz yarine mihman, Benim şahım cüda düştü. <i>Refr.</i>	Some live in dusty villages, Some are dervishes, others are sultans, Some lead their sweethearts, My shah is far way. <i>Refr.</i>
Kimi atlas libas giyer, Kimi halinden bahseder, Ya benim çektiğim sitekler, Bana Haktan caba gider. <i>Refr.</i>	Some wear satin clothes, Some talk about themselves, I've suffered, too, insults galore Were sent to me by God. <i>Refr.</i>
Kimi aşka vermiş değer, Kimi boynunu eğer, Kimi atlas libas giyer Şükür bize aba düştü. <i>Refr.</i>	Some laud their lovers, Some bend down their heads. Some wear satin clothes, Thank God we've got broadcloth. <i>Refr.</i>
Kul Yusuf'undur bu demler, Gözümden akıyor nemler, Benim çektiğim sitekler, Dostan bize caba düştü. <i>Refr.</i>	This drink belongs to servant Yusuf, Tears start flowing from my eyes, I've suffered, too, insults galore Were sent to me by God. <i>Refr.</i>

<sup>93</sup> *Anabacı* is the 'wife of the leader of the highest rank present'.

№ 189. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli

[Gel kardeş yola gir]elim,  
Kalbimizi eridelim/arıtalım,  
\*Çıkıp meydana, dönelim,  
Mürşide/Hüseyin'e kurban olalım.

Aşkın yoluna erelim,  
Fani dünyadan geçelim.  
Birlikte yoldaş olalım,  
Hüseyin'e kurban olalım.

Gönlümüzü saf edelim,  
Onun yoluna gidelim,  
Birlikte yoldaş olalım,  
Hüseyin'e kurban olalım.

Mustafa Türabı kemter,  
Abu kevserden içelim,  
Özümüzü/Gönlümüzü saf edelim,  
Hüseyin'e kurban olalım,  
Hüseyin'e kurban verelim.

Come brother, let's take the right way,  
Let's purge our hearts,  
Let's stand in the holy place and whirl,  
Let's worship our religious master/ Husain!

Let's take the way of love,  
Let's leave this perishable world!  
Let's become fellow travellers,  
Let's worship Husain!

Let's purge our hearts,  
Let's take his way,  
Let's be fellow travellers,  
Let's worship Husain!

Mustafa Turabi is a humble servant,  
Let's drink from the heavenly wine,  
Let's purify ourselves/our hearts,  
Let's worship Husain,  
Let's make a sacrifice for him.

№ 190. *Nefes*. Hamdiye Ay (1933 Kılavuzlu), Kırklareli

Gülü bağlar deste deste,  
Bağlar da gönderir dosta.

He's making bouquets of roses,  
Ties them and sends them to the friend [God].

№ 192. *Semah*. Bektashi congregation, Zeytinburnu

Güzel aşık cevrimizi  
Çekemezsin, demedim mi?  
Bu bir rıza lokmasıdır,  
Yiyemezsin, demedim mi?  
*Refr.* Demedim mi, ah demedim mi,  
Yiyemezsin, demedim mi.  
(Gönül sana söylemedim mi?)

Yemeyenler kalır naçar,  
Gözlerinden kanlar saçar,  
Bu bir demdir, gelir geçer,

Duyamazsın demedim mi? *Refr.*

Beautiful lover, you can't bear  
Our burdens, haven't I told you?  
This is a divine morsel,  
You can't swallow it, haven't I told you?  
*Refr.* Haven't I told you, haven't I told you,  
You can't swallow it, haven't I told you?  
(Sweetheart, haven't I told you?)

Those who don't take it can't be saved,  
They shed tears from their eyes,  
This is a single moment, it comes and flies  
away,

You can't even hear it, haven't I told you?

*Refr.*

Pir Sultan Abdal Şahımız,  
Hakk'a ulaşır rahımız,  
On iki imam katarımız,  
Uyamazsın demedim mi? *Refr.*

Bu dervişlik bir dilektir,  
Bilene büyük devlettir,  
Yensiz yakasız gömlektir,<sup>94</sup>  
Giyemezsin demedim mi?

Çıkalım meydan yerine,  
Erelim Ali sırrına,  
Can-ü başı Hak yoluna  
Koyamazsın demedim mi?

Aşıklar harabat olur,  
Hak yanında kıymetli olur  
Muhabbet baldan tatlı olur  
Doyamazsın demedim mi?

Pir Sultan Abdal is our shah,  
Our prayer reaches God,  
Our host is twelve imams,<sup>95</sup>  
You can't join, haven't I told you? *Refr.*

Being a dervish is a desire,  
He who knows it has great happiness,  
You can't put on the collarless sleeveless  
shirt,  
Haven't I told you?

Let's go to the holy place,  
Let's grow up to Ali's secret,  
You can't put your heart and soul  
On God's way, haven't I told you?

God's lovers become drunk,  
They gain value along God's way,  
Their community is sweeter than honey,  
You can't have enough of it, haven't I told  
you?

№ 193. *Nefes*. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Ey, Fatime, ey, Fatime,  
Kanım şahadet Fatime, Allah,  
Kanım şahadet Fatime.

Kapında miskin bekliyor,  
Geçmez boğazdan Fatime, Allah,  
Geçmez boğazdan Fatime.

Miskinleri doyuralım,  
Biz aç duralım ya Ali, Allah.  
Hasan Hüseyin bakiştılar,  
Gözlerinden yaş akıttılar, Allah.

Biz de yemeyiz dediler,  
Oldun maşukat Fatima, Allah,  
Su iyle iftar edelim,  
Hem yeyip niyet edelim.

Yağlı tohum yedirmedim,  
Güzel libas giydirmedim, Allah,  
Sana hürmet edemedim,  
Etme şikayet Fatime, Allah.

Ey, Fatime, ey, Fatma,  
My kin, the martyr of religion, Fatma, Allah,  
My kin, the martyr of religion, Fatima.

A beggar's waiting at your door,  
It must be talked about, Allah,  
It must be talked about.

Let's give enough food to the hungry,  
Let us stay hungry, instead, Ali, Allah.  
Hasan, Husain looked at each other,  
They shed tears from their eyes, Allah.

We can't eat either, they said,  
You've become blessed, Fatma, Allah,  
Let's break the fast with water,  
Whilst drinking it let's wish something.

I didn't feed you on oil seeds,  
I didn't dress you in fine clothes, Allah,  
I didn't respect you enough,  
Don't be angry with me Fatma, Allah.

<sup>94</sup> This garment is in fact the shroud.

<sup>95</sup> An *imam* is a 'religious leader, superior'.

Dünya ile ukba bizim,  
Kan ağlasın iki gözün, Allah,  
Bayıldı o iki kuzum,  
Bunlar emanet Fatıma, Allah.

Sen canların cananıysın,  
Hatunların hatunuysun, Allah,  
Sen bir Muhammed kızısın,  
Etme şikayet Fatime, Allah.

Hü, Yunus söyler bu sözleri,  
Dünyada gülmez yüzleri, Allah,  
Huzur-u mahşarda özleri,  
Bulsun selamet Fatime, Allah.

The world is ours, and so is the future,  
Should your eyes shed tears, Allah,  
Two of my lambs have collapsed,  
I leave them with you, Fatma.

You're the lover of lovers,  
The great lady of ladies, Allah,  
You're Muhammad's daughter,  
Don't be angry with me, Fatma, Allah.

Yunus is saying these words,  
Never in his life did he laugh, Allah,  
He'll find peace on Doomsday,  
Let him greet you, Fatma, Allah.

№ 195. Mersiye. Halil Atakan (1928 İştıp-Çetaşka, Macedonia), Kırklareli

Dertli derdim dünyaye, Allah,  
Derdim akar ziyade.  
Dert bende, yara bende, Allah,  
Yaresi eder yok bende.

Gelsin tabipler gelsin, Allah,  
Benim derdimi görsün.  
Canımdaki neylesin Allah.  
*Refr.* Ne yaman derdim var benim  
Yüregimde yaralar çok benim.

Uçut beni uçayım Allah,  
Yedi deryayı arşayı,  
Canım mürşüde arayım Allah. *Refr.*

Leyla gibi dağlerde, Allah  
Mecnun gibi çöllerde  
O karanlık yerlerde, Allah. *Refr.*

Yol mudur deyu gezerim, Allah  
Allah ilen bazarım,  
Göster Mevlam didarın, Allah. *Refr.*

My trouble troubles the world, Allah,  
I've got a sea of trouble,  
The trouble is inside me and so is the wound,  
Allah,  
And it is killing me.

Let doctors come, Allah,  
And see my trouble!  
Let's entrust my soul to Allah.  
*Refr.* How terrible my trouble is!  
My heart's bleeding from several wounds.

Fly me, Allah, let me fly,  
Over seven lands and oceans,  
Let me find my dear master, Allah. *Refr.*

Like Leila in the mountains, Allah,  
Like Majnun<sup>96</sup> in the desert,  
In those dark places, Allah. *Refr.*

Is the way I'm taking, my way, Allah?  
I'm quarreling with Allah  
Show me your face God, Allah. *Refr.*

<sup>96</sup> See footnote 58.

№ 200. *Mersiye*. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Biz dünyadan gider olduk,  
Kalanlara selam olsun,  
Bizim için hayır dua,  
Kılanlara selam olsun.

Ecel büktü belimizi,  
Söyletmeye dilimizi.  
Hasta iken halimizi,  
Soranlara selam olsun.

Tenim ortaya açıla,  
Yakasız gömlek biçile.  
Bizi bir asân veçhile,  
Yuanlara selam olsun.

Azrail alır canımız,  
Kurur damarda kanımız,  
Yuyacağıın kefenimiz,  
Saranlara selam olsun.

Selah verilir kastımıza,  
Gider olduk dostumuza,  
Namaz için üstümüze,  
Duranlara selam olsun.

Eceli gelenler gider,  
Hepsi gelmez yola gider.  
Birimizin halimizden  
Haber soranlara selam olsun.

Derviş Yunus söyler sözü,  
Yaş dolmuştur iki gözü.  
Bilmeyenner bilsin bizi,  
Bilenlere selam olsun.

We are leaving this world,  
Greetings to those who stay,  
Those who pray for us,  
Greetings to all of them.

Fate has tortured us,  
It has paralyzed our tongues,  
Greetings to those who  
Inquire about our illness and condition.

My body was laid in the middle,  
Shrouded in a winding sheet,  
Greetings to those who  
Wash us gently.

Azrael<sup>97</sup> takes our souls away,  
Our blood in our veins dries up,  
Greetings to those who wash our bodies,  
Who shroud them in winding sheets.

They do justice to us,  
We can find our friends,  
Greetings to those who  
Kneel down to pray for us.

Those who reach their last hour leave,  
None of them will ever come back,  
Greetings to those who  
Inquire about our state.

Dervish Yunus says this,  
His eyes are filled with tears.  
Strangers should get to know us,  
Greetings to those who know us.

№ 203. *Kırklar semahı*. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Kudretten bir dolu geldi,  
İç bakalım, nasıl olur.  
Arı bin çiçekten alır,  
Tad bakalım, nasıl olur.

Adem mantar gibi biter,  
Muhammed şefaata eder,  
Bu/şu dünyaya gelen gider,  
Göç/öl bakalım nasıl olur.

We've got a drink from the Almighty,  
Take a little, what's it like?  
The bee visits a thousand flowers,  
Take a little, what's it like?

Man multiplies like mushroom,  
Muhammad takes pity on him,  
He who comes into the world also leaves it,  
You have to die to learn what it's like.

<sup>97</sup> Name of the angel of death.

Bak başındaki taca,  
Cenneteki tuba ağacına,  
Muhammedin miracına,  
Gir bakalım nasıl olur.

Dört güruhtur benim canım,  
Cesetten ayrılmaz tenim.  
Alem der cennet benim,  
Gir bakalım nasıl olur.

Şah Hatayi'm deme böyle,  
Sırrını sırdaşa söyle,  
Kudretten kevser böyle,  
İç bakalım nasıl olur.

Look at the crown on your head,  
The all-yielding tree in heaven,  
Join Muhammad's ascension into heaven,  
To see what it's like.

My soul consists of four flocks,  
My skin never leaves my corpse,  
So speaks the world: heaven is mine,  
Join us, to see what it's like.

My Shah Hatayi, don't talk like this,  
Reveal your secret in confidence,  
A drink from God is like this,  
Drink it to see what it's like!

№ 206. *Matem nefesi*. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953) and İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Vefat ettim şu dünyaya,  
Gidiyorum dertli dertli,  
\*İndim turaba döşendim,  
Gidiyorum dertli, dertli.

Bak annem gözüm yaşına,  
Daha neler gelecek başıma.  
Vardım musalla taşına,  
Yatıyorum dertli dertli.

Musalladan kaldırdılar,  
Yönümü Hakk'a döndördüler.  
Sinem evine gönderdiler,  
Gidiyorum dertli, dertli.

Vardım sinemin başına,  
Sualciler soru sordu,  
Ali'm/Şahım sifayetçi oldu,  
Cevab verdim dertli dertli.

İrfana katma kötüyü,  
Cümlemiz Hak'a yetüyü,  
Arafat'taki dört kapuya,  
Selam verdim dertli dertli.

Pir Sultanım/ Şah Sultanım ne olacak,  
Cümlemize biri gelecek,  
Şu cihanda kim kalacak,  
Gidiyorum/yatıyorum dertli dertli.

I departed from this world,  
I'm leaving sadly and woefully,  
I descended and covered myself with earth,  
I'm leaving sadly and woefully.

Mother, look at my tears,  
What's waiting for me after this?  
I was laid on the bier,  
I'm lying sadly and woefully.

I was raised from the bier,  
With my face turned toward God,  
Then I was put in my grave,  
I'm leaving sadly and woefully.

I arrived at my grave,  
I was questioned by the quierers,  
Ali gave me solace, my Shah gave me solace,  
I answered sadly and woefully.

Don't connect knowledge and evil,  
We are all approaching God,  
I greeted sadly  
The four gates in Arafat.<sup>98</sup>

My Pir Sultan/my Shah Sultan, how will it be?  
Someone will come for all of us,  
Who will stay in this world?  
We all leave sadly and woefully.

<sup>98</sup> *Arafat* is an Arabic place name designating a hill in the eastern part of Mecca where pilgrims offer sacrifices.

№ 207. *Kırklar semahı*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Alçacık kiraz dalları,  
Dibinde yeşil hal(i)ları.  
*Refr.* Aşk Alim, Hü,  
Dibinde yeşil hal(i)ları,  
Dost Ali, Hü.  
Ya Muhammed ya Ali,  
Sen gösterdin bu yolu.  
Aşk Alim, Hü,  
Sen gösterdin bu yolu  
Dost Alim, Hü.

Bu yol erenlerindir,  
Hem semah dönenlerindir.  
Bu yola eğrilik sığmaz,  
Doğruca gelenlerindir. *Refr.*

Rençberler eker arpayı,  
Bizde severler körpeyi,  
Zakirler açsın ortayı,  
Meydana dönmeye geldik. *Refr.*

Şah bize nefisini verdi,  
Ademe nefesini verdi,  
Yezide cevru cefayı,  
Mümine sefasını verdi. *Refr.*

Low cherry tree branches,  
Green carpets under them.  
*Refr.* My love, my Ali, Hü  
Green carpets under them.  
My friend, my Ali, Hü,  
Oh, Muhammad, oh, Ali,  
You've shown me this way,  
My love, my Ali, Hü,  
You've shown me this way,  
My friend, my Ali, Hü.

This way is the way of the saints,  
Of those who whirl in the semah,  
There is no place for crookedness here,  
Of those who walk straight. *Refr.*

The peasant sows barley,  
The little ones are loved among us,  
Minstrels, make room in the middle,  
We've come to the holy place to whirl. *Refr.*

We got our souls from Shah,  
He gave life to man,  
He imposed suffering on the cruel,  
Peace of mind on the true believers. *Refr.*

№ 208. *Nefes*. Bektaş Erol (1920), Çeşmekolu

Men yürürüm yane, yane,  
Aşk boyadı meni kane.  
Ne deliyim, ne divane,  
Al, gör beni, aşk neyledi.  
*Refr.* Gel, gör beni, beni aşk neyledi

Derde giriftar eyledi  
Kah eserim yeller gibi,  
Kah çağlarım seller gibi.  
Kah tozarım yollar gibi,  
Biçareyim baştan ayal. *Refr.*

Ben Yunuz'um biçareyim,  
Baştan ayağa yarayım,  
Ne deliyim, ne divaneyim. *Refr.*

I'm walking weeping, whining,  
I am bleeding with love,  
[I am] Neither fool, nor mad,  
Look, what love has done to me.  
*Refr.* Come and see what love has done to me.

It's got me into trouble and ruined me.  
Sometimes I rage like a wind storm,  
Sometimes I flood like whitewater,  
Sometimes I fly like a dust cloud,  
Come and see what love has done to me. *Refr.*

I am Yunus, I am unlucky,  
All over wounds, from top to toe,  
I am neither fool nor mad. *Refr.*

№ 209. *Nefes*. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Hak yoluna gidenlerin,  
Asa olsam ellerine,  
Her Piri vasf edenlerin,  
Kur'an olsam dillerine.

Torunuyuz bir dedenin,  
Tohomuyuz bir bedenin,  
Münkir ile cenk edenin,  
Silah olsam ellerine.

Bir ustada olsam çırak,  
Bir olurdu yakın ırak,  
Yapsalar kemiğim tarak,  
Yar zülfünün tellerine.

Yönüm Hakk'a çevirseler,  
Kemiğimi kavursalar,<sup>99</sup>  
Harman gibi savursalar,  
Muhabbetin yellerine.

[Bir kamille yola varsam,  
Aşk oduna yanıp tütsem,  
Bülbül gibi yanık ötsem,  
Muhammed'in güllerine.]

Seyrani kaldır parmağın,  
Vaktidir [H]akka durmağın,  
Deryaya akan ırmağın,  
Katre olsam sellerine.

I'd be a stick in the hands of  
Those walking God's way,  
I'd be the Quran in the tongue of  
Those who praise the Saint.

We are the grandchildren of one grandfather,  
From the seed of one body,  
I'd be a weapon in the hands of  
Those at war with the infidels!

I'd be the apprentice of a master,  
I'd bring the distant near,  
A comb shall be made from my bones  
For the hair of my sweetheart.

My face would be turned towards God,  
My bones would be burnt,  
They'd be scattered like grain,  
Into the windstorm of a nice conversation.

[I'd take the road with a purified one,  
I'd smoke burning with God's love,  
I'd sing pathetically as a nightingale,  
For the roses of Muhammad.]

Raise your finger, Seyrani,  
It's time to listen to God,  
I'd be a drop in a river,  
Flooding into the sea.

№ 213. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler – See № 154№ 214. *Nefes*. Şerife Bodur (1930) Topçular, Kırklareli

İkrar verdik biz bir pire,  
Dil sormayız her bir yere.  
Bendeleri ulu ere.  
*Refr.* Biz Bektaşî gülleriyiz,  
Ayini cemin bülbülüyüz.

Pirimiz uludan ulu,  
O kurdu erkanı yolu,  
Muhammed Ali'nin kulu. *Refr.*

We made a vow to a saint,  
We don't make enquiries anywhere,  
Humble servants of the majestic lord.  
*Refr.* We are Bektashi roses,  
The nightingales of the Bektashi community.

Our saint is the most powerful,  
He laid down the guiding principles,  
The servant of Muhammad Ali. *Refr.*

<sup>99</sup> It is a typical Shamanistic way of thinking that one should be cut into pieces, his bones smashed, tendered in a cauldron in order that after being assembled again he might become a better shaman. This way he would be given a chance to become more perfect than ever. In 1929, for instance, Kseno-fontov wrote about the cutting into pieces of the Yakut shamans (Molnár. Á. [ed.] 2003: 247).



Hakikat babın açarız, Akı kararı seçeriz, Aşkılan demler içeriz. <i>Refr.</i>	We open the gate of justice, Differentiate between good and evil, And drink the nectar of divine love. <i>Refr.</i>
Bir güruhu Bektaşiyiz/Nacileyiz, Sır ehlinin sırdaşınız, <sup>100</sup> Erenlerin kardaşınız. <i>Refr.</i>	We're humble Bektashis, Keeping the secrets of a secret community, The brethren of holy people. <i>Refr.</i>
Matlubi'nin haline bak, <sup>101</sup> Akan sular gibi berrak, Daim dilim söyler Hak. <i>Refr.</i>	Look at Matlubi, It's crystal-clear, like spring water, I keep praising God. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 216. *Mersiye*. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Hüseyin der Yezide, Bir içim su verin bize. Kanım helal <sup>102</sup> olsun size. <i>Refr.</i> Ah, Hasanım, vah, Hüseyinim, Nazlı imam Şah Hüseyinim.	Husain says to Yezidi, <sup>103</sup> Give me a drop of water, I'd give my blood for you. <i>Refr.</i> Ah, my Hasan, ah, my Husain, My imam, virtuous Shah Husain.
Bir içim su verin bana, İçsin onu kana kana. Ağlıyor Fatima ana:. <i>Refr.</i>	Give me a sip of water, Let him drink enough. Mother Fatma is crying like this: <i>Refr.</i>
Kerbela'da kolları bağlı, Susuzluktan ciğeri dağlı, Hazreti Ali'nin sevgili oğlu. <i>Refr.</i>	With tied-up hands in Kerbela, <sup>104</sup> With a liver swollen from thirst, Hazreti, <sup>105</sup> Ali's dear son. <i>Refr.</i>
Kerbela'da ulu taşı, Kur'an okur kesik başı, Hasan Hüseyinin kardaşı. <i>Refr.</i>	His huge stone in Kerbela, The severed head reads the Quran, Hasan is Husain's brother. <i>Refr.</i>
Kerbela'nın yazıları, Şehit olmuş gazileri, Fatma ananın çift kuzuları. <i>Refr.</i>	The scripts of Kerbela, Its dead martyrs, Mother Fatma's two sheep. <i>Refr.</i>

<sup>100</sup> The initial line of the fourth strophe is the second line in another place where the initial words sound like: *Biz güruhu Nacideniz* (OB 161), or *Biz güruhu Bektaşiyiz* (TO 471).

<sup>101</sup> The line starts with *mutlu binin* 'of the happy thousand' while it is the name of the poet elsewhere: *Matlubi'nin* 'of Matlubi'...

<sup>102</sup> *Helal* is an Arabic loan word in Turkish, widely spread in religious expressions: *helal olsun* 'I give it to you freely; I give up all claim' (Redhouse 1974: 471).

<sup>103</sup> *Yezid* – name of men, especially of the second Caliph of the dynasty of the Ummaiads, son of Muawiyah. (For having instigated the murder of Caliph Ali's two sons, his name is cursed by Muslims.) (Redhouse 1974: 1256).

<sup>104</sup> Name of a place in Iraq, noted for the murder of Husain, son of Ali (Redhouse 1974: 640).

<sup>105</sup> *Hazreti* [= Hz.] is a Turkish word of Arabic origin, used in respectful addresses to rulers and saints.

Kerbelâda çayır içinde,  
Nur balkır/yanar siyah saçında,  
Yatır al kanlar içinde. *Refr.*

Şah Hüseyin attan düştü,  
Yezitler başına üştü,  
Düldülü Kabe'ye kaçtı. *Refr.*

Ali dedem söyler sözü,  
Yanar yüreğinin özü,  
Ağlar Muhamed'in kızı. *Refr.*

In the meadow in Kerbela,  
Light's flashing over his coal black hair,  
He's resting frozen in red blood. *Refr.*

Shah Husain fell off his horse,  
The Yezidies had assailed him,  
His Düldül horse ran to the Kaaba stone. *Refr.*

My Ali dede<sup>106</sup> said this,  
The middle of his heart aflame,  
Muhammad's daughter burst out cying. *Refr.*

№ 217. Nefes. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpaazarı/ Bulgaria), Kırklareli<sup>107</sup>

İşte geldim, işte gittim,  
Yaz çiçeği gibi bittim.  
Şu dünyada ne iş ettim,  
Ömürçüğüm geçti gitti.

Çağırdılar imam geldi,  
Her biri bir işe geldi.  
Azrail pençesin saldı,  
Can kafesten uçtu gitti.

İşte geldi yuyucular,  
Tenime su koyucular.  
Kefenim elinde hoca,  
Kefenciğim biçti gitti.

Ayırdılar ilimizden,  
İp attılar belimizden.  
Pek tuttular kolumuzdan,  
Can cesetten uçtu gitti.

İlettiler mezarıma,  
Sığındım gani kerime.  
Toprak attılar serime,  
Gözüm yaşı taşıtı gitti.

İmam telkine/talgına başladı,  
Bir sevapçık iş işledi,  
Komşular beni boşladı,  
Geri dönüp kaçtı gitti.

I've come and now I'm leaving,  
My life was a fleeting moment.  
What have I done in this world?  
My short life is over, it has passed.

The imam was sent for and he came,  
Everyone came to help.  
The Angel of Death pounced on me,  
The soul flew out of the cage.

The corpse washers came  
To clean my skin with water.  
The hodja<sup>107</sup> had cut my shroud  
And left.

I was taken out from my home,  
A rope was tied around my waist,  
I was held tight by the arms,  
The soul flew out of the body.

I was placed in my grave,  
I found my final shelter.  
Soil was thrown onto my head,  
My eyes welled with tears.

The imam said farewell,  
He did what was pleasing to God,  
The neighbors looked for me, to no avail,  
So they quickly dispersed.

<sup>106</sup> Sheikh of a mızstic order.

<sup>107</sup> Muslim teacher.

Kabrime bir melek geldi,  
Bana bir sualcık sordu,  
Hışm edip bir topuz vurdu,  
Tebdilciğim şaştı gitti.

[Teslim Abdal oldu tamam  
İşte geldi ahır zaman  
Yardımcımız oniki imam  
Ten türabe karıştı gitti.]

An angel sat onto my grave,  
And asked me a short question,  
Then waved his mace angrily,  
Astonished by my metamorphosis, he left.

[Teslim Abdal's word came true,  
The hour of death arrived,  
The twelve imams help us,  
Body and soil become one.]

№ 219. *Nefes*. Kadir Üner (1956), Ahmetler

Uyandır çırağın yansın,  
Dolunu içene kansın.  
Mühiplerin<sup>108</sup> sana kansın.  
*Refr.* Durma yörü, Hasan babam.

Ovalar dağlar aşarsın,  
Canlara meydan açarsın.  
Mühiplerin sana kansın. *Refr.*

Kulaklardan gitmez sesin,  
Şefayet tadıdır nefesin,  
Hak yolunda sen bir gülsün. *Refr.*

Bu meydanda güller açar,  
Miski amber koku saçar,  
Bu da bir gün gelir geçer. *Refr.*

Hasan babam himmet eyle,  
Bu nefesi methini söyle,  
Hakk izinden bizi ayırma. *Refr.*

Stir the fire, let it blaze,  
Let him who takes your drink enjoy it!  
Your followers are your flesh and blood.  
*Refr.* Go on, do not stop, my Hasan Baba<sup>109</sup>

You get over hill and dale,  
You open religious space for the believers,  
Your followers are your flesh and blood. *Refr.*

Your voice's still ringing in their ears,  
Your holy hymn tastes like medical water,  
You're a rose on God's way. *Refr.*

On this holy place roses are blooming,  
The fragrance of musk and hibiskus is spreading,  
This is just another day of the many. *Refr.*

Help me now, my dear Hasan Baba!  
Say praises for this nefes,  
Do not divert me from God's way. *Refr.*

№ 222. *Nefes*. Hamdiye Ay (1933 Kılavuzlu), Kırklareli

Şükür bizi bu meydana  
Getirenin demine Hü,  
\*Ceset içinde bu canı,  
Bitirenin demine, Hü.  
*Refr.* Ah, bu demi, Hayder/vah bu demi,  
Böyle geçer dünya gamı.

Blessed be the drink of the one  
That has brought us to this holy place,  
The drink of the one that will take  
The soul away from this body.  
*Refr.* Oh, this drink, hey, this drink,  
This is how the sorrow of the world passes.

<sup>108</sup> The archaic Turkish word *muhip* is an Arabic loanword "... 'intimate friend', used in a technical sense among Bektashis of the one who has taken the nasip along with another." (Birge 1937: 268).

<sup>109</sup> Sheikh of the Bektashi order.

İzleyem Ali'm izini,  
İzleyem Şah'ın izini,  
Uyaralım can gözünü,  
Kırklar ile bir üzümü  
İçirenin demine Hü. *Refr.*

Let us follow Ali's footsteps,  
Let us follow my shah's footsteps,  
Let's warn the eye of my soul  
[Blessed be] the drink of the one  
That gave drink to forty from one single grape.  
*Refr.*

Güzeldir Ali'min/Şahımın sesi,  
Silelim gönülünden pası,  
Her erkanda bu nefesi,  
Okuyanın demine Hü. *Refr.*

The voice of my Ali/shah is beautiful,  
Let's wipe the rust off our hearts,  
[Blessed be] the drink of the one  
That sings this nefes in every community. *Refr.*

Pir Sultan'ım bu ne demek,  
Şah efendim bu ne demek,  
Hiç cahile çekme emek,  
Hazır pişmiş nan-u yemek,  
Yedirenin demine Hü. *Refr.*

My Pir Sultan, what does it mean?  
My Shah master, what does it mean?  
Don't waste your time on the ignorant,  
[Blessed be] the drink of the one  
That distributes freshly baked bread. *Refr.*

№ 223. *Nefes*. Makbule bacı (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kırklareli – See № 222

№ 224. *Nefes*. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliagaç), Kırklareli – See № 222

№ 225. *Mersiye*. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 216

№ 226. *Mersiye*. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 216

№ 227. *Nefes*. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Gelin de size men sorayım,  
Şu dünyayı kim yarattı?  
Mürşüd olup ta miraca  
Muhammed'teki melektir.

Come here, let me ask you,  
Who created this world?  
A heavenly angel beside Muhammad  
Became a spiritual leader.

Cebrail geldi ya bir gece,  
Eletti onu miraca,  
Baktı ya bir kuru ağaca,  
Dallerine gül yarattı.

Gabriel appeared one night,  
Raised him into his heavenly home,  
Looked at a dried out tree,  
Creating flowers on its branches.

O gün mahiret günüdür,  
Tarikat [H]akkın yoludur:  
İnamları sever idi,  
Mümüne imam yarattı.

That day is the end of the world,  
The Bektash order is the way of God.  
He loved the imam so much,  
That he created imam for the muslim.

Aksın ya gönlümün ırmağı,  
Gitsin ya gönlümün günahı,  
Cennette uçmakla gezerim,  
Dinine Kuran yarattı.

May the river of my soul flood,  
May the sin of my soul depart,  
In Paradise I walk flying,  
He created the Quran for your religion.

Şu Kuran okuyan diller,  
Hümnet ... çok yol var.  
Tanışık öter bülbüller,  
Baykuşa viran yarattı.

Kaç derya sığmaz deryaya,  
Deryadan gevheri olmayan,  
Hiç manalardan duymayan,  
Yonuza ferman yarattı.

Çekmez olur ne gam yersin,  
Meydan istedi kim versin,  
Ya yolcuyum dersin,  
Eyleme bizden ... gelsin.

The tongues reading the Quran,  
...there are several ways,  
The nightingale's singing getting to know the  
others,  
He created ruins for the owl.

How many seas can't get into the ocean?  
He who has no treasure from the sea,  
Who has never heard of the meaning  
Created rules for Yunus.

It is unbearable, the great number of troubles  
you have,  
He asked for a holy space, who should give  
him?  
If you say you're [God's] passenger  
Don't deprive us ... let him come.

№ 231. *Alevi deyiş*. Bektashi congregation, Zeytinburnu

Alem alem olalı,  
La Feta illa Ali.  
*Refr.* Eyvallah Şahım eyvallah,  
Hak'la ilahe, illa Allah,  
Eyvallah pirim eyvallah, şah  
Adı güzeldir, güzel Şah

Dert ile selamette,  
Hırkai melamette.  
Aşk ile muhabbette,  
La Feta illa Ali, şah.

Mahşeri Sirat'ında,  
Zatı mutlak katında,  
Görünen Mi'racında  
La Feta illa Ali. *Refr.*

Havzı kevser başında,  
Kirpiğinde kaşında,  
Avni Baba nahşında,  
La Feta illa Ali. *Refr.*

Sen Ali'sin güzel şah,  
Şahım eyvallah, eyvallah.

Ever since the world began,  
There's been no hero like Ali.  
*Refr.* Thank you my shah, thank you,  
Allah's the only one true God.  
Thank you, my saint, thank you,  
Fair shah with the beautiful name.

In trouble and in safety,  
Despised in dervish costume,  
In the ceremony with divine love  
There's no hero like Ali.

On the bridge of Sirat<sup>110</sup> in seventh heaven,  
Before the supreme lord,  
During the visible ascension,  
There's no hero like Ali. *Refr.*

At the source of the heavenly spring,  
On his eyelashes and eyebrows  
In the sacred song of Avni Baba  
There's no hero like Ali. *Refr.*

You're Ali, good shah,  
Thank you, my shah, thank you.

<sup>110</sup> The bridge Sirat, connecting this world to Paradise, is more slender than a hair and sharper than a sword (Redhouse 1974: 1013).

№ 232. *Alevi deyiş*<sup>111</sup>. Mahmut Gümüő (1973 Beyci), Kırklareli

Bugün bize pir geldi,<sup>112</sup>  
Gülleri taze geldi.  
Önü sıra Kanber'in,  
Ali'yye-l Mürteza geldi.  
*Refr.* Eyvallah Şahım/Pirim eyvallah

Hak ilahe/Adı güzel pir illallah.  
Sen Ali'sin güzel şah  
Şah eyvallah, eyvallah

Ali bizim Şahımız,  
Kabe kiblegahumuz.  
Miraç'ta ki Muhammed,  
O bizim padişahımız. *Refr.*

Padişahım Yaradan,  
Okur aktan karadan,  
Ben pirimden ayrıldım/ayrılmam  
Dünya geçti/geçse aradan. *Refr.*

Aramı uzattılar, yarama tuz bastılar,

Bir kul geldi fazlaya bedestende sattılar,

Sattılar bedestende, ses verir gülistanda,

Muhammet'in hatem-i bergüzar bir aslanda.

Aslanda bergüzarım, pir hayalin gözlerim,

Hep hasretler kavuştu, ben hala intizarım,

İntizarım çekerim, lebleri bal şekerim,  
Aşkın ile daima gözyaşları dökerim,

Dökerim göz yaşını, gör Mevlâ'nın işini,  
Hepsi kurban eyledim yedi oğlak başını,  
Figan eyler melekler, kabul olur dilekler,  
Yezid bir dert eyledi, o dert beni helaklar.

Today the saint has come to us,  
He arrived with fresh roses,  
Before him Mürteza<sup>113</sup> and Kamber  
There came Ali, the chosen.  
*Refr.* Thank you my Shah/saint, thank you,  
Nice-named good Shah,  
My tears keep falling with divine love.  
You are Ali, nice/good Shah.  
Nice-named good Shah.

Ali is our shah,  
Our Kaaba stone, the direction of our prayer,  
Muhammad ascended to heaven,  
He is our ruler. *Refr.*

My ruler is my Creator,  
He's reading from white and black,  
I've parted/I won't part with my saint,  
Till the end of the world. *Refr.*

I was sent away from him, salt was pressed in  
my wound,  
A useless servant appeared, he was sold at the  
market,  
He was sold at the market, he starts speaking in  
the rose garden,  
Muhammad's seal, a gift with a lion.

The lion's got my gift, I follow the shadow of  
the saint,  
All desires have been fulfilled, but I'm still  
waiting,

I long for you, my honey-lipped sugar,  
My tears keep falling with divine love.

I'm shedding tears, behold the deeds of God,  
I offered the heads of seven kids as sacrifice,  
The angels are crying, the prayers are answered,  
The Yezidi caused trouble, and this trouble  
destroys me.

<sup>111</sup> According to Onarlı (2003: 70), this nefes is a „duvaz”. He published the text in four-line stanza form with minor differences.

<sup>112</sup> Apart from minor differences in the text, this nefes is also present in O. B.'s *cönk defter* under № 206. There it consists of 25 strophes (just like in Onarlı's publication), but the poet is Kul Himmet there. I could not come across it in Kul Himmet's book. Onarlı's variant was written by Yalıncağ.

<sup>113</sup> *Mürtaza* is the chosen, 'with whom one is pleased'; title of the Caliph Ali (Redhouse 1974: 827).

Yezid bir dert eyledi, Melekler vird eyledi,  
Pirim bir şehir yaptı, Kapısın dört eyledi.  
Dört eylemiş kapısın, Lal ü gevher yapısın,  
Yezitler şehit etti, imamların hepsin.

Hasan'a ağı verdiler, Hüseyin'e kıydılar,  
Zeynel ile Bakır'ı bir zindana koydular.  
Zindan da bir ezadır, Cafer kulun gözetir,

Cafer'in de bir oğlu, Musa Kazım Rızadır.

On ikidir katarım, türlü meta tutarım,  
Yüküm lal-ü gevherdir müşteriye satarım,  
Satarım müşteriye, kervan gelsin geriye,  
Cebrail'i eş ettim cennetteki huriye.

Huriye eş eyledi, hatırım hoş eyledi,  
Kanat verdi kuluna, havada kuş eyledi,  
El kaldırmış Hakkına, cism-i azam okuna,  
İsm-i azam duası tatlı cana dokuna,  
Dokunur tatlı cana ağlarım yana yana.

İmamların duası kaldı ulu divana,  
Ulu divan kuruldu, cümle mahluk dirildi,  
Yezid yürüyüş eyledi, anda Muhtar vuruldu,  
Pir dediler Aliye, Hacı Bektaş Veliye,  
Hacı Bektaş tacını verdi Kızıl Deli'ye.  
Kızıl Deli<sup>115</sup> tacımız, Şah Ahmed miracımız,  
Karac'Ahmed gözcümüz, Yalıncağ duacımız,  
Kul Himmet üstadımız, bunda yoktur yadımız,  
Şah-ı Merdan aşkına Hakk vere muradımız.

The cruel caused trouble, the angels arrived,  
My saint built a town with four gates,  
With four gates, with ruby and diamond,  
The Yezidis slaughtered all our imams.

Hasan was poisoned, Husain was cut down,  
Zeynel and Bakir were cast into gaol,  
Imprisonment is torture, Ja'fer<sup>114</sup> keeps watch-  
ing the prisoner,  
Ja'fer's only son is Musa Kazim Riza.

There're twelve in my group, I trade all kinds of  
goods,  
I sell ruby and precious stones, I sell them all to  
the customers,  
I sell them to the customers, may the caravan  
return,  
I brought Gabriel and an angel from heaven  
together.

He became the spouse of an angel, my memory  
became pleasant,  
He gave wings to his prisoner, to be a bird in  
the sky,  
He lifted his hand against his God, God's arrow,  
Against the sweet being who weaved  
God's secret name in her prayer.  
He offended the sweet creature, I'm crying  
bitterly.

The prayer of the imams was left to the great  
community,  
The community came together, all souls came  
to life,  
The cruel Yezidis lined up and shot our leader  
dead,  
Ali, Haji Bektash Veli became saints,  
Haji Bektash gave his crown to Kızıl Deli.  
Kızıl Deli is our crown, Shah Ahmed is our  
ascension,  
Karadja Ahmed is our guard, Yalindjak is our  
prayer leader,  
Kul Himmet is our master, here we don't re-  
member him now,  
By the love of the brave of the bravest, may God  
help us achieve our goal!

<sup>114</sup> *Kızıl Deli* 'raving madman' (Redhouse 1974: 662), founder of an order of dervishes (the Kizilbas) in the Middle Ages, which was related with the Bektashi order.

<sup>115</sup> Ja'fer, the Truthful (sixth of twelve Imams of the Shiah) (Redhouse 1974: 212).

№ 233. *Düvazdeh nefesi*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliagaç

Her sabah her sabah vardığım, On iki imam Ali'm, Ali'm. Sefillere eyle yardım, On iki imam Ali'm, Ali'm.	Every morning, every morning my destination is Twelve imams, my Ali, Ali. Help the miserable, Twelve imams, my Ali, Ali.
Sefilim, halimden bilsen, Çağırduğım yere ersen, Ağladıkça yaşımı silsin, On ik'imam Ali'm, Ali'm.	Should you know about my misery, You'd hurry to help me, You'd wipe off my tears, Twelve imams, my Ali, Ali.
Allah bir Muhammed Haktır, Bilenlere sözüüm yoktur, Ali'nin insanı çoktur, On ik'imam Ali'm, Ali'm.	God is one, Muhammad is true, I have nothing to say to the infidels, Ali has many followers, Twelve imams, my Ali, Ali.
Hasan Hüsein'in yari, Zeynel Abidin'in nuru, Muhammed Mehdi'nin sırrı, On ik'imam Ali'm, Ali'm.	The lover of Hasan and Husain, The light of Zeynel Abidin, The secret of Muhammad Mehdi Twelve imams, my Ali, Ali.
Muhammed Bakır'ın şahı, Akıyor Nakir'in kanı, Sen düşürdün, kaldır beni, On iki imam Ali'm, Ali'm.	The shah of Muhammad Bakir, Nakir's blood is flowing, You knocked me down, so raise me up, Twelve imams, my Ali, Ali.
Hasan Hüseyin askeri Mehdi, Vardır gelmeğe atı, <sup>116</sup> Yıkılsın Yezid'in tahtı, On iki imam Ali'm, Ali'm.	The soldier of Hasan Husain, Mehdi, Has a horse to come here. The throne of the Yezidi should collapse, Twelve imams, my Ali, Ali.
Pir Sultan'ım durdum dara, Çağırırım ere pire, Cümlemin muradını vere, On iki imam Ali'm, Ali'm.	My Pir Sultan, I confessed my sins, I called some holy persons, So that all shall achieve their goals, Twelve imams, my Ali, Ali.

## № 236. Semah. Bektashi congregation, Kızılıkdere

Bir nefescik söyleyeyim, Dinlemezsen neyleyeyim, Aşk deryasın boylayayım, Ummama dalmaya geldim.	Let me sing a holy hymn, What shall I do if you don't listen? Let me cross the sea of love, I've come to immerse in it.
Bade nuruna boyandım, Aşk kelamına geldim. Pervaneyim ateşine/şem'e yandım, Meydana yenmeye geldim.	I wrapped myself in the lustre of wine, I say the word of love, I am a butterfly in its fire/candlelight, I've come to the holy square to win.

<sup>116</sup> In Kul Himmet's book: „*Gelmeye vardır ahdi*” (Aslanoğlu 1997: 158): 'He had sworn on to come'.



Aşk harmanında savruldu,  
Hem elendim hem yoğuruldum,  
Kazana girdim kavruldum,  
Meydana yenmeye geldim.

Şah Hatayî'dir özümde,  
Hiç eksiklik yok sözümde,  
Gece gündüz Hak niyazında,  
Darına durmaya geldim.

I am scattered in divine love,  
I was sieved and kneaded together,  
Put in a baking pan and baked,  
I've come to the holy place to win.

Shah Hatayi is hidden in me,  
There's no mistake in my words,  
I pray to God day and night,  
I've come to confess my sin.

№ 237. *Semah*. Sefer Çalıřkan (1925 İřtip/Macedonya), Zeytinburnu

Güzel aşık cevrimizi,  
Çekemezsin demedim mi,  
Çekemezsin demedim mi.  
*Refr.* Aşk, Alim.

Bu bir rıza lokmasıdır,  
Yiyemezsin demedim mi,  
Yiyemezsin demedim mi. *Refr.*

Bu bir demdir gelip geçer,  
Duyamazsın demedim mi,  
Duyamazsın demedim mi. *Refr.*

Çıkalım meydan yerine,  
Erelim Ali sırrına  
Erelim Ali sırrına. *Refr.*

Pir Sultan Abdal şahımız,  
Şah Sultan Abdal şahımız,  
Hakka ulařa rahımız,  
Hakka ulařa rahımız. *Refr.*

Yemeyenler kalır naçar,  
Gözlerinden kanlar saçar,  
Bu dervişlik bir dilektir,  
Bilene büyük devlettir.

Yensiz yakasız gömlektir<sup>117</sup>  
Giyemezsin demedim mi?  
Can ü başı Hak yoluna  
Koyamazsın demedim mi?

Oniki İmam penahımız  
Uyamazsın demedim mi?

Beautiful lover, haven't I told you  
You can't endure our troubles,  
Haven't I told you you that can't endure them.  
*Refr.* Ali, my love.

This is a divine morsel,  
Haven't I told you that you can't eat it,  
Haven't I told you that you can't eat it. *Refr.*

This is a moment, it comes and flees,  
Haven't I told you that you can't notice it,  
Haven't I told you that you can't notice it. *Refr.*

Let's stand in the holy place,  
Let's find out Ali's secrets,  
Let's find out Ali's secrets. *Refr.*

Pir Sultan Abdal is our Shah,  
Shah Sultan Abdal is our Shah,  
Our way leads to God,  
Our way leads to God. *Refr.*

He who doesn't eat it yields to despair,  
Sheds tears from his eyes,  
Many would like to become dervishes,  
He who achieves it enjoys great happiness.

You can't put on your winding sheets,  
You can't put your body and soul on God's way,  
Haven't I told you.

Twelve imams are our sanctuary,  
Haven't I told you that you can't be worthy?

<sup>117</sup> It is the garment without sleeves and collar in which the shroud of a corpse is wrapped.

№ 240. *Nefes*. Hanife Baykul (1953 Topçular), Ahmetler<sup>118</sup>

Şu yalan dünyaya geldim giderim,  
Gönül senden özge yar bulamadım,

Hastlandık al kanlara boyandık,  
Dostum el değmedik nar bulamadım.

Güzellerin zülfü destedir deste,  
Erenler oturmuş Hak için posta.  
Bir zaman sağ geldim bir zaman hasta,  
Hastalığın nedir der bulamadım.

Felek kırdı benim kolum kanadım,  
Bayguş gibi viranlarda türedim,  
Bugün üç kişinin nabzını sınadım,  
Yoluna can kurban der bulamadım.

Hü, Pir Sultan Abdalım dağlar ben olsam,  
Şah efendim Haydar dağlar ben olsam,  
Üstü mor sümbüllü/zülfünü dağlar ben olsam,

Alem çiçek olsa arı ben olsam,  
Dost dilinden tatlı bal bulamadım.<sup>118</sup>

I've come into a deceitful world, I am leaving,  
I couldn't find a lover better than you, sweet-  
heart,

We got ill and covered with blood,  
I couldn't find an intact pomegranate, my  
friend.

The cluster of beauties is a bunch of flowers,  
The saints sat on a hide for God,  
Once I came here healthy, once I came here ill,  
No one asked me what troubled me.

Fate has broken my arms and legs,  
Like an owl, I took shelter in ruins,  
Today I checked the pulse of three men,  
Not one of them thanked for it.

My Pir Sultan Abdal, if only I was a mountain,  
My lord, Shah Abdal, if only I was a mountain,  
I wish I was a mountain with budding blue  
narcissuses on the top,  
If the world was a flower, I'd be a bee in it,  
I found no honey sweeter than the words of a  
true friend.

№ 241. *Nefes*. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953), İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Bülbüller kokuyu güllerden alır,  
Mecnun çıkmış dağlara Leyla'yı arar.

Leyla diye, diye Mevla'yı bulur.  
*Refr.* Erenlerin böyle meclisi vardır,  
Kardeşlerin böyle meclisi vardır.

Elvan elvan olmuş, üfürme sakın,  
Tevhidin kılıcın kalbine takın,  
Sırrını nadana söyleme sakın. *Refr.*

Aşıkların kalbinde açıyor güller,  
Uyan gafil uyan, geçiyor günler,  
Mahşer yerinde cem olmuş cümle erenler. *Refr.*

Nightingales follow the fragrance of roses,  
Majnun is searching for Leyla in the moun-  
tains,

Shouting her name he finds God.  
*Refr.* Saints have such meetings,  
Brethren have such meetings.

There are all kinds, don't change them,  
Pin the sword of monotheism onto your heart,  
Don't disclose your secret to the ignorant. *Refr.*

There are roses budding in the hearts of lovers,  
Wake up, idle, wake up, the days are passing.  
In the venue of the last judgement the holy men  
are holding a ritual. *Refr.*

<sup>118</sup> Reminds the reader of Karacaoğlan's well-known line: „Dudağımdan tatlı bal bulamadım” ‘I could not find sweeter honey than your lips’...

Aşık Yunus asla sözünden dönmez,  
Derviş Yunus asla sözünden dönmez,  
Zerrece gönlüne günah getirmez,  
Erenlerin sırrına akıllar ermez,  
Dedelerin sırrına akıllar ermez. *Refr.*

Enamoured Yunus will never change his words,  
Dervish Yunus will never change his words,  
Not a bit of sin does he allow into his heart,  
The secret of saints is beyond us to grasp,  
The secret of sheikhs is beyond us to grasp. *Refr.*

№ 242. *Nefes*. Hasan Güner Baba (1937 Karıncak), Karıncak

Çok şükür mübarek cemalin gördüm,  
Hayat buldum bu cismime can geldi,  
Hayatın üstünde dildar ederken,  
Elleri esrardan bir sübhan geldi.

Thanks be to God I could see your blessed face,  
Found life and soul settled in my body.  
While I praised you, in addition to life  
The praising of Allah could be heard from the  
lands of secrets.

Kaşların türesi şekli bismillah,  
Ne güzel yaratmış yaratan Allah,  
Gökten inen Kuran nasr-u min Allah,  
Ahsen-i takvimden bir rüşana geldi.

I praise the form and shape of your eyebrows,  
God Almighty created them so lovely,  
The Quran descended from heaven, it is back-  
ing you/it is your thousand praises Allah,  
The created man became visible.

Kalender'in piri Bektaşî Veli,  
Nurumdur Muhammed sırrımdır Ali.  
Cümlenin istediği Muhammed Ali,  
Kevn-ü mekanından bir sübhan/nişan geldi.

The saint of Kalender, Bektash Veli,  
Muhammad's my light, my secret is Ali,  
Everyone longs for Muhammad Ali,  
A sign has arrived from the universe.

№ 243. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kızılıckidere

Çok şükür mübarek cemalin gördüm,  
Hayat buldum bu cismime can geldi,  
\*Hayatın üstünde dildar ederken,  
Elleri esrardan bir sübhan geldi.

Thanks be to God I could see your blessed face,  
I found life, a soul settled in my body,  
While I praised you, in addition to life  
The praise of Allah could be heard from the  
lands of secrets.

Kaşların türesi şekli ya bismillah,  
Ne güzel yaratmış yaratan Allah,  
Gökten inen Kuran nasr-u min Allah,

I praise the form and shape of your eyebrows,  
God the Creator created them so nice,  
The Quran descended from heaven, it is your  
praise, Allah,  
Praying Taki became visible.

Niyaz eden Taki rüşana geldi.

Kalender'in piri/şahı Bektaşî Veli,  
Nurumdur Muhammed sırrımdır Ali,  
Cümlenin isteği Muhammed Ali,  
Kevn-ü mekanından bir nişan geldi.

The saint of Kalender, Bektash Veli  
Muhammad's my light, my secret is Ali,  
Everyone longs for Ali,  
Praise/A sign has arrived from the universe.

№ 244. *Kırklar semahı*. Orhan Bulut's family, Çorlu<sup>119</sup>

Mana evine daldım, Vücut rabbini kıldım. İki cihan ser-teser, Cümleyi ademde buldum.	I buried myself in the spiritual world, I tore myself into two parts, I found the crowns of both worlds, I found everything in man.
Yedi yeri ve göğü, Dağları denizleri, Uçmak ile Tamuyu, Cümleyi ademde buldum.	Seven lands and seven heavens, Mountains, seas, Heaven and hell, I found everything in man.
Gece ile gündüzü, Gökte yedi yıldızı, Levhade yazılan sözü, Cümleyi ademde buldum.	Night and day, The seven stars in the sky, The script from before the Creation, I found everything in man.
Tevrat ile İncil'i, Kuran ile Zebur'u, Onlardaki beyanı, Cümleyi ademde buldum.	The Bible and the New Testament, The Quran and the Psalms of David, The messages in them, I found everything in man.
Musa çıktığı Tur'u, İsrafil <sup>119</sup> çaldı suru,	Mount Tabor which Musa climbed up, On Doomsday the angel of death blew his trumpet,
Gökte Beytü'l-Mamur'u, Cümleyi ademde buldum.	The original Kaaba stone in heaven, I found everything in man.
Yunus'un sözleri Hak, Cümlemiz dedik sadak, Nerede arasan orada Hak, Cümleyi ademde buldum.	All words of Yunus are true, We all said they were true, Look for him anywhere, God is there, I found everything in man.

№ 246. *Alevi deyiş*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Ey, alemleri yaratan, Allah, Kaldır perdeyi aradan, Allah, Göster cemalin yaratan, Allah.	Hey, Allah, Allah, who created worlds, Raise the veil, Allah, Allah, Show your face, Allah, the creator, Allah.
Sensin evvel sensin ahir, Allah, Cümlemize oldun fahir, Allah, Bu çiğirim oldu kahir, Allah, Kaldır perdeyi aradan, Allah, Göster cemalin yaratan, Allah,	You're the beginning, you're the end, You're respected by our community, My heart's burning for you, Allah. Raise the veil, Allah, Show your face, Allah, the creator, Allah.

<sup>119</sup> *İsrafil* is the 'angel of death who will blow the last trumpet' (Redhouse 1974: 551).

Ne güzelsin güzel/yüce Tanrım,  
Eskiden tanıram seni, Allah,  
Bilmez gibi sanma beni, Allah,  
Kaldır perdeyi aradan, Allah,  
Göster cemalin yaratan, Allah,

How beautiful you are, God in high!  
I've known you for a long time,  
Don't think that I don't know you,  
Raise the veil, Allah, Allah,  
Show your face, Allah, the creator, Allah.

№ 247. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli See № 241

№ 248. *Nefes*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu – See № 241

№ 249. *Nefes*. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Bülbüller kokuyu güllerden alır,  
Mecnun çıkmış dağlara Leylayı ara,  
Leyla Leyla derken Mevlayı bulur,  
Erenlerin böyle bir günü vardır,  
Babaların böyle sohbeti vardır.

Nightingales follow the fragrance of roses,  
Majnun's searching for Leila in the mountains,  
Shouting Leila's name he finds God,  
Holy people have such a day,  
The babas have such conversation.

Elvan elvan olmuş üfürme sakın,  
Tevhidin kılıcını kalbine takın,  
Sırrını nadana söyleme sakın.  
Babaların böyle bir günü vardır,  
Dervişlerin böyle bir günü vardır.

It has become colourful, don't change it,  
Pin the sword of monotheism into your heart,  
Don't disclose your secret to the ignorant.  
The babas have such a day,  
The dervishes have such a day.

Aşıkların kalbinde açıyor güller,

In the hearts of those adoring God there are  
roses blooming,

Uyan gafil uyan geçiyor günler,  
Maşhar<sup>120</sup> yerine cem olmuş cümle erenler.

Wake up, idle, wake up, the days are passing,  
In the place of great turmoil a ritual is held by  
holy people.

Erenlerin böyle meclisi vardır,  
Kardaşların böyle bir günü vardır.

The community of holy people is such,  
The brethren have such a day.

Aşık Yunus asla sözünden dönmez,  
Zerrece kalbinde cihan görünmez,  
Erenlerin sırrına asla erinmez.  
Babaların böyle meclisi vardır,  
Kardeşlerin böyle sohbeti vardır.

Enamoured Yunus never changes his words,  
His heart's not influenced by the world at all,  
The secret of saints is beyond us to grasp,  
The *babas* have such a day,  
The brethren have such conversation.

<sup>120</sup> *Maşher*: 'the last judgement' (Redhouse 1974: 723).

№ 251. *Mersiye*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Ben melamet hırkasını kendim giydim eđnime, Aru namus ŐiŐesini taŐa aldım, kime ne? Ah, Haydar, Haydar, taŐa aldım, kime ne?	I've put on the cloak of sorrow by my own wish, I've thrown the flask of my clean conscience at a stone no one's got to do anything with it. Haydar, Haydar, I've thrown it at a stone, no one has any concern in it.
Kah giderim meyhaneye, dem ekerim Hak iin, Kah giderim medreseye, ders okurum Hak iin, Ah, Haydar, Haydar, ders okurum Hak iin.	Sometimes I go to a pub where I drink to God, Other times I go to a madrasah where I learn about God, Haydar, Haydar, I learn about God.
Kah ıkarım gkyüzüne, seyredirim alemi, Kah inerim yeryüzüne seyreder alem beni, Ah, Haydar, Haydar, seyreder alem beni.	Sometimes I rise into the sky and look at the world, Other times I descend and the world looks at me. Haydar, Haydar, the world looks at me.
Sofular haram buyurmuŐ bu aŐkın Őarabına, Ben doldurur, ben ierim, gnah benim, kime ne? Ah, Haydar, Haydar, gnah benim, kime ne?	Fanatic believers said the wine of love was taboo, I pour and drink, it's my sin no one has any concern in it. Haydar, Haydar, it's my sin, what does it matter to anyone?
Sofular namaz kırlarlar caminin duvarına, Benim kiblegahım sensin yüz sürerim, kime ne? Ah, Haydar, Haydar, yüz sürerim, kime ne?	Fanatic believers pray within the walls of the mosque, My prayer is directed at you, I fall on my knees before you, no one has any concern with it. Haydar, Haydar, I fall on my knees, no one has any concern with it.
Nesimi'ye sormuŐlar ki sen yarınle hoŐ musun? HoŐ olayım olmayayım o yar benim, kime ne? Ah, Haydar, Haydar, o yar benim, kime ne?	Nesimi was asked if he was happy with his lover, Happy or unhappy, my lover's mine, no one has any concern with it, Haydar, Haydar, my lover's mine, what does it matter to anyone?

№ 252. *Mersiye*. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir – See № 251

№ 253. *Mersiye*. Refik Engin (1957), Kılavuzlu – See № 251

№ 254. *Nefes*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Ben seni severim candan içeri,  
İlikten, kemikten, kandan içeri.  
Yolum var bu erkan, erkandan içeri,  
Meni sorma bana bende değilim,  
Bende bir bende var benden içeri.

Kalmadı takatım dizde derman yok,  
Bu nasıl mezheptir dinden içeri?

Süleyman kuş dilin söyler dediler,

Süleyman var Süleyman'dan içeri.  
Yunus'un sözleri yare yakışır,  
Kapında kullar var sultandan içeri.

I love you more than my own soul,  
My marrow, my bones and blood.  
This is my way that leads to God,  
Don't ask about me, I don't even exist,  
I have a self deep in my heart of hearts.

I have no strength left, my legs are tired,  
What kind of religious order is this within  
religion?

Süleyman speaks the language of birds – so  
they say,  
Is there a Süleyman within Süleyman?  
The way Yunus speaks is worthy of God's lover  
The servants standing at your gate are better  
than the sultan himself.

№ 255. *Nefes*. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Ben seni severim candan içeri,  
İlikten, damardan, kandan içeri,  
Beni sorma bana ben de değilim,  
Bende bir bende var benden içeri.

Kalmadı takatım dizde derman yok,  
Bu nasıl mezheptir dinden içeri,

Yunus'un sözleri yare yakışır,  
Bu nasıl mezheptir dinden içeri?

I love you more than my own soul,  
My marrow, my bones and blood,  
Don't ask about me, I don't even exist,  
I have a self deep in my heart of hearts.

I have no strength left, my legs are tired,  
What kind of religious order is this within  
religion?

The way Yunus speaks is worthy of God's lover,  
What kind of religious order is this within  
religion?

№ 256. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Gene mihman gördüm, gönlüm şad oldu,  
Mihmanlar siz bize sefa/hoşça geldiniz.  
Kamu kişi kardeş bahar yaz oldu.  
*Refr.* Mihmanlar/Kardaşlar siz bize hoşça gel-  
diniz.

Misafir kapunun iç kilididir,  
Ev sahibi olan gonca gülüdür.  
Tanrı misafiri Şahım Ali'dir, *Refr.*

Kara duran yere misafir gelmez,  
Öyle bir hanenin eksigi bitmez,  
Ne kadar çaba etse menzile ermez. *Refr.*

I saw a guest again, my heart rejoiced,  
Guests, you are welcome,  
All men are brethren, spring has turned sum-  
mer.  
*Refr.* Guests/Brothers, you are welcome!

A guest is the key to the gate inside,  
A guest is the rose of the host.  
The guest of God my saint Ali. *Refr.*

No guest arrives at a sad home,  
In such a house misery never ends.  
However hard he tries, he'll never reach his  
goal. *Refr.*

Misafir gelirse kismetin bile,  
Misafir Hızır'dır, var, özür dile,  
Büyük küçük onu hep Hızır bile, *Refr.*

It is good luck when a guest arrives,  
The guest is Hızır, go and entertain him,  
Big and small, all should be received as Hızır.  
*Refr.*

Himmat eyle Pir Sultanım/Şahım misafir  
gelsin,  
Yavan yahşi yesin yüzümüz gülsün,

Make a miracle, my Pir Sultan/my Shah, so  
guests may come,  
It doesn't matter what we eat, our eyes should  
laugh,  
The fate of all of us is determined by God! *Refr.*

Cümlemiz kismetini Yaratan versin. *Refr.*

№ 257. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler

Aşkından başka şema, lema(n) istemem,  
\* Şarabın abusu dolar dilime,  
Tadı candan tatlı geldi dilime,

I don't want any light other than your love,  
My tongue is covered by the sap of your wine,  
For me its taste is sweeter than soul.

Hamdülillah Pirim kabul eyledi,  
Müjdesini kulağıma söyledi,  
Derviş Mehmet Ali bizdensin dedi.  
Şarabın abusu dolar elime,  
Canı da candan tatlı, geldi ya dilime.

You vowed to praise Allah, my saint,  
He whispered good news into my ear,  
Dervish Mehmet Ali, you are one of us, he said,  
My tongue is covered by the sap of your wine,  
Your soul is sweeter than soul.

№ 258. *Nefes*. Hamdiye Ay (1933 Kılavuzlu), Kırklareli

Bir gün daldım erenler meydanına,  
Bel bağladım yoluna erkanına.  
Açıldım bir kenarsız ummanına.  
*Refr.* Tadı da candan tatlı, geldi ya dilime,  
Muhabbetten gayri geldi ya dilime.

One day I fainted in the place of saints,  
I tied myself to the order,  
I swam into a shoreless ocean.  
*Refr.* It tastes sweeter than soul,  
My tongue said something that differed from  
nice talk.

See № 257/2 See № 257/2

№ 259. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir

See № 258/1 See № 258/1

Dost elinden gönül şehri tutuştu,  
Can bağından canan geldi ya buluştu,

A friend put my heart on fire,  
He arrived to meet me from a garden of  
friends,

Elim kudret eli ile tutuştu, [ugrik]  
Şarabın abısı dolar elime,  
Tadı da candan tatlı geldi ya dilime.

My hand clasped his blessed hand,  
The sap of wine is approaching my hand,  
Its taste appears sweeter than soul.



№ 260. *Nefes*. Ahmet Kanaat (1948 Topçular), Kırklareli

Her seher vaktinde güller dikelim,  
 Dikip te diktiğimi yerde bitelim,  
 Bir dal gülün terazisini Hak turalım,  
*Refr.* Hü diyelim dem sürelim Ali aşkına  
 Ali'yil Mürteza'nın yolu aşkına.

Her seher vaktinde açar gülümüz,  
 Dalında ötüşür bülbüllerimiz,  
 Gizlice tutmuş yolunu bizim pirimiz. *Refr.*

Baktıkça görünür imam evleri,  
 Hz. Fatma ananın gonca gülleri,  
 Hz. Şahımızın dökme belleri. *Refr.*

Pir Sultanım gelir uçmağa,  
 Ayrılmış ırmak gölünden içmeğe,  
 Hz. Şahımızın köşküne geçmeye. *Refr.*

Let's plant roses every day at dawn,  
 Find salvation while planting,  
 Let's take this rose branch for a divine measure.  
*Refr.* Let's invoke God, let's drink to Ali's love,  
 To the love of the way of Ali, the chosen.

Our roses blossom every day at dawn,  
 There are nightingales singing on the branches,  
 Our saint didn't disclose the way to us.  
*Refr.*

While looking we notice the house of the  
 imams,  
 The rose buds of Fatma, the Holy Mother,  
 The cricked waist of our holy Shah. *Refr.*

My Pir Sultan arrives flying,  
 He parted to drink from the collateral lake of  
 the river,  
 To enter the palace of our holy Shah. *Refr.*

№ 261. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

[Biz de hizmet eder] veli aşkına,  
 \*Gönülde çıkarıp yabana atma,  
 İstinatgahımız Ali aşkına.  
 Biz de hizmet eder himmet bekleriz,  
 Canımız yoluna kurban eyleriz.

Biz de sizden cüda göçsek neyleriz,  
 Olma bizden cüda senin aşkına.  
 Sahibine verdik cümle varımız,  
 Hep yoklukta kaldı bizim karımız.

Meydani erenler oldu darımız,  
 Ali'nin/Şahımın sevdiği gönül aşkına,  
 Biz gidelim erenlerin yoluna,  
 Bakmayalım hem sağ, sağ ve soluna,  
 Medet mürüvveti verdi kuluna,  
 İmam/Şahım Hüseyinin yolu aşkına.

[We have also worked] for the love of the saint,  
 Don't throw us away torn out from your heart,  
 For the love of Ali, our support and pillar,  
 We also serve and wait for a miracle,  
 We have sacrificed our souls on your way.

If we drift away from you, what shall we do?  
 Don't stay away from us.  
 We've given ourselves to God,  
 We have remained in poverty.

Holy men are our asylum,  
 For the love of Ali/our Shah,  
 Let's move along the way of the saints,  
 Let's not look right or left.  
 He took pity on his servant  
 For the love of Imam Husain.

№ 262. *Nevruziye*. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Gelin, hey, kardaşlar, seyran edelim.  
*Refr.* Ali'nin doğduğu eyyam bu demdir,  
 Şah'ımın doduğu eyyam bu demdir.  
 Bu zevkle münkiri hayran edelim. *Refr.*

Çıraklar uyanısın, kurulsun cemler,  
 Gülbanklar çekilsin, sürünsün demler,  
 Cümbüşe gelsinler cümle erenler. *Refr.*

Nerdedir sakiler, sunsunlar bade,  
 Gönüller zevk ile olsun küşade,  
 Eriştik hamd olsun biz de murade. *Refr.*

[Geldi Sultan Nevruz, kalmadı elem]

Melaik, halayık, cümlesi hürrem,  
 Erenler lutfedip eyledi kerem. *Refr.*

Bilin ki bu demdir me'adet demi,  
 Ref'etmiş erenler cümle elemi,  
 Erişti bizlere Şahın keremi. *Refr.*

Hüsnü Baba eyler candan niyazı,  
 Dem sunsun sakiler sunsunlar bazı,  
 Okunsun nefesler çalsınlar sazı. *Refr.*

Come on, hey, brethren, let's set off.  
*Refr.* This is the happy time, when Ali was born,  
 This is the happy time, when my Shah was born.  
 Let's amaze the unbeliever with delight. *Refr.*

Let the candles burn and the service begin,  
 Let's hail God aloud, pour down the drink!  
 All the holy men should come to the commu-  
 nity. *Refr.*

Where is the cup-bearer, he should offer drinks,  
 May the hearts be free and rejoice,  
 We've reached our goal by the grace of God.  
*Refr.*

[Sultan Nevruz<sup>121</sup> has arrived, the troubles are  
 gone]

All angels and women slaves are smiling,  
 Saints have made all our troubles disappear.  
*Refr.*

You should know this is the time of happiness,  
 Saints bring salvation to the world,  
 The Shah's grace has also reached us. *Refr.*

Hüsnü Baba prays from the bottom of his heart,  
 Let the cup-bearer offer drinks,  
 Let hymns resound and strings twang. *Refr.*

№ 263. *Nefes*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Erenlerin sohbeti,  
 Ele gelesi değil,  
 İkrariyle gelenler,  
 Mahrum kalası değil.\*  
*Refr.* La ilahe illallah,  
 Muhammed resulullah.

Çok şükür elhamdülillah,  
 Sırr Ali el Mürteza,  
 Çok şükür elhamdülillah,  
 Gün Muhammed ay Ali.

The talk of holy men  
 Does move the people  
 Those who arrive with a pledge  
 Are not lacking in anything.  
*Refr.* La ilahe illallah<sup>122</sup>,  
 Muhammad is the prophet's envoy.

Praise and thanks to Allah,  
 Ali's the secret of The Chosen,  
 Gratitude and thanks to Allah,  
 Muhammad's the sun and Ali's the moon.

<sup>121</sup> The Persian New Year's Day (March 22) (Redhouse 1974: 883).

<sup>122</sup> There is no god but God.

İkrar gerek bir ere,  
Göz açıp didar göre,  
Sarrağ gerek cevhere,  
Nadan bilesi değil. *Refr.*

Bir pınarın başına,  
Bir testiyi koysalar,  
Kırk yıl orada dursa,  
Kendi dolası değil. *Refr.*

Ümmi Sinan yol ayan,  
Bellidir belli beyan,  
Dervişlik yolu heman,  
Tacda hırkada değil. *Refr.*

We have to take a vow to a saint,  
Our eyes open to seeing,  
To change money one needs a money changer,  
The ignorant knows nothing about it. *Refr.*

Should you place a pitcher  
By the fountainhead,  
Should it stay there for forty years,  
It'll never be filled by itself. *Refr.*

Prophet Sinan, the way's clear,  
Yes, it's well known, it is clear,  
It is not the vest or the tall hat  
That makes one a dervish. *Refr.*

№ 264. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

See № 261/1

Olma bizden cüda senin aşkına,  
Sahibine verdik cümle varımız,  
Hep yoklukta kaldık bizim karımız.  
Meydani erenler oldu darımız.

Ali'nin/Şahımın sevdiği gönül aşkına,  
Biz gidelim erenlerin yoluna,  
Bakmayalım hem sağ, sağ ve soluna,  
Medet mürüvveti verdi kuluna,  
İmam/Şahım Hüseyinin yolu aşkına.

See. № 261/1

Don't stay away from us!  
We've given all our properties to God,  
We've always lived in poverty, it is for our good.  
Holy men have become our asylum.

For the love of Ali/our Shah,  
Let's proceed on the way of saints,  
Without looking right or left,  
He took pity on his servant,  
For the love of Imam Husain.

№ 267. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli

Bir gün daldım erenler meydanına,  
Bel bağladım yoluna erkanına,  
\*Açıldım bir kenarsız şen ummanına.  
*Refr.* Şarabın abusu dolar elime,  
Tadı da candan tatlı geldi ya dilime.

Dost elinden gönül şehri tutuştu,  
Can bağına canan geldi buluştu,

Elim de kudret eli ile tutuştu. *Refr.*

Devrişlikten başka ünvan istemem,  
Muhabbetten gayri devran istemem,  
Aşkından başka şem – lahm istemem. *Refr.*

One day I found myself in the place of holy men,  
I joined their way and essentials,  
I swam into their shoreless blissful sea,  
*Refr.* Let my glass be filled with their wine,  
I felt it sweeter than soul on my tongue,

A friend put my heart on fire,  
My sweetheart came to a meeting in a friend's  
garden,  
My hand clasped the hand of the Almighty.  
*Refr.*

I need no title other than that of the dervish,  
I need nothing other than nice talk  
I do not want any other thing but to love you  
*Refr.*

Elhamdülillah pirim kabul eyledi,  
Müjdesini kulağıma söyledi,  
Devriş Mehmet Ali bizdensin dedi. *Refr.*

I give thanks to God, my saint has accepted me,  
He whispered the good news into my ear,  
Mehmet Ali Dervish, you are one of us, he said.  
*Refr.*

№ 270. *Düvazdeh nefesi.* Havva Hari (1945 Devletliğaç), Kırklareli

Her sabah, her sabah vardığım,  
Oniki imam Alim, Alim.  
Seferbere eyle yardım.  
*Refr.* Oniki imam Alim, Alim.

Every morning, every morning my destination is  
Twelve imams, my Ali, Ali.  
Help those who set off  
*Refr.* Twelve imams, my Ali, Ali.

Allah bir Muhammed Haktır,  
Bilenlere sözüm yoktur.  
Ali'nin insanı çoktur. *Refr.*

Allah is one, Muhammad is true,  
I don't say it to those who know it,  
Ali's got many followers. *Refr.*

Hasan Hüseyin'in yarı,  
Zeynel Abidin'in nuru,  
Muhammed Mehdi'nin sırrı. *Refr.*

The lover of Hasan and Husain,  
The light of Zeynel Abidin,  
The secret of Muhammad Mehdi. *Refr.*

Muhammed Bakır'ın şahı,  
Akıyor Nakir'in kanı,  
Sen düşürdün kaldır beni. *Refr.*

The shah of Muhammad Bakir,  
Nakir's blood is flowing,  
You've cast me down, raise me up. *Refr.*

Hasan Hüseyin askeri Mehdi,  
Vardır gelmeğe atı,  
Yıkılsın Yezid'in tahtı. *Refr.*

Mehdi, the soldier of Hasan Husain,  
He's got a horse to come here.  
Yezid's throne should collapse! *Refr.*

Pir Sultan'ım durdum dara,  
Çağurdım ere pire,  
Cümlenin muradını vere. *Refr.*

My Pir Sultan, I've confessed my sins,  
I've called the saints,  
May all of them reach their goal. *Refr.*

№ 273. *Nefes.* Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli

Her sabah, her sabah seher yelleri,  
Seher yelleriyle esen Ali'dir.  
Muhammed kılavuz mahşer yerinde,  
İslam insan canı çeken Ali'dir.

In the mornings, the early morning breeze,  
In the morning breeze Ali is blowing.  
Muhammad guides us on Doomsday,  
The souls of those who believe in Islam are  
attracted by Ali.

Dayanık gör kardeş, gönül gözcüne,  
Ağızın yokmudur ahiret göçüne?

Find support, brother, for the watching heart,  
Have you nothing to say about the way to the  
hereafter?

On iki imam gibi cennet içine,  
Abu Kevser'ile akan Ali'dir.

To heaven similar to the twelve imams?  
Flowing with the water of Kevser is also Ali.

Dindiler döndüler Şarka gittiler,  
Horasan şehrine akın ettiler,  
Müminlerin feryadına yettiler,

Pervane Yezide basan Ali'dir.

Nerede ararsan hazır bulunur,  
Okur dört kitabı iyi bilinir,  
Bayram ayı gibi doğar dolunur,

Seher yelleriyle esen Ali'dir.

Münkürün gıdası Hak'tan kesilir,  
Nesimi üzüldü mahsur yazılı,  
Dünya yetmiş kere doldu eksildi,

Dolduran Ali'dir, dolan Ali'dir.

Hakkın emri ile Cebrail indi,  
İndi de Ali'nin koluna kondu,  
Zülfükar kuşandı Döldüle bindi,  
Yezid'in neslini kesen Ali'dir.

Pir Sultan'ım eydü, şad olup güldü,  
Şah efendim eydü, şad olup güldü,  
Kabe şehirinden bir nida geldi,  
Hakkın emri ile dört kitab indi,  
Okuyan Muhammed yazan Ali'dir.

They had a rest, turned back, headed east,  
Attacked the town of Khorasan,  
They were greeted by the screaming of the  
true-faithed,  
Yezid was also raided by Ali.

You'll find him where you're looking for him,  
The reader's familiar with the four holy books,  
Like the festive month it arrives and becomes  
consummate,  
In the morning breeze Ali is blowing.

God gives no food to the infidels,  
Nesimi was grieving, a list of sins were made,  
Seventy times did the world become full and  
then emptied,  
Ali filled it with people, Ali's the people, too.

Gabriel arrived by God's command,  
As he descended, he sat in Ali's arm,  
He woke up Zulfikar, got on Duldul,  
The descendants of Yezid were also killed by Ali.

My Pir Sultan said, he laughed happily,  
My lord Shah said, he laughed happily,  
A voice spoke from the town of Kabe,  
By the command of God four books descended,  
They were dictated by Muhammad and written  
by Ali.

№ 274. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Aman ey, erenler, mürüvvet sizden,  
Öksüzüm, garibim, amana geldim.  
Yetimim halime merhamet eyle,

Ağlaya, ağlaya meydana geldim.

Bağrımın bağında ben garip bülbül,  
Amanım artmakta halim çok müşkül,  
Koparmazdım ancak, kokladım bir gül,  
Kafir oldum ise imana geldim.

Cemalin madeni eğişmiş kefeni,

Seherde açılır gonca gülleri,  
Kılavuzla aştım gergin yolları,  
Menzilim erenler yoludur deyu.

Alas, oh saints, be merciful,  
I'm an orphan and unfortunate, I've come to  
ask forgiveness,  
I'm an orphan, feel pity for me,  
Crying and weeping have I entered this holy  
place.

I'm a sad nightingale in the garden of my heart,  
My troubles increase, I have it hard,  
I didn't pick the rose, I only smelled it,  
Though I was a non-believer, I converted.

The treasure of your divine beauty bends the  
shroud,  
Roses are budding at dawn,  
I left the hard ways with a guide,  
My goal is the way of the holy men.

İkilik perdesi yoktur özümde,  
Birliktir gönlümde özüm sözümde,  
Gece gündüz dahi Hak niyazında,  
Kiblemdir Muhammed secdemdir Ali.

Turabi'yem turab oldu özümüz,  
Can gözüyle canan/cemal gördü gözümüz,

Damanın mürşüde sürdük yüzümüz,  
Hünkar Hacı Bektaş veli'dir deyu.  
Aslı imam nesli Ali'dir deyu.

I'm not a hypocrite,  
There's unity in my heart, I keep my word,  
Day and night I pray to God,  
I pray to Muhammad, Ali is my prayer carpet.

I'm Turabi, we will turn into dust,  
We've seen God's face through the eyes of the  
soul,  
We bend down to the ground before our master,  
Our saint Haji Bektash is a saint, we keep saying,  
In fact he's a descendant of Imam Ali.

№ 275. Nefes. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Bu zevkle münkiri hayran edelim.  
*Refr.* Ali'nin doğduğu eyyam bu demdir.  
Çıraklar uyanınsın, kurulsun cemler,  
Gülbanklar çekilsin, sürülsün demler,  
Cümbüşe gelsinler cümle erenler. *Refr.*

Nerededir sakiler sunsunlar bade,  
Gönüller zevk ile olsun gülşade,  
Eriştik hamd olsun biz de murada,  
Ali'nin doğduğu eyyam bu gece.

Bakın çemenzarı süslemiş güller,  
Feryada başlamış şevkiyle bülbüller,  
Açılmış şakayık lale sümbüller,  
Ali'nin/Sahimin doğduğu eyyam bu gece.

Geldi Sultan Nevruz, kalmadı elem,

Melaik, halayık cümlesi hürrem,  
Erenler lutfedip eyledi kerem,  
Ali'nin doğduğu eyyam bu demdir.

Bilin ki bu demdir meş'adet demi,  
Ref'etmiş erenler cümle alemi,  
Erişti bizlere Şahın keremi,  
Ali'nin/Şahımın doğduğu eyyam bu gece.

Hüsni Baba eyler candan niyazı,  
Dem sunsun sakiler sunsunlar bade,  
Okunsun nefesler çalınınsın sazlar,  
Ali nin doğduğu eyyam bu gece.

Let's take delight in amazing the infidels.  
*Refr.* This is the moment when Ali was born,  
Let the candles burn, let the ritual begin,  
Let's praise God aloud, God, let's drink!  
All the saints should come to the community.  
*Refr.*

Where is the cup-bearer, he should give us  
drinks,  
May the hearts be free and rejoice,  
We've reached our goal by God's grace,  
This is the night when Ali was born.

Look, the green meadow is full of roses,  
The nightingales are joyfully singing,  
The peonies, tulips and hyacinths are blooming,  
This is the happy night when Ali was born.

Nevruz Sultan has arrived, there's no more  
sorrow,  
Angels, slave girls, all of them are merry,  
Saints have removed all the troubles,  
This is the happy moment when Ali was born.

You should know this is the time of happiness,  
The saints make the world happy,  
The Shah's grace has also reached us,  
This is the night when Ali was born.

Hüsni Baba is praying with all his heart,  
The cup-bearer should give us drink, wine  
should be brought here,  
May nefes sound and strings twang,  
This is the night when Ali was born.

№ 276. *Nefes*. Fatma and Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kılavuzlu

Ey, şahin bakışlım, bülbül avazlım,	Hey, my hawk-eyed, my nightingale-voiced [love],
Bir eli kadehli bir eli sazlım,	In one of your hands a goblet, a musical instru- ment in the other,
İşte ben gidiyorum kal ahı gözlüm, <i>Refr.</i> Ne sen beni unut, ne de ben seni.	Look, I'm leaving, you stay, my gazelle-eyed. <i>Refr.</i> Don't forget me, I won't forget you either,
Yolda harami çok, engel arada, Unutma sevdiğim demde sırada, Kalıp gider amma gönül burada. <i>Refr.</i>	There are many highwaymen/bandits, obstacles, Don't forget me, sweetheart, even for a moment, Even if I go away, my heart stays here. <i>Refr.</i>
Ta ezeli ezeli seven sevende, Şu iki cihanda, kevn-ü mekanda, Mizan başlarında ulu divanda. <i>Refr.</i>	It's been always like this: lover and sweetheart, In the two worlds: in this world and in the hereafter. They have the proof in the great tribunal. <i>Refr.</i>
Çekilsin gülbaklar sürülsün devran,	May our holy hymn sound and the dervishes whirl,
Görülsün kayıtlar açılsın meydan, Yolumuzu açsın ulu yaratan. <i>Refr.</i>	May the scripts be seen, the holy place open, May our Creator give us free way. <i>Refr.</i>
Kul Hüseyin'im der ki gül benzim soluk, Serimize yazılmıştır ayrılık, Vallahi sevdiğim gönüller birlik. <i>Refr.</i>	My Kul Husain says I look pale, Parting is written in the book of our fate, Yes, my sweetheart, the hearts are the same. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 277. *Kırklar semahı*, Tahsin Berber (1947 Eşkicuma), Zeytinburnu

Güvercinlik derler şara (şehir) vardın mı?	Have you reached the town said to have a round tower?
Ali'nin doğduğu yeri gördün mü? Fatma derler Hasan, Hüseyin anası,	Have you seen the place where Ali was born? The mother of Hasan and Husain is called Fatma,
Oniki imamların sohbet anası.	She has enchanted the twelve imams by her speech.
<i>Refr.</i> Güvercinlik derler, şara vardın mı?	<i>Refr.</i> Have you reached the town said to have a round tower?
Ali'nin doğduğu yeri gördün mü?	Have you seen the place where Ali was born?
Seksen konak derler gelmezler öte,	It is called eighty lodgings, they don't come any further,
Burda gavur yoktur Müslüman çoktur.	There are no infidels here, there're a lot of Mus- lims,
Kırklar bu diyarda Musalar hakim, Canlar bu dizarda Musalar haktır. <i>Refr.</i>	Forties, here the Musas are the leaders, My dear, here the Musas are the masters. <i>Refr.</i>

Ulu bezirganı görüp geçtin mi?  
Hamza pehlivanla güreş tuttun mu?  
Türlü bir kumaşlar alıp sattın mı? *Refr.*

Pir Sultan'ım aydır uludan ulu,  
Üstümüzden eksik etme doluyu,  
Horasan'da yatar derler Şahim/ aslan Ali'yi.  
*Refr.*

Have you seen the famous merchant?  
Have you wrestled with Hamza, the wrestler,  
Have you traded with your textiles? *Refr.*

My Pir Sultan is the moon, greater than anything,  
Don't take the full goblets away from us.  
My Shah/Ali, the lion is said to rest in Kho-  
rasan. *Refr.*

№ 278. *Kırklar semahu*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Adım, adım Hak yoluna varayım.  
*Refr.* Güvercinlik derler, şara vardın mı?

Ali'nin doğduğu yeri gördün mü?  
Fatma derler Hasan Hüseyin' annesi,  
Birden solmaz derler onun kınası,  
Oniki imamların sohbet annesi. *Refr.*

Ulu bezirganı gelip geçtin mi?  
Hamza pehlivanla güreş tuttun mu?  
Türlü kumaşları alıp sattın mı? *Refr.*

Pir Sultanım incitmeyin demi,  
Şah Sultanım incitmeyin demi,  
Üstümüzden eksik etme doluyu,  
Horasan'da yatar derler Şahım Ali'yi. *Refr.*

I should follow God's way step by step.  
*Refr.* Have you reached the town said to have a  
round tower?

Have you seen the place where my Ali is?  
The mother of Hasan and Husain is called Fatma,  
Her henna<sup>123</sup> won't fade away easily,  
Fatma, who has enchanted the twelve imams by  
her speech. *Refr.*

Have you seen the famous merchant?<sup>124</sup>  
Have you wrestled with Hamza, the wrestler?  
Have you traded with your textiles? *Refr.*

My Pir Sultan, don't touch the drink,  
My Shah Sultan, don't touch the drink,  
Don't take the full goblet away from us,  
My Shah Ali is said to rest in Khorasan. *Refr.*

№ 279. *Semah*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Hü deyelim gerçeklerin demine,  
Erenlerin demi nurdan sayılır.  
On iki imam katarına katılan,  
Muhammed Ali'ye yardan sayılır.

Blessed be the drink of the true ones!  
The drink of the saints is from light,  
He who joins the group of the twelve imams,  
Becomes the lover of Muhammad and Ali.

<sup>123</sup> It is a religious rule for Muslim women to paint their hands and feet for major occasions such as their wedding.

<sup>124</sup> The merchant who spreads his ware all over is to be taken figuratively. He is the master who disseminates knowledge.



İhlas ile gelen bu yoldan dönmez,	He who comes trueheartedly will never leave our way,
İkilikten geçmeyen birliğe ermez,	Who doesn't give up hypocrisy will never find unity,
Eri Hak görmeyen Hakkı da görmez,	Who doesn't respect a saint as God doesn't see God either,
Gözü bakar ama körden sayılır.	His eyes look but in fact he is blind.
[Gerçek talib ikrarında durursa, Çerağ gibi yanıp yağı erirse, Eksikliği kendisinde bilirse, O da erdir gerçek erden sayılır.]	[If a true candidate keeps his vow He burns like a floating wick when it's got oil, If he is aware of his own shortcomings, He is also a holy man, he is one of them.]
Üç gün imiş şu dünyanın sefası, Sefasından artık imiş cefası, Hak'tır erenlerin dostu nefesi, <sup>125</sup> Biri kırktır kırkı birden sayılır.	The pleasures of this world only last three days, There are more sorrows than pleasures, God is the friend and breath of holy men, One is forty, forty is one.
Pir/Şah Sultan Abdal'ım Bağdat'tır vatan, İkilikten geçip birliğe yeten, Erenlerin yoluna kıyl-ü kal <sup>126</sup> katan, Yüklenmiş yükünü hardan sayılır.	My Pir Sultan Abdal, Bagdad is home, After double-dealing I found untiy, The one that brings gossip to the path of saints Is like a donkey packed with burden.

№ 280. *Nefes*. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Yine mihman geldi, gönlüm şaz oldu. <i>Refr.</i> Mihmanlar siz bize hoşça geldiniz, Kardaşlar siz bize sefa geldiniz.	A guest has arrived, my heart's rejoicing. <i>Refr.</i> Guests, you're welcome, Brethren, you're welcome!
Kara olan eve misafir gelmez, Bağırsa, çağırsa eksiği bitmez. Her yere çağrılır bir yere gitmez. <i>Refr.</i>	No guest comes to a sad home, He may shout and scream, his misery will never end, He's invited all over, but won't go anywhere. <i>Refr.</i>
Misafirdir iç kapının kilidi, Misafirdir, sahibinin gülüdür Tanrı misafiri pirim Ali'dir. <i>Refr.</i>	The guest even opens the inner door, The guest is the rose of the master, God's guest, my saint, Ali. <i>Refr.</i>
Kerem hümmet eyle gene gel bize, Büyük küçük deme cümlemiz bile, Yavan yahşi deme yüzümüz güle. <i>Refr.</i>	Be gracious, come to see us again, Not only the big or the small, but all of us, Food doesn't matter, let our eyes laugh. <i>Refr.</i>

<sup>125</sup> *Nefes* is an Arabic loanword in Turkish: '1. breath, breathing; 2. breath with healing power (blown upon the sick); 3. moment, duration of a breath; 4. hymn of Bektashis' (Redhouse 1974: 874).

<sup>126</sup> *Kil-ü kal* 'gossip' (Eyuboğlu 1993: 204) is a loanword in Turkish.

№ 281. *Semah*. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953), İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Gel gine bugün dost iline gidelim Gül Baba'm, Canım şahım pir sultanım Gül Baba'm, Gül Baba'm, Canımdan ayrıldım, feryat ederim, ederim, Arşa direk, direk şahım Gül Baba'm, Gül Baba'm.	Come, my Gül Baba <sup>127</sup> , let's go to the land of the friend today, too,  My soul, my Shah, My Shah Sultan, Gül Baba, I've parted with my darling, I'm screaming, You're the pillar of the world, Gül Baba.
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№ 285. *Nefes*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliagaç - See № 167№ 286. *Nefes*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliagaç - See № 285№ 289. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Zeytinburnu

Şimdi bizim aramıza, Yola boyun eğenler gelsin, Şeriatı, tarikatı hakikatı bilenler gelsin, Hakikatı diyen de gelsin, Hü, Hü, Hü, Hü, Dost.	Now those should join us Who bend their heads to our way, Who know this order and religion, This divine justice, Those should come here.
*Kişi halden anlayınca, Hakikatı dinleyince, Üstüne yol uğrayınca, Ayrılmayı duran da gelsin, Hü, Hü, Hü, Hü, Dost.	Those who sympathize, And hear the divine justice, And can resist temptation in a difficult situation, Those should come here.

№ 293. *Nefes*. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu <sup>128</sup>

Ben bu aşka düşeli, Allah ile buluşalı, Al, yeşil, ala, sarı. <i>Refr.</i> Bize dervişler geldi.	Since I fell in love, Since I met Allah, Red, green, mottled, yellow. <i>Refr.</i> Dervishes came to us.
Dervişler giyer aba, Hükmeder Kaf'tan Kafa, Bize Muhammed, Mustafa... <i>Refr.</i>	Dervishes wear felt coats, They rule around the world, <sup>128</sup> [There came] to us Muhammad Mustafa. <i>Refr.</i>
Bölük, bölük dervişler, Hakk'ın buyurduğu işler, Edep, erkan görmüşler. <i>Refr.</i>	Many of the dervishes Act by God's command, And follow the right way. <i>Refr.</i>

<sup>127</sup> The legendary 'Father of Roses' is a well-known saint along the Balkans. His northernmost shrine can be found in Budapest.

<sup>128</sup> *Kaf*: 'mythical mountain, thought to surround the world and to bind the horizon on all sides' (Red-house 1974: 578)

Yediler kırklar ile,  
Yüzü balkır nur ile,  
Ak sakallı pirlere. *Refr.*

Has bahçenin gülünden,  
Şeker damlar elinden,  
Yunus Şahım elinden. *Refr.*

The Seven and the Forty,<sup>129</sup>  
Their faces shine with light,  
With white-bearded saints. *Refr.*

From a rose from the sultan's garden  
Nectar's dripping from his hand.  
Thanks to my Yunus *Shah*. *Refr.*

№ 294. *Nefes*. Hatice Ergül (1924 Bulgaria), Devletliğaç<sup>130</sup>

Şu karşiki yayla ne güzel yayla,  
Bir dem süremedim dostlar giderim böyle.  
Ela gözlü pirim gel himmet eyle.  
*Refr.* Ben de bu yayladan Şaha/dosta giderim.

Meğer göğerip bostan olursam,  
Şu halkın diline dostlar destan olursam,  
Kara toprak senden üstün olursam. *Refr.*

Bir bölük turnaya sökün dediler,  
Yürekteki derdi dökün dediler,  
Yayladan ötesi yakın dediler. *Refr.*

Men bir yol ehliyim, yol sefiliyim,  
Üstü kan köpüklü neşe seliyim,  
O sebepten aklım yoktur, deliyim. *Refr.*

Alınmış abtesim aldırırlarsa,  
Kılınmış namazım dostlar kıldırırlarsa,  
Sizde şah deyeni öldürürlerse. *Refr.*

Pir Sultan Abdalım dünya durulmaz,  
Gitti giden ömür dostlar geri dönülmez,  
Gözlerim de şah yolundan ayrılmaz. *Refr.*

The summer pasture opposite, what a nice  
summer pasture,  
I've never had a happy moment, this is how I  
leave, my friends.  
My brown-eyed Pir,<sup>130</sup> come and help.  
*Refr.* I leave this summer pasture and go to the  
Shah/friend.

If only I turned into a green garden,  
I'd become a legend on the lips of the people,  
Black earth, I'd overcome you. *Refr.*

Flush a group of cranes,  
Let out the sorrow from your hearts,  
We'll soon cross the summer pasture. *Refr.*

I'm a poor wanderer, struggling along roads,  
I'm a stream of joy, foaming with blood,  
I'm a crazy fool. *Refr.*

If they say my ritual cleaning is not valid,  
If they make me repeat my prayers,  
If you kill the person who mentions the Shah.  
*Refr.*

My Pir Sultan Abdal, this world doesn't last  
forever,  
The departed will never come back,  
They won't divert me from the way of the *Shah*,  
*Refr.*

<sup>129</sup> Important mystical numbers of the Sufis.

<sup>130</sup> Patron saint; spiritual teacher; founder of an order of dervishes; chief of a convent of dervishes (Red-house 1974: 934).

№ 295. *Nefes*. Celal Taşar (1964 Erzurum), Kırklareli

[Şu karşıki yaylada göç katar] katar,  
 Bir yiğit sevdası bağrımda tüter,  
 Bize bu ayrılık ölümden beter.  
*Refr.* Geçti dost kervanı eyleme beni, eyleme  
 beni.

\*Şu benim sevdiğim başta oturur,  
 Bir güzelin derdi beni bitirir,  
 Bu ayrılık bana ölüm getirir. *Refr.*

Pir Sultan Abdal'ım dağdan aşalım,  
 Çok nimetin yedik helallaşalım. *Refr.*

[In the summer pasture opposite] the herd of  
 nomads is moving on,  
 My heart's burning with youthful love,  
 For us parting is worse than death.  
*Refr.* The friend's caravan has passed, don't  
 torture me, don't torture me.

My lover's sitting at the place of honour,  
 The longing for my beauty consumes me,  
 This parting brings death on me. *Refr.*

I am Pir Sultan Abdal, let's cross the mountain,  
 You've often been gracious to us, let us count.  
*Refr.*

№ 296. *Nefes*. Hatice Ergül (1924 Bulgaria), Devletliağaç – See № 295№ 297. *Nefes*. Hanife Konbal (1947), Çeşmekolu

Gördüm şu binayı kandan ilikten,  
 Duvarları etten, taşı kemikten,  
 Secde kıldım niyaz aldım eşikten,  
 Adım-adım kutlu tekkeme geldim, tekkeme  
 geldim.

Gönül dedikleri canla tanıştım,  
 Muhabbet eyledim tatlı konuştum,  
 Kısbet giydim nefes ile güreştim,

Pirim ihsan etti bu deme geldim, bu deme  
 geldim.

Bir göle on iki nehir akıyor,  
 Her biri doksan bin ayet okuyor,

İki kaş içinden arslan bakıyor,

Yol bacını verip Kibleme geldim.

Bu nur gece gündüz döner madende,  
 Anasırla mevla ile ihsanda,

Nice devir ettim yalan dünyada,  
 Seyril oruc olub hak ceme geldim.

I've seen the house built from flesh and blood,  
 Its walls from flesh, its bricks from bones,  
 I stooped to pray, I breathed a prayer on the  
 threshold,  
 Walking forward I arrived at my blessed tekke.

I got acquainted with the soul which is said to  
 be the heart,  
 I indulged in a happy conversation,  
 I put on a wrestling costume and started wres-  
 tling with the soul,  
 That's how I could live to see this moment by  
 my holy leader's grace.

Twelve rivers flow into a lake,  
 Each of them quotes ninety thousand poems  
 from the Quran,

From between two eyebrows a lion's looking  
 at me,

I've paid the road tax, so I've reached my des-  
 tination.

This light's changing in the virtue day and night,  
 The main secret is hidden in God and the pious  
 acts,

What a life I had in this deceptive world!  
 What a lot of things I had to struggle with  
 before I found the true community.

№ 298. *Nefes*. Mahmut Gümüř (1973 Beyci), Kırklareli

Keramet bařtadır, tacda deęildir,	The ability to perform a miracle is in the head, not in the crown,
Hararet nardadır, sacda deęildir, Her ne arar isen ey dost, kendinde ara,	Heat is in the oven, not in the oven plate, Whatever you're looking for, my friend, look for it in yourself,
Kudüste Mekke'de arřta deęildir.	Not in Jerusalem, Mecca or the space.
Sakın bir kimsenin gönlünü yıkma, Gerçek erenlerin sözünden çıkma, Eđer insan isen ey dost ölmezsin korkma,	Don't break the heart of anyone, Don't depart from the words of true saints, If you are a just man, you won't die, don't be afraid,
Ařığı kurt yemez uęta deęildir.	The wolf doesn't eat the ashik, <sup>131</sup> this is not its goal.

№ 299. *Nefes*. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Sultan Süleyman'a kalmayan dünya, řu dünya yerinde ırılır bir gün, Nice canlar vardır kara yer sende, Hakk'ın emriyle dirilir bir gün.	This world doesn't belong to Sultan Suleyman, This world will come to an end one day, What a lot of people rest in you, black soil! By God's command man will resurrect one day.
Pir Sultan'ım/řah Sultanım söyler bin bir kelamı, Sıratın önünde terez-i nizamı, Cümlesinin günahları tartılır bir gün.	My Pir Sultan/Shah Sultan recites a lot of poems, A scale is placed at the Bridge of Sirat, All our sins will be weighed in it one day.

№ 301. *Nefes*. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Yakadan gider iken, Zikir Allah verirken, İsmail peygamberin, Koynu güder iken.	Leaving the shore behind, Praising Allah's name, When prophet Ismail Was grazing his sheep.
Kıldığım namaz idi, Beř vaktini koymaz idi, Üç günlük çöreęimi, Olmazsa yemez idim.	I prayed Not just five times a day, I couldn't eat my Three-day roll either.
Ben yaslandım řol tařa, Gör neler gelir bařa, Bir gün misafir gelmezse, Verirdim kurda kuřa.	I leaned against a cliff, Hear what happened to me! One day, if no guest had arrived, I'd have given it to a wolf or bird.

<sup>131</sup> *Ařik*: an 'enraptured saint, dervish; wandering minstrel' (Redhouse 1974: 86).

Bir öğlen mehelinde,  
Çıka bir derviş geldi,  
Çobana selam verdi,  
„Ayleküm selam” dedi.

Çoban ben açım dedi,  
Sana muhtacım dedi,  
Dişim yoktur yemeğe,  
Var katık getir dedi.

Günes vurdu şu dağa,  
Bülbül yollandı baya,  
Çoban aldı kulleyi,  
Gitti koyun sağmaya.

One day at lunch time,  
A dervish came by,  
He greeted the shepherd,  
Who reeturned his greeting.

The shepherd said, I'm hungry,  
Help me, please,  
How can I eat, I'm toothless,  
If you've got something to the bread, bring it here!

The sun shed its rays on the mountain,  
The nightingales came forward,  
The shepherd grabbed his pail,  
And left to milk a sheep.

№ 302. *Nefes*. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu – See № 301

№ 303. *Nefes*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Daldan inmiştir karınca,  
Dolu olmazsa yarımca.  
Hü, Hü, Hü, Hü, Allah,  
Hü, sakilerin demine, Hü!

Ah, badeler, badeler,  
Dolu olmuş/kalmış ya kadehler,  
Hü, Hü, Hü, Hü, Allah,  
Hü, sakilerin demine, Hü!

The ant has come off the branch,  
If it is not full, it is half full,  
H<sup>132</sup>ü, Hü, Hü, Hü, Allah,  
Hü, blessed be the cup-bearers'<sup>133</sup> drink!

Oh, drinks, oh wines!  
The glasses are full,  
Hü, Hü, Hü, Hü, Allah,  
Hü, blessed be the cup-bearers' drink!

№ 304. *Nefes*. Bektashi concert, Istanbul

Mürşidimiz Muhammed  
Rehberimizdir Ali  
Aşık olan can benim  
Mürşid ile rehber  
Aşık olan can benim  
Mürşid ile rehber  
İki cihanda erelim

Muhammad's our master,  
Ali shows us the way,  
I'm the yearning soul,  
The soul yearning for our master and leader,  
that's what I am.  
Let's reach two worlds with our master and  
guide.

<sup>132</sup> *Hu* ~ *Hü*, *Hüy*, etc. 'He' = Allah.

<sup>133</sup> In the community, the dispenser of drinks is one of the functionaries.

№ 305. *Nefes*. Bektashi concert, Istanbul

Arzuladım sana geldim,  
Hünkar Hacı Bektaş Velim,  
Eşiğine yüzüm sürdüm,  
Hünkar Hacı Bektaş veli.  
*Refr.* Haydar, Haydar canım Haydar,  
Beni eden var ol Haydar!

Pir Sultan'ım gerçek veli,  
Kesmez silah Haydar eli,  
Dost sanki Horasan piri,  
Hünkar Hacı Bektaş veli. *Refr.*

I've come to you, yearning,  
My lord, my saint Haji Bektash,  
I touched my face to your threshold,  
My lord, saint Haji Bektash.  
*Refr.* Haydar, Haydar, my soul Haydar.  
Long live the one that created me!

My Pir Sultan is a true saint,  
No weapon can injure Haydar's hand,  
The friend, like a saint from Khorasan,  
My lord, saint Haji Bektash. *Refr.*

№ 306. *Nefes*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu – See № 308№ 307. *Nefes*. Mahmut Gümüş (1973 Beyci), Kırklareli – See № 308№ 308. *Nefes*. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953), İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Mihman olduk ceminize,  
Hü diyelim deminize.  
Hayran kaldık yolunuza.  
*Refr.* Bu meydanda, bu divanda.

Meydanda oturan canlar,  
Aynı kandan, aynı soydan.  
Kalksın kötü çırkın yanlar. *Refr.*

Sazlarla<sup>134</sup> coşup çaladık,  
Özümüz Hakk'a bağladık,  
Hüseyin için ağladık. *Refr.*

Pirimiz/Şahımız Bektaş Veli,  
Aptal Musa, Kızıl Deli,  
Balım Sultan'la Çelebi. *Refr.*

Selam rehber olan dosta,  
Niyazımız vardır dosta,  
Hüseyin için de yasta. *Refr.*

We've become guests of your community,  
We bless God for your drink,  
We admire your way  
*Refr.* In this holy place, in this community.

The fellow believers sitting in the holy place,  
From the same race, from the same blood.  
The wicked and the ugly should leave *Refr.*

We enthused plucking saz,  
We abandoned ourselves to God,  
We lamented for Husain. *Refr.*

Our saint Bektash Veli,  
Abdal Musa, Kızıl Deli,  
With Balim Sultan Celebi. *Refr.*

Greetings to those who have shown the way,  
We pray for our friends,  
We mourn for Husain. *Refr.*

<sup>134</sup> There sounds *meydanda* in one of the text variants.

№ 309. *Nefes*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Kırklareli iline açtık bir ocak,	We've opened a community place in the town of Kırklareli,
Medet mürvet, <sup>135</sup> Şahım vilayet Mürtaza, Mühıbben nur neşe oldular sermest,	Help, mercy, my saint Shah, my guard Murtaza <sup>137</sup> Trusted friends were filled with overwhelming joy,
Şefayet <sup>136</sup> kıl ya Muhammed Mustafa.	Pray for us, Muhammad Mustafa.
İlimiz çok eski kırkların ili, *Gözcümüzdür daim Şah Kızıl Deli, Erenler aşkına süreriz demi, Himmet eyle pirim sen Hünkar Veli.	Our town's very old, the town of the Forty, Our eternal guard is Kızıl Deli Shah, We raise our glasses to the love of saints, Take pity on me, saint caliph.
Yedi müřşid bir araya cem olduk, Erenler yolunda tek vücut olduk, Muhammed Ali'nin nurunu gördük, Şefaata kıl ya Muhammed Mustafa.	Seven masters – we have gathered We've united on the way of the saints, We have seen the light of Muhammad Ali, Pray for us, Muhammad Mustafa.
Kırklareli ilinde güllerimiz var, Ululardan ulu pırlarımız var, İbrahim Ethem baba yatırımız var,	In the town of Kırklareli we've got roses, Our saints are the mightiest of all, The tomb of İbrahim Ethem Baba can be found here,
Medet mürvet şahım vilayet mürtaza.	Take pity on me, my shah, my guard Murtaza.
Hasan Baba der ki açılıñ güller, Şakıyıp şakıyıp ötsün bülbüller,	Hasan Baba says, may the roses bloom, May the nightingales sing at the top of their voices,
Can gözüñ açıp ta nur görsün gözler, Şefaata kıl ya Muhammed Mustafa.	My fellow believer, open your eyes, see the light, Pray for us, Muhammad Mustafa.

№ 310. *Nefes*. Şüküne Güner (1932), Karıncak

[Bu gece] hanemize hoş mihman geldi, Hoş olur hanemiz mihman gelince, Kararmış gönüllerin pası silindi, Pak olur hanemiz mihman gelince.	[Tonight] a dear guest's come to see us, Our home is filled with joy when a guest arrives, The rust of gloomy hearts has been wiped off, Our home is purified when a guest arrives.
Oy, sefa geldiniz Şahın mihmanı, Hak ile ihsan eyledi meydanı, Yoluna feda eyledim şu canı, Şad/Hoş olur hanemiz mihman gelince.	Guests of Shah, you are welcome! A gracious act, they've opened a holy place, I've sacrificed my soul on its way, Our home is filled with joy when a guest arrives.

<sup>135</sup> Arabic loanword in Turkish. *Mürüvvet*: '1. great joy; 2. heroism, gallantry; 3. donation, open-handedness'. It is a feminine personal name at the same time.

<sup>136</sup> Arabic loanword in Turkish, its correct form is *şefaata*: 'intercession, prayer for pardon'.

<sup>137</sup> A title for the Caliph Ali (Redhouse 1974: 827).



Ruhi biçare fakir kulundur senin,  
Hak Muhammed Ali yolundur senin,  
Şu yeşil pençeli elindir senin,  
Hoş olur hanemiz mihman gelince.

A poor, miserable servant of yours, Ruhi,  
God, Muhammad, Ali – this is your way,  
This green<sup>138</sup> marked hand is yours,  
Our home is filled with joy when a guest arrives.

№ 311. *Nefes*. Fatma Üzer (1947 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Şu dünya derdinden bıktım usandım,  
Çektiğim cefayı hep sefa sandım,  
Nice nice çillelere dayandım,  
Garip, garip ağladım Hakk'a yalvardım.

I got fed up with the troubles of the world,  
I thought all my sufferings before were just fun,  
I had been sorely tried,  
I cried bitterly, I prayed to God.

Bizim ciğerciğimiz delik deliktir,  
Ciğerciğimiz delik bağrımız yanıktır,  
Yine garip gönlümüz Hakk'a dayanır,  
On iki imamlardan ayırma bizi.

Our viscera perforated,  
My viscera got injured and my soul burned out,  
Our poor hearts still have hope in God,  
Don't part me from the twelve imams.

Allah bir Muhammed Ali'dir dedi,  
Fatma anamıza dayandım durdum,  
Pirim eteğini can iylen tuttum,  
On iki imamlardan medet diledim.

God is one Allah, Muhammad, Ali,  
I prayed to our mother Fatma,  
I clung to my saint with all my heart,  
I asked the twelve imams for help.

Naciye fakirim çinlerle bacı,  
Dünyanın çillesi zehirden acı,  
Başımızda Muhammed imin tacı,  
On iki imamlardan ayırma bizi.

I'm poor Nadjiye, amidst sufferings,  
The pain of the world is more bitter than poison,  
Muhammad's crown is on our heads,  
Don't part me from the twelve imams.

№ 313. *Nefes*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 163

№ 314. *Nefes*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Evliyalar piri, hünkarım sensin,  
Tanrının arslanı, Ali'm gel yetiş,  
\*Dört kitabın sırrı, esrarı sensin.  
*Refr.* Tanrının arslanı Ali'm gel, yetiş.

You're the saint of saints, my lord,  
God's lion, come, hurry, my Ali,  
You're the secret and mystery of four books.<sup>139</sup>  
*Refr.* God's lion, my Ali, come, hurry!

Sensin cümlelerin gayıbın bilici,  
Sensin mümünlere yardım kılıcı,  
Kamu düşmüşlerin elin alıcı. *Refr.*  
Hem Ali'sin hem Veli'sin Hızır'sın,  
Hakkın emriyle aleme hazırsın,  
İsmin söylendiği yerde hazırsın. *Refr.*

You're the knower of all that's lost,  
You're the helping sword of the true believers,  
You take the hand of all the downcast. *Refr.*  
You're Ali and Veli and Hizir as well,  
You are ready for God's command,  
Wherever your name is mentioned, you turn  
up there. *Refr.*

<sup>138</sup> Green is the accepted colour symbolizing Islam.

<sup>139</sup> The four sacred books are: the Pentateuch, the Book of Psalms, The Gospels and the Koran.

Bakma isyanıma çoktur günahım,  
Eriş imdadıma [...]Erişti göklere feryadım  
ahım,  
Hey, benim devletli hürmetli şahım. *Refr.*  
Genç Abdal'im okur ilm-i hikmetten,  
Aşkın çuş eyledi bahr-i kudretten,  
Tut elimden kurtar beni zulmetten. *Refr.*

Don't regard my protests, my sins are numer-  
ous,  
Help me [...]My praying and wailing reaches  
heaven,  
Oh, my almighty respected Shah *Refr.*  
My Genc Abdal is reading from divine knowl-  
edge,  
Your love has overflown the ocean,  
Hold my hand, save me from the darkness. *Refr.*

№ 315. Nefes. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu<sup>140</sup>

Karşıda görünen ne güzel yayla,<sup>140</sup>  
Bir dem süremedim dostlar, giderim böyle,  
Ela gözlü pirim sen himmet eyle,  
*Refr.* Biz de bu yayladan dostlar Şaha gideriz  
Biz de bu yayladan dostlar pire gideriz.

The summer pasture opposite, what a nice  
summer pasture,  
I've never had a happy moment, I leave like  
this, my friends.  
My brown-eyed *pir*, come and perform a miracle.  
*Refr.* And we'll go to the Shah from this sum-  
mer pasture,  
And we'll go the the saint from the summer  
pasture!

Eğer göğerişsem bostan olursam,  
Şu halkın diline dostlar destan olursam,  
Kara toprak senden üstün olursam. *Refr.*

If only I could turn green and become a garden,  
I could become a legend on the lips of the people,  
Black soil, I could overcome you. *Refr.*

Bir bölük turnaya sökün dediler,  
Yürekteki derdi dostlar dökün dediler,

A flock of cranes were shooed away,  
Throw out the sorrow from your hearts, my  
friends,

Yayladan ötesi yakın dediler. *Refr.*

The place beyond the summer pasture is near,  
they said. *Refr.*

Dost elinden dolu içmiş değilim,  
Üstü kan köpüklü dostlar neşe seliyim,  
Ben bir yol ehliyim yol sefiliyim. *Refr.*

I am not one who drinks from a friend's hand,  
I am a flood of joy, foaming with blood,  
I am a guide, a poor traveller. *Refr.*

Alınmış abdestim aldırılırsa,  
Kılınmış namazım dostlar kıldırılırsa,  
Sizde Şah diyeni öldürürlerse. *Refr.*

If my ritual cleanings were invalidated,  
If I was made to repeat my ritual prayer,  
If a person who utters the Shah's name is killed.  
*Refr.*

Hü, Pir Sultan Abdalım dünya durulmaz,  
Gitti giden ömür dostlar geri dönülmez,

My Pir Sultan Abdal, this world is not livable,  
The one that has departed will never return, my  
friends,

Gözlerim de Şah yolundan ayrılmaz. *Refr.*

I won't take my eyes off the Shah's way. *Refr.*

<sup>140</sup> The first and last strophes of this hymn are cited by Mélikoff (1998: 231) and published with a French translation.

№ 319. *Nefes*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Ezeli ezelden öteden beri, Sevdikçe sevesim gelir Pirimi, Çekerim cevrunü ondan ötürü.	For a very long time, from the very beginning, I've been loving my holy leader more and more passionately, I'm ready to do anything for him.
<i>Refr.</i> Sevdikçe sevesim gelir pirimi.	<i>Refr.</i> I felt like loving my holy leader.
Sevdikçe severim ben onu çoktan, Sevgisin Allah verir hiç yoktan, Geçerim varımdan ayrılmam Haktan. <i>Refr.</i>	I've been loving him for ages, Allah can create love from nothing, I'm ready to part with everything but I'll never part with God. <i>Refr.</i>
El ele el hakka buyurdu Allah, İnandım pirime Allah eyvallah, Pirim Allah dostum Allah. <i>Refr.</i>	Hand in hand, holding God's hand, As ordered by Allah, I believed my saint, thanks to Allah, My saint Allah, my friend, Allah. <i>Refr.</i>
Genç Abdal'im Sultan sunucu buldu, Cennet bahçesinde gonca bir güldür, Pirim nazar kıl sanma delidir. <i>Refr.</i>	Genc Abdal Sultan has found a speaker A young rose in the garden of Paradise. My saint, cast an evil eye upon me, don't think he's a fool. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 320. *Nefes*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Bülbülün hali bir mana aldı, Gönül evini figana saldı, Geçtikçe ömürüm efkara daldı, <i>Refr.</i> Men de erenler şaştım, da kaldım, Men de kardaşlar şaştım, da kaldım.	The nightingale gave itself up to sorrow, The heart was filled with grief, As my life goes by, I feel more and more anxious. <i>Refr.</i> And I, holy people, I was amazed, And I, brethren, I was amazed.
İssiz erenler meydan kurarlar, Meydan üstüne devran sürerler, Gizli ummayı saka tutarlar. <i>Refr.</i>	Lonely holy people open a holy place, In the holy place they whirl with devotion, Keeping the secret desire. <i>Refr.</i>
Bir yüzü adem, adem yüzünde, Allahta adem, adem yüzünde, Bana dediler sen bul özünde. <i>Refr.</i>	One of man's faces is human, But God can also be seen in his face, I was told to find him in myself. <i>Refr.</i>
Müşküle müraacat, hastaya vacid, Kalmadı sinemde tahriri necad, Kalmadı gönlümde eski icazet. <i>Refr.</i>	Inquiry for the doubter, sympathy for the sick, In my soul there's no liberating escape left, In my heart there's no old ratification left. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 321. *Nefes*. Şerife Bodur (1930 Topçular), Kırklareli

Ben bu meclislerden ibretler aldım,  
Uyudum, uyandım ben hayal gördüm,  
Kalbimi nur ile boyanmış gördüm.  
*Refr.* Muhammed'in küsü çalınır burda,  
O serverin cismi yad olur dilde.

Hep turnalar gibi yüksek uçarsın,  
Kanadıyla halka rahmet saçarsın,  
Abu Kevser<sup>141</sup> şarabından içersin. *Refr.*

Yürük değirmenler gibi dönerler,  
El ele vermişler, Hakk'a giderler,  
Gönül kâbesini tavaf ederler. *Refr.*

Aşık Yunus gör ne hal oldu bana,  
Bu aşkın ateşi dokunur cana,  
Aklını başına devşir divane. *Refr.*

I was given a warning in this community,  
I was asleep, I woke up, I saw a dream,  
Light pervaded my heart.  
*Refr.* Muhammad's kettle drum is beaten here,  
The prophet's praised everywhere.

Like the cranes, you fly high,  
Dispensing divine grace with your wings.  
You drink from the wine of the heavenly  
Kevser. *Refr.*

They're whirling like the mills of the nomads,  
Hand in hand are they approaching God,  
Ritually walking round the Kaaba-stone of the  
heart. *Refr.*

Look, Ashik Yunus, what's happened to me,  
The flame of divine love's consuming my soul,  
Don't be mad, you fool! *Refr.*

№ 322. *Mersiye*. Sefer Çalışkan (1925 İştîp, Macedonia), Zeytinburnu

Akıl padişah'tır, gönül vezirdir,<sup>142</sup>  
Bu can tenden eğken, hazır nazırdır, hazır  
nazırdır,  
Yelkenlerim açık, gemim hazırdır,  
*Refr.* Aman seher vakti uyan gözlerim, uyan  
gözlerim.

Gemimin tahtası işlemez oldu,  
İşiten kulaklar işitmez oldu,  
Bu söyleyen diller söylemez oldu, söylemez  
oldu. *Refr.*

Gemimin tahtası çürük dayanmaz,  
Gözlerimi gaflet almış uyanmaz,  
Ölüm derler gelmiş gömlüm inanmaz. *Refr.*

Gemimin tahtası çoktan çürüktür,  
Derviş olanların bağı yanıktır,  
Pir/Şah Sultanım Hü der, Pir/Şah uyanıktır.  
*Refr.*

The mind's the ruler and the heart's the vizier,  
The soul's ready to leave this body, it's ready,  
My sails hoisted, my ship is ready for the  
voyage.  
*Refr.* Alas, my eyes should wake up at dawn,  
wake up

The plank of my ship is rotten,  
Hearing ears have become deaf,  
Glib tongues have gone numb. *Refr.*

The plank of my ship is rotten, it won't make it,  
I'm falling asleep.  
It is said death has arrived, but my heart won't  
believe it. *Refr.*

The plank of my ship got rotten long ago,  
Dervishes have pain in their hearts,  
My Pir Sultan mentions God, my saint is  
awake. *Refr.*

<sup>141</sup> *Kevser*: 'a pool or pond in Paradise' (Birge 1937: 266).

<sup>142</sup> The same line in another nefes (Eyuboğlu 1993: 99) sounds like this: „Akıl padişah'tır Muhammed vezir”.

№ 323. *Kırklar semahı, Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953), İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça*

Adım adım Hak yoluna varaydım, Güvercinlik derler şara vardın mı, Hü, vardın mı. Ali'min durduğu, da, Hü, yeri gördün mü? Şah'ımın durduğu, da, Hü, yeri gördün mü? Güvercinlik derler şara vardın mı, Hü, vardın mı? Adım adım Hak yoluna varaydım. <i>Refr.</i> Güvercinlik derler şara vardın mı? Ali'min olduğu yeri gördün mü? Şah'ın olduğu yeri gördün mü? Fatma derler Hasan Hüseyin'in annesi, Birden solmaz ol elinin kınası, kınası, Oniki imamların sohbet annesi. <i>Refr.</i> Ben bir civan idim da Hü, gezdim dağlarda, Turab olup tozarım da tozlarda/ayazlarda tozarım, Kamberime torba kana /candan bezerim. <i>Refr.</i> Ulu bezirganı gelip geçtin mi? Türlü kumaşları alıp sattın mı? Hamza pehlivanla güreş tuttun mu? <i>Refr.</i> Seksen konak derler de Hü, Orda kafır yoktur Müslüman çoktur, Bu diyarda Kırklar olsa da hakkı? <i>Refr.</i> Abdal Pir Sultanım da Hü, incitmeyin demi, Şah Sultanım incitmeyin demi, Üstümüzden eksik etme doluyu, Horasan'da yatar derler aslan Ali'yi. <i>Refr.</i>	Step by step I arrived at God's way, Have you reached the town said to be round-towered? Have you seen the place where my Ali was standing? Have you seen the place where my Shah was standing? Have you reached the town said to be round-towered? Step by step I arrived at God's way. <i>Refr.</i> Have you reached the town said to be round-towered? Have you seen the place where Ali was? Have you seen the place where the Shah was standing? The mother of Hasan and Husain is called Fatma, The henna on her hand won't fade away soon, The honorary mother of twelve imams. <i>Refr.</i> I was an outlaw roaming in mountains, I've become soil, I let off dust clouds, I cling to my loyal servant from the bottom of my heart. <i>Refr.</i> Have you seen the famous merchant? Have you traded in your textiles? Have you wrestled with Hamza, the wrestler? <i>Refr.</i> The place is called eighty lodgings, There's no infidel, there are a lot of Muslims, The words of the Forty are valid here. <i>Refr.</i> My Pir Sultan, don't offend the drink, My Shah Sultan, don't offend the drink, Don't deprive us of the full goblet, My Shah Ali is said to rest in Khorasan. <i>Refr.</i>
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№ 332. *Nefes*. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Arz eyleyip yola girsem,  
O mübarek yüzün görsem,  
Eşiğine yüzüm sürsem, Demir Babam.

*Refr.* Hü Hü Hü, Hü, gizli Sultanım.

Mutfağında kaynar aşı,  
Odur erenlerin başı,  
Hüseyin Baba'nın kardaşı Demir Babam. *Refr.*

Çevre yanı yeşil dağlar,  
Ortasında ırmak çağlar,  
Dertli Katip durmaz ağlar, Demir Babam. *Refr.*

I'd like to set off filled with longing,  
I would see your holy face,  
I'd touch my face at your threshold, my Demir  
Baba.

*Refr.* My secret Sultan.

Food is being cooked in your kitchen,  
He's the greatest of saints,  
Husain Baba's brother, my Demir Baba. *Refr.*

Green mountains around him,  
With a babbling river in the middle,  
Dertli Katip's crying desperately, my Demir  
Baba. *Refr.*

№ 333. *Nefes*. Hanife Konbal (1947), Çeşmekolu

Muhabet kapısın[ı] açayım dersen,

Açan da açtıran Ali'dir, Ali,

Hakkın cemalini göreyim dersen,  
Gören de gösteren Ali'dir Ali.

Muhammed Mustafa cihan serveri,  
Cihanda açılır bu yolun sırrı,  
Kimseler bilmezdi Ali'den gayrı,  
Bilen de bildiren Ali'dir Ali.

Münkirin askeri Şam'a çekildi,  
Mümün olanlara nağme yazıldı,  
Kırkların ceminde şerbet ezildi,  
Ezen de ezdiren Ali'dir Ali.

Gel derviş kardeş düşme inada,  
Safi kıl gönlünü olası sade,  
Terk eyle benliği eriş murada,  
Eren de erdiren Ali dir Ali.

Fahri kainattır kırkların başı,  
Onu bilmeyenin nice olur işi,

Bosnevi akıttı gözünden yaşı,  
Akan da aktıran Ali'dir Ali.

If you ask to be allowed to open the gate of nice  
conversation,

The one that opens it and the one that has it  
opened are both Ali, Ali.

If you say, let me see the face of divine justice,  
The one that looks at it and the one that lets it  
be seen are both Ali, Ali.

Muhammad Mustafa rules the world,  
The secret of this way is revealed in the world,  
No one knows it but Ali,  
The one that knows it and the one that reveals  
it are both Ali.

The host of infidels has withdrawn to Damascus,  
Praises of true believers were written.  
Grapes were pressed in the meeting of the Forty,  
The one that pressed them and the one that had  
them pressed were both Ali.

Come, fellow dervish, be steadfast,  
Purify your heart, may it be simple,  
Don't be selfish, reach your goal like this,  
The one that reached the goal and the one that  
helps others do so, are both Ali, Ali.

The glory of the world is the head of the Forty,  
What will happen to the one that doesn't know  
him?

Bosnei let his tears fall,  
The one that fell and the one that let them fall  
were both Ali, Ali.

№ 334. *Nefes*. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Muhabbet kapısın açayım dersen,	If you say, let me open the gate of nice conversation,
Açan da açtıran Ali'dir, Ali,	The one that opens and the one that has it opened are both Ali, Ali.
Açan da açtıran Şahımdır, Alim,	If you say, let me see God's face,
Hakk'ın cemalini göreyim dersen,	The one that is looking and the one that lets it be seen are both Ali, Ali,
Gören de gösteren Ali'dir, Ali,	The one that is looking and the one that lets it be seen are both my Shah Ali.
Gören de gösteren Şahımdır, Ali.	
Muhammed Mustafa cihan serveri,	Muhammad Mustafa rules this world,
Miraçta açılır bu yolun sırrı,	The secret of this way was revealed during his Ascension.
Kimseler bilmezdi Alimden gayrı,	No one knew it but Ali/my Shah
Kimseler bilmezdi Şahımdan gayrı,	The one that knows it and the one that reveals it are both Ali, Ali.
Bilen de bildiren Ali'dir, Ali.	
Gel, derviş ol kardeş, düşme inada,	Come brother, become a dervish, don't be obstinate,
Safi kıl gönlünü, olası sade,	Clean your heart, let it be pure,
Benliği terk eyle, eriş murada,	Give up selfishness, reach the goal,
Eren de erdiren Ali'dir/Şahımdır Ali.	The one that reaches the goal and the one that helps others do so are both Ali, my Shah Ali.
Münkirin askeri Şam'a çekildi,	The host of infidels retreated to Damascus,
Mümün olanlara/kardeşlere nağme yazıldı,	Eulogies were written to the believers.
Kırkların ceminde şerbet ezildi,	Sherbet was made in the meeting of the Forty,
Ezen de ezdiren Ali'dir/Şahımdır Ali.	The one that made it and the one that had it made are both Ali, Ali.
Fahri kainattır Kırkların başı,	The glory of the world <sup>143</sup> is the head of the Forty,
Onu bilmeyenin güç olur işi,	The one that doesn't know it will have it hard.
Bosnevi akıttı gözünden yaşı,	Bosnevi let his tears fall,
Akan da aktıran Ali'dir Ali,	The one that fell and the one that let them fall are both Ali, Ali.
Akan da aktıran Şahımdır Ali.	The one that fell and the one that let them fall are both my Shah Ali.

<sup>143</sup> The glory of the world is the Prophet, in Yaltırık's book „*Muhammed Ali'dir*”.

№ 335. *Düvazdeh nefesi*. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir

Muhabbet açılınsın, cemal görünsün,	Let the nice conversation begin, let's see the divine face,
Muhammed, Mustafa gülü aşkına, Hasan Hüseyin'in demi sürülsün, Hatice, Fatima gülü aşkına.	For the rose of Muhammad, Mustafa The drink of Hasan and Husain is carried round, For the love of Hatidje, Fatima's rose.
Zeynel Abidin'i severiz candan,	We adore Zeynel Abidin from the bottom of our hearts,
Muhammed Bakır'ı ziyade ondan, Erenler buyurmuş ikrar imandan,	And Muhammad Bakiri even more than him, Let's not leave the faith on which holy people took a vow,
Dönmeyelim Cafer yolu aşkına.	Let's not leave it for the love of Ja'fer's <sup>145</sup> way.
Musa-yi Kâzım'dan Ali Rıza'ya, İmam Taki Naki sırrı Hüda'ya, Hasan-ül askeri mehdi liva'ya, Cümlemiz demişiz beli aşkına.	From Musa Kazim to Ali Riza Imams Taki and Naki are all God's secret, Hasan's soldier in the army of the Mahdi, <sup>146</sup> We all said yes to his love.
Kaldır saki başın yüzün görelim, Aşlımızı neslimizi bilelim, Abdal Musa Sultan demi sürelim, Doldur heman doldur dolu aşkına.	Raise your head, cup-bearer, let's see your face, Let's get to know our forefathers, Let's have the drink of Abdal Musa Sultan, Fill, fill the cup for the love of drink!
Fehmiye'm <sup>129</sup> alemde bir kemter geda, Rah-ı erenlerden olmazam cüda, Canımız cümlemiz kılarız feda, Hünkâr Hacı Bektaş Veli Aşkına.	My Fehmiye is a mean beggar, I don't move away from my fellow travellers, We sacrifice our souls and everything For the love of Haji Bektash Veli sultan.

№ 337. *Nefes*. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliğaç

Kim ne bilir bizi, biz ne soydanız,	Who would know us, who would know which race we belong to?
Ne bir zerre ot ne od sudanız.	We're neither from grass, nor from fire or water,
Bizim hususumuz marifet söyler, Biz Horasan mülkündeki boydanız.	Our main characteristic is knowledge, We are the descendants of tribes from Kho- rasan.
Yedi derya bizim keşkülümüzde, Hacım umman oldu biz o göldeniz, Hızır İlyas bizim yoldaşımızdır, Ne zerrece günden ne od aydanız.	There are seven seas in our hat, We're from the lake that's as big as the ocean, Hızır İlyas is our fellow traveller, We're neither from sun, nor from moon.

<sup>144</sup> Elsewhere the poet is given as *Vasfi* (O. B. 181), (Oytan 1970: 472).<sup>145</sup> *Cafer-i Sadık*, 'Ja'fer the Truthful' was the sixth imam of the twelve.<sup>146</sup> The Muslim Messiah (who will appear in due time to deliver the faithful) (Redhouse 1974: 747).



Yedi tamu bizde nevbahar oldu,  
Sekiz uçmak içindeki köydeniz,<sup>147</sup>  
Bizim zahmımıza merhem bulunmaz,  
Biz Kudret okuna gizli yaydanız.

Seven hells turned into spring among us,  
We're from a village of the eight heavens,  
There's no balm for our wound,  
We are a secret arrow from the Almighty's  
bow.

Musa Tur'da durup münacat<sup>148</sup> eyler,  
Neslimiz sorarsan asıl o oddanız,

Moses is praying to God on Mount Tabor,  
If you ask about our origin, we're from that  
fire,

Abdal Musa oldum geldim cihana,  
Arifanler bizi nice sırdanız,

I became Abdal Musa, I came into the world,  
We wise men are from several secrets!

№ 338. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir – See № 339

№ 339. *Nefes*. Fatma Bulut (1922 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Arzu ederdiniz, hey, dost, bir yol görmeye,  
Bugün bize hoş geldiniz erenler  
Muhabbet bağından, hey, dost güller dermeye  
*Refr.* Bugün bize hoş geldiniz erenler/kardeşler,

Oh, friends, would you like to see a way?  
Holy people, you're welcome today,  
Let's pick roses from the garden of love,  
*Refr.* Holy people/brethren, you're welcome.

Tarihler boyunca, hey, dost bir milletiz biz  
İlimce dünyaya vermişiz bir hız  
Büyük bir babanın, hey, dost torunlarıyız. *Refr.*

We were one nation in the course of time,  
In science we gave impetus to the world,  
We're the grandchildren of a great Father. *Refr.*

İyi insan olmak, hey, dost her işin başı  
Kardeş biliyoruz her vatandaşı  
Anmak için, hey, dost Hacı Bektaş. *Refr.*

The most important thing is to be a good man,  
Regard every fellow citizen as a brother,  
And remember Haji Bektash. *Refr.*

Hisse alın Çırakmanın sözünden  
Zerre kaçmaz ariflerin gözünden  
Kemal Atatürk'ün, hey, dost aydın izinden. *Refr.*

Everyone should understand Chirakman's words,  
Nothing escapes the attention of the wise,  
Following in the glorious wake of Kemal  
Atatürk. *Refr.*

№ 340. *Nefes*. Hatice Üner (1957), Ahmetler

Karşıda görünen ne güzel yayla,  
Bir dem süremedim dostlar, giderim böyle.  
Elâ gözlü Pirim/Şahım sen himmet eyle.  
*Refr.* Ben de bu yayladan dostlar, Şah'a giderim,  
Açılın kapılar dostlar, Şah'a giderim.

What a nice summer pasture is over there,  
I don't stay for a minute, I'm leaving, my friends,  
My brown-eyed saint/Shah, help me!  
*Refr.* From this place, my friends, I'm going to  
the Shah,  
Let the gates open, I'm going to the Shah.

<sup>147</sup> In Islam, the mystic number standing for Heaven is eight, the one for Hell is seven. The earliest mystic poets of the Turks settling in Anatolia also used these numbers, e.g. in the Gazel by the 14<sup>th</sup>-century *Şeyyad Hamza*.

<sup>148</sup> *Münacat*: 'inner, silent, breathed prayer to God'.

Eğer ben göğeri bostan olursam,  
Şu halkın diline dostlar destan olursam,  
Kara toprak senden üstün olursam. *Refr.*

Bir bölük turnaya sökün dediler,  
Yürekteki derdi dostlar dökün dediler,  
Yayladan ötesi yakın dediler. *Refr.*

Alınmış abdestim aldırırlarsa,  
Kılınmış namazım dostlar kıldırırlarsa,  
Sizde Şah diyeni öldürürlerse. *Refr.*

Dost elinden dolu içmiş değilim,  
Üstü kan köpüklü dostlar neşe seliyim,  
Ben bir yol ehliyim yol sefiliyim. *Refr.*

Pir Sultan/Şahım benim Abdalım dünya du-  
rulmaz,  
Gitti giden ömür dostlar geri dönülmez,  
Gözlerim de Şah yolundan ayrılmaz. *Refr.*

If only I could turn green and become a garden,  
A legend on the lips of the people,  
Black soil, I'd be your superior. *Refr.*

Disperse a flock of cranes,  
Let the sorrow flow out from your hearts,  
We quickly cross the summer pasture. *Refr.*

If my ritual washing was regarded as invalid,  
If I was made to repeat my prayers,  
If the one that mentions the Shah is killed in  
your country. *Refr.*

I didn't get a drink from a friend,  
I'm a flood of joy foaming with blood,  
I'm a poor wandering traveller, I show the way.  
*Refr.*

My Pir Sultan Abdal, the world will not last  
forever,  
Those who departed will never return,  
I won't be diverted from the way of the Shah.  
*Refr.*

№ 341. Semah. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953), İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Seyyah olup şu alemi gezelim,  
*Refr:* Bir dost bulamadım da, Hü, gün akşam  
oldu.  
Kendi efkârımca da, Hü, okur yazarım, *Refr.*

Kendi emelimden de, Hü, kendi özümünden,  
Ah ettikçe yaşlar da, Hü, gelir güzümünden.  
İki elim kalkmaz da Hü oldu dizimden. *Refr.*

Yine boralandı dağların başı,  
Akıttım gözümünden kan ile yaşı,  
Emaneti alır ol veren kişi. *Refr.*

Bozuk şu dünyanın da Hü temeli bozuk,  
Tükendi taneler de Hü, kalmadı azık,  
Yazıktır şu geçen de Hü, ömrüme yazık. *Refr.*

Pir/Şah Sultan Abdal'ım da Hü, ummana  
daldım,  
Gidenler geldi de Hü, haberin aldık,  
Abdal olup şalvar da Hü giydik dolandık. *Refr.*

We roam the world as travellers.  
*Refr:* I couldn't find a single friend, day has  
turned into night,  
I write and read according to my own ideas.  
*Refr.*

By my own desire, all alone,  
I keep sighing with tears flowing from my eyes,  
I can't even raise my hands from my knees. *Refr.*

[The snowstorm reigns in the mountain peaks,  
I shed tears endlessly from my eyes,  
The one that put him in his care takes care of  
him. *Refr.*]

Even the foundations of this world are rotten,  
The seeds were used up, there's no food left,  
It's a pity that life goes by. *Refr.*

I'm Pir/Shah Sultan Abdal, I sank into the  
ocean,  
The one that left has returned, I've heard of you,  
I've become Abdal, I've put on salvar, this is  
how I wander about. *Refr.*

№ 342. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Bir bölük turnaya sökün dediler,  
Yürekteki derdi dostlar dökün dediler,

Yayladan ötesi yakın dediler,

*Refr.* Biz de bu yayladan dostlar şaha gideriz,

Biz de bu yayladan dostlar pire gideriz.

Dost elinden dolu içmiş değilim,  
Üstü kan köpüklü dostlar meşe seliyim,  
Ben bir yol ehliyim, yol sefiliyim. *Refr.*

Alınmış abdestim aldırırlarsa.

Kılınmış namazım dostlar kıldırırlarsa,  
Sizde Şah diyeni öldürürlerse. *Refr.*

Pir Sultan/Şah Sultan Abdalım dünya durulmaz,

Gitti giden ömrüm dostlar geri dönülmez,  
Gözlerim de Şah yolundan ayrılmaz. *Refr.*

They said „shoo” to a flock of cranes,  
They said: let out the sorrow from your hearts,  
my friends,

The place beyond the summer pasture is near,  
they said.

*Refr.* From this place we go to the Shah, my  
friends,

From this place we go to the saint, my friends.

I got no drink from a friend,  
I'm a flood of joy, foaming with blood,  
I'm a poor wandering traveller, I show the way.  
*Refr.*

If my ritual washing is regarded as invalid,

If I was made to repeat my prayers,  
If the one that mentions the Shah is killed in  
your country. *Refr.*

My Pir Sultan Abdal, the world will not last  
forever,

My life that has passed will never return,  
I won't be diverted from the way of the Shah.  
*Refr.*

№ 343. *Nefes*. Ali Top (1937), Ahmetler

Açıldı gözüme marifalı babı,  
Hakikat şehrinde mihmanım oldu,  
Hacı Bektaş Veli bizi düşürme,  
Güzel cemalinin hayranı oldum.

Üçler beşler sıra sıra geldiler,  
Cennetin firdevsi nair oldular,  
Kaderlinin dertlerine bade sundular,  
Katıldığım erlerin kervanı oldum,  
Bizi eleştirdi, ikrarı verdik,  
Hakkın didarını murada gördük.

Gafletten kurtulduk insana erdik,  
Eriştim bu cemi erkanım oldu,  
Ilhan Abdal bildim sırrını ,  
Yaralı gönlüme sardı/çaladı melhemi,

Verdiler destine bülbül öterdi,

Turgut baba için ben de can oldum.

The magic gate has opened in front of my eyes,  
I got my divine knowledge from you as my  
master,  
Haji Bektash Veli, don't leave me,  
I've become an admirer of your beautiful face.

They arrived in lines of three and five,  
They radiated into Paradise,  
Drink is offered to heal the troubles of the sad,  
I joined the group of the saints,  
They questioned us, we took a vow,  
We thought God's face was to be followed.

We've escaped from shallowness  
I've reached this community, it's become my  
basic principle,  
Ilhan Abdal, I've learnt your secret,  
You've put balm on my wounded heart,  
The nightingale was placed in your hand, it  
started singing,  
I've also joined for Turgut Baba.

№ 344. *Semah*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Derdim çoktur hangisine yanayım?  
Gene tazelendi yürek yâresi,  
Ben bu derde derman, nerden bulayım,  
Meğer dost elinden ola çaresi.

Türlü donlar giyer gülden naziktir,  
Bülbül cevri eyleme güle yazıktır,  
Çok hasretlik çektim bağrım eziktir,  
Güle güle gelir canlar paresi.

Benim uzun boylu selvi çınarım,  
Yüreğime bir od düşmüş yanarım, yanarım,  
Kiblem sensin gönlümü sana dönerim,  
Mihrabımdır iki kaşın arası.

Pir/Şah Sultan Abdal'ım yüksek uçarsın,  
Selamsız sabahsız gelir geçersin,  
Aşık/Kardeş muhabbetten niçin kaçarsın,

Böyle midir yolunuzun töresi.

My troubles are many, which one should I  
complain of,  
Again the wound of my heart is renewed,  
From this trouble where shall I find the cure,  
Unless I find it from the hand of the Friend.<sup>149</sup>

He appears in many shapes, he's more graceful  
than the rose,  
Nightingale, don't fool me, pity for the rose,  
My longing has wounded my heart,  
The dear souls approach happily.

My slender-built cedar,  
My heart is inflamed, I am burning,  
You are my Kible,<sup>150</sup> I turn my heart towards you,  
My mihrap<sup>151</sup> is the gap between your two  
eyebrows.

My Pir/Shah Sultan Abdal, you fly high,  
You pass by without greeting,  
Brother, why do you escape from the nice con-  
versation,  
Is it the fashion in your country?

№ 345. *Nefes*. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu<sup>152</sup>

Sevdim seni mabuduma,<sup>152</sup>  
Canan diye sevdim,  
Bir ben değil alem sana,  
Hayran diye sevdim.

Evlad-ı iyalden geçerek,  
Ravzana geldim,  
Ahlakımı meth etmeden,  
Kur'an diye sevdim.

Mahşerde nebiler bile,  
Senden medet ister,  
Gül yüzlü melekler sana,  
Hayran diye sevdim.

I loved you as my sweetheart,  
I said you were the one I adored,  
Not only me,  
The whole world admired you.

Growing up from the dreamworld of a child,  
I arrived at your heavenly garden,  
Not praising your morals,  
I loved you like the Quran.

On Doomsday even the prophets  
Ask you for help,  
Rose-faced angels  
Admire you passionately.

<sup>149</sup> *Hz. Ali* is addressed by most diverse names including pet names like *dost* 'friend' or *shah* to express their love.

<sup>150</sup> The direction of Mecca, usually toward south-southwest, which Muslims face during praying. See Redhouse (1974: 648).

<sup>151</sup> *Mihrap* is a recess in the mosques indicating the direction of Mecca. See Redhouse (1974: 776)

<sup>152</sup> *Mahbub* is an Arabic loanword in Turkish meaning 'beloved' (Redhouse 1974: 720), of which this is a distorted form. Elsewhere we find the word *mabut* 'God, idol'.

Arifler meth eyler iken  
Cemali fakir,  
Hep nurlara gark ola ben,  
Vicdan diye sevdim.

Kurbanın olam Şah-ı resul,  
Kovma kapından,  
Didarına müştak oluben,  
Yezdan diye sevdim.

Bülbül de senin bağıryanık,  
Mest-i nigarın,  
Yanmıştı sana Yusuf'u  
Kenan diye sevdim.

While the wise praise your face,  
I, poor me,  
Immersed in light,  
Love you in ecstasy.

Let me be your sacrifice, divine prophet,  
Don't drive me away from your gate.  
I'm anxious to see your face,  
I call you God and love you.

Nightingale, your broken-hearted,  
The prisoner of your beautiful lover,  
I loved Yusuf, who adored you,  
As Canaan.

№ 346. Semah. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Gel gene, bugün dost eline gidelim, gidelim,  
Arşa direk direk zarım Gül Baba, Gül Baba.

Pirimden ayrıldım feryat ederim, ederim.  
*Refr.* Gel gene benim mihmanım ol Gül Baba,  
Gül Baba.  
Gözlerimin nuru, Şahım, Gül Baba, Gül Baba.

Kan revandır gözümüzde yaşımız, yaşımız,  
Şükür bir araya geldik beşimiz, beşimiz,

Şimden güruh Hü, demektir işimiz, işimiz *Refr.*

Geleydi aklı köse bürünsün, bürünsün,  
İstekliye hak muradını verirsün, verirsün,  
Server Muhammed'in güzel nurusun, nurusun.  
*Refr.*

Pir/Şah Sultan Abdal'im çekerler yasın hem  
yası,  
Turnada kalmıştır senin gözyaşın,  
Geleydi aklım köşe yürürsün, yürürsün. *Refr.*

Come again, let's go to a friendly land today!  
To the support of the divine throne, my sigh is  
Gül Baba,  
I departed from my saint, I scream, Shah,  
*Refr.* Come, be my guest, Gül Baba, Gül Baba,  
The apple of my eye, my Shah, Gül Baba, Gül  
Baba.

Bloody tears are flowing from our eyes,  
Thanks to God, the five of us have come to-  
gether!  
The flock is together, everything's going all  
right. *Refr.*

Had it occurred to my mind, you'd cover each  
place,  
May God help the determined to reach his goal,  
You're the beautiful light of the prophet Mu-  
hammad. *Refr.*

Pir/Shah Sultan Abdal, mourning for you,  
Your tears were carried by the cranes,  
If I had become wiser, you'd wander all over  
each location. *Refr.*

№ 347. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli

Çeke-çeke ben bu dertten ölürüm,  
Seversen Ali'yi değme yarama,  
Ali'nin yarası yar yarasıdır.  
*Refr.* Seversen Ali'yi değme yarama.

Ali'nin yarası yar yarasıdır,  
Buna merhem olmaz dil yarasıdır,

Ali'yi sevmeyen Hakk'ın nesidir. *Refr.*

Bu yurt senin değil konar göçersin,

Ali'nin dolusun bir gün içersin,  
Körpe kuzulardan nasıl geçersin. *Refr.*

İlgit ilgit oldu akıyor kanım,  
Kem geldi didara talihim benim,  
Benim derdim bana yeter hey canım. *Refr.*

Pir Sultan Abdal'ım deftere yazar,  
Şah efendim Haydar deftere yazar,  
Hilebaz yar ile olur mu pazar,  
Pir melhem çalmazsa yaralar azar. *Refr.*

Slowly I die of this trouble,  
If you love Ali, don't touch my wound,  
Ali's wound is the wound of the dear.  
*Refr.* If you love Ali, don't touch my wound.

Ali's wound is the wound of the dear,  
There is no cure for this, this wound is caused  
by a tongue,  
What has the one who doesn't love Ali to do  
with God? *Refr.*

This land is not yours, you'll move away from  
here,  
You'll drink from Ali's wine one day,  
How can you leave the little lambs here? *Refr.*

My blood is flowing slowly,  
The observer thinks my luck's too little,  
Hey, my dear, I have enough troubles. *Refr.*

My Pir Sultan Abdal is writing in a notebook,  
My Lord Shah Haydar is writing in a notebook,  
Can one agree with a deceitful lover?  
If the wounds are not anointed by a saint,  
they'll get inflamed. *Refr.*

№ 348. *Nefes*. Ahmet Uçar (1939 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Erenler toplanır meydanımıza,  
Yok meydanı değil var meydanıdır.  
Hakikat söylenir erkanımızda,  
Var meydanı değil er meydanıdır.

Halife ahirette neyle yudular,  
Ölmeden öleni neye koydular,

Ölen üçler beşler kırklar yediler,  
Ört elin eteğin sır meydanıdır.

Saints gather in our holy place,  
This is the holy place of assertion and not that  
of negation,  
Our duty is to talk about divine justice,  
This is not the place of wealth but that of holy  
people.

What was the Caliph washed by in the hereafter?  
Where was the one that died before death  
placed?

The Three, Five, Forty, Seven deceased,  
Hide your hands and legs, this is the holy place  
of secrets.

Edebi erkânı yolu bulasın, Ummansan zerreyile taşıp dolasın,	One has to find the way or morals, If you are an ocean, a single drop may cause a flood,
Enel-hak diyenin bilip mevlasın,	God knows about the one that believes himself to be a God,
Çek çevir kendine kar meydanını, Yol açık gönlünde aşkı bulana,	Turn the square of profit towards yourself. The way is open for the one that has found God's love,
Dört kapıyı kırk makamı bilene,	The one that knows the four gates and the forty stairs,
Aldanmaz ahiretten gelen yalana,	The one that doesn't believe the lie arriving from the hereafter,
Kör meydanı değil, gör meydanıdır.	This is not the place of blindness but that of seeing.
Aşık Bedri Noyan gerçek er ise, Ustadı uğruna feda yar ise, Mansur'un katına erem der ise, Urganı boynunda dar meydanıdır.	God's lover Bedri Noyan, <sup>153</sup> if he is a holy man indeed, If he sacrifices himself for his master's salvation, If he says that he can reach the level of Mansur, He's standing with a rope around his neck by the gallows.

№ 349. *Nefes*. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Ötme bülbül ötme şen değil bağrım, Dost senin aşkına ben yane yane, Deryada bölünen sellere döndüm, Vakitsiz açılmış güllere döndüm.	Don't sing, nightingale, my heart is unhappy, My friend, your love consumes me. I've become a disrupted current in the ocean, I've become a rose that dropped its petals too early.
Ateşi kararmış küllere döndüm, Dost senin aşkına ben yana-yana, Ötme bülbül ötme şen değil bağrım, Dost senin aşkına ben yane yane.	I've become embers that burned into ashes, My friend, your love consumes me, Don't sing, nightingale, my heart is unhappy, My friend, your love consumes me.

№ 350. *Nefes*. Şerife Bodur (1930 Topçular), Kırklareli

Erkaniyle zindeyim, Zahitlere bendeyim, Boynu bağlı bendeyim. <i>Refr.</i> Hayderiyem, Hayderi.*	I live happily according to the religious rules, I am a faithful follower of the ascetics, I am his devoted humble follower. <i>Refr.</i> I'm Haydar's follower, Hayderi.
Erkaniyle yürürüm, Yol ehlinin kuluyum, Ben de bir erin oğluyum. <i>Refr.</i>	I wander according to your religious principles, The servant of travellers, The child of a saint. <i>Refr.</i>

<sup>153</sup> Used to be the former *dedebaba* prior to the present one, Ali Haydar Ercan.

Doğdum iki anadan,  
Mürşüdümü methedem,  
Korkum yoktur kimseden. *Refr.*

Mürşüdüm nefes eden,  
Rehberim himmet eden,  
Kimdir beni taneden. *Refr.*

Oda düştüm yanmazam,  
Çerağ olup sönmezem,  
Ben bu yoldan dönersem. *Refr.*

Münüre şahın kulu,  
Ben dahi Kızıl Deli,  
Gönlüm aşkıyle dolu. *Refr.*

I was born to two mothers,  
I praise my religious master,  
I don't fear anyone. *Refr.*

My religious master has written *nefes*,  
My guide helps me,  
Who knows me? *Refr.*

Falling into fire I don't burn,  
As firewood I don't turn to ashes,  
If I left the way I had chosen. *Refr.*

Münüre's the Shah's slave,  
I am also a Kızıl Deli,<sup>154</sup>  
My heart's filled with your love. *Refr.*

№ 351. Nefes. Ahmet Uçar (1939 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Erkanında zindeyim,  
Zahitlere handeyim.  
*Refr.* Hayderiyem Hayderi.  
Boynu bağlı bendeyim. *Refr.*

Pirimdir nefes eren,  
Şahım beni ezelden. *Refr.*  
Korkum yoktur kimseden. *Refr.*

Erkaniylen doluyum,  
Yol ehlinin kuluyum. *Refr.*

Ben bir erin oğluyum,  
Doğdum iki anadan,  
Mürşüdümün yad eden. *Refr.*

Kimdir beni taneden? *Refr.*  
Oda girsem yanmazam,  
Çırac olsam sönmezem. *Refr.*

Mürşüdümden dönmezem. *Refr.*  
Rehberimle mürşüdüm,  
Bu güzeldir her günüm. *Refr.*  
Dahi dedim demedim. *Refr.*

Münüre Bacı Şahın kulu,  
Bende-i Kızıl Deli. *Refr.*  
Kalpte pir aşkı dolu. *Refr.*

I live happily according to the moral rules,  
I give shelter to the ascetics.  
*Refr.* I'm Haydar's follower, Hayderi.  
I'm his devoted humble follower *Refr.*

My saint is a man of the *nefes*.  
He is my Shah for a long time,  
I don't fear anyone. *Refr.*

I keep your principles,  
I'm a servant of travellers. *Refr.*

I'm the son of a saint,  
I was born to two mothers,  
I praise my religious master. *Refr.*

Who knows me? *Refr.*  
Falling into fire I don't burst into flames,  
As firewood I don't turn to ashes. *Refr.*

Faithful to my religious master. *Refr.*  
My guide and master,  
All my days are as nice as this. *Refr.*  
I've told you about this, haven't I? *Refr.*

Sister Münüre is the Shah's servant,  
Humble Kızıl Deli. *Refr.*  
My heart's filled with your love. *Refr.*

<sup>154</sup> See footnote 113.



№ 355. *Nefes*. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Otman Baba dergahını sorarsan,  
Dergahı cennettir Otman Babanın,  
Meydanı güzeldir kani sultanın.

Eşiğine baş vurup yatan abdallar,

Dergahı cennettir Otman Babanın,  
Meydanı güzeldir kani sultanın.

If you ask about Otman Baba<sup>155</sup>'s convent,  
Otman Baba's convent is Paradise,  
The true ruler's holy place is nice.

The believers touch their foreheads to the  
threshold,

Otman Baba's convent is Paradise,  
The true ruler's holy place is nice.

№ 356. *Kırklar semahı, Tahsın Berber* (1947 Eskicuma), Zeytinburnu

Seyyah oldum şu alemde gezerken,  
Şükür olsun Hak'a ihsanı buldum,  
Alemler içinde mürşit ararken,

Gönül tekkesinde sultanı buldum.

Deryada gezerken çıktım karaya,  
Mevlam emir etti geldim buraya,  
Melhem ister yürekteki yaraya,  
Cerrahlar içinde Lokman'ı buldum.

Deryada gezerken çıktım bir uca,  
Ne gündüzüm gündüz, ne gecem gece,  
Muhammed Ali'nin doğduğu gece,  
Kesilmiş biçilmiş kaftanı buldum.

Oruç neden bunu böyle söyledi?  
Söyledi de yine kendi anladı,  
Güvercinlik derler yalan dünyaya,  
Sürülmüş savrulmuş harmanı buldum.

I've become a wanderer roaming the world over,  
Blessed be God, I've found grace,  
While I was searching for a master in this  
world,

I found a sultan in the sanctuary of the heart.

Travelling at sea I stepped onto land,  
I've come here as ordered by my creator,  
Searching redress for the wound of the heart,  
I've found Lokman among surgeons.

Travelling at sea I stepped ashore,  
I didn't have a moment's rest,  
During the night when Muhammad was born,  
I found what I was longing for.

He asked us why we were fasting,  
He asked us but he answered as well,  
This deceitful world is said to be nice,  
I've found harvested and threshed corn.

№ 357. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli

Çıkıp meydana dönelim,  
Hüseyin'e kurban olalım,  
Aşk meydanında dönelim,  
Fani dünyadan geçelim.

Birlikte yoldaş olalım,  
Hüseyin'e kurban olalım,  
Gönlümüzü saf edelim.  
*Refr.* Hüseyin'e kurban olalım,  
Hüseyin'e kurban verelim.

Stepping into the place, let's whirl,  
Let's sacrifice ourselves for Husain,  
Let's whirl in the holy place of love,  
Let's depart this transitory world.

Let's become fellow travellers,  
Sacrifices for Husain,  
Let's purify our hearts.  
*Refr.* Let's sacrifice ourselves for Husain,  
Let's make a sacrifice for Husain!

<sup>155</sup> *Otman Baba* was a saint of Khorasan, allegedly a religious leader of Haji Bektash Veli, who settled around Edirne (Kaya 1999: 496).

Mustafa Türabi Kemter,  
Ab-u kevserden içelim,  
Gönlümüzü saf edelim. *Refr.*

Mustafa's a humble servant from dust,  
Let's drink from the heavenly drink,  
Let's purify our hearts. *Refr.*

№ 358. *Nefes*. Hasan Hüseyin Aslan (1935 Tatlıpınar), Kırklareli

Çıkıp meydana dönelim.  
*Refr.* Hüseyine kurban olalım.

Let's enter the holy place, let's whirl.  
*Refr.* Let's sacrifice ourselves for Husain.

Aşkın yoluna erelim,  
Fani dünyadan geçelim,  
Birlikte yoldaş olalım. *Refr.*  
Özümüzü pak edelim. *Refr.*

Let's take love's way,  
Let's leave this transitory world.  
Let's become fellow travellers. *Refr.*  
Let's purify ourselves. *Refr.*

Mustafa Türabi kemter,  
Ab-u kevserden içelim,  
Gönlümüzü saf edelim. *Refr.*

Mustafa Türabi is a humble servant,  
Let's drink from the heavenly drink,  
Let's purify our hearts, *Refr.*

№ 362. *Nefes*. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliagaç), Kırklareli

Pir Sultan'ım, şu dünyaya,  
Dolu geldim, dolu benim,  
Bilmeyenler bilsin beni,  
Ben Ali'yim, Ali benim.<sup>156</sup>

My Pir Sultan, I came into this world  
Full, my glass is full,  
Let strangers get to know me,  
I am Ali, and Ali is me.

Coşma deli gönül coşma,  
Coşup ta kazandan taşma.  
Üçyüz altmış tane çeşme,  
Serçeşmenin gülü benim.

Don't rejoice, my foolish heart,  
Don't flow over the cauldron,  
Three hundred and sixty springs,  
I am the rose of the fountainhead.

Çarşılarda dolanırım,  
Ben hakım Haktan gelirim,  
On iki imamı bilirim,  
Dileklerin dili benim.

I wander about in markets,  
I am God, I'm coming from him,  
I know the twelve imams,  
I'm the tongue of desires.

[Kılıcım kırk arşın uzar,  
Münkirin kökünü kazar,  
Çarşı pazarlarda gezer,  
Dedikleri deli benim.]

[My sword can reach as far as forty arsin,<sup>157</sup>  
Stubbing the infidels without fail,  
I am the fool  
Walking about in bazars and markets.]

Pir Sultan kapında kuldur,  
Bunu bilmek müşkil haldir,  
Ali'nin ihsanı boldur,  
Şah-ı Merdan kulu benim.

Your door keeper is Pir Sultan,  
Knowing this is a hard burden,  
Ali has a number of graceful deeds,  
I am the servant of the warriors' prince.

<sup>156</sup> The first strophe of the nefes is known from elsewhere, too, (e.g. Gölpınarlı–Boratav 1991: 98), but the subsequent strophes are different there (Artun 2001: 35).

<sup>157</sup> Ca. 68 cm – a Turkish measure of length (Redhouse 1974: 75)

№ 364. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Zeytinburnu

Gönül çalamazsan aşkın sazını, Allah,	Sweetheart, if you can't play the instrument of love,
Ne perdeye dokun ne teli incit, Allah ne teli incit,	Don't touch it, don't pluck the string.
Eğer çekemezsen aşkın sazını Allah,	If you can't stand the voice of love,
Ne dikene doku ne gülü incit, Allah ne gülü incit.	Don't touch the thorn or the rose either.
Bülbülü dinle ki gelesin coşa Allah,	Listen to the nightingale, cheer up,
Karganın nağmesi gider mi hoşâ Allah, gider mi hoşâ?	Who would like the croak of the crow?
Meyvasız ağacı sallama boşâ Allah,	Don't shake the fruitless tree in vain,
Ne yaprağa dokun, ne dalı incit Allah ne dalı incit.	Don't touch its leaves or branches either.
Gel haktan ayrılma hakkı seversen Allah,	Come, don't leave the way, if you love God,
Göntüller tamir et ehl-i dil isen Allah, ehl-i dil isen.	Heal the hearts if you're eloquent.
Hakikat şehrine yolcu değilsen Allah,	If you are not headed for the town of God,
Ne yolcuya dokun, ne yolu incit Allah, ne yolu incit.	Don't hurt the traveller or the road either.

№ 373. *Alevi deyiş*. Alevi zakir, Kırklareli

Ah Muhammed Ali dost Dost,	Oh, Muhammad, Ali, friend!
[...]	[unintelligible]
Nesimiz bize geldi,	Our Nesimi has come to see us,
Cevruma size geldi.	He's come to you to hinder me.
<i>Refr</i> : Allah, Allah, eyvallah, <sup>158</sup>	<i>Refr</i> : Allah, Allah, thanks to you,
La ilahe illallah,	There's no God other than Allah,
Ali müřşid güzel Şah,	Ali's the spiritual leader, the good Shah,
Şah meydanda eyvallah,	The Shah's in the holy place, thanks to you,
La ilahe illallah,	There's no God other than Allah,
Şah Hüseyin şehid oldu.	Shah Husain was martyred.

№ 376. *Nefes*. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 377

<sup>158</sup> The strophe is published by Mélikoff (1998: 205) with minor differences.

№ 377. *Nefes*. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Şah bezirgana giderken,  
Katarına uydur beni,  
Elden ayaktan düşmüşüm,  
Tut elimden kaldır beni.

Tut elimden düşmeyeyim,  
Doğru yoldan şaşmayayım,  
Ben derdimi deşmeyeyim,  
Şaha böyle bildir beni.

Şahımın yolları birdir,  
Gecesi bana gündüzdür,  
Şahım orda yalnızdır,  
Eylemeden gönder beni.

Gel derdime derman eyle,  
Hakk katında ferman eyle,  
Al, git, Şaha, kurban eyle,  
Hak yolunda öldür beni.

Haydaroğlu Şahın kulu,  
Koyma elden doğru yolu,  
Şah bize süphan ederse,  
Şaha böyle bildir bizi.

Shah, when you go to the merchant,  
Take me in your army,  
I fell to the ground, I collapsed,  
Hold my hand, raise me up.

Hold my hand, so that I won't collapse,  
I won't leave the right way,  
I won't have to deal with my trouble,  
And introduce me to the Shah like that.

My Shah has got one way,  
His night is my day,  
There my Shah is alone,  
Send me away, don't trifle with me.

Bring remedy for my trouble,  
Bring an order from God,  
Go to the Shah, make a sacrifice,  
Sacrifice me on God's way.

Haydar's son, the Shah's servant,  
Don't leave the right way,  
If the Shah takes pity on us,  
Announce us to the Shah this way.

№ 378. *Düvazdeh nefesi*, *Bektashi congregation*, *Kılavuzlu*

Muhabbet açılınsı cemal görünsün,  
Muhammed Mustafa Ali aşkına,  
Hasan Hüseyin'in demi sürülsün,  
Hatice Fatima gülü aşkına, Şahım aşkına.

Zeynel Abidin'i severiz candan,  
Muhammed Bakır'ı ziyade ondan, ziyade ondan  
Erenler buyurmuş ikrar imandan,  
Dönmeyelim Cafer yolu aşkına, yolu aşkına.

Musa-yi Kâzım'den Ali Rıza'ya,  
Taki Veli Naki sırrı Hüdaya, sırrı Hüdaya,  
Hasan'ın askeri Mehdi Liva'ya,  
Cümlemiz demişiz beli aşkına, Ali aşkına.

Let the nice talk begin, let the face be seen.  
For the love of Muhammad, Mustafa, Ali,  
Let's have the drink of Hasan and Husain,  
To Hatije, the rose of Fatma, to the Shah's love!

We adore Zeynel Abidin from the bottom of  
our hearts,  
And Muhammad Bakir even more than him,  
Holy people have taken a vow,  
Let's not leave Ja'fer's way.

From Musa Kazim to Ali Riza,  
Imams Taki, Naki are God's secret,  
Hasan's soldiers in the muslim Messiah's  
batallion,  
We all said yes to his love, Ali's love.

Kaldır saki başın yüzün görelim,  
 Aslımızı neslimizi bilelim,  
 Abdal Musa Sultan demi sürelim,  
 Doldur heman doldur dolu aşkına, dolu aşkına.

Raise your head, cup-bearer, let us see your  
 face,  
 Let us learn of our origin,  
 And have the drink of Abdal Musa Sultan,  
 Fill our glasses, fill them at once, to the love of  
 the drink!

Hü, Vasfîyim alemde bir kemter geda,  
 Rah-ı erenlerden olmazam cüda,  
 Canımız cümlemiz kılarız feda,  
 Hünkâr/Sultan Hacı Bektaş Veli Aşkına, Ali  
 aşkına.

I'm Vasfi, a mean beggar in the world,  
 I didn't drift apart from the holy people,  
 All ready to make a sacrifice,  
 To the love of Saint/Sultan Haji Bektash, to the  
 love of Ali.

№ 380. *Nefes*. Naciye Baykul (1975), Devletliagaç<sup>159</sup>

Yürü, bire, ey, yalan dünya,<sup>159</sup>  
 Yalan dünya değil misen?  
 Hasan'la Hüseyini de  
 Alan dünya değil misin?

Proceed, oh, you deceptive world,  
 Aren't you a deceptive world?  
 Aren't you the world  
 That has seized Hasan and Husain?

№ 381. *Nefes*. Bektashi concert, Istanbul<sup>160</sup>

Alem yüzüne saldı ziya Ali, Muhammed,  
 Seyfin şak edip geldi yine Ali, Muhammed,  
 Nadan ne bilir dana bilir Ali, Muhammed.  
*Refr.* Fesalli ala seyyidina Ali, Muhammed,  
 Fesalli ala mürşidina Ali Velayet.

The light of Muhammad, Ali was reflected in  
 the world,  
 Ali, Muhammad cut it half with a slash of the  
 sword,  
 The mean knows nothing, the master knows it,  
 Ali, Muhammad.  
*Refr.* [unintelligible]

Çün Mehdi zuhur ede nihan kalmaya perde,  
 O haricileri kesse gerek tiği teberle,  
 Seyyit Nesimi methin okur şamü seherde. *Refr.*

When Mahdi<sup>160</sup> arrives, his secret will be re-  
 vealed,  
 He'll massacre the strangers, using an axe if  
 needed,  
 Saint Nesimi is praising you night and day. *Refr.*

<sup>159</sup> In the study about the Anatolian laments № 66 begins with *Yürü bire sarı çiçek...* (Esen 1982: 163). It begins identically with other nefeses, the first strophe being the same, the rest different (Eyuboğlu 1993: 139).

<sup>160</sup> See footnote 146 above.

№ 387. *Nefes*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Kuzular, kuzular, Hü, nazlı kuzular,  
Gönül aşk edince Hü, Hü, Hü, kalbim sızılar.

Zalım felek yazmış, Hü, böyle yazılar.  
*Refr.* Bizde gönül buna Hü, Hü, böyle mi yanar?

Siz hangi koyunun kuzususunuz,  
Alnımızda kara Hü, yazı mısınız?  
Yoksa gönüllerde Hü, sızı mısınız? *Refr.*

Biraz seyran edip Hü gözlemediniz,  
Ulumuz vardır deyip özlemediniz,

Kapıyı açıp ta Hü, hiç gelmediniz. *Refr.*

Mehdi baba buna Hü, böyle sızılar,  
Geçti artık bahar Hü, gelmez o yazlar,  
Erisin bu karlar Hü, çözülsün buzlar. *Refr.*

Little lambs, little lambs, dear little lambs,  
It gives me heartache if he loves me with all his  
heart,

I was destined to meet this cruel fate,  
*Refr.* Here the heart aches like this in this situa-  
tion, does it burn like this?

Which sheep do you belong to, lambs?  
Are you black spots on our foreheads?  
Or maybe you are heartfelt pain? *Refr.*

You didn't look round, you didn't watch him,  
You didn't say we had a master, didn't you long  
for him?

You didn't come even once, you didn't open the  
door on us. *Refr.*

Mehdi Baba's lamenting over it like this  
Spring has passed, but summer is tarrying  
If only the snow would melt, the ice would  
break. *Refr.*

№ 388. *Nefes*. woman (Bulgaria), Bulgaria

Sordum sarı çiğdeme, çiğdeme,  
Senin benzin ne sarı?  
Ne sorarsan hey, derviş,  
İlk okupta dön beru.

Sordum sarı çiğdeme, çiğdeme,  
Senin kolparmak var mı?  
Ne sorarsan hey, derviş,  
Kul/hak korkusu çekerim.

Sordum sarı çiğdeme, çiğdeme,  
Anan baban var mıydı?  
Ne sorarsın hey derviş,  
Anam babam topraktır.

Sordum sarı çiğdeme, çiğdeme,  
Yer altında ne yersin?  
Ne sorarsın hey derviş,  
Kudret lokması yirem.

Sordum sarı çiğdeme, çiğdeme,  
Oğlan olmuş, oğlan öldü,  
Ne sorarsın hey derviş,

I've asked the yellow daffodil:  
Why is your colour so very yellow?  
Why do you ask, oh, dervish?  
Turn back for two flashes of light.

I've asked the yellow daffodil:  
Do you have leaves?  
Why do you ask, oh, dervish,  
I live fearing God.

I've asked the yellow daffodil:  
Did you have a mother and father?  
Why do you ask, oh, dervish,  
Soil is my father and mother.

I've asked the yellow daffodil:  
What do you eat under the ground?  
Why do you ask, oh, dervish,  
I eat divine food.

I've asked the yellow daffodil:  
Have you got a son, the son has died,  
Why do you ask, oh, dervish,

Sordum sarı çiğdeme, çiğdeme,  
Sizde cennet var mıdır?  
Ne sorarsın hey derviş,  
Cennet cennet yeridir.

I've asked the yellow daffodil:  
Do you have a heaven?  
Why do you ask, oh, dervish,  
Heaven is paradise.

№ 390. *Nefes*. Şevkiye Savaş (1965), Kızılıkdere

Başına giymiş altın taç gibi,  
Ensesine dökülmüş siyah saç gibi,  
Meydana geliriz kurban koç gibi,  
*Refr.* Aman Abdal Musam ağlatma beni,  
Korktuğum yerlere uğratma beni.

He put a golden crown on his head,  
His lock of black hair fell onto his neck,  
We come to this holy place as sacrificial lambs.  
*Refr.* Alas, my Abdal Musa, don't make me cry,  
Don't send me to a place where I'm terrified.

Pir Sultanım saçlarım saçacak,  
Koparmadım ancak kokladım çiçek,

My Pir Sultan unbraided my hair,  
I couldn't pluck the flower, I only kept  
smelling it,

Pir Sultan Muhammed Ali'ye oldum ya köçek.  
*Refr.*

I've become the boy dancer of Pir Sultan  
Muhammed Ali. *Refr.*

Sancak vurup elbisemi biçerim,  
Dostlarımdan anamdan da vazgeçemem,  
Vermeyeceğin şerbetini içemem. *Refr.*

I hoist the flag, I cut my dress,  
I can't leave my friends, my mother,  
I can't drink the sweet fruit drink you fail to  
offer me. *Refr.*

Pir Sultan Abdal'im kalkın aşalım,  
Aşıp yüce dağı engin düşelim,

I'm Pir Sultan Abdal, come on, let's start,  
Let's cross the mountain and descend to the  
plain,

Fazla yedik içtik helallaşalım. *Refr.*

We've had enough food and drink, let's take  
leave. *Refr.*

№ 392. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli

Yoktu meydanda kimse,  
Toplandınız erenler.  
Nazar oldum sultana, kavuştum ihsanına.

There was no one in the holy place,  
You holy people, gathered there.  
I became the sultan's favourite, he took me into  
his good graces,

Muratladım insana, ocak açtım erenler.

I longed for human beings, I opened a house of  
prayer, holy people!

Uyardım çerağımı kurban ettim koçları,  
Bu gönül sultanları size geldi erenler.  
Mihman geldi sultanlar, giyininip kuşandılar,  
Size yeşil kaftanlar getirdiler erenler.

I lit my candle, sacrificed rams,  
These beloved sultans came to you, holy people.  
The sultans came to visit, they got dressed,  
girded their weapons,  
They brought you green caftans,<sup>161</sup> holy people.

<sup>161</sup> Robe of honour (Redhouse 1974: 580).

Sultanlar cem oldular ayini cemi kurdular,	The sultans came together, held a worship service
Size berat verdiler sancak açtı erenler.	They gave you land, they also gave you legal power, holy people.
Emek verdim yorulduğum, her bir yerde soruldum,	I worked a lot, I got tired, I was called to account for everything.
Dervişti müşid oldu, Hasan baba erenler.	Hasan Baba was a dervish, he became a religious leader, holy people.
Hüseynin sözü açtı, bir yudum kevser içti,	Husain started talking, took a sip of the heavenly drink,
Çok şükür bu da geçti, kutlu olsun erenler!	Thanks to God, this has also happened, may he be blessed, holy people!

## № 393. Nefes. Veli Ay (1934 Tatlıpınar), Kırklareli

Erenlerin cemine. <i>Refr.</i> Sefa geldik, hoş bulduk. Kırkların sürdüğü deme. <i>Refr.</i>	To the community of the enlightened <i>Refr.</i> We've come with peace, it's a pleasure to see you, To the drink of the Forty. <i>Refr.</i>
Üçler ile görüştük, Yedilere kavuştuk, Neslimize eriştik. <i>Refr.</i>	We've met the Three, We've found the Seven, We've come across relations. <i>Refr.</i>
Neslimiz Ali baba, Yoluna canlar feda. Bu güzel muhabbete. <i>Refr.</i>	Ali Baba's our relation, Many sacrifice themselves on his way, For this nice conversation. <i>Refr.</i>
Ey muhibbi hanedan Cümlemiz burda bir can. Biz bu haneye mihman. <i>Refr.</i>	Oh, beloved ruler, Here we're all one soul, Guests in this house. <i>Refr.</i>
Devriş Hasan'ın karı, Muhabbettir her varı Görmek için canları. <i>Refr.</i>	The deed of Hasan Dervish, He's got nothing but love, So we can see the believers. <i>Refr.</i>

## № 394. Nefes. Hanife Konbal (1947), Çeşmekolu

Erenlerin cemine. <i>Refr.</i> Sefa geldik, hoş bulduk, Kırkların sürdüğü deme. <i>Refr.</i>	To the community of the holy people. <i>Refr.</i> Thanks to God, we've arrived, For the holy drink of the Forty. <i>Refr.</i>
Yedilere karıştık, Üçler ile görüştük, Neslimize eriştik. <i>Refr.</i>	We mingled with the Seven, We met with the Three, We met our descendants. <i>Refr.</i>



Neslimiz Ali baba,  
Yoluna canlar feda,  
Bu muhabbet bu sefa. *Refr.*

Hey, muhibbi hanedan,  
Cümlemiz burda bir can,  
Biz bu haneye mihman. *Refr.*

Muhabbettir her varı  
Derviş Yunus'un kanı,  
Görmek için didarı. *Refr.*

Ali is our family,  
On his way many sacrifice themselves,  
For this nice conversation. *Refr.*

Oh, beloved ruler,  
Here we're all one soul,  
We're guests in this house. *Refr.*

The deed of Yunus dervish,  
He's got nothing but love,  
So we can see his face. *Refr.*

№ 395. *Nefes*. Hasan Hüseyin Aslan (1935 Tatlıpınar), Kırklareli

Oynayan alemde her dem  
Sırr-ı sübhandır Ali.  
Şah-ı Merdan, sırr-ı Yezdan,  
Kutb-ü devrandır, Ali.

Zahiri bu görünen  
Seyran onun seyranıdır.  
Batının da genci mafıl  
Sırr-ı sübhandır, Ali.

Zahir-i batın hakikat,  
Oynayan cümbüş onun,  
Fark eder alem içre,  
Özge seyrandır Ali.

Gösterir esrarı her yüzden,  
Veli ol padişah,  
Okur isen mektebinde,  
İlm-ü irfandır Ali.

Bilmek istersen bu sırrı,  
Nefsine sen arif ol,  
Kıl teveccüh Ali ya,  
Bu dilde mihmandar, Ali.

Every moment of the changing world  
Is the secret of Ali, the ruler,  
The prince of brave warriors, the lion of God,  
The pole of ages, prince of heroes, Ali.

All this phenomenal  
Journey is his journey.  
The club of mysterious divine lads  
The praise of Ali's secret.

My friend—both phenomenal and esoteric,  
His secret treasury is hidden,  
The world notices that  
Its mystic journey is Ali.

He is mysterious,  
The ruler is holy in all regards,  
If you study in his school,  
Both knowledge and studying are Ali.

If you want to know this secret,  
Have control over your instincts,  
Turn to Ali,  
He'll guide you in the dialect.

№ 396. *Nefes*. Muharrem Turgut Dervis (1931), Kızılıckdere

İmam Hüseyin'in yasıdır deyu,  
Durmayıp arkadaş ister kanı.  
İmam Huseyin in kanıdır deyu

Lanet olsun Yezidlerin canına,  
Kıydı Yezit imamların sazına?  
Kesik başı<sup>162</sup> götürdüler meydanda,  
İmam Hüseyin'in başıdır deyu.

İmam Husain's mourning, they said,  
Without a halt, my friend, it wants blood.  
İmam Husain's blood, they said.

Curse upon the Yezids,<sup>163</sup>  
They massacred the prophet's successor,  
They took his severed head to the holy place,  
İmam Husain's head, they said.

№ 397. *Nefes*. Veli Ay (1934 Tatlıpınar), Kırklareli

Erenlerin cemine  
Sefa geldik, hoş bulduk.  
Kırkların sürdüğü deme  
Sefa geldik, hoş bulduk.

Ey muhibbi hanedan,  
Cümlemiz burda bir can  
Biz bu haneye mihman,  
Sefa geldik, hoş bulduk.

Devriş Hasan'ın karı,  
Muhabbettir efkarı,  
Görmek için canları  
Sefa geldik, hoş bulduk.

To the community of the enlightened  
We've come with peace, it's a pleasure to see  
you.  
For the drink of the Forty  
We've come in peace, it's a pleasure to see you.

Ah, beloved ruler,  
Here we're all one soul,  
To this house  
We've come as guests, good morning!

The treasure of Hasan dervish,  
His goal is nice conversation,  
We've come to see our fellow believers,  
We've come in peace, good morning!

№ 398. *Nefes*. Zeynel Aktaş (1939), Yeni Bedir – See № 393№ 399. *Nefes*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 393

<sup>162</sup> A cut-off head or some other part of the body lives on separately and can be assembled again as Ksenofontov (2003: 272) also found among the Yakut shamans. See above.

<sup>163</sup> The *Yezids* are the sons of Muawiya, descendants of the Omayyad dynasty, who are accursed because they had killed Ali's sons.

№ 400. *Nefes*. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Şeriat babından girmeyen aşık, Tarikat sırrına ermeyen aşık,	An ashik that knows nothing about the canon law, <sup>165</sup> That is unable to grab the secrets of mysticism,
Marifet babından geçmeyen aşık, Hakikatta kamil sayılmaz asla.	That doesn't know spiritualism, Will never excel in justice.
Dört kapıyı kırk makamı <sup>164</sup> görmeyen,	He who doesn't go across the forty levels of the four gates,
Mirac-ı hakikat nedir bilmeyen, Muhammed Ali'ye secde etmeyen, İblisin teati hebadır heba.	Who doesn't know what ascension and justice is, Who doesn't bow before Muhammad Ali, He is a useless grain of dust identical with Satan.

№ 404. *Alevi deyiş*. Elderly Alevi zakir, Ankara

Ben yine derviş bu derde düşürdüm, Bir Allah, bir Muhammed, bir Ali, bir Ali'dir, Ben özümü tel çevresinde pişirdim, pişirdim, pişirdim. Bir Allah, bir Muhammed, bir Ali, bir Ali'dir,	I, a dervish, got into this trouble again, There is one God, Muhammad, Ali, I completely devoted myself to faith, I am entirely devoted to faith, There is one God, one Muhammad, one Ali, one Ali, one Ali,
Turnalar, turnalar, da, telli turnalar, turnalar, turnalar.	Cranes, cranes, beautiful cranes, cranes, cranes, cranes.

№ 408. *Nefes*. Halil Bulut (1919 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Kılarız namaz, kılmayız değil, Biz Hakk'ın emrini bilmeyiz değil, Kuran kitabımız, İslam dinimiz, Hadisen ayeten, almayız değil, Bildik rumuzunu sen mi selatin, İsteyip izini bulmayız değil.	We kneel down to pray, why shouldn't we, We know God's command, The Quran is our book and Islam is our faith, The case is not that we do not know it. We've learnt the password, you're the sultan, We can find you if we want to.
Talibiz ruz-u şeb ilmini doğru, Aşk ile bahrına dalmayız değil, Sıdk ile Mihraba tuttu yüzülür, Boynumuz Kibleye salmayız değil, Muhitin ağlarız bir dost için biz, Bir zaman güleriz gülmeyiz değil.	Night and day we long for your true knowledge, We immerse in your sea with love, Wholeheartedly we turn to your mihrap, <sup>166</sup> Bow our heads in the direction of the Kaaba, We mourn for a friend around you, Sometimes we laugh, why shouldn't we?

<sup>164</sup> The meaning of the phrase: *dört kapı kırk makam* 'four gates, forty levels' is among the basic concepts of Bektashism. When you have fought your way through the ten stages of each of the four gates (*tarikât, şeriat, marifet, hakikat*) you may have the chance to identify with God.

<sup>165</sup> *Şeriat, tarikât, marifet, hakikat* are the *dört kapı* or the four main pillars of Islam.

<sup>166</sup> See footnote 151 above.

№ 409. *Nefes*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Gurbet elde bir hal geldi başıma.  
*Refr.* Ağlama gözlerim, Mevlam kerimdir.  
 Derman arar iken derde düş oldum,  
 Huma kuşu yere düştü ölmedi,  
 Dünya Sultan Süleyman'a kalmadı,  
 Yare gidem dedim nasip olmadı. *Refr.*

Alnıma yazılmış kara yazılar,  
 Annesiz olur mu körpe kuzular?

O yarı andıkça ciğerim sızlar. *Refr.*

Pir Sultanım/Şah efendim Haydar böyle  
 buyurdu,  
 Ayrılık ispabı yuydu giyildi,

Ben ayrılmam dedim felek ayırdı. *Refr.*

In an alien land I was overcome by sadness.  
*Refr.* Don't cry, my eyes, God is graceful,  
 While looking for a cure I ran into trouble.  
 The holy bird fell onto the ground, it didn't die,  
 The world wasn't left for Suleyman Sultan,  
 I'm going to my sweetheart, I said, but it did  
 not fall in my lot. *Refr.*

Ill fate was written on my forehead,  
 Will the little lambs survive without their  
 mother?

Remembering my sweetheart, I am burning  
 inside. *Refr.*

My Pir Sultan/My lord Shah Haydar wanted it  
 like this,  
 The burial garment was prepared, I was washed  
 and wrapped in it,  
 I am not leaving, I said, fate's taking me away.  
*Refr.*

№ 410. *Nefes*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 409№ 411. *Nefes*. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaria), Devletliğaç

Gurbet elde bir hal geldi başıma.  
*Refr.* Ağlama gözlerim Mevlam kerimdir,  
 Derman arar iken derde düş oldum. *Refr.*

Huma kuşu yere düştü ölmedi,  
 Dünya Sultan Süleyman'a kalmadı,  
 Varam dedim yare, nasip olmadı,  
 Gidem dedim yare, nasip olmadı. *Refr.*

Kağıda/Alnıma yazılmış kara yazılar,

Annesiz olur mu körpe kuzular,

O yarı/yarımı andıkça ciğerim sızlar. *Refr.*

Şah efendim Haydar böyle buyurdu,  
 Ayrılık donları biçti giyindi,  
 Ben ayrılmaz idim felek ayırdı. *Refr.*

In an alien land I was overcome by sadness.  
*Refr.* Don't cry my eyes, God is graceful,  
 While looking for a cure I ran into trouble.  
*Refr.*

A bird of Paradise fell onto the ground, it didn't  
 perish,  
 The world wasn't left for Suleyman Sultan either,  
 I'm coming, I said to my sweetheart, but it  
 didn't fall in my lot. *Refr.*

On paper/on my forehead black fate was  
 written,

Will the little lambs survive without their  
 mother?

Remembering my sweetheart, I am burning  
 inside. *Refr.*

My lord Shah, Haydar wanted it like this,  
 The garment for leaving was prepared, I put it on,  
 I didn't want to leave, fate has taken me away.  
*Refr.*

№ 412. *Nefes*. Mehmet Öztürk (1928 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Şu yalan dünyaya geldim, giderim,  
Gönül senden özge<sup>167</sup> yar bulamadım.  
Yaralandım al kanlara boyandım,  
Yaralarım derman bulmalı yar.

I came into a deceptive world, now I'm leaving,  
I found no better companion than you, sweet-  
heart,  
I was wounded, I got covered in blood,  
My wounds need healing.

Kamil olan neyler altın akçayı,  
Vücudunda seyr eyledim bahçeyi,  
Dosta el değmedik nar bulamadım.

Why does a perfect man need gold coins?  
I scanned the garden of your body,  
I couldn't find an intact pomegranate for my  
friend.

Güzellerin zülfü destedir, deste,  
Erenler oturmuş Hak için posta,  
Bir zaman sağ gezdim bir zaman hasta,  
Hastada halin nedir diyen bulamadım.

There're many bunches of ringlets of the  
beautiful,  
Holy men sit on a hide for God,  
Sometimes I felt all right, other times I felt ill,  
No one asked me what was wrong with me.

Felek kırdı benim kolum kanadım,  
Baykuş gibi viranda tünedim kaldım,  
Bugün üç güzelin nabzını sinadım,  
Can feda yoluna dermanı bulamadım.

My arms and wings were broken by fate,  
I slept among ruins as an owl,  
Today I took the pulse of three beauties,  
No one wanted to make a sacrifice for me.

Felek benim kurulu yayımı yastı,  
Her köşe başında yolumu kesti,  
Keskin kadeh ilen dolusun içtim,  
Yandı yüreciğim kar bulamadım.

Fate shot my drawn bow,  
Cut my way at every corner,  
I drank its wine from full glasses,  
I found no ice for my burning heart.

Pir Sultan Abdal'ım dağlar ben olsam,  
Üstü de mor sümbüllü bağlar ben olsam.  
Alem çiçek olsa, arı ben olsam,  
Dost dilinden tatlı bal bulamadım.

I'm Abdal Pir Sultan, if only I could be moun-  
tains,  
If only I could be gardens with blue hyacinths,  
The world would be a flower and I'd be a bee  
in it,  
I found no sweeter honey than a friendly word.

№ 413. *Nefes*. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliagaç

Beylelerimiz elvan gülün üstüne,<sup>153</sup>  
Erler gelir Pirim Abdal Musa'ya.  
Urum Abdalları postun eđnine,  
Dağlar gelir Pirim Abdal Musa'ya.

Our lords hunt for colourful roses,  
Saints come to our saint Abdal Musa,  
Abdals of Rum put hide on their backs  
Mountains come to our saint Abdal Musa.

<sup>167</sup> Old Kipchak *özge*: 'başka, başkası' (Kavāni). Old Turkish *özge*: 'other, other than, different' (Clauson 1972: 285)

<sup>168</sup> There is another variant of the same poem in Ocak's book (1996: 213): *Beylelerimiz avlan gülün üstüne / Ağlar gelir Şahım Abdal Musa'ya*.

Urum Abdalları gelir dost deyu,<sup>169</sup>  
 Giydiğimiz hırka namerd, post deyu.  
 Hastalar da gelmiş şifa istiyu,  
 Sağlar gelir Pirim Kızılıklı Babama.

Meydanında çarık çeker çökerler,  
 Çalınırdı koç kurbana bıçaklar,  
 Döğülür kudümlerde altın sancaklar,  
 Tuğlar gelir Pirim Abdal Musa'ya.

Bezirganlar Hintten gelir, yayılır,  
 Açılır somatlar, açlar doyulur,  
 Evliyaya mühip olan soyunur,  
 Sağlar gelir Pirim Kızılıklı Babama.

İnkâr imiş koç yiğidin yuları,  
 Annesi çeksin gelmez inleri,  
 Yeşil gülün ak pınarın suları,  
 Çağlar gelir pirim Abdal Musa'ya.

Matem aylarında kanlar saçarlar,  
 Uyarıben mermer çerağ yakarlar,  
 Hü deyip de gülbengini çekerler,  
 Erler gelir Pirim Kızılıklı Babaya.

Ali'm Zulfikarını almış eline,  
 Kılıç sallar münkirlerin üstüne,  
 Tümen tümen olmuş gencin üstüne,  
 Dağlar gelir Pirim Abdal Musa'ya.

Bir muradım vardır gani kerimden,  
 Münkür ne bilir evliya sırrından,  
 Kaygısızım ayrı düştüm pirimden,  
 Ağlar gelir Pirim Kızılıklı Baba'ya.

Abdals from Rum come with the name of the  
 „friend”<sup>170</sup> on their lips,  
 „We wear vests, felt and hide” – they say.  
 Sick people also come to ask for a cure,  
 And healthy people come to meet our saint  
 Kızılıklı Baba.

In your holy place he unfastens his sandals and  
 kneels down,  
 Knives are plunged into the sacrificial rams,  
 Drums are beaten, gold flags and  
 Badges with horse tail arrive to see our Saint  
 Abdal Musa.

Merchants arrive from India, they disperse,  
 Tables are laid and food is given to the hungry,  
 God's lovers come, they get undressed,  
 Healthy people come to meet Saint Kızılıklı  
 Baba.

The valiant soldier was an atheist,  
 His halter should be held by his mother, his  
 moaning can't be heard,  
 The white spring water of a green rose is purling,  
 It's coming to my Saint Abdal Musa.

In every month of mourning blood is shed,  
 A marble lamp is lit as a reminder,  
 Mentioning God they keep whirling in the holy  
 place,  
 Saints come to my saint Kızılıklı Baba.

My Ali took his Zulfikar<sup>171</sup> in his hand,  
 He's wielding his sword above the infidels,  
 Tens of thousands came into his army,  
 Mountains come to my saint. Abdal Musa.

There's one thing I'd ask the graceful God,  
 What may the disbeliever know about the holy  
 secret?  
 I am Kaygusuz, far from my saint,  
 I come to my saint Kızılıklı Baba crying.

<sup>169</sup> This strophe is cited also by Mélikoff (1998: 279) from *Kaygusuz Abdal* 15th-century Turkish poet: *Rum Abdalları gelür „Ali dost” deyü / Hırka giyer aba deyü post deyü / Hastalar gelür derman isteyü / Sağlar gelür Pir'im Abdal Musa'ya.* (Les Abdal de Rum viennent, en invoquant le nom d'Ali. / Ils portent le froc, le manteau, le peau de mouton (post) / Les malades viennent leur demander la guérison. / Les gens bien portants vont chez mon maitre, Abdal Musa.)

<sup>170</sup> God is mentioned as „Friend”.

<sup>171</sup> Ali's legendary sword is called Zulfikar.

№ 414. *Nefes*. Bektashi women, Kırklareli

Matem aylarında, şehit gidenler,  
Hatice, Fatime, Şehriban anda,  
Şehriban yas tutar, onun yanında,  
İkisin' tutanın önünde gider,  
Üçünü tutana Hak yardım eder,

Dördünü tutanın önünde gider.

Beşini tutana ande pak olur,

Altısın' tutana yollar ayrılmaz,

Yedisin' tutana sual sorulmaz,

Sekizin' tutana azap buyrulmaz.

Dokuzun' tutana ıspap yuyuldu,

Onunda pak oldu ıspap giyildi,

Onbirini tutana kurban buyruldu,

Onikisin' tutan aş kaynadı.

Pir Sultanım/Şah efendim yüreklerim gülmedi,  
Ahiret/cennet evlerine bile yolladı,  
Aşık olan aşık böyle söyledi,  
Mümin olan dostlar böyle söyledi.

In the month of mourning the fallen,  
Hatije, Fatma, Sehriban are there,  
Sehriban's mourning, she is leading  
The ones that keep the second day with her,  
The ones that keep the third as well are helped  
by God,  
The ones that keep the fourth as well are wel-  
comed by Him.

The ones that keep the fifth as well are purified  
immediately,  
The ones that keep the sixth will never leave  
his way,  
The ones that keep the seventh won't be called  
to account [at the gate of heaven],  
The ones that keep the eighth as well won't be  
thrown into purgatory,  
The shrouds of the ones that keep the ninth as  
well will be washed,  
The ones that keep the tenth as well will be  
wrapped in the shroud,  
A sacrifice will be offered to the ones that keep  
the eleventh,  
Food will be cooked for the ones that keep the  
twelfth.

My Pir Sultan/Lord Shah, I wasn't happy,  
Yet I was sent to the other world/heaven,  
God's lover sang it like this,  
The true believer friends said so.

№ 415. *Nefes*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 414№ 416. *Nefes*. Hatice Üner (1957), Ahmetler

Horasandan kalktım, sökün eyledim,  
Serde Kul Yusufu görmeye geldim, görmeye  
geldim.  
Eğildim eşğine niyaz eyledim,  
Yüzüm tabanına sürmeye geldim, sürmeye  
geldim.

Yerleri var lale, gevher yapılı,  
Kolları var Hakk'a doğru tapılı, doğru tapılı,  
Bir şehir gördüm 360 kapılı,  
Kimin' açıp kimin' örtmeye geldim.

I set off from Khorasan in a hurry,  
I came to see Kul Yusuf,

I bent down on his threshold, I prayed,  
I've come to touch my face to the ground.

It has places from ruby and precious stones,  
Its adoring arms are stretched towards God,  
I saw a town with 360 gates,  
I've come to open some and close the others.

Hani benim hırka ile postlarım,  
Dili tatlı şeker sözlü dostlarım,  
Eğilip Muhammed'i sizden isterim,  
Sizleri arayıp görmeğe geldim.

Nurdan kuşattılar benim belimi,  
Hak Muhammed Ali geldi dilime,  
Biz gideriz on iki imam yoluna,  
Biz o imamları görmeye geldik,  
Bu dem-i devranı sürmeye geldik.

Where are my vests, my hides,  
My sweet-tongued, sweet-voiced friends?  
Bending down I ask you for Muhammad,  
I came to see you.

A belt of light was tied around my waist,  
God, Muhammad, Ali came to my tongue,  
We follow in the wake of the twelve imams,  
We've also come to see the imam,  
So we can live this life of a moment.

№ 417. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

[Hayalî gönlümde yadigâr kalan  
Refr. Hünkâr Hacı Bektaş Ali kendidir,  
Dar-ı çeç üstünde namazın kılan]  
Pirim Ali değil mi dilde söylenen?

Kismetini kayırmazdan urunan,  
Cebraile nur içinde görünen.  
Refr. Hünkâr Hacı Bektaş Veli değil mi?  
Aslı imam nesli Ali değil mi?

Arslan olup yol üstüne oturan,<sup>172</sup>  
Selman ona deste nergiz getiren,  
Kendi cenazesin kendi götüren. Refr.

Yer gök arasına nizamın kuran,

Ak kağıt üstüne yazılar yazan,  
Engür şerbetini Kırklar'a ezen. Refr.

[Kul Hasan'ım var mı sözümde yalan  
Münkirin gönlünü gümana salan  
Doksan günlük yolu kuşlukta alan]. Refr.

[The one whose memory I keep in my heart  
Refr. The saint Sultan Haji Bektash Ali himself,  
Praying on chaff. Refr.  
Aren't they singing about my saint, Ali?

The one that is not much worried about his fate,  
The one, who appeared in light for Gabriel.  
Refr. Isn't he our lord, Haji Bektash Veli?  
Isn't Ali a descendant of the Imam's family?

He sat on a rock like a lion,  
Selman took him a bunch of narcissus,  
He carried his own coffin himself. Refr.

The one that arranges the space between heav-  
en and earth,  
That has a script written about divine justice,  
That presses the juice of the grapes for the  
Forty. Refr.

[I am Kul Hasan, do I have false words?  
Filling the hearts of infidels with doubts?  
Making a ninety-day distance till night?]

<sup>172</sup> In the chapter on the tradition of Ali Birge (1937: 139) also cited this strophe from Aşık Hasan's poem with minor deviations. Hacı Bektaş is identified with Ali here: *Arslan olup yol üstünde outran / Engür şerbetini Kırklara ezen / Kendi cenazesini Kendi götüren / Hünkâr Hacı Bektaş Ali Kendidir.* ("He who sat upon the road as a lion / He who squeezed the grape juice for the Forty / He who carried away his own funeral / The Sovereign Haji Bektash is Ali himself.") The same strophe is published by Mélikoff (1998: 137). She gives the name of the poet as 17<sup>th</sup>-century Turkish *Kul Hasan: Arslan olup yol üstünde outran / Selman idi ana nergis getiren / Kendi cenazesin kendi götüren / Hünkâr Hacı Bektaş Ali Kendidir.* ("Celui qui était assis sur le chemin sous la forme d'un lion, / celui à qui revint chercher son propre cercueil: / celui qui revint chercher son propre cercueil: / ce fut Hünkâr Hadji Bektach qui est Ali lui-même.")



№ 418. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu – See № 417

№ 420. *Nefes*. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaria), Kırklareli

Felek bir ok attı, büktü belimi, Akar gözlerimin kan ile nemi, Akar gözlerimin kan ile yaşı, Bal yerine bana içirtti semî. <i>Refr.</i>	The arrow of fate has bent my back, I'm shedding tears of blood, Instead of honey he gave me poison to drink. <i>Refr.</i>
Bir yoksuzluk bir ayrılık, ah ölüm, Felek agu kattı benim işime, Toprak saçtı kirpiğime kaşıma, Gör, neler getirdi garip başıma. <i>Refr.</i>	Poverty, parting, death, Fate has poisoned my life, It has thrown soil into my eyes, Look, how much trouble it has brought on me. <i>Refr.</i>
Genc Abdal'ım dertli dertli söyledi, Görün dostlar felek bana neyledi, Yıktı gönül şehri viran eyledi. <i>Refr.</i>	My Genc Abdal spoke sorrowfully, Look, friends, what fate has done to me, It has ruined the castle of my heart. <i>Refr.</i>
Şu fani dünyadan murad alınmaz, Hep gelenler gider burda kalınmaz, Bildim bu dertlere çare bulunmaz. <i>Refr.</i>	All those who arrive aimlessly In this world will all depart incontestably. I knew there's no cure for these troubles. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 421. *Nefes*. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaria), Kırklareli

Dünyada üç nesne büktü belimi, Dünyada üç nesne var büktü belimi. <i>Refr.</i> Bir yoksuzluk, bir ayrılık, ah, ölüm.	I was crushed by three things in this world, My back was bent by three things in this world. <i>Refr.</i> Poverty, parting and death.
Yaktı bağırim dal eyledi belimi. <i>Refr.</i> Yaktı bağırim dal eyledi belimi. <i>Refr.</i>	It kindled desire in my heart, bent my back. <i>Refr.</i> It set my heart on fire, it bent my back. <i>Refr.</i>
Felek bir ok attı büktü belimi, Akar gözlerimin kan ile nemi/yaşı, Bal yerine bana içirtti semî. <i>Refr.</i>	The arrow of fate has wounded me, it has crushed me, I'm shedding bitter tears, Instead of honey he gave me poison to drink. <i>Refr.</i>
Felek agu kattı benim işime, Toprak saçtı kirpiğime kaşıma, Gör neler getirdi garip başıma. <i>Refr.</i>	Fate has poisoned my life, It has cast soil into my eyes, Look what it has brought on poor me. <i>Refr.</i>
Genc Abdal'ım dertli dertli söyledi, Görün dostlar felek bana neyledi, Yıktı gönül şehri viran eyledi. <i>Refr.</i>	My Genc Abdal spoke sorrowfully, Look, friends, what fate has done to me, It has ruined the castle of my heart. <i>Refr.</i>
Şu fani dünyadan murad alınmaz, Hep gelenler gider burda kalınmaz, Bildim bu dertlere çare bulunmaz. <i>Refr.</i>	All those who arrive aimlessly In this deceitful world will depart incontestably. I knew there was no cure for these troubles. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 422. *Nevruziye*. Ahmet Akın (1933), Ahmetler

Yine koç burcundan verdi işaret,  
Gönüller sultanı Sultan-ı Nevruz.  
Gösterdi yüzünü Şah-ı Velayet.  
*Refr.* Gönüller sultanı Sultan-ı Nevruz.  
Beytullah içinde eyledi zuhur,  
Onun ile Kabe kazandı onur,  
Aşıklara sunan badeyi tahur. *Refr.*

Meclisler doldu, açıldı meydan,  
Çıraklar uyandı kuruldu erkan,  
Cemal-i nur ile gark oldu cihan. *Refr.*

Yeşillendi bağlar açtı sümbüller,  
Şakıdı bülbüller şad oldu güller,  
Sazlar cuşa geldi çözüldü diller. *Refr.*

Nevruzunuz Turgut Baba aşk  
olsun,  
Kalbiniz nur ile imanla dolsun,  
Canlar sevdiğinden bir dolu alsın. *Refr.*

The constellation of the ram has appeared again  
as a sign,  
The sultan of the hearts, Nevruz Sultan.  
The Shah has shown his face.  
*Refr.* The sultan of the hearts, Nevruz Sultan.  
It appeared in Beydullah,  
It brought respect for the Kaaba,  
The purifying wine offered to lovers. *Refr.*

The believers came together, the holy place was  
full,  
Candles were lit, there was order,  
The world was filled with the light of his face.  
*Refr.*

The gardens turned green, hyacinths were  
blooming,  
Larks were singing, roses were overjoyed,  
Instruments resounded, tongues began speak-  
ing. *Refr.*

Blessed be your Nevruz, Turgut Baba,  
May your hearts fill with light and faith,  
My fellow believers get some drink from their  
beloved ones. *Refr.*

№ 423. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli – See № 414№ 424. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kızılıckdere

Dedesı Hüseyin'i verdi hocaya,  
Ah senin dertlerin imam Hüseyin,  
Elif be demeden çıktı heceye.  
*Refr.* Ah senin dertlerin imam Hüseyin.

Dedesinin...  
Su içmeyip şehit olan Hüseyin,  
Çıktı ayarını bir su getirin. *Refr.*

Yapılıdır Hüseyin'in odası,  
Dal boynunda nazar kılmış dedesi,  
Hak'tan gelir idi onun gıdası. *Refr.*

His grandfather sent Husain to school,  
Alas, how much troubles you've got, Husain  
imam,  
Hardly had he learnt the alphabet, when he  
started syllabification.  
*Refr.* Alas, how much of troubles you've got,  
Husain imam.

His grandfather's...  
Husain died of thirst,  
Fetch a little water. *Refr.*

Husain's room is furnished,  
His thin figure has been cursed by his grand-  
father,  
His food came from God. *Refr.*

Yapılıdır Hüseyin'in çardağı,  
Seherlerde öldü...,  
Kafirler su içti döktü bardağı. *Refr.*

Husain's tent is furnished.  
He died at dawn...,  
Infidels drank water, they spilled the rest. *Refr.*

Pir Sultan/Sah efendim Abdal'im kollarım  
bağlı,  
Yezitler elinden ciğerim dağlı,  
Muhammed'in torunu Ali'nin oğlu. *Refr.*

My Abdal Pir/Shah Sultan, my hands are tied,  
I'm burning inside because of the Yezids,  
Muhammad's grandson, Ali's son. *Refr.*

№ 434. *Nefes*. Şerife Aktaş (1941 Ahmetler ), Yeni Bedir

Şu dünya derdinden bıktım, usandım,  
Çektiğim cefayı hep sefa sandım.  
Nice nice çilelere dayandım,  
Garip garip ağladım, Hakk'a yalvardım.

I am fed up with the worldly troubles! I thought  
of my sufferings as pleasures,  
What a lot of torture I have endured!  
I cried bitterly, I prayed to God.

№ 435. *Nefes*. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Eşiğine baş vurup yatan abdallar,  
Dergahı cennettir Otman Babanın,  
Meydanı güzeldir kani Sultanın.

The singing dervishes line up at his threshold,  
Otman Baba's convent is heaven,  
The holy place of the just sultan is beautiful.

№ 443. *Nefes*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Açakta yüksekte yatan erenler,  
Mürvetiniz vardır bulmaz dert bizi, görmez  
dert bizi.  
Varayım gideyim uzak yollara,  
Uzak yollarında bulmaz dert bizi, bulmaz dert  
bizi.

Holy people resting below and above,  
You're merciful, trouble won't overtake us,  
Let me go to faraway places,  
Trouble won't catch up with us on the long way.

Pir/Şah Sultan Abdal'im halim hastadır,  
Hiç kimseye demem gönlüm yastadır, gönlüm  
yastadır.  
Bilmem deli olmuş bilmem ustadır,  
Böyle bir sevdaya saldı dert beni.

I'm Pir Sultan Abdal, I am ill,  
I don't tell anyone that my heart's mourning.  
Maybe he's gone mad, maybe he's become a  
master,  
Sorrow has driven me into such love.

№ 444. *Nefes*. Bektas Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Biz bu Gülistan'ın bülbülleriyiz, Bahçelerin, dalın sümbülleriyiz, sümbülleriyiz. Avni Babanın gülleriyiz, Seyyid <sup>173</sup> Ali Sultan kullarıyız, kullarıyız.	We're the nightingales of this rose garden, We're the hyacinths of his branches, gardens, we're the hyacinths, We're the roses of Avni Baba, <sup>175</sup> We're the servants of Seyid Ali Sultan.
Biz secde ederiz cemel-i yare, Vuslata olamaz başka bir çare, başka bir çare. Kementle bağlanıp çekildik dare, <sup>174</sup> Seyid Ali Sultan kullarıyız, kullarıyız.	We prostrate ourselves before our beautiful sweetheart with religious devotion, This is how we express our anxiety, I was lassoed and dragged to the gallows, We're the followers of Seyid Ali Sultan.
Biz elele verip Hakk'a gideriz, Gelin gönülleri tavaf edelim, Küçük birin gülbangını çekelim, Seyid Ali Sultan kullarıyız/canlarıyız	Holding hands we appear before God, Come brethren, <sup>176</sup> let's walk round, Let's hold the ritual for a little one, We're the followers/servants of Seyid Ali Sultan.

№ 445. *Nefes*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Yine mihman geldi, gönlüm şad oldu. <i>Refr.</i> Mihmanlar siz bize hoşça geldiniz, Kardaşlar siz bize sefa geldiniz. Kerem kişi/Kamı kişi kande bahar yaz oldu. <i>Refr.</i>	A guest has arrived again, my heart's rejoicing. <i>Refr.</i> Guests, you're welcome, Brethren, you're welcome, Holy people/all are together, spring is here. <i>Refr.</i>
Misafir kapının iç kilididir, Misafir de sahibinin gülüdür, Tanrı misafiri şah Ali/Şahım Ali'dir. <i>Refr.</i>	The guest opens the inner door as well, The guest is the rose of the host, God's guest is my saint, Ali. <i>Refr.</i>
Kara duran yere misafir gelmez, Bağır saçılırsa eksiklik bitmez, Ne kadar çat etse menzile gitmez. <i>Refr.</i>	No guest comes to an unlucky house, If he rends his heart, poverty will never end, He won't reach his goal, no matter how hard he tries. <i>Refr.</i>
Misafir gelirse kısmeti bile, Misafir Hızır'dır var özür dile, Büyük küçük hepimiz bile. <i>Refr.</i>	If a guest arrives, he brings good luck, The guest is Hızir himself, respect him, Young and old, we all respect him. <i>Refr.</i>
Himmet eyle Pir Sultan'ım misafir gelsin, Yavan yahşi yesin yüzümüz gülsün, Cümlemizin kısmetini yaradan versin. <i>Refr.</i>	Help me my Pir Sultan, may guests come to us, We'd rather starve but be marry, May the Creator allow us all to be happy. <i>Refr.</i>

<sup>173</sup> The Turkish word is of Arabic origin: *seyyid* 'master, lord, chief; descendant of the Prophet' (Redhouse 1974: 1008).

<sup>174</sup> The Turkish word is of Persian origin: *dar* 'place in the center of the hall of ceremonies in a convent of Bektashi dervishes, where the penitance member confesses his sins' (Redhouse 1974: 272).

<sup>175</sup> *Hüseyin Avni Öz* was born in the monastery at Eyüp on May 1<sup>st</sup> 1927. He became a *derviş*, *baba* and *halife baba*. His nefeses are still very popular in Istanbul, the believers cherish his memory warmly.

<sup>176</sup> The believers walk round the Kaaba stone several times in Mecca.

№ 452. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Çeşmekolu

Değme kişi gönül evini düzemez efendim,	(part of № 543) Only few are able to put the home of the heart in order,
Hak'kın takdirini kullar bozamaz, Deryaya dalmayan inci bulamaz efendim.	Divine fate can't be ruined by servants, Only the one that dives into the surge of the sea can find pearls.
Ya hey, Yunus sana söyleme derler, Ya ben öleyim mi söylemeyince efendim, Aşkın deryasını boylamayınca. See № 453	Hey, they say, Yunus, don't sing any more, Should I die if I can't sing, If I can't dive into the sea of love?

№ 453. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Özen aşık özen, tevhide özen, efendim Tevhiddir onların kalesin bozan, Hiç kendi kendine kaynar mı kazan, efendim Çevre yanı ateş eylemeyince.	Struggle, lover, strive for the union with God, Their castles are destroyed by divine guidance, Is the cauldron able to boil by itself? If there is no fire under it?
Değme kişi gönül evini düzemez efendim,	Only few are able to put the home of the heart in order,
Hakkın takdirini kullar bozamaz, Deryaya dalmayan inci bulamaz efendim,	Divine fate can't be ruined by servants, Only the one that dives into the surge of the sea can find pearls,
Aşkın deryasını boylamayınca.	The one that crosses the sea of love.
Aşkımlı gani olmuş derunum yanar, efendim	I am overwhelmed with love, my heart is burn- ing,
Aşık olan aşık namusun güder, Be hey Yunus sana söyleme derler, efendim Ya ben öleyim mi söylemeyince? Aşkın deryasını boylamayınca.	An amorous adorer is cherishing your fame, Oh, Yunus, don't sing, they ask you, Shall I die, if I can't sing it out, If I can't dive into the sea of love?

№ 454. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Çeşmekolu – See № 453№ 455. *Nefes*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli (Variant of № 543)

Özen aşık, özen tevhide özen efendim, Tevhiddir kulların kalesin bozan, Hiç kendi kendine kaynar mı kazan efendim? Etrafım ateş eylemeyince.	Struggle, lover, strive for the union with God, Your servant is led by divine guidance, Is the cauldron able to boil by itself, If there was no fire set around it?
Değme kişi evin' kendi düzemez efendim, Hakkın takdirini kullar bozamaz, Deryaya dalmayan inci bulamaz efendim.	Not every one is able to arrange their things, Divine order can't be spoiled by believers, The one that never dives into the sea can't find pearls.

Aşık garip derler derunum yanar efendim,  
Aşık olan aşık namusun diler.  
Be hey Yunus sana söyleme derler efendim,  
Ya ben öleyim mi söylemeyince,  
Aşkın deryasını boylamayınca.

I'm called a miserable lover, my soul's burning,  
The one that is in love lives for the fame of love.  
Come on, Yunus, you are told to keep silent,  
Or shall I die if I can't speak,  
If I can't dive into the sea of love?

№ 456. Nefes. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Gel şuraya uğrayalım, yana, yana ağlayalım,  
Dertlileri dağlayalım.  
*Refr.* Gel, Hasanım, vah, Hüseynim.

Come, let's enter here, let's cry and wail,  
Let's comfort those who are having trouble.  
*Refr.* Come, my Hasan, alas, my Husain, oh!

Fatma ana kapıdan bakar,  
Ellerini göğsüne tutar,  
Şimdi onlar ne oldular. *Refr.*

Mother Fatma is looking out of the gate,  
Crossing her arms over her chest,  
Now what's happened to them. *Refr.*

Fatma ana çay içinde,  
Nur yalanır saç üstünde,  
Yatar al kanlar içinde. *Refr.*

Mother Fatma is in the stream,  
Light's reflected in the baking plate,  
She's lying in red blood. *Refr.*

Hasan'ın atını vurdular,  
Muhammed'e duyurdular,  
Ah size nice kıydılar. *Refr.*

Hasan's horse was shot down,  
It was reported to Muhammad,  
Oh, how badly it was tortured. *Refr.*

Hüsey'nin atı süslü,  
Başından yeşili düştü,  
Yezitler başına üştü. *Refr.*

Husain's horse is decorated,  
Its green headgear has fallen off.  
The Yezids have ambushed him.

Yeryüzünde yatan taşlar,  
Gökyüzünde uçan kuşlar,  
Pir Sultan'ım Kur'ana başlar. *Refr.*  
Şah efendim Kur'ana başlar. *Refr.*

All the stones on the ground,  
All the birds flying in the sky,  
My Pir Sultan starts the Quran. *Refr.*  
My lord Shah starts the Quran. *Refr.*

№ 457. Nefes. Fatma Bulut (1922) Kılavuzlu, Çorlu

Sabahın seher vaktinde, aman, görebilsem  
yarimi,  
Gül dikende bülbül dalda aman, çeker ahın  
zarını.  
Sabahın seher vaktinde, aman, görebilsem  
yarimi.

I wish I could see my sweetheart in the early  
morning hours!  
Rose on the thorn, nightingale on the branch,  
singing plaintively.  
I wish I could see my sweetheart early in the  
morning!

№ 461. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Yine imam nesli zuhura geldi,	The successor of the prophet has appeared again,
Biri Elmalı'da, Bursa'da kaldı,	One in Elmali, another in Bursa,
En küçük kardeşi Urum'u aldı.	His youngest brother's captured Rum.
<i>Refr.</i> Gel sana methedeyim Kızıl Deli'yi, <sup>177</sup>	<i>Refr.</i> Come here, let me praise Kızıl Deli to you,
Dillerde söylenen Şahım Ali'yi.	My Ali Shah, whose glory resounds on many lips.
Baba dergahına çöküp oturur,	The baba kneeled down in the convent,
Kuru şişten dut ağacını bitirir,	He turned a dry spit into a mulberry tree by magic,
Otman Baba esip bulut getirir. <i>Refr.</i>	Otman Baba blows and brings a cloud. <i>Refr.</i>
Koru yaylasına çadır kurarlar,	In the wooded summer pasture a tent was pitched up,
Çadırın altında dergah sürerler,	A convent was organized in there,
Yedi iklim dört köşeye temel kurarlar. <i>Refr.</i>	Seven seasons, the four directions, they settled down there. <i>Refr.</i>
Baba pınarına niyaz eyledim,	I prayed by the spring of Baba,
Gidi Yezit bize netti neyledi,	What the mean enemy has done to us!
Baba İbrahimoglu böyle söyledi. <i>Refr.</i>	Baba Ibrahimoglu has told us these. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 462. *Nefes*. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu – See № 461№ 463. *Nefes*. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Yatarım yatarım, hiç uykum gelmez,	I'm lying, but sleep eludes me,
Kalkar gezinirim gönlüm eğlenmez.	I get up, stretch myself out, but I feel sad,
Hakikat kardaşlar halimden bilmez,	The brethren of divine justice don't know about my trouble,
Tarikat kardaşlar halimden bilmez.	The brethren in the community don't know about my trouble.
Halimden yolumdan bilenler gelsin,	The one that knows my trouble and my way should come,
Bu yolun aslına erenler gelsin.	The one that has found the right way should come!

<sup>177</sup> The saint made a name for himself as *Kızıl Deli* 'The Mad Red' – he is in fact *Seyit Ali Sultan* (Yaltırık 2003: 269).

№ 464. *Nefes*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Ziyaret eyledim Topçu Babayı,  
Gördüm aşıkarı Topçu Babayı.  
Türbesinde al yeşilli sancağı.

*Refr.* Aşıkare gördüm Topçu Babayı.

Seyrangah yeridir canlar gelirler,  
Kurbanlar tıglanıp özür dilerler,  
Birlik olup hep bir dilden öterler. *Refr.*

Topçular köyünde Şahın makamı,  
Orda zuhur olur aşkın nişanı.  
Canı dilden sevdim oniki imamı. *Refr.*

Hastalar gelirler derman bulurlar,  
Şad olur gönüller iman bulurlar.  
Cafer Baba der ki dopdolu nurlar. *Refr.*

I've made a pilgrimage to Topcu Baba,  
I've seen Topcu Baba, I, the lover,  
There is a red and greenish flag in his mausoleum.

*Refr.* I've seen Topcu Baba, I, the lover.

A place of pilgrimage, the brethren are coming,  
They slaughter the sacrifice, pray for mercy,  
They speak in harmony, in one language. *Refr.*

The Shah's residence is in the village of Topcular,  
That's where the sign of love appears,  
I loved the twelve imams with all my soul. *Refr.*

The sick are coming, they find recovery,  
Hearts are brightened, they find faith,  
Ja'fer Baba says, they're light throughout. *Refr.*

№ 465. *Nefes*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Bir araya gelse üç-beş aşıklar,  
Onlar birbirlerine seyran ederler,  
Dönmez ikrarından kavli sadıklar,  
Muhabbet sırrını pinhan ederler.

Olseydim onların darında berdar,  
Muhabbetleriyle olduk tarumar,  
Oniki koyunum ondört kuzum var,  
Gönül yaylasında cevelan ederler.

Dertli dertlerine düşenden beri,  
Gahi geri gider, gahi ileri,  
Çağırсам münkiri gelmez içeri,  
Muhabbete kuru bühtan ederler.

When four or five singers come together,  
They all listen to each other,  
The true-hearted never break their vow,  
They don't reveal the secret of their ritual.

If I was standing at their door,  
Seeing their beautiful ritual I'd despair.  
I've got 12 sheep, 14 lambs  
Grazing in the field of the heart.

Since I fell into their trouble,  
I've been going back and forth,  
When I call a true believer, he won't come in,  
The beautiful ritual is blackened.

№ 466. *Atatürk'ün nefesi*. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Elest-i bezminde demişiz beli,  
Emr-i ferman etti ol Rabbi Celi,  
Efkarımız olsun gündüz geceli.  
*Refr.* Aman ya Muhammed medet ya Ali,  
Ruhun şad olsun Atatürk hizmetin baki.

On the occasion of the creation<sup>163</sup> we all said yes,  
The manifest God has clearly commanded  
We should worry about him night and day.  
*Refr.* Alas, Muhammad, help, Ali,  
May your soul glitter, Atatürk, your service is eternal.

<sup>178</sup> *Elest* is an Arabic loanword. 'Am I not (your Lord)?' is the question put by God to Adam at the moment of creation (Redhouse 1974: 336).



Oniki imamın kulu kurbanı,	We're the servants, the sacrifices of the twelve imams,
Fedadır yoluna baş ile canı,	Let our heads and souls be sacrificed on your way,
İlelebet Hakk'ın fermanı. <i>Refr.</i>	This is God's commandment. <i>Refr.</i>
Ne olur çok ise cürm ile günah, La tak ne tu emrin okuruz hergah,	I pray, if there's a lot of sin and meanness, [unintelligible] let's say it anywhere upon your command,
Mahrum koymaz bizi o gani Şah. <i>Refr.</i>	The Shah doesn't deprive us of them, <i>Refr.</i>
Hazreti Ali'nin güllerindeniz, Hazreti Fatima bülbülleriyiz, İmam Cafer mezhebindeniz. <i>Refr.</i>	We belong to the roses of saint Ali, We're the nightingales of saint Fatma, We belong to the sect of Ja'fer Imam. <i>Refr.</i>
Arif olan canlar nefsini bilir, Varlığın terk eder Hakka verir,	Mature dervishes all control themselves, They give away their possessions, offer them to God,
Didar-ı Muhammed yüzünü göster. <i>Refr.</i>	Beautiful-faced Muhammad, show your face. <i>Refr.</i>
İbrahim Ethem'in kendisi hayran, Hakikat şehrini bulur arayan,	İbrahim also admires Ethem, The one that is looking for God's town will find it,
Mürşid cemalinde görünür canan. <i>Refr.</i>	The admirer is reflected on the master's face. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 467. *Atatürk'ün nefesi*. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu<sup>179</sup>

Selanik şehrinde dünyaya gelen, Genç yaşlarında kemale eren, Yedek arabada cevabı veren. <i>Refr.</i> Kemal Ata gibi er göremedim.	He was born in the town of Selanik, He was an adult soon in his youth, He answered a question in a trailer. <i>Refr.</i> I've never seen a man like father Kemal.
Ali İrzaoğlu zuhura geldi, Kırıp düşmanını tahtına otur, Yedi dil okudu, harfi değişti. <sup>164</sup> <i>Refr.</i>	The successor of Ali Irzaolu was born, Having defeated the enemy he occupied his throne, He spoke seven languages, he changed the alphabet. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 468. *Nefes*. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Kayacık'tan geçelim, yol sizin olsun,	Let's go across Kayajik, from there the way is yours,
Yiyelim, içelim, göl sizin olsun, göl sizin olsun.	Let's eat and drink, let the lake be yours, let the lake be yours!

<sup>179</sup> Thanks to the alphabet reform of Mustafa Kemal Atatürk in 1928 Turkey changed over from the Arabic script to Latin characters.

№ 469. *Turnalar semahı*. Tahsin Berber (1947 Eskicuma), Zeytinburnu

Yemen ellerinden beru gelirken.  
*Refr.* Turnalar Ali'mi görmediniz mi?  
 Turnalar Şahımı görmediniz mi?  
 Hava üzerinde semah ederken. *Refr.*

Kim buldu deryada balık izini?

Eğildim öptüm Kanber'in gözünü,  
 Turnamdan işittim hub avazını. *Refr.*

Şah'ım Hayber kalesini yıkarken,  
 Nice münkir helak oldu bakarken,  
 Muhammed Ali'yi mihraç çıkarken. *Refr.*

Pir/Şah Sultan'ım der ki konup göçelim,  
 Gelin Kevser şarabından içelim,  
 Ali'nin uğruna serden geçelim,  
 Şah'ımın uğruna serden geçelim. *Refr.*

Returning from the countryside in Yemen.  
*Refr.* Cranes, haven't you seen my Ali,  
 Cranes, haven't you seen my Shah?  
 Whirling sema in the sky. *Refr.*

Has anyone ever seen the trail of a fish in the sea?

I bent down and kissed Kamber's eyes,  
 I heard a love cry from my crane. *Refr.*

When my Shah destroyed the castle of Hayber,  
 How many of infidels were killed there,  
 Seeing that Muhammad lifted Ali into the sky.  
*Refr.*

My Pir/Shah Sultan says, let's wander,  
 Come on, let's drink from the heavenly wine,  
 Let's fall into ecstasy in honour of Ali,  
 Let's fall into ecstasy in honour of my Shah. *Refr.*

№ 471. *Nefes*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Sekahum sırrını söyleme sakın,  
 Sakla kulum beni, saklayam seni.  
 Gevheri zatını açma hiç sakın.  
*Refr.* Sakla kulum/canım beni saklayam seni.

Elde, ayağında, dilde, gözünde,  
 Hakk'ına razı ol her bir sözünde,  
 Canından içeru kendi özünde. *Refr.*

Bilen demez, diyen bilmez bu hali,

Bildiğini demez sözün misali,  
 Aşıklar sakladı buldu kemali. *Refr.*

Dizilmiş katara erenler, pirlere,  
 Hakk'ın emri ile Hakk'a giderler,

Hakikat sırrını söyleme derler,

Sekahum sırrını söyleme derler. *Refr.*

Beware, don't reveal the secret of Sekahum,<sup>180</sup>  
 Hide me, my servant, let me hide you,  
 Never reveal your precious being.  
*Refr.* Hide me, my servant/my dear, let me hide you.

With your hands, legs, eyes, mouth,  
 Speak to God with your every word,  
 In the depth of your soul within yourself. *Refr.*

The knower keeps silent, the one that speaks  
 knows nothing about this state,  
 Words can't express its essence,  
 It's been hidden by God's lovers, they've be-  
 come blessed. *Refr.*

The holy people have lined up,  
 They are going to God following God's com-  
 mand,

They say you should never reveal the secret of  
 divine knowledge,

They say you should never reveal the secret of  
 Sekahum. *Refr.*

<sup>180</sup> The mystic explanation of the wine of *Elest* is hidden in the secret of *Sekahüm* (Birge 1937: 113).

Genç Abdal'ım seni sen sakla sende,  
Hak seni saklasın can ile tende,  
Hak buyurdu ben sendeyim, sen bende. *Refr.*

My Genc Abdal, hide yourself in yourself,  
May God keep you in strength and health,  
By God's command I am in you and you're in  
me. *Refr.*

№ 472. *Nefes.* Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953), İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Bize mihman geldi, gönlüm şad oldu.  
*Refr.* Mihman canlar bize sefa geldiniz,  
Mihman canlar bize ne hoş geldiniz,  
Asalet kalmadı, kış bahar oldu. *Refr.*

A guest has arrived, my heart's rejoicing,  
*Refr.* Guests, you're welcome,  
Guests, how good of you to have come  
Nobleness has disappeared from people, winter  
has turned into spring. *Refr.*

Dua edin bize misafir gele,  
Yavan yahşı yiyem yüzümüz güler,  
Büyük küçük onu hep Hızır bile. *Refr.*

Pray, so that guests will come to see us,  
We don't mind starving, let us be happy,  
Old and young alike, regard the guest as Hızır.  
*Refr.*

Misafir kapının iç kilididir,  
Ev sahibi onun onur kalbidir,  
Misafir mihmandır, mihman Ali'dir. *Refr.*

The guest opens the inner lock as well,  
He honours the host,  
In fact the guest is Ali. *Refr.*

Kahrettiği eve misafir gelmez,  
Çalışır çabalar ektiği bitmez,  
Çağırsa bağırrsa bir yere yetmez. *Refr.*

No guest comes to a damned house,  
He struggles, takes pains, his sowing won't yield  
crops,  
He roars in vain, he achieves nothing. *Refr.*

Pir Sultan Abdal'ım kayda verilir,  
Misafir kısmeti getirir bize,  
Misafir mihmandır sen özür dile. *Refr.*

My Pir Sultan Abdal, it is registered,  
The guest brings us luck,  
The guest is holy, apologize! *Refr.*

№ 473. *Nefes.* Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir

Medet senden, medet, sultanım, Ali,  
Dertliyim derdime dermanım, Ali.  
Her dem gönlüm içre mihmanım, Ali.

Help, help, my sultan, Ali,  
I've got trouble, Ali's the cure for it,  
Ali leads me to the bottom of my heart every  
minute.

*Refr.* Gülüm, gülistanım, seyranım, Ali.

*Refr.* My rose, my rose garden, my way, Ali.

Oniki imamın ol şahı sensin,  
Muhammed Ali'nin hemrahı sensin.  
Bunca düşkünlerin penahı sensin. *Refr.*

You're the Shah of the twelve imams,  
You're the common way of Muhammad and  
Ali,  
You're the protector of many sinners. *Refr.*

Aman erenlerim amana geldim,

Oh, enlightened ones, I've come to ask forgive-  
ness,

İsmail oldum ben kurbana geldim,  
Her ne emir olur fermana geldim. *Refr.*

I've become Ismail, I've come as sacrifice,  
Whatever your command is, I've come to fulfill  
it. *Refr.*

Göster cemalini eyleme nihan,  
Yakıyor derinum ateşi hicran,  
Pervaneyim dostlar şemine hayran. *Refr.*

İkrar eyledim ben inkar gelmedim,  
Ağlayıp ağlayıp yaşım silmedim,  
Divane mi oldum kendim bilmedim. *Refr.*

Ey canımın canı güzel cananım,  
Kapına gelmeye yoktur dermanım,  
Başım üzere tacım dinim imanım. *Refr.*

Derviş Tevfik kendin üryan eyleme,  
Yıkıp mahzun gönlüm viran eyleme,  
Erenlere karşı isyan eyleme. *Refr.*

Show your beautiful face, don't hide yourself,  
I'm burning with fire inside,  
I'm a butterfly, I flutter for my friends' light.  
*Refr.*

I took a vow, I haven't denied you,  
I cried and wailed, I didn't wipe my tears,  
I didn't know myself if I'd gone mad. *Refr.*

Ey, the soul of my soul, my beautiful sweet-  
heart,  
I've got no strength to come to your gate,  
The crown on my head, my religion, my faith.  
*Refr.*

Tevfik dervish, do not get rid of your desires,  
Do not tear out my sad broken heart,  
Do not revolt against holy people. *Refr.*

#### № 475. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Gece gündüz niyaz eylerim senden,  
Çağırduğım yerde yetiş, ya, Ali.  
Muhtacı lütfundur bu zahip yerde.  
*Refr.* Çağırduğım yerde yetiş ya Ali,  
İstediğim yerde yetiş ya Şahım.

Senin sırlarına akıllar ermez,  
Akli erenler de beyana vermez,  
Sen nesin neredesin kimseler bilmez. *Refr.*

Esadullah arşta bir ismi Haydar,  
Zatını miraçta gördü peygamber,  
Cebril emir verdi bu sırdan haber. *Refr.*

Hatemi terk etti onda Mustafa,  
Arz etti mecliste onu Murtaza,  
Kimse bilmez kimdir sırrı la-feta. *Refr.*

Sakiye kevsersin Şah-i Vilayet,  
Bir cana fazlından eyle inayet,  
Müminleri sensin eder nihayet. *Refr.*

Sabah benden olsun Mihrabi zarı,  
Evindir billahi ol Zülfükarı,  
Gerçek olan aşık bilir ikrarı. *Refr.*

I breathe prayers to you night and day,  
Hurry to the place, oh, Ali, where I call you,  
Here we need your kindness everywhere.  
*Refr.* Hurry to the place, oh, Ali, where I call you,  
Hurry to the place, oh, my Shah, where I call  
you.

Your secrets are beyond comprehension,  
Those who can understand them won't speak  
about them,  
No one knows who you are, where you are. *Refr.*

Ali caliph in heaven, one of his names is Haydar,  
The prophet saw you during your ascension,  
Gabriel gave a command, a piece of secret  
news. *Refr.*

Hatem was left by Mustafa,  
Murtaza looked for him in the assembly,  
No one knows about his mysterious being. *Refr.*

Ali caliph, you're divine nectar to the drink  
dispenser,  
Show grace to every single soul,  
You're the last resort of true believers. *Refr.*

May the morning breeze show the direction of  
the prayer,  
By God, your home is Zülfükar,  
The true believer keeps his vow. *Refr.*

№ 482. *Nefes*. Hüseyin Tiryaki (1950), Kılavuzlu

Hayal midir, rüya midir, düş müdür?  
Nere baksam, bu rüyanın ben beni.  
Nedir aradığım dağlar düş müdür?  
*Refr.* Boşuna mu yoruyorum ben beni.

Is it a dream, a fancy or a nightmare?  
Wherever I look, this dream is chasing me,  
Is it a dream, what am I looking for, mountains?  
*Refr.* Are all my efforts in vain?

Söylenecek çok söz dile gelmiyor,  
Gönül lütf eyleyip dile gelmiyor.  
Hayal gölge gibi ele gelmiyor. *Refr.*

I don't have much to say,  
I can't express the goodness of the heart,  
The dream can't reach me as a shadow. *Refr.*

№ 483. *Nefes*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliagaç

Evem üstüm şu cihana gelmeden,  
Adem ata geldi, pirim gördün mü?

Before anyone was born,  
Our father Adam had appeared, my dear, did you see him?

Abdest alıp namazını<sup>181</sup> kılarken,  
Üstümüze doğan nuru gördün mü?

He washed himself ritually, he prayed,  
Did you see the light that illumined us?

Aşk edelim Ali ile Veliye,  
Hiç sual olur mu yatan ölüye,  
Tanrının aslanı Hazret Ali'ye,

Let's love Ali and Veli,  
Is the laid-out dead still questioned?  
Two angels descended beside God's lion, saint Ali,

İki melek divan durdu gördün mü?

Did you see it?

Birdir derler erenlerin kuşağı,  
Taştandır yastığı turab döşeği,

Holy people have the same roots,  
They have stone pillows, their mattress is the earth,

Yedi gökten yedi yerden aşağı,  
Kırkların durduğu darı gördün mü?

Under seven skies, under seven earth layers,  
Did you see the scaffold of the Forty?

Pir Sultan'ım okur hem de yazarım,  
Turab olur, ayaklarda tozarım,  
Yok mu benim şurda bir can pazarım,  
Tellalı çağırın şahı gördün mü?

My Pir Sultan, I read and write,  
I'll be soil, I'll form clouds of dust on feet,  
Do I still have anything to do here?  
Have you seen the Shah who called the messengers?

№ 484. *Nefes*. Mahmut Gümüş (1973 Beyci), Kırklareli

Gönül gel, seninle muhabbet edelim,  
Araya kimseyi alma sevgilim/sevdiğim.  
*Refr.* Ya benim kimim var kime yalvarayım,  
Kaldır kalbindeki karayı/yarayı gönül.

Come, sweetheart, let's have a nice conversation,  
Don't let anyone stand between us, my dear.  
*Refr.* Who do I have to whom I could pray?  
Throw the burden off your heart!

<sup>181</sup> *Namaz* is a ritual worship carried out five times a day among Muslims.

Dünya için gül benzini soldurma, Halden bilmeyene halin bildirme,	Don't swallow your face for the world, Don't speak about your trouble to those who don't know about it,
Tabip olmayınca yaram sardırma, Azdırırsın bir gün yarayı gönül.	If you aren't a doctor, don't bandage my wound, You might tear it open, my dear.
Solmazsa dünyada güzeller solmaz,  Bu dünya fanidir kimseye kalmaz,	Should there be some who don't fade in this world, they are the beautiful, This transitory world won't be passed on to anyone [as legacy],
Yalan, dolan ile sofuluk olmaz,  Mümin olan bekler sırayı gönül/ Kaldır kalbindeki yarayı gönül.	Mendacious deception allows no religious devotion, The true believer waits till it is his turn, Throw the burden off your heart!
Derviş Ali'm öğüt verir özüme, Gönül lutf eylemiş geldi sözüme,	My Dervish Ali is giving advice, The goodness of the heart found its way into my words,
Azrail konarsa göğsüm üstüne, O zaman sırayı beklemez gönül.	If Azrael lies on my chest, The heart won't wait until its turn.

№ 487. *Nefes*. Naciye Baykul (1975), Devletliagaç – See № 412

№ 488. *Nefes*. Hanife Baykul (1953 Topçular), Devletliagaç

Ay mıdır, gün müdür, doğmuş aleme, Yüzünden akıyor nur Hacı Bektaş.	Has the moon risen, or is the sun shining? Your face radiates light, Haji Bektash.
Musa peygamber durunca selama, Bin bir kelamını sor Hacı Bektaş.	The prophet Moses stood up to find salvation, Ask about a thousand and one things, Haji Bektash.
Musalla taşını tutmuş durulsun, Hem zati hem batını görünsün.	He took his catafalque to clean it, To make his person and secret visible!

№ 489. *Nefes*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliagaç

İşte gidiyorum çeşmi siyahım, Önümüzde dağlar kiralansa da, kiralansa da. Sermeyem derdimdir, servetim ahım, Karardıkça bahtım karalandı ya.	I'm leaving, my black-eyed love, Even if the mountains get rent before us, My trouble's my capital, my pain's my wealth, My fate has darkened slowly, darkened.
Haydi dolaşalım yüce dağlarda, Dost beni bıraktın ah ilen zarda, ah ilen zarda. Gezmek istiyorum viran bağlarda, Ayağıma cennet kiralansa da.	Come, let's start for the high mountains, My friend, you've left me in deep grief, I want to roam wild weedy gardens, Even if heaven is brought to my feet.

Bağladım canımı Haydar iğde daline,  
Oturdum ağladım kendi halime, kendi halime.  
Yazık şu masumun berbat haline,  
Ayağıma cennet kiralansa da.

I've tied my soul to Haydar's olive branch,  
I sat down and mourned for my destiny,  
Pity for this miserable soul,  
Even if heaven is brought to my feet.

№ 490. *Nefes*. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı. Bulgaria), Devletliğaç

Şu karşiki yaylada göç kater kater,  
Bir güzelin derdi bağırmda tüter,  
Bu ayrılık bana ölümden beter,  
*Refr.* Geçti dost kervanı, egleme beni, egleme beni.

A caravan's passing across the summer pasture  
opposite,  
My heart's kindled with love for a beauty,  
This parting is more terrible than death for me.  
*Refr.* The friend's caravan has passed, don't  
torture me, don't trifle with me.

Benim şu sevdiğim başta oturur,  
Bir güzelin derdi beni bitirir, beni bitirir,

My darling's sitting at the place of honour,  
Desire for a beautiful one's consuming me,  
consuming me,

Bu ayrılık bana zulüm getirir. *Refr.*

This parting is torturing me. *Refr.*

Pir Sultan Abdal'ım kalkın aşalım,  
Aşıp yüce dağları engin düşelim,  
Çok niğmetini yedik helallaşalım. *Refr.*

I'm Pir Sultan Abdal, let's cross the mountains,  
Let's cross and go to the plain,  
I've got a lot of goodness from you, let me re-  
turn it. *Refr.*

№ 492. *Nefes*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliğaç

Pir Sultanım şu dünyaya dolu geldim, dolu  
benim.  
*Refr.* Bilmeyenler bilsin beni, ben Ali'yim, Ali  
benim.

I'm Pir Sultan, I've come to world as a drink,  
I am a drink.  
*Refr.* Let those who don't know me get to know  
me, I am Ali, Ali is me.

Coşma deli gönül coşma, coşup ta kazandan  
taşma,  
Üç yüz altmış tane çeşme, serçeşmenin gözü  
benim. *Refr.*

Don't rave, my heart, don't rave, don't go into  
frenzies,  
I am the fountainhead of three hundred and  
sixty springs. *Refr.*

№ 493. *Nefes*. Mehmet Öztürk (1928 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

İptidai yol sorarsan  
Yol Muhammed Ali'mindir,  
Yetmiş iki dil sorarsan,  
Dil Muhammed Ali'mindir.

If you look for a simple way,  
Take the one of Muhammad Ali,  
If you ask seventy-two tongues,  
It's all Muhammad Ali's.

Gece olur, gündüz olur,  
Cümle alem dümdüz olur,  
Gökte kaç bin yıldız olur,  
Ay Muhammed Ali'mindir.

There will be night, there will be day,  
The whole world will be smoothed,  
There will be myriads of stars in the sky,  
The moon is Muhammad Ali's.

Varma Yezidin yanına,  
Kokusu siner tenine,  
Lanet Yezid'in soyuna,  
Can Muhammed Ali'mindir.

Yezit alaydan seçilir,  
Mümine hulle biçilir,  
Evvel bahar olur, gül olur,  
Gül Muhammed Ali'mindir.

Gökten rahmet saçılır,  
Mümin olanlar seçilir,  
Abu Kevser'den içilir,  
Dem Muhammed Ali'mindir.

Varma Yezit meclisine,  
Kulak verme hiç sesine,  
Satır Yezit ensesine,  
Sel Muhammed Ali'mindir.

Hatayi oturmuş ağlar,  
Diline geleni söyler,  
Top top olmuş ortada döner,  
Nur Muhammed Ali'mindir.

Don't go near the Yezid,  
His stink penetrates your skin,  
May the descendant of the Yezid be cursed,  
The soul is Muhammad Ali's.

The Yezid is selected from the host,  
A heavenly dress is cut for the true believer,  
First spring comes, the rose will bloom,  
The rose is Muhammad Ali's.

Mercy is dispensed from heaven,  
The true believers are selected,  
They drink from the heavenly river,  
The drink is Muhammad Ali's.

Don't go the community of the Yezid,  
Don't ever listen to his word,  
Place your hatchet on the Yezid's nape,  
The flood is Muhammad Ali's.

Hatayi sat down and wept,  
He put to words all that came to his mind,  
He got rounded out, whirling in the middle,  
The light is Muhammad Ali's.

№ 494. Nefes. İmam Leşkeroğlu (1933 Sivas, Minare Kangal), Ormankent

Ala gözlü güzel pirim,  
Derdime dermana geldim,  
Senden gayri yoktur kimsem,  
Derdime fermana geldim.

Sensin hocalar hocası,  
Kuranda okunur hecesi,  
Bu gün rıza gecesi,  
Derdime dermana geldim.

Hep günahim sana malım,  
Yamacında bağlı elim,  
Ala gözlü güzel pirim,  
Derdime dermana geldim.

My beautiful brown-eyed saint,  
I've come for remedy to my illness,  
I have nobody but you.  
I've come for remedy to my illness,

You are the master of masters,  
It is written in the Quran,  
Today, on the night of the approval,  
I've come for remedy to my illness,

You know all my sins,  
My hands are tied on your hillside,  
My beautiful brown-eyed saint,  
I've come for remedy to my illness.



№ 495. *Kırklar semahı, İmam Leşkeroğlu (1933 Sivas/Minare Kangal), Ormankent*

Derdim çoktur hangisine yanayım? Yine tazelendi yürek yaresi. Ben bu derde derman nerden bulayım, Meğer dost elinde ola çaresi.	Many are my troubles, which shall I complain of? The wound of my heart has been renewed, I can't find redress to this trouble, Except from the hands of a good friend.
Eleman, eleman, eleman, eleman, Benim bu dertlere ferman efendim. <i>Refr.</i> Efendim, efendim, benim efendim, Benim bu derdime derman efendim.	Element, element, element, element, My lord is the remedy for my troubles. <i>Refr.</i> Lord, lord, my lord, My lord is the remedy on my trouble.
Türlü donlar giymiş gülden naziktir,  Bülbül cevri eyleme güle yazıktır, Çok hasretlik çektim bağrım eziktir, Güle güle gelir canlar paresi. <i>Refr.</i>	He appears in most diverse forms, he's more graceful than a rose, Nightingale, don't tease me, pity for the rose, My heart is wounded by the incessant waiting, The dear souls are approaching in good spirits. <i>Refr.</i>
Pir Sultan Abdal'ım kati yüksek uçarsın, Selamsız sabahsız gelir geçersin, Dost muhabbetten niye kaçarsın? Böyle midir yolumuzun töresi? <i>Refr.</i>	I'm Pir Sultan Abdal, you are flying high, You're passing by without greeting, Brother, why do you want to shun the nice conversation, Is that what the law of our way spells out? <i>Refr.</i>

№ 496. *Nefes. Şehri Ünal (1950 Ahlatlı), Ahmetler*

Yeşil ördek gibi, daldım göllere, Sen düşürdün beni dilden dillere. Başım alıp gitsem gurbet ellere, Ne sen beni unut ne de ben seni. Sevdiğim cemalım güneşim ayım...	Like a green duck I immersed in the lake, People spread rumours about me because of you, If I make up my mind and go to an alien land, Don't forget me, I won't forget you. My beloved perfection, my sun, my moon...
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№ 497. *Nefes. Hamdiye Ay (1933 Kılavuzlu), Kırklareli – See № 498*

№ 498. *Nefes. Mehmet Öztürk (1928 Ahmetler), Kırklareli*

Gel gönül yola gidelim, Adı güzel Ali'm ile, Açlar doyrur susuzlar kandır, Leblerinin balı ilen, Nur-u Muhammed'len <sup>182</sup> Ali.	Come, darling, let us set out With my nice-named Ali. He feeds the hungry, gives drink to the thirsty, With the honey of his lips, The light of Muhammad and Ali.
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<sup>182</sup> The suffix should be *+le*, which was completed by an anorganic dialectal *+n*.

Ali'm bana neler etti,  
Elim alıp dara çekti.

Elindeki dolu ilen,  
Üstümüze yürüyüş etti,  
Nur-u Muhammed'len Ali.

Ali'lerin Ali'sisin,  
Velilerin Velisisin,  
Üç kimsenin biri sensin,  
Nur-u Muhammed'len Ali.

Ağaç kurur meyva verir,  
Kuş bu dala her dem konar,  
Doldurmuş dolusun' sunar,  
Ali'm kendi elin ile.

Cennetin meyvası budur,  
Lokmanı ehline yedir,  
Pir Sultan'ım doğru yoldur,  
Ali'min gittiği yol bu yoldur.

What a lot of things Ali has done to me,  
He took me by the hand and dragged to the  
place of confession,  
With the drink he was holding in his hand,  
Upon us ded descend  
The light of Muhammad and Ali.

Ali of Alis,  
Veli of Velis,  
You are one of the three of them,  
The light of Muhammad and Ali.

The tree goes dried, it bears fruit,  
On its branches a bird alights every moment,  
He is offering his distributed drink  
With his own hand, my Ali.

This is the fruit of Paradise,  
You offer your morsel to the people,  
I'm Pir Sultan, this is the right way,  
This way was treaded by my Ali.

№ 500. Nefes. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Eşrefoğlu al haberi,  
Bahçe biziz gül bizdedir.  
Biz de Mevlanın kuluyuz,  
Yetmiş iki dil bizdedir.

Erlik midir eri yormak,  
Irak yoldan haber sormak,  
Cennetteki şol dört<sup>183</sup> ırmak,  
Coşkun akan sel bizdedir.

Arı vardır uçup gezer,  
Teni tenden seçip gezer,  
Canan bizden kaçıp gezer,  
Arı biziz, bal bizdedir.

Kuldur Hasan Dedem kuldur,  
Manayı söyleyen dildir,  
Elif Hakk'a doğru yoldur,  
Cim<sup>184</sup> ararsan Dal<sup>185</sup> bizdedir.

Esrefoglu, hear the news,  
We are the garden, the rose is inside us,  
We are God's servants,  
We speak seventy-two tongues.

Is it manly to tire a man?  
To inquire about faraway news?  
The enthusiastic gurgle of the  
Heavenly four rivers is inside us.

The bee's flitting about,  
Picking and choosing among dews.  
The sweetheart's fleeing us,  
We are the bees, the honey is inside us.

Servant my Hasan Dede is a servant,  
The tongue speaks out the meaning,  
Elif<sup>186</sup> is the true way leading to God,  
If you look for cim, dal is inside us.

<sup>183</sup> The same line elsewhere: *Cennetteki ol dört ırmak* (GD 75) 'Those are the four rivers of Paradise.' The Old Turkic demonstrative pronoun *ol* was replaced folk etymologically with *on* 'ten' in front of the next numeral. Since 12 is a sacred number, this is what they ended up with. At yet another place: *Cennetteki on dört ırmak* (Yaltırık 2002: 75), the number of rivers is fourteen in place of twelve.

<sup>184</sup> Letter of the Arabic alphabet.

<sup>185</sup> The tenth letter of the Arabic alphabet, its numeric value is four.

<sup>186</sup> See footnotes 73, 80 above.

№ 502. *Semah*. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953), İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Kamber dururdu sağında,  
Gören de cennet bağında,  
Ali Fatma Tur dağında, ey.  
*Refr.* Ben dedem Ali'yi gördüm,  
Dost biri Veli'yi gördüm.

Dört çırağ yanar şem'ada,  
Aslanlar gizli meşede,  
Yedi iklim dört köşede. *Refr.*

Yedi iklim dört köşede. *Refr.*  
Karanfilim deste deste,  
Bergüzar yolladım dostu,  
Mihmandan bir dolu iste. *Refr.*

Cennet kapısında duran,  
Mühüre kilidi vuran,  
Yezide lanet yağdırın. *Refr.*

Pir/Şah Sultanım aşka düştüm,  
Cümle meleklerden üstün. *Refr.*

Kamber was standing on his right,  
The viewer was in heaven,  
Ali and Fatma on Mount Tabor.  
*Refr.* I've seen my grandfather Ali,  
I've seen the friend Veli.

Four candles are burning in the candlestick,  
Lions are hiding in the oak forest,  
Seven climates in four directions. *Refr.*

Seven climates in four directions. *Refr.*  
I have bunches of carnations,  
I've sent a present to my friend,  
Ask the guest for a drink. *Refr.*

The one standing at the gate of heaven  
Put a lock on the seal,  
He cast a curse on the wicked. *Refr.*

I'm Pir/Shah Sultan, I've fallen in love,  
Who is above all angels. *Refr.*

№ 503. *Semah*. Bektashi congregation, Çeşmekolu – See № 498№ 504. *Nefes*. Bektashi woman, Ahmetler

[Şu benim divane gönlüm,  
Dağlara düştüm yalnız,  
Bu benim ahım yüzünden,  
Bir mihak gördüm yalnız.]

Dağlar var dağlardan yüce,

Dağ mı dayanır bu güce,  
Derdim var üç gün üç gece,

Anlatsam bitmez yalnız.

O Şahın darına dursam,  
Hayırlı gülbangın alsam,  
Kızılırmaklara dalsam,  
Çağlayıp aksam yalnız.

Pir Sultanım hey, erenler,  
Eline niyaz edenler,  
Üçler beşler yediler,  
Mürüvvete geldim yalnız.

[Because of my foolish heart  
I'm hiding in the mountains all alone,  
Because of my vow,  
I've seen a touchstone alone.]

There are mountains higher than other mountains,

Can a mountain withstand such a great force?  
I have so many troubles that three days and  
nights

Wouldn't suffice to list them.

Let me stand in the shah's holy place,  
Let me pray with the others blissfully,  
I'd immerse in the Kızilirmak river,  
I would flow gurgling all alone.

I'm Pir Sultan, hey, holy men,  
Those who bend to your hand for prayer,  
Three, five, seven,  
I've come for blessing all alone.

№ 505. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Geçmişiz can ile serden.  
*Refr.* Pirim Hacı Bektaş Veli.  
 Bizi agâh eyle sırdan. *Refr.*

Eşiğine yüzler sürdük,  
 Dergâhındır beytülharam,  
 Senden medet senden medet. *Refr.*

Haber duydum divanında,  
 Şah Acem Sultan yanında,  
 Uçan güvercin donunda. *Refr.*

We've resigned from our souls and head.  
*Refr.* My saint, Haji Bektash Veli,  
 Reveal the secret to us. *Refr.*

We've touched our face to your threshold,  
 Your shrine is the Kaaba stone,  
 Help us, help us. *Refr.*

I got a word at your meeting  
 The Persian sultan is on your side,  
 Disguised as a flying bird. *Refr.*

№ 506. *Nefes*. Feyzi Kemter (1939 Kızılcıkdere), Kırklareli<sup>187</sup>

Yolcu oldum, yola düştüm,  
 Yollarım Ali'ye çağırır.  
 Bülbül oldum güle düştüm,  
 Güllerim Ali'ye çağırır.

Bir zaman türabda yattım,  
 Türlü çiçeklerle bittim,  
 Bir zaman da hasta yattım,  
 Türlü çiçeklerle bittim,<sup>172</sup>  
 Bir arı ile çok bal ettim,  
 Ballarım Ali'yi çağırır.

Bulut oldum göğe ağdım,  
 Yağmur oldum yere yağdım,  
 Coşkun coşkun ağladım,  
 Sellerim Ali'yi çağırır.

Bu haneye mihman geldik,  
 Gah ağlayıp, kah güldüm,  
 Bahr-i ummana daldım,  
 Sellerim Ali'ye çağırır.

Kul Himmet'im aşka düştüm,  
 Aşk ateşi boydan aştım,  
 Virdimiz Ali'ye düştü,  
 Dillerimiz Ali'yi çağırır.

I took to the road, I've become a traveller,  
 My way leads to Ali,  
 Like a nightingale I alighted on a rose,  
 My rose is beckoning me to Ali.

For some time I lay on the ground,  
 I rose from among flowers,  
 For some time I lay ill,  
 I rose from among flowers,  
 A bee has made a lot of honey from me,  
 My honey takes me to Ali.

I became a cloud, I rose to the sky,  
 I became rain, I fell to the ground,  
 I cried and sobbed bitterly,  
 My floods are calling Ali.

We've come to this house as guests,  
 Sometimes I cried, sometimes I laughed,  
 I flowed into the ocean, the sea.  
 My floods are calling Ali.

I am Kul Himmet, I've fallen in love,  
 The fire of love has purified me,  
 Our rose has fallen to Ali,  
 Our tongue is addressing Ali.

<sup>187</sup> We could not find these two lines elsewhere, therefore we suspect they are false lines.

№ 507. *Nefes*. Ramazan Yıldız (Ahmetler), Ahmetler [the recording is of very poor quality]

Tarikata ikrar verdik,  
Lanet Yezide el yuyduk,  
Muhammed Ali'yi gördük,  
Dedesı alay içinde, hey dost, Hüy.

Allah bir Muhammed Haktır,  
Bilenlere sözüüm yoktur,  
Ali'nin insanı çoktur,  
[...] Hü Dost, Hüy dost.

Before the community we pledged our faith,  
We put a curse on the Yezids,  
We saw Muhammad Ali,  
His leader is in the group, hey Friend.

Allah, Muhammad and Ali are one.  
I have nothing to say to those aware of it,  
Ali has lots of people,  
[unintelligible] God, my friend.

№ 508. *Semah*. Bektashi concert, Istanbul

Güzel aşık cevrimizi  
Çekemezsin demedim mi?  
Bu bir rıza lokmasıdır,  
Yiyemezsin demedim mi?  
*Refr.* Demedim mi demedim mi?  
Gönül sana söylemedim mi?

Bu bir rıza lokmasıdır,  
Yiyemezsin demedim mi?  
Yemeyenler kalır naçar,  
Gözlerinden kanlar saçar,  
Bu bir demdir gelir geçer,  
Duyamazsın demedim mi? *Refr.*

Bu dervişlik bir dilektir,  
Bilene büyük örnektir,  
Yensiz yakasız gömlektir,  
Giyemezsin demedim mi? *Refr.*

Pir Sultan Abdal'dır Şahımız,  
Hak'ka ulaşır rahımız,  
On iki İmam katarımız,  
Uyamazsın demedim mi? *Refr.*

My fair fellow believer, you can't bear  
Our difficulties, haven't I told you?  
This is a blessed morsel,  
You can't eat it, haven't I told you?  
*Refr.* Haven't I told you, haven't I told you?  
Darling, haven't I told you?

This is a blessed morsel,  
You can't eat it, haven't I told you?  
Those who don't eat it will remain ignorant,  
Tears are falling from your eyes,  
This is a fleeting moment,  
You can't notice it, haven't I told you? *Refr.*

Being a dervish means a great undertaking,  
An example to be followed for those who understand it,  
It is a burial shroud,  
You can't put it on, haven't I told you? *Refr.*

Pir Sultan Abdal is our shah,  
Our way is leading to God,  
Our caravan is the twelve imams,  
You don't belong here, haven't I told you? *Refr.*

№ 509. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir

Ben bu meclislerden ibretler aldım,  
Uyudum uyandım ben ayan gördüm,  
Kalbimi nur ile boyanmış gördüm.  
*Refr.* Muhammed'in küsü çalınır burda,

Ol serverin<sup>188</sup> ismi yad olur dilde.

Hep turnalar gibi yüksek uçarlar,  
Kanadıyla halka rahmet saçarlar,  
Abu Kevser şerbetinden içerler. *Refr.*

Yörük değirmenler gibi dönerler,  
El ele vermiş Hakk'a giderler,  
Derviş Yunus gör ne hal oldu bana,  
Bu aşkın ateşi dokunur cana,  
Aklını başına devşir divane. *Refr.*

From this congregation I've learnt a lot,  
I was asleep, I woke up, I could see clearly,  
I saw my heart in a flood of light.  
*Refr.* Muhammad's cattle drum is being beaten here,

The name of that prince is being uttered by our tongue.

Like the cranes, they fly high,  
They dispense blessings to the people with their wings,  
They drink from the water of Paradise. *Refr.*

They whirl like the Yürük mills,  
They approach God hand in hand.  
Look, Dervish Yunus, what I've become,  
The flame of divine love is consuming my soul,  
Come to your senses, you fool! *Refr.*

№ 510. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu – See № 509№ 511. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir

Ey, erenler benim meyil verdiğim.  
*Refr.* Birisi Muhammed birisi Ali  
Birisi Hasandır biri Hüseyin  
Adına, şanına kurban olduğum. *Refr.*

Ali'm söyler, Hızır yazar ayeti,  
Elinde Zülfikar zehirden katı,  
Aşikardır Ali'nin her kerameti. *Refr.*

Ab-u hayat çeşmelerin açtıran,

Dalga vurup deryaları coşturan,  
Dolu kevser ilen bizi kandıran. *Refr.*

Can bülbülü gezer ten-i kafeste,

Ali'min sırrını söyler nefeste,  
Şah'ımın sırrını söyler nefeste,  
Dünya kurulurken oturan posta. *Refr.*

Oh, holy men, the ones I love.  
*Refr.* One is Muhammad, the other is Ali,  
One is Hasan, the other is Husain,  
I adore their name, their fame. *Refr.*

My Ali says Hizir's writing the sacred verse,  
Zulfikar's<sup>189</sup> in his hand, stronger than poison,  
All my Ali's miracles can be understood. *Refr.*

He makes the fountains of the water of life gurgle,  
Whips up the sea with the surge,  
Takes us in with the heavenly drink. *Refr.*

The nightingale of the soul is walking in our ash urn,  
It sings the secret of my Ali in every nefes,  
It sings the secret of my Shah in every nefes,  
It sat on the hide post when the world was created. *Refr.*

<sup>188</sup> The Prophet Muhammad's name is mentioned here.

<sup>189</sup> Name of Caliph Ali's famous sword. In popular representations it has two blades and two points (Redhouse 1974: 1290).

Pir Sultan'ım/Şah efendim bu nefesi haklayan,	I'm Pir Sultan/Shah the one who testifies this nefes,
Ali'm sırrını candan saklayan,	He hides the secret of Ali with all his heart,
Şah'ımın sırrını candan saklayan,	He hides the secret of my Shah with all his heart,
Sırat köprüsünün başın' bekleyen. <i>Refr.</i>	He stands guard at the end of the Sirat bridge. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 512. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu - See № 511

№ 513. *Nefes*. Veli Mutlu (1962 Terzidere, Kofçaz), Kırklareli

Bu meydan bağının bülbüllerini, İnedikçe/Şakıdıkça gönül ferahlanıyor, Muhip kardaşların tatlı dilini, İşidikçe gönül ferahlanıyor.	When the nightingales of this holy place Burst out singing, the heart is relieved, When you hear the sweet words of mystic friends, The heart is relieved.
Yezit bize daim tan ile geldi, Sabreden kardaşlar murada erdi, Aşkın badesini hemen nuş etti, Nuş edince gönül ferahlanıyor.	The cruel enemy has always come to us at dawn, The patient brethren have reached the goal, They devoured the wine of love eagerly, Eagerly the heart is relieved.
Mehdi bu alemi anlamak hüner, Pirim Hacı Bektaş olanı demez, Şahım Hacı Bektaş olanı demez, Coşunca muhabbet sundular kevser, Hak yolunda gönül ferahlanıyor.	Lord, it needs artistry to understand this world, My saint Haji Bektash doesn't say it, My shah Haji Bektash doesn't say it, Once they got intimate, they offered a drink, On the way of God the heart is relieved.

№ 514. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu – See № 511

№ 516. *Nefes*. İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Ey, zahit şaraba eyle ihtiram, İnsan ol cihanda, dünya fanidir. Ehline helaldir na-ehle haram, Biz içeriz bize yoktur vebali.	Oh, pious [soul], respect the wine, Be man on earth, the world is transient, It's blessed for your community and taboo for others, We drink, that is no sin for us, no sin.
Sevap almak için içeriz şarap, İçmezsek oluruz dūçarı azap.	We drink wine to partake of the grace of God, If we don't drink, we have to suffer the agony of hell,
Senin aklın ermez bu başka hesap, Meyhanede bulduk biz bu kemalî.	You can't understand this, We gained this experience in the tavern.

Kandil geceleri kandil oluruz,	In the night <sup>190</sup> of the oil lamp we'll become night lights,
Kandilin içinde fitil oluruz,	We'll become wicks in the middle of the lights,
Hakk'ı göstermeye delil oluruz,	We'll be proof of God's existence,
Fakat kör olanlar bilmez bu hali.	But the blind can't understand this, can't un- derstand.
Sen münkürsün, sana haramdır bade,	You are an unbeliever, the wine is forbidden for you,
Bekle ki içersin öbür dünyada,	Wait and you'll drink in the hereafter.
Bahs açma Harabi bundan ziyade,	Don't go on arguing, Harabi,
Çünkü bilmez haram ile helâli.	For he doesn't make any difference between the sinful and pious deed.

## № 517. Nefes. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Bir anabacıylan, da Hü, bir Müslüm bacı,	The baba's wife and a Muslim woman,
Kalksın semah eylesin istekli canlar hem canlar,	All should stand up and all who wish to should dance semah, the kindred souls
Semah eylesinler, de Hü, niyaz eylesin,	Should dance semah, should pray,
Kaldır indir kollarını kollarını.	Lift your arm, lower your arm, your arms.

№ 518. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu<sup>191</sup>

Muhabbet köpünün şarabı olsam,	I'd be the wine of the foam of friendship,
Dost beni doldurur içer mi bilmem.	My friend, pour me out, whether you'll drink me, I don't know.
Mahmur olmak için gönül haramı,	To achieve ecstasy, will you commit forbidden things,
Bir usta eline içer/düşer mi bilmem.	I don't know if I can get into the master's hands.
Olur mu aşğın çile çekmesi?	Does a true lover suffer,
Olur mu çilenin boyun bükmesi?	Does suffering crush a man?
Helal süte katmış haram pekmezi,	Harmful pekmez <sup>176</sup> mixed in blessed milk,
Gönül murat olsa seçer mi bilmem.	Can the heart tell the difference if it wants to?
Bülbüle gül yarar deveye diken,	The rose matches the nightingale, the thorn matches the camel,
Aşıktır maşukun boynunu büken,	A lover is tortured to death by his sweetheart,
Tarlasına haram tohumu eken,	Whether those who saw harmful seeds in their land
Helal mahsulünü biçer mi bilmem.	Can reap blessed crop, I don't know.

<sup>190</sup> There are four nights when the minarets are illuminated. They are the feats of the Prophet Muham-  
mad, commemorating his birth, enlightenment, ascension and death.

<sup>191</sup> Grape juice boiled to a sugary solid or a heavy syrup (Redhouse 1974: 924).



Kimi mevtasına kefen biçmiyor,  
Kimi helal rızkın yeyup içmiyor,  
Kelp iken kelp yavrusundan geçmiyor/  
Yavrusundan köpek bile geçmiyor  
Tanrı/Hak Seyranisinden geçer mi bilmem.

Some are not cut funeral shrouds for,  
Some do not consume blessed food or drink,  
Not even a dog abandons its puppy,  
Not even a dog can live without its puppy,  
I don't know whether God abandons Seyrani.

№ 519. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir

Muhabbet köpünün olsam şarabı,  
Yar beni doldurup içer mi bilmem.  
Mahmur olmak için gönül harabı,

Bir mihman eline geçer mi bilmem.

Aşık'ın olmaz mı çile çekmesi,  
Çilenin olmaz mı boyun bükmesi,  
Helal süte katmış haram pekmezi,  
Seçmek murad olsa seçer mi bilmem.

Bülbül güle yarar deveye diken,  
Çiledir aşğın boynunu büken,

Tarlasına haram tohumu eken,

Helal mahsulünü biçer mi bilmem.

Kimi mevtasına kefen biçmiyor,  
Kimi helal rızkın yeyip içmiyor,  
Şu Seyrani Tanrısından geçmiyor.  
Hak Seyrani'sinden geçer mi bilmem.

I'd be the wine of the foam of friendship,  
Whether my sweetheart pours me out and  
drinks me, I don't know.

To achieve ecstasy it's a forbidden thing,  
Whether it gets into a guest's hand, I don't  
know.

Is there terrible suffering for a true lover?  
Is there suffering that crushes man?  
He mixed harmful pekmez in blessed milk,  
If the aim is separation, whether he separates  
them, I don't know.

The rose matches the nightingale, the thorn  
matches the camel,  
Suffering does crush the lover.  
Whether those who saw harmful seeds in their  
land  
Can reap blessed crops, I don't know.

Some are not cut funeral shrouds for,  
Some do not consume their daily food,  
That Seyrani does not depend on his God,  
Whether God depends on Seyrani, I don't  
know.

№ 520. *Nefes*. Kadir Üner (1956), Ahmetler

Gel Şahım hatırdan çıkarma bizi  
Sevdiğim Bektaşî Veli aşkına  
Gönülden çıkarıp yabana atma  
İstinatgahımız Ali aşkına.

Bizler erenler de hizmet ederiz  
Canımız bu yola kurban ederiz  
Bizler sizden ayrı düşsek neyleriz  
Olma bizden ayrı Ali aşkına

Come, my shah, don't forget about us,  
For the love of our beloved Bektash Veli.  
Tearing from your heart, don't waste it,  
For the love of our protector, Ali.

We, the holy people are also servants,  
On this way we sacrifice our souls,  
If we turned away from you, what could we do?  
Don't leave us, for the love of Ali.

Erenlere verdik cümle varımız  
Hep yoklukta kaldı bizim karımız  
Meydana erenler doldu ...  
Ali'nin/Şahımın sevdiği yolu aşkına.

Biz gideriz erenlerin yoluna,  
Bakmıyoruz sağı soluna,  
Medet mürvet kıldır ... kuluna,  
Hasan Hüseyin in yolu aşkına.

We've given all we had to the holy people,  
We've become destitute,  
Holy people have gathered in the sacred place,  
For the beloved way of Ali/our Shah.

We take the way of the saints,  
We don't look right or left,  
Help your poor servants,  
For the way of Hasan and Husain.

№ 521. Nefes. İmam Leşkeroğlu (1933 Sivas/Minare Kangal), Ormankent

Dünü, günü arzumanım gel beri  
Dileğim imam Hüseyin aşkına,  
Aşkına, Şahım, aşkına.

İllah Allah illah Allah,  
İllah Allah Şah illah Allah.

Sen Alim'sin güzel Şah,  
Eyvallah Şah eyvallah.  
Ali mürşüt güzel Şah,  
Eyvallah Şah eyvallah.

Return, my daily longing of yesterday,  
My longing for Husain imam's love,  
For the love of my shah.

Illah Allah, illah Allah,  
Illah Allah, shah, illah Allah.

My Ali, you are the beautiful/good shah,  
Thank you, shah, thank you,  
Ali is the spiritual leader, the good shah,  
Thank you, shah, thank you.

№ 522. Nefes. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Gelmiş iken bir habercik sorayım.  
*Refr.* Niçin gitmez Yıldız dağın dumanı,  
dumanı eller gümanı  
\*Gerçek erenlere yüzler süreyim,

Alçağında al kırmızı taşın var,  
Yükseğinde turnaların sesi var,  
Ben de bilmem ne talihsiz başım var. *Refr.*

Benim Şahım al kırmızı bürünür  
Dost yüzü görmeyen dostu ne bilir

Yücesinden Şahın ili görünür. *Refr.*

El ettiler turnalara kazlara  
Dağlar yeşillendi döndü yazlara  
Çiğdemler takınsın söylen kızlara. *Refr.*

Having arrived let me ask you  
*Refr.* Why doesn't the mist of Mount Yildiz rise,  
the concern of strangers?  
Before true holy people I touch my face to the  
ground.

There is your red stone at the lower part,  
In the height the cries of cranes can be heard,  
I don't know how miserable I am. *Refr.*

My Shah dressed in red,  
Those who haven't seen a friend don't know  
what it's like,  
From its peak the shah's village can be seen.  
*Refr.*

They waved to cranes, to geese,  
The mountains turned green, it's summer,  
May the lassies stick hyacinths in their hair.  
*Refr.*

Şahın bahçesinde gonca gül biter  
Onda garip garip bülbüller öter  
Bunda ayrılık var ölümden beter. *Refr.*

In the shah's garden a rose is budding,  
Lonely nightingales are singing on them.  
It's time for parting which is worse than death.  
*Refr.*

Ben de bildim şu dağların şahısın  
Gerçek erenlerin seyrangahısın  
Abdal Pir Sultanın nazargahısın. *Refr.*

I knew, too, you are the lord of these mountains,  
You are the shrine of pilgrimage of true saints,  
You are the vantage point of Abdal Pir Sultan.  
*Refr.*

№ 523. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kızılcıkdere

Gelmiş iken bir habercik sorayım.  
*Refr.* Niçin gitmez Yıldız dağın dumanı,  
dumanı, eller gümanı?  
Gerçek erenlere haber sorayım. *Refr.*

Having arrived, let me ask  
*Refr.* Why doesn't the mist of Mount Yildiz rise,  
the concern of strangers?  
Let me ask the true holy people.

Benim Şahım al kırmızı bürünür,  
Yücesinden Şahın ili görünür,  
Dost yüzün görmeyen dostu ne bilir *Refr.*

My shah dressed in red,  
From its peak the shah's village can be seen,  
Those who haven't seen a friend don't know  
what a friend is. *Refr.*

Benim Şahımın al kırmızı tacı var  
Bahçesinde bülbül sesli kuşu var  
Ben de bildim ne talihsiz başım var. *Refr.*

My shah has a red crown,  
In his garden he has a bird of a nightingale's  
voice,  
And I knew how miserable I was. *Refr.*

Şahın bahçesinde gonca gül biter  
Onda garip garip bülbüller öter  
Burda ayrılık var ölümden beter. *Refr.*

In my shah's garden rosebuds are blooming,  
Poor lonely nightingales are singing,  
It's time for parting, which is worse than death.  
*Refr.*

Ben de bildim şu dağların Şahısın  
Gerçek erenlerin nazargahısın  
Abdal Pir Sultan'ın seyrangahısın. *Refr.*

I knew you were the shah of the mountains,  
You are the sight of true holy people,  
You are the promenade of Pir Sultan Abdal.  
*Refr.*

№ 524. *Nefes*. Hamdiye Ay (1933) Kılavuzlu, Kırklareli

Sordum da sarı, sarı çiğdeme, hey, Dost,  
çiğdeme,  
Senin boynun ne eğri, ne eğri.  
Ne sorarsın be hey devriş, be kardaş,  
Ben hak lokması yerim, Şah yerim,  
Kudret korkusu çekerim, çekerim.

I've asked the yellow daffodil, oh, my friend,  
the daffodil,  
Why is your back so crooked?  
What do you ask, oh, dervish, oh, brother,  
I feed on divine food, shah,  
I have the fear of the Almighty, I fear him.

Sordum da sarı sarı çiğdeme, hey, Dost,  
çiğdeme,  
Senin derdin ne sarı, ne sarı.  
Ne sorarsın be hey devriş, be kardaş,  
Ben hak korkusu çekerim, çekerim.

I've asked the yellow daffodil, oh, my friend,  
the daffodil,  
Why is your trouble yellow, yellow,  
What do you ask, oh, dervish, oh, brother,  
I have the fear of God, I fear him.

Sordum da sarı sarı çiğdeme, hey Dost,  
çiğdeme  
Sen yer altında ne yersin, ne yersin

I've asked the yellow daffodil, oh my friend, the  
daffodil,  
What do you eat under the ground, what do  
you eat?

Ne sorarsın be hey devriş, be kardaş  
Kudret lokması yerim, şah yerim.

What do you ask, oh, dervish, oh, brother,  
I eat divine mannah, shah.

Sordum da sarı sarı çiğdeme, hey Dost,  
çiğdeme  
Annen baban var mıdır var mıdır  
Ne sorarsın be hey devriş, be kardaş  
Annem yer babam yağmur, şah yağmur

I've asked the yellow daffodil, oh my friend, the  
daffodil,  
Have you a father or mother?  
What do you ask, oh, dervish, oh, brother,  
My mother is the earth, my father is rain, shah.

Pir Sultanım erlerle hey Dost, erlerle  
Aksakallı pirlersen, pirlersen  
Yüzü dolu nurlarlan hey dost, nurlarlan  
Bizde devriş derler şah derler.

I'm Pir Sultan with the holy people,  
With saints having white beards,  
The one radiating light on his face,  
We call him dervish, we call him shah.

№ 525. *Nefes*. Hamdiye Ay (1933) Kılavuzlu, Kırklareli

Hani benim hırka ile postlarım,  
Tatlı dilli şeker sözlü dostlarım, dostlarım.  
Ehli muhabbeti sizden isterim,  
Hani benim şeker dilli dostlarım,  
Hani benim tatlı dilli dostlarım.

Where is my mantle and my hide post?  
My friends, friends of a sweet tongue?  
I expect you to have the ability of nice conver-  
sation,  
Where are my friends of the sweet tongue?  
Where are my friends of the sweet tongue?

№ 527. *Düvazdeh nefesi*. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Akıl almaz Yaradanın sırrına,  
Akıl ermez Yaradanın sırrına,  
*Refr.* Muhammed Ali'ye indi bu kurban.  
Kurban olam kudretinin nuruna,  
Hasan Hüseyin'e indi bu kurban.

No mind can comprehend the secret of the  
Creator,  
No mind can reach the secret<sup>192</sup> of the Creator.  
*Refr.* That sacrifice descended to Muhammad  
Ali.  
I adore the light of your sanctity,  
This sacrifice descended to Hasan and Husain.

<sup>192</sup> The analogy in the Êrdy Codex (p. 570) is remarkable: "No human mind can grasp the nature of God, nothing can be known about it with certainty." (Szarvas-Simonyi III: 967).

Ol zaman Zeynel'in destinde idim  
Muhammed Bakırın dostunda idim,  
Caferi Sadık'ın postunda idim,  
Musa'yı Kâzım Rıza'ya indi bu kurban.

(Muhammed Taki'nin nurunda idim,  
Aliyyül-Naki'nin sırrında idim,  
Hasan-ül'asker'in darinde idim,  
Muhammed Mehdi'ye indi bu kurban.

Aslı Şah-i Merdan, gürüh-i Naci,  
Hakikate bağlı bu yolun ucu,

Senede bir kurban Talibin borcu,  
Muhammed Mustafa'ya indi bu kurban.

Tarikatten hakikate erenler,

Cennet-i A'la'ya Hülle serenler,

Muhammed Ali'nin yüzün görenler,

Erenler aşkına indi bu kurban.)

Şah Hatayım der ki bilirmi her can,  
Kurbanın üstüne yürüdü erkan,  
Tırnağı tespihtir, kanı da mercan,  
Oniki imama indi bu kurban.

I used to be in the regiment with Zeynel,  
I was the friend of Muhammad and Bakir,  
I was sitting on the post of Ja'fer the Truthful,  
This sacrifice descended to Musa, Kasim and  
Riza.

(I was in the light of Muhammad Taki  
I was in the secret of Ali and Naki  
I was in the difficulty of Hasan's troops  
This sacrifice descended to Muhammad Mehdi.

Ali caliph, Nadji's troops,  
This way leads to the divine truth.  
The one who joins must offer a sacrifice every  
year,  
This sacrifice descended to Muhammad Mus-  
tafa.

Those who reach the sight of God from the  
dervish order,  
Who conclude a sham marriage in the supreme  
heaven,  
For the saints who see the face of Muhammad  
Ali,  
This sacrifice descended.)

Shah Hatayi claims not all can know that  
The sacrifice entails devout religious life.  
Its claw is a prayer bead, its blood is coral  
This sacrifice descended to the twelve imams.

№ 530. *Mersiye*. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Ey, nur-i çeşmi, Ahmedî muhtar ya Hüseyin,  
Ey, yadigarî Haydarî<sup>193</sup> kerrar ya Hüseyin.

Oh, bright-eyed one, Ahmed's superior, oh,  
Husain,  
Oh, the one that is reminiscent of Haydar, oh,  
Husain!

№ 531. *Mersiye*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Ey, nur-i çeşmi, Ahmedî muhtar ya Hüseyin,  
Ey, yadigarî Haydarî kerrar ya Hüseyin.  
Ey can-i dil serrine sultan ya Hüseyin,  
Ey Kerbelâda Şah-i şehidan ya Hüseyin.

Oh, bright-eyed one, Ahmed's superior, oh  
Husain,  
Oh, the one that is reminiscent of Haydar, oh  
Husain!  
Oh, sultan of the devout believers, oh Husain!  
Oh, Husain, who died a martyr's death in Ker-  
bela!

<sup>193</sup> See footnotes 62, 72, 91 above.

№ 532. *Nefes. Sefer Çalışkan (1925 İştıp, Macedonia), Zeytinburnu*<sup>194</sup>

Hey, Dost  
Düldül ile Zülfikar'ın sahibi,  
Hem dahi bil yari,  
Kamber'dir Ali, Hü, Hü, Şahım Hü!

Hey, Dost  
Ruz-i mahşer-i mümünün ihsanına,  
Hani bil saki kevserdir Ali,  
Hü, Hü, Şahım Hü!

My fellow believer,  
The master of Duldul<sup>179</sup> and Zulfikar,  
Know the darling,  
Ali's faithful servant, oh, my Shah.

My fellow believer,  
On Doomsday, you must know,  
The sacred nectar for the true believer's good-  
will is Ali.  
Oh, my Shah!

№ 533. *Nefes. Zeynel Aktaş (1939), Yeni Bedir*<sup>195</sup>

Güzel Şahtan bize bir dolu geldi,  
*Refr.* Bir sen iç, sevdiğim, bir de bana ver,  
Hünkâr Hacı Bektaş Veli'den geldi. *Refr.*

Herkes sevdiğini tanır sesinden,  
Şahım Muhammed'im beni arz eder,  
Selman'ın keşkülünü doldur bu sudan. *Refr.*

Payım gelir erenlerin payından,  
Muhammed neslinden, Ali soyundan  
Kırkların ezdiği engür suyundan. *Refr.*

Beline kuşanmış nurdan bir kemer,  
İçmişim doluyu yüreğim yanar,  
Herkes sevdiğinden bir dolu umar. *Refr.*

Senin aşıkların kaynadı çoştı,  
Muhammed uğrundan serinden geçti,  
Sefil Hüseyin'im bir dolu içti. *Refr.*

A drink has come from the kindly shah for us.  
*Refr.* Drink, my sweetheart, then give me some,  
It's come from our master Haji Bektash Veli  
*Refr.*

Everyone knows their lovers by their voice,  
My shah Muhammad is calling me,  
Fill the cap of the beggar Selman<sup>180</sup> with this  
water. *Refr.*

My due has come from the saints' portion,  
From Muhammad's generation, Ali's family,  
From the grape juice pressed by the Forty. *Refr.*

He tied a sash of light around his waist,  
I've had some of his drink, I'm burning inside,  
All hope to get a drink from their sweethearts.  
*Refr.*

Those who are in love with you are excited,  
Losing their heads for the love of God,  
My Sefil Husain had a drink. *Refr.*

<sup>194</sup> The name of the Prophet's mule (Redhouse 1974: 317).

<sup>195</sup> *Selman-ı Farisi* is a Persian saint who is venerated by Alevis and Bektashis alike.

№ 534. *Nefes*. Veli Mutlu (1962 Terzidere, Kofçaz), Kızılıkdere

Erenleri sevdik, geldik buraya,  
Niçin melhem olmazsınız yaraya,  
Mürşüd karşısında yanıp eriyen,  
*Refr.* Biz Muhammed Ali diyenlerdeniz

Dost Muhammed şahımı sevenlerdeniz.

Eğildik babamıza bir niyaz ettik

Her ne yol gösterdiyse biz ona gittik,  
Verdiği nasihatı hatırdı tuttuk. *Refr.*

Miraç derler Muhammed'in durağı,  
Durmaz yanar erenlerin çırağı,

Onlarla hep bir olur yakın ırağı. *Refr.*

Herkes musahibini almış eline  
Ereydim varaydım mürşid yanına,  
Şimdi de kanım karıştır ya kanına. *Refr.*

Pir Sultan'ım/Şah efendim söyledi ya bu sözü,  
Gece gündüz hep bir görünür gözü,  
Erenler yolunda açıktır gözü. *Refr.*

We've come here for the love of holy people,  
Why aren't you balm to the wound?  
Passing away in flames for the spiritual leader.  
*Refr.* We are the ones that sing the name of  
Muhammad Ali,

We are among those who love our Muhammad  
shah.

We bend our heads to our Baba, we've come to  
pray,  
We are treading the way he has shown us,  
We've kept his advice in our minds. *Refr.*

Muhammad's ascension is called Mi'rac,  
The candles of holy people are constantly burn-  
ing,  
For them the near and the far are the same.  
*Refr.*

They all searched for their fellow believers,  
I would also go to see our spiritual leader,  
May my blood mingle with his. *Refr.*

My holy Sultan/My lord Shah said this word,  
His glance is the same night and day,  
His eye follows the way of the saints. *Refr.*

№ 535. *Matem nefesi*, İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Bugün güzellerin seyrine vardım,  
Kalem elleriyle yazı yazarlar.

Kara yerden bize bir yer kazarlar  
*Refr.* Var git ölüm var git andan sonra gel,  
Çok eğlenme bir zamandan sonra gel.

Suyumu vursunlar kazan dolunca,  
Kefenim biçsinler boylu boyunca,  
Ağlaşmayın kardeşler biz uyunca. *Refr.*

Bir boz duman gibi gelir havadan,  
Yavru şahin gibi aldı yuvadan,

Ayrımayın bizi hayır duadan. *Refr.*

I went today to the promenade of the beautiful,  
They had pens in their hands and were writing  
something,

They dug a place for us in the black earth.  
*Refr.* Go death, get there and then come,  
Don't tarry, come in a short time.

They put the cauldron full of our water on the  
fire to boil,  
They cut my shroud for my body,  
Don't mourn for us, brethren, when we fall  
asleep. *Refr.*

It descends in the shape of grey fog from the sky,  
It took me from the nest as a peregrine falcon  
fledgling,

Don't remove us from the blessing. *Refr.*

Merdivenden indirdiler aşağı, Uzattılar şol döşeği üzeri, Sal üstüne kuşattılar kuşağı, Kara yerdir benim örtüm döşeğim. <i>Refr.</i>	I was lowered on a ladder, They lowered me to my last repose, The sash was tied to a plant, My cover and cot are the black earth. <i>Refr.</i>
Pir Sultan'ım/Şah Sultan'ım der ki ölüm gelecek, Gelecek de defterimi düreceğ, Çok eşim dostum var beni görecek. <i>Refr.</i>	My Pir Sultan/My Shah Sultan says death will come, When it comes, it will peruse my notebook, Many of my fellows and friends will see me. <i>Refr.</i>

## № 538. Nefes. Bektashi congregation (1980), Ahmetler (Unintelligible, of poor quality)

Kırklar ile bir mecliste oturduk, Cevabında bulduğun ırakta dediler.	We sat in the same session with the forty, They answered that you were far.
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## № 544. Nefes. Zeynel Aktaş (1939), Yeni Bedir

Payım gelir erenlerin payından, Muhammed neslinden, Ali soyundan. Kırkların ezdiği engür suyundan. <i>Refr.</i> Bir sen iç sevdiğim, bir de bana ver.	My due has come from the saints' portion, From Muhammad's generation, Ali's family, From the grape juice pressed by the Forty <i>Refr.</i> Drink, my darling, then give me some.
Beline kuşanmış nurdan bir kemer, İçmişim doluyu, yüreğim yanar, Herkes sevdiğinden bir dolu umar. <i>Refr.</i>	He tied a sash of light around his waist, I've drunk from his drink, I'm burning inside, Everyone hopes to get a drink from their lovers. <i>Refr.</i>
Senin aşıkların kaynadı coştı, Muhammed nurundan serinden geçti, Sefil Hüseyin'im bir dolu içti. <i>Refr.</i>	Those who are in love with you are excited, They are deranged by Muhammad's light, My Sefil Husain had a drink. <i>Refr.</i>

## № 547. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler

Bülbül kanat yaymış gülün üstüne, Hep talipler oturmuşlar postuna.	The nightingale spread its wings on the rose, All the candidates sat down on their posts.
Pir Sultanım yoldan yorgun geçelim Şah efendim yoldan yorgun geçelim Kadehler dolusu demler içelim.	My Pir Sultan, let's not spare our energy for the great journey, My Lord Shah, let's not spare our energy for the great journey, Let's have several cups of drink!



№ 548. *Nefes*. Şerife Bodur (1930) Topçular, Kırklareli

Gene mi geldi ilk yaz bahar ayları. <i>Refr.</i> Gönül sefa ile otüşür bülbül, Şah bülbül,	The spring months have come again. <i>Refr.</i> The nightingales are singing with a pure heart, Shah, the nightingales,
Aşkın ateşinle tutuşur gönül, Şah gönül.	The heart flares up with the passion of your love, Shah, the heart.
Sâkiler perdesin almış eline	The dispensers of drink took the kerchief in their hands,
Talipler dizbediz oturmuş postuna, postuna	The candidates knelt down on their hides, their hides,
Bülbül kanat yaymış gülün üstüne. <i>Refr.</i>	The nightingale spread its wings on the rose. <i>Refr.</i>
Pir Sultanım neden neler seçildi Şah efendim neden neler seçildi Kadehler dolusu demler içildi Kardeşlerin muhabbeti seçildi. <i>Refr.</i>	My Pir Sultan, what was chosen from what? My lord Shah, what was chosen from what? They drank from full goblets, The brethren chose the nice conversation. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 552. *Nefes*. Firdevş Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Deryada gezerken çıktım karaya, Mevlam kısmet etti, ya geldim buraya. Niçin merhem olmazsınız yaraya, Deryalar içinde Lokmanı buldum.	After faring the seas I stepped on land, My creator permitted me to come here, Why aren't you balm to my wound? In the surge of the sea I found Lokman. <sup>196</sup> Faring the seas, I found a community,
Deryada gezerken çıktım bir ocağa, Sana derim sana derim amuca. Muhammed Ali'nin doğduğu gece, Kesilmiş biçilmiş kaftanı buldum, Hü, Hü Dost, Biçilmiş savrulmuş kaftanı buldum.	After faring the seas I joined a guild, I'm telling you, paternal uncle, On the night of Muhammad Ali's birth, I found the most appropriate, God, my friend I found the very best.

№ 553. *Evlad nefesi*, Nuriye Çetin (1938 Bulgaria), Musulça

Alıp akılcığımı da beni şaşırma, Emirlik kervanı da belden aşırma. Beni sevdiğimden ayrı düşürme <i>Refr.</i> Amman Abdal Musam ağlatma bizi, Şahım Emir Sultanım hoşça tut bizi.	Don't make me mad, don't mix me up, Don't cut the caravan of Emirlik into two, Don't separate me from my sweetheart. <i>Refr.</i> Oh, my Abdal Musa, don't make us cry, My Shah ruler sultan, keep us in good health!
Zinde vurup kefençigimi biçemem, Hısımından akrabamdan geçemem, Verme ecel şerbetçigimi içemem. <i>Refr.</i>	While I'm alive, I can't cut my death shroud, I can't leave my relatives or forefathers here, Don't give me the drink of eternity now, I can't gulp it down yet. <i>Refr.</i>

<sup>196</sup> *Lokman* is a legendary miraculous healer whom Muslims regard as the father of medicine. See also footnote 51.

Saçaklıdır koç kurbanım saçaklı,  
Koklarınız koparmayız gülüm goncağı,  
Teslim Abdal'ım erenlerin köçeği. *Refr.*

Başımıza diktiler altın taç gibi,  
Boynumuza yaydılar siyah saç gibi,  
Meydana getirdiler kurban koç gibi. *Refr.*

Güvercinlik derler şara vardın mı,  
Ali'min durduğu yeri gördün mü,  
Şahımın durduğu da yeri gördün mü,  
Gözlerinden akan da nuru gördün mü. *Refr.*

My sacrificial lamb is decorated,  
We keep smelling the blooming rose but we  
don't tear it,  
Teslim Abdal is dancing to the saints. *Refr.*  
It was placed on our heads as a golden crown,  
It was laid on our shoulders as black hair,  
It was brought to the holy place as the sacrifi-  
cial lamb. *Refr.*  
Have you reached the town said to be pigeon  
loft?  
Have you seen the place where Ali used to  
stand?  
Have you seen the place where my Shah used  
to stand?  
Have you seen the light radiating from his eyes?  
*Refr.*

№ 554. Nefes. Gülsün Doğrusöz (1942 Köşençiftlik), Musulça

Dinleyin kardeşler benim sözümü,  
Felek yaktı kül eyledi özümü,  
Elimden aldırırım tatlı kuzumu.  
*Refr.* Her gün kıyamette oğluma yanarım,  
Her gün kıyamettir Şah'ıma yanarım.

Felek bana böylece bir oyun saldı  
Bülbül dilli kuzumu elimden aldı,  
Neyleyim kardeşler elim boş kaldı. *Refr.*

Evladın tatlısı tatlıdır baldan  
Kokusu güzeldir kırmızı gülden,  
Pir/Şah Sultan'ım ikrarındadır beli  
İsmini yad etmek ister kendisi Veli  
Evveli Muhammed ahır Ali. *Refr.*

Pay heed to my words, brethren!  
Fate has burnt me to ashes,  
It has deprived me of my little lambs  
*Refr.* Every day is doomsday for me, I am burn-  
ing for my son,  
Every day is doomsday for me, I am burning  
for my shah,  
I was destined to such a role by fate,  
It has taken away my lamb of a nightingale's  
voice,  
What shall I do, brethren, I have nothing left.  
*Refr.*  
A sweet child is sweeter than honey,  
Its fragrance is more pleasant than that of the  
rose,  
My saint/shah sultan made a pledge,  
He wants to mention your name, he is holy,  
The first is Muhammad, the last is Ali. *Refr.*

№ 555. *Nefes*. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Deryanın üzerinde bir gemi gördüm, Oturmuş üç kimse bir mana söyler,	I saw a ship at sea, There were three sitting in it, saying the same thing,
Gayet lütfiylen biri birine söyler. <i>Refr.</i> Pirim Ali ahir zamanı söyler, Bin otuz üç yıldan beri ummanı söyler.	They said it to each other with all their hearts. <i>Refr.</i> My saint Ali is telling the end of time, He's been mentioning the ocean for a thousand and thirty-three years.
Gelin kırklar gelin meyimden için, Dünya tükenmeden özünüzü seçin, Cebrail indirdiği o güzel koçu, İsmail'e inen kurbanı söyler. <i>Refr.</i>	Come, you Forty, drink from my wine, Till the world ends, decide who you are, Gabriel lowered that beautiful lamb, The sacrifice arrived for Ismail, he said. <i>Refr.</i>
Hind ilinde Ali'mi kimler eyledi, İmam Cafer imza imza söyledi, İfrit devin parmakların bağladı. <i>Refr.</i>	Those who slandered my Ali in India, Ja'fer imam listed them one by one, A pharisaic demon tied up your fingers. <i>Refr.</i>
Cebrail kuşları nura konunca, Gökten nisan yağmurları yağınca, Dev de titredi Ali'yi görünce, Zülfikar oynadı yemini söyler. <i>Refr.</i>	When the birds of Gabriel settled in the light, The ones falling as celestial sign did fall, Seeing Ali the demon shuddered, Zülfikar danced and took an oath. <i>Refr.</i>
Pir/Şah Sultan'ım yerimize bir Abdal geldi, Aradı eksikliğin özünde buldu, İnsanın kalbinde muhabbet kaldı. <i>Refr.</i>	I'm Pir /Shah Sultan, an Abdal came to us, He sought for mistakes, he found one in himself, What remained in man's heart is love. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 556. *Kırklar semahı*. Huriye Engin (1943 Topçular), Devletliağaç

Derdim çoktur hangisine yanayım,	My troubles are many, which one shall I complain of, <sup>197</sup>
Ben bu derde çare nerde bulayım, Didarıylan muhabbete doyulmaz.	Where can I find remedy to them, You can't have enough of the encounter, the nice speech.
Türlü donlar giyer gülden naziktir, Bülbül cevri eyleme güle yazıktır, Çok hasretlik çektim bağrım eziktir, Dost güle güle gelir canlar paresi.	He appears in various forms, more graceful than the rose, Don't tease me, nightingale, pity for the rose, My heart is wounded with longing, The dear souls are approaching laughing.
Didariylen muhabbete doyulmaz, Muhabbetten kaçan insan sayılmaz, Yezidin üflemesinle çırak dinlenmez, Tutuşunca yanar aşkın çırağı.	You can't have enough of the encounter and the nice conversation, One who is afraid of the nice conversation can't be taken for a man, The Yezid can't blow out the light of the candle, When it flares up, the love's fire is burning.

<sup>197</sup> This nefes is a variant of nefes № 344 and 495.

Pir Sultan'ım/Şah efendim katı yüksek uçarsın, I'm Pir/Shah Sultan Abdal, you are flying high,  
 Selamsız sabahsız gelir geçersin, You pass by without greeting,  
 Kardeş muhabbetten niye kaçarsın Brother, why do you shun the nice conversation,  
 Böyle midir yolumuzun töresi? Is that demanded by the law of our way?

See № 495 and № 344

№ 558. *Semah*. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler

Ah içinde yatıyor müslüm yiğitler. The Muslim heroes are lying amidst sighs.  
*Refr.* Çekil gönül, çekil Şah'a varalım, varalım. *Refr.* Come one, my soul, let's go to the shah!  
 Pir Sultanım orda da kalbim büküldü, My Pir Sultan, my heart broke there,  
 Bugün dal boynuma kement atıldı, atıldı Hü A rope was put around my nice neck,  
 Dost, The tears are falling from my eyes bitterly. *Refr.*  
 Gözlerimden kanlı da yaşlar döküldü. *Refr.*

№ 559. *Semah*. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Ah, Hızır paşam bizi de berdar etmeden. Oh, my Hizir pasha, before we are also hanged  
 up.  
*Refr.* Çekil gönül, çekil, Şah'a varalım, gel, *Refr.* Let's go, my soul, let's go to our Lord,  
 varalım, come, let's go,  
 Siyaset gülleri derip çatmadan. *Refr.* Before the punishment es reach us. *Refr.*

Ah çık çık otur imam Cafer köşküne Ah, go on, sit down by the side of Jafer imam,  
 Boyanalım amber ile miskine Hü, Hü, Hü, Let's be enveloped in musk odour,  
 Ah seni beni yaratanın aşkına. *Refr.* Oh, you, for the love of God, the Creator. *Refr.*

№ 563. *Kırklar semahı*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Bir nefescik söyleyeyim, Let me sing a short nefes,  
 Dinlemezsen neyleyeyim What can I do if you don't even listen to it,  
 Aşk deryasın boylayayım Let me swim across the ocean of love,  
 Ummana dalmaya<sup>198</sup> geldim. I've come to immerse in the ocean.

Ummana daldım, yorulдум I immersed in the ocean, exhausted,  
 Kazana girdim kavrulдум I got into the cauldron, I got roasted,  
 Hem elendim hem savrulдум I was put through the sieve and scattered,  
 Meydana yenmeye geldim. I entered the holy place to win.

Ben Hakk'ın edna kuluyum I am the lowest servant of God,  
 Kem nazarlardan biriyim Worse than a bewitching eye,  
 Cemiyetin bülbülüyüm I am the nightingale of the community,  
 Didara ötmeye geldim. I have come to sing.

<sup>198</sup> Sinking into water, immersion, being immersed in unconsciousness are frequently recurrent motifs, already used by Yunus Emre: „*Mana bahrine daldık...*” (Eraydın 1990: 222).

Ben Hak ile oldum aşna  
Varmıdır gönlünde nesne  
Pervaneyim ateşine  
Oduna yanmaya geldim.

Pir Sultan'ım bu dem bunda  
Çok keramet var insanda  
O cihanda bu cihanda  
Ali'ye saydılar bizi.

I've fallen in love with God,  
Do you have ardour in your heart,  
I am a moth, I have come  
To burn in his fire.

I'm Pir Sultan, this minute is a moment,  
There is much piety in man,  
In this world and in the hereafter  
We were believed to be Ali.

№ 564. *Nefes*. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953) and İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Yine dosttan haber geldi  
Dalgalandı coştı gönül  
Bir can doğru yola vardı,  
Katarlandı coştı gönül.

Kılavuzum Şah-ı Merdan  
Çevresi dopdolu nurdan  
Bunda her cahil dosttan,  
Neylersin vazgeçti gönül.

Sır Ali'nin sırrı idi  
Seyrederdi sever idi  
Şunda bir avcı var idi  
Vardı ağa düştü gönül.

Açıldı bahçenin gülü  
Öter içinde bülbülü  
Dost elinden dolu dolu  
Sarhoş oldu içti gönül.

Pir/Şah Sultan'ım zülfü nider?  
Er olan ikrarın güder  
Cesed bunda seyran eder  
Çün Hakka ulaştı gönül.

News has come from the friend again,  
The heart throbs, rejoicing,  
A soul has entered the right way,  
The heart overflows like a sea.

My guide is the Bravest of the Brave,  
Light is shining around him,  
All ignorant friends are given up,  
What can the heart do,

The secret was Ali's secret,  
He looked around gladly,  
There was a hunter there,  
The heart was trapped in his snare.

The rose of garden has blossomed,  
The nightingale is singing there,  
A full cup given by a friendly hand  
Was drunk, intoxicating the heart.

What is my Pir/Shah Sultan's lock?  
A man keeps his word,  
The corpse leaves this place,  
The heart reaches God.

№ 565. *Mersiye*. Muharrem Turgut Dervis (1931), Kızılıckidere

Mah-i muhar[remde derd-i] hicranda,

Şah Hüseyin derde yanar ağlarım,  
Zemin-i asüman bütün matemde.  
*Refr.* Şah Hüseyin derde yanar ağlarım.

Bu fani dünyada olmadım abad,  
Gözyaşı çeşmimi eyledi berbat  
Ah imamlar derde ah eylerim feryad. *Refr.*

In the month of mourning with a grievous  
heart,

I am crying bitterly, my Shah Husain.  
All is mourning under the sky,  
*Refr.* I am crying bitterly, my Shah Husain.

In this transient world I couldn't be happy,  
My eyes are flooding with tears,  
Alas, imams, alas, I am grieving. *Refr.*

Müht-ü ehl-i beyttir aşka nişan, Bu derde düşeli aklım perişan Çiğirim hun döker ateşi efşan. <i>Refr.</i>	The sacred family tradition is the token of your love, Since I fell into trouble, I've lost my mind, My lungs are bleeding, I'm in fever. <i>Refr.</i>
Senin aşkın beni hayran eyledi, Soyup bu cismimi üryan eyledi Bu çeşmimiz hüznüyle gıryan eyledi. <i>Refr.</i>	The lover for you inflames me, My human body is freed of desires, My two eyes are weeping sadly. <i>Refr.</i>
Esrarı Hüdadır erenler remzi, Bözölür mu levhde yazılan yazı?	The mysterious God is the symbol of saints, Will the script engraved in stone deteriorate?

№ 566. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu – See № 567

№ 567. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir

Cemal'ın cennetini Görmeye geldim Pirim, Puşidine yüzümü Sürmeye geldim, Pirim.	I've come to admire The Eden of your beautiful face, I've come to touch my face To your veil, my saint.
Çıktım gönül turuna, Niyaz ettim nuruna. Elif olup darına Durmaya geldim, Pirim.	I've started on the way of the heart, I prostrated myself before your light, To stand at your door as elif <sup>199</sup> I have come, my saint.
Sensin dinin mimberi Aman Horasan Eri. Dost bağında gülleri Dermeye geldim, Pirim.	You are the direction of believers Oh, saint of Khorasan! I've come to pick roses In a friend's garden.
Feyzinle doldum taşım Dağlar ovalar aşım Adım adım yaklaştım Ermeye geldim Pirim.	Fuelled by your strength, I crossed mountains and vales, I approached you step by step, I've come to touch you, my saint.
Yazıldım yazma gibi Dizildim lokma gibi Varımı sofraya gibi Sermeye geldim Pirim.	I was written down like script, Arranged in lines like morsel. Offering all I had on the table, I've come, my saint.
Durdu zamanla mekan Dem bu demdir an bu an Sol yedinci kapıdan Girmeye geldim Pirim.	Time and space have stopped, Time is this moment alone, Through your seventh gate I enter to see you, my saint.
Turgut Baba der bana Kül oldum yana yana Bir canım var ki sana Vermeye geldim, Pirim.	Turgut Baba tells me I'll burn to ashes. I have a soul that I've come To hand over to you.

<sup>199</sup> The name of the first letter in Arabic alphabet; it has the numerical value of 1 (Redhouse 1974: 336).

№ 568. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli – See № 567

№ 570. Nefes. Hasan Hüseyin Aslan (1935 Tatlıpınar), Kırklareli

Bugün bize mihman geldi, Hanemizi şen eyledi, Bizim güler yüzlerimiz Onları seyran eyledi.	A guest has come to see us today, He brightened up our home, Our smiling faces Looked upon them fondly.
Bizi seven mihmanlara, Bizden selam o canlara. Güler yüzlü mihmanlara, Bizi seyran eylediler.	The guests who like us Are welcome. Our guests with smiling faces Have visited us.

№ 571. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

[Geldi bahar öttü bülbül] Ferahladı deli gönül, Açıldı tazece bir gül. <i>Refr.</i> Ferahladı deli gönül.	[Spring is here, the nightingale sings, The foolish heart is relieved, A fresh rose has blossomed. <i>Refr.</i> My foolish heart is relieved.
Öter bülbül şahım diye, İmam Ali'm mahım diye. Dilim söyler Ali diye. <i>Refr.</i>	The nightingale sings: my Shah, My imam Ali, my moon. My tongue says: my Ali. <i>Refr.</i>
Mümin olan ikrar verir, Can ile cananı bilir. Er olan nefsinin bilir. <i>Refr.</i>	A true believer takes a vow, He recognizes the beloved, the true God, A holy person has control over himself. <i>Refr.</i>
Canda cananımdır Ali Dilde mihmanımdır Ali Kerem senden şahım Ali. <i>Refr.</i>	My spiritual lover, Ali, The guide of my tongue, Goodness derives from you, Ali. <i>Refr.</i>
Cafer Baba dile geldi Cümlemizin yüzü güldü Sakiden bir dolu geldi. <i>Refr.</i>	Ja'fer Baba spoke, The faces of all of us brightened up, A full glass arrived from the dispenser of the drink. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 572. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Geldi bahar, öttü bülbül, Ferahladı deli gönül. Açıldı tazece sümbül. <i>Refr.</i> Ferahladı deli gönül.	Spring is here, sang the nightingale, The foolish heart is relieved, Fresh hyacinths are blooming. <i>Refr.</i> My foolish heart is relieved.
Öter bülbül şahım diye, İmam Ali'mahım diye. Dilim söyler Ali diye. <i>Refr.</i>	The nightingale sings: my Shah, Imam Ali, my moon, My tongue says: my Ali. <i>Refr.</i>

Canda cananımsın Ali,  
Dilde mihmansın Ali,  
Kerem sende canım/şahım Ali. *Refr.*

Mümin olan ikrar verir  
Can ile cananı bilir  
Er olan nefsinin bilir. *Refr.*

Cafer Baba dile geldi  
Cümlemizin yüzü güldü  
Sakiden bir dolu geldi. *Refr.*

My soulful lover Ali,  
The guide of my tongue, Ali,  
Goodness comes from you, Ali. *Refr.*

The true believer makes a pledge,  
He differentiates the brothers to God  
A holy person has control over himself. *Refr.*

J'afar Baba said it,  
Our faces brightened up,  
The dispenser of drinks filled the glasses. *Refr.*

№ 573. Mersiye. İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Kerbela'nın gazileri  
Yazılmıştır yazuları.  
Fatma Ananın kuzuları.  
*Refr.* Gel, nazlı imam Şah Hüseyin, Hü.

İmam Hüseyin attan düştü,  
Yezitler başına düştü.  
Düldül'ü Kabe'ye kaçtı. *Refr.*

İmam Hüseyin'in beşik taşı,  
Kuran söyler kesik başı,  
Fatma Ananın en küçük oğlu. *Refr.*

İmam Hüseyin'in can yoldaşı. *Refr.*

Yatır Kerbela içinde  
Gömleği al kan içinde  
Siyah saç nur içinde. *Refr.*

Ali söyledi bu sözü,  
Yaş dolmuştu iki gözü  
Alim söyledi bu sözü,  
Yaşla doldu iki gözü  
Fatma Ananın sevgili/en küçük oğlu. *Refr.*

Pir/Şah Sultan'im hey, gidi Yezide,

Bir içim su verin bize,  
Kanımı helal etmem size!

The heroes of Kerbela  
Had their fate predestined,  
The lambs of Mother Fatma.  
*Refr.* Come, dear imam, Shah Husain!

Husain imam fell off his horse,  
The Yezids attacked him,  
His horse Duldul fled to the Kaaba stone. *Refr.*

The cradle of Husain imam,  
His severed head is reading the Quran,  
Mother Fatma's youngest son. *Refr.*

The spiritual fellow traveller of Husain imam.  
*Refr.*

He rests in Kerbela  
In a shirt soaked with blood  
His black hair is enveloped in light. *Refr.*

Ali said this word  
With tears in his eyes,  
Ali said this word,  
His eyes filled with tears,  
The beloved/youngest son of Mother Fatma.  
*Refr.*

I'm Pir/Shah Sultan, [the devil take] that wicked  
Yezid!

Give me a sip of water,  
You will answer for my blood!



№ 574. *Nefes*. Hasan Hüseyin Aslan (1935 Tatlıpınar), Kırklareli

Bugün bize mihman geldi,  
Hanemizi şen eyledi.  
Bizim güler yüzlerimiz  
Onları seyran eyledi.

Bizi seven mihmanlara  
Bizden selam o canlara.  
Güler yüzlü mihmanlara.  
*Refr.* Bizi seyran eylediler

Sevdiğimiz canlar geldi  
Canı canana gizledi  
Canların güler yüzleri. *Refr.*

Hasan Hüseyin sever sizi  
Hasan Hüseyin siziniyle  
Canların muhabbetiyle  
Mihmandan bir dolu iyle. *Refr.*

Today guests have come to us,  
Our home was filled with joy.  
Our smiling faces  
Looked at them.

The guests that love us  
Are welcome.  
Our guests of smiling faces.  
*Refr.* Have visited us.

Our beloved fellow believers have come,  
His love was preserved for his sweetheart  
By the laughing face of the fellow believers.  
*Refr.*

Hasan and Husain love you,  
Hasan and Husain are with you,  
To an enthusiastic conversation  
The guest came with a full cup. *Refr.*

№ 575. *Nefes*. Refik Engin (1957 Kılavuzlu), Yeni Bedir – See № 576№ 576. *Nefes*. Bektaş Erol (1920), Çeşmekolu

Muhammed Ali aşkına  
İnsan meydanda, meydanda.  
Pir Bektaş Veli aşkına  
Kurban meydanda, meydanda.

Çerağlar canlar uyanmış,  
Gönüller şevk ile yanmış.  
İlahi aşka boyanmış  
Erkan meydanda, meydanda.

Dara boynu bağlı varır,  
Niyaz ederek yalvarır  
Sonra inciler çıkarır  
Umman meydanda meydanda.

Erir demir gibi sertler  
Kendini yok eder mertler  
Tatlılaşır burda dertler  
Derman meydanda meydanda.

For the love of Muhammad Ali,  
The man stood on the square,  
For the love of my saint Bektash Veli  
The sacrifice stood on the holy place.

The believers, the candles flared up,  
The hearts were burning with desire,  
Wrapped in divine love  
The religious principles were revealed.

Those who adhere to you<sup>200</sup>  
Are entreating you in prayers  
Then they take the beads,  
The ocean becomes visible.

Those with an iron will can reach haven,  
The brave accept even death,  
All ill becomes sweet  
When the remedy is found.

<sup>200</sup> The believers of Islam.

Canı başı feda iyle  
Masivaya geda iyle  
El eledir geda iylen  
Sultan meydanda meydanda.

Yücelir de miracına  
Erişir devlet tacına  
El uzatır muhtacına  
Yezdan meydanda meydanda.

Canan iyle devran iyle  
İman iyle sübhan iyle  
Piran iyle peyman iyle  
Ferman meydanda meydanda.

Berberce Al-i aba  
Hem Mustafa hem Mürtaza  
Fakir Bedri dedebaba  
Noyan Meydanda meydanda.

He sacrifices his body and soul,  
He says farewell to all else besides God,  
Hand in hand with the beggar  
The sultan is visible.

He ascends into heaven,  
He deserved the crown of all,  
He offers his hand to the needy,  
God becomes visible.

With the darling, with whirling,  
With God, by evoking him,  
With the saint, the oath,  
The order becomes visible.

Together with the sister from the dynasty  
Mustafa and Mürtaza,<sup>201</sup>  
The humble servant Bedri  
Noyan dedebaba stood in the holy place.

№ 577. *Nefes*. Hatice Şişmanova (1934 Yenibal), Aliye Mehmeedova (1911 Yenibal, Bulgaria), Bulgaria

Yeşil dağın köşesinde ağlıyorum sana sana,  
Yollarımda ... onu bekliyorum kana kana.  
Aşık oldum sana sana, ağlıyorum yana yana.

In a [hidden] corner of a green mountain I am  
crying for you  
On my ways ... I am waiting for him with my  
whole heart and soul,  
I've fallen in love with you, I'm crying for you  
bitterly.

№ 579. *Nefes*. Saliha Saliyeva (1945 Bulgaria), Bulgaria

Cennetin kapısını açkoymuşlar,  
Ölü kızlarını sıra sıra koymuşlar.  
*Refr.* Uyan uykusu hiç ol, gözlerim uyan,  
Uyan seher vakti, kalk niyaz eyle.

Cennetin kapısında üç masum bekler,  
Birisi arıyor, ikisi yan bekler,  
Anneler babalar gelecek deyü yollarda bekler.  
*Refr.*

The gate of heaven has opened wide,  
The dead girls are laid out in a row.  
*Refr.* Wake up, my sleepless eye, wake,  
Wake, the day is breaking, get up and pray.

Three innocents are waiting at the gate of  
heaven,  
One is looking round, the other two waiting  
aside,  
Maybe the parents are coming, they say, wait-  
ing on the road. *Refr.*

<sup>201</sup> Muhammad and Ali.

№ 580. *Nefes*. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Kur'an yazılırken arş-ı Rahman'da,  
Sır kudret katibinin elindeydi,  
Kandil asılırken nur-u meskanda,  
Bülbül idim gonca gülündeydim.

Kırklar arş üstüne kurdular cemi,  
Muhabbet halk oldu sürdürdüler demi.  
Balçıktan yarattı/yuğurdu Allah ademi,  
Ol vakit ben onun belindeydim.

Yunus deryalara daldığı zaman,  
Balığın karnında kaldığı zaman,  
Ali'm Zülfükarı çaldığı zaman,  
Hayder kalesinde kolundaydım.

When the Quran was written at the beginning  
of times,  
The secret was in the holy scribe's hand,  
When the lantern was hung in the bright space,  
I was a nightingale on the budding rose.

A ritual was held in space by the Forty,  
Drink was distributed during the nice talk,<sup>202</sup>  
Allah moulded man from mud,  
Then I was still in his stomach.

When Jonah dived into the sea,  
And stayed in the belly of the whale,  
When Ali fought with Zulfikar,  
I was in a wing of Hayder's castle.

№ 581. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli

Balçıktan yarattı Allah Ademi,  
Ol vakit ben onun yanındaydım.  
Yunus deryalara daldığı zaman,  
Balığın karnında kaldığı zaman.

Ali Zülfükarı çaldığı zaman,  
Hayder kalesinde kolundaydım.  
Evvel Cebrail'in ilk selamında,  
Kırklar meydanında aşk kevrânında.

Mihman söyleşirken yanındaydım,  
Seyran ile içmişim aşkın dolusunu.

Allah moulded man from mud,  
Then I was still beside him,  
When Jonah sank into the sea,  
And lived in the belly of the fish.

When Ali was fighting with Zulfikar,  
I was in a wing of Hayder's castle,  
During the first annunciation of Gabriel,  
I was in divine love in the holy square.

When the guest was talking, I was beside him,  
Taking delight in drinking the nectar of love.

№ 582. *Nefes*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Dün gece seyrimde bir dolu içtim.  
*Refr.* Hünkar Hacı Bektaş sen imdad eyle,  
Çok niyaz eyleyip, yalvarıp düştüm.

Muratlar verildi bir ulu cansın,  
Lanettir dünyada gevheri katı,  
Seni bilmeyenler otlara yansın. *Refr.*

Muhammed Ali'dir, Ali Muhammed,  
Onları sevenler bulurlar cennet,  
Sefil kullarına eyle merhamet. *Refr.*

Last night I had a drink in my dream.  
*Refr.* My lord, Haji Bektash, come, help me!  
I've prayed and begged a lot.

The goals have been set, you're a great soul,  
The nobler level of the world has been cursed,  
The one that doesn't know you should be burnt  
by fire. *Refr.*

Muhammad is Ali and Ali is Muhammad,  
Those who worship them will get into heaven,  
Show mercy to your humble adherents. *Refr.*

<sup>202</sup> The ritual is often referred to as the nice talk/conversation. The leader of the order gives clear explanations to certain hymns, this is the nice talk.

№ 583. *Nefes*. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Allah birdir, Hak Muhammed Ali'dir,  
Anın ismi cümle alem doludur.  
Bu yol Hak Muhammed Ali yoludur.

*Refr.* Gel Muhammed Ali dergahına gel.

Pir Sultan Abdal'ım mürvet Hüdadan,  
Çıkıp gidelim şu fâni dünyadan,  
El aman dilersen pirim Mehdi'den. *Refr.*

Allah, Muhammad and Ali are one,  
The world's full of this name,  
This way is the way of Allah, Muhammad and  
Ali.

*Refr.* Come to the convent of Muhammad and  
Ali.

I'm Pir Sultan Abdal, happiness from God,  
Let's step out of this transitory world,  
If you ask Mehdi for mercy, *Refr.*

№ 584. *Düvazdeh nefesi*, *Bektashi congregation*, *Kırklareli*

Muhabet açılsın, cemal görünsün,  
Muhammet, Mustafa, Ali aşkına,

Hasan Hüseyin'in demi sürülsün,  
Hatice Fatime Ali aşkına.

Zeynel Abidin'i severiz candan,  
Muhammed Bakır'ı ziyade candan,  
Erenler buyurur ikrar imandan,  
Dönmez biz Cafer yolu aşkına.

İmam Musa Kazım Ali Rıza'nın,  
Taki veya Naki sırr-ı Hüdaya,  
Hasan-ül askeri Mehdi Livaya,  
Cümelmiz demişiz beli aşkına.

Kaldır saki başın, yüzün göreyim,

Aslımızı, neslimizi bilelim,  
Abdal Musa Sultan demi sürelim,  
Doldur hemen doldur, dolu aşkına.

Vasfi'yem alemde bir kemter geda,  
Gahi erenlerden olmuşum cüda,  
Cümlemiz canımız eyleriz feda,  
Hünkar Hacı Bektaş Veli aşkına!

Let the nice conversation begin, let's evoke  
God's face,  
To the love of Muhammad, Mustafa, Ali,  
Let's drink to Hasan and Husain,  
To the love of Hatije, Fatime, Ali.

We love Zeynel Abidin with all our hearts,  
And Muhammad Bakir even more,  
Holy people come and take a vow,  
We'll never leave the way of Ja'fer.

Musa Kazim, the imam of Ali Riza,  
Taki, Naki imams are God's secret,  
Hasan's soldier to the army of the Muslim Mes-  
siah,  
We all said yes to [= accepted] his love.

Raise your head, cup-bearer, let me see your  
face,  
Let's learn about our descent,  
Let's have the drink of Abdal Musa Sultan,  
Fill our glasses, fill them for the love of drink!

I'm Vasfiye, a despicable beggar in the world,  
I've never turned away from the saints,  
Our souls, all of us are ready to make sacrifices,  
For the love of Haji Bektash Veli Sultan, for the  
love of Ali.

№ 585. *Nefes*. Bektashi concert, Istanbul

Subh-u şam ey gönül çekelim gülbank Şahım, Hayırlar feth olsun, şerler def olsun, Azizlar aşk olsun, şerler def olsun.	Mornings and evenings let's evoke God's name, Let blessings win, and wickedness disappear! Thanks to the saints, wickedness should disappear!
Niyaz et muradı, Mevlâ'dan iste Şahım, Hayırlar feth olsun şerler def olsun.	My Shah, crave that God fuls your desire, Let blessings win and wickedness disappear!
Sabahın sehrinde durup duaya Şahım, El kaldırıp yüzün çevir semaya, Sıklımayan var ol Naki Mevlâ'ya Şahım,	I prayed early in the morning, my Shah, Raising your hand turn towards the sema, Eagerly progress Naki to God, my Shah Let blessings win and wickedness disappear! Thanks to the saints, wickedness should disappear!
Hayırlar feth olsun şerler def olsun.	
Azizlar aşk olsun, şerler def olsun.	If you've got sense, don't follow the mean in this world,
Akilsen âlemde uyma kallaşa, Beyhude yerlere düşme savaşa, Var türâba yüz sür Hacı Bektaşa. <i>Refr.</i>	Do not fight for futilities, Kneeling down touch your face to the ground before Haji Bektash. <i>Refr.</i>
Perişân fetheyle hayra devrânın, Daima zikretsin Hakkı zebânın, Eşiğine baş koy Balım Sultânın. <i>Refr.</i>	Win, miserable, make your rounds, Your tongue should repeat God's name, Your head should touch the threshold of Balim Sultan. <i>Refr.</i>

№ 586. *Nefes*. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Mağrip tarafından bir yıldız doğdu, Mağrip tarafından şavkı on sekiz bin aleme vurdu, Kudumlar <sup>203</sup> çalındı kösler değildi. <i>Refr.</i> Bir mutlak efendini bulabildin mi?	From the direction of west a star has risen, From west, from the light of which eighteen thousand worlds are illuminated, The small drums were beaten, not the big ones. <i>Refr.</i> Have you found the real master?
Mehdi çıktı diye bir al çağırır, Gökte uçan melekler hışmından sakınır, Allah Allah deyi ism'a zem okunur. <i>Refr.</i>	The Messiah has appeared, that is being shouted, Even the angels flying in the sky fear his anger, Allah, Allah, they cry and pray. <i>Refr.</i>

<sup>203</sup> The Turkish word *kudum* is "a small double drum used for rhythm in Mevlevi music; it is played with special small sticks" (Redhouse 1974: 681).

№ 587. *Nefes*. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Ben bir baba idim kendi hanemde,  
Hak'ın kelamını söyler dilim de Hü, Hü.  
Ölüm geldi buldu beni hanemde.  
*Refr.* Oğlum, taliplerim bilsin kıymetimi.

Pir Sultanım bunu böyle söyledi,  
Söyledi de gene kendi dinledi,  
Zeynep anam buna hamar ağladı. *Refr.*

I was a father/baba in my own house,  
God's word was on my tongue,  
Death came and found me in my home.  
*Refr.* My son and followers know my values.

My Pir Sultan said it like this,  
He said it but only he heard it,  
My diligent mother, Zeynep burst out crying.  
*Refr.*

№ 588. *Nefes*. Gülsün Doğrusöz (1942 Köşençiftlik), Musulça

Musa kul iyi beyin koyununu güderken,  
Dört kurt geldi kardeş, kurban istedi.  
Allahın verdiği sürün var dedi,  
Sürüden bize bir kurban ver dedi.

Güttüceğim koyun emanet dedi,  
Emanete olmaz hiyanet dedi.  
Sen var ana danış biz koyunu güdelim,  
Güdelim de kavil-i karar edelim.

Ben gelince/varınca siz koyunu yersiniz,  
Hatırcığımı yıkıp göynüm eylersiniz.

Biz rızasız lokma yada sunmayız,  
Gelen kısmetimizi geri koymayız.

Sen var ana danış, danış gel dedi,  
Musa vardı ağasına da pes dedi,  
Nedir yine geldiğin Musam dost dedi,  
Dört kurt geldi kardeş kurban istedi.

Beni sana hem rızaya saldılar,  
Sen varınca onlar koyunu gütsünler,  
Gütsünler de kavil-i karar etsinler,

Arasından beğendiğini tutsunlar.

Servant Moses was grazing the sheep of a good  
lord,  
Four wolves went up to him, brother, for a  
sacrificial animal.  
They said, you've been given a flock by Allah,  
Give us a sacrifice from the flock.

The flock I'm grazing was entrusted to my care,  
he answered,  
Giving away from it would mean betrayal,  
Go and discuss it, we'll take away the lamb,  
Take him away, but first we'll make a final deci-  
sion.

By the time I return you'll have eaten the lamb,  
Misusing my goodness you'll be having a good  
time,

We don't offer unblessed food to strangers,  
We don't risk our good fortune.

Go and discuss it, then come back,  
Moses went to his master, whispered it to him,  
Why did you come, my friend, Moses, he asked,  
Four wolves had come to me, brother, asking  
for a lamb to sacrifice.

They sent me here to ask for your consent,  
They should graze the lamb till you return,  
They should graze them and make a final deci-  
sion,

And choose the one they like.

Musa'yın da göynüğü güldü şaz oldu,  
Enez şimdi geldi akılım dedi,  
Dördünüz dört taraftan sokulun dedi,  
Dört kurt dört taraftan sürüye saldılar.

Moses became happy, his heart rejoiced,  
Something occurred to me, he said,  
You four should attack from four directions,  
The four wolves attacked the flock from four directions.

Aradılar koçun anasını buldular,  
Yardılar karnından kuzusunu aldılar,  
Onu da dört melek sürüye saldılar.

They looked for the mother of the ram and found it,  
They tore her up and took her lamb out from her belly,  
Then four angels attacked the flock.

№ 589. *Nefes*. Gülsün Doğrusöz (1942 Köşençiflik), Musulça – See № 588

№ 590. *Matem nefesi*. Sefer Çalıřkan (1925 İřtip/Macedonya), Zeytinburnu

Her bahçede uçan bülbül kuş gibi,  
Uçturan mı dertli, uçan mı dertli, Haydar,  
Uçturan mı dertli, uçan mı dertli, Hü.

Like a nightingale flying in every garden,  
Which is more sorrowful, the one that makes it fly or the one that flies, Haydar?  
Which is more sorrowful, the one that makes it fly or the one that flies?

Kendi bahçesinde gonca gül idi,  
Açtıran mı dertli, açan mı dertli, Haydar/Hü.

He was a rosebud in his own garden,  
Which is more sorrowful, the one that makes it open, or the one that opens it, Haydar?

Herkez ektiğini kendi biçer mi?  
Biçtiren mi dertli, biçen mi dertli Haydar/ Hü.

Everyone reaps what he has sown,  
Which is more sorrowful, that which has been reaped, or the one that reaps, Haydar?

Bir muhabbet iken sakisi Ali,  
Dolduran mı dertli, içen mi dertli?

During a ritual Ali was the dispenser of drinks,  
Which is more sorrowful, the one that fills the glasses, or the one that drinks, Haydar?

№ 591. *Nefes*. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Çıktım, seyreyledim ben şu alemi,  
Bana da bir handı dalimden oldum,  
Kendi dilim ile düřtüm belaya,  
Sabır edemedim dilim derd oldu.

I set out and wandered all around this world,  
I had a home, but I was deprived of my branch,  
My own tongue brought me great trouble,  
I was impatient, I blurted out the secret.

Güzeller karşıya yayıldı yattı,

The beautiful dispersed on the other side, they lay down,

Aşkın sevdiğine gönülden vermiş,

She gave her love to her lover from the bottom of her heart,

Herkes sevdiğini gönülden sevmiş,

All loved their lovers from the bottom of their hearts,

Erenlerin kılıcı yolsuzu kesmiş.

The sword of saints slew the misguided.

Yolsuz ağlar bana yolundan oldu,	The misguided one complains to me, he was deprived of his way,
Ne olaydı Yezide, alaydın akıl,	What would have happened to Yezid, if only you had been clever.
İndi koç yiğitler bekler [...]	The valiant soldiers had descended, they're waiting [...]
Yandı elim?.. halim berbattır, Ördek ağlar bana gölümünden oldum.	My hand got injured, I'm in bad condition, The duck is crying to me, its lake is gone.
Pir/Şah Sultanım ben bu duruma ne edim?	I'm Pir/Shah Sultan, what shall I do in this situation?
Herkes ne ektiye, kendine ekti, Ördek ... turnalar önde, Turnalar ağlar bana gölünden oldu, Ağlar turnam bana gölünden oldu.	As a man sows, so he shall reap, Duck ... from before the cranes, The cranes are crying to me, their lake is gone, The cranes are crying to me, their lake is gone.

## № 592. Nefes. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Zannetme biz bugün ikrar vermişiz, Bizim ikrarımız kal-ü beliden, Ademden Havva'dan evvel ermişiz, Ta ezal bezminden sırrı cemiden.	Don't think that we've taken a vow today, Our vow goes back to the beginning of times, We found it before Adam and Eve, Before the creation of the world for the secret of the judgement.
Nebiler ermeden bu sırrı namaz, Bizler yakın idik ol sırrı ruha, Cennet iken oldu sırrı münteha, Şarabı Kevseri içtik Alîden.	Even prophets don't understand the secret of this prayer, We got near the secret of the soul, We solved this mystery in paradise, Drinking the wine of Kevser with Ali.
Dest tutup girmişiz ulu dergaha, Kimseler ermeden sırrı agaha, Varlığımız verdik biz ol Allah'a, Kati vuslat bize ta ezaliden.	Holding hands we entered the great sanctuary, No one grabbed the depth of the secrets, We gave our whole being to Allah, For the first time we managed to unite with friends since the beginning of times.
La ilahe Hü'dür bizim zikrimiz, Muhammed Ali'dir dilde verdiğimiziz, Avni Baba Hü der bizim dersimiz, Pirim Hünkar Hacı Bektaş Veli'den.	Our prayer's La ilahe Hü, <sup>204</sup> We mention the names of Muhammad and Ali, We cite God, Avni Baba, this is the teaching, From Haji Bektash Veli.

<sup>204</sup> There is no one but Allah.



№ 596. *Nefes*. Mehmet Öztürk (1928 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Kimi köyler farzı sünnet, ey,  
 Odur Muhammet, hümmet, ey,  
 Gelsin, Muhammedim, gelsin.  
 Düşmüşlerin elin alsın, hay.  
 Canım sana kurban olsun,  
*Refr.*: Muhammet Ali aşkına,  
 Bizi yaratanın aşkına, ay.

Çıktım kırklar yaylasına,  
 Çağırdım üçler aşkına. *Refr.*

Gelsin, Muhammedim, gelsin.  
 Düşmüşlerin elin alsın, hay. *Refr.*

Gelin bu faktan geçelim,  
 Ak ile karayı seçelim,  
 Hoşça hoşça can verelim,  
 Muhammet Ali aşkına.

Bu dünya kurulu faktır,  
 Gerçeklerin sözü haktır, hay  
 Allah bir peygamber vardır/haktır. *Refr.*

Gel şah Sultana varalım,  
 Gel Pir Sultana varalım,  
 Onda didaren görelim, hay  
 Biz Allah'a yalvararım,  
 Biz Mevlam'a yalvararım. *Refr.*

Some villages keep traditions,  
 This is Muhammad's marvellous influence,  
 Come, Muhammad, come.  
 Hold the hands of the fallen.  
 I offer my soul to you.  
*Refr.* For the love of Muhammad, Ali,  
 For the love of our creator.

I went to the summer pasture of the Forty.  
 I called the Three. *Refr.*

Come, my Muhammad, come!  
 Hold the hands of the fallen. *Refr.*

Come on, let's escape from this trap,  
 Let's separate white from black,  
 Let's sacrifice ourselves of our own free will,  
 For the love of Muhammad Ali,

This world is full of traps,  
 The word of the just is law,  
 Allah's a prophet/God. *Refr.*

Come to our Shah Sultan,  
 Come to my Pir Sultan,  
 Let us see his beautiful face,  
 Let's pray to Allah,  
 Let's say a prayer to our God. *Refr.*

## GLOSSARY



## ABBREVIATIONS

*Ar.* Arabic  
*P.* Persian  
*arch.* archaic  
*n.* noun  
*adj.* adjective  
*adv.* adverb

*plur.* plural  
*dial.* dialectal  
*lit.* literally  
*viz.* namely  
*cf.* compare

**abad** *P.* flourishing

**abdal** *n. arch.* a category of holy men, a wandering dervish withdrawing from the world and approaching God, one who is able to undergo transformation from physical existence into spirituality

**âb-ı hayat** *n.* 1. water of life 2. knowledge acquired through experience

**Âb-ı Kevser** *n.* a river in heaven, cooler than ice, sweeter than honey

**Ab-i revan** *n.* 1. river water 2. life

**adem** *n.* non-existence; ~ı **mutlak** absolute non-existence

**âgâh** *adj.* initiated, knowledgeable

**ağaçtan at** *n.* coffin

**ağıt** *n.* dirge, lament, funeral song

**ağız** *n.* mouth; ~ı **kara** one that hasn't taken a vow, hasn't joined the order

**ağyar** *n. plur.* strangers, others, the outsiders

**ah-et-** sigh, grieve

**ahd-ü peyman** *n.* oath, given word, vow

**Ahî** *n.* 1. Islamic order in the late Seljuk age 2. religious brother, member of the same communion

**ahilik** *n.* sworn brotherhood spread in Anatolia from Kırşehir and its vicinity in the 13–15th century

**âhiret (ahret)** *n.* the hereafter, the other world; ~ **kardeşi** the name given by sworn brothers to each other

**Ahmed** *n.* another name of Hz. Muhammad; ~ı **muhtar** holy leader, prophet

**akıl** 1. *n.* reason, knowledge of practical things, intuitive comprehension, the ability of comprehending God; **aklı evvel** universal knowledge 2. *adj.* sensible

**al** *n.* spirit, anthropomorphic demon among the early Turkic peoples in Central Asia

**albastı** *n.* 1. witch 2. fever (*lit.* witch presure)

**alem** *n.* the world, the inhabitants of the world, ~ı **şehadet** *n.* the visible world

**alevî** *n. adj.* respecting Hz. Ali as a saint, regarding him as the successor of the prophet

**âli** *adj.* the most high, dignified, magnificent

**alim** *n. arch.* Islamic scholar

**Allah–Muhammed–Ali** the holy trinity in the faith of the Bektashi's and Kizilbash's

- amân** *n.* invocation, prayer
- anabacı** *n.* name of the wife of the highest Bektashi leaders → **babaerenler**
- anber** *n.* fragrance
- anda** *arch.* therein, there
- anka** *n.* the mythological bird of Mount Kaf → **hüma**, existing only in the imagination
- ar** *n.* shame, something to be ashamed of; ~ **eyle-/et-** be ashamed of something
- Arafat** *n.* a holy mountain east of Mecca, where Prophet Abraham was to sacrifice his son
- arı** *n.* **1.** bee; **2.** one who investigates reality
- arif** *n.* happy possessor of divine knowledge
- arслан** *n.* lion, permanent attribute of Hz. Ali; ~ **sütü** *n.* raki
- arş-i rahman** *n. arch.* the throne of the merciful God
- aruz** *n.* verse pattern arranged by the length of syllables and the openness and closedness of vowels used mostly in Divan poetry in Ottoman literature
- arz et-** describe, explain, mean
- arzuman** *n.* desire
- asa** *n.* stick, the means of keeping order in Alevi ceremonies
- asuman** *P.* firmament, heavens (*poetic*)
- aşçıbaşı** *n.* chef
- aşevi** *n.* **1.** kitchen **2.** a house of the order
- aşık** *n.* **1.** one who loves **2.** in the Bekthasi order the *aşık* has not taken a vow yet, and can only take part in singing and dancing during the ceremony **3.** singer who accompanies his hymns on the *bağlama* fn.
- âşinâ/âşnâ** *n.* sect members, sharing secrets and confidential information with each other
- aşkar** *n.* **1.** red (hair, man) **2.** brown horse
- aşure** *n.* dessert cooked from wheat seeds and dried fruits left from the previous year in the month of mourning for Husain (March)
- avam** *n.* the plebs, the masses, the lower orders
- avlak** *n.* game preserve, a place for hunting
- avn** *n. Ar.* help
- ayak mühürle-** **1.** stamp one's foot, *viz.* placing the right big toe on the left **2.** express respect towards the baba
- ayakçı postu** *n.* the most simple and humble of the twelve duties of servants that help in the ceremony
- ayet** *n.* poem, cf. *Ar. aya* (*plur. ayat*) **1.** sign, symbol **2.** verse of the Quran
- ayıt-** *arch.* say, explain, speak
- ayin-i cem** *n. arch. P.* the main religious ceremony of the Mevlevi, Bektashi and Kizilbashi orders with music and dances attended by men and women → **cem, kırklar cemi**
- ayine** *n.* a mirror reflecting the universe, and a mirror in which God is reflected in perfect man
- azam** *adj.* the most, the greatest, maximal
- azap, -bı** *n. Ar.* hellish pain, otherworldly punishment
- Azrail** *n. Ar.* the Angel of Death who comes for our souls
- baba** *n.* acknowledged rank in the Bektashi order, the chosen leader of the community
- babaerenler** *n. plur.* the highest leaders of the Bektashis guiding the members of the community towards God; the lowest rank among them is that of the → **mürşit**
- bacı** *n.* woman, sister who has entered the Bektashi order
- bâde** *n.* **1.** beverage, wine **2.** affectionate conversation **3.** desire to unite with God
- bâğban** *n.* field-guard, looking after the vineyard

- Bağ-I İrem** *n.* Paradise, the Garden of Eden
- bağlantı** *n.* kind of a nefes with the names of the twelve imams performed in the ceremony → **düvazdeh imam**
- bahir/hri/** *n. arch.* a poetic meter in **aruz**
- bahr** *n.* sea
- bal** *n.* 1. honey 2. divine justice
- Balım Sultan** the grandson of Hacı Bektas Veli; ~ **Erkamı** one of the best-known Bektashi communities in Thrace
- balımtaşı** *n.* dodecagonal flat marble pendant hung around the neck of the candidate by the spiritual teacher
- bâr** *n.* 1. a name of Allah 2. weight, burden
- basiret** *n.* 1. vision 2. ability to see the essence behind the phenomenon
- baş** *n.* wound, abscess
- baş okut-** punish someone in the presence of the congregation
- baş okutma** *n.* the annual confirmation of the oath of the Bektashis
- batın/batn** *n.* 1. belly 2. descent, pedigree 3. hidden/inner meaning
- batını** *adj. Ar.* inner, hidden, secret, mysterious, esoteric, mystic
- Bektaşî** *n. adj.* a moral person seeking harmony in the world, seemingly devoted to the people but actually to God; one who accepts reality and has no intention to change others
- Bektaşîlik** *n.* 12<sup>th</sup>-century Turkish mystic religious order connected to the name of Hacı Bektas Veli. In the 15<sup>th</sup> century it was reformed by Balım Sultan who is regarded as the second founder of the order.
- bel bağla-** 1. girding one's waist, the symbol of becoming a man (*viz.* an authorized member of the community) 2. joining the order
- bel evladı** *n.* offspring, one's own child
- berat** *n. Ar.* innocence; ~ **gecesi** the night of enlightenment when divine justice becomes manifest for the wanderer on the road
- beyit/yti/** *n.* two verse lines connected by their content
- beytullah** *n.* 1. the house of God 2. the heart of perfect man
- bezirgan** *n.* 1. merchant 2. master (in whose company mystic knowledge can be attained)
- bezm** *n. P.* 1. congregation, meeting, gathering 2. banquet
- biregü** someone, other
- bismillah** "in the name of Allah" opening phrase said before all kinds of activity
- Bism-i Şah** in the name of the Shah [Ali] – opening phrase said before certain prayers in the ceremony
- bühtan et-** bring a false charge against someone, charge someone with something
- bülbül** *n.* well-meaning person, person singing nicely in the congregation
- büt** *n.* 1. statue of God 2. beauty, beautiful sweetheart, lover
- cahil** *adj. Ar.* ignorant, inexperienced
- can** *n.* 1. soul 2. pupil 3. expression used by Bektashi dervishes to address each other
- canan** *n.* the worshipped (God)
- carcı** *n.* the cleaner in the ceremony → **farraş**
- Cebrail** the Archangel Gabriel, the messenger in Islam
- celâl** *n.* 1. greatness 2. Almighty, Glorious God
- cem** *n.* 1. collective religious ritual 2. gathering, congregation of the Alevi-Bektashis
- cemaat** *n. Ar.* community, Muslim congregation
- cemal** *n. Ar.* 1. beautiful/radiant face 2. divine perfection 3. divine grace

- cemhane** *n.* house of rituals, a place where **ayin-i cem** is held
- cev(i)r/vri/** *n. arch.* pain, torture, suffering, misery, poverty → **eziyet, cefa**
- cezbe** *n.* ecstasy, religious ardour
- cida** *n.* lance, a spearlike weapon
- cihad** *n.* holy war (cf. *Ar. jihad* endeavour, effort)
- cinas** *n. Ar.* a poetic device “turning” of polysemous words (using their different meanings in the same text)
- cönk** *n.* handwritten collection of the sacred texts of religious hymns
- cudam** *adj.* miserable
- cuma akşamı** *n.* the night between Thursday and Friday, the usual time of the Bektashi religious ceremony
- cüda** *adj. P.* distant, separated; ~ **düş-** (-**dan**) drift apart, move away, become separated
- çağ** *adj.* 1. new-born 2. raw, immature
- çamaşırıcı** *n.* laundryman
- çardeh masumpak** *n.* the fourteen innocent underage saints
- çerağ** → **çırağ**
- çeşm** *n. P.* eye
- çığır** *n.* 1. track, path 2. trace 3. way, route; ~ **aç-** show/open way
- çiplak** 1. naked, bare 2. freed earthly vanities
- çirak** *n. P.* 1. apprentice 2. pupil
- çiğ** *adj.* raw, unripe, callow 2. one that hasn't immersed oneself in studying the true faith
- çile** *n.* suffering, torture; ~ **çek-** go through great suffering, suffer badly
- çirâğ** *n. P.* lantern, candle, wick, light, source of light, the candle lit during the religious ceremony of the congregation to keep bad souls away and call together the good ones; ~ **dinlendir-** extinguishing of the candles during the ceremony; ~ **uyandır-** relighting of the candles
- çırağcı** *n.* one of the twelve men rendering service during Bektashi rituals, candle lighter
- çorba** *n.* *aşure* cooked on the last day of the feast in the month of mourning
- dane** *n. P.* bird food
- dâr** *n.* 1. gallows 2. in Alevi and Bektashi rituals the middle of the assembly room, a sacred area; ~**a durma** dervishes express their respect towards their religious leader with their arms crossed and their right big toe placed on the left while the others kneel and keep watching with their hands resting on their knees; ~**dan indirme** the religious leader signals to the dervish that his respect has been accepted and he has been blessed
- dede** *n.* a religious leader in Alevi communities regarded as a descendant of Hz. Ali
- dedebaba** *n.* 1. highest rank in Bektashi communities 2. main leader of the Bektashis
- delâlet** *n.* guidance; ~ **et-** act as a guide
- delil** *n.* (candle)light lit by the person entrusted with it during the ritual; ~ **uyandır** light the candle
- dem** *n.* 1. wine 2. breath 3. short interval
- dergah** *n. P.* 1. the front of the gate, in front of somebody 2. the venue of the rituals, assembly room
- derle-** collect; **lugatı** ~ compile a dictionary
- derunice** sincerely, from the bottom of one's heart
- derviş** *n. P.* 1. dervish, ascetic man/woman, candidate, doing without worldly pleasures 2. person ready to render any service for the baba during rituals 3. *adj.* poor, modest, humble, tolerant
- destur** *n. P.* permission
- deva** *n. Ar.* balm, medicine, cure
- devir** *n.* 1. turning, whirling 2. cycle

- deyiş** *n.* 1. song 2. religious song in Alevi and Bektashi communities 3. folk song
- deyre** *n.* monastery, cloister, Christian church
- didar** *n.* face, cheek, physiognomy
- divan** *n.* collected poems of an author (compiled on the basis of the last sounds of the rhymes)
- divane** *n.* God's fool
- divan edebiyatı** *n.* Ottoman (court) literature between the 13<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> centuries showing Arabic and Persian influence as regards subject matter, form and poetic devices
- dize** *n.* verse line
- dolu** *n.* 1. full, filled (glass, bottle) 2. a glass (containing a drink) 3. one who has experienced God; ~ **üçleme** the dispenser of drinks (→ **dolucu**) offers the glass three times to the leader of the ceremony and to the ones sitting on his right and left while naming their holy trinity: "Allah-Muhammad-Ali"
- dolucu** *n.* dispenser of drinks → **saki**
- don** *n.* 1. pants, underpants 2. disguise, transformed mode of existence
- dört** *n.* 1. four 2. so-called magic number among Bektashis
- dört kapı** *n.* the four-fold road → **şeriat**, **tarikât**, **hakikat**, **marifet**
- dört kardeş** *n.* the four elements: fire, air, water and earth
- dua** *n.* prayer said by the religious leader or his substitute at funerals and burial feasts, during o<sup>a</sup> taking ceremonies and flag hoisting
- duaz** *n.* opening song in the ceremony
- duçar** *P.* found out, caught
- Düldül** *n.* the name of Hz. Ali's horse
- düşerge** *n.* temporary accommodation, shelter
- düşkünlük** *n.* 1. immoderateness 2. domination of instincts over man 3. deeds punished by exclusion (murder, withdrawal of the profession of faith, oath-breaking, divulgence of the secret, adultery, sexual violence, abduction, polygamy, divorce, false charge, etc.)
- düvazdeh imam** *n.* *P.* the twelve imams
- edna** *adj.* the smallest, of no significance, inferior, mean
- efkâr** *n. plur. Ar.* views, ideas
- ehl-i beyt** *n. Ar.* 1. **ahl al-bayt** the members of the prophet's family, Muhammad and his direct line of descent, the people of the House: Muhammad, Fatma, Ali, Hasan, Husain 2. *plur.* thoughts, ideas
- ekrem/kerim** *Ar.* the very best, the most excellent
- elest(ü)** "Am I not your Lord?" God's question to Adam when he was created (Quran VII: 171)
- elhamdülillah** *Ar.* Marvellous! Blessed be God! Thanks to God!
- er** *n.* a man who has joined the Bektashi order
- erenler** *n. plur.* holy men who have proceeded on the way to God
- erkân** *n. plur.* 1. way, mode, proceedings, custom, tradition, order 2. (religious) principles, ceremonies, rites
- esrar** *n.* 1. secret, mystery 2. hashish
- estağfurullah** *Ar.* May God forgive! (*in case of overpraise or self-criticism*)
- eşik** *n.* 1. threshold 2. word used instead of Hz. Ali's name 3. Muhammad is the city of knowledge, Ali is the starting point (*viz.* the threshold) of the way leading there
- eşikçi** *n.* the clerk that receives the arrivals and checks their prayer at the threshold → **gözcü**, **oniki hizmet**



- evliya** *n. Ar.* Muslim saint
- eyvallah** **1.** all right, yes **2.** *n.* approval, acceptance, consent, permission **3.** the word said by the baba permitting the performance of the nefes in the ceremony
- eyyam** *n. Ar.* days, period, interval
- ezan** *n.* the muezzin's call to prayer
- ezel** *n. Ar.* eternity, the days of yore
- fakir** (*plur.* **fukara**) *n.* I (used by a dervish speaking about himself)
- fakirlik** *n.* renunciation of worldly goods and possessions for God's love
- fani** *adj. Ar.* transitory, mortal; ~ **dünya** transitory world
- farraş** *n.* sweeper, one of the twelve men doing service in the ceremony → **carcı**, **süpürgeci**
- farz** *n. Ar.* (religious) duty
- fena** *n.* death, extinction, annihilation, sinking into oblivion
- ferište** *n.* angel
- feta** *n. Ar.* hero, brave man; **La ~ illa Ali** There's no hero like Ali!
- fetva** *n. Ar.* religion-based decision made by the mufti → (**müftü**) in an Islamic legal affair
- feyz** *n. Ar.* abundance, fertility, prosperity, divine blessing **2.** inspiring spiritual force, enlightenment **3.** generous gift
- Firdevs** *n. Ar.* Paradise
- fitne** *n. Ar.* revolt, rebellion
- fütüvvet** *n. Ar.* self-sacrifice, willingness to make sacrifices for others
- gafil** *adj. Ar.* careless, negligent
- gaflet** *n. Ar.* sluggishness, inertness
- gani** *adj. Ar.* rich, abundant, plentiful
- gazi** *n.* Islamic fighter, martyr of Islam
- geda** *n. P.* beggar, poor man
- gerçek erenler** *n. plur.* the enlightened, the just, the perfect
- gevher** *n. P.* **1.** pearl, jewel **2.** essence **3.** knowledge, wisdom
- Gök Tengri** *n.* sky god
- gönül indir-** be content with (less), put up with something
- gözcü** *n.* sentry, watchman, one of the twelve servants, man keeping order during Bektashi ceremonies → **eşikçi**
- gül** *n.* **1.** rose, the most beautiful thing **2.** man himself (in Bektashi communities); ~ **destesi** **1.** a bunch or roses **2.** a collection of nefeses
- gülbang/gülbank/gülbenk** *n. P.* **1.** call to prayer **2.** battle cry of the Janissaries **3.** loud common prayer, commemoration, prayer for the great religious leaders of the past
- gün** *n.* Hz. Muhammad's symbol
- güman** *n. P.* opinion, thought, suspicion, supposition
- gürüh** *n. P.* flock, herd (of people), horde, mob
- güvende** *n.* **1.** the man in charge of security in the ceremony → **gözcü** **2.** minstrel
- hacet** *n. Ar.* need, matter, thing; **bab-i ~** gate of the shrine, place for prayer, where pilgrims pray
- hacı** *n.* honorary title of one who has complied with the rules of Islam and made a pilgrimage to Mecca
- hakikat** *n.* reality, (divine) truth; **H~ şehri** stage in the process of acquiring divine knowledge
- Hak(k)** *n.* God; ~ **meydanı** the holy place; ~ **vere** God give! If only!
- hal** (*plur.* **ahwal**) *n. Ar.* state (of mind) of the Sufi walking on the pa<sup>th</sup> in ecstasy
- halayık** *n.* female slave, female servant

- halifebaba** *n.* **1.** among Bektashis the second highest rank below **Dedebaba**, caliph, substitute **2.** a person appointed by the dedebaba to choose the babas from the dervishes
- Hâlik** *n.* Allah, the creator, God Almighty
- hamdet-** (-e) give thanks to God; **Hamd olsun!** Thanks to God!
- hamse** *n. arch. Ar.* **1.** a literary work of five **mesnevis** **2.** literary history
- hanefî** *n.* one of the four Islamic communities that can perform the ritual of *sünnet* (circumcision)
- Hangah** *n.* the assembly of dervishes
- Hannan** *n.* God
- harem** *n.* private section of a house
- harlı** *adj.* ill-omened, unlucky
- Haydar** *n.* 'lion' Hz. Ali's nickname; ~**i ker-rar** angry/fierce lion
- helak ol-** die
- helâl** *adj. Ar.* canonically lawful, permissible; ~ **et-** turn a blind eye to, forgive, cancel (debt)
- hemîşe** always, constantly, permanently
- heves et-** desire, long for
- Hidrellez** *n.* the beginning of summer (May 6<sup>th</sup>), the fortieth day after the vernal equinox
- hırka** *n. Ar.* wool waistcoat, garment worn by dervishes in the ceremony
- hışım** [**hışm**] *n.* anger, rage
- Hızır** *n.* immortal legendary hero; protector of the misguided and the dying
- hicab** *n. Ar.* obstacle between man and God
- hikmet** *n. Ar.* knowledge, divine knowledge
- hilafet** *n.* caliphate
- hilâfetname** *n. P.* Dedebaba's letter of appointment written to a → **halifebaba**
- hilebaz** *P.* deceitful, dishonest, tricky, unreliable, cunning, shrewd
- himmət** *n. Ar.* **1.** help, grace, protection, mystical help from saints **2.** effort, endeavour **3.** miracle; ~ **et-** help, give support to; ~ **al-** be enchanted with, be influenced by
- hırka** *n.* waistcoat, the patchwork garment of the Sufi
- hizmet** *n. Ar.* duty (in Bektashi ceremonies twelve duties are performed)
- hoca** *n.* devoted Muslim in the service of Islam or a Muslim teacher
- hod** *P.* self, own
- Hû/Hü** *n. Ar.* he [= God]
- hulk** *n.* nature, behaviour
- hulul** *n.* **1.** incarnation **2.** God's manifestation in different persons, e.g. Hz. Ali, the twelve imams, etc.
- Huri** *n.* a woman of heavenly beauty, beside whom the true believer finds happiness
- hurrem** *adj. P.* cheerful, merry
- huruf; (harf)** *plur. n. Ar.* letter
- Hurufî** *n.* Islamic sect, attributing divine significance to relations hidden behind certain groups of letters; a part of the sect became absorbed by Bektashism
- hüma** *n. P.* mythological bird in Paradise, the bird of happiness
- hüner.** *n. P.* skillfulness, talent, virtue, stunt
- hünkâr** *n. P.* sovereign, ruler
- ıssı** *adj.* hot
- ışık** *n.* light, dervish
- ibrikçi** *n.* the person pouring water for hand washing after ceremonial dinners → **sucu, oniki hizmet**
- icazetname** *n.* letter of appointment, diploma, certificate to the pupil from the master, document (e.g. to certify teaching skills)
- idrak** *n. Ar.* explanation, conception
- ikilik** *n.* duality, failure to comprehend divine justice
- ikrâr** *n.* **1.** holy oath, vow **2.** confession **3.** avowal, profession of faith → **nasip;**

- ~ **ayını** ceremonial oath taking of the person joining the order; ~ **ver-** confirm one's faith in sy
- ilâhî** *adj.* **1.** divine, of God **2.** very nice, wonderful **3.** chant of praise; **4.** *dial.* In Thrace a performer insisted that in their region *ilâhî* also means "lament"
- ilga et-** annul, abolish, do away with
- ilim** *n. Ar.* **1.** knowledge **2.** the imams' knowledge of divine origin; ~**ü irfan** knowledge and study
- imam** *n.* Muslim priest
- iman** *n.* faith
- inşat/dı/** *n. arch.* **1.** recitation **2.** recital, recitation of poetry
- intiha** *n. Ar.* end, doom
- iptida** *n. Ar.* beginning
- irfan** *n. Ar.* **1.** (spiritual) knowledge, knowledge from the Quran and from the teachings of prophets, the ability to understand and comprehend culture **2.** intelligence, intuition → **bilme, anlama, kültür**
- irşat/dı/** *n. Ar.* guidance, warning
- irticalen** *adv.* extemporaneously; ~ **söyle-** perform sg extemporaneously
- İsm-i A'zam** *n.* the greatest name, God's name
- izah** *n. Ar.* explanation, elucidation
- izzet** *n. Ar.* honour, greatness, excellence; ~**i nefis** self-esteem
- kafir** *n. Ar.* infidel
- kafiye** *n.* rhyme
- Kaf ü nun** *n.* let it be! (divine command, by which all existent was created)
- kainat** *n. Ar.* cosmos, universe, space, the whole world
- kam** *n. arch.* shaman
- kâmil** *adj.* mature, excellent, perfect, complete
- kancaru** *arch.* where to? which way?
- kande** *arch.* where?
- kapıcı** *n.* doorkeeper during the ceremony, one of the twelve men in service → **oniki hizmet**
- karşılama** *n.* reception, welcome song in one's new home
- katra/katre** *n. Ar.* drop
- kazan** *n.* cauldron
- kazayağı** *n.* **1.** foot of a goose **2.** among Tahtacis the three toes are regarded as the symbol of the Holy Trinity
- kehanet** *n. Ar.* prediction, soothsaying
- kelam** *n. Ar.* word, speech
- kemal, -li** *n. Ar.* mature knowledge, wisdom, experience
- kement** *n.* name of the belt girded around the waists of the twelve men on duty
- kemberbeste** **1.** the belted one who has girded the belt called *tiğbent* around his waist **2.** a man able to control his instincts
- kemter** *adj. P.* good-for-nothing, worthless, mean, base
- Kenan** *n. Ar.* Canaan
- keramet** *n.* miracle, miraculous deed, supernatural act
- kerim** *adj. Ar.* **1.** bounteous, generous **2.** Allah
- kesene** *n.* fine imposed by the Bektashi community, proportionate to the crime committed
- kevser** *n.* **1.** nourishment, vital element **2.** the largest river/lake in Paradise
- kırk makam** *n.* the forty stations or obstacles on the way to God with four gates
- kırklar cemi** *n.* the ceremony of the Bektashis → **ayin-i cem**
- kırklar meclisi** *n.* a meeting led by Hz. Ali and attended by Hz. Muhhamad
- kırklar meydanı** *n.* the holy place of the dervishes, the venue of the ceremony
- kiyas** *n. Ar.* analogy, comparison

- Kızıl Deli** *n.* the red lunatic: name of a 15<sup>th</sup>- century Bektashi saint (Seyyid Ali Sultan)
- kible** *n.* *Ar.* the direction of Mecca the faithful must face when performing their prayer
- koşma** *n.* folk song accompanied by a plucked string instrument, the rhythm of which is characterized by counting syllables, and by the first, second and fourth lines of the first strophe rhymes with the fourth lines of the other verses while the rest of the lines rhyme with each other (*aaba, bbcb*). Its subjects include love, affection and the events of nature.
- koyun** *n.* the lamb of God, lamb
- kudret** *n.* *Ar.* power, strength, ability, the omnipotence of God, fortune
- kurban** *n.* sacrifice offered to gain the grace and benevolence of Allah
- kuyucu** *n.* a man whose duty is to bury the leftovers of animal sacrifice → **oniki hizmet**
- küllî** *adj.* *Ar.* 1. complete, universal, general 2. numerous, large, ample
- küllîye** *n.* 1. archives 2. *oeuvre* collected in one volume
- küşade** *adj.* *P.* happy, relieved
- lâkap/bı/** *n.* *Ar.* nickname
- lamekan** *Ar.* God (*viz.* beyond space)
- mahbud** *Ar.* beloved, adored
- mahdi/Mehdi** *Ar.* 1. one guided by God, following the right way 2. according to a Shiite principle the restorer of religion and justice (the *mahdi*) has disappeared but may return any time 3. **Mahdi** *Ar.* the son of Hz. Ali, the twelfth imam, the Messiah, whose arrival means the end of the world
- mahlâs** *n.* *Ar.* 1. assumed name 2. pen name
- mahşer** *n.* 1. the Last Judgement 2. a great crowd of people, chaos
- makalat (makele)** *n. plur.* *Ar.* speeches; collected writings attributed to Hadji Bektash
- makam** *n.* *Ar.* station on the Sufi path with four doors and forty stations → **kırk makams**
- makbul** *adj.* *Ar.* accepted, loved, admired, much liked
- malâmat** *n.* *Ar.* abashment, condemnation, disparagement
- manende** *P.* similar, resembling sy/sg
- mani** *n.* Turkish folk song type
- manzume** *n.* 1. rhymed metric work 2. literary work in verse 3. poetry
- marifet** *n.* experience, knowledge, experiential knowledge, mystic knowledge, introversion, silent contemplation
- maşuka** *n.* lover
- mazbata** *n.* *Ar. arch.* official report of an event
- mazhar** *n.* *Ar.* 1. manifestation 2. object of (honour, love, etc.)
- mecmua** *n.* *Ar.* anthology, periodical, collected material
- meclis** *n.* *Ar.* 1. meeting, council 2. Sufi assembly for singing religious songs and chanting the wonderful names of God
- meded** *n.* supplication, help
- medrese** *n.* Muslim school
- mehdi** → **mahdi**
- melaik** *n.* *Ar. plur.* angels
- melamet** *n.* *Ar.* blaming, criticism
- menakibname** *n.* *Ar. plur.* description/research of the saints' lives
- mengûş** *n.* *P.* horseshoe shaped earring worn in the right ear by dervishes who have taken a vow of celibacy
- menkibe** *n.* *Ar.* tale, legend, life stories of famous people
- Mennan** *n.* God

- measure** *n. Ar.* explanation (*viz.* retelling of a poem or hymn in prose)
- mersiye** *n. Ar.* 1. lament 2. elegy among Bakteshis commemorating the death of Hz. Husain
- mert/di** *adj. P.* 1. reliable, trustworthy 2. completely independent, free
- mes'adet** *n. Ar.* happiness
- mesnevi** *n. Ar.* narrative poem
- mestane** *adv. P.* drunk/enchanted (with God's love), unconsciously, beside oneself
- mevlana** *n. Ar.* our leader
- mevlid** *n. Ar.* 1. the birthday of Sufi saints, birth 2. place of birth 3. **mesnevi** (poem) telling the story of Hz. Muhammad's birth and life 3. religious ceremony of reading out the **mesnevi** mentioned above
- mevt** *n.* 1. death 2. complete disposal of worldly goods, the goal of all Bektashis
- mevta** *n. Ar.* corpse
- meydan** *n.* holy place, venue of the religious ceremony for the Bektashi who have taken a vow
- meydanci** *n.* one of the twelve duties in the ceremony: the person in charge of the cleanness of the holy place and the order of the ongoing events
- meyhane** *n.* 1. taproom, pub 2. convent, monastery
- mezhep** *n.* religious doctrine, religious sect, view
- misra/ı** *n. Ar.* line of verse (rhymed, metric) → **dize**
- mihman** *n. P.* 1. guest 2. mystic traveller
- mihnet** *n. Ar.* sorrow, grief, trouble
- mirac** *n. Ar.* ascent, the Ascension of Muhammad
- misafirhane** *n. P.* guesthouse
- molla** *n.* Muslim jurist, lawyer
- muhabbet** *n. Ar.* affectionate gathering, friendly chat
- muhabbetname** *n.* love letter
- muhib** *n.* 1. trusted friend 2. pledged member of a religious community 3. lay brother, fellow traveller, sympathizer (of dervish orders)
- mum söndü** *literally:* the candle was extinguished; part of Alevi-Bektashi rituals held in secret
- musahip/bı** *n. arch.* 1. sworn brother, company, joined friend 2. companion, storyteller
- musahiplik** *n.* A ceremonial oath taken by two couples in front their religious leader and with his blessing. They become brotherly companions and pledge to take full responsibility for each other in every respect (moral, economic, social etc).
- musalla taşı** *n.* table-shaped large stone on which the coffin is placed during the funeral service
- musallat** *adj. Ar.* pestering, annoying
- mutasavvıf** *n. Ar.* 1. one who offers his life to God 2. Sufi that turns away from the world 3. follower of the **tasavvuf**
- mübeşşir** *adj. arch.* messenger of good news
- mücahede** *n. Ar.* struggle, the ability to overcome instincts
- mücerred** *n. Ar.* dervish who has taken an oath of celibacy
- müellif** *n.* writer, author
- müftü** *n. Ar.* a Muslim expert in the field of jurisprudence, religious functionary in villages or small settlements
- mühtedi** *n.* converted to new religion, repentant
- mü'min** *n.* a believing Muslim; in Alevi communities only males, as in their interpretation women are regarded as faithful Muslims also having to comply with the rules of Islam
- münacat** *n. Ar.* 1. fervent prayer to God 2. praise of God

**münafık** *n.* hypocritical, showing ostentatious piety  
**münevver** *n. adj.* enlightened, intellectual  
**münkir** *adj. Ar.* atheist, disbeliever, one who denies God  
**mürüt/di/** *n. Ar.* believing and worthy disciple preparing for the way to God, pupil  
**mürşit/di/** *n. adj. Ar.* 1. religious leader/teacher → **pir** 2. master, one showing the right way, guide  
**mürt** *adj.* dead, perished (animal); ~ **ol-** die, perish  
**Mürteza** a name of Hz. Ali  
**mür(üv)vet** *n. Ar.* 1. happiness, virtue (from pre-Islamic tradition) 2. blessing, generosity 3. feast  
**müştazat/dı/** *n. arch.* a work of poetry (with each line followed by a short complementary line)  
**müştak** *adj. Ar.* full of desire, longing, yearning  
  
**nabi** *n. Ar.* prophet  
**nahiv/hvi/** *n. arch.* syntax  
**namaz** *n.* prayer five times a day, Islamic religious rule for believers  
**nasip/bi/** *n. Ar.* lot, share; ~ **al-** join the Bektashi order, take an oath to become a Bektashi  
**nazargah** *n. P.* lookout (tower)  
**nazariye** *n. arch.* theory  
**nâzım** *n.* 1. literary work with a well-defined pattern of syllable, rhythm and rhyme 2. poetry, poem  
**nebi** *n. Ar.* prophet, heavenly envoy  
**necat** *n.* salvation, rescue, escape, safety  
**nefes** *n. Ar.* 1. soul 2. breath 3. religious hymn sometimes accompanied by a plucked instrument in the course of the Bektashi or Alevi ceremony  
**nefis** *n.* ego, self, personality, human nature  
**nesim** *n. Ar.* breeze, waft

**nesrin** *n. P.* rose  
**nevreste** *n. P.* sprout, bud  
**nevruz** *n. P.* New Year's Day  
**nimet** *n. Ar.* 1. blessing 2. good luck, happiness 3. food (bread)  
**niyaz** *n. P.* a respectful bow before the baba: with both arms crossed, the devotees kiss the baba's knees, chest and the ground before him  
**nur-u hidayet** *n.* the nimbus of true guidance  
  
**ocak** *n.* fireplace, hearth, religious fraternity, the organization of the Janissary corps  
**oniki hizmet** *n.* the twelve duties in Bektashi ceremonies: → 1. **baba** 2. **derviş** 3. **gözcü/eşikçi** 4. **delilci** 5. **zâkir/sazandar** 6. **carcı/süpürgeci/selmani/farraş** 7. **dolucu/sâki** 8. **kurbancı** 9. **sakkacı** 10. **pervane** 11. **kuyucu** 12. **kapıcı**  
**oruç** *n.* strict fast kept in the mon<sup>th</sup> of mourning to commemorate Imam Husain  
**ölçü** *n.* 1. measure 2. metrical foot, meter  
  
**padişah** *n.* ruler, the highest ranking dignitary in Muslim society  
**pâlheng** *n.* dodecagon stone worn by the Bektashis on their belts as a symbol in memory of the twelve imams  
**pazarcı** *n.* dervish in a market  
**pervane** *n. P.* 1. moth, night butterfly 2. one of the twelve duties in the ceremony → **peyk**, **oniki hizmet** 3. wind wheel, wind-spinner  
**peyk** → pervane  
**peyman** *n. P.* 1. goblet 2. heart brimming with religious devotion  
**pîr** *n. P.* religious leader, founder of a religious order, spiritual teacher  
**post** *n.* 1. prepared animal hide (for the leaders to sit during in the ceremony)

2. position, rank, hierarchy within the order
- postnişin** *n. P.* head of a convent, superior of a religious order
- rahi** *n. P.* traveller
- rahmet** *n. Ar.* forgiveness, merciful deed, act of grace
- ramazan** *n.* Sunnites' month of fasting
- ref et-** raise, increase
- rehber** *n.* dervish, leader, guide
- renc** *n. P.* 1. pain, suffering 2. wound, injury
- resul, -lû** *n. Ar.* 1. apostle, the chosen prophet of God 2. messenger, herald
- risale** *n. arch.* pamphlet, booklet
- Rum er(en)leri** *n.* Bektashi, used in this meaning from the 14<sup>th</sup> century on
- sadaka** *n.* voluntary alms
- sağû** *n. arch.* lament, elegy
- sağucu** *n.* professional mourner
- saka** *n.* the person responsible for water in a monastery, water bearer → **dolucu**
- sâkî** *n. Ar.* 1. the person dispensing beverage and rose water in the community 2. cup bearer 3. mystic guide
- salâ** *n. Ar.* 1. the muezzin's chant calling the community to Friday prayer 2. the announcement of death from the minaret
- salik** *n.* person treading the path of order
- saz** *n. P.* musical instrument, (string) instrument (especially *bağlama*)
- sazandar** *n.* one of the twelve duties in the ceremony, responsible for instrumental accompaniment → **zâkir, oniki hizmet**
- seccade** *n. Ar.* prayer rug
- selis** *adj. arch.* fluent (word, speech)
- selmani** *n.* begging Bektashi dervish
- semah** *n.* elevated ritual whirling performed to a nefes sung with *bağlama* or *saz* accompaniment; ~ **git-/yürü-** dance *semah*, a liturgical dance, during which dervishes evoke the spirit of Ali by continuously calling his name
- semah hane** *n.* ritual room
- ser** *n. P.* head
- serdar** *n.* commander, general
- server** *n. P.* leader, superior, prince
- sevab** *n. Ar.* 1. divine reward for a good deed 2. merciful deed 3. virtuous way of life
- seyrangah** *n. P.* promenade, place of excursion, sanatorium
- seyyah** *n. arch. Ar.* traveller, tourist; ~ **ver-set sy** (a pupil) on the road
- seyyid** *n. Ar.* master, in Bektashi communities the title given to Ali and his descendants
- sıdk/dkî** *n. arch. Ar.* 1. reality 2. devotion, attachment
- sır** *n. Ar.* 1. secret experience of the soul 2. mystery 3. secret ~**r-i Hak** divine secret
- sırat köprüsü** *n.* the last bridge leading to the other world
- sırrol-** die, transform itself, disappear from sight
- silsile** *n.* genealogy, dynastic descent
- sofi** *n.* name for condemned fanatic Sunnites (used by the Bektashi in their communities)
- sofra** *n. Ar.* 1. laid table 2. strictly regulated agape in Bektashi ceremonies
- sofracı** *n.* one of the twelve duties in the rituals → **selman**
- softa** *n.* Muslim seminarist (Sunnite)
- sofu** → sufi
- sufi** *n. Ar.* 1. member of an Islamic mystic order wearing woolen garments 2. one seeking direct connection to God
- Sübhan** *n.* Allah
- Sübhanallah** *Ar.* Praise be to God!

- Şah** *n.* ruler, most often used instead of the name of Hz. Ali, the highest ranking imam
- Şah-ı Alem** *n.* Hz. Ali
- Şah-ı Cihan** *n.* Hz. Ali
- Şâh-ı Kerbelâ** *n.* a nickname of Hz. Husain
- Şâh-ı Merdân** *adj.* a name of Ali, the most valiant and the hero of the heroes
- Şah-ı Necef** *n.* Hz. Ali
- Şah-ı Velâyet** *n.* Hz. Ali
- Şah-ı Zülfikar** *n.* Hz. Ali
- şalvar** *n.* baggy trousers, traditional male/female garment worn by Turks in villages
- şar** *n.* town
- şefâat** *n.* Ar. intercessor, praying for a penitent soul to be forgiven by God; ~ **et-** intercede for forgiveness of sins, mediate between man and God for the remission of sins
- şehir** *n.* town of divine knowledge
- şek** *n. arch.* Ar. doubt, suspicion, uncertainty
- şem'a** *n.* candle wick
- şeriat** *n.* Islamic law based on the Quran
- şevk** *n. Ar.* strong desire, yearning
- şeyh** *n.* **1.** Ar. holy person, founder of a mystic order **2.** the wise superior of the order, spiritual leader
- Şii** *n., adj.* Ar. Shiite
- şûle** *n. Ar.* flame
- şükür** *n. Ar.* expression of thanks to God
- tahkiye** *n. arch. Ar.* **1.** rendering, arrangement **2.** explanation, tale **3.** secrecy, concealment, hiding, deliberate concealment of the true beliefs of Shiites
- takibat** *n. plur. Ar.* persecution, pogrom, pursuit, chase
- takiye** → **tahkiye**
- tâlip** *n.* **1.** candidate **2.** seeking God, someone who wants to take the path of the Bektashi **3.** someone who desires or seeks something
- tamuk** *n.* hell
- tarikât** *n.* Sufi path to God, in fact an order or sect, a community of people following the same religious teachings and practices based on Sufism
- tasavvuf** *n. Ar.* Arabic name for Sufism, Islamic mystic teaching, a school of religion and philosophy that explains divine substance and the existence of universe as a single unity. According to some views it goes beyond Islam.
- tebdil** *n. Ar.* alteration, changing, disguise
- teber** *n. P. arch.* long-handled ax carried by wandering dervishes to keep away wild animals
- teberrâ** *n. Ar.* aloofness, staying away from those who don't follow the holy family
- tekke** *n.* monastery, place of rituals of a community of people belonging to the same **tarikât**
- telâkki** *n. Ar.* view, opinion, notion
- telif** *n. arch.* **1.** approach **2.** writing, work, piece; ~ **et-** write; ~ **piyes** play, theatrical piece
- telhis** *n.* **1.** summary, résumé, abstract; **2.** in the Ottoman age: application submitted by the grand vizier to the padishah
- telkin** *n. Ar.* **1.** mysterious suggestion, secret order, inculcation, indoctrination **2.** farewell speech, funeral oration
- ten** *n. P.* body, flesh
- tenasüh** *n. Ar. arch.* transmigration of souls, reincarnation
- terceman** *n.* ritual prayer
- teslim** *n.* offering oneself to God; ~ **taş** flat dodecagon stone of the Bektashi → **balımtaş, palheng**
- teslis** *n. Ar. arch.* Holy Trinity
- teşrik et-** connect with someone, connect/relate to something
- teveccüh et-** turn to someone



- tevellâ** *n.* love of the holy family by their true devotees and followers
- tevhit** *n.* **1.** the teaching that there is only one God, monotheism **2.** belief in unity **3. monotheism** **4.** poem praising Allah (manzume) **5.** union
- tiğla-** slaughter an animal ritually, offer animal sacrifice to God
- tiğbend** *n.* **1.** belt for girding a sword **2.** woollen belt girded around the waist of a Bektashi when entering the order
- toy** *n. arch.* Altaic peoples' feast with music and singing
- tövbe** *n.* praying to God for forgiveness, repentance, contrition
- turna** *n.* crane, holy bird of the Bektashis, too (|| CC 129)
- tuyuğ** *n. arch.* rhyming poem written in aruz
- türâb** *n. arch.* earth, dust
- tütsü** *n.* fumigation
- uçmak** *n.* Paradise, heaven (< Sogdian *uštmaḥ* Paradise)
- umman** *n. Ar. arch.* ocean
- urba** *n.* piece of clothes, garment
- üçyüzaltmışaltı** 366, according to a Hurûfî idea the number of important veins and arteries in the human body
- ümmet** *n. Ar.* believing Muslims
- ümmî** *adj. Ar. arch.* illiterate
- ürryan** *adj. Ar. 1. arch.* nude, naked **2.** free from desires, enlightened
- vadesi yet-** pass away, die, one's hour has struck, one's time has come
- vahdet** *n. Ar.* uniting with God; ~-i **vücut** *n.* monotheism
- vasıf** [**vasf**] *n. Ar.* quality, praise
- vebal, -li** *n. Ar.* sin, wickedness
- vecih/çhi/** *n.* **1.** face, cheek; **2.** way, mode
- veli** *n. Ar. 1.* protector, guardian **2.** friend of God, holy man
- vezin/zni/** *n. arch.* measure, poetic measure/metre → **ölçü**
- vîran** *n. P. 1.* collapsed, ramshackle, ruined **2.** woeful, broken, sad
- vird** *n. Ar.* daily recited Quran quotation
- vuslat** *n. Ar. arch.* reunion, recognition
- yad** *adj.* strange, foreign
- yâd** *n. P.* memory, remembrance, commemoration; ~ **et-** commemoration
- yada taşı** *n.* magic stone for making rain among old Turks
- yakin** *n.* firm knowledge acquired through enlightenment
- yalguz** *adv.* alone
- yârân** *n. plur.* friends, companions, participants
- yarlığa-** beg, pray
- yarlık/ğı/** *n.* ordinance, injunction by a ruler
- yaşıt** the same age
- yavan** *adj.* simple, plain (bread), fatless (food)
- yediler** *n. plur.* the holy family of Hz. Muhammad, Hz. Ali, Hz. Fatma, Hz. Hasan, Hz. Hussein, Selman-ı Farisî and Cebraîl Aleyhisselâm, the seven holiest persons ruling the world according to Sufism
- yensiz yakasız gömlek** *n.* winding sheet, shroud
- Yezdani Hak** *n.* divine reality
- Yezidiye** *Ar. 1.* the Yezidi sect **2.** the Yezidis killed Ali's two sons **3.** cruel, evil-doer
- yiğrek** more magnificent, better
- yol** *n.* order, religious community **2.** moral rule, order to be followed; ~ **evladı/oğlu** religious brother
- zâhidlik** *n.* religious zeal, asceticism, leading a holy life
- zahiri** *adj. Ar. 1.* illusory, superficial, artificial **2.** outwardly, apparent
- zahit/di/** *adj. Ar. arch. 1.* shunning the world **2.** devout, ascetic, pious

- zâkir** *n.* musician singing about God with lute accompaniment, one of the twelve men serving in the ceremony → *sazende, ozan, aşık*
- zâviye** *n. arch.* corner, small tekke, Sufi lodge
- zekat** *n. Ar.* **1.** cleanliness, purity, purification **2.** blessing **3.** obligatory donation in Muslim communities
- zemzem** *n.* holy water
- zer** *n.* gold
- zeval/li/** *n. arch. Ar.* **1.** decay, destruction, end **2.** depravity **3.** sin
- zeyn et-** decorate, ornament, embellish
- zikir** *n. Ar.* **1.** remembrance, commemoration of God **2.** repeating, practice, continuous reiteration and prasing of the name of God in the course of which the believer finds peace and calmness **3.** common prayer in the tekke
- zincir** *n.* attachment, dependence on the material goods of the world
- zuhûr** *n. arch. Ar.* appearance, occurrence; ~**a gel-** come into sight, appear
- zurna** *n.* double-reed wind instrument, pipe
- zül(ü)f** *n. P.* lock of hair; any obstacle that can appear between the human heart and God
- Zülfikar** *n. Ar.* Hz. Ali's two-pointed forked sword
- zümre** *n.* **1.** group, team **2.** sect, congregation

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# INDEXES

## *Leng<sup>th</sup> of sections*

In our interpretation single-core melodies are those which consist of a line and its variations. The same principle applies to two-, three-, four- etc. core melodies (see forms). There is one exception: recurrent, bridge structures (e.g. ABBA, AABA, ABCA, etc.) were taken for four-core melodies even if they had two or three different lines. When a line deviated from the other in the cadence, it was regarded as a separate line (Ac). In the course of systematization we regarded songs of a single long line comparable with those of two short lines, and songs of two long lines traceable to four short lines, but here we handle the two forms separately. It may happen that in a melody (especially a lament or Quran recitation) there are lines of widely diverse lengths. Such tunes are ranged on the basis of their longest lines, e.g. № 17 and № 19 with the tunes of long lines, № 35. № 36. № 73 or № 80 with the short-lined group.

## *Short sections (5, 6, 7, 8, 9 or 10 syllables)*

One-section melodies 12, 16, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 43, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 73, 79, 80, 599, 600

Two-section melodies 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 27, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 54, 55, 56, 57, 59, 60, 61, 62, 69, 72, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 245, 265, 272, 284, 357, 358, 601

Three-section melodies 133

Four-section melodies 26, 71, 131, 132, 175, 194, 250, 268, 269, 270, 271, 283, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 336, 350, 351, 362, 365, 367, 368, 369, 370, 372, 373, 376, 377, 379, 380, 383, 384, 385, 386, 388, 389, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 397, 398, 399, 401, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 477, 478, 479, 480, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 515, 516, 563, 564, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 598, 602

Five-section melodies 497, 498

six-section melodies 492

Seven-section melodies 491, 494

Six+Five-section melodies 493

### *Long sections (more than 10 syllables)*

1-section melodies 17, 18, 19, 20, 58

2-section melodies 28, 51, 52, 53, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 246, 247, 248, 249, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 266, 267, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 359, 360, 361, 363, 364, 366, 371, 374, 375, 378, 381, 382, 387, 390, 396, 408, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 496, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 528, 529, 565, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597

4-section melodies 400, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 591, 592

More than 4 sections melodies 495

### *Tripodic sections*

One-section melodies 517

Two-section melodies 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562

### Cadences

I handle tunes № 1–10 rotating on the A G-A-B<sub>1</sub> trichord and ending on the central A separately. Their first lines terminate on G. Unlike the songs with the customary A final note, I transposed some tunes to C (№ 550, 551) or G (№ 241, 312, 343, 511, 512, 514) in order to be able to point out other connections of the melody lines. In the indexes, however, these tunes also appear as if transposed to A.



*Main cadences of melodies with two short or two tripodic sections*

- A 12, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, 73, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 526, 599, 600
- B 86, 87, 89, 134, 135, 136, 138, 139, 140, 143, 144, 145, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 172, 176, 183, 196, 218, 245, 525, 532, 533, 534, 535, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597
- C 88, 90, 91, 92, 93, 141, 142, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 182, 184, 185, 187, 188, 189, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 215, 216, 217, 219, 272, 357, 358, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 547, 548, 549, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557
- C# 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 108, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 173, 174, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 186, 190, 191, 192, 193, 195, 211, 212, 213, 214, 284, 546
- D 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 107, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 128, 129, 197, 198, 199, 200, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 558, 559, 560, 561, 601
- E 74, 99, 109, 110, 111, 112, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 236, 237, 238, 562
- F# 265
- G 528, 529, 530, 531, 527

*Cadences of three-section melodies*

- A (A) 11
- A (B&) 15
- A (G) 13
- B (A) 14
- D (B&) 133

*Cadences of four-section melodies*

- |   |                                      |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| A (A) A 240, 242, 243, 598                | C# (A) C# 262, 263                   |
| A (A) B 247, 248, 249, 250, 563           | C# (A) E, 260, 261                   |
| A (A) C 71, 244, 592                      | C# (A) G 194                         |
| A (A) C# 570, 571, 572, 574               | D (A) A 274, 276                     |
| A (A) D 239, 591                          | D (A) B 285, 490                     |
| A (A) E 602                               | D (A) B& 130                         |
| A (A) D 293                               | D (A) C 246, 307, 485, 486, 487, 489 |
| B (A) B 241, 283                          | D (A) D 270, 483, 484                |
| B& (A) A 137                              | E (A) A 290, 291, 292                |
| C (A) A 255, 256, 513                     | E (A) D 287, 288                     |
| C (A) B 254, 269                          | E (A) G, 289                         |
| C (A) C 257, 258, 259, 267, 268, 280, 281 | F# (A) C# 264                        |
| C (A) D 251, 252, 253, 277, 278, 279      | A (B) B 564                          |
| C (A) G, 271                              | A (B) C 565                          |
| C# (A) A 273, 275                         | B (B) B 299                          |
| C# (A) B 282                              | B (B) B 300                          |
| C# (A) B& 286                             | C (B) A 294, 295, 296, 297, 298      |

- C# (B) B 175  
 D (B) A 304  
 D (B) C 306, 308  
 D (B) D 301, 302, 303, 309  
 D (B) E 310  
 E (B) A 394  
 E (B) C 387  
 E (B) E 311  
 C (B&) A 132  
 D (B&) B& 131  
 D (B&) C 305  
 A (C) A 566, 567, 568  
 A (C) D 590  
 B (C) C 355  
 B& (C) B& 318  
 C (C) A 266, 313, 314, 315, 321, 333, 334, 335,  
 337, 340, 341, 342, 352, 353, 354  
 C (C) C 316, 317, 322, 323, 336, 344, 346, 347,  
 348, 349  
 C (C) D 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331,  
 345, 573  
 C (C) E 440  
 D (C) A 338, 339, 360, 363, 364, 365, 366  
 D (C) B 481, 452  
 D (C) C 359, 362, 379, 380, 382  
 D (C) D 356, 390  
 D (C) G 319, 320  
 E (C) A 369, 381, 383, 386, 389, 395, 401, 402,  
 404  
 E (C) B 385  
 E (C) C 367, 368, 370, 371, 376, 377, 378, 384,  
 388, 400, 403  
 E (C) D 479  
 F, (C) C 332  
 G' (C) C 372, 373  
 G' (C) D 374, 375  
 A (C#) C# 569  
 C# (C#) B 350  
 C# (C#) C# 351, 438, 439  
 E (C#) B 391, 392, 393, 397, 398, 399  
 E (C#) C# 396  
 E (C#) D 312  
 G (D) G 580, 581  
 A (D) A 414, 415, 588, 589  
 A (D) B 586  
 A (D) C 416, 575, 576,  
 A (D) D 511, 512, 514, 577, 578,  
 A (D) G 579  
 B (D) B 585  
 B (D) D 584  
 B& (D) B& 587  
 B& (D) C 582, 583  
 C (D) A 427  
 C (D) C 417, 418, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 429,  
 435, 436, 437  
 C (D) D 434  
 C (D) G 419, 425, 426, 431, 432, 433  
 D (D) A 454, 457  
 D (D) B 343, 361, 445, 449, 458  
 D (D) C 428, 444, 450, 465, 488, 491  
 D (D) G 430, 442, 447, 448  
 E (D) A 452, 471  
 E (D) B 459, 463  
 E (D) C 451, 460, 477, 492  
 E (D) C# 455, 478  
 E (D) D 464, 466, 472, 480,  
 E (D) E 453, 456,  
 E (D) G 446, 467, 468  
 F# (D) B 497, 500, 501, 502  
 F# (D) C 469, 493, 494, 495, 496  
 F# (D) D 498, 499  
 F# (D) E 470  
 G' (D) D 515  
 C (E) A 408  
 D (E) A 474, 476  
 D (E) B 443  
 D (E) D 413  
 E (E) A 473, 475  
 E (E) B 407, 410, 411  
 E (E) C 405, 409  
 E (E) D 406, 412, 461, 462  
 E (E) E 441, 441  
 G (E) C 503, 504, 505, 506, 507  
 G (E) D 509, 510, 516  
 G# (E) C 508

## Scales

Az alábbi skálák meglehetősen jól jellemzik az egyes dallamok skáláit, de természetesen a részletes lejegyzés sok kisebb-nagyobb eltérést mutatna egyes hangok magasságaiban. Vannak olyan dallamok is, melyekben határozottabban váltakozik egy hang és módosított változata, pl. № 26-ban magas és alacsonyabb 2. fok, № 554-ban pedig magas és alacsonyabb 6. fok is szerepel. Mégis, e dallamok többsége is beosztható volt valamelyik alábbi csoportba.

### *Scales with minor third*

Aeolian 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 93, 94, 97, 98, 99, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 4121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 132, 134, 138, 139, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 182, 183, 184, 185, 188, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 224, 225, 226, 227, 230, 232, 233, 237, 238, 239, 240, 242, 243, 244, 250, 251, 254, 255, 256, 266, 268, 270, 272, 281, 287, 288, 291, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 300, 301, 302, 303, 305, 306, 307, 308, 312, 313, 314, 316, 317, 319, 320, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 333, 334, 337, 338, 339, 341, 343, 345, 346, 355, 361, 362, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 375, 376, 377, 378, 380, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 401, 404, 405, 406, 407, 413, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 431, 433, 434, 436, 437, 440, 442, 445, 446, 447, 451, 456, 458, 459, 460, 463, 466, 467, 468, 473, 475, 476, 477, 480, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 504, 506, 507, 510, 517, 518, 519, 520, 527, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 542, 543, 544, 545, 547, 548, 549, 552, 553, 555, 558, 559, 560, 563, 564, 565, 584, 585, 586, 588, 590, 591, 592, 602

Dorian (#) 38, 39, 40, 41, 71, 95, 154, 222, 223, 228, 229, 231, 236, 245, 246, 252, 253, 271, 277, 280, 289, 290, 293, 309, 310, 311, 389, 390, 400, 402, 403, 409, 410, 411, 412, 432, 443, 444, 448, 449, 450, 461, 462, 464, 469, 470, 471, 472, 481, 482, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 505, 509, 515, 516, 521, 522, 523, 554<sup>(h)</sup>, 556, 557, 562, 575, 576, 578, 579, 580, 581

Phrygian (&) 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26<sup>(h)</sup>, 27, 28, 91, 92, 135, 137, 140, 141, 142, 163, 164, 187, 189, 257, 258, 259, 267, 269, 276, 315, 318, 321, 332, 335, 340, 342, 343, 347, 348, 349, 352, 353, 354, 356, 359, 360, 374, 379, 408, 414, 457, 479, 528, 540, 541, 566, 567, 568, 577, 582, 583,

Locrian (&&) 299

### *Scales with major third*

Mixolydian (##) 79, 80, 81, 85, 101, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 180, 190, 191, 192, 194, 196, 213, 241, 247, 248, 249, 292, 312, 350, 351, 391, 392, 393, 394, 396, 397, 398, 399, 511, 512, 525, 526, 539, 550, 551, 569, 596, 598, 600

Ionian (###) 82, 83, 84, 100, 102, 127, 175, 176, 177, 178, 181, 193, 211, 212, 214, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 282, 283, 284, 514, 524, 570, 571, 572, 574, 593, 594, 595, 597, 599

Lydian (####) 179, 195

*Scales with augmented second*

As regards scales with an augmented second, in Turkish folk music and in the Balkans the augmented second appears most frequently between the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> degrees (B&-C#). In the scale of № 561 there are two major seconds, one between B& and C#, the other between E& and F#. The scales including E&-F# and G#-F augmented seconds are also rare in Turkish folk music.

B-C# 55, 96, 128, 129, 130, 131, 133, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 186, 234, 235, 273, 274, 275, 285, 286, 304, 363, 364, 430, 438, 439, 441, 452, 453, 454, 455, 474, 478, 513, 546, 587, 601

B-C#- E& 561

E&-F# 278, 344, 573, 435, 465

F-G# 381, 508

*Other special scales*

F#-D(♯) 279

B+D, 136, 336

E& 357, 423, 589, 358 (♯)

*Toneset of the rotating motives (the central note is bold and underlined)*

Scales						№
	E-	<b><u>D-</u></b>	C			11, 14, 17
f-	E-	<b><u>D-</u></b>	C			1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 19
g-	E-	<b><u>D-</u></b>	C			10
	E-	<b><u>D-</u></b>	C-	B	12, 13	
f-	E-	<b><u>D#-</u></b>	C			15
			C-	<b><u>B-</u></b>	A	16
		D-	C-	<b><u>B-</u></b>	A	18, 20

## • Compass

It is not always easy to determine the range of tones used because a less important note above or below may also appear. However, the compass is also informative because most Thracian tunes have conjunct motion and structure, and the typical melody movement is descending or outlining a hill.<sup>205</sup>

Below we are listing the compasses in a mechanical order by the lowest note and within the group of the same deepest note by the height of the top notes. It is to be noted that the lower G or G# note is rarely built organically into the melody, often only occurring briefly at the beginning or the end of the tune. In this musical world

<sup>205</sup> Not regarding the undulating movements and forms rotating around a tetrachord here.

therefore the tonal ranges of G,- and A,- are in “kinship”. Tunes containing F, (#) or E have a more specific, distinguished role. It is most probable that they are the outcome of extra folk music influences. The major compass groups are the following:

G/A-C	These tunes of the narrowest range rotate around A of the (G)-A-B-C chord.
G/A-D	a narrow range characteristic of many tunes
G/A-E	a group larger and more significant than the previous one. I ranged here the tunes that skip the 6 <sup>th</sup> degree and use G' as well.
G/A-G' and G/A-A'	In about the same measure these two compass groups are among the most significant ones, allowing for more varied melody movements.

Several tunes can be subsumed in the G/A-F compass group in which the 6<sup>th</sup> degree is not only a grace note but an integral part of the melody. Few tunes reach higher than A'.

## Compass

G	-	B	11, 12, 14
G	-	C	1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 23, 64, 138
G	-	D	10, 26, 57, 63, 65, 72, 86, 87, 91, 94, 113, 114, 132, 239, 241, 313, 315, 317, 318, 319, 320, 527, 532, 534, 563, 583, 584
G	-	D $\flat$	140
G	-	E	45, 48, 49, 52, 53, 54, 56, 69, 74, 75, 76, 88, 122, 129, 131, 133, 143, 144, 145, 149, 150, 157, 178, 183, 203, 220, 243, 254, 255, 256, 299, 300, 307, 312, 333, 335, 337, 338, 339, 341, 343, 407, 430, 431, 518, 519, 528, 529, 536, 537, 540, 564, 483
G	-	E&	139
G	-	F	77, 96, 187, 334, 361, 369, 419, 425, 446, 478, 487, 585, 587
G	-	E&+	278
G	-	E+	200, 219, 224, 280, 288, 420, 463, 464, 535, 538, 558, 591
G	-	G	590, 60, 61, 62, 222, 223, 242, 289, 290, 291, 408, 426, 433, 447, 448, 458, 459, 489, 496, 497, 498, 520, 547, 573, 582, 586
G	-	E++	207, 277, 279, 281, 323, 387
G	-	A	98, 161, 240, 432, 443, 465, 467, 468, 523, 530, 531, 576, 390, 395, 402, 500, 502, 522, 560, 575
G	-	B'	493
G	-	C'	381
G#	-	D	37, 102, 176
G#	-	E	82, 179, 181, 195, 262, 550, 551, 570, 574, 593, 594, 595
G#	-	F	193
G#	-	F#	83, 100, 211, 212, 214, 282, 283, 284, 524, 571, 572

G#	–	A	405
G#	–	B'	508, 514
A	–	C	22, 24, 25, 134, 141
A	–	C#	101
A	–	D	28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 43, 66, 67, 68, 70, 79, 90, 93, 103, 105, 106, 107, 108, 116, 117, 128, 135, 136, 142, 164, 170, 173, 174, 175, 250, 257, 296, 314, 316, 533, 601
A	–	E	42, 44, 46, 47, 50, 51, 55, 58, 59, 73, 78, 80, 81, 89, 97, 99, 104, 109, 110, 111, 112, 115, 118, 119, 120, 121, 123, 124, 125, 126, 146, 147, 148, 153, 155, 156, 158, 159, 162, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 171, 172, 180, 182, 186, 190, 191, 192, 196, 197, 198, 199, 201, 202, 205, 221, 241, 247, 248, 249, 266, 269, 272, 276, 285, 286, 294, 295, 297, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 340, 342, 362, 363, 367, 368, 413, 416, 417, 418, 421, 427, 428, 436, 437, 438, 439, 442, 445, 477, 479, 484, 485, 486, 488, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 565, 569, 592, 596, 602
A	–	E&	137
A	–	E&+	423, 554, 589
A	–	E+	185, 209, 210, 218, 227, 230, 231, 232, 233, 287, 298, 301, 305, 372, 373, 383, 414, 415, 422, 424, 466, 490, 491, 517, 555, 556, 559, 588
A	–	E++	206, 215, 216, 217, 225, 226, 385, 481, 553
A	–	F	92, 160, 163, 184, 189, 204, 208, 235, 273, 274, 275, 306, 308, 321, 336, 352, 353, 354, 355, 359, 360, 364, 366, 440, 480, 513
A	–	F#	127, 213, 312, 343, 350, 391, 394, 396, 525, 539, 597
A	–	G	228, 229, 386, 410, 444, 462, 470, 234, 238, 270, 302, 303, 304, 309, 310, 311, 322, 346, 347, 348, 349, 356, 357, 358, 365, 370, 371, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 382, 388, 389, 406, 409, 411, 429, 434, 435, 441, 449, 450, 460, 461, 482, 499, 521, 548, 549, 562, 577, 578
A	–	A'	452, 453, 454, 455, 457, 95, 236, 237, 292, 293, 344, 345, 351, 384, 392, 393, 397, 398, 399, 401, 404, 456, 469, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 492, 494, 495, 501, 503, 504, 515, 516, 526, 552, 561, 471
A	–	B'	403, 412, 400, 507, 511, 512
A	–	C'	505, 506, 509, 510

## Form

**One section and its variants** (AvA, AĀ etc.): 12, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 43, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 79, 80, 93, 111, 517, 518, 522, 599, 600

### Two-section forms

*Ab forms*<sup>206</sup>: 8, 56, 57, 58, 97, 98, 106, 107, 108, 150

<sup>206</sup> „b” stands for a short line.

*Identical first and second sections*

AAB:<sup>207</sup> 54, 78, 141, 159, 198, 204, 206, 214, 251, 252, 253, 255, 295, 296, 299, 378, 423, 443, 450, 464, 521, 524, 532

AABB:<sup>208</sup> 11, 40, 41, 45, 46, 50, 53, 59, 61, 72, 81, 83, 140, 160, 162, 171, 182, 201, 202, 203, 211, 212, 230, 234, 254, 258, 260, 261, 262, 264, 272, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 294, 297, 300, 309, 311, 315, 321, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 335, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 346, 347, 348, 364, 366, 371, 374, 375, 387, 396, 414, 416, 419, 420, 421, 422, 424, 431, 435, 446, 448, 465, 467, 468, 472, 474, 476, 511, 519, 520, 523, 527, 533, 534, 535, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 553, 558, 559, 562, 582, 583, 584, 588, 589, 590, 597

*Identical first and second sections with cadence variants*

AABkB:<sup>209</sup> 4, 6, 38, 39, 52, 60, 62, 84, 87, 139, 145, 163, 187, 188, 200, 207, 210, 220, 222, 223, 224, 227, 228, 236, 237, 240, 241, 242, 243, 246, 247, 248, 249, 256, 273, 274, 276, 277, 278, 279, 312, 329, 345, 352, 355, 359, 360, 381, 432, 438, 439, 445, 452, 453, 454, 461, 462, 466, 469, 473, 512, 514, 526, 538, 552, 555, 556

AAk(B):<sup>210</sup> 42, 263, 275, 435, 513, 585

*Different first and second sections*

AB:<sup>211</sup> 9, 10, 14, 27, 44, 47, 48, 49, 51, 55, 73, 74, 75, 82, 85, 89, 90, 91, 92, 94, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 109, 110, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 134, 136, 138, 142, 144, 146, 147, 148, 149, 151, 152, 153, 154, 158, 164, 165, 166, 167, 169, 170, 172, 173, 174, 175, 177, 179, 180, 181, 185, 190, 191, 193, 197, 199, 208, 209, 213, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 221, 225, 226, 231, 232, 233, 244, 245, 265, 298, 310, 313, 314, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 328, 330, 331, 333, 337, 349, 361, 382, 390, 408, 415, 417, 418, 430, 434, 442, 445, 447, 449, 455, 463, 470, 496, 528, 529, 530, 531, 536, 537, 541, 542, 543, 545, 554, 560, 561, 565, 586, 587, 593, 596, 601

*Different first and second sections with cadence variants*

ABAkA: 168, ABBkB: 130, 579, ABkAB192, 595, ABkB: 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 76, 77, 112, 121, 155, 156, 178, 183, 186, 229, 257, 353, 354, 363, 433, 475, 539, 540, 580, 581, AkABB: 86, 239, 259, 322, 334, 444, 544, AkABkB: 88, 157, 176, 189, 196, 356, 357, 358, 471, 525, 557

<sup>207</sup> Similar forms are AAB + *Refr*, AAB+ and aAB+.

<sup>208</sup> Similar forms are: AABB + *Refr*, AABB+, AABvB, AvABvB, AAB+B, AAAAB, AAAB AB, AABBB, AAAABB, AAABB and AABBBB.

<sup>209</sup> Similar forms are: AAAAABk|AB, AAABkB, AABk+B+, AABk+B+, AABkB, AABkB + *Refr*. and AABkB|ABkB.

<sup>210</sup> Similar forms are AAk+b, AAKB+ and AAKBkB.

<sup>211</sup> Similar forms are: A+B, A+B AB, AB + *Refr*; AB (=abc), AB|A+B (+), AB|AAB, AB|AB|ABkA, AB|AB|ABvBv+, AB|AB|AvAvBvB|AkAkBvBv, AB|AB|BB, AB|ABAAAA, AB|ABBk+B+, AB|ABk|AvB|AB&+, AB|ABv, AB|AABAB, AB|ABB, AB+, AkA, ABB, ABB|AvB|AvB, A<sup>4</sup>AAv, ABvB, ABBB, ABBBBB and ABBvBvBv AB.

**Three-section forms**<sup>212</sup>: 122, 131, 133, 143, 238, 205

**Four- or more section forms**

AB|CB (two-sections character)

ABCB: 95, 96, 137, 194, 268, 270, 292, ABBB: 286, ABCB + *Refr.*: 594, ABAB|CBCB: 26, 566, AAB-BCBB: 483

*Arc shape melodic structure*

AABA:<sup>213</sup> 563, 570, 571, 572, 574, 591, 592, 598,

ABCA-like: ABABCACA: 569, 577, ABkABCA: 567 and ABBkA<sup>214</sup>: 564, 568

*Descending melodies*

AABC:<sup>215</sup> 13, 184, 332, 344, 351, 405, 406, 407, 409, 410, 411, 412, 440, 488, 573, 602, ABAC:<sup>216</sup> 267, 301, 302, ABBB: 269, 290, 291, ABBC:<sup>217</sup> 131, 135, 266, 362, 367, 368, 372, 373, 376, 377, 379, 380, 384, 385, 400, 477, ABCC:<sup>218</sup> 132, 161, 436, 437, ABCD:<sup>219</sup> 71, 250, 271, 285, 287, 288, 289, 293, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 336, 350, 365, 369, 370, 383, 386, 388, 389, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 397, 398, 399, 401, 402, 403, 404, 413, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 478, 479, 480, 481, 484, 485, 486, 487, 489, 490, 499, 575, 576, 578

*Disjunct character*

A<sup>5</sup>B<sup>5</sup>AB:<sup>220</sup> 498, 500, 501, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, A<sup>3-4</sup>B<sup>3-4</sup>AB: 502, A<sup>4</sup>B<sup>4</sup>AB:<sup>221</sup> 515, 516, ABk<sup>5</sup>CB: 509, 510

*Sequential descent*

A<sup>5</sup>A<sup>4</sup>A<sup>3</sup>A: 491, A<sup>5</sup>B<sup>5</sup>A<sup>2</sup>A: 497, A<sup>6</sup>A<sup>5</sup>A<sup>4</sup>A<sup>3</sup>A<sup>2</sup>A: 492, 495, A<sup>7</sup>A<sup>6</sup>A<sup>5</sup>A<sup>4</sup>A<sup>3</sup>A<sup>2</sup>A: 494, A<sup>8</sup>A<sup>6</sup>A<sup>4</sup>A<sup>2</sup>A: 493

<sup>212</sup> ABC|ABCBC, AB ABBvC and Abc too.

<sup>213</sup> AABABA and AAAABBAA too.

<sup>214</sup> And ABBAAvAAvA

<sup>215</sup> AAABC, AAB<sup>3</sup>B, AAAABCBC, AABCBC, AABCDE and AABcKc as well.

<sup>216</sup> ABkABACAC too.

<sup>217</sup> ABABBvC, ABABBCBC, ABABBCBC+Refr, ABABBCCBCC, ABABBC+Ref, ABBcKc+ *Refr*, ABvABvBCBC, ABvABvBCBC, ABvBC and ABBk+c as well.

<sup>218</sup> And ABCC+, ABABkCC, ABABkCCcKc.

<sup>219</sup> And ABABCD(CD), ABABCDkCD, AAB+CD, AABCD, ABBCDCvD, ABBkCD, ABC+DC+D, ABCDCD, A+BBC+DvD, ABCD+, ABCDBCD, ABCDD,\_ABCDD, ABCDk+CD+, ABCDkCD, ABCkC, AkABC, D|ABCDCD, xABCDx.

<sup>220</sup> A<sup>5</sup>B<sup>5</sup>A<sup>5</sup>B<sup>5</sup>ABAB, A<sup>5</sup>B<sup>5</sup>A<sup>5</sup>B<sup>5</sup>AB+AB+, A<sup>5</sup>B<sup>5</sup>A<sup>5</sup>B<sup>5</sup>ABAB, A<sup>5</sup>B<sup>5</sup>AB+, A<sup>5</sup>B<sup>5</sup>ABAB+, A<sup>5</sup>B<sup>5</sup>BA<sup>5</sup>Bv<sup>5</sup>AvkB and ABABA<sup>5</sup>B<sup>5</sup>A<sup>5</sup>B<sup>5</sup>ABAB.

<sup>221</sup> A<sup>4</sup>B<sup>4</sup>A<sup>4</sup>B<sup>4</sup>ABAB and A<sup>4</sup>A<sup>4</sup>B<sup>4-5</sup>AB+.



## Meter

Meter		№
10/8	2+3+2+3	74, 80, 195, 270, 315, 319, 320, 343, 355, 376, 377, 435, 472, 483, 484, 490, 519, 596
10/8	3+2+2+3	304, 349, 411, 419, 420, 421, 523, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589
2/4		10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 22, 24, 26, 28, 43, 57, 69, 79, 101, 102, 103, 104, 114, 135, 137, 142, 180, 230, 234, 272, 287, 288, 312, 328, 353, 354, 359, 360, 361, 368, 391, 405, 406, 444, 466, 467, 468, 470, 478, 480, 536, 537, 546, 578, 598, 600
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5/4	3+2	308
5/8	2+3	214, 268, 294, 295, 296, 297, 306, 340, 342, 356, 410, 413, 446
5/8	3+2	113, 117, 118, 120, 204, 301, 302, 503, 504, 507, 538, 557, 591
6/4		58, 193, 518, 597
6/4, 5/4		576
6/8		7, 8, 29, 30, 38, 39, 49, 60, 61, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 71, 73, 75, 76, 77, 84, 85, 86, 87, 99, 144, 148, 150, 155, 156, 157, 184, 186, 190, 200, 209, 213, 216, 217, 220, 225, 226, 227, 289, 299, 305, 309, 310, 311, 330, 331, 336, 350, 351, 374, 381, 383, 384, 385, 386, 392, 393, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 427, 428, 429, 462, 494, 502, 517, 530, 531, 534, 535, 552, 553, 555, 558, 559, 561, 571
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7/4	2+2+3	357, 358, 445, 464
7/4	3+2+2	496, 560
7/8	2+2+3	2, 189, 191, 463, 491, 516
7/8	3+2+2	219, 298, 352, 387, 292, 402, 416, 465, 482, 488, 495, 592 (433: 14/8)
8/8	3+2+3	48, 167, 168, 236, 251, 252, 253, 269, 285, 286, 313, 314, 333, 334, 335, 337, 338, 339, 347, 348, 380, 390, 409, 412, 415, 417, 418, 422, 423, 424, 430, 434, 456, 569, 575, 166
8/8	2+3+3	183, (78 and 233: 8/8 and 10/8)
9/16	2+2+2+3	425

9/8	2+2+2+3	27, 41, 56, 89, 92, 93, 96, 98, 105, 106, 107, 108, 122, 141, 143, 153, 154, 165, 169, 170, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 205, 211, 212, 218, 222, 224, 228, 229, 237, 245, 250, 254, 265, 282, 283, 284, 307, 316, 317, 318, 370, 379, 426, 432, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 447, 448, 457, 474, 476, 520, 526, 539, 540, 550, 551, 562, 573, 601
9/8	2+3+2+2	9, 88, 94, 95, 97, 109, 110, 111, 112, 115, 116, 119, 123, 124, 125, 126, 138, 139, 140, 145, 185, 196, 198, 199, 206, 207, 210, 281, 293, 303, 323, 341, 344, 346, 388, 394, 521, 522, 524, 525, 563, 566, 567, 568
9/8	3+2+2+2	159, 271, 414
9/4	2+2+2+3	579
5/4	2+2+2+3	40 (5/4 and 9/8), 223, 235, 547-548, 549 (5/4 and 6/4)
<i>parlando</i>		17, 18, 19, 20, 23, 25, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 55, 82, 128, 134, 201, 221, 322, 332, 367, 382, 395, 404, 505, 506, 527, 532, 545, 565, 595, 602
<i>rubato</i>		54, 133, 577, 590, 593, 594

## Rhythmic patterns

90% of the melodies are characterized by a few basic rhythmic patterns, but these schemes appear in a wide variety of forms, including diverse symmetrical and asymmetrical metric patterns. Moreover, the rhythm of different lines often varies, too. The main rhythmic schemes are the following:

Nº of syllables	rhythmic pattern	percent
6	iiii   i i	1
7	iiii   ii i	26
8	iiii   iiiii	24
11	iiii i i   iiiii i and iiii   iiiii   ii i	30 9

## Genre of the songs

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*A fentiekén kívül a következő helyek szerepeltek adatközlők születési helyeként:*

*Trakya:* Ahlatlı, Beyci, Karaabalar, Karacık, Terzidere, Topçular

*Bulgaria:* Deli Orman, Eskicuma, Hiskova, Köşençiftlik, Osmanpazarı, Razgrad, Yenibal and melodies collected by Eszter Lénárt

*Greece:* Selanik

*Macedonia:* İştıp-Çetaşka

*Turkey, from Alevi:* Erzurum, Sivas (Minare Kangal)

*Turkey, from Sunnis:* Hayrabolu, İpsala, Gaziantep (Nizep)

A comprehensive map (trak map 1.tif)

A térképet kérem az Azeri folk songs kötet 607-ik oldalán találhatóhoz hasonlóra készíteni. (S.J.)

## CD-SUPPLEMENT

### Religious songs

1	Deyiş	Nº 12	00:00
2	Semah	Nº 72	00:49
3	Semah	Nº 86	02:56
4	Semah	Nº 94	05:09
5	Kırklar semahı	Nº 139	06:30
6	Nefes	Nº 177	07:55
7	Semah	Nº 192	09:07
8	Mersiye	Nº 200	10:45
9	Kırklar semahı	Nº 207	14:54
10	Alevi deyiş	Nº 231	22:39
11	Nefes	Nº 241	26:41
12	Alevi deyiş	Nº 246	32:00
13	Mersiye	Nº 251	36:28
14	Nefes	Nº 258	40:59
15	Nefes	Nº 263	43:25
16	Semah	Nº 281	47:17
17	Nefes	Nº 286	52:39
18	Nefes	Nº 294	53:33
19	Nefes	Nº 303	55:59
20	Nefes	Nº 306	57:25
21	Mersiye	Nº 322	1:00:54
22	Nefes	Nº 332	1:05:23
23	Semah	Nº 344	1:07:44
24	Kırklar semahı	Nº 356	1:10:52
25	Nefes	Nº 364	1:14:59
26	Düvazdeh nefesi	Nº 378	1:16:55
27	Nefes	Nº 397	1:23:09
28	Nefes	Nº 408	1:24:06
29	Nefes	Nº 413	1:25:57
30	Nefes	Nº 417	1:27:03

31	Nefes	№ 443	1:29:42
32	Nefes	№ 444	1:32:07
33	Nefes	№ 471	1:35:05
34	Nefes	№ 483	1:40:28
35	Nefes	№ 489	1:42:46
36	Nefes	№ 492	1:44:44
37	Nefes	№ 494	1:47:28
38	Nefes	№ 500	1:47:50
39	Nefes	№ 516	1:50:37
40	Nefes	№ 518	1:55:12
41	Nefes	№ 524	1:57:11
42	Nefes	№ 525	2:00:39
43	Düvazdeh nefesi	№ 527	2:01:27
44	Mersiye	№ 530	2:04:12
45	Matem nefesi	№ 535	2:04:25
46	Kırklar semahı	№ 556	2:11:13
47	Semah	№ 559	2:13:07
48	Matem nefesi	№ 590	2:15:00
49	Mersiye	№ 573	2:17:57
50	Nefes	№ 580	2:23:48
51	Nefes	№ 583	2:25:14
52	Nefes	№ 588	2:27:09
53	Nefes	№ 591	2:29:25

#### Folk songs

54	Hıdrellez türküsü	№ 2	2:33:49
55	Hıdrellez türküsü	№ 5	2:34:59
56	Rain begging song (yağmur duası)	№ 13	2:35:53
57	Semah	№ 14	2:36:04
58	Dirge (ağıt)	№ 25	2:36:18
59	Bride's farewell (gelin ağlatması)	№ 32	2:36:45
60	Türkü	№ 44	2:37:12
61	Hıdrellez türküsü	№ 50	2:38:32
62	Rain-begging song (yağmur duası)	№ 101	2:39:08
63	Türkü	№ 105	2:40:16
64	Mani	№ 124	2:40:35
65	Hıdrellez türküsü	№ 162	2:41:11
66	Türkü	№ 178	2:41:31
67	Türkü	№ 182	2:42:48
68	Hıdrellez türküsü	№ 184	2:43:37
69	Mani	№ 202	2:43:50
70	Wedding song (düğün türküsü)	№ 212	2:44:40



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71	Türkü	№ 218	2:46:17
72	Türkü	№ 268	2:47:23
73	Türkü	№ 325	2:48:26
74	Türkü	№ 365	2:50:01
75	Türkü	№ 382	2:50:58
76	Türkü	№ 384	2:52:48
77	Türkü	№ 386	2:53:17
78	Türkü	№ 407	2:54:15
79	Türkü	№ 430	2:54:41
80	Türkü	№ 450	2:55:27
81	Türkü	№ 458	2:57:29
2	Türkü	№ 478	3:00:20
83	Mani	№ 578	3:01:01
84	Türkü	№ 593	3:02:06
85	Türkü	№ 597	3:02:48
86	Counting-out-rhyme (tekerleme)	№ 600	3:04:55
87	Türkü	№ 601	3:05:09
		Total	3:05:26



## KÉPEK LISTÁJA (+TRAK MAP-1 ÉS MAP)

Borító: 228 (33, 258, HajiBektash)

### 01-13 kiválasztott képek

100-asok: szövegekhez kiválasztott képek (Éva)

200-asok: pót képek

### Pictures

- 01 H.Y. baba and his wife at a sacred place of the Bektashis (→240)
  - 02 Dervishes in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century (→Birge 1937, illustration 20) (→Birge kisebb)
  - 03 Cami in a Bektashi village (→305)
  - 04 A popular representation of Hacı Bektash with a lion and a stag (→HacıBektash)
  - 05 Bread is ready at a Bektashi family's place in Musulça (→11)
  - 06 Semah tunes being recorded from two zakirs during a ceremony (→24)
  - 07 Saying grace during a cem (→319)
  - 08 Semah dance in Topcular during a Bektashi outdoor festival (→255)
  - 09 *Niyaz* at the end of the semah in Çorlu (→8)
  - 10 A dervish singing semah at a cem ceremony in Zeytinburnu (→348)
  - 11 Singing semah (→357)
  - 12 High spirits during the *muhabbet* (→321)
  - 13 Two Bektashi babas singing (→334)
- 
- 100 Whirling *dörtlü semah* (→23)
  - 100 Three women and a man dancing *dörtü semah* (→33)
  - 100 A dervish woman in Ahmetler in the yard of a village house (→230)
  - 100 Bektashi dervishes singing at a cem (→325)
  - 200 The dedebaba with Éva Csáki (→152)
  - 200 *Asure* being cooked in the foreground of the *dergah* in the sacred month (→193)
  - 200 Women singing merry nefeses on the occasion of the Nevruz at a cem in Kırklareli (→224)
  - 200 Bektashi women at a Bektashi festival in Topcular (→250)
  - 200 Elderly and young Bektashis dancing (→258)
  - 200 Roma musicians in Kırklareli (2 zhurnas, drum) (→266)
  - 200 *Dörtlü semah* being danced transfigured in Zeytinburnu (→327)
  - 200 (→Bektashlion)
  - 00 H.Y. baba with his brother and a dervish at the place of honour of the *dergah* (→228)