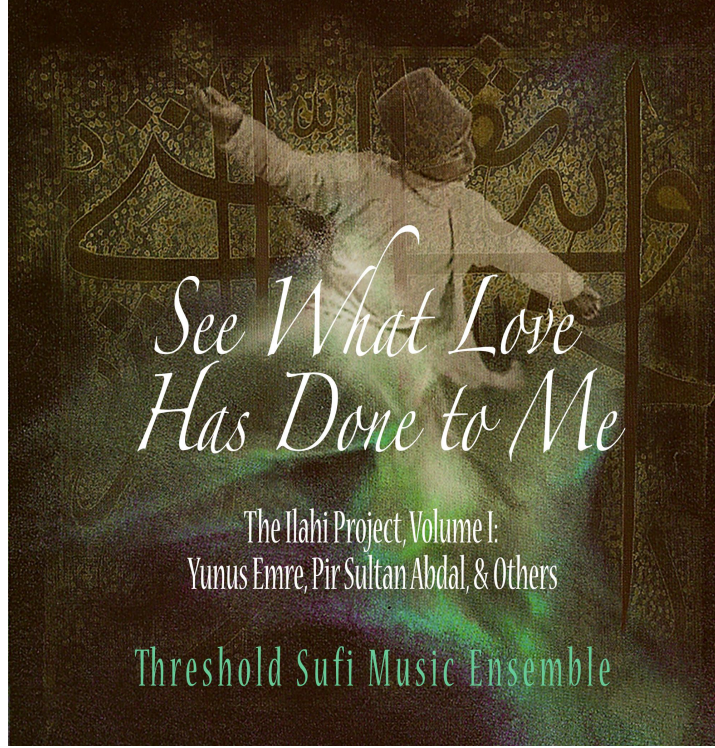




THRESHOLD SUFI MUSIC ENSEMBLE

A Project of Threshold Society (Sufism.org)

in association with Threshold Productions

*In honor of the living tradition of tekke ilahis,
a common heritage among the Sufi lineages. This medley is designed to be
listened to in the order of the five makams, and can be used for a Meshk,
i.e. a period of communal singing and whirling.*

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N'oldu bu gönlüm (Uşşak), Haji Bayram Veli, Suleyman Ergüner

Türkçe

N'oldu bu gönlüm, n'oldu bu gönlüm,
Derd ü gamınla doldu bu gönlüm.
Yandı bu gönlüm, yandı bu gönlüm,
Yanmada derman buldu bu gönlüm.

Gerçi ki yandı, gerçeğe yandı,
Rengine aşkın cümle boyandı.
Kendide buldu, kendide buldu,
Matlabını hoş buldu bu gönlüm.

Bayram'ım imdi, bayram'ım imdi,
Bayram ederler yâr ile şimdi.
Hamd ü senâlar, hamd ü senâlar,
Yâr ile bayram kıldı bu gönlüm.

English

What happened to this heart of mine?
So filled with sorrow and pain
It burned, this heart of mine, it burned;
But in its pain, the remedy was found.

Though it burned, it burned for the truth;
All was colored by the hue of love.
Within itself, within itself,
It found what it desired and was pleased.

Now is the celebration, now is the festival;
Now they celebrate with the beloved.
Praises and thanks, praises and thanks;
With the beloved, this heart made a festival.

Bu akl ü fikr ile Mevlâm bulunmaz (Uşşak),

Yunus Emre

Türkçe

Bu akl-ü fikr'ile Mevla bulunmaz
Bu ne yâredir ki merhem bulunmaz

Yâ Allâh, yâ Allâh, Allâh Allâh Allâh

Kâmunun derdine dermân bulunur
Şu benim derdime dermân bulunmaz

Aşkın pazârında cânlar satılır
Satarım cânımı, alan bulunmaz

Yûnus öldü deyü salâ verirler
Ölen hayvân imiş, âşıklar ölmez

English

With reason and thought alone, my Lord cannot be found.
What realm is this where no balm can be found?

For everyone's afflictions, remedies are found;
But for my own grief, no remedy is found.

In Love's marketplace, souls are offered for sale;
I would sell my soul, yet no buyer is found.

They proclaim with the funeral call, "Yunus has died"—
It is the beast that dies—lovers do not die.

Bilmem n'ideyim aşkın elinden (Uşşak),

Yunus Emre, Mehmet Nezhir Tolun

Türkçe

Bilmem n'ideyim, Allah Allah,
aşkın elinden, Hayy, Hayy!
Kande gideyim, aşkın elinden

Şallallâhu 'alâ Muhammed
Şallallâhu 'Aleyke Ahmed

Meskenim dağlar, Allah Allah,
gözyaşımla çağlar, Hayy, Hayy!
Durmaz kan ağlar, aşkın elinden

Yûnus'un sözü, Allah Allah,
köz olmuş özü, Hayy, Hayy!
Kan ağlar gözü, aşkın elinden

English

I don't know what to do, under the hand of love.
Where could I flee, under the hand of love?

Salala Allah Muhammad, salala alayki Ahmad x2

My dwelling is the mountains, my tears stream like torrents.
It does not cease, my heart weeps blood, under the hand of love.

Yunus's word is this: his very essence has become a burning coal.
His eyes weep blood, under the hand of love.

Nice bir uyursun uyanmaz mısın (Hicaz), Yunus Emre

Türkçe

Âh nice bir uyursun uyanmaz mısın
Göçtü kervan kaldık dağlar başında

Çağrışır tellallar inanmaz mısın
Göçtü kervan kaldık dağlar başında

Yunus sen bu dünyaya niye geldin
Gece gündüz Hakk'ı zikretsın dilin

Evliyâya uğramaz ise yolun
Göçtü kervan kaldık dağlar başında

English

Why are you sleeping, why won't you wake up?
The caravan's long gone and we're left behind in these mountains.
The criers called out loud, why couldn't you hear them?
The caravan's long gone and we're left behind in these mountains.

Yunus why did you come to this world?
Your tongue should invoke Allah day and night
Or you will not be on the path of God's friends.
The caravan's long gone and we're left behind in these mountains.

Çağırayım Mevlâm seni (Hicaz), Yunus Emre

Türkçe

Dağlar ile, taşlar ile çağırayım Mevlâm seni
Seherlerde kuşlar ile çağırayım Mevlâm seni

Gökyüzünde İsa ile, Tur dağında Mûsâ ile
Elimde asa ile çağırayım Mevlâm seni

Yunus okur diller ile, ol kumru bülbüller ile
Hakk'ı seven kullar ile çağırayım Mevlâm seni

English

With the mountains and the stones
Let me call to You, my Lord.
Along with birds singing at dawn
Let me call to You, my Lord.

Along with Jesus in the sky,
Along with Moses on the mountain,
And the staff in his hand,
Let me call to You, my Lord.

Yunus, joined together with all the hearts
Of those who love Truth (Haqq)
And with those who know our Pride (Muhammad),
Let me call to You, my Lord.

Ömrün bitirmiş virâne miyem (Hicaz), Muzaffar Ozak

Türkçe

Ömrün bitirmiş
Virane miyem
Akıl yitirmiş
Divane miyem

Yaşlı gözlerim
Tutmaz dizlerim
Yolun izlerim
Mestane miyem

Nedir bu halim
Artar melâlim
Söyle a zalim
Bigane miyem

Meczûb sanırlar
Mecnûn tanırlar
Hep aldanırlar
Virane miyim

Kanat vururum
Döner dururum
Yanar kururum
Pervâne miyim

Aşkî can fedâ
Olsa ne fayda
Aşk oku yayda
Kemâne miyim

English

Am I in ruins,
Having spent my life?
Am I mad,
Having lost my mind?

My eyes grow dim,
My knees give way.
I trace your path—
Am I drunk in love?

What is this state?
My sorrow swells.
Speak, cruel one—
Am I indifferent?

They call me possessed,
They name me Majnun.
They're all mistaken—
Am I in ruins?

I flap my wings,
I turn and spin.
I burn and fade—
Am I a moth?

Aşkî gives his life—
What gain is there?
Love's arrow drawn—
Am I the bowstring?

Qaside, Muhammed Es'ad Erbili

Türkçe

Gönül Nûr-i cemâlinden Habibim bir ziyâ ister,
Gözün Hâk-ı rehinden ey Tâbîbim tûtiyâ ister.

Safây-ı sineme zulmet veren; jeng-i günâhımdır
Aman ey kân-ı ihsân zulmeti kalbim cilâ ister.

Yetiş imdâde ey şâh-i Risâlet, rûz-i mahşerde,
Ki derdi bîdevây-ı mâ'siyet senden şifâ ister.

Ne âb-ı dîdeden rahat, ne âh-ı sineden imdâd.
Benim bâr-ı günahım lûtf-i şâh-ı enbiyâ ister.

Sarıldım dâmen-i ihsânına ey şâfiî ümmet,
Dahîlek yâ Muhammed, hasta cânım bir devâ ister.

Gül-i ruhsârına meftûn olanlar şüphesiz sensiz
Ne Mülk-ü mâl-ü câh ister, ne de zevk-u safa ister.

Nola bir kere şâd olsa cemal-i bâ kemâlinle,
Ki kemter bendeniz Es'ad sana olmak fedâ ister.

English

My heart desires a ray of light, O Beloved,
From the radiance of Your beauty.
My eye longs for collyrium, O Healer,
From the dust of Your path.

The stain of my sins has cast darkness
Upon the purity of my breast.
O mine of generosity,
My darkened heart seeks Your polish.

Come to my aid, O Sovereign of Messengers,
On the Day of Gathering!
For the incurable wound of my sins
Asks for healing from You.

No relief comes from the water of tears,
Nor help from the sighs of the breast.
The burden of my sins
Asks for the grace of the Prince of Prophets.

I have clung to the hem of Your generosity,
O intercessor of the community.
For God's sake, O Muḥammad,
My ailing soul seeks a cure.

Those enamored of the rose of Your cheek,
Without doubt, ask for nothing else:
Neither kingdom, wealth, nor grandeur,
Nor the delights of pleasure and ease.

What if, just once, my lowly soul
Were gladdened by the perfection of Your beauty!
For I, Your least servant Es'ad,
Long only to be sacrificed for You.

Bu aşk bir bahri ummandır (Nihavent), Seyyid Seyfulla

Türkçe

Bu aşk bir bahr-i ummândır
Buna hadd ü kenâr olmaz
Delîlim sırr-ı Kur'ân'dır
Bunu bilende âr olmaz

Salâtullâh Selâmullâh
'Aleyke yâ Rasûlallâh
'Aleyke yâ Habîballâh

Eğer âşık isen yâre
Sakın aldanma ağyâre
Düş İbrâhîm gibi nâre
Bu gülşende yanâr olmaz

Seyfullah sözünde mestdir
Şeyhinden aldığı destdir
Dîvâne-râ kalem nîstdir
Ne söylese kınâr olmaz

English

This love is an infinite ocean,
With no limit or boundary.
I call to witness the Mystery of the Qur'an.
Whoever knows this is not dishonored.

If you are a lover, devoted to the Beloved,
Take care, do not be deceived by strangers.
Fall into the fire like Abraham.
In this rose garden you will not be burned.

Seyfullah is drunk with his Master's word,
His inspiration's taken from the hand of his shaykh.
For one mad with love, no rules apply.
He can't be blamed, whatever he says.

Güzel âşık çekemezsi demedim mi (Nihavent), Pir Sultan Abdal, Hüseyin Sebilci

Türkçe

Güzel âşık cevrimizi
Çekemezsin demedim mi
Bu bir rızâ lokmasıdır
Yiyemezsin demedim mi

*Demedim mi demedim mi,
Gönül sana söylemedim mi
Bu bir rızâ lokmasıdır,
Yiyemezsin demedim mi*

Yemeyenler kalır nâçar
Gözlerinden kanlar saçar
Bu bir demdir gelir geçer
Duyamazsın demedim mi

*Demedim mi demedim mi,
Gönül sana söylemedim mi
Bu bir demdir gelir geçer
Duyamazsın demedim mi*

Pir Sultan Ali Şâhımız
Hakka ulaşır rahımız
On iki imam katârımız
Uyamazsın demedim mi

*Demedim mi demedim mi,
Gönül sana söylemedim mi
On iki imam katarımız
Uyamazsın demedim mi*

English

O beautiful lover, didn't I tell you
That you couldn't bear this torment?
This is a morsel of submission,
Didn't I tell you that you couldn't swallow it?

Didn't I say, didn't I say,
O heart, didn't I already warn you?
This is the morsel of divine surrender,
you cannot eat it—didn't I tell you?

Those who do not eat are destitute,
They shed tears of blood.
This is an instant of time that will come to pass,
Didn't I tell you you would miss it?

Didn't I say, didn't I say,
O heart, didn't I already tell you?
This is but a moment that comes and goes,
You cannot perceive it—didn't I tell you?

Sultan Abdal is our saint,
Our painful cries reach Allah,
We follow the Twelve Imams.
Didn't I tell you you couldn't catch up with us?

Didn't I say, didn't I say,
O heart, didn't I already tell you?
Our caravan is of the Twelve Imams—
You cannot follow it, didn't I tell you?

Aşkın ile âşıklar (Nihavent), Yunus Emre, Doğan Ergin

Türkçe

Aşkın ile âşklar yansın
Y Reslallah
İçip aşkın şarabı kansın
Y Reslallah

Şıbseni seven kişi
Verir yoluna başı
İki cihân güneşsensin
Y Reslallah

Şıbseni sevdi sübhan
Oldu kamuya sultan
Canım yoluna kurban olsun
Y Reslallah

Aşk Yunus'un canı
Hilm ü şfaat kân
Alemlerin sultanı
Sensin ya Raslallah!

English

Let the lovers burn with
Your love, ya Resulallah.
Let them drink the wine of love
Until they are satisfied.

The one who loves you will not
Be afraid to lay his life for you.
The sun to both worlds
It is you, ya Resulallah.

Exalted is He who loved you,
You became the sovereign of all,
May my soul be sacrificed in your path,
O Messenger of God.

The life of the lover Yunus,
The source of gentleness and intercession,
The sultan of both worlds,
It is you, ya Resulallah.

Cânım kurban olsun senin yoluna (Segah), Yunus Emre, Amir

Ateş

Türkçe

Yâ Rasûlallâh
Yâ Habîballâh
Yâ Şeff'allâh
Yâ Nebiyyallâh
Sallallâhu 'alâ Muhammed
Sallallâhu aleyhi ve sellem

Canım kurban olsun senin yoluna
Adı güzel, kendi güzel Muhammed
Gel şefaateyle kemter kuluna,
Adı güzel, kendi güzel Muhammed.

Yûnus'ler cihânı neylerem sensiz,
Sen Hak Peygambersin, şeksiz, gümânsız,
Sana inanmayan gider imânsız,
Adı güzel, kendi güzel Muhammed.

English

*O Messenger of God,
O Beloved of God,
O Intercessor of God (bridge of Love to God),
O Prophet of God!
May blessings be upon Muhammad.
May blessings and peace be upon him.*

May my soul be sacrificed upon Your path,
Your name is beautiful and you yourself are beautiful, Muhammad.
Intercede for this poor servant.
Your name is beautiful and you yourself are beautiful, Muhammad.

What would Yunus do in both worlds without You?
You are the True Prophet, flawless and pure.
Those who do not follow you depart deprived of faith.
Your name is beautiful and you yourself are beautiful, Muhammad.

Ben yürürüm yâne yâne (Segah), Yunus Emre

Türkçe

Ben yürürüm yâne yâne,
Aşk boyadı beni kâne.
Ne âkilem ne divâne,
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi.

*Gel gör beni beni aşk neyledi,
Derde giriftâr eyledi.*

Gâh eserim yeller gibi,
Gâh tozarım yollar gibi,
Gâh akarım seller gibi,
Gel gör beni aşk neyledi.

Ben Yûnusum bî-çâreyim
Dost elinde âvâreyim
Baştan ayağa yâreyim
Gel gör beni aşk n'eyledi

English

I wander, bloodied by love, burning, burning,
Neither in my right mind, nor insane.
See what love has done to me.

Come, see what Love has done to me.
It has entangled me in the sweet affliction of longing.

One moment I'm a breeze, then mere dust upon the road,
Or sometimes a babbling brook.
See what love has done to me.

Helpless Yunus, wounded and wasted from head on down,
Alone and far from my Dost.
See what love has done to me.

Gaflet ile Hakk'ı buldum diyenler (Segah), Yunus Emre, Bekir Sidki Sezgin

Türkçe

Gaflet ile Hakk'ı buldum diyenler
Er yarın Hakk dîvânında bell'olur
Âhiret tedârikin gördüm diyenler
Er yarın Hakk dîvânında bell'olur

Yâ Allâh, yâ Allâh, Allâh Allâh Allâh

Dervîş Yûnus söyler "kâlû belâ"den*
Mucizat Nebî'den, mûrvet Ali'den
Biz de bunu böyle gördük uludan
Er yarın Hakk dîvânında bell'olur

English

Those who say, "I found the Truth," while in a state of spiritual neglect,
Tomorrow, before God's Court, all will become clear.
Those who say, "For the next world I am prepared,"
Tomorrow, before the Divine Court of Truth, all will become clear.

Dervish Yunus speaks from "kâlû belâ,"*
From the miracles of the Prophet, from the generosity (nobility) of Ali.
We have seen it to be so from the saints.
It will become clear tomorrow before the Divine Court of Truth.

*Qâlû belâ: "Yes, You are my Lord," Surah al-A'raf 7:172.

İlim, ilim bilmektir (Rast), Yunus Emre,

Tahir Karagöz

Türkçe

İlim ilim bilmektir
İlim kendin bilmektir
Sen kendini bilmezsin
Ya nice okumaktır

Okumanın mânâsı
Kişi Hak'kî bilmektir
Çün okudun bilmezsin
Ha bir kuru emektir

Yunus Emre der hoca
İstersen var bin Hacca
Hepisinden Eyyüce
Bir gönüle girmektir

English

Knowledge is to know knowledge:
Knowledge means to know yourself.
If you have failed to know yourself,
All your reading misses the point.

What is the aim of reading?
So that someone can know the Real.
If you have read, but failed to know,
Then your efforts are just a barren toil.

Yunus Emre says to you, Hoja,
You may make the holy pilgrimage a hundred times,
But what does it all mean
If you've never been received by a single heart?

Ey Âşık-ı Dildâde (Rast), Sezai Efendi, Sadik Efendi

Türkçe

Ey âşık-ı dildâde
Gel nûş edelim bâde
Bir bâde gerek ammâ
Kim içile mev'âde

Sâkîsi ola Mevlâ
Âk dahi anın esmâ
Bir kez nûş eden kat'â
Gam görmeye dünyâda

La illaha il Allah
Muhammadar Rasulallah

Bir kez içen âşıktır
Aşkında ol sâdıktır
Aşk ona hem lâyıktır
Mecnûn ile Ferhâde

İşit bu sezâ'dan
Ne gördü fenâ'dan
Dost yüzünü gösterdi
Mir'âtı mücellâda

English

O lover, surrendered of heart,
Come, let us drink the Wine.
Yet such a Wine it must be,
That is tasted only in the Hereafter.

My soul is God, my Beloved is God.
All souls are sacrificed to You, O God.
O Living One, my heart chants Your
remembrance.

There is no god but God.
Muhammad is the Messenger of God.

The one who drinks once is a true lover;
In Love he is steadfast and faithful.
Love itself is his only worth,
As it was for Majnûn and for Ferhâd.

Hear now of this rightful due:
What could one ever gain from perishing?
The Friend revealed His Face
In the polished mirror of the soul.

Qaside, Kelâmî Baba

Türkçe

Cânı cânâne kurbân eyleyen gelsin bu
meydâne
Soyup benliğini ‘uryân olan
gelsin bu meydâne

Bu meydân mekteb-i ‘irfân cesâret edemez
her cân
Hased, kîn, kibr ü cehlîni koyan
gelsin bu meydâne

Ne bilsin derdimi derdsiz olanlar anlamaz
hâlim
Bu Allâh derdidir, âgâh olan
gelsin bu meydâne

Uzatma dilini Allâh diyen ‘âşıklara zinhâr
“Fezkürûnî” emr ü fermân duyan
gelsin bu meydâne

Kelâmi kalbten allah de seni divâne sansınlar
Seherler zikredip lezzet alan
gelsin bu meydane

English

Who offers his soul to the Beloved,
Let him come into this gathering.
Whoever strips away the cloak of self,
And stands bare, let them come into this
gathering.

This gathering is the school of gnosis;
Not every soul dares to enter here.
Whoever lays down envy, resentment, pride,
and ignorance,
Let them come into this gathering.

The carefree cannot fathom my pain,
Nor understand the state I am in.
This is the pain of God alone—
Whoever knows of it, let them come into this
gathering.

Do not speak ill, beware,
Of the lovers who say “God.”
Whoever heeds the command “Remember Me,”
Let them come into this gathering.

Kelâmî says: “Say ‘Allah’ from the heart,
let them think you are mad.
Let those who find delight in chanting at dawn
come to this gathering.

Erler Demine Destûr Alalım (Rast), Hacı Tahsine Hanım

Türkçe

Erler demine destûr alalım
Pervâneye bak, ibret alalım
Aşkın ateşine gel, bir yanalım
Dost, dost, dost, dost (x2)

*Dev-râna girip seyrân edelim
Eyvallah demeden Allâh diyelim*

Lâ ilâhe illâllâh Hû

Günler, geceler durmaz geçiyor
Sermâyen olan ömrün bitiyor
Bülbüllere bak, efgân ediyor
Ey gonca, açıl; mevsim geçiyor
Dost, dost, dost, dost (x2)

*Dev-râna girip seyrân edelim
Eyvallah demeden Allâh diyelim*

Ey yolcu, biraz sen dinle beni
Kervân geçiyor, sen kalma geri
Yûsuf denilen dünyâ güzeli
Fethetti bugün kalbi, seferi
Dost, dost, dost, dost (x2)

*Dev-râna girip seyrân edelim
Eyvallah demeden Allâh diyelim*

English

Let us ask permission to join the gathering of
the mature.
Look at the moth, let us take a lesson.
Come, let us burn in the fire of love,
Calling out "Friend, Friend" and "Hu, Hu."

Let us join the whirling,
let us take the journey of the soul.
Let us say "Allah" before we ever cry "Alas."

Days and nights pass without stopping,
The capital of your life is running out.
Look at the nightingales, they are lamenting.
O bud, bloom—the season is passing.

Let us join the whirling,
let us take the journey of the soul.
Let us say "Allah" before we ever cry "Alas."

O traveler, listen to me for a moment.
The caravan is passing, don't stay behind.
Yusuf, the handsomest man in the world,
after all he passed through,
opened his heart today!

Let us join the whirling,
let us take the journey of the soul.
Let us say "Allah" before we ever cry "Alas."