The Psalms and Folk Songs of a Mystic Turkish Order

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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.¹

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-
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 19–20th 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:

- 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’)-E-D-C scale, the main role is played by the notes of the trichord E-D-C, with occasional G’ 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’-F)-E-D-C penta-, tetra- and trichord” we use “(G’-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 indicates a variation of the musical section A.

– A’ and A‘ 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 the end of the modified section is lower than that of the original, in A’ it is higher.

– A or A+ indicates an extended musical line in comparison to line A.

– We mark 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 A, A’, and A‘ from the A lines to which they can be retraced. At the same time we handled the A, A‘ and A‘ lines as separate.

– The arrows above some notes signify a pitch modification upward (↑) or downward (↓) by less than a semitone.
From the 9th 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’: 7–8th 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. 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. Outstanding figures of Sufism include Al-Farabi (870–950) and Ibn Sina (980–1037). In the 13th-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 civilizational 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

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Turkish dervish order was founded here by the mystic religious founder and poet Ahmed Yesevi (c. 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’. Yesevism played a pioneering role in disseminating Islam among the Turks, with a sizeable following even in the 15th–16th centuries. In this heterodox religion Shamanism and Tengrism ‘the veneration of the sky’ were strongly present in addition to the worship of ancestors. 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 widespread in Anatolia in the Turkish language, they could separate themselves from the rest of the Muslim ethnic groups.

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 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.

First period: the foundation of the order

In the last third of the 12th and the early 13th century the migrating masses headed to Anatolia included şeyh ‘heads of religious orders’ and pîrs ‘religious leaders’, müšîdîs ‘masters’ and their disciples the dervîses ‘those who turned away from the world’ and müüritis ‘pupils’. 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.

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4 One of its manuscripts is preserved in the Oriental Collection of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences.
6 In the early phase of Christianity Gnosticism combined eastern elements with elements of Greek philosophy.
7 Banarlı (1987: 116) in his History of Turkic Literature also gave an abbreviated history of events.
8 The whole Islamic world called the Oghuz Turks Turkmens at that time, see Fodor (1999: 3) and Ocak (1991: 113).
9 This migration varied in intensity, e.g., it largely strengthened during the Mongol conquest, and lasted until the early 16th century when the Ottoman–Safavid conflict put a halt to immigration.
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 Yeșevi, Vefai, Kalenderi or Haydari branches of Islam. A branch of the Yeşevites founded the Nakışbendi order in the 14th century, and another branch played an important role in developing the Bektaşi trend.11

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

11 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.\footnote{The Turkish word \textit{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 12th century, cf. E. I. II: 164a.}

The turmoil caused by the Mongol invasion came opportunistically for the Babai uprising led by Baba Ilyas and launched in 1239-40. Similarly to all revolts up to the 17\textsuperscript{th} 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.

\textit{Hacı Bektash} (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 \textit{halife}. After the quenching of the revolt, he retreated to \textit{Sulucakarahöyük} (today \textit{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.\footnote{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.} 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 \textit{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 \textit{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.\footnote{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\textsuperscript{th} century, cf. Birge (1937: 49).} Legend has it that he died around 1270.\footnote{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).}

Several legends can be adduced about the birth of Bektashism as well.\footnote{Karahan (1998: 96–104).} 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.\footnote{In more detail see Tschudi (E. I. I: 1161b) and Ocak (1991: 373).}

The foundation and rapid development of the order was facilitated by the positive attitude of the Turkmen principalities (\textit{beyliks}) established on the ruins of the Seljuk
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\textsuperscript{18} troops\textsuperscript{19}. 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.\textsuperscript{20}

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.\textsuperscript{21}

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\textsuperscript{th} century, gaining popularity rapidly.\textsuperscript{22} 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.\textsuperscript{23}

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

\textsuperscript{18} The name Janissary comes from the Turkish name yeni çerig ‘new army’.

\textsuperscript{19} The date is uncertain; it can be either 1326 or 1360.

\textsuperscript{20} The first three hundred years of the history of the Ottoman Empire was characterized by their cooperation Mélikoff (1999: 8).

\textsuperscript{21} In his study Barkan (1942: 294) writes about the colonizing dervishes.

\textsuperscript{22} They were called Kızılbaş 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 Alevi/Bektashis.

\textsuperscript{23} 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 Turkmen inclined towards 
the Shiite tenets and hence suspicion in the eye of the Ottomans. In the first quarter 
of the 16th 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 re-
ligion 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.24 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.25 

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 mengu26 in his ear. Nonetheless, Selim I had the 
Shiite population between seven and seventy years of age registered by spies in the sec-
cond 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.27 

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.28 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, 
rational and literature of the two branches are common but there are lesser or greater 
regional deviations in both.29
Third period: the suppression of the Janissary troops and the Bektashi order

The Bektashis had strong connections with the Janissary troops, and their leader, the dedebaba, could not become an acknowledged superior of the order unless the Janissary ağa of Istanbul crowned him with the pointy hat. The Janissary ağa was lauded during every procession by Bektashi dervishes. The dervishes greatly contributed to the spread of the Bektashi order in the occupied territories. The Albanian communities were the strongest. Until the 20th 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. 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 Nakişbendi dervishes.

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 20th 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.

30 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).
General Mustafa Kemal, widely known as Atatürk, forced sultan Abdul Mecit to 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. 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 13–14th 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

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33 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. Soon after the conquest of the Balkans, Constan-
tinople also came under Turkish rule.

Later the Mongol attacks sent many fleeing from Anatolia westward to more dis-
tant Byzantine areas. Those groups then acted as colonizers in the Balkans. These
Bektashis called themselves Rum Abdal, just like the Anatolian Kalenderis and Hay-
daris.

Today, there is a tiny majority among the Bulgarian Turks called Kızılbash, who
settled rather far away from one another: in Deliorman (Ludo Garie) and Dobrudja,
Gerlova, Stana Zagara and Haskovo, Kırcaali. They must be descendants of the Sa-
favid Kızılbashes who emigrated from Anatolia in the 16th century, as it has been
confirmed by several ethnographic investigations. His field researches in the eight-
ties led de Jong to realize that the Bulgarian Kızılbash ritual had many features in com-
mon with that of the Turkish Tahtacı. An even earlier migration is revealed by the
sects living in Deliorman in Bulgaria; their rituals are completely different from the
rest of the Balkan Kızılbashes. 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
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.

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34 Hızır’s figure is closely analogous with St. George of Christianity (Birge 1937: 51).
36 The groups of the Bektashis in these settlements are Çelebi, Babacan, Otman Baba, Demir Baba and
Ali Koç Baba communities.
37 Babinger (1922).
38 So far the best research history and findings of fieldwork among the Tahtacıs belong to Yörük (1998), and around Mersin, see Çiblak (2005). A separate chapter is devoted to the religious life and
40 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. 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, and Tengrism, Shamanism were prevalent among them. 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’. To illustrate their relationship with trees, we should mention that among some Turkish groups in the Balkans the villagers go into the woods

42 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.
43 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 8th century, or in the early Chinese sources about Turkic religion, which of course does not disprove that Turks had Shamans in the 6th century. Ocak presumes that the Turks' ancient religion was different and Shamanism spread among them later.
44 The Turks, Mongols, Manchus of the Altay offer their sacrificial rituals to the god of the sky on top of mountains (Katalin Uray-Kőhalmi'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.\footnote{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 Kislíppa 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).}

The taboo of uttering certain proper and common names or using them figuratively is still customary. The Tahtacıs 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’.\footnote{Atalay (1924: 13).} 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,\footnote{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.} inform the community of looming events, resuscitate people from bones of animals, etc.\footnote{Ocak (1983: 95).} The facsimile editions published in Ankara in recent years are readings about the wonder-working abilities of their leading saints.\footnote{The work attributed by many to Hacı Bektaş Veli was translated from Persian into Turkish by D. Duman. (Aydıç, 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.–Bülbül, T. 2007). Both books contain glossaries of the peculiar expressions for better understanding.} 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.
In some nefeses the words sieve and drum are connected to dervishes.\(^{50}\) № 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.\(^{51}\) 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\(^{th}\) 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.\(^{52}\) It is noteworthy that in a widely known picture Haji Bektash Veli holds the same two tamed animals by his side with his hands.\(^{53}\)

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.\(^{54}\) 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\(^{55}\). Both the re-assembling of a man after dismemberment and

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\(^{50}\) Several songs speak about the dense sieve through which the candidate must pass (№. 12, 138, 234).

\(^{51}\) 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).

\(^{52}\) 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).


\(^{55}\) See Gustave Moreau's picture: 'Thracian Girl Carrying the Head of Orpheus on his Lyre' (1865) in Wikipedia.
The syncretistic religion

the severed head that speaks belong to the Shamanistic tradition. The same motif appears in Bektashi nefes. 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.

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

57 „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 16th-century Turkish poet (Aslanoğlu 1977: 52).

58 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 9–10th century, the yellow Uyghurs are still Buddhists, while in the 8–9th 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.  

59 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 13th 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. 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 babu Hasan Yildiz's çönk defter.61

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.62

The community of Bektashi dervishes has proclaimed the holy trinity of Allah – Muhammad – Ali after the Christian model since the 13th century.63 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

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60 There are examples of the christening of Muslims, especially in the border zones.

61 The çönk 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.

62 Urbánne Kuba C. É. (2008: 18) [manuscript].

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

\[
\text{God is one: Allah – Muhammad – Ali,} \\
\text{This name fills the entire world.} \\
\text{This way is the way of Allah – Muhammad – Ali,} \\
\text{Come into the shrine of Muhammad – Ali.}
\]

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.\(^\text{64}\)

\(^{64}\) 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).\(^65\)

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).\(^66\)

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 19th 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.

\(^65\) In the opinion of Mélikoff (1999: 3) the old name of the Alevis is Kızılbaş. Clarke (1999: 16) shares this view.

\(^66\) Mélikoff’s and Köprüülü’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.67 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.68 It is an essential difference that according to the rules of the Çelebiyan trend, only those can be 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.69 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

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67 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.

68 One of the most concise description of Alevisim (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 Alevisim in Anatolia.

69 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*
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, 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. 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. 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 Bektashi 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

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72 The same world view is suggested by the Dede Korkut, a collection of the early legends of the Ottoman Turks (Ergin 1997: 180).
36 The syncretistic religion

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.\textsuperscript{73} 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."\textsuperscript{74}

\textsuperscript{73} 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.

\textsuperscript{74} 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."75

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 14–15th 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.”76 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.

75  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.

76  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 wholeheartedly, 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 (*nefs*). 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*77 (‘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*). 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

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77 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.78

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) pharisism (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 (Iblis). Reason has ascended to the sultanic throne with understanding (fehim) as his aide. His commanders are sci-

78 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 (nefrs), 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 name79 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 (rüyet) 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.

79 The words Lâ ilâhe 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 14–15th 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.”

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

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80 Risâle-i Kaygusuz, Oriental Collection of the Library of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, Budapest, Turkish Manuscripts, octav 2.
Some thoughts of Kaygusuz Abdal, the "carefree dervish"

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.
- When you ask something, accept the answer, and don’t argue or quarrel.
- Think of others as you think of yourself.
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\(^81\) of private houses in villages or towns. Guards keep unauthorized persons off these premises.

We have seen ceremonies of numerous communities (ocak)\(^82\) 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.\(^83\)

\(^{81}\) E.g. in 1985 a Bektashi baba named Hasan Yıldız together with his wife had a large assembly room (derağ) built at the lowermost level under their house, which even opened to a pantry. In the foreground of the derağ 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.

\(^{82}\) 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.

\(^{83}\) 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, kiss it and never step on it. All in clean clothes – the women practically always enter in baggy pants (şalvar), headscarfs (çember)85, 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.”86

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-

84 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 (Györgyi 1965: 64).
85 In Yeni Bedir we were also given such pieces of cloth lest we would feel strangers.
86 During our field trip of 2003 a Sunnite family, the relatives of a baba and his wife invited us to a mevlit in Kirklareli. 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. 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**) 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.

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

88 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-ı cem or ‘ceremony of worship’. Any verdict brought by him in a dispute is accepted by the entire community, without further objection.

We were able to see personally that if a baba does not show proper conduct, he loses the confidence of his community.

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. 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.

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89 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).

90 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).

91 It happened in Kilavuzlu at the very beginning of the 21st century.

92 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, 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 *müürşid*, 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 *müürşid*. 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*. Otherwise anybody may sing in whom love (for God) flares up, with prior permission of the religious leader.

One of the most interesting actors is the minstrel or lute singer *zakir*, also called *sazandar, guvender, aşık baba, sazci*, or *kamber*. The *zakir* supports his religious songs by a long-necked lute-like instrument with three pairs of strings. Otherwise anybody may sing in whom love (for God) flares up, with prior permission of the religious leader. 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*,

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93 Birge’s description is especially detailed, discussing at length the variants of the individual positions (Birge 1937: 175–187).
94 The individual office-holders can have varying roles in the different denominations. E.g. in Gölpnarlı-Boratav’s book (1943: 176) a *selman* is ‘saki ve rehberdir’.
95 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).
96 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)\(^97\) of the qam of the early Turkish tribes, of singers, shamans of olden days, of the baqšï 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.\(^98\) 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, faraşcı, carci) ‘sweeper’ is one who symbolically tidies the room between parts of the ceremony, while shouting: Ya Allah, ya Muhammed, ya Ali.\(^99\)

The duty of a sofracı (lokmacı, aşçı, naip, kurbancı) 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.\(^100\)

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, izniğiçi, güvende ulusu) would keep watch over the houses of those away from home.


\(^98\) 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.

\(^99\) 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.

\(^100\) In Nevâyi Ferhâd ü Şirin’s work written in Chagatai in the 15th century, almost all chapters end with a beyit addressed to the saki, e.g. ‘Kitür saki kadeh…’ ‘Hey, cup bearer, bring me a cup, …’ (based on Erzsébet Brodszky’s Hungarian translation of 1974).
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.\(^\text{101}\) 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 *kurbanı* 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

\(^{101}\) Dervish H. K.’s kind communication in Çeşmekolu in 2002.
animal away must not turn the head. 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 (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 Kevrarsaray. 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. 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.

102 We came at the same analogy of animal sacrifice among the Kazakhs of Mongolia during our collecting trip in Nalay in 1997.
103 ‘Sweet dish made of cereals, sugar, raisins, etc.’ (Redhouse 1974: 88)
104 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. They present the drinks with a kiss; the baba accepts them likewise. The drink is usually raki (‘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. 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 delili (twelve candles symbolizing the twelve imams) 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 20th 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 (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-

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105. 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.
106. Each hair of the fur calls, symbolizes Allah according to what F. Y. told us.
107. The word means ‘proof, evidence’ (Redhouse 1974: 280). The very first participant of the ritual is the delici, 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).
108. At several places there is a thirteenth candle too in memory of mother Fatma.
109. 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 Ismail\(^{110}\) (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.

\(^{110}\) 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 nefeses ‘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.111 Earlier we chanted Muhammed 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 nefeses are sung.

Some of these hymns are known – maybe by the name of ilahi, nutuk, hikmet, deyiş, etc. – in other Islamic communities.112 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 sözü113 „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”.

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111 We recorded it but did not include it in the published corpus.
112 Köprülü (2007: 322) ascribes great importance to the nefeses in traditional national versification forms.
113 Aşik ‘enraptured; enraptured saint, dervish’ (Redhouse 1974: 86), who has an ardent love for God.
The praying part and the nefeses 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 baci or wife of the elder, then the elderly women and finally the rest of the participants take the glass. Everyone receives the last 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 nefeses 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 with bowed heads and fingers laid on the edge of the sofra114 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 raki. They always take a sip from the drink together, after a toast. Rarely can one

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114 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.
see a tipsy person. Most dishes are made at home, including the çörek in which a coin is baked. 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-

115 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 _babá_. Different opinions, arguments can also be adduced. Often-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 _babá_ 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 nefes es**

After the conversation they sing _nefes es_. All listen to the songs with great awe. Those who know the songs join in, including the _babá_, 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 _babá_ 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.

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116 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.
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 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, Klavuzlu, İstanbul and several other places.

The word semah is of Arabic origin (Ar. semâ’) and is not included in the Turkic dictionary of Kāşgari (Divanü Lugat-it-türk), 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. 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, but Van Bruinessen (1999: 549) argues that the semah is basically different from the shaman’s dance. 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.

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117 ‘A whirling dance performed during a Mevlevi service; hearing, mention’ (Redhouse 1974: 997).
118 The eleventh-century Turkish–Arabic dictionary being the first, earliest and most important as well.
119 In Reichl (1992: 43) the mentioned written record dates from the 16th century. Erdin thinks they could originate any time between the second half of the 15th and the end of the 16th century. Nevertheless, both state that the epic stories derive from the 9–11th 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.
120 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.
121 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).
The Religious Ceremony (ayin-ı cem)

Our personal experiences of the semah

In the closing part of the ritual, after the sacred hymns (nefeses) 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.122

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 Açılıdı cennet kapısı (N° 65) is the first song.

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’123 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 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.

123 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 swirl 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. 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, 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 or in the equally famous 13–14th 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–Alevis is the so-called *bağlama*.

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124 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.

125 Cremers (1972: 6221).

126 *Dede Korkut*’s book: Turkish myth of origin.
**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.\(^{127}\) *Pir Sultan Abdal* wrote a hymn to it (N° 64) (*Gel benim sari tanburam*).\(^{128}\) An excellent description of the instrument can be read, among other sources, in Picken (1975: 271).


\(^{128}\) 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.\(^\text{129}\) 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.\(^\text{130}\) More can be read about this in the chapter on musical analysis, with several illustrations.


\(^{130}\) 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. 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”.

At the same time, in the Turkish folk music stock of the TRT (Turkish Radio and Television) numbering over 4500 items there are sporadic tasavvüfî halk müziği or “folk religious” tunes, usually under the generic label of “folk song”.


133 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. Yaltırık (2002, 2003) published again the Alevi–Bektashi tunes from the TRT repertoire as well.
TRT and HAGEM\textsuperscript{134} contain several other religious tunes not included in the repertoire and not transcribed yet.\textsuperscript{135}

In connection with the religious tunes of the European part of Turkey the first names to be mentioned are those of Muzaffer Sarısozên 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).\textsuperscript{136}

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.\textsuperscript{137} 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”.

\textsuperscript{134} HAGEM – Halk Kültürlerini Araştırma ve Geliştirme Genel Müdürlüğü ‘General Directorate of the Research and Development of Folk Culture’.

\textsuperscript{135} In Sipos (1994, 1995) we published several Alevi–Bektashi tunes.

\textsuperscript{136} Yönetken (1966).

\textsuperscript{137} Salcı (1941).
The first works more specifically devoted to Turkish religious folk music are the 4th and 5th volumes of tunes collected by the “Tesnif Heyeti” of the Istanbul Conservatory published in 1933. They contain the scores of 87 Bektashi nefeses. 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 nefeses 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 Yaltırık published his book Trakya Bölgesinin Tasavvufı 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. 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 Yaltırık (2002: VI) notes that the tasavvufı 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 illumined.

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 19th and the early 20th 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

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138 The team included Ali Rifat, Rauf Yekta, Zekâizade Ahmet and Dr. Suphi Ezgi.
139 İstanbul Konservatuarı Tasnif Heyeti, Bektashı Nefesleri, 1933, Istanbul.
140 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, tatyan, deyis, 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.\textsuperscript{141}

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.

\textsuperscript{141} See Christensen's paper, Budapest, 2007.
In 2004 I joined the 37th 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.\footnote{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.} The arrays contain melody classes and the melody classes are divided into melody groups.

<table>
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<th>Arrays</th>
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<td>A</td>
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<td>One short section</td>
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<td>B</td>
<td>3–4</td>
<td>Two short sections</td>
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<td>C</td>
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<td>Four short sections with (A) main cadence</td>
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<td>D</td>
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<td>E</td>
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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.
Array A. Melodies traceable back to a single short section

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

\[\text{A- lay-la, pa- lay-la, Tah- ta ka- lay- la, oy, hoy, la.}\]

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

\[\text{A- na göl- ge-ci-ğim, a-na- ci-ğim, Ver e- li- ni, ö-pe- yim.}\]

Array B. Melodies traceable to two short sections

Class 3. First line undulating low or rising, frequent A’A form, № 86–133

\[\text{Ya- rim sa- na gi-de- çe-ğim Ha- zır- mı ge- lin- lik- ler.}\]

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

\[\text{Bah- çe- ler- de üç gü- zel var, Ge- zer o dost, ge- zer o.}\]

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

\[\text{Ben se- ni se- ve-rim can- dan i- çe- ri.}\]
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

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

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

Class 9. “Çanakkale” melodies, № 414–476
Class 10. Melodies built of line- or bar-sequences, № 477–495

\[\text{Oy, narin, narin, sho-fordur bemin yarim.}\]

Class 11. Disjunctive melodies, № 496–516

\[\text{Cavsiz vermiyor, Nolacak bemin halim?}\]

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

\[\text{Kamber durdu sagan da, Goren-de cenet bugun da.}\]

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

\[\text{Ali Fatma Tur dagum da, Dost biri Velhiyiyi gordum.}\]

\[\text{Besikle re tas le dim nen ni,}\]

\[\text{Mevlidan ogul dile dim, nen ni,}\]

\[\text{Yeşil dagim kose sine de Agliyorum sana sana,}\]

\[\text{Yol-ramda onu Bekliyorum ka-na ka-na.}\]
Appendices

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

Bir sa-rt yi-lan ko-va-la-di be-ni,

Kaç-tuk-ca ye-re do-lan-dim ba-yır.

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

Kara-ca-li gi-bi Ara-mu-za gir-din,

Ma-dem og-lun kiy-met-li-y-di, Ne-den ver-din ba-na?

Ma-dem og-lun pek tat-li-y-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.¹⁴³¹⁴⁴

| a) | When each line of a two-line tune ends on the final note, it can be compared with similar single-line songs.¹⁴³ | 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.¹⁴⁴ | № 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 |

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

¹⁴⁴ 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 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: \( aa/ba/bc, aa/aa/ba/bc, aa/bba/bc, cb/ba/bc \), 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

\(^{145}\) F may also enter in line 2.
Detailed musical analysis 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.

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 2nd and 3rd 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). 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).

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. 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. 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).

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

147 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 2nd 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.

148 In some laments Bb is sometimes replaced by C at places.

149 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-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 semahi". 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.
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′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′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.\(^{150}\)

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′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\(^{151}\) 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.)

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\(^{150}\) Such undulation over a wide range and a pentatonic scale was found among the Kazakhs of Mongolia.

\(^{151}\) № 114 was sung by a Sunnite woman.
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). 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 parlando in two cases. The most frequent structural schemes are AB, AABB, less frequently AAAB, AABB 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.

152 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 a Sunnite woman.

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–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’ 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.153 (№ 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 6th 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’ 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’–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’–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’–G’–G’–E | E–E–D–D/E first lines descending from high (ex. 4–11, № 231–238). The first line typically begins high (G’), stays there for some time and ends on E or D. The answer to the G’–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.

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, 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.)
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). 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.

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

1) № 296, 2) № 301

154 The cadence of the fourth line is usually 4th, rarely b3 and once the 1st 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). 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.)

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.\textsuperscript{155} 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.\textsuperscript{156} (№ 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.)


\textsuperscript{156} 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.)

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 \( \text{dd yfvdd f} \) compared to the previous class which mainly had four short lines of \( \text{dd vdd} \) 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.)

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 A4A3A2Ac 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, A4A3A2Ac 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′ | b′b′b | b′b′ | b′b (e.g. № 484). Accordingly, the typical inner cadences are E, D | C, B, A | D, C | B, A157. 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 A4A3A2A1A0A−1A−2A−3 A 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.)

157 We discuss this melody form in more detail in Sipos (1994).
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'BvAB (№ 500–501, № 503–504 and № 508). The first half of some other tunes is a fourth higher (№ 502, № 515–516). 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. 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). Their melody lines with A at the end would resemble the high psalmatic tunes.

158 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'BvAB – is disjunctive.

159 The exact structure of the tunes is as follows: 

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>№</th>
<th>Structure</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>501</td>
<td>: A'Bv; AB: in № 501, № 503–504, № 508; A'BvBvBAB+ in № 500; : A'Bv; : BvAk; B in № 498; : A'BvBv; : ABBB in № 502; : A'Bv; AB: in № 515; A'A'Bv; : BvBvAB+; in № 516; A'BvA'BvBAB in № 496; A'BvA'Bv in № 497 and A'Bv; CBkCB in № 509–510.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

160 № 513 is a special variant.
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’-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’-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’-G’-D descent also belong here, e.g. № 561 recorded from a man of Macedonian origin. (№ 562 was sung by Sunnite women.)
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 1st, 2nd and 4th lines surround the higher 3rd 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 AA4A4A-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’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).
Example 13. Domed melodic structure. 1) № 564, 2) № 575, 3) № 583, 4) № 592
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.)

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.)
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:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type of Melody</th>
<th>Class</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One short low line</td>
<td>All groups of Class 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two short stagnant lines</td>
<td>Class 4–6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four short lines with (A) main cadence</td>
<td>Class 5–1 and 5–2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four low lines with B(B)B cadences</td>
<td>Class 6–1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four low lines with C(C)x cadences</td>
<td>Classes 6–1 and 6–2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two long lines with C(D)x cadences</td>
<td>Class 9-1, maybe 9-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tripodical melodies</td>
<td>Class 12–4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Domed melodies</td>
<td>Class 13</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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 nefeses 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.
Correlation between religious and folk tunes

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

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

Biz ge - lin a - lt - nz, biz ge - lin a - lt - nz,
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

Alay-la, pailay-la,

Tah-ta kalay-la, oy, hoy, la.

№ 3

Hidrellez song

Benim ağam katıra binsiz,

Yol-la-ra toz a-tur, hoy, hoy,

Or-da bir, bur-da bir güzel gördüm,

Onu isterim, oy, hoy, rim,

Güzelinin adı, dilbeerinin adı,

Bildirin bize, oy, hoy, ze.
No 4

Hidrellez song

Kar-de-şim-den, kar-de-şim-den
Mek-tup gel-miş, mek-tup gel-miş.
St-la-dan ge-ce-mez, oy, hoy, mez.

No 5

Hidrellez song

El-ma a-ğa-ci, el-ma a-ğa-ci, mey-va ver-miş,
Dal-lar çe-ke-mez, oy, hoy, mez.

No 6

Hidrellez song

O, O,
gü-ze-li gör-düm,
O-nu is-te-rim, oy, hoy, rim.
No 7

Hidrellez song

Yeşil yaprak, yeşil yaprak,
Kervan kurmuş, yağmur gece mez, oy, hoy, mez.

No 8

Hidrellez song

Dilde diğimi bilmeme dim,
Ara diğimi ben seçirim,
Hey, dilber, hey.

No 9

Hidrellez song

Aç kapımı, aç kapımı,
Bezirgan gececek.
Açamam kapımı, açamam kapımı, geri de kalan,
Keyleri başlత se nin olsun.
Sırke li saçlı
№ 10

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Bir di-lim, i-ki di-lim,} \\
\text{Üç di-lim el-ma.}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \text{Mani} \]

№ 11

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Yağ sa-ta-rım, bal sa-ta-rım,} \\
\text{Us-tam öl-müş, ben sa-ta-rım.} \\
\text{Us-ta-min kö-kü za-nî-lr,} \\
\text{Sat-tim on-beş li-ra-dir,} \\
\text{Zam-bak, zam-bak, da-na-la-ra i-yî bak!} \\
\text{Zam-bak, zam-bak, da-na-la-ra i-yî bak!}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \text{Counting-out rhyme} \]
№ 12

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Alevi deyiş} \\
\text{Her sa-bah, her sa-bah} \\
\text{Ö-tüşür kuş-lar,} \\
\text{Al-lah bir Mu-ham-med} \\
\text{Al-li di-yer-ek.}
\end{align*} \]

№ 13

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Rain begging song} \\
\text{Yağ, yağ, yağ-mur,} \\
\text{Tek-ne-de ha-mur,} \\
\text{Ta-ra-la-da ça-mur,} \\
\text{Ver Al-lah-im, ver,} \\
\text{Si-cim gi-bi yağ-mur!}
\end{align*} \]
№ 14

Semah

1. U - yur i - dık, u - yan - dık,
   Ko - yun ol - duk, ses anla - dık,
   Ö - tú - ye say - di - lar bı - zi,
   Sú - rú - ye say - di - lar bı - zi.

2.  

№ 15

Counting-out rhyme

1. Sí - ra si - ra só - gü - ler,
   Iş - te gel - dık yi - gü - ler.
   Yi - gü - le - rin kar - mí ae,
   l - ki dip - li bir ko - laç,
   Ev üs - tün - de bo - yun - du - ruk,
   Ba - ra ba - ra bo - gu - duk.
   Ka - pú ar - ka - sm - da yar - ma - lak,
   Çö - cuk - lar ka - pú - yı tr - ma - lar.
№ 16

Counting-out rhyme

\[\begin{array}{c}
\text{Ay de-de, E-vin ner-de, Ay de-de.} \\
\text{In-ce bel-de,} \\
\text{Ta-vuk ge-tir,} \\
\text{Ya-ga be-tir,} \\
\text{Ba-la ba-tir,} \\
\text{Sen gel-mez-sen,} \\
\text{Ba-na ge-tir,}
\end{array}\]

№ 17

Parlando

Quran recitation

№ 18

Parlando

Quran recitation
№ 19

Parlando 108

Quran recitation

№ 20

Parlando 108

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

№ 21

-158

\[ \text{Gidin, bulutlar, gidin,} \]

\[ \text{O yara selam edin.} \]

\[ \text{O yar uykusunda ise,} \]

\[ \text{Uyku sun' haram edin.} \]

№ 22

-76

\[ \text{Gide ne bak, gide ne,} \]

\[ \text{Gül sarlmiş dike ne.} \]

\[ \text{Mevlam sabirlik verse} \]

\[ \text{Gül gibi sev da çeke ne.} \]
№ 23
Parlando $\frac{d}{2}$-200

Luullaby

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

№ 24

Alevi deyiş

A-sh-ma-li han-gi
ye-re gi-de-yim,
Git-ti-gim yer-ler-de,
hu-dud et be-ni.
№ 25

*Parlando* \( \frac{\text{176}}{\text{176}} \)

Dirge

\begin{align*}
\text{Ol ana ci gm, ol,} \\
\text{Bi zi ki me b rakt n?} \\
\text{Bi ze ki m b ka cak?} \\
\text{Bi ze ki m ek mek ve re cek?}
\end{align*}

№ 26

\( \frac{\text{137}}{\text{137}} \)

*Folksong*

\begin{align*}
\text{Be yaz lar gi yen} \\
\text{kiz lar ol lur,} \\
\text{Be yaz lar bo yas sm, am man} \\
\text{bo ya ma sm.}
\end{align*}
№ 27

Folksong

Mek-tep de - ğil ef - ka-rın, Hay - dar,

Yi - ne be - ni ü - zer - sin.

№ 28

Luullaby

E - e - e,

U - yu - sun da bü - yū - sün, nin - ni,

Ti - pš, ti - pš yū - rū - sün, nin - ni,

E - e - e - e.

№ 29

Bride's farewell

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

\( \frac{3}{2} \) 198

*Bride's farewell*

\[ \begin{align*}
A - n a, & \quad g o l - g e m, \quad a - n a - c i - g i m, \\
K o - y u & \quad g o l - g e m \quad a - n a - c i - g i m.
\end{align*} \]

*Later*

\[ \begin{align*}
M a l - l a - r m - d a n & \quad m a l - l a r \quad i s - t e - m e m.
\end{align*} \]

№ 31

\[ \text{Parlando} \quad \frac{2}{3} 132 \quad \text{Bride's farewell} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
A - n a, & \quad g o l - g e m, \quad a - n a - c i - g i m, \\
B u \quad s a - b a h - k i & \quad s a - b a h - l a r - d a \\
N e - l e r - d e & \quad e g - l e - n i - y o m.
\end{align*} \]

№ 32

\[ \text{Parlando} \quad \frac{2}{3} 132 \quad \text{Bride's farewell} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
K a l k, & \quad E - m i - n e m, \quad k a r - d a - s i m, \quad k a l k, \\
A h, & \quad b a k, \quad s a - b a h - l a r \quad o l - m u s, \quad k a l k.
\end{align*} \]
№ 33

**Parlando** \( \cdot \) 96

*Bríde's farewell*

U - yan, a - nam, gi - di - yom,

Ay - ri - lik yel - le - ri e - si - yor,

A - nam, bu sa - bah - ki sa - bah - lar - da


№ 34

**Parlando** \( \cdot \) 90

*Bríde's farewell*

A - na gó - l - ge - ci - gi - m, a - na - ci - gi - m,

Ver e - li - ni, ö - pe - yım.
№ 35

Parlando 166

Bride's farewell

Kal-kin, karaş-la-rım, kal-kin,

Sizin iş hız-yol-la-rınız açılmış,

Benim iş hız-met yol-la-rıma,

Karaca diken-le-ri dizilmiş.

№ 36

Parlando 182

Bride's farewell

Ana, göl-ge-ci-ğım, ana-ci-ğım,

Ana-ci-ğım, do-kuz ay kursağ-çi-ğım-da taşımamış gibi,

Ana-çi-ğım, yılın on-iki ayına,

Beşik dipl-erin-de.
№ 37

Alevi deyiş

Cennetten çık-ti A-dem,

Dünya-ya bas-ti ka-dem.

Bu-nu söy-le-di her dem, Al-lah,

İ la-he, îl - al-lah, Al-lay,

Mu-ham-med-den re-sul Al-lah.

№ 38

Kirklar semahı

Kır-k-lar mey-da-mı-na vär-dem,

Gel be-ru, ey, can, de-di-ler, Hü, Hü, Dost, Hü.
№ 39

**Kırkça semahı**

Kırk- lar mey-da- mı-na var-dum,

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

**Cadence**

Hā, A- lim, Hā, Hā, Şa- hum, Hā,

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

№ 40

**Nefes**

Gök- te ay, gün, yil- diz dö- ner,

Aşk a- le- şî dur- maz, ya- nar.

№ 41

**Nefes (Nevruzîye)**

Se- ve- nîn, Hā, de i- ma- mi


№ 42

*Nefes (Matem)*

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

Ya, Hüs-se-yin.

№ 43

*Folksong*

Hi-sim po-ruk gi-bi,

Ne de-di-gin va-le-va-le.

Yo-lun-muş ta-vuk gi-bi

Bas-ti-rn pa-ra-la-ri Ley-la' ya,

Yi-ne mi de ge-le-ce-giz diın-yay-a,

*Cadence*

Hoh, po-po-lar.
№ 44

Folksong

Yay-la, yay-la, ko-ca yay-la,

Çık yay-la ya, gön-lü-nü ey-le.

№ 45

Folksong

O, gül-ler, gül-ler, top gül-ler,

Yar-im al-di yad el-le.

№ 46

Hidrellez song

Hid-rel-lez ge-li-yor,

Ko-su-ba yörün da-ne di-yor.
№ 47

*Hidrellez song*

\[ \text{Hidrellez song} \]

\[ \text{Koşuba yörün dâne diyor o.} \]

№ 48

*Wedding song*

\[ \text{Vu-run gelinin kinaşını,} \]

\[ \text{Çağırın gelisin ağa beyşi.} \]

№ 49

*Mani*

\[ \text{Keşke sevmez olaydım,} \]

\[ \text{Ölüyorum birakın.} \]
№ 50

129

\[\text{Hidrellez song}\]

1. \[\text{Ali'ım gelir, Şah gelir,}\]

2. \[\text{Bir uulu padı şah gelir.}\]

№ 51

140

\[\text{Folksong}\]

\[\text{Men-dil yola!}\]

Men-dilin ucuna sakiş para yola!

№ 52

126

\[\text{Folksong}\]

1. \[\text{Çoba-ni, çoba-ni, bitli çoba-ni,}\]

2. \[\text{Yarım ev-lek yap-tı-ra-di, kir-di sa-ba-ni, kir-di sa-ba-ni.}\]
Class 2. Tunes traceable to a single short line. № 21–85

№ 53

Lullaby

Ce-vi-zin kö-kü su-da-dr, su-da,

Ki-mi-si-ni su-la, ki-mi-si-ni bu-gu-lan ay do-lup, nen-ni,


№ 54

Poco rubato 134

Wedding song

Dağ-dan kes-sel-ler bas-to-nu,

Dağ-dan kes-sel-ler gür-ge-ni,

Ha-ni de bu ge-li-nin yor-ga-ni.

№ 55

Folksong

Kir-mi-zı gü-lın da-lı var,

Her gün ağ-lasam ye-ri var.
№ 56

Folksong

№ 57

Folksong

№ 58

Nefes (Methiye)
Class 2. Tunes traceable to a single short line, № 21–85

№ 59

Nefes (Nevruzıye)

Yüz dön-dür-mez yüz bīn er-den,

Ku-sa-գi-na do-lu gel-di.

№ 60

Dirge

Ah, A-li’ım öl-muş du-ya-ma-dım,

U-yur di-ye ki-ya-ma-dım, ki-ya-ma-dım.

№ 61

Dirge

Ah, A-li’ım yat-muş yol üş-tu-ne,

Tes-ti pür-che kol üş-tu-ne.
№ 62

1) **Dirge**

\[ \text{Kalk, Ali'm, kalk, saba\text{h ~ o} ~ l ~ d ~ u,} \]

\[ \text{Yen~ge~ler ka~p{i~ya ~g}e~l ~d{i,}i,} \]

\[ \text{Yen~ge~ler ka~p{i~ya ~g}e~l ~d{i,}i.} \]

\[ \text{\text{rep}} \]

№ 63

**Semah**

\[ \text{A\text{s\text{k ~ o} ~ l ~ s\text{u}n mey\text{y\text{a}} ~ g\text{o} ~ r\text{e} ~ n\text{e} ~,}} \]

\[ \text{A\text{s\text{k ~ o} ~ l ~ s\text{u}n mey\text{y\text{a}} ~ g\text{o} ~ r\text{e} ~ n\text{e}.} \]

\[ \text{\text{var-1}} \]

\[ \text{Bir ne~fes~\text{cik ~s"o}y~l~e~y~e~y~im,} \]

\[ \text{\text{var-2}} \]

\[ \text{Bu bi~zim Hak\text{t}an a\text{s\text{k ~ o} ~ l ~ s\text{u}n...} \]

\[ \text{\text{var-3}} \]
№ 64

Semah

Aşk olsun meydan gøre ne...

№ 65

Semah

Açılıdı cennet ka-pis, ka-pis.

№ 66

Semah

Eliften öte geçe mem, Ters oku-rum, düz o-ku-rum,

Eliften öte geçe mem.
№ 67

Hidrellez song

De-ve-ce-gel-di, duy-du-nuz-mu,
Kal-bi-ra sa-man koy-du-nuz-mu?
Hös, Hös, de-ve-ce-gel-di.

№ 68

Semah

Ters o-ku-rum düz o-ku-rum,
Elif-ten ö-te geç-emem.
Ar-ka-daç-lar geç-ti ben-i,
He-pi-sin-den kal-dım ge-ri.
№ 69

Mani

En-ta-re-si ak gi-bi.

Ge-lir ge çer ok gi-bi.

№ 70

Poco rubato

Folksong

Gar-daş ol-sun,

İ-neğim gör-lü ol-sun,

Bu-za-ci-ğım et-li ol-sun,

№ 71

Nefes

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

Şu dünyann ötesine,

Var-dım diyen yalansöyler.

Cadence


№ 73

Hidrellez song

İneğim etli olsun,

Buzağım sütülü olsun,

Ba-ba-mın para ke-se-le-ri dol-sun.

№ 74

Nefes

E-gil-dım, niyaz ey-le-dim,

Ben de-dem Ali’yi gördüm.
No 75

Hidrellez song

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 - ym,
Gi - ci - na şap - lar so - ka - yım.

No 76

Hidrellez song

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

No 77

Hidrellez song

Ar - pa da ver - dim hap tut - tu,
Çav - dar ver - dim, şak tut - tu,
Buğ - day ver - dim, tok tut - tu.
№ 78

Nefes

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

Nin-ni, yav-rum, nin-ni, nin-ni,
U-yu-sun da bū-yū-sun,
Yav-rum ge-ne ko-ca-man ol-sun.

№ 80

Mani

Ay de-dem kut-lu ol-sun,
Şer-be-ti tat-li ol-sun,
Class 2. Tunes traceable to a single short line. № 21–85

№ 81

Ballad of the deer

Be-nim a-dim ka-ra-ca-dir,

Be-nim a-dim ka-ra-ca-dir,

Yav-ru-la-rm a-la-ca-dir.

№ 82

Folksong

Parlando $\frac{3}{4}$ 152

Dag-lar, dağ-lar, vi-ran dağ-lar,

Yüzüm gü-ler, kal-bim kan ağ-lar,
№ 83

**Folksong**

100

Hey, gül-lü, he-le he-le gül-lü,


A-man, A-da-na’-lı, yan-dim, A-da-na’-lı,


Uzun ka-vak ne u-zar-sın,

Da-lın-da bül-bül mü ya-tar-sın,

Öt-me, bül-bü-lüm, öt-me,

yü-re-gim ya-ra.
№ 84

Nefes

Göster cema-lin şe-mi-ni,

O-da yan-sîn per-va-ne-ler, per-va-ne-ler.

№ 85

Nefes

Ey, Fatî-me, ey, Fatî-me,

Ka-mu sa-dîk ya, Fatî-me,
Array B. Melodies traceable to two short sections. № 86–238

Class 3. First line undulating low or rising, frequent A’A form. № 86–133

№ 86

Semah

№ 87

Semah
№ 88  
Folksong

\[ \text{A-na-dol'-da top-lar a-ti-lir, a-ti-lir,} \]
\[ \text{A-li'-ye ku-sak do-ku-nur, do-ku-nur.} \]

№ 89  
Folksong

\[ \text{Yol-la-di-gim co-rap-lar a-ya-gi-na of} \]
\[ \text{A-ya-gi-na ol-du mu in-ce bel-lim.} \]

№ 90  
Mani

\[ \text{Ya-rim sa-na gi-de-ce-gim} \]
\[ \text{Ha-zur mi ge-lin-lik-le} \]

№ 91  
Folksong

\[ \text{Ko-ca a-dam de-sem o-na,} \]
\[ \text{Ne de-sem a-li-r ba-na.} \]
№ 92  

\[ \begin{align*} 
&\text{Çiğdem san, ben san,} \\
&\text{Dağlara saldim yari.}
\end{align*} \]

Folksong

№ 93  

\[ \begin{align*} 
&\text{Giden oglan, don beri,} \\
&\text{Elimde mor mendili.}
\end{align*} \]

Folksong

№ 94  

\[ \begin{align*} 
&\text{Alçak çoktümüz barı,} \\
&\text{Dibinde yeşil halı,} \\
&\text{Ya Mustamed, ya Ali,} \\
&\text{Sengoster bize bu yolu.}
\end{align*} \]

Semah
Class 3. First line undulating low or rising, frequent Ać form. № 86–133

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,
Da-ri-na dur-ma-yal a gel-dim.

Aşk A-li’m, Hû, ya A-li, Hû.

№ 95

Nefes

200

E-li ye-şil a-sa-li,

Bi-ze der-viş-ler gel-di,

Der-viş-ler gi-yer a-ba,

Hükm e-der Kaṭ-tan Kaṭ-a.
№ 96

Dancing song

Kam-pa-na mo-ru du-duş kam-pa-na,

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

Mal-ka-ra’nn şe-ker-le ri hep sa-na,


№ 97

Folksong

bül-bül,

bül-bül-ler.

№ 98

Folksong

İn de-re-ye, de-re-ye,

Söy-le, ya-rim ne-re-ye,

Ka-ра-göź E-mi-ne’m.
№ 99

Hidrellez song

\[ \text{De - ve - ci gel - di, duy - du - nuz mu?} \]
\[ \text{Kal - bu - ra buğ - day koy - du - nuz mu?} \]
\[ \text{Hız, de - vem, hız!} \]

№ 100

Mani

\[ \text{A - şa - ma - hı yol - la - ri} \]
\[ \text{Taş - lik - tar, ya - rim, taş - lik.} \]

№ 101

Rain begging song

\[ \text{İş - te gel - dim pa - za - ra.} \]
\[ \text{Beş yu - mur - ta - ya yal - va - ri.} \]
\[ \text{Bin na - za - ra, na - za - ra,} \]
\[ \text{Na - za - ra, şal - va - ri,} \]
No 102

Mani

No 103

Mani
Class 3. First line undulating low or rising, frequent AcA form. № 86–133

№ 104

Folksong

108

Ay, mer ku-zum, mer ku-zum,

Kar-a gö-züm, mer ku-zum.

Gö-s-ter bo-yu-nu ba-na,

Ne bo-n-cu-ğu-nu is-te-rim,

Bon-cuk a-la-yım sa-na.

Ne bo-yu-mu gös-te-rim.

№ 105

Folksong

126

A-ya-ğım-da ter-lik-ler,

Ba-har aç-mış e-rik-ler,
№ 106

1)  Yeşil boyalı taksi,
   Haşiret karıştu ran
   Yar, yar, a-man, a-man.
№ 107

Folksong

Du-man da bas-ti dağ-la-ra,
Ya-yıl-di o-vla-ra,
Yar, yar, a-man, a-man.

№ 108

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

№ 109

Nefes (Nevruzîye)

Hey, gö-nül bül-bül-le-ri,
Mih-man lar, hoş gel-di-niz.
№ 110

120

Hey, gönl bül bül-leri,

Mihmanlar hoş gedi-niz,

Kar-daşlar hoş gedi-niz.

№ 111

112

Hey, gönl bül bül-leri,

Mihmanlar, hoş gedi-niz,

Kar-daşlar, hoş gedi-niz.

№ 112

88

Hey, gönl bül bül-leri,

Mihmanlar hoş gedi-niz,

Kar-daşlar hoş gedi-niz, gedi-niz,
№ 113

Mani

Ben ge lin ol ma yın ca

Kes me ben den um du.

№ 114

Folksong

Vu run vu run kız lar,

Vu run vu ra lim!

Bu ge ce kieğ le nce yi

Ner den bu la lim?

Ner den bu la lim?

rep.
№ 115

280  

\[\text{Mani}\]

Gide gi-de yol bul-dum,  

Ce-ke ti-me kol bul-dum.

№ 116

244  

\[\text{Folksong}\]

Men-di-lim al-dan i-yi,  

Bul-dun mu ben-den i-yi?

№ 117

122  

\[\text{Folksong}\]

Gi-de-rim ben de-dem-le,  

Bir ay-van kal-di sen-de.
Class 3. First line undulating low or rising, frequent AcA form. № 86–133

№ 118

Hidrellez song

Karante lim taburda,
Çok ışler var saburda.

№ 119

Mani

likelihood ok gelmez mi?
Yaylaya kuş gelmez mi?

№ 120

Folksong

Ayleleri, ayleleri,
Açama dik elleri.

№ 121

Folksong

Eller yarım dedikçe
Sizlılar yüreklerim, reklerim.
\textbf{№ 122}  

\textit{Folksong}  

\begin{music}
\begin{lyric}
Oturmuş taş üstüne,
Şapka-yı kaş üstüne,
Ka-ra-göz E-mi-nem.
\end{lyric}
\end{music}

\textbf{№ 123}  

\textit{Mani}  

\begin{music}
\begin{lyric}
Al o-la-cak, o-la-cak,
Su tes-ti-me do-la-cak.
\end{lyric}
\end{music}

\textbf{№ 124}  

\textit{Mani}  

\begin{music}
\begin{lyric}
Oya öre-rim, oya,
Oya de-gil fir-ke-te.
\end{lyric}
\end{music}
Class 3. First line undulating low or rising, frequent AcA form. № 86–133

№ 125

Hidrellez song

Salı yarım koşunlar,

Bizim tarla kelemli.

№ 126

Mani

Dere geliyor, dere,

Kumu nu se re se re.

№ 127

Folksong

Çık, boyunu görüyor,

Boynuna fis tan alayım.
№ 128
Kırklar sema

Alçaçık kız razi dal라 ri,

Di-binde yeşil hal-lan, Aşık, Ali, Hü, Dost, Ali, Hü.

№ 129
Lullaby

Dan-dini, dan-dini dasta-na,

Da-na-lar girmiş bosta-na.

Kov bostan-cı dana-yı,

Ye-me-sin la-ha-na-yı, E, e.
№ 130

Doğ - la - ra var - dim, dağ - lar u - yur,

Ev - mi - ze gel - dim, yav - rum u - yur,

U - yu - sun yav - rum, nin - ni,

Bü - yü - sün yav - ru - um, nin - ni.

№ 131

Dan - di - ni, dan - di - ni daş - ta - na,

Al - kmğr - miş bos - ta - na,

Kov bos - tan - ci Al - ki - mi,

Ye - me - sin bos - tan - la - ri,

Nen - ni, de, nen - ni, nen - ni,

U - yu - sun yav - rum şım - di.
№ 132

\[ \text{Lullaby} \]

\[ \text{Dan-di-ni, dan-di-ni, das-ta-na,} \]

\[ \text{Da-na-lar gir-miš bost-a-na,} \]

\[ \text{Kov bostan-ci da-nayi,} \]

\[ \text{Ye-me-sin la-hana-yi.} \]

\[ \text{E-e-e-e-e.} \]

№ 133

\[ \text{Lullaby} \]

\[ \text{Be-nim yav-ruma, nini-ni,} \]

\[ \text{U-yu-sun yav-rum, nini-ni,} \]

\[ \text{Bü-yü-sün ku-zum, nini-ni.} \]
Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range. № 134–238

№ 134

Rubato 114

Dirge

Kar̄-și da ğın yıllan-ları,

Gēlir dolan dolani.

Yėtim yavrum yareleri,

Gör̄du̇nüz mü bȧşı dūman-lı dağ-lȧr?

 Şu dağın ar-đı̄da bir gėlin ağ-lȧr,

Nin̄-nī, bėnim yavrum, nin̄-nī.

№ 135

128

Mani

İn dereye, dereye,

Nē ols̄a söȳliyorlar,

ı̄nēmē dik lēri-ne,

Çēkēmē dik lēri-nēni,

sür̄mēli yar.
№ 136

Alevi deyiş

\[ \text{78} \]

Hak'tan bize namme geldi,

Pir'im sana beyanolson.

№ 137

Mani

\[ \text{110} \]

Ay, zaza-ra, zaza-ra,

Gel, gide-lim pa-zara.

Ver, Allah'im bir bulut da,

Yar olan köye düşem.

№ 138

Karklar semahı

\[ \text{328} \]

Bir nefes-cık söy-le-ye-yım,

Dinlemez-sen ney-le-ye-yım,

Bir nefes-cık söy-le-ye-yım,

Dinlemez-sen ney-le-ye-yım.
No 139

Kirklar semahi

\[ \text{Ay - na - yi tut - tum yù - zù - me,} \]
\[ \text{A - li gõ - rùn - dü gõ - zù - me.} \]

No 140

Kirklar semahi

\[ \text{Ay - na - yi tut - tum yù - zù - me,} \]
\[ \text{A - li gõ - rùn - dü gõ - zù - me.} \]

No 141

Mani

\[ \text{Ka - ra ka - yõ - be - lin - de,} \]
\[ \text{Ö - ren - de - si e - lin - de.} \]
\[ \text{I - li - şme - yõn ya - ri - me,} \]
\[ \text{Ü - vey a - na e - lin - de.} \]
№ 142

Mani

Ay - va sa - ri ya - pi - rak,
Dün - ya ka - ra to - pu - rak.
Ben ya - ri - me doy - ma - dm,
Doy - sun ka - ra to - pu - rak.

№ 143

Folksong

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

№ 144

Nefes

Göñül verdim sevdim seni,
Aman mürvet derga hinana,
Ya Muhammad derga hinana.

№ 145

Kırk lar semahi

Biz de Mev-la’nin kul-uyuz,
Yetmiş iki dil biz-de-dir,
Yetmiş iki dil biz-de-dir.

№ 146

Hidrellez song

Buhçe ler de üç güzel var,
Gezer o Dost, gezer o.
№ 147

Hidrellez song

Bahçe-lere üç güzel var,
Gezer o Dost, gezer o.

№ 148

Hidrellez song

Bahçe-lere üç güzel var,
Gezer o Dost, gezer o.

№ 149

Hidrellez song

Yağmur-lar yagar e-fendim,
Yer yaş o-lur, yer yaş o-lur.
Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range. № 134–238

№ 150  

*Hidrellez song*

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Şa-rap} & \quad \text{i-ce-r, e-fen-dim}, \\
\text{Sar} & \quad \text{- hoş ol-ur.}
\end{align*} \]

№ 151  

*Folksong*

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Yük-sek,} & \quad \text{yük-sek te-pe-le-re} \\
\text{Ev kur-ma-sin-lar,} & \quad \text{ev kur-ma-sin-lar.}
\end{align*} \]

№ 152  

*Hidrellez song*

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Yağ-mur-lar ya-ğar,} & \quad \text{ey, e-fen-dim,} \\
\text{Ev taş üs-tü-ne,} & \quad \text{ev taş üs-tü-ne.}
\end{align*} \]
№ 153

Folksong

Dem dem șim-di yor-gun-dur,
Kal-kar oy-nar bi-raz-dan.

№ 154

Nefes

Bahçe-niz-de-ki güll-le-ri
Der de-di-niz, der-dik iş-te.

№ 155

Semah

1) U-yur-i-dik, u-yar-dı-lar.
2) Ye-di-ye say-di-lar bi-zı, lar bi-zı.
№ 156

Selman nefesi

1.

Ge- lin, kar- daş, yo- lu- mu- za

2.

Gi- re- mez- sin, de- me- dim mi, me- dim mi?

1.

rep.

№ 157

Nefes

1.

İlk ev- ve- le şu dün- ya- ya, dün- ya- ya,

2.

Ye- şil gi- yip ge- len kim- dir? len kim- dir?

1.

later

№ 158

Nefes (Nevruzîye)

1.

Ali ga- zi- le- rin ba- şı,

2.

Hz- zir Bey- dir yol- da- şı.
№ 159

Gece gündüz arıyo rum,
Gece gündüz arıyo rum,
Uçan kuş tan soruyorum,
Aşkım iyilen a-teş odlum,

Su ver, Leylam, yaniyorum.

№ 160

Su Hidrellez geliyor o,

Cuşma akşamı geliyor o.

№ 161

Hidrellez song

Hidrellez song
№ 162

Hidrellez song

Dir- lez ge - len el - lez,

Benium ye - me - ni - mi a - lan el - lez.

Beni sev - da - ya sa' el - lez.

Per - şem - be ak - şa - mi ge - len el - lez.

№ 163

Nefes

Ga - rip bül - bül sa-na nöl - du.

Söyle, ca - nim bül-bül, söy - le, bül-bül, söy - le.

№ 164

Folksong

İn de - re - ye, de - re - ye,

İne - me-diğim yer - ler
№ 165

Folksong

Ver-sin-ler, ver-sin-ler,

Se-ven-le-ri sev-di-ğine ver-sin-ler.

№ 166

Wedding song

Vu-ra-lım mı ki-na-sî-nî?

Var-im so-run a-na-sî-na.

№ 167

Kirklar semahi

Çe-ki-lip kîr-kî-la-ra var-dîm,

Ni-ye gel-dîn can de-di-lîr,
Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range. № 134–238

№ 168

Kırklar semahı

Kırk-lar iy-len ye-dik, iç-tık,
Kay-na-yip soh-be-te coş-tuk,
Ka-za-n da kaya
naya piş-tik,
Da-ha çığ-sın yan, de-di-ler.

№ 169

Folksong

Ah-met-ler-dir kö-yü-müz,
Se-vip, se-vip ay-rl-mak,
Şe-ker gi-bi so-yu-muz,
Yok-tur öv-le hu-yu-muz.
174 ANTHOLOGY OF THE BEKTASHI SONGS

№ 170

Dut fi - da - ni bo - yun - ca, vay, vay,

Dut ye - me - dim do - yun - ca, vay, vay.

Folksong

№ 171

A - da - na’nın yol - la - rı taş - lik,

Yok ce - bim - de beş ku - ruş harç - lik.

Folksong

№ 172

Ka - h - ve ol - sam do - lap - lar -

da kav - rul - sam, a - man, a-man.

Folksong
No 173

Folksong

Ma - ni ma - ni - ler i - çin,
Baş - ka ma - ni bil - mi - yom,
Bu ma - ni se - nin i - çin,
Bu da ha - ni - rin i - çin,

Refrain

Ev - re - şe yol - la - ri dar, dar,

Ba - na bak - ma, be - nim ya - rim var.

No 174

Folksong

Yu - va - si da ka - mı - lar,
Dü - ğün ge - lir, ya - ri - mi
Ka - mı - şı vi - da - mı - lar,
O - du - na yol - la - mı - lar,

Ev - re - şe yol - la - ri dar, dar,

Ba - na bak - ma, be - nim ya - rim var.
№ 175

Folksong

104

Bir firın yap turдум,
Doldurum ekmekleri.
Gel, beraber yiye lim,
Bakanım köpekleri.
Evreşe yol aları dar, dar,
Banabakma, benim ya rım var.

№ 176

Wedding song

112

Oyna, gelin, söyle, kızım, oyna sina,
Bir ara ya gelince, gelince.
Sıt mori ya-re-lelli yar, yine, yini-na, yar, yini-na.
Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range. № 134–238

№ 177  
Nefes

Tiğ-i-bend-bağ-li bel-le-rin-de,

Ha-cı Bek-taş yol-la-rın-da.

A-li ser-men-zı-li u-zak,
Cüm-le-mız za-tı-na müṣ-tak.

№ 178  
Folksong

İn de-re-nin içi-ne, Ka-nar-yom,

Yem ve-re-lim ke-çi-ne, hoy, hoy, ne.

№ 179  
Folksong

A, mer ku-zum, mer ku-zum,

Ka-ra göz-lüm, mer ku-zum.
№ 180

Folksong

Hay, mer kuzum, mer kuzum,
Ka-ra göz-lüm, mer kuzum.

№ 181

Folksong

Ay, mer kuzum, mer kuzum,
Ka-ra göz-lüm, mer kuzum.

№ 182

Folksong

Kapı sık-tı e-li-mi,
Fe-lek bükk-tü be-li-mi,
Ay-dım o-da-lar, o-da-lar, o-da-lar,
Ya-şasın de-li-kan-li-lar.
№ 183

*Bulgarian folksong*

Oy, ko - la - di...

№ 184

*Hidrellez song*

İş - te gel - dim ka - pi - ni - za,
Se - lam ver - dim he - pi - ni - ze.
Se - la - mi - mi al - di - niz mi?
Kom - şu - la - ra sal - di - niz mi?
№ 185  

Semah

Bir anabaçyan da, Hû, bir Mûlûm baçî,  
Kalksin, semah eylesin istekli canlar, hey, canlar,  
Kalksin, semah eylesin istekli canlar, hey, canlar,  
Kaldir, indir kol larin, kol larin.

№ 186

Folksong

Bir evler yap tirdim, be, Ra mi zem,  
Sara ya kar si, am man, am man, si.
№ 187

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Şu benim divine gön-lüm,} \]

\[ \text{Yine hab-dan ha-ba düş-tü.} \]

\[ \text{Yine hab-dan ha-ba düş-tü.} \]

№ 188

\[ \text{Mani} \]

\[ \text{Misir kazarm misir,} \]

\[ \text{O-tur-dum ara-sı-na, -na.} \]

№ 189

\[ \text{Mani} \]

\[ \text{Çi-kip mey-da-na dön-e-lim,} \]

\[ \text{Mür-sı-de kur-ban o-la-lim,} \]

\[ \text{Hüse-yin-e kur-ban o-la-lim.} \]

\[ \text{rep.} \]
№ 190

\[Nefes\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Gü - lü bağ - lar} & \quad \text{des - te} \\
\text{Bağ - lar} & \quad \text{da} \\
\text{Yaşım on - se - kiz,} & \quad \text{an - nem gel - me - sin,} \\
\text{Çe - ne - mi sı - kin,} & \quad \text{be - ni gör - me - sin.}
\end{align*}
\]
Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range. № 134–238

№ 193

Nefes

Ey, Fa-ti-me, ey, Fa-ti-me,

Ka-nım şa-ha-det Fa-ti-me, Al-lah, det Fa-ti-me.

№ 194

Rubato 138

Folksong

Se-kiz pi-na-ru su-yu bit-ti,

Do-kuz a-ra-dan o-dun git-ti.

Kaz kal-dur-miş ka-fas-nu,

Yi-ye-me-dim, uç-tu git-ti.

№ 195

Poco rubato 108

Mersiye

Dert-li der-dim dün-ya-yı, Al-lah,

Der-dim a-kar zi-ya-de,
№ 196

138

E-mi-nem de giy-miş şal-va-ri, şal-va-ri.

1. Sı-ra be-yaz kol-la-ri, kol-la-ri.
2. 

rep.

№ 197

100

De-dem şim-di yor-gun-dur,

Kal-kar, oynar bi-raz-dan.

1. 2. 3.
2. 2. 2.
№ 198

Hidrellez song

144

Ü - şü - düm, ü - şü - düm,

Ah, be-nim ca - nim, ü - şü - düm.

№ 199

Folksong

192

Ü - şü - düm, ü - şü - düm,

Ah, be-nim ca - nim ü - şü - düm.

№ 200

Mersiye

160

Bı - dün - ya - dan gi - der ol - duk,


2.

1.

№ 201

Parlando \( \frac{\text{b}}{4} \) \( \frac{88}{4} \)

*Bride's farewell*

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Ç} & \text{o} \text{-} \text{cuk} & \text{a} & \text{-} & \text{n} & \text{a} & \text{s} & \text{i}, & \\
\text{yi} & \text{g} & \text{i} & \text{t} & & \text{a} & \text{-} & \text{n} & \text{a} & \text{s} & \text{i}, & \\
\text{i} & \text{k} & \text{i} & \text{e} & \text{l} & \text{i} & \text{n} & \text{d} & \text{e} & & \text{m} \text{u} & \text{m} & \text{y} & \text{a} & \text{n} & \text{a} & \text{s} & \text{i}.
\end{align*}
\]

№ 202

\( \frac{\text{b}}{4} \) \( \frac{105}{4} \)

*Mani*

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{T} & \text{e} & \text{y} & \text{y} & \text{a} & \text{-} & \text{r} & \text{e} & \text{-} & \text{r} & \text{e} & \text{l} & & \text{t} \text{e} & \text{k} \text{g} & \text{i} & \text{-} & \text{d} & \text{e} & \text{r}, & \\
\text{i} & \text{ç} & \text{i} & \text{n} & \text{e} & & \text{i} & \text{s} & \text{l} & \text{i} & \text{m} & \text{b} & \text{i} & \text{n} & \text{e} & \text{r}, & \\
\text{i} & \text{ç} & \text{i} & \text{n} & \text{e} & & \text{i} & \text{s} & \text{l} & \text{i} & \text{m} & \text{b} & \text{i} & \text{n} & \text{e} & \text{r}.
\end{align*}
\]

№ 203

\( \frac{\text{b}}{4} \) \( \frac{124}{4} \)

*Kirklar semali*

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Ku} & \text{d} & \text{-} & \text{re} & \text{-} & \text{t} & \text{e} & \text{n} & & \text{b} & \text{i} & \text{r} \text{d} & \text{o} & \text{l} & \text{u} & \text{g} & \text{d} & \text{i}, & \\
\text{i} & \text{ç} & \text{u} & & & \text{b} & \text{u} & \text{k} & \text{a} & \text{l} & & \text{i} & \text{m} & & \text{n} & \text{a} & \text{s} & \text{i} & \text{l} & \text{o} & \text{l} & \text{u} & \text{r}, & \text{H} & \text{ü}.
\end{align*}
\]
№ 204

Folksong

\[ \text{Cadı, evlerde alsan,} \]
\[ \text{Cadı bana da ver sen,} \]
\[ \text{Cadı, kus-tüm, ba-rış-mam.} \]

№ 205

Folksong

\[ \text{Al be-ni, gö-tür dere,} \]
\[ \text{Ya-re-le, ya-re-le,} \]
\[ \text{Kumu-nu se-re se-re, Ya-re-le-lı.} \]

№ 206

Matem nefesi

\[ \text{İn-dim tu-ra-ba dö-şen-dim,} \]
\[ \text{İn-dim tu-ra-ba dö-şen-dim,} \]
\[ \text{Gidi-yo-rum dert-li, dert-li yö-rü, Hü, Hü, Hü.} \]
№ 207

Bak an-nem gö-züm ya-şı-na,

Da-ha ne-ler ge-le-cek ba-şı-ma, Hū, Hū, Hū, Hū.

Var-dım mu-sal-la ta-şı-na,

Var-dım mu-sal-la ta-şı-na,


Kırklar semahi

Di-bin-de ye-şıl hal-la-rı, Aşk, A-li, Hū, Dost, A-li, Hū.
№ 208

$\textbf{Nefes (Ağlas)}$

\begin{align*}
\text{Men yö-rű-rům ya-ne ya-ne,} \\
\text{Aşık bo-yá-di me-ni ka-ne.}
\end{align*}$

№ 209

$\textbf{Nefes}$

\begin{align*}
\text{Hak yo-lü-na gi-den-le-rín} \\
\text{A-sa ol-sam el-le-ri-ne.}
\end{align*}$

№ 210

$\textbf{Folksong}$

\begin{align*}
\text{Ben gű-lű-me gűl de-mem, E-mi-nem,} \\
\text{Gű-lűn ŏm-rů az o-lur, oy, az o-lur, oy.}
\end{align*}$
№ 211

Wedding song

Çağı-rım kızın yen-ge-si-ni,
Vur-sun e-li-ne al ki-na-sı-nı.

№ 212

Wedding song

Çağı-rım kızın yen-ge-si-ni,
Yak-sın e-li-ne al ki-na-sı-nı,
An-ne ben bu ge-ce mi-sa-fi-rım,
Ni-ne ben bu ge-ce tu-ra-ci-yım.
Ge-lin a-li-ci-ya yol ya-ra-şır,
An-ne ben bu ge-ce ku-ra-ci-yım,
Ni-ne ben bu ge-ce mi-sa-fi-rım.
№ 213

Nefes

Ey, e - ren - ler bez - mi - mi - ze,

Gel, de - di - niz, gel - dik iş - te.

№ 214

Nefes

Ik - 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 - yız,

A - yin - i ce - min bül - bü - lü - yız.
№ 215

Mani

Kaşların karasına

Gül koydum arasına.

№ 216

Mersiye

Hüseyinî der Yezi'de,

Bir içim su verin bize,

Kanım helalolson siz,

Ah, Hasannım, vah, Hüsey'n'im.

Refrain

Nazihimam Şuh Hüseynim.
 № 217

Nefes

İşte gel-dim, işte git-tim,

Yaz çiçek-gi gibi bit-tim.

Şu dün-ya-da ne iş et-tim,

Ömür-cü-güm geç-ti git-ti.

№ 218

Folksong

(humming)

Refrain

D.C. al Fine
№ 219

\[\text{Nefes}\]

\[\text{Uyan\-dir\ cı\-ra\-غن yan\-sin,}\]

\[\text{Do\-lu\-nu\ i\- çe\-ne\ kan\-sin.}\]

\[\text{Mū\-hip\-le\-rin\ sa\-na\ yan\-sin,}\]

\[\text{Dur\-ma, yō\-rū, Ha\-san\ ba\-bam.}\]

№ 220

\[\text{Folksong}\]

\[\text{Gök\ yū\-zū\-nūn\ gök bu\-lu\-du,}\]

\[\text{Em\-di\ der\-ya\-yi\ bü\-rū\-dü,\ yi\ bü\-rū\-dü.}\]

№ 221

\[\text{Wedding song}\]

\[\text{Va\-rin\ so\-run\ ana\-sti\ na,}\]

\[\text{l\-zin\ ver\-sin\ ki\-na\-sti\ na.}\]
Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range. № 134–238

№ 222

Nefes

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Ceset i-\text{ç}in \ de bu ca-\text{n}i} \]

\[ \text{Biti-re\text{n}in de-mi-ne, de-mi-ne, H\text{ü}.} \]

№ 223

Nefes

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Sih-kur bi-z\text{i} bu mey-da-na} \]

\[ \text{Ge-ti-re\text{n}in de-mi-ne, de-mi-ne, H\text{ü}.} \]

№ 224

Nefes

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Sih-kur bi-z\text{i} bu mey-da-na} \]

\[ \text{Ceset i-\text{ç}in \ de bu ca-\text{n}i} \]

\[ \text{Ge-ti-re\text{n}in de-mi-ne, H\text{ü}.} \]

\[ \text{Bi-ti-re\text{n}in de-mi-ne, H\text{ü}.} \]

\[ \text{A bu de-mi Hay\text{d}ar de-mi,} \]

\[ \text{Bo\text{y}-le ge-\text{c}er d\text{üm}-ya ga-mu, d\text{üm}-ya ga-mu.} \]
№ 225

*Mersiye*

\[ \text{Hüseyn der Yezi'de,} \]

\[ \text{Bir içim su verin bize.} \]

№ 226

*Mersiye*

\[ \text{Hüseyn i der Yezi'de,} \]

\[ \text{Bir içim su verin bize.} \]

Later

\[ \text{Bir içim su verin bana,} \]

\[ \text{Içsin onu kana kana.} \]

№ 227

*Nefes*

\[ \text{Mürşid o lup ta mira ca,} \]

\[ \text{Muhammed teki melek tir, melek tir.} \]
Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range. № 134–238

№ 228

Folksong

1) Meşeli dağlar meşeli,
2) Dibinde ha-Ilar doşeli, ha-Ilar doşeli.

№ 229

Folksong

1) Küll Ol-dum, ben bu aşk-a dü şe- li,
2) Al be-ni es-mer gü-ze-lim,
Yar i-le ko-la ge-ze-lim.

№ 230

Mani

Aya va sa-rı-sı, ya-rım,
Aya va sa-rı-sı, ya-rım,
№ 231

Alevi deveş

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 deveş

Bu - gün bi - ze pir gel - di,

Gül - le - ri ta - ze gel - di.
№ 233

Dövezdeh nefesi

Her sa-bah, her sa-bah var-di-gım

On i-ki i-mam A-li’m, A-li’m.

Her sa-bah, her sa-bah var-di-gım

On i-ki i-mam A-li’m, A-li’m.

№ 234

Mani

İn-ce-cik e-lek-le-ler-den

Un-dan mi e-li-yor-sun?
№ 235

Mani

90

A lay da ay ri l r lar,

Sa ray da sav ru lur lar.

Gel, ü zil me, sev di g"im,

Bir za man ka vu s"ur lar.

№ 236

Semah

142

Bir ne fes c"ik s"oy le ye yim,

Din le mez sen ney le ye yim? Hü, Hü, Hü, Hü.
Class 4. Stagnant, descending or hill-like short first line of a close range. № 134–238

№ 237

Semah

Güzel aşık cevrimizi,

Güzel aşık cevrimizi,

Çeke mez sin dememim mi, aşk Ali'm, Hü,

Çeke mez sin dememim mi, aşk Ali'm, Hü.

№ 238

Folksong

Şemsiye min uçu kara,

Sen açın da günümme yara,

Sen açın günümme yara.
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

№ 239

Folksong

Var - rin söy-le - yin bo - ya-ci - ya, ya,

Al - lar bo - ya - sin am-man bo - ya-ma - sin.

№ 240

Nefes

Şu ya-lan dün - ya - ya gel-dim, gi - de - rim,

Gö - nül sen-den öz - ge yar bu-la - ma - dim, Hû, dim.

№ 241

Nefes

Bül-bül - ler ko - ku - yu gü - lêr - den a - li

Mec-nun çık - ms daq - la - ra Ley - la'yi a - rar, a - rar.
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

№ 242

80

Çok sü-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,

№ 243

88

Ha-ya-tun ös-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

\[ \text{Kırklar semahi} \]

\[ \text{Ma-na e-vi-ne dal-dım, Ma-na e-vi-ne dal-dım.} \]

\[ \text{Vü-cud râb-bi-ni kil-dım, Vü-cud râb-bi-ni kil-dım,} \]

\[ \text{Hüy.} \]

№ 245

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

\[ \text{Bah-çe-le-rde eğ-relti,} \]

\[ \text{Oy-na-yanlar i-ksi el-ti.} \]

\[ \text{I-ksi di bir boy-da,} \]

\[ \text{Bi-lin-mi-yor kıy-me-ti.} \]

\[ \text{Şiş mo-ru ye-re-li, ye-ne-ne-ne ne-ne-nom,} \]

\[ \text{Yar yi-ne ye-ne-ne, ne-ne-ne-ne ne-ne-nom.} \]
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

№ 246

Alevi deviş

Ey, a-lem-le-ri ya-ra-tan Al-lah, Al-lah,
Kal-dır per-de-yi a-ra-dan, Al-lah,

№ 247

Nefes

Bül-bül-ler ko-ku-yu güller-den a-lur,
Mec-nun çıkmış dağ-la-ra Ley-lu'-yı a-rar, a-rar.

№ 248

Nefes

Sır-nın na-da-na söy-le-me sa-kım,
E-ren-le-rin böy-le mec-li-si var-dir, var-dir.
№ 249

Bül-bül-ler ko-ku-yu güller-den a-lı-

Mec-nunçık-muş dağ-la-ra Ley-la'-yı a-ra, a-ra.

№ 250

Men-di-li di-li-ne,

Men-dil ver-dim e-li-Ne.

Ka-ra ka-na yol-la-muş

Yar be-nim el-le-ri-me.

№ 251

Ben me-la-met hır-ka-sı-nı ken-dim giy-di-m eğ-ni-me,

A-ru na-mus şı-se-sı-nı ta-şা çał-dı-m, ki-me-ne, ah,
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

№ 252

Ben me-la-met hır-ka-sı-nı ken-dım giy-dım eğ-ni-me,

A-ru na-mus şı-şe-sı-nı ta-şa çal-dım, ki-me ne, ah,

Hay-dar, Hay-dar, ta-şa çal-dım, ki-me ne?

№ 253

Ben me-la-met hır-ka-sı-nı ken-dım giy-dım eğ-ni-me,

A-ru na-mus şı-şe-sı-nı ta-şa çal-dım, ki-me ne, ah,

Hay-dar, Hay-dar, ta-şa çal-dım, ki-me ne?

№ 254

Ben se-ni se ve-rım can-dan işe ri,

İ-lik-ten, ke mi-ten, kan-dan içeri, Hü.
№ 255

Nefes

Ben se-ni se-ve-rim can-dan i-ce-ri,
I-lik-ten, da-mar-dan, kan-dan i-ce-ri, Hü.

№ 256

Nefes

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

Şu-ra-bun a-bu-su do-lar di-li-me, Hü,
Ta-di can-dan tat-li gel-di e-li-me, Hü,
Ham-dül-il-lah Pi-rim ka-bul ey-le-di, Hü, di, Hü.
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

№ 258

Bir gün dal-dım e - ren - ler mey-da-nı - na, Hü,
Bel bağ-la-dım yo - lu - na, er - ka - ni - na, Hü.

№ 259

Birgün dal-dım e - ren - ler mey-da-nı - na, Hü,
Bel bağ-la-dım yo - lu - na, er - ka - ni - na, Hü.

№ 260

Her se - her vak - tin - de güll - ler di - ke - lim, Hü,
Di - kip de dik-tı - gi - mi yer-de bi - te - lim, Hü.

Var. of the second line (many times)
№ 261

Nefes

\[ \text{Göñül-dên çi-ka-rrip ya-ba-na at-ma,} \]

\[ \text{Is-ti-nat-ga-hi-miz A-li aş-kı-na, Hü.} \]

№ 262

Nefes (Nevruzîye)

\[ \text{Ge-lin, hey, kar-daş-lar, sey-ran e-de-lim,} \]

\[ \text{A-li'nin doğ-du-gu ey-yam bu dem-dir,} \]
\[ \text{Şah'i-mmın doğ-du-gu ey-yam dem-dir.} \]

№ 263

Nefes

\[ \text{E-re-nil-ren soh-be-ti, e-le ge-le-si de-gil, si de-gil,} \]

\[ \text{Ik-rar-y-le ge-len-ler, mah-rum ka-la-si de-gil.} \]
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

**№ 264**

[Nefes](#)

Is-ti-nat-ga-hi-mız  A-li aş-ki-na,  Hü,

Biz de hiz-met e-der him-met bek-le-riz,  Hü.

**№ 265**

[Mani](#)

De-re ge-li-yor, de-re,

Ku-mu-nu se-re-se-re.

**№ 266**

[Folksong](#)

Bay-ram gel-di-ni me,  a-man, a-man, ga-ri-bem,

Kan dol-du yu-re-ğî-me,  a-man, a-man, ga-ri-bem.
№ 267

\[ \text{Nofes} \]

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 dol-ar e-li-me, Hü,

Ta-dı da can-dan tat-lı gel-di ya di-li-me, Hü.

№ 268

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

Ev-le-ri-nin ö-nü bağ-lı,

Ben is-te-rım bur-da kır-ma-li yag-lı.

Kır-ma-yı-lan ma-yıl ol-dum,

Kır-ma-sız-lan ay-ri ol-dum.
No 269

Folksong

El-ma-li o-lan-da gel, a-nam,

Bah-ce-yi do-lan da gel.

I-yi gun-de gel-me-din, a-nam,

Bar-i can ve-ren-de gel.

No 270

Duvazdeh nefesi

1-2. Her sa-bah, her sa-bah var-di-gim

3-4. Sefer-be-re ey-le yar-dim.

On-i-ki i-mam A-li’m, A-li’m.

Al-lah bir Mu-ham-med Hak-tur,

Bi-len-le-re so-zim yok-tur.
№ 271

Folksong

Ramazan da

Ramazan geldi, gediyor,

№ 272

Lullaby

Yeni de sözüm yararsı

Uykuları dolasır,

Yeni de yavrum, yeni

Uyuyaçak da büyüyeyek şimdi,

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

No 273

Nefes

Her sa-bah, her sa-bah se-her yel-le-ri.


No 274

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

Bu zevk-le mün-ki-ri hay-ran e-de-lim, de-lim,

№ 276

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

Fat-ma der-ler Ha-san, Hü-sey’n an-a-si,
On-i ki i-mam-la-nn soh-bet a-na-si,
On-i ki i-mam-la-rın soh-bet a-na-si.
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

№ 278
1) 150-208
Küklar semahi

Adım adım Hak yoluna varayım,

Güvercinlik derler sara vardın mı?
Ali'nin doğduğu yerı göründün mü?

rep.

№ 279
140
Semah

Hü deyeлим gerçekten demine,

Hü deyeлим gerçekten demine,

E-renalin demini nurdan sayılır, sayılır.

№ 280
110
Nefes

Yine miham geldi, gönüm şaz oldu,

Mihamlar siz bize hoşça geldiniz.
Kardeşler siz bize sefa geldiniz.
№ 281

Sema

Gel gi-ne, bu-gün Dosti li-ne gi-de-lim, Gül Ba-ba’m, Hü.

Ca-num, şah-im pir su-lu-num, Gül Ba-ba’m, Gül Ba-ba’m, Hü.

№ 282

Troitsong

Pek kaçük-community bir adama ver-diler, ver-diler.


№ 283

Folksong

Ali ço-cuk su dol-du-rur de-re-den, de-re-den,
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

№ 284

Wedding song

Çağırın kızın yenesi ni,

Çağırın kızın yenesi ni,

Vursun e lines al kinası ni.

№ 285

Nefes

Can dediler, can dediler,

Gel, ıste meydan, dediler.

Huzu run-da dur dum da ra,

Yar dum et kulk lar yedi ler.
№ 286

Nefes

Çe-ki-lip kırka-rara var-dım;

Ni-ye gel-din can de-di-le-r.

Başeğ-dim, ni-yaz ey-le-dim,

Geç, o-tur mey-dan, de-di-le-r.

№ 287

Hidrellez song

Kar-ta-lım, kar-ta-lım,

Ne-re-le-r de ya-ta-lım,

Bir-e-ski de kür-küm var,

Sa-ri-la-lım, ya-ta-lım.
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

No 288

4/72

Bir çörek yaptım yal gibi,

Gelin, yiye lim, bal gibi.

Kızlar he al ol sun,

Çocuklara haram ol sun.

No 289

4/96

Kişi hal den anla yine ca,

Hakikati dinl eyine ce,
№ 290

\[80\]

**Folksong**

Hak-tan di-lek di-le-di-ğim,

Hak-tan di-lek di-le-di-ğim,

Gö-gös ten gi-ne do-la-di-ğim,

Mev-lam bu ta-sa can ver-sin.
Array C (= Class 5). Four short sections with (A) main cadence. № 239–293

№ 291

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

\[ \frac{\text{Åk-taş de-dim, bi-ley-dim,}}{\text{Hak-tan di-lek di-le-di-gım.}} \]

\[ \text{Tül-ben-di-me bağ-la-di-gım,} \]

\[ \text{Mev-lam bu tâ-şa can ver-sin.} \]

№ 292

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

\[ \text{An-nem ağ-lar i-cin, i-cin,} \]

\[ \text{Ba-bam ağ-lar bil-mem ni-cin.} \]

\[ \text{Ağ-la, an-ne, ağ-la, ba-ba,} \]

\[ \text{Çi-ger-le-rim pa-re-len-di} \]

\[ \text{Şu be-nim genç ya-şım i-cin.} \]

\[ \text{Ve-rem ha-pi yu-ta yu-ta.} \]
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

Şu karşı ki yay-la ne güzel yay-la,
Bir dem sûre-me-dim Dost-lar, gi-de-rim böyle.
Class 6. Low-moving tunes with B(B)x cadences and higher ones with D(B)x cadences. № 294–312  225

№ 295

№ 296

№ 297

A-dım a-dım kut-lu tek-ke-me gel-dim, tek-ke-me gel-dim.
№ 298

Nefes

Ke-ra-met baş-ta-dir tac-da de-gil-dir,

Ha-ra-ret nar-da-dir sæ-da de-gil-dir.

Her ne a-rar is-en, ey, Dost, ken-din-de a-ra,

Ku-düs-te, Mek-ke-de, arš-ta de-gil-dir.

№ 299

Nefes

Sul-tan Sü-ley-man'-a kal-ma-yan dün-ya,

Şu dün-ya ye-rin-de i-ri-lir bir gün, Hüy, Hüy, Hüy.

1) rep.

№ 300

Folksong

Bir sa-rı yi-lan sar-di da be-ni,

On ye-di ye-rim den ya-ra-la-di be-ni.
№ 301

Semah

Ya - ka - dan gi - der i - ken,

Zi - kir Al - lah ve - ri - ken,

Is - ma - il pey - gam - be - rin

Koy - nu gü - der i - ken, Hü, Hü, Hü.

№ 302

Nefes

Ya - ka - dan gi - der i - ken,

Zi - kir Al - lah ve - ri - ken,

Is - ma - il pey - gam - be - rin

Koy - nu gü - der i - ken, Hüy, Hüy, Hüy.
№ 303

Nefes

Daldan in-miş-tir kärn-ca.

Dolu ol-maz-sa ya-rım-ca.

Hü, Hü, Hü, Hü, Al-lah,

Hü, sa-kı-le-rıng de-mi-ne, Hü.

№ 304

Nefes

Mür şi-di-mız Mu-ham-med

Reh-be-rı-mız-dir A-li.

A-şık o-lan can be-nim

Mürşid ile reh-be-re, reh-be-re.
Class 6. Low-moving tunes with B(B)x cadences and higher ones with D(B)x cadences. № 294–312

№ 305

\[\text{Nefes}\]

\[\text{108}\]

\[\text{Ar - zu - la-dım sa - na gel - düm,}\]

\[\text{Hün - kar Ha - ci Bek - taş Ve - lim,}\]

\[\text{E - şi - gi - ne yū - züm sür - düm,}\]

\[\text{Hün - kar Ha - ci Bek - taş Ve - li.}\]

№ 306

\[\text{Nefes}\]

\[\text{152}\]

\[\text{Mih - man ol - duk ce - mi - ni - ze,}\]

\[\text{Hū di - ye - lim de - mi - ni - ze.}\]

\[\text{Hay - ran kal - đık yo - lu - nu - za,}\]

\[\text{Bu mey - dan - da, bu di - van - da.}\]
№ 307
Nefes

Mih-man ol-duk cemini-ze,
Hü di-ye-lim demini-ze, Hü,
Hay-ran kal-dık yolun-za,

№ 308
Nefes

Mih-man ol-duk cemini-ze,
Hü di-ye-lim demini-ze,
Hay-ran kal-dık yolun-za,
Bu mey-dan-da, bu di-van-da.
№ 309

Kırk-lar-e-li i-li-ne aç-tık bir o-cak,
Me-det mür-veyt, Şah-ım vi-la-veyt Mür-ta-za.

№ 310

Ka-rar-miş gö-nül-le-rin pa-sı si-lin-di,
Pak o-lur ha-ne-miz mih-man ge-lin-ce.

№ 311

Şu dün-ya der-din-den bik-tım u-san-dım,
Çek-ti-gim ce-fa-yi hep se-fa san-dım.
№ 312

*Folksong*

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

№ 313

*Nefes*

№ 314

*Nefes*
Class 7. Low and higher moving melodies with C(C)x cadences. № 315–361

№ 315

Karsı da gördün ne güzel yayla,

Bir dem sürmedim Dostlar, giderim böyle.

№ 316

Aman, aman, kardelen, yoruldum,

Dalga li saça rına vuрудum.

№ 317

Ver yarım mindenini, ben dürreyim,

Yolla yarım bir düğüm, sana döneyim.

№ 318

zurna
№ 319

184

Nefes

E - zel - den ö - te - den be - ri,

Sev - dik -çe se - ve - sim ge - lir Pi - ri - mi.

№ 320

192

Nefes

Bül - bul - lün hali bir ma - na al - di,

Gönül evini figana saldı.

№ 321

96

Nefes

Ben bu mecel - ler - den ib - a - ret - ler al - dim, Al-lah,

U - yu - dum, u - yan - dim, ben ha - yal gör - düm.
№ 322

Parlando \( \frac{3}{4} \)

1) *Mersiye*

\[
\begin{array}{c}
A-k\text{îl pa-} \quad di-\text{sah-} \quad t\text{ir, gö-} \text{nül ve-} \quad zir- \text{dir, gö-} \text{nül ve-zindî;}
\end{array}
\]

Bu can ten-den \( \text{eğ-} \quad \text{ken ge-mim ha-} \quad \text{zir-dir,} \quad \text{Hû.} \)

rep.

№ 323

\( \frac{3}{8} \) 138

*Kirklar semahê*

\[
\begin{array}{c}
A-dim a-dim Hak yo-lu-na va-ray-dim,
\end{array}
\]

Gû-ver-cin-lik der-ler şa-ra var-din mu, Hû, var-din mi?

rep.

№ 324

\( \frac{3}{4} \) 112

*Folksong*

\[
\begin{array}{c}
Bu-gân ça-g\text{-ril-} \quad ma- \quad dik, biz-de- \quad dir, biz- \quad de,
\end{array}
\]

Ka-pat çe-ne-ni, biz-de-dir, biz-de.
№ 325

Folksong

Ka-le-den ka-le-ye şa-hin uçur-dum,
Ah i-len, vah i-len ő-mür ge-çir-dim.

№ 326

Folksong

Ar-zu’-mun e-vi-nin ar-di bok-luk-tur, bok-luk,
Ar-zu’-ma ge-li-yor bok-luk ta sik-lık.

№ 327

Folksong

İs-tan-bul, Is-tan-bul, vi-ran ka-le-si,
Ta-şını to-p ra-gi-mi sel-le r a-la-sm.
№ 328

Folksong

Sal-lan, ka-vak, sal-lan, da-lin ku-rü-sun,

Ye-re dü-şen yap-ra-ğın yer-de çü-rü-sün.

№ 329

Folksong

E-niş-tem, e-niş-tem ab-lam mı san-dın,

Al-tı ay-lik ge-lin-den ne tez u-san-dın, san-dın.

№ 330

Folksong

Yük-sek yük-sek te-pe-le-re ev kur-ma-sın-lar,

Ve-la taş-lı yer-le-re kız ver-me-sın-ler.
№ 331

*Folk Song*

Harman öte sin den atlayamadim,
Harfa ferin önünden dayanmadim.

№ 332

*Giusto* 108

Arz ey le yip yola girmesem, Hü,
O mubarek yüzün gorsem, Hü,

Esği ne yüzüm sürsem Demir Babam,
Hü, Hü, Hü, Hü, gizli Sultanım, Hü.

№ 333

*Nefes* 108

Muhabet kapisi ni açayım dersem,
№ 334

Nefes

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Mu-hab-bet ka-pi-si-ni a-ca-yım der-sen, a-ca-yım der-sen,} \\
\text{A-can da aç-tı ran A-li' dir, A-li,} \\
\text{A-can da aç-tı ran Šah-im dir, A-lım.}
\end{align*} \]

№ 335

Düvazdeh nefesi

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Mu-hab-bet aç-il-sın, ce-mal gö-rün-sün,} \\
\text{Mu-ham-med, Mus-ta-fa gü-lü aş-ki-na.}
\end{align*} \]

№ 336

Folksong

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{An-ne, an-ne, ben ba-ba-mı} \\
\text{Ta ca-nım-dan öz-le-dim.} \\
\text{Göz-le-rım-den a-kan ya-şı} \\
\text{El vu-rup ta si-me-dim.}
\end{align*} \]
№ 337

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Kim ne bı-lır bı-zi biz ne soy-da-nız,} \]

\[ \text{Ne bı rı zer-re ot ne ot su-da-nız.} \]

№ 338

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Ar-zu e-der-dı-nız, hey, Dost bir yol gör-me-ye,} \]

\[ \text{Bu-gün bı-ze hııs gel - di-nız e-ren-ler.} \]

№ 339

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Ar-zu e-der-dı-nız, hey, Dost bir yol gör-me-ye,} \]

\[ \text{Bu-gün bı-ze hııs gel - di-nız e-ren-ler.} \]

№ 340

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Kar-şi da gıı-rıı-ıı-ne nııe güıı-zel vàıı-la,} \]

\[ \text{Bııır dem sıı-re - mıı-dım Dost-lar, gi-de-rım bııı-yıı-le.} \]
Class 7. Low and higher moving melodies with C(C)x cadences. № 313–361

№ 341

\[ \text{Semah} \]

1) Sey-yah o-lup şu a-le-mi ge-ze-lim,

2) Bir Dost bu-la-ma-dım da, Hü, gün ak-şam ol-du.

№ 342

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

Bir bō-lük tur-na-ya sö-kün de-di ler,

Yü-rek-te-ki der-di, Dost-lar, dō-kün de-di ler.

№ 343

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

Ha-ci Bak-taṣ 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

Semah

Der-dim çok-tur han-gi - si-ne ya-na-yum, yun,

Gene ta-zel-dı yu-rek yar-e-si, yar-e-si,

Gene ta-zel-di yu-rek yar-e-si.

№ 345

Nefes

Sev-dim se-ni mah-bu-bu-ma, ca-nan di-ye sev-dim,

Bir ben de-ğil a-le-m sa-na hay-ran di-ye sev-dim, di-ye sev-dim.

№ 346

Semah

Gel ge-ne, bu-gün dost e-li-ne gi-de-lim, gi-de-lim,

Ar-şan di-rek di-rek za-rım Gül Ba-ba, Gül Ba-ba.
№ 347

210

Çe-ke çe-ke ben bu dert-ten ö-lü-rüm,
Se-ver-sen A- li’-yi deg-me ya-ra-ma,
Se-ver-sen A-li’-yi deg-me ya-ra-ma.

№ 348

180

E-ren-ler to-p-la-nır mey-da-nı-mı-zı,
Yok mey-da-nı de-gil var mey-da-nı-dir,
Yok mey-da-nı de-gil var mey-da-nı-dir.

1.
2.
№ 349

Der-ya-da bö-lü-nen sel-le-re dön-düm,

Va-ki-t siz a-çıl-müş güll-e-re dön-düm, Hü.

Nefes

№ 350

Er-kan-iy-le zin-de-yım,

Za-hit-le-re ben-de-yım.

Boy-nu bağ-li ben-de-yım,

Ben de bir e-rin oğ-lu-yum.

Yol eh-li-nin ku-lu-yum.

Hay-de-ri-yem. Hay-de-ri.
№ 351

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Er-ka-nin-da zin-de-yim,} \]

\[ \text{Zah-it-le-re han-de-yim,} \]

\[ \text{Boy-nu bağ-li ben-de-yim,} \]

\[ \text{Hay-de-ri'yem, Hay-de-ri.} \]

№ 352

\[ \text{Wedding song} \]

\[ \text{Ya-kin yen-ge-le-rım, ya-kin, ki-na-mi ya-kin,} \]

\[ \text{Ya-rım a-lay boş dö-ne-cek, cüm-bü-che ba-kin, ba-kin.} \]

№ 353

\[ \text{Dirge} \]

\[ \text{U-yan, u-yan e-re-ce-gím se-nin o-la-yım,} \]

\[ \text{Ar-da-lar al-di, ya ner-de bu-la-yım, la-yım.} \]
№ 354

Folksong

Ah, an-ne-ci-gím, vah, an-ne-ci-gím, yak-tín ya be-ní,

Bu genç ya-şímda yak-tín ya be-ní.

№ 355

Folksong

Ot-man Ba-ba der-ga-hí-ní so-rar-san,

Mey-da-ní gü-zel dir Ot-man Ba-ba-ní Hû, Hû.

№ 356

Kirklar semahi

Sey-yahol-dum şu a-le-m-de ge-zer-ken, Hû, Hû. 

Sü-kür ol-sun Hak’a, ih-sa-ní bul-dum, Hû, Hû.
№ 357

\[\text{Nefes}\]

\(\text{Çi-kıp mey-da-na, dó-ne-lim, dó-ne-lim,}\)

\(\text{Hü-se-yin’e kur-ban o-la-lim, o-la-lim.}\)

№ 358

\[\text{Nefes}\]

\(\text{Çi-kıp mey-da-na dó-ne-lim,}\)

\(\text{Çi-kıp mey-da-na dó-ne-lim,}\)

\(\text{Hü-se-yin’e kur-ban o-la-lim,}\)

\(\text{Hü-se-yin’e kur-ban o-la-lim.}\)
№ 359

Hiddenlez song

O tepeden bu tepeye keçi geçer mi?

Ak-lı başında olan içki içer mi, mi?

№ 360

Folksong

Zurnas and drums

№ 361

Folksong

On-beşinde gidiyor kızın göz yaşı,

As-yanırm kız senin adın Hediyeye.
Class 8. “Psalmodic” and descending tunes with E/D(C)/A cadences. № 362–413

№ 362  

120

Pir Sultanım, şu dünyaya

Do lu gel dim, do lu benim.

Bil meyenler bil sin beni,

Men Ali yim, Ali benim,


 № 363  

Folksong

126

Yav ru nun 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 ri ko yar lar.
№ 364

\[ 126 \]

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

\[ \text{E-\'ger c\'e-ke-\, mez-\, sen a\,\'s-k\'ım sa-z\'ı-n, Al-lah,} \]

\[ \text{Ne di-\, ke-ne do-kun ne g\'u-\, l\'ı in\,-\, c\'ıt, Al-lah,} \]

\[ \text{ne g\'u-\, l\'ı in\,-\, c\'ıt.} \]

№ 365

\[ 112 \]

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

\[ \text{Kı-\, na-yı tuz-\, suz ka-\, ran-\, lar,} \]

\[ \text{A-\, ra-yı kiz-\, siz ko-\, yan-\, lar.} \]

\[ \text{K\'a-\, rın da in-\, ge-ne ki-\, na-\, yı,} \]

\[ 1) \]

\[ \text{Se-\, vin-di\,-\, rin ca-di kaya\,-\, na\,-\, mi.} \]

\[ 2) \]

\[ \text{Ak ba-\, kir-la-\, rim su-\, suz kal-\, đı,} \]

\[ \text{Ki-\, z\'ın a\,-\, na\,-\, si kiz-\, siz kal-\, đı.} \]
Class 8. "Psalmodic" and descending tunes with E/D(C)/A cadences, № 362–413

№ 366

Lullaby

Karın dainge-ne kınami.

Sevin-dirindüşman kuynanamu.

№ 366

Evin dönune

asma-yakurdum salıncak,

Eline de verdim

hem şekeriyyen oyunçak.
№ 367

Parlando \( \frac{1}{4} \) 120

\[ \text{Lullaby} \]

\[ \text{Nin-ni, yav-rum, nin-ni,} \]

\[ \text{U-yu-ta-yım sе-ni.} \]

\[ \text{U-yu-ta-yım da bū-yū-te-yım,} \]

\[ \text{Ço-cuk sū-rū-sū-ne kа-ta-yım, nин-nи.} \]

№ 368

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

\[ \text{Te-kırdág'-dan yūn ał-dımda,} \]

\[ \text{Kа-zak o-re-yım di-yе,} \]

\[ \text{Te-kırdág'-lı bir yar sev-dımd,} \]

\[ \text{Her gün gо-re-yım di-yе.} \]
Refrain

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh ol - sun da,

Eski ya - rim yok ol - sun.

Yeni - ler - den bir yar sev - dim,

Onun öm - rü bol ol - sun.

№ 369

Aşk ol - sun şu ge - li - ne,

Gidi - yor sev - gi - li - ne, di - loy - loy.

Halden bil - mez, ne fay - da,

Söz an - la - maz, ne ça - re?

Wedding song
№ 370

Folksong

Bir su içtim su baştan,
Poti nim kaydı taştan.
Potiniimi arraken, hamim kiz,
Akill kalma baştan.

№ 371

Folksong

Bənim de bir yərim var,
oy, oy, oy, oy.
Bül-bül gi-bi zərm var,
1) 2)
Esmerim, am man.
Class 8. “Psalmodic” and descending tunes with E/D(C)/A cadences, № 362–413

№ 372

Folksong

Dişarda deli dalgalar,

Gelir duvarları yalar.

Benity buserler oylar,

Al-dıma, gönül, al-dıma,

Al-dıma, gönül, al-dıma,

gönül, al-dıma.

№ 373

Alevi deyiş

Ah, Muhammed Ali Dost, Dost,

Cevru ma size geldi.

Ali ceynimam susası,
№ 374

Refrain

Neşime bize geldi, bize geldi.

Allah, Allah, eyvallah,

La ilaha illallah.

Dirge

Şeraret'in kardeşi

mala-rayı bak!

Kasaba'ya giderken,

dön, mezarına bak.
Class 8. “Psalmodic” and descending tunes with E/D(C)/A cadences, № 362–413

№ 375

Köy koru-su ar-di-na
Sil a m'o-kur-dum,
Ben ba-bam-dan kor-ku-ma
Ca-ni-mi vur-dum.

№ 376

Tut e-lim-den düş-me-ye-yim,
Doğ-ru yol-dan şaş-ma-ya-yim, Hû.
Ben der-di-mi deş-me-ye-yim,
Şah’a böy-le bil-dir be-ni, Hû.
№ 377

Nefes

Tut e-lim den düş me ye yım,

Doğ ru yol dan şa şma ya yım, Hū.

Ben der di mi deş me ye yım

Şah' a bö y le bil dir be ni, Hū.

№ 378

Divazdeh nefesi

Ha-san, Hü se yin' in de-mi sū rūl sūn, Hū,

Ha tí ce, Fa tí ma gū lá aş ki na,

Şah ím aş ki na.
№ 379

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

\[ \text{Al Fadi-mem, bal Fadi-mem,} \]

\[ \text{Ya-nak-la-ri gul Fadi-mem.} \]

\[ \text{Uyan uyan, sabah ol-du,} \]

\[ \text{Gul yuzu-nu yun Fadi-mem.} \]

№ 380

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Yur-ru, bi-re ey, ya-lan dun-ya,} \]

\[ \text{Ya-lan dun-ya de-gil mi-sen.} \]

\[ \text{Hasan-la Hus-se-yi ni de,} \]

\[ \text{A-lan dun-ya de-gil mi-sen.} \]
№ 381

Nefes

1. 100

A-lem yu-zü-ne sal-di zi-ya

A-li, Mu-ham-med,

Sey-fin şak e-dip gel-di yi-ne

1. A-li, Mu-ham-med,


№ 382

Folksong

Rubato ♩ 168

Taş-la-lar ö-nün-de, ey,

u-zan-dum, yat-tim,

Duy-dum bin-ba-şı ge-li-yor,

ni-za-ma kalk-tum,

Duy-dum bin-ba-şı ge-li-yor,

ni-za-ma kalk-tum.
№ 383

Folksong

İşte derdim başlar benim,
Gözlerim de yaşlar benim,

İyi gün de dostolanlar

Kötü gün taşlar buni,
Kötü gün taşlar beni.

№ 384

Ramazan folksong

Ne u-yur-sun, ne u-yur-sun,
Bu u-kuy-la ne bulursun.

Al abdes-ti-ni, kil na-mazi-ni,
Cennet ala- yi bulursun.
№ 385

Sa-bah-tan çeş-meye var-dın mı,
E-li-ni, yü-zü-nü yu-dun mu?
Çeş-me ta-şın-nın őstün-de
Sen be-nim bi-le-zığı-mi bul-dun mu?

№ 386

Sa-bah-tan çeş-meye var-dın mı,
E-li-ni, yü-zü-nü yu-dun mu?
Çeş-me ta-şın-nın ba-şın-da,
Sen be-nim bi-le-zığı-mi bul-dun mu?
№ 387

\[\text{Nefes}\]

\[\text{208}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Ku-zu-lar, ku-zu-lar, Hû,} \\
naz-li ku-zu-lar, Hû.
\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Gö-nil aşk e-din-ce, Hû, Hû, Hû,} \\
kal-bum si-zî-lar, Hû, Hû.
\end{align*}\]

№ 388

\[\text{Nefes}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Sor-dum sa-ri çiğ-de-me, çiğ-de-me,} \\
\text{Se-nin ben-zin ne sa-ri,} \\
\text{Se-nin ben-zin ne sa-ri.} \\
\text{Ne so-rar-san hey, der-viş, Hu, der-viş.} \\
\text{lik o-kup-ta dön beru.} \\
\text{lik o-kup-ta dön beru.}
\end{align*}\]
№ 389

Köprüden geçti gelin,
Köprüden geçti gelin, di-loy-loy,
Saç başı düştu gelin,
Hal'dan bilmez ne fayda,
Söz anlamaz neça re.

№ 390

Başına gümüş altın taç gibi,
En-si-ne dökümüş siyah saç gibi.
№ 391

Folksong

E-kin ek-tim çöl-le-re de,
Yol-di-rma-dim el-le-re,
Küçük yaş-ta bir yar sev-dim,
Ver-men o-nu el-le-re.

Refrain

Çit, çit, çit, çit, çe de-ne-ne,
Sar be-de-ni be-de-ne.
Dünya do-lu yar ol-sa da,
A-la-cağım bir ta-ne.
№ 392

Nefes

Na-zar ol-dum sul-ta-na

Ka-vuṣ-tum ih-sa-mi-na,

Mu-rat-la-dim in-sa-na,

O-cak aç-tum e-ren-le-r, e-ren-le-r.

№ 393

Nefes

E-ren-le-rin ce-mi-ne

Se-fa gel-dik, hoş bu-l-du-k.

Kırk-la-rin sür-düğű de-me

Se-fa gel-dik, hoş bu-l-du-k,

Kırk-la-rin sür-düğű de-me

Se-fa gel-dik, hoş bu-l-du-k.
№ 394

184

Nefes

E- ren-le-rin ce - mi-ne

Se-fa gel-dik, hoş bul-duk,

Kırk-ların sür-düğü de-me

Se-fa gel-dik, hoş bul-duk,

hoş bul-duk.

№ 395

Nefes

Hü, Dost, hü, Dost!

Oy-na-yan a-le-mde her dem

Sır-ı süb-han - - - - - dür A-lı,

Şah-ı Mer-dan, sır-ı Yez-dan,

Küt-bü dev - - - - - dür A-lı,

Hüy, Hüy, Hüy, Dost.
№ 396

La-net ol-sun Ye-zîl-le-rîn cam-na,

Kîy-dî Ye-zît i-mam-la-rîn sa-zî-na.

№ 397

E-ren-le-rîn ce-mi-ne

Se-fa gel-dîk, hoş bul-duk, hoş bul-duk,

Kîr-kîrîn sîr-dî-gû ce-me

Se-fa gel-dîk, hoş bul-duk.

№ 398

E-ren-le-rîn ce-mi-ne

Se-fa gel-dîk hoş bul-duk,
№ 399

126

Üç ler i le gö rüş tük,
Ye di le re ka vuş tuk.
Nes li mi ze e ri ş tük,
Se fa gel dik, hoş bul duk.

№ 400

112

Şe ri at ba bn dan gir me yen a şık,
Ta ri kat sır ri na er me yen a şık,
№ 401

Folksong

Dün sabah çeşme-ye var-dım-dı,

Elimi yüzüme çal-dım-dı.

Taş üstünde bileziği ni gördüm-dü,

Val-la-hi al-ma-dım Ar- zu.

№ 402

Folksong

zurna
№ 404

Parlando \( \frac{\text{150}}{\text{150}} \)  Alevi deviş

Ben yine deriş bu derde düşür düm,


Ben özüm tel çevresinde pişirdim, pişirdim, pişirdim.

Bir Alah, bir Muhammed, bir Ali.

№ 405

\( \frac{\text{116}}{\text{116}} \)  Folksong

İnönü dağlarinda çiçekler açaş,

Alti gümuş vurdu sırmali saç.

Alti gümuş vurdu sırmali saç.

Ismin yazilaçak münevver taşa.
Class 8. “Psalmodic” and descending tunes with E/D(C)/C/A cadences. № 362–413

№ 406

Hidrellez

Ki-zim se-ni A-li’-ye ve-re-yim mi?
Is-te-mem ba-ba-ci-güm, is-te-mem,
O-nun a-di A-li, sü-la-le-si de-li,
Is-te-mem ba-ba-ci-güm, is-te-mem.

№ 407

Folksong

Ço-ban-nın ka-rı-sı pa-zi ya-zamaz,
Ço-ban-nın ka-rı-sı pa-zi ya-zamaz,
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-ri ba-ka-maz,
Ne gü-zel oğ-lan, ya-şa be ço-ban!
№ 408

Nefes

Ki-la-riz na-maz, kıl-ma-yüz de-ğil,
Büz Hakk'ın em-rini bil-me-yüz de-ğil.

Melody

Kur-an ki-ta-bu-mız İs-lam di-ni-mız,
Ha-di-sen a-ye-ten al-ma-yüz de-ğil.

Bil-dik ru-mu-zu-nu sen mi se-la-tin,
İs-te-yip i-zı-nı bul-ma-yüz de-ğil,
İs-te-yip i-zı-nı bul-ma-yüz de-ğil.
Class 8. "Psalmodic" and descending tunes with E/D(C)/C/A cadences. № 362–413

№ 409

Der-man a-rar i-ken der-de düs ol-dum,
Ag-la-ma göz-le-rim, Mev-lam ke-rim-dir,

Ag-la-ma göz-le-rim, Mev-lam ke-rim-dir.

№ 410

Gur-bet el-de bir-hal gel-di baş-i ma,
Ag-la-ma göz-le-rim Mev-lam ke-rim-dir,

Ag-la-ma göz-le-rim Mev-lam ke-rim-dir.
№ 411

Nefes

Gürbet elde bir hal gedi başıma,

Ağlama gözlerim, Mevlam kemir-dir,

Ağlama gözlerim, Mevlam kemir-dir.

№ 412

Nefes

Şu yalan dün-yaya gel-dim, gidirim,

Gönül sen-den öz-ge yar bu-la-madım,

Gönül sen-den öz-ge yar bu-la-madım.

№ 413

Nefes

Beyleri-miz elvan gülsen üstüne,

Erl er gelir Pir'im Abdal Musa'ya.
Class 9. “Çanakkale” melodies. № 414-476

№ 414

Nefes

200

Bey-le-ri-miz el-van gülün üstüne,

Er-ler ge-lir Pir-im Ab-dul Ma-sa’-ya.

№ 415

Nefes

88

Ma-tem ay-la-rin-da şe-hit gi-den-ler,

Ha-ti-ce, Fa-ti-me, Şeh-ri-ban an-da, Hû.
№ 416

E-ğil-dim e-şı-ğl-ne ni-yaz ey-le-dim,

Yü-züm ta-ba-nı-na sür-me-ye gel-dim,
sür-me-ye gel-dim.

№ 417

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

Kis-be-ti-nı ka-yırm-maz-dan u-ru-nan.

№ 418

Ceb-ra-il’e nur i-chıng-de görůnen

Hân-kar Ha-ci Bek-taş Ve-li de-ğil mi?
№ 419

«Çanakkale» melodileri. № 419-476 279

Folk song

A-man, Sür-man A-ğa, ar-pa-lar ol-du mu,
B-e-ni ve-ri-yor-lar ha-be-rin ol-du mu?

№ 420

Nefes

Fe-lek bir ok at-ti, 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-şi, Hü.

№ 421

Nefes

Dün-ya-da üç nes-ne bük-tü be-li-mi,
Bir yok-suz-luk, bir ay-ri-lık, ah, ö-lüm.
№ 422

Nefes (Nevruzîye)

\[
\begin{align*}
270 &
\begin{array}{c}
\text{Yine koç burnündan verdi isaret,} \\
\text{Gönlüler sulta淡 Sultanı Nevruz.} \\
\text{Gönlüler sulta淡 Sultanı Nevruz.}
\end{array}
\end{align*}
\]

№ 423

Nefes

\[
\begin{align*}
200 &
\begin{array}{c}
\text{Beşin tutana kemal sorulmaz,} \\
\text{Altisin tutana azap buyrulmaz, Hü.}
\end{array}
\end{align*}
\]

№ 424

Nefes

\[
\begin{align*}
266 &
\begin{array}{c}
\text{De-desti Hüseyn'i verdi hoca ya,} \\
\text{Ah, senin dert lerin, i-mam Hüseyn, Hü.}
\end{array}
\end{align*}
\]
№ 425

Folksong

Sür-man A-ğa’nı, ko-yun-la-rı-nı, Gel gi-de-lım, gi-de-lım,
Kü-cü-cük-sün Sür-man A-ğa, Sö-zü-ne di-re-ne-mem.

№ 426

Folksong

Ba-ğa gir-dım, bağ bu-dan-mış, Bağ bül-bül da-dan-mış,
On-bes ya-şın-da da Na-zı-fe de ha-nım-mım, Kim-le-re al-dan-mış, mış?

№ 427

Hi-rrıllıez song

İn de-re-ye gö-re-yım, ca-nım, Elı-ne gü-l ve-re-yım.
Dal-ga-ci-sm sev-di-gım, ca-nım, Na-sıl gö-nül ve-re-yım.
№ 428

Folksong

Kar-an-fil o-la-cak-sin, can-im, Sar-arp so-la-cak-sin.

 Ağ-lat-ma be ya-r-im, ca-nim, Sen be-nim o-la-cak-sin.

№ 429

Hidrellez song

Gi-din, bu-lut-lar, gi-din, ca-nim, Ya-ri-me se-lam e-din.

Ya-ri-im uy-ku-da i-se, ca-nim, Uy-ku-su-nu terk e-din.

№ 430

Folksong

I-ne-gi sag-dim, sü-tu-nü al-dum,

Hiç el vur-ma-dan, ge-lin ha-nim, do-la-ba ko-y-dum.
№ 431

Folksong

Ka-le-den ka-le-ye taş ben o-la-yım,

Yal-nız ya-tan kız-la-ra eş ben o-la-yım.

№ 432

Folksong

zurna

Refrain

№ 433

Folksong

zurna
№ 434

Şu dünyay derdinden bek-tüm u-san-dım,
Çek-tiğim ce-fa-yı hep se-fa san-dım.

№ 435

E-şiğine baş vurup ya-tan ab-dal-lar,
Der-ga-hi cen-net-tir Ot-man Ba-ba-nın,

№ 436

Ki-zil-çik-lar ol-du mu, Se-le-le-re dol-du mu?
Yol-la-diğım mek-tup-lar E-li-ne u-laş-tu mu?
Refrain
Men-di-li e-li-ne, Men-dil ver-di-m e-li-ne.
№ 437

Mani

240

Ki-zil-cık-lar ol-du mu, Se-le-le-re dol-du mu?


Refrain

Men-di-li-e-li-ne, Men-dil ver-dim ge-li-ne,

Ka-ra ki-na yol-la-miş Yar be-nim el-le-ri-me.

№ 438

Folksong

214


Ya-rim sa-na gi-de-ce-gim Düş-man-la-ra, i-na-da, oy, oy, ka-ram,

Ba-na ya-sa-mak ha-ram, oy.
№ 439

\[ \text{Mani} \]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Ak ko-yun, ka-ra ko-yun, Gel, ya-rim bur-da so-yun, vay.} \\
\text{Ge-ce-le-rin i-ki sa-at, Çi-ka-ra-lım bir o-yun, vay, vay, du-man,} \\
\text{Ya-rim ya bur-da du-man var.}
\end{align*}
\]

№ 440

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Kaş-la-rın ça-tik ma-tik, Stöy-le-me be-ni ar-tik, ey.} \\
\text{Öy-le bir yar sev-dım ki, Ya-van ek-me-ğe ka-tik, ey, ey, güll-er, ey.}
\end{align*}
\]

№ 441

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Par-ma-ğım da-ki yu-zük, Ya-rim gü-müş hal-kam, oy.} \\
\text{Can-dan mi se-vi-yor-sun, Yok-sa ya-rım dal-ga mi, oy? Oy, ka-ram,} \\
\text{Ba-na ya-şă-mak ha-ram, oy.}
\end{align*}
\]
№ 442

**Folksong**

No. 134

Zurna and drums

№ 443

**Nefes**

No. 120

Al-çak-ta yük-sek-te ya-ta-ren-le-r, Hû, le-r, Hû,

Mür-ve-ti-niz var-dir, bul-maz dert bi-zî,

gör mez dert bi-zî, Hû,

№ 444

**Nefes**

No. 90

Biz bu Gül-is-tan’ın bul-bül-le-ri-yîz, yîz,


Avm Ba-ba-nnîn Gül-le-ri-yîz, yîz,

№ 445

Nefes

\[ \text{Yine mih-man gel-di, gön-lüm şad ol-du,} \]
\[ \text{Mih-man-lar siz bi-ce hoj-ça gel-di-niz, Hüy, Hüy.} \]

№ 446

Folksong

\[ \text{A-ğa-bey Sür-man a-ğa ar-pa-lar ol-du mu?} \]
\[ \text{Be-ni ve-ri-yor-lar ha-be-rin ol-du mu?} \]

№ 447

Folksong

\[ \text{Yük-sek, yük-sek te-pe-le-re ev kur-ma-smalar,} \]
\[ \text{Aş-ri aş-ri yer-le-re de kız ver-me-smiler.} \]
№ 448

Folksong

\[ \text{An-ne-si-nin bir ta-ne-si-ni hor g"o-r-me-si-n"er,} \]

\[ \text{U\-\c{c}an da ku\-\c{s} - la-ra ma - lum ol-\-sun, ben an-ne-mi" oz-le-dim,} \]

\[ \text{Hem an - ne-mi, hem ba-ba-mu, ben k\-\c{o}-y\-\u0131-mu" oz-le-dim.} \]

№ 449

Folksong

\[ \text{\c{C}a-nak-kale i\-\c{c}i-n de ay-na - li \c{c}ar - \c{s}i,} \]

\[ \text{An-ne ben gi - di - yom düs - ma-na kar - \c{s}i, hoy,} \]

\[ \text{\c{G}en\c{c} - li-\c{g}"um, ey - vah.} \]
№ 450

Folksong

Ça-nak-ka-le i-çin-de ay-na-li çar-şî,  3–
A-na ben gi-di-yom düş-ma-na kar-şî, of,
genç-li-gim, ey-vah, ey-vah, yan-di da dün-ya.

№ 451

Folksong

zurna

№ 452

Nefes

Değ-me ki-şi gö-nül e-vi-ni dü-ze-mez, e-fen-dim,
Hakk’-m tak-di-ri-ni kul-lar bo-za-maz,
Hakk’-m tak-di-ri-ni kul-lar bo-za-maz.
№ 453

Nefes

68

Özen a-şık ö-zen, tev-hi-de ö-zen, e-fen-dim,

Tev-hid-dır on-la-rın ka-le-sın bo-zan,

Tev-hid-dır on-la-rın ka-le-sın bo-

zanzan,

№ 454

Nefes

72 1)

Hiç ken-di-ken-di-ne kay-nar mı ka-zan, e-fen-dim,

Et-ra-fı-na a-teş ey-le-me-yin-ce,

Vaben ö-le-yim mi söy-le-me-yin-

ce.

№ 455

Nefes

82

A-şık Ga-rp der-ler de-ru-num ya-nar, e-fen-dim,

A-şık o-lan a-şık na-mu-sun di-ler.
№ 456

Nefes

108


Dert-li-le-ri dağ-la-ya - lim, Gel, Ha-san’im, vah, Hü - seyn’ im, Hü.

№ 457

Nefes

190

Sa-ba-hun se - her vak-tin-de, a-man, gö-re-bil-sem ya - ri-mi,

Gül di-ker-de, bül-bül dal-da, a-man, çe-ker ah-m zarı - ni.

№ 458

Folksong

112

Zey-nep düş-tü, ba-yil-di, fe-re-ce-si su - ya ya - yil-di,

№ 459

Folksong

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 - rn - dan gi - der.

№ 460

Folksong

Zey-nep düş-tü, ba - yıldı, Fe-rece-si su - ya ya - yıldı,

Ha-san da Zey - neb’i a - rar-sa, so - rar-sa, dere boy-la-rn - dan gi - der.

№ 461

Nefes

Yi-ne i-mam nes - li zu-hu - ra gel - di,

Bi-ri El-ma - li’ da Bur-su’ da kal - di, di,

Hü. Al-lah, Hü.
№ 462

Nefes

Yi-ne i-mam nes-li zu-hu-ra gel-di,
Bi-ři El-ma-li da Bur-sa-da kal-di, di,
Hū, Al-lah, Hū.

№ 463

Nefes

Ha-ki-kat kar-daş-lar ha-li-den bil-mez,
Ha-li-den yo-lum-dan bi-len-ler gel-sin, Hū, Hū, Hū,

№ 464

Nefes

Se-yran-gah ye-ri-dir can-lar ge-li-r-ler,
№ 465

Nefes

Bir araya gelse üçbeş aşık lar,

Onlar bir-bir-lerin' seyran e-dere ler, Hü.

№ 466

 Atatürk nefesi

E-lesti bez -mide demisiz be -lî,

Emri fer-man etti ol Rab-bi ce -lî,

Ef-ka-rımuz ol-sun gün-düz, ge-ce-lî,

A-man ya Mu-ham -med, me-det ya A-li,

Ru-hun şad ol-sun, Atatürk, hiz-metin ba- -ki.

№ 467

 Atatürk nefesi

Sela-nik seh-rin de dânya ya ge-len,

№ 468

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Ka-ya- cık-tan ge-çe-lim, yol si-zin ol- sun,} \]

\[ \text{Yi-ye-lim, i-çe-lim, göl si-zin ol-sun, göl si-zin ol-sun.} \]

№ 469

\[ \text{Turnular sema}h \]

\[ \text{Ye-men el-le-rin-den be-ru ge-lir-ken} \]

\[ \text{Tur-na-lar A-li-mi gör-me-di-niz mi, Hü,} \]

\[ \text{Tur-na-lar Şah-i-mi gör-me-di-niz mi, Hü?} \]

№ 470

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

\[ \text{Gİt-ti ge-li-rim di-ye, a-man, a-man,} \]

\[ \text{A-man, yo-lu bi-li-rim di-ye.} \]

\[ \text{A-man, lu bi-li-rim di-ye.} \]
№ 471

Nefes

Se-ka- hum sır-rı-nı söy-le-me sa- kın, sa- kın,
Sak-la ku- lüm be- ni, sak-la-yam se- ni, se- ni.

№ 472

Nefes

Bi-ze mih-man gel- di, gönlüm 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.

№ 473

Nefes

Me-det sen-den, me- det sul-ta-nım, A- li,
№ 474

Folksong

Şar-kö-yü-ne gi-der i-ken sî-ra sî-ra zey-tîn-ler.


№ 475

Nefes

Ge-ce gün-dâz ni-yaz ey-le-rim sen-den.


№ 476

Folksong

O te-pe-den bu te-pe-yê o-yûn o-lur mu?

On-beş ya-şm-da da Na-zî-fe de ha-nî-ma do-yum o-lur mu?
Class 10. Melodies built of line- or bar-sequences. № 477–495

№ 477

Folksong

Sev-di-güm kız gelin olmuş,

Benim değil, e-lin olmuş.

Be-yaz gelinlik için de

Gider gene ağıyor-muş.

№ 478

Folksong

Oy, narın, narın, narın,

Şo-för dürt benim ya-rım.

Çavuş izing vermiyor,

Nö-la cak benim ha-lim?
№ 479

Folksong

Kaynar ka-zan taş-maz mı?

Yol bu-ra-lar-dan aş-maz mı?

Zer-ya bir gün ka-şın-

Hay-dı ar-ka-daş-

№ 480

Folksong

Ak ta-vuk ol-

Kü-me-se dal-

Bir ba-ğır su

Sen ge-lin ol-

Gı-di-yo-rum an-

Ka-ra ça-lı-

Kir ça-lı-

rep.

rep.

rep.
№ 481

Folksong

İn-o-nü dağ-larında çiçek-ler açar?
Al-tın gü-müş vur-muş sir-ma-li sa-ça.
Ya-şş Mus-ta-fa Ke-mal pa-şş, ya-şş,
İs-mın ya-zı-lacak mü-ne-ver ta-şş.

№ 482

Nefes

Ha-yal mu-dır rü-ya mu-dır düş mü-dür,
Nere-bak-sam bu rü-yanın ben be-ni.
Nedir a-ra-di-gim dağ-lar düş mü-dür?
Bo-şu-na mu yo-rú-yo-rum ben be-ni,
Bo-şu-na mu yo-rú-yo-rum ben be-ni.
№ 483

Nefes

E- vem üs-tüm şu ci-ha-na gel-me-den,
A-dem a-ta gel-di, Pir-iş gör-dün mü?
Ab-dess a-lip na-ma-zı-nı kı-lar-ken
Üs-tü müze do-ğan nu-ru gör-dün mü?

№ 484

Nefes

Gö-nül, gel, se-nın-le mu-hab-bet e-de-lim,
Gel, gö-nül se-nın-le mu-hab-bet e-de-lim,
A-ra-ya kim-se-yı al-ma sev-gi-lim, al-ma sev-di-gım,
Ya be-nım ki-mim var, ki-me yal-va-ra-yım,
Kal-dir kal-bın-de-ki ka-ra-yı, gö-nül.
№ 485

Folksong

El-a 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 - kin-dan çi-kar - ma be - ni,
A-la göz-ya - şı-mı sil, me-lul, me-lul.

№ 486

Wedding song

Ana-dan ay - ri, ay - ri, bu-bu - dan ay - ri,
Ya-zık ol - du gel-di geç - ti en gü - zel yil - lar,
Se-ver-ken se - vin - mez ol - du a - ci gün - le - rim.
№ 487

Şu ya-lan dün - ya - ya gel - dim, gi-de - rim.
Gö-nül sen-den öz-ge yar bu-la-ma - düm, yar bu-la-ma - düm.
Ya-ra-lan-düm al kan - la-ra bo - yan - düm,
Ya-ra-la-rım der-man bul-ma-li yar.

№ 488

Ay mi-dür, gün mü - dür, doğ-muş a - le - me,
Yü-zün-den a - ki - yor nur Ha-ci Bek - taş,
Yü-zün-den a - ki - yor nur Ha-ci Bek - taş.
№ 489

Nefes

Hay-di do-la - şa-lım yü-ce dağ - lar-da,
Dost be-ni bi - rak-tun ah i-len zar-da, ah i-len zar - da.
Gez-mek is-ti - yo-rum vi-ran bağ - lar-da,
A-ya-şı ma cen-net ki-ra-lan - sa da.

№ 490

Nefes

 Şu kar - sı ki yay - la - da göc ka - ter ka - ter,
Bu ay - ri - lik ba - na ö - lüm - den be - ter,
Geç-ti dost ker - va - ni, ey-le-me be - ni, eğ-le-me be - ni.
№ 492

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Pir Sul-tan-im şu dün-yaya,} \]

\[ \text{Do-lu gel-dim, do-lu bë-nim,} \]

\[ \text{Bil-me-yen-ler bil-sin bë-ni,} \]

\[ \text{Ben A-li'yim, A-li bë-nim,} \]

\[ \text{Bil-me-yen-ler bil-sin bë-ni,} \]

\[ \text{Ben A-li'yim, A-li bë-nim.} \]

№ 493

\[ \text{Semâfi} \]

\[ \text{Ip-ti-da-i yol so-rar-san,} \]

\[ \text{Yol Mu-ham-med A-li'-min-dir.} \]

\[ \text{Yol Mu-ham-med A-li'-min-dir, Hû, Hû.} \]
Yetmiş iki dil sorrasan,
Dil Muhammed Ali'nin-dir, Hüy, Hüy, Hüy,
Dil Muhammed Ali'nin-dir, Hüy.

Gece olur, gündüz olur,
Çümle alem dünüüz olur,
Gökte kaç bin yıldız olur,
Ay Muhammed Ali'nin-dir,
Ay Muhammed Ali'nin-dir.
No 494

Nefes

Ala göz lü güzel Pirim,

Der di me der ma na gel dim.

Senden garray tur accurate, Kim sem,

Der di me fer ma na gel dim.

Sensin ho ca lar ho ca si,

Kur an da okunur he ce si.

Bun rı za ge ce si

Der di me der ma na gel dim.
№ 495

Kırklar semahi

Der-dim çok tur hangi-si-ne ya-na-yım,

Der-dim çok tur hangi-si-ne ya-na-yım,

Yi-ne ta-ze-len-di yü-rek ya-re-si.

Ben bu der-de der-man nér-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

Yeşil ördek gibi,  
Sen düüşür dün beni  
Baş眯 alıp gitsem  
dal-dım göl-le-re,  
dil-den dil-le-re,  
gur-bet el-le-re,  
Ne sen beni unut  
ne de ben sə-ni,  
Ne sen beni unut  
ne de ben sə-ni.
№ 497

80 

Gel, gönlü, yöiredim

Aidi güzel Ali'm ile

Ağlar doyurur, suzlar kandır

Leblerinin baño ile

Nuru Muhammed'len Ali

№ 498

84 

Ali'm bana ne ler etti

Elin a lıp da ra çekti

Elin-de-ki dolu i len

Üstümüze yüriyüş etti

Nuru Muhammed'len Ali
№ 499

Dirge

An - ka - rə̀ - nın ta - sı - na bak,
Göz - le - ri - min ya - sı - na bak?
Ma - lum ol - sun ga - rip a - nam,
Șu fe - le - șın i - și - ne bak!

№ 500

Nefes

Eş - ref - ə - ğ - lu al ha - be - ri,
Bahće bi - zız gül biz - de - dir.
Biz de Mev - la' - nn kül - yu - z,
Yet - miș - i - ki dil biz - de - dir.
Biz de Mev - la' - nn kül - yu - z,
Yet - miș - i - ki dil biz - de - dir.
Hū, Hū, Hū.
№ 501

Folksong

Tag-tan yap - tur - dım ka-le - yi,
Al-dım ba - şı - ma be-la - ys.
Gö-nül terk - et - me si-la - ys,
Ya ben ki - me yal - va-ra - yım.

№ 502

Nefes

Kam-ber du-rur - du sa - gün - da,
Gö - ren de cen-net ba - gün - da.
A-li Fat - ma Tur da - gün - da,
Ben de - dem A-li' - yi gör - düm,
Dost bi - ri Ve- li' - yi gör - düm.
No 503

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Semah} \\
\text{Gel gönül yola gidelim} \\
\text{Adı güzel Ali'milen,} \\
\text{Açlar doyur susuzlar kandır} \\
\text{Lebreinin baılı len, Hü Ali}
\end{align*}
\]

No 504

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Nefes} \\
\text{Dağlar var dağlar dan yüce,} \\
\text{Dağ mı da yanı nr bu yüce.} \\
\text{Derdim var üç gün üç gece,} \\
\text{Anlat-sam bitmez yalisiniz, Hü Dost, Hüy, Hü}
\end{align*}
\]
№ 505

Rubato 92

Geç-mi-şiz can ile seri den,

Pir-im Ha-cı Bek-taş Ve-li.

Bizi a-gah ey-le seria
dan,

Pir-im Ha-cı Bek-taş Ve-li, Hü, Dost, Hü, Hü.

№ 506

Rubato 88

Yol-cu ol-dum, yola düş-tüm,

Yol-la-rım A-lı’-ye ça-gı-rır.

Bıl-bıl ol-dum gü-le düş- tum,

Gül-le-rım A-lı’-ye ça-gı-rır, Hü, Dost, Hü, Hü.
№ 507

Nefes

Al-lah bir Mu-ham-med Hak-tur,
Bi-len-le-re sö-züm yok-tur.
A-li’nin in-sa-nı çok-tur,
On ik’i-mam A-li’im, A-li’im, Hü, Dost, Hü, Dost.

№ 508

Semah

Güzel a-şık çev-ri-mi-zı
Bu bir ri-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 ri-za lok-ma-sı-dır,
Yi-ye-mez-sin, de-me-dim mi?
№ 509

Nefes

Ben bu meclis - ler - den
ib - ret - ler al - dém, Al - lah,
U - yu - düm, u - yan - düm,
ben a - yan gör - düm, Al - lah, dém, Hü.

№ 510

Nefes

Kal - bi - mi nur i - le
bo - yan - mis gör - düm, Al - lah,
Mu - ham - med - in kü - sü
Ol ser - ve - rin is - mi
№ 511

Nefes

\[\text{A-di-na, sâ - ni - na kur-ban o - du - ãum, Hû,}\]

\[\text{Bî - ri - si Mù - ham - med, bî - ri - si A - li,}\]

\[\text{Bî - ri - si Ha - san' - dîr, bî - ri Hû-se - yîn.}\]

№ 512

Nefes

\[\text{Pîr Sul-tan' - ûm bu ne - fe - si Hâk - la - yàn, Hû,}\]

\[\text{Şâh e - fen-dîm bu ne - fe - si Hâk - la - yàn, Hû,}\]

\[\text{A - li' srî - nî can - dan sâk - la - yàn,}\]

\[\text{Şâh'i - min srî - nî can - dan sâk - la - yàn.}\]

rep.

№ 513

Nefes

\[\text{Mû-hîp kar-dâş - la - rûn tâh - di - lî - nî, lî - nî,}\]

\[\text{l - ñi - dik - çe gû - nûl fê - rah - la - mî - yor, mî - yor.}\]
№ 514

**Nefes**

Ey, e-ren-ler be - nim me-yi l ver - di - gün, Hû,

**odu**

Bi-ri - si Mu - ham - med, bi - ri - si A - li,
Bi-ri - si Ha - san' - dir, bi - ri Hü - se - yin.

№ 515

**Folksong**

Ka-ra-dir kaş - la - rın fer - man yaz - di - rir,

Bu aşık be - ni di - yar di - yar gez - di - rir.

Lok-man He-kim gel - se ya - ram az - di - rir,
Ya-ra-mu sar - ma - ya yar ken - di gel - sin.
Array E (= Class 12) Melodies of tripodic lines, № 517–562

№ 516

Nefes

Ey, za-hit ša-ra-ba ey-le ih-ti-ram,


Eh-li-ne he-lal-dir na-eh-le ha-ram,


Array E (= Class 12) Melodies of tripodic lines, № 517–562

№ 517

Nefes

Ey, e-ren-ler be-nim me-yil ver-di-gim, Hü.

Bi-ri-si Mu-ham-med, bi-ri-si A-li,

Bi-ri-si Ha-san’-dir, bi-ri Hü-se-yin.
№ 518

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{100} \]

\[ \text{Mu-hab - bet kö - pü-nün şa-ra - bi ol - sam,} \]

\[ \text{Dost be - ni dol - du - rur i - çer mi bil - mem.} \]

№ 519

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{192} \]

\[ \text{Mu-hab - bet kö - pü-nün olsam şa-ra - bi,} \]

\[ \text{Yar be - ni dol - du - rup i - çer mi bil - mem.} \]

№ 520

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{200} \]

\[ \text{Gö-nül - den çi - ka - rup ya - ba - na a - ta - ma,} \]

\[ \text{İs - ti-nat - ga - hımz A - li aș - ki - na.} \]

№ 521

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{270} \]

\[ \text{Dü - nü, gü - nü ar - zu - ma - nim gel be - ri,} \]

\[ \text{Dî-le - ্gim i - mam Hü - se - yîn aș - ki - na,} \]

\[ \text{Aș - ki - na Şah - ham, aș - ki - na.} \]
№ 522

Nefes

Ger-çek e-ren-le-re yüz-ler sü-re-yim,
Ni-çin git-mez Yıl-dız da-gın du-ma-nı,
Du-ma-nı, du-ma-nı, el-ler gü-ma-nı.

№ 523

Nefes

Ger-çek e-ren-le-re ha-ber so-ra-yim,
Ni-çin git-mez Yıl-dız da-gın du-ma-nı,
Du-ma-nı, du-ma-nı, el-ler gü-ma-nı.

№ 524

Nefes

Sor-dum da sa-rı sa-rı iş-ge-me, hey, Dost, iş-ge-me,
Se-nin boy-nun ne eş-ri, ne eş-ri,
Ne so-rar-sm be hey dev-riş, be kar-daş,
Ben hak lok-ma-sı ye-ri, Şah ye-ri,
Kud-ret kor-ku-su çe-ke-ri, çe-ke-ri.
№ 525

\[ \text{Nefes} \]

\[ \text{Ha-ni be-nim hur-ka i-len post-la-rım,} \]

\[ \text{Ha-ni be-nim hur-ka i-len post-la-rım,} \]

\[ \text{Tat-lı dıl-li şe-ker söz-lü dost-la-rım, dost-la-rım,} \]

\[ \text{Tat-lı dıl-li şe-ker söz-lü dost-la-rım.} \]

№ 526

\[ \text{Folksong} \]

\[ \text{Gü-zel o-la-nı sa-rar-lar e-şım, a-man, a-man.} \]

\[ \text{Al ka-deh, ver ba-de, dol-dur, i-ce-yim, yım.} \]

№ 527

\[ \text{Düvâzdeh nefesi} \]

\[ \text{A-kıl al-maz Ya-ra-dan'ın sir-ri-na,} \]

\[ \text{A-kıl er-mez Ya-ra-da-nın sir-ri-na.} \]

\[ \text{Mu-ham-med A-li'ye in-di bu kur-ban,} \]

\[ \text{Hü.} \]
№ 528

Folksong

A-man or-man-ci, ca-nm, or-man-ci,

№ 529

Folksong

Kö-yü-mü-zün su-la-rn so-gük, i-çil-mez,

Köp-rü-lér yap-tür-dım ge-lip geç-me-yé.
№ 530

Mersiye

Ey, nur-ı 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

Ey, nur-ı 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-ka’-rım sa-hi-bi,
Hem da-hi bil ya-ri Kam-ber’-dir A-li, Hü,
Hü, Şah-im, Hü.
Array E (= Class 12) Melodies of tripodic lines, № 517–562

№ 533

Nefes

\[ \text{Güzel Şah-tan bı-ze bir do-lu gel-dı,} \]

\[ \text{Bır sen iç, sev-di-gım, bir de ba-na ver, Hū, Hū, Hū.} \]

№ 534

Nefes

\[ \text{E-ren-le-ri sev-dık, gel-dık bu-ra-ya,} \]

\[ \text{Ni-cin mel-hem ol-maz-si-nız ya-ra-ya, Hū, Hū.} \]

№ 535

Matem nefesi

\[ \text{Bu-gün gü-zel-le-rin sey-ri-ne var-dım,} \]

\[ \text{Ka-lem el-le-ri-y-le yazi ya-zar-lar, Hū, Hū.} \]

№ 536

Folksong

\[ \text{De-ve yük-sek, a-ta-na-dım ur-ga-nı,} \]

\[ \text{Ah, a-man, a-man, ur-ga-nı.} \]
№ 537

Folk song

De - ve yük - sek, a - ta - ma-dım ur - ga - ni,
Ah, a-man, a-man ur-ga-ni.

№ 538

Nefes

Kirk - lar iyl - le bir meelis - te o - tur - duk,
Ce-va - bm-da bul-duğu i - rak - ta de-diler, de-diler.

№ 539

Hidrellez song

Ka-ra göz-lüm ef - kar - lan - ma, gü - l d"ay - rı -
Ir - i - bık - ler Va - tán bor - cu ö-ter öt - mez, or-da-yım, or-da-yım.
No 540

Folksong

\[ \text{Be-nim ya-rim kü-cü-cük-tü, bü-yümüş,} \]

\[ \text{Sü-rü-den ay-ri-lan sür-meli ko-yun,} \]

\[ \text{O-da-lar döş-et-tim, gel, ya-rim, o-tur.} \]

No 541

Folksong

\[ \text{Üç beş gü-zel bir a-ra-ya gel-miş-ler,} \]

\[ \text{Be-nim se-ve-ce-ğim yok a-ra-sında, yok a-ra-sında.} \]

No 542

Folksong

\[ \text{Üç beş gü-zel bir a-ra-ya gel-miş-ler,} \]

\[ \text{Be-nim de se-ve-ce-ğim yok a-ra-sında, yok a-ra-sında.} \]
№ 543

Folksong

\[ \text{Üç beş güzel bir araya gelmişler,} \]
\[ \text{Benim sevgili ya-rım yok arasında, yok arasında.} \]

№ 544

Nefes

\[ \text{Payım gêlir e-ren-le-rin pa-yyn-dan, pa-yyn-dan,} \]
\[ \text{Mo-ham-med nes-lîn-den A-li so-yun-dan, Hü, Hü, Hü.} \]

№ 545

Parlando

\[ \text{Beşik-le-re taş be-le-dim, nen-ni,} \]
\[ \text{Mev-lam-dan o-ğul di-le-dim, nen-ni,} \]
\[ \text{Mev-lam ba-na o-ğul ver-di, nen-ni,} \]
\[ \text{Şim-di de u-zun ömür ver-sin, de, bû-yû-sun, nen-ni.} \]

Lullaby
 ARRAY E (= Class 12) Melodies of Tripodic Lines, № 517–562

№ 546

Dirge

Cu-ma gü-nü has-ta-ne-ye var-dım,

Be-yaz te-ni-mi has-ta-ne-ye ver-dım.

Dok-tor ba-na yü-re-gür-de ce-na-ze,

Yan a-nam ba-na genç Ni-yärüm di-yor.

№ 547

Nefes

Bül-bül kan-at yay-mış gül-lün üs-tü-ne,


sometimes (9/8)

№ 548

Nefes

Ge-ne mi gel-di ilk yaz ba-har ay-la-ri,

Gö-nül se-fa i-len ö-tü-sür bül-bül, Şah bül-bül, Şah gö-nül.

Aş-kin a-te-süs-le tu-tu-sür gö-nül.
№ 549

Dürge

Ak-şam ol-du kum-ru-lar ö-ter sa-çak-tan,

Yav-ru-la-rım ök-süz kal-di bi-çak-tan.

№ 550

Folk song

Ha-li-ş cô-cuk, çik de-re-den, de-re-den,

Göster bi-zê yol ne-re-den, ne-re-den,

A, di-li bülbül, sa-çi zum-bül Ha-li'-in.

№ 551

Folk song

Ha-li-ş cô-cuk, çik de-re-den, de-re-den,

Göster ba-na yol ne-re-den, ne-re-den.
№ 552

Der-ya-da gezerken çık-tım ka-ra-ya.


№ 553

Alp a-klı-cığımı da ben-i şa-şır-ma,

Emir-lik ker-va-nı da bel-den a-şır-ma, Hü, Hü,

Emir-lik ker-va-nı da bel-den a-şır-ma, Hü, Hü.

№ 554

E- lim-den adır-dım tat-li ku-zu-mu,

Her gün ki ya-me-te oğ-lu-ma ya-na-rım, Hü, Hü,

Her gün ki ya-met-tir Şah’ı-ma ya-na-rım, Hü, Hü.
№ 555

152

1) Nefes

Gay - et lüf - iy - len bi - ri - bi - ri - ne söy - ler,

Gay - et lüf - iy - len bi - ri - bi - ri - ne söy - ler,

Pir - im A - li a - hir za - ma - m söy - ler, Hö, Hü, Dost,
Bino - nuz - üç yil - dan be - ri - um - ma - m söy - ler, Höy.

2) rep. rep. rep.

№ 556

112

Kirklar semahı

Türlü don - lar gi - yer gülden na - zik - tir,

Bülbül cevr - ey - le - me güle, ya-zik-tir, Höy, Hüy, Dost,
Bülbül cevr - ey - le - me güle, ya-zik-tir, Höy.

rep.

№ 557

168

Folksong

Püs - kül pen - çe - re - den uç - tu, gü-lüm, ey, de, tu,

Üç - tu da der - ya - ya göç - tü, gültüm, ey de, tü.

rep.
№ 558

Semah

\[ \text{Ah içinde yatayor müslim yiğitler,} \]

\[ Çekil, gönlü, çekil, Şah'a varalım, gel, varalım, Hü, Hü. \]

№ 559

Semah

\[ \text{Ah, Hzur paşam bizi de berdar etmeden,} \]

\[ Çekil, gönlü, çekil, Şah'a varalım, gel, varalım, Hü, Hü. \]

№ 560

Folksong

\[ \text{Yağmur yağıyor, sel ler a kar, çok o lar,} \]

\[ Kazanı kazarlar pa-re-yi, ver pa-re-yi ça ki-lan. \]
№ 561

Folksong

A- \text{la-man’-da} \text{gün}- \text{den tur-nam} \text{ge-lir} - \text{sin},
Ma-car Bal-kan’-\text{in}-\text{da} \text{yol}-\text{lar} \text{a} - \text{çar}-\text{sin},
A-na-lar \text{ağ}- \text{la-di kan-lar} \text{sa} - \text{çar}-\text{sin},
Tü-nus’-ı \text{ha-rap} \text{o-lur sul-tan} \text{Ce-za-yı-rı}.

Ye-\text{sil-len-miş} \text{o dağ}-\text{la-rın} \text{saż-la-rı},
Ö-tü-\text{şu-yor} \text{ör-dek i-le kaz-la-rı}.

№ 562

Folksong

Ce-mıl’e-\text{m-in gez-di-ği} \text{dağ}-\text{lar me-şel-i, i-ma-nınm},
Hay-di, üç gün ol-du, Ce-mıl’e-\text{m ben-bu der-de dû-şel-i}.

Refrain

Ay-rı kur-ban Ce-mı-le-\text{m na-sıl na-sıl e-de-lim biz bu i-şı},
Ni-kah-i-mızı kıy-\text{sm dün-den ge-len ho-ca-nın i-şı?}
Array F (=Class 13). Domed melody structure. № 563–593

№ 563

\[ \text{Kürklar semahı} \]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Bir nefes cik sýyle yeýim,} \\
\text{Dinlemez sen ney le yeýim,} \\
\text{Ask der yasın boy la ya ýim,} \\
\text{Umma na dal ma ya gel dim,} \\
\text{Umma na dal dim, yorul dum,} \\
\text{Kaza na gir dim, kavrul dum,} \\
\text{Ask Alim, Hü, Ya, Şahum, Hü, Dost.}
\end{align*}
\]
№ 564

\(\text{Nefes}\)

\(\text{Parlando} \quad 75\)

\(\text{Mersiye}\)

\(\text{Mah-i muhar hicran da,}\)

\(\text{Şah Huseyn derde,}\)

\(\text{ya-nar ağ-la-rum.}\)
Mähümaharemde
derdihiranda.

№ 566

Çöktimgönlüturuna,
Niyazetimnuruña,
Eliboolupdarina,
DurmağageldimPirim.

№ 567

Çemalinceñitiñi,
Görmeyegeşeldim,Pirim,
Dımpırim,
Puşidineyeğüzümü,
Stirmeyegeşeldim,Pirim.
№ 568

Nefes

Ce-maľ- in cen-ne-ti - ni,

Gör-me-ğe gel-dim, Pi - rim,

Pu-şi-di-ne yu-zü - mü,

Sürm-e-ğe gel-dim, Pi - rim.

№ 569

Folksong

A-le-m aģ - lar i-çin i-çin,

Ben bi-li-rim ki-min i-çin,

Aģ-la-sın da a-nam, ba-bam,

 Şu be-nim genç li-gim i-çin.
№ 570

Nefes

Bu-gün bi-ze mih-man gel-di,
Han-ne-mi-zı şen ey-le-di,

Bi-zim gü-ler yüz-le-ri-mız

On-la-ri sey-ran ey-le-di.

№ 571

Nefes

Ö-ter bül-bül sa-hım di-ye,

Di-lim söy-ler A-li di-ye,

Fe-rah-la-di de-li gö-nül.

Sometimes the melody begins as follows

3x
№ 572

Nefes

Gel di bahar öt tü bül bül,
Ferah la di de li gö nül.
Acil di ta zecce sum bül,
Ferah la di de li gö nül.

№ 573

Mersiye

Ker be la nn ga zi le ri,
Yazil mus tur yazi la ri.
Fatma Ana nn ku za la ri,
Gel nazli mam Shah Hus eyin, Hü.

№ 574

Nefes

Bugün bize mih man gel di,
Hane mi zi şen ey le di,
Bizim gü ler yüz le ri miz
On la ri sey run ey le di.
Array F (= Class 13). Domed melody structure. № 563–593

№ 575

Nefes

Çe-rag-lar can-lar u-yan-mış,
Gö-nül-ler şevk i-le y-an-mış,
I-la-hi aşk-a bo-yan-mış,
Er-kan mey-dan-da, dan-da,
Hü, Hü.

Nh 82

Nefes

Mu-ham-med A-li aş-ki-na,
In-san mey-dan-da, mey-dan-da,
Pir Bek-taş Ve- li aş-ki-na,

rep.
№ 577

*Rubato* [\(\frac{\text{\textdagger}}{\text{\textdagger}}\) 168]  
*Nefes*

Yeşil dağım köşesiinde

 Ağlıyorum sana sana,

Yolunda onum

Bekliyorum ka-na ka-na.

---

№ 578

*Folksong*

Kaynar kazan taşmaz mı,

Yol bu raçık-tan aşmaz mı?

Sil gözünün yaşıntı, Ha-ti-cem,

Aynılan ka-vuş-maz mı?
No 579

Nefes

\[ \text{96} \]

Cen-\text{net-in} ka-pi-si-ni a-\text{ca}-koy-mu\text{ş-} lar,

O-lü k\text{-}z la-ri-ni si-\text{ra si-ra} koy-\text{muş-} lar,

U-\text{yan uy}\text{-}ku\text{-}sa hiç ol, gö\text{-}z le-rim u-\text{yan}, kalk, ni-yaz ey-\text{le}.

No 580

Nefes

\[ \text{100} \]

Kur\text{-}an ya-\text{zi-lr-}ken ar\text{-}ş-\text{t} Rah\text{-}man\text{-}da,

\text{Sıd kud-ret ka-ti-binin} e\text{-}lin\text{-}dey-di, Hü, Hü, di, Hü, Hü.

No 581

Nefes

\[ \text{92} \]

Bal-\text{çık-tan ya-\text{rat-tu} Al-lah A\text{-}dem\text{-}i,}

\text{O}l va-\text{kit ben o-nun ya-\text{mi\text{-}day-dm, Hü, dm, Hü.}}
№ 582  

Dün ge-ce se-yi-rım-de  

bir do- lu iç-tim,  

Hün-kar Ha- ci  

Bek-taş  

sen im-dad ey-le.

№ 583  

Al-lah bir-dir,  

Hak Mu-ham-med  

A-li' dir,  

A-nın is-mi  

cüm-le  

a-lem do-lu-dur,  

Hü.

№ 584  

Mu-hab-bet a-çıl-sın,  

cem-al gö-rüm -sün,  

Mu-ham-met,  

Mus- tafa  

A-li aş-kı-na,  

Hü.

№ 585  

Subh-u şam, ey,  

gö-nül,  

çe-ko-lım  

gül-bank,  

Şah-im,  

bank,  

Şah-im,  

Ha-yır-lar feth ol-sun,  

şer-ler def ol-sun,
№ 586

184

Magrıp tara-fin-dan bir yıldız doğdu, Hü, Hü,

Magrıp tara-fin-dan şu-ki on se-kiz bin a-le-me ver-du, Hü, Hü.

№ 587

200

Ö-lüm gel-di bul-du be-ni ha-nem-de, Hü, Hü,

Oğ-lüm, ta-lip-le-rim bil-sin kay-me-ti-mi, Hü.

№ 588

168

Musa kul i-yi be-yin ko-yu-nu-nu gâ-der-ken,

Dört kurt gel-di kar-deş, kur-ban is-te-di, Hü.
№ 589

\textit{Nefes}

\begin{equation}
1) \quad \text{Musa kul i - yi beyin ko-yu-nu-nu guder-ken,}
\end{equation}

\begin{equation}
2) \quad \text{Dört kurt gel - di kar - deş, kur - ban is - te - di,}
\end{equation}

\begin{equation}
3) \quad \text{Dört kurt gel - di kar - deş, kur - ban is - te - di, Hü,}
\end{equation}


№ 590

\textit{Matem nefesi}

\begin{equation}
1) \quad \text{Her bah - çe - de u - çan bul - bul kuş gi - bi,}
\end{equation}

\begin{equation}
2) \quad \text{Uç-tu-ran mi dert - li, u - çan mi dert - li, Hü.}
\end{equation}
Çıktım, sey-rey-le-dim ben şu a-le-mi,

Ba-na-da bir han-di da-lim-den ol-dum,

Ba-na-da bir han-di da-lim-den ol-dum.

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,
№ 593

Rubato \breve \ 152

Folksong

Bir sari yilan ko-va-la-di be-ni.

Kara ca-li-ya do-la-di be-ni.

Ah, ara-ba-ci, a-man ta-li-ga-ci.
APPENDICES

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

№ 594

Rubato  134

Folksong

Bu dert na-sil dert, ö-lüm-den be-ter,

Gen-cin ö-lüm-mü, ça-nım a-nam, ci-ha-na ye-ter.

Kâ-la-vuz dol-dur e-ceil, bu-gün-le-re bel ge-çer,

A-kl 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-rım or-da, ben bur-da,

U-zun gün çan-nım çat-la-yır.
№ 595

Parlando \( \frac{1}{104} \)

Refrain

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Men-di-li-min ye-\-si-li,} \\
\text{Ben kay-bet-tim e-\-si-mi.} \\
\text{Ben e-\-si-mi bu-lur-\-sam,} \\
\text{Al-lah bi-lir i-\-si-mi.}
\end{align*}
\]

Melody

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Gı-de ge-le mah-\-le-ni-ze u-san-dım,} \\
\text{A-ya-\-ğı-ma di-ken bat-tı, gül san-dım.} \\
\text{El ki zi-ni ben ken-di-me yar san-dım, a-man,} \\
\text{Ne ye-le-yim şu dün-ya-da yar ol-ma-yın-ca.}
\end{align*}
\]
App.1. Tunes similar to the small form of the Hungarian and Anatolian laments. № 593–597

№ 596

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Nefes} \\
\text{Ki-mi kö-y-ler fâ-rî-zî sün-net, ey.}
\end{align*}\]

O-dur Mu-ham-met, hüm-met, ey.

Gel-sîn Mu-ham-me-dîm, gel-sîn,

Dûs-muş-le-rîn e-lîn a-l-sîn, hay.

№ 597

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Folksong} \\
\text{Vâ-rm se-lam e-dîn, ah, ba-bam gel-sîn,}
\end{align*}\]

Sun-sun e-li-nî, al-sîn yî-la-nî,

App. 2. Melodies moving by leaps. № 598–602

№ 598

Folksong

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Karaca li gibii} \\
\text{Aramiza girdin,} \\
\text{Neden verdin bana.}
\end{align*}\]

№ 599

Lullaby

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Nin-ni, de, nin-ni, nin-ni si var,} \\
\text{Guzel, guzel ku-zu-mun uy-ku-su var.}
\end{align*}\]
№ 600

Counting-out rhyme

Ley-lek, ley-lek havada,

Yu-mur-ta-sta-tava-da,

Bî-zim hayat yi-kil-dî,

Gel-sîn bî-zim havata,

Bu-rînî bô-ba-kâ dü-kül-dû,

Uc, leylem, uc!

№ 601

Folksong

Yûk-sek çar-dak-tan düs-tüm,

Ak çayr-dan ot biç-tîm.

Bin li-ra-hîk kîz i-dîm,

Köy i-cîn-de sev-di-gîm,

Ha-yr-sîz pos-ta düs-tîm.
№ 602

Parlando 82

Folksong

Şu karşıki dağda devele ri gü de rim,

Devele rin tu lum la ri devele re yük le rim,

Görü tü rüp de pazara ra sa ta rim, val lah,

An nem den i zinsiz ver mem ay ra ni,

Yav rum ay ra ni, gül zel ay ra ni, ca nim 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 kulağıımız 'our ears', a word of equal number of syllables. In some cases older (Old or Middle Turkic) words are replaced by modern ones.1

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 (№

1 The last line of № 564: Instead of Çün Hakk’a ulaştı gönül 'The heart reached the true God', where çün stands as a variant of Old Turkic çun 'true, genuine' (Clauson 1972: 424), was replaced by Can aşkına düştü gönül 'The heart fell into the soul’s love'.
360, *kalkı* (№ 153), *başla geldi* (№ 158), *bîlmiyom* (№ 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: *[t]iren* (№ 141), *(t)opurak* (№ 142), *(t)ekhirik* (№ 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), *getşin < getisîn* (№ 79), *nöldü* (№ 163), *(t)atlîlîr* (№ 192), *Karâc'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: *dağler* (№ 82, № 148, № 195), *dalinde* (№ 82), *ayler* (№ 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 *sermeyem* (№ 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 *pulaîlan* (№ 3), *gece* instead of *gice* (№ 211). Labialization is widespread in Thrace. An unrounded phoneme in a labial context becomes rounded: *bêbek > börük* (№ 130), *mûrsid > mûrsüd* (№ 156), *evler > övler* (№ 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. *annesîyle* for *annesînîn*.* +*lA* or *ile* instead of the dialectal +*lAn*, e.g. *alaylan* is replaced by *alâyla* (№ 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.2 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 Radloff3 had a great impact on subsequent Hungarian Turkish scholars, including József Thúry in the 19th 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 13–16th 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 1999–20034, 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

3 Radloff (1866, 1870, 1872, 1885, 1896 and 1899).
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, bacsı 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 çamdan, damdan, ondan.

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 laylay⁵, 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 Caucasus⁶ 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' 6th 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

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⁵ 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 iiitoq ‘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.

⁶ 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 8th-century Chinese short story, wailing\(^7\) was an acknowledged occupation, although there men pursued this profession. At the funeral ceremony of Költigin, a Türk kagan in 732 both the ayudcu\(^8\) and the sıgtıcı\(^9\) 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 maidsens 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

\(^7\) In the 8th 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).

\(^8\) In Clauson's dictionary the word is yoğçu, the stem is yo:ğ 'funeral feast' (Clauson 1972: 899). In the same source the term sıgtı 'mourning and weeping' can also be found. Clauson gives 'mourner' as the meaning of sıgtı, but it also means 'weeping, lamentation' (Clauson 1972: 806).

\(^9\) MT sıgit 'mourner' (AHMA 175).
told us that after their weddings their husbands had never let them visit their families (№ 151, № 448).

_Hidrellez_ 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).

_Mani_ s 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 _mani_ s 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 Gökkuşağı 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

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10 _Hadir + İlyas_ the proper names of two saints were fused to create Hidrellez/Hıdırellez. The 40th day after the spring equinox (May 6th) is popularly considered as the beginning of summer (Redhouse 1974: 479).
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 çönk 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 nefeses and semahs 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 çönk 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 nefeses and semahs in Middle Turkic\(^\text{11}\).

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 nefeses. When the singer arrives at a word he is unfamiliar with, he simply replaces it with a suitable one,\(^\text{12}\) 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 nefeses 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.

\^\text{11} 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 Jünggis' 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.

\^\text{12} The word kilavuz 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 abab (№ 65, № 85) and aaab (№ 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 Allahımız 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 bülbüb söyle ('Tell me, my dear nightingale') was repeated as Söyle garip bülbüb söyle ('Tell me, poor nightingale').

Nearly all nefeses have miscomprehended, altered variants. The following examples show the nature of these deviations.

Example 1.

From the following two nefeses, the one in the first column was sung by B. E. in the communal place in Çeşmekolu on 5 December 2002 (№ 208).13 In the second column a similar text from Doerfer (1996: 224) is shown.14

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>English version</th>
<th>German version</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Men yörürüm yane, yane,</td>
<td>Bân yörürüm yana yana</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aşk boyadi meni kane.</td>
<td>ışq boyadi bâni qana</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ne deliyim, ne divane,</td>
<td>nâ aşilâm nâ divânà</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Al, gör beni, aşk neyledi,</td>
<td>gâl gör bâni ışq nâyîlâdi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Refr. Gel, gör beni, beni aşk neyledi</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Derde girift ar eyledi</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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13 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.

14 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 çalarım seller gibi,  
Kah tozarım yollar gibi, Refr.  
Biçareyim baştan ayal.  

Ben Y onuz’um biçareyim,  
Baştan ayaga yarayım,  
Ne deliyim, ne divaneyim.  
Refr.

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).

15 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.

16 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 13th century Tukish 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 yürü- ‘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).

\begin{align*}
\text{Yine dosttan haber geldi}\text{\footnote{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.}} \\
\text{Dalgalandı coştu gönül} & \quad \text{Yenä dostdan ğahär galdı}\text{\footnote{German version: Wieder kam vom Freunde Kunde, / 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.}} \\
\text{Bir doğru can yola vardi,} & \quad \text{yär ğindän kävsär galdı} \\
\text{Katarlandı coştu gönül} & \quad \text{dayrā gībi jośdī gōnūl} \\
\text{Kılavuzum Şah-ı Merdan} & \quad \text{Qilayuzum Şāh-ī mārdān} \\
\text{Çevresi dopdolu nurdan} & \quad \text{hār yārī toptolu nūrdān} \\
\text{Bunda her cahl dosttan,} & \quad \text{šunda bir hār-şi’ī dostdān} \\
\text{Neylersin vazgeçti gönül.} & \quad \text{nāylärśin vaz-gāldī gōnūl.} \\
\text{Sr Ali’nin sırrı idi} & \quad \text{Sīr ‘Alī’nuη sırrï idi} \\
\text{Seyrederdi sever idi} & \quad \text{sāyr-edāni sāvār idi} \\
\text{Şunda bir avcı var idi} & \quad \text{bān quḷi da kämtār idi} \\
\text{Vardi ağa düştü gönül} & \quad \text{pīr ‘ışqïna düśdī gōnūl} \\
\text{Açıldı bahçenin gülü} & \quad \text{Açıldï baχčänüη gülü} \\
\text{Öter içinde bülbülü} & \quad \text{őtär ičindä bülbüli} \\
\text{Dost elinden dolu dolu} & \quad \text{dost ğindän tolu tolu} \\
\text{Sarhoş oldu içti gönül} & \quad \text{sərχoš oldï içdï gōnūl}
\end{align*}
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 Kılavızlu from other informants:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Turkish</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pir Sultan‘ın zülfü nider</td>
<td>My heart leapt for joy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Şah Sultan‘ın zülfü nider</td>
<td>My heart leapt for joy like the ocean.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Er olan ikrarı güder</td>
<td>My heart fell in love with the spiritual teacher.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ceset bunda seyrân eder</td>
<td>Abundant came the drinks from the Friend.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Çün Hakka ulaşı günül</td>
<td>My Pir Sultan is absolutely full of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Real saint man never retracts his confession</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The heart gave it up, what can we do?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>My heart fell in love with my dear.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The corps is taking a walk around</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The heart fell in love with the spiritual teacher.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Roses of the garden blossomed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>There sings the nightingale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The heart became drunken.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Mystery belonged to Ali</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>I used to like the one telling a secret,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>I am his humble slave,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hero of heroes, my guide</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Is surrounded by light,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>All those present shared one soul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>My heart leapt for joy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Got a drink from my sweetheart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>My heart leapt for joy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Got news from the Friend again</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>My heart leapt for joy like the ocean.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>My heart fell in love with the spiritual teacher.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The heart gave it up, what can we do?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>My heart fell in love with my dear.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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)\textsuperscript{19} but later we came across it in a book about the Tahtacıs (Çalık 2005: 236 – column 2). The Tahtacıs 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 (Yörükan 1998: 150). Today a sizeable group lives in the Taurus Mountains.

Çeke-çeke men bu dertten ölürüm
Seversen Ali'yi değme yarama
Ali'ının yarasi yar yarasıdır
Seversen Ali'yi değme yarama

Ali'ının yarasi 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'ının dolusun bir gün içersin
Körpekuzulardan nasıl geçersin
Seversen Ali'yi değme yarama

Ilgt ilgt olmuş akıyor kanım
Kem geldi didara talihim benim
Benim derdim bana yeter hey canım
Seversen Ali'yi değme yarama

Pir Sultan Abdal'im deftere yazar
Şah efendim Haydar deftere yazar
Hilebaz yar ile olur mu pazar
Pir merhem çalmazsa yaralar azar

Seversen Ali'yi değme yarama

\textsuperscript{19} 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 nefeses below are presented in this order.

Ben seni severim candan içerü
İlikten, kemikten, kanden içerü
Yolum var bu erkandan içerü
Meni sorma bana ben de değilim,
Bende bir bende var benden içerü.

Kalmadi takatım dizde derman yok,
Bu nasıl mezheptir dinden içerü?
Süleyman kuş dilin söyler dediler,
Süleyman var Süleymanından içerü.

Yunus’un sözleri yare yakışır,
Kapunda kular var sultandan içerü.

Seni ben severim candan içerü
Yolum vardur bu erkandan içerü
Şeriat tarikat yoludur varana
Hakikat marifet andan içerü

Beni benden sorma ben ben değilim
Bir ben vardir bende benden içerü
Süleyman kuş dilin biril dediler
Süleyman var Süleymanından içerü

Kesildi takatım dizde derman yok
Bu ne mezhep imiş dinden içerü?
Yunus’un sözleri hundur ateşştir
Kapunda kul var sultandan içerü

Severem ben seni candan içerü
Yolum vardur bu erkandan içerü
Şeriat tarikat yoludur varana
Hakikat meyvası andan içerü

Beni benden sorma ben ben değilim
Bir ben vardir bende benden içerü
Süleyman kuş dilin biril dediler
Süleyman var Süleymanından içerü

Kesildi takatım dizde derman yok
Bu ne mezhep imiş dinden içerü?
Yunus’un sözleri hundur ateşтир
Kapunda kul var sultandan içerü

Seni ben severim candan içerü
Yolum vardur bu erkandan içerü
Şeriat tarikat yoludur varana
Hakikat marifet andan içerü

Beni benden sorma ben ben değilim
Bir ben vardir bende benden içerü
Süleyman kuş dilin biril dediler
Süleyman var Süleymanından içerü

Kesildi takatım dizde derman yok
Bu ne mezhep imiş dinden içerü?
Yunus’un sözleri hundur ateşтир
Kapunda kul var sultandan 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 16th-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 (Çiblak 2005: 261) and another one in column 3 (Arslanoğlu 1992: 516).20

There is a lot of evidence that these nefeses 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.

20 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*es and *semahs*

The majority of the Bektashi poets lived long ago (13–16th 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 (1247–1327), Seyyid Nesimi (?–1404), Eşref Oğlu (1353–1469?), Derviş Tevfik of Istanbul (14th century), Kaygusuz Abdal (14–15th century), Hatayi (1487–1524), Pir Sultan Abdal (16th century), Kul Himmet (16th century), Muhittin Abdal (16th? century), Genc Abdal (Istanbul, 19th century) among others. They are enveloped in legends just like the Bektashi saints are. In the collection of their poems and in Turkish manuals of literary history 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 14th-century Bektashi poet’s, Nesimi’s (originally called Ala‘eddin 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 16th-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) dedeababa 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

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21 There are other publications as well, but we utilized those enlisted under the references.
22 See Banarlı (1987).
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 semahi* 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 Kilavuzlu), Çorlu

Alayla, palayla,  Marching in a group,
Tahta kalayla,  With a wooden sword,
Tahta kalayla,  With a wooden sword.
Biz gelin alırız  We take a bride,
Sizin alaydan, hoy, hoy,  From your group, hey,
Sizin alaydan.  From your group.
Ne isterin, ne isterin  What do you want,
Sen bizim alaydan, hoy, hoy,  From our group, hey,
Sen bizim alaydan?  From our group?
Orda bir burda bir dilber gördüm,  Here and there I’ve seen a
Onu isterim, hoy, hoy,  Fair woman, hey.
Onu isterim.  I want her, I want her.
Dilberin adını, dilberin adını,  The fair woman’s name, her name!
Bildirin bize, hoy, hoy,  Tell it to us, hey!
Bildirin bize!  Tell it to us!
Dilberin adı, dilberin adı  The fair woman’s name,
Fatma hanımdır, hoy, hoy,  Her name is Madam Fatma, hey,
Fatma hanımdır.  Madam Fatma.

№ 2. Hidrellez song. Bektashi women, Kırklareli

Alayla, palayla,  Marching in a group,
Tahta kalayla, oy, hoy,  With a wooden sword, hey,
Tahta kalayla.  With a wooden sword.
Ne isterin, ne isterin  What do you want,
Sen bizim alaydan, oy, hoy,  From our group, hey.
Sen bizim alaydan?  From our group?
Güzeli gördüm, dilberi gördüm,  I’ve seen a beauty, a fair lady,
Onu isterim, oy, hoy,  I want her, hey,
Onu isterim.  I want her.
O güzelin adını, o dilberin adını  The beauty’s name, the lady’s name,
Bildirin bize, oy, hoy,  Tell it to us, hey,
Bildirin bize  Tell it to us.
O güzelin adı, o dilberin adı,  The beauty’s name, the fair lady’s name is
Şükrüye kadındır, oy, hoy,  Madam Sükrüye, hey,
Şükrüye kadındır.  Madam Sükrüye.
№ 3. Hidrellez song. Şehrivan Bulut (1922 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Uslu mu yavaş mı?  Is she decent and soft-spoken?
Kendisi gelsin, oy, hoy,  She herself should come, hey,
Kendisi gelsin  She should come here!

Usludur, yavaştur,  She’s decent and soft-spoken,
Koçsuz varamaz, oy, hoy,  She won’t go till she’s given a ram, hey,
Koçsuz varamaz.  Till she gets a ram.

Alayla, palayla, davulla, zurnayla  Marching in a group, with a big drum, a Turkish pipe,
Biz gelin alırız, oy, hoy,  We will take a bride, hey
Biz gelin alırız.  We will take a bride.

№ 3. Hidrellez song. Şehrivan Bulut (1922 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Benim ağam katıra binmiş,  My agha has got on a mule,
Yollara toz atır, oy, hoy,  Kicking up dust on the road, hey,
Yollara toz atır.  Kicking up dust on the road.

Senin ağan eşeğe binmiş,  Your agha’s got on a donkey,
Küllere toz atır, oy, hoy,  Kicking up dust on flakes of fire, hey,
Küllere toz atır.  Stirring dust on flakes of fire.

Alayla, palayla,  Marching in a group,
Tahta kalayla, oy, hoy,  With a wooden sword, hey,
Tahta kalayla.*  With a wooden sword.

Orda bir, burda bir güzel gördüm,  Here and there I’ve seen a beauty,
Onu isterim, oy, hoy,  I want her, hey,
Onu isterim.  I want her.

* Güzelin adını, dilberin adını  The name of the fair woman,
Bildirin bize, oy, hoy,  Tell us quickly, hey,
Bildirin bize!  Tell us quickly!

Güzeli adı, dilberin adı,  The name of the beauty, of the fair lady, hey,
Meltem hanımdır, oy, hoy,  Is Madam Meltem, hey,
Meltem hanımdır.  Is Madam Meltem.

Allıdır, usludur,  She’s fair and good as well,
Koçszuz varamaz, oy, hoy,  She won’t go till she gets a ram, hey,
Koçszuz varamaz.  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.

* Kardeşimden, kardeşimden
Mektup gelmiş, mektup gelmiş,
Siladan geçemez, oy, hoy,
Siladan geçemez.*

Ahlat ağacı, ahlat ağacı,
Ahlat vermiş, ahlat vermiş,
Dallar çekemez, oy, hoy,
Dallar çekemez.

Yeşil yaprak, yeşil yaprak,
Kervan kurmuş, kevran kurmuş,
Yağmur geçemez, oy, hoy,
Yağmur geçemez.

Kardeşimden, kardeşimden
Mektup gelmiş, mektup gelmiş,
Yarden geçemez, oy, hoy,
Yarden geçemez.

№ 5. Hidrellez song. Huriye Engin (1943 Topçular), Kırklareli

Elma ağacı, elma ağacı,
Meyva vermiş,
Dallar çekemez, oy, hoy,
Dallar çekemez.

Yeşil yaprak kevran kurmuş,
Yağmur geçemez, oy, hoy,
Yağmur geçemez.

Ağamdan, kardeşimden
Mektup gelmiş,
Yarden geçemez, oy, hoy,
Yarden geçemez.

Erik ağacı, erik ağacı
Meyva vermiş,
Dallar çekemez, oy, hoy,
Dallar çekemez.
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.

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 gelсин, oy, hoy,
Kendisi gelсин.

Kırk davulla, kırk zurnayla
Gelin alırız oy, hoy, gelin alırız.
Gelin alırız oy, hoy, gelin alırız.

Biz onu, biz onu
Kırk davulla, kırk zurnayla
Gelin veririz oy, hoy,
Gelin veririz.
7. Hidrellez song. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

(Ahlat ağacı) ahlat vermiş, (The wild pear tree) has yielded field pears
Dallar çekemez, hoy, hoy, The branches are loaded full, oh,
Dallar çekemez. The branches are loaded.

Yeşil yaprak, yeşil yaprak, Green leaves, green leaves
Kervan kurmuş, Arranged in a canopy,
Yağmur geçemez, hoy, hoy, Rain won't come through, oh,
Yağmur geçemez. Rain won't come through.

Kardeşimden, kardeşimden From my brother, from my brother,
Mektup gelmiş, I've got a letter,
Yarden geçemez hoy, hoy, He can't live without his darling, oh,
Yarden geçemez. He can't live without his sweetheart.

Erik ağacı, erik ağacı Plum tree, plum tree,
Erik vermiş, Has yielded plums.
Dallar çekemez hoy, hoy, The branches are loaded full, oh,
Dallar çekemez. The branches are loaded.

Yeşil yaprak, yeşil yaprak Green leaves, green leaves,
Kevran kırmış, Arranged in a canopy,
Yağmur geçemez hoy, hoy, Rain won't come through,
Yağmur geçemez. Rain won't come through.

Kardeşimden, kardeşimden From my sibling, from my brother,
Mektup gelmiş, I've got a letter,
Yarden geçemez hoy, hoy, He can't live without his darling, oh,
Yarden geçemez. He can't live without his sweetheart.

8. Hidrellez song. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

Dilediğini bilemedim, I didn't know what you wanted,
Aradığını ben seçerim, I choose what you're looking for,
Hey, dilber, hey. Hey, fair woman, hey!

Altın kuşak yalab olsun, May the golden belt glitter,
Birincik lamba denebilsin, You may try the first lamp,
Hey dilber, hey. Hey, fair woman, hey!

9. Hidrellez song. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

Aç kapınızı, aç kapınızı, Throw open your door,
Bezirgan geçecek. Merchant's getting through,
Açamam kapınızı, I can't throw open my door,
Geride kalan keyleri başlı, May the abandoned bushel-headed one
Sirkeli saçlı senin olsun. with nits in his hair be yours!
№ 10. Mani. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Bir dilim, iki dilim,
Üç dilim elma,
Gel, sarıl boy numa,
Alnazar alm a.

One slice, two slices,
Three slices of apple,
Come here and embrace me,
Don't marry me, if you can’t!

№ 11. Counting-out rhyme. Sunni schoolchildren, Karacakılavuz

Yağ satarım, bal satarım,
Ustam ölmüş, ben satarım.
Ustamın kökü zarılır,
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!

№ 13. Rain-begging song. Orhan Bulut’s family, Çorlu

Yağ, yağ, yağmur,
Teknede hamur,
Tarlada çamur,
Ver, Allahım, ver,
Sıcım gibi yağmur.

Let the rain fall,
Dough in the kneading through,
Mud in the stubble field,
Give, my Allah, give us,
Pouring rain!

№ 15. Counting-out rhyme. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliağaç), Devletliağaç

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.


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!
№ 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 Iştıp - Çetaşka Macedonia), Kırklareli

Gidin bulutlar, gidi̇n, Fly clouds, fly,
O yara selam edin, Greet my sweetheart,
O yar uykusunda ise, If my sweetheart is still asleep,
Uykusun’ haram edin! Disturb her sleep!

Yörü yeşillim yörü, Walk on, my green-dressed one, walk on,
Eşinden kalma geri, Do not fall behind your husband,
Zehir olsa ver içeyim, Even if it’s poison, let me drink
Süt gerdandan akan teri! The sweat of your white neck!

Bahçelerde enginar, Artichokes are in the gardens,
Her bir yarından civan, More roguish than any of your lovers,
Ben o yari sevmişim, I did love my darling,
Sol yanağında beni var. With a mole on her left cheek.

Elmayı nazik soyarlar, The apple is peeled thinly,
Çini tabağa koyarlar, And put on a china plate,
Dost güzel olanı, My friend, a real beauty
Candan sorarlar. Is asked from the heart

№ 22. Mani. Halil Atakan (1928 Iştıp – Çetaşka Macedonia), Kırklareli

Gidene bak, gidene, Look at the one leaving,
Gül sarılmış dikene, Rose has entwined the thorn,
Mevlâm sabrîkü verse, I wish God would give patience,
Gül gibi sevda çekene. To the slave of fair love!

İndim çeşme başına, I went down to the spring,
Yazı yazdım taşına, And wrote on a stone,
Gelen geçen okusun, Let the passers-by read,
Neler gelmiş başına. What has happened to me.
No 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!

No 25. Dirge. Esma 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.

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.

No 26. Folk song. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler

Varın sorun boyacıya,
Beyazlar boyasin, amman boymasın!
Beyazlar giyen kızlar olur,
Pırıl pırıl elmas sürmeli kızlar,
Gözleri çapraz elmas düğmeli kızlar.

Smear it, smear it onto Fatma,
I couldn't, oh, I couldn't resist her nipples,
Go and ask the shoe painter!
Smear it, smear it onto Fatma,
He shouldn't paint green, oh, he shouldn't paint!
Girls wear white,
Girls with shining black diamond eyes,
Your eyes are diamonds, girls with nipples.

Sürün, sürün, amman sürün Fatma'ya,
Kıyamadım, amman tuttur düğmeye,
Varın sorun boyacıya, varın söyleyin boyacıya!

Go and ask the painter!
I couldn't, oh, I couldn't resist her nipples,
He should paint green, oh, he shouldn't paint!
Young wives wear green,
He should paint white, but he shouldn't paint!
Girls wear white,
№ 27. Folk song. Seviye Gerenli (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

...aman Haydar,  ...oh, Haydar,
Mektebe gidersin.  You go to school,
Mektep değil, etkärin Haydar,  It is not the school, but your troubles
Yine beni üzersin.  Haydar, that make me sad.

Mektebin bacaları Haydar,  The chimneys of the school, Haydar,
Giyer alacaları,  They wear speckled,
Haydar beni dolaşır, Haydar  Haydar takes me for a walk,
Her pazar geceleri.  Every Sunday evening,
Yarım beni dolaşır, Haydar  My sweetheart, Haydar, takes me for a walk
Her pazar geceleri.  Every Sunday evening.

Aman Haydar, canım, gülüm Haydar  Oh, alas, Haydar, my darling, my rose Haydar
Mektebe gidersin.  You go to school,
Mektep değil, efk arın Haydar  It is not the school, but your troubles
Yine beni üzersin.  That make me sad again.

№ 28. Lullaby. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

E-e-e,  He should sleep and grow,
Uyusun da büyüsün, ninni,  Hush-a-bye,
Tipş-tipş yürüşün,  He should toddle, e-e-e.
ninni, e-e-e.

№ 29. Bride’s farewell. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Vermem eller elimi,  Strangers, I don’t give my hand,
Vermem eller kolumu,  Strangers, I don’t give my arm,
Sende el kuvvetleri varsa,  If you have the strength of strangers,
Bende de kız kuvvetleri var.  I’ve got the strength of girls.

Eller, eller, yad eller,  Strangers, wicked strangers,
Eller, eller alemler.  Strangers, strangers, worlds.

№ 30. Bride’s farewell. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Ana gölgem, anacığım,  Mother, my protector, mommy,
Koyu gölgem anacığım,  My stronghold, my mommy,
Ver elini öpeyim,  Give me your hand, let me kiss it,
Kaldır kolun, o geçeyim!  Raise your arm, let me go!

Ana, gölgem, anacığım,  Mother, my protection, mommy,
Mallarından mallar istemem,  I don’t want any of your wealth,
Canlardan canlar istemem,  I don’t want any piece of your big soul,
Ana, gölgem, anacığım.  Mother, my protection, mommy!
№ 31. Bride’s farewell. Hanife Konbal (1947), Çeşmekolu

Ana gölgem, anacığım, 
Büyük gölgem, anacığım, 
Bu sabahlarda 
Nelerde eğleniyor musum? 

Mother, my shelter, mommy, 
My great shelter, mommy, 
On these mornings 
Where shall I play?

№ 32. Bride’s farewell. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Kalk Emine kardışım, kalk, 
Ah, bak, sabahlalar olmuş, 
Üstümüze günler doğmuş, 
Uyumuşuk, uyanamamışık. 

Get up, my sister, Emine, get up! 
Look, morning has arrived, 
Another day dawned on us, 
We fell asleep, we couldn’t wake up.

№ 33. Bride’s farewell. Naciye Yıldız (1941), Ahmetler

Yok, anam gibi yok, 
Uyan, anam, gidiyor musum? 
Ayrılık yelleri esiyor, 
Anam bu sabahlarda, 
Doğan güneşler ayırrılık güneşleri. 
Anam ayrılık saatleri gelmiş, 
Ayrılık ağaçları olsun. 

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 gölgem anacığım, 
Büyük gölgem anacığım, 
Ver elini öpeyim, 
Aç koltuğunu geçeyim!

Mother, my protector, mommy, 
My great protection, mommy, 
Give me your hand, let me kiss it, 
Open your arms, let me go!

Duam az mallarından çok mallar istemiyo[ru]m, 
Az mallarından faza mallar istemiyo[ru]m. 
Hayır dualarını istiyo[ru]m. 
Ver elini öpeyim, 
Aç koltuğunu geçeyim, 
Hayır dualarını bekliyo[ru]m. 

My request: I don't want much from your little wealth, 
I don't want much from your little wealth. 
I want your blessing. 
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 kursağında taşınmışım. 
Oniki ay beşik dibinde çürümüşüm. 
Ver elini öpeyim, 
Aç koltuğunu geçeyim, 
Hayır dualarını bekliyo[ru]m. 

Mother, my protector, mommy, 
You carried me in your belly for nine months, 
I lay in a cradle for twelve months. 
Give me your hand, let me kiss it, 
Open your arms, let me go, 
I want your blessing.

Anam, bana hakkını helal et, 
Baba, gölgeciğim, babacığım, 
Çekticeğim emekleri, verdiceğin 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[rl]erim 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 yollarınızı açılmış, 
Benim iş hizmet yollarına 
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 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaria), Kırklareli

Ana gölgeciğim, anacığım,  
Anacığım, dokuz ay kursağında taşımamış gibi,  
Anacığım, yılın oniki ayını beşik diplerinde  
Dizler kollar çürütmemiş gibi,  
Anacığım, ayrıp atıyorusan.  
Anacığım, kız kuzuları eller olur mu?  
Anacığım, el yuvalarına vardığına,  
Anacığım, ellerin kötüsü olursa,  
Anacığım, kötü haberlerim gelirse,  
Anacığım, iraklara varacağım mı,  
Anacığım, dinlenceler bulacağım mı,  
Ah anacığım, anacığım!  
Anacığım, soylarına, köklerime,  
Anacığım, sorup danışsaydın da,  
Anacığım, beni o zaman ellere katayıdın,  
Ana gölgeciğim, anacığım,  
Gece gündüz uykuların olmasın  
Anacığım, beşik diplerinde  
Dizler kollar çürütmüşün,  
Anacığım beni ayrıp atıyo[rsu]n.  

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,  
My knees and arms went numb in it,  
Mother, you select me and throw me away from yourself,  
Mother, are the she-lambs enemies?  
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?  
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!  
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 Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Hşım poruk gibi,  
Ne dedi[ği]n vale-vale.  
Yolumuş tavuk gibi  
Bastırın paraları Leyla’ya  
Refr. Yine mi de geleceğiz dünyaya,  
Hoh, popolar.  

Başının tacı yarim,  
Eller bana acımas.  
Sen bari acı yarım,  
Yine de mi geleceğim dünyaya.  
Bastırın paraları Leyla’ya. Refr.

Like an old relative,  
What you said is rubbish.  
Like on a plucked hen,  
Hang coins on Leyla  
Refr. Shall we come into the world once more?  
Huh, bums!  
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! Refr.
№ 44. Folk song. Huriye Engin (1943 Topçular), Devletliağaç

Yaıla, yaıla, koca yaıla,
Çık yaylaya, gönlünü eyle.
Refr. İyi oku, doğru söyle,
Biz sizin kızınızı almaya geldik,
Annesi cadı, babası kadı,
Ağası pezevenk, vermedi kızı.

Yaıla, yaıla, koca yaıla,
Çık yaylaya, gönlünü eyle. Refr.

Hal'nızı hatrınızı sormaya geldik.
Okumayı bilmiş dokumayı bilmiş,
Annesi cadı, babası kadı,
Ağası 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.

№ 45. Folk song. Bektashi women, Ahmetler

O, güller, güller top güller,
Yarımlı aldi yad eller.
Yarımlı alırsa eller,
Beni de kara yeller.

İnce giyerim ince,
İnci yakışır gence.
İnsan ne hoş oluyor,
Sevdigini 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. Hiderlez song. Bektaş Erol (1920), Çeşmekolu

Hiderlez geliyor,
Koşuba yörün dane, diyor.

Hiderlez25 is approaching,
Put the ox to a carriage, he says.

№ 47. See № 46

25 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!  

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!

Ağabeysi der, ben kıyamam,  
Vurun yengeleri kınasını,  
Varm sorun yengesine,  
Hayır gelsin kınasına!  

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.

Yengesi der, ben vururum,  
Ağlasın annesi ile babası!  

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.  

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.

Mendilim dürüm dürüm,  
Sözümü yürüdüğüm,  
Elin ol değil mi,  
Sevda ile çürüdüm.  

My handkerchief is folded,  
I'll fulfil my promise,  
May you be the stranger's,  
Love has made me sick.

Kara[n]fil ekemedim,  
Suyunu dökemedim,  
Bayram geldi be yarım,  
Elini öpemedim.  

I couldn't plant carnation,  
I couldn't water it,  
The feast has arrived, my darling,  
I couldn't even kiss your hand.

Elini öpemedim,  
Bir toka yapamadım,  
Kara[n]fil oylum, oylum,  
Gel benim selvi boyolum!  

I couldn't even kiss your hand,  
I couldn't even clink glasses.  
Frilled carnation,  
Come, my slender love.

№ 50. Hidrellez song. Fatma Bulut (1922) Kılavuzlu, Çorlu

Ali'n gelir, Şah gelir,  
Bir ulu padişah gelir.  
Ver Allahum bir bulut, canım.  
Yar olan köye düşer.  

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.

Gidin bulutlar, gidin, canım.  
Yarime selam edin.  
Yarım uykuda ise, canım,  
Uykusunu terk edin.  

Go clouds, go,  
Greet my sweetheart!  
Should my darling be asleep,  
You should disturb her sleep!
Ay doğar ayan beyan, canım
Yolları çıkın 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. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağaç

...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 spin-ach...

№ 52. Folk song. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Çobanı, çobanı bitli çobanı,
Yarım evlek yapamadı, kırdı sabanı.
Zilli çoban, ılli,
Keçileri zilli,
Keçileri kapamadan,
Külübeeye girdi.

You shepherd, you shepherd, lousy shepherd,
He couldn't make a single furrow, he broke the plough.
Bellded shepherd, from the village,
His goats have bells,
He didn't even lock them,
He went into the hut.

№ 53. Lullaby. Bektashi congregation, Çeşmekolu

Çevizin kökü sudadır, suda,
Kimisini sula, kimisini buğulan,
Ay dolup, nenni,
Uyusun da büyüsun, nenni.
Armudun kökü sudadır, suda,
Kimisini sula, kimisini buğulan,
Ay dolup, nenni,
Gir koynuna, sar boynuma, uyusun nenni.
Eriğin kökü sudadır, suda,
Kimisini sula, kimisini buğulan,
Ay doğdu, 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.
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.
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), Musulca

Dağdan keserler meşeyi,
Hani bu gelinin döşeği?
Dağdan keserler bastonu,
Dağdan keserler gürgeni,
Hani de bu gelinin yorganı?
Vurun gelinin kınası,
Ayletmen garip anasını.

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?
Paint the bride's henna on her body,
Don't make her miserable mother cry.

№ 55. Folk song. Fatma Şain (1936 Karacık), Musulca

Kırmızı gülün dalı var,
Her gün ağlasam yer var,
Kırmızı gülün çiçeği.

The red rose has pomegranate,
Every sinner has his place,
The flower of the red rose.

№ 56. Folk song. [Can’t be made out for the loud drumming]

№ 57. Folk song. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliğaç

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.

№ 60. Dirge. Bektashi women, Kırklareli

Ah, Ali’im ölmüş, duyamadım,
Uyur diye kıyamadım.
Ben Ali’im doyamadım,
Uyur Ali’im, uyan Ali’im.
Kalk, sabah oldu […]
Oh, Ali’im indirdiler attan,
Mor menevşe yapracığı olsam.
Ah, uyan Ali’im, uyan Ali’im,
Gül yastığına dayan Ali’im.

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.
Get up, morning has arrived […]
Alas, my Ali is taken off the horse,
I wish I could be the leaf of a violet.
Oh, wake up, my Ali, wake up, my Ali.
Recline on my pillow of roses!
№ 61. Dirge. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaria), Devletliağaç

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 duymadım,
Ben Ali’m doyumadım,
Uyur diyeyiyamadım,
Al kanlara boyan Ali’m,
Gül yastığına dayan Ali’m.

Benim Ali’m şehit düştü,
Uyur Ali’m, uyan Ali’m,
Al kanlara boyan Ali’m,
Gül yastığına dayan Ali’m.

№ 62. Dirge. Bektaş Erol (1920), Çeşmekolu

<Ah, Ali’m ölmüş,> duyamadım,
Uyur diyeyiyamadım.
Kalk, Ali’m, kalk, sabah oldu,
Yengeler kapıya geldi.

№ 67. Hidrellez song. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Deveci geldi, duydunuz mu,
Kalbıra saman koydunuz mu?
Hös, hös, deveci geldi.

Entaresi ak gibi,
Gelir geçer ok gibi.
Hiç bu yana bakıyormur,
Sevgilisi yok gibi.
Refr. Eyvallah, Şahm, eyvallah,
Adı güzel, kendi Şah.

İn dereye, dereye,
Kuru findik bulursun.
Eğil bir yol, öpeyim,
Sonra da pişman olursun. Refr.

№ 69. Mani, Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

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.
№ 70. Folk song. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Ah benim kunduralım,24
Nasıl ayrı duralım.
Şu ayrılık aşına
Gel, bir çare bulalım. Refr.

[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 uzun olsun!

…he should be a brother,
My cow should have a big rump,
My calf should be well-leshed,
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 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, duydu mu?
Kaplara buğday koydu mu?
* Hay, devem öldü, n’apayım,
Gütüne şaplar sokayım.
Harman alıp bağladım,
Geçitin 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.

24 Kandura is a loanword from Greek in Turkish.
25 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 büyüşün, 
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!

№ 80. Mani. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliğaç

Ay dedem kutlu olsun, 
Şerbeti tatlı olsun, 
Evlatlarımın ömürü uzun olsun, 
Kesesi 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, 
İneğciğim sütlü olsun, 
Buzaciğım 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 alacadır. 
O server benim ocağımdır, 
Ben bir geyik ağlar gördüm, 
Yavruları meler gördüm, 
Atladım çıktım kayaya.

My name is „roe”, 
My young are spotty. 
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, kalbım kan ağlar. 
Uzun kavak ne uzarsın, 
Dalında bülbü mü yatarsın, 
Ötme, bülbüüm, 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.
№ 83. Folk song. Seviye Gerenli (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

The roads of Adana are paved with stones,
You've turned my head.
Refr. Oh, you from Adana, I caught fire,
My young sweetheart remained in Adana.
Hey, rosy, listen, rosy,
Her girth is fringy. Refr.

№ 88. Folk song. Fatma Yetişir (1923 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

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.
Hey, rosy, listen, rosy,
Her girth is fringy. Refr.

№ 89. Folk song. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Did the socks I sent you fit your feet?
Did they fit your feet, my slim-waisted?
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 Koççaz), Kırklareli

Slippers on my feet,
They are whitish in colour,
My sweetheart, I am going to you,
Is your wedding dress ready?
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Thracian Song Texts</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>396 Thracian Song Texts</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Beyci’de pazar olur,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Th ere is a fair in the village of Beyci,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>İçinde gezilen olur,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A lot of people are walking about.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Beyci köyü kızları,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The lassies of Beyci,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Eskiden güzel olur.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They are more beautiful than ever.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Tatlıpınar köyümüz,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our village is Tatlıpınar**,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Zemzem akar suyumuz.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our stream is the water of life.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sevip sevip ayrılmak,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To love and then part,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Yoktur öyle [h]uyumuz.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We have no such habit.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**№ 91. Folk song. Fatma Damgalı (1928), Çeşmekolu**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Thracian Song Texts</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Koca (a)dam desem ona,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If I ask the old man,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Ne desem alır bana.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He will buy anything for me,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Koca adamı napmalı?</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What shall we do with the old man?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Merdivenden atmali.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let’s push him down the stairs!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Merdivenden inerken</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While he is falling downstairs,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Seyirine bakmalı.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He should mind his step!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**№ 92. Folk song. Fatma Zorlutuna (1937), Deveçatağı**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Thracian Song Texts</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Haydi Bismillah!</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let’s start with God’s name!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Çiğdem sarı, ben sarı,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daffodils are yellow, I am yellow, too.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Dağlara saldım yari.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I have chased my sweetheart into the mountains,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Dağlar kurban olayım,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I have regretted it, oh, mountains,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Tez gönder [beri] yari.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Send my sweetheart back!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Karanfil oylum oylum,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crenulate carnation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Gördün mü selvi boylum?</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Have you seen my slender-built love?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Selvi boylum gelince,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As soon as she arrives to me,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Şen olur benim gönlüm.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My heart is filled with happiness.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Entarim biçim, biçim.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My suit is finely cut,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Ölüyorum senin için.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am dying for you.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Çok dosta düşman olduğum,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I’ve quarrelled with many friends</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Seni sevdiğim için.</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Because I love you, my sweetheart.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Entarimi biçtin mi?</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Have you cut out my dress?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Yar yoldan geçtin mi?</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweetheart, have you crossed the road?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sen bizim yoldan geçerke,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If you go across our road,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Bizim evi seçtin mi?</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Will you choose our house?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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26 The name of the village means ‘Sweetfountain, spring.’
№ 93. Folk song. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı/ Bulgaria), Devletliağaç

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.

№ 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 Malkara is yours
Brown lamb, brown lambkin.

№ 97. Folk song. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçataği – [cannot be made out]

İn dereye, dereye,
Söyle, yarım nereye,
Karagoz, 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.

Refr. Emine de derler adına,
Doyamadım tadına,
Karagoz Eminem.

Refr. She is called Emine,
I couldn't have enough of her,
My black-eyed Emine.

Ellı de kuruş çok mudur
Emine gibi kadına?
Karagoz Eminem.

Would fifty kurush be too much
For a woman like Emine?
My black-eyed Emine.

İn dereye, göreyim,
Eline Gül vereyim,
Karagoz Eminem.

Go down to the valley, let me see you,
Let me give a rose to your hand,
My black-eyed Emine.

Dalgcıysın sevdiğim,
Nasıl gönül vereyim
Karagoz Eminem? Refr.
You are quarrelsome, my darling,
So how could I fall in love with you?
My black-eyed Emine. Refr.

Ellı de kuruş çok mudur
Emine gibi kadına?
Karagoz 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!

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
Are stony, my dear, stony,
Would you like to marry me?
My father wants money for me.

Su geliyor enginden, Ayrımayın dengimden.
Dünya güzeli olsa, Ayırmam 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.

Mançı başmışın? Cebrail taşmışın?
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?


Bin nazara, nazara, İşte geldim pazara.
Nazarımın 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 shalvar.

Yağmurlar yağsun, Bol bucak olsun.
Koca karlar yağırın, Geç karlar doğursun.

May the rain come, May the fields be rich, May deep snow fall, May it bring late snow!

---

27 Place name in Thrace.
28 Head-money is paid by the bridegroom to the bride’s parents upon agreement.
29 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).
30 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.

Asmanın yaprakları
Tel olur yaprakları.
Gurbette olanların
Çınlasın kulakları.
Al giydim alsn diye,
Mor giydim sarsn diye.
İsteyene varmadım
Sevdigim alsn 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.

Karşıda kara tarla,
Parla sevdim parla.
Yanıma gelemiyon,
Uzaktan mendil salla!
Su koydum altın tasa,
Verin su susamışa.
Su lapaci 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.

Ay, mer kuzum, mer kuzum,
Kara gözüm, mer kuzum.
Göster boyunu bana,
Boncuk alayım sana.
Ne bonçuğunu isterim,
Ne boyunu gösterim.

Oh, my little lamb, my lambkin,
My black-eyed one, my little lamb.
Show yourself to me,
I'll buy pearls for you.
I don't want your pearls,
Nor will I show myself.
400 Thracian Song Texts

№ 105. Folk song. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağac

Ayakkımda terlikler, Slippers on my feet,
Bahar açmış erikler. The plum trees are in spring blossom.
Yarım sana gideceğim, I am going to you, sweetheart,
Hazır mı gelinlikler? Is the wedding dress ready?
Refr. Gümüşdürdesin evimizin kuyusu, Refr. Let the water purl in the well,
Seviyorum, ayrılamam doğrusu. I love her, I cannot leave her.
Ayakkıbımı toz atar, My shoes are kicking up dust,
Yarım bana göz atar. My sweetheart gives me a glance,
Atma yarım bana göz, Don't glance at me, sweetheart,
El alem bize bakar. Refr.

№ 106. Folk song. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Dalgıçını barıştıran Reconciling the angry,
*Yeşil boyalı taksi The fulfilment of desire. Refr.
Hasret kavuşturuan. Refr. An embroidered rose in your handkerchief,
Gülümdim doya, doya. Refr.
Dertlere kavgörum, I am in trouble,
Güneri saya saya. Refr. I am counting the days. Refr.
Bahçelerde kundura, Shoes in the gardens,

№ 107. Folk song. Sabite Toygar (1960 Beyci Kofçaz), Kırklareli

Duman da bastı dağlara, Mist descended on the mountains,
Yayılıdı ovalara, It has spread over the plain,
Yar, yar, aynan, aman. Sweetheart, sweetheart, oh, oh!
Altın yaptır üç yaptır, Have three pairs made,
Küpleri çift yaptır, Three pairs of gold earrings,
Yar, yar, aynan, aman. Sweetheart, sweetheart, oh, oh!
Yarım sana gideceğim Sweetheart, I'm going to see you,
Davullu düğün yaptırır, Make a great wedding with music,
Yar, yar, aynan, aman. Sweetheart, sweetheart, oh, oh!
Duman da bastı dağlara, Mist descended on the mountains,
Yayılıdı ovalara, It has enveloped the plain,
Yar, yar, aynan, aman. Sweetheart, sweetheart, oh, oh!
Yarin haberis olsa, Had my sweetheart heard the news,
Gelirdi buralara, She would have come here,
Yar, yar, aynan, aman. Sweetheart, sweetheart, oh, oh!
№ 108. Folk song. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Ayva gömdüm samana,  I’ve hidden a quince in the hay,  
Dumana bak, dumana.  Look at the mist, the mist.  
Refr. Yar, yar, aman, aman.  Sweetheart, my darling, alas, oh!  

Ne sen öldün, kurtuldun,  You didn’t die, you have been saved,  
Ne ben geldim imana.  Nor did I convert to Islam.  
Refr.  

Sabah güneşşi doğmuş,  The sun has risen  
Boyalı konaklara.  Over the colourful dwellings.  
Refr.  

Yar beni dava etti,  My sweetheart has offered  
Elmalı yanaklara.  Her rosy cheeks.  
Refr.  

№ 113. Mani. Şerife Aktaş (1941 Ahmetler), Yeni Bedir

Benim yeleğim gibi,  I’ll knit a waistcoat for you,  
Yarım sana öreyim.  One just like mine,  
Beni beğenmezmişin,  You didn’t take a fancy to me,  
Bul beni gibi göreyim.  May you find one like me, let’s see!  

Havadaki bulutlar,  There are clouds in the sky,  
Hepsî yağmur buludu.  All of them rain clouds,  
*Ben gelin olmayınca,  So long as I am not a bride,  
Kesme benden umudu.  Don’t resign from me.  

Kara kara kazanlar,  Black, black cauldrons,  
Kara yaz yazanlar.  They predict a black fortune.  
Cennet yüzü görmesin,  He, who parts us,  
Aramızı bozanlar.  Shall never get into Paradise!  

Bende mendil çok yarım,  I’ve got a lot of handkerchiefs,  
Al cebine sok yarım,  Take them and put them in your pocket,  
Benim olmadığım yerde,  Where you can’t find me,  
Senin işin yok yarım.  You have no business to be.

№ 114. Folk song. Kerime Yavuz (1952, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Vurun vurun kızlar, vurun vuralım,  Beat, beat, girls, let’s beat [the drum],  
Böyle eğlenceyi nerden bulalım?  Where can we find such a feast?
№ 115. Mani. Hanife Bayram (1944), Ahmetler

Gide-gide yol buldum, Wandering I found the way,
Çeketime kol buldum. I found sleeves for my coat,
Kara gözü yarime, With my black-eyed sweetheart
Oniki yaşında vuruldum. I fell in love when she was twelve.

Şu dağlar olmasaydı, I wish there hadn’t been these mountains,
Çiçeği solmasaydı, I wish the flowers hadn’t faded,
Ölüm Allah’ın emiri, Death is upon Allah’s order,
Ayrılık olmasaydı. I wish there was no parting.

Hani benim bandırmam, Where is my sweet darling,
Eskileri andırmam, I don’t remember the old ones,
Yeni bir yar sevdım, I have loved a new lover,
Ablama söyleyim mi? Shall I tell my sister about it?

№ 116. Folk song. Hanife Konbal (1947), Çeşmekolu

…akinca vurdum kalkmadı, …I hit her, she did not stand up,
Kanlı göl oldu, akmadı. A puddle of blood formed, it didn’t flow,
Bu sabah yari gördüüm, This morning I saw my sweetheart,
Dönüp ardına bakmadı. She did not even turn to look at me.

Mendilim aldın iyi, My kerchief is red,
Buldun mu benden iyi? Have you found one better than me?
Buldum ama sarmadım, I've found one but haven't embraced her,
Sen darılacağın deyi. Lest you should be angry.

№ 117. Folk song. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Giderim ben dedemle, I am going away with my grandfather,
Bir ayaam kaldı sende. I have left my quince apple with you,
Ayva gibi sarardım, I became pale like the quince,
Din imam yok mu sende? You show no respect at all, do you?

Gitme yarım o yana, Sweetheart, don’t you go that way,
Gele bu yana, bu yana. Come this way, only this way.
Sana mani söylerim, If I sing a song for you,
Annem darılır bana. My mother’ll get angry with me.

Gitme dedim de gittin, I told you in vain, you left anyway,
Bilmediğin yollarla. You set out on unknown ways,
Kar mı yağdırdın yarım? You let snow fall, my sweetheart,
Güvendiğin dağlara. On your trusted mountains.
№ 118. *Hidrellez song*. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Klavuzlu

Karanfilim taburda,  
Çok işler var saburda.  
Ölürsek biz ölelim,  
Çift koysunlar tabuda.
Bunches of carnations,  
Patience is a great thing!  
If we must die, let us die,  
Let us lie in the coffin together!

O benim ceviz içim,  
Derd oldu benim için.  
Dostlarım düşman oldu,  
Seni sardığım için.
She is my nut kernel,  
She caused me trouble,  
My friends became enemies,  
Because I embraced you.

Yörü yeşillim, yörü,  
Kalma eşinden geri.  
Zehirler olsa içerim,  
Yanaktan akan teri.
Go on, my green-dressed,  
Do not lag behind your spouse!  
Should it be poison, I would drink  
The sweat of your brow.

Bahçelerde ih derim,  
Hasta oldum yatırım.  
Doktor hekim istemem,  
Sevdiğiimi getirin.
I wail in gardens,  
I've fallen ill, I will lie down,  
I do not want a doctor,  
Just bring my sweetheart here!

Kaşları çatık matık,  
Söyleme beni artık.  
Öyle bir yar sevdim ki,  
Y avan ekmeğe katık.
His eyebrow is bushy,  
Leave me alone at last!  
Once I had a lover,  
He was really gentle and nice.

Dağların mazı gibi,  
Melerim kuzu gibi.  
Koynumdan bir kız çıktı,  
Sabah yıldızları gibi.
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), Devletliağaç

İplikken ok gelmez mi,  
Yaylaya kuş gelmez mi?  
Akranların evlenmiş,  
Sana hiç güç gelmez mi?
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?

Mani bilirim yüz almış,  
Ak güle gencefl katmış,  
Uyan ey kömür gözümü,  
Al yanak tere batmış.
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.

Mançın başı misin?  
Cevahir taş mı misin?
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,
Even if you soap them,
Gene çıkız kelleri.
The hairs won't disappear.

№ 121. Folk song. Fatma Damgalı (1928), Çeşmekolu

Eller yarım dedikçe sıçıyor yüreklerim,
When strangers mention my sweetheart, it
Ay, milli, milli, milli, sağ olsun ince belli, sağ
Oh, milli, milli, may the slim-waisted be
olsun ince belli.
healthy.
Bu türküyü çıkaranlar İzmir’in güzelleri,
The fair girls from Izmir would sing this song.
İzmir’in güzelleri.
the fair girls from Izmir,
Ay, benim tatlı yarım çobanluka cürüdü.
Oh, shepherding ruined my sweetheart.
Kızdan kıymetli yarım, kızdan kıymetli yarım,
My sweetheart, the dearest girl of all, the dearest.
Ay milli, milli, milli, yaşasın Rumeli, sağ olsun ince belli.
Oh, milli, milli, long live Rumelia, may the
Bu türküyü çıkaranlar Trakya güzelleri, Trakya
The fair girls from Thrace used to sing this
güzelleri.
song.
Refr. Mor Neşe mor mor Neşe mor,
Refr. Nese in lilac dress, Nese in lilac dress,
Atlas kürke fidan boy, fidan boy.
Atlas silk, fur coat on my slender-built love.
Vay benim yeşil şallım dağları dolaşalım,
Oh, my green-shawled, let's roam the mountains.
Ah aramızda düşman çok, tenhada buluşalım,
Alas, there are a lot of strangers among us, let's
Gitme yarım o yana gel bu yana, bu yana,
meet in a quiet recess,
Sana mani söylerim, annem darılır bana. Refr.
I tell you mani,31 my mother will get angry with
Şapkayı giydirsenе kaşına değdirsemе,
Put on your cap and pull it over your eyes,
Ben seni bilemedim kendini bildirsemе! Refr.
I couldn't recognize you, reveal yourself! Refr.

31 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.  

Al olacak olacak,  
Su testime dolacak,  
Mani sana olacak.  

Oya örerim, oya,  
Oya değil firkete,  
Ahiretinle ikimiz,  
Gideceğiz bir millete.  

Fesleğen ektim dübekte,  
Bir yar sevdim gurbette.  
Gurbeteye sağı olsun,  
Bir gün gelir elbette.  

Ak bakırdı telem,  
Kara koyun meleme.  
*Sal yarım koyunları,  
Bizim tarla kelemli.  

Kaşların karasına,  
Gül koydum arasına.  
Beni melhem yapınslar,  
Yarımın yarasına.

Come, my mounted sweetheart,  
My sweet-voiced darling,  
My black-eyed Emine.  
Shepherdin 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.

It will be nice, it will be nice,  
My jug will be full of water,  
This song will be yours.

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.

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.
Eştrin kızlar eştrin,
Gül bahçeye düştürün.
Dertli olan geliyor,
Derdini iyileştirin.
Ah benim ceviz içim,
Derd olur benim için.
Her dostlar düşman oldu,
Seni sardığım için.

Dëg, lassies, dëg,
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 Akin (1940 Karaabalar), Ahmetler

Dere geliyor, dere,
Kumunu sere-sere.
Al beni götür dere,
Yarımın 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. Esma Ekin (1929), Kaşıkçı

Tarlada çamur,
Teknede hamur,
Ver, Allahım bol bol yağmur!

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,
Let her go to her distant grandmother,
Hush, my baby, hush-a-bye.

№ 129. Lullaby. Hafize Işık (1953), Kırklareli

Dandini, dandini, dastana,
Danalar girmiş bostana,
Kov bostancı danayay,
Yemesin lahanay, e-e.

Dandini,32 dandini in the tale,
The calves went into the garden,
Gardener, drive the cow away,
So she won't graze the cabbage! e-e.

32 Dandini is an expression used when dandling a baby (Redhouse 1974: 271).
№ 130. **Lullaby.** Bektashi women, Kılavzu

**E-e-e,**

dagılar vardır, dağılar uyur,

Evimize geldim, yavrum uyur,

uyusun, yavrum, ninni,

büyüsün, yavrum, ninni,

Hü, yavrum.

dandini-dandini, danalı bebek,

eleri kolları kınalı böbek,

dandini-dandini dastana,

danalar girmiş bostana,

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.

**Dandini, dandini, dastana,**

**Alkim girmiş bostana,**

**Kov bostancı Alkim,**

**Ye mesin bostanları,**

**Nenni, de, nenni, nenni,**

**Uyusun yavrum şimdi.**

**Dandini, dandini, danalı bebek,**

**Elleri kolları kınalı böbek,**

**Dandini-dandini dastana,**

**Dana lar girmiş bostana,**

**Dana lar orda otlamış**

Yavrum gene kakasını poplamış.

**Dandini, dandini, danalı bebek,**

**Elleri kolları kınalı böbek,**

**Dandini-dandini dastana,**

**Dana lar girmiş bostana,**

**Dana lar orda otlamış**

**Yavrum gene kakasını poplamış.**

Dandini, dandini in the tale,

Alkim 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.

№ 131. **Lullaby.** Lütfiye Kuruoğlu (1952, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Dandini, dandini, dastana,

Alkim girmiş bostana,

Kov bostancı Alkim,

Yemesin bostanları,

Nenni, de, nenni, nenni,

Uyusun yavrum şimdi.

Dandini, dandini, danalı bebek,

Elleri, kolları, kınalı böbek,

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-e nenni.

Dandini, dandini, danalı bebek,

Elleri, kolları, kınalı bebek,

Şimdi benim oğlum uyuyacak,

E-e-e-e nenni.

Dandini, dandini in the tale,

Alkim 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, Kızılcıkdere – See № 129

*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, Hush-a-bye, baby,
Uyusun yavrum, ninni, Sleep my little, hush-a-bye,
Büyüsün kuzum, ninni, May my lamb grow up, hush-a-bye,
Hadi benim yavrum uyucak, Now sleep my little one.
Uyucak da büyücek, He falls asleep and grows up,
Tips, tips yürücek. He’ll walk toddling, toddling,
Hadi benim tatlı yavrum, ninni, Now my sweet little baby, hush,
Babasına yardımcı kuzum, ninni. His father’s helping lamb, hush-a-bye.

№ 134. Dirge. Leman Aydın (1937 Gaziantep/Nizep, Sunni), Istanbul

Karşı dağın yılanları The snakes of the mountain opposite,
Gelir dolan dolanı. They creep winding,
Yetim yavrumun yareleri Have you seen the wound of my orphan babies,
Gördünüz mü başı dumanlı dağılar? Mist-enveloped mountains?
Şu dağın ardında bir gelin ağlar, A bride is crying behind the mountain,
Ninni, benim yavrum, ninni. Hush-a-bye, my baby, hush-a-bye.
Şu dağın başında bir kuzu meler, A little lamb’s bleating on the top of the moun-
Kuzunun feryadı da yavrum çığerim deler, tain,
Anasız kuzu da ılet, böyle mi meler? The sorrow of the lamb, baby, hurts my soul,
Refr. Ninni benim yavrum ninni, A motherless lamb’s bleating like this.
Ninni benim oğlum ninni. Refr. Hush-a-bye my little one, hush,
Karşı dağdan da gelen deve mi olam? Hush-a-bye, my little son, hush.
Devenin boyunda yavrum eller mi olam? Shall I be the camel coming down the moun-
Anasız yavruyu eller döverler mi? Refr. tain opposite?
Karşığı dağda da zeytin ağacı, Shall I be an enemy on the back of the camel,
Dökülmüş yaprağı, my little one,
Kalmış siyacı, Will my motherless orphan be beaten? Refr.
Evlad acısı da zehirden acı. 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), Devletliağaç

İn dereye, dereye,  
İnemediklerine.  
Ne olsa söyliyorlar  
Çekemedikleri, sürmeli yar.  
Bahçenin kapısını,  
Bir vuruşta açarım.  
Anneme duyurmuşlar,  
Duyursunlar kaçarım, 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.  
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 Kılavuzu), 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!

№ 141. Mani. Zeynep Sirkeci (1941), Karacakılavuz

Kara kayış belinde,  
Örendesi 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,  
Eve 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,  
Kumani 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 Koçaz), 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!

34 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,
Kişner o dost, kişner o.
Biri aygır, biri beygir,
Biri at dost, biri at.
Aygır, beygir senin olsun,
At benim dost, at benim.

Refr. He mounts a horse and rides up the mountain,
I’ve got such a husband.
His words 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 kari, biri gelin,
Biri kiz dost, biri kiz.
Kari, gelin senin olsun,
Kiz benim, dost, kiz 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.

**Refr.** Gelin güvey senin olsun,
Kız benim, dost, kız benim.

**Refr. 2.** Biner ata dağlar aşar,
Bir efendim var benim.
Ağızı ballı başı güllü,
Kokar o dost, kokar o.

Bizim ma’llede üç beygir var,
Kişner o dost, kişner o.
Biri aygr biri beygir,
Biri at dost biri at.
Aygr, beygir senin olsun,
At benim dost, at benim, **Refr. 2.**

Bizim ma’llede üç çiçek var,
Açar o dost açar o.
Biri lale, biri şimbül,
Biri güł dost biri güł.
Lale, şimbül senin olsun,
Gül benim dost, gül benim. **Refr. 2.**

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.

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.
Let the bride and the groom be yours,
The maid’s mine, my friend, and the maid’s mine.

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 yağmur biri duman,
Biri kor dost biri kor.
Yağmur, 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 Devletliağaç), 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, ayıramam 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.
My darling's drinking wine till he gets drunk,
Leave him, they say, but I can't,
The girl's become a bride, fastidious and haughty.
I am lonely, I would rather die.

Yağmurlar yağar, efendim göllere göllere.
Kız gelin olmuş, efendim güzel olmuş.
Ayrıl derler, efendim ayıramam ben.
Öksüz kaldım efendim dayanamam ben.

Rain's falling, icy and snowy,
The girl's become a bride, fastidious and haughty.
Leave her, they say, but I can't.

**№ 151. Folk song.** Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Yüksek, yüksek tepelere ev kurmasınlar, ev kurmasınlar,
Aşrı aşrı memleket ev vermesinler, ez vermesinler,
Uçan kuşlara malum olsun, ben annemi özledim, ben annemi özledim.
[H]em annemi [h]em babam ben köyümün özledim, ben köyümün 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'n 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 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 Hıdrellez geliyor o,
Cuma akşamı geliyor o.
Benim yenememi alan eller,
Beni sevdaya koyan eller.

Şu Hıdrellez geliyor,
Çumartesi akşamı geliyor,
Benim yenemimi 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?  

Refr. Annem beni güldürmedi, gülmesin, gülmesin.  
Benden başka evlat yüzi görmesin, görmesin.  
Kocadannın üç kızı var, ben gibi, ben gibi.  
En küçücüğü bahçelerde Gül gibi, Gül gibi. Refr.

They married me to and old man, old man,  
How could they think we were matching, matching.  
Refr. 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.  
The old man has three daughters, they're just like me, like me,  
The youngest is like a rose in the garden, like a rose. Refr.

№ 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.

№ 164. *Folk song*. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağaç

Basma taşın üstüne, ıslaniyorum.  
İstediğini al yarım, istemiyorum.  
İn dereye, dereye, inemediğim yerler var,  
Inemediğim yerler var.  
Yar bizim ıkimiz,  
Çekemeyenler de var.  
Basma taşın üstüne, istemiyorum.  
Bana bakma be yarım kıskanıyorum

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.  
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), Devletliağaç

Refr. Versinler, versinler, oy,  
Sevenleri sevdüğine versinler.  
Kapı sıkı elimi,  
Felek büktü belimi.  
Kime teşlim edeyim,  
Kara gözü yarımı. Refr.  
Indim dere beklerim,  
Vay, benim emeklerim.  
Altı aydır beklerim,  
Çüründü kemiklerim.

Refr. Lovers should be married,  
They should be married, married.  
My hand got stuck.  
I've been tortured by fate,  
To whom can I leave  
My black-eyed darling? Refr.  
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, Esma Ekin (1929), Kaşıkçı

Vuralım mı kınasını?  Shall we smear her henna on?
Varın sorun anasına.  Go and ask her mother!
Varın sorun kınasını,  Go and ask if we should smear her henna on
Vuralım mı anasına?  her mother?

№ 169. Folk song. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Ahmetler’dir köyümüz,  Ahmetler is our village,
Şeker gibi soyumuz,  Our relations are sweet as honey,
Sevip, sevip ayrılmak,  Love and part,
Yoktur öyle huyumuz,  This is not our custom.
Gitti yar uzaklara, gitti gelemez,  My darling has left, he won’t return,
Brenden başka seven yar kimse sevemez.  No one will ever love him but me.

№ 170. Folk song. Mehmet Serez (1929 Selanik, Sunni), Tekirdağ

Dut fi danı boyunca, vay, vay,  From the mulberry branch, hey,
Dut yemedim doyunca, vay, vay.  I couldn’t eat enough mulberry, hey,
Ağzın, dilin kurusun, vay, vay,  Your mouth and tongue should go dry, hey,
Yar demedim doyunca, vay, vay.  I couldn’t call you my sweetheart often enough!
Bahçelerde börülce vay, vay,  Black beans in the gardens, hey,
Oynar gelin, görümce vay, vay35.  The bride, the sister-in-law are dancing, hey,
Oynasınlar bakayım, vay, vay,  Let them dance, let me see them,
Ağabeysini alınca, vay, vay.  We will take her brother away, hey.

№ 171. Folk song. Seviye Gerenli (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Adana’nın yolları taşlık,  The roads of Adana are stony,
Yok cebimde beş kuruş harçlık.  I haven’t got five kurush in my pocket,
Elden gitti kahpe de gençlik,  My deceitful youth is over.
Aman Adana’lı canım Adana’lı,  Alas, my lovely one from Adana,
Ben seni seviyorum güzel delikanlı.  Handsome lad, I love you.

35 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 İştip-Çetaşka Macedonia), Kırklareli

Kahve olsam, dolaplarda kavrulsam, aman, aman,
Toz duman olsam dağ başında savrulsam, aman, aman.7
Ah, ipek olsam, yar boyuna sarılsam, aman, aman,
Karşığı dağda ben bir parça kar idiim, aman, aman.
Ah, damla damla yar derdiden eridim, aman, aman,
Ah, eski yarın sevgilisi ben idiim, aman, aman.

I’d be coffee, roasting in grinders, oh,
I would be a dust cloud, scattering on the mountain top, oh,
I’d be silk, falling on my darling’s shoulders, oh,
I was a patch of snow on the mountain opposite, oh,
Oh, my love melted me drop by drop, alas, oh!
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 hatırlanın için.
Refr. Evrene yolları dar, dar,
Bana bakma benim yarım var.
Elimde elektrik,
Karanlıkta çakarsın.
Benim olmadığım yerde
Ahrete bakırsınn. Refr.

Song for the singing,
This song is for you,
This is the only song I know,
This is to remind you.
Refr. The roads of Evrene are narrow,
Don’t look at me, I’ve got a lover!
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. Refr.

№ 174. Folk song. Kerime Keski (1938 Haskova, Bulgaria), Çavuşköy

Yuvası da kamışlar,
Kamış vıdamlılar,
Düğün gelir, yarımı
Oduna yollanmışlar.
Refr. Evrene yolları dar, dar,
Bana bakma, benim yarım var.
Gittin gittin durdun mu?
Yokuşa yoruldun mu?
Benim iki sözümü
Annene duyurdun mu? Refr.

Her nest’s being thatched,
Wrapped in reeds.
The bridal procession’s coming,
My sweetheart’s been sent for wood.
Refr. The roads of Evrene are narrow,
Don’t look at me, I’ve got a lover!
You kept walking, did you stop?
Did you get tired uphill?
Did you tell your mother about my two promises? Refr.

36 A southern town in Thrace.
№ 175. Folk song. Hatice Gülşen (1949, Sunni), Karacakilavuz

Bir fırın yaptırdım,              I had a new oven built,
Doldurdum ekmekleri.            I filled it with bread.
Gel, beraber yiğelim,             Come and let’s eat it together,
Bakırım köpeklери.              I’ll take care of the dogs.
Evreşe yolları dar, dar,          The roads of Evrese are narrow,
Bana bakma, benim yarım var.     Don’t look at me, I’ve got a lover!

№ 176. Wedding song. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Oyna gelin, söyle kızım           Get up bride, tell me daughter
Oynasın kalk bakalım              Let them dance, let’s see
Bir araya gelince                 If they come together,
Şit mori yarelli, yar, yım, yınno. Sit mori yarelli, yar, yım, yınno ….
Bahçelerde kalmışım,              I stayed in gardens,
Kapına dayanmışım,                Leaned against your gate,
Ister al, ister alma,             Marry me or not,
Alına yazılmışım.                 I am written in the book of your fate,
Şit mori yarelli yar yine, yíninoy37 Sit moru…
Entaresi ak gibi,                 Her dress is snow-white,
Gelir geçer ok gibi.              She walks past straight as an arrow,
Hiç bu yana bakmyor              Never looking at us,
Sevglisı yok gibi,                As if she had no lover [here],
Şit mori yarelli yar, nın, non.   Sit moru…

№ 178. Folk song. Sabite Toygar (1960 Beyci Koçaz), Kırklareli

İn derenin içine, Kanaryom,       Descend to the stream, my canary,
Yem verelim keçine, hoy, hoy,     Let’s feed your goat, hey, hey,
Yem verelim keçine.              Let’s feed your goat.
Altın yaptıt, üç yaptır, Kanaryom, Get three made of gold, my canary,
Küpeleri çift yapttır, hoy, hoy,  Have pairs of earrings made, hey, hey,
Küpeleri çift yapttır.            Pairs of earrings.
İste babam vermezse, Kanaryom,   If my father did not let me marry you, my canary,
Küpeleri çift yapttır, hoy, hoy,  Get a pair of earrings made, hey, hey,
Küpeleri çift yapttır.            Get a pair of earrings made.

37 Unintelligible part of text ‘diliyoyloy, rina rina’, it was also collected and recorded in other parts of Thrace (Artun 1978: 212, Nuş 1996: 44).
Hoplayabilir misin Kanaryom, Can you leap, my canary,
Ziplayabilir misin? Can you hop?
İki sene askerlik, Kanaryom, Two years in the army, my canary,
Dayanabilir misin? Can you wait that long?
Uzundere boyunda, Kanaryom, Along Uzundere, my canary,
Çanlar öter koyunda, hoy-hoy, Bells ring on the sheep, hey, hey,
çanlar öter koyunda. Bells ring on the sheep.
Köyümüz güzel ama, Kanaryom, Our village's beautiful, my canary,
ilila hudut boyunda. It's close to the fields.

№ 179. Folk song. Fatma Kaçar (1910), Ahmetler

Refr. A mer kuzum, mer kuzum, Refr. My baa-lamb, my little lambkin,
Kara gözüm, mer kuzum. My black-eyed little lambkin!
Çık boyunu göreyim, Show yourself,
Ne boyunu gösterim, I won’t show my stature,
Ne gömleğini isterim. Refr. I don’t want your shirt either. Refr.
Çık boyunu göreyim, Show yourself,
Ne boynunu gösterim, I won’t show my stature,
Ne elbisesini isterim. Refr. I don’t want your dress either. Refr.
Çık boyunu göreyim, Come forward, let me see you,
Ne boynunu gösterim, I won’t show my stature,
Ne evini isterim. Refr. I don’t want your house either. Refr.

№ 180. Folk song. Şerife Aktaş (1941 Ahmetler), Yeni Bedir

Refr. Hay, mer kuzum, mer kuzum, Refr. My baa-lamb, my little lambkin,
Kara gözüm, mer kuzum. My black-eyed little lambkin.
Göster boyunu bana, Come and show yourself,
Ne boyunu gösterim, I won’t show myself,
Ne fistani isterim. I don’t want your clothes either,
Ben ağabeyime söyleirim, I’ll tell my brother,
Göster ayağını bana, Come and show your feet,
Patik alayım sana. I’ll buy shoes for them!
Ne ayağını gösterim, I won’t show my feet,
Ne patığıni isterim. I don’t want your shoes.
Ben ağabeyime söyleirim, I’ll tell my brother,
№ 181. **Folk song.** Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

**Refr.** Ay, mer kuzum, mer kuzum,  
Kara gözüm, mer kuzum.  
Çık boyunu göreyim,  
Boyunuifiant alayım. **Refr.**  
Ne boyunu gösteririm,  
Ne fistanını isterim.  
Ben ağabeyime söylerim  
Ben o kızı istem. **Refr.**  
Çık boyunu göreyim,  
Boyunu altını alayım.  
Ne altını isterim,  
Ne boyunu gösteririm.  
Ben ağabeyime söylerim,  
Ben o kızı da isterim. **Refr.**  
Çık boyunu göreyim,  
Ayagina ayakkabı alayım.  
Ne ayakkabını isterim,  
Ne boyunu gösteririm.  
Ben ağabeyime söylerim,  
Ben o kızı 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,  
Doldurдум basa basa,  
**Refr.** Aydın odalar, odalar, odalar,  
Yaşasın delikanlılar.  
Kapı sıktı elimi,  
Felek büktü belimi.  
Kime teslim edeyim,  
Kara gözülyarımı. **Refr.**

I've put ... in the pan,  
I've filled it up,  
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), Devletliağaç

Oy koladı, oy koladı

№ 184. Hidrellez song. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı/ Bulgaria), Devletliağaç

İşte geldim kapınıza, I've come here to your gate,
Selam verdim hepinize. Greetings to you all.
Selamını aldınız mı? Have you received my greeting?
Komşulara soldınız mı? Have you forwarded it to your neighbours?

№ 186. Folk song. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağaç

Bir evler yaptırdım be Ramizem, I had houses built, my Ramizem,
Saraya karşı aman aman, Opposite the palace, alas, oh.
Saraya karşı. Opposite the palace.
İçinde oturmadım Ramizem, I couldn't live in them, my Ramizem.
Aleme karşı aman aman, The world didn't let me, alas, oh.
Aleme karşı. The world didn't let me.

№ 188. Mani. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağ), Kılavuzlu

Mısır kazarım, mısır, I'm hoeing corn, corn,
Oturum arasına. I sat down in its midst,
Yar sigara içiyor, My darling is smoking,
Söyleyin bobasına. Tell his father about it.
Refr. O tepeden bu tepeye keçi geçer mi? Refr. 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, The troops are gathering
Taşa gidiyor taşa, Thundering like a rock,
Kara gözlü sevdiğim, My black-eyed lover is
Maça gidiyor maça. Leaving for a match, for a match. Refr.
İstanbul'a giderken, On the way to Istanbul,
Sol taraft a kaldırm, Pavement's on the left side,
Benden başka seversen, If you love another lover,
Vursun seni yıltırım. Refr. You should be struck by lightning Refr.
Mendilimi uçurdum, My kerchief flew up to a tree,
Kavak yapraklarına, To the leaf of a poplar,
Ben yarımı düşürdüm, I made my darling fall
Sevda yataklarına. Refr. Into the nest of love. Refr.
№ 191. Dirge. Esma Ekin (1929), Kaşıkçı

İstanbul’a giderken, On the way to Istanbul
Sıra sıra direkler, Poles are standing in line,
Beni eller alıyor, Strangers will get lost,
Gidersen uğurlar olsun, If you go away I wish you luck,
Deryalar yolun olsun, May you cross the sea hereafter,
Benden başka seversen, If you love someone else

Refr. On the way to Istanbul

Camlarında perde yok, There’s no curtain hanging on the window,
Olsa bile incezik. Or if there is, it’s a thin one,
Ver anne seviğime, Mother, marry me to my lover,
Öleceğim gencecik. I will die young. Refr.

№ 194. Folk song. Şehri Ünal (1950 Ahlatlı), Ahmetler

Sekiz pınarın suyu bitti, Eight springs have run dry,
Dokuz aradan odun gitti. From nine mews the firewood’s gone,
Kaz kaldırmış kafasını, The goose has raised its head,
Yiyemedim, uçtu gitti. It had flown off before I could eat it.

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. Sevdiye Yılmaz (1932 Tekirdağ), Kılavulu

Eminem de giymiş şalvari,  My Emine has put on a shalvar,
Sira beyaz kolları.  Her arms are white.
Refr. Yandım Eminem, ben yandım,  Refr. I got infatuated, my Emine, infatuated,
Seni alacak sandım.  I thought I’d marry you.
Kara kara kazanlar,  Black, black cauldrons,
Kara yazı yazanlar.  Foretelling a black fate,
Cennet yüzü görmesin,  Those who have torn us from each other
Aramızı bozanlar Refr.  Should never see Paradise Refr.
Bir pusulaya aldandım.  I fell into a little trap.
Karakolda aynalar,  Policemen at the police station,
Kız kolunda damgalar,  The girl’s arm is branded,
Gözlerinden bellidir.  It can be seen in your eyes,
Sende kara sevda var. Refr.  You are passionately in love. Refr.

№ 197. Folk song. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçataği

Dedem şimdi yorgundur,  My grandfather’s tired now,
Kalkar, oynar birazdan.  Soon he’ll get up and dance,
Kalk dedem hiy, hiy  Get up, grandfather, hey, hey,
Geldi babam hiy, hiy.  My Father has arrived, hey, hey.

№ 198. Hidrellez song. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçataği – See № 199

№ 199. Folk song. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavulu

Üşüdüm, üşüdüm,  I’m cold, I’m cold,
Ah, benim canım, üşüdüm.  Oh, my dearest, I’m cold,
Kürkünü giy, kürkünü giy,  Put on the furcoat, put on the furcoat,
Ah, benim canım, kürkünü giy.  Alas, my dearest, put on the furcoat.
Kürküm yok, kürküm yok,  I haven’t a furcoat, I haven’t a furcoat,
Ah, benim canım, kürküm yok.  Alas, my dearest, I haven’t any furcoats,
Aşana aşana,  Then go and buy one, buy one,
Ah benim canım, aşana!  Alas, my dearest, then buy one!

Param yok, param yok,  I haven’t any money, I haven’t any money,
Ah benim canım, param yok.  Alas, my dearest, I haven’t any money.
Çalsana çalsana,  Then steal some, steal some,
Ah benim canım çalsana!  Alas, my dearest, then steal some!
Duyarlar duyarlar,  They’ll hear it, they’ll hear it,
Ah benim canım duyarlar.  Alas, my dearest, they’ll hear it.
Kim duyar kim duyar,  Who will hear it, who will hear it?
Ah benim canım kim duyar?  Alas, my dearest, who will hear it?
№ 201. Bride’s farewell. Hatice Çetin (1952 Deli Orman, Bulgaria), Musulça

Policiler polisler,  
Ah benim canım polisler.  
Ne’aparlar, ne’aparlar,  
Ah benim canım ne’aparlar?  
Asarlar, asarlar,  
Ah, benim canım asarlar.

Policemen, policemen,  
Alas, my dearest, the policemen.  
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,  
Kızanasi, 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), Devletliağaç

Teyyareler tek gider,  
İçine İslim biner.  
Teyyarede yar sevenin,  
Ömürü boşa gider.  
Alçak duvar üstü,  
Teyyarem suya düştü.  
Palaskamı alirken,  
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), Devletliağaç

Gelinim elbise alayım,  
Gelinim sana vereyim,  
Gelinim gel barışalım!  
Cadiş evler de alsan,  
Cadi bana da versen,  
Cadi 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] [The stream’s coming]
Kumunu sere sere yarelelli
Al beni götür dere, yarele yarele,
Yarin olduğunu yere, yarelelli.
Refr. Amanın aman aman,
Zamanın zaman, zaman
Bizin düşün ne zaman, yarelelli.
Alma tane bir iki, yarele, yarele,
Sayın baksın oniki, yarelelli.
Onikinin içinde, yarelel, yalelel,
En güzel 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
Karıncaüler usher mi yarelellim.
Sen orada ben burada yarelel, yarelel
Bize dünyada düşer mi yarelellim. Refr.

№ 210. Folk song. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

[Dere boyu saz olur] [Sedge’s growing on the streamside,]
Gül açılır, yaz olur, oy,
Ben gülmüne Gül demem, Eminem,
Gülün ömrü az olur, oy.
Vay bana, vaılar sana, Eminem,
Gül oldu aylar sana, Hüy.
Süpürüsü youncadan Eminem’em

№ 211. Wedding song. Bektashi women congregation, Kılavuzlu

Çağırın kızın yengesini,
Vursun eline al kınasını.
Ağlatmayın onun annesini.
Refr. Anne ben bu gice misafirim,
Nine ben bu gice turacıdım.

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.
№ 212. Wedding song, Şehriban Bulut (1922 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Su bakırları susuz kaldı,
The water cans remained dry,
Yüksek evler ıssız kaldı,
Tall houses remained empty,
Kızannesi kızsız kaldı.
The mother with a daughter remained without her daughter. Refr.

Kaynana olan altın takar,
The mother-in-law hangs gold on her,
Güvey olan yollara bakar.
The bridegroom keeps watching the road. Refr.

Annem annem canım annem,
Mother, mother, my sweet mother,
Sütünü emdim kane kane,
I sucked your milk until I had enough,
Helal eyle canım annem.
Don’t grudge me this, mother dear. Refr.

Atladı gitti eşği,
She jumped over the threshold, left,
Sofrada kaldı kaşığı.
Her spoon remained on the table. Refr.

Çağırın kızın yengesini,
Call the girl’s sister-in-law,
Yaksın eline al kınasını.
Smear red henna on her hand!
Refr. Anne ben bu gice misafirim,
Refr. Mother, I’m a guest tonight,
Nine ben bu gice turacıyım.
Auntie, I’m asking for lodging tonight.

Atladı gitti eşği,
She jumped over the threshold, left,
Sofrada kaldı kaşığı,
Her spoon remained on the table,
Kızım sana al yaraşır,
Red suits you well, my daughter,
Al üstüne mor yaraşır.
Purple and red go well together.

Gelin alıcıya yol yaraşır. Refr.
The road suits the suitor. Refr.

№ 215. Mani. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Kaşların karasına,
The black of your eyebrows,
Gül koydum arasına.
I placed a rose between them,
Benim meylem dediler,
My love’s a balm
Sinenin yarasına.
For your heart’s wound.

Ah, benim acı yarım,
Oh, my sorrowful sweetheart,
Başımın tacı yarım.
My crown, my sweetheart,
Eller bana acımaz,
Strangers don’t take pity on me,
Sen ol da acı yarım.
You should take pity on me, darling.

In another manı these two lines go on the following way: Mahallenin yakşığı, Gel ayrılp gitmeyelim (Nuş 1996: 33).

This manı 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


Mendili var işlemeli, Eski yari boşamalı, Yenisine başlamalı. Refr.

Püskülümün bir dali sarı, Ben çekemem ah ılyen varı, Askere yolladım varı. 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, Izin versin kıznasına, Ben verarem, ben kıyamam, Kız eвладım bir tanedir.

Varın sorun babasına, Izin versin kıznasına. Ben verarem, ben kıyamam, Kız eвладım bir tanedir.

Varın sorun ağabeysine, İzın versin kıznasına, Ben verarem, ben kıyamam, Kız kardeşim bir tanedir.

Varın sorun yengesine, İzın versin kıznasına, 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 koł koła 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 koł koła gezelim.

Love has withered me,
Marry me, my black beauty,
So I can walk arm in arm with my darling.


Ayva sarısı, yarım,
Limon yarısı, yarım,
Refr. Nena, nenenam, limon yarısı, yarım.

The yellow of quince, my sweetheart,
Half a lemon, my sweetheart,
Refr. Nena, nena, half a lemon, my sweetheart.

Al giydim, alsın diye,
Mor giydim, sarsın diye. Refr.

I dressed in red for him to marry me,
I dressed in purple for him to embrace me.
Refr.

Kimsele varmadım
Sevgilim alsın diye.

I didn't marry anyone,
So that my sweetheart would marry me!

№ 234. *Mani*. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

İncecik elelerden
Undan mı eliyorsun?
Dalgacı hal içinde
Gönlümü eğliyorsun.

Are you sifting
Flour in a sieve?
When you are quarrelsome,
You're playing with my feelings.

Alaydan ayrılıyım,
Yayında sarılıyım,
Yar ikimiz de bir boy,
Yar nasıl ayrılıyım?

Let's leave the crowds behind,
Let's make love on a summer pasture,
We are both alike,
My darling, how could we part?
No 235. Mani. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağaş

Alay geliyor, alay, Here comes the procession, the bridal procession,  
Çıktım alaya baktım, I went out to see it.  
Yarden gelen mektubu, I’ve read the letter/burnt the letter unread  
Okudum/okumadan hemen yaktım. That I received from my sweetheart.  

No 238. Folk song. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Şemsiyemin ucu kara, The edge of my umbrella is black,  
Sen açtın (da) gönlüme yara, You’ve hurt my heart.  
Bulamadım derdime çare, I found no cure for my trouble.  
Söyle yarım kimdir dostun. Tell me, sweetheart, who's your friend?  
Şemsiyemin ucun bastın, You’ve dented the edge of my umbrella,  
Söyle yarım kimdir dostun? Tell me, sweetheart, who's your friend?  
Öldürmeye var mı kastın? Do you mean to kill me?  

No 239. Folk song. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Varın söyleyin boyacına, Go and tell the painter,  
Allar boyasın amman boyamasın. To paint it red, alas, not to paint it.  

Allar giyer gelinler olur, Brides wear red,  
Sürü sürü amman sürmeli kızlar, There are many girls with painted eyes  
Güngüşleri çapraz amman düğmeli kızlar. With buttons on both their breasts.  

No 245. Folk song. Mehmet Serez (1929 Selanik, Sunni), Tekirdağ

Bahçelerde eğrelti, There's fern in the gardens,  
Oynarlar iki elti. There're two sisters-in-law dancing,  
İkisi de bir boyda, They are the same height,  
Bilinmiyor kıymeti. They are invaluable.  
Refr. Sist moru yereleli, yenene neñenom, My sweetheart again yenene neñenom.  
Yar yine yenene, yenene neñenom.
Mendili, diline, A handkerchief, a kerchief,
Mendil verdim eline. I handed her a kerchief,
Kara kına yollamış My lover’s sent me
Yar benim ellerime. Black henna for my hand.

[… kurusam] seni, I will dry you,
Suda çürütmem seni, I won't soak you in water,
Senelerce görmezsem, Even if I couldn't see you for ages,
Gene unutmam seni. I'd never forget you.
Dere geliyor, dere, Here comes the stream, the stream,
Kumunu sere-sere, Spreading its sand,
Al beni, götür dere, Catch me and take me, stream,
Yarımın olduğu yere. To where my sweetheart is.

Bayram geldi aman, aman, garibem, The feast has arrived, oh, I’m unlucky,
Kan doldu yüreğime, aman, aman, garibem, My heart's full of sorrow, oh, I’m unlucky,
Yaralarım sıçıyor, aman, aman, garibem, My wounds ache, oh, I’m unlucky,
Doktor benim neyime, aman, aman, garibem. What's wrong with me, doctor, oh, I’m unlucky.
Geceler ağrıım oldu, aman, aman, garibem. My pain started at night, oh, I’m unlucky,
Ağlama karım oldu, aman, aman, garibem. I cry day and night, oh, I’m unlucky.

Evrerin önü bağlı, A garden in front of the houses,
Ben isterim burda kırmalı yağlı, I could do with a fine corn cake,
Kirmaysanın mayalı oldum, I enjoyed the corn cake indeed,
Kirmasız an ayrı oldum. But I didn’t like the cake without corn.
Ben çalarım alacaklar, I make music, but they take me away
Kolum bağlı, yanacaklar. My hands are tied, they’re burning,
Aldım bahşişimi gidiyom, I take my money due to me and leave,
Sizde kalımı salıcaklar. Scatter the rest that remains with you.
Kara koyun kuzuludur, The black sheep has a lamb,
Boynuzları yazılıdır, Its horns are flat,
Çok bekleme aile sahibi, Don’t keep me waiting, master,
Ayacıklarım sızland. My little legs are aching.
Edirne’nin camileri,  
Doksan dokuz penceresi,  
Kalkın uykudan uymanız,  
Yandi 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,  
Başçeyi dolan da gel,  
İyi günde gelmedin, anam,  
Bari can verende gel.  

Don't tie a blue kercief 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 büyüüsün, nenni,  
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho nenni,  
Benim yavrum uyuçak,  
Uyuçak da büyücek.  
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, nenni.  

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 desem,  
Duğlara gel dolaş desem,  
Haydi, nenni, yavrum, nenni,  
Uyusun, da büyüüsün şimdi.  

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 küçücüküm bir adama verdiler, verdiler, I was married to a man when I was very young,
Hem verdiler, hem münasib gördüler, gördüler. I was married to him – I was regarded as the right spouse for him.

Koca'dama varayımda n'apayım, n'apayım, I marry the old man, but what shall I do with him?
Aksam sabah çorbacığını yapayım, yapayım. Shall I cook his soup all mornings and evenings?
Pek küçükçüküm koca'dama verdim, verdim, I was married to an old man when I was very young,
Hem verdiler hem münasip gördüler, gördüler. I was married to him – I was regarded as the right spouse for him.

Ah koca'dama varayımda n'apayım, I marry the old man, but what can I do with him?
Delikanlı değil sarılayım yatayım, yatayım. He's not a lad whom I could embrace and go to bed with.

Refr. Annem beni güldürmedi gülmesin, gülmesin, Refr. My mother didn't let me laugh,
Benden başka evlat yüzü görmesin, görmesin. She shouldn't see the face of a child other than me.

Ah koca'dama yatak yaptıgım gül gibi, gül gibi, I made a nice bed for the old man,
Sabah kalktı altına baktım göl gibi göl gibi. He got up in the morning – there was a puddle under him. Refr.

Koca'dama varayımda n'apayım, n'apayım? I marry the old man, but what shall I do to him?
Delikanlı değil sarılayım yatayım, yatayım. He is not a lad whom I could embrace and go to bed with.

Koca'danın karyolada yatışı yatışı, The old man is lying idly in the bed,
Seksen yaşında mandaya benzer bakışı, bakışı. His glances are like those of an eighty-years-old water buffalo. Refr.

Koca'danın üç kızı var ben gibi, ben gibi, The three daughters of the old man are like me,
En küçüğeceği bahçelerde güll gibi, güll gibi. The youngest is like the rose of the garden. Refr.

№ 283. Folk song. Bektashi women, Kılavuzlu

Ali çocuk su doldurur dereden, dereden, Ali, the child's taking water from the stream.
Yüzüne bakılmıyor yareden, yareden. His face can't be seen from the wounds.
Göster bize evinizin yolunerede, nerede. Show me the way leading to your house!

Doğruldu[ğul]mda dal boyununa sarıldım, Sarahman, As I stood up I embraced his cedar body,
Hic bilemedim halim iken ayrıldım, ayrıldım. I didn't realize how we parted with each other,
Dili bülbül saçı sümüş Ali’min bahçelerde güll fidanı şerefi. How I parted with my nightingale-voiced,
Hyacinth-haired Ali, the pride and rose branch of gardens.
№ 284. *Wedding song*. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kilavuzlu

Çağırın kızın yengesini,  
Ask the girl's sister-in-law
Vursun eline al kınasını.  
To paint her hands red with henna!

Ağlatmayın annesini,  
Don't make her mother cry,
Anne ben bu gece misafirim,  
Mother, I am a guest tonight,\(^1\)
Baba ben bu gece misafirim.  
Father, I am a guest tonight.

№ 287. *Hidrellez song*. Fatma Yetişir (1923), Deveçatağı

Kartalım, kartalım,  
My eagle, eagle,
Nerelerde yatalım,  
Where shall we sleep,
Bir eksi de kürküm var,  
I've got an old fur coat,
Sarılalım, yatalım.  
Let's lie down embracing.

Geldi babam Hü, Hü,  
My father has arrived,
Reis babam Hü, Hü.  
My father, the commander.

Bir çörek yaptım yal gibi,  
I've made sticky pastry,
Gelin, yiyelim bal gibi.  
Come on, let's eat it quickly,
Kızılara haram olsun,  
Let it harm old women,
Kızlara helal olsun.  
But do good to maidens.


Bir çörek yaptım yal gibi,  
I've made sticky pastry,
Gelin, yiyelim bal gibi.  
Come on, let's eat it quickly,
Kızılara haram olsun,  
Let it harm old women,
Çocuklara haram olsun.  
Let it harm children.

№ 290. *Folk song*. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliağaç), Kırklareli

Haktan dilek dilediğim,  
I asked God to give me what I desired,
Göğüsten gine doladığım.  
I had carried it in my bosom.
Refr. Mevlam bu taşa can versin.  
Refr. May God give life to this stone,
Mevlam bu taşa bir can versin,  
May God give life to this stone,
Tarlalarda olur bakla,  
There are beans in the fields,
Aññeler çekiyor zahmet,  
Mothers are working hard,
Medine'de o Muhammed. Refr.  
Muhammad, who is in Medina. Refr.

\(^1\) 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), Devletliağaç

Aktaş dedim bileydim, I called it a white stone,
Haktan dilek dilediğim, I asked God for it,
Tülbendime bağladığım, I wrapped it in my kerchief,
Mevlâm bu taşa can versin! May God give life to this stone!

№ 292. Folk song. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Annem ağlar için, çünkü, My mother's crying bitterly,
Babam ağlar bilmem niçin. My father's crying, I don't know why,
Ağla, anne, ağla, baba, Cry, mother, cry, father,
Şu benim genç yaşam için! For my young age!
Portakali soymadım, I couldn't peel the orange,
Başucuma koymadım, I couldn't put it near my head,
Ben bu dertten kurtulup ta, I couldn't get rid of this trouble,
Genç yaşma doyamadım. I never really lived my youth.

№ 300. Folk song. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

A yellow snake embraced me,
Caused me seventeen wounds.

№ 312. Folk song. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağaç

The slippers on my feet, lad, I'm burning for you,
They're lined, they're lined, my Bilal,
Oh, my Bilal, Bilal,
How can we survive separated?

The earrings in my ears, lad, I'm burning for you,
Look like rings, my Bilal.

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?

42 Bilal is a rare Turkish masculine name.
№ 316. Folk song. Seviye Gerenli (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Kurdelenin uçları ipekten, The two ends of the ribbon are silk,
Kurdelemi seviyorum yürekten, I love my ribbon with all my heart,
Aman, aman, kurdelem, yoruldum, Alas, alas, my ribbon, I've got tired,
Refr. Dalgıç saçılarına vuruldum. Refr. I’ve fallen in love with your wavy hair.

Kurdelenin uçları yeşilden The ends of the ribbon are green,

№ 317. Folk song. Fatma Gül (1954 Hayrabolu, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

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, His window is protected,
Perdenin ucu yerde, The bottom of the curtain is on the floor,
Ne kız oldum, ne gelin, I'm neither a maiden nor a bride,
Neden düştüm bu derde? How did I get into this trouble?

Bizim ayna taş ayna, Our mirror is made of stone,
Üstünde beştaş oyna, Play five stones43 on it.
Bizim yoldan geçerken, If you pass in front of us,
Taksiyi yavaş [h]ayda! Refr. Drive the taxi slowly! Refr.

Eveleri kayalıkta, Our house is amidst rocks,
Yar gördüm aralıkta, I've seen a fair lassie.
Hemen yar mı sevilir, Do they choose a lover right away
Böyle kalabalıkta. Refr. In such a crowd? Refr.

Karşidan gelenlerere, I've put gas in the lantern of those
Gaz koydum fenerlere, Coming towards me.
Annem beni verecek, My mother will marry me
Askerdan gelenlerere. Refr. To the discharging soldiers. Refr.

Karşı karşı duralım, Let's stand face to face,
Telefonu kuralım, Let's make a telephone call,
Aramıza düşmanlar, There's an enemy among us,

Ver yarım mendilini, Give me your kerchief, darling,
Ben düreyim, Let me fold it.
Yolla yarım bir düğüm, Send me a lot, sweetheart,
Sana döneyim. Let me return to you.

43 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, On the way to Istanbul
Sol tarafta hastane, There’s a hospital on the left.
Yarenden gelen mektubu, The letter from my sweetheart
Eğlendirme postane. Should be delivered quickly! Refr.

Karşıda tarafınız var, Your stubble field’s opposite,
Bankada paranız var, Your money’s in the bank.
Karagözü yarımle, There are two years between
İki yaş aramız var. My black-eyed lover and me. Refr.

No 318. Folk song. Ali Gümüş (1942) and his sons, Tekirdağ, Davul and zurna

No 324. Folk song. Bektashi woman, Ahmetler

Bugün çağrılmadık, biz dedir, bizde, We haven’t been invited for today,
Kapat çeneni, biz dedir, bizde, Hold your mouth,
Şu komşunun gözleri, biz dedir, bizde, The neighbour’s keeping an eye on us.
Refr. Uzun boylum, boylum, benim efendim, Refr. My tall man, my husband’s tall,
Çocuk alayı içinde, seni beğen dim. I got to like you in the group of children.

Kaleden kaleye taş ben olayım, Let me be the stone in the road from castle to castle,
Ela göz üstüne kaş ben olayım, Let me be the eyebrow above a brown eye,
Yalnız yatanlara eş ben olayım. Refr. Let me be the companion of those who sleep alone! Refr.

Kaleden kaleye ekerler darsi, Millet is sown from one castle to the other,
Ekerler, biçerler, ederler karı, Sown, reaped, bringing grist to the mill,
Yar için saklarlar ayvaylan narı. Refr. The quince and the pomegranate are reserved for the darling. Refr.

No 325. Folk song. Huriye Engin (1943 Topçular), Devletliağaç

Kaleden kaleye şahin uçurdum, I let a peregrine falcon fly from one castle to the other,
Ah ile vah ile’ ömür geçirdim. I lived my life crying and wailing,

Kaleden kaleye ekerler darsi, Millet is sown from one castle to another,
Ekerler, biçerler ederler karı, Sown, reaped, bringing grist to the mill,
Yar için saklarlar ayvaylan narı, The quince and the pomegranate are reserved for the sweetheart.
Refr. Uzun da boy lum, boy lum benim efendim, Refr. My sweetheart is slender-built,
Kız alayı içinde seni beğen dim. 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. Refr.  
My sweetheart had a ring made – let me be its stone. Refr.
Kaleden kaleye geçemez oldum,  
I can't even walk from one castle to the other,
Aki karayı seçemez oldum. Refr.  
I can't even tell white from black. Refr.

№ 326. Folk song. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Arzu’mun evinin ardı bokluktur, bokluk,  
There’s a dunghill behind my Arzu’s house,
Arzu’ma geliyor bokluk ta sıklık.  
My Arzu is hit by misery and difficulties.
Refr. Ağlama, Arzum, ağlama, alırım seni,  
Refr. Don’t cry, Arzu, I’ll marry you,
Eğlen kömür gözüm, saranım seni.  
Rejoice, my black-eyed, I’ll embrace you.
Arzu’mun evinin ardı kumluk köpürü,  
Behind my Arzu’s house there’s a cloud of dust,
Arzu’mu almış Gacallar gece götürür. Refr.  
My Arzu was taken away by the locals, taken away by night. Refr.

№ 327. Folk song. Huriye Engin (1943 Topçular), Devletliağaç

İstanbul, İstanbul viran kalesi,  
Istanbul, Istanbul should remain in ruins,
Taşını toprağını seller alasın.  
Its stones and land be washed away by flood.
Aman padişahım aman izin ver bize,  
Alas, my padishah, give me permission,
İzinler vermezsen salıver denize.  
If you don’t give me, fall into the sea.
İstanbul içinde zinciri kuyu,  
In the middle of Istanbul there’s a well with a chain,
Çekin arkadaşlar buz gibi suyu,  
Draw it up, my friends, its water is ice-cold,
İçin arkadaşlar buz gibi suyu.  
Drink it, my friends, its water is ice-cold.
İstanbul içinde bir uzun selvi,  
In the middle of Istanbul there’s a tall cedar tree,
Kimimiz nişanlı kimimiz evli.  
One of us is engaged, the other is married.

№ 328. Folk song. Firde Gümüş (1936 Topçular), Devletliağaç

Sallan, kavak, sallan, dalın kurusun,  
Sway, poplar, sway, your branch should wither,
Yere düşen yaprağın yerde çürüsün.  
Your fallen leaves should rot away.
№ 329. Folk song. Hamdiye Ay (1933) Kılavuzlu, Kırklareli

Eniştem, eniştem ablam mı sandın,
Altı aylık gelinden ne tez usandın,
Ablam tuttu beni suya yolladı,
Eniştem olan pezevenk, tenhayı kolladı.
Tıngır mıngır tezgah enam sesi var,
Enişte benim ablamın şimdi nesi var?

Brother-in-law, brother in-law, you’ve mistaken me for my sister,
How soon you’ve got fed up with your six-month wife!
My sister sent me for water,
My brother-in-law’s a swine, he took advantage of me being alone,
The loom’s rattling, making a loud noise,
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,
Verin benim orağımı güller biçeyim,
Hem anama hem babama yollar açayım.

No house should be built on top of a tall hill,
No girl should be married off to a nearby rocky area.
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 Y etişir (1923), Deveçatağı

Harman ötesinden atlayamadım,
Harfaferin önünden dayanamadım,
Aman gelincik hanım ne oldu sana,
Akpazarın düşmani 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?

№ 336. Folk song. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağaç

Anne, anne, ben babamı,
Ta canımdan özledim,
Gözlerimden akan yaşlı,
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 güldü.

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), Devletliağaç

Yakın yengelerim, yakın, kınamı yakın,
Yarın alay boş dönecek, cümüşe bakım.

Refr. Ardalar aldı ya allı gelini,
Deryalar sardı ya nazık tenini.

Arda'nın boynunda sarı karınca,
Ben nereye varayım sabah olunca. Refr.

Smear my henna, my aunts,
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.


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?
Aklı 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?

№ 361. Folk song. Kerime Yavuz (1952), Lüleburgaz

Onbeşinde gidiyor kızın gözyaşı,
Aslan yarım kız senin adın Hediye,
Ben dolandım sen de dolan gel beriye,
Fistan aldım entaresi onyediye,
Hey, onbeşli onbeşli.

The girl is shedding her tears at the age of fifteen,
My brave sweetheart, your name's Hediye," I've wandered a lot, you should wander and come back,
I've bought a skirt, a dress for seventeen,
Hey, fifteen-year-old, fifteen-year-old!

№ 363. Folk song. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağaç

Refr. Urfa dağlarında gezer bir ceylan, aman anam,
Yavrurusun yitirmiş anam, ağlıyor eman.

Refr. In the mountains of Urfa a gazelle is walking, oh, oh,
She has lost her son, oh, she's crying and wailing, alas.

Yavrunun derdine bulunmaz derman, aman anam,
Gezme ceylan bu dağlarda seni avlarlar,
Anaydan, babaydan, yarden ayrı koyarlar.

There is no cure for loosing a child, alas, oh,
Don't walk in these mountains, gazelle, you'll be shot,
You'll be torn away from your mother, father and sweetheart. Refr.

№ 365. Folk song. Kerime Keski (1938 Haskova Bulgaria), Çavuşköy

Kınayı tuzsuz karanlar,
Arayı kızsız koyanlar,
Karın46 da ingene47 kınayı,
Sevindirin cadı/düşman kaynanamı.

Those who put on henna without salt,
Who get the idea that the girl be taken far away,
Apply the henna on the old woman,
Make the witch/hostile mother-in-law happy!

Ak bakırlarım susuz kaldı,
Kızın anası kızsız kaldı,
Karın da ingene kinami,
Sevindirin düşman kaynanamı.

My white jugs remained without water,
The girl's mother remained without her daughter,
Apply the henna on the old woman,
Make the hostile mother-in-law happy!

45 Meaning as much as 'present' (Redhouse 1974: 471).
46 Karın- 'to pair, copulate' (Redhouse 1974: 608).
47 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 Devletliağaç), 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 şekeriynen oyunca. 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), Devletliağaç

Ninni, yavrum, ninni,
Uyutayım seni,
Uyutayım da büyüteyim,
Çocuk sürüsüne katayım, ninni.
Uyusun da büyüsün,
Tıps-tıps 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), Klavuzlu

Tekirdağdan 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.

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.

Tekirdağ’ın yolları da
Yandandır eklemesi,
Takdik nişan yüzüğü de
Kolaydır beklemesi. 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, Look at the bride, the bride, Kına yakmış eline, diloyloy, She's painted henna on her hand, diloyloy, Halden bilmez ne fayda, She doesn't know what's going on, Söz anlama ne çare? She doesn't listen to reason, what shall I do?

Aşk olsun şu geline, Sweet little woman, Gidiyor sevgiline, diloyloy, Going to her lover, diloyloy, Halden bilmez ne fayda, She doesn't know what's going on, Söz anlama ne çare? She doesn't listen to reason, what shall we do?

№ 370. Folk song. Halil Atakan (1928 Iştip-Çetaşka, Macedonia), Kırklareli

Knali hanım kız, düğünümüz ne zaman? Bride with henna, when will our wedding be? Bir su içtim su baştan, I drank a little water by the fountainhead, Potinım kaydı taştan, My slipper slipped on a stone, Potinimi ararken hanım kız, While I was looking for my slipper, young lady, Akıl kalmadı baştan, I lost my mind.

Yarım, yarım hayatlar, Lives left unfinished, Yarım yorganı katlar, My sweetheart's folding a blanket, Yorganımı katarken hanım kız, While the woman's folding a blanket, Bir gözü bana bakar. She can't take her eye off me.

№ 371. Folk song. Mehmet Bodur (1938 Topçular), Kırklareli

Benim de bir yarım var, oy, oy, I've got a lover, oh, oh, Bülbül gibi zarım var, esmerim, aman. I've got a sad song like the nightingle's, my black-eyed love, oh, Göz gördüğünün sevdi, oy, oy, oy, Seeing her and falling in love with her was the work a moment, oh, oh Bunda ne günahım var esmerim/bir tanem, What did I do wrong, my black-eyed, oh?

anman?

№ 372. Folk song. Lütfiye Kuruoğlu (1952, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Dışarda deli dalgalar, Wild waves outside, Gelir duvarları yalar. Washing against the wall. Beni bu sesler oyalar, These voices are enchanting, Aldırma, günlü, aldırma, Don't let yourself be taken in, my dear, Gönil, aldırma. Don't let yourself, darling.
№ 374. Dirge. Hafize Işık (1953), Kırklareli

Shaefet'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 Koçaç), Kırklareli

Köy korusu ardına sila'mı okurdum,
Ben babamdan korkuma, canımı vurdum.
Refr. Ağlama annum ağlama kader böyleymiş
Köy korusu ardında kurt koyun yemiş.
Köy korusu ardına kanlarımız 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 destined.
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.


Al Fadimem, bal Fadimem,
Yanakları güld Fadimem,
Uyan uyand, sabah oldu,
Gul 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.

Al Fadimem, bal Fadimem,
Yanakları güld Fadimem,
Uyan-uyand, sabah oldu,
Namazını kil Fadimem.

My red Fatma, honey Fatma,
Rose-cheeked Fatma,
Wake up, wake up the morning's here,
Pray, my Fatma!

Şu dağların burcu musun,
Sen boynumun borcu musun?
Uyan-uyand, sabah oldu,
Namazını kil Fadimem.

Are you the bastion of mountains?
Am I responsible for you?
Wake up, wake up the dawn is here,
Pray, my Fatma.

Al Fadimem, bal Fadimem,
Yanakları güld Fadimem,
Uyan-uyand, 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.
№ 382. Folk song. Sefer Çalışkan (1925 Ištip, Macedonia), Zeytinburnu

Taşlalar önünde ey, In front of the precipice, hey,
Uzandım, yattım. I lay down and stretched out,
Duydum binbaşı geliyor, I heard the colonel coming,
Nizama kalktim. I jumped up and saluted.

Anneler, babalar gözyaşı döker, Mothers, fathers are shedding tears,
Doldur çeşmem, doldur Fill my glass,
Ben gidiyorum, I'm going away,
Anayı, babayı terk ediyorum. I'll leave my mother and father here.

№ 383. Folk song. Naciye Baykul (1975), Devletliağaç

İçte derdim başlar benim, My troubles are starting,
Gözlerim de yaşlar benim. Tears gather in my eyes,
İyi günde dost olanlar The friends of my good days
Kötü günde taşlar beni. Throw stones at me on the bad ones.

Bak, ne hale geldim kader, Look, fate, what you've done to me,
Yerden yere vurdun yeter, I was tossed about, I've had enough,
Bitsin bunca elem keder, Let sorrow come to an end,
Biraz da bağla gül kader! Tie a bunch of roses for me, fate, at last!

№ 384. Folk song. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Ne uyursun, ne uyursun, Why are you asleep, why are you asleep,
Bu uykuya ne bulursun? What can you find in your dream?
Al abdestini, kul namazını, Do the ritual washing, pray,
Cennet alayı bulursun. You will find Paradise.

№ 385. Folk song. Emrullah Yılmazgüz (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Sabahdan çeşmeye vardı mı? Did you go to the spring in the morning?
Elini, yüzünü yudum mı? Did you wash your hands and face?
Refr. Çeşme taşının üstünde Refr. Did you find my bracelet
Sen benim bileziğini buldu mı? By the fountainhead?

Sabahdan çeşmeye varamadım, I didn't go to the spring in the morning,
Elimi, yüzümü yumadım. I didn't wash my hands or face.
Çeşme taşının üstünde I didn't find your bracelet
Ben senin bileziğini bulmadım. By the fountainhead.

№ 386. Folk song. Bektash Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu – See № 385
№ 389. Folk song. Şehri Ünal (1950 Ahlathlı, 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.
Refr. Haldan bilmez ne fayda, She doesn't know what is what, the good-for-nothing.
Söz anlama ne çare. Refr.

Köprünün altı diken, The bottom of the bridge is thorny,
Köprünün altı diken, The bottom of the bridge is thorny,
Yattın beni güül iken, diloyloy. Refr. You laid me while I was a rose diloyloy. Refr.

№ 391. Folk song. Seviye Gerenlí (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Ekin ekim çöllere de, I sowed the plain with corn,
Yoıldırmadım ellere. I didn't let strangers reap it,
Küçük yaşta bir yar sevdim, I had a lover when I was young,
Vermen onu ellere. I don't give her to strangers.
Refr. Çıt, çıt, çıt, çıt, çe dene-ne, Refr. Hush, hush, hush, hush, denene,
Sar bedeni bedene. Press her body against yours.
Dünya dolu yar olsa da, Should the world be full of lovers,
Alacağım bir tane. I'd marry only one.
Ekine kiraz derler de Sowing is said to be cherry.48
Güzele beyaz derler A fair girl is said to be white.
Küçücükten bir yar sevdim, I had a lover when I was young,
Sevmeyene kaz derler. The one that has no lover is mocked by the nickname: goose.

Derdimi kime desem de, Refr.
Bu dert sana az derlet. Refr.

Whoever I talk to about my troubles,
They say I don't have many. Refr.

№ 401. Folk song. Elif Aktaş (1961 Ahmetler), Yeni Bedir

Dün sabah çeşmeye vardımdı, Yesterday morning I went to the spring,
Elimi yüzüme çaldımdı, I washed my hands and face,
Taş üstünde bileziğini gördümdu, I caught sight of your bracelet by the springhead,
Vallahı almadım Arzu. But I didn't take it, so help me God, Arzu.

48 Red as the color of an apple, cherry or cheek, are considered the most beautiful and desirable.
№ 402. Folk song. Instrumental (davul, zurna), Ankara

Don't have it looked for, Kamber, don't search for it,
Sweetheart, don't turn away from me,
Hold the rein of your horse,
Don't tread on the heel of my shoe.

№ 403. Folk song. Emrullah Yılmazgüz (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

The flowers are blooming on Mount İnönü,
She has beautiful golden-silver hair.
Refr. Long live Mustafa Kemal Pasha,
Your name will be engraved in a memorial plaque.

I sat down on Mount İnönü and remained there,
I took down the names of the fallen in a notebook,
I embraced fatherless orphans fondly. Refr.

№ 404. Hidrellez song. Lütfiye Kuruoğlu (1952, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Daughter, shall I marry you to Ali?
Refr. I wouldn't like that, my dear father,
I wouldn't like that,
His name is Ali, his clan is crazy. Refr.

Daughter, shall I marry you to Veli? Refr.
His name's Veli, his clan is crazy. Refr.
Daughter, shall I marry you to Yasar? Refr.
His name's Yasar, he'll marry me then leave me. Refr.

Daughter, shall I marry you to the drunkard?
Refr. I would like that, I would like him.
His name is boozing, his embrace is pleasing, Refr.

Daughter, shall I marry you to the barber? Refr.
He shaves men, his hands smell. Refr.
Daughter, shall I marry you to Engin? Refr.
His name's Engin, his pockets are full. Refr2.
№ 407. Folk song. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Çobanın karısı pazı yazamaz,  
Refr.: Çoban gibi pezevenk kari bakamaz, kari bakamaz.  
Ne güzel oğlan, yaşa be çoban!

The shepherd's wife can't cook beetroot  
Refr.: A woman chaser like the shepherd can't keep a woman,  
What a handsome lad you are, live as you please!

№ 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!

№ 425. Folk song. Sevim Yozcu (1956 Tekirdağ, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Sürman Ağa'nın koyunlarını, gel gidelim, gideğim,  
Küçücüksize 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,  
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,  
Kimlerealdanmış?

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,  
Sura sura zeytinler,  
Onbeş yaşında da,  
Nazife de hanımına,  
Yazık ettiler.

I started on the way to Sarköy;  
Olive bushes all along,  
Nazife, the young lady of fifteen  
Has been raped.

49 Lokum 'Turkish delight' (Redhouse 1974: 712) is a dessert filled with hazelnut and pistachio.
№ 427. Hıdrellez şarkı. Havva Hari (1945), Devlet İliağaç

Ne olsa söylüyörler, canım
Çekemediklerine,
İn dereye göreyim, canım,
Eline gül vereyim.
İn dereye göreyim, canım,
Eline gül vereyim.
İn dereye göreyim, canım,
Eline gül vereyim.
İn dereye göreyim, canım,
Eline gül vereyim?

They speak out loud, my dear,
What they can’t endure,
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 şarkı. Şerife Bodur (1930 Topçular), Kırklareli

Karanfil olacaksın, canım,
Sararıp 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.

№ 429. Hıdrellez şarkı. Fatma Bulut (1922) Kılavuzlu, Çorlu

Ver Allahım bir bulut, canım,
Yar olan köye düşem!
Gidin bulutlar, gidin, canım,
Yarım uyıkuda ise, canım,
Uykusu terk edin.
Yarım uyıkuda ise, canım,
Uykusu 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!

№ 430. Folk şarkı. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaristan), Devlet İliağaç

İnegi sağdım, süttünü aldım,
Hiç el vurmadan, gelin hanım, dolaba koydum.
İneke de benim, sütti de benim,
Evler kaynatamın Mari cadı, oğlu da benim,

I’ve milked the cow, I took its milk away,
I didn’t even touch it, bride, I put it in the cupboard,
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, I won’t,
Ellere güliş olduğuk Mari cadı, inadıma We made friends with the strangers, I won't make friends with you again, Mary witch!
barışmam.

№ 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 yarımın gözleri çakır. What beautiful grey eyes my sweetheart has!

№ 432. Folk song. Instrumental (Mehter müziği), Istanbul

№ 433. Folk song. Ali Gümüş (1942) and his sons, Tekirdağ – instrumental

№ 436. Mani. Fatma Budak (1934 Topçular), Kırklareli

Kızılcıklar 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.


Kızılcıklar oldu mu, Is the cornel ripe,
Selelere doldu mu? Has it been put in buckets?
Gönderdigim çoraplar Do the socks I sent
Ayağına oldu mu? Fit your feet?
Refr. Mendili eline, mendil verdim geline, Refr. 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 oğlanlar, In this village the boys
Evlenemez başlıktan. Refr. Can't get married because of the head money.50

Refr.

50 See above in № 100.
№ 438. Folk song. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Refr. Oy, oy, karam bana yaşamak haram, oy.
Oturbeyarım, otur arabaya kanada, oy,
Yarimsana gideceğim düşmanlarına inada, oy, karam,
Bana yaşamak haram, oy.
Entrarihallardan isterim dallılardan, oy, oy
Olsarsubaysolsunkoluşunbärnavermalardandan,oy,oy
karam,

Bana yaşamak haram, oy.

Altnımların bir dizi olacak iki dizi oy,
Haberin olsun yarım ayrıçaklar bizi, oy. Refr.
İncecığağmürüçleryarımızıkkünkamiler,oy,
Ne kadar dargın ciler yanımıktık bassigner,oy.
Refr.
Tülbedimim uçurdu kavak yapraklarına,oy,
Ben yarımı düşürük semvdanıyatalarına,oy.
Refr.

Refr. Oy, oy, karam bana yaşamak haram, oy.
Oy, oy, karam bana yaşamak haram, oy.
Oy, oy, karam bana yaşamak haram, oy.

Come here, sweetheart, and sit down in the wagon, alas!
Sweetheart, I’m going to you defying the enemy, 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!

Refr. Oh, my black one, why should I live without you, oh!
Come here, sweetheart, and sit down in the wagon, alas!
Sweetheart, I’m going to you defying the enemy, 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!

Refr. 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 laughing 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. Esma Ekin (1929), Kaşıkçı

Ak koyun, kara koyun,
Gel, yarım, burda soyun vay,
Geçerlerin 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

Kaşlarını çatık-matık,
Söylete beni artık, ey.
Öyle bir yar sevdim ki,
Yavan ekmeğe katık.
Refr. Ey, güller, aldı yarımı 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.
In dereye, dereye,
Kuru fındık bulursun, ey.
Eğil bir yol öpeyim,
Sonra pişman olursun, ey, hey. 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.

Kulağındaki küpeler,
Altın değil menteşe, hey.
Hangînize gideyim,
Ben de şaştım bu işe. 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,
Refr. Oy karam, bana yaşamak haram, oy.

The ring on my finger
My sweetheart, my silver ring,
Do you love me, sweetheart, from the bottom of your heart?
Refr. Ay, my black one, why should I live without you, my black one.

Kolumdaki bilezik,
Ne uyduruk ne nazik, oy.
Bizim köyün kızları,
Şehir yere münasip, oy. Refr.

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.

Altunları takındım,
Çıktım yola bakındım, oy.
Bizim yoldan geçerken,
Düşmanlardan sakındım, oy. 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.

Mektup yazarsan yarım,
Koy kibrit kutusuna, oy.
Bizim yoldan geçerken,
At evin arkasına, oy. Refr.

If you write a letter, my sweetheart,
Cram it into a matchbox,
When you come this way,
Throw it behind the house. Refr.

Saçlara bak saçlara,
İstiyorlar nazarlık oy,
Benim için ölüren,
Dere boyu mezarlık oy. Refr.

What hair, look!
It needs a protective eye,
If you die for me,
Your grave will be by the stream. Refr.

№ 446. Folk song. Seviye Gerenli (1940, Sunni), Lüleburgaz

Ağabey Sürman aga, arpalar oldu mu?
Beni veriyorlar haberin oldu mu?
Alas, Sürman aga, 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,
Aşrı aşrı yerlere kız vermesinler,
Annesini, babasını hor görmesinler,
Uçan da kuşlara malum olsun, ben annemini özledim,
Hem annemi, hem babamı, ben köyümü özledim.
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,
Aşrı aşrı memlekete kız vermesinler,
Annesinin bir tanesini hor görmesinler,
Uçan da kuşlara malum olsun, ben annemini özledim,
Hem annemi, hem babamı, ben köyümü özledim.
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,
Annemin yelkeni olsa açsa 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.

Kardeşlerim yollarını bilse de gelse,
Uçan da kuşlara malum olsun ben annemini özledim,
Hem annemi, hem babamı ben köyümü özledim,
Kaynatamın buğday ekmeği pis kokar bana,
Babamun arpa ekmeği mis kokar bana.
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!
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 çarş,  
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 eyvah.  
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.

№ 450. Folk song. Orhan Bulut's family, Çorlu

Çanakkale içinde aynalı çarş,  
Ana ben gidiyorum düşmana karşı, of, gençliğim eyvah.

Çanakkale içinde bir dolu testi,  
Analar babalar umudu kesti, of, gençliğim eyvah, yandı da dünyya.

Çanakkale içinde aynalı çarş,  
Ana ben gidiyom düşmana karşı, of, gençliğim eyvah.

In Canakkale there's a full jug,  
Mothers, fathers don't hope any more, alas, my youth is over.  
Refr.

№ 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 sogutlere dolandi.  
Hasan'ın elinde fener Zeynep su üstünde döner,  
Refr. Hasan Zeynebi sorarsa dalgalar önünden gider,  
Eğer Zeynebi sorarsa dere boyularından gider.

Uzunoluk degirmenin tșları, Zeynebin sarı saçları,  
Sogutlere dolandi Zeynebin sarı saçları,  
Hasanun elinde demir Zeynep istemez ümür.  
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 current.  
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. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kilavuzlu

Zeynep etmiş bir tarla var, There's a stubble field, it's been tended by Zeynep.
Uzunoluktan gelir selam. Greetings arrive from Uzunoluk.
Eğer Zeynebi sorarsa, dere boylarından gider. If he enquires about Zeynep, she's adrift the current.
Zeynep düştü, bayıldı, ferecesi suya yayıldı. Zeynep fell down, she fainted, her gown spread on the water. Refr.
Ya bu değirmenin taşları Zeyneb'in hilal kaşları, Oh, the stones of this mill, Zeynep's crescent eyebrows,
Hasan Zeynebi sorarsa dalgalar önünden gider. If Hasan's asking about Zeynep, she's drifting with the current.

№ 460. Folk song. Mürvet Altuntaş (1960 Devletliağacı), Kırklareli

Zeynep düştü, bayıldı, ferecesi suya yayıldı. Zeynep fell down, she fainted, her gown spread on the water.
Refr. Hasan da Zeynebi ararsa, sorarsa, dere boylarından gider. Refr. If Hasan's looking for Zeynep, if he's asking about her, she's moving along the stream.

№ 470. Folk song. Firdevş Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kilavuzlu

Ateşteki tencereyi taşrdım, I took the pot off the oven,
Gitti gelirim diye aman aman, He left saying he'd come back
Aman yolu bilirim diye. Saying he knew the way.
On yedi yemin etti aman aman, The seventeen-year-old swore to marry me, oh,
Gene alırım diye, alas,
Ama yine alırım diye, To marry me, oh,
Adalara gele gide şaşırdım, Going to the islands and back I missed my way,
Ateşteki tencereyi taşrdım. I took the pot off the oven.
№ 474. Folk song. Sunni man and schoolchildren, Kaşkçı

Şarköyune gider iken,
On my way to Sarköy
Sıra sıra zeytinler,
The bushes in a row,
Onbeş yaşında da
The fifteen-year-old
Nazife de hanıma
Young lady Nazife
Yazık ettiler.
Has been raped.

O tepeden bu tepeye
Does your way lead
Yolun olur mu?
From that hill to this hill?
Onbeş yaşında da Nazife de hanıma
Can you have enough
Doyum olur mu?
of the fifteen-year-old Nazife?

№ 476. Folk song. Hatice Gülşen (1949, Sunni), Karacakılavuz

O tepeden bu tepeye oyun olur mu? From that hill to this hill is there a play,
Onbeş yaşında da Nazife de hanıma doyum Can you have enough of the fifteen-year-old
olur mu? young lady Nazife?
Çıktım Şarköyün yoluna sıra sıra zeytinler, I left for Sarköy, rows of olive bushes,
Onbeş yaşında da Nazife de hanıma The fifteen-year-old young lady Nazife has been
yazık ettiler. raped.

№ 477. Folk song. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Sevdiğim kız gelin olmuş,
The girl I loved is a bride now,
Benim değil, elin olmuş. Not mine, but someone else's,
Beyaz gelinlik içinde In a white bridal dress,
Gider gene ağlıyormuş. She moves away crying.

№ 478. Folk song. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağaç

Devletliağaç minaresi The minaret of Devletliagac,
Yetmiş iki basamak, Has seventy-two stairs.
…elfelejette) im yarım [It is impossible.] my dear,
Senden ayrı yaşamak. To live without you.

Oy, narin, narin, narin, Oh, slender, slender, slender,
Şofördür benim yarım. My darling is a driver,
Çavuş izin vermiyor, The corporal won't let me go on leave,
Ne olacak benim halim? What will happen to me?

Oy, narin, narin, narin, Oh, slender, slender, slender,
Askerdır benim yarım. My darling is a soldier,
Çavuş izin vermiyor, The corporal won't let him go on leave,
Gelemiyor yarım. My darling can't come to see me.
№ 479. Folk song. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Kaynar kaza taşmaz mı?  Doesn’t the boiling cauldron overflow?
Yol buralardan aşmaz mı?  Does the road cross here?
Zerya bir gün kaşınır,  Zerya’s scratching one day,
Haydi haydi arkadaşları!  Come on, friends!
Verin benim bir tanemi  Give me my darling!
Taştan olur meydanı  Its square is from stones,
Benim deyyuş turnam var,  I’ve got a crane,
Benim derdime çare.  A cure for my trouble.

№ 480. Folk song. İkbal Yılmaz (1955), Kulavuzlu

Ak tavuk olmadın mı?  Have you never been a white hen?
Kümese dalmadın mı?  Have you never hidden in a hen-pen?
Bir başır su kaynana  Give me a jug of water, mother-in-law,
Sen gelin olmadın mı Karacalıya?  Have you ever been a bride to Karacali?
Refr.  Refr. I’ll go away, mother, to Kircali.
Kaynanamın kafası  My mother-in-law’s head
Kovan sepeti gibi  Is like a beehive,
Oğlu beni seviyor,  Her son loves me,
Çeşmede bakırım taştı,  By the well I filled my jug, it overflowed,
Yarım yarımı aştı,  My darling crossed the meadow,
Ben yarımı görmedim,  I didn’t see my darling,
Gören inadı şaştı. Refr.  Those who saw him were amazed. Refr.
Entareasi vişneden,  Her dress is cherry-red,
Şimdi geldim çeşmeden,  I’ve just come from the well,
Alicaksan al yarım,  If you marry, marry me now, my darling,
Dağda tavan olur mu?  Are there rabbits in the mountain?
İnce aksam olur mu?  Are there easy evenings?
Yaktın beni, kül ettin,  You set me on fire, I burnt to ashes,
Böyle düşman olur mu? Refr.  There is enemy like this. Refr.

№ 481. Folk song. Emrullah Yılmazgüz (1938 Bulgaria), İstanbul

İnönü dağlarında çiçekler açar,  The flowers are blooming on Mount Inönü,
Altın günmuş vurmuş sirmalı saça.  Throwing golden-silver light on the hair
Refr. Yaşa Mustafa Kemal paşa, yaşa,  Refr. Long live Mustafa Kemal pasha,
İsmin yazılacak münvever taşa.  Your name will be engraved in a bright stone.
İnönü dağlarında oturum, kaldım,  I sat down on Mount Inönü lost in thoughts,
Şehit olanları deftere yazdim,  I took down the martyrs’ name in a notebook,
Babası yetim olanları bağına bastı. Refr.  The orphans were embraced by their fathers. Refr.
№ 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,
Y azık oldu geldi, geçti en güzel yıllar.

Severken sevimez 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,
More bitter then anything, alas, than anything.

№ 491. Lullaby, Müjgan Kahraman (1937 Ipsala), Enez

Nenni, nenni, yayruma,
Refr. Uyusun da büyüsün.
Benim güzel yayruma,
Refr. Let him sleep and grow.
Nenni, nenni, nenni,
Uyusun yayrum, nenni. Refr.
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 bakı!
Malum olsun garıp anam,
Şu feleğin işine bakı!
Ankaradan indirdiler,
Kanlı gömlek giyirdiler.
Malum olsun garıp anam,
Bir oglunu 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 yaptırırım kaleyi,
Aldım başıma belayi,
Gönlü 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,
Yaram sarmaya yar kendı gelsin.
Ormanların gumbırtüsü başıma vurur,
Nazlı yarin hayali karşımda durur.
Ormanlardan aşağı aşağı giderim,
Nazlı yari kaybetmişim arar gezerim.

The black of your eyebrow gets laws written,
For this love I roam the world over.
Should doktor Lokman 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 yani sarı, beyim, aman, aman,
Askere yolladım yari.
Evlenmeden gelse bari beyim, aman, aman.
Refr.
Fincanın bir yani yeşil, beyim, aman aman
At kolumu boyunmdan 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.

51 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 ormançı, canım ormançı,                Ah, forest ranger, my dear forest ranger,
Köyümüze bırakım derin bir acı.           You left great grief in our village.
Köyümüzün suyaları soğuk içilmez, soğuk içilmez. The water of the village is too cold to drink, I had bridges built for crossing.
Köprüler yaptırıdım gelip geçmeye. 
Ormançular gidiyor gelip geçmeye, gelip geçmeye. Forest rangers are coming and going,
Yazık oldu ormançı köyün gencine.       You caused trouble for the youth, forest ranger.

№ 536. **Folk song.** Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Aman, aman deli ettin beni,                  Alas, you've made me fall in love with you,
Huzur olmadan söz ettin beni,                You didn't leave me alone, you gossiped about me,
*Deve yüksek atamadım urganı,                You put me in an embarrassing situation,
Ah aman aman urganı.*                       The camel was tall, I couldn't harness it,
                                               Alas, harness it.
                      Üşüdükçe çek üstüne yorganı,                     If you are cold, pull the blanket over you,
Ah aman aman yorganı,                        Alas, the blanket.
Susadıkça al ağzına gerdanı,                If you are thirsty, kiss her neck,
Ah aman aman gerdanı.                        Alas, her neck.

№ 537. **Folk song.** Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu - See № 536/2

№ 539. **Hidrellez song.** Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Kara gözüm efkarlanma gül d'ayrı       My black-eyed one, don't worry, keep laughing,
İribikler öter ötmez ordayım,            When they begin chirping, I'll be there,
Vatan borcu biter bitmez, ordayım.          When my patriotic duty is over, I'll be there.

№ 540. **Folk song.** Mehmet Serez (1929 Selanik, Sunni), Tekirdağ

Daracık sokakları duman bürümüş,                The narrow little street were enveloped in mist,
Herkes almuş sevdğini yürümüş,              All took their lovers by the hand for a walk,
* Benim yarım küçücüktü, büyümuş,         My darling was young but she's grown up,
Sürüden ayrılan sürmeli koyun,             A beautiful lamb removed from the flock,
Odalara devetim gel yarım otur,          I've had the room furnished, come, darling, sit down here,
№ 541. Folk song. Lütfiye Kuruoğlu (1952, Sunni, Lüleburgaz)

Üç bę güzel bir araya gelmişler,
Benim seveceğim yok arasında, yok arasında.

Three-five fair [lasses] have come together,
My sweetheart is not among them, she's not among them.

№ 542. Folk song. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Çevez dalları arasında,
Güzeli severler bağ arasında, bağ arasında.
Üç bę 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 [lasses] 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 oldum.

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. Güzeliler severler kol arasında, kol arasında,
Üç bę güzel bir araya gelmişler,
Benim sevgili yarım yok arasında, yok arasında.

Refr. A beauty is loved amidst embraces, amidst embraces for sure,
Three-five fair [lasses] have come together,
My sweetheart is not among them, she's not among them.

Evlerinin önü zerdali dalı,
Pencereden gördüm bu nazlı yari, kınalı eli,
Söğüdün yaprığı dal arasında, dal arasında.

Refr.
The branch of the wild apricot outside the houses,
I've seen my sweetheart's hand painted with henna,
Willow leaves between branches, between branches. Refr.

№ 545. Lullaby. Havva İbrahimoğlu (Bulgaria), Bulgaria

Beşiklere taş beledim nenni,
Mevlaman ölül diledim, nenni
Mevlaman bana ölül verdi, nenni
Şimdi de uzun ömür versin, de, büyüsun, 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, I got into hospital on Friday,
Beyaz tenimi hastaneye verdim, My white body was given to the hospital,
Doktor bana yüreğimde cenaze. The doctor said I was finished.
*Refr.* Yan anam bana genç niyazım diyor. *Refr.* Mourn for me, mother, you called me your youthful desire.

Anaciğım nereye gittim

Elini yüreğime koymadın

Anaciğım 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 suffered? *Refr.*

№ 549. *Dirge*. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı/ Bulgaria), Kırklareli

Uyu sen yavrum, sen uyu, Sleep, my little one, sleep,
Uyu da ben seni büyüteyim, Sleep, I'll bring you up,
Aksam oldu kumrular öter saçaktan, It's evening, doves are singing from under the ewer,
Yavrunların öksüz kaldı bıçaktan. My babies were orphaned by a knifing.

Uyu benim nazlı kuzum, sen uyu,
Nenni yavrumu sana nenniler deyeyim,
Uyutayım yavrumu büyüteyim.

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.

№ 550. *Folk song*. Huriye Engin (1943 Topçular), Devletliağaç

Halil çocuk çık dereden, dereden, My son Halil, emerge from the valley, the valley,
Göster bize yol nereden, nereden. Show us which direction the way goes,
Ah, dili bülbül, saçı zümbül Halilim. Oh, my Halil of the nightingale's tongue and hyacinth hair.

Şu karşıki gördünen koruyu kırsalar, If only that little forest over there were cleared,
Sevdigimi sevdigine verseler, If only my sweetheart would be married to her sweetheart,
İstedigini istedigine verseler. I wish everyone was married to their sweethearts.

Şu karşıki oda benim odamdır, That room opposite is mine,
İçinde sallanan selvi fidandır, A cedar branch is swaying in it,
Ah dili bülbül, saçı zümbül Halilim. Oh, my Halil of the nightingale's tongue and hyacinth hair.
№ 551. Folk song. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

*Halil çocuk çık dereden dereden,
Göster bana yol nereden, nereden,
Yüzüne bakılmaz olmuş yaraden.
Refr. Dili bülbül, saçı zümbül lal ile,
Başçelerde güllü fidanı Şerife

Son Halil, come forth from the valley, the valley,
Show us where this way goes,
You can't look at his face for the many wounds,
Refr. The one of the nightingale's tongue, hyacinth hair and ruby,
In the gardens the rose branch is Serife.

Halil derler bir oğlana vuruldum
Vuruldum da dal boynuna sarıldım
Hiç doyamadım nazlı yarden ayrıldım. Refr.

I fell in love with a lad called Halil,
I fell in love with him, I hugged his slender body,
I couldn't have had enough I had to part with him. Refr.

№ 557. Folk song. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı, Bulgaria), Devletliğaç

Püskül pencereden uçtu, güllum, ey, de,
Püskül pencereden uçtu,
Uçtu da deryaya göctü, güllum,
Uçtu da deryaya göctü.
Benim gönlüm sana düştü güllum, ey, de,
Benim gönlüm sana düştü,
Oynar püskül döne döne, güllum, ey, de
Ben püskül oldum yane, yane

The fringe has flown out of the window, hey, my rose,
The fringe has flown out of the window,
It flew out and fell into the sea, my rose,
It flew out and fell into the sea.
My heart has chosen you, hey, my rose,
My heart has fallen in love with you, my rose, hey,
The fringe is dancing in a whirl, my rose, hey,
I’ve become the fringe, I’ve fallen in love.

№ 560. Folk song. Old man (Bulgaria), Bulgaria

Yağmur yağıyor seller akar çok olar,
Kazanı kazalar pareyi
Ver pareyi çıkılan.
Yağmur yağar seller akar…
Seller akar
Ayshe de Fatima ölüyorum
Ölüyorum…

It's raining, the water's flooding,
The cauldron is being carved,
Give me my part […]
It's raining, the water's flooding,
The water’s flooding,
Ayshe, Fatma, I am dying,
I am dying.
### № 561. Folk song. Halil Atakan (1928 İstip-Çetaшка 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.
Refr. Tunus'ta harap olur sultan Cezayir.  
Refr. In Tunis the Algerian sultan collapsed.
Cenği 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. Refr.
The girls in Bucharest are writing letters. Refr.

### № 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 Jemile, I fell into trouble three days ago,
Ayri kurban Cemile’im 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,
Ayri kurban Cemile’im 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 içen,  
The world is weeping, sobbing,
Ben bilirim kimin içen.  
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), Devletliağaç

Kaynar kazan taşırmaz mı?  
Doesn't the hot boiler overflow?
Yol buracıdan aşmaz mı?  
Has this road its continuation?
Sil gözünün yaşını Haticem,  
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 Zübül (1903 Selanik), Enez

Bir sarı yılan kovaladı beni 
Kara çalıya doladı beni. 
Ah, arabay, aman talıgaç, 
Olsa da bana bir kiracı. 
Kara toprak döşek olacak, 
Yılan da başı yastık olacak.

I was pursued by a yellow snake, 
In the fuzzy 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 Zübül (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 yorgan 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 whatever’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 Zübül (1903 Selanik), Enez

Mendilimin yeşili, 
Ben kaybettim eşimi, 
Ben eşimi bulursam, 
Allah bilir işimi. 
Gide gele mah'lèneze usandım, 
Ayağıma diken battı, gül sandım. 
El kızını ben kendime yar sandım, aman, 
Ne eyleyim şu dünyada yar olmasınca. 
Ben de binsem kara kara atalar, 
Derdimi söylesem canım anam yeşil otlara. 
Şu dağlar olmasaydı, 
Çiçeği solmasaydı, 
Benim Allahum 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 sweetheart, 
What shall I do in this world if I have no sweetheart? 
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, The boy's name is Husain,
Ben kimlere küseyim. With whom should I be angry?
Göndersen annem tümünü, If you send them all away, mother,
Umudunu keselim. We can give up all hope.

№ 597. Folk song. Hamuş Zümüşül (1903 Selanik), Enez

Varın selam edin, ah, babam gelsin, Go and say greeting, my father should come,
Sunsun elini, alsın yılanı, He should reach out his hand and take the ser-
Sunamam elimi, alamam yılanı, pent out!
Sensiz olurum, kolsuz olamam, I can't reach out my hand, I can't take the serpent,
Sensiz dururum, kolsuz duramam. I can do without you, but I can't do without my arm.

Varın selam edin, ah, annem gelsin, Go and say greeting, my mother should come,
Salsın elini, alsın yılanı. She should reach for the serpent and take it out!
Salamam elimi, alamam yılanı, I can't reach for the serpent, I can't take it out,
Sensiz olurum, kolsuz duramam. I can live without you, but I can't live without my arm.

Varın selam edin, nişanlım gelsin, Go and say greeting, my bride should come,
Salsın elini, alsın yılanı. She should reach out her arm and take the serpent out!
Salarım elimi, alırım yılanı, I'll reach for the serpent and take it out,
Sunarım elimi, altırım yılanı. I can do without my arm, but I can't do without you,
Kolsuz dururum, sensiz dururum, I can't live without you, but I can't live without an arm.
Seniz olamam, kolsuz dururum.

№ 598. Folk song. Lütfiye Kuruoğlu (1952, Lüleburgaz), Sunni

Karaçalı gibi, Like a Fury,
Aramıza girdin. You stood between us,
Madem oğlun kıymetliydi, If your son's so dear,
Madem oğlun pek tatlıydi, If your son's so sweet,
Neden verdin bana? Why did you let him marry me?

Al oğlunu koy çuvala, Take your son, cram him into a sack,
Salla salla vur duvara! Beat him against the wall.
1. Lullaby. Veli Yılmaz (1928 Tekirdağ), Kilavuzlu

Ninni de ninni, ninnisi var,
Güzel, güzel kuzumun uykusu var.
Dağlara vardım, dağlar uyuşur,
Eve de geldim, güzelim uyuşur.

Ninni, ninni, kimah bebek,
Yarın büyüyecek, olacak adam,
E-e-e.

2. Counting out rhyme. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Leylek, leylek havada,
Yumurtası tavada,
Gelsin bizim hayata.

Bizim hayat yıkıldı,
Burnu boka döküldü,
Uç, leyleğim, uç!

3. Folk song. Hatice Ergül (1924 Bulgaria), Devletliağaç

Yüksek çardaktan düştüm,
Ak çayrından ot biçtim,
Bin liralık kız idim,
Hayırsız posta düştüm.

Şu karşıda dağda develeri güderim,
Develerin tulumları develere yüklerim,
Götürüp de pazarlara satarım,
Vallah, annemden izinsiz vermem ayranı,

Yavrum ayranı, güzel ayranı, canım ayranı.

4. Folk song. Lütfiye Güneş (1959), Ahmetler

Bu keşk de dağda develeri güderim,
Develerin tulumları develere yüklerim,
Götürüp de pazarlara satarım,
Vallah, annemden izinsiz vermem ayranı,

Yavrum ayranı, güzel ayranı, canım ayranı.

52 Turkish çardak was compiled of the Persian چار ‘four’ and Arabic تاک ‘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’.

53 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,  

Fatma, Dülüdül, Kamber, durmuş duaya,  
İsa şükreylemiş çıkmış havaya,  
Şehriban sığınmış binmiş deveye. Refr.

İşitelim gerçeklerin sesini,  
Biz tutalım imamların yasını,  
İmam Hasan içti ağu taşını. Refr.

Every morn, every morn the birds are singing:  
Allah, Muhammed, Ali are One – they say.  
The nightingale also starts singing for the rose:  
Refr. Allah, Muhammad, Ali are One – it says.

Fatma, Dülüdül, Kamber stopped for praying,  
Jesus blessed them, ascended to heaven,  
Shehrihan 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.
The candidate is screened through a fine sieve,54
The true believer treads the God’s path.
Imam Hüsein bathes in red blood while he says. Refr.

Imam Zeynel Abidin went up in smoke,
Many fall on their knees before imam Bakır,
Holding Ja’fer the Truthful high. Refr.

Lights appeared to Musai Kazim,
Ali Musa Riza said so.
Taki and Naki became our saints. Refr.

Hasan’s soldier became a saint and went away,
Mehdi55 became a secret in a cave,
In Yezid’s heart there grew a mountain. 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.

54 It is a typical shamanistic feature to have the drum or sieve as instruments appearing in the text of the nefes.
55 The twelfth Imam of the Shias expected to return to purify Islam (Redhouse 1974: 747).

Aşmalı hangi yere gideyim?  I have to go, where shall I go,
Gittiğim yerlerde, hudud et beni!  Wherever I go, protect me!

Refr.  Hudey Hudey şirinleri,  Refr.  God, oh God, the beauties!
Geliş geçer dünya gamı.  The grief of the world is passing by,
İyilere cennet cemal,  Heaven and God's face for the good,
Kötüye hasret/kasavet gamı.  The grief of desire/pain for the bad.

Abdal Pir Sultanım, gönlüm hastadır,  My Abdal Pir Sultan, my heart is sick,
Kimseyi yemem, gönlüm yastadır.  I won't eat anyone, my heart is mourning,
Bilmem neyim oldu, bilmem ustadı,  I don't know what's with me, I don't know the master,
Böyle bir sevdaya saldı dert beni. Refr.  Trouble has landed me in such love. Refr.

А№ 37. Alevi deyiş. Halil Atakan (1928 Iştip-Çetaşka Macedonia), Kırklareli

Cennetten çıktı Adem,  Adam has come out of paradise,
Dünyaya bastı kadem.  He set the world on the move.

Bu söyledi her dem, Allah.  He kept saying every minute: Allah.
Refr.  La ilahe,  illallah, Allay,  Refr.  There is no other God but Allah,
Muhammed'ın resul Allah.  Muhammad is Allah's prophet.

Güneş burçundan doğar,  The sun is rising from above the stars,
Hak'ın varlığı' diler,  Desiring the existence of God,

[Taştı rah]met deryası,  The sea of mercy has flooded,
Garkoldu cümle ası,  All the sinners have received a lot,

Erenlerin köşkü,  The swords of holy people,
Arşa çkar deruni,  Their souls go up to heaven,
Hep dertlerin ilacı Allah. Refr.  The balm to all troubles, Allah. Refr.

Erenlerin büruku  The light of holy people
Yakın ider yıragı,  Brings the distant here,

Yunuz bunu söyledi,  Yunus claimed that
Aşk deryası boyladı,  He had swum across the sea of love,
№ 38. Kırklar semahı. Bektashi dervishes, Çorlu

Kırklar 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.

I arrived at the sacred square of the Forty,\footnote{Kırk literally means 'forty' but in the text it is used to designate 'multitude' without numeric limitation.}
Come back, oh, Soul,\footnote{People address one another as 'Soul' in the Bektashi congregation.} 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 Hatayi sat down here,
He had just met trouble [divine love],
The Master is raising the curtain,
Look around now, oh, Soul, they said.
№ 39. Kırklar semahı, Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Kırklar meydanına vardıım,  
Gel beri, ey, can, dediler.  
lüzet ile selam verdim,  
Gir, işte meydan dediler.  

Kırklar yerinde durdular,  
Yerlerinden yer verdiler.  

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.  

The forty were sitting in their place,  
They made room for me.

№ 40. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir

Brothers who mention God,  
We have [such a Pir sultan].  

This is the true way to God,  
Tevfik is following this, look, what a good servant he is,  
He brings hope for everyone.  
We have such Allah.  

Moon, sun, stars rotate in the sky,  
The flame of love burns for ever,  
Whoever can see us will think we are Majnun.  
I made friends with a dervish,  
He made me crazy, he made me drunk,  
I came near the way.  
God's lover, Yunus come forward,  
Give your soul to your lover,  
He will pardon you, forgive you the revolt.

*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’im doğdu, bugün Nevruz,  
Şah Ali’im doğdu, bugün Nevruz.

Van kalesin feth eyledin,  
Nice gerçek söz söyledi,  
Ali’im/Şahım doğdu, bugün Nevruz.

It is Nevruz today:
The faith of the devoted,  
My Ali was born, it is Nevruz today,  
My Ali shah was born, it is Nevruz today.

You captured the fort of Van,  
You said such a lot of true words,  
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,  
Eyh, chosen prophet with shining eyes, Ahmed,  
oh, Husain,

Ey, yadigarı Hayderi kerrar, ya Hüseyin,  
Oh, you impetuous attacker Haydar, oh Husain,

Ah, ah, Hüseyin, vah Hüseyin.  
Oh, oh, Husain, alas, Husain.

№ 58. Methiye. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Kapına niyaza geldim,  
I’ve come to your door to pray,

Şükürler himmetin aldım,  
Be blessed for your help,

Mürüvvet kanısm bildim,  
I knew about your piety,

Pir Balım Sultan.  
Saint Balim Sultan.

Refr. Sultan, sultan, sultan,  
Refr. Sultan, sultan, sultan,  
Balm for troubles.

Hüy, Hüy, Hüy, Hüy,  
The lover of believers.

Canlara canan.  
The lover of believers.

Dergahındır bab-ı hacet,  
Your convent is a place for praying,

Sizlere olur müracat,  
They pray to you,

Senden evvel bize necat,  
Let us be freed first,

Pir Balım Sultan. Refr.  
Saint Balim Sultan. Refr.

Her yerde kadrin bilinir,  
You are highly respected everywhere,

Ziyyaretine gelinir,  
People go on a pilgrimage to you,

Kapında kulak delinir,  
At your gate they are listened to,

Pir Balım Sultan. Refr.  
Saint Balim Sultan. Refr.

60 A famous fortress on the shore of Lake Van.
61 The gate of secret = Hz. (‘Saint’) Ali, without whose understanding no one can enter the “city”.
62 Caliph Ali is sometimes also called Haydar.
63 Hü/Hüy stands for the name of God and is used in this meaning in several variants.
Dervişlere sensin serdar, 
You are the commander of dervishes,
Sen ganisin, muradın var, 
You are almighty, you have a goal,
Yanındadır Şah Kalendar, 
Kalender shah is by your side,
Pir Balım Sultan. Refr. 
Saint Balım Sultan. Refr.

Sen canlarının cananıysın,64 
You are worshipped by the believers,
Sultanların sultanıysın, 
The sultan of sultans,
Dervişlerin canı sensin, 
The soul of dervishes,
Pir Balım Sultan. Refr. 
Saint Balım Sultan. Refr.

Cümle varım sensin yarım, 
You are all to me, dear,
Cümlenin serdarı, yarı, 
The general and lover of all,
Hacı Bektaş yağdırı, 
A present from Haci Bektaş,
Pir Balım Sultan. Refr. 
Saint Balım Sultan. Refr.

Dervişlerin yolu bağlı, 
The way of dervishes is determined.
Yolunda çiğleri dağlı, 
They are fired inside on the way to you,
Medet Mursel Baba oğlu, 
Help us, Baba Mursel's son,
Pir Balım Sultan. Refr. 
Saint Balım Sultan. Refr.

Cemali kapında kuldur, 
Servant Cemal at your gate,
Kapında isteğim budur, 
At your entrance I ask you:
Ağlatma kulların, güldür, 
Make your followers laugh, not cry,
Pir Balım Sultan. Refr. 
Saint Balım Sultan. Refr.

64 We came across the same line in one of Yunus’s nefeses (ZK 67): Sen canların cananıns / Dertlilerin dermanıns (You are the object of the desires of the souls / Remedy for the troubled ones.)

65 A legendary person who attained immortality by drinking from the water of Life (Redhouse 1974: 482).

66 Joseph of the Bible.
Halil Kabe'yi yapınca,  
Islam dinine tapınca,  
Gökten Muhammed kopunca,  
Nur aleme dolu geldi.

Halil created the Kaaba,  
He worshipped the Islamic faith,  
Muhammad descended from heaven,  
The world was filled with light.

Aşk elinden oldum hasta,  
Var derdine derman iste,  
Dahi küçücük nevreste,  
Ismail kurban geldi.

I suff ered from love,  
Go and ask for balm for your trouble,  
Still as a young sprout,  
Ismail came as a sacrifice.

Şah Hatayı'm nesne bilmez,  
Ab-ı hayat için ölmez,  
Kafir müslümanı yenmez,  
Ezelden basla geldi.

My Shah Hatayi 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.

Aşk olsun meydan görene,  
Y oluna doğru gidene,  
[Afer]ın Hakkı hak bilip,  
Hak için gönül güdene.

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.

Sen doğru yürü, doğru bak,  
Doğru gidene zevâl yok.  
Rahmet edip yarlık Hak,  
Hak için kulluk edene.

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.

Gönlünü yüksekten indir,  
Ar etme alçağa kondur,  
Aç doyurup susuz kandır,  
İbadet borcun ödene.

Don't be pretentious,  
Have nothing to be ashamed of,  
Feed the hungry, give water to the thirsty,  
Follow the religious rules.

Besleme gazap atını,  
Sen çekersin zulmetini,  
Tepele nefsin itini,  
Zarar gelmesin bedene.

Do not harbour anger,  
Its flame will burn you,  
Control your instincts,  
So that your body will not be harmed.

Kaf i nundur külli mekan,  
Emrine ram buldu cihan,  
Razi teslim oldu heman,  
Hem yedirip hem yiyene.

„K” and „n” the universal space,  
Upon your order the world was formed,  
It became submissive and obedient,  
Both the donator and the recipient.

---

67 At Mecca it is the utmost aim of pilgrims.  
68 Eyuboğlu considers Pir Sultan Abdal as the poet of this poem (Eyuboğlu 1993: 91).  
69 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,
Your fruit should not be eaten by the ignorant,
He who eats and he who feeds should be praised.

No 64. Semah. Bektashi congregation, Kirklareli

[Gel benim sarı tanburam,]
Come my yellow tambura,
[Sen ne için inilersin?]
Why are you crying?
[İçim oyuk, derdim büyük.]
My body is hollow, my trouble is big.
[Refr. Ben annın için inlerim.]
[Refr. That's why I am crying.]

Koluma taktılar teli,
Strings were stretched on my arm,
Söyletiler binbir dili,
They make me speak in a thousand tongues,
Oldum ayn-i cem bülbüllü. Refr.
I became the lark at the ritual. Refr.

Koluma taktılar perde,
They fixed frets on my arm,
Uğrattılar binbir derde,
They caused me a thousand troubles,
Kim konar, kim göçer burda. Refr.
Some stay, some go away. Refr.

Göğsüme tahta döşerler,
They placed a board on my chest,
Durmayıp beni oksarlar,
They keep stroking me,
Vurdukça bağırım deşerler. Refr.
Their playing destroys me. Refr.

Gözlerim sarı kan bağlar/Gel benim sarı tanburam,
Tears get into my eyes/Come, my yellow tambura
Dizler üstünde yatıram,
I lie on knees,
Yine kırıldı hatram. Refr.
My memory fails me. Refr.

Sarı tanburadır adım,
My name is yellow tambura,
Arşa çikıyor feryadım,
I let out a cry into heaven,
Hü, Şah Pir Sultanım ustadm. Refr.
Shah Pir Sultan is my master. Refr.

No 65. Semah. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Açıldi cennet kapısı,
The gate of paradise is opened wide,
Lale gevherdir yapısı,
It was made of tulips and precious stones,
Kıldan incédir köprüsü,
Its bridge is thinner than human hair,
Geçebilsen gel beri,
Come here if you can go across,
Geçemez ise dön geri.
Turn back if you can't!

Secret is a basic concept of the Bektashi. Much talk is forbidden, lest someone should blurt it out.
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,
İçebilersen 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 bülbülüyem,
Kırk kapının kilidiyem,
Açabilelim gel beri.

Pir Sultanım Hayder heman,
Dağları bürüdü duman,
İşte İncil, işte Kur'an,
Seçebilirsen gel beri.

Okumaz isen dön geri.

[Kırk senedir ders okurum,]
Elift en öte geçemem,
Ters okurum, düz okurum.
Refr. Elift en öte geçemem.

Arkadaşların geçti beni,
Hep(i)sinden kaldım geri,
Ne etsem gitmem ileri.
Refr.

Elif derim, be deyemem,
Be desem de belleyemem,
Nasıl akıldır bu bilmem.
Refr.
№ 71. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler

Gönül aşka kandın mı?  | My heart, have you become the slave of love?
Hiç bilemedim kendimi.  | I’ve had no chance to know myself.
Refr. Aşk ıla kardaş olalı,  | Refr. Let’s be brethren in love,
Sıdk ile yoldaş olalı.  | Let’s be fellow travellers with honest hearts.

Görün aşkın verdiğini,  | Look at the gift of love,
Sor bülbüle derdini,  | Ask the nightingale about her trouble,
Attı ya güle kendini. Refr.  | She has given herself to the rose Refr.

Görün aşk beni neyledi,  | Look, what love has done to me,
Aşınla gönül çagıladı,  | Devine love makes my heart throb,

Dağıstanoğlu sözleri,  | The words of Dagestanoglu
Hak cemalini gösterir.  | Show the perfection of God.

№ 72. Semah. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953), İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Şu dünyanın ötesine,  | “I’ve surpassed this world”
Vardım diyen yalan söyler.  | Who says so, tells a lie.
Baştan başa sefasını,  | “I’ve always had a good time from the beginning”,
Sürdüm diyen yalan söyler.  | He, who says so, tells a lie.

Ark kazarlar argın argın,  | Hunters hunt for wild geese,
Felek çevirmekte çarkın,  | They pray to God,
Bu dünyada mal ve mülküm  | “I said prayer five times every day”
Vardır diyen yalan söyler.  | He, who says so, tells a lie.

Kuru ağaçta olur gazal,  | They dig ditches in despair,
Kendi okur kendi yazar,  | Fate keeps turning your wheel!
Ahdi bütün, hüsnü güzel,  | “In this world I have property, wealth”
Vardır diyen yalan söyler.  | He, who says so, tells a lie.

Avcilar avlarlar kazı,  | Even the dry tree may have leaves,
Hakk’a ederler niyaz,  | He reads and writes himself,
Şunda beş vakt namaz,  | “There are people with only charity in their heart”
Vardım diyen yalan söyler.  | He, who says so, tells a lie.

Şah Hatay’ım der varılmaz,  | “It is impossible to reach him” my Shah Hatayi says,
Varırlrsa da gelinmez,  | Even if we reach him, we cannot return,
Rehbersiz hic yol bulunmaz,  | It is impossible to find the way without a leader,
Buldum diyen yalan söyler.  | “I found it” - he, who says so, tells a lie.
[transl. J. S.]
Bir gece seyrim içinde
Ben dedem Ali’yi gördüm.
* Eğildim, niyaz eyledim.
Refr. Ben dedem Ali’yi gördüm.

Üç çerağ yanar şişede,
Aslanlar gizli meşede,
Yedi ilkim dört köşede. Refr.

Kamberi durur sağında,
Salınır cennet bağında,
Ali Musa Tur dağında. Refr.

Cennet kapısında duran,
Kilidin mührünü kıran,
Yediden kılıcın vuran. Refr.

Kızıl güller deste, deste,
Bergüzar yolladım dosta,
Üç dolu mihmandan iste. Refr.

Yüce dağlar coşkun, coşkun,
Kul Himmet aşkına düşkün,
Cümle meleklerden üstün. Refr.

We’ve come to your tomb, my Gül Baba,
To smell your roses,
To feel your rosy presence,
To take pleasure in your fragrance.

To meet my Gül Baba,
The whole world comes to him,
They offer prayers to him,
Help us, my dear Gül Baba!

Hasan Husain, praise his name!
With the ardour of believers.
My Gül Baba’s drink
Has made the faithful drunk.

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.

The Arabic name of Mount Sinai or Mount Tabor.
№ 84. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Göster cemalın şemini, Show me the beauty of your face,
Oda yansın pervaneler. The butterflies shall smoulder in fire,
Aşka vuslat değil mi Is it the last meeting for a lover,
Şemine karşı yanalar? If your fire starts burning within him?

Ben meye tövbe etmişim, I said no to the drink,
Ağyar elinden içmezem, I don't drink from strange hands,
Kudret elinden sun bize, With your sacred hand,
Dolu dolu peymaneler. Give us overbrimming goblets.

Pek bağla aşık zinciri, Chain your lover tightly to yourself,
Boşanmasın divaneler, So that the drunken will never part.
Cevru cefa çekmek ile With torture and suffering,
Şemin seni terkeylemez. Semin would never leave you,
Mescit ile medreseye ile We offered a mosque and a religious school
İsmarladık zahitlere. To the Sunni.

№ 85. Nefes. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Ey, Fatime, ey, Fatime, Ah, Fatma, ah, Fatma,
Kamu sadık ya, Fatime. Faithful Fatima of all,
Kapında miskin bekliyor, A beggar is waiting in front of your door,
Geçmez boğazdan ya Fatma. You can't even swallow a bite, Fatma.

Miskinleri doyuralım, Let's give food to the starving,
Biz aç duralım, ya, Fatma. And let us stay hungry, Fatma.
Hasan, Hüseyin baktılar, Hasan and Husain looked at each other,
Kanlı yaşlar akıttılar. They shed bitter tears.

Biz de yemeyiz dediler, We can't eat either, they said,
Oldum meşakkat ya Fatma. I ran into trouble, oh, Fatma,
Su ile iftar edelim, Let's break the fast with water,
Hem yeşip niyet edelim. Let's eat and offer sacrifice.

Hırkanda vardır kırk yama, There are forty spots on your cloak,
Elimden çok çektin Fatma. You suffered a lot for me, Fatma.
Sana sorarsa Mustafa, Should Mustafa ask you,
Etme şikayet ya Fatma. Do not complain, Fatma.
№ 86. *Semah*. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Canım kurban olsun senin yoluna.  Let my soul be a sacrifice on your way.
Refr. Adı güzel, kendi güzel Muhammed Hû Dost.  *Refr.* Your name is nice, you are nice yourself, Muhammad!
Sen Hak peygambersin, şek yok şüpheşiz,  Your are a true prophet without doubt.
Refr. 2. Sana inanmayan dinsiz imansız Hü Dost.  *Refr.* 2. He who does not believe in you is faithless.
Derviş Yunus neyler dünyayı sensiz?  What can Yunus do in this world without you? *Refr.*

№ 87. *Semah*. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Canım kurban olsun, senin yoluna.  Let my soul be a sacrifice on your way.
Hak nasib eylesin senin yoluna *Refr.* I wish I had the privilege to follow your way.
Çoktur dervişlerin cevr-u cefası,  Dervishes suffer from agony and pain,
Cennettir onların zevki, sefası,  Heaven is their joy and pleasure,
Sen hak peygambersin şek yok şüpheşiz  You are the true prophet without doubt,
Sana inanmayan dinsiz imansız  He, who does not believe in you is faithless,
Derviş Yunus neyler dünyayı sensiz?  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,  We fell on our knees on the ground,
Dibinde yeşil hali.  Under us a green carpet,
Ya Muhammed, ya Ali,  Muhammad and Ali,
Sen göster bize bu yolu.  Show us the way!
Bu yol da erenlerindir,  This way is the way of saints,
Doğruca gelenlerindir.  The way of the true-hearted,
Bu yola erilirsem az,  It’s not enough to set out on the road,
Hem semah dönenlerindir.  The way of those who turn the sema76, too.
Pir Sultanım der özümde,  My Pir Sultan asks, is there anything,
Şah Sultanım der özümde,  My Shah Sultan asks, is there anything,
Varmıdır noksan özümde?  Anything you can say against me?
Eksiklik kendi özümde,  I am lacking in many things,
Noksanlık kendi özümde,  There are defects in my character,
Meydana dönmeye geldim,  I have come to this holy place to turn,
Darına durmaya geldim.  I have come here to speak my mind.

76 A whirling dance performed during a Mevlevi service (Redhouse 1974: 997).
№ 95. *Nefes*. İshet İşık (1963) – Hüseyin Çakır (1962), Kırklareli – See № 293

№ 109. *Nevruzîye*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 111

№ 110. *Nevruzîye*. Veli Yılmaz (1928 Tekirdağ), Kılavuzlu – See № 111

№ 111. *Nevruzîye*. Hanife Konbal (1947), Çeşmekolu

Hey, gönül bülbülleri.  
Refr. Mihmanlar hoş geldiniz,  
Kardaşlar hoş geldiniz.  
Hakkı zikreden dilleri. Refr.

śliș olsun ocağımız,  
Sürülüşün devranımız,  
Ey, bizim sultanımız. Refr.

Aşk pazarına gelen,  
Sirr-ı hakikat bilen,  
Derya-ı umman olan. Refr.

Aşıklar serden geçer,  
Sirat’ı burdan geçer,  
Sakiye kevser içer. Refr.

Aşk öldum erenler,  
Aşk halinden bilenler,  
Dost cemahtı görenler. Refr.

Gelin be hey gaziler,  
Yazılıdı nurdan yazılar,  
Dızıldı koç kuzular. Refr.

Pir Sultan’ım aşklar,  
Budur kalbi sadıklar,  
Uyumuz uyanıklar. Refr.

Pir Sultan’ım hey gaziler,  
Yazılıdı nurdan yazılar,  
Dızıldı analıca77 kuzular. Refr.

Oh, the nightingales of the heart.  
Refr. Guests, you are welcome!  
Brethren, you are welcome!  
Their tongues repeat God’s name. Refr.

May our homes be happy,  
Let us live in plenty! Refr.  
Ah, our Sultan. Refr.

Arriving at the fair of love,  
Knowing the secret of God’s justice,  
Being the sea of the ocean. Refr.

The lovers of God lose their heads,  
They cross the river Sirat,  
Drinking a heavenly drink with the dispenser of drinks. Refr.

I’ve fallen in love, holy people,  
You know what divine love is.  
You, who have seen God’s face. Refr.

Just come, you triumphant,  
Message written from light,  
The flock has lined up. Refr.

My Pir Sultan, the lovers,  
They are the true-hearted,  
The ones awake will never fall asleep. Refr.

My Pir Sultan, ah, holy martyrs,  
The scriptures were written from light,  
The lambs have lined up happily. Refr.

№ 112. *Nevruzîye*. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 111

77 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, We’ve received word from God,
Pir‘im sana beyan olsun, Be it revelation for you, my dear,
Şahtan bize eli geldi, The Shah has given us his hand,
Mürşüdüme haber olsun. My master should hear about it.

Kime okum kime yazam, For whom shall I read or write it?
Körolası alem bilmem, I don’t know this wretched world,
Mevlâm … tarih yılda In God’s …. historic year
Rahber sana ayan olsun. My guide, you should know of this!

Hak kuluna kıldı nazar, God cast an evil eye on his servant,
Geççek olan ifran düzem, He who’s true will have knowledge,
Zağal gelir cemi bozar, The evil comes and upsets the community,
Gözçü sana haber olsun. Sentry, you should know about this!

№ 138. Kırklar semahı. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953) and İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Bir nefescik söyleleyeyim, Let me sing a little nefes,78
Dinlemesen neleyeyim? What shall I do if you don’t listen to it?
Aşk deryasın boylayayım To swim across the sea of love,
Meydana dönmeye geldim. I have come to the sacred place to whirl.

Ben Hak ile oldum aşna, I fell into God’s love,
Kalmadı gönlümde nesne, That’s all I have left in my heart,
Pervaneyim ateşine, I am a nocturnal moth that hovers round a flame,
Meydana/oduna dönmeye geldim. I’ve come to the sacred place to whirl.

Aşk harmanında savruldum, I was scattered when love was harvested,
Hem elendim hem yuğruldum, I was sieved and kneaded,
Kazana girdim kavruldum, I got burnt in a cauldron,
Meydana dönmeye/yenmeye geldim. I’ve come to the sacred square to whirl/to win.

Pir Sultanım yer yüzünde, My Pir Sultan on the face of the earth,
Şah Sultanım yer yüzünde, My Shah Sultan on the face of the earth,
Kalmadı noksan sözümde, There are no faults left in my words,
Eksiklik kendi özümde. No deficiency in my character.

Meydana dönmeye geldim, I’ve come to the sacred place to whirl,
Darina durmaya geldim, I intend to enter through your gate,
Ummana dalmaya geldim, I’ve come to sink into the ocean,
Aşk Ali’m. My beloved Ali.

78 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'ım göründü gözüme.
Hilmi gedayı bir kemter, 
Görüür gözüm dilsim söyler, 
Her nereye kıslam nazar, 
Ali/Şah'ım göründü gözüme.

I held a mirror in front of my face,
And caught sight of Ali,
I glanced at myself,
My eyes saw Ali/my Shah.
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/Şah'ım göründü gözüme.
Ali evvel, Ali ahır, 
Ali batın, Ali zahir, 
Ali tayyip, Ali tahir, 
Ali göründü gözüme.

Refr. Alim Alim Alim Şahım.

Father Adam with Eve,
The universe with God,
The wheel of fortune with the sky,

Ali candır, Ali canan, 
Ali dindir, Ali iman, 
Ali Rahim, Ali Rahman, 
Ali göründü gözüme.

I am the spirit, Ali is the beloved,
Ali is religion, Ali is the imam,
Ali is gracious, Ali is merciful,
I catch sight of Ali.

№ 144. Nefes. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Gönül verdim, sevdim seni. 
Refr. Aman mürvet dergahına,
Ya Muhammed dergahına.
Dergahı giden yollar,
Seni teşvîk eden diller,
Ah sevdiğim konca güller. Refr.

Dergahından kesmemelim,
Kiblemden çevirmem yönüm,
Benim Ali’im sana malum.
Refr.

Kul Hüseynin zatın ilen,
Buldum Muammetin ilen,
Geldim günah yüküm ilen,
Amman mürvet dergahından.

№ 145. Kırklar semahı, Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Eşrefoğlu al haberi,
Baççe biziz, güldü biz dedir,
*Biz de Mevlâ’nın külyüz,
Yetmiş iki dil biz dedir.

Erlik midir eri yormak,
Irak yoldan haber sormak?
Cennetteki on iki ırmak,
Coşkun akan sel biz dedir.

Adam vardır cismi semiz,
Abdest alır olmaz temiz.
Hakk’ı dahleyelemek nemiz,
Bılıcümle vebal biz dedir.

Ari vardır uçur gider,
Teni tenden seçer gider,
Can bizden kaçıp gider,
Ari biziz bal biz dedir.

Kimi sofu kimi hacı,
Cümlemiz O’na duacı,
Resülü Ekrem’ın tacı,
Aba hırka şal biz dedir.

80 There are twelve rivers in Paradise here while there are sixteen elsewhere (Yaltırık 2003: 170).
Thracian Song Texts

**Biz erenler gerçekten,**
Has bahçenin gülleriyizi/çiçeğiyz,
Hacı Bektaş köçeğiyz,
Edeperkan yol bizdedir.

**Hü, kuldur Hasan Dedem kuldur,**
Manayı söyleten dildir,
Elif81 Hakk’a doğru yoldur,
Cim82 ararsan Dal83 bizdedir.

**Ey, erenler bezmimize,**
Gel, dediniz, geldik işte.
Tatlı canını sen bize
Ver, dediniz, verdim işte.

**Kaldım bir aba bir hırka**
Onu da soyundum Hak’a.
Sen vucudunu çarmıha
Ger, dediniz, gerdik işte.

**Ayr dolunu, boşunu,**
Vahit iyi bil dostunu,
Dergahınıza postunu
Ser, dediniz, serdim işte.

---

**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,** servant,
The tongue makes us speak sense,
Elif84 is the way to God,
If you’re looking for Jim,85 we've got the dal.86

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**Nº 154. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli**

**Ey, erenler bezmimize,**
Gel, dediniz, geldik işte.
Tatlı canını sen bize
Ver, dediniz, verdim işte.

**Kaldım bir aba bir hırka**
Onu da soyundum Hak’a.
Sen vucudunu çarmıha
Ger, dediniz, gerdik işte.

**Ayr dolunu, boşunu,**
Vahit iyi bil dostunu,
Dergahınıza postunu
Ser, dediniz, serdim işte.

---

The name of the first letter of the Arabic alphabet; it has the numerical value of one. (Redhouse 1974: 336).

**82** „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.

**83** „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.

**84** Dede is the sheikh of a mystic order.

**85** See footnote 80.

**86** The fifth letter of the Arabic alphabet; it has the numerical value of 3.

**87** The eighth letter of the Arabic alphabet; it has the numerical value of 4.
№ 155. Nefes. Bektaş Erol (1920), Çeşmekolu

Uyur idik, uyardılar, We were asleep, then woken up,
Yediye saydılar bizi. We were counted seven,
Koyun olduk, ses anladık, We were sheep, and understood each other,
Sürüye saydılar bizi. We were regarded as a flock.

Sürüldük, kasaba gittik, We were driven to the butcher,
Kanarayı meskan tuttuk. We settled in the slaughterhouse,
Didar defterine geçtik, We were registered in His book,
İnsana saydılar bizi. We were regarded as men.

Halimizi hal eyledik, We turned our life into existence,
Yolumuzu yol eyedik, We turned our way into the way,
Her çiçekten bal eyledik, We took honey from every flower,
Arıya saydılar bizi. We were regarded as bees.

Hak divanına düzildik, Lining up in front of God,
Pir defterine yazıldık, Being registered in his holy book,
Bal olduğu, şerbet ezildik, We turned into honey, sweet fruit drink,
Doluya saydılar bizi. We were regarded as a drink.

Pir Sultanım Haydar şu anda My Pir Sultan, Haydar, in this minute
Çok keramet var insanda. There is a lot of piety in man,
O cihanda, bu cihanda, In the hereafter, in this world
Ali'ye saydılar bizi. We were regarded as Ali.

№ 156. Selman nefesi. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Gelin, kardeş yolumuza Follow, brother, our way,
Giremezsin mi? Haven’t I told you you can’t succeed,
Bizim gizli sırrımıza Haven’t I told you you will never
Eremsin, demedim mi? Approach our hidden secret?
Bu sırrı her kişi bilmez, Anyone can’t know this secret,
Bilenler de haber vermez. He who knows it will never say it,
Bu sırrı gayri göz görmez, A false eye can’t see the secret,
Göremezsin, demedim mi? Haven’t I told you you can’t see it?
Evvel bir mürşüde ulaş, First you must find a guiding master,
Akıl gözünden kanlı yaş. Shed bitter tears from your eyes,
Yezit’ten kaç behey kardeş, Escape, brother, from the mean,
Kaçamazsin demedim mi? Haven’t I told you you can’t escape?

88 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?

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?

Üçler yediler erkanı,
Billehle sürer devranı.
Kırklar deminde kurbani
Kesemezsin, demedim mi?

The order of the three, the seven,
Live happily with God,
In the drink of the Forty, haven’t I told you,
You can’t slaughter a sacrificial lamb?

Ali ismi Allah, derler,
Yüzüne secde ederler,
Taş yerine baş koyarlar,
Koyamazsın demedim mi?

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?

Bosnevı ta ezelinden,
Hımmet almış ol veliden,
Okur ilmiyi nurundan,
Duyamazsın demedim mi?

Bosnövi from the very beginning,
Enchanted by that saint,
Gains his knowledge from the light,
Haven’t I told you you can’t hear it?

İlk evvele şu dünyaya
Yeşıl giyip gelen kimdir?
Mağrup’ta atlan topu
Maşrık’ta çelen kimdir?

Who arrived first in this world
In a green garment?
Who fired the cannonball in Marik?
Hit in Masrik?

Vardi da dayandı benge,
Ali’im biner gider cenge.
Ak devenin pürsanını
Bilirmisin geden kimdir?

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?

Yiğit yaran yaranlıga,
Bayguş öter viranlıga,
Olam zayı karanlığa,
Onsekiz yıl salan kimdir?

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?

Erenler Allah evinde,
Acılar Arafat dağında,
Erenlerin nazarı,
Seyreledim pazarmı,
Ve resulun mezarı,
Bilir misin kazan kimdir?

Saints in the house of God,
Sufferings on Mount Arafat, Glimpses of saints,
I looked at its sale,
Who could have dug the grave of the
Prophet, don’t you know?

Pir Sultan’ım gül Ali’nin,
Bu dünya olur velinin,
En sonunda Azrail’in,
Kendi canin Alan kimdir?

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?

89 Three, seven, nine, twelve, forty, etc. are magic numbers. In more details see: Csáki, É. (2001: 201).
90 Arafat is a hill near Mecca known as a place of pilgrimage (Redhouse 1974: 68).
№ 158. Nevruz İyie. Fatma Üzer (1947 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Evvel baştan bu dünyaya,
Tanrının arslanı geldi.
Yüzünü döndürmez yüz bin erden,
Erenler kuşağına dolu 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 gazilerin başı,
Hızır Bey’dir yoldaşı.
Ali’m analı bir kişi,
Sultan Seyit Gazi geldi.

Ali’s the leader of the winners,
A fellow fighter of Prophet Hizir,
Ali is a happy man,
Sultan Seyid Gazi has also come.

Yusufu kuğu[ş]ya attılar,
Hem attılar hem sattılar,
Kurtlara bühtan ettiler,
Mısır’ın sultanı geldi.

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 Kabe’yi yapınca,
İslam dinine tapınca,
Gökten Muhammed kopunca,
Nur aleme dolu geldi.

Halil had built the Kaaba,
When they converted to Islam,
When Muhammad descended from Heaven,
The world was filled with light.

Hak yolundan oldum hasta,
Var derdine derman iste.
Dahi küçük nevresteye gel,
İsmail’a Kurban geldi.

I fell in love with God’s way,
There’s balm for your ill, just ask for it,
A sacrifice has descended to Ishmail.

Pir Sultan’ım ah ne bilmez,
Ab-i hayat (h)içen ölmez,
Kafir müslümanı yenmez,
Erenlerden basla geldi.

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), Devletliağaç

Gece gündüz arıyorum,
Uçan kuştan soruyorum,
Aşkin iylên ateş olduğum,
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 Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpinar), Kılavuzu

Yine yaz ayları geldi,  
Hasretin bağırmı deldi,  
Garip bülbül sana öldü,  
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!

Güller yatağında hal var,  
Var bülbül Hüda’ya yalvar,  
Seher vaktinde bir hal var,  
Söyle canım bülbül söyle.

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!

Tomruçak güle konarsın,  
Alemin bağırmı delersin,  
Seher vaktinde ötersin,  
Söyle canım bülbül söyle.

You alight on rosebuds,  
You torment the heart of the world,  
You sing at dawn,  
Speak, my dear nightingale, speak!

Nice karlı dağlar aştım,  
Nice deryaları geçtim,  
Hü, Yunus’un derdini deştim,  
Söyle canım bülbül söyle.

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 Devletliağaç), Kırklareli

Çekilip kırklara vardım,  
Niyede geldin can dediler.  
Baş eğdim, niyaz eyledim,  
Geç, otur meydan dediler.

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.  Can dediler, can dediler,  
Gel işte meydan dediler.

Refr. Soul, they said, soul, they said,  
Come, here’s the holy place, they said.

Huzurunda durdum dara,  
Yardım et kırklar yediler.

I confess my sins in your presence,  
Help me, Forty, Seven.

Kırklar ılyen yedik, içtik,  
Kaynaþıp sohbetçe coþuk,  
Kazanda kaynaþıp piþtiðik,  
Daha çiðsin yan dediler.  Refr.

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.

Kırklar meydani ganidir,  
Görenin kalbini eritir,  
Külli şekillerden biridir,  
Nerelisin can dediler.  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.

Pir Sultañım ganim kathi,  
Selini selime kattım,  
Doksan yıldır öli yattı,  
Sen ölmezsin can dediler.  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.

№ 177. Nefes. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Bismi/İsmi Haydar dillerinde,
Bülübül öter güllerinde.
“Tİğ-i bend bağlı bellerinde,
Hacı Bektash yollarında.

Ali sermenzili uzak,
Cümlemız zatına müştak.
Canı başı vermek gerek.
Refr. Hacı Bektash yollarında.
Balım Sultan çöllerinde.

Cümlemiz demişiz beli,
Dersimiz dersiyen celi,
Tİğ-i bend bağlı bellerinde. Refr.

Darin hummanı astılar,
Kollarımız kastılar,
Elimi belimi bastılar.
Refr. Y our gallows was set up,
Our arms were extended,
My hands and arms were broken. Refr.

Sakayım hamrını taktık,
Gayıri 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 çoştu,
Varlıında özmümüzü seçtik. Refr.

Çıntar iki dostu buldum,
Derya gibi coştu taştım,
Ol gevhere malik dönüm. Refr.

Cehaletten olduk azad,
Gönülümuz eyledik bûnyad,
Didari hey aldık murat. Refr.

He was called Haydar,\(^91\)
A nightingale's singing on the rose tree,
Woolen belts\(^92\) round their waists,
On the ways of Haji 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 Balım 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.

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\(^91\) See footnote 62 above.

\(^92\) This very special woollen belt (kement, tîğbend) 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 tîğbend in Persian was 'sword belt' (Redhouse 1974: 1177).
№ 185. **Semah**. Bекtaş Bahtıyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Bir anabacıylan[^93] da Hü, bir Müslüman bacı
Kalksın, semah eylesin istekli canlar, hey,
canlar
Semah eylesinle de Hü, niyaz eylesin,
Kaldır, indir kollarını, kollarını.

[^93]: *Anabacı* is the 'wife of the leader of the highest rank present'.

The leader of the community, his wife and a
Muslim woman
Should stand up, all who feel like it should
turn semah,
Should turn semah and pray,
Raise and lower your arm, your arms.

№ 187. **Nefes**. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Şu benim divane gönlüm,
Yine habdan haba düştü.
Mah cemaatın şulesinden,
Dalgalandı göle düştü.

Refr. Ya ben niyem şahım niyem niyem,
Ya ben niyem şahım niyem niyem niyem.

Kiminin meskanı küllan,
Kimi derviş kimi sultan,
Kimi oğr yarine mihman,
Benim şahımCUDA düştü. Refr.

Kimi atlas libas giyer,
Kimi halinden bahseder,
Ya benim çektiği sitemler,
Bana Haktan caba düştü. Refr.

Kimi aşka vermiş değer,
Kimi boynunu eğer,
Kimi atlas libas giyer
Şükür bize aba düştü. Refr.

Kul Yusuf'undur bu demler,
Gözümden akıyor nemler,
Benim çektiği sitemler,
Dostan bize caba düştü. Refr.

[^93]: *Anabacı* is the 'wife of the leader of the highest rank present'.

My foolish heart
Fell from one dream into another.
The shine on your face made
The moon frolic and it fell into a lake.
Whom shall I go to with my wound?

Some live in dusty villages,
Some are dervishes, others are sultans,
Some lead their sweethearts,
My shah is far way. Refr.

Some wear satin clothes,
Some talk about themselves,
I've suffered, too, insults galore
Were sent to me by God. Refr.

Some laud their lovers,
Some bend down their heads.
Some wear satin clothes,
Thank God we've got broadcloth. Refr.

This drink belongs to servant Yusuf,
Tears start flowing from my eyes,
I've suffered, too, insults galore
Were sent to me by God. Refr.
№ 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 Türabi 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 Klavuzlu), 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,  
Yiyemesin, demedim mi?  
Refr. Demedim mi, ah demedim mi,  
Yiyemesin, demedim mi.  
(Gönül sana söylediğim 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, Pir Sultan Abdal is our shah,  
Hakk’a ulaşır rahimiz, Our prayer reaches God,  
On iki imam katarımız, Our host is twelve imams,⁹⁵  
Bu dervişlik bir dilektir, Being a dervish is a desire,  
Bilene iyişük devrettir, He who knows it has great happiness,  
Yensiz yakasız gömlektör,²⁴ You can’t put on the collarless sleeveless shirt,  
Giyemezsin demedim mi? Haven’t I told you?  
Çıkalım meydan yerine, Let’s go to the holy place,  
Erelim Ali sırrına, Let’s grow up to Ali’s secret,  
Can-ü başı Hak yoluna You can’t put your heart and soul  
Koyamazsın demedim mi? On God’s way, haven’t I told you?  
Aşıklar harabat olur, God’s lovers become drunk,  
Hak yanında kıymetl’ olur They gain value along God’s way,  
Muhabbet baldan tatlılur Their community is sweeter than honey,  
Doyamazsın demedim mi? You can’t have enough of it, haven’t I told you?  

№ 193. Nefes. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kilavuzlu  

Ey, Fatime, ey, Fatime, Ey, Fatime, ey, Fatma,  
Kanım şahadet Fatime, Allah, My kin, the martyr of religion, Fatma, Allah,  
Kanım şahadet Fatime. My kin, the martyr of religion, Fatima.  
Kapında miskin bekliyorum, A beggar’s waiting at your door,  
Geçmeme boğazdan Fatime, Allah, It must be talked about, Allah,  
Geçmeme boğazdan Fatime. It must be talked about.  
Miskinleri doyuralım, Let’s give enough food to the hungry,  
Hasan Hüseyin bakışlar, Hasan, Husain looked at each other,  
Gözlerinden yaş aktılar, They shed tears from their eyes, Allah.  
Biz de yemeyiz dediler, We can’t eat either, they said,  
Oldun maşukat Fatima, Allah, You’ve become blessed, Fatma, Allah,  
Su iyle iftar edelim, Let’s break the fast with water,  
Hem yeşirip niyet edelim. Whilst drinking it let’s wish something.  
Yağlı tohum yedirmem, I didn’t feed you on oil seeds,  
Güzel libas giydirmedim, I didn’t dress you in fine clothes, Allah,  
Sana hürmet edemedim, I didn’t respect you enough,  
Etme şikayet Fatime, Allah. Don’t be angry with me Fatma, Allah.  

⁹⁴ This garment is in fact the shroud.  
⁹⁵ An imam is a ‘religious leader, superior’. 
№ 195. Mersiye. Halil Atakan (1928 Iştip-Çetaşka, Macedonia), Kırklareli

Dünya ile uka bizim,
The world is ours, and so is the future,
Kan ağlasın iki gözün, Allah,
Should your eyes shed tears, Allah,
Bayıldı o iki kuzuım,
Two of my lambs have collapsed,
Bunlar emanet Fatma, Allah.
I leave them with you, Fatma.

Sen canların cananıysın,
You're the lover of lovers,
Hatunların hatunuyusun, Allah,
The great lady of ladies, Allah,
Sen bir Muhammed kızıysın,
You're Muhammad's daughter,
Etme şikayet Fatime, Allah.
Don't be angry with me, Fatma, Allah.

Hü, Yunus söyler bu sözleri,
Yunus is saying these words,
Dünyada gülmeye yüzleri, Allah,
Never in his life did he laugh, Allah,
Huzur-u mahşarda özleri,
He'll find peace on Doomsday,
Bulsun selamet Fatime, Allah.
Let him greet you, Fatma, Allah.

Sen canların cananıysın,
You're the lover of lovers,
Hatunların hatunuyusun, Allah,
The great lady of ladies, Allah,
Sen bir Muhammed kızıysın,
You're Muhammad's daughter,
Etme şikayet Fatime, Allah.
Don't be angry with me, Fatma, Allah.

Dertli derdim dünyaye, Allah,
My trouble troubles the world, Allah,
Derdim akar ziyade.
I've got a sea of trouble,
Dert bende, yara bende, Allah,
The trouble is inside me and so is the wound,
Yaresi eder yok bende.
Allah,
And it is killing me.

Gelsin tabipler gelsin, Allah,
Let doctors come, Allah,
Benim derdimi görsün.
And see my trouble!
Canımdeki neylesin Allah.
Let's entrust my soul to Allah.
Refr. Ne yanman derdim var benim
Refr. How terrible my trouble is!
Yüregimde yaralar çok benim.
My heart's bleeding from several wounds.

Uçut beni uçayım Allah,
Fly me, Allah, let me fly,
Yedi deryayı arşayı,
Over seven lands and oceans,
Canım mürşüde arayım Allah. Refr.
Let me find my dear master, Allah. Refr.

Leyla gibi dağılar, Allah
Like Leila in the mountains, Allah,
Mecnun gibi çöller,
Like Majnun* in the desert,
O karanlık yerlerde, Allah. Refr.
In those dark places, Allah. Refr.
Yol mudur deyu gezerim, Allah
Is the way I'm taking, my way, Allah?
Allah ilen bazarım,
I'm quarreling with Allah
Göster Mevlam didarin, Allah. Refr.
Show me your face God, Allah. Refr.

See footnote 58.
№ 200. Mersiye. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Biz dünyadan gider olduk, We are leaving this world,
Kalanlara selam olsun, Greetings to those who stay,
Bizim için hayır dua, Those who pray for us,
Kılanlara selam olsun. Greetings to all of them.

Ecel büktü belimizi, Fate has tortured us,
Söyletmeye dilimizi. It has paralyzed our tongues,
Hasta iken halimizi, Greetings to those who
Yuyanlara selam olsun. Inquire about our illness and condition.

Tenim ortaya açıla, My body was laid in the middle,
Yakasız gömlek biçile. Shrouded in a winding sheet,
Bizi bir asan veçhile, Greetings to those who
Yuyanlara selam olsun. Wash us gently.

Azrail alır canımız, Azrael⁷ takes our souls away,
Kurur damarda kanımız, Our blood in our veins dries up,
Yuyacağın kefenimiz, Greetings to those who wash our bodies,
Saranlara selam olsun. Who shroud them in winding sheets.

Selah verilir kastımıza, They do justice to us,
Gider olduk dostumuza, We can find our friends,
Namaz için üstümüze, Greetings to those who
Duranlara selam olsun. Kneel down to pray for us.

Eceli gelenler gider, Those who reach their last hour leave,
Hepsi gelmez yola gider. None of them will ever come back,
Birimizin halimizden Greetings to those who
Haber soranlara selam olsun. Inquire about our state.

Derviş Yunus söyler sözü, Dervish Yunus says this,
Yaş dolmuştur iki gözü. His eyes are filled with tears,
Bilmeyenler bilsin bizi, Strangers should get to know us,
Bilenlere selam olsun. Greetings to those who know us.

№ 203. Kirklar semahı. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Kudretten bir dolu geldi, We've got a drink from the Almighty,
İç bakalım, nası olur. Take a little, what's it like?
Ari bir çiçekten alır, The bee visits a thousand flowers,
Tad bakalım, nası olur. Take a little, what's it like?

Adem mantar gibi biter, Man multiplies like mushroom,
Muhammed şefaat eder, Muhammad takes pity on him,
Bu/şu dünyaya gelen gider, He who comes into the world also leaves it,
Göç/öl bakalım nası olur. You have to die to learn what it's like.

⁷ Name of the angel of death.
№ 206. Matem nefesi. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953) and İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Bak başındaki taca,  Look at the crown on your head,
Cenneteki tuba ağacına, The all-yielding tree in heaven,
Muhammedin miracına, Join Muhammad’s ascension into heaven,
Gir bakalım nasıl olur. To see what it’s like.

Dört güruhtur benim canım, My soul consists of four flocks,
Cesetten ayrılmaz tenim. My skin never leaves my corpse,
Alem der cennet benim, So speaks the world: heaven is mine,
Gir bakalım nasıl olur. Join us, to see what it’s like.

Şah Hatay’im deme böyle, My Shah Hatayi, don’t talk like this,
Sırırını sırdaşa söyle, Reveal your secret in confidence,
Kadretten keşer böyle, A drink from God is like this,
İç bakalım nasıl olur. Drink it to see what it’s like!

№ 206. Matem nefesi. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953) and İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Vefat ettim şu dünyaya, I departed from this world,
Gidiyorum dertli dertli, I’m leaving sadly and woefully,
*İndim turaba döşendim, I descended and covered myself with earth,
Gidiyorum dertli dertli. I’m leaving sadly and woefully.

Bak anne’nin gözüm yaşına, Mother, look at my tears,
Daha neler gelecek başımı, What’s waiting for me aft er this?
Vardım musalla taşına, I was laid on the bier,
Yatıyorum dertli dertli. I’m lying sadly and woefully.

Musalladan kaldırdılar, I was raised from the bier,
Yönü Hakk’a döndürdüler. With my face turned toward God,
Sinem evine gönderdiler, Then I was put in my grave,
Gidiyorum dertli dertli. I’m leaving sadly and woefully.

Vardım sinemin başına, I arrived at my grave,
Sualciler soru sordu, I was questioned by the queriers,
Alim’/Şahım sıfatıçı oldu, Ali gave me solace, my Shah gave me solace,
Cevab verdim dertli dertli. I answered sadly and woefully.

İrfana katma kötüyü, Don’t connect knowledge and evil,
Cümlemiz Hakk’a yetürü, We are all approaching God,
Arafat’ıki dört kapuyu, I greeted sadly
Selam verdim dertli dertli. The four gates in Arafat.98

Pir Sultanım/ Şah Sultanım ne olacak, My Pir Sultan/my Shah Sultan, how will it be?
Cümlemize biri gelecek, Someone will come for all of us,
Şu cihanda kim kalacak, Who will stay in this world?
Gidiyorum/yatıyorum dertli dertli. We all leave sadly and woefully.

98 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

Alçak kırız dallarını, Low cherry tree branches,  
Dibinde yeşil hal(l)arılar, Green carpets under them.  
Refr. Aşık Alim, Hü, My love, my Ali, Hü  
Dibinde yeşil hal(l)arılar, Green carpets under them.  
Dost Ali, Hü, My friend, my Ali, Hü,  
Ya Muhammed ya Ali, My love, my Ali, Hü,  
Sen gösterdin bu yolu, You've shown me this way,  
Aşık Alim, Hü, My friend, my Ali, Hü,  
Sen gösterdin bu yolu, You've shown me this way,  

Bu yol erenlerindir, This way is the way of the saints,  
Hem semah dönênlerindir. Of those who whirl in the semah,  
Bu yola eğrilik şızmaz, There is no place for crookedness here,  

Rençberler eker arpayı, The peasant sows barley,  
Bizde severler körpeyi, The little ones are loved among us,  
Zakirler açsın ortayı, Minstrels, make room in the middle,  
Meydana dönmeye geldik We've come to the holy place to whirl. Refr.  

Şah bize nefsini verdi, We got our souls from Shah,  
Ademe nefesini verdi, He gave life to man,  
Yezide cevr’u cefayı, He imposed suffering on the cruel,  
Mümne sefasını verdi. Peace of mind on the true believers. Refr.  

№ 208. *Nefes*. Bektaş Erol (1920), Çeşmekolu

Men yörürüm yane, yane, I'm walking weeping, whining,  
Aşk boyadı meni kane. I am bleeding with love,  
Ne deliyim, ne divane, [I am] Neither fool, nor mad,  
Al, gör beni, aşık neyledi. Look, what love has done to me.  
Refr. Gel, gör beni, beni aşık neyledi Refr. Come and see what love has done to me.  

Derde girift ar eyledi, It's got me into trouble and ruined me.  
Kah eserim yeller gibi, Sometimes I rage like a wind storm,  
Kah çalılarım seller gibi, Sometimes I flood like whitewater,  
Kah tozarım yollar gibi, Sometimes I fly like a dust cloud,  
Biçareyim baştan ayal. Refr. Come and see what love has done to me. Refr.  

Ben Yunuz’um biçareyim, I am Yunus, I am unlucky,  
Baştan ayağa yarayım, All over wounds, from top to toe,  
Ne deliyim, ne divaneyim. Refr. I am neither fool nor mad. Refr.

Hak yoluna gidenlerin,  I' d be a stick in the hands of
Asa olsam ellerine,  Those walking God's way,
Her Piri vaf edenlerin,  I' d be the Quran in the tongue of
Kur'an olsam dillerine.  Those who praise the Saint.

Torunuyuz bir dedenin,  We are the grandchildren of one grandfather,
Tohomuyuz bir bedenin,  From the seed of one body,
Münkiri  ile cenk edenin,  I' d be a weapon in the hands of
Silah olsam ellerine.  Those at war with the infidels!

Bir ustada olsam çırak,  I' d be the apprentice of a master,
Bir olurdu yakın irak,  I' d bring the distant near,
Yapsalar kemiğim tarak,  A comb shall be made from my bones
Yar zülfünün tellerine.  For the hair of my sweetheart.

Yönüm Hakk' a çevrseler,  My face would be turned towards God,
Kemiğimi kavursalar,  They' d be scattered like grain,
Harman gibi savursalar,  Into the windstorm of a nice conversation.
Muhabbetin yellerine.  The roses of Muhammad.

[Seyrani kaldı parmağın,  We made a vow to a saint,
Aşk oduna yanıp tütsem,  We don't make enquiries anywhere,
Bülbül gibi yanık ötsem,  Very humble servants of the majestic lord.
Muhammed'in güllerine.]  The nightingales of the Bektashi community.

Bir kamille yola varsam,  Our saint is the most powerful,
Aşk oduna yanıp tütsem,  He laid down the guiding principles,
Muhammed Ali'nin kulu. Refr.

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, Ksenofontov wrote about the cutting into pieces of the Yakut shamans (Molnár. Á. [ed.] 2003: 247).
Hakikat babın açarız,
Akı karayı seçeriz,
Aşkıylan demler içeriz. Refr.

Bir gürühu Bektəşıyz/Nacileyiz,
Sr elhinin sırdışıyz,101
Erenlerin kardaşıyz. Refr.

Matlubi’nin haline bak,104
Akan sular gibi berrak,
Daim dilim söyler Ha. Refr.

We open the gate of justice,
Differentiate between good and evil,
And drink the nectar of divine love. Refr.

We’re humble Bektashis,
Keeping the secrets of a secret community,
The brethren of holy people. Refr.

Look at Matlubi,
It’s crystal-clear, like spring water,
I keep praising God. Refr.

Bir içim su verin bize,
Kanım helal102 olsun size. Refr. Ah, Hasanım, vah, Hüseyinim,
Nazlı imam Şah Hüseyinim. Refr.

Bir içim su verin bana,
İçsin onu kana kana.
Ağlıyor Fatima ana: Refr.

Husain says to Yezidi,105
Give me a drop of water,
I’d give my blood for you.
Refr. Ah, my Hasan, ah, my Husain,
My imam, virtuous Shah Husain.

Mother Fatma is crying like this: Refr.

With tied-up hands in Kerbela,104
With a liver swollen from thirst,
Hazreti Ali’nin sevgili oğlu. Refr.

His huge stone in Kerbela,
The severed head reads the Quran,
Hasan Hüseyinin kardaşı. Refr.

The scripts of Kerbela,
Its dead martyrs,
Fatma ananın çif kuzuları. Refr.

Kerbela’nın yazıları,
Şehit olmuş gazileri,
Hasan Hüseyinin kardaşı. Refr.

The initial line of the fourth strophe is the second line in another place where the initial words sound like: Biz gürühu Nacideniz (OB 161), or Biz gürühu Bektəsiyz (TO 471).

The line starts with mutlu binin ‘of the happy thousand’ while it is the name of the poet elsewhere: Matlubi’nin ‘of Matlubi’…

‘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: 371).

Yezid – name of men, especially of the second Caliph of the dynasty of the Ummiads, son of Muawiyia. (For having instigated the murder of Caliph Ali’s two sons, his name is cursed by Muslims.) (Redhouse 1974: 1256).

Name of a place in Iraq, noted for the murder of Husain, son of Ali (Redhouse 1974: 640).

Hazreti [= Hz.] is a Turkish word of Arabic origin, used in respectful addresses to rulers and saints.
Nefes. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı/ Bulgaria), Kırklareli

№ 217. Nefes. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanpazarı/ Bulgaria), Kırklareli

İşte geldim, işte gittim, I've come and now I'm leaving,
Yaz çiçeği gibi bittim, My life was a fleeting moment.
Şu dünyada ne iş ettim, What have I done in this world?
Ömürcüğüm geçti gitti. My short life is over, it has passed.

Çağırdılar imam geldi, The imam was sent for and he came,
Her bir iğne gitti. Everyone came to help.
Aşçıl pençesin saldı, The Angel of Death pounced on me,
Can kafesten uçtu gitti. The soul flew out of the cage.

İşte geldi yuyucular, The corpse washers came
Tenime su koyucular. To clean my skin with water.
Kefenim elinde hoca, The hodja\textsuperscript{107} had cut my shroud
Kefenciğim biçti gitti. And left.

Ayrıldıklar ilimizden, I was taken out from my home,
İp attular belimizden. A rope was tied around my waist,
Pek tutular kolumuzdan, I was held tight by the arms,
Can cesetden uçtu gitti. The soul flew out of the body.

İlettiler mezarına, The Imam said farewell,
Şüphemin gani kerime. He did what was pleasing to God,
Toprak attular serime, The neighbors looked for me, to no avail,
Gözüm yaşa taşıti gitti. So they quickly dispersed.

\textsuperscript{106} Sheikh of a mystic order.
\textsuperscript{107} Muslim teacher.
Kabrime bir melek geldi,  
Bana bir sualcık sordu,  
Hişm edip bir topuz vurdu,  
Tebdilğim şaştı 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 oldu tamam  
İşte geldi ahır zaman  
Yardımçımu oniki imam  
Ten türebe karşıtı gitti.]


Uyandır çırağın yansın,  
Dolunu içene kansın.  
Mühiplerin108 sana kansın.  
Refr. Durma yörü, Hasan babam.

Ovalar dağılar 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.

No 222. Nefes. Hamdiye Ay (1933 Kılavuzlu), Kırklareli  

Şükür bizi bu meydana  
Getirenin demine Hü,  
*Ceset içinde bu canı,  
Bütreinin demine, Hü.  
Refr. Ah, bu demi, Hayder/vah bu demi,  
Boyle geçer dünyaya gami.

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.

108 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).

109 Sheikh of the Bektashi order.
İzleyem Ali’im izini,
İzleyem Şah’ın izini,
Uyaralım can gözünü,
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
That gave drink to forty from one single grape. Refr.

Güzeldir Ali’min/Şahımın sesi,
Silelim gönülden 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,
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,
That distributes freshly baked bread. Refr.

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]akkin yoludur:
İmamları 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 günüahı,
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,  
Hümmet … çok yol var,  
Tanışık öter bülbüller,  
Baykuşa viran yırrattı.

The tongues reading the Quran,  
...there are several ways,  
The nightingale’s singing getting to know the others,  
He created ruins for the owl.

Kaç derya sığmaz deryaya,  
Deryadan gevheri olmayan,  
Hic manalardan duymayan,  
Yonuza ferman yırrattı.

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.

Çekmez olur ne gam yersin,  
Meydan istedi kim versin,  
Ya yolculum dersin,  
Eyleme bizden … gelsin.

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 ilhe, illa Allah,  
Eyvallah pirim eyvallah, şah  
Adı güzzeldir, güzel Şah

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.

Dert ile selamette,  
Hırkai melamette,  
Aşk ile muhabbette,  
La Feta illa Ali, şah.

In trouble and in safety,  
Despised in dervish costume,  
In the ceremony with divine love  
There’s no hero like Ali.

Mahşeri Sirat’ında,  
Zatı mutlak katında,  
Görünen Mi’racında  
La Feta illa Ali. Refr.

On the bridge of Sirat in seventh heaven,  
Before the supreme lord,  
During the visible ascension,  
There’s no hero like Ali. Refr.

Havzı kevser başında,  
Kirpiğinde kaştında,  
Avni Baba nahşında,  
La Feta illa 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.

Sen Ali’sin güzel şah,  
Şahım eyvallah, eyvallah.

You’re Ali, good shah,  
Thank you, my shah, thank you.

110 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*¹¹¹. Mahmut Gümüş (1973 Beyci), Kırklareli

Bugün bize pir geldi,¹¹²  
Gülleri taze geldi.  
Önü sıra Kanber’in,  
Ali’yye-i Mürteza geldi.  
*Refr.* Eyvallah Şahum/Pirim eyvallah

Hak ilâhe/Adı güzel pir illallah.  
Sen Ali’sin güzel şah  
Şah eyvallah, eyvallah

Ali bizim Şahımız,  
Kabe kıblegahumuz.  
Miraç’ta ki Muhammed,  
O bizim padişahımız. *Refr.*

Padişahum Yaradan,  
Ökur aktan karadan,  
Ben pirimden 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 intizârım,  
İntizârın çekerim, leberli bal şekerim,  
Aşkın ile daına göz yaşları 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.

¹¹¹ According to Onarlı (2003: 70), this nefes is a „duvaz“. He published the text in four-line stanza form with minor differences.

¹¹² Apart from minor differences in the text, this nefes is also present in O. B’s *cünk 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 Yalınçak.

¹¹³ *Mürteza* 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 yapmışın,
Yezitler şehit etti, imamların hepinin.

Hasan'a ağrı verdiler, Hüseyin' e kıydılar,
Zeynel ile Bakır'ı bir zindana koydular.
Zindan da bir ezadar, 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 hurıyeye.

Huriye eş eyledi, hatıram hoş eyledi,
Kanat verdi kuluna, havada kuş eyledi,
El kaldırmış Hakkına, cism–i azam okunca,
İsm-i azam duası tatlı cana dokunca.

İmamların duası kaldı ulu divana,
Ulu divan kuruldu, cümle mahluk dirildi,
Yezid yürüyüş eyledi, anda Muhtar vuruldu,
Pir dediler Aliye, Hacı Bektas Veliye,
Hacı Bektas taçını verdi Kızıl Deli’ye.

Kızıl Deli115 tacımız, Şah Ahmed miracımız,
Karaç Ahmed gözümüzü, Yalıncaq duacımız,
Kul Himmet ustadımız, 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, Jafer114 keeps watching the prisoner,
Jafer’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 Kizil Deli.

Kizil 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 remember him now,
By the love of the brave of the bravest, may God help us achieve our goal!

114 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.
115 Jafer, the Truthful (sixth of twelve Imams of the Shi’ahs) (Redhouse 1974: 212).
№ 233. Düvazdeh nefesi. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Her sabah her sabah vardığım,
On iki imam Ali'm, Ali'm.
Sefilere eyle yardım,
On iki imam Ali'm, Ali'm.
Sefilim, halimden bilsen,
Çağrıdım yere ersen,
Ağladıkça yaşamı silsin,
On ik'imam Ali'im, Ali'im.

Allah bir Muhammed Haktr,
Bilenlere sözüm yoktur,
Ali'nin insanı çoktur,
On ik'imam Ali'im, Ali'im.
Hasan Hüse'in'in yari,
Zeynel Abidin'in nuru,
Muhammed Mehdi'nin sırrı,
On ik'imam Ali'im, Ali'im.

Muhammed Bakır'ın şahi,
Akıyor Nakir'in kanı,
Sen düşürdün, kaldır beni,
On iki imam Ali'im, Ali'im.
Hasan Hüseyin askeri Mehdi,
Vardır gelmeye atı,
Yıksın Yezid'in tahtı,
On iki imam Ali'im, Ali'im.

Pir Sultan'ım durdum dara,
Çağırdım ere pire,
Cümelenin muradını vere,
On iki imam Ali'im, Ali'im.

 № 236. Semah. Bektashi congregation, Kızılcıkderede

Bir nefescik söyleyeyim,
Dinlenmelsen neleyeyim,
Aşk deryasını boylayayım,
Ummana dalımaya geldim.

Bade nuruna boyandım,
Aşk kelamına geldim.
Pervaneyim ateşine/şem'e yandım,
Meydana yenmeye geldim.

Aşk harmanında savruldum,  
Hem elendim hem yoğuruldum,  
Kazana girdim kavruldum,  
Meydana yenmeye geldim.  

Şah Hatayi' dır özümde,  
Hiç eksiklik yok sözümde,  
Gece gündüz Hak niyazında,  
Darına durmaya geldim.

№ 237. Semah. Sefer Çalışkan (1925 Iştirp/Makedonya), Zeytinburnu

Güzel aşık çevrimizi,  
Çekemezsin demedim mi,  

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  

Pir Sultan Abdal şahımız,  
Şah Sultan Abdal şahımız,  
Hakka ulaşşa rahımız,  
Hakka ulaşşa rahımımız. Refr.

Yemeyenler kahr naçar,  
Gözlerinden kanlar saçar,  
Bu dervişlik bir dilektir,  
Bilene Büyüşik devlettir. Refr.

Yensiz yakasz gömlektir117  
Giyemezsin demedim mı?  
Can ü başı Hak yoluna  
Koyamazsin demedim mı?

Oniki İmam penahımız  
Uyamazsin demedim mı?  

---

117 It is the garment without sleeves and collar in which the shroud of a corpse is wrapped.
№ 240. *Nefes*. Hanife Baykul (1953 Topçular), Ahmetler

Şu yalan dünyaya geldim giderim,  
Gönül senden özge yar bulamadım,  
Hastlandık al kanlara boyandık,  
Dostum el değmedik nar bulamadım.

I’ve come into a deceitful world, I am leaving,  
I couldn’t find a lover better than you, sweetheart,  
We got ill and covered with blood,  
I couldn’t find an intact pomegranate, my friend.

Güzellerin zülfü destedir deste,  
Erenler oturmuş Hak için posta.  
Bir zaman sağ geldim bir zaman hasta,  
Hastalığın nedir der bulamadım.

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.

Felek kırdı benim kolum kanadım,  
Bayış Gibi viranlarda türedim,  
Bugün üç kişinin nabzını sınadım,  
Yoluna can kurban der bulamadım.

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.

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.\(^{118}\)

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.

\(^{118}\) Reminds the reader of Karacaoğlan’s well-known line: „Dudağından tatlı bal bulamadım” ‘I could not find sweeter honey than your lips’…

---


Bülbüller kokuyu güllerden alır,  
Mecnun çıkmış dağlara Leyla’yı arar.  
Leyla diye, diye Mevlâ’yi bulur.  
Refr. Erenlerin böyle meclisi vardır,  
Kardeşlerin böyle meclisi vardır.

Nightingales follow the fragrance of roses,  
Majnun is searching for Leyla in the mountains,  
Shouting her name he finds God.  
Refr. Saints have such meetings,  
Brethren have such meetings.

Elvan elvan olmuş, üfürme sakin,  
Tevhidin kılıçın kalbine hak  
Sırrını nadana söyleme sakın. Refr.  

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.

Aşklarını kalbinde açıyor güller,  
Uyan gafil uyan, geçiyor günler,  
Mahşer yerinde cem olmuş cümle erenler. 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.
Aşık Yunus asla sözünden dönmez,
Derviş Yunus asla sözünden dönmez,
Zerrece gönlüne günah getirmez,
Erenlerin sırrına akıllar ermez,

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.


Çok şükür mubahık cemalin gördüm,
Hayat buldum bu cismime can geldi,
Hayatın üstünde dildar erdenken,
Elleri esrardan bir sib籛an 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 çekli bismillah,
Ne güzel yaratmış yaratılan Allah,
Gökten inen Kuran nasr-u min Allah,
Ahsen-i takvînîn bir sib籛an 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.

Kalendar’ın piri Bektâşî Veli,
Nurumdur Muhammed sırrımdır Ali.
Cümlenin isteği Muhammed Ali,
Kevî-î mekanından bir sib籛an/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, Kızılçıkdere

Çok şükür mubahık cemalin gördüm,
Hayat buldum bu cismime can geldi,
*Hayatın üstünde dildar erdenken,
Elleri esrardan bir sib籛an 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 çekli ya bismillah,
Ne güzel yaratmış yaratılan Allah,
Gökten inen Kuran nasr-u min Allah,
Niyaz eden Taki rüşana geldi.

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.

Kalender’in piri/şahı Bektâşî Veli,
Nurumdur Muhammed sırrımdır Ali,
Cümlenin isteği Muhammed Ali,
Kevî-û 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.
No 244. Kırklar semahi. Orhan Bulut's family, Çorlu

Mana evine daldım,  I buried myself in the spiritual world,
Vücud rabbini kıldırm.  I tore myself into two parts,
İki cihan ser-teser,  I found the crowns of both worlds,
Cümleyi ademde buldum.  I found everything in man.

Yedi yeri ve göğü,  Seven lands and seven heavens,
Dağları denizleri,  Mountains, seas,
Uçmak ile Tamuyu,  Heaven and hell,
Cümleyi ademde buldum.  I found everything in man.

Gece ile gündüzü,  Night and day,
Gökte yedi yıldızı,  The seven stars in the sky,
Levhade yazılan sözü,  The script from before the Creation,
Cümleyi ademde buldum.  I found everything in man.

Tevrat ile İncil'i,  The Bible and the New Testament,
Kuran ile Zebur'u,  The Quran and the Psalms of David,
Onlardaki beyanı,  The messages in them,
Cümleyi ademde buldum.  I found everything in man.

Musa çıktığı Tur'u,  Mount Tabor which Musa climbed up,
İsrafiıl çaldı suru,  On Doomsday the angel of death blew his trumpet,
Gökte Beytü'l-Mamur'u,  The original Kaaba stone in heaven,
Cümleyi ademde buldum.  I found everything in man.

Yunus'un sözleri Hak,  All words of Yunus are true,
Cümlemiz dedik sadak,  We all said they were true,
Nerede arasan orada Hak,  Look for him anywhere, God is there,
Cümleyi ademde buldum.  I found everything in man.

No 246. Alevi deyiş. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Ey, alemleri yaratan, Allah,  Hey, Allah, Allah, who created worlds,
Kaldır perdeyi aradan, Allah,  Raise the veil, Allah, Allah,
Göster cemalın yaratan, Allah.  Show your face, Allah, the creator, Allah.

Sensin evvel sensin ahir, Allah,  You're the beginning, you're the end,
Cümlemize olsun fahir, Allah,  You're respected by our community,
Bu çigerim oldu kahir, Allah,  My heart's burning for you, Allah.
Kaldır perdeyi aradan, Allah,  Raise the veil, Allah,
Göster cemalın yaratan, Allah,  Show your face, Allah, the creator, Allah.

Israfiıl is the ‘angel of death who will blow the last trumpet’ (Redhouse 1974: 551).
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</table>

**Ne güzelsin güzel/yüce Tanrım,**
How beautiful you are, God in high!

**Eskiden tanrım seni, Allah,**
I've known you for a long time,

**Bilmem gibi sana beni, Allah,**
Don't think that I don't know you,

**Kaldır perdeyi aradan, Allah,**
Raise the veil, Allah, Allah,

**Göster cemalin yaratan, Allah,**
Show your face, Allah, the creator, Allah.

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**№ 247. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli See № 241**


**№ 249. Nefes. Firdevs Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu**

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<td>Nightingales follow the fragrance of roses,</td>
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<td>Mecnun çıkmış dağlara Leylā'ı ara,</td>
<td>Majnun's searching for Leila in the mountains,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leyla Leyla derken Mevlâyi bulur,</td>
<td>Shouting Leilâ's name he finds God,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erenlerin böyle bir günü vardır,</td>
<td>Holy people have such a day,</td>
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<td>Babaların böyle sohbeti vardır.</td>
<td>The babas have such conversation.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Elvan elvan olmuş üfürme sakın,</td>
<td>It has become colourful, don't change it,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tevhidin kılıcını kalbine takın,</td>
<td>Pin the sword of monotheism into your heart,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sırrını nadana söyleme sakın.</td>
<td>Don't disclose your secret to the ignorant.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Babaların böyle bir günü vardır,</td>
<td>The babas have such a day,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dervişlerin böyle bir günü vardır.</td>
<td>The dervishes have such a day.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aşkların kalbinde açıyor güller,</td>
<td>In the hearts of those adoring God there are roses blooming,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uyan gafıl uyan geçiyor günler,</td>
<td>Wake up, idle, wake up, the days are passing,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maşhar¹²⁰ yerine cem olmuş cümle erenler.</td>
<td>In the place of great turmoil a ritual is held by holy people.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erenlerin böyle meclisi vardır,</td>
<td>The community of holy people is such,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kardaşların böyle bir günü vardır.</td>
<td>The brethren have such a day.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aşık Yunus asla sözünden dönmez,</td>
<td>Enamoured Yunus never changes his words,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zerrece kalbinde cihan görünmez,</td>
<td>His heart's not influenced by the world at all,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erenlerin sırrına asla erinmez.</td>
<td>The secret of saints is beyond us to grasp,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Babaların böyle meclisi vardır,</td>
<td>The babas have such a day,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kardeşlerin böyle sohbeti vardır.</td>
<td>The brethren have such conversation.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

¹²⁰ *Maşhar*: 'the last judgement' (Redhouse 1974: 723).
№ 251. Mersiye. Bektashi congregation, Kilavuzlu

Ben melamet hırkasını kendim giydim eğnime,
Aru namus şişesini taşa çaldım, kime ne?
Ah, Haydar, Haydar, taşa çaldım, kime ne?

Kah giderim meyhaneye, dem çekerim Hak için,
Kah giderim medreseye, ders okurum Hak için,
Ah, Haydar, Haydar, ders okurum Hak için.

Kah çarkın gökyüzüne, seyrederim alemi,
Kah inerim yer yüzüne seyreder alem beni,
Ah, Haydar, Haydar, seyreder alem beni.

Sofular haram buyurmuş bu aşıkın şarabına,
Ben doldurur, ben içerim, günah benim, kime ne?
Ah, Haydar, Haydar, günah benim, kime ne?

Sofular namaz kıl lar caminin duvarına,
Ben kiblede nis bi sünürüm, kime ne?
Ah, Haydar, Haydar, yüz sürerim, kime ne?

Nesimi'ye sormuşlar ki sen yarınle hoş musun?
Hoş 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), Kilavuzlu – See № 251
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>№ 254. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ben seni severim candan içeri,                        I love you more than my own soul,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ilikten, kemikten, kandan içeri.                     My marrow, my bones and blood.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yolum var bu erkan, erkandan içeri,                  This is my way that leads to God,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meni sorma bana ben de değilim,                      Don't ask about me, I don’t even exist,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bende bir bende var benden içeri.                    I have a self deep in my heart of hearts.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kalmadı takatım dizde derman yok,                    I have no strength left, my legs are tired,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bu nasıl mezheptir dinden içeri?                     What kind of religious order is this within</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Süleyman kuş dilin söyler dediler,                   religion?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Süleyman var Süleyman’dan içeri.                     Is there a Süleyman within Süleyman?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yunus’un sözleri yare yakışır,                        The way Yunus speaks is worthy of God’s lover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kapunda kullar var sultandan içeri.                  The servants standing at your gate are better</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>than the sultan himself.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>№ 255. Nefes. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ben seni severim candan içeri,                        I love you more than my own soul,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ilikten, damardan, kandan içeri,                      My marrow, my bones and blood,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beni sorma bana ben de değilim,                       Don’t ask about me, I don’t even exist,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bende bir bende var benden içeri.                      I have a self deep in my heart of hearts.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bu nasıl mezheptir dinden içeri?                     What kind of religious order is this within</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yunus’un sözleri yare yakışır,                        religion?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bu nasıl mezheptir dinden içeri?                      What kind of religious order is this within</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>№ 256. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gene mihman gördüm, gönlüm şad oldu,                I saw a guest again, my heart rejoiced,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mihmanlar siz bize sefa/hoşça geldiniz.              Guests, you are welcome,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kamu kişi kardeş bahar yaz oldu.                    All men are brethren, spring has turned sum-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Refr. Mihmanlar/Kardaşlar siz bize hoşça gel-      mer.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>diniz.                                              Refr. Guests/Brothers, you are welcome!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Misafir kapunun iç kilididir.                        A guest is the key to the gate inside,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ev sahibi olan gonca gülündür.                       A guest is the rose of the host.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kara duran yere misafir gelmez,                      No guest arrives at a sad home,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Öyle bir hanenin eksiği bitmez,                      In such a house misery never ends.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ne kadar çaba etse menzile ermez. Refr.              However hard he tries, he'll never reach his</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>goal. Refr.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
№ 257. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler

Misafir gelirse kısmetin bile,
Misafir Hızırdır, var, özür dile,
Büyük küçük onu hep Hızır bile, Refr:

Himmet eyle Pir Sultanım/Şahım misafir gelsin,
Yavuş yaşı yesen yüzüm gülsün,
Cümlemiz kısmeti Yaratım versin. Refr.

Refr: It is good luck when a guest arrives,
The guest is Hizir, go and entertain him,
Big and small, all should be received as Hizir.

Himmet eyle Pir Sultanım/Şahım misafir gelsin,
Yavuş yaşı yesen yüzüm gülsün,
Cümlemiz kısmeti Yaratım versin. Refr.

Refr: 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.

№ 258. Nefes. Hamdiye Ay (1933 Klavuzlu), Kırklareli

Aşkından başka şema, lema(n) istemem,
* Şarabın abusu dolar dilime,
Tadi candan tatlı geldi dilime,
Hamdülillah Pirim kabul eyledi,
Müjdesini kulağıma söyledi,
Derviş Mehmet Ali bizdensin dedi.

Refr: Tadı da candan tatlı, geldi ya dilime,
Muhabetten gayri geldi ya dilime.

Refr: It tastes sweeter than soul,
My tongue said something that differed from nice talk.

See № 257/2

№ 259. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir

Dost elinden gönül şehri tutuştu,
Can bağından canan geldi ya buluştu,
Elim kudret el ile tutuştu, [ugrik]
Şarabın abisi dolar eline,
Tadi da candan tatlı geldi ya dilime.

Refr: A friend put my heart on fire,
He arrived to meet me from a garden of friends,
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 dikişimi yerde bitelim,
Bir dal gülün terazisini Hak tutalım,
Refr. Hü diyelim dem sürelim Ali aşıkına
Ali'yil Mürtəzənin yolu aşıkına.

Refr. Let's plant roses every day at dawn,
Find salvation while planting,
Let's take this rose branch for a divine measure.
To the love of the way of Ali, the chosen.

Her seher vaktinde açar gülümüz,
Dalında ötüşür bülbüllerimiz,
Gizlice tutmuş yolunu bizim pirimiz. Refr.

Refr. Our roses blossom every day at dawn,
There are nightingales singing on the branches,
Our saint didn't disclose the way to us.
Refr.

Baktıkça görünür imam evleri,
Hz. Fatma ananın gonca gülleri,
Hz. Şahımızın dökme belleri. Refr.

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.

Pir Sultanım gelir uçmağa,
Ayrılımış ırmak gölünden içmeğe,
Hz. Şahımızın koşküne geçmeye. Refr.

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. Bektaşı congregation, Kılavuzlu

[Biz de hizmet eder] veli aşıkına,
*Gönülden çıkarıp yabana atma,
İstinatgahımız Ali aşıkına.
Bir de hizmet eder himmet bekleriz,
Canımz yoluna kurban eyleriz.

[Biz de hizmet eder] veli aşıkına,
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.

Bir de sizden cüda göçek neyleriz,
Olma bizden cüda senin aşkına.
Sahibine verdik cümle varımız,
Heb yokluhta kadi bizim karşımız.

Bir de sizden cüda göçek neyleriz,
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.

Meydani erenler oldu darımız,
Ali'nin/Shahımızın sevdiği gönl düğümü aşıkına,
Biz gidelim erenlerin yoluna,
Bakmayalım hem sağ, sağ ve soluna,
Medet mürüveti verdi kuluna,

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. Nevruz. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Gelin, hey, kardaşlar, seyran edelim.
Refr. Ali'nin doğduğu eyyam bu demdir,
Şah'ımın doğduğu eyyam bu demdir.
Bu zevkle münkiri hayran edelim.
Refr.

Çıraklar uyansın, kurulsun cemler,
Gülbanklar çekilsin, sürünsün demler,
Cümüşe gelsinler cümle erenler.
Refr.

Neredir sakiler, sunsunlar bade,
Gülbanklar çekilsin, sürünsün demler,
Cümüşe gelsinler cümle erenler.
Refr.

[Geldi Sultan Nevruz, kalmadı elem]
Melaik, halayik, cümlesi hürrem,
Erenler lutfedip eyledi kerem
Refr.

Bilin ki bu demdir meşadet demi,
Reştmiş erenler cümle elemi,
Erişti bizlere Şahın keremi
Refr.

Hüsnü Baba eyler candan niyazı,
Dem sunsun sakiler sunsunlar bazı,
Okunsun nefesler çalsınlar sazı
Refr.

№ 263. Nefes. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Erenlerin sohibeti,
The talk of holy men
Ele gelesi değil,
Does move the people
İkariyile gelenler,
Those who arrive with a pledge
Mahrum kalası değil.*
Are not lacking in anything.
Refr. La ilahe illallah,
Refr. La ilahe illallah
Muhammed resulullah.
Muhammad is the prophet's envoy.
Çok sükür elhamdülillah,
Praise and thanks to Allah,
Srr Ali el Mürteza,
Ali's the secret of The Chosen,
Çok sükür elhamdülillah,
Gratitude and thanks to Allah,
Gün Muhammed ay Ali.
Muhammad's the sun and Ali's the moon.

1 The Persian New Year's Day (March 22) (Redhouse 1974: 883).
112 There is no god but God.
İkrar gerek bir ere,
Göz açıp didar göre,
Sarraf 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.

№ 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 darmız.

Ali’nin/Şahıma sevdığı gönl aşkına,
Bir gidelem erenlerin yoluna,
Bakmayaalim hem sağ, sağ ve soluna,
Medet mürüvveti verdi kuluna,
Imam/Şahım Hüseyn'in yolu aşkına.

№ 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 gönl şehri tutuştu,
Can bağına canan geldi buluştu,
Elim de kudret eli ile tutuştu. Refr.

Devrişlikten başka ünvan istemem,
Muhabbetten gayri devran istemem,
№ 270. Düvazdeh nefesi. Havva Hari (1945 Devletliağaç), Kırklareli

Elhamdülillah pirim kabul eyledi,
Müjdesini kulağıma söyledi,

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 Devletliağaç), Kırklareli

Her sabah, her sabah vardığım,
Oniki imam Alim, Alim.
Seferbere eyle yardım.

Every morning, every morning my destination is
Twelve imams, my Ali, Ali.
Help those who set off

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,

Hasan Hüseyin’in yari,
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,
Akiyor Nakir’ın 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,
Çağrıdim 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 Alilidir.
Muhammed kilavuz maşşer yerinde,
İslam insan canı çeken Alilidir.

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 yokmundur ahiret göcüne?
On iki imam gibi cennet içine,
Abu Kevser’ile akan Alilidir.

Find support, brother, for the watching heart,
Have you nothing to say about the way to the hereafter?
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 Düldüle 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,  
Okuyan Muhammed yazan Ali’dir.

No 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 artırmak halim çok müskül,  
Koparmazdım ancak, kokladım bir gül,  
Kafir oldum ise imana geldim.

Cemalin madeni eğmiş kafeni,  
Seherde açılır gönca güller,  
Kılavuzla aştım gergin yolları,  
Menzilim erenler yoludur deyu.

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 Zulfi kar, 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.

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.
İlklik perdesi yoktur özümde,  
Birlikir gönlümde üzüm sözümde,  
Gece gündüz dahi Hak niyazında,  
Kiblemdir Muhammed secdemdir Ali.

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.

Turabi'ya turab oldu özümüz,  
Can gözüyle canan/cemal gördü gözümüz,  
Damanın mürşude sürdük yüzümüz,  
Hünkar Hacı Bektaş velidir deyu.

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.

Bu zevkle münkiri hayran edelim.  
Refr. Ali'nin doğduğu eyyam bu demdir.  
Çıraklar uyansın, kurulsun cemler,  
Gülbanklar çekilsin, sürülsün demler,  
Cümüşe gelsinler cümle erenler. Refr.

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.

Nerdedir sakiler sunsunlar bade,  
Gönülär zevk ile olsun Gülşade,  
Eriştik hamd olsun biz de murada,  
Ali'nin doğduğu eyyam bu gece.

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.

Bakın çemenzarı süslemiş güller,  
Feryada başlamış şevkiyle bülbüller,  
Açılmış şakayık lale sümüller,  
Ali'nin/Sahimin doğduğu eyyam bu gece.

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.

Geldi Sultan Nevruz, kalmadı elem,  
Melaik, halayik cümlesi hürem,  
Erenler lutfedip eyledi kerem,  
Ali'nin doğduğu eyyam bu demdir.

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.

Bilin ki bu demdir mes'adet demi,  
Re'etmiş erenler cümle alemi,  
Eriştü bizele Şahin keremi,  
All'nin/Şahim'in doğduğu eyyam bu gece.

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.

Hüsnü Baba eyler candan niyazi,  
Dem sunsun sakiler sunsunlar bade,  
Okunsun nefesler çalınsun sazlar,  
Ali'nin doğduğu eyyam bu gece.

Hüsnü Baba is praying with all his heart,  
The cup-bearer should give us drink, wine  
should be brought here,  
May nefeses sound and strings twang,  
This is the night when Ali was born.
№ 276. Nefes. Fatma and Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kılavuzu

Ey, şahin bakılsın, bülbül avazlımsın, Hey, my hawk-eyed, my nightingale-voiced [love],
Bir eli kadehli bir eli sazlımsın, In one of your hands a goblet, a musical instrument in the other,
İşte ben gidiyorum kal ahu gözlüm, Look, I'm leaving, you stay, my gazelle-eyed.
Refr. Ne sen beni unut, ne de ben seni. Refr. Don't forget me, I won't forget you either,
Yolda harami çok, engel arada, There are many highwaymen/bandits, obstacles,
Unutma sevdiğim demde sırada, Don't forget me, sweetheart, even for a moment,
Ta ezeli ezel seven sevende, It's been always like this: lover and sweetheart,
Şu iki cihanda, kevn-ü mekanda, In the two worlds: in this world and in the hereafter.
Mizan başlarda ulu divanda. Refr. They have the proof in the great tribunal. Refr.
Çekilsin gülbankler sürülsün devran, May our holy hymn sound and the dervishes whirl,
Görülsün kayıtlar açılsın meydan, May the scripts be seen, the holy place open,
Yolumuzu açın ulu yaratan. Refr. May our Creator give us free way. Refr.
Kul Hüseyn'ım der ki gül benzim soluk, My Kul Husain says I look pale,
Şerimize yazılmıştır ayrılık, Parting is written in the book of our fate,
Vallahi sevdiğim günüler birlik. Refr. Yes, my sweetheart, the hearts are the same. Refr.

№ 277. Kırklar semahi, Tahsin Berber (1947 Eskicuma), Zeytinburnu

Güvercinlik derler şara (şehire) vardın mı? Have you reached the town said to have a round tower?
Ali’nin doğduğu yeri gördün mû? Have you seen the place where Ali was born?
Fatma derler Hasan, Hüseyn anası, The mother of Hasan and Husain is called Fatma,
Oniki imamların sohbet anası. She has enchanted the twelve imams by her speech.
Refr. Güvercinlik derler, şara vardır mı? Refr. Have you reached the town said to have a round tower?
Ali’nin doğduğu yeri gördün mû? 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,
Burdagıvar yoktur Müslüman çokturt. There are no infidels here, there’re a lot of Muslims,
Kırklar bu diyarda Musalar hakim, Forties, here the Musas are the leaders,
Canlar bu dizarda Musalar haktır. Refr. My dear, here the Musas are the masters. Refr.
№ 278. Kırklar semahı. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Ulu bezirgânı görüp geçtin mi?  
Hamza pehlivanla güreş tuttun mu?  
Türlü bir kumaşlar alıp sattın mı? Refr.  
Pir Sultan'ım aydır uludan ulu,  
Üstümüzden eksi etme doluyu,  

Ref.

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 goblet away from us.  
My Shah/Ali, the lion 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 katlan,  
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.

123 It is a religious rule for Muslim women to paint their hands and feet for major occasions such as their wedding.
124 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,
İkilikten geçmeyen birliğe ermez,
Eri Hak görmeyen Hakku da görmez,
Gözü bakar ama körden sayılır.

[Gerçek talib ikrarında durursa,
Çerağ gibi yanıb yağı erirse,
Eksikliği kendisinde bilirse,
O da erdir gerçek erden sayılır.]

Üç gün imiş şu dünyanın sefası,
Sefasından artık imiş cefası,
Hak’tır erenlerin dostu nefesi,
Biri kırktır kırkı birden sayılır.

Pir/Şah Sultan Abdal’ım Bağdat’tır vatan,
İkilikten geçip birliğe yeten,
Erenlerin yoluna kıyl-ü kal katan,
Yüklenmiş yükünü hardan sayılır.

№ 280. Nefes. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Yine mihman geldi, gönlüm şaz oldu.
Refr. Mihmanlar siz bize hoşça geldiniz,
Kardaşlar siz bize sefa geldiniz.

Kara olan eve misafir gelmez,
Bağrça, çığırça eksiği bitmez.
Her yere çığırılır bir yere gitmez. Refr.

Misafiirdir iç kapının klidi,
Misafiirdir, sahibinin güldür
Tanrı misafiri pirim Ali’dır. Refr.

Kerem hümmet eyle gene gel bize,
Büyük küçük deme cümlemiz bile,
Yavan yahşi deme yüzümüz güle. Refr.

A guest has arrived, my heart’s rejoicing.
Refr. Guests, you’re welcome,
Brethren, you’re welcome!

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. Refr.

The guest even opens the inner door,
The guest is the rose of the master,
God’s guest, my saint, Ali. Refr.

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. Refr.

125 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).
126 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 Baba127, 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.


№ 289. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Zeytinburnu

Şimdi bizim aramıza,
Yola boynu eğenler gelsin,
Şeriatı, tarikatı hakikatı bilenler gelsin,
Hakikati 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 128

Ben bu aşka düşeli,
Allah ile buluşalı,
Al, yeşil, ala, sarı.
Refr. Bize dervişler geldi.

Dervişler giyer aba,
Hükmeder Kaf’tan Kafa’,
Bize Muhammed, Mustafa… Refr.

Bölük, bölük dervişler,
Hakkın buyurduğu işler,
Edep, erkan görmüşler. Refr.

Since I fell in love,
Since I met Allah,
Red, green, mottled, yellow.
Refr. Dervishes came to us.

Dervishes wear felt coats,
They rule around the world,128
[There came] to us Muhammad Mustafa. Refr.

Many of the dervishes
Act by God’s command,
And follow the right way. Refr.

127 The legendary ‘Father of Roses’ is a well-known saint along the Balkans. His northernmost shrine can be found in Budapest.

128 Kaf: ‘mythical mountain, thought to surround the world and to bind the horizon on all sides’ (Redhouse 1974: 578)
Yediler kırklar ile,
Yüzü balkır nur ile,
 Ak sakallı pirlerle. Refr.

Has bahçenin gülünden,
Şeker damlar elinden,
Yunus Şahim elinden. Refr.

Refr.

The Seven and the Forty,\textsuperscript{129}
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.

\textbf{№ 294. Nefes. Hatice Ergül (1924 Bulgaria), Devletliğaç.}\textsuperscript{130}

Şu karşıki yayla ne güzel yayla,
Bir dem süremedim dostlar giderim böyle.
Ela gözlü pirim gel himmet eyle.
Refr. Ben de bu yayladen Şaha/dosta giderim.

Refr. I leave this summer pasture and go to the Shah/friend.

Meğer göğerip bostan olursam,
Şu halkın diline dostlar destan olursam,
Kara toprak senden üstün olursam. Refr.

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.

Bir bölüm turnaya sökün dediler,
Yürekteki derdi dökün dediler,
Yaylada otesi yakın dediler. Refr.

Flush a group of cranes,
Let out the sorrow from your hearts,
We’ll soon cross the summer pasture. Refr.

Men bir yol edliliyim, yol sefliliyim,
Üstü kan köpükli neşe seliyim,
O sebepten aklım yoktur, deliyim. Refr.

I’m a poor wanderer, struggling along roads,
I’m a stream of joy, foaming with blood,
I’m a crazy fool. Refr.

Alınmış abtesim aldırırlarsa,
Kılınmış namazım dostlar kıldıırlarsa,
Sizde şah deyeni öldürürlersese. 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.

Pir Sultan Abdalım dünya durulmaz,
Gitti giden ömür dostlar geri dönülmez,
Gözlerim de şah yolundan ayrılmaz. 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.

\textsuperscript{129} Important mystical numbers of the Sufis.

\textsuperscript{130} 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,
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 yediğin helallâşalım.
Refr.


№ 297. *Nefes*. Hanife Konbal (1947), Çeşmekolu

Gördüm şu binayı kandan ilikten,
Duvarları etten, taşi kemikten,
Secde kıldım niyaz aldım eşikten,
Adım-adım kutlu tekkeme geldim, tekkeme geldim.

Gönül dedikleri canlı tanıztım,
Muhabet eyledim tahl konuştım,
Kisbet giydim nefes ile güreştım,
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,
Anasurla mevla ile ihşanda,
Nice devir ettim yalan dünyada,
Seyrîl oruc olub hak ceme geldim.

İ’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 wrestling 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 destination.

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 Gümüş (1973 Beyci), Kırklareli

Keramet başdır, tacda değildir,
Hararet nardadır, sacda değildir,
Her ne arar isen ey dost, kendinde ara,
Kudüste Mekke’de arşta değildir.

The ability to perform a miracle is in the head, not in the crown,
Heat is in the oven, not in the oven plate,
Whatever you’re looking for, my friend, look for it in yourself,
Not in Jerusalem, Mecca or the space.

Sakın bir kimsenin gönlünü yıkma,
Gerçek erenlerin sözünden çıkma,
Eğer insan isen ey dost ölmezsen korkma,
Aşığı kurt yemez uçta değildir.

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,
The wolf doesn’t eat the ashik, this is not its goal.

№ 299. Nefes. Emrullah Yılmazgüç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Sultan Süleymana kalmayan dünya,
Su dünya yerinde ırılır bir gün,
Nice canlar vardır kara yer sende,
Hakkın 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 Sultanım/Şah 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,
Beş vaktini koymaz idi,
Üç günlükрог Buklardı,
Olmaza yemez idim.

I prayed
Not just five times a day,
I couldn’t eat my
Three-day roll either.

Ben yaslandım şol taşa,
Gör neler gelir başa,
Bir gün misafir gelmezse,
Verirdim kurda kuşa.

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.

Bir öğlen mehelinde, One day at lunch time,
Çıka bir derviş geldi, A dervish came by,
Çobana selam verdi, He greeted the shepherd, 
„Aleyküm selam“ dedi. Who returned his greeting.
Çoban ben açım dedi, The shepherd said, I’m hungry,
Sana muhtacım dedi, Help me, please,
Dişim yoktur yemeğe, How can I eat, I’m toothless,
Var katık getir dedi. If you’ve got something to the bread, bring it here!

Günes vurdu şu dağa, The sun shed its rays on the mountain,
Bülbül yollandı baya, The nightingales came forward,
Çoban aldı kulleyi, The shepherd grabbed his pail,
Gitti koyun sağmaya. And left to milk a sheep.

№ 302. Nefes. Emrullah Yılmazgülç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu – See № 301

№ 303. Nefes. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulca), Zeytinburnu

№ 304. Nefes. Bektashi concert, Istanbul

Mürşidimiz Muhammed Muhammad’s our master,
Rehberimizdir Ali Ali shows us the way,
Aşık olan can benim I’m the yearning soul,
Mürşid ile rehber The soul yearning for our master and leader, 
Aşık olan can benim that’s what I am.
Mürşid ile rehber Let’s reach two worlds with our master and
Iki cihanda erelim guide.

132 Hu ~ Hü, Hüy, etc. ‘He’ = Allah.
133 In the community, the dispenser of drinks is one of the functionaries.
№ 305. Nefes. Bektashi concert, Istanbul

Arzuladım sana geldim, I've come to you, yearning,
Hüünkär Haci Bektaş Velim, My lord, my saint Haji Bektash,
Eşigne yüzüm sürdüm, I touched my face to your threshold,
Hüünkär Haci Bektaş veli. My lord, saint Haji Bektash.

Beni eden var ol Haydar! Long live the one that created me!

Pir Sultanım gerçek veli, My Pir Sultan is a true saint,
Kesmez silah Haydar eli, No weapon can injure Haydar’s hand,
Dost sanki Horasan piri, The friend, like a saint from Khorasan,


№ 308. Nefes. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953), İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Mihman olduk ceminize, We’ve become guests of your community,
Hü diyelim deminize. We bless God for your drink,
Hayran kaldık yoluuna. We admire your way
Refr. Bu meydanda, bu divanda. Refr. In this holy place, in this community.

Meydanda oturan canlar, The fellow believers sitting in the holy place,
Aynı kandan, aynı soydan. From the same race, from the same blood.
Kalksın kötü çırık yanlar. Refr. The wicked and the ugly should leave Refr.

Sazlarla134 koşup çaladık, We enthused plucking saz,
Özümüz hakk’a bağladık, We abandoned ourselves to God,
Hüseyin için ağladık. Refr. We lamented for Husain. Refr.

Pirimiz/Şahımız Bektaş Veli, Our saint Bektash Veli,
Aptal Musa, Kızıl Deli, Abdal Musa, Kizil Deli,

Selam rehber olan dosta, Greetings to those who have shown the way,
Niyazımız vardır dosta, We pray for our friends,
Hüseyin için de yasta. Refr. We mourn for Husain. Refr.

134 There sounds meydanda in one of the text variants.
Kırklareli iline açtık bir ocak,
Medet mürvet, Şahım vilayet Mürtaza,
Mühibben nur neşe oldular sermest,
Şefayet kıl ya Muhammed Mustafa.

İlimiz çok eski kırkların ili,
*Gözcümüzdür daim Şah Kızıl Deli,
Erenler aşına süreriz demi,
Himmet eyle pirim sen Hünkar Veli.

Yedi mürşid bir araya cem olduk,
Erenler yolunda tek vücut olduk,
Muhammed Ali’nin nuruunu gördük,
Şefaat kıl ya Muhammed Mustafa.

Kırklareli ilinde güllerimiz var,
Ululardan ulu pirlerimiz var,
İbrahim Ethem baba yatırımız var,
Medet mürvet şahım vilayet mürtaza.

Hasan Baba der ki açılsın güller,
Şakıyıp şakıyıp ötsün bülbüller,
Can gözün açıp ta nur görsün gözler,
Şefaat kıl ya Muhammed Mustafa.

[135] Arabic loanword in Turkish. Mirävvet: ’1. great joy; 2. heroism, gallantry; 3. donation, open-handedness.’ It is a feminine personal name at the same time.

Ruhi biçare fakirlundur senin,  
A poor, miserable servant of yours, Ruhi,
Hak Muhammed Ali yolundur senin,  
God, Muhammad, Ali – this is your way,
Şu yeşil pençeli elindir senin,  
This green\textsuperscript{138} marked hand is yours,
Hoş olur hanemiz mihman gelince.  
Our home is filled with joy when a guest arrives.

\textsuperscript{138} Green is the accepted colour symbolizing Islam.

\section*{№ 311. Nefes. Fatma Üzer (1947 Ahmetler), Kırklareli}

Şu dünya derdinden bıktım usandım,  
I got fed up with the troubles of the world,
Çektiğim cefayı hep sefa sandım,  
I thought all my sufferings before were just fun,
Nice nice çillelere dayandım,  
I had been sorely tried,
Garip, garip ağladım Hakka yalvardım.  
I cried bitterly, I prayed to God.

Bizim ciğerciğimiz delik deliktir,  
Our viscera perforated,
Ciğerciğimiz delik bağrımız yanıktır,  
My viscera got injured and my soul burned out,
Yine garip gönlümüz Hakka a dayanır,  
Our poor hearts still have hope in God,
On iki imamlardan ayrıma bizi.  
Don't part me from the twelve imams.

Allah bir Muhammed Ali'dir dedi,  
God is one Allah, Muhammad, Ali,
Fatma anamıza dayandım durdum,  
I prayed to our mother Fatma,
Pirim eteğini can iyen tuttum,  
I clung to my saint with all my heart,
On iki imamlardan medet diledim.  
I asked the twelve imams for help.

Naciye fakirim çinlerle bacı,  
I'm poor Nadjiye, amidst sufferings,
Dünyanın çillesi zehirden acı,  
The pain of the world is more bitter than poison,
Başımızda Muhammed imin tacı,  
Muhammad's crown is on our heads,
On iki imamlardan ayrıma bizi.  
Don't part me from the twelve imams.

\section*{№ 313. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 163}

\section*{№ 314. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli}

Evliliyalar piri, hünkârm sensin,  
You're the saint of saints, my lord,
Tanrı'nın arslanı, Ali'ın gel yetiş,  
God's lion, come, hurry, my Ali,
*Dört kitabın sırrı, esrarı sensin.  
Refr. You're the secret and mystery of four books.\textsuperscript{139}
Refr. God's lion, my Ali, come, hurry!

Sensin cümlelerin gaybun bilici,  
You're the knower of all that's lost,
Sensin mümünlere yardım kılıcı,  
You're the helping sword of the true believers,
Kamu düşmülerin elin alcı.  
You take the hand of all the downcast. \textit{Refr.}
Hem Ali'ın hem Veli'ın Hzirsin,  
You're Ali and Veli and Hizir as well,
Hakkın emriyle aleme hazırsı,  
You are ready for God's command,
İsmin sözlandığı yerde hazırsı. \textit{Refr.}  
Wherever your name is mentioned, you turn up there. \textit{Refr.}

\textsuperscript{139} The four sacred books are: the Pentateuch, the Book of Psalms, The Gospels and the Koran.
№ 315. Nefes. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Bakma isyanma çoktur günahım,
Eriş imdadıma […]/Eriştiği gökler feryadım ahım,
Hey, benim devletli hürmetli şahım. Refr.
Genç Abdal’ım okur ilm-i hikmetten,
Aşkın çuş eyledi bahş-i kudretten,
Tut elinden kurtar beni zulmetten. Refr.

Don’t regard my protests, my sins are numerous,
Help me […]/My praying and wailing reaches heaven,
Oh, my almighty respected Shah Refr.
My Genç Abdal is reading from divine knowledge,
Your love has overflowed the ocean,
Hold my hand, save me from the darkness. Refr.

№ 315. Nefes. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Karşıda görünen ne güzel yayla;140
Bir dem süremedim dostlar, giderim böyle,
Ela gözlü pirim sen himmet eyle,
Refr. Biz de bu yayladan dostlar Şaha gideriz
Bir bölük turnaya sökün dediler,
Yürekteki derdi dostlar dökün dediler,
Yayladan ötesi yakın dediler. Refr.

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.
And we’ll go to the Shah from this summer pasture,
And we’ll go to the Saint from the summer pasture!
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.
A flock of cranes were shooed away,
Throw out the sorrow from your hearts, my friends,
The place beyond the summer pasture is near, they said. Refr.

Dost elinden dolu içmiş değilim,
Üstü kan kopuklu dostlar neşe seliyim,
Ben bir yol ehlisi yol sefiliyim. Refr.
Alınmış abdestim aldırsılar,
Kılınmış namazım dostlar kıldırsılar,
Sizde Şah diyeni öldürürseler. 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.
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 dönüşmez,
Gözlerim de Şah yolundan ayrılmaz. Refr.

My Pir Sultan Abdal, this world is not livable,
The one that has departed will never return, my friends,
I won’t take my eyes off the Shah’s way. Refr.

140 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 çevrümü ondan ötürü.
Refr. Sevdikçe sevesim gelir pirimi.

Sevdikçe severim ben onu çoktan,
Sevgisin Allah verir hiç yoktan,
Geçerim varımdan ayrılmam Haktan. Refr.

El ele el hakka buyurdu Allah,
Inandım pirime Allah eyvallah,
Pirim Allah dostum Allah. Refr.

Genç Abdal’ım Sultan sunucu buldu,
Cennet bahçesinde gonca bir güldür,
Pirim nazar kul sanma delidir. Refr.

№ 320. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Bülbülün hali bir mana aldı,
Gönül evini figana saldı,
Geçtikçe nämlichm efkara daldı,
Refr. Men de erenler şatırm, da kaldım,
Men de kardaslar şatırm, da kaldım.

Issız erenler meydan kurarlar,
Meydan üstüne devran sürüler,
Gizli ummayı saka tutarlar. Refr.

Bir yüzü adem, adem yüzünde,
Allahta adem, adem yüzünde,
Bana dediler sen bul özünde. Refr.

Müşküle muraacat, hastaya vacid,
Kalmadı sinemde tahriri necad,
Kalmadı gönlümde eski icazet. Refr.
№ 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 dildçe.

Hep turnalar gibi yüksek uçarsın,
Kanadıyla halka rahmet saçarsın,
Abu Kevser¹⁴¹ şarabından içersin. Refr.

Hep turnalar gibi yüksek uçarsın,
Kanadıyla halka rahmet saçarsın,
Abu Kevser¹⁴¹ şarabından içersin. Refr.

¹⁴¹ Kevser: ‘a pool or pond in Paradise’ (Birge 1937: 266).

¹⁴² The same line in another nefes (Eyuboğlu 1993: 99) sounds like this: „Aşk  padişah Muhhammed vezir“. 

№ 322. Mersiye. Sefer Çalışkan (1925 İştip, Macedonya), Zeytinburnu

Akıl padişahı, gönül vezirdir,¹⁴²
Bu can tendon eğken, hazır nazırdır, hazır nazırdır,
Yelkenlerim açık, gemim hazır, hazır nazırdır,
Refr. Aman seher vakıti uyan gözlerim, uyan gözlerim.

Gemimin tahtası işlemez oldu,
İşiten kulaklar işitmez oldu,
Bu söyleyen diller söylemez oldu, söylemez oldu. Refr.

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№ 323. Kırklar semahı, Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953), İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Adım adım Hak yoluna varaydım,  
Güvercinlik derler şara vardin mı, Hü, vardin mı?  
Ali’nin durduğu, da, Hü, yeri gördün mü?  
Şah’ın durduğu, da, Hü, yeri gördün mü?  
Güvercinlik derler şara vardin mı, Hü, vardin mı?

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?

Adım adım Hak yoluna varaydım.  
Refr. Güvercinlik derler şara vardin mı?

Refr. Have you reached the town said to be round-towered?

Ali’nin olduğu yeri gördün mü?  
Şah’ın olduğu yeri gördün mü?

Have you seen the place where Ali was?  
Have you seen the place where the Shah was standing?

Fatma derler Hasan Hüseyin’in annesi,  
Birden solmaz ol elinin kınası, kınası,  
Oniki imamların sohbet annesi.

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. Refr.

Ben bir civan idim da Hü, gezdim dağılarda,  
Turab olup tozarm da tozlarda/ayazlarda tozarm,  
Kamberime torba kana /candan bezerim. Refr.

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. Refr.

Ulu bezirganı gelip geçtin mi?  
Türlü kumaşları alıp sattın mı?  
Hamza pehlivanla güreş tuttun mı? Refr.

Have you seen the famous merchant?  
Have you traded in your textiles?  
Have you wrestled with Hamza, the wrestler? Refr.

Seksen konak derler de Hü,  
Orda kafi yoktur Müslüman çoktur,  
Bu diyarda Kırklar olsa da hakkı? Refr.

The place is called eighty lodgings,  
There’s no infidel, there are a lot of Muslims,  
The words of the Forty are valid here. Refr.

Abdal Pir Sultanım da Hü, incitmevin demi,  
Şah Sultanım incitmevin demi,  
Üstümüzden eksik etme doluyu,  

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. Refr.
No 332. Nefes. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Arz eleyip yola girsem,  
O mubarek yüzün görsem,  
Eşiğine yüzüm sürsem, Demir Babam.  

Refr. Hü Hü Hü, Hü, gizli Sultanım.  

If I were 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.

Mutfağında kaynar aşı,  
Odur erenlerin başı,  
Hüseyin Baba’nın kardaşı Demir Babam. Refr.

Food is being cooked in your kitchen,  
He’s the greatest of saints,  
Husain Baba’s brother, my Demir Baba. Refr.

Refr.

Çevre yanı yeşil dağlar,  
Ortasında ırmak çağlar,  
Dertli Katip durmaz ağlar, Demir Babam. Refr.

Green mountains around him,  
With a babbling river in the middle,  
Dertli Katip’s crying desperately, my Demir Baba. Refr.

Refr.

No 333. Nefes. Hanife Konbal (1947), Çeşmekolu

Muhabet kapısını açayım dersen,  
Açan da açtır Ali’dir, Ali,  
Hakkin cemalini göreyim dersen,  
Gören de gösteren 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.

Refr.

Muhammed Mustafa cihan serveri,  
Cihanda açılır bu yolun sırrı,  
Kimseler bilmezdi Ali’den gayrı,  
Bilen de bildiren Ali’dir 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.

Refr.

Münkirin askeri Şam’a çekildi,  
Mümün olanlara nağme yazıldı,  
Kırkların ceminde şerbet ezildi,  

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.

Refr.

Gel derviş kardeş düşme inada,  
Safi lül gönlünü olasın sade,  
Terk eyle benliği eriş murada,  
Eren de erdiren Ali dir 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.

Refr.

Fahri kainattır kırkların başı,  
Onu bilmeyenin nice olur işi,  
Bosnevi akıttı gözünden yaşဝ,  

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.

Muhabbet kapısın açayım dersen,
Açan da açtıran Ali'dir, Ali,
Açan da açtıran Şahımdır, Alim,
Hakk'ın cemalini göreyim dersen,
Gören de gösteren Ali'dir, Ali,
Gören de gösteren Şahımdır, Ali.

If you say, let me open the gate of nice conversation,
The one that opens and the one that has it opened are both Ali, Ali.
If you say, let me see God's face,
The one that is looking and the one that lets it be seen are both Ali, Ali,
The one that is looking and the one that lets it be seen are both my Shah Ali.

Muhammed Mustafa cihan serveri,
Miraçta açılır bu yoluń sırrı,
Kimseler bilmezdi Alimden gayrı,
Kimseler bilmezdi Şahimden gayrı,
Bilen de bildiren Ali'dir, Ali.

Muhammad Mustafa rules this world,
The secret of this way was revealed during his Ascension.
No one knew it but Ali/my Shah
The one that knows it and the one that reveals it are both Ali, Ali.

Gel, derviş ol kardeş, düşme inada,
Safi kıl gönlünü, olasın sade,
Benliği terk eyle, eriş murada,
Eren de erdiren Ali'dir/Şahımdır Ali.

Come brother, become a dervish, don't be obstinate,
Clean your heart, let it be pure,
Give up selfishness, reach the goal,
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,
Mümün olanlar/kardeşlere nağme yazılıdı,
Kırların ceminde şerbet ezildi,

The host of infidels retreated to Damascus,
Eulogies were written to the believers.
Sherbet was made in the meeting of the Forty,
The one that made it and the one that had it made are both Ali, Ali.

Fahri kainattır Kırkların başı,
Onu bilmineyin güz olur işi,
Bosnevi akıttı gözünden yaş,
Akan da aktratan Ali'dir Ali,
Akan da aktratan Şahımdır Ali.

The glory of the world143 is the head of the Forty,
The one that doesn't know it will have it hard.
Bosnevi let his tears fall,
The one that fell and the one that let them fall are both Ali, Ali.
The one that fell and the one that let them fall are both my Shah Ali.

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143 The glory of the world is the Prophet, in Yaltırık's book „Muhammed Ali’dır”.
№ 335. Düvazdeh nefesi. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir

Muhabbet açılsın, cemal görülüsin,
Muhammed, Mustafa güllü aşkına,
Hasan Hüseyin’in demi sürülşün,
Hatice, Fatıma güllü aşkına.

Zeynel Abidin'i severiz candan,
Muhammed Bakır’i ziyade ondan,
Erenler buyurmuş ikrar imandan,
Dönmeyelim Cafer yolu aşkına.

Musa-yi Kâzım' dan Ali Riza’ya,
İmam Taki Naki sırrı Hüda’ya,
Hasan-ül askeri mehdi livâya,
Cümlemiz demişiz beli aşkına.

Kaldır saki başın yüzün görelim,
Aslınu neslinizi bilelim,
Abdal Musa Sultan demi sürelim,
Doldur heman doldur dolu aşkına.

Fehmiye’mi alemde bir kemter geda,
Rah-i erenlerden olmazam cuda,
Canımız cümlemiz kilarız feda,
Hünkâr Hacı Bektaş Veli Aşkına.

№ 337. Nefes Şükruye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliğaç

Kim ne bilir bizi, biz ne soydanız,
Ne bir zerre ot ne od sudanız.
Bizim hususumuz marifet söyler,
Biz Horasan mülkündeki boydanız.
Yedi derya bizim keşkulümüzde,
Hacim umman oldu biz o goldeniz,
Hizir Ilyas bizim yoldaşımızdır,
Ne zerrece günden ne od aydanız.

Who would know us, who would know which race we belong to?
We're neither from grass, nor from fire or water,
Our main characteristic is knowledge,
There are seven seas in our hat,
We're from the lake that's as big as the ocean,
Hizir Ilyas is our fellow traveller,
We're neither from sun, nor from moon.

144 Elsewhere the poet is given as Vasfi (O. B. 181), (Oytan 1970: 472).
145 Cafer-i Sadık, 'Jafer the Truthful' was the sixth imam of the twelve.
146 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,\(^{147}\)
Bizim zahmımıza merhem bulunmaz,
Biz Kudret okuna gizli yaydanız.

Musa Tur'da durup münacat\(^{148}\) eyler,
Neslimiz sorarsan asl o oddanız,
Abdal Musa oldum geldim cihana,
Arıfanlar bizi nice sırdanız,

Moses is praying to God on Mount Tabor,
If you ask about our origin, we're from that fire,
I became Abdal Musa, I came into the world,
We wise men are from several secrets!

\(^{147}\) 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 14th-century Şeyyad Hamza.

\(^{148}\) Münacat: ‘inner, silent, breathed prayer to God.’
Eğer ben göğeririp bostan olursam,  
Şu halkın dile dostlar destan olursam,  
Kara toprak senden üstün olursam. 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.  

Bir bölük turnaya sökün dediler,  
Yürekteki derdi dostlar dökün dediler,  
Yayladan ötesi yakın dediler. Refr.  

Disperse a flock of cranes,  
Let the sorrow flow out from your hearts,  
We quickly cross the summer pasture. Refr.  

Alınmış abdestim aldırırlarsa,  
Kılınmış namazım dostlar kıldırirlarsa,  
Sizde Şah diyeni öldürürlerse. 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.  

Dost elinden dolu içmiş değilim,  
Üstü kan köpüklü dostlar neşesi seliyim,  
Ben bir yol ehliyim yol sefiliyim. 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.  

Pir Sultan/Şahım benim Abdalım dünya durulmaz,  
Gitti giden ömür dostlar geri dönülmez,  
Gözlerim de Şah yolundan ayrılmaz. 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.  

No 341. Semah. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953), İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça
№ 342. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kilavuzlu

Bir bölük turnaya sökün dediler,
Yürekteki derdileri dökün dediler,
Yaylandan 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 eliyim, yol şefiliyim. Refr.

Alınmış abdestim aldırılsa.
Kılınmış namazım dostlar kaldırlarsa,
Sizde Şah diyeni öldürürlerse. Refr.

Pir Sultan/Şah Sultan Abdal dünya durul-maz,
Gitti giden ömrüm dostlar geri dönülmez,
Gözlerim de Şah yolundan ayrılmaz. Refr.


Açıldı gözüme marifalı babı,
Hakikat şehrinde mihmanım oldu,
Hacı Bektaş Veli bizi düşürme,
Güzel cemalinin hayranı oldum.

Üçler beşler sıra sıra geldiler,
Cennetin fi rdevsinin nair oldular,
Kaderlinin dertlerine bade sundular,
Katıldığım erlerin kervani oldum,
Bizi eleştirdi, ikrarı verdik,
Hakkun didarını murada gördük.

Galletten kuntulduk insana erdik,
Erişim bu cemi erkanım oldu,
Ilhan Abdal bildim sırını,
Yaralı gönlümü sardı/çaldı melhemi,
Verdiler destino 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 Bektaş 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,
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._

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.149

_Türülü donlar giyer gülden naziktir,_  
_Bülbül cevr eyleme güle yazıktır,_  
Çok hasretlik çektim bağrım eziktir,_  
_Güle güle gelir canlar paresi._

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.

_Benim uzun boylu selvi çınarım,_  
_Yüreğime bir od düşmüş yanarım, yanarım,_  
_Kıblem sensin gönlümü sana dönerim,_  
_Kıblemımdır iki kaşın arası._

My slender-built cedar,  
My heart is inflamed, I am burning,  
You are my Kible,150 I turn my heart towards you,  
My mihrap151 is the gap between your two eyebrows.

_Pir/Sah Sultan Abdal’ım yüksek uçarsın,_  
_Selamsız sabahsız gelir geçersin,_  
_Aşık/Kardeş muhabbetten niçin kaçarsın,_  
_Böyle midir yolunuzun töresi._

My Pir/Shah Sultan Abdal, you fly high,  
You pass by without greeting,  
Brother, why do you escape from the nice conversation,  
Is it the fashion in your country?

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 № 345. **Nefes.** Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzu152

_Sevdim seni mabuduma,_152  
_Canan diye sevdim,_  
_Bir ben değil alem 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.

_Evlad-ı iyalden geçerek,_  
_Ravzana geldim,_  
_Ahlakını meth etmeden,_  
_Kur’an diye sevdim._

Growing up from the dreamworld of a child,  
I arrived at your heavenly garden,  
Not praising your morals,  
I loved you like the Quran.

_Mahşerde nebiler bile,_  
_Senden medet ister,_  
_Gül yüzü mülekler sana,_  
_Hayran diye sevdim._

On Doomsday even the prophets  
Ask you for help,  
Rose-faced angels  
Admire you passionately.

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149 Hz. Ali is addressed by most diverse names including pet names like _dost_ ‘friend’ or _shah_ to express their love.  
151 _Mihrap_ is a recess in the mosques indicating the direction of Mecca. See Redhouse (1974: 776)  
152 _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.’
Arıfelermeth euler ıkken
Cemali fakir,
Hep nurlara gark ola ben,
Viczdan diye sevdim.
Kurbanın olam Şah-i resul,
Kovma kapından,
Didarına müştak oluben,
Yezdan diye sevdim.
Bülbül de senin bağıryanık,
Mest-i nigarn,
Yanmışı 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 mihmanın ol Gül Baba, Gül Baba.
Gözlerimin nuru, Şahım, Gül Baba, Gül Baba.
Kan revandır gözümüzde yaşımız, yaşımız,
Şükür bir araya geldik beşimiz, beşimiz,
Şimdén gürüh Hü, demektir işimiz, işimiz Refr.
Geleydi akh köse bürunsün, bürunsün,
İstekliye hak muradını verisın, verisın,
Server Muhammed’in güzel nuruşun, nuruşun.
Refr.
Pir/şah Sultan Abdal’ım çekerler yasın hem yass,
Turnada kalmıştır senin gözyaşın,
Geleydi aklim 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 together!
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 Muhammad. 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 ölüyorum,
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 Hak’ın nesidir. Refr.

Bu yurt senin değil konar göçersin,
Ali’nin dolusun bir gün içersin,
Körpe kuzulardan nasıl geçersin.
Refr.

Ilgıt ilgıt 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 çalmaza yeralar azar. Refr.

№ 348. Nefes. Ahmet Uçar (1939 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Erenler toplanır meydanımıza,
Yok meydani değil var meydanıdır.
Hakikat söylenir erkanımızda,
Var meydani değil er meydanıdır.

Halife ahirette neyle yüdüler,
Ölmeden öleni neye koydular,
Ölen üçler beşler kırklar yediler,
Ört elin eteğin sir meydanıdır.

Erenler toplanır meydanımıza,
Yok meydani değil var meydanıdır.
Hakikat söylenir erkanımızda,
Var meydani değil er meydanıdır.

Halife ahirette neyle yüdüler,
Ölmeden öleni neye koydular,
Ölen üçler beşler kırklar yediler,
Ört elin eteğin sir 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 erkanı yolu bulasın,
UmmanSan zerreyle taşp dolasın,
Enel-hak diyenin bilip mevlasın,
Çek çevir kendine kar meydanı,
Yol açık gönlünde aşkı bulana,
Dört kapıyi kırk makamı bilene,
Aldanmaz ahiretten gelen yalana,
Kör meydanı değil, gör meydanıdır.

Aşık Bedri Noyan gerçek er ise,
Ustadı uğruna feda yar ise,
Mansur’un katına erem der ise,
Urganı boynunda dar meydanıdır.

153 Used to be the former dedebaba prior to the present one, Ali Haydar Ercan.
Doğdum iki anadan,
Mürşüdümümethedem,
Korkum yoktur kimden. **Refr.**

Mürşüdüm nefes eden,
Rehberim himmet eden,
Kimdir beni tanedem. **Refr.**

Oda düştüm yanmazam,
Çerağ olup sönmegem,
Ben bu yoldan dönersem. **Refr.**

Münüre şahın kulu,
Ben da Kızıl Deli,
Gönülüm aşkıyla dolu. **Refr.**

Erkanında zindeyim,
Zahitlere handeyim.
**Refr.** Hayderiyem Hayderi.
Boynu bağlı bendeyim.
**Refr.**

Pirimdir nefes eren,
Şahım beni ezelden. **Refr.**
Korkum yoktur kimden. **Refr.**

Erkaniylen doluyum,
Yol ehlinin kuluyum. **Refr.**

Ben bir erin oğluyum,
Doğdum iki anadan,
Mürşüdümün yad eden. **Refr.**

Kimdir beni tanedent? **Refr.**
Oda girmeden yanmazam,
Çırağ olumun sönmegem. **Refr.**

Mürşüdümünden 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.**

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154 See footnote 113.
№ 355. Nefes. Emrullah Yılmazgüğ (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Otman Baba dergahını sorarsan,
Dergahı cennettir Otman Babanın,
Meydani güzeldir kani sultanın.
Eşiğine baş vurup yatan abdallar,
Dergahı cennettir Otman Babanın,
Meydani güzeldir kani sultanın.

If you ask about Otman Baba’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, Tahsin Berber (1947 Eskicuma), Zeytinburnu

Seyyah oldum şu alemde gezerken,
Şükür olsun Hak’a ihsanı buldum,
Alemler içinde mürşit ararken,
Gönül tekkesinde sultanı 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.

Deryada gezegen çiftim karaya,
Mevlam emir etti geldim buraya,
Melhem ister yürekteki yaraya,
Cerrahlar içinde Lokman’ı buldum.

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.

Deryada gezegen çiftim bir uca,
Ne gündüzüm gündüz, ne gecem gece,
Muhammed Ali’nin doğduğu gece,
Kesilmiş biçilmiş kaftanı buldum.

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.

Oruç neden bunu böyle söyledi?
Söyledi de yine kendi anladı,
Güvercinlik derler yalan dünyaya,
Sürümüş savrulmuş harmanı buldum.

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,
Hüseyinê kurban olalım,
Aşk meydanda dönelim,
Fani dünyanın geçelim.

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.

Birlikte yoldaş olalım,
Hüseyinê kurban olalım,
Gönlümüzü saf edelim.

Let’s become fellow travellers,
Sacrifices for Husain,
Let’s purify our hearts.

Refr. Hüseyinê kurban olalım,
Hüseyinê kurban verelim.

Refr. Let’s sacrifice ourselves for Husain,
Let’s make a sacrifice for Husain!

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.  
Refr. Let’s enter the holy place, let’s whirl.

Aşkın yoluna erelim,  
Fani dünyadan göçelim,  
Birlikte yoldaş olalım. Refr.  
Refr. Let’s take love’s way,  
Let’s leave this transitory world.  
Let’s become fellow travellers. 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 Devletliağaç), Kırklareli

Pir Sultan’ım, şu dünyaya,  
Dolu geldim, dolu benim,  
Bilmeyenler bilsin beni,  
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 gönil coşma,  
Coşup ta kazandan taşma.  
Üçyüz altmış tane çeşme,  
Serçeşmenin güllü 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 imami 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.

[Khıcım kırk arıç uzar,  
Münkiri kökünü kazar,  
Çarşı pazarlarda genir,  
Dedikleri deli benim.]  
[My sword can reach as far as forty arsin,  
Stubbing the infidels without fail,  
Walking in bazars and markets.]  

Pir Sultan kapıda kuldur,  
Bunu bilmek müşkil haldır,  
Ali’nin ihsani 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.

156 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).

157 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**
Don't touch it, don't pluck the string.

**incit,**

**Eğer çekemezen aşkın sazını Allah,**
If you can't stand the voice of love,

**Ne dikene doku ne güülü incit, Allah ne güülü**
Don't touch the thorn or the rose either.

**incit,**

**Bülbülü dinle ki gelesin coşa Allah,**
Listen to the nightingale, cheer up,

**Karganın nağınesi gider mi hoşça Allah, gider**
Who would like the croak of the crow?

**mi hoşça?**

**Meyvasız ağacı sallama boşa Allah,**
Don't shake the fruitless tree in vain,

**Ne yaprağa dokun, ne dalı incit Allah ne dalı**
Don't touch its leaves or branches either.

**incit.**

**Gel haktan ayrılma hakkı seversen Allah,**
Come, don't leave the way, if you love God,

**Gönüller tamir et ehl-i dil isen Allah, ehl-i dil**
Heal the hearts if you're eloquent.

**isen.**

**Hakikat şehrine yolcu değilsen Allah,**
If you are not headed for the town of God,

**Ne yolcu dakun, ne yolı incit Allah, ne yolı**
Don't hurt the traveller or the road either.

**incit.**


№ 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.

**Refr.: Allah, Allah, eyvallah,**
**Refr.: Allah, Allah, thanks to you,**

**La ilâhe illallah,**
**There's no God other than Allah,**

**Ali mürşid güzel Şah,**
**Ali's the spiritual leader, the good Shah,**

**Şah meydanda eyvallah,**
**The Shah's in the holy place, thanks to you,**

**La ilâhe 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

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158 The strophe is published by Melikoff (1998: 205) with minor differences.

Şah bezirgana giderken,
Katarına uydur beni,
Elden ayaktan düşmüşüm,
Tut elimden kaldır beni.

Şah, when you go to the merchant,
Take me in your army,
I fell to the ground, I collapsed,
Hold my hand, raise me up.

Tut elimden düşmeyeyim,
Doğru yoldan şaşmayayım,
Ben derdimi deşmeyeyim,
Şaha Böyle bildir beni.

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.

Şahımın yolları birdir,
Gecesi bana gündüzdür,
Şahım orda yalnızdır,
Send me away, don't trifle with me.

Gel derdime derman eyle,
Hakk katında ferman eyle,
Al, git, Şaha, kurban eyle,
Bring remedy for my trouble,
Bring an order from God,
Go to the Shah, make a sacrifice,
Sacrifice me on God's way.

Haydaroğlu Şahın kulu,
Koyma elden doğru yolu,
Şah bize süphane ederse,
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, Klavuzlu

Muhabbet açılsın cemal görünsün,
Muhammed Mustafa Ali aşıkna,
Hasan Hüseyin’ in demi sürüsün,
Hatice Fatima güülü aşıkna, Şahım aşıkna.

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!

Zeynel Abidin’i severiz candan,
Muhammed Bakır’ı ziyade ondan, ziyade ondan
Erenler buyurmuş ikrar ımandan,
Dönüneyelim Cafer yolu aşkına, yolu aşkına.

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.

Musa-ı Kazım’den Ali Riza’ya,
Taki Veli Naki sırrı Hüdaya, sırrı Hüdaya,
Hasan’tın askeri Mehdi Liva’ya,
Cümlemiz demişiz beli aşkına, Ali aşkına.

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,
Aslimizi 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, Vasıf’yaım 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), Devletliağaç
Yürü, bire, ey, yalan dünya,¹⁵⁹
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
Alem yüzüne saldı ziya Ali, Muhammed,
Seyfin şak edip geldi yine Ali, Muhammed,
Nadan ne bilir dana bilir Ali, Muhammed.
Seyyin Nesimi methin okur şamü seherde. Refr.

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,
Saint Nesimi is praising you night and day. Refr.

Çün Mehdi zuhur ede nihan kalmaya perde,
O haricileri kesse gerek tği teberle,
Seyyit Nesimi methin okur şamü seherde. Refr.

When Mahdi¹⁶⁰ arrives, his secret will be revealed,
He’ll massacre the strangers, using an axe if needed,

¹⁵⁹ 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).

¹⁶⁰ See footnote 146 above.
№ 387. Nefes. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Kuzular, kuzular, Hü, nazlı kuzular,
Gönül aşk edince Hü, Hü, Hü, kalbım sızar.
Zalum felek yazımuş, Hü, böyle yazılar.
Refr. Bizde gönül buna Hü, Hü, böyle mi yanar?

Siz hangi koyunun kuzususunuz,
Alınızda kara Hü, yazı mısınız?
Yoksa gönüllerde Hü, sizi mısınız? Refr.

Biraz seyran edip Hü gözlemediniz,
Ulumuz vardır deyip özlemediniz,
Kapıyı açıp ta Hü, hiç gelmediniz. Refr.

Mehdi baba buna Hü, böyle sızar,
Geçti artık bahar Hü, gelmez o yazar,
Erisin bu karlar Hü, çözülün buzlar. 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 mı?
Ne sorarsan hey derviş,
Anam babam topraktır.

Sordum sarı çiğdeme, çiğdeme,
Yer altında ne yersin?
Ne sorarsan hey derviş,
Kudret lokmusu yirem.

Sordum sarı çiğdeme, çiğdeme,
Oğlan olmuş, oğlan öldü,
Ne sorarsan hey derviş,
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), Kızılcıkdere

Başına gıyımı altın taç gibi,  
Ensesine dökülmüş siyah saç 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,  
Refr. Alas, my Abdal Musa, don't make me cry,  
Don't send me to a place where I'm terrified.

Pir Sultanım saçlarını saçacak,  
Koparmadım ancak kokladım çiçek,  
Pir Sultan Muhammed Ali’ye oldum ya köçek.

My Pir Sultan unbraided my hair,  
I couldn't pluck the flower, I only kept smelling it,  
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’ım kalkın aşalım,  
Aşıp yüce dağı engin düşelim,  
Fazla yedik içtik helallaşalım. Refr.

I'm Pir Sultan Abdal, come on, let's start,  
Let's cross the mountain and descend to the plain,  
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.  
Muratladım insana, ocak açtım erenler.

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,  
I longed for human beings, I opened a house of prayer, holy people!

Uyardım çerağımı kurban ettim koçları,  
Bu gönlü sultanları size geldi erenler.  
Mihman geldi sultanlar, giyinip 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, holy people.

161 Robe of honour (Redhouse 1974: 580).
Sultanlar cem olurdu, ayını cemi kurduklar,
Size berat verdiler sancak açtı erenler.

Emek verdim yoruldum, her yerde soruldum,
Dervişî müşit oldu, Hasan baba erenler.

Hüseyin sözü açtı, bir yudum kevser içti,
Çok şükür bu da geçti, kutlu olsun erenler!

The sultans came together, held a worship service
They gave you land, they also gave you legal power, holy people.
I worked a lot, I got tired, I was called to account for everything,
Hasan Baba was a dervish, he became a religious leader, holy people.

Husain started talking, took a sip of the heavenly drink,
Thanks to God, this has also happened, may he be blessed, holy people!

№ 393. Nefes. Veli Ay (1934 Tatlıpınar), Kırklareli

Erenlerin cemine.
Refr. Sefa geldik, hoş bulduk.
Kırların sürdürdüğü deme. Refr.

Üçler ile görüştük,
Yedilere kavuştuğ,
Neslimize eriştük. Refr.

Neslimiz Ali baba,
Yoluna canlar feda.
Bu güzel muhabbet. Refr.

Ey muhibbi hanedan
Cümlemiz burda bir can.
Bir bu haneye mihman. Refr.

Devrîş Hasan'ın karı,
Muhabbetir her varı
Görmek için canları. Refr.

To the community of the enlightened
Refr. We've come with peace, it's a pleasure to see you,
Refr. To the drink of the Forty. Refr.

We've met the Three,
We've found the Seven,
We've come across relations. Refr.

Ali Baba's our relation,
Many sacrifice themselves on his way,
For this nice conversation. Refr.

Oh, beloved ruler,
Here we're all one soul,
Guests in this house. Refr.

The deed of Hasan Dervish,
He's got nothing but love,
So we can see the believers. Refr.


Erenlerin cemine.
Refr. Sefa geldik, hoş bulduk,
Kırların sürüdüğü deme. Refr.

Yedilere karşıstück,
Üçler ile görüstück,
Neslimize eriştik. Refr.

To the community of the holy people.
Refr. Thanks to God, we've arrived,
Refr. For the holy drink of the Forty. Refr.

We mingled with the Seven,
We met with the Three,
We met our descendants. Refr.
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 var
Derviş Yunun'un kanı,
Görmek için didarı. Refr.


Oynayan alemde her dem
Sırr-ı sübhandir Ali.
Şab-i Merdan, sırr-ı Yezdan,
Kutb-ü devrandır, Ali.

Zahiri bu görünen
Seyran onun sýyranتدريب.
Batının da genci maül
Sırr-ı sübhandır, Ali.

Zahir-i batin hakikat,
Oynayın cumbüz onun,
Fark eder alem içere,
Özge sýyran kıdrı Ali.

Gösterir esrari her yüzden,
Veli ol padişah,
Okur isen mektebinde,
İlm-ü irfandır Ali.

Bilmek isteren bu sırrı,
Nefsine sen arif ol,
Kıl teveccüh Ali ya,
Bu dilde mihmandar, Ali.

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.

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 Derviş (1931), Kızılcıkdere

İmam Hüseyin'in yaşıdır deyu,  
Imam Husain's mourning, they said,
Durmayıp arkadaş ister kanı.  
Without a halt, my friend, it wants blood.
Imam Huseyin'in kanıdır deyu  
Imam Husain's blood, they said.
Lanet olsun Y ezidlerin canına,  
Curse upon the Yezids,163
Kıydı Y ezit imamların sazına?  
They massacred the prophet's successor,
Kesik baş162 götürdüler meydanda,  
They took his severed head to the holy place,
İmam Hüseyin'in başıdır deyu.  
Imam Husain's head, they said.

№ 397. *Nefes*. Veli Ay (1934 Tatlıpınar), Kırklareli

Erenlerin cemine  
To the community of the enlightened
Sefa geldik, hoş bulduk.  
We've come with peace, it's a pleasure to see you.
Kırların sürdüğü deme  
For the drink of the Forty
Sefa geldik, hoş bulduk.  
We've come in peace, it's a pleasure to see you.

Ey muhibbi hanedan,  
Ah, beloved ruler,
Cümlemiz burda bir can  
Here we're all one soul,
Bız bu haneye mihman,  
To this house
Sefa geldik, hoş bulduk.  
We've come as guests, good morning!
Devrış Hasan'ın kari,  
The treasure of Hasan dervish,
Muhabbettir efk arı,  
His goal is nice conversation,
Görmek için canları  
We've come to see our fellow believers,
Sefa geldik, hoş bulduk.  
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

162 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.

163 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 sırına ermemeyen aşık,
Marifet babından geçmeyen aşık,
Hakikatta kamil sayılmaz asla.

An ashik that knows nothing about the canon law,165
That is unable to grab the secrets of mysticism,
That doesn't know spiritualism,
Will never excel in justice.

Dört kapı kırk makamı164 görmeyen,
Mirac-ı hakikat nedir bilmeyen,
Muhammed Ali’ye secde etmeyen,
İblisin teati hebadır heba.

He who doesn't go across the forty levels of the four gates,
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.

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,

Turnalar, turnalar, da, telli turnalar, turnalar,
turnalar.

Cranes, cranes, beautiful cranes, cranes, cranes.

№ 408. Nefes. Halil Bulut (1919 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Kılarız namaz, kilmayız değil,
Biz Hakk’ın emrini bilmeyiz değil,
Kuran kitabımdız, İslam dinimiz,
Hadisen ayetleri, almayız değil,
İsteyip izini bulmazız 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.

İsteyip izini bulmazız değil.

Night and day we long for your true knowledge,
We immerse in your sea with love,
Wholeheartedly we turn to your mihrap,166
Bow our heads in the direction of the Kaaba,

Bir zaman güleriz gülmeyiz değil.

Sometimes we laugh, why shouldn’t we?

164 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 (tarikat, şeriat, marifet, hakikat) you may have the chance to identify with God.
165 Şeriat, tarikat, marifet, hakikat are the dört kapı or the four main pillars of Islam.
166 See footnote 151 above.
№ 409. *Nefes.* Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Gurbet elde bir hal geldi başıma.  
*Refr.* Ağlama gözlərim, Mevləm kerimdir.  
Derman arar ikən derde düş oldum,  
Huma kuşu yere düştü ölümədi,  
Dunya Sultan Suleyman'ə kalmadı,  
Yare gideydim nasıp olmadı. *Refr.*

Alınma yazılımiş kara yazılar,  
Annesiz olur mu körpe kuzular?  
O yari andıça cigerim sizlar.  
*Refr.*

Pir Sultanım/Sah efendim Haydar böyle buyurdu,  
Ayrılık ispabı yuydu giyildi,  
Ben ayrılmaz idim felek ayırtdı. *Refr.*

№ 410. *Nefes.* Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

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 burial garment was prepared, I was washed and wrapped in it,  
I am not leaving. I said, fate's taking me away. *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 yar bulamadım.  
Yaralandım al kanlara boyandım,  
Yaralarım derman bulmalı yar.

Kamil olan neyler altın akçayı,  
Vücudunda seyr eyledim bahçeyi,  
Dosta el değmedik nar bulamadım.

Güzellerin zülfü destedir, deste,  
Erenler oturmuş Hak için posta,  
Bir zaman sağ gezdim bir zaman hasta,  
Hastada halin nedir diyen bulamadım.

Felek kırdı benim kolum kanadım,  
Baykuş gibi viranda tünedim kaldım,  
Bugün üç güzelin nabzını sınadım,  
Can feda yoluna dermanı bulamadım.

Felek benim kurulu yayımı yastı,  
Her köşe başında yolumu kesti,  
Keskin kadeh ilen dolusun içtim,  
Yandı yüreciğim kar bulamadım.

Pir Sultan Abdal'ım dağlar ben olsam,  
Üstü de mor sümbülü bağlar ben olsam.  
Alem çiçek olsa, arı ben olsam,  
Dost dilinden tatlı bal bulamadım.

№ 413. Nefes. Şükrüye Çakır (1969 Ahmetler), Devletliağaç

Beylerimiz elvan gülün üstüne,  
Eler gelir Pirim Abdal Musa'ya,  
Urum Abdalları postun eğnine,  
Dağlar gelir Pirim Abdal Musa'ya.

Our lords hunt for coulourful roses,  
Saints come to our saint Abdal Musa,  
Abdals of Rum put hide on their backs  
Mountains come to our saint Abdal Musa.

167 Old Kipchak özge: ‘başka, başkası’ (Kavâni). Old Turkish özge: ‘other, other than, different’ (Clauson 1972: 285)
Abdals from Rum come with the name of the “friend” 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 Kızılcıklı 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 Kızılcıklı 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 Kızılcıklı Baba. 

My Ali took his Zulfi kar 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 Kızılcıklı Baba crying. 

169 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 floc, le manteau, le peau de mouton (post) / Les malades viennent leur demander la guérison. / Les gens bien portants vont chez mon maitre, Abdal Musa.) 
170 God is mentioned as “Friend”. 
171 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.

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 welcomed by Him.

Beşini tutana ande pak olur,
Altısın tutana yollar ayrılmaz,
Yedisin tutuna sual sorulmaz,
Sekizin tutana azap buyurulmaz.

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,

Dokuzun tutana ıspap yuyuldu,
Onunda pak oldu ıspap giyildi,
Onbirini tutana kurban buyuruldu,
Onikisin tutan aşı kaynadı.

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.

Pir Sultanım/Şah efendim yüreklerim gülmedi,
Pir Sultan/Lord Shah, I wasn't happy,
Ahiret/cennet evlerine bile yolladı,
Yet I was sent to the other world/heaven,
Aşık olan aşık böyle söyledi,
God's lover sang it like this,
Mümin olan dostlar böyle söyledi.
The true believer friends said so.

№ 415. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli – See № 414


Horasan'dan kalktım, søkün eyleydim,
I set off from Khorasan in a hurry,
Serde Kul Yusufu görmeye geldim, görmeye geldim.
I came to see Kul Yusuf,

Eğildim eşigine niyaz eyleydim,
I bent down on his threshold, I prayed,
Yüzüm tabanına sürmeye geldim, sürmeye geldim.
I've come to touch my face to the ground.

Yerleri var lale, gevher yapılp,
It has places from ruby and precious stones,
Kolları var Hakk'a doğru taplı, doğru taplı,
Its adoring arms are stretched towards God,
Bir şehir gördüm 360 kapılı,
I saw a town with 360 gates,
Kimin açıp kimin' örtmeye geldi.
I've come to open some and close the others.
 № 417. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

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,
So we can live this life of a moment.

[Hayalı gönlümde yadigâr kalan
Refr. Hünkâr Hacı Bektaş Ali kendidir,
Dar-ı çeç üstünde namazın kılan]

[The one whose memory I keep in my heart
Refr. The saint Sultan Haji Bektash Ali himself,
Praying on chaff. Refr.

Pirim Ali değil mi dilde söylenen?
Kisman kayırmazdan urunan,
Cebraile nur içinde görünen.
Refr. Hünkar Hacı Bektaş Veli değil mi?
Aslı imam nesi Ali değil mi?

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 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?

Arslan olup yol üstünde oturan,
Selman ona deste nergiz getiren,
Kendi cenazesin kendi götüren. 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.

Yer gök arasına nizamın kuran,
Ak kağıt üstünde yazlar yazan,
Engûr şerbetini Kırklar'a ezen. Refr.

[Hayalı gönlümde yadigâr kalan
Refr. Hünkâr Hacı Bektaş Ali kendidir,
Dar-ı çeç üstünde namazın kılan]

[I am Kul Hasan, do I have false words?
Münkirin gönlünü gümana salan
Doksan günülü ekolü kuşlukta alan]. Refr.

Münkirin gönlünü gümana salan
Doksan günülü ekolü kuşlukta alan. Refr.

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: Aslan olup yol üstünde outran / Engur şerbetini Kirklaara ezen / Kendi cenazesin Kendi götürün / Hunkar 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 17th-century Turkish Kul Hasan: Arslan olub yol üstünde outran / Selman idi ana nergiz getiren / Kendi cenazesin kendi götürün / Hunkar 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, Kilavuzlu – See № 417

№ 420. Nefes. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanlıpazarı, Bulgaristan), Kırklareli

Felek bir ok attı, büktü belimi,  
Akar gözlerimin kan ile nemi,  
Akar gözlerimin kan ile yaşış,  

Bir yoksuluk bir ayrılık, ah ölüüm,  
Felek ağu katti menim işlemé,  
Toprak saçı bir kırpiğime kaşıma,  
Gör, neler getirdi garip başüm. Refr.

Genc Abdal’üm dertli dertli söyledi,  
Görün dostlar felek bana neyledi,  
Yıktı gönül şehri viran eyledi. Refr.

Şu fani dünyadan murad alınmaz,  
Hep gelenler gider burda kalınmaz,  
Bildim bu dertlere çare bulunmaz. Refr.

№ 421. Nefes. Hatice Ergül (1924 Osmanlıpazarı, Bulgaristan), Kırklareli

Dünyada üç nesne büktü belimi,  
Dünyada üç nesne var büktü belimi.  
Refr. Bir yoksuluk, bir ayrılık, ah, ölüm.

Yaktı bağrım dal eyledi belimi. Refr.  
Yaktı bağrım dal eyledi belimi. Refr.  
Felek bir ok attı büktü belimi,  
Akar gözlerimin kan ile nemi/yaşış,  

Felek ağu katti menim işlemé,  
Toprak saçı bir kırpiğime kaşıma,  
Gör neler getirdi garip başüm. Refr.

Genc Abdal’üm dertli dertli söyledi,  
Görün dostlar felek bana neyledi,  
Yıktı gönül şehri viran eyledi. Refr.

Şu fani dünyadan murad alınmaz,  
Hep gelenler gider burda kalınmaz,  
Bildim bu dertlere çare bulunmaz. Refr.

I was crushed by three things in this world,  
My back was bent by three things in this world.  
Refr. Poverty, parting and death.

It kindled desire in my heart, bent my back. Refr.  
It set my heart on fire, it bent my back. Refr.

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. Refr.

Fate has poisoned my life,  
It has cast soil into my eyes,  
Look what it has brought on poor me. Refr.

My Genc Abdal spoke sorrowfully,  
Look, friends, what fate has done to me,  
It has ruined the castle of my heart. Refr.

All those who arrive aimlessly  
In this world will all depart incontestably.  
I knew there’s no cure for these troubles. Refr.
№ 422. Nevruzıye. Ahmet Akın (1933), Ahmetler

Yine koç burçundan verdi işaret,
Gösterdi yüzünü Şah-ı Velayet.
Refr. Gösterdü 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-ı 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 sevgiinden bir dolu alsın. Refr.

№ 424. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kızılcıkdere

Dedesi 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 namaz kılış dedesi,
Hak'tan gelir idi onun gidası. 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 grandfather,
His food came from God. Refr.
Yapılıdı Hüseyin’in çardağı, 
Seherlerde öldü...,
Kafırlar su içti döktü bardağı. _Refr._

Pir Sultan/Sah efendim Abda’lı’ım kollarım 
Yezitler elinden çigerim dağlı,
Muhammed’in torunu Ali’nin oğlu. _Refr._

**№ 434. Nefes. Şerife Aktaş (1941 Ahmetler ), Yeni Bedir**

Su dünyada derdinden bıktım, usandım,
Çektiği ceşnayı hep sefa sandım.
Nice nice cilelere dayandım,
Garip garip ağladım, Hakk’a yalvardım.

**№ 435. Nefes. Emrullah Yılmazgüc (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu**

Eşiğine baş vurup yatan abdallar,
Dergahı cennettir Otman Babanın,
Meydani güzeldir kani Sultanın.

**№ 443. Nefes. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu**

Açıkta yüksekte yatan erenler,
Mürvetiniz vardır bulmaz dert bizi, görmez dert bizi.
Varayım gideyim uzak yollara,
Uzak yollarında bulmaz dert bizi, bulmaz dert bizi.

Pir/Shah Sultan Abda’lı’ım halim hastadır,
Hiç kimsene demem gönlüm yastadır, gönlüm yastadır.
Bilmem deli olmuş bilmem ustadar,
Boyle bir sevdaya saldı dert beni.
No 444. Nefes. Bektas Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Biz bu Gülistan‘ın bülbülleriyiz,
Bahçelerin, dalın sümülleriyiz, sümülleriyiz.
Avni Babanın gümülleriyiz,
Şeyyid Ali Sultan Kullarız, Kullarız.

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,175
We’re the servants of Seyid Ali Sultan.

Biz secde ederiz cemal-i yare,
Vuslata olamız başka bir care, başka bir care.
Kemalde bağlanıp çekildik dare,174
Şeyid Ali Sultan Kullarız, Kullarız.

We prostrate ourselves before our beautiful sweater 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 gönüller tavaf edelim,
Küçük birin gülbangını çekelim,
Şeyid Ali Sultan Kulları Kulları karmaşı Kulları Kulları.

Holding hands we appear before God,
Come brethren,176 let’s walk round,
Let’s hold the ritual for a little one,
We’re the followers/servants of Seyid Ali Sultan.

No 445. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Yine mihan geldi, gönlüm şad oldu.
Refr. Mihanlar siz bize hoşça geldiniz,
Kardaşlar siz bize sefa geldiniz.
Refr. Kerem kişi/Kamı kişi kande bahar yaz oldu.
Refr.

Misafir kapının iç kilididir,
Misafir de sahibinin güldür,

The guest opens the inner door as well,
The guest is the rose of the host,
God’s guest is my saint, Ali. Refr.

Kara duran yere misafir gelmez,
Bağır saçılırsa eksiklik bitmez,
Ne kadar çat etse menzile gitmez. Refr.

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. Refr.

Misafir gelirse kismet bile,
Misafir Hızır'ın var özür dile,
Bu yok büyük kümegim bize. Refr.

If a guest arrives, he brings good luck,
The guest is Hizir himself, respect him,
Young and old, we all respect him. Refr.

Himmet eyle Pir Sultan’ım misafir gelsin,
Yavan yahşi yesin yüzümüz gülşün,
Cümleminiz kismetini yaradan versin. Refr.

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. Refr.

173 The Turkish word is of Arabic origin: seyyid ‘master, lord, chief; descendant of the Prophet’ (Redhouse 1974: 1008).
174 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 penitent member confesses his sins’ (Redhouse 1974: 272).
175 Hüseyin Avni Öz was born in the monastery at Eyüp on May 1st 1927. He became a dervis, Baba and halife Baba. His nefeses are still very popular in Istanbul, the believers cherish his memory warmly.
176 The believers walk round the Kaaba stone several times in Mecca.
№ 452. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Çeşmekolu

Değme kişi günül evini düzemez efendim,  
Hak'ın takdirini kullar bozamaz,  
Deryaya dalmayan inci bulamaz efendim.  

Y a hey, Yunus sana söyleme derler,  
Ya ben öleyim mı söylemeyince efendim,  
Aşkın deryasını boylamayınca.  

See № 453

(part of № 543)

Only few are able to put the home of the heart in order,  
Divine fate can't be ruined by servants,  
Only the one that dives into the surge of the sea can find pearls.  
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 aşk özen, tevhide özen, efendim  
Tevhiddir onların kalesin bozan,  
Hiç kendi kendine kaynar mı kazan, efendim  
Çevre yani ateş eylemeyince.  

Değme kişi günül evini düzemez efendim,  
Hak'ın takdirini kullar bozamaz,  
Deryaya dalmayan inci bulamaz efendim,  
Aşkın deryasını boylamayınca.  
Aşkım gani olmuş derunum yanar, efendim  
Aşık olan aşk namusun güder,  
Be hey Yunus sana söyleme derler, efendim  
Ya ben öleyim mı söylemeyince?  
Aşkın deryasını boylamayınca.  

See № 453

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?  
I am overwhelmed with love, my heart is burning,  
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?


№ 455. Nefes. Fatma Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli (Variant of № 543)

Özen aşk, özen tevhide özen efendim,  
Tevhittir kulların kalesin bozan,  
Hiç kendi kendine kaynar mı kazan efendim?  
Etrafını ateş eylemeyince.  

Değme kişi günül evini düzemez efendim,  
Hak'ın takdirini kullar bozamaz,  
Deryaya dalmayan inci bulamaz efendim.  

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?  
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.
№ 456. Nefes. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

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.

Hüseyn'in atı süslü,  
Başından yeşili düştü,  
Yezízler başına üstü.  
Refr.

Husain's horse is decorated,  
Its green headgear has fallen off,  
The Yezids have ambushed him. Refr.

Yeryüzünde yatan taşlar,  
Gökyüzünde uçan kuşlar,  
Pir Sultanım Kur'ana başlar.  
Şah efendim Kur'ana başlar.  
Refr.  
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

Sabah seher vaktinde, aman, görebilsem  
yarımı,  
Gül dikende bülbül dalda aman, çeker ahn  
zarını.  
Sabah seher vaktinde, aman, görebilsem  
yarımı.

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 Elmali'da, Bursa'da kaldı, One in Elmali, another in Bursa,
En küçük kardeşi Urum'u alı. His youngest brother's captured Rum.

Refr. Gel sana methedeyim Kızıl Deli'yi,  Refr. Come here, let me praise Kızıl Deli to you,

Baba dergahına çeküp 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. Refr.  Otman Baba blows and brings a cloud. Refr.

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. Refr. Seven seasons, the four directions, they settled down there. Refr.

Baba pınarına niyaz eyledim, I prayed by the spring of Baba,
Gidi Yezeit bize netti neyledi, What the mean enemy has done to us!
Baba İbrahimoglu böyle söyledi. Refr. Baba İbrahimoglu has told us these. Refr.

№ 462. Nefes. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu – See № 461

№ 463. Nefes. Hanife Uğurlu (1932), Çeşmekolu

Yatarım yatarım, hiç uyum gelmez, I'm lying, but sleep eludes me,
Kalkar gezinirim gönlüm eğlenmez. I get up, stretch myself out, but I feel sad,
Hakikat kardeşler halimden bilmez, The brethren of divine justice don't know about my trouble,
Tarikat kardeşler 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 asılina erenler gelsin. The one that has found the right way should come!

177 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 ęyledim Topçu Babayı,  
Görüdom aşıkarı Topçu Babayı.  
Türbesinde al yeşilli sancağı.  

Refr. Aşıkare gördüm Topçu Babayı.  

Seyrangah yeridir canlar gelirler,  
Kurbanlar tığlanıp özür dilerler,  
Birlik olup hep bir dilden öterler. Refr.  

Topcular köyünde Şahın makamı,  
Orda zuhur olur aşkın nişanı.  
Çanı dilden sevdim oniki imamı. Refr.  

Hastalar gelirler derman burlurlar,  
Şad olur gönüller iman burlurlar.  
Cafır Baba der ki dopdolu nurlar. Refr.  


Bir araya gelse üç-beş aşıklar,  
Onlar birbirlerine seyran ederler,  
Dönmez ikrarından kavlı sadıklar,  
Muhabbet sırrını pinhan ederler.  

Olsaydın onların darında berdar,  
Muhabbetleriyle olduk tarumar,  
Onki koyunum ondört kuzum var,  
Gönül yaylasında cevelan ederler.  

Dertli dertlerine düşenden beri,  
Gahi geri gider, gahi ileri,  
Çağrısım münkiri gelmez içeri,  
Muhabbet kuru buhta ederler.  

№ 466. Atatürk’ün nefesi. Mürvet Engin (1958 Deveçatağı), Kılavuzlu

Elest-i bezinde demişiz beli,  
Emr-i ferman etti ol Rabbi Celi,  
Efkarınız olsun gündüz geceli. Refr.  

Aman ya Muhammed medet ya Ali,  
Ruhun şad olsun Atatürk hizmetin baki.  

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,
Fedadır yoluna baş ile canı,
İlelebette Hakk'ın fermanı. Refr.

We’re the servants, the sacrifices of the twelve imams,
Let our heads and souls be sacrificed on your way,
This is God’s commandment. Refr.

Ne olur çok ise cüm ile günah,
La tak ne tu emrin okuruz hergah,
Mahrum koymaz bizi o gani Şah. Refr.

I pray, if there’s a lot of sin and meanness,
[unintelligible] let’s say it anywhere upon your command,
The Shah doesn’t deprive us of them. Refr.

Hazreti Ali’nin güllerindeniz,
Hazreti Fatima bülbülleriyiz,
İmam Cafer mezhebindeniz. Refr.

We belong to the roses of saint Ali,
We’re the nightingales of saint Fatma,
We belong to the sect of Ja’fer Imam. Refr.

Arif olan canlar nefsini biril,
Varlığun terk eder Hakka verir,
Didar-ı Muhammed yüzünü göster. Refr.

Mature dervishes all control themselves,
They give away their possessions, offer them to God,
Beautiful-faced Muhammad, show your face. Refr.

İbrahim Ethem’in kendisi hayran,
Hakikat şehrini bulur arayan,
Mürşid cemalinde görünür canan. Refr.

Ibrahim also admires Ethem,
The one that is looking for God’s town will find it,
The admirer is reflected on the master’s face. Refr.

Selanik şehrinde dünyaya gelen,
Genç yaşlarında kemale eren,

He was born in the town of Selanik,
He was an adult soon in his youth,
He answered a question in a trailer. Refr. I’ve never seen a man like father Kemal.

Ali Irzaolu zuhura geldi,
Kirp düşmanını tahtına otur,
Yedi dil okudu, harf değişti. Refr.

The successor of Ali Irzaolu was born,
Having defeated the enemy he occupied his throne,
He spoke seven languages, he changed the alphabet. Refr.

Kayacık’tan geçelim, yol sizin olsun,
Yiyelim, içelim, göl sizin olsun, göl sizin olsun.

Let’s go across Kayajik, from there the way is yours,
Let’s eat and drink, let the lake be yours, let the lake be yours!

179 Thanks to the alphabet reform of Mustafa Kemal Atatürk in 1928 Turkey changed over from the Arabic script to Latin characters.
№ 469. **Turnalar semahi.** Tahsin Berber (1947 Eskiçuma), Zeytinburnu

Yemen ellerinden beri 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,  

Pir/Şah Sultan’ım der ki konup göçelim,  
Gelin Kevser şarabından içelim,  
Ali’nin uğruna serden geçelim,  
Şah’ımın uğruna serden geçelim. *Refr.*

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№ 471. **Nefes.** Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Sekahüm sırrını söyleme sakın,  
Sakla kulum beni, saklayam seni.  
*Refr.* Sakla kulum/canım beni saklayam seni.*

Elde, ayağında, dilde, gözünde,  
Hak’ına razı ol her bir sözünde,  
Canından içeri kendi özünde. *Refr.*

Bilen demez, diyen bilmez bu halı,  
Bildiği diemez sözün misali,  

Dizilmiş katara erenler, pîrler,  
Hakk’ın emri ile Hakka giderler,  
Hakikat sırrını söyleme derler,  
Sekahüm sırrını söyleme derler. *Refr.*

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180 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.**


Bize mihman geldi, gönlüm şad oldu.
**Refr.** Mihman canlar bize sefa geldiniz,
Mihman canlar bize ne hoş geldiniz,
Aşayet 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,
Yavuq yahşı yiyem yüzüm güler,
Büyük küçük onu hep Hizar 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 Hizir. **Refr.**

Misafir kapının iç kilididir,
Ev sahibi onun onur kalbidir,
Misafir mihmandir, mihman Ali’dır. **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,
Çığırda bağırsa 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 kismet getirir bize,
Misafir mihmandır sen özür dille. **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 dermanum, Ali,
Her dem gönlüm içe mihmanım, Ali.
**Refr.** Gülüm, gülistanım, seyranım, 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.** My rose, my rose garden, my way, Ali.

Oniki imamın ol şahı sensin,
Muhammed Ali’nin hemrah sensin,
Bunca düşününlerin penahi 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,
İsmail oldum ben kurbana geldim,
Her ne emir olur fermana geldim. **Refr.**

Oh, enlightened ones, I’ve come to ask forgiveness,
I’ve become Ismail, I’ve come as sacrifice,
Whatever your command is, I’ve come to fulfill it. **Refr.**
№ 475. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Göster cemalını eyleme nihan, Show your beautiful face, don't hide yourself,
Yakıyar derinum âteş hıçran, I’m burning with fire inside,

İkrar eyledim ben inkar gelmedim, I took a vow, I haven’t denied you,
Ağlayıp ağlayıp yaşım silmedim, I cried and wailed, I didn’t wipe my tears,
Divane mi oldum kendim bilmedim. I didn’t know myself if I’d gone mad. Refr.

Ey canımın canı güzel cananım, Ey, the soul of my soul, my beautiful sweetheart,
Kapına gelmeye yoktur dermanım, The crown on my head, my religion, my faith.
Başım üzre tacım dinim imanım. Refr.

Derviş Tevfik kendin üryan eyleme, Tevfik dervish, do not get rid of your desires,
Yükup mahzun günüm viran eyleme, Do not tear out my sad broken heart,
Erenlere karşı isyan eyleme. Do not revolt against holy people. Refr.

Gece gündüz niyaz eylerim senden, I breathe prayers to you night and day,
Çağırdığım yerde yetiş, ya, Ali. Hurry to the place, oh, Ali, where I call you,
Muhtaci lütfundur bu zahip yerde. Here we need your kindness everywhere.
Refr. Çağırduğum yerde yetiş ya Ali, Hurry to the place, oh, Ali, where I call you,
İstediğim yerde yetiş ya Şahım. Hurry to the place, oh, my Shah, where I call you.

Senin sırlarına akıllar ermez, Your secrets are beyond comprehension,
Aklı erenler de beyana vermez, Those who can understand them won’t speak about them,
Sen nesin nerdesin kimseler bilmez. No one knows who you are, where you are. Refr.

Esadullah arşta bir ismi Haydar, Ali caliph in heaven, one of his names is Haydar,
Zatını miraçta gördü peygamber, The prophet saw you during your ascension,
Cebril emir verdi bu sırdan haber. Gabriel gave a command, a piece of secret news. Refr.

Hatemi terk etti onda Mustafa, Hatem was left by Mustafa,
Arz etti mecliste onu Murtaza, Murtaza looked for him in the assembly,
Kimse bilmez kimdir sırrı la-feta. No one knows about his mysterious being. Refr.

Sakiye kevsersin Şah-i Vilayet, Ali caliph, you’re divine nectar to the drink dispenser,
Bir cana fazlandı eyle inayet, Show grace to every single soul,
Müminleri sensin eder nihayet. You’re the last resort of true believers. Refr.

Sabah benden olsun Mihrabi zarı, May the morning breeze show the direction of the prayer,
Evinde billahi ol Zülfikar, By God, your home is Zülfikar,
Gerçek olan aşk biril ikrarı. The true believer keeps his vow. Refr.
№ 482. Nefes. Hüseyin Tiryağı (1950), Kılavuzlu

Hayal mıdır, rüya mıdır, düş müdür?
Nere baksam, bu rüyanın ben beni.
Nedir aradığım dağlar düş müdür?
Refr. Boşuna mı yoruyorum ben beni.

Söylenecek çok söz dile gelmiyor,
Gönül lütfü eyleyip dile gelmiyor.
Hayal gölge gibi ele gelmiyor. Refr.

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?

Refr.
Boşuna mı yoruyorum ben beni.

№ 483. Nefes. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

Evem üstüm şu cihana gelmeden,
Adem ata geldi, pirim gördün mü?
Abdest alıp namazını kilarken,
Üstümüze doğan nuru gördün mü?
Aşk edelim Ali ile Veliye,
Hiç sual olur mu yatanölüye,
Tanrı'nın aslami Hazret Ali'ye,
İki melek divan durdu gördün mü?

Before anyone was born,
Our father Adam had appeared, my dear, did you see him?
He washed himself ritually, he prayed,
Did you see the light that illumined us?
Let's love Ali and Veli,
Is the laid-out dead still questioned?
Two angels descended beside God's lion, saint Ali,
Did you see it?

İki melek divan durdu gördün mü?

Birdir derler erenlerin kuşağı,
Taştandır yastığı turab döşeğü,
Yedi gökten yedi yerden aşağı,
Kırlarını duşduğu darı gördün mü?
Pir Sultanım okur hem de yazarım,
Turab olur, ayaklarda tozarım,
Yok mu benim şurda bir can pazarım,
Tellali çağran şahı gördün mü?

Holy people have the same roots,
They have stone pillows, their mattress is the earth,
Under seven skies, under seven earth layers,
Did you see the scaffold of the Forty?
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 kimseye alma sevgilim/sevgiğim.
Refr. Ya benim kimim var kime yalvarayım,
Kaldır kalbindeki karayı/yaraydı 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!

181 Namaz is a ritual worship carried out five times a day among Muslims.
№ 487. Nefes. Naciye Baykul (1975), Devletliağaç – See № 412

№ 488. Nefes. Hanife Baykul (1953 Topçular), Devletliağaç

Ay mıdır, gün müdür, doğmuş aleme,
Yüzünden akıyor nur Hacı Bektaş.

Musa peygamber durunca selama,
Bin bir kelamını sor Hacı Bektaş.

Musalla taşını tutmuş durulsun,
Hem zati hem batin görunsün.

№ 489. Nefes. Havva Hari (1945), Devletliağaç

İste gidiyorum çeşmi siyahım,
Önümünde dağlar kiralansa da, kiralansa da.
Sermeyem derdimdir, servetim ahım,
Karardıkça bahtım karalandı ya.

Haydi dolaşalım yüce dağardı,
Dost beni biraktın ah ilen zarda, ah ilen zarda.
Gezmek istiyorum viran bağlarda,
Ayağımı cennet kiralansa da.
Bağladım canımı Haydar ağda daline,  
Oturdum ağladım kendi halime, kendi halime.  
Yazık şu masumun berbat haline,  
Ayağıma cennet kiralanşa 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), Devletliağaç  
Şu karşıki yaylada göç kater kater,  
Bir güzelin derdi bağımda tüter,  
Bu ayrılık bana ölümden beter.  
Refr. Geçti dost kervanı, eğleme beni, eğleme beni.  
Benim şu sevdiğim başta oturur,  
Bir güzelin derdi beni bitirir, beni bitirir,  
Bu ayrılık bana zulüm getirir.  
Refr.  
I'm Pir Sultan, I've come to world as a drink,  
I am a drink.  
I'm Pir Sultan, 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), Devletliağaç  
Pir Sultanım şu dünyaya dolu geldim, dolu benim.  
Cosma deli gönül coşma, coşup ta kazandandan taşma,  
Üç yüz almış tane çeşme, serçeşmenin gözü benim.  
Refr.  
I'm Pir Sultan, I've come to world as a drink,  
I am a drink.  
I'm the fountainhead of three hundred and sixty springs.  
Refr.

№ 493. Nefes. Mehmet Öztürk (1928 Ahmetler), Kırklareli  
Iptidai yol sorarsan  
Yol Muhammed Ali'mindir,  
Yetmiş iki dil sorarsan,  
Dil Muhammed Ali'mindir.  
Gece olur, gündüz olur,  
Cümle alem dümdüz olur,  
Gökte kaç bin yıldız olur,  
Ay 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.  
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.

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.

Yezit alaydan seçilir,  
Müminine hulle biçilir,  
Evvel bahar olur, güül olur,  
Gül Muhammed Ali' mindir.

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.

Gökten rahmet saçılır,  
Mümin olanlar seçilir,  
Abu Kevser'den içilir,  
Dem Muhammed Ali' mindir.

Mercy is dispensed from heaven,  
The true believers are selected,  
They drink from the heavenly river,  
The drink is Muhammad Ali's.

Varma Yezit meclisine,  
Kulak verme hiç sesine,  
Satır Yezit ensesine,  
Nur Muhammed Ali' mindir.

Don't go the community of the Yezid,  
Don't ever listen to his word,  
Place your hatchet on the Yezid's nape,  
The light is Muhammad Ali's.

Hatayı oturmuş ağlar,  
Diline geleni söyler,  
Top top olmuş ortada döner,  
Derdime dermana geldim.

Hatay sat down and wept,  
He put to words all that came to his mind,  
He got rounded out, whirling in the middle,  
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.  
Eleman, eleman, eleman, eleman,  
Benim bu dertlere ferman efendim.  
Refr. Efendim, efendim, benim efendim,  
Benim bu derdime derman efendim.  

Türlü donlar giymiş gülden naziktir,  
Bülbü cevr eyleme güle yazıktr,  
Çok hasretlik çektim bağrım eziktir,  
Güle güle gelir canlar paresi. Refr.  

Pir Sultan Abdal'ım kati yüksek uçarsın,  
Selamsız sabahsız gelir geçersin,  
Dost muhabbetten niye kaçarsın?  
Böyle midir yolumuzun töresi? Refr.  

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.  
Element, element, element, element,  
My lord is the remedy for my troubles.  
Refr. Lord, lord, my lord,  
My lord is the remedy on my trouble.  

He appears in most diverse forms, he's more graceful than a rose,  
Nightingale, don't tease me, pity for the rose,  
The dear souls are approaching in good spirits. Refr.  

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? Refr.  

№ 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 cemalim 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…  

№ 497. *Nefes. Hamdiye Ay (1933 Kılavuzlu), Kırklareli – See № 498*

№ 498. *Nefes. Mehmet Öztürk (1928 Ahmetler), Kırklareli*

Gel gönül yola gidelim,  
Adı güzel Ali’ım ile,  
Açlar doyrur susuzlar kandır,  
Leblerininบาล ılen,  
Nur-u Muhammedi’len⁴² 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 Muhammed and Ali.  

⁴² The suffix should be +le, which was completed by an anorganic dialectal +n.
Ali’im bana neler etti,  What a lot of things Ali has done to me,  
Elim alıp dara çekti.  He took me by the hand and dragged to the place of confession,  
Elindeki dolu ilen,  With the drink he was holding in his hand,  
Üstümüze yürüyüş etti,  Upon us ded descend  
Ali’lerin Ali’sisin,  Ali of Alis,  
Velilerin Velisisin,  Veli of Velis,  
Üç kimsenin biri sensin,  You are one of the three of them,  
Ağaç kurur meyva verir,  The tree goes dried, it bears fruit,  
Kuş bu dala her dem konar,  On its branches a bird alights every moment,  
Doldurmuş dolusun’ sunar,  He is offering his distributed drink  
Cennetin meyvası budur,  This is the fruit of Paradise,  
Lokmanı ehline yedir,  You offer your morsel to the people,  
Pir Sultan’ım doğru yoldur,  I’m Pir Sultan, this is the right way,  
Ali’min gittiği yol bu yoldur.  This way was treaded by my Ali.  

183 The same line elsewhere: *Cennetekı ol dört irmak* (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: *Cennetekı on dört irmak* (Yaltırık 2002: 75), the number of rivers is fourteen in place of twelve.  
184 Letter of the Arabic alphabet.  
185 The tenth letter of the Arabic alphabet, its numeric value is four.  
186 See footnotes 73, 80 above.
№ 502. Semah. Ali Osman Bozdemir (1953), İlíhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Kamber dururdu sağında,  Kamber was standing on his right,  
Gören de cennet bağında,  The viewer was in heaven,  
Ali Fatma Tur dağında, ey.  Ali and Fatma on Mount Tabor,  
Refr. Ben dedem Ali’yi gördüm,  Refr. I’ve seen my grandfather Ali,  
Dost bir Veli’yi gördüm.  I’ve seen the friend Veli.  

Dört çırağ yanar şem’ada,  Four candles are burning in the candlestick,  
Aslanlar gizli meşede,  Lions are hiding in the oak forest,  
Yedi iklim dört köşede. Refr.  Seven climates in four directions. Refr.  

Yedi iklim dört köşede. Refr.  Seven climates in four directions. Refr.  
Karanfilim deste deste,  I have bunches of carnations,  
Bergizzar yolladım dosta,  I’ve sent a present to my friend,  

Cennet kapısında duran,  The one standing at the gate of heaven  
Mühüre kilidi vuran,  Put a lock on the seal,  
Yezide lanet yağdıran. Refr.  He cast a curse on the wicked. Refr.  

Pir/Shah Sultanım aşka düştüm,  I’m Pir/Shah Sultan, I’ve fallen in love,  
Cümle meleklerden üstün. Refr.  Who is above all angels. Refr.

№ 503. Semah. Bektashi congregation, Çeşmekolu – See № 498

№ 504. Nefes. Bektashi woman, Ahmetler

[Su benim divane gönlüm,  [Because of my foolish heart  
Dağlara düştüm yalnız,  I’m hiding in the mountains all alone,  
Bu benim ahım yüzünden,  Because of my vow,  
Bir mihak gördüm yalnız.]  I’ve seen a touchstone alone.]  

Dağlar var dağlardan yüce,  There are mountains higher than other mountains,  
Dağ mı dayanır bu güce,  Can a mountain withstand such a great force?  
Derdim var üç gün üç gece,  I have so many troubles that three days and nights  

Anlatsam bitmez yalınız.  Wouldn’t suffice to list them.  
O Şahın darına dursam,  Let me stand in the shah’s holy place,  
Hayırlı gülbangin alsam,  Let me pray with the others blissfully,  
Kızıırmaklara dalsam,  I’d immerse in the Kızıırmak river,  
Çağlayıp aksam yalınız.  I would gurgling all alone.  

Pir Sultanım hey, erenler,  I’m Pir Sultan, hey, holy men,  
Eline niyaz edenler,  Those who bend to your hand for prayer,  
Üçler beşler yediler,  Three, five, seven,  
Mürüvvete geldim yalınız.  I’ve come for blessing all alone.
№ 505. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kilavuzlu

Geçmişiz can ile serden.
Refr. Pirim Hacı Bektaş Veli.
Bizi ağah eyle sırdan. Refr.
Eşiğine yüzler sürdük,
Dergâhındır beytülharam,
Senden medet senden medet. Refr.
Haber duyдум 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 Kızılçıkdere), Kırklarelí

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,187
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'ım 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.

187 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, Before the community we pledged our faith,
Lanet Yeźide el yuyduk, We put a curse on the Yeźids,
Muhammed Ali’yi gördük, We saw Muhammad Ali,
Dedesi alay içinde, hey dost, Hüy. His leader is in the group, hey Friend.
Allah bir Muhammed Hakır, Allah, Muhammad and Ali are one,
Bilenlere sözüm yoktur, I have nothing to say to those aware of it,
Ali’nin insanı çoktur, Ali has lots of people,

№ 508. Semah. Bektashi concert, Istanbul

Güzel aşık cevrimizi My fair fellow believer, you can't bear
Çekemezsin demedim mi? Our difficulties, haven't I told you?
Bu bir rıza lokmasdur, This is a blessed morsel,
Yiyemezsin demedim mı? You can't eat it, haven't I told you?
Refr. Demedim mı demedim mı? Refr. Haven't I told you, haven't I told you?
Gönül sana söylemedim mı? Darling, haven't I told you?
Bu bir rıza lokmasdur, This is a blessed morsel,
Yiyemezsin demedim mı? You can't eat it, haven't I told you?
Yemeyenler karlı naçar, Those who don't eat it will remain ignorant,
Gözlerinden kanlar saçar, Tears are falling from your eyes,
Bu bir demdir gelir geçer, This is a fleeting moment,
Duyamazsın demedim mi? Refr. You can't notice it, haven't I told you? Refr.
Bu dervişlik bir dilektir, Being a dervish means a great undertaking,
Bilene büyük örnektir, An example to be followed for those who un-
Yensiz yakasız gömlektir, derstand it,
Giyemezsin demedim mı? Refr. It is a burial shroud,
Pir Sultan Abdal dır Şahımız, You can't put it on, haven't I told you? Refr.
Hak’ka ulaşr rahımız, Pir Sultan Abdal is our shah,
On iki Imam katarımız, Our way is leading to God,
Uyamazsın demedim mı? Refr. 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 meclislere ibretler aldım,
Uyudum uyandım ben ayan gördüm,
Kalbimi nur ile boyanmış gördüm.
Refr. Muhammed'in küsü çalınır burda,
Ol serverin'ın ismi yad olur dilde.

Hep turnalar gibi yüksek uçarlar,
Kanadıyla halka rahmet saçarlar,
Abu Keşser şerbetinden içlerler. Refr.

Yörük değirmenler gibi döneler,
El ele vermiş Hakk'a giderler,
Derviş Yunus ne hal bana,
Bu aşkın ateşi dokunur cana,
Akımın başına davr divane. Refr.

Ab-u hayat çeşmelerin açtıran,
Dalga vurup deryaları coşturan,
Dolu keşser ilen bizi kandıran. Refr.

Can bülbülü gezer ten-i kafeste,
Ali'min sırrını söyler nefeste,
Şahimin sırrını söyler nefeste,
Dünya kurulurken oturan posta. 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.

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,
Zulfi kar’s 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.

188 The Prophet Muhammad’s name is mentioned here.
189 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,
Ali’im sırrını candan saklayan,
Şah’ımın sırrını candan saklayan,
Sırat köprüsünün başına bekleyen. Refr.

I’m Pir Sultan/Shah the one who testifies this nefes,
He hides the secret of Ali with all his heart,
He hides the secret of my Shah with all his heart,
He stands guard at the end of the Sirat bridge. Refr.

№ 512. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu - See № 511

Bu meydan bağının bülbüllerini,
İnlediğçe/Şakıldıkça gönül ferahlanıyor,
Muhip kardaşların tatlı diliini,
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 nüş etti,
Nüş 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

Ey, zahit şaraba eyle ihtiram,
Insan ol cihanda, dünya fanidir.
Ehline helaldir na-ehle haram,
Biz içeçiz 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 içeçiz şarap,
İçmezsek oluruz duçarı azap.

We drink wine to partake of the grace of God, If we don’t drink, we have to suffer the agony of hell,
You can’t understand this,
We gained this experience in the tavern.

Senin aklın ermek bu başka hesap,
Meyhanede bulduk biz bu kemali.

Ehline helaldir na-ehle haram,
Biz içeçiz 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 içeçiz şarap,
İçmezsek oluruz duçarı azap.

We drink wine to partake of the grace of God, If we don’t drink, we have to suffer the agony of hell,
You can’t understand this,
We gained this experience in the tavern.

Senin aklın ermek bu başka hesap,
Meyhanede bulduk biz bu kemali.
In the night\textsuperscript{190} of the oil lamp we’ll become night lights,
We’ll become wicks in the middle of the lights,
We’ll be proof of God’s existence,
But the blind can’t understand this, can’t under-
derstand.

You are an unbeliever, the wine is forbidden for you,
Wait and you’ll drink in the hereafter.
Don’t go on arguing, Harabi,
For he doesn’t make any difference between the sinful and pious deed.

\textsuperscript{190} 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.

\textsuperscript{191} Grape juice boiled to a sugary solid or a heavy syrup (Redhouse 1974: 924).
Kimi mevtasına kefen biçmiyor,
Kimi helal rızık yeyip 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. Neşes. Bektashi congregation, Yeni Bedir

Muhabbet köpünün olsam şarabı,
Yar beni doldurup içer mi bilmem.
Mahmür olmak için gönl harabı,
Bir mihman eline 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.

Aşık'ın olmaz mı çile çekmesi,
Çilenin olmaz mı boyun bükmesi,
Helal süte katmış haram pekmezi,
Seçmek murad olsa seçer mi bilmem.

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.

Bülbül güle yarar deveye diken,
Çiledir aşığın boynunu büken,
Tarlasına haram tohumu eken,
Helal mahsulünü biçer mi bilmem.

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.

Kimi mevtasına kefen biçmiyor,
Kimi helal rızık yeyip içmiyor,
Şu Seyrani Tanrısından geçmiyor.
Hak Seyranisinden geçer mi bilнем.

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. Neşes. Kadir Üner (1956), Ahmetler

Gel Şahım hatırdan çıkarma bizi
Sevdiğim Bektaş Veli aşkına
Gönülden çıkarıp yabana atma
İstinatgahımız 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.

Bizler erenler de hizmet ederiz
Canımız bu yola kurban ederiz
Bizler sizden ayrı düşek neyleriz
Olma bizden ayrı Ali aşkına

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.
№ 521. Nefes. İmam Leşkeroğlu (1933 Sivas/Minare Kangal), Ormankent

Erenlere verdik cümle varımız  
We've given all we had to the holy people,
Hep yoklukta kaldı bizim karımız  
We've become destitute,
Meydana erenler doldu …  
Holy people have gathered in the sacred place,
Ali'nin/Şahımın sevdiği yolu aşkına.  
For the beloved way of Ali/our Shah.

Biz gideriz erenlerin yoluna,  
We take the way of the saints,
Bakmyoruz sağı soluna,  
We don't look right or left,
Medet mürvet kıldır … kuluna,  
Help your poor servants,
Hasan Hüseyin in yolu aşkına.  
For the way of Hasan and Husain.

№ 521. Nefes. İmam Leşkeroğlu (1933 Sivas/Minare Kangal), Ormankent

Dünü, günü arzumanım gel beri  
Return, my daily longing of yesterday,
Dileğim imam Hüseyin aşkına,  
My longing for Husain imam's love,
Aşkına, Şahım, aşkına.  
For the love of my shah.

İllah Allah illah Allah,  
İllah Allah, illah Allah,
İllah Allah Şah illah Allah.  
İllah Allah, shah, illah Allah.

Sen Alim’sin güzel Şah,  
My Ali, you are the beautiful/good shah,
Eyvallah Şah eyvallah.  
Thank you, shah, thank you,
Ali mürşüt güzel Şah,  
Ali is the spiritual leader, the good shah,
Eyvallah Şah eyvallah.  
Thank you, shah, thank you.

№ 522. Nefes. Hasan Yıldız (1938 Ahmetler), Kırklareli

Gelmiş iken bir habercik sorayım.  
Having arrived let me ask you
Refr. Niçin gitmez Yıldız dağın dumanı,  
Refr. Why doesn't the mist of Mount Yildiz rise,
dumanı eller gümanı  
the concern of strangers?
*Gerçek erenlere yüzler süreyim,  
Before true holy people I touch my face to the
Alçanında al kırmızı taşın var,  
ground.
Yükseğinde turnaların sesi var,  
There is your red stone at the lower part,
Ben de bilmem ne talihsiz başım var  
In the height the cries of cranes can be heard,
Refr.  
I don't know how miserable I am. Refr.

Benim Şahım al kırmızı bürunür  
My Shah dressed in red,
Dost yüüzü görmeyen dostu ne bilir  
Those who haven't seen a friend don't know
Yücesinden Şahın ili görünür. Refr.  
what it’s like,
From its peak the shah’s village can be seen. 
Refr.

El ettiler turnalara kazlara  
They waved to cranes, to geese,
Dağlar yeşillendi döndü yazlara  
The mountains turned green, it's summer,
Çiğdemler takınsın söylen kızlara. Refr.  
May the lassies stick hyacinths in their hair. 
Refr.
Thracian Song Texts

№ 523. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kızılcıkdere

Gelmiş iken bir habercik sorayım.  Having arrived, let me ask
Refr. Niçin gitmez Yıldız dağın dumanı,  Why doesn't the mist of Mount Yıldiz rise,
dumanı, eller gümanı?  the concern of strangers?
Gerçek erenlerle haber sorayım.  Let me ask the true holy people.
Refr. Benim Şahım al kırmızı bürünür,  My shah dressed in red,
Yücesinden Şahın ili görünür,  From its peak the shah's village can be seen,
Dost yüzün görmeyen dostu ne bilir Refr.  Those who haven't seen a friend don't known
what a friend is. Refr.

Benim Şahımın al kırmızı tacı var  My shah has a red crown,
Bahçesinde bülbül sesli kuşu var  In his garden he has a bird of a nightingale's
Ben de bildim ne talihsiz başım var  voice,
Refr. And I knew how miserable I was. Refr.

№ 524. Nefes. Hamdiye Ay (1933) Kılavuzlu, Kirklareli

Sordum da sarı, sarı çiğdeme, hey, Dost,  I've asked the yellow daffodil, oh, my friend,
ciğdeme.  the daffodil,
Senin boynun ne eğri, ne eğri.  Why is your back so crooked?
Ne sorarsın be hey devriş, be kardaş,  What do you ask, oh, dervish, oh, brother,
Ben hak lokması yerim, Şah yerim,  I feed on divine food, shah,
Kudret korkusu çekerim, çekerim.  I have the fear of the Almighty, I fear him.
№ 525. Nefes. Hamdiye Ay (1933) Kılavuzlu, Kırklareli

Hani benim hırka ile postlarım,
Tatlı dilli şeker sözüli 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 conversation,
Where are my friends of the sweet tongue?
Where are my friends of the sweet tongue?

№ 527. Düvazdeh nefesi. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Akl almaz Yaradanın sırrına,
Akl ermez Yaradanın sırrına,
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\(^\text{192}\) of the Creator.
Refr. That sacrifice descended to Muhammad Ali.
I adore the light of your sanctity,
This sacrifice descended to Hasan and Husain.

\(^{192}\) The analogy in the Érdy 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’nın postunda idim,
Musa’yı Kazım Rıza’ya indi bu kurban.

(Muhammed Taki’nin nurunda idim,
Aliyyül-Naki’nin sırında idim,
Hasan-ül’asker’in darinde idim,
Muhammed Mehdi’ye indi bu kurban.

Aslı Şah-i Merdan, güruh-i Naci,
Hakikate bağlı bu yolun ucu,
Senede bir kurban Talibin borcu,
Muhammed Mustafâ’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 Hatayîm der ki bilirmi her can,
Kurbanın üstüne yürüdü erkan,
Tırnağı tespihtir, kanı da mercan,
Oniki imama indi bu kurban.

Ey, nur-i çeşmi, Ahmedi muhtar ya Hüseyin,
Ey, yadigari Haydari 193 kerrar ya Hüseyin.

Ey, nur-i çeşmi, Ahmedi muhtar ya Hüseyin,
Ey, yadigari Haydari kerrar ya Hüseyin.
Ey can-i dil serrine sultan ya Hüseyin,
Ey Kerbelâda Şah-i şehidan ya Hüseyin.

¹⁹³ See footnotes 62, 72, 91 above.
№ 532. *Nefes*. Sefer Çalışkan (1925 İştip, Macedonya), Zeytinburnu

Hey, Dost
Dül dü Il Zülük' in sahibi,
Hem dahi bil yari,
Kamber'dir Ali, Hü, Hü, Şahım Hü!

Hey, Dost
Ruz-i måyer-i mümünün ihsanna,
Hani bil saki kevserdik Ali,
Hü, Hü, Şahım Hü!

My fellow believer,
The master of Duldul¹⁹⁴ and Zulfikar,
Know the darling,
Ali's faithful servant, oh, my Shah.

¹⁹⁴ The name of the Prophet's mule (Redhouse 1974: 317).

№ 533. *Nefes*. Zeynel Aktaş (1939), Yeni Bedir

Güzel Şahtan bize bir dolu geldi,
Refr. Bir sen iç, sevdiğim, bir de bana ver,
Hünkär Hacı Bektaş Veli'den geli.
Refr.

Herkes sevgisini tanır sesinden,
Şahım Muhammed’im beni arz eder,
Selman’ın keşkünlü doldur bu sudan. Refr.

Payım gelir erenlerin payından,
Muhammed neslinden, Ali soyundan
Kırkların ezdiği engür suyundan. Refr.

Beline kuşanmış nurdan bir kemer,
İçmiş doluuyu uğrûm yanar,
Herkes sevgisinden bir dolu umar. Refr.

Senin aşıkların kaynadi coştu,
Muhammed uğrundan serinden geçti,
Sefî Hüseyin’im bir dolu içti. Refr.

A drink has come from the kindly shah for us.
Refr. Drink, my sweetheart, then give me some,
Refr. 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 Selman¹⁹⁵ 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.

¹⁹⁵ Selman-ı Farisi is a Persian saint who is venerated by Alevis and Bektashis alike.
№ 534. Nefes. Veli Mutlu (1962 Terzidere, Koççaz), Kızılcıkdere

Erenleri sevdik, geldik buraya,
Niçin melhem olmazsın 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 hatırda tuttuk. Refr.

Miraç derler Muhammed’in duréeği,
Durmuş yanar erenlerin çığırlığı,
Onlarla hep bir olur yakın ırağı. Refr.

Herkes musahibini almış eline
Ereym varaydım mührşid yanna,
Şimdi de canım karşıtır ya kanına. Refr.

Pir Sultanım/Şah efendim söyledi ya bu sözü,
Gece gündüz hep bir görüşür gözü,
Erenler yolunda açtır gözü. Refr.

№ 535. Matem nefesi, İlhan Demiralay (1956), Musulça

Bugün güzellerin seyrine vardım,
Kalem elleriyle yazı yazarlar.

Kara yerden bize bir yer kazalar
Refr. Var git ölüm var git andan sonra gel,
Çok eğlenme bir zamandan sonra gel.

Suyumu vursunlar kazan dolunca,
Kefenim biçimler boylu boyunca,
Ağleşmeyin kardeşler biz uynuca. Refr.

Bir boz duman gibi gelir havadan,
Yavru şahin gibialdi yuvadan,
Ayrırmayı bizi haya duadan. 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.
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 burning,
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.

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.
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 yerdi benim örtüm döşeğim. Refr.

Pir Sultan’ım/Şah Sultan’ım der ki ölüm gelecek,
Gelecek de deferimini dürecek,
Çok eşim dostum var beni görecek. Refr.


Kırklar ile bir mecliste oturduk,
Cevabında bulduğun ırakta dediler.

544. Nefes. Zeynel Aktaş (1939), Yeni Bedir

Payım gelir erenlerin payından,
Muhammed neslinden, Ali soyundan.
Kırkların ezdiği engür suyundan.
Refr. Bir sen iç sevdiğim, bir de bana ver.

Beline kuşanmış nurdan bir kemer,
İçmişim doluyu, yüreğim yanar,
Herkes sevdiğinden bir dolu umar. Refr.

Senin anıların kaynadi coştu,
Muhammed nurundan serinden geçti,
Sefil Hüseyin’im bir dolu içti. Refr.

547. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler

Bülbül kanat yuvarlak güller üstüne,
Hep talipler oturmuşlar postuna.
Pir Sultanım yoldan yorgun geçelim
Şah efendim yoldan yorgun geçelim
Kadehler dolusu demler içelim.
№ 548. Nefes. Şerife Bodur (1930) Topçular, Kırklareli

Gene mi geldi ilk yaz bahar ayları.  The spring months have come again.
Refr. Gönül sefa ile otuşur bülbül, Şah bülbül,  Refr. The nightingales are singing with a pure
Aşkın ateşiyle tutuşur gönül, Şah gönül.  heart, Shah, the nightingales,

Sâkîler perdesin almış eline  The dispensers of drink took the kerchief in
Talipler dizbediz oturmuş postuna, postuna  their hands,

Pir Sultanım neden neler seçildi  My Pir Sultan, what was chosen from what?
Şah efendim neden neler seçildi  My lord Shah, what was chosen from what?
Kadehler dolusu demler içildi  They drank from full goblets,
Kardeşlerin muhabbeti seçildi.  The brethren chose the nice conversation. Refr.

№ 552. Nefes. Firdevş Tiryaki (1939 Tatlıpınar), Kılavuzlu

Deryada gezerken çıktım karaya,  After faring the seas I stepped on land,
Mevlâm kısmet etti, ya geldim buraya.  My creator permitted me to come here,
Niçin merhem olmazsınız yaraya,  Why aren't you balm to my wound?
Deryalar içinde Lokmanı buldum.  In the surge of the sea I found Lokman.\footnote{196}

Faring the seas, I found a community,

Deryada gezerken çıktım bir ocağa,  After faring the seas I joined a guild,
Sana derim sana derim amuca.  I'm telling you, paternal uncle,
Muhammed Ali'nin doğduğu gece,  On the night of Muhammad Ali's birth,
Kesilmiş biçilmiş kaftanı buldum, Hü, Hü Dost,  I found the most appropriate, God, my friend
Biçilmiş savrulmuş kaftanı buldum.  I found the very best.

№ 553. Evlad nefesi, Nuriye Çetin (1938 Bulgarıa), Musulça

Alp akıcımiş da beni şaşırma,  Don't make me mad, don't mix me up,
Emirlik kervanı da belden aşırma.  Don't cut the caravan of Emirlik into two,
Beni sevgi'den ayrı düşürme  Don't separate me from my sweetheart.
Refr. Amman Abdal Musam ağlatma bizi,  Refr. Oh, my Abdal Musa, don't make us cry,
Şahım Emir Sultanım hoşça tut bizi.  My Shah ruler sultan, keep us in good health!

Zinde vurup kefenciğimi biçemem,  While I’m alive, I can't cut my death shroud,
Hissimden akrabamdan geçemem,  I can't leave my relatives or forefathers here,
Verme ecel şerbetçisiği içemem. Refr.  Don't give me the drink of eternity now, I can't
gulp it down yet. Refr.

\footnote{Lokman is a legendary miraculous healer whom Muslims regard as the father of medicine. See also footnote 51.}
№ 554. Nefes. Gülsün Doğrusöz (1942 Köşençiftlik), Musulça

Saçaklıdır koç kurbannım saçaklı,
Koklarız koparmayız gülmüm goncağı,
Teslim Abdalım ernerlerin 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.

Dinleyin kardeşler benim sözümü,
Felek yaktı kül eyledi özümü,
Elimden aldırdım 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,
Neleyim kardeşler elim boş kaldı. Refr.

Evladın tatlısı tatlıdır baldan
Kokusu güzeldir kırmızı gülden,
Pir/Şah Sultan’ım ikrarından beli
İsmini yad etmek ister kendisi Veli

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 burning 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,
Gayet lütfiyilen biri birine söyler.
Refr. Pirin Ali ahir zamanı söyler,
Bir otuz üç yılda beri ummanı söyler.

Gelin kırklar gelin meyimden için,
Dünya tükenmeden özünüzü seçin,
Cebrail indirdiği o güzel koçu,
İsmail'e inen kurbanı söyler. Refr.

Hind ilinde Ali’ni kimler eyledi,
İmam Cafer imza imza söyledi,
İfrit devin parmakların bağladı.
Refr.

Pir/Sah Sultan’ım yerimize bir Abdal geldi,
Aradı eksikliğin özünde buldu,
İnsanın kalbinde muhabbet kaldı. Refr.

№ 556. Kırklar semahı. Huriye Engin (1943 Topçular), Devletliağa

Derdim çoktur hangisine yanayım,
Ben bu derde çare nerde bulayım,
Didariylen muhabbete doyulmaz.

Türlü donlar giyer gülden naziktir,
Bülbül cevr eyleme güle yaziktir,
Çok hasretlik çekim başırm eziktir,
Dost güle güle gelir canlar paresi.

Didariylen muhabbete doyulmaz,
Muhabbetten kaçaç insan sayılmaz,
Yezidin ülemesinle çırak dinlenmez,
Tutuşanca yanar aşın çırğı.

I saw a ship at sea,
There were three sitting in it, saying the same thing,
They said it to each other with all their hearts.
Refr. My saint Ali is telling the end of time,
He’s been mentioning the ocean for a thousand and thirty-three years.

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. Refr.

Those who slandered my Ali in India,
Jafer imam listed them one by one,
A pharisaic demon tied up your fingers. Refr.

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. Refr.

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. Refr.

My troubles are many, which one shall I complain of.\(^\text{197}\)
Where can I find remedy to them,
You can't have enough of the encounter, the nice speech.

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.

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.

\(^{197}\) This nefes is a variant of nefes № 344 and 495.
№ 558. Semah. Bektashi congregation, Ahmetler

Ah içinde yatıyor müslüm yiğitler.
Refr. Çekil gönül, çekil Şah'a varalım, varalım.
Pir Sultanım orda da kalbim büküldü,
Bugün dal boynuma kement atıldı, atıldı Hü
Dost,
Gözlerimden kanlı da yaşlar döküldü. Refr.

See № 495 and № 344

№ 559. Semah. Orhan Bulut (1944 Kılavuzlu), Çorlu

Ah, Hızır paşam bizi de berdar etmeden.
Refr. Çekil gönül, çekil, Şah'a varalım, gel, varalım,
Siyaset gülleri derip çatmadan. Refr.
Ah çok çik otur imam Cafer köşküne
Boyanalım amber ile miskine Hü, Hü, Hü,
Ah seni beni yaratının aşkına. Refr.

№ 563. Kırklar semahi. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Bir nefescik söleyeyim,
Dinlemesen neleyeyim
Aşk deryasın boylayayım
Ummana dalmaya geldim.

Ummana daldım, yoruldum
Kazana girdim kavrulдум
Hem elendim hem savrulдум
Meydana yennmeye geldim.

Ben Hakk'ın edna kuluyum
Kem nærarlardan biriyim
Cemiyetin bülbülüyüm
Didara ötmeye geldim.

Let me sing a short nefes,
What can I do if you don't even listen to it,
Let me swim across the ocean of love,
I've come to immerse in the ocean.

I immersed in the ocean, exhausted,
I got into the cauldron, I got roasted,
I was put through the sieve and scattered,
I entered the holy place to win.

I am the lowest servant of God,
Worse than a bewitching eye,
I am the nightingale of the community,
I have come to sing.

198 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.

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.

Pir Sultan'ım bu dem bunda
Çok keramet var insanda
O cihanda bu cihanda
Ali'ye saydilar bizi.

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 coştu gönl
Bir can doğru yola vardı,
Katarlandı coştu gönl.

News has come from the friend again,
The heart throbs, rejoicing,
A soul has entered the right way,
The heart overflows like a sea.

Kılavuzum Şah-ı Merdan
Çevresi dopdolu nurdan
Bunda her cahil dosttan,
Neylersin vazgeçti gönl.

My guide is the Bravest of the Brave,
Light is shining around him,
All ignorant friends are given up,
What can the heart do,

Sır Ali’nin sırrı idi
Seyrederdi sever idi
Şunda bir avcı var idi
Vardı ağa düştü gönl.

The secret was Ali’s secret,
He looked around gladly,
There was a hunter there,
The heart was trapped in his snare.

Açıldı bahçenin gülü
Öter içinde bülbülü
Dost elinden dolu dolu
Sarhoş oldu içti gönl.

The rose of garden has blossomed,
The nightingale is singing there,
A full cup given by a friendly hand
Was drunk, intoxicating the heart.

Pir/Shah Sultan’ım zülfü nider?
Er olan ikrarın güder
Cesed bunda seyran eder
Çün Hakka ulaştı gönl.

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), Kızılçıkdere

Mah-i muhar[remde derd-i] hicranda,
Şah Hüseyin derde yanar ağlarım,
Zemin-i asıman bütün matemde.
Refr. Şah Hüseyin derde yanar ağlarım.
Bu fani dünyada olmadım abad,
Gözyaşı çeşmimi eyledi berbat
Ah imamlar derde ah eyerlerim 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.
Mühr-ü ehl-i beyttir aşka nişan,
Bu derde düşeli aklım perişan
Ciğerim hun döker ateşi efşan. Refr.

Senin aşkın beni hayran eyledi,
Soyup bu cismimi ıryan eyledi
Bu çeşmimiz hüznüyle giryan eyledi. Refr.

Esrar Hüdadır erenler remzi,
Bozulur mu levhde yazılan yazı?

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. Refr.

The lover for you inflames me,
My human body is freed of desires,
My two eyes are weeping sadly. Refr.

The mysterious God is the symbol of saints,
Will the script engraved in stone deteriorate?

Senin 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.

Fuelled by your strength,
I crossed mountains and vales,
I approached you step by step,
I've come to touch you, my saint.

I was written down like script,
Arranged in lines like morsel,
Offering all I had on the table,
I've come, my saint.

Time and space have stopped,
Time is this moment alone,
Through your seventh gate
I enter to see you, my saint.

Turgut Baba tells me
I'll burn to ashes.
I have a soul that I've come
To hand over to you.

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, A guest has come to see us today,
 Hanemizi şen ıyiledi, He brightened up our home,
 Bizim güler yüzlerimiz Our smiling faces
 Onları seyran ıyiledi. Looked upon them fondly.

 Bizi seven mihmanlara, The guests who like us
 Bizden selam o canlara. Are welcome.
 Guler yüzü mihmanlara, Our guests with smiling faces
 Bizi seyran eylediler. Have visited us.

 № 571. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

 [Geldi bahar öttü bülbül] [Spring is here, the nightingale sings,
 Ferahladi deli gönül, The foolish heart is relieved,
 Açılıdı tazece bir 8ül. A fresh rose has blossomed.
 Refr. Ferahladi deli gönül. Refr. My foolish heart is relieved.
 Öter bülbül şahım diye, The nightingale sings: my Shah,
 İmam Ali’m mahım diye. My Imam Ali, my moon.
 Mümin olan ikrar verir, A true believer takes a vow,
 Can ile cananı bilir. He recognizes the beloved, the true God,
 Er olan nefsini bilir. Refr. A holy person has control over himself. Refr.
 Canda cananımdır Ali My spiritual lover, Ali,
 Dilde mihmanımdır Ali The guide of my tongue,
 Cafer Baba dile geldi Ja’fer Baba spoke,
 Cümlemizin yüzü güzel A full glass arrived from the dispenser of the

 № 572. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

 Geldi bahar, öttü bülbül, Spring is here, sang the nightingale,
 Ferahladi deli gönül. The foolish heart is relieved,
 Açılıdı tazece sümbül. Fresh hyacinths are blooming.
 Refr. Ferahladi deli gönül. Refr. My foolish heart is relieved.
 Öter bülbül şahım diye, The nightingale sings: my Shah,
 İmam Ali’mahım diye. Imam Ali, my moon,
Canda cananımsın Ali,
Dilde mihmansın Ali,
Mümin olan ikrar verir
Can ile cananı bilir
Er olan nefsini bilir. Refr.
Cafer Baba dile geldi
Cümlemizin yüzü güldü
Sakiden bir dolu geldi. Refr.

Mümin olan ikrar verir
Can ile cananı bilir
Er olan nefsini bilir. Refr.
Mümin olan ikrar verir
Can ile cananı bilir
Er olan nefsini bilir. Refr.
Mümin olan ikrar verir
Can ile cananı bilir
Er olan nefsini bilir. Refr.

Mümin olan ikrar verir
Can ile cananı bilir
Er olan nefsini bilir. Refr.
Mümin olan ikrar verir
Can ile cananı bilir
Er olan nefsini bilir. Refr.
Mümin olan ikrar verir
Can ile cananı bilir
Er olan nefsini bilir. Refr.

Mümin olan ikrar verir
Can ile cananı bilir
Er olan nefsini bilir. Refr.
Mümin olan ikrar verir
Can ile cananı bilir
Er olan nefsini bilir. Refr.
Mümin olan ikrar verir
Can ile cananı bilir
Er olan nefsini bilir. Refr.
Mümin olan ikrar verir
Can ile cananı bilir
Er olan nefsini bilir. Refr.
Mümin olan ikrar verir
Can ile cananı bilir
Er olan nefsini bilir. Refr.
Mümin olan ikrar verir
Can ile cananı bilir
Er olan nefsini bilir. Refr.
Mümin olan ikrar verir
Can ile cananı bilir
Er olan nefsini bilir. Refr.
№ 574. Nefes. Hasan Hüseyin Aslan (1935 Tatlıpınar), Kırklareli

Bugün bize mihman geldi,
Hanemiz şen eyledi.
Bizim güler yüzlerimiz
Onları seyran eyledi.

Bizi seven mihmanlara
Bizden selam o canlara.
Güler yüzü mihmanlara.
Refr. Bizi seyran eylediler

Sevgiımız canlar geldi
Canı canana gizledi
Canların güler yüzleri.
Refr.

Hasan Hüseyin sever sizi
Hasan Hüseyin siziniyle
Canların muhabbetiyle
Mihmandan bir dolu ıyle. 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,
Gönüler şevk ile yanmış,
İlahi aşkya 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
Tatlılaştır 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 you200
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.

200 The believers of Islam.
№ 577. Nefes. Hatice Şişmanova (1934 Yenibal), Aliye Mehmeedova (1911 Yenibal, Bulgaristan), Bulgaristan

Canı başı feda iyle
Masivaya geda iyle
El eledir geda iylen
Sultan meydanda meydanda.

Yücelir de miracına
Erişir devlet tacına
El uzatur muhtacına
Yezdan meydanda meydanda.

Canan iyle devran iyle
İman iyle sübhan iyle
Piran iyle peyman iyle
Ferman meydanda meydanda.

Beraberce 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,
The humble servant Bedri
Noyan dedebaba stood in the holy place.

№ 577. Nefes. Hatice Şişmanova (1934 Yenibal), Aliye Mehmeedova (1911 Yenibal, Bulgaristan), Bulgaristan

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 Bulgaristan), Bulgaristan

Cennetin kapısını açıkoymuşlar,
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 deyüş yollarda bekler.

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, waiting on the road. Refr.

201 Muhammad and Ali.

Kur'an yazılırken arş-ı Rahmanıda,                     When the Quran was written at the beginning  
Sir kudret kâtibinin elindeydi,                         of times,                                               
Kandil asılırken nur-u meskanda,                       The secret was in the holy scribe's hand,            
Bülbül idin gone günde yüm.                            When the lantern was hung in the bright space,      
Kırklar arş üstüne kurdular cemi,                      A ritual was held in space by the Forty,           
Muhabbet halk oldu sürdüler demi.                     Drink was distributed during the nice talk,202      
Balçıktan yaratdı/yuğurdu Allah ademi,                Allah moulded man from mud,                        
Ol vakit ben onun belindeydim.                         Then I was still in my stomach.                     

№ 581. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kırklareli

Balçıktan yarattı Allah Ademi,                         Allah moulded man from mud,                        
Ol vakit ben onun yanındaydım.                          Then I was still beside him,                        
Yunus deryalara daldığı zaman,                         When Jonah dived into the sea,                     
Balğın karnında kaldığı zaman,                         And stayed in the belly of the fish,               
Ali'in Zulfi kârî çaldığı zaman,                       When Ali fought with Zulfi kârî,                  
Hayder kalesinde kolundaydim.                          I was in a wing of Hayder's castle.                

Mihman söyleşirken yanındaydım,                        When the guest was talking, I was beside him,      
Seyran ile içmişim aşkın dolusunu.                    Taking delight in drinking the nectar of love.    

№ 582. Nefes. Bektashi congregation, Kılavuzlu

Dün gece seyrimde bir dolu içtim.                     Last night I had a drink in my dream.             
Refr. Hünkâr Hacı Bektaş sen imdad eyle,               Refr. My lord, Haji Bektaş, come, help me!        
Çok niyaz eyleyip, yalvarıp düştüm.                   I've prayed and begged a lot.                      
Muratlar verildi bir ulu cansın,                      The goals have been set, you're a great soul,     
Laanettir dünyada gevheri kati,                       The nobler level of the world has been cursed,    
Seni bilmenenler otlara yansın. Refr.                The one that doesn't know you should be burnt     
                                                          by fire. Refr.                                  
Muhammed Ali'dir, Ali Muhammed,                       Muhammad is Ali and Ali is Muhammad,              
Onları sevenler bulurlar cennet,                      Those who worship them will get into heaven,      
Sefil kellaraına eyle merhamet. Refr.                  Show mercy to your humble adherents. Refr.       

202 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 dilersem 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

Muhabbet 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,
Dönmeziz biz Cafer yolu 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 Jafer.

İmam Musa Kazım Ali Rıza’nın,
Taki veya Naki sırr-ı Hüdaya,
Hasan-ul askeri Mehdi Livaya,
Cümelmiz demişiz beli aşkına.
Kaldır saki başın, yüzün göreyim,
Aslırları, neslimizi bilelim,
Abdal Musa Sultan demi sürelim,
Doldur hemen doldur, dolu aşkına.
Vasıfi’yem alemde bir kemter geda,
Gahi erenlerden olmuşum cüda,
Cümelmiz canımız eyleriz feda,
Hünkar Haci Bektaş Veli aşkına!

Musa Kazim, the imam of Ali Riza,
Taki, Naki imams are God’s secret,
Hasan’s soldier to the army of the Muslim Messiah,
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 Abdul 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 aşık olsun, şerler def olsun.  
Niyaz et muradı, Mevlâdan iste Şahım,  
Hayırlar feth olsun şerler def olsun.  
Sabahın sehrinde durup duaya Şahım,  
El kaldırıp yüzün çevir semaya,  
Sıkılmayan var ol Naki Mevlâ'ya Şahım,  
Hayırlar feth olsun şerler def olsun.  
Azizlar aşık olsun, şerler def olsun.  
Akilsen âlemde uyma kallaşa,  
Beyhude yerlere düşme savaşa,  
Var türâba yüz sür Hacı Bektaşa.Refr.  
Perişân fetheyle hayra devrânın,  
Daima zikretsin Hakkı zebânın,  
Eşiğine baş koy Balim Sultânın. Refr.  
Mornings and evenings let's evoke God's name,  
Let blessings win, and wickedness disappear!  
Thanks to the saints, wickedness should disappear!  
My Shah, crave that God fuls your desire,  
Let blessings win and wickedness disappear!  
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!  
If you've got sense, don't follow the mean in this world,  
Do not fight for futilities,  
Kneeling down touch your face to the ground before Haji Bektash. Refr.  
Win, miserable, make your rounds,  
Your tongue should repeat God's name,  
Your head should touch the threshold of Balim Sultan. Refr.

№ 586. Nefes. Emrullah Yılmazgûç (1938 Bulgaria), Zeytinburnu

Mağrip tarafından bir yıldız doğdu,  
Mağrip tarafından şavquí on sekiz bin aleme vurdu,  
Kudumlar203 çalındı köşler değildi. Refr.  
Bir mutlak efendini bulabildin mi?  
Mehdi çıktı diye bir al çağırır,  
Gökte uçan melekler hışmından saksın,  
Allah Allah deyi ism'a zem okunur. Refr.

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. Refr.  
Have you found the real master?  
The Messiah has appeared, that is being shouted,  
Even the angels flying in the sky fear his anger,  
Allah, Allah, they cry and pray. Refr.

203 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. Ogłum, taliplerim bilsin kıymetimi.

Pir Sultanım bunu böyle söyledi,
Söyledi de gene kendi dinledi,
Zeynep anam buna haram 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,
Hatircığımı yıkıp göynüm eylersiniz.
Biz rizasız lokma yada sunmayız,
Gelen kismetimizi geri koymayız.

Sen var ana danış, danış gel dedi,
Musa vardi ağasına da pes dedi,
Nedir yine geldiğin Musam dost dedi,
Dört kurt geldi kardeş kurban istedi.

Beni sana hem rizaya saldlar,
Sen varıncı onlar koyunu gütsünler,
Gütsünler de kavil-i karar etsinler,
Arasından beğenendiğini 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 decision.

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 decision, And choose the one they like.
Musa'ın da göynüğü güldü şaz oldu,
Enez şimdi geldi akıl� dedi,
Dördünüz dört taraftan sokulun dedi,
Dört kurt dört tarafta sürüye saldılar.

Moses became happy, his heart rejoiced,
Something occurred to me, he said,
The four wolves attacked the flock from four directions,
You four should attack from four directions.

Ardılar 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 Koşenciftlik), Musulça – See № 588

№ 590. Matem nefesi. Sefer Çalışkan (1925 İstip/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 gul 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 ekşiyini 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 sakısı 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. Bektash Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Çıktım, seyreledim ben şu alemi,
Bana da bir handı dalımden olduğunu,
Kendi dilim ile dıştım belaya,
Sabır edemedim dilim derd olduğu.

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,
Aşkın sevdiğine gönülden vermiş,
Herkes sevdiğini gönülden sevämiş,
Erenlerin kilici yol suzu kesmiş.

The beautiful dispersed on the other side, they lay down,
She gave her love to her lover from the bottom of her heart,
All loved their lovers from the bottom of their hearts,
The sword of saints slew the misguided.
№ 592. Nefes. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Yolsuz ağlar bana yolundan oldu,
The misguided one complains to me, he was deprived of his way,
Ne olaydı Yezide, alaydın akıllı,
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 berrabtı,
My hand got injured, I’m in bad condition,
Ördek ağlar bana gölümden oldum.
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 ektiyse, kendine ekti,
As a man sows, so he shall reap,
Ördek … turnalar önede,
The cranes are crying to me, their lake is gone,
Turnalar ağlar bana gölünden oldu,
The cranes are crying to me, their lake is gone,
Ağlar turnam bana gölünden oldum.

№ 592. Nefes. Bektaş Bahtiyar (1953 Musulça), Zeytinburnu

Zannetme biz bugün ikrar vermişiz,
Don't think that we've taken a vow today,
Bizim ikrarımız kal-ü beliden,
Our vow goes back to the beginning of times,
Adem’den Havva’dan evvel ermişiz,
We found it before Adam and Eve,
Tu ezel bezminden sırrı cemiden.
Before the creation of the world for the secret of the judgement.

Nebliler ermeden bu sırrı namaz,
Even prophets don’t understand the secret of this prayer,
Bızlar yakın idik ol sırrı ruha,
We got near the secret of the soul,
Cennet iken oldu sırrı münteha,
We solved this mystery in paradise,
Şarabı Kevseri içtik Ali’den.
Drinking the wine of Kevser with Ali.

Dest tutup girmişiz ulu dergaha,
Holding hands we entered the great sanctuary,
Kimseler ermeden sırrı aga,
No one grabbed the depth of the secrets,
Vurutzumz verdik biz ol Allah’a,
We gave our whole being to Allah,
Kati vuslat bize tu ezeliden.
For the first time we managed to unite with friends since the beginning of times.

La ilaha Hüdür bizim zikrimiz,
Our prayer’s La ilaha Hü,204
Muhammed Ali’dır dilde verdiğiımız,
We mention the names of Muhammad and Ali,
Avni Baba Hü der bizim dersizim,
We cite God, Avni Baba, this is the teaching,
Pirim Hünkar Hàçı Bektaş Veli’den.
From Haji Bektash Veli.

204 There is no one but Allah.
Kimi köyler farzá sünnet, ey,
Odur Muhammet, hümmet, ey,
Gelsin, Muhammedim, gelsin.
Düşmüşlerin elin alsın, hay.
Canım sana kurban olsun,
Refr.: Muhammet Ali aşkına,
Bizi yaratının aşkına, ay.
Çıktım kırklar yaylasına,
Çağırdım üçler aşkına. Refr.
Düşmüşlerin elin alsın, hay. Refr.
Gelin bu faktan geçelim,
Ak ile karayı seçelim,
Hoşça hoşça can verelim,
Muhammet Ali aşkına.
Bu dünya kurulu faktır,
Geççeklerin sözü haktır, hay
Allah bir peygamber vardır/haktır. Refr.
Gel şah Sultana varalım,
Gel Pir Sultana varalım,
Onda didaren görelim, hay
Biz Allah’ı 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
abadal 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
âgah 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
âgyar n. plur. strangers, others, the outsiders
ahd-ü peyman n. oath, given word, vow
Ahi n. 1. Islamic order in the late Seljuk age 2. religious brother, member of the same communion

ahlilik 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; ~i muhtar holy leader, prophet
akıl 1. n. reason, knowledge of practical things, intuitive comprehension, the ability of comprehending God; akli 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 pressure)
alem n. the world, the inhabitants of the world, ~i şehadet n. the visible world
alevi 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
anâbaci n. name of the wife of the highest
Bektashi leaders → babârenler
anber n. fragrance
anda arch. therein, there
anbâcî n. name of the wife of the highest
Bektashi leaders → bâbârenler
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
arî n. 1. bee; 2. one who investigates reality
arîf n. happy possessor of divine knowledge
arslan n. lion, permanent attribute of Hz.
Ali; ~ sütü n. raki
arş-i rahman n. arch. the throne of the mer-
ciful God
aruz n. verse pattern arranged by the length
of syllables and the openness and clos-
edness of vowels used mostly in Divan
poetry in Ottoman literature
arz et- describe, explain, mean
arzuman n. desire
asâ n. stick, the means of keeping order in
Alevi ceremonies
asuman P. firmament, heavens (poetic)
asçebası n. chef
aşevi n. 1. kitchen 2. a house of the order
aşik n. 1. one who loves 2. in the Bekthasi
order the aşik 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 previ-
ous 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. plac-
ing 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
ayit- 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,
kurklar 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 commu-
nity
başârenler 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 → müşit
bacî 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
Abbreviations

**Abbreviations**

**Bag-I Irem** n. Paradise, the Garden of Eden
**baglanti** n. kind of a nefes with the names of the twelve imams performed in the ceremony → düvazdeh imam
**bahir/bri/ n. arch.** a poetic meter in aruz
**bahr** n. sea
**bal** n. 1. honey 2. divine justice

**Balmut** the grandson of Haci Bektaş Veli; ~ Erkanı one of the best-known Bektashi communities in Thrace
**balmıtaşı** n. dodecagonal flat marble pendant hung around the neck of the candidate by the spiritual teacher
**bår** n. 1. a name of Allah 2. weight, burden

**basret** 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
**batnî adj.** Ar. inner, hidden, secret, mysterious, esoteric, mystic

**Bektashi** 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

**Bektashilik** n. 12th-century Turkish mystic religious order connected to the name of Haji Bektaş Veli. In the 15th century it was reformed by Balim Sultan who is regarded as the second founder of the order.

**bel baga-** 1. girding one's waist, the symbol of becoming a man (viz. an authorized member of the community) 2. joining the order

**bel evladi** 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
**beyt/yti/ n.** two verse lines connected by their content
**beytullah** n. 1. the house of God 2. the heart of perfect man

**beziran** n. 1. merchant 2. master (in whose company mystic knowledge can be attained)
**bezm** n. P. 1. congregation, meeting, gathering 2. banquet
**bireği** 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

**bülbul** 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)
**carci** 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
*çida* n. lance, a spearlike weapon
*çihad* n. holy war (cf. Ar. *jihad* endeavour, effort)
cinás n. Ar. a poetic device “turning” of polysemous words (using their different meanings in the same text)
*çönk* 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
*çag* adj. 1. new-born 2. raw, immature
çamaşırcı n. laundryman
çardeh masumpak n. the fourteen innocent underage saints
çığraş → çıraş
*çeşm* n. P. eye
çığır n. 1. track, path 2. trace 3. way, route; ~ aç- show/open way
cıplak 1. naked, bare 2. freed earthly vanities
*çırağ* n. P. 1. apprentice 2. pupil
*çığ* 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
*çırağ* 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; ~ dinliendir- 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; *lugat* ~ 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
deyîş 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 13th and 19th 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, tarikat, 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’a’s 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, mistery 2. hashish
estağfurullah Ar. May God forgive! (in case of overpraise or self-criticism)
esık 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
esikçi 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 1. Ar. days, period, interval
ezan n. the muezzin's call to prayer
ezel n. Ar. eternity, the days of yore
fakir (plur. fukara) n. 1 (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. sweper, one of the twelve men doing service in the ceremony \(\rightarrow\) carcı, süpürgeci
farz n. Ar. (religious) duty
fena n. death, extinction, annihilation, sinking into oblivion
ferişte 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 \(\rightarrow\) (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
füttüvet 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 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 wi\(\rightarrow\) (less), put up wi\(\rightarrow\) something
gözüçü n. sentry, watchman, one of the twelve servants, man keeping order during Bektashi ceremonies \(\rightarrow\) 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
gürüb n. P. flock, herd (of people), horde, mob
güvende n. 1. the man in charge of security in the ceremony \(\rightarrow\) gözüçü 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 wi\(\rightarrow\) 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; ~ meydani the holy place; ~ vere God give! If only!
hal (plur. ahwal) n. Ar. state (of mind) of the Sufi walking on the path in ecstasy
halayik 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; Hand olsun! Thanks to God!

hamse n. arch. Ar. 1. a literary work of five mesnevis 2. literary history

hanefi n. one of the four Islamic communities that can perform the ritual of şınnet (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

ehak ol- die

helâl adj. Ar. canonically lawful, permissible; ~ et- turn a blind eye to, forgive, cancel (debt)

hemişe always, constantly, permanently

heves et- desire, long for

Hıdrellez n. the beginning of summer (May 6th), the fortieth day after the vernal equinox

hurka n. Ar. wool waistcoat, garment worn by dervishes in the ceremony

hüşim [hüşm] n. anger, rage

Hızır n. immortal legendary hero; protector of the misguided and the dying

hıcâb n. Ar. obstacle between man and God

hikmet n. Ar. knowledge, divine knowledge

hıfız n. caliphate

hıfızetname n. P. Dede Baba's letter of appointment written to a → halifebaba

hilebaz P. deceitful, dishonest, tricky, unreliable, cunning, shrewd

hîmmet 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

hirka n. waistcoat, the patchwork garment of the Sufi

hizmet n. Ar. (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

Hurufi n. Islamic sect, attributing divine significance to relations hidden behind certain groups of letters; a part of the sect became absorbed by Bektashism

hûma 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

ibrikçî 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)

iddâk n. Ar. explanation, conception

ikilik n. duality, failure to comprehend divine justice

ikràr 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
ilm n. Ar. 1. knowledge 2. the imams' knowledge of divine origin; ~ü irfan knowledge and study
imam n. Muslim priest
iman n. faith
insat/du/ n. arch. 1. recitation 2. recital, recitation of poetry
intha n. Ar. end, doom
iptida n. Ar. beginning
irfan n. Ar. (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
irsat/di/ 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?
kapci n. doorkeeper during the ceremony, one of the twelve men in service → oniki hizmet
karsılama 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
kemerbeste 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
kirk makam n. the forty stations or obstacles on the way to God with four gates
kirklar cemi n. the ceremony of the Bektashis → ayin-i cem
kirklar meclisi n. a meeting led by Hz. Ali and attended by Hz. Muhammed
kirklar 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 15th-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

**külli** *adj.* Ar. 1. complete, universal, general 2. numerous, large, ample

**külliye** *n.* 1. archives 2. *œuvre* 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

**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 → *kürk* makams

**makbul** *adj.* Ar. accepted, loved, admired, much liked

**malamat** *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, experimental 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.* antology, 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

**mengüş** *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
mensure 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
mesnevî 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
meydance n. one of the twelve duties in the ceremony: the person in charge of the cleanliness 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
musra/ti/ 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 sündü literally: the candle was extinguished; part of Alevi-Bektashi rituals held in secret
musahip/bil 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 taş n. table-shaped large stone on which the coffin is placed during the funeral service
musallat adj. Ar. pester, annoying
mutasavvif 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
müft ü 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
müncat n. Ar. 1. fervent prayer to God 2. praise of God
Abbreviations

münaﬁk n. hypocritical, showing ostenta-tious piety
münevever n. adj. enlightened, intellectual
münkîr adj. Ar. atheist, disbeliever, one who denies God
mûrit/dî/ n. Ar. believing and worthy disci-ple preparing for the way to God, pupil
mûrûşî/dî/ n. adj. Ar. 1. religious leader/ teacher → pir 2. master, one showing the right way, guide
mûrt adj. dead, perished (animal); ~ ol- die, perish
Mûrîteza a name of Hz. Ali
mûr(ûv)yet n. Ar. 1. happiness, virtue (from pre-Islamic tradition) 2. blessing, gener-osity 3. feast
mûstîezat/dî/ n. arch. a work of poetry (with each line followed by a short comple-mentary line)
mûstak 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-defi ned pattern of syllable, rhythm and rhyme 2. poetry, poem
nebi n. Ar. prophet, heavenly envoy
neca/t 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
evrenste n. P. sprout, bud
nevruz n. P. New Year’s Day
nimet n. Ar. 1. blessing 2. good luck, happi-ness 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 guid-ance
ocak n. fireplace, hearth, religious fraternity, the organization of the Janissary corps
oruç n. strict fast kept in the monâth of mourning to commemorate Imam Hus-sain
ölçü n. 1. measure 2. metrical foot, meter
padişah n. ruler, the highest ranking digni-tary in Muslim society
pâlheng n. dodecagon stone worn by the Bektashis on their belts as a symbol in memory of the twelve imams
pazarcî n. dervish in a market
pervane n. P. 1. moth, night butterfly 2. one of the twelve duties in the ceremony → peyk, onîki hizmet 3. wind wheel, wind-spinner
peyk → pervane
peymane n. P. 1. goblet 2. heart brimming with religious devotion
pir n. P. religious leader, founder of a reli-gious 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, -lü n. 1. pain, suffering 2. wound, injury
resul, -lü 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 14th century on

sadaka n. voluntary alms
sağu 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
sema n. elevated ritual whirling performed to a nefes sung with bağlama or saz accompaniment; → git-/yürü- dance sema, a liturgical dance, during which dervish-es 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
sevâb n. Ar. 1. divine reward for a good deed 2. merciful deed 3. virtuous way of life
seyrângah 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
südk/dkü/ n. arch. Ar. 1. reality 2. devotion, attachment
sir n. Ar. 1. secret experience of the soul 2. mystery 3. secret → r-i Hak divine secret
surat 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
sofacı n. one of the twelve duties in the rituals → selman
sofra 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
Sübhânamallah Ar. Praise be to God!
Abbreviations

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
Şâh-ı Necef n. Hz. Ali
Şâh-ı Velâyet n. Hz. Ali
Şah-ı Zülfi kar 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 pa of the Bektashi 3. someone who desires or seeks something
tamuk n. hell
tarikat n. Sufi pa to God, in fact an order or sect, a community of people following the same religious teachings and practices based on Sufism
tasavvûf 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
teberra 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 tarikat
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
tenasûh n. Ar. arch. transmigration of souls, reincarnation
terceman n. ritual prayer
teslim n. offering oneself to God; ~ taş flat dodecagon stone of the Bektashi → balımtaşı, palheng
teslis n. Ar. arch. Holy Trinity
teşrik et-connect with someone, connect/relate to something
tevccüh et-turn to someone
tevellâ n. love of the holy family by their true devotees and followers
tevhît n. 1. the teaching that there is only one God, monotheism 2. belief in unity 3. monotheism 4. poem praising Allah (manzume) 5. union
tîqla- slaughter an animal ritually, offer animal sacrifice to God
tîgbend n. P. 1. belt for girding a sword 2. woollen belt girded around the waist of a Bektashi when entering the order
toy n. arch. Al타ic 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)
tuyûğ n. arch. rhyming poem written in aruz
tûrâb n. arch. earth, dust
tütsü n. fumigation
uçmak n. Paradise, heaven (< Sogdian uśtmah Paradise)
umman n. Ar. arch. ocean
urba n. piece of clothes, garment
üçyüzaltmışaltı 366, according to a Hurüfî idea the number of important veins and arteries in the human body
ümmet n. Ar. believing Muslims
ümni adj. Ar. arch. illiterate
üryan 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/chi/ n. 1. face, cheek; 2. way, mode
veli n. Ar. 1. protector, guardian 2. friend of God, holy man
vezin/زین n. arch. measure, poetic measure/ metre → ölçüt
viran n. P. 1. collapsed, ramshackle, ruined 2. woeful, broken, sad
vird n. Ar. daily recited Quran quotation
vuslat n. Ar. arch. reunion, recognition
yard adj. strange, foreign
yâd n. P. memory, remembrance, commemoration; ~ et- commemoration
yada taş 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
yarhiga- beg, pray
yarlık/ğı/ n. ordinance, injunction by a ruler
yasît the same age
yavan adj. simple, plain (bread), fatless (food)
yedîler n. plur. the holy family of Hz. Muhammad, Hz. Ali, Hz. Fatma, Hz. Hasan, Hz. Hussein, Selman-ı Farisî and Cebrâil Aleyhisselâm, the seven holiest persons ruling the world according to Sufism
yensiz yakâsz 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
yîçek more magnificent, better
yol n. order, religious community 2. moral rule, order to be followed; ~ evladi/oğlu religious brother
zahidlik 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
Zülfi kar n. Ar. Hz. Ali’s two-pointed forked sword
zümre n. 1. group, team 2. sect, congregation
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INDEXES

Length 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)

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Cadences

I handle tunes № 1–10 rotating on the A G-A-B 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.
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C (C) D 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 345, 353
C (C) E 440
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D (C) D 356, 390
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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 magasságában. Vannak olyan dallamok is, melyekben határozottan változik egy hang és módosított változata, pl. Nº 26-ban magas és alacsonyabb 2. fok, Nº 554-ban pedig magas és alacsonyabb 6. fok is szerepel. Mégis, e dallamok többsége is beosztható volt valamelyik alábbi csoportba.

**Scales with minor third**


**Scales with major third**


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As regards scales with an augmented second, in Turkish folk music and in the Balkans the augmented second appears most frequently between the 2nd and 3rd 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.

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Toneset of the rotating motives (the central note is bold and underlined)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scales</th>
<th>№</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>E- D- C</td>
<td>11, 14, 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>f- E- D- C</td>
<td>1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>g- E- D- C</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E- D- C B</td>
<td>12, 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>f- E- D# C</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E- D# C B A</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D- C B A</td>
<td>18, 20</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

• 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.205

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

205 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 6th 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 6th degree is not only a grace note but an integral part of the melody. Few tunes reach higher than A′.

**Compass**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Compass</th>
<th>Tonal Range</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>G−B</td>
<td>11, 12, 14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G−C</td>
<td>1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 23, 64, 138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G−D</td>
<td>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</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G−D♭</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>G−E♭</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G−E♭+</td>
<td>278</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G−E♯</td>
<td>200, 219, 224, 280, 288, 420, 463, 464, 535, 538, 558, 591</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G−E♯++</td>
<td>207, 277, 279, 281, 323, 387</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G−A</td>
<td>98, 161, 240, 432, 443, 465, 467, 468, 523, 530, 531, 576, 390, 395, 402, 500, 502, 522, 560, 575</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G−B′</td>
<td>493</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G−C′</td>
<td>381</td>
</tr>
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<td>37, 102, 176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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</tr>
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<td>G#−F</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G#−F♯</td>
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</tbody>
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Identical first and second sections with cadence variants
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Different first and second sections with cadence variants

207 Similar forms are AAB + Refr, AAB+ and aAB+.
208 Similar forms are: AABB + Refr, AABBB, AvABvB, AABvB, AAAAB, AAB +, AAAAB, ABB, ABBB and AABBB.
209 Similar forms are: AAAABk|AB, AAAABkB, AABk+B+, AABk+B+, AABkB, AABk + Refr and AABkB|ABkB.
210 Similar forms are AAk+b, AAkB+ and AAkBkB.
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Meter</th>
<th>№</th>
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<tr>
<td>10/8</td>
<td>2+3+2+3</td>
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<tr>
<td>10/8</td>
<td>3+2+2+3</td>
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<tr>
<td>2/4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5/4</td>
<td>3+2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5/8</td>
<td>3+2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6/4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6/4, 5/4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6+8 and 4+4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7/4</td>
<td>2+2+2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7/4</td>
<td>3+2+2</td>
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<tr>
<td>7/8</td>
<td>2+2+3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7/8</td>
<td>3+2+2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8/8</td>
<td>2+3+3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9/16</td>
<td>2+2+2+3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>№ of syllables</th>
<th>rhythmic pattern</th>
<th>percent</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>iiii</td>
<td>i i</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>iiii</td>
<td>ii i</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>iiii</td>
<td>iii i</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>iii i</td>
<td>iii i and</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>iii</td>
<td>iii</td>
</tr>
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- Bektashi concert in Istanbul
- Bektashi congregation
- Bektashi dervishes
- Bektashi women
- Man from Bulgaria
- Zakir of an Alevi congregation
- Instrumental pieces
- Sunni man and schoolchildren
- Sunni women

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4. Çavuşköy 174, 218, 365
6. Çorlu 1, 3, 13, 16, 38, 50, 63, 65, 66, 68, 86, 127, 133, 137, 200, 203, 212, 244, 332, 339, 408, 429, 450, 456, 457, 462, 527, 559, 583
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12. Kınancak 242, 310
19. Ormankent 12, 494, 495, 521
20. Tatlıpinar 103
21. Tekirdağ 96, 143, 170, 245, 318, 426, 433, 451, 528, 540

A fentieken kívül a következő helyek szerepeltek adatközlők születési helyeként:
Trakya: Ahlatlı, Beyci, Karaabalar, Karacık, Terzidere, Topçular
Bulgaria: Deli Orman, Eskiçuma, Hıskova, Köşençiftlik, Osmanpazarı, Razgrad, Yenıbal and melodies collected by Eszter Lénárt
Greece: Selanik
Macedonia: İştip-Çetaшка
Turkey, from Alevis: Erzurum, Sivas (Minare Kangal)
Turkey, from Sunnis: Hayrabolu, Ipsala, 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.)
### Religious songs

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**Folk songs**

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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 20th century (→Birge 1937, illustration 20) (→Birge kisebb)
03 Cami in a Bektashi village (→305)
04 A popular representation of Haci Bektash with a lion and a stag (→HaciBektash)
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 dörtlü 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 Kirklareli (→224)
200 Bektashi women at a Bektashi festival in Topçular (→250)
200 Elderly and young Bektashis dancing (→258)
200 Roma musicians in Kirklareli (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 dergha (→228)