Fasl Bayyati is a family of Maqamat that is said to evoke joy and vitality. It is also used to evoke feminine sexuality, especially in dancers. Compositions in Bayyati tend to be relatively light in mood and optimistic. Maqam Bayyati is known as Dastgah Šur in Persian classical music, and known as Makâm Uşşak in Turkish classical music.

Al Albi Yashaq Kul Gamil was written by the Egyptian composer Ryad al-Sumbati, known for his work with the great Umm Kulthum. Tonight’s performance is only the opening sharqi, a simple melodic form which can be used to understand Maqam Bayyati. In its original form this melody opens a much longer composition. The title means “The Heart Loves All Beauty”.

Sur Ya El is a Jewish pizmonim from Syria. The art of pizmon involves the adoption of new melodies into a living, spiritual tradition. The melody comes from Egypt, where it was composed by the famous composer Mohammed Abdel Wahab under the name “Bint al-Balad”, or “the Country Girl”. Normally such a popular melody would be considered forbidden for religious usage, but Syrian rabbis hold that the process of setting holy words to the melody purifies the essence of the melody, making it suitable for praise:

Rock, Lord, God, King of the Universe,
Unto you are my thoughts.
A crown – pure, exalted; rebuild the sanctuary.
Living God, accept my cries of exultation.
Supreme, their Rock, rebuild their city.
Their Help, their Light, Living One, Exalted.

Daily we make offering, a free gift offering,
Lord, we shall shout with joy the song of the son of Jesse.

Behold, Lord, Rock, my hope.
Accept the sound of my song.
Guide the flock of my pleasant portion.
Lord, I will recall Your name with exultation.
Lord, to You belong the heavenly stars.
All the Seraphim and Ophanim give thanks to You.
(Sur Ya El)

O God, shield and helper; Lord, light of my eyes.
Beloved, restore the glory of the multitude of my children.
I will break forth into song for You, living God, most pure.
Open up the heavens, raise up my house.
Send easy pangs; Exalted, Rock, prosper!
And Your people, God, forgive; let him give praise, let him uplift.

And for everything, may Your name be exalted and made sacred.
Pleasing to you, Menorah and Miqdash.
Rebuild, O My God, my settled place, my former border.
O my Redeemer, establish my Temple, awesome and holy God.

Crown, as before, the holy city, Jerusalem.
the holy city, Jerusalem.
the holy city, Jerusalem.

Rock, Lord, God, King of the Universe,
Unto you are my thoughts.
A crown – pure, exalted; rebuild the sanctuary.
Living God, accept my cries of exultation.
Supreme, their Rock, rebuild their city.
Their Help, their Light, Living One, Exalted.

(Samra ya Samra)

3. Asking for your love, I found in your answer purity sublime.
I rejoice and I say to your eyes, essence of the lightness:
In your response is dignity, oh Samra,
You have grown dearer in my heart, oh Samra.

When your lips touch the glass, it turns to wine.
Samra, oh Samra.
How sweet, oh Samra
oh Samra oh Samra.

Refrain

The Laaz people inhabit the Black Sea coast along both sides of the border between Turkey and Georgia. Due to the politics of both nations, neither nation fully recognises the existence of this indigenous nation. The dance we play tonight may have a name, but it was not transmitted to us with any name save that of the people who play it and dance to it: the Laaz. The rhythm is the same as the Armenian dance from earlier, Laz Bar, and the same as the Bulgarian raçenica.

Ayva Çiçek Açmi is a love song from the Turkish performer Zekeriya Bozdağ, from Ankara.

1. Quince flower bloomed. Is summer coming?
Is your heart going to change its mind?
Will your attention to me become less?

Refrain: I burned, God, do not burn me.
Do not waken me from my deep sleep.
Do not deceive me by saying I love you.

2. By the roads of Ayaş I passed and I arrived.
I measured your neck to mine and arrived.
I took what was beautiful and arrived.

3. On the roads of Ayaş, is there a caravan there?
Is there an order out to kill me?
Os there a remedy for my tears and pain?
**Samra ya Samra** was composed by Karim Mahmoud after being inspired by a dark-skinned bellydancer whose band was unable to show up to back up her performance. Mahmoud was so moved by her crying that he penned this song. The word “samra” is in reference to the colour of her skin, but used as a proper name.

**Refrain:**

*Samra, oh Samra,*
*time after time*
*I can't stop thinking about your love.*
*Your light blood*
*and crowning chastity*
*Draw me closer to you.*
*Samra, oh Samra,*
*How sweet is Samra*
*Oh Samra, oh Samra.*

1. Samra, how beautiful, what a tune,
what a song, sweetest of sounds.
Enchantment: the arch of your eyebrow
denounces the beauty of others.
[When] I saw I became inflamed, oh Samra.
Lost, just like that, unaware, oh Samra.

When your lips touch the glass, it turns to wine.
*Samra, oh Samra,*
*How sweet, oh Samra*
*oh Samra oh Samra.*

**Refrain**

2. The roses of your cheeks
adorn your stem and make it more beautiful.
You make the blondes gaze at
the brunettes in torment all night.
They knew the fire and the envy, oh Samra.
They lived in torment and confusion, Samra.

When your lips touch the glass, it turns to wine.
*Samra, oh Samra,*
*How sweet, oh Samra*
*oh Samra oh Samra.*

**Refrain**

**Aziz Beshin Beh Kenārom** is a classical Persian composition by an anonymous composer. Tonight we are playing an interpretation of the form from Malihe Saiidi and Gorohe Kor.

**Opening Refrain:**

*My love, sit down beside me.*
*I am impatient for your love.*
*Don't leave my side now.*
*I swear by God, I love you.*

1. Since you left, my day has turned to dark night,
*My love, sit down beside me.*
You are laughing and we are captive in sorrow.
*My love, sit down beside me.*
You will not find a partner as faithful as me.
*My love, sit down beside me.*

**Refrain:**

*I am impatient for your love.*
*I swear I cannot wait anymore.*
*Don't leave my side now.*
*Don't leave my side now.*
*I swear by God, I love you.*

2. I have been far from my dear for two months
*My love, sit down beside me.*
Sometimes I am in the skies, sometimes I am on the land,
*My love, sit down beside me.*
Sometimes I am a fish at the bottom of the sea,
*My love, sit down beside me.*
Sometimes like a band around a gem.
*My love, sit down beside me.*

**Refrain**
**Anar, Anar** is a Persian folksong which compares the beauty of a woman to a pomegranate and a drop of cold water, among other comparisons.

**Refrain:**

\[O\text{ pomegranate, pomegranate,} \\
\text{Come sit beside me,} \\
\text{Drop of cold water, flower of fire.}\]

Every person has his partner.  
In the home of love, he has a sweetheart.  
O green friend,  
Come sit beside me,  
Drop of cold water, flower of fire.

**Refrain**

I stay at home because of my sorrow.  
Of black bile, unhearable, hopeless.  
O green friend,  
Come sit beside me,  
Drop of cold water, flower of fire.

**Fasl Hijaz-kar**, as mentioned before, expresses the longing of the mystic for the Divine. This longing is also symbolised by the desert, the literal meaning of “Hijaz”, which is the endonym of the Arabian peninsula. Hijaz-kar is one of two forms of Maqam Hijaz, the root form of which places secondary emphasis on the 4th tone whereas the maqamat of Fasl Hijaz-kar places secondary emphasis on the 5th. The Turks call this Makâm Hicaz, while Persians call it Dastgah Homâyun.

**Long Road West** is a set of tunes marking the Westward trek of many different peoples to the West. The opening is a Romanian lullabye, followed by an Armenian dance in 5. A klezmer Turkish rhythm propels the “Arabian Dance”, as recored by the Jewish clarinettist Naftule Brandwein in 1926. The last tune is a çöçek, a simple, fast dance from Gypsies in Bulgaria. Both the klezmer Turkish and the çöçek are forms of the Arabic iqa 'Ayub.

**La Rosa Enflorece** comes from Murrano Jews in Spain who sang in the Ladino language, the colloquial Jewish and Arabic dialect spoken in Iberia before 1492 and thereafter only spoken in secret. The words speak of the mystic's longing for oneness with God in erotic terms of the Rose and the Nightingale, a metaphor used in verse throughout the Islamic world.

1. The rose blossoms in the month of May.  
   My soul dims, it suffers from love.  
   \[My\text{ soul dims, it suffers from love.}\]

2. The nightingale sings, hopes for love.  
   And the passion kills me, my pain increases.  
   \[And\text{ the passion kills me, my pain increases.}\]

3. Come more quickly, my dove, come more quickly to me.  
   More quickly, you my soul, than I will die.  
   \[More\text{ quickly, you my soul, than I will die.}\]
**Mach**, meaning “kiss”, is a pop song by Afshin Jafari, a diaspora Iranian pop musician from Germany. Similar Persian songs express love for a woman in Dastgah Šur. Perhaps Afshin chose Nahawand because it fits more easily into the Western scale of his instruments. Or perhaps he is more interested in expressing the extremeness of his emotion than the desire he feels from her kiss. The expression “damesh garm”, or “I became warm”, is closely linked to the Turkish expression “gamze”, or “warmth”. In our earlier selection from Muallim Ismail Hakki Bey, the word was used to describe the feeling of kissing the lover's lips in the third verse.

1. She gave me a kiss.
   How can I describe that?
   My heart got drunk.
   May your garden be green, o grape.
   She enchanted me.
   She snatched my heart suddenly,
   as if she had put
   a charm on her lips.

   **Refrain:** She gave me a kiss, I became warm.
   My heart is crazy about her.
   May she never lose even a single black hair.

   Her black eyes are drunk.
   I became warm, baba, I became warm.
   Her cheeks are like the flower of a pomegranate.
   I became warm, baba, I became warm.
   She has red lips.
   I became warm, baba, I became warm.
   She has killed me with a blink.
   I became warm, baba, I became warm.

   **Refrain**

2. As if she had come to craze me
   with just a kiss
   she cleaned out
   my heart easily.
   I became young again
   with that succulent kiss.
   I wish she would lend me
   her lips forever.

**Fasl Saba** is used to express deep sadness and pain. Unlike most other Maqamat, the name Saba is shared between Arabic, Farsi, and Turkish. Saba is related to the Fasl Hijaz-kar, which is used to evoke the loneliness of the desert and the wisdom of the mystic.

**Aman, Doktor** is a folksong with versions in both Turkish and Greek.

   Ah! Tell me where’s that doctor
   who cures wounds
   so he can cure mine
   that make you weep
   when you count them, alas doctor!

   Alas, my wounds are great
   and have no cure,
   and have no cure.
   My love denied me
   and doesn’t remember me any more, alas doctor.

   Alas doctor, tell me what to do.
   I don’t feel well, alas doctor
   I don’t feel well.
   Take money, as much as you want
   to cure my heart, alas doctor.

**Saba Samir** is an ancient sharqi from Egypt, used to help musicians grow in understanding of Maqam Saba. This sharqi is not attributable to any composer.

Laaz Bar is an Armenian dance distantly related to the Bulgarian račenica, danced in 7-time (2+2+3). This dance melody is intended to be imitative of the music of the Laaz people straddled between Georgia and Turkey. Laaz Bar is not in Saba but rather a form of Maqam Nahawand that descends – or concludes – as Maqam Kurd. While Nahawand is seen as a maqam of intense drama, Kurd is a maqam of freedom and gentleness. The pain of Saba is made inert through Nahawand, and transmuted to a gentle end in Kurd.
Some musicians from the Middle East consider **Fasl Kurd** to be a derivative of Fasl Bayyati, rather than its own class of maqam. Like Bayyati, Kurd can convey an atmosphere of romance, albeit without the strictly feminine emphasis of Bayyati. Kurd can also be used to express a sense of freedom. It is usually a gentle maqam.

**Jove Malaj Mome** is an old women's vocal dance from Ottoman Bulgaria. The lyrics touch on the universal theme of snobbery, in this case by a young girl named Jove who attempts to climb the social ladder by not talking to any of the country girls at the dance. The oddly complex rhythm is characteristic of Bulgarian dance music, and a feature shared with Ottoman music and the earliest Arabic classical music. The dance steps and rhythm are created by first dancing a raçenica (7) then a kopanica (11), creating an uneven three-beat structure of 7-4-7 subbeats.

1. Jove, young lady, lele,  
   Lead the dance more gently.  
   You wished to come dance, lele,  
   To choose a young lad.

2. Jove, young lady, lele,  
   Why are you so high-nosed?  
   Why are you so high-nosed? lele,  
   Why won't you talk to anyone?

3. Jove, young lady, lele,  
   You prefer lads from Sofia.  
   With pretty mustaches, lele,  
   With embroidered jackets.

Muallim Ismail Hakkim Bey (1865-1927) was a late Ottoman-era sacred composer, theorist, and songwriter who lived through the revolution. He was trained in both Western and Eastern classical music, as well as Ottoman poetic culture. The simple poem **Fikrimin Ince Gülü** is a classic favourite among speakers of Turkish.

(Fikrimin Ince Gülü)

1. The fine idea of roses,  
   My heart is a merry nightingale.  
   When I see the day,  
   I burn, oh I burn.

2. I have seen since that day  
   I believe I went mad.  
   When I see the day,  
   I burn, oh I burn.

3. The fiery lips,  
   The dimpled cheeks.  
   When I see the day,  
   I burn, oh I burn.

**Fidayda (Bulguru Kaynadilar)** comes to us from the Alevi folk tradition. The Alevi practise a form of monotheism that is thought to be a survival of Zoroastrianism in Anatolia. Alevi culture is kept alive by travelling holy singers, or aşık, who are descended from the lineage of their holy men, whom they call dede. These aşık teach morals and history through traditional spirituals and other genres of song, all accompanied by the bağlama. The word “fidayda” is a nonsense word, equivalent to “fa-la-la” in English.

1. They boiled the bulgur.  
   When it cooled, they added oil.  
   This is our custom.  
   They made the beauty cry with ugly words.

   **Refrain:**  
   Fidayda, I am from Ankara.  
   I spent 500 gold pieces in one month.  
   It left, never to return. What good is that?  
   This love has gotten me into trouble.

2. Oh lady, don't go out with your head uncovered:  
   The barley with the black stem.  
   If you have any heart at all,  
   Take your backpack: the path is clear.

   **Refrain**