# Smaro Gregoriadou **Rubaiyat from Rumi's Divan-i Kebir (13<sup>th</sup>c) Cycle I: The Journey (2019)** for voices, psalter\*, flute & guitar

Translation: Millicent Alexander Narration in Persian: Shahzad Mazhar Female voice, guitar: Smaro Gregoriadou Psalter: Berat Bilinmeyen Flute: Dafni Biniari

Recording/mixing/mastering: Nikos Arkomanis @ Play recording studio <u>www.playstudio.gr</u>. Recorded in October 2019

### **1. LULLABY**

One who has boarded a sailing boat Sees that trees are moving on the shore. It is like that: We are passing by through the world And we think that the world is passing us.

#### 2. ARABESQUE

Your Love makes knowledge a blunder.

What is Love? What is knowledge? What and whom can we know? There is only One to be known. Both worlds depend on Him, both worlds cry out for Him.

He is the only One who exists, yet we know nothing of Him.

#### **3. WAR DANCE**

This is the time for war, O soul. Put on your arms. It is getting late, O soul. Don't hesitate. This world is nothing but a colorful show, O soul. With a cat-and-mouse fight on every corner. Give it up, O soul. Kick it out.

### 4. NOCTURNE

Why does this night-blind sorrow grab my neck and refuse to let go? I wonder is it blind, or does it see blindness in me? I am in the sky; this clay body of mine is merely my reflection. Who could steal a star from the sea?

### 5. AMEN

Someday this branch full of flowers will bear fruit. And someday this falcon of desire will catch its prey. Today His image appears and disappears. How long will this be waiting? Until someday, when it will stay.

# 6. TAQSIM

The wine which is forbidden to the body is served freely to the soul free from the body's jail. Pour us more, O Cupbearer, pour more. Never say *"This is the end."* Who knows where our beginning is? Who knows where we end?

# 7. MYSTERION

There is nothing remaining in my ears but Love's murmur. There is nothing remaining in my soul –no reason, no thought– only the sweetness of Eternity. Love, which is colorless, has blended all colors. Still remembrance of no color remains.

\*Psalter is a plucked/bowed instrument probably of Middle Eastern origin that reached Europe in Rumi's time as a variety of the trapezoidal Arabic psaltery, or qānūn. It was so popular and highly respected in Europe until about the 15th century, that in many frescos angels playing it are depicted on it.