



SAN DIEGO TURKISH MUSIC CHORUS

MUSICAL JOURNEY THROUGH TÜRKİYE

ANCIENT CITY OF EPHESUS, TURKIYE

1 JUNE 2025
SUNDAY
11 AM TO 5 PM

CULTURE
MUSIC
FOOD

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ASSOCIATION OF TURKISH AMERICANS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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OUR MUSICAL TRAINING SESSIONS

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Selim Taşiran

Music Theory Class
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Founded in March 2023 under the leadership of Conductor Necmi Höke, the ATASC San Diego Turkish Music Chorus (SDTMC) is dedicated to preserving, promoting, and sharing the rich tradition of Turkish classical music. With a growing ensemble of over 50 musicians and choristers from diverse backgrounds, ATASC San Diego Turkish Music Chorus introduces audiences to the intricate ‘makam’ system and the microtonal nuances that distinguish Turkish music from Western styles. Through its performances, SDTMC remains committed to strengthening cultural ties and bringing communities together through the universal language of music.

CONDUCTOR /Şef : Necmi HÖKE (Qanun / Kanun)



Necmi Höke was born in 1976 in Denizli, Türkiye. He began his musical journey with piano lessons at age 6, quickly showing a deep connection to music. He joined the Denizli conservatory’s children choir at age 10 and began studying qanun with qanun master Halit Erzincanlı. Höke performed his first concert as a qanun artist at age 14 in a choir directed by Selim Öztaş. Throughout a career spanning over thirty-four years, Höke has participated in concerts, festivals, competitions, TV programs, music videos, recordings, and various events across Türkiye and abroad. He has received training in key aspects of Turkish music such as note reading, solfège, theory, and rhythm, primarily from Neşe Öztaş among others. Höke has served as an accompanist, maestro, and conductor in Turkish classical music, Turkish folk music, and Turkish folk dance groups, showcasing his versatile talent. In addition to his rich musical career, Höke is a mechanical engineer, a husband, and a father of three children. He moved to San Diego, California in 2019 and founded the San Diego Turkish Music Chorus in 2023. He serves as the artistic director and conductor of the group, continuing to spread his passion for Turkish music and culture both locally and internationally.

Instruments/ Enstrümanlar

Drum / Darbuka- Arman Taşiran

Clarinet/Klarnet - Berk Ütsükarıcı

Guitar/ Gitar - Çağatay Atmaca

Oud/Ud - Joan Thompson

Def / Tef : Melek Ficici

Drum/Davul Selim Taşiran

Sunucu/MC: Esra Savaşan

- Alemdar Alemdaroglu
- Arzu Duru
- Aysegul Ciyer
- Bihter Padak
- Burcu Buyuksonmez
- Burçin Çalışkan
- Çiğdem Kökçü
- Esra Özgüneri
- Fatma Oz
- Ferda Yantiri Wernimont
- Fulya Ozkaya
- Halil Ustünol

Chorus/ Koro

- Ifakat Nayki
- İrem BAHANUR
- İnci Alemdaroğlu
- Melike Akgün
- Nadire Albayrak Gomez
- Nalan Höke
- Nermin Nergis
- Ozlem Cilingir
- Serpil Yazar
- Sina Derya Sirkecioğlu
- Seda Akın
- Tülay Polat
- Ture Peken



June 1st, 2025



California Turkish Festival Program



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Harmandalı. EGE

Adıyaman türküsü. (Adıyaman)GÜNEYDOĞU ANADOLU

Çayelinden öteye (Rize)KARADENİZ

Amman avcı vurma beni (Iğdır)DOĞU ANADOLU

Silifkenin yoğurdu (Mersin)AKDENİZ

Konyalım (Konya)İÇ ANADOLU

Tridine bandım (Kastamonu) KARADENİZ BÖLGESİ

Kundurama kum doldu (Kilis)GÜNEYDOĞU ANADOLU

Pınarbaşı başı burma İÇ ANADOLU

Toyçular (Agri-Van-Hakkari) DOĞU ANADOLU

Kızılçıklar oldumu (Edirne) MARMARA BÖLGESİ

Dere geliyor dere
(Burdur)AKDENİZ BÖLGESİ

Bursanın ufak tefek taşları (Bursa)
MARMARA BÖLGESİ

Cemilemin gezdiği (Denizli)EGE BÖLGESİ

Dol karabakır (Edirne)MARMARA BÖLGESİ

HARMANDALI

Harmandalı efem geliyor
Harmandalı efem geliyor
Bileğinden kanlar akıyor

Gümüş bilezikli mavzerin
Namlusu ateşler çıkıyor

ADİYAMAN TÜRKÜSÜ

Uy amman amman amman
Burası Adıyaman
Alem düşman kesilir
Seni sevdiğim zaman

Düz dara yar düz dara
Yar zülûfün düz dara
Doksan dokuz yarem var
Sen açtırdın yüz yara

Uy amman amman amman
Burası Adıyaman
Alem düşman kesilir
Seni sevdiğim zaman

KONYALIM

Hani ya da benim elli de dirhem pırasam, pırasam
Mumlar yaksam Konyalıyı arasam off off
Konyalım yürü
Yürü yavrum yürü, saçlarını sürü
Şimdi de geçti de burdan Hovardanın biri
Yürü yavrum yürü, saçlarını sürü
Şimdi de geçti de burdan hovardanın biri

KUNDURAMA KUM DOLDU

Kundurama kum doldu, atmaya kürek gerek
Nazlı yârin yanında yatmaya yürek gerek

Amman başım nanay
Ağrıdı dişim nanay
Çok içmişim nanay
Nanay gülüm nanay
Nanay yavrum nanay

ÇAYELİNDEN ÖTEYE

Cayelinden o yani
Gidelum yali yali
Gidelum yali yali
Gidelum yali

Sırtındaki sepetu
Ben olayım hamalı
Ben olayım hamalı
Ben olayım ha

Sepetunun ipleri
Keseyi omuzuni
Keseyi omuzuni
Keseyi omu

Aç beyaz peştemali
Bir göreyum yuzuni
Bir göreyum yuzuni
Bir göreyum yu

AMAN AVCI VURMA BENİ

Aman avcı vurma beni
Ben bu dağın ay balam maralıyam

Aman avcı vurma beni
Ben bu dağın ay balam maralıyam

Hem maralı hem yaralı
Avcı vurmuş ay balam yaralıyam

Hem maralı hem yaralı
Avcı vurmuş ay balam yaralıyam

SİLİFKE'NİN YOĞURDU

Silifke'nin yoğurdu
Ah seni kimler doğurdu
Seni doğuran ana
Balınan mı yoğurdu

Beşiği çamdan
Ah yuvarlandı damdan
Anası pilav pişirir
Oğlu durmaz aşırır

TİRİDİNE BANDIM

Of offff
Manda yuva yapmış söğüt dalına
Amman amman
Yavrusunu sinek gapmış gördün mü

Amanin yandım
Amanin amanin amanin yandim,
Tiridine tiridine tiridine bandım
Bedava mi sandın para vidim aldım
Tiridine tiridine suyuna da bandım
Amanin amanin amanin yandim,
Tiridine tiridine tiridine bandım
Bedava mi sandın para vidim aldım

Of off
Sabahleyin erken çifte giderken
Amman amman
Öküzüm torbadan düştü gördün mü

PINAR BAŞI BURMA BURMA

Pınar başı burma burma
Yar yar yar yar yar yar aman
Yaz gelince öter durnam
Leylim leylim leylim aman

Çayırdı buldum seni
Ellere vermem seni
Kendime alsam seni
Sineme sarsam seni

Aynam düştü yerlere
Karıştı gazellere
Tabiatım kurusun
Bakarım güzellere

TOYCULAR

Toycular yar can koluna mercan
Ben sana hayran oy aman aman
Toycular yar can koluna mercan
Ben sana kurban oy aman aman

Men giderim mestana
Yarım için fistana
Yare fistan yakışır
Ah bir giyse üstüne

Toycular yar can koluna mercan
Ben sana hayran oy aman aman
Toycular yar can koluna mercan
Ben sana kurban oy aman aman

KIZILCIKLAR OLDU MU?

Kızılıklar oldu mu
Selelere doldu mu? Hey
Gönderdiğim çoraplar
Ayağına oldu mu?

Mendili eline,
Mendil verdim geline
Kara kına yollamış
Yar benim ellerime

BURSA'NIN UFAK TEFEK TAŞLARI

Bursa'nın ufak tefek taşları
Bursa'nın ufak tefek taşları
Keman olmuş o yarimin kaşları
Keman olmuş o yarimin kaşları

Bir omuzdan bir omuza saçları
Bir omuzdan bir omuza saçları
A benim esmer güzelim
Yarimle kol kola gezelim

Meşeli dağlar meşeli
Meşeli dağlar meşeli
Dibinde bu hali döşeli
Dibinde bu hali döşeli

Kül oldum aşka düşeli
Kül oldum aşka düşeli
A benim esmer güzelim
Yarimle kol kola gezelim

DOL KARABAKIR DOL

Dol karabakır dol
Ağızına kadar dol
Fazla dolma taşarsın
Başına da işler açarsın

Elindedir şişesi
Gönlündedir neşesi
Öyle bir yar sevdim ki
Yedi köyün neşesi

Dol karabakır dol
Ağızına kadar dol
Fazla dolma taşarsın
Başına da işler açarsın

Dol karabakır dol
Ağızına kadar dol
Fazla dolma taşarsın
Başına da işler açarsın

DERE GELİYOR DERE

Dere geliyor dere,
Yalelele yalelele,
Kumunu sere sere,
Yalelellim.
Al beni götür dere,
Yalelele yalelele,
Yarin olduğu yere,
Yalelellim.

Amanın aman aman,
Zamanın zaman zaman,
Bizim düğün ne zaman,
Yalelellim.

Ben armudu dişledim,
Yalelele yalelele,
Sapını gümüşledim,
Yalelellim.

Ben yarimin ismini,
Yalelele yalelele,
Mendilime işledim, yalelellim.

CEMİLE'NİN GEZDİĞİ

Cemile'nin gezdiği
Dağlar meşeli imanım
Cemile'nin gezdiği
Dağlar meşeli imanım

Haydi üç gün oldu
Cemilem ben bu derde düşeli
Haydi üç gün oldu
Cemilem ben bu derde Düşeli

Gaydiri gubbak Cemile'm
Nasıl nasıl edelim de biz bu işe
Nikahımızı giysın
Ünnen gelen hoca Memiş'e.

Cemile kız
Ne gezersin hayatta,
Basma fistan,
Parlakda potin ayakda.

🎵 Türkü: A Musical Reflection of Turkish Soul

Folk songs—or **türkü** —are the heartbeat of Anatolia.

Rooted deeply in Turkish culture, a *türkü* is a form of folk poetry performed with distinct melodies. The word itself means ‘belonging to the Turks’, and each song tells a unique story haped by the region it comes from.

What Makes a Türkü ?

Each *türkü* has its own *melody*, *rhythm*, and emotional tone that reflects the landscuph, history, and heart of its people. Whether anonymous or composed by folk poets (*ashiklar*), these songs are passed down through generations.

🎵 Repetition with Meaning

A hallmark of *türkü* is the repeating chorus (*nakarat*) that follows each verse—reinforcing the emotion and inviting the listener to sing along

*“Cranes, cranes, graceful cranes.,,
Send my regards to my beloved.”*

A *türkü* may begin as a personal story — but ofter time it becomes the voice of many.

🎵 Two Main Styles

Metered (Usullü)

With steady rhythm—includes *zeybek*, *horon*, *karsilama*

Unmetered (Usulsüz)

Known as ‘long airs (*uzun hava*)’—free-form, emotional expressions such as *bozlak*, *agit*, and *divan*



Tradition

Still Alive

Türkü lives on in every region of Türkiye —and in every places where Turkish culture takes root.

Folk songs (Türkü) are one of the oldest forms of anonymous folk poetry.

The word *türkü* was first found in Anatolia in the 16th century, and it means “belonging to the Turks, peculiar to Turks, associated with Turks.” This term refers not only to a form of poetry but also to literary texts sung with special melodies. It can be said that—whether anonymous or not—the element that plays a defining role in determining the regional origin of a folk song is its melody, style, tone, and rhythm.

Folk songs have emerged—and continue to emerge—through two main paths. Some quickly become anonymous, while others originate from pieces sung by folk poets or “aşiks” and later become known as folk songs, with the poet’s name often mentioned at the end of the lyrics. In either case, the folk song is performed with a distinctive melody. Folk songs have traditionally been composed in response to significant events: the shooting of a young man, the death of a new bride, the abduction of a young girl, the situation of soldiers, journeys to faraway lands, prolonged illnesses, feelings of longing or separation, reunions, harvests, migrations along highland roads, the beauty of one’s homeland, wedding rituals like henna nights, ceremonies, the bride’s transfer to the groom’s house, seasons, praises of cities, etc. are among the main themes handled in folk songs.

Within the lyrics, there is often a refrain, a repeating line that emphasizes or reinforces the meaning, which is sung without alteration after each stanza.

In our folk songs, we not only find the flavor of our language but also encounter the pain of lived experiences. People express their expectations, dreams, and hopes through folk songs, just as they reveal their sorrow, longing, and grief. Sometimes, they reflect resignation to fate or destiny; other times, a rebellion against it.

Classification of Folk Songs:

One of the most defining characteristics of folk songs is their unique melody and rhythm based on the region they come from. Based on these key features, folk songs are classified under two main categories:

Metered (Usullü) Folk Songs: Known as *kırık hava* (broken melody), these are rhythm-based. They have various regional names: In the Aegean: *Zeybek*. In Thrace and the Marmara Region: *Karşılama*.

On the Black Sea coast: *Horon*. In other cities: *Oturak* in Konya, *Ala Gözlü* in Eğin, *Sürmeli* in Yozgat, *Datdiri* in Isparta and *Eğirdir*, *Sümmânî Ağzı* in Kars and Erzurum, *Şıkıltım* in Harput, etc.

Unmetered (Usulsüz) Folk Songs: These do not follow a specific rhythm or time signature and are sung more freely. Known more commonly as *uzun hava* (long melody), they also vary regionally:

Bozlak, *Hoyrat* or *Horyat*, *Kayabaşı*, *Maya*, *Türkmani*, *Ağıt*, *Divan*, *Çukurova*. For example, the *Divan* style includes a unique melody, rhythm, and a *saz* (string instrument) section called *ayak*.

Skilled performers often sing poetic improvisations (*gazel*) in this style, though the public generally prefers folk poems with 15 syllables. It is known that Atatürk was fond of this style and, during a 1937 visit to Elazığ, listened to *divans* performed by famous singers *Hafız Osman* and *Mehmet Akar*.

In Conclusion;

With all these qualities, our folk songs have been sung—and will continue to be sung—with the same passion wherever the Turkish nation has settled.

It is not for nothing that we say:
“We are Turks, and we sing *türkü*.”

Yaşar Kemal – On Folk Songs

A folk song is like a pebble that has been submerged under water for forty thousand years and purified. The great masses of people have carried their folk songs from centuries past, processing them, refining them, and bringing them to the present day—crossing both time and space. Every person sings a folk song, and in doing so, they create the song once again in their own way. A folk song is an art form that resides in the blood of humanity, created with the blood of humankind. For centuries, great masters have left their mark—their personalities—on folk songs, along with the people. Over time, by continuously shaping the folk song, they add their identities to it and give it a new form. Regions, climates, and circumstances, together with these masters, adapt the song to their geography, molding it to fit their own identity. This is what enriches the folk song.

Folk songs come to us through the labor, flavor, and creativity of millions of people over the centuries. Every era adds its own distinctiveness to them. Our folk songs are still alive, still in the language and hands of the people. The world of our time—apart from the great masters among the people—hardly finds time to engage with folk songs. The world of exploitation is attempting to corrupt folk songs, along with the rest of humanity. And it has endless means to do so. But folk songs are in the blood of humanity, and no one can corrupt them easily. Born from the essence of human experience, folk songs are stronger and more creative than the laws of the exploiting forces. Every person who remains natural and unalienated will contribute to this tradition, creating the folk songs of humanity in their own way.

10 Reasons Why Folk Songs Are Timeless Treasures

- 1. Folk Songs Are Time Capsules:** Imagine a song passed down through generations, traveling across centuries. Folk songs are like time capsules, holding stories, emotions, and histories from the past.
- 2. A Folk Song Is a Living Creation:** When someone sings a folk song, they're not just repeating it—they're giving it new life! Every person adds their own unique touch.
- 3. Born from the Heart of Humanity:** Folk songs are more than just music; they're born from the very blood of human experience. They carry the struggles, dreams, and joys of people across different cultures, making them a universal language that speaks to all.
- 4. Masters of Music and History:** It's not just everyday people who shape folk songs. Great musicians and masters of the craft have also left their mark.
- 5. Every Era Adds Something New:** Each generation puts its own spin on folk songs. These songs evolve alongside society, reflecting the spirit of the times they're sung in.
- 6. Nature and Geography Shape the Songs:** Geography and environment give each version of a folk song its unique regional flavor.
- 7. They're the Soul of the People:** Folk songs are deeply tied to the everyday lives of ordinary people. They express emotions, tell stories, and pass down wisdom.
- 8. A Powerful Resistance to Corruption:** Despite the pressures of modernity, folk songs are incredibly resilient. They've survived centuries of change—even in the face of global forces that try to commercialize or distort them. Their strength lies in their authenticity.
- 9. Anyone Can Create a Folk Song:** You don't need to be a famous musician to make a folk song! Every person has the potential.
- 10. They're More Than Just Songs:** Folk songs are stories, history lessons, and emotional expressions—all wrapped in melody. They connect us to our past and to one another, no matter where we come from.

These reflections and facts show that folk songs are far more than mere tunes—they are windows into the heart of humanity, rich with history, culture, and emotion.

The Story of 'The Small Stones of Bursa'

The story: Çaydereli Osman starts attending all the weddings in Ula, Bursa. Naturally, the villagers begin to wonder about this—he keeps showing up at every wedding, yet he isn't even from the area. It turns out he went to the weddings not for the celebration, but just to catch a glimpse of his beloved Gülayşe, a girl from the village of Balalar. . His longing turned into a folk song that still tells his love story today.



Bursa 1890

The small stones of Bursa
My darling's eyebrows shaped like a violin
Her hair flows from one shoulder to the other
Oh, my beautiful brunette,
Let's walk arm in arm together

The Story of the 'Toycular' Dance and Folk Song



Bursa 1940

In Van's Vestan region (now the Gevaş District), a young man from a village falls in love with a girl—a story that has inspired many legends. One of the two main figures in this legendary love, the young man, tries various ways to win the heart of the girl he adores. As a token of his affection, he secretly sends her a dress.

Sensing this event, the girl's father decides to give his daughter to the young man who loves her.

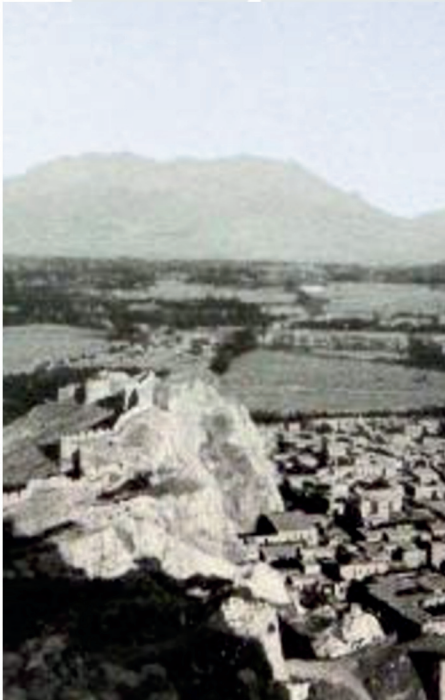
The groom's side arrives in Vestan with great enthusiasm to ask for the girl's hand. At that moment, the bride's side responds with equal joy, playing games to the accompaniment of drums and zurna. When the wedding procession arrives, the music stops, and the guests are warmly welcomed with heartfelt hospitality.

After the meals and conversations, someone from the bride's side says:

"Come on, Toycular, it's your turn to dance—let us watch."

And the groom's side begins to dance.

The dance performed that day in Vestan became known as Toycular, a lasting symbol of this great love.



Van 1940

I'm going to Vestan
To bring a dress for my love
The dress suits my darling
Oh, if only she would wear it

Their house is on the road
Their belt is on their waist
Don't pass by here every day
Let them say it's their friend

I'm going to the bathhouse
Don't say I'm going to my mother-in-law's
My mother-in-law is a gardener
She wants my shawl from me

Toycular, my love
With coral on your arm
I am enamored with you
Oh, alas, alas



The Story of ‘Pınar Başı Burma Burma/ The Springhead, Winding and Twisting’

“Pınar Başı Burma Burma” is a beloved folk song from the Central Anatolia Region, particularly . The song is known for its lyrical beauty, flowing melody, and playful, flirtatious tone—often performed at weddings and folk dance gatherings. The title “The Spring’s Head, Winding and Twisting,” referring both to natural beauty (like a spring winding through the land) and, metaphorically, to the beauty and allure of a beloved—usually a young woman. The song is full of poetic imagery, common in Anatolian folk music, where love is expressed through nature metaphors.

While there are several regional variations, the core of the story is this:

A young man falls deeply in love with a girl from a nearby village. However, as in many Anatolian love stories, their love is blocked by family or social obstacles. The girl, known for her grace and modesty, would often go to fetch water from the spring—and this is where the young man would watch her from afar, his heart twisting like the waters of the spring.

In his sorrow and longing, he composes verses filled with yearning, admiration, and frustration—and these verses become the folk song we now know.

The Story of ‘Harmandalı Zeybek’

“Harmandalı” is one of the most iconic Zeybek folk songs and dances from the Aegean Region of Turkey, especially associated with Aydın and İzmir. The Zeybek tradition reflects courage, honor, and pride, often performed by lone male dancers or in small groups, imitating the stance and movements of a brave eagle.

The story of Harmandalı is linked to a Zeybek hero from the village of Harmandalı, who stood up against injustice and became a local legend. He was known for protecting the poor and defying oppressive local rulers during the late Ottoman period.

The Story of ‘Çayelinden Ötey/Beyond Çayeli’

“Çayelinden Öteye” is a well-known folk song from the Black Sea region, particularly associated with Rize and the town of Çayeli. It tells the emotional story of a young man who loves a girl but cannot reach her—because her village lies “beyond Çayeli,” across dangerous terrain and steep, misty mountains.

The phrase "I climb slope after slope" expresses both a physical journey through rough land and a metaphorical journey of love filled with struggle and longing. The young man risks everything—braving steep paths, storms, and even death—just for a glimpse of his beloved. This song, with its melancholic tone and poetic lyrics, captures the essence of Black Sea love stories: deep devotion, resilience, and the wild beauty of the land itself.



İzmir

Beyond Çayeli, let's go, yali yali
Your basket behind you, let me be the porter
The ropes of your basket, the sack on my shoulder
Open your white shawl, let me see your face
From the snowy stream, the green tea gardens
Picking tea leaves, the girls with shawls



Rize



The Story of "Konyalım"

Though widely known as a Konya folk song, "Konyalım" isn't originally from Konya at all. In fact, it has Greek roots and originates from Hanya (Chania) on the island of Crete. During the Ottoman era, many families from Konya were settled in Crete, particularly in Hanya. According to legend, a Greek girl fell in love with a young man of Konya origin. Despite cultural and religious differences, she expressed her love through a song—what we now know as "Konyalım." The song originally began with the lyrics:

"Hanya da benim, Konya da benim" ("Hanya is mine, Konya is mine")—a nod to the old Turkish saying "Hanya'yı Konya'yı görmek," meaning to face reality.

The original Greek lyrics were filled with affection and playful references to local foods, all tied to her longing for the "Konya man." The melody was the same as the one we know today.

After the founding of the Turkish Republic, female performers from Istanbul and Crete brought this song to musical cafés in Konya. The locals loved it, and over time, they embraced "Konyalım" as their own. It eventually became part of Konya's cultural identity, even though it wasn't originally a folk song, but more of a kanto-style stage piece.



Konya

"In Hanya, my fifty dirhams of chestnuts,
I don't want anyone but a Konya man.
Walk, my darling, walk,
And let your hair flow.
Now, a Konya man has passed by here.
In Hanya, my fifty dirhams of bulgur,
am in love with the Konya man's eyebrows.
In Hanya, my fifty dirhams of sugar,
You get drunk, and I'll bear the burden.
In Hanya, my fifty dirhams of noodles,
Let my brother-in-law be a Konya man.
In Hanya, my fifty dirhams of raki,
As soon as I drink, my curiosity is satisfied.
In Hanya, my fifty dirhams of leeks,
If I light a candle, I'll search for the Konya man."



İstanbul - Kız kulesi

The Story of "Kızılçıklar Oldu mu?/Have the Cranberries Ripened?"

"Kızılçıklar Oldu mu" ("Have the Cranberries Ripened?") is a beloved folk song from the Marmara and Aegean regions, especially associated with Rumeli (Balkan Turkish) culture. It's often performed with dance (karşılama style) and is known for its cheerful melody and catchy, repetitive lyrics.

The song originates from the rural traditions of the Balkans and Western Anatolia, where people would sing while working in fields, especially during harvest time. In this case, the mention of cranberries (kızılçık) is symbolic—not only of seasonal change, but also of young love blooming as summer ripens.

Some versions of the story say the song was sung by a young woman teasing her suitor, asking whether the cranberries have ripened—playfully hinting whether the time is right for love or marriage. The repetitive and rhythmic style of the song made it perfect for communal dancing, especially at weddings and village festivals.

While the song may seem simple, it captures a sense of joy, flirtation, and rural nostalgia, passed down across generations.

The Story Of “Tiridine Bandım/I Dipped it in Tirid”

"Tiridine Bandım" is a cheerful and playful folk song from the Kastamonu, Black sea region of Turkey. It's often performed with lively dance and rhythmic clapping, making it a favorite at weddings and festive gatherings.

The phrase “tiridine bandım” literally means “I dipped it in tirid,” referring to a traditional local dish made with meat, broth-soaked bread, and spices. But in the song, this everyday expression takes on a humorous and flirtatious tone.

According to local folklore, the song was born from a fun exchange between a young man and a girl at a village feast. As food was served, the young man joked about dipping his bread into the girl's plate of tirid—a bold and teasing way of expressing interest. The girl's playful responses turned into verses, and the surrounding guests joined in with claps and laughter.

Over time, this lighthearted moment was shaped into the song we know today—full of repetition, rhythm, and humor. While the lyrics may seem nonsensical at first glance, they reflect the spirit of spontaneous love, village wit, and community joy.

The buffalo built a nest on a willow branch, oh oh,
Its calf was snatched by a fly—did you see it? Oh no, I'm doomed!

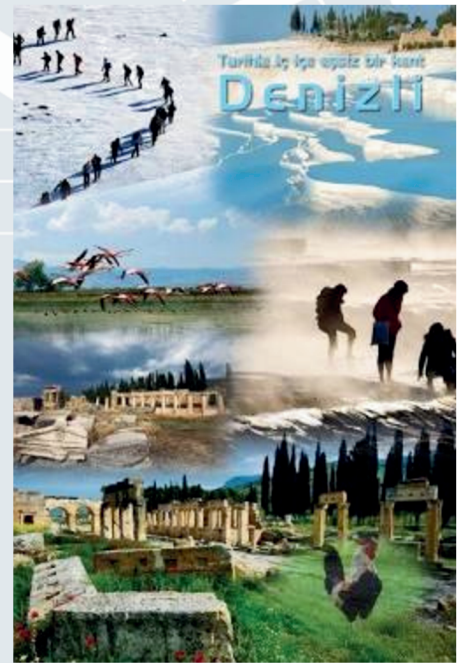
Oh dear, oh dear, oh I'm in trouble!

I dipped it in tirid,

Did you think it was free? I paid for it!

I dipped it in the broth too!

Early in the morning,
on my way to plow the fields, oh oh,
My ox fell from the feed bag—
did you see it? Oh no, I'm doomed!
Oh dear, oh dear, oh I'm in trouble!
I dipped it in tirid,
Did you think it was free? I paid for it!
I dipped it in the broth too!
Oh dear, oh dear, oh I'm in trouble!
I dipped it in tirid,
Did you think it was free? I paid for it!
I dipped it in tirid, too!



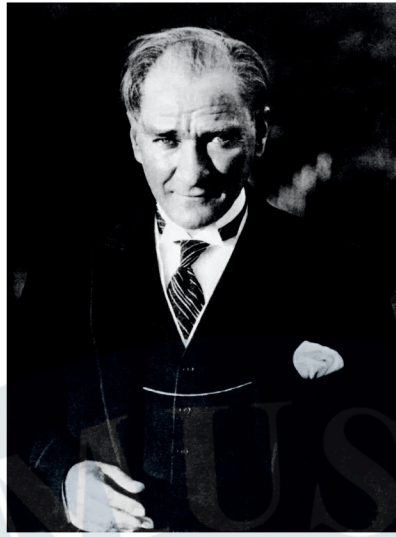
The Story of “Dol Karabakır Dol/ Fill, Dark Pitcher, Fill”

The phrase "Dol Karabakır dol" means "Fill, Karabakır, fill!" — where Karabakır is thought to refer either to a dark-colored pitcher or wine jug, or symbolically to a heart heavy with pain or longing.

According to local folklore, the song tells the story of a forbidden or impossible love. A young man is in love with a girl from a family or tribe that does not approve of the match. He sings of his grief and helplessness, using metaphors like wine, jugs, and tears to express how deeply he feels.

In some versions, Karabakır is personified—an object the lover speaks to, asking it to fill with sorrow, longing, or wine, as he pours out his emotions. The song carries themes of unfulfilled love, emotional burden, and poetic resignation to fate, which are common in Turkish folk tradition.

ATATÜRK & ART



Music is not merely necessary in life. Because life itself is music. Music is the joy, the soul, the happiness, and everything in life.

Atatürk, the founder of modern Turkey, had a deep appreciation for art and music, believing that they played a crucial role in the development of a progressive and civilized society. Here are some of his notable quotes related to art and music:

A nation devoid of art means one of its vital arteries has been severed.

An artist does not kiss hands; the artist's hand is kissed.

A nation deprived of art and artists cannot fully possess a complete life.

An artist is the person who first feels the light on their forehead after long efforts and struggles in society.

You can all become deputies... You can become ministers... You can even become the president... But you cannot become artists.

Let us love these children who have dedicated their lives to a great art...

The measure of a nation's renewal is its ability to accept and understand changes in music. It is necessary to gather refined emotions, thoughts, and noble expressions, and to process them according to the general modern musical rules as soon as possible. Only in this way can Turkish national music rise and take its place in universal music.

A historical feature of the Turkish nation, which is a high human community, is to love the fine arts and to rise within them.

A nation's artistic ability is measured by the value it places on the fine arts.

Art is the expression of beauty... If this expression is through words, it becomes poetry; if through melody, it becomes music; if through design, it becomes painting; if through carving, it becomes sculpture; if through building, it becomes architecture.

Music is not merely necessary in life. Because life itself is music. Beings that have no connection with music are not truly human. If the life in question is human life, music is certainly present. A life without music cannot truly exist. Music is the joy, the soul, the happiness, and everything in life.

People need certain things to mature. A nation that does not create paintings, a nation that does not create sculptures, a nation that does not produce what technology requires; it must be admitted that such a nation has no place on the path of progress.



YÖRE
MUŞ
KAYNAK KİŞİ
DÜRYE KESKİN

HAVADA BULUT YOK BU NE DUMANDIR

DERLEME TARİHİ
NOTALAYAN
MUZAFFER SARISÖZEN

SÜRE :  = 192

(SAZ



HA VA DA BU
ŞU DA ĞIN AR
KIŞ LA NI NÖ

LUT YOK BU NE DU MAN DIR MEH LE DE Ö
DİN DA RE DİF SE Sİ VAR VA RIN BA KIN
NÜN DE ÇA LI NIR SAZ LAR A YA ĞIM YAL

LÜM YOK BU NE Şİ VAN DIR ŞU YE MEN EL
ÇAN TA SIN DA NE Sİ VAR BİR ÇİFT PA BU
NA YAK YÜ RE ĞİM SİZ LAR YE ME NE Gİ

LE Rİ NE DE YA MAN DIR A NO YE MEN
Cİ LE BİR DE FE Sİ VAR BU RA Sİ HUŞ
DE NE AĞ LI YOR KIZ LAR BU RA Sİ HUŞ

DİR GÜ LÜ ÇE MEN DİR Gİ DEN GEL Mİ YOR A CEP NE DEN
TUR YO LU YO KUŞ TUR Gİ DEN GEL Mİ YOR A CEP NE İŞ
TUR YO LU YO KUŞ TUR Gİ DEN GEL Mİ YOR A CEP NE İŞ

DİR
TİR
TİR

HAVADA BULUT YOK BU NE DUMANDIR
MEHLEDE ÖLÜM YOK BU NE ŞİVANDIR
ŞU YEMEN ELLERİ NE DE YAMANDIR
ANO YEMEN'DİR GÜLÜ ÇEMENDİR
GİDEN GELMİYOR ACEP NEDENDİR

ŞU DAĞIN ARDINDA REDİF SESİ VAR
VARIN BAKIN ÇANTASINDA NESİ VAR
BİR ÇİFT PABUÇ İLE BİR DE FESİ VAR
BURASI HUŞTUR YOLU YOKUŞTUR
GİDEN GELMİYOR ACEP NE İŞTİR

ŞİVAN : Feryat, figan
REDİF : Terhis edildikten sonra tekrar askere alınanlar.
HUŞ : Yemen'de başkent Sana ile Taif kentleri arasında
bulunan bir Türk Kalesi.

KIŞLANIN ÖNÜNDE ÇALINIR SAZLAR
AYAĞIM YALNAYAK YÜREĞİM SIZLAR
YEMEN'E GİDENE AĞLIYOR KIZLAR
BURASI HUŞTUR YOLU YOKUŞTUR
GİDEN GELMİYOR ACEP NE İŞTİR

YÖRE
İZMİR
KAYNAK KİŞİ
EKREM GÜYER

İZMİR'İN KAVAKLARI

DERLEME TARİHİ

NOTALAYAN
MUZAFFER SARISÖZEN

SÜRE :  = 112



(SAZ - - - - -)

İZ Mİ RİN KA VAK LA RI
SEL VİM SEN DEN U ZUN YOK

DÖ KÜ LÜR YAP RAK LA RI (SAZ - - - - -)
YAP RA ĞİN DA DÜ ZÜM YOK

Bİ ZE DE DER LER ÇA KI CI
KA MA LI DA ZEY BEK VU RUL DU

YÂR Fİ DAN BOY LUM Yİ KA RIZ KO NAK LA
YÂR Fİ DAN BOY LUM ÇA KI CI YA SÖ ZÜM

RI (SAZ - - - - -) RI (SAZ - - - - -)

İZMİR'İN KAVAKLARI
DÖKÜLÜR YAPRAKLARI
BİZE DE DERLER ÇAKICI (Yâr fidan boyum)
YIKARIZ KONAKLARI
SELVİM SENDEN UZUN YOK
YAPRAĞINDA DÜZÜM YOK
KAMALI DA ZEYBEK VURULUDU (Yâr fidan boyum)
ÇAKICI'YA SÖZÜM YOK

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ERIC GULAL

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+1 (619) 777.0883



Social Accounts: @EricGulal



Eric.Gulal@ExpRealty.com



LinkTr.ee/EricGulal



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