A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized floral and leaf motifs in a black and white, Art Nouveau style. The border is composed of repeating patterns of leaves and flowers, creating a rich, textured frame.

HERE · BEGINS · A
LITTLE · BOOK · OF
THE · POETRY · OF
YUNUS · EMRE

TRANSLATED BY
L.M. IN MMXXI
AND TYPESET BY
M.S. IN MMXXVI
ILLUSTRATED BY
W.MACDOUGALL

A house without books is like a city without flowers; there are no quiet gardens of reflection, and no roots to grow strong in the sunshine and in the rain.

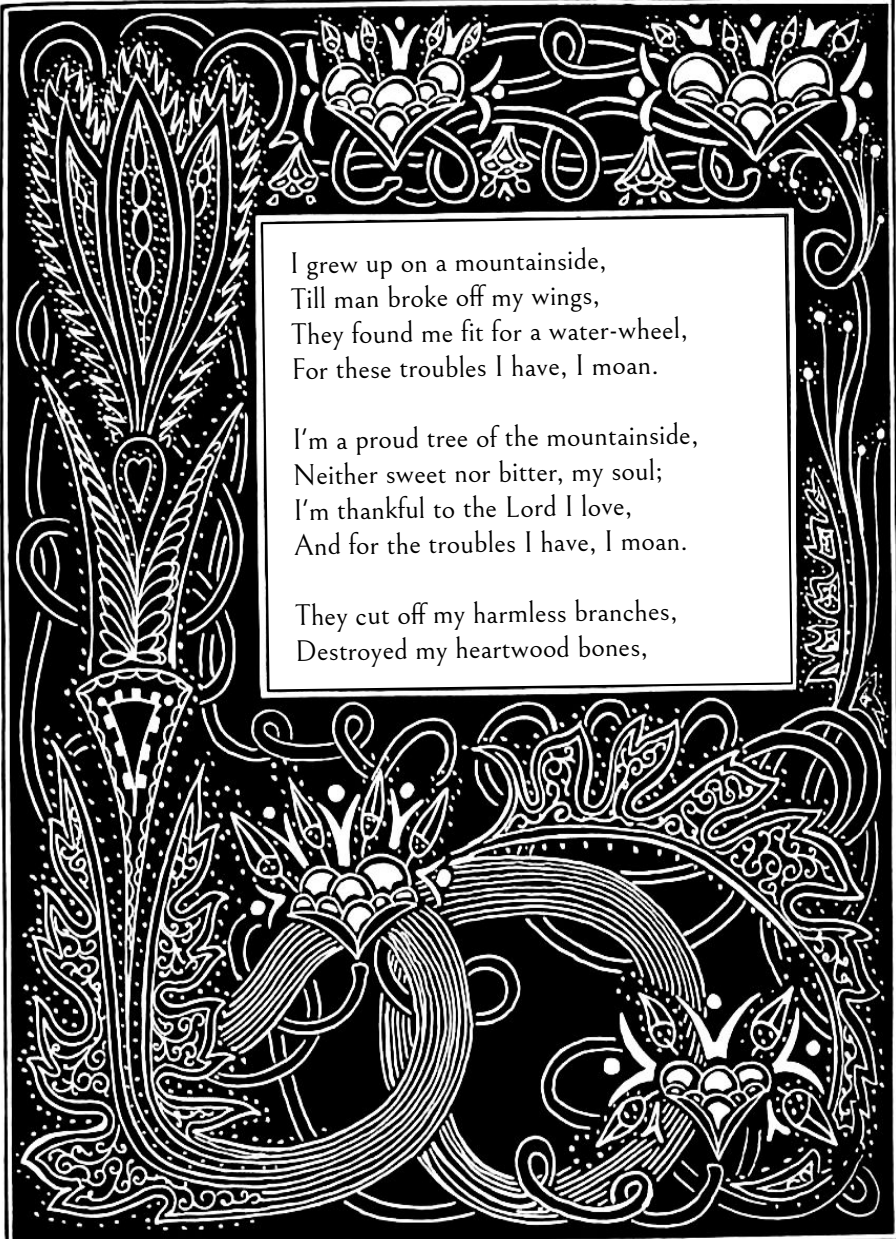
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I - THE · WATER · WHEEL

Water-wheel, for what do you moan?
For troubles I have and with troubles I groan.
I fell in love with the Lord above,
I fell in love, that is why I moan.

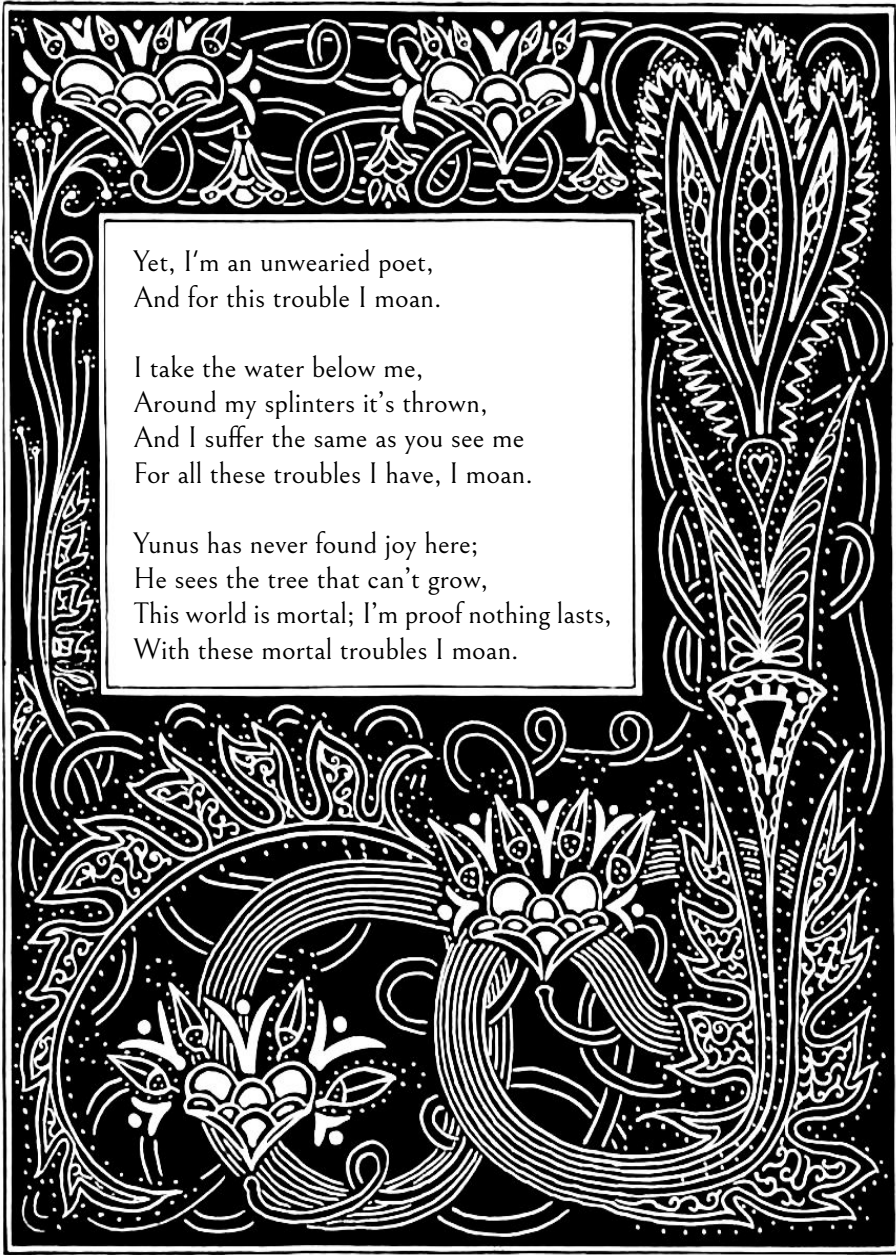
My name is troubled water-wheel,
Through which pure waters flow,
And the Lord I love - He wishes -
That for troubles I have, I moan.



I grew up on a mountainside,
Till man broke off my wings,
They found me fit for a water-wheel,
For these troubles I have, I moan.

I'm a proud tree of the mountainside,
Neither sweet nor bitter, my soul;
I'm thankful to the Lord I love,
And for the troubles I have, I moan.

They cut off my harmless branches,
Destroyed my heartwood bones,



Yet, I'm an unwearied poet,
And for this trouble I moan.

I take the water below me,
Around my splinters it's thrown,
And I suffer the same as you see me
For all these troubles I have, I moan.

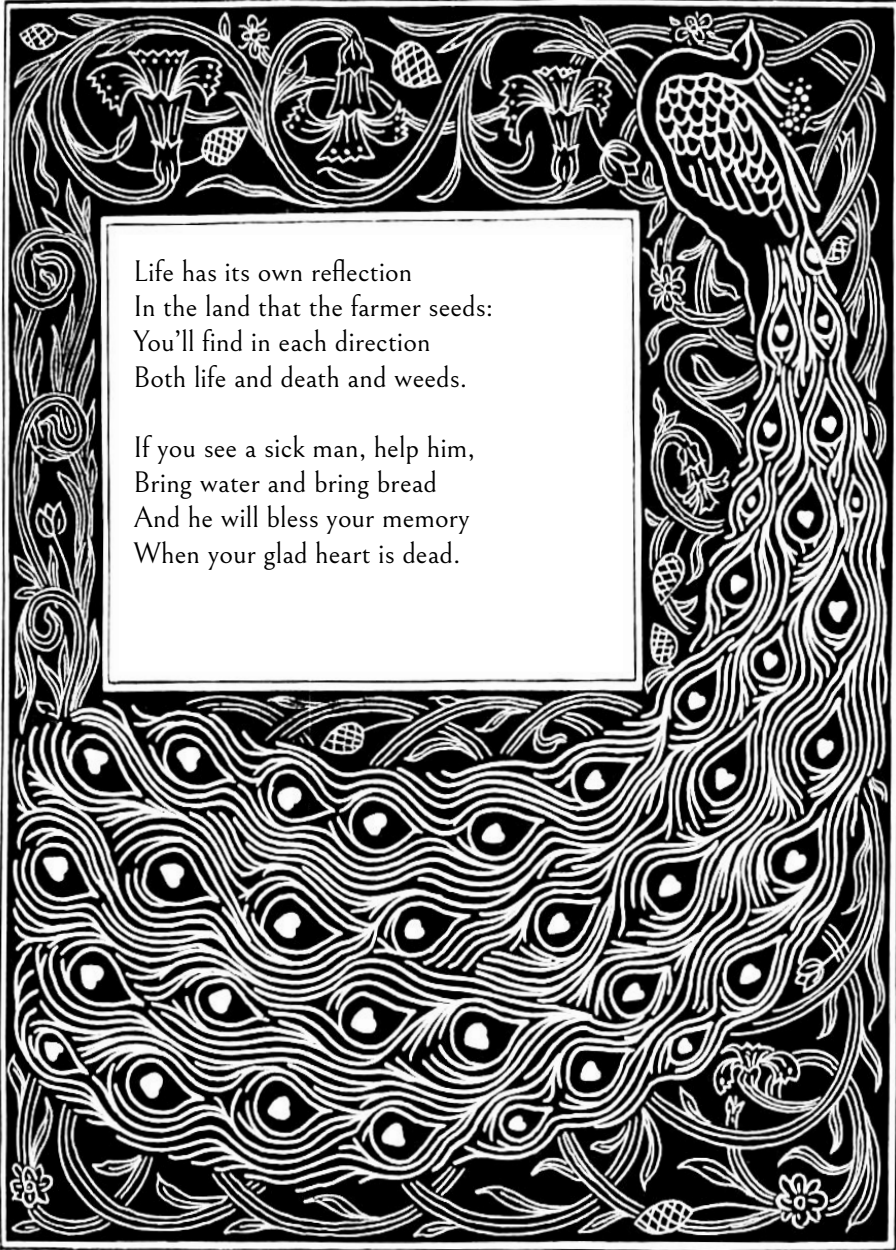
Yunus has never found joy here;
He sees the tree that can't grow,
This world is mortal; I'm proof nothing lasts,
With these mortal troubles I moan.



II

My fleeting life has come and gone
The cold wind passes by.
It was so brief, and now it's done,
And God has blinked his eye.

This spirit, this dumb body's guest:
That piece that God calls I,
Will one day fly my mortal breast
As birds, from cages, fly.



Life has its own reflection
In the land that the farmer seeds:
You'll find in each direction
Both life and death and weeds.

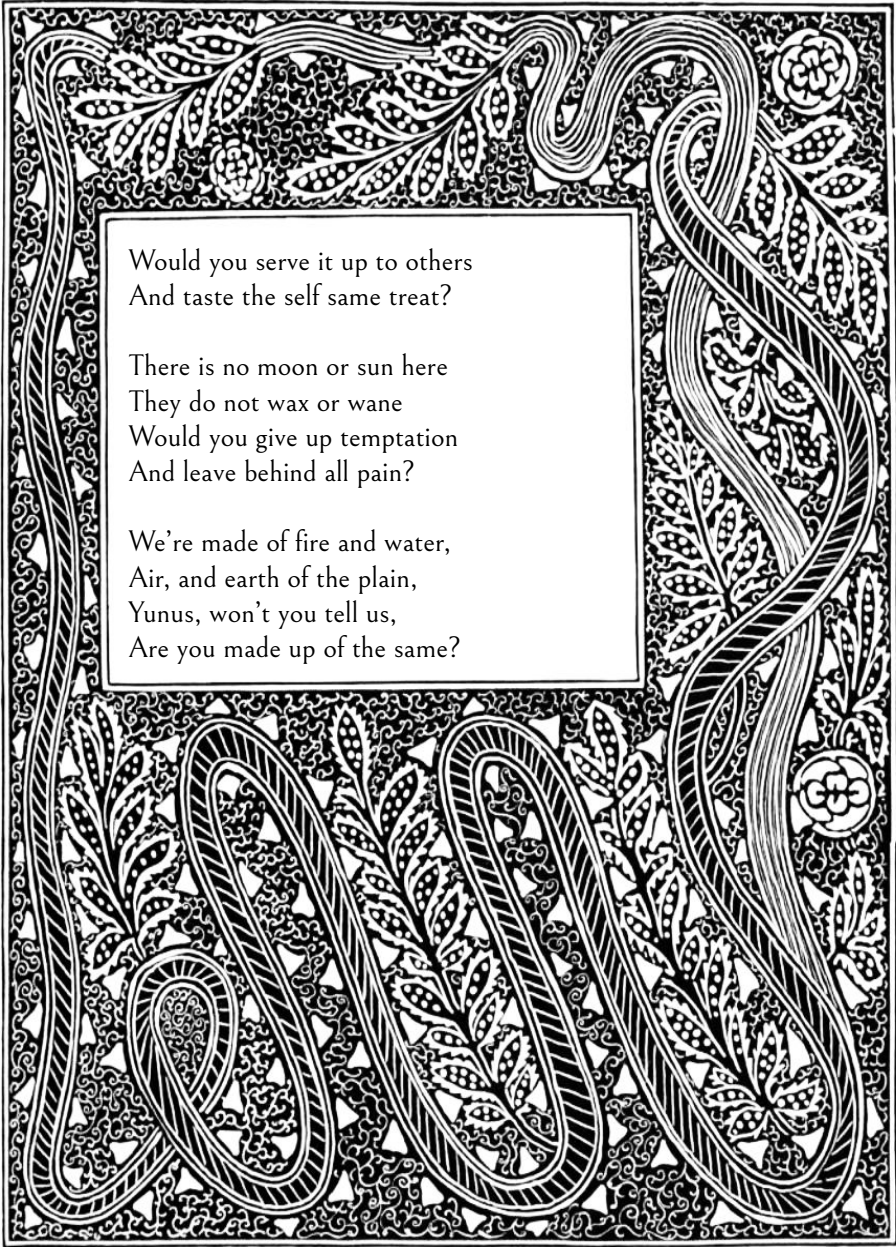
If you see a sick man, help him,
Bring water and bring bread
And he will bless your memory
When your glad heart is dead.



III

There's a land of love and beauty,
And - friend - what do you think?
Where the earth is filled with vineyards
But the wine is death to drink.
No glass is fit to hold it;
Would you take this cure and drink?

The people there must suffer.
But the wine's so very sweet:



Would you serve it up to others
And taste the self same treat?

There is no moon or sun here
They do not wax or wane
Would you give up temptation
And leave behind all pain?

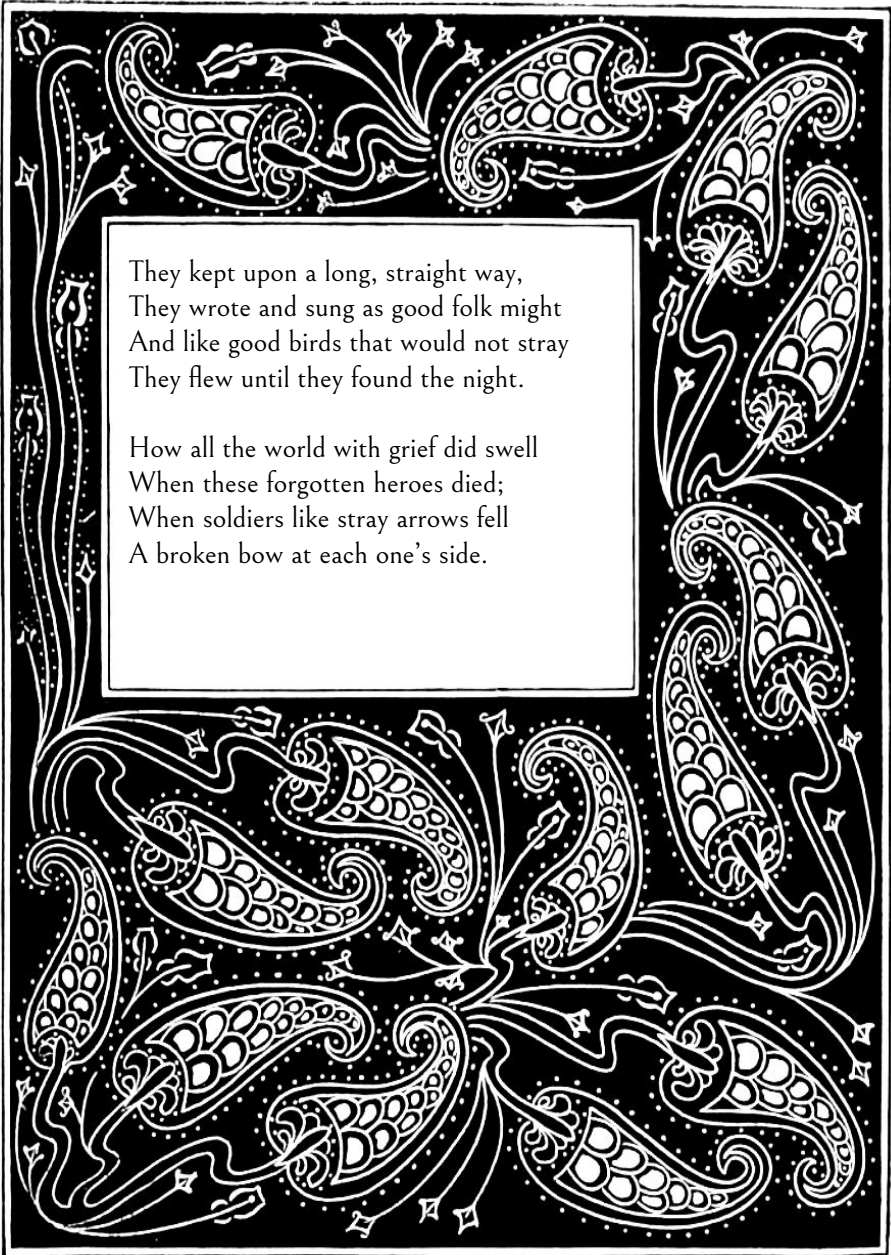
We're made of fire and water,
Air, and earth of the plain,
Yunus, won't you tell us,
Are you made up of the same?



IV

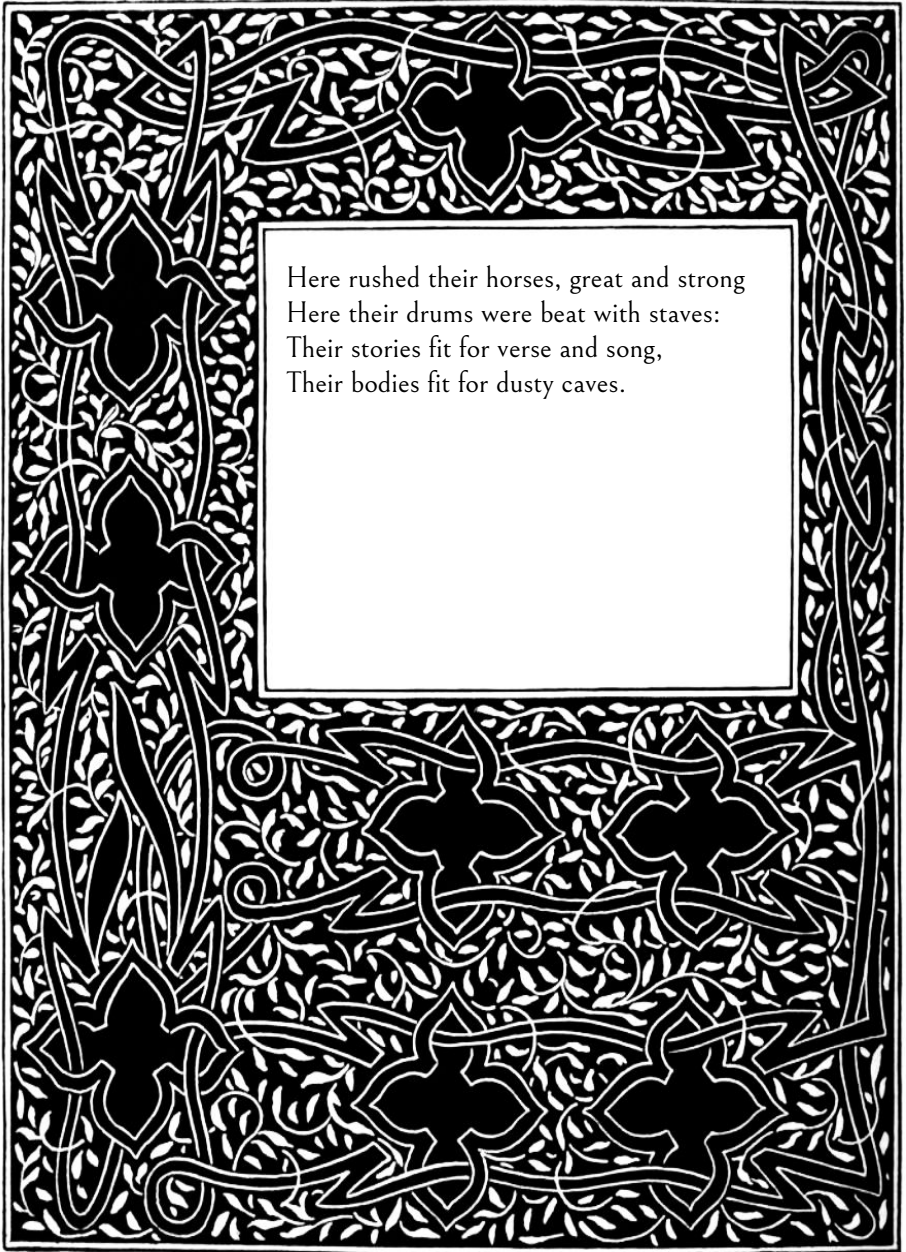
While I walked the wide, wide world
I met the old world in its tomb
The weak and mighty hand in hand:
Old heroes dusty in the gloom.

Here laid their fathers, here their sons,
The students mixed with teachers' bones;
Here laid the nights of long set suns
Enslaved by death and marked with stones.



They kept upon a long, straight way,
They wrote and sung as good folk might
And like good birds that would not stray
They flew until they found the night.

How all the world with grief did swell
When these forgotten heroes died;
When soldiers like stray arrows fell
A broken bow at each one's side.



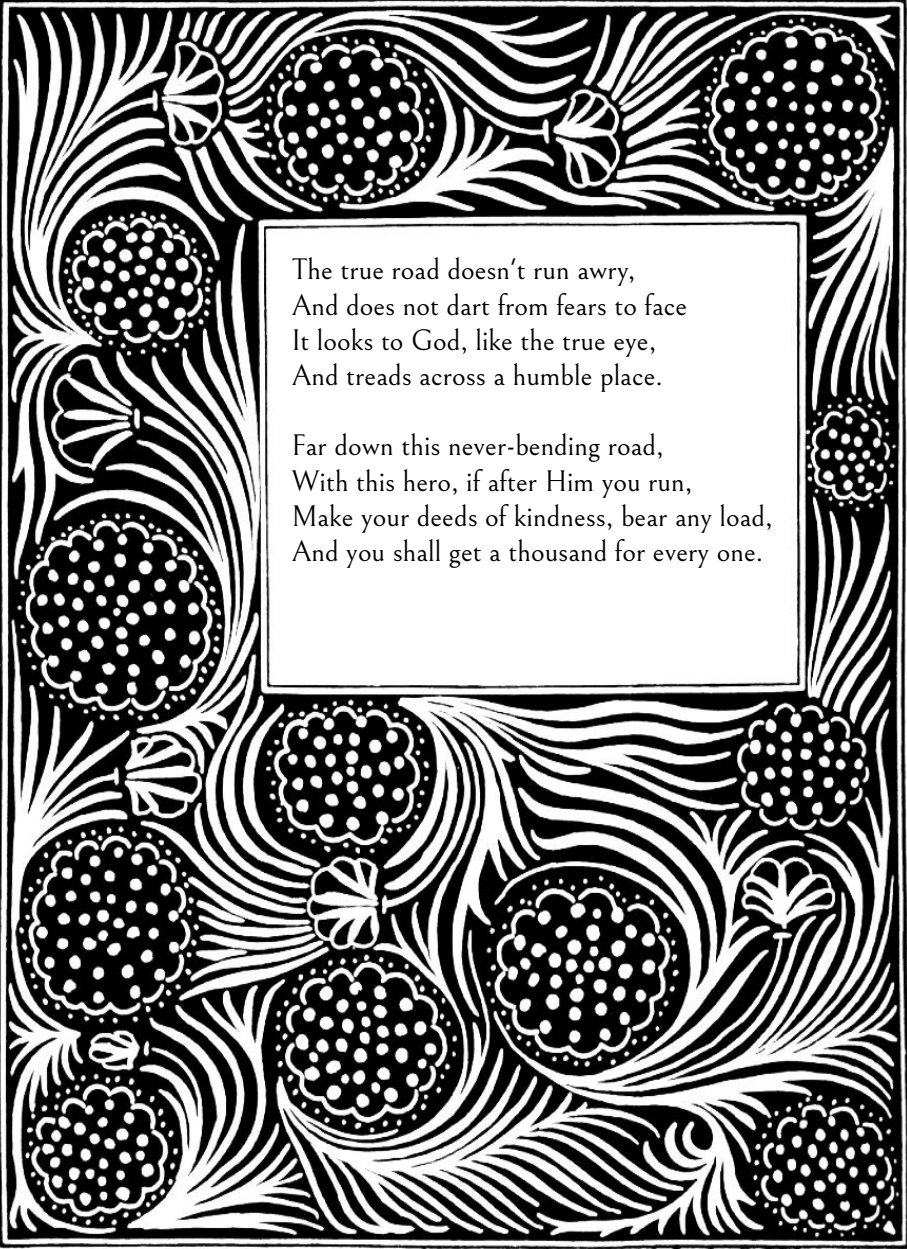
Here rushed their horses, great and strong
Here their drums were beat with staves:
Their stories fit for verse and song,
Their bodies fit for dusty caves.



V

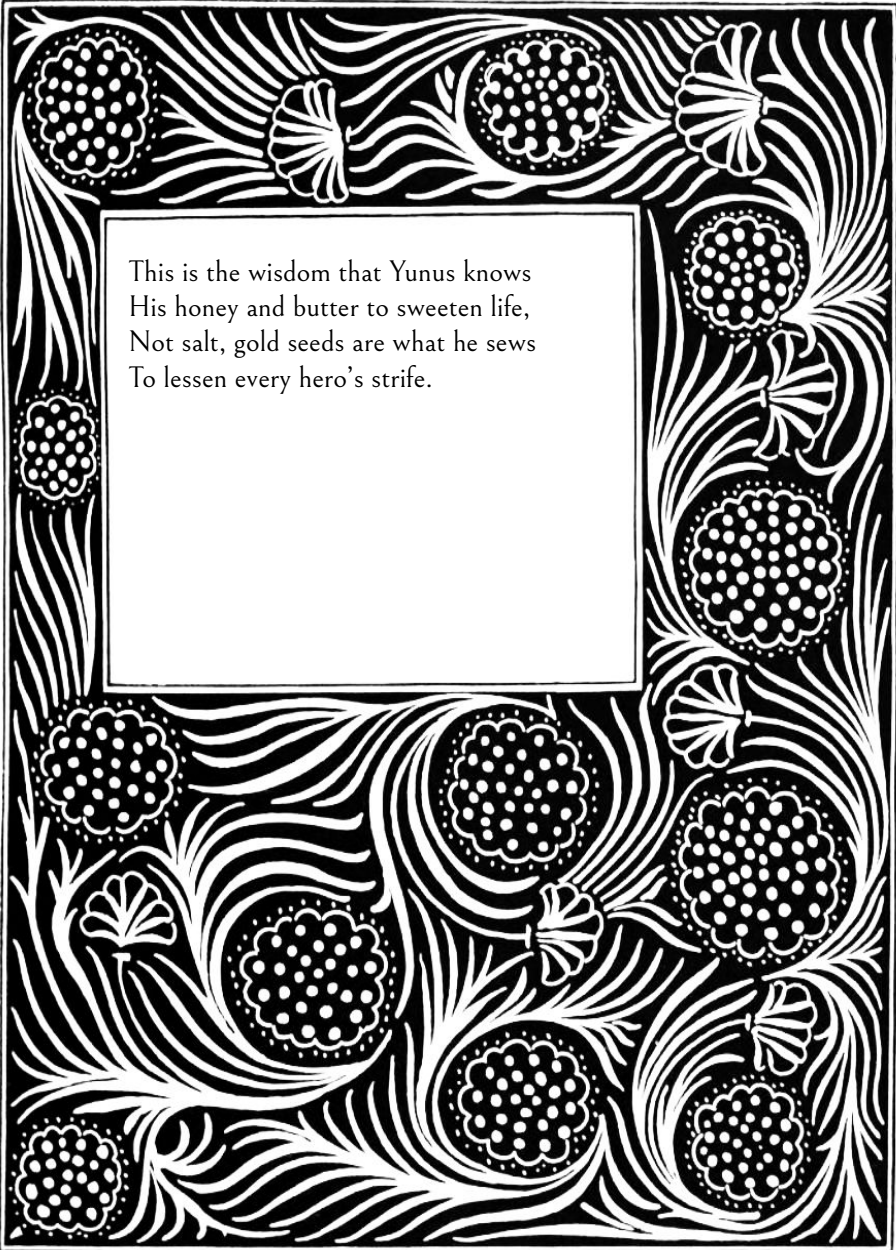
If you break an honest heart
No prayer, no light of God's embrace
No nation in this world of ours
Can wash this from your hands or face.

Wise sages, they have come and gone
Leaving words of fair advice
They passed and flew to the True One,
Not geese, but birds of Paradise.



The true road doesn't run awry,
And does not dart from fears to face
It looks to God, like the true eye,
And treads across a humble place.

Far down this never-bending road,
With this hero, if after Him you run,
Make your deeds of kindness, bear any load,
And you shall get a thousand for every one.



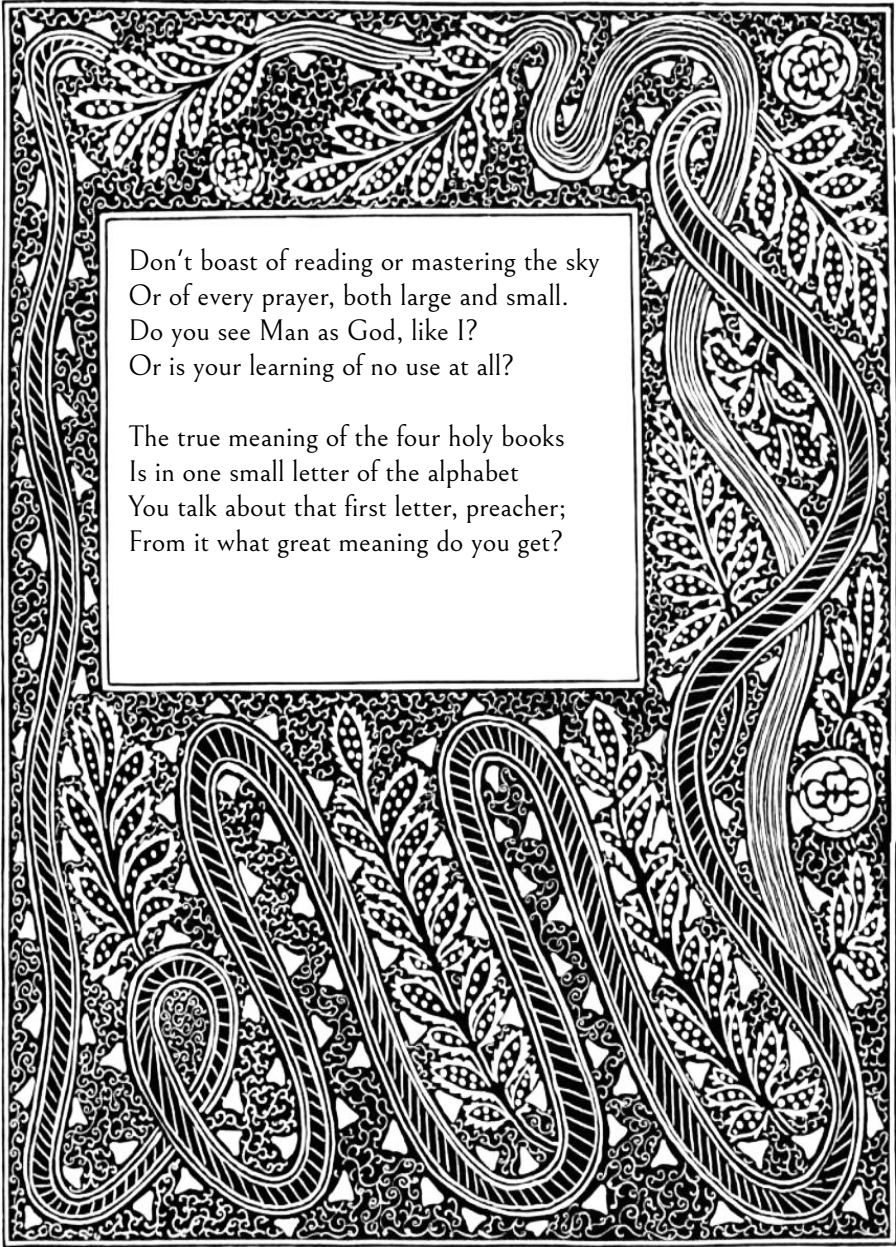
This is the wisdom that Yunus knows
His honey and butter to sweeten life,
Not salt, gold seeds are what he sews
To lessen every hero's strife.



VI

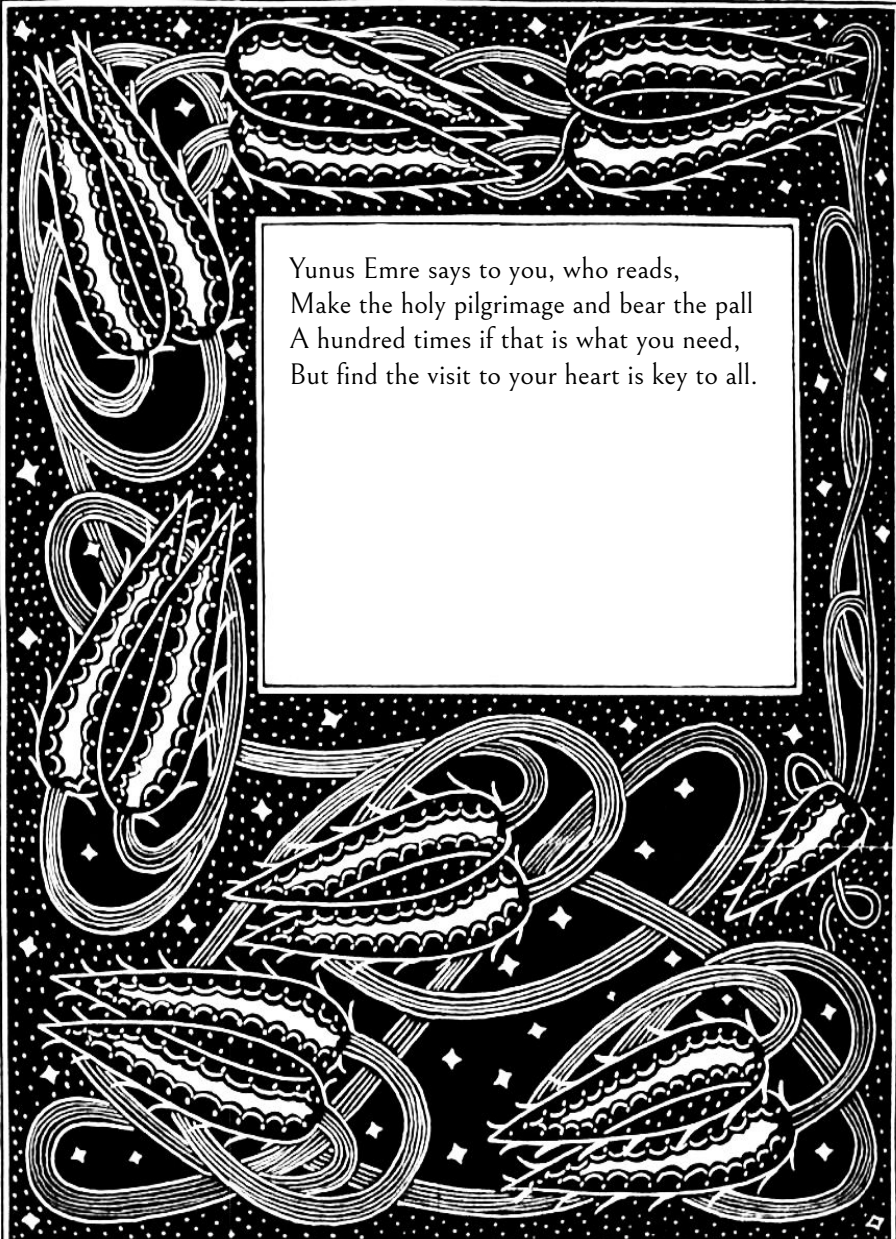
Knowledge should mean to understand:
To know yourself, your heart, your soul.
But if you have not understood yourself
Then all your reading missed its call.

What is the purpose of a book?
So knowledge can be bound in your soul
But if you read and do not think
Then all your work is barren toil.



Don't boast of reading or mastering the sky
Or of every prayer, both large and small.
Do you see Man as God, like I?
Or is your learning of no use at all?

The true meaning of the four holy books
Is in one small letter of the alphabet
You talk about that first letter, preacher;
From it what great meaning do you get?



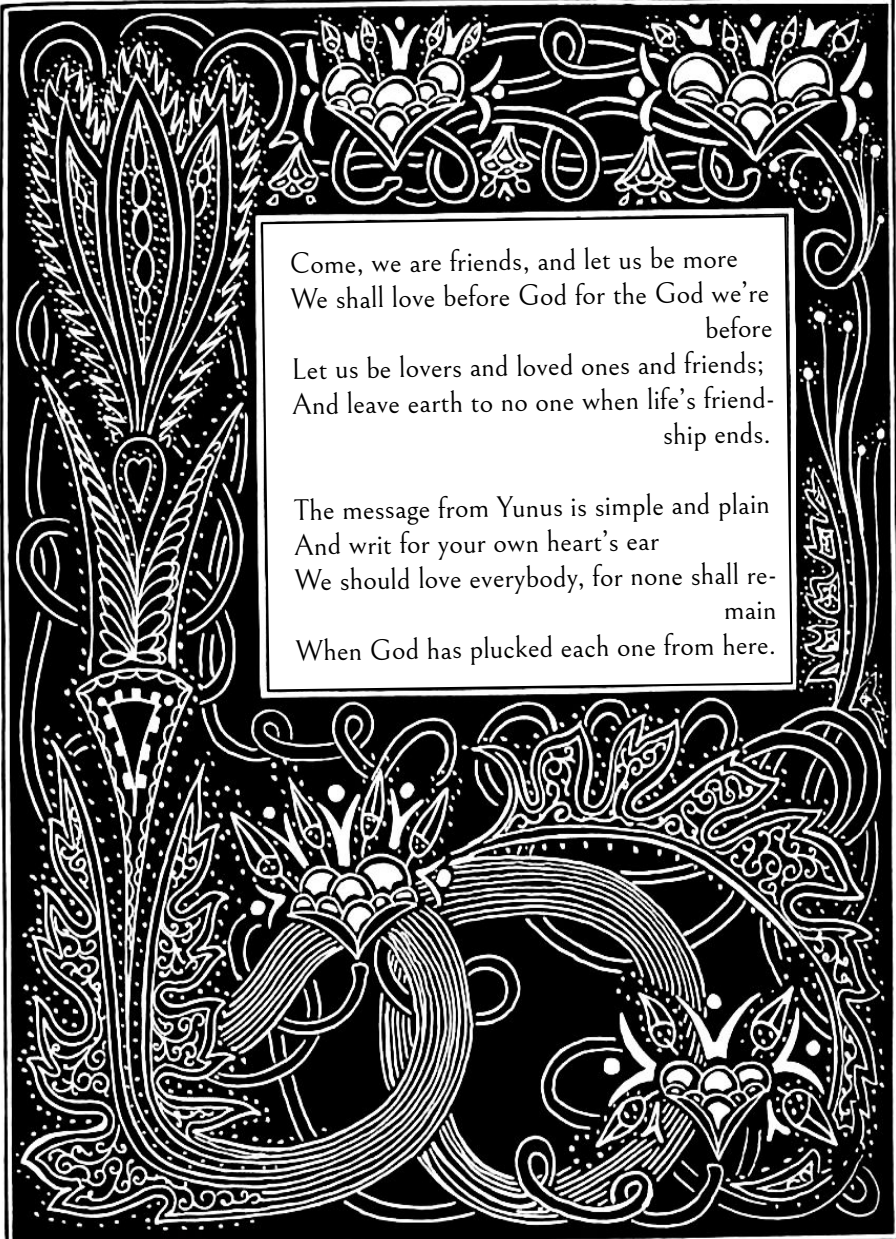
Yunus Emre says to you, who reads,
Make the holy pilgrimage and bear the pall
A hundred times if that is what you need,
But find the visit to your heart is key to all.



VII

God fills the world, He fills all things
Yet tells no truth to man nor Kings
You better seek Him in your heart
Since God and man can never part.

The other world we cannot know
The land where only souls can go.
Instead we're exiled under the sun
And no one comes back here once they are
gone.



Come, we are friends, and let us be more
We shall love before God for the God we're
before
Let us be lovers and loved ones and friends;
And leave earth to no one when life's friend-
ship ends.

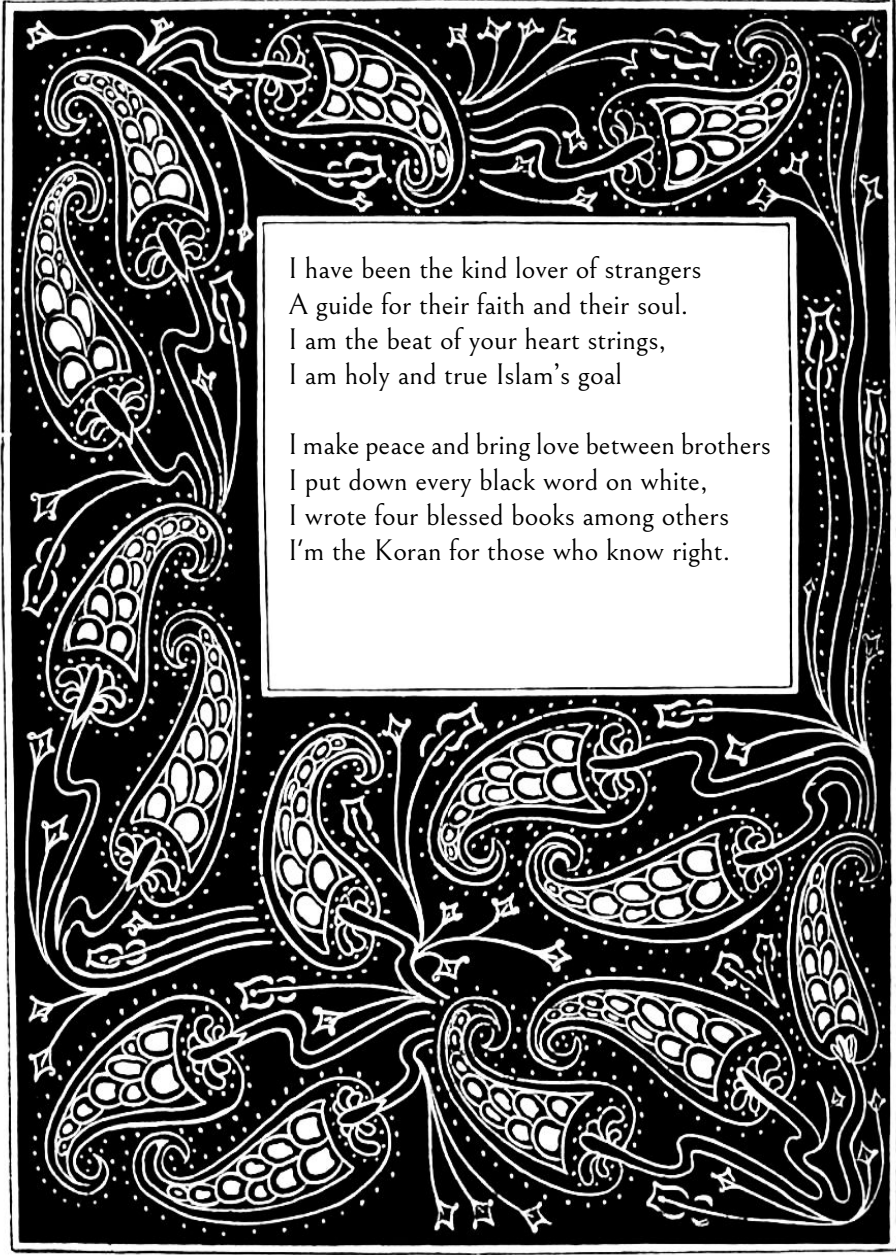
The message from Yunus is simple and plain
And writ for your own heart's ear
We should love everybody, for none shall re-
main
When God has plucked each one from here.



VIII

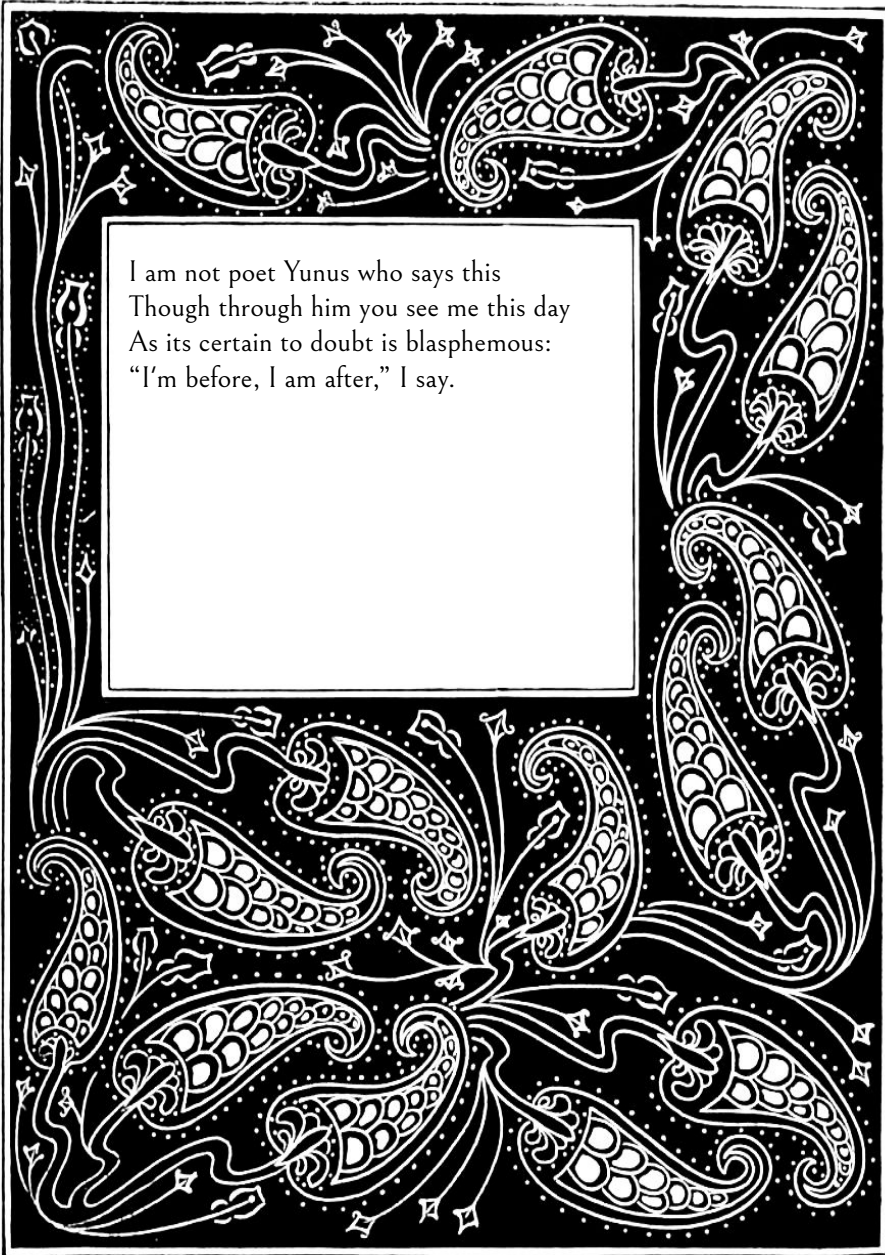
I'm before, I am after
The soul to teach souls their way
I'm the hand and the friend you go after
To lead back the souls gone astray.

I made the ground flat long before you,
And above I made mountains rise,
The vault of the heavens I opened,
I hold all things; the earth and the skies.



I have been the kind lover of strangers
A guide for their faith and their soul.
I am the beat of your heart strings,
I am holy and true Islam's goal

I make peace and bring love between brothers
I put down every black word on white,
I wrote four blessed books among others
I'm the Koran for those who know right.



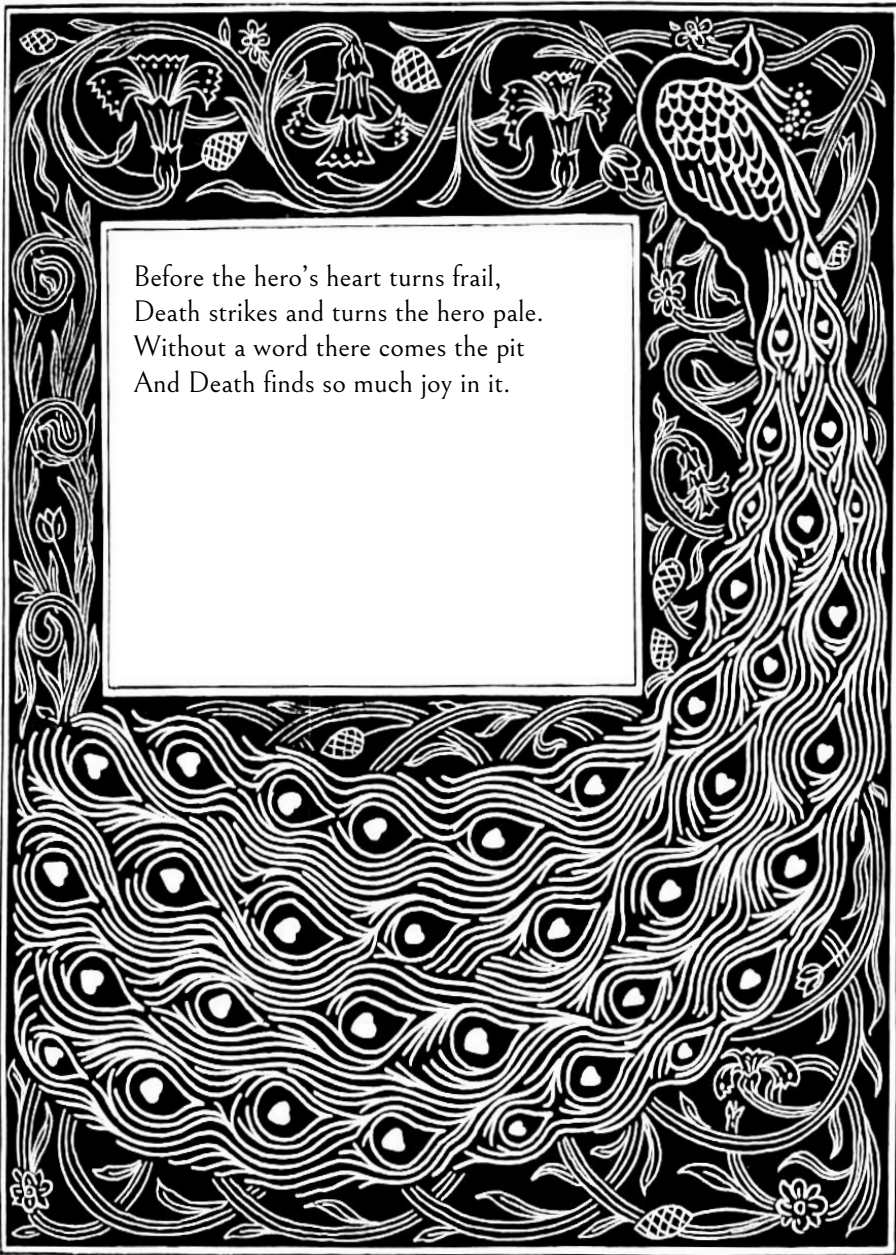
I am not poet Yunus who says this
Though through him you see me this day
As its certain to doubt is blasphemous:
“I’m before, I am after,” I say.



IX

We do not know who's turn has come
Whose chord is struck, who Death will strum
Throughout God's orchard fall His strikes
To pick whichever souls He likes.

He crushes people, leaves backs bent,
Puts all the earth in sad lament.
He plunders what His heart may please
Leaves men - nay, life - upon its knees.



Before the hero's heart turns frail,
Death strikes and turns the hero pale.
Without a word there comes the pit
And Death finds so much joy in it.



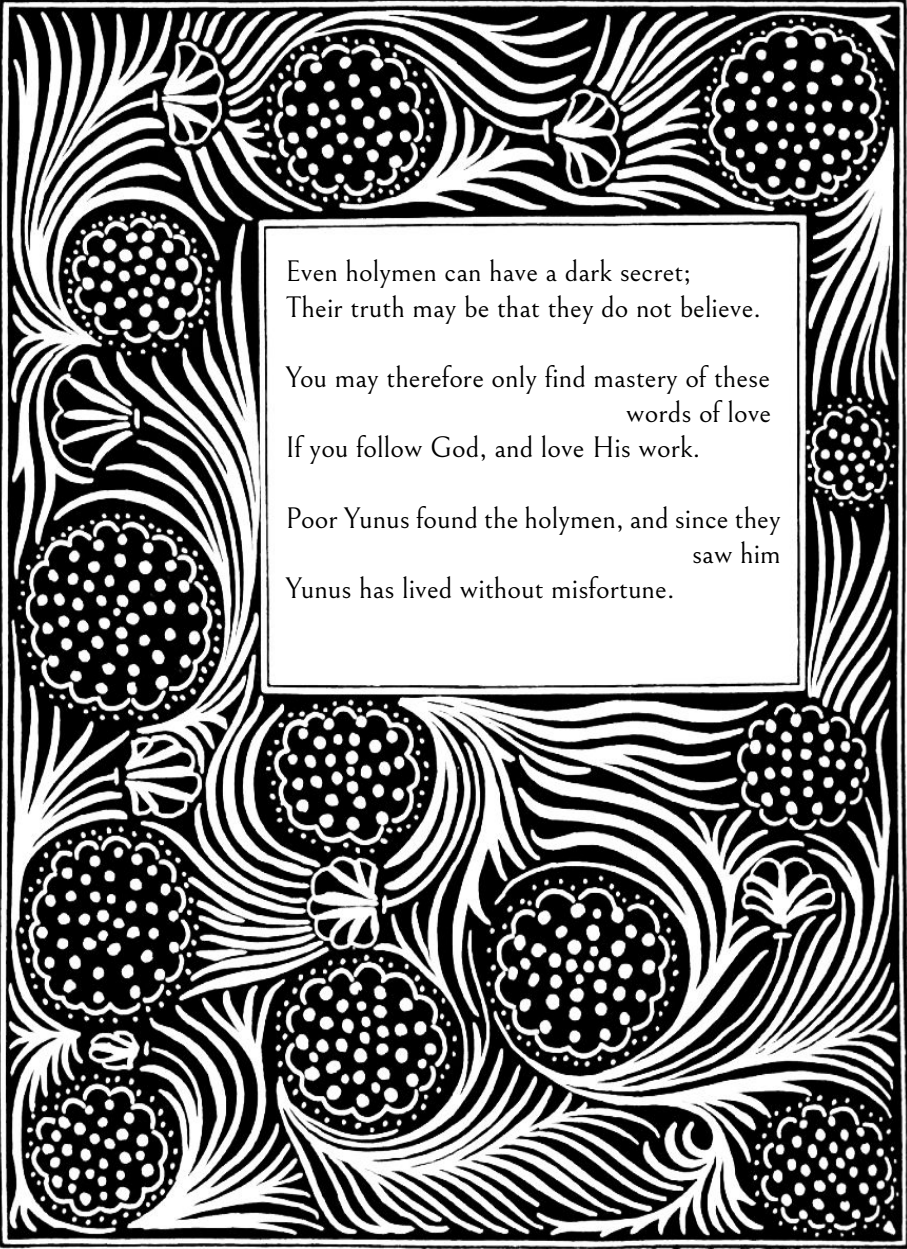
X

The fruit of all words is in silence;
If you speak too much, words cloud the heart.

There is truth in that heart to discover
And its essence is lost without this:

Truth reveals the heart. Speak as God speaks;
with truth.

False words will only bring pain.



Even holymen can have a dark secret;
Their truth may be that they do not believe.

You may therefore only find mastery of these
words of love
If you follow God, and love His work.

Poor Yunus found the holymen, and since they
saw him
Yunus has lived without misfortune.

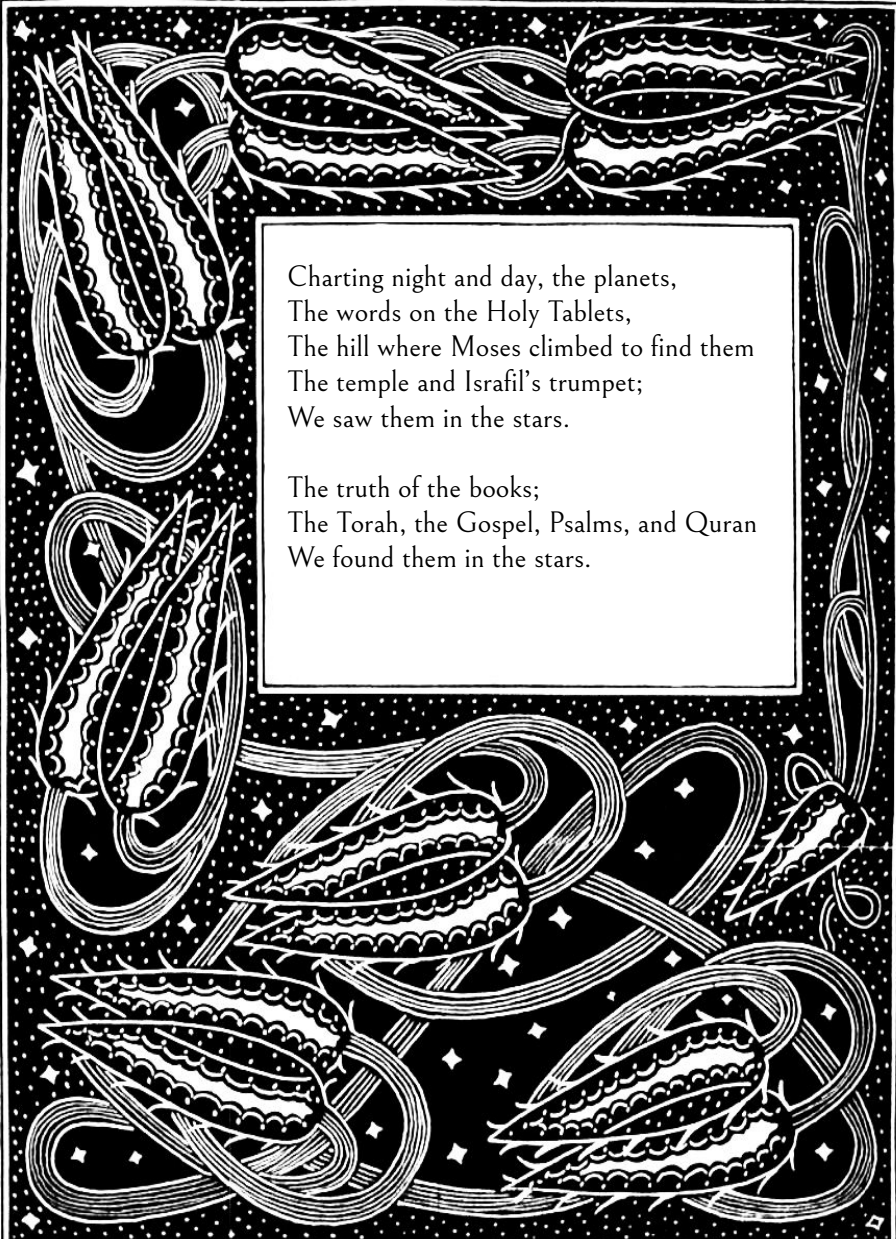


XI

We came to the house of fulfillment;
We entered and witnessed the vast body of
stars.

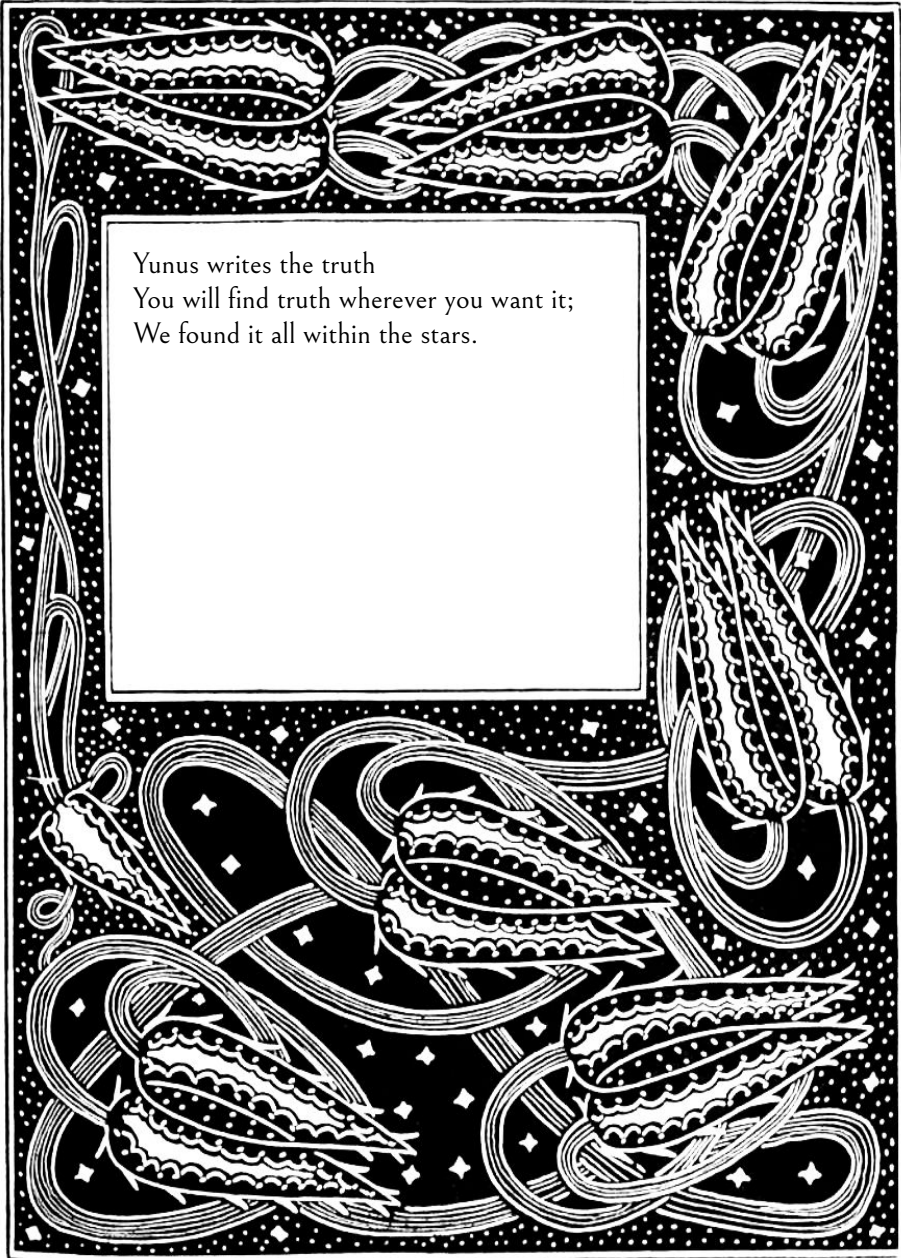
The sky shimmering, & the trembling earth;
The seventy-thousand veils between us and
God;

We found them in the stars.



Charting night and day, the planets,
The words on the Holy Tablets,
The hill where Moses climbed to find them
The temple and Israfil's trumpet;
We saw them in the stars.

The truth of the books;
The Torah, the Gospel, Psalms, and Quran
We found them in the stars.



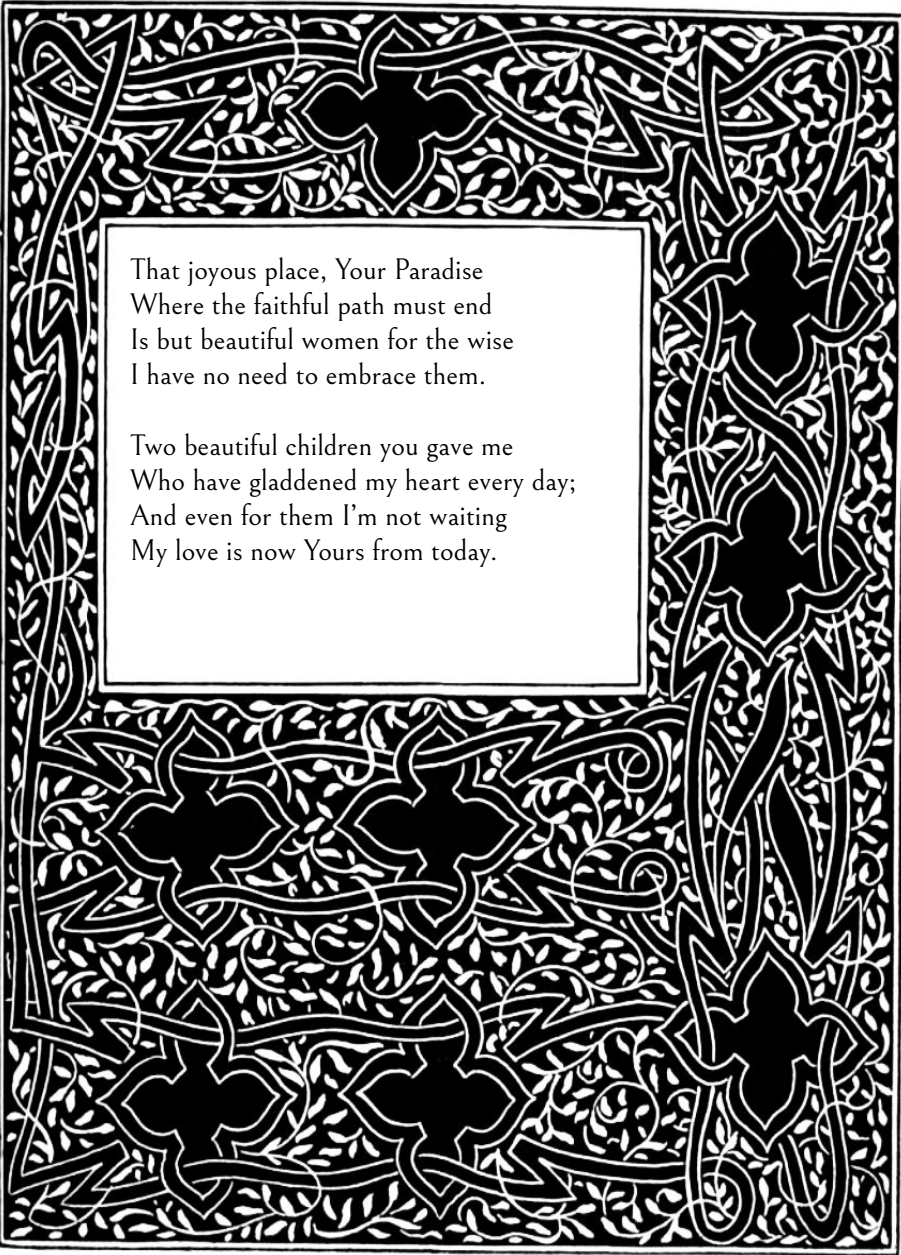
Yunus writes the truth
You will find truth wherever you want it;
We found it all within the stars.



XII

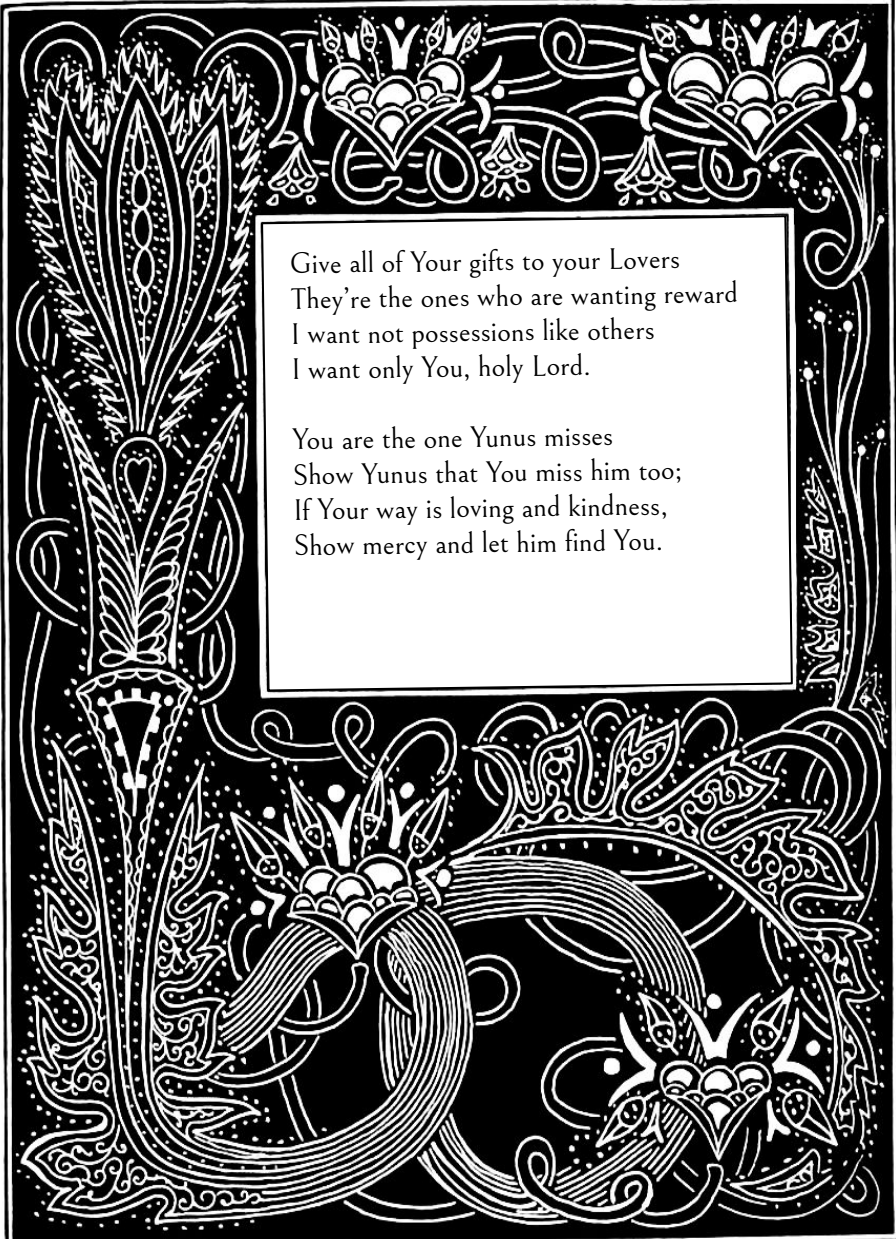
For You - my eyes were made to see
For You - my hands were taught to hold
My life's a path to You from me
Tomorrow I will reach Your fold.

Today I say my path is Yours
And in one day You'll know my worth
I ask not for Heaven as reward
I do not want to leave this earth.



That joyous place, Your Paradise
Where the faithful path must end
Is but beautiful women for the wise
I have no need to embrace them.

Two beautiful children you gave me
Who have gladdened my heart every day;
And even for them I'm not waiting
My love is now Yours from today.



Give all of Your gifts to your Lovers
They're the ones who are wanting reward
I want not possessions like others
I want only You, holy Lord.

You are the one Yunus misses
Show Yunus that You miss him too;
If Your way is loving and kindness,
Show mercy and let him find You.

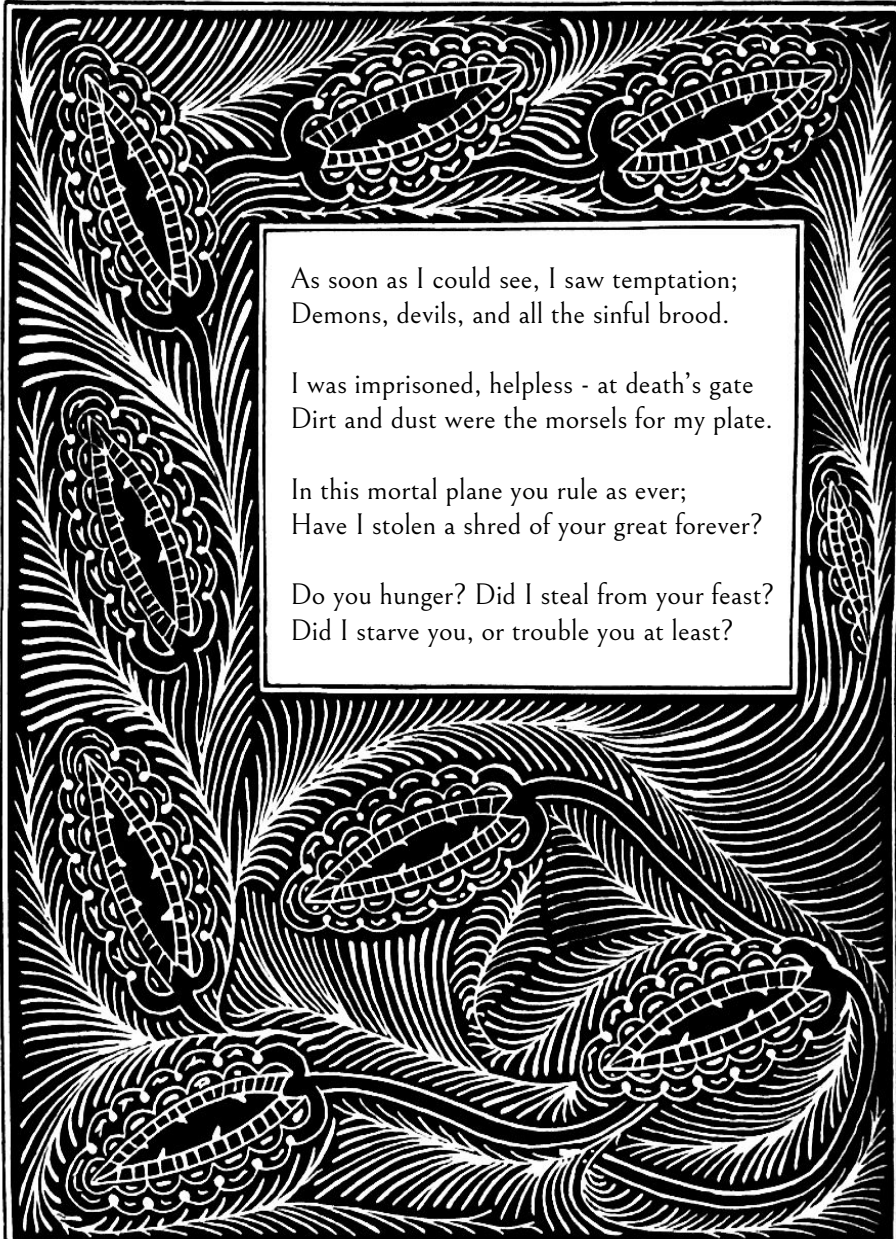


XIII

Great God, if you will question how I live,
Here's my honest answer I would give:

It's true, with sin my mortal heart is scored,
But these sins are mine, have I hurt you, Oh
Lord?

Did I make myself to be drenched in sin?
Or am I your creation, God of men?

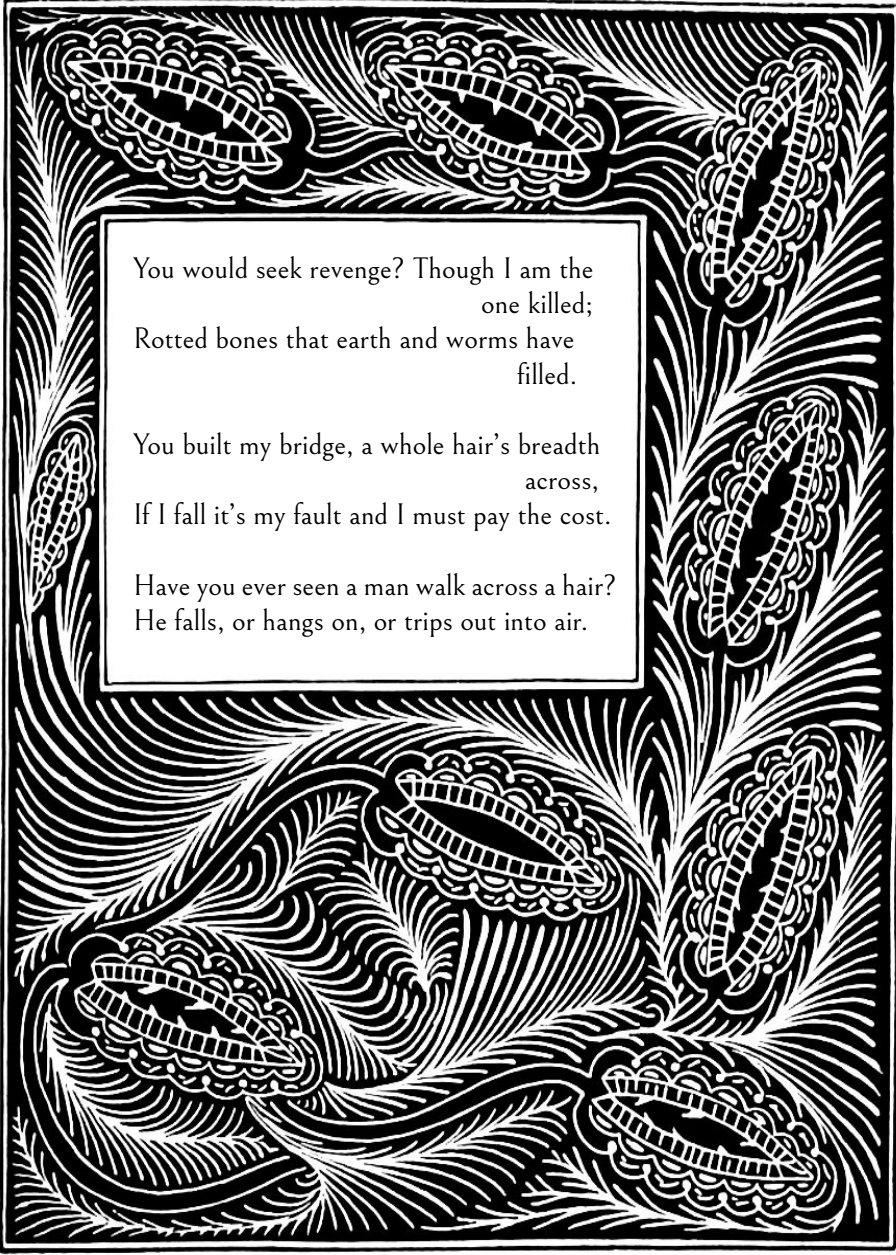


As soon as I could see, I saw temptation;
Demons, devils, and all the sinful brood.

I was imprisoned, helpless - at death's gate
Dirt and dust were the morsels for my plate.

In this mortal plane you rule as ever;
Have I stolen a shred of your great forever?

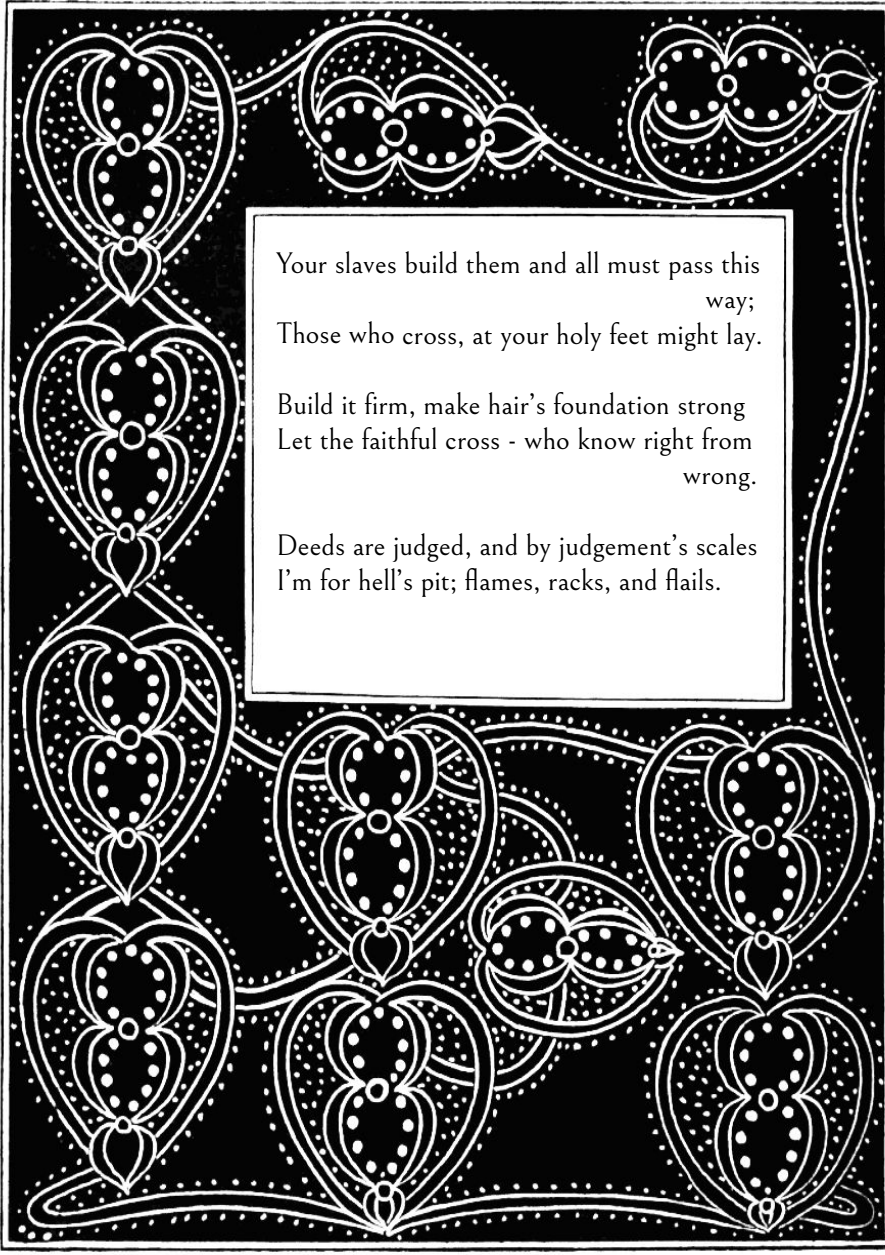
Do you hunger? Did I steal from your feast?
Did I starve you, or trouble you at least?



You would seek revenge? Though I am the
one killed;
Rotted bones that earth and worms have
filled.

You built my bridge, a whole hair's breadth
across,
If I fall it's my fault and I must pay the cost.

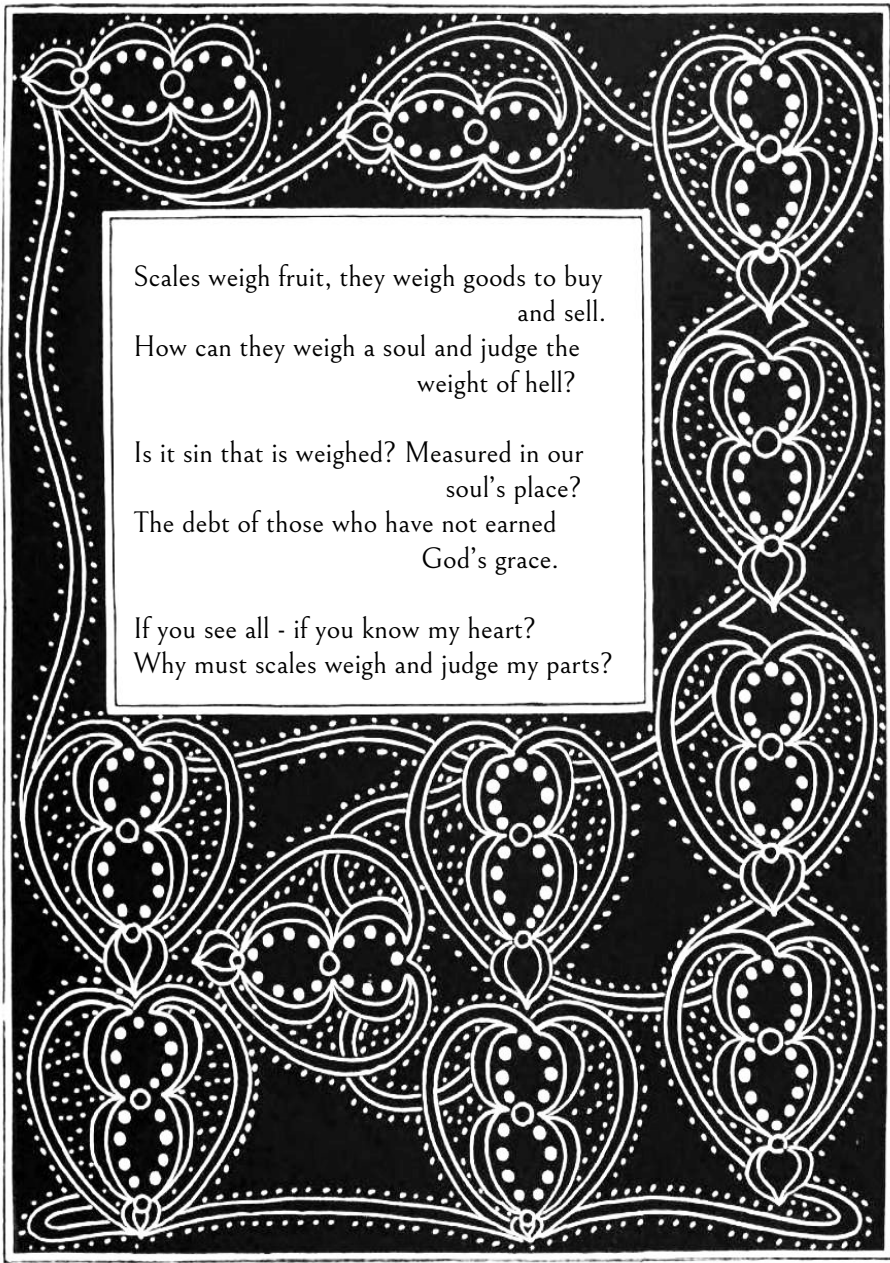
Have you ever seen a man walk across a hair?
He falls, or hangs on, or trips out into air.



Your slaves build them and all must pass this
way;
Those who cross, at your holy feet might lay.

Build it firm, make hair's foundation strong
Let the faithful cross - who know right from
wrong.

Deeds are judged, and by judgement's scales
I'm for hell's pit; flames, racks, and flails.



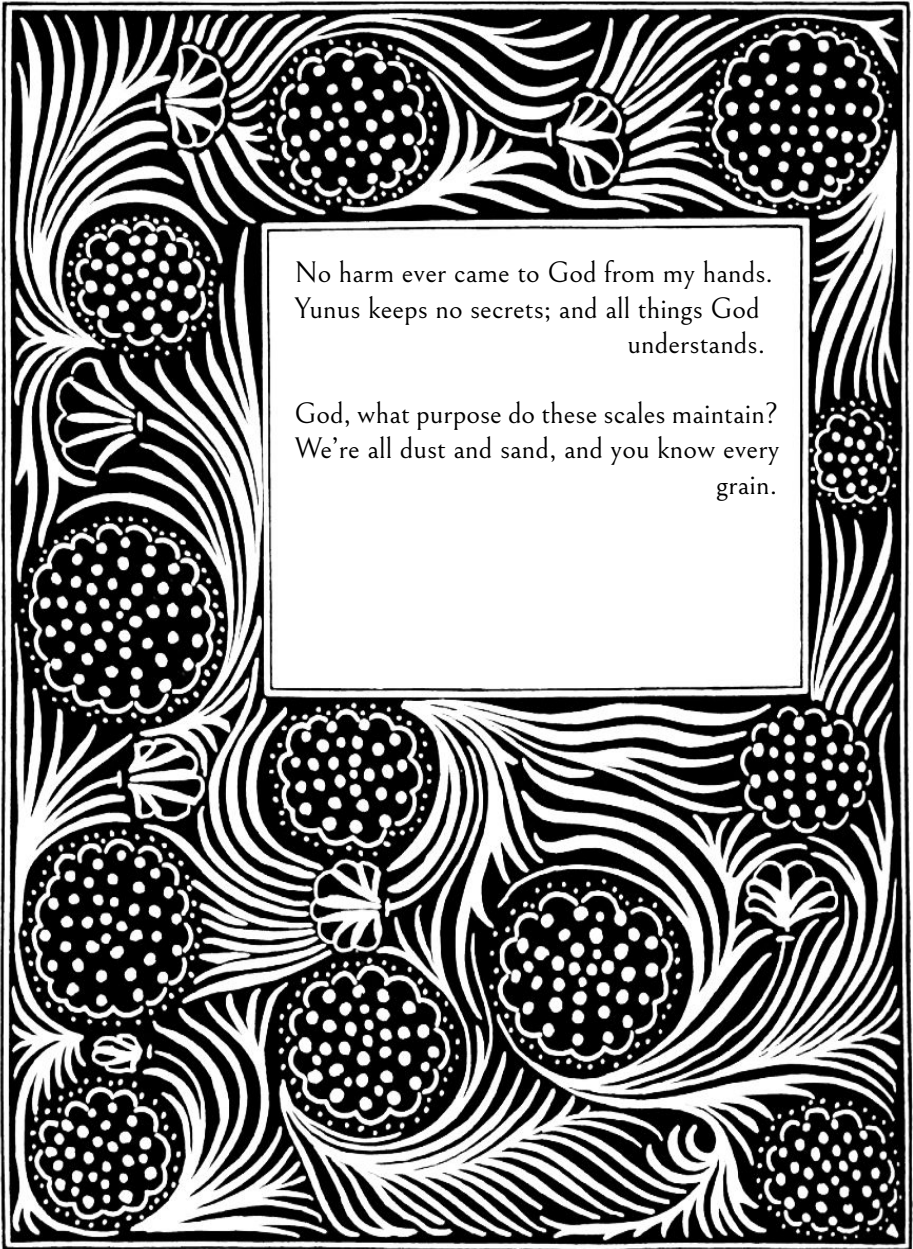
Scales weigh fruit, they weigh goods to buy
and sell.

How can they weigh a soul and judge the
weight of hell?

Is it sin that is weighed? Measured in our
soul's place?

The debt of those who have not earned
God's grace.

If you see all - if you know my heart?
Why must scales weigh and judge my parts?



No harm ever came to God from my hands.
Yunus keeps no secrets; and all things God
understands.

God, what purpose do these scales maintain?
We're all dust and sand, and you know every
grain.

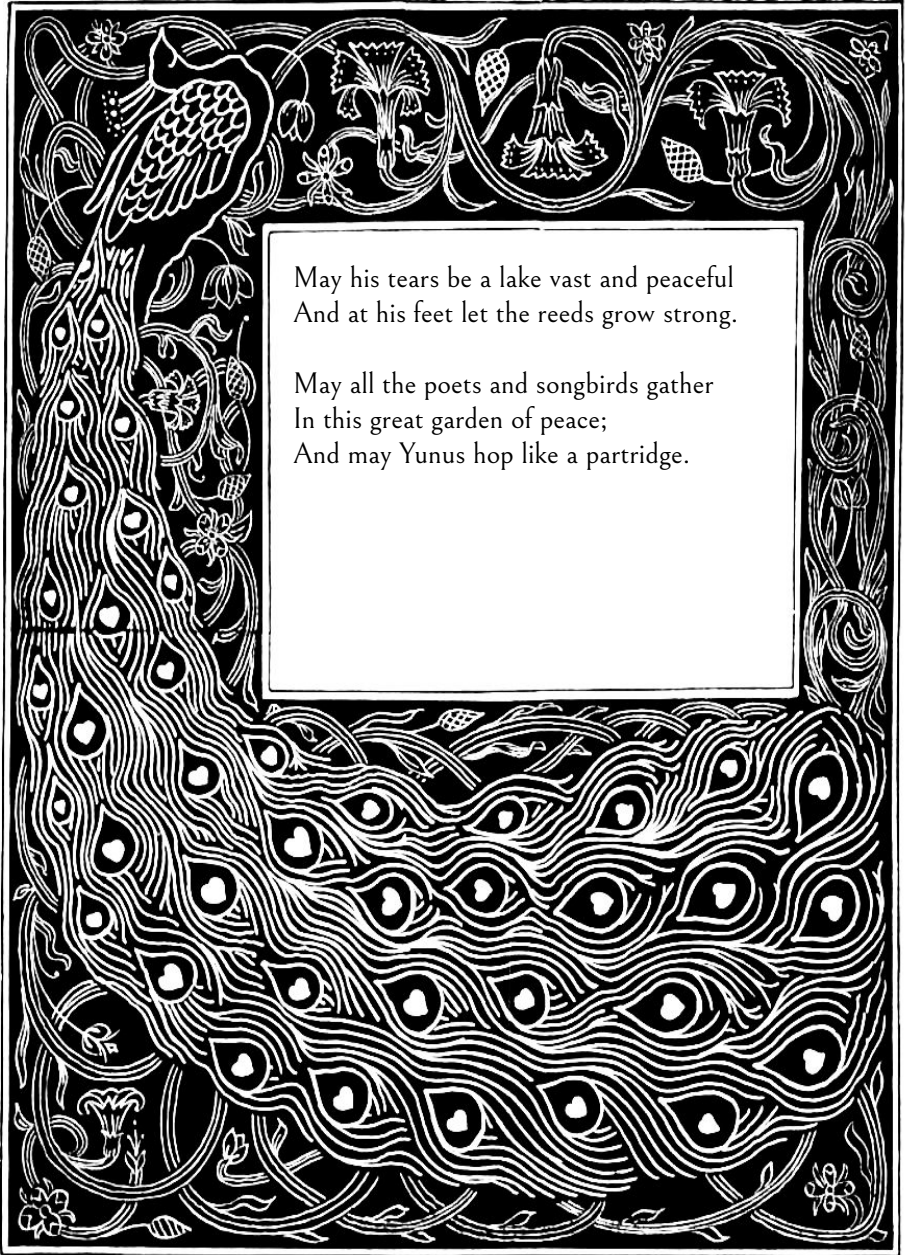


XIV

Whoever God chooses for dervish devotion
May his troubles be gone, and his glory
gleam bright.

May his breath be perfume and honey
And from his holy branches
May cities gather fruit in his shade.

May his leaves heal the sick and hungry
In his shadow let much good work be done.



May his tears be a lake vast and peaceful
And at his feet let the reeds grow strong.

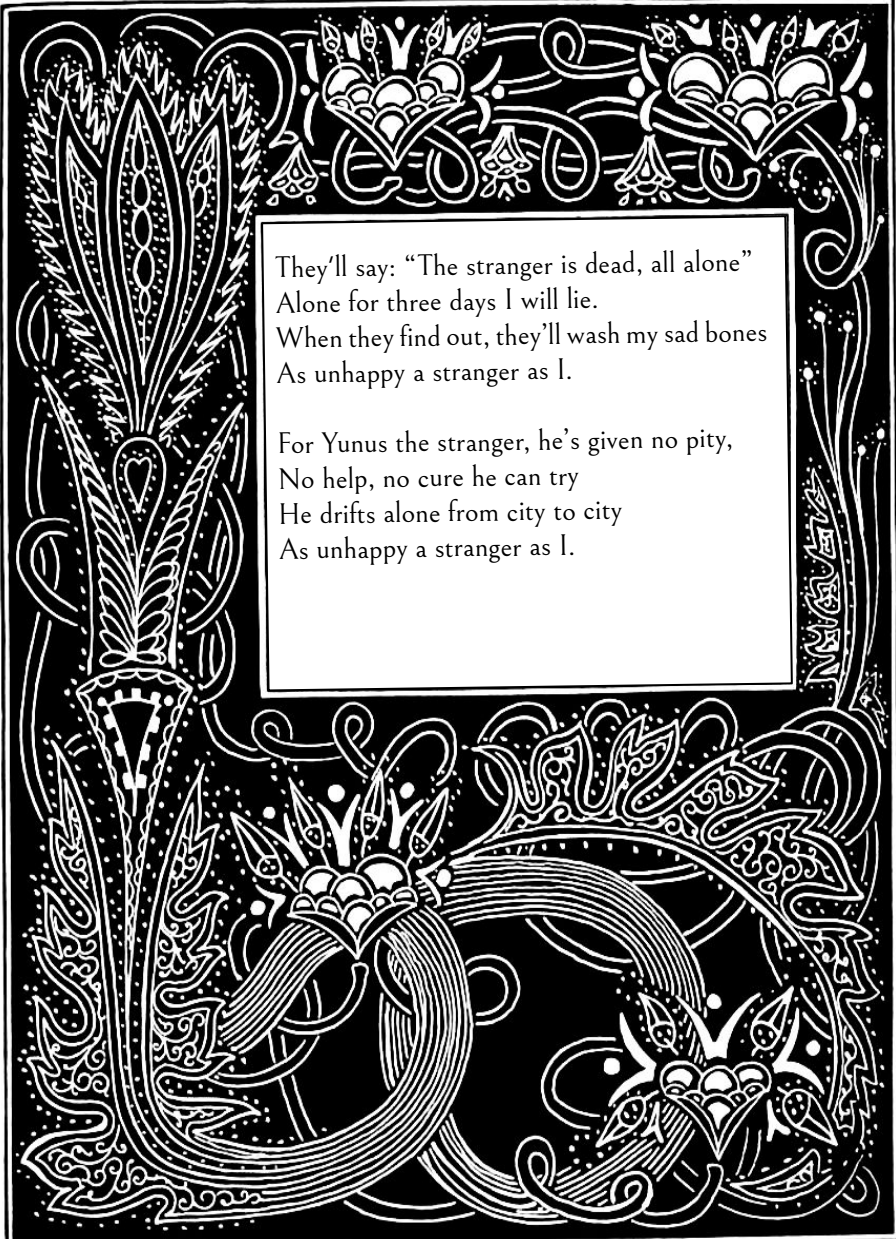
May all the poets and songbirds gather
In this great garden of peace;
And may Yunus hop like a partridge.



XV

Is anyone in this far, far world
As unhappy a stranger as I?
A wounded heart, eyes dripping pearls
As unhappy a stranger as I?

Let no-one have this sadness like me
Exiled from joy, wondering why.
Teacher, do listen - and let no-one be
As unhappy a stranger as I.



They'll say: "The stranger is dead, all alone"
Alone for three days I will lie.
When they find out, they'll wash my sad bones
As unhappy a stranger as I.

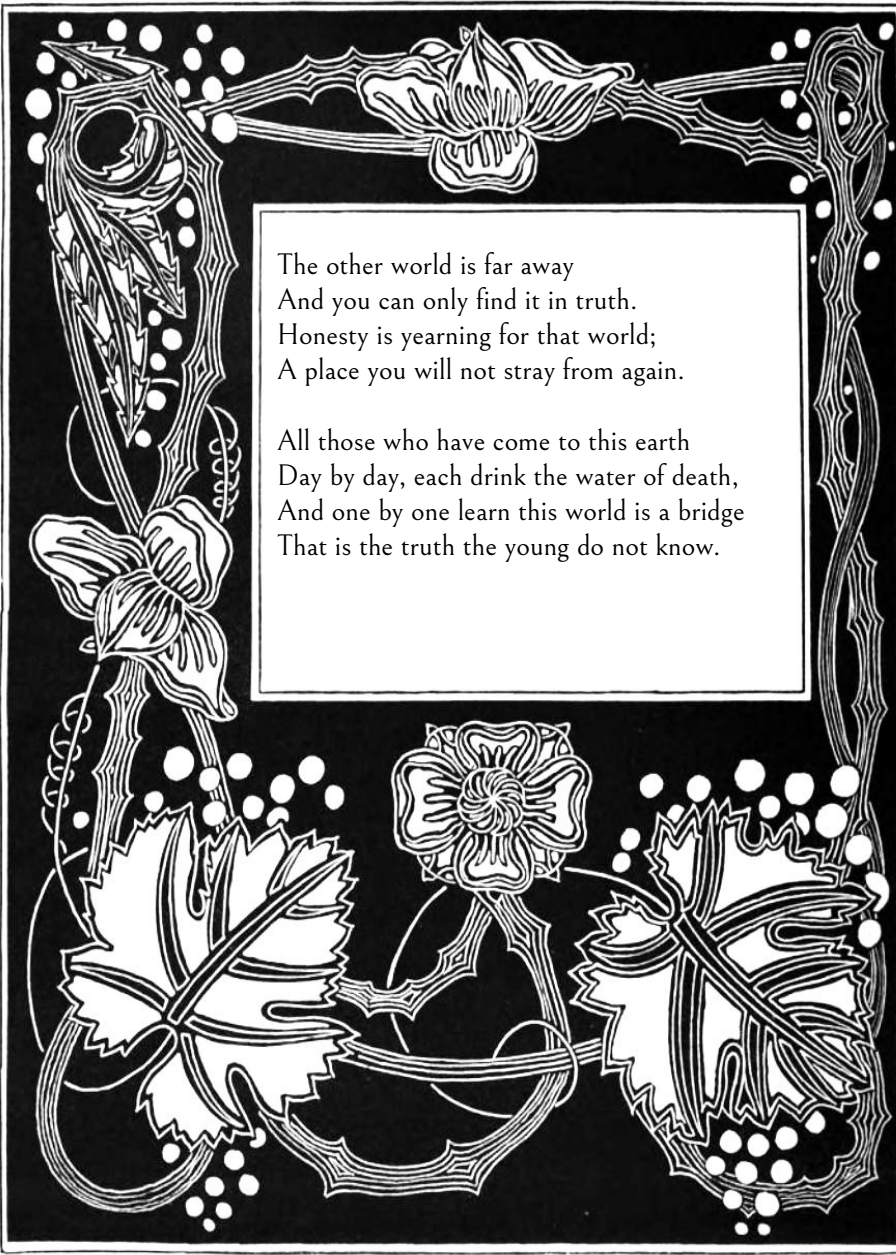
For Yunus the stranger, he's given no pity,
No help, no cure he can try
He drifts alone from city to city
As unhappy a stranger as I.



XVI

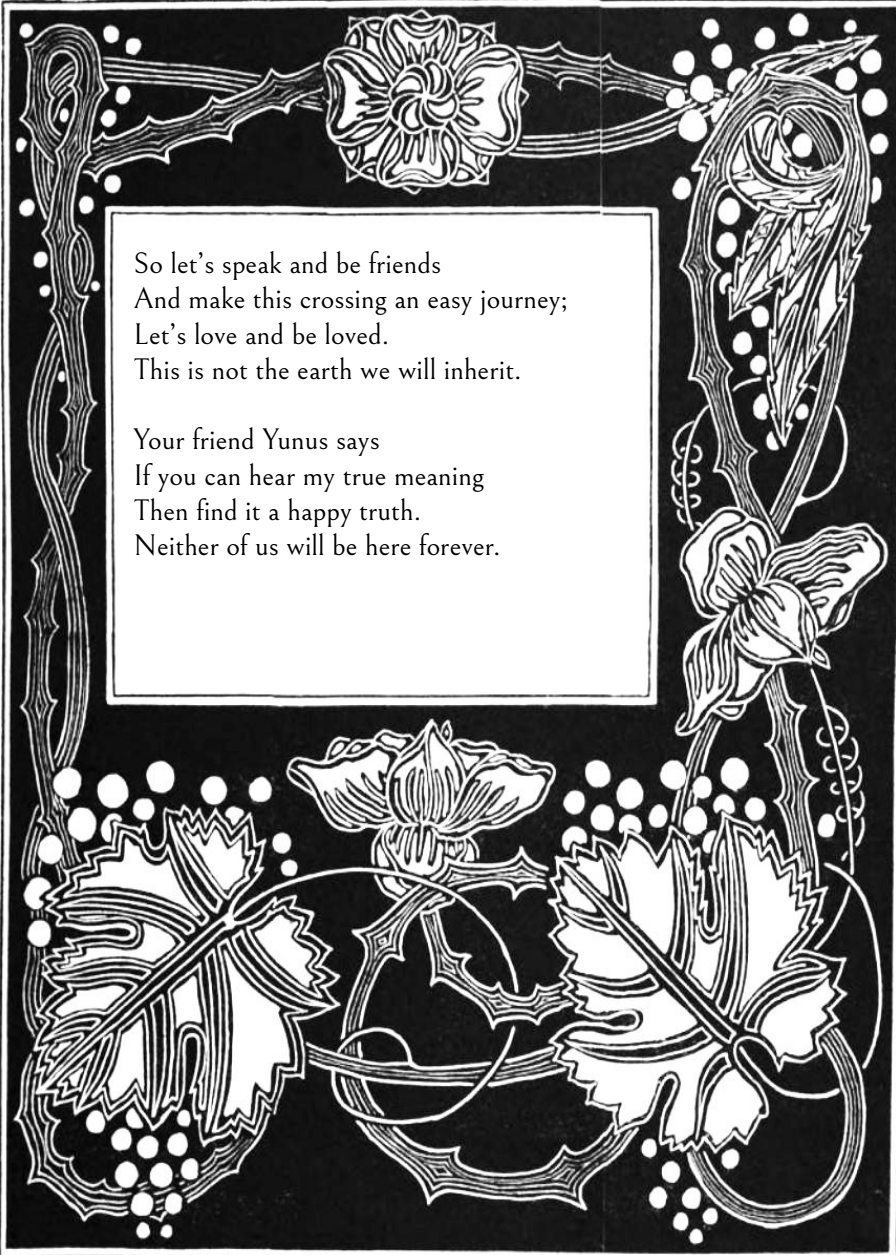
This world is full of truth
But who knows where it can be found?
Everyone searches it out;
But listen - it is inside us all.

You believe this is the world
And the bread is yours to take.
But when will you awake to the truth?
This is not all you believe.



The other world is far away
And you can only find it in truth.
Honesty is yearning for that world;
A place you will not stray from again.

All those who have come to this earth
Day by day, each drink the water of death,
And one by one learn this world is a bridge
That is the truth the young do not know.



So let's speak and be friends
And make this crossing an easy journey;
Let's love and be loved.
This is not the earth we will inherit.

Your friend Yunus says
If you can hear my true meaning
Then find it a happy truth.
Neither of us will be here forever.