

# DIVANI SHEMSI TABRIZ

## Song On An Old Persian Text

Stephen Dickman, music  
Jelalaldin Rumi, poem (Nicholson translation)

*p* *freely*  $\text{♩} = 60$

Soprano

Show thy face, for I de-sire the or - chord and the rose - gar - den.

5  
o - pen thy lips, for I de-sire su - gur in plen - ty. O sun,

9  
show forth thy face from a veil of cloud for I de - sire that

12  
ra - di - ant glow - ing count - a - nance. From love for thee I

15  
hark - en to the sound of - the fal - cun drum; I have re - turned,

18  
for the sul - tan's arm is my de - sire. 'Vex me no more,'

23  
thou saidst ca - pri - cious - ly, 'be - gone!' I de - sire that say - ing of thine,

27  
'Vex me no more.' And thy bid - ding off with 'De - part,

30  
he is not at home.' And the airs and pride and harsh - ness of the door - keep - er

33  
I de - sire. o sweet seph - yr, that blow - est from the flow - er plot of

— the Friend, Blow — on me, for — I — de - sire

news — of — the ba - sil. The bread and wa - ter of des - ti -

ny is like a trech - er - ous flood; — I am a great fish

and de-sire the sea of 'O - man. — Like Jac - cob I am ut-ter - ing — of grief,

I — de-sire the fair face of Jo - seph of Ca - naan. By — God,

with - out thee — the ci - ty is like a pri - son to me, o - ver moun - tain and de - sert

I de - sire to wan - der. In one hand a wine cup and in one hand a curl of the Be - lov - ed:

such a dance in the midst of the mar - ket place is my desire. My heart has grown wear - y

of these weak spir - i - ted com - pan - ions; I — de - sire the Li - on of God and

71

Rus - tam, \_\_\_\_\_ son of Zal. Fil - lings of beau - ty \_\_\_\_\_ are in the pos -

75

ses - ion \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ eve - ry - one who ex - ists; I \_\_\_\_\_ de - sire that

79

quar - ry and that mine of ex - quis - it lov - li - ness. Bank - rupt tho' I be

83

I will not ac - cept a \_\_\_\_\_ small \_\_\_\_\_ car - nel - ian; \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_ mine of

86

\_\_\_\_\_ rare trem - u - lous car - nel - ian is my de - sire. Of this folk I am full of com -

89

plaint weep - ing and wear - y; I de - sire the drunk - ards' wail -

92

ing and lam - en - ta - tion. My soul has grown wear - y of Phar - oah and his tyr -

97

an - ny; \_\_\_\_\_ I \_\_\_\_\_ de - sire the light of the coun - te - nance of Mo - ses son of 'Im - ram. \_\_\_\_\_

101

I am more el - o - quent than the night - en - gale but be - cause of en - vy a

104

seal is on my tongue, tho' I de - sire to moan. \_\_\_\_\_

107

(whispered)

Yes - ter - day the Mas - ter with a lan - tern was roam - ing a - bout the cit - y cry - ing, 'I am tired of

110

dev - il and beast, I de - sire a Man.' They \_\_\_\_\_ said,

114

'He is not to \_\_\_\_\_ be found.' A thing which is not to be found - That is my de - sire.

118

My state has passed e - ven be - yond all yearn - ing and de - sire; I \_\_\_\_\_ de - sire to

120

go from be - ing and place toward the Es - sen - tial. He \_\_\_\_\_ is hid - den from \_\_\_\_\_ our eyes,

124

and \_\_\_\_\_ all ob - jects are \_\_\_\_\_ from Him; I \_\_\_\_\_ de - sire that hid - den One \_\_\_\_\_ Whose

128

works are \_\_\_\_\_ man - i - fest. Mine ear has \_\_\_\_\_ lis - tened to \_\_\_\_\_ the ta - le of faith and

131

was in - tox - i - ca - ted; say: 'The limbs and the bo - dy and the form of faith are my de - sire.'

134

I my - self am love's re - beck, and love is a re-beck to me;

137

I de - sire the hand and bos - om and mod - u - la -

140

tion of 'Oth-man. The re-beck is say - ing, eve - ry mo - ment pas - sion - ate - ly

143

I de - sire the fa - vours of the mer - cy of the Mer - ci - ful.

146

I am the hoo - poe: the pres - ence of Sol - o - man is my de - sire.