



Eskişehir



REPUBLIC OF TURKEY
GOVERNORSHIP
OF ESKİŞEHİR

Yunus Emre



“ Let us love and be loved ”

REPUBLIC OF TURKEY
GOVERNORSHIP OF ESKİŞEHİR
PROVINCIAL DIRECTORATE OF CULTURE
AND TOURISM





REPUBLIC OF TURKEY
GOVERNERSHIP
OF ESKİŐEHİR



eskiőehir 2013

CULTURAL CAPITAL OF TURKIC WORLD



BEBKA

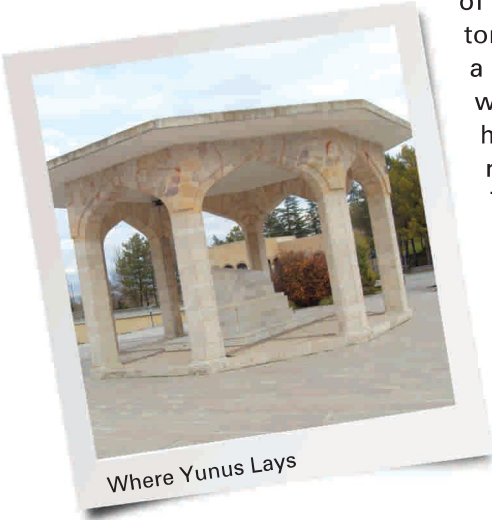
Bursa Eskiőehir Bilecik Development Agency

*Let Us Become Acquainted
Let Us Make It Easy*

Yunus Emre

The true folk poet Yunus Emre was born in 1240 in Sarıköy, situated between the towns of Mihaliççık and Sivrihisar, which is today named after him. He is understood to have written his 'mesnevi' (a collection of poetry) called Risalet-ün Nushiyye, which includes his important poems, between 1307 and 1308. His 'divan' (an anthology of poems) was compiled by his supporters after his death. It is understood from his poetry that he was a contemporary of Mevlana Celalettin Rumi, and, in his own words, was inspired by 'his fine and imposing teachings' to join his religious gatherings. Yunus Emre, who lived during an important time, which witnessed the late Anatolian Seljuks and the Early Ottoman Period, died in Sarıköy. Being one of the most important cornerstones of the Turkish-Islamic perspective, Yunus Emre was a contemporary of Mevlana, Ahmed Fakih, Geyikli Baba and Seydi Balum. His tomb is, naturally, at Sarıköy in Eskişehir. Due to the close proximity

of a railway line to his tomb, a new tomb with a monument fountain was built in 1946, and his remains were reburied there in 1949. The final tomb construction was started in 1964 and finished in 1970, when his corpse was reburied there. He has lain there since that time.



Where Yunus Lays

Let Us Love and Be Loved No-One Remains Forever in This World

Train drivers on the Ankara-Eskişehir-İstanbul sound their engine horns when they travel past Yunus Emre's tomb to express their respect for him. This is a universal sign of commendation, inherited from the German engineers who built the railroad many years ago.

Yunus Emre's meeting with Sufism has generated various meaningful stories: 'Yunus Emre set off because of starvation and deprivation to meet Hacı Bektaş Veli, whose miracles and goodness he had heard of. In order not to go empty-handed, Yunus Emre picked some Mediterranean medlars. Yunus, who was welcomed in the dergah (a dervish lodge) was asked, "Wheat or auspices?" before his return home. He requested wheat. Although Hacı Bektaş offered a new spiritual outlook for each of the Mediterranean medlars, Yunus insisted on the wheat. Having received what he wanted, Yunus became regretful on his way home and returned to the lodge. However, Hacı Bektaş told him that the keys for his locked tongue were in Tapduk Emre's hands, and suggested he find Tapduk Emre. Yunus Emre then worked in the service of Tapduk Emre for forty years. He is reported to have carried wood, none of which was curved, to the lodge during this period...'

“ Yunus is reported to have used two snakes as ropes to pack the wood he carried, none of which was curved. He carried wood to the lodge for forty years. ”

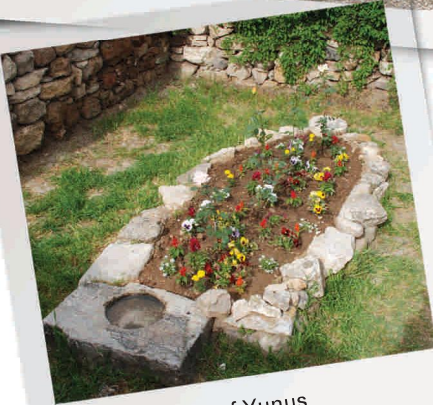


According to legend, 'After leaving the Tapduk Emre Lodge, Yunus returned several years later, and lay on the threshold at the door of the lodge. On his way to the mosque for morning prayers, Tapduk Emre, who was blind by that time, asked his wife who the man lying on the the threshold was. "Yunus," his wife answered. Tapduk Emre's reply to his wife was profound: "Our Yunus?" Affected by his sheik, Yunus knelt, and is reported to have had his tongue unlocked by the sheik.' Yunus Emre was a great folk poet who reflected Islamic Sufism in all its detail with simplicity, without putting it into restricted form. Mankind is at the focal point of his poetry.

Yunus Emre, a central figure of Turkish literature, focused mainly on such issues as God, divine love, wealth, poverty, life and death. He became a national and universal symbol of Turkish-Islamic Sufism with his clear, understandable, but deeply meaningful delivery.

Besides his unquestionable mastery of poetry, Yunus Emre should be regarded as the founder of Turkish Literary Language. Although he wrote some of his poems in Aruz Prosody (Ottoman-style), he wrote most of his poems in Syllable Prosody, in an easy-to-understand, clear and effective Turkish. The main reason for his appeal to the general masses was his effective use of Turkish. His important contribution to Sufism became widespread with his clear style and use of social awareness in

his poems. His poems have been read, composed as hymns, and become main motifs at public gatherings throughout Anatolia. Yunus Emre's reflection of the truth, through the words of the people, was largely responsible for his being loved and respected all over the country. The dedication of various places and tombs to his memory, in areas other than his home town of Eskişehir, is an indication of this love. It is natural to confuse Yunus's poems with some written by other poets because of either his thoughts, or the form and language he used in his poems. Having, as its own, such a special individual as Yunus Emre is a source of pride and a privilege for Eskişehir.



The First Tomb of Yunus



The First Tomb Wall Reused Parts

*A fellow calling himself Muslim
Has to know the rules of religion
Following God's will,
He has to pray five times a day
...
Pray at noon time
to find whatever you want
to get rid of sins true man
needs innocence from sins
...
Whoever don't listen this advice
and pray five times a day
is not a real Muslim, be sure.
He will be a real sinner.
...
If you expect religious effort,
never let your desire rule on you
Yunus, remember your prophet,
Within a mystic love*



The Second Tomb of Yunus

The rivers of paradise
 Flow in the name of God Almighty
 The nightingales of Islam
 Sing in the name of God Almighty

...

Tuba* leaves wave
 Reading Holy Quran
 The roses of Paradise
 Smell in the name of God Almighty

...

The true lover of God Almighty
 Drops his tears,
 Enlightens his soul
 Tells in the name of God Almighty

...

Mystic Yunus, you will go your lover
 Never delay today's work
 Tomorrow in the presence of God
 Mention in the name of God Almighty

Cupboard, why do you creak
 I am in trouble, that's why I creak
 I fell in love with God almighty
 That's why I creak

...

I am cupboard in trouble
 My water overflows
 This is the order of God almighty
 That's why I creak

...

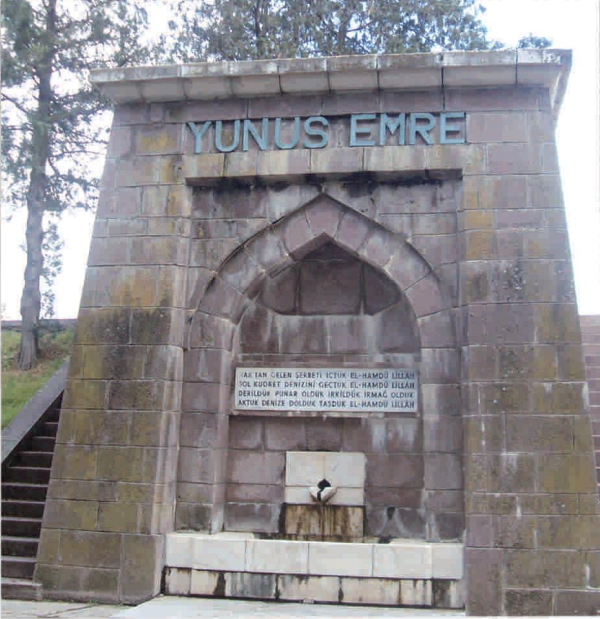
They found me on a mountain,
 broke all my branches
 They turned me into a cupboard
 That's why I creak

...

Carpenters shaped me
 All my parts were placed
 this creak is a gift of God
 That's why I creak



* Tuba is the name
 of the tree in
 paradise according
 to Islamic belief.



The Monument Fountain, built at the same time as Yunus's second tomb

If you ask for a warning,
come and see these graves.
Even if you are as hard as a stone,
you will see what they have come to

...
These were the man as rich as could be
See! This is the end the have come to
In the end, they had to wear
The simple robe with no sleeves.

...
These were owners, back in the past,
They had various villas and palaces
Now they lie in such a house,
Which consists of rubble stones

...
These were the ones desiring palaces
didn't consider that they were mortal.
They lived happily and prosperously,
however, where are they now?

Where are the ones with charming words
Where are the ones with bright faces
They are all lost in such a way
No sign to proof their existence

...
These were the lords in the past
They used to have guards at their doors
Now, come and see, you can't tell
Who are the lords, who are the slaves

...
No door to enter
No meal to eat
No light to see
All their days turned into past

...
Yunus, one day you will also
come to end with the things you have,
and will live all these happened
Thus, all others lived it inevitably



Yunus Emre Mosque



A person hesitating die for love
Can he be a true lover?
A person never struggles reaching to
the Friend
Can he be a true lover?

....

A person who lives for his body,
doesn't know the taste of love
doesn't try to reach friend
Can he be a true lover?

....

Yunus, now you have to be patient
for all the sufferings for Friend
never feeling the arrow of love in heart
Can he be a true lover?

Burning, burning, I drift and tread.
Love spattered my body with blood,
I'm not in my senses nor mad,
Come, see what love has done to me.

...

Now and then like the winds I blow
Now and then like the roads I go
Now and then like the floods I flow
Come, see what love has done to me.

....

I am Yunus mystic of sorrow
Suffering wounds from top to toe
In the friend's hands hands I writhe in woe
Come, see what love has done to me.

Angel of Death takes our life
Our blood becomes lifeless
We send all our greetings
To those who wrap our shroud

On our way to reach Friend
We couldn't manage everything
We send all our greetings
To those who pray for us

I am here with a question
Nobody knows my trouble
I tell and I listen
Nobody understands my language

...
My speech is song of birds
My land is land of friends
I am nightingale, rose is my friend
Know that my rose never wilts

...
A manifest on Mount Sinai
See what it showed to Moses
Yunus states the fact for God
Which never becomes a lie



Your love has wrested me away from me,
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave.
Day and night I burn, gripped by agony,
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave.

...
I find no great joy in being alive,
If I cease to exist, I would not grieve,
The only solace I have is your love,
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave.

...
"Yunus Emre the mystic" is my name,
Each passing day fans and rouses my flame,
What I desire in both worlds in the same:
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave.

Let's not just remain adoring
Come, let's go to the friend, my soul
Let's not die longing, imploring,
Come, let's go to the friend, my soul

...
From this world we'd better be gone
Why be duped, it couldn't live on
Let's not be split while we are one
Come, let's go to the friend, my soul

...
Let's go to the truly sacred
Let's ask for the news about God
And taking Yunus on the road
Come, let's go to the friend, my soul

☾ A knowledge of science is knowing science
A knowledge of science is self knowledge
If you cannot attain self knowledge
What use are your studies

...

What is the purpose of reading those books?
So that Man can know the All-Powerful.
If you have read, but failed to understand,
Then your efforts are just a barren toil.

...

Don't boast of reading, mastering science
Or of all your prayers and obeisance.
If you don't identify Man as God,
All your learning is of no use at all.

...

The true meaning of the four holy books
Is found in the alphabet's first letter.
You talk about that first letter, preacher;
What is the meaning of that-cloud you tell?

...

Yunus Emre says to you, Pharisee,
Make the holy pilgrimage if need be
A hundred times-but if you ask me,
The visit to a heart is best of all ☽

☾ Oh my God Almighty,
I call you out with the mountains and rocks
my God Almighty,
I call you out with birds at dawn ☽

Oh my soul, you overflowed with love again
Will you babble just like waterfalls?
you dropped with love again, my bloody tears,
Will you block my roads?

...

Lost the real Friend
My desire to see him cannot be cured
Bloody tears of my eyes
Will you babble like rivers

...

Bunches of clouds
On snowy mountains
Loosing your hair
Will you cry for me in tears

...

Yunus, your soul overflowed again
I am on way where are my lands
Yunus saw you in dream
Are you sick or healthy?

If you broke a heart once,
Your prayer is not a prayer
Even seventy-two nations,
wash their hands and face

...

It is the way to reach truly,
It is the eye to see the truth
He is the real man staying humble
It is not the eye looking conceited



*The sherbet coming from God
We drank it praise be to God
The omnipotence sea
We passed it praise be to God*

....

*We were dead but became alive
Took wings and came out as birds
As companions to each other
We flew together praise be to God*

....

*Come nearer, let us make peace
Come nearer, let us know each other
Saddled horse is ready to go
We wended praise be to God*

...

*Became springs from our gatherings
Became rivers from our puddles
Flew and filled the seas
We overflowed praise be to God*

....

*Under the auspices of Tapduk
We became slaves at his door
Mystic Yunus, we were immature
But now matured praise be to God*

*That which stops a war
That which cuts off a head
That which turns a poisoned meal
Into butter and honey, is the word*

*I wonder-is anyone here
A stranger as forlorn as I?
His heart wounded, his eyes tearful
A stranger as forlorn as I?*

...

*I wandered around all east and west
All of the northern countries
I yearned for but never found
A stranger as forlorn as I*

....

*My tongue tells, eyes weep
I admire destitute and alones
a star among stars in the sky
A stranger as forlorn as I*

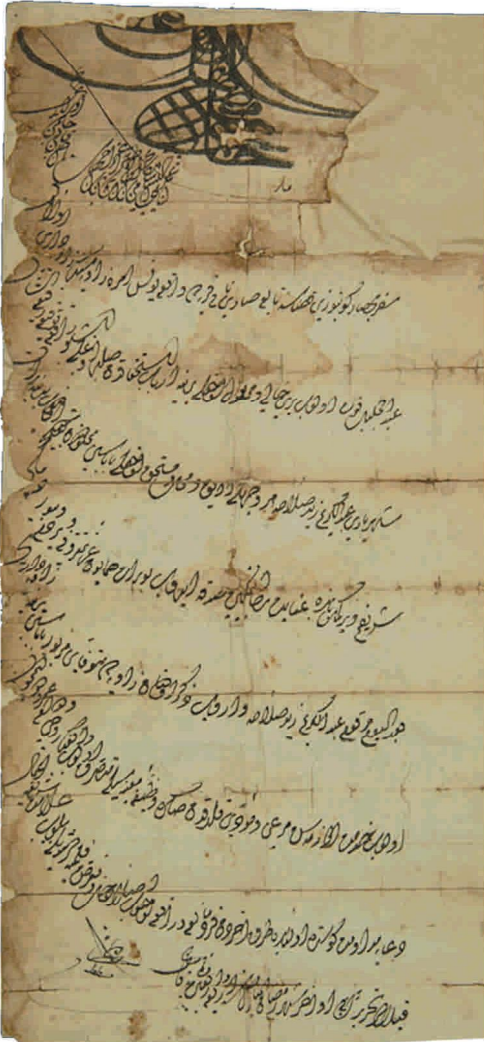
....

*They'll say, "He's dead, that sad stanger"
Hearing of it three days later,
They'll wash my corpse in cold water
A stranger as forlorn as I.*

....

*Yunus gets no help nor pity.
No cure for his calamity,
Drifting from city to city
A stranger as forlorn as I*

Certificate given by the Ottoman Empire Sultan Ahmet II
(dated 17-27 March 1732)

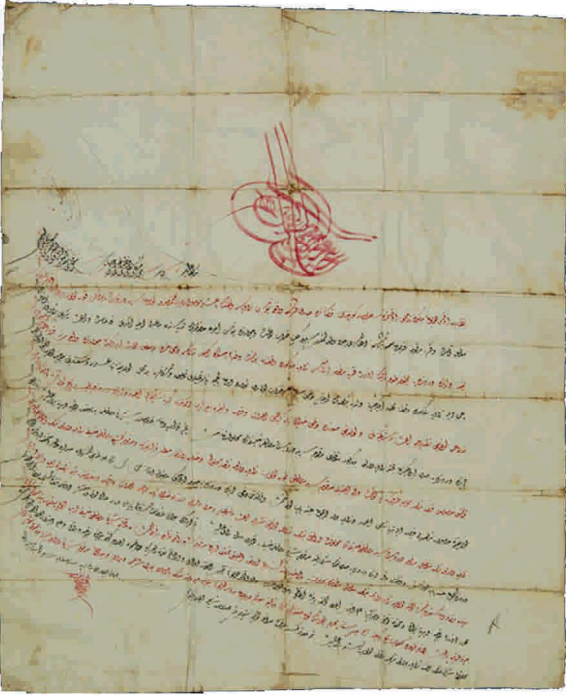


Transcription and summary of the text : Asst. Prof. Mehmet TOPAL (ESOGU History Department)

Eskişehir Archeology Museum

The certificate was given to Abdülkerim to assign him the care of the Yunus Emre (Tomb) in Sivrihisar-Günyüzü Sarıköy village following the death of the caretaker Abdülcelil.

Certificate given by the Ottoman Empire Sultan Abdulmecid
(21 April 1841)



Eskişehir Archeology Museum

Seyyid Derviş Mustafa was assigned to tend to the Yunus Emre Zaviye (nook), which was among the charitable foundations of the tithe tax. After that, there was no-one to look after the Turbe. Formerly, the village was a settlement. However, due to migration into the area, all of the buildings, except for the Yunus Emre Turbe, were in ruin. Rice had been grown in the area of the foundation, and servants had taken care of the foundation and guests by selling the harvest from these fields. At this time however, the fields were not being cultivated, and the Turbe was falling into disrepair. This certificate assigns Şeyh Mustafa el hac Yakub from Sivrihisar to build rooms for guests to rest in, and for him to take care of the Turbe by cultivating the fields of the Yunus Emre Turbe Foundation.

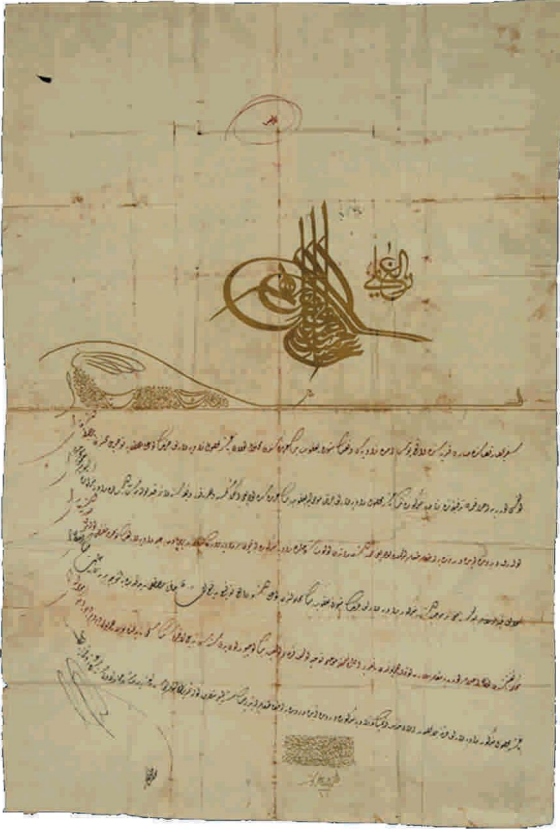
Certificate given by the Ottoman Empire Sultan Abdulaziz
(18 May 1863)



Eskişehir Archeology Museum

All of the certificates were rewritten by the authority of Abdulaziz from 1861. This particular certificate was issued as a result of an application by Şeyh Mustafa el hac Yakub, the caretaker of the Yunus Emre Turbe at the time, stating that he could continue his job.

Certificate given by the Ottoman Empire Sultan Abdulhamit II (1 October 1899)



Eskişehir Archeology Museum

After the death of Şeyh Mustafa el hac Yakub, his son Mustafa was assigned to become caretaker of the Turbe, under the same conditions provided for his father. He was expected to care for the Turbe and visiting guests to the best of his ability.

Those who perch on this false world and then go out
They never speak nor send any news at all
Those on whose graves all sorts of grass and weeds sprout
They never speak nor send any news at all

Some of them have trees on their graves
Some are covered with weeds withering in waves
There lie innocent youths, fair maidens and braves
They never speak nor send any news at all

Some died young without tasting life
Some had crowns their heads could no longer hold
Some were six or seven when they died
They never speak nor send any news at all

Be they revered teacher or greedy trader
Drinking Death's sherbet came harder and harder
Be they white-bearded or religious leader
They never speak nor send any news at all

Yunus says, "All this is done by Fate alone"
From their eyes, all their brows and lashes are gone
To mark their place, there is only a headstone
They never speak nor send any news at all

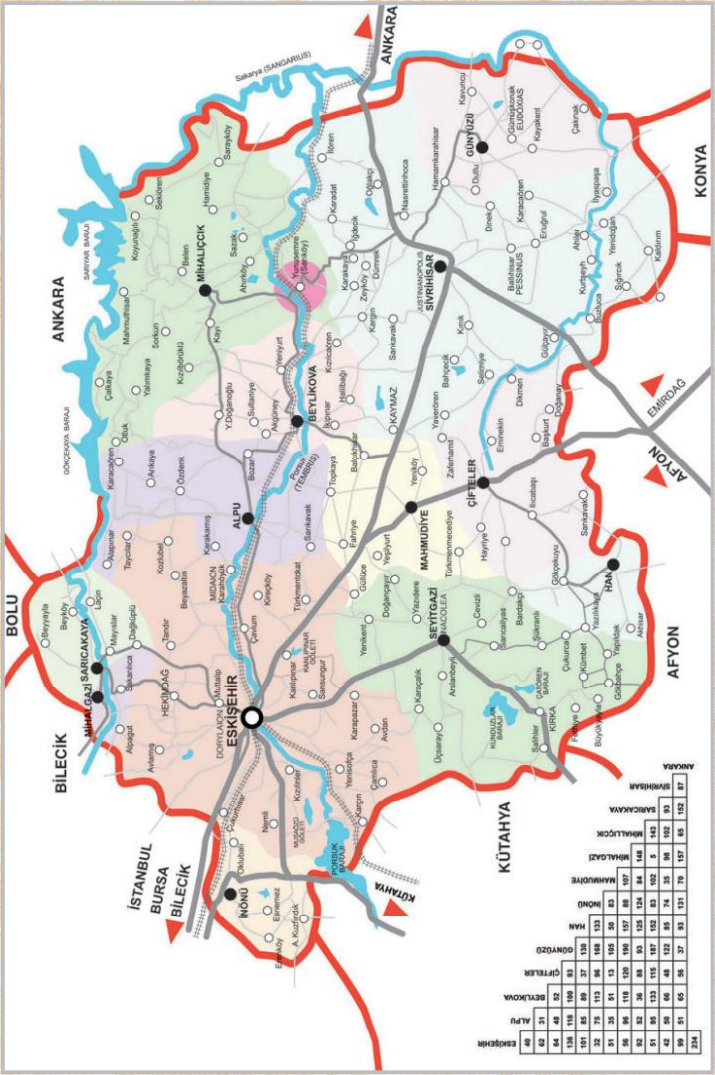


Yunus Emre

*Hey my companions, hear me. Ove is like sun.
Heart without love resembles a solid stone.*



*Being a Dervish requires humility. It requires
silence against beating.*



ESKİŞEHİR

