



THE LAMENTS OF WOMEN MINSTRELS IN TÜRKIYE

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Abstract

The tradition of "lamentation" seen in poets and minstrels is as old as the history of the Turkish nation. This article aims to explain the tradition of lamentation and focus on the situations in which laments are performed by our female minstrels. Our minstrels and poets evaluated in the article are respectively Makbule Leman, Yasar Nezihe (Bukulmez), Nigâr Hanım, İhsan Raif Hanım, Şukûfe Nihal, Emine Hanım, Hasibe Ramazanoğlu, Hasibe Hatun, Dudu Karabıyık, Minstrel Derdimend (Fatma Oflaz), Fatma Behice Batur, Minstrel Şah Turna, Asik Surmelican (Kaya), Gulhanım Yıldırım, Hatce Ana (Hatice Şahinoğlu), Dikmenli Emine Şener, Kamanli Minstrel Emine Bacı, Minstrel Fatma İnan, Pîr Sultan's daughter Sanem, Minstrel Kevser Ezgili, Minstrel Ayşe Çağlayan, Minstrel Yeter Yıldırım, Minstrel Gülhanım Yıldırım, Minstrel Nurşah (Dursen Mert). Female minstrels, who lived and are living in Türkiye in the last century, contributed to the survival of this tradition by lamenting painful events that affected them very much.

Keywords

Lamentations, Women Minstrels, Poets

INTRODUCTION

The tradition of lamenting is as old as the history of the Turkish nation (Koksal, H). Lamenting after the deceased and mourning constitute the main content of the first poems. The lament about the Huns losing their lands and the lament for Alp Er Tunga in *Dîwân Lughât al-Turk* are among these early examples. (Koksel, B). We see the first female types who lament and the poems containing pain in *Dede Korkut*. In this respect, the poem that contains the pain Dirse Han's wife sang for her son Bogac shows the feature of lamentation. Upon the death of Manas, his wife Kanıkey lamented the loss of Manas. Mourning, composing folk poetry and folk songs are learned from the master. These masters are generally family members such as mothers, grandmothers and aunts who improvise laments and folk poems. Here, genetic predisposition and listening to mourners were important (İnan, A, p.155; Koksel, B).

When it comes to lamentations, the first thing that comes to mind is the laments about death, but apart from this, there are various laments on many different events and subjects such as laments on henna nights or about on bridal praises, laments on social events, wars and raids, laments for those who go to war, laments on disease, lamentations for those who went abroad for various reasons, and their lamentations for those who left behind, lamentations about the separation of lovers or spouses, the lamentations about unfaithfulness, lamentations for women whose husband took an unofficial wife after them, lamentations about bandits, lamentations about not having a child, lamentations expressing sorrows for those who suffered injustice, and also expressing troubles of those imprisoned, lamentations about animals, and humorous lamentations about people, lamentations on natural disasters, trees, water, various foods, money and places (Temiz. M., 2005)

MATERIAL AND METHOD

In this article, information about the lamenting tradition and focus on the situations in which lamentations are performed by our female minstrels are presented. The lamentations of our women minstrels who lived and are still living in Türkiye in the last century will be examined by scanning the internet environment, books, and indexed articles, and examples will be given from their lamentations. Minstrels and poets, whom we will give examples from their lamentations, are Makbule Leman, Yasar Nezihe (Bukulmez), respectively. Nigâr Hanım, İhsan Raif Hanım, Sukûfe Nihal, Emine Hanım, Hasibe Ramazanoglu, Hasibe Hatun, Dudu Karabıyık, Minstrel Derdimend (Fatma Oflaz), Fatma Behice Batur, Ozan Sah Turna, Minstrel Surmelican (Kaya), Gulhanım Yıldırım, Hatce Ana (Hatice Sahinoglu), Dikmenli Emine Sener, Kamanli Minstrel Emine Bacı, Minstrel Fatma İnan, Pîr Sultan's

daughter Sanem, Minstrel Kevser Ezgili, Minstrel Ayse Caglayan, Minstrel Yeter Yildirim, Minstrel Gulhanim Yildirim, Minstrel Nursah (Dursen Mert).

FINDINGS AND DISCUSSION

Lamentation is a tradition that has survived for thousands of years. If there is no mourning and no crying after the deceased, the pain of the deceased suffocates people. The tradition of lamenting after the dead continued, and there were also those who bewailed named "Mourning Women" or "Minstrel Sister", who boosted the feelings of those gathered in the house of the deceased (Makal). Lamentations, which are an important part of folk literature, are mostly anonymous since they reflect the feelings and thoughts of many people. Our laments mostly have a mother voice (Makal ve Manya 1-2).

Lamentations have continued throughout history as the common value of humanity. Emotions were expressed with lamentations in the face of the suffering after events such as death and separation (Oger, Adem. 2006). Sukru Elcin (1) defines lamentations as "*folk songs that express sorrow, wailing, rebellion, misfortune of human beings in the face of death or loss of a living or non-living being, in fear, panic and excitement with regular-unregulated words and melodies*". It is seen that the mourning women in Anatolia are formed within this tradition, and they lamented in the funeral home and the women minstrels lamented as well (Oger).

In this article, we will talk about the laments of today's minstrels and poets, who lived in our country in the last century, in the face of a painful event that affected them very much.

Makbule Leman was known to have visual impairment and problems with her bones and knees. From 1895 onwards, her illness worsened. Makbule Leman expressed her feelings by lamenting her own illness as follows:

*You are keeping me alive, God.
I am in dark grave in autumn,
My heart would be feelingless I thought.
Though I spent the spring in pain
Spring, for me, would be full of longing. (Ugurcan)*

Her husband, Mehmet Fuad, laments as follows in "Visiting Her Wife's Grave":

*You burned, you wasted away,
Yet you trusted in God and carried them all
Remedies did not help
Unavailing efforts not
All the doctors I called
Gave me no hope. (Ugurcan)*

Yaşar Nezihe (Bukulmez) expresses her feelings by lamenting the sadness of losing her mother at a young age:

*As I am mourning,
Skies with me crying
Increases the yearning
Yet separation ache is everlasting.*

*Oh God, she shouldn't have died.
While I was there, buried in the ground. (Tatar 71).*

Yaşar Nezihe laments the following in her poems for her children, Sedat and Suat, who died at a young age (Tatar74).

*Oh, delicate flowers, falling to the ground, just when sprouting
My efforts, all burned out
Roses butterflies give no solace
Cry in the skies the angels.
Yet Azrael does not still come, don't know what he still waits."*

In her poem "Suicide Desire", she addresses her son, whom he could not leave while living, with this lament:

Let's do it together, leave the world with you,

*Do not stay behind and mourn after me
Do not let your soul be filled with sorrow
What a way to avoid destiny
Death is easy, without agony
When fate doesn't get in the way (Bukulmez 234-236 and Tatar 74)*

Nigâr Hanım, In the poetry book Aks-i Sadâ (1899), there are poems she wrote for her children and lamentations she wrote after her parents, at the end of the sad years. In her poem "Gecikmiş Akasya" she says:

*You get little worries, sometimes
You are open, sometimes hidden,
Looked astonished
Destroyed as if commemorating the departed companions
You're trembling with that style*

*Why are you so late, you delicate flower?
Sweet-natured, is this decision to expect again?
This proved need, this calm modesty
His soft kiss is well known;
Rejoice, because it is the final manifestation.
It is a great consolation when you fall down" (Demirdag 371)*

The poet prefers to cry in the face of death and turns these lamentations into poetry.

*Why are we living today, why is there nothing tomorrow?
What is this breath of life?
They say thinking this is inappropriate,
Even though it is not a fault, God's order is incomprehensible.*

In addition, Nigâr Hanım's poems filled with tomb paintings draw attention:

*I will now enter the grave in peace.
Grave! That black earth in my eye;
The grave that occupies my imagination;*

*The grave, the tomb, what a horror!
Grave, calm and quiet, truthfulness
The owner of that handful of bones
Why, ah! O Thou who art worthy!*

*The grave that burned me.
The grave is now mine;
Grave, that hides my mother today.
Why doesn't my destiny bring me to you?*

*Life fell from the grace, alas!
Why to continue this inevitable torment? (Nigâr Hanım 285 and Demirdag38)*

Nigâr Hanım expressed her feelings after the deaths in her elegies. Nigâr Hanım wrote the following elegy after her brother who died at the age of 9, in Efsûs II (Demir 74-75).

*Thou, O fate, you took my blood, my brother
Oh, I don't know what you wanted from that gentle skin*

İhsan Raif Hanım cries out to her forced marriage at a very young age and the dark future that awaits her with these lines:

*I don't complain to anyone; I cry to myself
I tremble like a criminal as I look at my future
The curtain of gloom has been pulled on my future, I'm afraid.*

I tremble like a criminal as I look at my future (www.edebiyathane.com)

Her second marriage lasted for a very short time, and following her husband's, Sahabettin Suleyman, death due to Spanish flu in Switzerland, she calls out her lamentations in her poem "Don't Make Me Say It".

*I dreamed of love, then woke up;
I thought love would not end;
I got burned in vain.
Worse than death is this pain.*

Osman Fahri, for the sake of his forbidden love for Sukûfe Nihal, attempted suicide, lost his mind and said goodbye to the world when he was only twenty-nine years old, uttering her name and left a heavy trauma in Mrs. Sukûfe's life as well. Sukûfe Nihal explained the idea of soul friendship in marriage and criticized family pressure in her 1931 novel "Yakut Kayalar". In the novel, while stating why she could not come together with Osman Fahri, she lamented with the weight of this burden:

*"Years... Rude, vulgar, soulless, unconscious years...
You have come between him and me, piled up a heap of ashes between us.
And you, rude, vulgar, soulless, unconscious people!
I broke up with him for you.
He died because of you.
I killed him, and you made me kill him. "* (Cetindas 155-169)

Emine Hanım, who was the granddaughter of Sem 'î and used pen names such as Sem'î's Daughter or Hacı, expressed her pain with the type of mourning upon the early death of Ahmet, who had children named Ahmet, Cevdet and İsmail.

*"No worries like mine
If I tell you one by one.
If I die, no one cries.
If only I could cry out myself.*

*I hope
No one gets into trouble like me,
Let me burn with my worries
Let no one know.(Yeniterzi 92)*

Hasibe Ramazanoglu (1860-1949) married Hazım Efendi at the age of 13 in Adana and had seven children named Muzeyyen, Pakize, Kadriye, Ekrem, Murside, Hakki and Sidika.

*"Did my rosebud wither before it blossomed?
Did the order of God find its place the moment?
My angel who longs for her mother
Are the empty graves filled with you?"*

Hasibe Ramazanoglu expresses her feelings as follows while lamenting Ataturk's death; (Sumbul 556)

*Look what I've become
I was empty, now I am full
I lost sleep tonight.
What I found for my Ataturk*

*You were a sun, did you fade?
Did you fill the empty places?
While ruling everywhere
Did you find God's order?*

*He raised his arms
Attacked the enemy
He filled the devastated places*

With Turks

*Have you seen Ataturk?
Are you back sad and mournful?
That venerable Body
Did you bury him?*

*Your strong heart
Became my ideal
As you command Ghazi Pasha
Let's kneel and kiss the ground*

*Thou makest the night to the day,
You turned the night into the day
This Ramadan Feast
Not a feast, mourning for us*

*His blood, his conscience was clean.
Made whole world cry.
When Ataturk glanced
Trembled the enemy*

*Arrows stuck in my heart
The fires inside me burned.
America, Europe
Gathered for Funeral*

*He's gone, can't come back.
Can't see him anywhere
Ataturk's manhood
Shall last until apocalypse*

Hasibe Hanım laments for her daughter who died in the hospital: (Cinar 30)

*Is this the hospital for the poor.
Her voice does not come out
Let me see her face.
It's me, that patient's mother.*

*Did my rosebud wither before it blossomed?
Did the order of God find its place the moment?
My angel who longs for her mother
Are the empty graves filled with you?"*

Hasibe Hatun (1885-1945) from *Cukurova* is known as a mourner. Yasar Kemal states in the foreword of his book "Lamentations: Folklore Essay" (Kemal, Yasar 2014) that when he started his book between 1939-1942, he went to the village where he was born, to the village of Gokcedam, where people lamented after the dead. He explains that there is a lamentation tradition in Avsarlar, Cukurova and that the daughters of his own village learned these lamentations from Avsars. He also states that two sisters live in Gokahmet village of Maras Andirin district in the Taurus Mountains, one named Hasibe Hatun and the other Telli Hatun and that Hasibe Hatun married Mustafa Agha from Kadirli. He adds that the people who perform the laments of these brothers are in places where they are respected more than their health. He visits Hasibe Hatun and mentions about her as both a minstrel and a good mourner. Hasibe Hatun writes her own and other people's lamentations.

Hasibe Hatun is a mourner, but she does not mourn for every dead person. She does not want to lament on the death of Coskunuzade Hacı Musa ağa in Kadirli, but upon insistence laments the following:

*I can't cry alone
Let the woman cry with me
So it's Agha's turn*

May Allah bless him.

*Raise his coffin high
Let people see him
May God bless
A roomful of grandchildren.*

Hasibe Hatun loses her daughter Hatice after her daughter Hayriye and voices the following lament:

*I don't let my baby be called an orphan
I'm going to dance the halay.
Do you know Hayriye?
Face smiling lips cherry*

*I swear I'm not lying.
I lost a girl first.
Do you know Hayriye?
Lip cherry teeth pearl*

*Whose clothes faded in the bundle
Whose dowry left in the chest
Whoever it is, come against me.
Whose daughter died while engaged*

*Oh, I'm cracked. I'm cracked.
I folded four bundles into one
May my motherhood perish
I locked the dowry chest*

*I won't say anything to Abdullah
He's also confused
When my daughter' coffin came
The place was full*

*A horseman came from Andirin
Make a wedding, give jewelry
Oh, my God. Did I arrange a wedding?
Everyone gathers and looks*

*Don't let my friends see
I'm sick of black grief
I handed it to Bekir.
Black coat pink robe*

*She could not enjoy the world.
Didn't take my heart pain
I called Hatice
She did not give the horse's bridle. (Arslan)*

Dudu Karabiyık married Idris, the grandson of minstrel Seyrâni, and wrote many poems after the death of her three children (<https://sites.google.com/site/>),

*Our father Seyrani, our generation is great
He drank full of hands from his sage
He showed us the way of truth.
We have a caravan walking down this path*

*Minstrel Dudu says my heart is burning
My God has given a form to every servant
I sent three brave men to God*

We have a time from world to hereafter

From the lamentations she said about her dead sons:
For Sait

*They put him in the machine
They got him out of the car in Develi.
Feast with your son
They said and deceived me.*

*Develi's road is hilly
I got burned again.
What did I do to you, God?
Why never think of me a little bit*

*Is the heart stone cracked
Burned my insides.
I wonder if he met
Sait's coy wife*

For Mehmet

*What happened to you? What happened to me?
My roses are faded
Does a stranger girl mourn
Your mother ripped her lungs out.*

*South face of Erciyes
If the day touches, its ice melts
Come quickly, my dear Mehmed, come quickly.
Doesn't wait, goes, your uncle's daughter.*

For Abdullah

*With his black coat
In his own officer suit
Never seen such a brave
In Idris society.*

*Willow never grows in a dry place
Even if it does, no fresh branches come out
Though not motherless
Always in my mind being fatherless*

*Near of our house is threshing floor
Strength in my knee is no more
If Abdullah Mehmet comes
Your mother gives her life to you*

*Minstrel Dudu says
I'm helpless in this world
I've been thru many troubles
I burn, my tobacco does not smoke. (<https://www.ozanlarodasi.com>)*

Minstrel Derdimend's (Fatma Oflaz (1894-1980)) troubles began at age of five when her father kidnapped a young girl and brought her home as second wife on Derdimend's mother, Zeynep. She saw all kinds of cruelty from her stepmother. She was forced to marry at fifteen and gave birth to three children. She martyred her husband on one of the fronts and his dog tag came. Fatma Oflaz described those days as follows:

*I struggled for a long time, I lost my knee.
I cried, I lost sight.
Thinking maybe I find solace and forget,
A year later, I married Haji Yusuf.*

In fact, Fatma Oflaz's left eye was blind. They took her property because of her orphanage. Her three children from Mehmet Emin could not withstand epidemics and poverty and died. She also gave birth to seven children from Haji Yusuf. Only one of them survived (Ozdemir).

Fatma Behice Batur (1910-1987), who could receive only two years of village school education, wrote poems and laments, attended the poets' societies in the villages and the city and read her poems. The fact that her mother Ayse Hanım was also a mourner was a factor for her wanting to be a minstrel. Visiting her father's grave years later, she voiced the following lament:

*A plain appeared in the distance
A pain fell on my heart
There are rows of tombs
I came to see my father's grave.*

*The snow here melted.
Running waters dried up
Ruined stones, algae covered
My father's wall, I came to build.*

*I can't come, far distance
Wound of my heart pierces
If you want to visit, here it is
I came to rub my face on your stone.*

*The highland blows coolly
On the other side of the mountain, the wolves and the birds are silent.
Painful death dashes hope
I came to read Fatiha for your soul.*

*Behice says I said bitter
I burned my lungs, cauterized
I am devoted the honor of my father
I came to tire my sorrowful heart . (Cinar 38)*

Minstrel Sah Turna lost her eyes from childhood diseases, and when his father took her to the doctor for treatment, said to him, "I don't want eyes, I want saz", which is the last quartet of her work on her first record

*Sah Turna's fate burned her essence
At age three took her two eyes.
Couldn't see the moon-sun's face
The world is a narrow dungeon, Turna Turna . (Cinar53)*

Şah Turna was very saddened by her daughter Safak Melodi Agdasan's death in 2021. After Safak Melodi Agdasan, Folk Poet Nevzat of Karaman mourned;

*Voices from us in far places,
It was the Melody who called out, Agdasan.
She made us feel pain,
Safak, at dawn, faded away*

*She was the daughter who wrote the people's troubles,
She grew up very well, she was the daughter of care.
She was the daughter of a wounded poet,
The voice of an ideal was Agdasan
Our cultural delegate has passed into eternity,*

*In cinema, serial the name still clean.
We couldn't get enough of poetry and folk songs.
A rose in the art garden was Agdasan*

*Sah Turna is wounded, her saz moans,
Lamenting, listening laments.
Nevzats see and understand pain.
Agdasan was saddened away from home. (<https://diegazete.de>)*

Minstrel Surmelican's (Kaya) husband brings home a second wife fifteen days after their marriage. The troubles of Surmelican, who did not see her parents for ten years, increased one after the other (Cinar). In her mourning poem "Yâr Derdi", she expressed her feelings:

*I've traveled the world, I'm tired, tired
Worrying for mother, worrying for home, worrying for lover.
Longing for home, can it be exile?
Worrying for mother, worrying for home, worrying for lover*

*I've shared my life, worries my partner,
My branch is yellowed, my leaf is falling,
Cracked and dried my heart soil,
Worrying for mother, worrying for home, worrying for lover*

*Surmelican I am angry with my destiny,
I cry, I dive into ocean, I write,
I am a merchant of my worries, foreign lands are my market,
Worrying for mother, worrying for home, worrying for lover. (<https://corum.ktb.gov.tr/>)*

Minstrel Gülhanım Yıldırım described from the poem "Felegin Sillesi" the obligations of being a woman, expressed the patriarchal structure of society and the attitude of men within this structure, and in which gender was clearly reflected in her lines: (Cinar 68)

*Come aghas, come look at me
Fate's slap hit me too
I am a woman, I am not strong enough for the cruel
Some walked over, some saw as an animal*

*I fell out of the crib when I was one year old
I'm crippled from love
As a bride with tears I came out of threshold
Some ruined, some knocked me down (Kaya69-84 and www.turkuler.com).*

Mother Hatce, Hatice Sahinoglu (1930 / d. -) lost her son named Hasan at a young age and lamented for her son. Her poems were collected by her sons (Ahmet, Deniz, Gursel) in a book called Ana ve Üç Oğul (2008) (Turan 288 and Yıldızdağ).

Six children of the poet died and she suffered:

*How cool is the inside of his room
It hurts, my son's pain is deep
Before he could get a bride with a veil
Cruel fate, how did you kill my young son? (Sahinoglu 76)*

Emine Şener from Dikmen lost her father at the age of seven and married when she was sixteen. Since she could not have a child, she was very affected by this situation, and she often wrote about this sadness in her poems (Aral). Emine Kadın from Dikmen met with Atatürk once when he came to Dikmen. Later on, embroideries from this memory were included in her lament:

*I wish you hadn't come to Dikmen mountains
I wish I hadn't seen your blue eyes.
If I hadn't heard your sweet words.*

*What did you do, Istanbul, what did you do to the father of the Turk?
I just lost the father of the orphans.*

*His car stopped in Horozlupinar
The sun shone on the mountains
He called me over, asked about me*

What did you do, Istanbul, what did you do to the father of the Turk?

*Let them write your name on the tombstone
Entrust everything to your friend
Console your sister
What did you do, Istanbul, what did you do to the father of the Turk? (Boratav)*

Minstrel Sister Emine from Kaman lamented for her four sons who were martyred in the famous War of 93:

*Mother cries, sister cries
All brides in misery
Big houses are all closed.
Husband stayed with wife.*

*Summer comes and the nightingale sings
Mountains sadly smoke
Roses grow in the beautiful garden
Quince, orange with pomegranate.*

*Wish they say they are coming
Wish the herald comes home
Wish Halil, Kaham ride white horses
And my Suleyman by horse.*

*The sheep came in flock
Houses burned down
Angels have all gone to war.
With red flag fairy.*

*Fight continues in Kars
People are gathering there.
The trumpets are played.
With the harmonica.*

*Emine says we do not ask for mercy
Wish the smoke rises above us
Our homeland is strong
With purple hyacinth grove. (Manya20)*

Minstrel Fatma İnan is known for her lamentations in Elbistan and mostly Cukurova region. Her lament for a bride widowed at the age of fifteen:

*I am neither at the beginning of the slope
Nor at the end
I'm only fifteen.
Does widowhood suit me?*

*Soldiers wear black
With the cap.
The doctor didn't even know
The wound in the heart.*

Goksun's wild duck

*Gurun's apple
Let this be our heirloom
Being a widow at fifteen.*

*Celâ's great essence
Whom do you show coyness?
Don't go, dear, have fun here
Outsider takes the girl you fall for.*

*Front of your door is straight.
Fate does not make us laugh
It made others dance and laugh
Looked at you cruelly. (Manya 23)*

Pîr Sultan's daughter Sanem was the daughter of Pîr Sultan Abdal. The lament on the death of her father:

*Last night, the mountains moved.
I cried, I cried saying Pir Sultan
In my daydream, at my night dream
Dreams and cries saying Pîr Sultan*

*He was tall, my grandfather was tall.
Yildiz is his plateau, Banaz his village
Its water gets blurred in summer and spring
Waters flows saying Pîr Sultan*

*I was Pîr Sultan daughter in Banaz
I shed a bloody tear in the spring
They hanged my father in bloody Sivas
Scaffold cries saying Pîr Sultan*

*I am PIR SULTAN ABDAL hey great man
Bitter melon we always eat
You gave that pretty soul to God
Your friends cry saying Pir sultan (Manya 37 and cem24d.wordpress.com)*

An example of the lamentations of **Ezgili Kevser** from *Corum* , one of the living folk poets;

*Suffering (Lament)
I suffered at a young age
Years of suffering, time of suffering, days of suffering.
I'm withered like a flower that hasn't seen the day
Today suffering, tomorrow suffering, yesterday suffering*

*My handsome is gone, my heart is on fire
I have all sorts of pain inside me
My heart is broken, my heart is bleeding.
My heart hurts, my soul hurts*

*Kul Kevser flows down her neck bent
My heart aches with my brother's pain (www.ezgidiyari.com)*

Minstrel Ayse Caglayan (1939 / 2008), who started writing poems when she was 7-8 years old, sang lamentations with free rhyme when she was still unaware of rhyme and meter. (Turkan,Huseyin Kursat 2019). Minstrel Ayse Caglayan, who especially keeps the laments alive by singing them in the region, sang the lament below, regretting the death of Mother Hatice (CINGIL), who lived in the Efragiz village of Andirin, in 1996:

*We praised her everywhere,
He who knows knows her worth.
I hope for her paradise,*

Nuri CINGIL's mother.

*She would pray five times a day,
Asking God for mercy,
Her bright face was smiling,
Remzi CINGIL's mother.*

*In the morning she would get up early,
She would always tell her beads,
She was crying for God's way,
Nuri CINGIL's mother.*

*She had two sons, no daughter,
She didn't have a wish for someone else's goods,
She had nothing to say but truth,
Remzi CINGIL's mother.*

*She was faithful
And she knew worldly goods were nothing,
She was very hospitable,
Nuri CINGIL's mother.*

*God bless her soul
give her a place in paradise,
May roses grow in her grave,
Remzi CINGIL's mother.*

*And she had an afterlife,
Do not think that her heart was small
She inspired CAGLAYAN,
Nuri CINGIL's mother. (Temiz 187)*

Minstrel Yeter Yıldırım is the wife of Hasan Yıldırım (Yüzbaşıoğlu / Mihmanî). Her life was spent in poverty. The fact that her husband was a minstrel contributed greatly to her writing poems. Upon the death of her husband, Minstrel Yüzbaşıoğlu, she wrote this lament:

*Green duck floats in deep lakes
In wilderness, in deserts
You were also said in sweet tongues
Finally you got sick my love*

*You wandered those places all
You competed with many minstrels
You've talked to the aghas, the gentlemen.
Finally you stopped talking my love*

*You were an orphan, you have been thru many things
You gave your life to your land
Here comes Azrael
You finally gave your life my love*

*My dear imam came to wash you
To hold your funeral
The black earth has opened to wrap you
End of time, my dear*

*Fate kills many of them
Doesn't it touch your soil?
My dear, you do not come near
I sacrificed my life to you, my dear*

*Yuzbasioglu they call my love
I can't stand your cries
Write brother-troubled minstrel to your grave
At last the owl sang, my dear.*

*O my beloved, you are a wound in my heart
Let the saz rot in its sheath
Open the gates and let him go
Enough he is unhappy, my dear (Kaya)*

Minstrel Gulhanım Yıldırım is the daughter of Minstrel Yuzbasioglu and Minstrel Yeter Ana. She is the eldest child in a family of nine children. When she was a year old, she fell from the cradle and was crippled. She married at the age of nineteen and had three children. Her husband died in a car accident. From her poems, *Feleğin Sillesi*, is a mourning (Turkan).

*Come aghas, come look at me
Fate's slap hit me too
I am a woman, I am not strong enough for the cruel
Some walked over, some saw as an animal*

*I fell out of the crib when I was a year old.
I'm crippled from love
As a bride with tears I came out of threshold
Some ruined, some knocked me down*

*I don't know what fate has to do with me
Brought wife over wife to my home
He made me a slave to his friend with his wife
Some got angry and some broke.*

*My Gulhanım says I learned my lesson
My troubles flowed in and I plucked my hair
I was half dead at a young age, widowed
Some saddened, some despised (Kaya)*

Minstrel Nursah's (Dursen Mert) lament after her daughter's leaving home as a bride expresses her feelings.

*You took my daughter from me
What they call black homeland,
You took my daughter from me,
This is the trouble they say,
You took my daughter from me,*

*Her spoon is left on the table,
Daughter is half the soul of the mother
She is darkened, lights off,
You took my daughter from me,*

*I raised in my arms,
I put her to sleep in my bosom,
I soothed all the time,
You took my daughter from me*

*My daughter, you became a bride,
Thou art theirs,
I soothed all the time,
You took my daughter from me,*

Mother Nursah, put on your crown,

Longing starts to sing its grief,
Then my baby looks,
You took my daughter from me. (Koksal)

Minstrel Nursah lamented the following after President Turgut Ozal passed away in 1993:

May the Lord have mercy on you,
Rare son, human like you,
Or maybe he will never come,
The world is bleeding, Turkey is in mourning.

Sudden death took him from us,
Old eyes brought rain from the sky.
He took another Mustafa Kemal,
The world is bleeding, Turkey is in mourning. (Oger)

The tradition of lamenting has continued for centuries, and its continuation is important for our living culture. The lamentations sang by the female minstrels contributed significantly to the continuation of this culture. Our female minstrels have mostly lamented on death.

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