

The House of Tansen

Let my soul become a flute, beloved, my body a flute of reed,
Let my being be aroused in song and the song become my deed,
Let the glory of God assert itself, now that I came so far,
Let the music of life come through my mouth, just like a morning star,
Let the star prepare the world itself for the coming of the sun,
Let the flute assert, assert itself; the music has begun.
O Pir-o-Murshid who once set out to unite the East and West,
Now the heart-vina expresses itself, it must do its very best;
O Maulana Roum who made the flute reveal what is in the soul,
That music became the way of life to the knowledge of the Whole.
O empty self, O empty one, may thy prayer become thy deed,
Let my soul become a flute, beloved, my body a flute of reed.