

SONG OF THE REED

Calefax Reed Quintet
& Mohammad Motamedi

کوینتت بادی کلفکس
و محمد معتمدی



caLefax

Programme booklet

SONG OF THE REED

Calefax meets one of Iran's most famous singers: *Mohammad Motamedi*. Together, they will perform a mixture of traditional Persian music and instrumental classical music.

Calefax

Oliver Boekhoorn – oboe, duduk
Raaf Hekkema – saxophone
Alban Wesly – bassoon
Jelte Althuis – bass clarinet
Bart de Kater – clarinet

Mohammad Motamedi – vocals, ney
Pouriya Jaberi – daf, tanbur

Programme

After Me

Unknown (arr. Rafael Fraga)
Text by Omar Khayyam

Lalae

Kaveh Vares
Based on a melody by Mohammad Motamedi
Text by Soheil Mahmoudi

Kie-Kie

Sheida (arr. Mehdi Abdi)
Text by Ali Akbar Sheyda

Improvisation on Ghazal no. 12

Mohammad Motamedi and Pouriya Jaberi
Text by Jalal Aldin Mohammad Balkhi (also known as Rumi and Molana)

Ich muss dich lassen

Heinrich Isaac, Johann Sebastian Bach,
Johannes Brahms (arr. Raaf Hekkema)
Text by Mohammad Motamedi

Bhaad

Arefeh Hekmatpanah

Isfahan

Billy Strayhorn (arr. Raaf Hekkema)

Syrinx (after Claude Debussy)

Raaf Hekkema

Mort tu as navré

Johannes Ockeghem (arr. Raaf Hekkema)

Keshmakesh (an old Persian Song)

Unknown (arr. Aftab Darvishi)
Text by Mohammad Motamedi and Aref
Ghazvini

encore

Jana

Pouriya Jaberi

Rendez-vous

Unknown (arr. Mehdi Abdi)

SONG OF THE REED

Jalal Aldin Mohammad Balkhi
(also known as Rumi and Molana)
Translated by Ari Honarvar

Listen to the song of the reed.
It laments the pain of separation:
“Since I was cut from my reed bed
My wails bring tears to women and men
Those ripped away from their beloved
know my song
Having been cut from the source,
they long to return”



AFTER ME

Unknown

Text by Omar Kayyam

Translated by Aysan Maghsodi

When I die, hide my grave
And tell my life story to people
so they get a lesson from it
Pour some wine onto my body
to be transformed into mud
And from that mud make bricks
to cover the wine barrels.

چون مُرده شوم، خاکِ مرا گُم سازید
احوالِ مرا عبرتِ مردم سازید؛
خاکِ تنِ من به باده آعشته کنید
وَز کالبدم خشتِ سرِ خُم سازید
شعر از خیام

LALQEE

Kaveh Vares

Text by Soheil Mahmoudi

Translated by Anahita Shamsavari

Lullaby

Beloved, you are the dream of kindness and care,
A joy so rare, like something beyond reach, you are.
Your heart, glass-clear, while others' hearts are stone—
Guard it well, for you are still so young, dear one.

People have grown cold, hearts once bright now dark,
A sudden misfortune has befallen us, dear one.
Streams run with tears, forests lie cold and black,
No trace remains of green upon this earth, dear one.

On the shelf, not a single mirror can be found,
I am dying of loneliness and silence, dear one.

نازنین خواب و خیال مهربونی، نازنین
مثل یک چیز محال شادمونی، نازنین
دل تو از شیشه و دلای دیگه همه سنگ
پیا نشکنی هنوز خیلی جوونی نازنین
آدما بد شدن و دلای روشن همه سرد
یه بلا اومد بلای ناگهونی، نازنین
چشمه ها چشمه اشک و جنگل ها سرد و سیاه
روزمین نمونده از سبزه نشونی نازنین
روی تاقچه یه دونه آینه پیدا نمی شه
مردم از تنهایی و بی هم زبونی، نازنین

KIÉ-KIE

Sheida

Text by Ali Akbar Sheyda

Translated by Mohammad Motamedi

Your face, which is like the moon, is connected to your hair, which is like a scorpion. This shows that I have fallen in love with you and that the hardship has begun.

Who's knocking on the door, my heart trembles.

Your eyes are drunk and my fortune is ruined.
My fortune is ruined because of you and your eyes are made of wine.

Who's knocking on the door, my heart trembles

عقرب زلف کجّت با قمر قرینه
تا قمر در عقربه کار ما چنینه

کیه کیه در می‌زنه من دلم می‌لرزه
درو با لنگر می‌زنه من دلم می‌لرزه

ای پری بیا در کنار ما جان خسته را مرنجان
از برم مرو، خصم جان مشو، تا فدای تو کنم جان

نرگس مست تو و بخت من خرابه
بخت من از تو و چشم تو از شرابه

کیه کیه در می‌زنه من دلم می‌لرزه
درو با لنگر می‌زنه من دلم می‌لرزه

IMPROVISATION ON GHAZAL NO. 12

Mohammad Motamedi and Pouriya Jaberi

Text by Jalal Aldin Mohammad Balkhi, also known as Rumi and Molana

Translated by Maryam Teymori Moghadam

O new spring of lovers, do you
have news from my beloved?

O you, from whom the meadows
are pregnant, and from whom the
gardens smile.

O breeze of the melodious reed,
savior of the lovers,
O you, purer than the purest soul,
where have you been all this time?

O stirrer of Rome and Abyssinia, I
am bewildered,
Is this delightful scent from
Joseph's shirt or the cloak of
Mustafa (the Prophet Muhammad)?

O stream of sincerity, you flow from
my beloved's stream,
On the hearts, you are an imprint,
and for the souls, you are life-
giving.

O your sounds are sweet, and all
your forms are beautiful,
Your moon is beautiful, your year is
beautiful, O months and years, you
are His servants.

ای نوهار عاشقان داری خبر از یار ما
ای از تو آبستن چمن و ای از تو خندان باغها

ای یاد نای خوش نفس ، عشاق را فریادرس
ای پاک تر از جان جان ، آخر کجا بودی کجا؟

ای فتنه روم و حبش، حیران شدم کاین بوی خوش
ای پیراهن یوسف بود یا خود ردای مصطفی؟

ای جویبار راستی از جوی یار ماستی
بر سینه ها سیناستی بر جانهایی جان فزا

ای قیل و ای قال تو خوش، و ای جمله آشکال تو خوش
ماه تو خوش سال تو خوش ای سال و مه چاکر تو را

ICH MUSS DICH LASSEN

Heinrich Isaac, Johann Sebastian Bach, Johannes Brahms

Text by Mohammad Motamedi and Aref Ghazvini

Translated by Anahita Shamsavari

With your memory, I sing,
Oh my pain and my remedy,
Oh love, soul's delight,
I am intoxicated by your eyes.
A cry from this heart, a cry,
From my love for you—such pain, such sorrow!
From my love for you—such pain, such sorrow!

با یاد ت
می خوانم
ای درد و ای درمانم
ای عشق روح افزا
مست چشمت می مانم
فریاد از این دل، فریاد
از عشق تو داد و بیداد
از عشق تو داد و بیداد

KESHMAKESH

Unknown

Text by Mohammad Motamedi and Aref Ghazvini

Translated by Anahita Shamsavari

Quarrels

If the quarrels and strife allow me rest,
If the world's crooked ways grant me peace,
The call to prayer would draw me to the mosque,
If only the mournful wail of the Tar would cease.

I long to offer my heart to the sage's advice,
If only those ruby lips and languid eyes release.

O tulip-cheeked one, my heart bleeds from pain,
I vowed I'd no longer lament my restless soul,
If only her dark, cascading curls would relent,
If only those intoxicating eyes would console.

کشمکش و گیرو دار اگر گذارد
کچ روی روزگار اگر گذارد
بانگ موذن مرا کشد به مسجد
نالہ جانسوز تار اگر گذارد

خواهم کہ دهم دل پس از این به پند واعظ
آن لب لعل و چشم خمار اگر گذارد

ای لاله عذارم خون شد دل زارم
گفتم نکنم شکوه دگر زبی قراری
آن سلسله زلف نگار اگر گذارد
آن چشم خمار اگر گذارد

RENDEZ-VOUS

Unknown

Translated by Mohammad Motamedi

In the evening, if you don't come to Golestan garden to see me,

I will be very upset with you and you will regret it.

Come on, I have a lot to say.

There is no better meeting place than there.

But my dear, don't tell anyone about this.

Golestan garden is a place of love.

Every corner is full of secrets of love.

I will wait for you there tonight.

I will be very sad if you don't come.

This is the way to play love.

موقع عصر اگر نیایی، توی باغ گلستان
والا از تو من می رنجم، می شوی پشیمان
بازار که دارم با تو آنجا گفتگویی
زانجا مصفا تر نباشد راندوویی
اما عزیزم با کسی چیزی نگویی
باغ گلستان بازار عشق است
هر گوشه اش پر ز اسرار عشق است
امشب آنجا تو را منتظر می شوم
گر نیایی عزیزم کدر می شوم
این کار عشق است

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Biographies

Calefax is a close-knit ensemble of five reed players united by a shared passion. For more than thirty-five years they have been acclaimed in the Netherlands and abroad for their virtuosic playing, brilliant arrangements and innovative stage presentation. They are the inventors of their own genre: the reed quintet. They provide inspiration to young wind players from all over the world who follow in their footsteps.

Mohammad Motamedi is an Iranian traditional singer and ney (reed flute) player. He has worked with the great maestros of Iranian music such as Alexander Rahbari, Mohammadreza Lotfi and Hossein Alizadeh. In addition to concerts in his home country, Motamedi has performed at Carnegie Hall in New York and the Theatre de la ville in Paris.

Pouriya Jaberi is an Iranian percussionist based in the Netherlands. He specialises in various traditional Iranian percussion instruments such as the daf and tanboor. In recent years, Jaberi has performed with various ensembles at festivals in Armenia, Australia, Norway, Turkey and England.

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