Narrator: İdris Okan, elderly man

Location: Belekçe Han
Kavağı köyü,
Akdağmadeni kazası,
Yozgat

Date: August 9, 1974

The Years of a Man's Life

I was red blood, oh, in the mother's womb.

I was amri(?) keb(?), I became red blood.

You gave me the form of a human being—

He stands up, falls, and sits down at five—

Four—ten—years of age— He stands up, falls, and sits down at six months.

At five, he assumes the value of a human being.

He becomes muddy, grey waters at fifteen.

His face resembles the water that flows away.

He grows a black moustache at twenty,

He grows a black beard at thirty,

He sits cross-legged at forty;

His face resembles a slightly withered rose.

At fifty, the black beard grows grey,

At sixty, your skin gets wrinkled,

At seventy, his wits disappear and his reason declines;

1 Sung, without accompaniment. Narrator claimed he knew and recited from oral tradition passages from Yunus Emre (d.1307), Ruhsat (?), and Süleyman— presumably Süleyman Çelebi (d.1422), author of Mevlit (Mevlid, Mevlüt).
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His face resembles a slightly withered rose
At eighty, they unhitch him like a camel,
At ninety, his bone ache,
At one hundred, ghazis fly away;
His face resembles a withered rose.