

Newroz, the singer:

I grew up in a small town in southern Kurdistan on the border of Iran. My father used to sing a lot especially when was sick. He always sang when he was sick. The people in the village sang in order to get well again and to recover faster. That was the usual thing in this village. Actually, I suppose you could assume that when you walk through a village and hear people singing, that maybe they have a temperature – that they are comforting themselves that way. And that's how I learned to sing.

Studio Smithy Street, Stepney, London, 2018



Zembîlfiroş zembîla tîne  
Delalo zembîla tîne  
Kolan bi kolan digêrîne  
Nan û dahnê pê distîne  
Zarokan pê ditevrîne

Gava ew zembîla tîne  
Xatûn li bircê dibîne  
Bi eşqa dil dihebîne  
Aqil diçe sewda namîne  
Ha dil were, ha dil were  
Kesê ji dil nekî bawere  
Ji mirovantî hatiye dere

Basket seller, brings baskets  
Good man brings the baskets  
And street by street embrangling  
For to buy bread and cereals  
To feed the children

When he brings the baskets  
The lady sees her in horror  
This love is boiling  
She losing mind and heart  
Come on heart, come on heart  
She is not herself any more

Xatûn :  
Kuro sêlka vir de bîne  
Mîr dixwaze te bibîne  
Buha buha ji te bistîne  
Lawiko ez brîndar im

Lady:  
Boys bring here the baskets  
The lord wants to see you.  
Buy the baskets with high value  
Boy I am in love

Zembîlfiroş:  
Xatûna min a delal e  
Min bîhîstî Mîr ne li mal e  
Bazara'm bi malê helal e  
Xatûnê ez tobedar im  
Delalê ez tobedar im

Basket seller:  
My beautiful lady  
I heard the lord is not at home  
I don't have anything in mind than selling baskets  
My lady, I have repented  
My beautiful I have repented

Ha dil were carek bi coş  
Car car vexwe şerbeta xoş  
Dilqinyata Zembîlfiroş

Oh come on once let yourself  
Once drink from syrup of gush  
Dont be stubborn basket seller

Xatûn :  
Zembîlfiroş lawikê beyan î  
Ez dibêjim tu pê dizanî  
Min bo eşqa dil te anî  
Lawiko ez evîndar im

Lady:  
Basket seller you foreign boy  
I say and you know what I mean  
I brought you for heartfelt love  
Boy I am in love

Zembîlfiroş:  
Xatûna min a zerîn e  
Qusur li ser te qet nîne  
Lê dilêm kesî nahebîne  
Xatûnê ez tobedar im  
Delalê ez tobedar im

Basket seller:  
My lady is golden  
There is nothing wrong with you  
But my heart does not harbor anybody  
My lady, I have repented  
My beauty, I have repented

Hay hay hay hawar e hawar e  
Hay hay hay hay..  
Xatûn pir evîndar e  
Li ber rehma Xwedê xwar e  
Ji eşqê maye bê par e  
Evîndar e ma bêçare

Xatûn li jor kar dike  
Zêr li eniyê par dike  
Kalên sedsalan har dike

Hay, hay, please, please  
The lady is totally in love  
Pleasing for abundance from God  
She did not get any share of love  
She is desperately in love

The lady is hanging at upstairs  
Gold shines on forehead  
She's making the grandfathers crazy



Xatûn :

Çavên min mîna eynan e  
Biskê min mîna qeytan e  
Diranê min mîna mircan in  
Eniya min mîna ferşan e  
Berê min mîna fîncan e  
Fîncanên mîr û paşan e  
Sîngê min mîna zozan e  
Zozanên haft eşîran e  
Zembîlfiroş, lawikê derwêş  
Lê bike kêf û seyran e

Zembîlfiroş lawikê derwêş e  
Keremke tu were pêşe  
Heqê zembîlên xwe bibêje  
Lawiko ez evîndar im

Lady:

My eyes are like a mirror  
My hair is like cotton silk  
My teeth are like coral  
My face is like moon  
My chests are like cup  
Cups on hands of Pasha's  
My chest is like a plateau  
Like plateau of seven tribes  
Basket seller, son of Derweş  
Come in and enjoy

Basket seller, the son of Derweş  
Come in, come forward  
Tell me the price of your baskets  
Boy I am in love

Zembîlfiroş:

Lê lê lê, lê lê Xatûnê  
Çavên te mîna zeytûnê  
Ditirsim ji agirê êtûnê  
Ya Xatûn ez tobedar im  
Tobedarê Xaliqê Cebar im  
J'ser toba xwe ez nayê xwarê

Basket seller:

Hey my lady  
Your eyes are black like olives  
I'm afraid I'm going to the fire  
Lady, I am repented  
I repented to the God  
I will not come down from my repentance

Xatûn :

Zembîlfiroş lawikê feqîr e  
Were ser doşeka Mîr e

Bidim te guliyên herîr e  
Lawiko ez evîndar im

Lady:  
Basket seller, poor son  
Come to the bed of lord  
I will let you touch to my silky hair  
Boy I am in love

Zembîlfiroş:  
Tu Xatûna li birc û van î  
Li ser text û li ser seran î  
Tu ji min re nabî kevanî  
Xwedî zarok û eyal im  
Zarok tazî û birçî li mal in  
Xatûnê ez tobedar im

Basket seller:  
The lady of palace  
Lives on throne and behind curtains  
You will not be the wife for me  
Me, I have children  
At home the children are naked and hungry  
Lady, I have repented

Xatûn :  
Zembîlfiroş lawikê nenas î  
Tena derpî û kiras î  
Tu ji destê nabî xelas î  
Lawiko ez evîndar im

Lady:  
Basket seller you are a foreigner  
Your dress torn, full of rips and tears  
You can not get out of my hand  
Boy I am in love

Zembîlfiroş:  
Xatûna gerden bi morî  
Qet nabe bi kotek û zorî  
Tirsa min ji wî Reb ê jorê  
Xatûnê ez tobedar im  
Tobedarê Zerdeştê Kal im  
Ji ser toba xwe qet nayê xwarê

Basket seller:  
lady with necklace from glass bead  
Never force, it does not work with fame and power  
I have promise to my God  
Lady, I have repented  
Repentance to the old Zarathustra  
I never come down from repentance













To some of the many very different people who make up the quality of life of this city, a connection has emerged, which is growing into a friendship.

We invited these people to our party in Smithy Street and many came. Exchange - singing - eating - world leaps - talking - drinking - listening - watching - marveling - dancing - and singing over and over again - listening and singing together. Zembîlîfiroş is a very old Kurdish - maybe even ezidi- song. It tells of a prince of Mervanlir. The Mervanlir was the Kurdish Mervan dynasty that ruled from 938 to 1085 and was centered around the present-day city of Amed / Diyarbakir. The legend revolves around the life of a young prince who had lived for years in the lap of luxury. By encountering the Light (God), he radically changed his lifestyle, turned his back on material wealth, and from then on he went through the countryside as a beggar and basket vendor, earning a living for his children, his family. Melaye Batê, a Kurdish scribe (born in 1417) and history collector brought the sung legend, and many others to paper. Even today, in all four parts of Kurdistan, and in the Diaspora, old and young can sing the song - there are three voices - the narrator, the wife and the basket seller.

The artists thank:

Annie, Arno, Asmahan, Annette, Binia, Camille, Catherine, David, Flore, Guilaïne, Gulistan, Isis, Karwan, Katerinz, Mike, Miguel, Michele, Max, Marema, Mustafa, Patrizia, Rasfan, Roni, Rupert, Selina, Souheil, Sheenwar, Siti, Samra, Sandra, Suzanne, Tobias, Tony, Walid



**Zembîlfiros**  
(In and Out of Translation)  
Artist Book

Printed in London

© The authors: Newroz, Anina Jendreyko, Daniela Keiser

2018