

### *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.