## Original Ideas? Contemporary Music to Ottoman Poetry

| OBJECTIVES | ✓ Students will be able to debate the concept of an original idea.  
| ✓ Students will be able to identify similarities and differences in meter, rhythm, melody, and lyrics between "If Must Be Jesus" by the Southern Tones, "I Got A Woman" by Ray Charles and "GoldDigger" by Kanye West.  
| ✓ Students will be able to identify similarities and differences in figurative language, verbs, and themes between the poetry of Nejâfi, Mihrî, and Bâktî.  
| ✓ Students will be able to differentiate between the idea of "sampling" someone’s ideas and plagiarism. |

### WOD Plan

**Warm-up:** 5 minutes  
Is there such a thing as an original idea? Support your answer!

**Whole Class:** 15 minutes  
- Share warm-up responses  
- Introduce the idea of sampling in music  
- As students listen to each song, write down what they notice about the song.  
- "It must be Jesus" – Southern Tunes – Summer 1954  
- "I Got A Woman" – Ray Charles – Winter 1954  
- "GoldDigger" Kanya West - 2005  

**Individual:** 5 minutes  
**Question:** WHO thought of the idea for GoldDigger? Do you now feel differently about this song?

**Whole Class:** 15 minutes  
- Share responses  
- How long has this been going on?  
- Ottoman Poetry – set the scene – timeframe  
- Poetry was not written down – it was shared at parties  
- Parallel poems – everyone could just rhyme back and forth – poetry was a way of life during the Ottoman Empire  
- Circle words that suggest movement, stars words that suggest fire, underline lines that suggest unrequited love, etc.  
- Nejâfi – ? - 1509  
- Mihrî – ? – 1506  
- Bâktî - 1526 - 1600  

**Individual:**  
Write down concepts, words, and lines that are similar between all three poems:

**Exit:**  
Do you think people should be allowed to “sample” art? (Poetry, music, etc.)  
Why or why not? Is it plagiarism?
Original Ideas?

Warm-up: Is there such a thing as an original idea? Why or why not?

Music – As we listen, write down what you notice:

1) It Must Be Jesus – The Southern Tones

2) I Got a Woman – Ray Charles

3) GoldDigger – Kanye West

WHO thought of the idea for GoldDigger? Do you now feel differently about this song?
Poetry – Write down what you notice in these poems...

1) Nejâtî - 

2) Mihrî - 

3) Bâkî - 

Write down concepts, words, and lines that are similar between all three poems:

Exit: Do you think people should be allowed to “sample” art? Is it plagiarism? Why or why not?
Spiraling, the sparks
of my sigh
reach the skies
Where the heart of the lamp
of the heavens
burns, turning.

Does one hanging
by the noose of your
curl
touch his feet to the
ground?
With delight
he surrenders his life
twisting,
twirling.

The pigeon returning
circles with this
message:
the black Damascus
of your curl
has destroyed
the Egypt of my heart.

If your door
were not the Kaaba
the sun and moon
would not forever,
like holy pilgrims,
circle around it.

The mirrors, turning,
those hopeful eyes,
constantly watching
the ones
who come and go.

Those mirrors, suspended,
the facets of their eyes
shining –
maybe the one they
see
is you!

You rise, you dance
spinning,
I bow my head
I submit.
And yet – it’s your twisting
curl
that embraces your
silver breast!

Oh Nejâtî
at this royal party
it would be pleasing
for the musician to
dance,
before the sultan,
before the beloved,
turning,
reciting this fresh new
verse.
Mihrī Hatun

My heart burns in flames of sorrow
Sparks and smoke rise turning to the sky

Within me, the heart has taken fire
   like a candle
My body, whirling, is a lighthouse
   Illuminated by your image

See the rope-dancer of the soul, reaching
   for your ruby lips
Spinning, descending the twist of your curl

The sun and moon came to your quarter,
   circling in the sky
Bowing to you, faces in the dust
   before your feet

Oh you with the bright face, radiant as Venus
The moon twisted into a crescent to resemble
   your arching brow

When longing for an image of your lips
   had befallen my heart
Oh Mihrī, then my heart burned
   In flames of sorrow.
Bâkî

Sparks from my heart rise
   to the heavens turning
While my tears pour, spinning,
   to the earth

In the fire of your love, the heart
   of the disappointed lover burns
Turning, turning like a magic lantern

Night after night on the bed of grief
   I see no sleep
Restless, turning, I lament until the dawn

Oh idol, from the grief of loving you,
   my weeping eye is drowned –
My sad eye, a small boat, capsized
   by a whirlpool of tears

At the bayram, let us hear
   the ferris-wheel weeping
Spinning, let it display
   that silver-breasted one

In a whirlwind, the dust of her threshold
   rises to the skies
Spinning, it anoints the eyes of the stars

Circling the candle of your cheek,
   the heart becomes bewildered
Like a moth burns wing and feather
   in the flame

The jeweler’s wheel pierces the pearl
   as fate pierces the soul, spinning
These pearls, these jewels, are Bâkî’s tears.