

Saadi Shirazi

Hezar Dastan

هزار داستان



Vahid Taj

صدای درخشان
وحید تاج



Sara Naeini

صدای دلنشین
سارا نائینی



Arash Fouladvand

آهنگسازی و رهبری
آرش فولادوند



Simin Ghanem

صدای جاودانه
سیمین غانم

با همراهی گروه گربهار و ارکستر فیلارمونیک پاریس شرقی

With the accompaniment of the Bahar Choir and the East Paris Philharmonic Orchestra

Frankfurt 4 July Jahrhunderthalle

Arash Fouladvand
Paris & London



CENOR GROUP



Uber Eats
Music Hall

هزار داستان

آرش فولادوند

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Bahar Choir

Bahar Choir was founded in 2011 under the artistic direction of Arash Fouladvand, composer and conductor, with the support of the Bahar Cultural Association in Paris. The ensemble was created with the vision of bringing people together through singing and introducing Persian music to individuals from diverse backgrounds.

Today, Bahar Choir has grown into the largest Persian-speaking choir outside of Iran, with over 650 members worldwide. It is a vibrant and international community, with active groups in cities such as London, Paris, and Amsterdam, as well as an online platform that fosters connection, learning, and artistic expression.

The choir presents innovative and cross-cultural works based on the poetry of renowned Persian poets such as Hafez, Saadi, and Rumi. Accompanied by the Orchestre Philharmonique de Paris Est, these performances offer a unique experience that blends Persian music and literature.

Bahar Choir's repertoire bridges tradition and contemporary expression, making it accessible, inspiring, and enjoyable for everyone—especially those with no prior experience in choral singing.

The choir's concerts in cities such as Paris and London have consistently been met with enthusiastic audiences, reflecting its significant role in presenting Iranian culture on an international stage.

Bahar Choir is more than a musical ensemble; it is a warm and creative community where voices unite, friendships are formed, and Persian music and poetry find new life in today's world.



Arash Fouladvand

Arash Fouladvand, composer and conductor, is the founder of the Bahar Choir and an active figure in Iranian music on the international stage. Trained as a pianist from an early age, he pursued his studies in France from 2006, notably at the Conservatoire d'Aubervilliers. He launched his European career in 2011 with the creation of the Bahar Choir in Paris, subsequently founding the East Paris Philharmonic Orchestra and developing several major artistic projects.

He later expanded his activities internationally by establishing the Bahar Choir in London, followed by the founding of its academy in 2020, which today enrolls more than 500 students, and by opening a branch in Amsterdam in 2025. His work focuses on compositions inspired by Persian poetry, presented in numerous concerts across Europe, notably at UNESCO and in London, with the aim of promoting Iranian culture to an international audience.

In his view, music is a universal language— a space where human beings, beyond borders, encounter one another, communicate, and draw mutual inspiration.



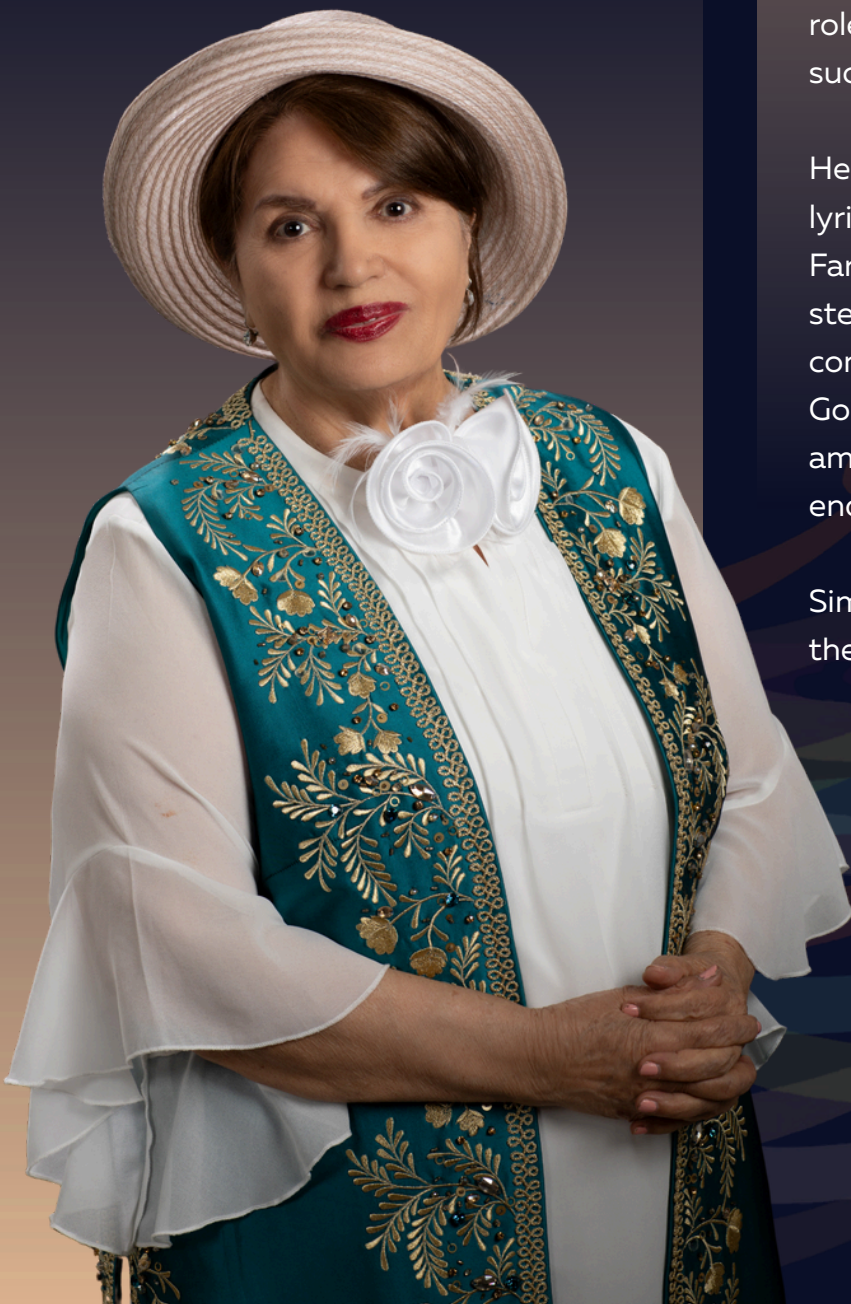
Simin Ghanem

Simin Ghanem is an Iranian singer who began her professional career in 1969 at the age of 25. She received formal training in Persian classical music and radif under the guidance of Mahmoud Karimi, and further studied music theory and solfège with Morteza Hannaneh. She also collaborated with Ali Tajvidi in the field of music.

While she performed works by prominent classical composers such as Ali Tajvidi and Homayoun Khorram, Simin Ghanem became widely known for her refined and expressive pop music. Her collaborations with composers including Babak Bayat and Fariborz Lachini played a significant role in shaping her musical style and success.

Her song "Gholake Chesht," with lyrics by Saeed Dabiri and music by Fariborz Lachini, marked an important step in her transition to a more contemporary style. Her songs "Gol-e Goldoon" and "Marde Man" are also among her most popular and enduring works.

Simin Ghanem's voice is classified in the contralto range.



Sara Naeini

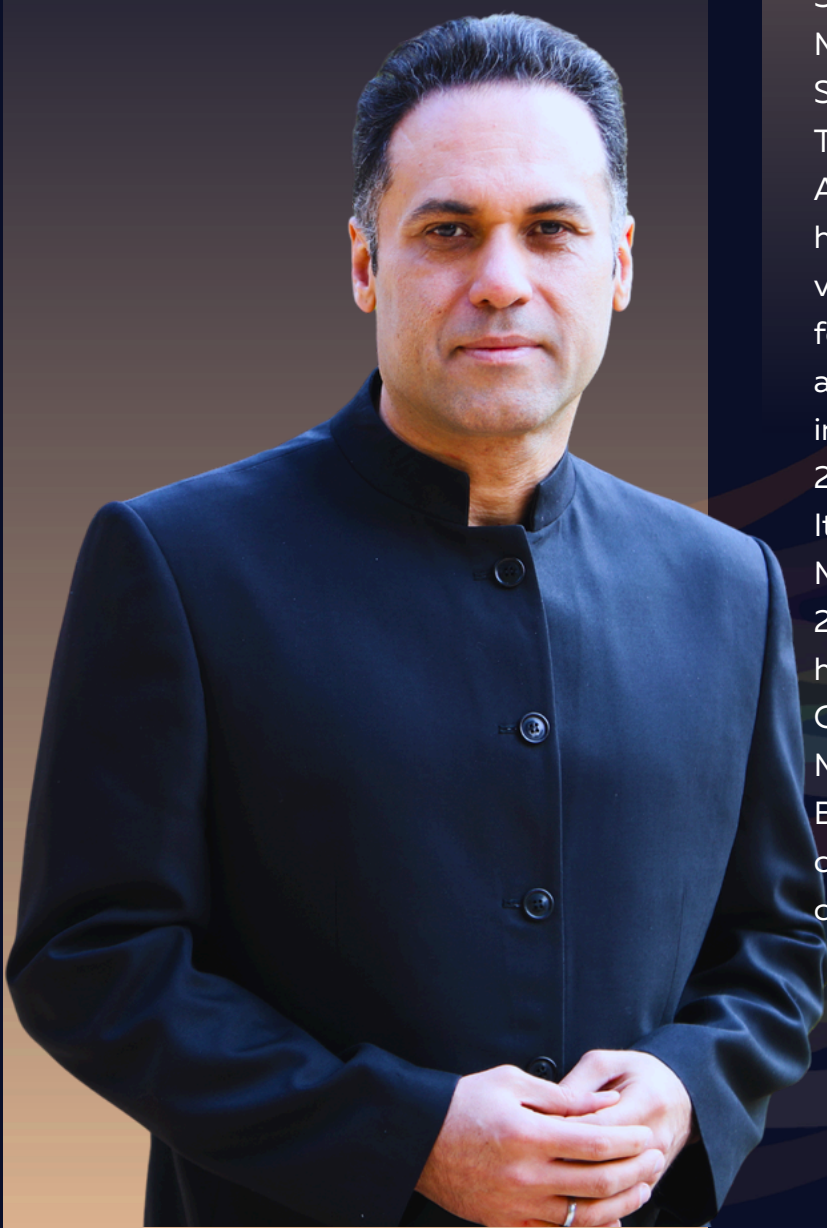
Sara Naeini, born on June 22, 1981, in Shiraz, is an Iranian vocalist known for her work as both a solo and ensemble singer. She began her musical training under the guidance of her mother, Hooroosh Khalili, a vocalist and teacher of Persian classical singing, and started her professional journey at a young age.

Throughout her career, she has collaborated with renowned artists such as Alireza Assar, Mohammad Esfahani, and Homayoun Shajarian, and her performances have been well received by audiences. She is currently based in the United States, where she is also active as a music educator.

In 2024, Sara Naeini began her first collaboration with Arash Fouladvand in the concert "Asheghaneha," which was met with an outstanding reception from audiences.



Vahid Taj



Vahid Taj, born on November 8, 1983, in Dezfoul, he holds a bachelor's degree in music and a master's degree in composition.

He trained in vocal performance under renowned masters such as Mohammad-Reza Shajarian, Ali Taj, Hamid-Reza Nourbakhsh, Mozaffar Shafiei, and Karim Saleh Azimi. He studied composition with Mostafa Kamal Pourtorab, Sharif Lotfi, Taghi Zarabi, Kiawash Saheb Nassagh, Nader Mashayekhi, Vartan Sahakian, Amirhossein Eslami, and Milad Omranloo.

He has performed extensively in concert alongside distinguished conductors and musicians, including Farhad Fakhreddini, Fereydoun Shahbazian, Ardeshir Kamkar, Hamid Motebassem, Keyvan Saket, Massoud Shaari, Majid Derakhshani, and Esmail Tehrani.

A laureate of numerous awards, he has received several first prizes in vocal performance at national festivals in Iran (2006, 2007, 2009), as well as international distinctions, including at the Bologna Festival in 2008 with the Orchestra Sinfonica Italiana and at the International Mugham Festival in Azerbaijan in 2015. He has also been repeatedly honored at the Iranian Music Celebration and the Fajr International Music Festival, notably receiving the Barbad Award for Best Singer in the contemporary and orchestral music category in 2020.

Mehrdad Nasehi



Mehrdad Nasehi, composer and musician, is a specialist of the kamancheh and the gheychak. He has been teaching at university level since 2014. A long-standing collaborator of Mohammad-Reza Shajarian within the Shahnaz Ensemble directed by Majid Derakhshani, he has taken part in several albums and official concerts. As conductor and composer of the "Ahang" ensemble, he is also involved in various recording projects and performs with renowned groups such as "Khorshid va Mah."

An international artist, he has appeared on prestigious stages, notably in China, at the Palace of Versailles and at UNESCO, as well as on tour throughout Europe and Australia.

Since 2010, he has been a member of the Tehran Vocal Ensemble as a bass singer and kamancheh soloist, with which he has received several international distinctions. He also collaborates with prominent artists and ensembles in Iran and Turkey.

Yahya Alkhansa

Yahya Alkhansa, born in December 1981 in Iran, has collaborated with numerous groups and artists from the Iranian underground music scene and has taken part in many tours, notably with 127, Ali Azimi, Palette, Syria, Marjan Farsad, among others. He has also performed at major international festivals, including South by Southwest in Austin and the Wave Arezzo festival in Italy.

He began his musical training at the age of eight, studying the tonbak and traditional Iranian music. In 2011, he moved to New York to pursue advanced studies in drum performance at the Music School Collective. He is currently based in New York, where he works as an active musician, specializing in drums and percussion.



Mohsen Fazeli

A musician specializing in the târ and setâr, he collaborates with French orchestras and performs internationally alongside musicians and singers from diverse backgrounds (Romanian, Syrian, Swiss, Algerian, Sudanese, French, Moroccan, Greek, Tunisian, and Turkish).

Since 2015, he has distinguished himself in particular as a târ soloist with the Orchestre Philharmonique de l'Est Parisien, under the direction of Arash Fouladvand, in collaboration with international artists.

In 2018, he founded the ensemble "Varan Music" and has since developed parallel activities in composition and performance for theatre and film.



Sina Tila

Sina Tila, born in 1987 in Isfahan, he began studying the tombak at the age of twelve and quickly distinguished himself within the Neydavoud Ensemble, with which he won first prize at the Iranian National Youth Festival. Alongside his studies in mechanical engineering at the University of Kashan, he became increasingly committed to music and gradually discovered theatre as a space for artistic expression and personal transformation.

In 2014, he moved to France to pursue studies in theatre, joining the departments of theatre studies at Paris 8 University and Paris Nanterre University, where he specialized in stage direction.

Since 2015, he has collaborated as a percussionist with the Bahar ensemble under the direction of Arash Fouladvand.

Today, he serves as the artistic director of the company "Taureau par Cornes," which he founded to support collective creations at the intersection of theatre, music, and contemporary political issues.



Yvan Navaï



Born in Paris, Yvan Navaï received the First Prize in Piano unanimously, with the congratulations of the jury, for his Diplôme d'Études Musicales at the National School of Music of Cachan. In 2009, he was awarded a Prize of Excellence at the Concours International de Piano Léopold Bellan in Paris. In 2016, he was again distinguished with an Excellence Award at the International Piano Competition Les Clefs d'Or. He is also an accordionist, zithar player, and trombonist.

He performs in chapels, theatres, and universities, including the Sorbonne University and Paris Nanterre University. He has also appeared in museums, at the Cité de la Voix de Vézelay, and at the Institut du Monde Arabe. In July 2025, he participated as both musician and actor at the Festival d'Avignon in the production *Une situation poétique en Amérique* by William Saroyan.

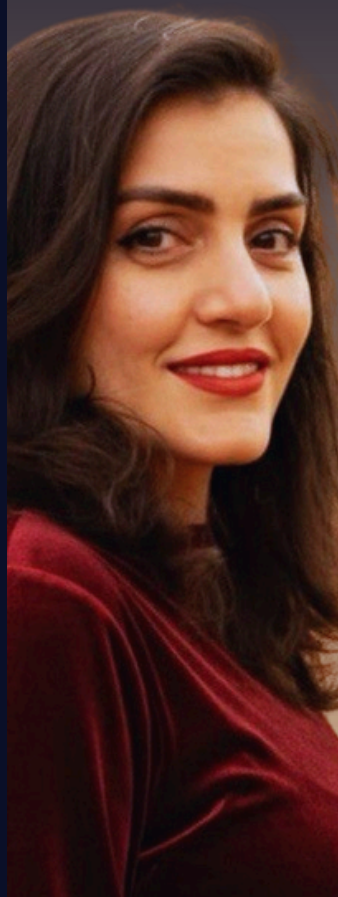
Since 2012, he has been a member of the Orchestre Philharmonique de Paris-Est under the direction of Arash Fouladvand, where he currently serves as principal piano soloist.

- Classical Music CD, published by Notes d'Azur.
- Publication of the book-CD *La mer des sons*, published by Carnets-Livres.



Teaching Staff of the International Academy

Somayeh Abkar



Farzad Milani



Tara Bakht Tale



Mehrdad
Nasirshoeibi





References of Parisian choirs

Maryam Kavian
Alto



**Hannaneh
Jahandideh**
Alto



Tara Bakht Tale
Soprano / Mezzo
& Vocal Coach



**Behrang
Shiri Zadeh**
Bass





References of London choirs

**Parsa
Valiani**
Bass



**Somayeh
Abkar**
Alto



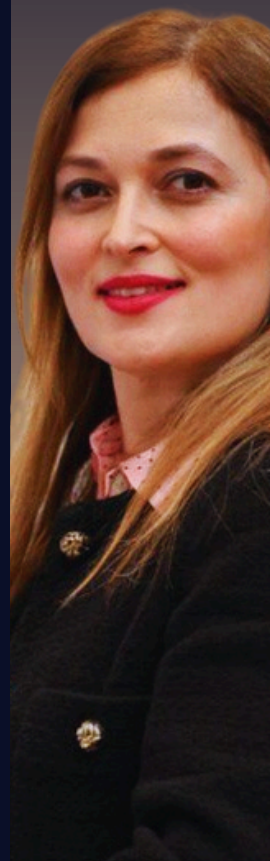
**Beheshteh
Tajeddin**
Mezzo 2



Hanieh Ayat
Mezzo



**Hedyeh
Shokraie**
Soprano
& Vocal Coach





**Chef de chœur du
chœur d'Amsterdam**

Hanieh Ayat



International Choirs

SOPRANO

Sara Hamed
Elham Shirazi
Besharat Fathi
Ava Banihashemi
Mahzad Moslemi
Zeinab Mahboobi
NargessShahbazi
Ameneh Raes Ghasem

MEZZO

Parisa Raji
Azin Amini
Sara Kasraian
Elahe Mokhtari
Zhaleh Elwaylly
Mahsa Ahmadi
Azadeh Hamzeh
Rasadokht Pouya
Mahdieh Nasrabadi
Mitra Ghalehmalek
Fereshteh Farnoosh
Mahya Hashemi Namin
Mozhgan Maleki Moghadam

ALTO

Bahar Family
Nassim Norouzi
Anahid Ayazi
Niloofer mesri
Shiva Sadighi
Leyla Negaran
Jinous Hanafi
Shohre Zahedi
Minou Khoie
Shirin Yazdani
Anahid Ayazi
Mina Madani
Nasim Shamloo
Parvin Rezvani
Hannah Habibi
Maryam Abbasi
Tannaz Ershadi
Mehrnnoosh Amiri
Fatemeh Ranjbar
Maryam Khonsha
Mohadeseh Barati
Jinous Rostamkhani
Jaleh Hashemzadeh
Shahrzad Mortazavi
Sharareh Zamanpour
Sepideh Neydavoodi
Faribasadat Sajadifar
Shahrzad Khosropour
Tabandeh Moghadam

BASS

Mahnaz dawodi
Arash Bozorgzad
Roozbeh Mousavi
Pooya Aminjavaheri
Tabassom Kia-Hofman

Choirs of Amesterdam

SOPRANO

Mahsa Amirjani
Samira Ahmadianzade
Shabnam Vosoughi
Fariba Ashogh
Maryam boushehri
Mina Hosseini Nejad
Sheyda Darouie
Sara Malekfard

MEZZO

Mer Naz Vatandoor
Maryam Abdollahi
Mojdeh Khorrami
Sheeler Arabizad Shahjoob
Mahboubesh Esmail zadeh noghabi

ALTO

Afsaneh Aghakhani
Parastoo Ghavami zade

BASS

Emran Taheri
Nabi Mirashe
Sina Anjom Shoa
Babak Niroomand



Choirs of Paris

SOPRANO

Mana Jami
Mahlagha fakhavar
Mahta Amerkargar
Mahdieh Roostaie
Mandana Zavosh
Sheila Shahlapour
Pourandokht Rafiei

MEZZO

Shole Golrokhi
Sayeh Hatef
Nasrin Azadharf
Maryam Agha Alikhani

ALTO

Maryam Kavian
Hannaneh Jahandideh
Mahro Chafai
Leili Azari
Sara Bahadori
Marzieh Rabiei
ikram Bentarfaya
Afarine Moharrer
Afsaneh Marashi
Soudabeh rahmani
Nafiseh shakeri Dinan
Negin sadeghimomeni
Roshanak Arbab Debeaud
Mandana Rashidi Golrouyeh
Mahdieh sayad khodashenas

Choirs of London

SOPRANO

Naghmeh Toobak
Mitra Abbasnejad Kondjin

MEZZO

Hanieh Ayat
Pegah Sohrabi
Beheshteh Tajeddin

ALTO

Nahid Nazemi
Elham Moshirfar
Yasaman Khademheydari

BASS

Alireza Arifi
Saeed Heidari
Kamran Hashemi
Hossein Naderi khahanghomi



Paris East Orchestra

Flute

Paola Poëte
Camille Sini

Hautbois

Trecy Caffé
Tara Bakht Tale

Clarinette

Romane Grosse
Antoine Auriche

Basson

Axelle Hurter

Piano

Yvan Navaï

Basse

Arnaud Gendrel

Trombone

Axel Foucan
Lea Gonzales

Cor

Jonathan Alvarez
Victor Hamain

Trompette

Andreas Feyte

Violoncelle

Cindy Sene Tillier
Vlorent Xhafaj
Cécile Lepicard
Ismael Lahfidi
Chelsea Giscard

Alto

Marie Akonor
Arthur Herrera
Luca Gargiulo
Marie Sarah
Louise Marie Picouet
René Tambour

Violin 1

Ahmed Bouifrou
Thomas JANIN
Hugo Tiberghien
Morgane Marrast
Agathe Herrera
Clément Chèvre Baleige
Louisiane Beck
Léa Cheval
Auriane Paget
Charlotte Manhes

Violin 2

Jean François Desrus
Delphine Gaudin
Cléo Thibault
Corentin Vanet
Laure Sichel
Lisa Chopard
Sara Lahfidi

Tar

Mohsen Fazeli

Kamancheh

Mehrdad Nasehi

Tombak/ Cajon

Sina Tila

Drums

Yahya Alkhansa



Collection of Poems

Hezar Dastan

هزار داستان



The translations presented in this collection are the result of a collaboration among experts of the Academy, engaged in a shared endeavor of transmission and cultural exchange. They form part of a broader artistic initiative aimed at making poetic texts more accessible, while revealing— with nuance and depth — their symbolic, musical, and literary dimensions.

Conceived as a genuine bridge between languages, cultures, and sensibilities, these translations offer a guided reading of the works, in which meaning unfolds without being fixed, allowing poetry to retain its full resonance. This project pays tribute to the essential work of scholars, translators, and literary specialists, whose expertise illuminates and enriches the understanding of these texts.

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Bustan

Poet: Saadi

Composer: Arash Fouladvand

Singers: Sara Naeini and Vahid Taj



In the name of the Life-giving Guardian of Earth!
The Most Wise! causing speech on the tongue to have birth!

The Bountiful Giver! who aids when implored;
The Kind, Sin-Forgiving, Excuse-Taking Lord!

So mighty, that all from His door who retired,
And went to another, no honour acquired!

The heads of great monarchs, with necks stretching high,
At His Court on the ground of petitioning lie.

He is tardy in seizing on those who rebel,
And does not excuse-bringers rudely repel.

If wrathful at deeds that are loathsome to sight,
When you've penitent turned, "it is past" He will write.

Should one seek with a father in strife to engage,
The father would doubtless exhibit much rage.

If a slave who is active should useless appear,
The lord of the work will not reckon him dear.

If a man towards comrades should sympathy shun,
Any comrade a league from his presence will run.

Should a soldier decline to serve longer the State,
The Royal Commander resigns him to Fate.

But the Lord of the Sky and the Earth's rugged skin,
On none shuts the door of subsistence, for sin.

Like a drop in the ocean of knowledge, are seen
Both His worlds, and the faults, He sees, kindly, He'll screen.

The Earth's crust is His banquet, for high and for low;
At this feast free to all—what of friend? what of foe?

Had He hurried in tyrannous acts to engage,
Who would have been safe from the hand of His rage?

His Person admits not of rival nor kin.
So spacious a table of merciful fare

He provides, that the Simtirgh of Koff eats a share.
The Creator is mercy-diffusing and kind,

For He helps all His creatures and knows every mind.
In Him self-reliance and grandeur you see,
For His kingdom is old and His nature is free.

On one's head He deposits Prosperity's crown,
Another to dust from a throne He brings down.

Human beings are members of a whole,
In creation of one essence and soul.

If one member is afflicted with pain,
Other members uneasy will remain.

If you have no sympathy for human pain,
The name of human you cannot retain.



Intoxicating trance

Poet: Saadi

Composer: Arash Fouladvand

Singers: Sara Naeini and Vahid Taj

When my enamored heart was visiting the beautiful gardens,
The lovely scent of the flowers intoxicated me.

The nightingales were passionately singing, and flowers were blooming everywhere,
However, all these beauties will be forgotten the moment I think of you.

You are the one whose love has filled every single heart, yet has sealed lips,
You are a dream everyone desires secretly, a secret which cannot be uttered openly.

The moment I pledged my loyalty to you, I renounced all my other commitments,
For the one who vows to be loyal to you is allowed to break all other promises.

As long as the thorn of your love constantly pokes at my heart,
It is narrow-mindedness to even think of any gardens.

The one who suffers from the pangs of your love,
Has to relinquish every hope to be cured one day.

I am repeatedly asked to stop talking about her love so much,
I will not stop talking about it, and it will be talked about for years long after I am gone.

One day, in rapture, I shall cling to your tresses;
From those two sweet lips of yours, I shall awaken a hundred passions.

You said: "Sit with my sorrow, or rise and abandon your life." beloved,
I obey your command – I shall sit, and I shall rise.

Never, through all my life,
shall I lift my head from this intoxicating trance.



For before I even came into being,
you had already taken your seat within my heart.



To live in the hope of you

Poet: Saadi

Composer: Arash Fouladvand

Singer: Vahid Taj

We sat upon your blazing fire; from longing rose the smoke,
Yet you did not for one short hour sit down to soothe our ache.

I cannot truly say to whom, on Earth, you may compare —
The world and all that's in it are but forms; you are the air.

The lovers come, unforced, to fall into your snare,
For all whom you ensnare in love, you free from self's despair.

Ask me not what I have become — I'm what your wish makes real.
Ask me not by name again — call me whatever you feel.

In the breath in which I die, for you my hope shall burn,
And I will give my soul away, to dust beneath your turn.

On Judgment's dawn, when I arise from ashes of the land,
It's toward your voice I'll lift myself — to seek, to understand.

When beauties of both worlds arrive, in one celestial hall,
My eyes will turn to only you — your slave amidst them all.

Should I sleep a thousand years in the bed of nothingness,
My senses will at last awake with your hair's sweet caress.

No tales I'll tell of paradise, nor scent the roses there,
No visions of houris tempt my soul — to you alone I stare.

I'll drink no wine from heaven's cup poured by the angel's grace,
What use is wine, if I'm already drunk upon your face?

To whom shall I compare you now, and say what you might be?
For all who come before my eyes — you surpass them utterly.



I love you

Poet: Saadi

Composer: Arash Fouladvand

Singer: Simin Ghanem

I am not able to spend even one second without you,
I don't wish to see anybody's face but yours.

On the very first day I realised that from my involvement with Shirin,
Like Farhnd I will have to sacrifice myself for her.

All the opponents in the world cannot stop my love for you,
If they mock me for being crazy, it's only because I've lost my fate.

If you were to draw your sword I would drop my shield at your feet,
Even though without a sword I have already been slain by your silver wrists.

Rise, O nighttime lovers, the morning of the new day is near,
The moon and the stars from the longest night took away my sadness.

Laughter on your lips is like a blossoming flower,
How can you expect me, a nightingale, to wait patiently in the reeds
like a heron?

The rival teases Saadi to close his eyes and sleep,
O gardener, don't fret — I see the flowers, but I will not pick them.



My Man

Lyricist : Iraj Janatie Ataie

Composer: Babak Bayat

Arrangement for choir and orchestra: Arash Fouladvand

Singer: Simin Ghanem



Speak to me, my love—my man, the one from the origin of all lovers.
Speak—you whose veins carry the bright blood of wild poppies
Speak, O burnt one, weary soul, O mountain worn with sorrow,
You who bear the scars of every broken-hearted lover.
Show me your deepest wounds—let me heal them with my loving hands
Let my tears wash the grief from your being.
Rest your head upon my shoulder—weep,
Weep those bitter, trembling nights away.
Let me believe I am your shelter,
A refuge for the loneliness of a loving man.
Be free of your endless weariness—trust me,
Let my open arms become your embrace.
Shed the garments of old sorrow—
Let my kisses clothe you instead.
You came with poetry—more in love than love itself,
A bright light once burned within you.
What storm shattered that light against the stone?
Who took the book of your poetry away?
Tell me, my love—my wounded, loving man,
What harsh season passed through your street?
Our garden has yet to bloom—
What autumn whispered of winter to come?
Come—rest your head upon my shoulder and weep,
And let me be your shelter within your loneliness.

My Potted Flower



Lyricist : Farhad Sheibani

Composer: Fariborz Lachini

Arrangement: Fereydoun Shahbazian

Arrangement for choir and orchestra: Arash Fouladvand

Singer: Simin Ghanem

My beloved flower pot has broken in the wind
Come to me before my heart breaks to pieces
The clover flower lost its scent at night
Who has cut the clover flower from its branch?
The corner of the sky is full of rainbows
I am like darkness, you are like moonlight
If the wind does not pass by your hair
I will go get lost in the jungle of dreams
My beloved flower pot
The moonlight on my patio
I have been distanced from you, like a fish without water
The flower of every desire has lost its colour and scent
I became a river, my heart a swamp
The sky becomes blue, but the flower of sun
On the branches of willow is sorrowful
It's getting dark but the flower of moon
From the ponds of water does not rise
When you wave at me gently, you give life to the stars
Flowers bloom from every wind
When your eyelids close, two stars are lost
The anemone is consumed in sorrow
My beloved flower pot
The moonlight on my patio
I have been distanced from you, like a fish without water
The flower of every desire has lost its colour and scent
I became a river, my heart a swamp

O the beloved owner of my heart

Poet: Saadi

Composer : Arash Fouladvand

Singers: Sara Naeini et Vahid Taj

O caravaneer, go slowly as the pace of my heart is travelling with you,
And the heart that I once owned is returning to its lover.

It leaves me abandoned, it leaves me poor and suffering and helpless,
So distant that the pain stings me to the bone.

I said let me hide my inner wounds with deception,
The wound won't stay hidden while blood stains my sleeve.

Go gently O caravaneer, lest you disturb the caravan train,
From what I feel for that travelling love, it seems I'm losing my soul.

I am left here tasting the poison of loneliness as she leaves without looking back,
No longer ask me about any signs, all the signs are fading from my heart.

My rebellious friend returned leaving me in a troubled state,
As I am burning like a brazier brimming with coal, the smoke billowing over my head.

With all the unfairness of her passion and promises left unfulfilled,
In my heart I still carry her memories, and in my speech her name.

Come back and rest on my eyes, O the beloved owner of my heart,
Listen to my sighs and agony travelling toward the skies.

From dusk until dawn I'm restless, taking no heed of others' advice,
I'm not moving down this path of my own will; I'm losing my grip.

They say many different things about the moment the soul leaves the body,
And I witnessed with my own eyes that my soul is leaving me.



The apple

Lyricist : Farhad Sheibani

Composer: Fereydoun Shahbazian

Arrangement for choir and orchestra: Arash Fouladvand

Singer: Simin Ghanem

My heart yearns for the blue sky
My heart yearns for the moonlit nights
Let my heart be free from bad memories
I yearn for those restless time
I yearn for those restless times.

I yearn to drop the ball
To put my dreams on a bubble
To pick an apple from the regret tree
To throw it up and let it sway

My heart is a rose on the spring's porch
My heart is a desert full of tulips

My heart yearns for the blue sky
My heart yearns for the moonlit nights
Let my heart be free from bad memories
I yearn for those restless times
I yearn for those restless times

Just like a bouquet of Robinia
My heart sings to you to come by
You disappear behind the grasses
And leave me with the Robinia
And leave me with the Robinia

My heart is a rose on the spring's porch
My heart is a desert full of tulips
My heart is a rose on the spring porch
My heart is a desert full of tulips



The Bird

Lyricist: Ardalan Sarfaraz

Composer: Hassan Shamaizadeh

Arrangement: Varoujan Hakhbandian

Arrangement for choir and orchestra: Arash Fouladvand

Singer: Simin Ghanem

In a damp, bruised forest,
A bird had built its nest.
The love of the sun ran through its wings
A vast forest, the sun above its head.
In sunny weather it flew among the trees,
Pressing its body to the forest lit by the sun.
Until one day, heavy clouds arrived,
They shattered its beautiful world.
No matter how long it waited, the sky stayed gray,
The clouds remained, the sunlight never returned.
Seeing its sun imprisoned in the cold clouds,
Suddenly it went mad and flew out of the forest.
It left its life behind in the woods,
Kept going, treading beneath the clouds.
At last, it reached its sun—
But the sun set its body on fire.
There is only one sun in the sky
There are countless love birds on earth.
One day, one of them lifts its eyes upward and looks for the
missing sun.
And goes—knowing it will burn.
I was that very bird,
The one who once saw the sun.
My name became a story,
A story the whole world heard.



My dear Maryam

Lyricist : Mohammad Nouri

Composer: Kambiz Mojdehi

Arrangement for choir and orchestra: Arash Fouladvand

Singers: Sara Naeini

My dear Maryam,
open your eyes
Call out my name
The sky turned bright
The sun has risen
The hour has come
For us to wander the open field
Oh my sweet Maryam
Dear Maryam, open your eyes
Lift your head high
Let us sit beside the window
Let us step out from the house
Shoulder to shoulder
Remembering those days
Oh delicate Maryam
Morning has returned again
I am still awake
I wish I could sleep
And dream of you
The joy you slowly fed my heart
Petal by petal
A cluster of sorrow is sprouting in my heart
Grain by grain
The heart does not know what to do with this pain
Oh my sweet Maryam
Come now—it's harvest time
You are mine, don't go
Come, let us return to our work
Let's harvest the wheat
Come, come my sweet Maryam
Oh my sweetest Maryam



Heartfelt Love

Lyricist : Delshad Emami

Composer: Anoushiravan Rohani

Arrangement for choir and orchestra: Arash Fouladvand

Singer: Sara Naeini

The path stole my dream far too soon
I'm Yalda (the longest night of the year), a night far from the sun
Autumn returned again, and the wind began to turn
A desire like some mysterious plant, sprouted and grew
And the tree, from all this sorrow, dried away beneath my gaze
I wish I could step back to yesterday,
Place me once more at the beginning of the path
You, with your beauty and your fearless grace, and I am sick with my homesick heart
Be patient with me in this blind night
You are always my sweetheart, you are my sleepless night, you echo everywhere
Even if you are without me, even if you are far from me, you are still the beloved of my heart

Light softly fell upon the tree
The leaf, dancing, laughed at its own fall
Autumn returned again, and the wind began to turn
A desire like some mysterious plant, sprouted and grew
And the tree, from all this sorrow, dried away beneath my gaze

The moon is hidden, the road is bumpy
And it is the end of the journey
Be with me, in my dreams and in my waking, do not leave me in this loneliness
Be patient with me in this blind night, my beloved sweetheart
You are my sleepless night, you echo everywhere
Even if you are without me, even if you are far from me, you are still the beloved of my heart

Tell me, what is your remedy?
Tell me, who is your beloved?
Tell me, all this has caused nothing but distance
You are my sleepless night, you echo everywhere
Even if you are without me, even if you are far from me, you are still the beloved of my heart



Love

Poet: Saadi

Composer: Arash Fouladvand

Singers: Sara Naeini and Vahid Taj



I swear by your soul, that from within my own soul, I hold you dearer than my life.
By the truth of love, my dear—believe this oath I make.

Come back to me with your graceful stride, for I long for you more than my life.
I am gladdened by the sight of you, and content with the sound of your voice.

I love you in such a way that, if one day separation should come,
you might endure being without me—but I could
never endure being without you.

Ever since my heart became a lover, I see nothing within it but sorrow.
Where can I find a heart without grief? For nowhere in this world do I see one.

Bring me the wine, O beautiful cupbearer—I won't say "that's enough."
Even if you emptied the Oxus River, you still wouldn't satisfy my thirst.

I swear by your soul, that from within my own soul, I hold you dearer than my life.
By the truth of love, my dear—believe this oath I make.

I settle for the pain, since I find no healing.
I endure the wounds, since I see no remedy.

Happy and at peace is the heart that is a stranger to love;
since I became familiar with love I have not felt joy and peace in my heart.

If ever I should have the strength one day to claim your justice from you,
then in a single night I would settle the reckoning of all our vows from days gone by.

Do not ask me how you were last night, in the dark and all alone;
do not ask of the night of separation—when the day of union leaves me still in awe
and bewildered.

I love you in such a way that, if one day separation should come, you might endure
being without me—but I could
never endure being without you.

A New Spring Has Arrived

Poet: Esmail Navab Safa

Composer: Mahdi Khaledi

Arrangement for choir and orchestra: Arash Fouladvand

Singer: Simin Ghanem

A new spring has arrived,
Lover's separation has come to an end—
O music player, play the flute, O butler, bring the wine,
O music player, play the flute, O butler, bring the wine.

Come back, O rival to my destiny,
Give me a kiss, don't break my heart,
So I may drink wine from your wine-colored lips
Instead of tasting despair,
A new spring has arrived,
Lover's separation has come to an end—
O music player, play the flute, O butler, bring the wine,
O music player, play the flute, O butler, bring the wine.

It is so joyous—you fill the cup beside the tulip again and again,
How long will you complain?
Put a smile upon your lips—
Like a cup of wine,
Put a smile upon your lips,
Like a cup of wine,
O my spring, why are you unaware of spring's own arrival?
Do not turn your back on love, O joy—if you are wise,
A new spring has arrived,
Lover's separation has come to an end—
O music player, play the flute, O butler, bring the wine,
O music player, play the flute, O butler, bring the wine,



Ey Iran



Poet: Hossein Gole Golab

Composer: Rouhollah Khaleghi

Orchestral arrangement: Golnoush Khaleghi

Conductor: Arash Fouladvand

Singers: Sara Naeini and Vahid Taj

O Iran, o bejeweled land
O, your soil is the wellspring of accomplishment
Far from you may the thoughts of evil be
May you remain lasting and eternal
O enemy, if you are of stone, I am of steel
May my life be sacrificed for the pure soil of my motherland
Since your love became my calling
My thoughts are never far from you
In your cause, when do our lives have value?
May the land of our Iran be eternal

The stones of your mountains are jewels and pearls
The soil of your valleys are better than gold
When could I rid my heart of your affection?
Tell me, what will I do without your affection?
As long as the turning of the earth and the cycling of the sky lasts
The light of the Divine will always guide us
Since your love became my calling
My thoughts are never far from you
In your cause, when do our lives have value?
May the land of our Iran be eternal

Iran, o my green paradise
Bright is my fate because of you
If fire rains on my body
Other than your love I will not cherish in my heart
Your water, soil and love molded my clay
If your love leaves my heart it will become barren
Since your love became my calling
My thoughts are never far from you
In your cause, when do our lives have value?
May the land of our Iran be eternal

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