KASHMIRI LYRICS
KASHMIRI LYRICS

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED

By J. L. KAUL

FOREWORD

By Dr. Amaranatha Jha, M. A., D. Lit.

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To
Lal Dēd,
Haba Khotūn,
Arnimal, and
numerous other Kashmiri poets, singers, and lovers of song.

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PREFACE

In 1930-31 I went again to the University of Allahabad for a sort of a voluntary refresher course. Professor S. G. Dunn (now retired) was still the Head of the English Department and Professors Amaranatha Jha and S. C. Deb were there too. I selected a subject for my thesis in Ph. D. viz., Bourgeois Element in British Drama; and with the help and guidance I received from these eminent teachers I could, from the outset, proceed on the right track, without any loss of time inevitable, otherwise, in a large library on a subject of English Literature. Soon, however, I came to realize that there was not sufficient material to work at the thesis; and the libraries of the Universities of Lucknow and Benares and the Imperial Library of Calcutta could afford little help. After the spurt of hard work I had put in with the gusto of young ambition I felt disappointed.

It was at this moment that Professors Dunn and Jha suggested to me that, even in preference to a Ph. D. thesis, I might do a bit of useful work on a subject connected with my own native province and discover something of value. Sometime after Professor Devendra Satyarthi came to Kashmir on his folk-lore hunt and said to me, “Why don’t
you take up this work here?" This casual remark confirmed me in the choice of the subject.

I am grateful to Dr. Amaranatha Jha, D. Lit., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Allahabad, for writing the foreword; and I am happy that I have received this recognition from the Vice-Chancellor of my Alma Mater for having, in a very humble measure, tried to give back something for what I received from her years ago.

Thanks and acknowledgements are also due to the following: To Dr. Siddeshwar Varma, D. Lit., our eminent linguist and phonetician, who approved the diacritical marks used in the Roman transliteration of the original Kashmiri; to Mr. N. L. Kitroo, Mr P. N. Pushp, Mr S. L. Dar, Mr G. Mohy-id-Din, who made valuable suggestions; to Pandit Sat Lal Kaul, who introduced me to several of these poems; to Mr G. A. Mahjur, Mr A. A. Azad, Mirza G. H. Beg, Mr N L. Ambardar, Pandit Daya Ram Gonju, Pandit Zinda Kaul, and Messrs Ali Mohd. and Sons, Publishers and Booksellers, for permission to print their poems.

J. L. K.
FOREWORD

More than thirty years ago my teacher and my predecessor in the professorial chair at the Allahabad University, Professor Dunn, wrote a paper which made a deep impression on me. He described a tour in the Sind Valley and referred to the bearded coolies, tall muscular men, with dark eyes and close-set eyebrows, prominent cheek bones and broad foreheads, divided from the rest of the world by a circle of snow mountains, preserving, untouched by modernity, the traditions and the sympathies of their Dard ancestors. He wrote:

"On this occasion, the labours we had shared together, or to put the case more materially, the distribution of some tea and cigarettes, opened their hearts, and soon we had them singing the old songs of their secluded valley, the songs of the long winter when no work can be done, and the songs of the march which make the load seem lighter. There is a peculiar fascination in all such singing; we seem to come nearer, as we listen, to the simple things of earth; the artificial needs and desires, which modern life presses upon us, lose their hold upon our minds, and the rugged voices underneath the stars awaken in us echoes of our primitive home, and touch us with the sense of fellowship throughout the ages. I kept them singing far into the cold night, till the fire had died down and the wind from the glaciers sent us to the shelter of tent
and bed. I wish I could reproduce the strange cadence of their voices, as one after another took up the refrain; I wish I could recreate the mood in which one listened; but since these things are impossible, I will try to give, imperfectly as it must be, the substance and the spirit of some of their songs”.

He then went on to render into English four songs, entitled “The Song of the Coolies”, “The Song of the Bulbul”, “The Dreamer”, and “The Lover”. Each of them has a distinctive flavour and each tells not merely of familiar matter of today, but of eternal verities glimpsed through rugged experience of life. Each enshrines the heart’s longing both for things of this earthly abode and of the life hereafter. This is “The Song of the Coolies”:

O you cooli folk! it is time to be stirring.

The wind of the dawn blows cold, and the stars are yet in the sky. But the journey before us is long, and the loads are heavy.
O you cooli folk! it is time to be stirring.

Come, let us sing as we go, for the birds are singing too. They also have their time for travel. When we have made our stage we will light a fire of sticks, and then we shall have joy of our food. Our journeying will be over for the day. Oh! that will be pleasant! But, men and birds—we must all be moving.
O you cooli folk! it is time to be stirring.

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For our life on this earth is just coming and going. We cannot stay anywhere for long. Even Rajahs are just like us, coming and going. We have a long march to make, and now we must be off. It is no good staying at home. A man’s home is his heart, but he who goeth out of his own heart, may, perchance, find God upon his journey. O you cooli folk! it is time to be stirring.

★ ★ ★

These songs, even in translation, made a great impression. Anonymous singers singing poems composed by anonymous poets, melody soaring to the eternal moonlit snow and flooding the wooded valley; and one wished to have a larger collection of these old and antique strains which knit mankind into one.

Some years later, Grierson and Barnett published an edition of “Lallavakyani, the Wise Sayings of Lal Ded, a mystic poetess of ancient Kashmir”. This was followed, four years later, in 1924, by “The Word of Lalla the Prophetess,” done into English verse by Sir Richard Temple. This is a valuable publication, containing, as it does, an elaborate discussion of the theory and doctrine of Lalla’s religion. These sayings are popular, but they have in them the wisdom and the philosophy enshrined in the popular poems of Kabir and Chandidas and Tukaram. Here is a poem which expresses the view that duty should be done because it is duty
and not for the sake of the fruits thereof:

"Whatsoever thing I do of toil,
    Burdens of completion on me lie;
Yet into another falls the spoil
    And gains he the fruit thereof, not I.
Yet if I toil with no thought of self,
    All my words before the Self I lay:
Setting faith and duty before pelf,
    Well for me shall be the onward way."

These publications further promised a rich store of poetry and gnomic literature. When, therefore, a senior scholar from Kashmir came to Allahabad for advanced work and was not able, for want of material, to proceed with research on the subject he had chosen, it seemed an admirable opportunity to suggest to him that his genuine devotion to literature and his understanding and appreciation of its finer graces should be diverted to a field which had not been explored and which only a native of Kashmir could satisfactorily investigate. Principal Jai Lal Kaul agreed to do this, and he has, in spite of hard academic and administrative duties, produced this valuable collection of Kashmiri lyrics. One surprising feature of these songs is their lyric quality which is revealed even in the texture of prose translations. Most of them deal with human emotions and, as is natural in a lyric, are intensely subjective. A poem depends for its appeal so much on the flavour
and association of words and the mood that they evoke that it is bound to suffer when rendered into another language. Despite this, Mr Kaul's translation does succeed in reproducing the spirit, the soul of the original. Dryden said: "All translation may be reduced to these three heads—metaphrase, or turning an author word by word and line by line, from one language into another...paraphrase, or translation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the translator so as never to be lost, but his words are not so strictly followed as his sense; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered...imitation, where the translator assumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion; and taking only some general hints from the original, to run division on the ground work, as he pleases." Mr Kaul's rendering belongs to Dryden's second category.

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In his very interesting Introduction, Mr Kaul divides the history of the Kashmir lyric into four periods: the first in which flourished Lal Ded and Sheikh Nur-ud-din; the second, covering the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in which Haba Khatun and Arnimal are the prominent names; the
third with which are associated Mahmud Gami and Parmanand and Prakash Ram; and the fourth, the contemporary period, dominated by Mahjur and Zinda Kaul. I have no knowledge of Kashmiri, but I have found in most of the lyrics printed here a large number of Sanskrit words, either in their pure form or as modified by popular usage. Thus we have such words as

apavitra, snán, akriya, chor, sádhu, rájhansa, áshá, maitri, shatru, násha, káma, krodha, lobha, chandramá, tárá, amrita, vanavás, yuvá, más, sahasrayuga, tyág, rág. yogábhyás, dhyán, upavás, sankalpa, harshá, mahámantra, vaikuntha, máyátita, nírmal, nád, vád, dyaus, prabhát, kálagrás, pushpa, muktá, rásamandali, tan, man, phal, sheesh, kesha, málá, yauvan, darshan, kokil, sundari.

These are used by Hindu as well as Muslim poets. Similarly there is a large number of Persian words. The various languages that have influenced Kashmiri culture are well represented in these songs. That is inevitable when persons sing spontaneously; the words that are familiar to them in daily life occur naturally to them and these are used rather than "ink-horn terms."

For over five centuries the lyric has flourished in Kashmir, touching life at many points, describing trivial happenings of every day, depicting scenes from nature, delineating
human feelings, the life of toil, of suffering, of hunger, of passion, never forgetting quite and ever retaining in the background the spiritual heritage of the land. The greenwood tree, winter and rough weather, the sweet breath of spring, the ravages of time, Death's purple altar, the many voices of nature, the shadow of the night,

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets, The fair humanities of old religion, The power, the beauty, and the majesty That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring
Or chasms or watery depths'—

all these and strains of music from elfland—we find in these lyrics; and we thank Mr Kaul for a repast which can now be enjoyed by those who do not know the language of Kashmir.

Amaranatha Jha

September, 1945.
INTRODUCTION

I

I call these short poems lyrics because they are lyrics, literally. They are sung to the accompaniment of

“sitar, sarangi, and drum,“ and “sāz,” “santūr” and “tumbakhnār”—musical instruments which we in Kashmir have made peculiarly our own. It is as songs sung by musicians and lovers of music that most of them, of unknown authorship, have been recorded, interspersed among Persian songs and gazals, in the old manuscripts of “mausiqis” or books of music, with appropriate directions of “rāg” and “tāl” and “muqām.”

II

In oral transmission these songs have assumed different versions from locality to locality and texts have become corrupt. Manuscripts have fared no better. What happens is something as follows: A is a lover of song and music and hires the services of a calligraphist to make a copy for him in Persian script which, without additional diacritical marks is very incomplete and misleading for a language abounding in vowel
sounds. Sometime after, B wants a copy and engages a copyist who, while transcribing from A's copy, drops many dots and lines and does not care to understand the text. Copying is copying, no more. Then sometime after, C gets the copy of B and many more mistakes of text are made, and so on from C to D and D to E, mistakes increasing with every copy, till one comes by a very corrupt text which is the tenth or perhaps the twentieth copy of the original. Then one has to trace backwards, a hundred or two hundred years; but the earliest copies are extinct or disfigured by time. Patience and curiosity, however, can help; and I have had my moments of joy when in 'vacant moods' I have hit upon, as in a flash, what the original word or phrase must have been. This is adopted after being put to all the relevant tests of rhyme and metre, sound and sense, and the general sweep and impression of the manuscript calligraphy. Such a word or phrase has not unoften illumined a whole song. Number 98, for instance, where the manuscripts and oral tradition agreed on a somewhat meaningless phrase in the second line (within quotation marks here).

Yas gav masvali "gõnde havā."
which is corrected as

Yas gav masvali "gõndur havāy."
This has been a labour of love for several years; and I can claim to have so tuned myself to these songs, their music, mood and meaning, that I can exercise the right and responsibility of an anthologist. For it cannot be quite a "dilettante business" for the first anthologist of a language which has a living tradition of song from the fourteenth century to the present day. I cannot, however, say that I have omitted nothing of value, that no 'gems' may be discovered which are not here. For a first anthologist this would be a tall claim. What I claim is this: here is a collection, a golden treasury (if you will) of Kashmiri lyrics which may not be found to include anything that has not a poetic feeling, sentiment or mood or beauty of word and phrase.

Out of the various readings or versions I have selected the more poetical, not the more popular one; but where the claims of a variant have been impressive, I have given it in the footnotes. I have also exercised the anthologist's right of excision, for some of the poems improve by excision of weak verses and superfluous stanzas. The unit of translation has been, with a few exceptions, the line, not the stanza; and I have not attempted translation into verse though I suspect myself of having caught at places the rhythm of the original when it could,
more or less, be rendered into English. I have, with a few exceptions, kept quite close to the original; I have translated literally but, I hope, fairly intelligibly, and the footnotes indicate where I have departed from the literal meaning. For effect I have sometimes literally translated the original idiom or conceit e.g., 'love melted me, 'water thee with milk', 'burns of love.' For me, however, the original is the thing, not the translation.

III

My love for the Kashmiri lyric has been (I hope) genuine and intimate. It has sent me wandering up and down and across the valley on many "lyrical" hunts and enjoyable "lyrical" missions, for some of these songs live in the country. But they are not only cowboy songs. Nor are they domestic folk poetry comprising marriage songs and funeral songs or "Lytiernes" or harvest songs, the stuff of which folk songs, as such, are made. We have all these in Kashmiri as well as nonsense nursery rhymes or singing games like astam bäre the-re thevn...

Or ókusbókus tilawān cókus...
Or zūn māj zūnī angan manган...

Nor are they what may be called folk-ballads expressing the Kashmiri's satiric humour; for he can laugh at his own discomfiture:
buji aki dōp yi kyā didI gom
kasābay osum su kót didI gom
su ha didI nyūnay gurā āban
zor kór višive sahlāban

Said an old granny in a wild flurry,
“Oh, woe is me! Oh, woe is me!
O where’s my headgear?”
“O granny dear, O granny dear,
The yellow flood has carried it off.”
The Vishav has overflowed her banks.

IV

I have loved these songs for their music, for their melody. For the Kashmiri lyric is a thing of music, a very melodious music, with its musical rhymes and ever-recurring refrains, its alliterations and assonances, that come most spontaneously as the very stuff of our language, which has about as many vowels as consonants. We have no sonant aspirates, and gutterals and harsh consonants are rare. The cleverest Kashmiri verse-maker could not make a line as harsh as this, deliberately and for effect, with only Kashmiri words:

“Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack.”

Rhymes and refrains help to enshrine these songs in the memory which are memorable for another reason also. For many years these songs have relieved the tedium of the
life of our women who, mostly unlettered, find in them a sincere echo of their emotion. They give

"—a very echo to the seat where love is throned."

Like the songs in braja tradition it is generally the woman who is the lover and utters her love. Besides, many of these lyrics are unmistakably the work of women poetesses, Lal Dēd, the mystic, Arnimāl (the wife of the famous author of “Bahari Tavīl”), Haba Khātūn of song and story, and (Mrs) Jum of Navhatta. They have also enlivened the sweated labour employed by “Kārkhānadārs”. and the artistic toiling of the deft craftsmen of Kashmir.

"Mark it [the song] Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love"

And the embroiderers, the pashmina and gabba makers, wood-carvers and papier-machie makers, and the country lads and country lasses do use to chant it. Muslim maids are frēe in Kashmir as they are perhaps now here in the north-west of India. Says Mahjur:
“Singing thou roamest the uplands above
And fairies thee applaud;
Like the didar lark thou singest.

“Can Khoja women match thee?
Thou dost roam free amid flowers.
Khoja women lie confined indoors,
O country lass, O sweet, O dear!” (No. 121)

These lyrics become memorable to us for we can relate them to actual experience and to places. I have such numerous song-and-place associations and memories. They can re-create for us, in whatever measure, the poet’s own background of his experience as no other poetry can do. Persian poetry never did this except, in a second-hand manner, for a few of the upper classes. Urdu has not, at least as yet, taken the place occupied by Persian (say) fifty years ago; and it cannot be expected to do much more than what Persian did with its court prestige and intrinsic poetic appeal for the educated few. Meanwhile the educated Kashmiri must go without the intimate revelations of the poetry native to him, which alone could vibrate the string of his heart with the incantation of its verse, and he must wean himself away from the intimate sympathy which it alone could quicken within him and bind him with the life around. A poor life this!
The melody and the rhythm of a poetry make for the "capital difficulty" of translation, perhaps a little more so for Kashmiri poetry. Of late the rhythms of Kashmiri songs have by imitation of the Persian prosody (the only prosody the Kashmiri song writer knows) become very correct but very inflexible, a strait-laced pattern of quantitative metre, notably in the present day gazals. In the older songs of Lal Dēd and some others we discern a looseness and a flexibility which does not fit in quite within the precise Persian or doha quantitative metres. Sir George Grierson was right in discerning a tendency towards stress being substituted for quantity in the Kashmiri song. It is the stress accent that saves it from monotony, helps the metre to express the subtle rhythms of lyric moods, and accommodates turns, exquisitely musical, which, while the songs are being sung, often occur to the musician or the singer.

We feel a certain peculiar ease in weaving rhymes and rhythms. There is indeed a "nursery rhyme thrill", a certain Hickery-Dickery- Đo dock pattern of rhythm, which anyone can hear (as Aldous Huxley¹ heard it) any time, of day, in the streets of Kashmir with which a group of coolies enliven the heavy loads they carry collectively. Several Englishmen have told me that they can catch and

¹ Jesting Pilate.
appreciate the lilt of a Kashmiri song (say), a boatman’s chanty, more easily than they can do elsewhere in India. Here is what Mary Hallowes¹ caught of the tune of a chanty sung by boatmen punting up their cargo boats "khócū" in the Jhelum.

"Swift the current, dark the night, ( Yā—illā, lā—illā )
Stars above our guide and light ( Krāliār, bāliār! ) . . .
All together on the rope,
( Ya Pīr—Dust Gīr )
In our sinews lies our hope
Khāliko, Mālik—ko! . . . ."

This is not all. When Id is approaching and Ramadan is about to end in the city or the villages; or, in the villages, at the time of harvest or a local festival on an evening when the moon is up on high and "the heavens are bare", the country lasses and the middle-aged dames will come out and divide themselves into groups, and the groups will fall into rows. and the rows will be interlocked in a kind of friends’ shoulder or waist lock, which is made by arms outstretched over the shoulders or round the waists of their fellows on either hand till they form a solid interwoven file. Another row is formed likewise at the distance of

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¹ In the Illustrated Weekly of India.
a few paces, facing the former. Then that swing-like movement of the whole file begins, keeping time to the dance time of a Kashmiri “Róv.” Which is like this:

First row advancing and the second row receding,
Come, O fairies, let us dance, let us dance,
Second row advancing and the first row receding.
Sheltered from light while the peaks are aglow with rosy dawn, with rosy dawn.
(No. 40)

And so on till the moon declines in the west and the peaks are aglow with the rosy dawn.

VI

What survives of the Kashmiri lyric when its musical associations and vibrations of rhythm are lost in the process of translation? It loses the very stamp of poet’s experience, its individuality, its unique mood and moment, which integrate music, rhythm and meaning of a poem. If it is a lyric, the very stuff of its experience, its substance or content, may suffer equally with the form. A lyric is a musical utterance of a mood or an emotion and the music cannot be separated from the mood; and the Kashmiri lyric, with a few exceptions, is not an “intellectual” lyric. But something may yet survive in these translations of mine, indicating this content and mood which, if I were to put it in a
word, I would call lol (to rhyme with bole) a Kashmiri word signifying an untranslatable complex of love, longing and a tugging at the heart, “a longingness—‘poor mortal longingness’ in Walter de La Mare’s phrase.” This longing may be for God for many Kashmiri lyrics\(^1\) enshrine a striving and a hunger for God in many moods.

Searching and seeking Him I, Lalla, wearied myself .... (No. 8)
Whoever realizes his own true Self ...
(I No. 19)
I abandoned myself completely to love .... (No. 25)

The sense of fate:
I spread bird-lime, I wandered far ... (No. 18)
The striking imagery and epigrammatic terseness:

How can the kite hunt like the sparrow hawk? (No. 16)

The edifying and exultant moods:
Since I tried to know the secret of man’s being... (No 16)

The Indian religious lyrics, unlike the Hebrew psalms, breathe a spirit of charity for all. There is no vengeance against one’s foe.

Sow Thou the seeds of friendship for me
And yet slay not even my enemies! (No. 15)

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\(^1\) See Poems in Part I.
nor even against one’s inconstant Love,
Yet did I say: ‘Long mayest thou live!’”

Yet long may he live and give joy to them.

Or, the Rās-Līlā lyrics, stressing inward experience rather than outward formalism and preferring bhoga to tyaga, in true Kashmiri Trika Saivite tradition.
Rās is where love’s expanse broadens into an ocean:
Rās is equipoise 'mid sour and sweet

Our dance is devotion, yoga, and jnāna.
Our dance is a samādhi in ‘wakeful activity.’

Why shall we renounce the world?

In the mansion of the body.
See, a dance is going on,
With all its nine windows open.
Make a ring, make a ring.

VII

Then the longing for Love in all its moods:
The spring is come, flowers are in bloom, and the kukil and tiriv are here—but “where are you?”
Flowers have blossomed in all their hues,
Love, where are you? (No. 35).

1. See poems in Part II.
See the Kaav, the kukil, and the poshinool (No. 36)
The expectation and the elation of Love’s visit:
At Ishabar I am filling goblets of wine, (No. 38)
Then the long long waiting till the days drag; but he does not come and the yearning deepens and so deepens the anguish of separation.

The distant meadows are in bloom,
Hast thou not heard my plaint? (No. 44)
Think of lodar flowers’ bloom along the rivulet banks— (No. 47)
My Love, my Jasmine, my Jasmine.
I long for thee. (No. 54).
Did you not see him
Who still smites me with love? (No. 70)

Then comes the questioning and doubting of Love’s fidelity. Indeed he is “sporting strangers ’mong ’”, and the rivals mock at her. Even her endurance has a limit, and she begins to fling accusations at him, the Reckless, the Inconstant, the Visitor of a Hundred Homes, the Luxury mad, the Voluptuary.

Over passes high I carried him wine,
But he is roaming ’mid sylvan glades.
O why does he dwell in the distant glades?
O where is he drunk with my rivals’ wine? (No. 73)
Hardly had I, a budding hourie, bathed
me in sandal-oil,
When he, My Love, did flee away from me,
O friend... (No. 107)

He is faithless and a vow-breaker:
Friend, to his vows no credit give....
(No. 115)

Now they become copper, now they become
bronze... (No. 116)
On the wayside, at dusk, he left me for-
lorn, (No. 117)

VIII.

There are other moods, other nuances of
these moods; but their tone is usually the
same: plaintive, wistful, melancholic. It is
rarely that, apart from the Rās-Lilā lyric,
we find a whole-hearted abandon to joy,
sensuous or supernal. Why should most of
our songs lack gaiety and rapture?

"... Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in
song."

Is it that we have, till recently, lacked
any noble aspiration, any large-hearted hope
for many centuries past? But while these
songs express our helplessness and resignation
to fate, they do also express our pious fortu-
tude and our popular philosophy of life and
faith in God.
These lyrics have few allusions and fewer ornaments and figures of speech. There are references to Shirin and Farhad, La'ila and Majnun, Shekh Sana and Mansur, from Persian but usually we draw on our own legend and lore and speak of Bombur and Lolare, Himāl and Nāgīrāy (lovers famous in legend) or myna and golden oriole and turtle-dove (birds), or narcissus, daffodil, hyacinth and colchicum (flowers) and the like. They have directness, simplicity, sometimes naivete, and a tender poignancy of feeling.

Don't be cross, O Myna dear,
It's love has smitten me. (No. 65)
This world is new, for ever and ever new,
O lovely maid, weave thy youth into a
wreath of dance (No. 64)
Say, without thee, how shall I fill my
days? (No. 80)
Across meadows and down hillsides...
(No. 48)

Persian has had a dominating influence on Kashmiri, and being a sweet language, its words and phrases have been assimilated easily. What one may take exception to is not the borrowing of words and phrases which have enriched our language, but the use of anaemic and worn-out imagery and insincere hyperbole of the decadent Persian poetry. On rare occasions, however, the
Kashmiri poet can strike a genuine spark from the mint of persian conceit:

Thy tresses are a hyacinth, (No. 68)
In the garden of love the wounds of my heart are the flowers,
And my sighs are the cypress. (No. 93).

IX

This seems to be the "poetically effective order." Other arrangements there could well be. This, for instance: lyrics directly addressed to Love (first person); lyrics addressed to one's friend and companion, pleading for her intercession (second person); and lyrics expressing one's love for the beloved without such intercession (third person).

Or, chronologically: The famous Lal Déd, a mystic poetess of the fourteenth century continues the tradition of our indigenous philosophy, Kashmir Monistic Saivism or the Trika School, in an energy of idiom and terse imagery rarely equalled in our language. Her contemporary, much younger in age, Shekh Nur-ud-Din of Crar Sharif, Nund Rishi, as he is popularly known, wrote didactic poems in verses which have become current as pithy sayings and proverbs; but the genuineness of his verse in Rishirama or Nurnama cannot be vouched for with certainty.
It is in its second period during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that the Kashmiri lyric enters upon its typical period when first Haba Khātūn and, later on, Arnimal with several known and unknown poets sing of human love in what may be called the typical Kashmiri Lol-lyric which is amply represented in this anthology¹. The love they sing of is secular: it is no longer largely mystical, spiritual or didactic as it had been in the first period from the fourteenth to nearly the seventeenth century, the age of Lal Dēd and Nuṇḍ Rishi. The Lol-lyric is very musical, very brief, rarely more than ten lines including the repeated refrains, abounding in rhymes and assonances, put in the mouth of a woman lover, a cry from her heart, expressing in a flexible pattern more a mood than a thought.

The nineteenth century or thereabouts ushers in the third period, the age of Mahmūd Gāmi and, a little later, of Ḥarmānand. Persian influence is now deep on theme, idea and diction as well as on metre, rhyme, allusion and imagery. There is less directness and poignancy of feeling but more passion and sensuousness, ornateness and conceit. This is a fruitful period of Kashmiri literature both in the number of poets and

¹. See Poems in Part
the quality of their poetry. The Rov-lyric, begun earlier no doubt, now comes into vogue as a literary art-form.

With Parmānand and even earlier with Prakāsh Rām, we are introduced to a new kind of lyric which I have called the Rās-Lilā lyric, distinguished by its abandon to joy, expressing devotion and religious fervour for a Personal God, notably Krishna or Siva. The universe exists: it is real and it is good. Indeed all creation is an overflowing of God's joy; it is a Lilā, a Siva's dance.

X

The fourth period¹ may be said to have begun with Mahjūr in the twenties of the present century. The present-day poets have tried some new themes, such as, Mahjūr's. The Country Lass, Arise O Gardener and Our Country is a Garden.

If thou wouldst arouse this habitat of roses, leave toying with kettle-drums;
Let there be thunder, storm, tempest, yea, an earthquake! (No. 121)
Our Country is a garden (No. 122)
The Hill-stream goes asinging: (No. 131)

The modern note is, however, sounded by Pandit Zinda Kaul, in a poem which might be entitled "Interrogation", a poem which shows

¹. See the Poems in Part III.
the possibilities of the Kashmiri lyric, what it can achieve in a diction not divorced from the present-day idiom, employing new rhyme-schemes and rhythm-patterns and haunting refrains, an expressive medium, rich in its "incantation" and beautiful imagery, bodying forth the eternal why and the eternal lol-longing of the human soul:

Is Love an idle fancy?
Is Beauty a "vain illusive show"?  (No. 139)

This points the way to something beyond the "silly soothe" and the dalliance with "the innocence of love" of the earlier Lol-lyric.

J. L. K.
The Kashmiri Alphabet:

**a. Vowels:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Short</th>
<th>Long</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. á ách (an eye)</td>
<td>2. ä ås (a mouth)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. a akh (one)</td>
<td>4. å ākh (a mark)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[fur]</td>
<td>[far]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. a tar (a rag)</td>
<td>6. a tar (cold)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. i dil (heart)</td>
<td>8. i til (oil)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[fill]</td>
<td>[feel]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. u kun (single)</td>
<td>10. u kün (a corner)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[pull]</td>
<td>[pool]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. å zəv (tongue)</td>
<td>12. e yer (wool)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[ɣ+ɿ, zest]</td>
<td>[ɿ+ɣ, bale]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13. o nóri (a sleeve)</td>
<td>14. o bor (a load)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[hot]</td>
<td>[bore]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15. o död (milk)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[ɣ+ɿ, dual]</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16. I khāsI (cups)—a shade of i, at the end of a syllable preceded by a consonant.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
b. Consonants:

\[ k \ k, \ kh \ x, \ g \ [get] \ n, \ n \ [bring] \ n \]

* ç [soft] ʧ, ʧh ʧʃ, z ʤ j;

ch ʧʃ, j ʤ j, ʧn [canyon] ʃ;

t [hard] ʧt, ʧh ʧʃ, d ʤt;

t [soft] ʧt, ʧh ʧʃ, d [soft] ʤt, ʧn ʧ;

p ʧ, ph ʧʃ, b ʤ b, m ʧm;

y [you] ʧi, r ʤ r, l ʧl, v ʤ v;

sh ʧʃ, s ʧʃ, h ʤ h;

* ç çam (skin), soft c.

ʧh ʧhat (a draught of air), soft ch.
And it is in this associative quality in words...that half the secret of poetry is to be found if we could find it. That is why, with no exceptions that are not negligible, authentic poetry has never been written in any language but that to which the poet was born.

John Drinkwater

The volatile essence of poetry, we know, must evaporate, most of it, in another tongue, and the translator must ever ask for much to be taken on trust....

Oliver Elton
PART I.

Lal Déd

1

Lal bóh drāyas lolare
çhārān lūstum dēn kēho rāth
vuchum pândith pānānī gare
suy mē rōṭmās nēchtur ta sāth

2

keṅh chiy nēṅdāri-hātiy vudiy
keṅčan vudēn nēsar pēyi
keṅh chiy snān kārith aputiy
keṅh chiy geh bāzith ti akrayī

3

kyāh kara pāṅcan dāhan ta kāhan
vōkh-shan yith lēji kārith yim gāy
sāriy samahān yith razi lamahān
ada kyāzi rāvihe kāhan gāv
Longingly for love did I, Lalla, set forth,
And many a day and night I searched;
Then, lo, I saw the Pandit in my own home;
Then did I fix upon the moment auspicious.

Some, though asleep, are yet awake,
While on some, who are awake, hath slumber fallen.
Some, despite ablutions, are unclean,
While some, 'mid household cares, are actionless.

Ah me! the five, the ten, and the eleven
Have scraped out this pot and gone away.
Should they all unite and pull upon this rope,
Why should the cow of the eleven go astray?

1. The five bhutas. 2. The ten principal and secondary vital airs.
3. Five Jnanendriyas and five karmendriyas and manas. 4. The 'pot' and the 'cow' are the soul; the cow is owned by eleven masters, each of whom pulls it in his own direction.
lālith lālith vaday bo-dāy
cēttā muhāc pēviy māy
rozīy no pata loh-laṅgarāc chāy
nēzā-svarāph kyāh mōṭhuy āy

nābādī-bāras aṭa-gand ḍyōl gom
dēn-kār hōl gom hēka kahyū
gōrā-sund vanun rāvan-tyōl pyom
pahāli-rōst khyōl gom hēka kahyū

āmi pana sōdāras nāvi chas lamān
kāti bozi day myon mē-tili diyi tār
āmēn ūkēn poī zan shamān
zuv chum bramān gara gachāhā
I shall weep and weep for thee, my soul,
The illusion of the world hath befallen thee.
Not for thee will survive even the shadow of
the objects thou lovest,
Which like an iron anchor tie thee to the world;
Alas! why, then, hast thou, forgot thine own
true Self?

The sling of my candy load¹ hath become
loose, and it galls my back;
My day's work hath gone awry; ah, woe is me!
My Guru's word hath been as painful as a
blister of loss² to me;
My flock³ hath lost its shepherd; ah, woe is me!

With an untwisted thread I am towing a boat
on the ocean;
Would that my God heard my prayer and
brought me safe across!
Like water in pots of unbaked clay, I waste
away;
I have a longing keen: would that I were to
reach my home!

1. Of worldly pleasures. 2. He has told me to renounce (lose) the pleasures I have loved. 3. I have lost one-pointedness of mind and purpose.
Lal Déd

pöt zūni vôthith möt bolånovum
dag lalanâvâm dayisâñzi prahe
Lâlî Lâlî karân Lâla vuzânovum
mîlîth tas man shroçyom dahe

Lal bo lūsas čhârân ta gârân
hal më kôrmas rasa-nishi ti
vuchun hyôtmas tâdî dîthî-mas baran
më-ti kal ganeyi zi zogmas tâtî

mal vôndî zolum
jigar morum
têli Lal nâv drâm
yêli dâlî trâvî-mas tâtî
At the early dawn I got up and sang to the mad one, 
And soothed his pain with the love of God.
Trying to realize "I am Lalla, I am Lalla," I awakened my Love,
And became one with Him; and the ten were purified.

Searching and seeking Him I, Lalla, wearied myself,
And even beyond my strength I strove;
Then, looking for Him, I found His doors closed and latched.
This deepened my longing and stiffened my resolve;
And I would not move but stood where I was, full of longing and love, to gaze on Him.

All impurities within me I burnt away,
And I did slay my heart.
I came to be known as the pious Lalla,
Only when I cleaved unto Him there:
Only when I sat, just there, waiting for His grace.

1. My heart mad on worldly pleasures. 2. My own true Self which I realized was the same as the Supreme Self. 3. Indriyas.
8

Nund Ryosh'  

10

āshakh suy yus āshkašātī daze  
sōn zan prazalēs panānuy pān  
āshkun nār yēs vālinji saze  
ada māli vātiy suy lāmakān

11

āshakh chuy kun göbur māji marun  
su zōla kari ta kihay  
āshakh chuy ganatulārēv pān barun  
su sōkha rozi ta kihay  
āshakh chuy ratājāma tani pārāvun  
su āh kari ta kihay

12

ārābalan nāgarādā rov  
sād rov čūran mańz  
mūḍāgaran gōrāpāndith rov  
rāzāhamsā rov kāvan mańz

The lover is he who burns with love,  
Whose Self doth shine like gold.  
When man's heart lights up with the flame of love,  
Then shall he reach the Infinite.

Love is death of an only son to a mother—  
Can the lover have any sleep?  
Love is venomous stings of a swarm of wasps—  
Can the lover have any rest?  
Love is a robe dripping with blood—  
Can the wearer even utter a sigh?

The fount was lost amidst the rocks;  
The saint was lost among the thieves;  
In the homes of the ignorant the wise pandit was lost;  
And the swan was lost among the crows.
10

13

Nuṇḍ Ryōsh

vēthāvāvas tan nānī su ti dōhā Nasaro
tōn vāgarā ta syān pānī su ti dōhā Nasaro
nishi rānī ta vurāṇi khānī su ti dōhā Nasaro
vurābata ta gāḍāgānī su ti dōhā Nasaro

14

poshinūl poshivāriy gārān
mōgul gārān huniy vās
shāj shiṇālay gārān
khar gārān guh lēd ta sās

15

Arnimāl

āśāvaṇḍanhandi āsho ve
gatimaṇḍa hāvtam gāsho ve
lāsan gomo rāsho ve
prārān chasaṭyo āsho ve
myātranhunduy byolā vávī-ze
shātran ti kārī-zinā nāsho ve
The body exposed to the cold river winds blowing,
Thin porridge and half-boiled vegetable to eat—
There was a day, O Nasaro!

My spouse by my side and a warm blanket to cover us,
A sumptuous meal and fish to eat—
There was a day, O Nasaro!

The oriole seeks out a flower garden;
The owl seeks out a deserted spot;
The she-jackal searches dreary wastes;
The donkey searches dung and dirt.

O Thou Hope of the hopeful,
In mid darkness show me light.
To far-off Lhāsā he has gone for gain;
Expectant I wait: O bring him back safe to me!
Sow Thou the seed of friendship for me everywhere,
And slay not even my enemies.

1. His chief disciple, Nasar-ud-din.
shāhnihuṇḍ shikār gāṅṭh kava zāni
hāṅṭh kava zāni pōtray dod
shamāhuk māni lāsh kava zāni
māch kava zāni pāṃparī soz
yēli yēs bani tēli suy zāni

—(Lal Dēd)

ti būzith yi gačhi mashun
pashun cāli dōn ālāman

khākas nishi nērān sōn
grāko sōy kān parzanāvtan
kāmā krūḍā lūba nishi gačhi nashun
pashun cāliy dōn ālāman

18

dyūṭhum orutāh gomut hire
nādāna yi kāyū vīre ṭaṅg

jēchām vāḷāvāshi tachām khore
jēchām saṅgar ta vuchām koh
day nay diyi ta ḍēka nay pūre
nādāna yi kāyū vīre ṭaṅg

—Khwaja Habib
How can the kite hunt like the sparrow-hawk?
How can the barren woman feel the ardour of
a mother's love?
How can the faggot burn like the candle?
How can the fly feel the martyrdom of the
moth?
When man suffers, then alone he knows.

When thou hearest that, thou must forget this,
Thou wilt, then, have no regrets in both the
worlds.

From earth comes out gold,
O Seeker, find out that mine of gold,
And abjure lust, anger and desire:
Thou wilt, then, have no regrets in both the
worlds.

I saw a man in distress, begging.
O fool, can the willow yield thee a pear?

I spread birdlime, I wandered far,
I climbed rocky cliffs and mountains high—
(And I did all that man could do)—
If God doth not grant, if fate doth not decree,
O fool, can the willow yield thee a pear?
yâmÌ kôr sara panun pān
mas bānan ūthān muçārāvīth gav
chiv lâgès hosh nashas
mashas panañuy pān
na su zâni hēndÎ vōpath
na su musalmān

ámî-day sūrâmâtî sānyâsî
cûri dil ti myon vōdāsî niv
jâti chas gang ta hați shāhmâro
dēki chus shûbān çândramâtâr
athî ch s poshikî ta amrētakhâsî
cûri dil ti myon vōdāsî niv

lōli lōli karay lōli mañzali
mē kali cāni gomo sūr
chivârûk mas cato gali gali
ākāshi lāg gulibômbûr
rav zân Shav chuyo thali thali
sûnasâنز shrâkh pyâyîmo hali
kavazâna kati pyom âshkâçûr
yēli yēs bani têlî suy zâni
yus gaçhi Kâbas su katyû pheri
dañà damâ vuchi nûrezu[hûr
sâl kari Kâbas lâmâkânas pheri
Whosoever realizes his own true Self
Uncovers the vessels of wine,
Overflows with joy, is intoxicated,
And forgets his lower self:
He will not know a Hindu
From a Musalmān.

The ash-besmeared Sannyasi,
The Ascetic, has stolen away my heart.
Down His matted locks the Ganges flows and
the cobra entwines His neck,
His brow is illumined by the moon and the stars,
In His hands He holds cups of nectar and
flowers bell-shaped—
The Ascetic has stolen away my heart.

In the cradle of my lap I shall rock thee,
I am utterly consumed with longing for thee.

Drink the wine ecstatic.
Rove in mid air like wasp-bee in the sky,
See, Siva, like the sun, is everywhere.

Love's golden sword has pierced my side,
I know not where I was waylaid by Love:
When man suffers, then alone he knows.

Whoever goes to the Ka'ba will not turn back,
Every moment he will see the Vision Beatific,
And in the Ka'ba and the Boundless he will roam.
yēth samsāras vānī mē diçāmas
yāras melun gānīmath

zāhid rūzīth gōphi tay gāras
ābid pherān maţīz gulzāras
āshakh mushtākh pančanis yāras
yāras melun gānīmath

—Khwaja Habib

āshkan āshī-katāra dur zan harān
tarān mijgāna mūhānī kān
āshakh tim yim marnābroñt marān
lāshakh vātān lāmakān
māshokh ḍishith gul zan phōlān

—Khwaja Habib

lajiyo matyo cāni thazi kāri
lāgay kāripātiy posh

graţabal gayas graţa anāvāri
chāl gom bālī pharāmosh
ōḍ khēv graţan ta ōḍ graţakhāri

āshkāsag lajām lola tōlāvāri
phiryām poshi cāmanan sag
āb gom jāri osh mā māri

—Kalandar Shah
I did carefully survey the world:
It is a blessing to find one’s love—

The hermit dwells in his cave,
The devotee roves amidst flowers,
The lover yearns for his beloved.
What a joy to search and find one’s love!

Pierced by the darts from their beloveds’ eye-lashes,
Lovers shed tears like pearl.
True lovers die before their death;
And men of faith come to the Infinite;
Seeing their beloved, like flowers they bloom.

I adore thy graceful neck and stately,
And with larkspur adorn thee, Love.

I went to the corn-mill to take my turn
But I missed the device—ah, foolish me!
I lost some grist in the mill-wheel and some
in the corn-basket.

I filled buckets of desire with the water
of love,
And watered the flower-plots;
But the water overflowed: will the Lord of
the Garden chastise me?
āshkāni mādāna trāvyām hay
hay tavay ṭoṭhyom pānay day
yāmi dārī-yāva āsī pādā gay
layi roz tamikuy may āpraray
“vaja’lnā minalmā’i kul shayin hay”

keńcav pyāla cay payāpay
keńcan cavān sapāduy tay¹
keńh gay tāri² ta keńcan chu say.

—Khwaja Habib

26

bar-buka āyēs sōrgac hūr
mohēm dūr hā madāno

gāphila pāno kāphila dūr
suy gom kōsūr hā madāno
zarānata karākyā malānā sūr

sārivāv chańjāv kānsino pūr
kunirās tahāndis and lōb no
yus gav manā kini tāmī lōb nūr

¹ and ² Var. Kay, mokalith. The meaning changes to—
Some could not tolerate their drink; Some have reached the
goal while some are on their way.
I abandoned myself completely to love;
And God is pleased with me.

Be steadfast in love and I will give thee
A taste of wine which fills the River of Life
That brought us hither;
From whose water God hath made every living thing.

Some drank cup after cup unceasingly;
Some, in the act of drinking, attained to the goal;
Some have despaired, while some still have hope.

Full to bursting am I, a hourie of Paradise,
Do not flee away, Love.

Ah, careless me! the caravan is gone far ahead,
And that has been my undoing, Love:
Shall I not languish, shall I not with ashes besmear myself?

All sought Him but none found
The infinitude of His Unity;
He alone found the Light who struck the path of Self within.

---
1. Lit. I let the horse of my mind wander at will in the field of love.
2. The Koran, Sura, XXI, 30.
diginibalas vigini vanaváno
bozu jáno suy soz jān¹

són samandar sani bā sónaye
rón bāthis pēth atha mūrān
ón kyā zāni tirakamāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān

ath sódras vāvátūphāno
nāvā vuchāmas beshumār
keṃh phaci tay keṃh yirāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān

dārith dyutnas maṅz dārI-yāvas
nay vuchmas sum nay tār
vath hāvtam chus gārzāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān

ath kādālas karu zolāno
ami apor chuy ‘fano-fil-hāh’
na chu hyōnd tay na musalmāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān

¹ Var. Bozu jano sozi Sultan—Hear, O hear, the royal tune.
It is the fairies that sing at the fount,
Hear, O hear, that song so sweet.

On the shore of this ocean, bottomless and deep,
The maimed sit wringing their hands,
And the blind cannot take aim with a bow and arrow.
Hear, O hear, that song so sweet.

In this ocean I see a tempest raging
And countless boats—
Some have sunk and some are drifting.
Hear, O hear, that song so sweet.

I am cast into the midmost waters,
And I can find no way across:
I am a stranger here—“Lead Thou me on!”
Hear, O hear, that song so sweet,

Manacle thy (self and make of it a) bridge* (to span this ocean wide);
And, across, attain to the “Annihilation in the Divine”,
Where there is no Hindu nor Musalman.
Hear, O hear, that song so sweet,

*The self alone can be a bridge across this ocean, provided it is so disciplined as to move beyond the confusion of diversity of paths to the Dominion of the Divine, where there is Unity.
Azizmôt gomut devāno
lolābāyan sōkhan bāvān
nekh mardan āndi anāmāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān

—Aziz Darvesh

28

yārī dōp māshokh pādā karantay
pādā gav ‘kalam ta lavh’
rōbasūnd phōrmān lyukh kalāmantay
vantay lo hay lo

Rāma Rāma paryāv Shekh Sanāhantay
hēnzimōkhā lōb tāmī yar¹
but polun Kūrān zoluntay
vantay lo hay lo

anā pōr Hazrati Mansūrantay
manā nishi lōb tāmī yar¹
vanānuy sīr chuy āyul pantay
vantay lo hay lo

vajūdi ādamas ḍicām kantay
sajūda rūdus bo
tanashut vajād āv malākantay
vantay lo hay lo

—Wahāb Khār

1. Var. day—God.
Azizmôt has gone crazy,
He is letting out love's secret among his fellow-men.
He has heard it from pious men and saints.
*Hear, O, hear, that song so sweet.*

28

Love said: "My Beloved I shall create;"
And there was tablet and pen.
The pen wrote the command of God.
*Sing hey ho for joy!* 

Shekh Sana recited the name of Rama,
And in an Indian girl he found his Love,
He worshipped an idol and burnt the Koran.
*Sing hey ho for joy!*

"I am the Truth", said Hazrat Mansûr,
In his own mind he found his Love—
That secret is difficult to tell*
*Sing hey ho for joy!*

Since I tried to know the secret of man's being
And obeisance low I made,
The angels have begun to dance for joy
*Sing hey ho for joy!*

* Lit. As subtle a secret as an untwisted thread is frail*
yāra gačhāvo divāye
āshkārā drāvāye
sūrātan manz čāvāye
chus Muhammad nāvāye
“kuntu kanzan” āvāye
jalva mārān drāvāye
“nahnu akrab” bāvāye
yāra gačhāvo divāye
pārI-mas mē nāvāye
lachi-bādī chis nāvāye
kyāh bo dimāsāy nāvāye
yāra gačhāvo divāye
hā gachto kāvay
myāni vantas grāvay
sīna mućarīth hāvāye
yāra gačhāvo divāye

—Khwaja Habib

Nandālāl āv gindāne rās
ārā kārI-ve āray
āravāl dāz lolanāray
āravali¹ kōr vanvās
āravali² phir ārārāray
ārā kārI-ve āray

1. Var. ararastī¹=The Cruel One.  2. Var. arakac=The Love-lorn.
Friend, we will go to the festival.  
He has manifested Himself,  
And is incarnate in human form:  
His name is Muhammad.

He, "the Hidden Treasure," has shown Himself,  
And comes trailing splendour;  
He is "nearer than our life-vein" to us.  
Friend, we will go to the festival.

I have recited His names,  
Countless are they,  
Say, how shall I call him?  
Friend, we will go to the Festival.

Go, dear crow,  
Convey to Him my plaints,  
I would open my heart to Him.  
Friend, we will go to the Festival.

Nandalal is come to dance,  
Make a ring, make a ring.

The wild rose is aflame with love,  
It has taken to the woods,  
It has wandered by the brooks.  
Make a ring, make a ring.

1. at Hazrat Bal.
dihidārikayi maṇz vārāy
vuchive khelavun rāś
dāri muçarith nav dāray
āra kārī-ve āray

kārīve sōndar nāray
rōhv karānuṅk abyās
Shāmāsōndar bozi vāray
āra kārī-ve āray

lāri kyāḥ yēmi samsāray
sāsan kārīve sās
akh dayināv tāri tāray
āra kārī-ve āray

Krāşhnas sātī lōkācāray
Krāşhnajuvā kar athāvās
yi chu lōkācār dōh tāray3
āra kārī-ve āray

—Krishna Rādzān

31

sāmiv karav athāvās
pākiv rāś gindāne

shērēth sāmpānī kunī rāth
Gūpināth naçāni lōg
vāhar dōh gav pāhar mās

3. Var. gindanakī chiy doh taray—Thy time for play is three short days.
In the mansion of the body,
See, a dance is going on
With all its nine windows open.
Make a ring, make a ring.

O maidens beautiful,
"On with the dance";
Shyāmasundar will enjoy it greatly.
Make a ring, make a ring.

What of this world will go with us?
Let us, then, spend profusely.
Lord's name alone can ferry us across.
Make a ring, make a ring.

From thy childhood, O Krishnaju¹,
Dance hand in hand with Lord Krishna;
Youth will last but three short days.
Make a ring, make a ring.

31

Come, let us join hand in hand
And let us go out for the ras-dance.

Six months passed like a single night
When the Lord of Gopis began to dance—
A year flew as a day and a month as an hour.

¹—The poet himself.
yēth bālāpānas dimav chuhāḥ
yūthuy dōhāh gānīmath
sāsas yōgas karav sās

shurēn bācān labikani sāvith
vachitalā trāvith neravnā
satī-hēth bēni pōph māj mās

dārībar vāchā trāvith nerav
vath lab ta mastaṇavath pherav
dayilolā rōst kyāh layi atālās

vāniv kas chuvā Krāshnun lol
zuvuk zuv ta kāmī kyāh col
nivāvun man divāvun vēkās

tōhi kati son-hyuh banyovā hāl
ada kati zānyūn tōhī Nandalāl
neravnā pārith vōlās

āsī kamibāpath karav tyāg
asi gacīh āsun Krāshnun rāg
suy gav taph zaph yūgabyās

kathā sāni mahāmanthār zān
vuchun son zān vōtam dyān
khyoncōn son bōd vōpāvās
We will make the most of life while young—
Blessed indeed are the days of youth—
A thousand eras we will dance away.

We will lull to sleep our children,
From our bosoms weaned away, and
Go forth with our sisters, mothers and aunts.

Quick! and leave the doors and windows open;
We know the way to Him and, like mad, we will go;
Save God's love what will riches avail us?

Say, who long for Krishna dear?
Who love him as the life of life? Who have suffered for
The Stealer of Hearts and the Giver of Ecstacy?

You have not suffered as we have suffered,
How then can you know Nandalāl?
Shall we not go bedecked to meet Him?

Why shall we renounce the world?
We will bring devotion unto Krishna.
That is austerity enough and Yogic meditation.

Our casual words are mighty spells;
Our wayward glance, meditation sublime;
Our eating and drinking, a holy fast.
kathā gayi nēngalith athā rūzith kan chinā tas bēn hēkan būzith saṅkalpan huṇḍ kōr sānīyās

yithēv harshēv khēy kōr shūkan kati bani maṅz lūkālūkan yēchāvāni aṭharačhā vaykōnthāvās

Vōrvāsh vash kār nācānan gash gos pushpyos vaċānan vuchi vuchi vigāni gayi vanvās

kāyādārith chuh māyātīth yūguk chuh sāmi būguk hith būgith chuh nērmal ta nērabyās

apārī nādāh yēpārī vādāh čōpārī Rādhākrashīn chuy prathkāńsi sāṭin kārīth athavās

rātas doh gav dohas rāth naĉan chuh shāmas sāṭī prabāth pānay. sāmpun kālas grās

—Krishna Rāzdān
Struck dumb and motionless,
We hear nothing but speaks of Him—
Our thoughts, desires, and wills renounced.

Such bliss all sorrow kills;
Where amid the many worlds can it be had?
Even the fairies of Paradise long for it.

Our dance hath bewitched Urvashi;
Our songs have struck her dumb;
Fairies have fled to woods for shame.

Beyond māyā, He yet wears a phenomenal form;
Lord of yoga, He yet appears to be a lover of bhoga;
Enjoying all objects, He yet is pure and actionless.

A call here and a shout there,
Rādhākrishna is everywhere,
Hand in hand with everyone!

Night passes into day and day passes into night,
The evening dances with the morn,
And thus we devour the devouring Time.
āras mañz açavay
vigine zan naçavay
lāgos posh pūze
Krāshnajuv nēndāri vuze
vōpāras kas paçavay
lājhas tani tanay
shāhlekh hanihanay
kamav premav haçavay
vanas mañz nanavāre
çhārān Krāshnapyāre
kanēv tāpav taçavay
pāmpur shamahas path
taran kyāh chuh karan gath
mātis path kār maçavay
ashikani mōkhta hāran
chē lādan mōkhta hāran
tūlī tūlī zan raçavay
yi pad kyāh chuh vanun krūṭh
su parmaṇānd kāmī dyūṭh
vuchith vōnmut kaçavay

—Parmāṇānd
We will join the ring
And like fairies we will dance.

With flowers we will worship Him,
So may He waken up from sleep:
How can we trust anyone but Him?

Those maidens ardently in love
Locked him in a close embrace,
And in every limb felt refreshed and cool.

They went forth, barefoot, to the woods
In quest of Krishna dear—
A hot sun above and heated stones beneath.

The moth round the candle
Goes wheeling by and burns itself,
So danced these ardent maidens round their
Sportive Love.

They shed tears like pearl,
Which put to shame the best of pearls
Each cut to the weight of a fine rati.

How hard it is to tell the secret word!
Who has known the Highest Bliss?
And having known it, how few have told of it?
rāsaṃmandālis cēth premuk mās
sāsābāzā maçağāmaça naçaṇās
akhākīṣ athāvāsā ḍāyān āsa nādā
dhā Ṛādhā Ṛādhā Ṛādhā Ṛādhākrishṇājī
tātī āmaṭī tātī-māṭī gāmaṭī
yāy āṇzărīth pāyas pemaṭī
Narud Sōdām Shōkdiv ta Prahlādā
dhā Ṛādhā Ṛādhā Ṛādhā Ṛādhākrishṇājī
yēndrālūk kithā vānī-ze Bindārābān
nēndri-andar tyuth chīna ēshān
gājmāc tati sārīnī dihivōpādā
dhā Ṛādhā Ṛādhā Ṛādhā Ṛādhākrishṇājī
yiy gav bakhtbāvanā yūg jnān
pānāmyānī nēshī-ctay kārītī tiy mān
āthī dōpuk vyōthānas maṅz samādā
dhā Ṛādhā Ṛādhā Ṛādhā Ṛādhākrishṇājī
In the ring of dance, drunk with the wine of love,
Thousands of them mad on dance and play,
Hand in hand interlocked, shouted they:
“Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!”

Their confusions cleared and doubts removed,
Thither had come, mad in ecstasy,
Nārada, Sūdāma, Shukdeva, Dhruva and Prahlādā, shouting:
“Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!”

With Bindraban of those days you could not compare the abode of Indra;
Yea, you could not even dream of the like of it:
All those present were freed from the bondage of flesh.
Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!

This our dance is devotion, faith, yoga and jnana,
O my soul, realize this truly:
This is verily a samadhi in wakeful activity.
Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!
kulI-kaçh ta kani munI muçańavith
sinamanza bāvakI sir bāvith
GūkalakI mōkht gāmaṭI dādāpārdādā
Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākṛishnajī!

rās gav yētī samī rasāśamadur
rās gav yētī čami čōk ta mōdur
rās gav zi rūdmutchōsi na aparādā
Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākṛishnajī!
Trees, plants, even stones, opened their eyes
And laid bare the secrets of their loves.
In Gokul all attained to mukti, even their forefathers.
Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!

Ras is where love's expanse broadens into an ocean;
Ras is equipoise mid sour and sweet;
Ras is where there is no trace of sin.
Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!
PART II

34

bahār āv nav bahār āv
khōsh havā dilākiy gamgosā trāv
raṅg-baraṅg nävī kar kosman krāv
bahār āv nav bahār āv

hiy che dapān zambaraḥas mē chu āmātāv
dāg hyōt gulālan sōnaposhaḥ chu cāv
mārī āmī hameshi-bahārī phīrī phīrī āv
bahār āv nav bahār āv

35

raṅgā raṅgā sārī gul āy
madāno kati cānī jāy

ra'nā zebā gulāb āy
shab-boyi māṇziposh sōnaposh drāy¹
kāripātī tā sōmbalān kār grāy
madāno kati cānī jāy

—(Khwaja Habib)

34

Spring, the new spring!
A happy breeze is blowing! Of heartaches
and sorrows think no more.
Gather violets and tulips of many hues.
Spring, the new spring!

The Jasmine says to the White Rose, “I have
grown pale”.
The Red Poppy shows its scar; the Sonaposh
is full of elation;
And see how the Daisy smites us with love: he
comes and goes and comes and goes again.
Spring, the new spring!

35

Flowers have blossomed in all their hues,
Love, where are you?

The rose has come, graceful and lovely,
The tuberose, the balsam, and the Sonaposh
have bloomed¹,
The larkspur and the hyacinth burst daintily
into bloom,
Love, where are you?

¹ Var. The Sonaposh has shone forth from the odorous night.
āv bahār bolu bulbulo
son vōla barāvo shādī
drāv kāthkōsh grōzā pān chalo
zarā čalānay vandaki ādāī
vuzu nēndāre vuni chāh sulō

kāv kumri vuchī poshnūlo
āy nālan zan phārī-īādī
bāv vōndākī gamgosa gulo

nāv hiyitan neru sómbulo
ḥēth zāmīnas khati āzādī
pyāla hēth chay yēmbarzalo

cāv soṅt tay nab gav khulo
būṭārāc pēth čālī phasādī
tekābatāne ta yīrī-kimī phōlo

nāv tan man trāv zalzalo
drāv shihul poṅ kami nāgārādī
khaus Parbāt¹ ta vasu Tūlmuōlo¹.

—Prakash Ram

¹. Famous shrines of Kashmiri Hindus,
Spring is come, sing thou, O *Bulbul*;
Let us celebrate the advent of spring.

Frost is gone. Let us wash our limbs and body clean,
Let us wash away our winter misery.
Get up, get up, is it early still?

See, the *kav*, the *kumri* and the *poshnool*!
Have filled the glens with their wailings;
Come, O Rose, thou too confide in us thy winter, griefs and sorrows.

Show thy delicate form, O Hyacinth, and spread.
Thy message of freedom for the earth:
The Narcissus is holding her cup for thee.

Spring is come and the sky is clear,
Winter’s confusion has vanished from the earth;
Daffodils and meadow-saffron are in bloom.

Let us cleanse our bodies and minds,
Let us cast away all fear—
Again from wondrous springs refreshing waters flow,
Again may we visit our sacred shrines.

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1. The crow, the dove, and the golden oriole.
yēti pēn varshan tātī phal bavantay
sontay son āv sontirāy

sosan gulitūrī yīrī-kimī zēntay
vōla kar yēmbarzālī kosman krāv
cīla drāv handiposhī kulimī hyōt vantay
sontay son āv sontirāy

38

dēka pēṭha gumā chim mōkhta zan harān
bāl chas karān kosman krāv

Shālāmār bihith pyāla chas barān
bo dāla chas nivān yūrī vātēm yār
yāras kića poshan māla chas karān
bāl chas karān kosman krāv

Ishābār bihith shīshā chas barān
bo kesh chas pārān yūrī vātēm yār
yāras kića poshan māla chas karān
bāl chas karān kosman krāv

—Haba Khotūn.
Wherever the rains come, there grow crops and fruits in plenty.
Wherever spring comes, thither comes Love, the lord of spring.
The iris, the lily, and the meadow-saffron will sprout soon,
Come, O Narcissus, enjoy the bloom.
Winter is gone; the dandelion and the viburnum have blossomed in the woods.
Spring is come, and Love, The lord of spring, is come too.

The sweat of my brow are dropping like pearl;
I am a lovely maiden, gathering violets for Love.
At Shalimar I am filling wine-cups;
I leap for joy, for my Love will come to me.
I am weaving garlands of flowers for Love.
At Ishabar I am filling goblets of wine;
I am braiding my tresses, for my Love will come to me.
I am weaving garlands of flowers for him,
A lovely maiden am I, gathering violets for Love.

1. Lit: gather violets. Kosam=violets or flowers generally.
39
пاهیج-کوری ها براجاب‌تیری
چایتای نیری اچیپوش

پاهیج خاچک‌خای وگان‌ن بلال
نالان لاجیث پوش
沃尔ی-وی سنداریب روج های کاریاژ
چاتاژاژ نیری اچیپوش

40
سامیت‌های ویجن‌یوج روج های کاریاژ،
روج های کاریاژ
سانگرم‌الان چایه لو لو،
چایه لو لو
سوناساندی زانپانا مکحتافی جالار،
مکحتافی جالار.
ساعدافی کاراسای پایه لو لو،
پایه لو لو
ورا یهیلی یییام تای برون‌塘‌های نر،
برون‌塘‌های نر
ساطی اجته چونزا تای دایه لو لو،
دایه لو لو،

—Mahmūd Gāmi
Thou Shepherd Lass, O thou Heron Feather,
Disport thyself amongst the meadow achiposh.

O Shepherd Lass, how airily thou goest up
the low hills,
With flowers thy collar bedecked!
Come, lovely maids, let us dance and
Gather the meadow achiposh.

Come, O fairies, let us dance, let us dance,
Sheltered from light while yet the peaks
    are aglow with rosy dawn, with rosy dawn.
I will make for my Love a gold palanquin,
    a gold palanquin,
With fringes of pearl and ivory posts, and
    ivory posts.
And when he arrives, I will come out to meet
    him, I will come out to meet him.
Accompanied by many friends and maids,
    my many friends and maids.
doh lög dara ta kas chakh prārān  
choh dāy bāliye lo lo kārān

mārī-mānẓ diṭhmakh ārī-mānẓī tarān  
asāvānī kosam diṭhī-may ḥarān  
lastam ta āstam nigāhāh kārān  
choh dāy bāliye lo lo kārān

——Mirza Akmal-ud-Din

vantay lūciy kor gačhakh cīrl¹ kuniy zāniye  
laṭha pūce chaṭa mārān cīrl kuni zāniye

āriy āriy khačāyakh āriy āriy vaĉhāyakh  
akāhatēn daḵmārān cīrl kuniy zāniye

Rēshimālyun khačāyakh grāyi mārān  
vaĉhāyakh  
Rāmbī āras tāra tarān cīrl kuniy zāniye

1. Var. or—thither.
The day lingers.
Whom art thou waiting for, O youthful maid,
in thy voluptuous beauty, singing so merrily?

I see thee lovesick, crossing a rivulet,
O Smiling One, thy smile scattereth voilets abroad.
May thou be spared long, O sweet maid, and
May I ever find favour in thine eyes!

Say, dear lass, whither art thou going so late, alone?
With thy white dupatta wantonly fluttering
in the wind, thou goest so late, alone!

Along the rivulet banks thou goest,
Along the rivulet banks thou returnest,
Brushing past thy lovers cruelly, so late, alone!

To the Festival at Rishimol's thou goest,
and now so coquettishly returnest,
Wading across the Rāmbāra so late, alone!
43
vānī dimay ārabalan
yāra kuni melakhnā
tā (vānī dimay ārabalan
dubāra yāra melakhnā)
lajī phulay ārabalan
yāra didār hāvakhnā
chvī logum masvālān
yāra kuni melakhnā
—Haba Khotūn

44
lajī phulay andāvānān
cē kanan gōyānā myon
lajī phulay kalasaran
vōthū nīrēn khaṣāvo
phōj yosman andāvānān
cē kanan gōyānā myon
—Haba Khotūn

45
bahāriy gul phōlī sāriy
bozi häriy poshinūlānī zār
vanāvōth kōstūr dōd ashḵānāriy
siyāh kōrun panun pān
balinā bulbulas āshḵābemāriy
bozi häriy poshinūlānī zār

*Var. choh.
In quest of thee I wander about the hill-streams,
Shall I find thee nowhere, my Love?
(I will search the wild jasmine woods for thee,
Shall I not meet thee once again, my Love?)

The wild yellow rose has bloomed
Wilt thou not show thy face, Love?
‘Beauty’s fairest paragons’ are in their prime,
Shall I find thee nowhere, my Love?

The distant meadows are in bloom,
Hast thou not heard my plaint?
Flowers bloom on mountain lakes,
Come, let us to mountain meads;
The lilac blooms in distant woods,
Hast thou not heard my plaint?

The spring flowers have all blossomed,
O Myna\(^1\), hear the plaint of Poshinool\(^2\)!

Kostur\(^3\) came down from the happy woods
And was charred with the fire of love;
He turned black—think of that, my Love!
Will the lovesick Bulbul not find a cure?
O Myna, hear the plaint of poshinool!

---

1. Starling. 2. Golden Oriole. 3. Tickell’s Thrush.
kāvinī pārith nimāyo grāvo
hā mati yāvanrāyo ve

bahār āvtay sanz lōg nāvan
Sōna Lānki vathāray bo
shokā cāni zūlāh zālay raṅganāvan
hā mati yāvanrāyo ve

—Khwaja Habib

hā vōlo mōnī ho vaṅḍāyo pādan
ādanbāji myāni yāro ve

ādanañ āsās renzalā nādān
yāvanas kādar no zāniy mē
ditāmo darshun cham cāni lādan
ādanbāji myāni yāro ve

kukile pārī kavā trāvith kōlārādan
dukale vōnda myon gav
mē kale cāne brāntī gāmo nādan
ādanbāji myāni yāro ve
Like a crow I shall fly to thee with plaints,  
O Love, the lord of my youth!

Spring is come and boats are sought;  
I shall spread a seat for thee at the Isle of Gold⁴,  
I shall illuminate multi-coloured boats for thee,  
My Love, the lord of my youth!

I will lay the very apples of my eyes at thy feet, O come,  
My Love, companion of my youth!

When young I played with trinkets,  
Fool that I was,  
And did not prize my youth;  
But now I pine for thee. Show thyself,  
My love, companion of my youth!

Like a kukil-dove thou didst move along the wandering rills,  
And distraction filled my heart;  
Beguiled by love, I fancied thou wert calling me,  
My love, companion of my youth!

⁴. Sona Lank in Dal Lake.
cento laḏarī posh phōlī kōlārādan 
az chum ādan vātāhāmay 
dīhamay darshun sar vaṇḍay pādan 
ādanbāji myānī yāro ve

—Arnimāl

48
mē shoka yārāsāndī bārī mas-pyālata 
ālav dītose

tarāvāṇī marāge vasāvānī bālata 
āhiy nītose 
kyāh kara niyinam harānānī chālata 
ālav dītose

kandā tay nābadā bārī-mas thālata 
raṅga raṅga nītose 
jod gav āshkan dod kētha čālata 
ālav dītose

—Arnimāl

49
mē hiyi poshan mālā karēm 
cāni lolare 
shrōnī-dār sōnaṣānza buṅgari garēm 
cāni lolare
Think of *Ladarposh* bloom along the rivulet banks—
This is the time I look for thee.
Wert thou to come and show thyself,
I would lay down my life for thee,
*My Love, companion of my youth!*

48

For the love of my sweetheart I filled wine-cups.
Go and call out to him.

Across meadows and down hillsides,
My tender thoughts attend him!
Like a deer he bounded away, ah me!
Go and call out to him.

Dishes of sugar-loaf and candy sweet I filled,
Many and various—pray, offer these to him.
Smitten am I—how can I endure the anguish of love?
Go and call out to him.

49

Jasmine wreaths I weave
*For the love of thee.*
I wear gold bangles, jingling sweet,
*For the love of thee.*
yīd āyi gaçhakh kōt
kava gokh gindanas mōt
mati rozu damāh roza darəm
cāni lolare

cāni puçhī rāvərəm rəçiə
kāçəh gayəs āra-kəçəy
nūrəx ki vakhtay sūra parəm
cāni lolare

—Rasul Mir

50

mē kari taskiçə poshan məlata
chāvinə hiy

hāvasə bərī-mas mədəxkəsli vərata
yiyinə karəsay vəri manz jəy
darshana tahande bəl sandəratə
chāvinə hiy
chas myənî drəy

—Arniməl

51

kar vəsî madun yiyi mē sāla
poshan taskiçə kari mē məla
yəvən osum pürkəmalə
mas cath masəchiv rətnas nāla
The 'Id is come, where wilt thou go?
Prithee, why so fond of play?
Love, stay awhile, I kept the fasts
For the love of thee.

For thee I waited many nights,
And how I pined away!
At the rosy dawn prayers I said
For the love of thee.

I weave garlands of flowers for him—
Will he not disport himself 'mid jasmine?

For Love I filled wine cups to the brim,
O were he to come!
In my bosom I would place him;
And my love-lorn youth would be happy again.
Will he not disport himself 'mid jasmine—
For my sake?

Dear friend, when will Love accept my invitation?
I have woven garlands of flowers for him.
I was in the very prime of youth
When, drunk with wine, my Love caught me in an embrace
(And cast his spell on me).
rasā vōlay vōlay vōlay sōndārī-ye
masākhāsī hay bārī-may čē

vuth chiy račaphālī dand mōkhtāmālay
māsām hōnjī kyāh kosam hārī-ye
rasā vōlay vōlay sōndārī-ye

āsmān khāckhay hāy rāŋgaçārī-ye
vasākhay pānā kina lāgay vālābārī-ye
rasā vōlay vōlay sōndārī-ye

—Khwāja Habib

53

ho kārāyo ho ho kārāyo
myānī yāro ho ho kārāyo

asāvānī māshōka asī-kun sāthā
rasā vōlā masākī khāsī bārāyo
ho kārāyo ho ho kārāyo

dūre āham nūrānā trāvān
durdānā sōnākānādūr gārāyo
ho kārāyo ho ho kārāyo

—(Aziz Khan)
Come, O come trippingly, Love,
I have filled goblets brimful for thee.

Thy lips are coral beads,
Thy teeth are rows of pearl.
Dimples scatter violets on thy guileless face.
Come, O come trippingly, Love.

My Titling, thou hast flown to the skies.
Come down or I'll spread birdlime for thee.
Come, O come trippingly, Love.

Love, I'll sing thee a lullaby,
*I'll sing thee a lullaby.*

My winsome Love, come trippingly to me
this once,
I'll fill thee wine-cups,
*I'll sing thee a lullaby.*

Thou comest trailing splendour from afar,
I'll make thee gold ear-rings, my Pearl,
*I'll sing thee a lullaby.*
54

myāni madan hiyo hiyo
cham cânī lādan

hā yiyo yiyo
darshun diyo diyo
cham cânī lādan

ādana cēysati karyām vāday
vāda kava dōlham piyo piyo
cham cânī lādan.

—Arnimāl.

55

yita yita yāro yito
hītā drāyas gari ta vāy
hiy phōlyā bēyi yito
dēvā bāl darā ta vāy
mārī-māndi myāni zār bozto
kālī gachā barā ta vāy

—Jum Navhatta

56

kar lagan cânī kadam sāni āngan
sheri hēmāyo vōlo
bo drāyas dardā cânī
parda čatih bēyi yitāmo vōlo
bo do Himāl āsās
bāl mācās poshi tulay ho vōlo

—Arnimāl
My Love, my Jasmine, my Jasmine,
I long for thee.

Come, O come,
And show thyself;
I long for thee.

I plighted, when young, my troth to thee,
Why didst break thy troth, O sweet, O dear?
I long for thee.

Come Love, pray come,
I left my home for thee.
Will jasmine bloom again? O come,
I may yet live.
Loved One, hear my plaint:
Time soon will wither me, alas!

When will thy feet touch my courtyard?
I would place them on my head, O come!
For love, I left my home and hearth
And tore the veil, O come!
I was a famous beauty once, and now,
I have faded\(^1\) in my teens, O come!

---
1. Lit. I am reduced to the weight of a flower.
kar rāṅgim karvātēm
sārī sāmānā vōlo
shar kāstam sar bo vanday
cey rōst dēn kāhī baray
dūrēr con no zaray

—Haba Khātūn

mē kārī-mas poshan dastay
kar yiyam bāli bālayār
dādi tahande dil gom khastāy
kar hāvēm bāli dīdār

ruṭhī-mātīs tas yārāsay
vānī-tose myānī vilāzār
yiyi natay myānī drāy chasay
karāhsay sar nīsār

bumbākamāni cilā kyāh chusay
tīr láynam beshhumār
sīnāsipar dāryāmasay
kòrnamay bāli shikār.

—Haba Khātūn
I dyed my hands in henna—
When will he come?
It's Love should come to me, bedecked.
Come, still my craving,
I am dying for thee:
Without thee how shall I fill my days?
I cannot endure separation from thee.

I have made posies on posies for him,
When will the Loved One come to me?
Pining for him I have broken my heart,
When will the Loved One come to me?

Convey my wailings to my Love,
And, pray, let him be reconciled;
Should he tarry, conjure him in my name
I would lay down my life for him.

How tensely drawn are his eyebrows!
Many a missile he shot at me.
I bared my bosom for a shield
And now a stricken victim lie.
59

dāmāna bōdum ashi mati
kāmānī prārān dōh gom
sāmāna gāndith āyēs
yūt kyāh cē lōguy nashi mati
pāman lājthas kyāh kara
kāmānī prārān dōh gom

—Arnīmāl

60

kāvāraṅg kōrtham hāvu dīdāro
yāro lol ho ām conuy
chānḍān lūsās gāmā-shahāro
dēchām sāriy cēy hyuh na hānh
tani tōph lāytham guli-bōmbūro
yāro lol ho ām conuy.

61

cāni bartal rāvēm rācāy
āvāz vācāy no
khāsī vōzālī bārga chācāy
chas sōrgāc yēmbārzal
kālī melav kayāmācāy
āvāz vācāy no

vanahā yāc āshkānī brānčāy
kan thāvto Mahmūdas
kaman sūrtan gāchān mēcāy
āvāz vācāy no

—Mahmūd Gāmī
The hem of my robe is drenched with tears, Love;  
Waiting and yearning, my days drag.  
I came bedecked;  
Prithee, why so proud, Love?  
I have become an object of taunts, ah me!  
Waiting and yearning, my days drag.

Thou hast turned me black as the raven,  
Come, and show thyself to me.  
Love, I yearn for thee.  
Weary I grew, looking for thee 'mid country and town.  
I have found none like thee.  
Thou hast stung me, O Wasp-bee;  
O come, I yearn for thee.

At thy door I waited for nights on nights,  
Did you not hear me wail?  
With bells red and petals pale  
I am a divine narcissus (waiting for thee);  
It's a long long time to the Judgement-day.  
I would sing many a song for love,  
Pray, lend thy ears to Mahmūd—  
What lovely forms must turn to dust!  
Did you not hear me wail?
gān gān mo kar hā yândâro
kanarıin phālilay malâyo
rabi tala kār tulu hā sómbulo
yēmbārzal pyālā hēth prārān chay
hiyithâr chastay dubârâ phōlāyo

― Arnimāl

achi mē losam dārētā-bārī-ye
sōndârī-ye son yikhnā
shēchi sozâhay mańza chim ṭhârī-ye
sōndârī-ye son yikhnā

zâlī-pânjirâc hây raṅgaçârī-ye
âlī lañjinây yerakhnâ
kâllī pânjâray rozan čhârī-ye....

nâzâ camânâc tāzâ babârī-ye
sâzâ vōdi haṅga loguthnâ
rashk con niv mushk ambârī-ye....

khasâvânī hây poshethârī-ye
asâvun kyâh con rōkhsâr
ṭūrī sagâwânī tûrī mā bârī-ye....

― Makkûl Shâh.
Do not murmur and grumble, O Spinning-wheel,
Thy straw-rings¹ I shall oil.
Raise thy head from under the earth, O Hyacinth,
Narcissus is looking for thee with cups of wine.
Once faded, will the jasmine bloom again?

My eyes are aching: I have been looking
for thee from doors and windows.
Wilt thou not come to me, Love?
For the obstacles in my way messages of love cannot reach thee,
Wilt thou not come to me, Love?
O thou pretty cage-ling,
Wilt thou not build thy nest on the bough outside?
Death soon will empty all the cages.
O thou fresh basil of the garden of love,
O thou envy of fragrant ambergris,
Dost thou need to adorn thy brow?
O thou flowering creeper,
Thy face happy smiles doth wear,
Thy breasts are brimful with love.

¹. Rings made of straw in which the spindle is fixed.
yi chu duniyā navikhōta nov-ye lo lo
kari bāliye yāvanas rov-ye lo lo
yārādāde kyāh banyāv pāmpūras
shamahas path devāna gov-ye lo lo....

yarādāde kyāh banyāv bombūras
yēmbarzali path devāna gov-ye lo lo....
yarādāde kyāh banyāv Bombūras
Lolare path devāna gov-ye lo lo...
yarādāde kyāh banyāv Nāgī-rāyas
Hīmāli path devāna gov-ye lo lo...

asimay rosh häriye
asī hay lolan māriye

kyāh banyāv Pharhādas
Shirīnī path devāna gav
tāmī ti saṅgālāth vāliye
asimay rosh häriye

kyāh banyāv Majnūnas
Lāli path devāna gav
tas no būz māji māliye
asimay rosh häriye

1. The refrain, kari baliye yavanas rov-ye lo lo, is repeated as indicated here.
64

This world is new, for ever and ever new,
O maiden dear, weave thy youth in a wreath of dance.
For love the moth has to suffer
When he goes mad after the candle-flame.
For love the bee has to suffer
When it goes mad after the narcissus.
For love Bambur* had to suffer
When it went mad after Lolari*.
For love Nāgrāy* had to suffer
When he went mad after Himāl*.

65

Don’t be cross, my Myna dear,
It’s love has smitten me.

For Shīrīn Farhād had to suffer:
For love he tore down the hill.
For Laila Majnūn had to suffer:
Her parents would not relent.

So don’t be cross, my Myna dear,
It’s love has smitten me.

*Lovers famous in Kashmiri legend.
pardo tali jalva dyut māshokantay, māshokantay
mē ta tas azalay ās milāvantay, ās milavantay
rāshi sātī kami sōni asi kōr ḍhēntay, asi kōr ḍhēntay
ṛūṭhmut manāvith vēsī antantay, vēsī antantay
gindaṇuy dimāsay kanākuy sōntay, kanākuy sōntāy
yina nishi nāshas yina kānh sōntay, yini kānh sōntay
tas path rovum sor ādantay, sor ādantay
āmlī loločūran dičnam santay, dičnam santay
thaph dith mushnam shīla vāsantay, shīla vāsantay
āvār tā vāvār kār mē vāvantay, kār mē vāvantay
hārnas hārnas zan pāhī-pantay, zan pāhī-pantay
dīlakuy hāl von Makabūlantay, Makabūlantay
dādev bārī-thāy chas hanhantay, chas hanhan tay

—Makbul Shāh
Love's splendour shines beneath the veil,
   beneath the veil;
We were destined to be one, we were destined
to be one;
Some rival has estranged him from me,
estranged him from me;
Reconcile him to me, O reconcile him to me;
I'll make him a gift of all my gold, of all
my gold;
See that no rival keeps him away, keeps
him away;
For Love I pined away my youth, pined
away my youth;
That thief of love stole my heart, stole
my heart;
At a single blow my heart he snatched,
my heart he snatched;
The gust (of love) blowed me about, blowed
me about;
Like the dry leaves in autumn, I fluttered
down, I fluttered down;
Makbül has laid bare his heart, laid bare
his heart;
Every limb of his doth smart with love, doth
smart with love.
āsī āy lārān lolā sātiy
lo lāti lo
chiy āshkāhādiy sātī sātiy
lo lāti lo
arazah karahay roz ātiy
boztam ārizo
matā losānāvtakh lūsī-mātiy
lo lāti lo
āshakh chi vārāh lūsī-mātiy
pemātī yēkhsō
matā vuzānāvtakh nēndārihātiy
lo lāti lo
kokal zāy cânī babāriphātiy
na ta mā shab-bo
kyāh chiy shubān kāripātiy
lo lāti lo
āho cāshī-ma vārī kātiy
cāshī-mā cânī jādo
ḏīshīth harānāv van rātiy
lo lāti lo
ath sōmbul bāgas vānī mē ditiy
rāvarīm sārī doh
yim āshkā tōngal pāmī tātiy
lo lāti lo.

—Rūsul Mīr

1. Var. yim naz kadam trav sotiy.
We have hastened out of love to thee,
lo lati lo¹!
The love-lorn still do follow thee,
lo lati lo!
I would make suit to thee, O stay,
And, pray, hear my suit;
Do not wear out the way-worn, Love²,
lo lati lo!
Thy lovers. weary and worn out,
Have fallen by the way;
Do not wake up the sleep-laden,
lo lati lo!
On either side thy basil locks,
Thy luscious tuberose
How they become thy lovely back!
lo lati lo
Thy gazelle eyes so many have killed,
Thy magic eyes enthrall,
The deer have fled to woods for shame.
lo lati lo
I scanned thy hyacinth garden well,
Spending days together,
The flame of love was lighted in me,
lo lati lo.

¹. Lit. O my beloved, O!
². Var. Walk thy gentle paces slowly.
moy con chu sómbul
hovuth kaman kaman
trovuth če parayshan
bulbul mā saman saman
nāzāki khānjara sātī
āshakh mārith kātī
suy khūn ča mālith drākh naman naman
bīnī du bādām vasl-i shākh bumban bumban
nargis chē pur-mas bārī bārī lola caman caman

āv bulbul byūṭh thari
dil mē nyūnam sōndāri
nosh kōrnam nēndāri
hosh kōrnam bāmbāri
rāth dōh chas nazāri
dil mē nyūnam sōndāri
Thy tresses are a hyacinth,
Thou hast displayed them to many, O so many!
Thou hast untied and loosed\(^1\) them
Will *bulbuls* not assemble,
    so many, O so many!
By thy airs and graces\(^2\)
Thou hast killed so many, O so many!
And, thy finger-tips dyed in their blood,
    thou roamest:
See'st thine almond-eyes and
    bough-like eyebrow arches cusped,
And thy narcissus face, in full bloom,
    a very garden of love!

The *bulbul* sat on a bough,
He ravished a maiden's heart,
He robbed me of sleep,
He scattered away my wits;
Day and night I look for him.

---

1. Thus loosed they are a net for lovers.
2. Lit. By the sword of thy airs and graces.
tōhi mā ḥyūṭhvan su hay
yemī bo dōhay gājnas

tulākatur lōgum pōhay
hārānī tāpan gājnas
joyan lājnas dōhay, yemī bo...

path nayēn āsās bōhay
tōtuy votum tabardār
ganēn kōrnam tōhay, yemī bo...

—Haba Khotūn

71

gindāni drāyas turī gayas rāsith
dōhdari yānī lūsith gom

mālinī myānī arbāb āsī
tavay pyom Haba Khotan nāv
āṭī mānzī drāyas bārkā kāsī kāsī
sōr ālam časith āv
vanākī tapārēshī tapā āy vāsith
doḥdari yānī lūsith gom

—Haba Khotūn
Did you not see him
Who smites me with love?

He exposed me to the frost of Poh\textsuperscript{1},
He melted me in the hot sun of Har\textsuperscript{2},
He still makes me wander, like a running brook, in quest of him.

I lived apart, a pine in the back-woods,
Thither my Woodcutter came
    and found me out,
And felled me, and burnt the logs to ashes.

I left my home for play but returned not
When the day sank in the west.

I came of noble parentage
And made a name as Haba Khātūn.
I passed through crowds drawing tight my veil,
But people flocked to see me,
And ascetics hurried out of woods;
When the day sank in the west.

\textsuperscript{1} December-January (Winter) \hspace{1cm} \textsuperscript{2} June-July (Summer)
lasa kami hāvasay
su nay chu hēvān
nāv tay nasay

ōrfa chu ālāmasay
yīd chē āshākasay
yāras rōst yīd kōsay

āndarī āndarī zājnasay
tōndras lājnasay
māzas gom basābasay

shīn zan gājnasay
āran vājnasay
joyan lājnasay

vēsiye gačhtay astay astay
dastay karasay poshenāy
derāyi tāryom taskyut mastay
su chumay pherān goshenāy
su kavay rūdum goshenāy
tas kati lōgmay parud mastay
(yiyi nata gačhasay hiy-zan khaustay)

—Haba Khotūn
What hope can keep me alive?
He doth not ever think of me.

The world observes Ramadan¹.
The lover celebrates the 'Id;
But there can be no 'Id when Love is away.

Love has consumed me from within,
He has cast me into a hot oven,
And is burning me to cinder.

Love has melted me like the snow,
He has fretted me like the hill-stream,
And has made me restless like the rills.

Go gently and call him, friend,
I’ve made posies of flowers for him.
Over passes² high I carried him wine,
But he is roaming 'mid sylvan glades?
O why is he roaming in the distant glades?
O where is he drunk with my rival’s wine?
(Should he not come, like jasmine I’ll fade;
Go gently and call him, friend.)

¹ Lit. Urfa, the last day of the fasts, when the 'Id is anxiously awaited on the following day.
² Lit. up Dara, at the foot of Mt. Mahadev,
yēs mē kōrmay dil havālay
gachta vēsī yūrī antane
mārāmōt antan savālay
vāṛā lāgas tān tane
sar bo karas pāyimāl
gachta vēsī yūrī antane

cānānī-poshi raṅgā hay diṭhmas tan
cā nōn no vānī-ze bozi ālām
doha aki tas ta mē mejāyi tan
hā amob thāvnam sōy lādan
āvyul mā sanyos myon hiye badan

ārifav tā aşhākav racāy van
māni būz Mansūrī nāra dāzās tān
“analhaq” pōr tāmī mañz mārākan

—Khwaja Habīb
Whom I have entrusted with my heart,
Go friend, and bring him back to me.
I would press my body close to his,
I would lay my head at his feet;
Go friend, and bring him back to me.

I have seen his body:
It is the colour of peach-bloom!
Pray, let no one come to know of it.

Once his body and mine closed in an embrace—
O it is that has filled me with longings keen!
Did my jasmine body press too hard and hurt him?

For love many devotees and lovers renounced the world
And betook themselves to woods;
Mansūr alone realized love's true meaning,
His body was set aflame;
"I am the truth," said he openly,
He cared not for what people would say.
nata kāṇsi nay zārāvī āshkāṇī nārātātī
hā lātiy čā chāvtay nēndārihātiy posh

“analhaq” paryāv Mansūr mātī
gāphilav māni būzith zonus na kēnh
tāmī dārāpēṭhā hyōtun yār pānun sātī-sātī

yēli chum yāvun čētas pēvān
tēli cham yivān devānaqī
āshakh bómbur vyūr hēvān
phīrī-phīrī camānan vōn divān
yēli par ḍuṅkānas chu vāsith pēvān....

bani yēs kēnh ārām na tas
mē chu pēvān kyāhtām čētas

lola kartājī chōkh yēs yiye
ābi hayāth tas no vaye
dor-davā dīdār chu tas

yēna tas yaṟā-sāṇz kal gayam
nālī lolāc hāṅkal gayam
tanā chas bāl māsībatas
Who ever did endure the burns of love?
O maiden, enjoy flowers while yet they are waking into bloom.

"I and my Love are one," said Mansūr,
People heard him but did not understand;
From the gallows he clung fast to his love
And proved his faith.

When I remember the days of youth,
I feel like mad.
How true a lover is the bee!
It sucks honey and knows no satiety:
It seeks out flowers in gardens,
    again and again,
Till its wings fail and it falls down dead.

Whoever is in love, will know no peace:
I feel a tugging at my heart.

Whoever is wounded with the darts of love,
Ambrosia is no balm for him;
His only balm is a sight of Love.

Ever since I have been in love
I am a captive, bound hand and foot;
I feel the misery of it,
Even in the innocence of my youth.
Hasanás lola-tabas davā
keňh-na vasālaki mas-pyāla sivā
hā sākāyā dāmā dītā

—Gulām Hasan Ganāyi

79

loytham āshkun dāmā
dilārāma dilbaro

mijitīr cāni yēli āmā
vanto kāhī sandāro
mandinēn kōrtham shāmā...

hiyitani pēyēm hāmā
gān gān cāni bōmburo
ṭōph mo lāy siyāphāmā....

—Akbar Bahū

80
dil tārī kōrtham dilbaray
vanto cē bēn dēn kāhī baray

bāgas phōlīmo ambaray
chāvāni vājām bōmburay
gām sārī poshan ambaray—

barbukā chas gāmāc baray
astam baray māray baray
yinā cāni shādī kācāh baray—
The poet is suffering from the fever of love,
There's no cure save (the wine of)
Love's embrace;
O Saki, let me have a draught (of the wine).

Thou hast caught me in the noose, Love
Thou art my only solace.
Thou throwest thine eyelashes at me,
How can I bear the agony, Love?
Thou hast turned my noonday into dusk.

A blight has befallen my jasmine body.
Since thou hast gone away, humming by;
O Wasp-bee, thou hast stung me too pitilessly.

Thou hast filled me with a yearning, Love,
Without thee how shall I fill my days?
My garden is in full bloom,
Wafting its rich fragrance abroad.
I invited my Bee to enjoy the bloom,
He did not come, and
The flowers lie in an idle heap.

I am in my very prime,
Voluptuous and ripe for love.
O come, for thee a lambkin I'll kill;
O the joy that will be mine when thou wilt come!

1. Cup-bearer, beloved.
roshi völā posh ho bo lāgay
gosh thāvtam vanâyo bo zārī
yēmbarangal chas¹ khumārā bārith
sharmi sāṭī kār bōnkun thāvith
harñā gayi dar jaṅgal mārith
mārī āsī² cânī cāshe-khumārī

* * * *

yār gomay Pāmparī vate
kōṅgā poshav rōṭ nālāmate
su chu tate bo chas yēte
Barsāhibo karānā³ bo zārī

Mohmūd Gāmi

lāj phulay bādāman
yār kaman gom mōtuy
roshi kārīmas poshi caman
dēva yiyām pōtuy
hāy pēyam yembārzalan
yār kaman gom mōtuy...
Come Love, heed my wailings,
I adore thee.

I am a narcissus, in full bloom,
For modesty I cannot tell my love.
Like a gazelle I roamed the wilds,
Till thy wanton eyes enthralled my heart.

* * * *

My Love took the road to Pampore, where
Saffron flowers locked him in their embrace.
He is there, and ah me! I am here—
Have I not cause to lament, my God?

Almond blossom is everywhere,
But where's my Love?
On whom has he set his heart?
I laid flower-beds for Love,
I hoped he would come back to me; 
But he did not come and
My daffodils withered away.
Where's my Love
When almond trees are in bloom?
83

Lāj phulay kohādāmanāy
bādām drāy nānī
grāy kār tāmī yāvanāy
shēchi vaninam kavaṇāy
kan thāvinā grāvanāy
bādām drāy nānī

84

bahārā phulāyā phōjī sabāzāran
kavā zānā yāran tār kyāh gāyī
sōnan jāy rāṭ aṇḍmazāran
tāṭī-bōna yāran nēndār pēyi
tim chi tati āsī yēti chi prāran ...

85

tas rōs madānas mēti kyāh provuy
nāhākay dil ti myon rovuy-ye

āyīna ċābī myānī dāntuv zoluy
kukilav yūrhas ōluy-ye
tas na madanās kāṇsi tiy bovuy,
nāhākay dil ti myon rovuy-ye
All hill-sides are in bloom
And almond blossom is everywhere.
I heard a crow whisper to me:
"Thy Love hast fled from thee
When spring is abroad and thou art in prime."
Have I not cause to grieve,
And should he not heed my plaint
When hill-sides are in bloom
When almond blossom is everywhere?

The fields are green again in the spring;
Why should our friends be so late to come?
In far-off graveyards the iris is in bloom,
It is there our friends have gone to sleep.
They are there and, ah me! we are here—waiting for them.

What am I worth now that my Love is away?
Have I given away my heart in vain?
My (body is a) balcony with glass-panes and ivory eaves,
Where turtle-doves have woven their nest,
(And filled it with amorous cooing for Love),
But alas! he does not know and keeps away.
kyäh karä rüdum su vananay pherän
sorän chumno äåänük sreh
kukië åås thari ol yerän
sontaçi vuzämälî gândnam reh
zulfâke gräyi sâtî gyür chum gerän
sorän chumno äåänük sreh

düri rüdum ândüri vantay
vantay vësl yiinyinâsan
düri döpnam gâçhâvo vantay
cüri rüdum mañz lâsan
müri när chum kâhî lalavvantay
vantay vësl yiinyinâsan

vantà kavay düri rüdum
yânî me mölum türi çândun
döbi-väñä chîlum tâ chökum
krûth pyom yârâdod
chalâ-chôkh nâhâkay râvâm

—Arnimâl
He keeps away, roaming the woods, ah me!  
What can abate the ardour of my youth?  
I was a *kukil* weaving my nest on a bough,  
unconcerned.

When, in the springtime, lightning lit up  
a flame in me,  
And the curl of his locks whirled me in  
the eddy of love.  
What can abate the ardour of my youth?  

He held aloof, 'mid distant woods,  
Say friend, will he not come?  
He cried to me, "Let's to the woods";  
But he is fled far away¹ from me,  
And my bosom is burning with the fire  
of love.  
Say friend, will he not come?  

Say friend, why he kept away  
When I, a budding maiden, had bathed me  
in sandal-oil?  
At the wash-house I washed and rinsed  
my clothes.  
See how pitiless and cruel he was!  
He did not come,  
And all my washing and rinsing was in  
vain.

---

¹ Lit. to far-off Lhasa.
völə myāni rindo
cē pata drāyas gindāne
nāvas lagay bo
hāvasā-zuv chas vandāne
vata chas vuchān
cē pata rāvam nēndar tā neh
hāvtam didār
bo dūrēra cāni chas galāne

—Haba Khotūn.

gachta hay vēsī lola tahande
chamnā nēndar tā neh
kācavūn zan kājī bo gājnas
vuchtā tās mā sreh
bāli prachām lōla ākī-mas
kyāh chu yēlāj mē
torā dōpnam cēd chē karānī
khūni-jigar cē
yām vuchim zuluf tahanḍī
shām sapud mē
lānī cīran vunā vājim
kuni ām na neh

hā matay hārl-ye matay
tas yāras patay rāvam nēndar tā neh
chōkh yārlī loYNAM kartāji khatay
chōkānay yēlāj lōbum nā kehn
chas chōkālad lāras yāras patay
tas yāras patay rāvam nēndar tā neh
89

Come, my Hedonist,
I came out to sport with thee.
Thy very name I adore,
I offer my dear life to thee,
I keep gazing at thy path,
I've lost all sleep and rest for thee.
O come,
Thine absence is wasting me.

90

Go to him, my friend,
For Love I have no sleep nor rest.
Like the pale wan moon, I am wasting away,
See, he does not requite my love.
I said to my Love,
"Physician, what's the cure for me?"
"No cure, thou must suffer," he said;
"Thou must suck thy heart's blood".
Since I saw his long black locks
I've been overwhelmed with gloom;
My thoughts are in a whirl,
And I do not find any rest.

91

Come, O come, Myna dear:
I have lost all sleep and rest,
I have found no balm for the wounds of love.
Wounded and stricken am I,
Yet must I pursue my Love,
For I have lost all sleep and rest.
mati shînzan galâyo
balâyo cânè yinay
çhaⁿjâm sârl jangalâyo
yitâ yûrî dêvâ balâyo
yikhnatay sûrho malâyo
balâyo cânè yinay

bâ ti no durër con zaray
bûl marâyo marâyo

chum khafâ¹ lâray patâ
lâyay bronṭhanâlas thaph
dâmânâ raṭay mahsharay....

sharmaṇda thâvthas āphtâbo
kârtikâc zûn
kâjî cânî gâjis lâjsâ daray....

häriⁿji bumbâ cânî
lâyân rumârumay tir
vâlinji kârl-nam pañjiray....

1. Khafkhan
Love, I waste away like melting snow,  
I can recover only if thou wilt come.  
I have scanned the woods in quest of thee;  
If thou wilt come, I may revive,  
Or else, I’ll despair and die.

I shall die through thy neglect, Love;  
I cannot bear separation from thee.

I cannot rest;  
I must pursue thee,  
I must hold thee fast by the collar of thy robe;  
Canst thou escape me at the Judgement-day?

I am the Katik' moon,  
Thou art my Sun.  
Yearning for thee, I have waned;  
I wait expectantly for thee.

Thy brows, "bended bows",  
Dart arrows every moment at me  
And make a lattice of my heart,  
Piercing numberless holes in it.

1. October-November. Autumn.
bo sharmi gājis shar mē gomo
kar mē zonum āh
az kör mē karmālon, saray....

yēth lōlabāgas zakhmi dil gul
sarvā chu myon āh
ashivāni sātī joyī phiray....

hēsā vēsārāvthas māramatyo
vēsā kamū chay
timā chā myāni khōtā sondaray....

—Rasul Mir.

bulbul phīrākāvānī dyū gulan
antan su madanvār

khumār kyā chus yēmbārzalan
harnan karān shikār
shikārā tahanāde jāngal alan....

rāh kyā lōdnam mē gāphilan
bozān chum no zār
mārī āslī tami-sāndī tagophulan....

subuh āv tāy nūr ho phōlān
sārī chi vōmedvār
nazāre tahanāde bemār balan....
For a long while I realized not
The pain and disgrace of unrequited love;
But now I know fate has overtaken me.

In the garden of love the wounds of my heart are the flowers,
And my sighs are the cypress,
With tears of mine I shall fill the garden brooks.

Thou hast benumbed my senses, Love,
Who are thy friends?
And are they lovelier than I?

O lovelorn bulbul, scan the flowers,
And bring unto me my Love.

A glance shot from his eyes doth slay the deer,
How wanton are his eyes!
Forests quake, deer shake with fear
When a-hunting he goes,
(with darts of love from his wanton eyes).

What has been my offence?
Why doth he not heed my plaint?
His indifference is a death agony to me.

The morn is come,
The rose of dawn is blown; and
All are filled with hope.
My only hope is a kind glance
Shot from his wanton eyes.
bedardā dādi cāni sūr ho sapādān
sōy lay māṭhāyo myāni yāro lo lo

silāh ganjām ālam chanjām
ganjām sinā-sipāro
har tāri āshkāne mē soz vāyāy
suy soz mōṭhuyō myāni yāro lo lo

Mājnūn khačāv Nājdāke bālo
trāvān ashine cālo
Lāl ho āyisay sōrmā ta sāzo
thōd vōthu myāni mahārāzo lo lo

āyēs bo nīrith shokā cāne
cārith vuchimay bumay
mē koṁchmay cē lōgāyo
Rumārēshun āy
dāy kāmi dyutāyo
chay nā pherān māy

-Arnimāl.
O Heartless One,
The fire of thy love is burning me,
And thou hast ceased to requite my love.
I girt on a sword
And a breastplate I donned,
I wandered about the world in search of thee;
(But thou wert to be found nowhere, Love).
I tuned all my heartstrings for thee
And thou hast turned indifferent to the tunes of my love.

For La’ila Majnūn climbed the hills of Nejd,
Shedding copious tears:
Thy La’ila has come bedecked herself to thee,
Arise my Bridegroom,
Come out to meet thy bride.

I ran away from home to thee;
Thou didst knit thy brows
And spurn my love.
Who counselled thee to spurn my love?
Still did I pray: “Long mayest thou live!”
cham lādan laṭi aki yiyinā
haftikuy vaṇḍasay rath
rāvi ādan pādan pēmosay
lati kavā kārnam lath

vanākas vēsiye sōna cham gelān
yēnā yārī trāvnam karaṇī kath
shēyi yār āśī-teen tūshtani parāzen
toti cham vōṇḍasay sath

—Arnimal

as may vēsi myon hyū kas gav
yēs gav masvalī gōndur havāy
robākhānā bihthāy dārī-cas ṭhas gom
zonum osh mā āngan cāv
yār nay ḍyūṭhum vālinji ḍas gom
I have a longing keen:
Were he to come but once,
I'd shed my life-blood for him.
I was a flowering creeper,
O why did he trample me under his foot?
Away from him, I fear me,
I'd droop and pine
and age in youth.
I would entreat him to come,
I would fall at his feet.
(I am so held in thrall).

My rivals laugh at me:
Friend, whom can I tell?
He is no longer on speaking terms with me.
Yet long may he live
and give joy to my rivals!
What sustains me is the thought
that he is happy and well.

Do not laugh at me, friend.
Who has been so miserable as I?
Drunk with the sensuousness of youth
And in my very prime,
I have been deserted by my Love,
Who is mad on someone else.
Waiting for him in the front parlour,
I heard a tapping at the window-pane,
Methought the loved One had entered my
courtyard;
It was not he, and
My heart within me sank.
99
sōnā cham gelān kuni chum na melān
parzēn satī chum khelānī
āshkādādi sūr gav parbata shelan
āshkācūr phōr balāvīrānī
āshkādod hani hani tani chum telan

—Arnimal

100
zār vantās hā vēsiy
bāli rāh kyāh chumay
ārārost gačīth rūdum nishi parzēn
nār gōndānam yēna būzum
 nishi parzēn chumay
tanānay vēsi tamidādi chumnā pakān an
mē chu tamānā bāli tāhuṇd
 nishi yār gōchūmAY

—Arnimal

101
vōd ami kūkile dīl myon dōduy
hā kāmyū rīndī būz myon ku kū kū
Lāli tā Mājnunī nardas gīnduy
trovun shash-pañj pyos dukhāl
Lāli huṇd hāvasā dāvas lōgyuy
I find him nowhere
And rivals mock at me—
He is sporting with someone else.
The fire of love burns mountain rocks to ashes;
The thief of love rifles the brave;
Every limb of mine smarts with the pain of love.

Convey to him my lamentations, friend;
What is my sin?
The Cruel One sports with my rivals;
And envy burns my bosom.
O the pain it gives me!
I cannot eat nor drink.
I deeply yearn for Love;
Would that he were beside me!

The *kukil*¹ wailed:
"Out of the fullness of love's agony I sang,
The Reckless One heard my *ku ku ku*²
But did not care."

La'ila and Majnūn played at dice—
She threw six-and-five but scored only a two.
She had staked her heart—and he won.

¹ Turtle-dove ² Coo Coo.
vuch tā vēsī yār myon čōluy
yār day sēṭhāh mōlāluy chum
racām nālā tā vuchnam hōluy

hāy lātiy lolan gāymay mūri tay
māṭī yēstā tràvnam pārīzān

taspatā āshākh kāṭī gay mātiy
parzēn sāṭī chum dēn kiho rāth
kāḥī zarā bo bāl mūhānīy pāmāy zōrātay
sāṭiy bēyi rūṭh buchnas yāriy
yiyyinā vōṇdi shar nerēṃ nā
yim kāmākī na zi rozān sāriy
māṭī yēstā tràvnam pārīzān

camākān ōbṛatalā vuzāmala zan drāv
āyi grāyi chāyigāṭī karān zan āv
ḍoṭhaphōl kitha rūd nabanār barān
gāgarāyi karān čōl zan vāv
nehāchaṭī anigāṭi mushnas shāman
mē bāli thovnam suy āmāṭāv
See, friend, my Love has fled;
I hold him dear, so dear;
I would embrace him
But he looked askance at me.

My heart has dried within me, friend,
Since Love treats me distantly.

Many are his lovers, mad on him;
He sports with them all night and day—
Can I endure envy’s slow-consuming fire?

He was angry with me, again, so soon.
O I have been mauled by Love!
Will he not come?
Will my cravings not be stilled?
These loved Ones are never constant in love.

He shone forth like lightning from under the clouds;
He came and went and came and went away.
He came like hail-stone raining down the rage of the skies,
And he went thundering by as the storm sweeps.
Amid the “torrent of darkness” he left me,
Young in years, to suffer the agony of love.
agnā gagāṇa gayī gagārāyī
nabā maṇza nārā vuzāmalā drāyī
antan pī antan pī
āṅgan sānī phōjmāc hī
cāṭith lāgas sheri
antan pī antan pī

rātas osum lava zan lārīth
subāhas prāvi kēthā trāvith gom
babāre caman ashi saganāvith
āśhimōt kava pashināvith gom
savāl kārī-tos hiy gačhi chāvith

yānī hūrī mē ṭūrī ḍandun mōlūmay
tāmat cōlūmay yār vēṣī
dapyom āgas bo roshi zāgas
lāgas bo sheri hī
vōndakīs bāgas poshāh phōlūmay
tāmat cōlūmay yār vēṣī

—Arnimal
104

Fiery thunders burst in the heavens,
And lightnings flashed across the sky;
Go, find me my Love.

My jasmine\(^1\) is in bloom,
I would crown him with a jasmine-wreath;
Go, find me my Love.

105

All night long he was with me
Like dew on a flower;
The sun rose in the morning and he fled.
And since my wanton Love is fled,
Leaving me woe-begone,
I have watered my basil breasts with tears;
Will he not come and
Enjoy my jasmine-body?

106

Hardly had I, a budded houri,
Bathed me in sandal-oil,
When Love did flee from me, O friend.
Methought I would lie in wait for my lord
With Jasmine to crown his head—
In the garden of my heart,
A rare flower had bloomed
When Love did flee from me, O friend.

\(^1\) Lit. The Jasmine in our courtyard
ार्ल-नि रावंग गौंम श्रवणं हिये
कर यीये दर्शुन दिये

शमसंदर्ल पांम लाजिस
अमतावाव कोताह गाजिस
नामपागामा तस कुस निये
कर यीये दर्शुन दिये

कांडा नाबादा आरादमुतुय
फांडा कारिथ चोलुम कोतुय
कंडा कार्ल-नाम लुकान थिये
कर यीये दर्शुन दिये

सुली वोथाव सांगरमालान
लाणा चारों कोहां ता बालान
प्रारंच चास बो ताहांजेप्रयेन
कर यीये दर्शुन दिये。

— Arnimal

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108

अदा कर यीयमतय
बारसय मलरेव मलरेव
स्यिनाशन मास स्यिनाशन मास

कामि सोनि हाव्नास तान
काल हाय वुहुव्नम
पेठ सांगरान
I was a full-blown Jasmime; pining
For Love I turned as pale as the arni rose;
When will my Love come to me?
He exposed me to people's taunts,
He scorched me with the burns of love;
Who can tell him what I feel?
And will he come to me?
I offered him sugar-loaf and candy sweet,
He enticed my heart and fled.
O wither is he gone?
In the presence of strangers he mocked at me,
And will he come to me?
Let's arise while it is early dawn,
And seek my Love
On hills and mountains high;
I wait expectantly for him,
When will he come to me?

When will my Love come to me?
I will fill pitcher on pitcher with wine:
Will he not drink to me?
Will he not let me drink to him?

Up on the hill-side, the other day,
He spoke harsh words to me—
On whom has he set his eyes?
Whose beauty has beivited his heart?
hali chus khanjar tay
tir hay laynam
poshi panjiran

109

padmāni adā kar yiyam tay
vadānas chum na čēn
ōsh chas trāvān čāle čāle
mashi kar cham trahan
lashi nārā zājnas
myūlum ōsh tá an.

—Arnimāl

110

hā čhālā vēsī bo ti nay čālay
hālāy hālāy anI-ton yār
lolāki bāzāra niyinam čālay
masāchiv yār myon yūrI anI-ton
ōlfatā vājnas zulfatā kḥālay
hālāy hālāy anI-ton yār
He has shot countless darts of love
at my frail flowery breasts;
Will he not come to me?

A Padmani¹ am I, yearning for Love,
When will he come to me?
My tears flow fast,
My longing is keen,
My anguish is deep;
And can I ever forget?
My love is a torch-wood flame
burning my inmost bosom
with its fiery leaping tongues.
My sorrow knows no end,
My tears know no break.

I will not endure his wantonnesses now,
Friend, bring him soon to me.
From the bazaar of love he fled,
(among the crowded joys of love),
drunk with the sensuousness of youth
and heedless in his pride.
Love caught me in the meshes of his locks
and moles,
Friend, bring him soon to me.

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¹ A woman excelling in charms and character.
rumā rumā lātiy kava chum mārāṇī
kārinā son pāy āyēs nīrith bo
nehagaṭī cólmay Sēndāvāvā trāvith
tiy kas nishi hēka bāvith bo

gari bāl drāyēs sāmānā prāvith
kāmānī prārān lustum doh
pāman lājnas gom tambālāvith
tiy kas nishi hēka bāvith bo

— Arnimāl

112

dil hay nyūnām ḍyūṭhvan nāye
shilā day mushnas rūd kath shāye
gil zālā lāgith cólmay hāye
parzēv kamavtānī dyut-has dāye
shāch myānī vānī-tos yor pheri nāye
dil hay nyūnām ḍyūṭhvan nāye
Friend, why does he want to kill me by inches? Why does he not feel concerned for me?—Counting no cost I left my home for him. In the black gloom of night he was gone, leaving me alone to brave the wintry winds of the Sindh! Whom can I bear to tell what has befallen me?

I left my home for him, bedecked and full of charms, And, full of yearning, I waited for him the livelong day; But he had enticed my heart and was gone, leaving me alone to bear people’s taunts. Whom can I bear to tell what has befallen me?

Have you not seen him Who stole my heart? He has robbed me of my heart— Oh, where is he gone? Like a tern he caught me in his net— And he is gone, ah me! Who has poisoned his ears against me? Will you not tell him how miserable I am and make him come back to me?

1. A tributary of the Jhelum flowing through snowy mountains.
haçı lómnam nēndāri haçı maći
maçi maçaḥbaṇḍ sānīth gom
sōn nyūnam raći raći
vunyūb kārīth gom
vantā vēsī vōnī kus kas paći

—(Arnīmāl)

yār day lātiye čhāndon kate
bo mate tahānde gari drāyāso
trāvīth čōlāmāy mē maṅz vate
vuch tā vēsī tas yārāsünduy khōy
yār nay deshan pān māra bote

vēsī paĉ nay tahāndēn kolan
loлан muḥī-tay phīrhī-to-ne
yēth bavāsārasāy keṅh nay tolan
yāni phōlī tharēn gul tāṅī barāgay
sōndar mā galan ta gōndar mā ḍolan
loлан muḥī-tay phīrhī-to-ne

—Arnīmāl
He pulled me by the wrist in my sleep,
And my bracelet pierced my arm.
He robbed me of all my gold
And left me, distraught and wild.
Say friend, whom can one trust?

Where shall we seek my Love, friend?
I left my home and hearth for him.
He has deserted me
ere half my life's journey is done;
See friend, how faithless he is!
If I do not find him, shall I not slay myself?

Friend, give no credit to his vows;
He ravished my heart and fled.
O can you win him back to me?
What endures in this fleeting world of ours?
As soon as flowers blossom, they fade away.
If lovely maidens died,
Who would care for handsome youths?
116

گاه سپادان ترَم تا گاه سپادان لُید
به-کولان سَیث thévi-zīna کُهِی
پتا پتا کاریماس یَنِی مِه شَوتوم مُوی
حارگَر یار میون کَث گَرَه گاو
شَم چُس زُلپَه تاَی ضَبَه یارَسَونِدْعَی رُوی
به-کولان سَیث thévi-zīna کُهِی

117

سِنژاراچ ما‌نزواتِنِ تَراوُناس شَمَان
کُهَاَمَان سِیث نِو thévi-zīna کُهِی
باربُکَا یَیِس چَکھ دیما یَاَمَان
گُلی-اندامان کُهوتَنِم رُوی
کِیَه کارا لِاجنِس لولِقآن تا پَمَان

—Арнімал

118

وُختَا وَسی لِکَانِدَه بُو زَیِس
بَگَنِی یَیِس لِکَانِدَه تَمِ
دَهَا اَکی مَلی-مَاجی نَگِرَا هَرِشاَیِس
شَهَارََیَِق اُسَاس وَاقِس گَم
سَتی دُهِلی پَهَرِیث مَلیِنِِی اَنیَیِس
بَگَنِی یَیِس لِکَانِدَه تَمِ
Now they become copper,
Now they become bronze;
Have nothing to do with those who break
their vows.
I followed him till my hair turned grey:
Which home has he chosen for the nonce—
This Visitor of a hundred homes,
This Inconstant Love?
His locks have the darkness of evening,
His face has the morning light.

On the wayside, at dusk, he left me forlorn,
Have nothing to do with the light of love.
My heart is bursting, my garments I'll rend,
My Rose has hid his face from me.
Ah me! I am become an object of taunts
and scorn.

See friend, where I was born
and where I was married!

My parents celebrated my marriage
in the city with great eclat:
City-born and bred,
into the country I was married; but
widowed only seven days after,
my parents had to call me back.
See friend, where I was married!
dohā aki shreḥāsānī mālyun gayāyēs
dekābāji kākāni dičnam pām
dēkārāqch zēvunuy kōna mōyāyēs
bāgāni āyēs kahānde tām

119
kyā vanāyo matī kyā vanāyo
yī gom pānas tā tī vanāyo
lānyun nyāy chum tā tī vanāyo
kyā vanāyo matī kyā vanāyo

bāgas myānis bādām phulāyā
ādana rāvās tā tī vanāyo
kyā vanāyo matī kyā vanāyo

bāgas myānis čera phulāyā
verī cāni phōjmā tā tī vanāyo...
bāgas myānis gilāsā phulāyā
dilāsā ditīthamā tā tī vanāyo....
bāgas myānis taṅgā phulāyā
lāṅgā lāṅgā phōjsā tā tī vanāyo.

1. Var. sīrāsan.
Once I went to my father's home,
There my brother's wife taunted me
so bitingly that
widowed as I was, I wished
I had died as soon as I was born.
See friend, where I was married!

Can I tell thee, Love, can I?
Can I tell thee what I suffer?
I suffer the 'abyssmal anguish' of Fate;
Can I find utterance for my grief?
Can I tell thee, Love, can I?

In the garden (of my heart)
Hardly had the almond-tree (of love)
blossomed out
When Death "parted me from Love's caress,"
And the blossom of love was lost for ever.
Can I tell thee, Love, can I?

In the garden (of my heart)—
Did the apricot-tree (of love) blossom out
tended and watered by thee?
Did the cherry (of love) blossom out
fondly caressed by thee?
Did the pear-tree (of love) blossom out
in flambeaux of bloom?
Can I tell thee, Love, can I?

1. Lit. wife of a rich and fortunate brother.

1. Lit. I have a quarrel with my fate!
   I am enmeshed in the tangled web of fate.
bagai nis alicha phula
loaci karitham ta ti vanayo
kyā vanayo mati kyā vanayo
In the garden (of my heart)
The plum (of love) was in the flush of bloom
When Fate mocked at me,
(And thou wast gone for ever),
And a blight befell the bloom of love.
Can I tell thee, Love, can I?
vóthu¹ hā bāgvāno
nav bahārūk shān paidā kar
phōlan gul gath karan bulbul
tithuy sāman paidā kar
caman vairān rivān shabnam
cātith jāma paraishān gul
gulan tay bulbulan āndar
dubārah jān paidā kar
kāri kus bulbulā āzād
panjiras maṅz ça nālān chukh
ça panāne dasta panānēn
mushkīlān āsān paidā kar
chi bāgas jānawar bolān
magar āvāz chakh byōn byōn
tihiṁdis ālāvas yā Rab
asar yēkhsān paidā kar
agar vuzānāvāhan bastī gulan hānż
trāv zīr-o bam
bunyul kar vāv kar gagarāy kar
tuphān paidā kar

—Ghulam Ahmad Mahjūr
Arise, O Gardener!
Let there be a glory in the garden
    once again!
Let roses bloom again!
Let *bulbuls* sing of their love again!
The garden in ruins,
the dew in tears,
the rose in tattered leaf—
Let roses and *bulbuls* be kindled anew with life!
Thy wailings avail thee not, O *bulbul*,
Who will set thee free?
Thy salvation thou hast to work
    with thine own hands alone.
Birds of the garden are full of song
    but each one strikes his own note—
Harmonize their diverse notes, O God,
    into one rousing song!
If thou wouldst rouse this habitat of roses,
    leave toying with kettle-drums;
Let there be thunder, storm and tempest,
    yea, an earthquake!
bulbul vanan chu poshan
gulshan vatan chu sonuy

yeth saini ranga vare
pholl posh vari vare
khosh-bo tihanz copare....

lajmaq phulay che poshan
bangan vanan ta goshan
bulbul vuchit chi toshan....

viri-kimi ta tekabatane
suli ay jay ratane
lagi turi jama catane...

sombul vanan bunaphshas
ruzith ca chayi chukh kas
van traav bag kun vas....

nagan kolan ta aran
joyan ta absharan
dyut soz navbaharan....

bangan kohan ta balan
naran nayan ta nalan
kam rang gul chi khalan....

andI andI saphed sangar
devar sang-i-marmar
manz bag sabz gavhar...
The Bulbul sings to the flower:
"Our country is a garden."

In this our lovely garden
Flowers bloom and bloom,
Wafting abroad their fragrance.

See the flush of bloom
In orchards, woods and glades:
The Bulbul gazes fondly
And has his thrill of joy.

Virkim\(^1\) and tekabatane\(^2\)
Have early come to bloom,
And buds are bursting everywhere.

The hyacinth says to the violet:
"Why dost thou hide thyself?
Leave the wooded highlands,
Come down to the fields below."

The spring has filled with symphony
Fountains and brooks and hill-streams,
Rills and waterfalls.

To fields, hills and open wolds,
To hollows, glens and meads—
What glow imparts the bloom!

On all sides pinnacles of snow
Like marble ramparts stand
Around a green emerald.

---

1. A sweet-smelling yellow flower which appears in early spring and is found on the high plateau of the valley—colchicum.
2. A kind of marcissus.
bulbul karān gulan gath
bōmbur yēmbarzalan path
kāshīrī chi mast mascath....

Mahjūrā des sonuy
bāgāh chu núndābonuy
ath lol gačhi baronuy

—Ghulam Ahmad Mahjūr

122*

poshivanā bāgāc poshagōndārī-ye
grāsī-kūrī nāznīn sōndārī-ye
sōrgāc Himāl Kāfāc pārī-ye....

āzād vanācī poshethārī-ye
māshkā-sātī tūrī kāmī bārī-ye
sathrāqg bakshi kāmī raṅgārī-ye....

syōdsādā jāmā chuy shāmāsōndārī-ye
na zi chuy gōtā nay zārī-ye
kācā-zūnī zan chiy kālā-ōbrākī ṭhārī-ye....

vanāvāni drāyakh pēṭh thazārī-ye
vīginēv shābāsh kārī-ye
cāṅgāsāz vāyān chakhay didārī-ye....

če tā khōji-bāyan chā barābārī-ye
če gulan sātī dilbārī-ye
khōji-bāyī trōparith dāretābārī-ye...

*The poem has been published in the original under the title,
A Country Lass.
The *Bulbul* dotes on roses,  
On narcissus the bee,  
Drunk with the joy of his nativeland  
Is the Kashmiri.

Our nativeland, O Mahjür,  
Is verily a lovely garden.  
We must love it dearly,  
We all must love it dearly.

Thou Bouquet of meadow flowers,  
O country lass, O sweet, O dear!  
Thou Himāl¹ of Heaven, thou fairy from Kāf²!  
Thou flowering creeper of the open wolds,  
Who has filled thy buds with fragrance keen?  
Who has given thee thy colours divine?

Thy clothes are plain, O lovely loss,  
They have no lace nor frill of gold.  
Thy wayward locks of hair are like  
Black clouds that veil the *Katik³* moon.

Singing thou roamest the uplands above,  
And fairies thee applaud:  
Like the *didar* lark thou singest.

Can *Khoja⁴* women match thee?  
Thou roamest free among flowers:  
*Khoja* women lie confined indoors.

---

1. Famous for her beauty in Kashmiri legend.  
2. Cacausus.  
3. October-November.  
4. Muslim ladies of the upper classes.
hayihaki ābā chay cashma bārī-bārī-ye
gārtac chay dilāvārī-ye
sharmī căni hūrav tārīph kārī-ye...
daji pēth vuchmakh thōd lādith nārī-ye
lo lo karān lo-lārī-ye
nari mā losay căr kārī-kārī-ye...
gumā-haça shūban buma-vanjārī-ye
chē karān gārath gārī-ye
hēsī mā rāvay mas-malārī-ye...
buhlāvas may lāg gul-pākārī-ye
ālučh yuth nay āvaṛī-ye
cikācāv panunuy yīnā rāvārī-ye

—Ghulām Ahmad Mahjūr

*123

kar ça phōlāham tā lo gulābo lo
shar mē călihēm tā lo gulābo lo
vāri husnācī nav bahāras manz
kar ça phōlāham tā lo gulābo lo
thari bāgas lŏlākēn camānan
mashk malāham tā lo gulābo lo
guli lālas nazākī sāza
dāg călihēm tā lo gulābo lo

*Chronologically it belongs to an earlier time.
Thy looks bespeak modesty;
Thy honour gives thee unfailing strength;
Thy bashfulness wins thee fairies’ applause.

I see thee, thy sleeves rolled up,
weeding the cornfield¹, and
singing amorously.

Thy brows bejewelled with beads of sweat,
Bewitch our hearts;
Thou Pitcher of Wine, I fear me,
Thou scatterest my wits away.

Be fast in faith, O lovely Rose,
Let not langour or pride of charms
Come in thy way of enjoying youth.

When wilt thou bloom, O Rose?
When wilt thou fulfil my heart’s desire?
When wilt thou bloom, O Rose,
In the garden of my beauty
at the flowering time of youth?
When wilt thou waft thy fragrant breath
over the flower-beds of my desire?
In the red poppy of my heart.
there is a dark stain of despair:
When wilt thou wipe the stain
from the red poppy of my heart?

¹ Lit. Art thou not tired with weeding the fields?
āshkāpecān nāzānīn sarvas
pān valāham tā lō gulābo lo
yēth jīmas tā ruhāsāy yēkhsān
tīthā ralāham tā lō gulābo lo

—Asad Ullah Mīr

124

cē begāṇā loguth bo devāṇā conuy
cē parvā na myonuy bo parvāṇā conuy
cā phōrmān kartam bo phōrmān conuy
phiraynā bo zāh-ti jānāṇā conuy
kārām āshkānis maikadas maigusārī
ba-gardish vuchum cāshmi-paimāṇā conuy
muçar kuṇz kulfan cā karu vāshā zulfan
yih sad-cāk dil myon chiyo shānā conuy
cā chukh pākh bātin Rasā-jāvidānī
chalan ahl-i zāhir chi dāmāṇā conuy

—Abdul Qudūs Rasā-javidānī.
I am a cypress, tall and lean:
O Rose, when wilt thou twine round me
thine ivy bonds of love?
My body craves for thee and
so doth my soul:
I would, O Rose, thou didst make
thy body and soul one with mine!

I love thee dearly: thou disregardest me.
I flee\(^1\) to thee: thou flee'st from me.
What wouldst thou? Command, I will obey;
Thy bidding I will do.
I drank my fill at the tavern of love:
I found thy wanton eyes bedew the cups
of wine.
Unplait thy tresses lovely;
Rent into a hundred toothed rents
(by the keen darts of love),
My heart will serve thee for a comb.
Thy heart is pure, O poet,
What carest thou if they speak ill of thee?

\(^1\) Lit. as a moth doth to the candle-flame.
bālī cā vantā dilbaras
vādā panun vōfa kare
trāvi malālā hāvi rōy
thāvi kadam kathā kare

vasmā kārith khaṇjar bumban
cāv ba-nāz dar caman
yāmbārzalan tā bādāman
phazāl panun Khōdā kare

rahām tā ār chā yiman
saṅgdilan tā zāliman
zāni Khōdā kaman kaman
māńzi naman phidā kare

ami aṇḍāzā āy sanam
tul mā nikāb cā dam-badam
baṅḍā paran sanam sanam
kābīlā tā K’abā kyāh kare

Azādas chu lōlāzār
ṭashnā cē thovāthan agar
vuchtā su ālāmas aṇḍar
tāzā kayāmathāh kare

—Abdul Ahad Azād

*A gazel*
Friend, plead with my Love:
"May he keep his word,
forgive my offence,
come to me,
stay awhile and
talk to me!"

See how airily he comes into the garden,
his arched eyebrows dyed!
God help the poor narcissi—
fair damsels almond eyed!

Mercy and pity they have none—
these cruel and pitiless ones.
God knows how many hearts he sets on fire
with the henna flame of his finger-tips.

Lift not thy veil so wantonly
(let not thy glory be seen);
Lovers will cry, "O Love! O Love!"
forgetting both God and world.

The fever of love consumes Azād;
And if thou dost not fulfil his desire,
He will raise a hell,
regardless of all restraint.
baḷī su hay chu be-vōfā
myon amār kyāh kare
sorāvanis mōhabatas
zor tā zār kyāh kare
nār yēmis hētun manas
vār ti chus nā vanānas
nāḷa dinas tā veh khēnas
vantā su ār kyāh kare
nāz chi vāri manž calan
tāzā gulan tā sōmbulān
yāri vanan tā rāyilan
poh tā hār kyāh kare
nerā bo sīna dārl dārl
zindāpān mālī mārl
tir-kamān cārl cārl
mīr shīkār kyāh kare
poshi caman chi dar khumār
bādi sabā chu be-kārār
nēndrihatēn aṅdar bēdar
ākhārkār kyāh kare
Azādas chu lolātab
bāḷī hurān chu roz-u-shab
zāni Khōdā su tashnalab
lolaṃbēmār kyāh kare

—Abdul Ahad Azad

* A gezel.
All vain is my love:
He is faithless,
His ardour is abating;
All vain is my lamentation.

My heart is on fire:
Can love be told?
But shall I not cry,
Shall I not slay myself?

The new-blown rose and the hyacinth
need tending in the garden:
Be it the heat of Har or the frost of Poh,
what cares the Himalayan spruce?

I'll go forth, my bosom bared,
prepared to die:
What care I how tensely-drawn
is the bow of the archer of love?

The morning breeze is restless, but
the flowers are dozing in the garden:
All vain is love's restlessness
where there is no response.

The fire of love burns Azād
all day and night;
God knows what he, athirst for love,
may do, out of despair!
yāradāde yāc dōvum
tāpay dōdum tālyun vēsī
hāramāsāy Lāra āyēs'
kōt lájis Shālyun vēsī

suli vile gari drāyēs
Tulāmulicē malaye
Lasājanay dōh mē lūsum
buthi pyom Shālyun vēsī

shā tā dāh sāmāna parith
chētā kārnas vētā bāl
nāhākay vāriv bo āyēs
gom kōt mālyun vēsī

pōn āsith yēkh baneyēs
zambaśārāki chambā bo
yēkhākhānas kar pēyam vōn
tāph rētākālyun vēsī

yī vōvum tay ti bóvum
nāhākay dōvum dōrēn dajēn
piṅga vāvī vāvī soṅtā
hardas shol chā lonan vēsī

* Chronologically it belongs to an earlier time.
1. Var. harl-masay Larl-pasay. 2. Var, Tulamule sulī drayas
Kakaporaca malaye
Far and wide I roamed for Love:
In the blazing July sun
I left the cool comfort of Lār¹,
I strayed into the Shālyun² waste.

At early dawn I left my home
drawn out by love of God.³
Not far from home⁴, my path grew dark,
Desolation⁵ stared me in the face.

Rich in youth and charms and gifts⁶
I came to my husband's home;
My ardour cooled at his neglect—
O where is gone my father's home?

I was a merry brook,
flowing frolicsome and free;
But I froze at the glacier steep—
O when will the bright sunshine
thaw my icy captivity?

Whatever I sowed, I reaped:
All fruitless was my fret and fume.
Whoever sows tares in the spring,
How can he in autumn reap the wheat?

1. A village; 16 miles to the north of Srinagar.  2. Till recently a waste tract to the south of Srinagar.  3. Lit. Tulamula, a sacred Hindu shrine.  4. Lit. at Lasajan, about five miles south of Srinagar.  5. Lit. Shalyun waste.  6. Lit. the usual sixteen ornaments.
अङ्कि कार दोख कांडि हुंडुय
जङ्कोताह जङ ता जोश
adोरे मांदोरी लोखमूत
dार अरखालूयन वेसी

dौर अदौर बोझन वेदौर
रोझन चु पाँझिनि पाझानास
nार प्राथ दारस चु
कायर आस-तान या ल्यून वेसी

बागाथाकिस मेवाझारस
bulbulan जाँह चुह ना प्हाल
lolचाव तास अलिचाव रोट
rङ्ग गोर्डालून वेसी

—Lachman Bhat Nāgām

128

मारामति तारुम काठिनेन तारान
प्रारान चशायो बाँँच
yitा दिता दार्शनुन ओश चास हारान ..

vुपा चुम अंदारी रेह कावा चोरान
zलिथ चानि कारिथान
kalा पेठा चात काँध लोलकी नारान ......

चेना येना गोहम ताना चास गाज्मच
zूँ जान दारा लाज्मच
अनि नंदी-पाठी चास वटापाठी सारान....

ह्रादायिकी Woलाराकी पाँपोश फोलिमाथी
bोम्बराव वोलमुत नाल
cानि पुजि किती पोष चास चहारान...
When will the miseries of the body end,
and the fever and fret of life?
This unsound mansion of the body
is built of arkhur wood.

Soft or hard—would it matter
when the deeper truth be known?
Fire burns all woods,
Lyun and kayur and all other kinds.

Of this world's orchard
Bulbul tasted not the fruit:
Disappointment turned his red cherry
into the pale-yellow wild plum.

128
Lead me across the shoals of life, O Lord,
I await Thy lead.
O come! I cry, I weep.

The fire of Thy Love is burning me,
Its fury has lapped me in flames,
How can it now abate?

Away from Thee I wait and wane
like the westering moon;
Away from Thee I stumble and grope
in the dark like the blind.

In the lake of my heart, lotus has blossomed
and bees are swarming;
I am gathering the flowers of love
to lay at Thy feet.

8. 'Lyun' is hard to burn while
kayur, blue pine, is easy to burn.
9. Lit. In the Wular of my heart. Wular is the biggest lake of Kashmir.
āraval hish chas bara zan gāmaç
garākun drāmaç kal
yāvun çöl çēph diç lōkācāran...

vānI-vānI vanā-vanā kunIzānI drāyas
cāy patā sāhsāndI-pāthī
yāndrāyī hūnī hēth patā-patā lāran....

madāno az natā adā kar lalāvath
hradāyuk vuphāvun praṅg
Sēndābāthī vathāray kullI-shēhjāran....

--Dayārām Gōnjū

129

suli phōlākhā gul-i āpṭābo
sagānāvath dōdake ābo lo
con raṅg kāmlī gamānāy kōrmut zard
tami gamākuy chuy tabātābo lo
chuy sinas kāmi kīṅa gomut dāg
kava zardī chay hardā brōnth pemāc
bara gačhānas chuy ıztirābo lo
āpṭāb votuy bar sar-i koh
dara doh lōg kari kyā Wahābo lo

—Abdul Wahāb Hájin
I have turned pale as the arni-rose,
My youth and charms are fled—
I long to come home to Thee.

In the bewildering jungle of world's allure-
ments,
I hunt Thee alone as a lion doth his prey
with the hounds of my senses in hot pursuit.

When, O when, shall I rock Thee
in the winged cradle of my heart?
When, O when shall I receive Thee
face to face, at the cool tryst of love1?

Thou hast blossomed early,
O Sunflower.
I will water thee with milk:
I will tend thee lovingly.
What sorrow has turned thee pale?
Dost thou too bear an anguished heart?
Dost thou too bear envy's dark stain?
Why hast thou turned pale
before autumn's inevitable decay?
Why dost thou "haste away so soon"?
The sun is about to set
behind the mountains of the west, and
The poet is growing anxious
for his journey on the morrow.

---
1. Lit. At a cool shady spot in the Sind Valley.
bāzī kārtham bāzĪgāro
lōkācāro lo lo
be-vasā be-yetibāro...
thōvtham nā yēkhtiyāro
hāvītham sōňakoh
vuchī mē tim az saŋgakhāro...
navi vuchmakh nav bahāro
hyāc mē poshān bo
gul chi vunī-kēn kāndī tā khāro...
ādl osukh Rāmbī-āro
yīraśālān koh
chīy vōthān vunī-kēn gubāro....
āy Wahāb be-yetibāro
chuk cā mārān choh
kharci rāh kar keňh tayāro...

--- Abdul Wahāb Hājin

vōnum āran bā chus lāran
yī yāvun chum dōhan tāran
diluk taskīn chus chāran...
mē āgūr trov chus doran
mē soz-o sāz chā moran
chu sāz-e zindāgī āran....

* Chronologically, it belongs to an earlier time.
O youth, thou hast deceived me:
Thou art a deceiver, and
"in faith never fast."
When I was young, thou didst make
mountains glitter like gold:
Now I am old, and
they are just rock and stone.
When I was young, thou didst make
flowers bloom in the springtime:
Now I am old, and
they are just thorn and weed.
Only the other day,
it was a mighty hill-torrent,
driving along boulders in its fury:
Soon the flood is past, and
its dry bed raises a cloud of dust.
O poet, thy life won't last,
Thy pleasures won't endure,
Think of thy long journey ahead.

The hill-stream goes a singing:
"I come dashing along
To find my haven of peace,
(While I am young and strong.)
For youth will not endure.
"I gush forth from my source,
My flow doth not abate.
I feel a zest for life,
Life ever doth urge me on.
mē chā prārun mē chum chārun
kanēn pēth khūn-i dil hārun
sukūn nāyāb hushyāran....
mē khāmī cham jāvānī cham
karān ham ham bā chus bam bam
guhar paidā chu damdāran....
māhītas sātī gačh vāsil
diluk taskīn banī hāsīl
dil-e ārīf guhar hāran....

—Ghulām Hasan Beg

132

thari posh ón kati, kāndī āsī mā vati
yorā vónmas orā asān chum
tul khāmā hardākizora poshan,
khēyi dilan tas ārāy
vōd ālāman ati...
khōt pān poshan, byol phālis čāv,
hecān vath
zulmāt mañz vati....
lāb zindaği poshan,
mašīth gav byol dar zulmāt
shāh athāchānlī ati....
"I splash along my way,
I strike the rocks, I bleed,
I do not rest, I strive;
Vigilance knows no rest.

"I am yet young and wild,
I fret and fume and roar;
It is the silent deep
That bears the priceless pearl.

"In the ocean vast,
One finds one's haven of peace."
This is what Arif1 says,
These are his precious gems.

132
I said to the flower:
"Where dost thou come from?
How dost thou crown the spray?
And what thorns come in thy way?"
The flower smiled and said nothing.

I said: 'In autumn cold cruel winds blow
and scatter thy leaf;
Thou dost strike the tent on thy unknown
march with pangs of separation in thy heart;
The whole world shares thy grief.

"Then thou dost hide thyself
in a grain of seed, lying underground.
Soon the sprout shoots forth,
While the seed lies in the dark beneath,
lying where kings are soon forgot.

1. The Poet's pen-name
hamsāyi poshas چای تا گین،
زار تا چگارک داغ
بِسِتی ییهای اتی....

os گئنی، سپن پوش,
بَنیو ییمه، کارین ییه،
پرث رانگا چای اتی,
یورا وُنَماس ازِن اسان چَم

—Ghulām Hasan Beg

neri وَسیِه ِلِلْا مَا دِّیره
تبَالوْنِم هُیره پَن

مَئی زَیاس گانَدَا کوَتُری
اَمی دَودَه دیوتِنِم سَغ
یِیُهی پَن گَم رَه مِسَفِرِه....

ماَسِیِلَ بهَگاس ذَوَن پِووم پَلِؤِیه
چَنِی پَنَو برَان سَمَسَر
لَانی هِوچی تا ییمه یُکُیث نِرِه...

dرَیِی کَکِل اَلی مَدَانِاس
سَو چَهَ کارَن جَیُوْنَدَا جَی۱،
سَو تی لَجِمَش وَلَوَُشِی هَیره...

1. Var. Ku Ku Ku
“But thou dost bloom and bringest light and joy among Shade and Thorn and Heartache—
It’s among them that thou must live.

“Thou wert a bud a moment ago,
Thou art a flower now,
And, a moment hence, thou wilt blossom out into fruit—
How many forms thou dost change,
And yet behind all forms thou art the same!”
The flower smiled and said nothing.

133

He has enticed a _houri’s_ heart—
Come friend, let us run after him
Lest he should fly away.

A mother’s darling I was born,
fed on milk and sweats:
Now I am plodding on my dreary way,
unfriended and alone,

A hailstorm blighted my garden bloom,
It withered the blossom and fruit-tree boughs—
Illusive have been my hopes and joys—
Can my withered boughs yield any fruit?

(I was) a _kukil_ (who) flew forth in the fields,
free and sweetly cooing,
And lo! was entangled in a snare.
yārī loynam zāviji mūre
pūci çōṭnam pāṭī añzul
gachā mālyun su ti chum dūre....

yānī khāças yāvānāni gure
tānī zazarīy vōlnam nāl
balāy zazaris tā zazarīni tāre...

yim zār vanāhas bardār
karsanā su yār boze
yā tuli khaṉjar tā māre
na tā sāni shabā roze

mas dyutnam kalāvālan
chivārāvnas akiy pyālan
chum dūri rūzith zālan
karsanā davā soze

kyā mati gōy myon kīnay
ātashi bótham sīnay
āshakh kamisāna dīnay
mārun rava roze
I am (helpless and disgraced like) a woman
Who is whipped with a stinging switch,
Whose headgear¹ is torn by her lord and love,
And who would in her parents' home
   protection seek,
But it is far away and she can't go,
I was in the flower of my age
When decay entwined me with its withered stem—
A curse upon premature decay and the cold shivers it gives!

134*

At his threshold my wailings I would utter,  
O when will my Love listen to me?—
I would that he did slay me, 
Or else requite my love.

The Brewer of love gave me a cup of wine, 
A single cup made me delirious and drunken, 
I could not contain myself for joy; 
But now he keeps off and causes me pain—
O when will he give me another draught of the wine of love?

Love, why art thou angry with me? 
Thou hast filled my breast with the smart of love.  
Is it fair to let me suffer and die²? 

1. Lit. Silk fringe of a part of headgear. 
2. Lit. What religion allows the slaying of the lover? 
*Chronologically it belongs to an earlier time.
bihith khalvath khānas
mushtākh pānay pānas
āshakhs maňz vārānas
māshokh tanhā roze

bulbul bihith bā gul
mushtākh az gul bilkul
nay rozi bulbul tā nay gul
akh lola kathāh roze

kyā mati kārītham sitam
Nāzim chu prārān yitam
chus tashnā darshun dītam
yīn dam nā pagāh roze

—Abdul Ahad Nāzim

masvalan kič dūr hēth
. drāmut bā chus bāzāriye
keňh vōzālī keňh nilī
   keňh golābi keňh anāriye
shūbārāviv dūrākan
husnās tā lolas čoh diiyiv
jal yiýiv keňçhāh niýiv
   keňçhāh diiyiv sodāh hēyiv
Alone, in a lonely tower,
The beloved sits, unconcerned for love;
While the lover roams desolate plains,
Will the beloved keep aloof from him?

The *bulbul* nestles close to the rose,
Doting on it and deep in love;
Soon the *bulbul* and the roses die,
Only a memory of love remains.

How cruel thou hast been to me!
A thirst for love, I am waiting for thee,
O come and show thyself—
This hour won’t last,
Tomorrow brings another day.

---

*I* have *ear-rings* to sell,
Some red, some blue, some pink;
Let Love and Beauty meet
To make the most of life.
*Come buy, come buy. come buy.*
shūḇāvāṇī zāvill tā āvill  
mastā āndārī zotāvāṇī  
tāhāndī lolay ānimātī chim  
asnākēn dyāran kāṇānī  
jal yiyiv zan bagā-babārēn  
nāga-dīdāray hish pēyiv  
jal yiyiv keṇchāh niyiv  
keṇchāh diiyiv sodāh hēyiv  

lōlāke dūkānā ānim  
husnā-bāzāras kāṇakh  
shokh yas yas āsi hēn  
jal jal mōkālāvith čānakh  
bālāpānas lolākī sogāth  
shūbān chiv niyiv  
jal yiyiv keṇchāh niyiv  
keṇchāh diiyiv sodāh hēyiv  

kyāh vanav tāsīr kyuth  
dyutmut chu dūran kōdratan  
dōn bēzānēn dil nivan  
aki grāyi tambālāvan chu man  
dūr hēy-ve raṅga raṅgay  
dūr hay chiv dūr chiv  
jal yiyiv keṇchāh niyiv  
keṇchāh diiyiv sodāh hēyiv
I have ear-rings to sell,
Precious and pretty and fine;
Beneath the flowing hair
They shine as jewels do shine;
They cost a winsome smile.
*Come buy, come buy, come buy.*

When amorous springtime comes
Round basil *didar* larks flock:
In their prime of youth
Let maidens flock to buy
These lovely ear-rings.
*Come buy, come buy, come buy.*

They are Love’s offerings,
They are for lovely maids,
They have a mighty charm,
They lure the lovers’ hearts.
*Ear-rings, my ear-rings!*
*Come buy, come buy, come buy*
moka chu azkal zarā nāzI-dīkh
yithI dūray hēnuk
harud vātith shokh rozyā
bulbulan choh marānuk
lol zāliv roshi roshe
kath kāriv nābad khēyiv
jal yiyiv keṇchāh niyiv
keṇchāh diyiv sodāh hēyiv

—Nand Lal Ambardar

136

sumran panānI dičānām
premuk nishānā vēsiye
rāchhrun tōgum nā rovum
osum nā bānā vēsiye
vālinji maṇz thavun gōch
hāvun thōvum athas pēṭh
rāh kas chu, kōr mē pānas
nōkhsān pānā vēisyē
hāvun chu rāvaṟāvun
cāvuk samar chē khāmī
thāvan zi chāva bāpath
bānan chi thānā vēsiye
yanā suy nishānā rovum
tanā mač gāmac tā phalvā
nyun hyōn nā keṇh ti, pherān
chas vānā vānā vēsiye
vēsrun panun vanas kyā
buth mā samēm dōhas thī
kunI zānI timan vatan maṇz
gachā kōt shabānā vēsiye
Make haste to buy ear-rings,
This is the time to buy:
This is the time to love;
Soon autumn will set in
When flowers fade away
And love is soon forgot.
Come buy, come buy, come buy.

136

Friend, He gave me a love-token
in memory of our plighted troth.
I did not keep it safe,
I did not prove worthy of it.
I should have lodged it in my heart,
But I kept it open to vulgar gaze,
And brought about the loss myself—
who is to blame for my loss?
Showing is losing, friend,
Impatience leads to imperfection:
The kettle must be lidded tight
to cook the rice on the boil.
Ever since I lost the love-token
I've been distraught and wild:
I cannot find the like of it
though I go about from shop to shop.
How can I explain my remissness,
My slips and falls and going astray?
How can I face Him in the day?
And yet I cannot go to Him, alone,
in the dark danger-infested night.
yach paqch ma har byakhā
hēth yūrl vāti kānchā
tas chā kāmī nishānan
bārī bārī khazānā vēsiye
do lan kohan vanan manz
sholan chi gulis hanan manz
zotan chi tarākan manz
kātyāh nishānā vēsiye
vēsrith dālith pathar pēth
buth kyā dimav tāmīs nish
pōt pherānākī pakan chā
yīthī hi bahānā vēsiye
mānav zi āslī hēmav pōt
choryā tasūnd muhabath
paivaṃd yi ādanuk chā
shurī dosātānā vēsiye
dil phutī-ṃatēn chu toshan
yāc gārī-ṃatēn chu roshan
gach vārī-ṃatēn Sōdāman
prāch gāyibānā vēsiye
āndī-pañkī tātī chu āsan
bōdābror Sūradāsan
bozan chu māy lāgīth
lolākī tarānā vēsiye

—Zinda Kaul

137*

yāraṣānde dādi dōdmut dil
bahāras kyā kare

*A Gazal.*
Friend, do not lose faith,
He will send thee another token;
His treasuries are full,
Has He any dearth of love-tokens?
In the forests thick, on mountains high,
In the flush and bloom of gardens gay,
In the scintillation of the stars—
Thou canst find thy love-tokens.
Thou sayest: "How can I face Him 
   after many slips and falls?"
But these pretexts will not avail 
   to turn away from Him;
For we may turn away from Him, 
   but will He let us go?
And is our eternal troth a child's friendship, 
   soon made and soon forgot?
Never fear, He is kind to the meek in spirit, 
He does not favour the proud of heart! 
Thus hath it been with Sudāma of old, 
Who, meek in spirit, won His love;
Thus is it with him who, like Śūrdāsa, 
Mid world's dark distractions turns to Him, 
And sings His songs of love; 
Whilst He, unknown and unseen, 
Quietly listens, sitting by.

137

The flowering spring comes mockingly to her 
Whose heart is dead for want of Love's caress.

1. Lit. The sophisticated.
vāv yōdvay soňt-kāluk āsi
nāras kyā kare
kāṇsi prārān dāri pēṭh yus
vānsi trāve dāri oṣh
ābashārūk tas havas kyā
Shālāmāras kyā kare
kāṇsi palāzun kāṇsi huṇḍ zevar banun
yas yōch nā lānī
sōn banāvān sāŋgipāras
tas bicāras kyā kare
hoshi dājmač joshi vāchmač
poshi gāhnān toshi kyā
roshi yas čōl oṣh trāvith
gosḥivāras kyā kare
Kalidāsas tālikānī path kāli
vōnmut gāṭalēv
tali’an yus log zālas
gāṭajāras kyā kare
lolāmas zālēm tā gālēm
yas budith mālūm gav
bīma nashike trāvihe mas
con, khumāras kyā kare
raṅg hāvith bram ḍīvaṅ os
kahvacan khōṭ myon sōn
āmī kōḍus āndryum khōcar nōn
lola nāras kyā kare
The spring breeze blows soft and cool,
But it fans the flame of a heart that is on fire.
She who waits in vain for her Love’s return
And, pining, drowns her eyes in tears,
What desire hath she to see the garden bloom¹,
What desire to watch the fountains play?
Philosophers’ stone turns all metals into gold;
But what availeth it to her
Whom Fate has not destined to be her lord’s
ornament,
Whom Fate has destined to pass lonely days and
nights?
What need hath she of ornament²,
Whom Death has parted from her lord and love,
Whose ardour is cooled and youth faded away?
We have heard it said of old:
Kalidāsa had to suffer ignominy untold—
All vain is genius to him
Whom fate and misery hold in thrall.
Now that I am old, I realize love’s wine lights
up a flame of all-consuming fire;
Fain would I give it up,
But can I suppress the craving for it?
In the crucible of love dross melted away from
gold, and I was exposed;
The artificial gilt of my base metal can no
longer deceive the touchstone.

1. Lit. Shalimar garden. 2. Lit. Dijiharoo, worn by all Kashmiri Panditanis in token of nuptial bond.
धालिनिमाहसबालायारस
          ओरताशोदपाठेमनाधिल
चेंि-मातिसयथदाग्दारस
          नाबाकारसक्याकारे
ब्रोङ्ठा चुययाचक्रुथ्थमाञ्जिल
          गध्पिलोबसकरमाझेठ
यासमातिसमागसजिगरशाहलेवना
          हारसक्याकारे—

—Zinda Kaul

कोरुमयिताथि,क्यावणास
thोवुननाबाक्कमारानास
sोरुमचेमानाअयिनास
yिकोरनाकांसीधुशमानास

सोरुमसुलालरोक्कहमानास
jलावलोङकाजालवणास
dहोरुमसुनारकारमानास
lोगसनाकेन्तीजेथानास
dिलासह्योतुन,जिगरततेव,
shoरवोथजिनारहा

—Zinda Kaul
I would offer my heart to Love,
But it is not pure nor whole;
With its rents and stains of shame
What use can it be to him?
O Heedless One, stay,
Thy journey is arduous and long;
The fire of thy heart was not quenched by the
frosty winds of Magh,
How canst thou bear the blazing heat of Har?

Words fail me: how can I tell
What my Love has done to me?
It’s he has brought me down,
It’s he has slain my heart
And caused me the agony of death,
It’s he has broken the mirror of my heart—
Could any foe do me worse?

When the flaming image of my Love
filled my heart.
It lighted up a big blazing fire in the dark
forest of my breast;
The fire spread far and wide within, fanned
vigorously and quick,
And burnt all that was there, fondly
treasured by me.
The heart took fire,
Its fiery tongues caught up the liver!
And all who saw did cry:
“Fire, ho! fire!”

1. Lit. Flame-Face.

mōr ānā ānay chus maran bōchi tāri treshe povmut dādēv khurēv bācāv shurēv phikirav gamav hōbrovmut yim gam cālīth hātī hāvāsan mācrovmut vēsārovmut kunipēth khēvān thak chus nā man kath-tanī-kun chus hovmut rut dēshānay rut zānānay čhārān čhu kyā-tām rovmut mas ṇaṅdri maṅz chukh covmut naphsānī tā shokāc—khāriyā!
Man would weep,
He would not gulp down his tears;
But what availed it him to shed his tears?
What availed it him to drop blood from his eyes?
What availed it him to beat his head against a rock?
Knowing that none heeds him,
What drives him on still to sue for help?
What drives him on to shoot his darts at the void?
What compulsion! what helplessness!

Man—momently dying:
By hunger, cold and thirst oppressed,
By disease distressed, by worry harrassed,
By fear and want and woe subdued.
These sorrows o'er, by a hundred desires beguiled,
His unsteady mind, not finding rest in anything here,
Still craves for a Something, though unknown,
The Good not seen by him, nor known by him,
He yet would find as something lost, which he possessed before—
Like one who wakes with a memory dim
Of the taste of wine he had in a dream.
What misery—between want and desire!
kartām kāmī-tāmat bōnā
pōṭchāyi dūre ḍyūṭhmūt
sānēv kanav suy bāzmut
sānis dilas suy byūṭhmūt
tāmī-sūnd chu vōnī durēr zārīth
suy zonmut chus rūṭhmūt
goshan gupith zan byūṭhmūt
lolas chē bāllī bemāriyā!

yāmī dūrī rūzīth čūrī zan
phambāh lādīth thōvmūt kanan
zānī hā prāchān ahvāl son
zānī hā sōran, zānī hā vanan,
"yim kāḷaṅgaṭī mē trāvmaṭī
lāgīth chamban chāran vanan
ammā timan gayī kyā vanan?"
husnas nā keṅh gamkhāriyā!

dapahāv manas, "yēs rāc nā sreḥ
tāmī-sānz diyī phal vir kyā?
vyoḍ mā ti chuy mā pay-patā
labāṅuk karakh tadbīr kyā?"
man chus na mānan pōt acūn
(vāvas karav zānjīr-kyā?
tas te vuchav takhsīr kyā?
chā lol yāraphtāriyā?"
Someone (they say) descried from afar
The sheen of His halo, in another time.
This our ears have heard,
This our hearts have believed;
And we pine for Him
As for our Love offended and displeased,
Who has fled and hid himself in solitude.
Lovesickness for no reason,
Lovesickness nought availeth.

Keeping aloof, in concealment far away,
To all entreaties deaf,
His ears (as if) stuffed up with cotton wool
Does He ever enquire for us?
Does He ever think of us, ever ask:
"Whom I have cast, mid darkness black,
On precipices steep, in forests thick—
What has befallen them?"
Beauty's wanton indifference.

Man pleaded with his heart:
"He has no love.
Why sue to Him?
Will a willow tree yield thee a pear?
Knewest thou the path that leads to Him?
What means of approach canst thou find?"
But his mind—would it listen?
Would it turn back?
(And who can chain the wind?)
And how is mind to blame?
Is love an idle fancy?
pan añuy kanan manz chusa sadā?
chus nāphā pānas nish khātith
lārān chē ammā rūṣī-kāṭ
parbat tā van trāvith cātith
lārān tithay-pāṭhin chu dil
athakhor trāvith āchī vātith
mustākhā yivān chas yārāsānz
lāmī lāmī kādān chas sōy rāṭith
sūrīth ākis vastas āndar
bēyi manzā chas nerān phātith
shamaḥan yāmis hov dūri pān
pāmpur bihā dāman vātith?
tas pata yī māṭī māṭī neri nā
sath akālīhāndī jamah cātith?
(yōdvay āchiv nish chus khātith)
chā husn jodūgāriyā?

hārāniyā! lācāriyā!
naphsaṇī tā shokac khāriyā!
lolas chē bālī bemāriyā!
husnas nā kēngh gamkhāriyā!
chā lol yāraptāriyā?
chā husn jodūgāriyā?

—Zinda Kaul
Is the sound in his ears the echo of his Self?
The musk-deer chases the musk,
Within him lodged but hidden from his sight,
Running as only a deer can run
Across the hills and wilds.
So recklessly and fast
Runs the heart of man,
Which scents out his Love.
It will not let him rest,
It still must lead him on
To see Beauty blooming here,
And Beauty blooming everywhere,
Inexhaustible and rare!

When the candle shows its flame,
Can a moth lie still, unconcerned?
Rending Reason’s garments seven
Will man not follow up the scent?
(What matters if the Musk be hidden from his sight?)

Is Beauty a ‘vain illusive show’?

What bewilderment!
What resistless urge!
What misery—between want and desire!
Lovesickness for no reason;
Lovesickness nought availeth;
Beauty’s wanton indifference.

Is love an idle fancy?

Is beauty a ‘vain illusive show’?

1. Five Indriyas, manas, and buddhi.
zuv chum bramān gaĉhaḥā bo tor
yātī sārivāy day monmut
kun dāta mālik māj mol
khōkhā-štā tārakh vīgni yach
trāvith, barān tāsī ot lol
bakhti prāyam sīvā dayā
shōd dharam mānan ćhōt tā mōt
yātī dīsh vōth, zal thal vēshāl,
an pan tā phal mad gēv vôphūr
dyutmut dayan tim bāgrān
khēth chukh harān, zānan nā ċūr
bechun maṅgun thaph lūṭh har
zānan nā, chukh santūsh sham
keṅh kānśi nishi yaĉī ćōr nā kam
byāysūṇḍ vuchith ālīphas nā bam
yātī kāmkōṭ sārī karān
path chakh sethā rozan mōkal
gīndan gēvaṇ lekhan paran
yātī kāṅh nā vaḍānāvān shurēn
yātī diviyāy mānān trāyan
yātī kūr gōbras khōtā tāṭh
yātī nōsh nā kāṅh karmas dayān
adā kyāzi trāvan zahara dāh
adā kyāzi pēn asmāṇā bam
vānī vāri āṅgan jāyi sāph
ārī pān sōnḍar nundābāṁī
toṅh mā kōkārav kiṅ kōkor
sōranay nā naphsun vor vor
pashinuk nā vōsh, vaḍānuk nā shor
Karāṇāvī, tārakh nā aṇor! —Zinda Kaul

* A selected fragment.
I long to go
Where all have a living faith in God—
One, Loving Father, Lord of all—
Where ghosts, genii and spirits dark
hold no sway over men’s minds;
Where love, service and charity
is the simple and supreme rule of life;
Where lands are vast and all have room to live;
Where food and fruit and milk abundant
And all the good things of life, are shared by all;
Where all have enough to eat, and none too
much;
Where none covet and steal their neighbours’
goods,
None beg, none dispute, none envy;
Where all have work to do and none are idle,
And those who work have time
for play and study, song and fun;
Where all are happy, and children do not cry;
Where women are respected as goddesses divine
Where daughters are loved as dearly as the sons
Where none is a widow;
Where disease and ugliness and evil ways of life;
do not stunt and warp the growth of men;
Where wars are unknown, and the skies serene;
do not rain down poison gas and savage death;
Where dwellings are clean and gardens lovely;
Where none suffer from want and fear;—
To that City Beautiful,
Ferryman, lead me and my countrymen!
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