I

keši:ri manz čhi s'ātha: said,
šə:yir tì mastā:nə pe:dī sapd'mit'.
lāl d'ad čha timan manz s'ātha:
mēhšu:r. keši:ri manz čhi kēh lu:kh
lāl dēdi šə:yir ma:nə:n, kēh čhis
sa:dība:y ma:nə:n, kēh čhis su:phi:,
yu:gi: ya: šav bēkhit ma:nə:n. kēh
kešir čhi emis avta:r tī ma:nə:n.
magār prath kēh kešur čhu lāl dēdi
da:nə: ma:nə:n. prath kešris čhi
kēh lālə va:kh zevi p'āth. kešir
zaba:n čha lālə va:ka və:s t' bērath.

II

kešir' hend' tī misarma:n čhi lalas
mohbtī və:s t' lālə mēj tī lāl d'ad
da:nə. emis čhi lalī yu:gi:šēri:
tī vana:n. kēh lu:kh čhi emis lalī
mēts vana:n.

III
dapa:n čhi lal d'ad š:s sani
truvahšath tī pā:drē:than Pandrethan
pā:drē:tni aks baṭi garas manz
z' avun to be born

šə:yir poet(s)
mastā:nə mystic(s)
pe:dī sapdun to be born
sa:dība:y holy woman
su:phi: sufi
yu:gi: yogi
bēkhit devotee
avta:r avatar (incarnation of God)
da:nə: wise
lalīva:kh sayings of Lalla

d'ad grandmother, or "Granny"
mēts mystic

pā:drē:than Pandrethan
(proper name)

z' avun to be born
I

Kashmir has produced many saints, poets and mystics. Among them, Lal Ded is very prominent. In Kashmir, some people consider her a poet, some consider her a holy woman and some consider her a sufi, a yogi, or a devotee of Shiva. Some even consider her an avatar. But every Kashmiri considers her a wise woman. Every Kashmiri has some sayings of Lalla on the tip of his tongue. The Kashmiri language is full of her sayings.

II

Kashmiri Hindus and Muslims affectionately call her "Mother Lalla" or "Granny Lalla". She is also called "Lallayogeshwari". Some people call her Lalla, the mystic.

III

It is said that Lal Ded was born in 1355 in Pandrethan to a Kashmiri Pandit family. Even as
za:mits. lokča:r p'athi e:š laš
d'ad s'atha: samijda:r ti darma:tma:
yeli laš bah veriš e:š, amis korukh
khā:dar. em'sind' veriv' e:š' pö:prè
ro:za:n. veriv'av kor amis
padma:veti: na:v. laš dedi e:š haš
badi kri:r. tamì d'ut nì amis zāh
sohk. vana:n chi ki laš dedi hinz
haš e:š laš dedi hindis batì thalas
manz akh ken' thava:n. tath p'athi
e:š batì vahra:va:n yuth yi ba:sihe:
ki laš dedi m'u:l berith batì
thal. laš e:š boχhıhets ro:za:n
margar šaka:yath e:š ni zāh karala:n.
lai dedi hunu h'uhur o:š badi ya:n.
su o:š amis račha:n. margar haši e:š
pare:ša:n kermits. so e:šis barthahas
ti kan bara:n. laš dedi o:š na
barthahsunā sohk na hašihund sohk.

lokča:r
period of childhood or youth
samijda:r
wise
darma:tma:
religious-minded
khā:dar karun
to marry
veriv'
in-laws
haš
mother-in-law
kri:r
cruel
sohk d'un
to give joy
vahra:vun
to spread
boχhihets
hungry, starved
šaka:yath karin' to complain
h'uhur
father-in-law
račhun
to be affectionate
barthah
husband
kan barin'
to poison the ears
(of someone), in the
sense of 'to prejudice

IV
yeli laš d'ad šatvuh veriš ve:ts ami
tro:v grahast ti yi bane:yi šav
bakhit. yi e:š de:va:nì hiš vati vati
nangā phe:ra:n.

grahast
family life
de:va:nì
mad person
nangā
naked
a child, Lalla was wise and religious-minded. When Lalla was twelve years old, she was married. Her in-laws lived in Pampur. The in-laws gave her the name Padmavati. Her mother-in-law was very cruel. She never gave her any peace. It is claimed that her mother-in-law used to put a stone on Lalla's plate (thaːl). She would then cover the stone with rice so that people would get the impression that Lalla had a plateful of rice. Lalla would remain half fed, but would never complain about her mother-in-law. Her father-in-law was a good man and he was kind to her, but her mother-in-law made her miserable. She would even speak ill of Lalla to her husband. Poor Lalla knew no happiness either with her husband or with her mother-in-law.

IV

When Lalla was twenty-six she renounced the family and became a devotee of Shiva. Like a mad person, she would go around naked.
yi bane:yi sid siri:kē:thin' 
šeš. van' ē:s yi siriph sardan tā 
pi:ran sā:t' ro:za:n. āmis ē:s' nā 
zana:nā tā marīd alag ba:sa:n. yi 
ē:s vana:n ki me vučh nā vuni kāh 
marīd, tavey ċhas bā nangā phe:ra:n. 
magar yeli ami ċah hamda:n vučh yi 
ru:z τsu:ri tā vonun: 
"me vučh marīd, me vučh marīd."

V

lal d'ad k'a:zi ċha keši:ri manz 
mehšu:r? lal d'ad ē:s anpaḏ magar yi 
ē:s da:na:. lal dedi hānd' va:kh ċhi 
dā:ne:yi: sā:t' bērith. yiman va:kan 
manz ċhu lal dedi zindīgi:, yu:ɡ, 
bagā:na:, dārām tā a:tmā:, prath 
či:zas p'āth v'atsa:r kormut. lal 
dedi hāndī pratsā ċha prath ke:šris 
zevi petis p'āth.

VI

lal dedi hāndi marnuk asli: τe:ri:kh 
čhu nā mo:lu:m. dapa:n ċhi ki yi moyi 
vejībra:ri. lal dedi hi: insa:n

sid siri:kē:th  
šeš  
pi:r  
marīd  
vuni  
marīd, tavey ċhas bā nangā phe:ra:n. 
šah hamda:n 
τsu:ri ro:zun

Sihd Srikanth (proper name)  
disciple  
saint  
man  
yet  
a well-known Muslim saint of Kashmir  
to hide oneself

lal dedi hāndi marnuk asli: τe:ri:kh 
čhu nā mo:lu:m. dapa:n ċhi ki yi moyi 
vejībra:ri. lal dedi hi: insa:n

anpaḏ  
zindīgi:  
yu:ɡ  
bagā:na:  
v'atsa:r karun 
pratsh  
p'ot

illiterate  
life  
yoga  
God  
to ponder (over)  
riddle  
tip

asli:  
mo:lu:m a:sun  
marun  
vejībro:ri

actual, exact  
to be known  
to die  
Bijbihara (proper name)
She became a disciple of Sidh Srikanth. She would only keep the company of sadhus and piras. She did not think in terms of men and women. She would claim that she had yet to encounter a man, and that is why she went about naked. But when she saw Shah Hamdan, she hid herself saying: "I saw a man, I saw a man."

V

Why is Lalla so famous in Kashmir? She was illiterate, but she was wise. Her sayings are full of wisdom. In these sayings, she dealt with everything from life, yoga, and God to dharma and atma. Her riddles are on the lips of every Kashmiri.

VI

The exact date of Lalla's death is not known. It is claimed that she died in Bijbehara (vejibro:r).
čini asli: mara:n. lal d'ad čha
panin'an va:kan manz tì ke:šr'an panun one's (own)
hind'an dilan manz zindi.

VII

lal dedi hind' va:kh čhi lag bag
zi hath. yath kita:bi manz periv
toh' lal dedi hind' kēh va:kh.
People like Granny Lalla do not really 
die. Lal Ded is alive in her sayings 
and in the hearts of Kashmiris.

VII

The sayings of Lalla number around 
two hundred. In this book you 
will read some of her sayings.
Habba Khatun

(16th Century)
lal dedi dit' ke:šri zabə:n' bokhti:
habikh:tu:n ē:s tsendrīha:r
g'a:n
lo:l
tsendrīha:r

emas manz Surshimi sedi: manz pe:di sapizmits.
gri:s' ku:r
lokīča:ri kor ams ma:l' ekis gri:s'
ekīs sı:t ne:thīr. magar yi anpađ gri:s'kot h'oknā zu:nī khoṣ thavīth,
āmisindī dilık' arma:n samjīth. lal dedi hāndi: pe:ṭh' sapiz zu:n bāḍi
gamgn. lali a:v ve:ra:g tī dra:yi gari; zu:nī d'ut gri:s' kētīs kholah
tī heṭin ke:šris manz gī:t g'avin'.

II
zu:n ē:s bo:nī tsha:yi bihith g'ava:n
a:sa:n. aki doh o:s ape:r' yu:suph ūah
čak guris k'ath ūika:r gindīni
ṣika:r gindun to hunt

tsha:y shade

knowledge, wisdom
longing
Chandrahar
(proper name)
century
to grow up
peasant girl
mullah, maulvi
to learn
to marry
illiterate
longings
to understand
sad
to divorce
I

Lal Ded contributed the vaks of devotion and wisdom to the Kashmiri language. Habba Khatun, on the other hand, sang songs of love and romance.

Habba Khatun was born in the village of Chandrahar in the sixteenth century. In her earlier days, she was called Zoon (the Moon). She grew up in the midst of the saffron fields and in the shade of the chinar trees. She was not raised as a typical peasant girl. She had learnt how to read and write from the village moulvi. At an early age her father married her to a peasant boy. But this illiterate peasant boy could not keep Zoon happy. He could not understand the longings of her heart. Just like Lal Ded, Zoon also was sad. Lalla became desperate and left her home. Zoon divorced her husband and started singing songs in Kashmiri.

II

Zoon used to sing in the shade of a chinar tree. One day Yusuph Shah Chak was out hunting that way on horseback. He happened
dra:mut. yi a:v apə:ri: yet'ath zu:n
gam.
sorrow

ə:s bo:nī ta:l g'ava:n. əm' bu:z'
tara:nī.
song

zu:nī hind' gam'barīth tara:nī. yi
tara:nī

gav əmis vučhinī. zu:nī hänz
gav əch me:li yiman gav akh
ru:zith gatshun
to be stunned

khu:bsur:ri: vučhīth gav su ru:zith.
ru:zith

te:li yiman əch me:li yiman gav akh
to come face to face

əch me:lī

yuthuy yiman əch me:li yiman gav akh
əch me:lī
to come face to face

skis si:t' moḥbath. patī kor zu:nī
akh skis si:t'
with each other

tà yu:suph ṣahan ne:thār. ami

badīlo:v na:v tà yi bane:yi
badīla:vun
to change

habākho:tu:n.

III

habākho:tu:nī d'ut ke:šri əs:tyri:
'lo:l'. lo:l čhu la:gbag angri:zi:
lo:l
lyric

'liɾik' h'uh. ath manz čhu akh
liɾik
lyric

s'aṭha: tʃho: ḷhaya:l a:sa:n. yi čhu

səngi:t tà tà pre:mā berīth a:sa:n.
səngi:t
music

IV

habā kho:tni tov yu:suph ṣah

čak athas manz. yim be:ts zì s:s'

athas manz
to keep under

thavun
one's control

s'aṭha: khoʃ tà yu:suph əsah ban'av

zì be:ts
couple

keʃiri hund ra:zi ti.

yiman don be:tsan hänz khoʃi:

ru:z ni z'a:di ka:ləs. akbari sunə

zì be:ts
couple

dabdaɓi gav əɾu: dili. tà tem' bulo:v
dabdaɓi
to control, rule
to pass the place where Zoon was singing
under the chinar tree. He heard her
melancholic melodies, and went to look at
her. He was stunned by her beauty. As
soon as their eyes met, they fell in love.
Later, Zoon and Yusuph Shah were married.
She changed her name and became Habba
Khatun.

III

Habba Khatun introduced lol to Kashmiri
poetry. lol is more or less equivalent
to the English 'lyric'. It conveys one
brief thought. It is full of melody
and love.

IV

Habba Khatun kept Yusuph Shah under her
control. The couple was very contented,
and Yusuph Shah became the ruler of
Kashmir.

Their happiness did not last long.
Akbar came into prominence in Delhi, and
he called Yusuph Shah there. In 1579,

majbu:r gatshun to be compelled
kə:d karun to arrest
biha:r the state of Bihar (in India)
ka:dkha:nî prison
band thavun to keep in prison
judah gatshun to be separated

V

habıkho:tu:nî hind' gi:t čhi judē:yi:
hindî dokhi sâ:t' berith. dapa:n čhi habıkho:tu:nî kor kə:šris manz 'loːl'
šoru:. ēmis pati a:yi arnimaːl, tami arnimaːl Arnimal (Kashmiri poetess)
ti gev' baḍi dokhi berith loːl.
Yusuph Shah was compelled to go to Delhi. In Delhi, Akbar arrested him. He was kept in prison in Bihar. Poor Habba Khatun was separated from Yusuph Shah.

V

The songs of Habba Khatun are full of the sorrow of separation. It is claimed that Habba Khatun introduced the lol into the Kashmiri (language). After her came Arnimal who also sang mournful lyrics.
Gulam Ahmad 'Mahjoor'
(1885-1952)
ke:šr'an še:yran manz čha mēhju:ras
akh kha:s ja:y. mēhju:r čhu doyav
či:zav khe:tri kha:s mēhšu:r. akh
yi ki ūm' on ke:šri še:yri: manz
nov teri:ki. doyum yi ki ūm' on
ke:šri še:yri: manz nov khaya:l.

mēhju:ran li:kh' ke:šris manz
a:že:di: ti tarki: hind' gi:t. yimav
gi:ta:vi sî:t' geyi song'mit' ke:šir'
huša:r. yi a:v ūv a:va:z ti nov
le:khnuk teri:ki h'ath.

mēhju:r o:s mohbtuk ti
milītsa:ru:ku še:yir. yi o:s geđi
siriph preyāk' gi:t le:khna:n.
magar ūm' li:kh' a:že:di:hind'
zo:rdā:r gi:t ti.

II

mēhju:run asli: na:v o:s gula:m ahmad.
magar še:yri: karni' khe:tri: thov ūm'
'mēhju:r' na:v. mēhju:r o:s za:mut
ardahšath ti pē:tsi:ši:tas manz
m'etriːga:mas manz. ūm' čhi pha:rsi:ya
ti ordū:has manz ti še:yri: kermāts.

še:yri:
teri:ki
khaya:l
tarki:
gi:t
song'mit'
huša:r gatshun
a:va:z
le:khnuk teri:ki
mēhju:ran
a:že:di:
tārkī
hīnd'
gi:t
yīmāv
ge:yi
song'mīt'
ke:šir'
hūṣā:r
a:v ūv
a:vāz
tā
le:khnuk
terī:ki
hī'āth
mēhju:r
ō:s
mohbtuk
ti
milītsa:ru:ku
še:yir,
yi o:s
gēdī
sīrīph
preyāk'
gi:t
le:khnā:n
magar ūm'
li:kh'
a:že:di:hind'
zō:rdā:r
gi:t
tī
mēhju:run
asli:
na:v
ō:s
gula:m
ahmad
mēhju:r
ō:s
za:mut
ardahšath
ti
pē:tsi:ši:tas
mēhju:ran
ēm'
čhi
pha:rsi:ya
ti
ordū:has
še:yri:
kermāts
mēhju:ran
a:že:di:
tārkī
hīnd'
gi:t
yīmāv
diyāv
ge:yi
song'mīt'
ke:šir'
hūṣā:r
a:v ūv
a:vāz
tā
le:khnuk
terī:ki
hī'āth
mēhju:r
ō:s
mohbtuk
ti
milītsa:ru:ku
še:yir,
yi o:s
gēdī
sīrīph
preyāk'
gi:t
le:khnā:n
magar ūm'
li:kh'
a:že:di:hind'
zō:rdā:r
gi:t
tī
mēhju:run
asli:
na:v
ō:s
gula:m
ahmad
mēhju:r
ō:s
za:mut
ardahšath
ti
pē:tsi:ši:tas
mēhju:ran
ēm'
čhi
pha:rsi:ya
ṭī
ordū:has
še:yri:
kermāts.
I

Mahjoor has a place of honor among the poets of Kashmir. He is especially noted for two things. First, he introduced a new style into Kashmiri poetry. Second, he introduced a new thought into Kashmiri poetry.

Mahjoor wrote poems of freedom and progress in Kashmiri. These songs awakened the sleeping Kashmiris. He came with a new voice and a new (literary) form.

Mahjoor was a poet of love and communal harmony. In his earlier days, he used to write only love poetry, but (later) he also wrote forceful poems about freedom.

II

Mahjoor's real name was Ghulam Ahmad. But as a poet, he adopted the pen name 'Mahjoor'. He was born in eighteen hundred and eighty-five in Metragam. He has written poetry in Persian and Urdu as well.
mehju:r o:s ke:sir manz akh
pa:thve:r'. sarks:ri: ka:mi si:t'
si:t' o:s yi ke:šris manz še:yri:
ti kara:n. mehju:ran čhapavino:v
gōdān'uk ke:šur gī:t kunivuh šath ti
ardahas manz. ami pati ker am'
siriph ke:šris manz še:yri:. em'sīnd'
gī:t geyi s'ātha: mehšur. yi o:s
le:kha:n mohbtas p'ath, militsa:ras
p'ath, sama:šuda:ras p'ath ti
ke:šr'an hinzı buri harīts p'ath.
mehju:ran li:kh' gī:t jave:ni: p'ath,
nīša:t ba:gik'an po:šan p'ath, grī:s'
ko:ri p'ath, ba:gvana:ras p'ath,
pọ:šinul:as p'ath ti a:za:d keši:ri
p'ath. ami vakhtā es' nā yith'
yim tara:nā dit' āsi mehju:ran.
mehju:rin' kēh gī:t čhi yath kita:bi
manz. tim pēriv toh' brō:th kun.

Hindi-Urdu, pa:va:ri:
pathvē:r'
čhapavina:vīn'
to cause to be
printed, to cause
to be published

le:kha:n mohbtas p'ath, militsa:ras
p'ath, sama:šuda:ras p'ath ti
ke:šr'an hinzı buri harīts p'ath.
mehju:ran li:kh' gī:t jave:ni: p'ath,
nīša:t ba:gik'an po:šan p'ath, grī:s'
ko:ri p'ath, ba:gvana:ras p'ath,
pọ:šinul:as p'ath ti a:za:d keši:ri
p'ath. ami vakhtā es' nā yith'
yim tara:nā dit' āsi mehju:ran.
mehju:rin' kēh gī:t čhi yath kita:bi
manz. tim pēriv toh' brō:th kun.

social reform
bad
plight
youth
peasant girl
gardener
golden oriole
song
to be found

dehju:r o:s satihe:th vuhur yeli yi
III

Mahjoor worked as a patwa:ri: (pathwa:r') in Kashmir. Along with his official duties, he used to write poetry in Kashmiri. Mahjoor had his first Kashmiri poem published in 1918. After this, he composed poetry only in Kashmiri. His songs became very popular. He wrote on such topics as love, communal harmony, and social reform, and also wrote on the plight of the Kashmiris. He wrote about youth, the flowers of Nishat Garden, a peasant girl, a gardener, the golden oriole, and a Free Kashmir. At that time, such songs were unknown in Kashmiri poetry. It was Mahjoor who gave these to us. There are some poems of Mahjoor in this book, you will read them later.

IV

Mahjoor was sixty-seven years old
kunivuhṣath ti duvanzahas manz gav
sorgas. mehju:rnī marnī sī:t' gav
ke:śri zabō:n' ti śe:yri: s'atha:
nokhsa:n. magar em'sind' gi:t chi
prath kē:śri sānzi zabō:n' p'ath.
yimav sī:t' ro:zi mehju:run na:v
amar.
sorgas gatshun to die
marun to die
nokhsa:n loss
amar ro:zun to live forever,
to become immortal
when he passed away in 1952. The death of Mahjoor was a great loss to both the Kashmiri language and (Kashmiri) poetry. But, Mahjoor's songs are still on the lips of every Kashmiri. Through these songs, his name will live forever.
zindāko:l 'ma:štarji:'
Zinda Koul 'Masterji'

zindāko:l 'ma:štarji:'
(1884-1965)
pēndith zindākoːl chu kēːrī hund
akh mēːshūːr ʃēːyir. kēːrī manz
əːs' pēndith zindākoːlaːs pānān'
ceːli tī dos' 'maːstārjīː' vanāːn.
əmīs p'əv maːstārjīː amikin' naːv
tik'əːzī yi oːs sokuːlas manz tā gari
taːryahān kēːr'ān parnaːvaːn.
sanā kunvuhːsath tī pəːtsiheːthikis
vandās manz gav yi jemi sorgīvaːs.

dos' amikin' friend(s)

II

gōːdi gōːdi oːs nā maːstārjīː:
keːrīsīy yoːt manz leːkhaːn. yi
oːs pharːsīyas, hendiyas tī ordūːhas
manz tī ʃēːyriː karaːn. maːstārjīyin'
ʃēːyriː cha yīman tsoːʃiːvāːniː zabaːnan
manz chapeːmāts. magar əm' banoːv
naːv keːrīs manz ʃēːyriː karnā siːt'.
gōːdi gōːdi at first, in the beginning
yoːt only
hendiː Hindi

tsoːʃiːvāːni all four

III
keːrīs manz cha əm'sīnzs mēːshūːr kitaːb
samran. yi kitaːb chapeːyī gōːdi
deːvīnaːgriyas manz patī chapaːvīnəːv
deːvīnaːgriː Devānāgrī script
yi sarkaːran pharːsīː lipīː manz. ath
I

Pandit Zinda Koul is a well-known poet of Kashmir. In Kashmir, his students and friends used to call him 'Masterji'. He came to be called 'Masterji' because he used to teach many Kashmiris, both in school as well as at his home. He died in Jammu in the winter of 1965.

II

In the beginning 'Masterji' did not write in only Kashmiri. He wrote poetry in Persian, Hindi, and Urdu, as well. Masterji's poetry has been published in all these four languages. However, he made his name by writing in Kashmiri.

III

His well-known book in Kashmiri is Samran. It was first published in Devanagari, and later the government had it printed in the
kita:bi p'ath d'ut h'endustan:ći
sa:hit' eke:ɗem: pəndith zindıǩo:las
pə:tsh sa:s rɔpyi yanam:ā. yı yana:mi
m'u:l ma:starjiyas kunivuh šath ti
šuvanzahas manz.

IV

ma:starjiyas a:yi zindīgi: manz
s'atha: muškila:th. yı o:s s'atha:has
tamipati o:s yı ākis mo:mu:li: klerki
sinz ke:m kara:n.

V

ma:starjiyan kor kunivuhšath ti
doyite:jihās manz ke:śris manz le:khun
šoru:. ke:śris manz l'u:kh ām' kha:skar
bekhti: ti šō:ti: p'ath. ām' sinzi
še:yri: p'ath chu lalde:dihund ti
para:nandun s'atha: asar p'o:mut.
ma:starjiyin' kavita: majbu:ri: pəriv
thoh' yath kita:bi manz.

VI

ma:starji: o:s še:yri: siriph dīl
za:nanvo:l (one) who knows
behlavā:nu khe:trī kara:n. za:nan ve:l'
Persio-Arabic script. The Sahitya Academy of India gave Pandit Zinda Koul an award of five thousand rupees for this book. Masterji received this award in 1956.

IV

Masterji had to face many difficulties in his life. He was a school teacher for a long time. After that, he worked as an ordinary clerk.

V

Masterji started writing in Kashmiri in 1942. In his Kashmiri poetry, he has written primarily on devotion and peace. His poetry was greatly influenced by Lal Ded and Parmanand. In this book you will read his poem majbu:ri: (Compulsion).

VI

Masterji composed poetry only for (his own) pleasure. Those who know
 cvsana:n ki ma:ṣṭarjiyan kər ordu:
ti hendi: khətə ja:n šə:yri: ke:šris
manz. ma:ṣṭarjiyan kor ke:ši:ri hindis
məhə:sə r šə:yir parma:nandini kavita:yan kavita: poetry
angriziyas manz tarjami. timə tarjami translation
kavita:yi či tren jildan manz jild volume
čhape:mtsə. ma:ṣṭarji:ni marnə sİ:t'
say that Masterji's poems in Kashmiri were better than those in Hindi and Urdu. Masterji translated the poems of the famous Kashmiri poet Parmanand into English. These poems have been published in three volumes. Kashmiri poetry suffered a great loss upon Masterji's death.
mehju:r ti ma:starji:ni marni sit:t'
gav ke:shri se:yri: hund akh do:r
khatim. magar ne:dimi sinzi se:yri:
si:t' gav akh nov do:r soru:. keh
lu:kh chi yiti vanain ki ke:shri
se:yri: chu azkal su do:r calan:
yath ne:dimasund do:r vanani yiyi.
ne:dim chu van tsuvaanzah
vuhur. yi chu kunivuh shaft ti ardas
manz siri:nagri pe:di sapdmut.
ne:diman vu:ch lokcha:ri s'atha:
geri:bi:. emis mu:d lokcha:ri mo:l.
pati roch yi ma:ji kuni:zani.
em'sinzi ma:ji chu emis p'ath badi
asar trae:vmut. so es anpad magar
s'atha: bodima:n. yendir kata:n
ekata:n es so ne:dimas lal dedi hind'

vananiyun to be called, to be termed
pe:di sapdun to be born
mo:l father
ra:chun to raise, to bring up
kunizani (fem.) by herself
asar tra:vin to influence
bodima:n wise
yendir spinning wheel
katun to spin

II
ne:diman por s'atha: geri:bi: ti
sakhti: manz. em' kor kunivuh shaft
sakhti: hardship
ti teyite:jahas manz B.A. pass.
I

The death of Mahjoor and Masterji closed one phase of Kashmiri poetry. With Nadim's poetry, a new phase was introduced. Some people claim that Kashmiri poetry is currently passing through an era which may be termed "the Nadim era".

Nadim is fifty-four years old. He was born in Srinagar in 1918.

Nadim grew up in poverty. His father died when he was a child, and his mother raised him by herself. His mother had a great influence on him. She was illiterate, but very wise. While working at the spinning wheel, she would recite Lal Ded's sayings to Nadim.

II

Nadim pursued his studies in great poverty and hardship. He received his B.A. degree in 1943 and obtained
kunivuh\$ath ti sati\$e:jihas manz k\$r
\$em' B.T. digri: h\$sil.
lo\$\$\$a:ri p'\$\$\$thi o:s ne:dimas
siya:sath, a:ze:di: ti nav'an
khaya:lan hund \$o:kh. \$emis p'\$\$\$th
o:s bagat sing'n'an khaya:lan hund ti
ke:phi: asar p'o:mut. yimav khaya:lav
si:t' \$ha \$em\$s\$n\$z \$e:yri: berith.
ne\$mu:ni vu\$hiv:

dazakh ti la:liza:r zan
grazakh ti a:b\$\$\$a:r zan,
ts\$ na:r \$hukh, ala:v\$ \$hukh
ts\$ ya:v\$\$\$uk jala:v\$ \$hukh,
ts\$ ne:r koh ti ba:l tsha\$\$\$h
tupha:n tul, tupha:n ban.

b'a:kh ne\$mu:ni \$hu:

mozdu:ri s\$\$\$dis he:silas
zarda:r kar'a: tsu:r?
tuli k'a:zi gulan gu:ri k\$rith
m\$\$\$h tul\$\$\$r yu:r?

III
ne:diman ker' ke:\$ri \$e:yri: manz
ne\$ ne\$ ne\$ teri:k\$ istima:l. yi o:s
his B.T. degree in 1947.

From his childhood, he was interested in politics, freedom and progressivism. He was deeply influenced by the ideas of Bhagat Singh. His poetry is full of these ideas. The following is illustrative:

Burn and burn like a colorful field of laliza:r!
Roar and roar like a waterfall!
You are fire
A furious fire of burning youth
Come out
And cross the hills and dales
   Raise a storm!
   Be a storm!

Another specimen is:

Why should the share of a laborer be taken by a capitalist?
Why should a honey bee circle the flowers and take away their honey?

III

Nadim introduced various poetic styles into Kashmiri. He was the
gođin'uk kešur şe:yr ir yem' blē:kvěrs
godın'uk first
l'u:kh. bi g'avi nî az chu am'uk akh
blē:kvěrs blank verse
ja:n nēmũ:nî.
ne:dimăn kər godî șe:yrî:

angri:ziyas, hendiyas tî orduhas
manz. magar van' chu ne:dim siriph
ke:šris manz şe:yrî: kara:n. panini
şe:yrî: manz și ne:diman ke:šîr
zaba:n bâdî naza:kets tî ke:ri:gerî:
naza:kath delicacy, grace
sa:n istima:l kerūs. ke:ši:ri hânz
ekê:ri:gerî: craftsmanship
khu:bsuri: tî gerî:bi: și am' şe:yrî: istima:l karun to use
manz prath ja:yi hê:vmîts. yath
kita:bi manz pêriv toh' dal hâ:zînî hudî
vatsun. yi chu ne:dimînî ke:rigeri: hudî vatsun song
akh ja:n nēmũ:nî. b'â:kh nēmũ:nî
vučhiv:

obrâ lambukha: akh șhu

hê:ra:n yi:ri go:mut zu:n h'ath,
vugrî tî:rah ka:ličî:
phėk'ra:ni zan pu:tsi lô:šî k'ath

IV
ne:dimăn șha 'pho:k staylas' manz tî pho:k stayl folk style
şe:yrî: kerūs. ath șe:yrî: manz
first Kashmiri poet to write in blank verse. 

"I Shall Not Sing Today", is a good example of it.

In the beginning, Nadim composed poetry in English, Hindi, and Urdu. But now he writes only in Kashmiri. Nadim has used the Kashmiri language in his poetry with great grace and craftsmanship. He has depicted the beauty and the poverty of Kashmir in all of his poetry. In this book you will read dal hä:zni hund vatsun "The Song of a Boatwoman from Dal Lake". It is a good example of Nadim's craftsmanship.

The following is another example:

A lost stray cloud
Floating aimlessly with the moon
As if a beggar woman holds a leftover lump of watery rice
In the corner of her headcover.

IV

Nadim has also composed poetry in the folkstyle. In these folk poems, he has portrayed the dreams
Chi ne:diman ke:sr'an hind' kha:b t'i kha:b dream(s)
arman:n he:v'mit'. nemu:n'i vu:chiv: arma:n longings

ya: sa:hi hamda:n,
yya: sa:hi hamda:n;
'es' cha: insa:n,
kem' dopuy insa:n;
buthi chuy, vandi chuy,
khe:li: candi chuy
be pa:s khopira:,
tath ti vasi kur'k'ah:
tse ti k'ah
khopir a hovel, hut
kuri:k' vasin' to be attached
ya: sa:hi hamda:n
ya: sa:hi hamda:n

V

neda:dim o:s va:rya:han vepiyan hendu: hendu: Hindu
hay soku:las manz parna:va:n.
hay high
aza:di: pati bana:vukh yi so:shal bana:vun to appoint
ejuke:san dipa:rtmen'tas manz so:shal social
esi:tan't dar'ak:tar. kunivuh 3ath ejuke:san education
ti akasatitas manz m'u:li emis ru:ski dipa:rtmen't department
tarpha nehru: yana:mi. neda:dim chu esistant assistant
sa:hit' eke:de:mi: hund membar t'i dar'ak:tar director
and longings of Kashmiris. The following is illustrative:

ya: ُبَحْلِيُّ ُهَمَدَْنَ،
ya: ُبَحْلِيُّ ُهَمَدَْنَ.
Are we human?
Who says human?
The winter is ahead of us
The pocket is moneyless
The hovel is roofless
And the law is chasing us
Do you care?
I don't care!

ya: ُبَحْلِيُّ ُهَمَدَْنَ,
ya: ُبَحْلِيُّ ُهَمَدَْنَ.

V

For several years Nadim taught at the Hindu High School. After independence, he was appointed the Assistant Director of Social Education. In 1971, the Russian government gave him the Nehru award. He has also been a member of the Sahitya Academy. He has travelled to Russia,
China, and some other countries as well, Nadim has been greatly influenced by communism and by progressive writers.

His poetry has contributed to Kashmir's struggle for freedom. Nadim also wrote the first opera in the Kashmiri language, entitled, bumbir tā vəmbārzal "The Rumblebee and the Narcissus".

Nadim has greatly influenced the young Kashmiri poets of today. Even today, he tries new styles of composing poetry in Kashmiri. Kashmiri poetry is still going through the Nadim era.
kuč kešir' še:yar

lal d'ad

habi kho'tun:

gula:m ahmad 'məhju:r'

zində ko:l 'ma:šarji:

di:na:nə:th 'nə:dim'
Lesson Forty-Six : lald'ad

I

a:yas vate: gəyas nî vate:

suman sôthimanz lu:sum doh
čandas vučhum tî ha:r nî ate:

na:vî ta:ras dimî k'ah bo: ?

II

lal bî dra:yas lo:li: re:

ťsha:nđa:n lu:sum den k'oh ra:th
vučhum pandîth pânînî gari

suy me roṭmas nečhtîr tî sa:th.

III

tanthîr gêl' tay manthîr motsi:

manthîr gêl' tay motsuy tsêth
tsêth gol tay kêh ti na: kune:

šunes šun'ah mi:lîth gav.
Five Sayings of Lalla

Lal Ded

I

By a way I came, but I went not by the way.

While I was yet on the midst of the embankment

with its crazy bridges, the day failed for me.

I looked within my poke, and not a cowry came to hand

(or, atē, was there).

What shall I give for the ferry-fee?

(Translated by G. Grierson)

II

Passionate, with longing in mine eyes,

Searching wide, and seeking nights and days,

Lo! I beheld the Truthful One, the Wise,

Here in mine own House to fill my gaze.

(Translated by R.C. Temple)

III

Holy books will disappear, and then only the mystic

formula will remain.

When the mystic formula departed, naught but mind was left.

When the mind disappeared naught was left anywhere,

And a voice became merged within the Void.

(Translated by G. Grierson)
gagan tsiy bu:tal tsiy
tsìy čhukh den pavan ti ra:th
arìg tsandan po:š po:n' tsiy
tsìy čhukh so:ruy ti logzi: k'ah.

a:mipani sodras na:vi čhas lama:n
kati bo:zi day m'o:n meti diyi ta:r
a:m'an ta:k'an po:n' zan šama:n
zuv čhum brama:n gari gatshihe:.
IV
You are the heaven and You are the earth,
You are the day and You are the night,
You are all pervading air,
You are the sacred offering of rice and flowers
and of water;
You are Yourself all in all,
What can I offer You?

V
With a thin rope of untwisted thread
Tow I ever my boat o'er the sea.
Will God hear the prayers that I have said?
Will he safely over carry me?
Water in a cup of unbaked clay,
Whirling and wasting, my dizzy soul
Slowly is filling to melt away.
Oh, how fain would I reach my goal!

(Translated by R.C. Temple)
NOTES ON VOCABULARY

ə:m' ʒe:k'
saucers of unbaked earth
arig
rice and barley offering
o:m pan
untwisted thread
gagan
sky
čandi
pocket
tsandun
sandalwood (paste)
tseth
mind
zuv bramun
to be tempted
thanthir
holy books
d'an k'oh ra:th
day and night
na:vi ta:r d'un
going across by ferry; In this context, 'What shall I pay as the ferry fee?'.
neštir ti sa:th
lucky stars and lucky moment
pondith
In this context, it means 'the Truthful One' or 'the Wise One'.
pavan
air
bu:tal
earth
manthir
mantras (mystic formulas)
mi:lith gatshun
to merge
lu:sum doh
the day came to an end for me
ʃun'
void
soth
embankment
spodur
ocean
ha:r
cowry
The translations of the above va:ks of Lal Ded have been taken from the following books, except for va:k no. IV which has been translated by the author of this Manual.


Temple, Richard C. The World of Lalla the Prophetess, Cambridge, 1924.
Lesson Forty-Seven: habikho:tu:n

I

tsi kem' u: soni m'a:ni bram dith n'u:nakho:
tse k' a:zi geyiyo: m'e:n' diy !
tsakh travy tì mala:li bas ğhuham me: ts iy
tse k' a:zi geyiyo: m'e:n' diy !

II

bagas m'e:nis sath po:š phol'mit'
kath ţa:yi b'u:thiham ts iy
me khabar tì: ğham vâni ğhuham me: ts iy
tse k' a:zi geyiyo: m'e:n' diy !

III

nesiph ra:tan bar vēth' thēv'may
bari m'a:ni atsh la:li ts iy
tsi kavo: vati m'a:ni a:kh meśra:va:n
tse k' a:zi geyiyo: m'e:n' diy !
A Song
Habba Khatun

I
Which rival of mine has lured you away from me?
Why are you cross with me?
Forget the anger and the sulkiness,
You are my only love,
Why are you cross with me?

II
My garden has blossomed into colorful flowers,
Why are you away from me?
My love, my only love, I think only of you,
Why are you cross with me?

III
I kept my doors open half the night,
Come and enter my door, my jewel,
Why have you forsaken the path to my house?
Why are you cross with me?
IV
tan čhas na:va:n, ja:mí čhas pe:ra:n
ba:li čhamo: če:n’ drīy
ya:vnas pa:nīnis tsho: čhas ma:ra:n
tsé k’a:zi geiyi:o: m’e:n’ día:y !

V
ti:r ħukh la:ya:n ha: ti:randa:zo:
tath si:ní do:ruy mey
ti:rav ča:n’av pa:ra pa:ra kor me
tsé k’a:zi geiyi:o: m’e:n’ día:y !

VI
šra:vun ši:n zan bu gala:n a:yaš
ya:vun phośsay hiy
čo:nuy ba:g tay tsìy valo: čha:va:n
tsé k’a:zi geiyi:o: m’e:n’ día:y !

VII
tsha:rdu:n lu:sis kohan tā ba:la:n
so:ra:n a:m ba:li d’an
ranimsi ne:matsi čhuham do:liṇa:va:n
tsé k’a:zi geiyi:o: m’e:n’ día:y !

VIII
oš čhas tra:va:n bo: tsalī tsa:lay
me ba:li gotshham tsìy
IV
I swear, my love, I am waiting for you,
dressed in colorful robes,
My youth is in full bloom now,
Why are you cross with me?

V
Oh, marksman, my bosom is open
To the darts you throw at me.
These darts are piercing me,
Why are you cross with me?

VI
I have been wasting away like snow in summer heat,
my youth is in its bloom.
This is your garden, come and enjoy it.
Why are you cross with me?

VII
I have sought you over hills and dales,
I have sought you from dawn till dusk,
I have cooked dainty dishes for you.
I do all this in vain!
Why are you cross with me?

VIII
I shed incessant tears for you,
I am pining for you,
rah k'ah kho:ltham chuham ko:ní tsha:ndã:n
tse k'a:zi geyiyo: m'e:n' diy!

IX
meha: rot da:ga: yeli tsiy dra: kho:
ka:ri thaph la:j ma: soy
suy do:d marimati bo: lalina:va:n
tse k'a:zi geyiyo: m'e:n' diy!

X
stö:tkis va:vas ti hail na: bo:vum
ho:l chum jigras suy,
tra: vítas kas p'ath a:ham mešra:va:n
tse k'a:zi geyiyo: m'e:n' diy!

XI
yarábali ya:ro: roy čhas ní ha:va:n
la:lo: me čha če:n' diy
dodîmut badan m'o:n čhukh ní šehla:va:n
tse k'a:zi geyiyo: m'e:n' diy!

XII
vasi p'o:m busina:r sutí ha: tsco:lum
go:lum tsey patî pa:n
čthiros arma:n a:yas dobîra:va:n
tse k'a:zi geyiyo: m'e:n' diy!
What is my fault, O, my love?

Why don't you seek me out?

Why are you cross with me?

IX

The shock of your desertion has come as a blow to me,
O cruel one, I continue to nurse the pain.

Why are you cross with me?

X

I have not complained even to the spring breeze
That is my agony.

Why have you forgotten me?

Who will take care of me?

Why are you cross with me?

XI

I swear by you
I do not go out at all,
I don't even show up at the spring.

My body is burning,

Why don't you soothe it?

Why are you cross with me?

XII

My hurt is marrow deep; I did not complain.

I just wasted away for you.

I have suppressed endless longing,

Why are you cross with me?
von' aphpus habikhotu:n kh'ava:n
kermas ni zahi bandigi:
doh a:m soran me tsetas p'ava:n
tse k'azi geyiyo: m'en' diy!
XIII

I, Habba Khatun, am grieving now.
Why didn't I ever greet you, my love?
The day is fading and I keep recalling,
Why are you cross with me?
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>English</th>
<th>Basque</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>endless, infinite</td>
<td>itxiria</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hills and dales</td>
<td>xorbea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(I swear) by you</td>
<td>harriri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to enjoy</td>
<td>beharri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>anger</td>
<td>ari</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to bear</td>
<td>urtuztea</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| to dress up (for a special occasion) | barutzea
| to cause to waste  | aurrea           |
| to cleanse the body| aurrea           |
| archer, marksman   | arrazekoa        |
| to throw darts     | urtuztea         |
| to become cross, to be annoyed | urtuztea
| pain               | alaun            |
| half               | alaun            |
| delicacies (of food) | aurrea |
| to sacrifice oneself| hartara |
| to greet           | harriri          |
| door               | harriri          |
| to tempt           | hartara          |
| to knowingly forget| hartara          |
| sulkiness          | hartara          |
| cruel one          | hartara          |
| beloved            | hartara          |
ya:ribal

bank of a river or a rivulet
(where women gossip while washing clothes, filling their pitchers with water, etc.)

ya:vun

youth

la:l

jewel

veth' thavín'
to leave open

vas

marrow

si:ní

bosom

so:run
to end, to fade

son

cowife, rival

ho:l čhum jigras

(my) hurt is very deep
Lesson Forty-Eight:

I

pholan gul, gath karan bulbul, tithi: sa:ma:n pe:da: kar,
čaman ve:ra:, riva:n šabnam, tsėṭith ja:mary pare:šā: gul,
gulan tay bulbulan andar duba:ray ja:n pe:da: kar;

II

ma thav gulza:ras andar soy, gulan tits soy khare:bi: čhay,
yiva:n sumbal čhi pay dar pay, gule: khanda:n pe:da: kar,
kari: kus bulbula: a:za:d, panjras manz tsī na:lā: čhukh,
tsī panini: dasti panin’an muškilan a:sa:n pe:da: kar,
Come, O Gardener

Gulam Ahmad Mahjoor

I

Come, O Gardener!

Come to create the glory of a new spring.

A spring in which

the gul will bloom,

the bulbul will sing.

The garden is desolate;

the dew is mourning.

And the gul in torn robes

looks perplexed.

Come, O Gardener!

To rekindle the gul

To rejuvenate the bulbul.

II

Come, O Gardener!

Weed out the nettle from the flower-beds

And look at row after row of hyacinth,

Come and make a smiling garden.

Who can free a captive bird mourning in his cage?

You must bring your own freedom, O, Gardener!
III

yi so:ruy ćhuy tse niš pa:nas, tsî amiči: za:n pe:da: kar,
agar vuzina:vihan bësti:, gulan hînz tra:v zi:ro: bam,
III

Wake up, O Gardener, to realize that
to realize that
power and riches,
comfort and kingship,
all these are at your feet
only after you realize yourself;
O Gardener!

Come, O Gardener!
to awaken your garden,
to say goodbye to the strains of gul,
to say goodbye to the strains of bulbul;
And--
bring about an earthquake,
bring about a storm,
bring about a rumbling thunder,
bring about a tornado.
NOTES ON VOCABULARY

gagra:y thunder

gath karìn' to hover around

gul flower(s)

gule: khandan joyous flower

gulza:r garden

Ja:n life

Ja:mi garment(s)

za:n awareness

tu:pha:n storm

dasti hand(s)

duba:ri again

nav baha:r new spring

na:zo ne:math luxury

panjri cage

pay dar pay row after row

pe:da: karun to create; (note that the usual form is pe:di karun)

pholun to blossom

bøsti populace

ba:gva:n(o:) gardener (o is the vocative marker)

bun'ul earthquake

ma:lo: do:lath riches
rivun  to mourn, to sob
ve:ra:n  desolate
valo:  come!
va:v  wind
vuzina:vun  to awaken
šahanše:hi:  kingship
ša:n  grandeur
sa:ma:n  conditions
scy  nettle
hoku:math  power (to govern)
kunâvanze: him sabakh : majbu:riyah

Lesson Forty-Nine : zindi ko: l 'ma:starji:'

I

vadâhe: manu:š ĉeyihe: nû oš
vadinâs vuĉhun te:si:r k'ah,
he:rith ĉëhav kin' khu:n k'ah
ĉe:vith palan si:t' hi:r k'ah,
bu:zith zi bo:za:n ĉhum nû kâh
phäriya:d karînâĉ zi:r k'ah,
le:yith nabor yim ti:r k'ah,
majbu:riyah, la:ĉe:riyah!

II

mor anî anay ĉhus mara:n
boĉhi ti:ri tre:še: po:vmut,
da:d'av, khur'av, bø:tsav, ŝur'av
phikirav, gamav hobro:vmut,
yim gam tselith hêt' ha:vsan
motsro:vmut, v'asro:vmut;
kuni p'ath kh'ava:n thakh ĉhus nû dil
katha:n' kun ĉhus ho:vmut;
Compulsion
Zinda Koul 'Masterji'

I
One would cry and not restrain the tears,
But crying is of no avail,
Shedding incessant tears is of no avail,
And knocking one's head against
    boulders is of no avail.
And knowing that there is none to heed,
Why this urge to plead!
Why dash darts into the void!
Mere compulsion! Mere helplessness!

II
The body is consumed minute by minute,
suppressed by hunger and thirst and cold,
chained by ailments and kith and kin
depressed by constant worries and woes.
And once these worries cease to exist,
the body is tempted and lured
by numberless temptations.
The restless mind is without any peace
for something has obsessed it.
Without the encounter with the Good,
Without the realization of the Good,
rut de:šīnay, rut za:nīnay
tsha:ra:n čhu k'ahta:n' ro:vmut,
mas n'ændri manz čhukh čo:vmut
naphsāč ti sò:kič khɛ:riyah!

III

karta:n' kem'ta:math bona:
pot čha:yi du:re: d'u:thmut,
sa:n'av kanav ti: bu:zimut
sेनिस dilas ti: b'u:thīmut,
tɛn'sənd čhi æ' du:r'ar zərīth
suy mo:nimut čhukh ru:thīmut
go:šan gupīth zan b'u:thīmut
lo:laš čhi bel' be:mɛ:riyah!

IV

yem' du:ri ru:zīth tsu:ri zan
phambah lədith thovmut kanan,
zāh čha: pritsha:n ahvə:l so:n
zāh čha: sora:n zāh čha: və:nə:n
yim ka:lì gəti me: trə:v'mit'
le:gith čhamban čha:ran vanan
ama: timan geyi k'ah vanan
husnas ni kāh gamkhe:riyah!
The mind is searching for something lost
like a person drunk in sleep.
Mere affliction of desire and body!

III

Our ears have heard,
Our hearts have believed,
that sometime, somewhere, someone
caught a distant glimpse of Him.
We pine for Him; we long for Him,
For we think he is sulking from us
hiding under the bushes.
Indeed, love is a painful obsession!

IV

I ask
The one who is hidden far and away,
The one who gives us a deaf ear,
Does he ever enquire how we are?
Does he ever recall where we are?
Does he ever ask himself,
"I wonder what is the lot of those
Whom I put in the dismal dark,
Whom I let loose
Over the hills, over the streams, over the woods?"
Indeed, beauty has no compassion!
dapāhav əmīs yas ratsh nī šreih
tem'śinz diyi: phal vi:r k'ah,
v'od ma: ti ċhuy ma: pay patah
labnuk karakh tačbi:r k'ah,
dil ċhus nī ma:na:n path atsun
va:vas karav zənji:r k'ah,
tas te: vučhav takhsī:r k'ah
Čha: lo:l ya:raphtē:riyah!

VI

pañinuy kanan manz ċhus sadah
Čhus na:ph pa:nas manz khēṭīth,
la:ra:n čhi ama: ru:s'kət
parbath tī van tra:va:n tsēṭīth,
la:ra:n tithay pa:th'an ċhu dil
athī kho:r tra:vīth ċhī vēṭīth,
muškah yiva:n ċhus ya:ri sund
ləm' ləm' kada:n ċhus suy rēṭīth,
su:ritch əkis či:zas andar
beyi manzī ċhus ne:ra:n phēṭīth,
šamīan yemīs ho:v du:ri pa:n
pō:pur beha: da:man vēṭīth
V

We could argue,

"Why expect love from the loveless?
Why expect fruit from a willow?
If you do not know his whereabouts,
How can you plan his search?"

But heart will not retract the steps
For how can one chain the air!
For how can one blame the heart!
Love is not a child's play!

VI

It is the sound from within;
It is like the fragrance of the musk.
The musk deer hunts over hills and dales
    looking for something that is within him.

The heart is like the musk deer, searching
    without that which is within.
The fragrance of the dear one pulls him out
    with eyes shut and hands down.
He is playing the game of hide and seek,
    appearing here and appearing there.
tas-pati mət' mət' ne:rina:
(yodvay əčhav niš čhus khetiθ)
sath akli ħand' ʒa:may tsetiθ
čha: husni jo:du:ge:riyah!

he:re:niyah, la:če:riyah!
naphsič ti ʃo:kič khe:riyah!
lo:las ẓha bel' be:me:riyah!
husnas ni kāh gamkhe:riyah!
čha: lo:l ya:raphte:riyah!
čha: husni jo:du:ge:riyah!
Once the moth has seen the lamp afar,  
how can it stand still?  
It must chase the light with frenzy  
(Even though the light is not seen).  
It must tear through the seven robes of wisdom.  
Beauty is not mere enchantment!  
Mere compulsion!  Mere helplessness!  
Mere affliction of desire and body!  
Indeed love is a painful obsession!  
Indeed beauty has no compassion!  
Love is not a child's play!  
Beauty is not mere enchantment!
NOTES ON VOCABULARY

əčh vaṭith
ama:
aha:l pritshun
oš
kanan phamb leḍith thavun
khoṭith a:sun
khur'
ku:n ha:run
čamb tî čhâ:r
zenji:r
zi:r
te:si:r
takhsi:r
tadbi:r karun
ti:r
treš
da:man vatun
dil
dilas bihun
do:d
du:r'ar zarun
nab
na:ph
path atsun

with closed eyes
I wonder
to enquire after someone's welfare
tears
to plug one's ears with cotton wool
to be hidden
complications (of life)
to shed tears of blood
hills and ravines
chain(s)
urge
effect
blame
to find a way
arrow
thirst
to keep aloof
mind
to believe
illness
to bear separation
sky
musk
to hold oneself back
pay patah
pal
parbath t i van
pot tsha:y
pō:pur
phaṭith ne:run
phariya:d
phamb
phal
phikir
mēt' mēt' ne:run
manuś
ya:r
yodvay
ra:vun
ro:šun
rut
ru:s'kāt (fem.)
lem' lem' kađun
vadun
vi:r
v'asra:vun
šamah
šreh
sath akli hind ā:mi
whereabouts
boulder(s)
hills and dales
glimpse
moth
to (suddenly) appear
complaint, plea
cotton wool
fruit
worry
to chase with excitement
person
friend, beloved
even if
to lose
to sulk
goodness
(musk)deer
to pull out, to seek out
to cry
willow
to confuse and to scare
lamp
affection, attachment
seven robes of wisdom; (the five, senses, reason and judgement)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>sadah</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>so:run</td>
<td>to fade, to be near the end</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>so:run</td>
<td>to think of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>havas</td>
<td>desire(s)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hi:r</td>
<td>head</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husin</td>
<td>beauty</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
phulyi và:gan tì pë:r'mi alay hay
hay valay, hay valay, hay valay hay.

martsivägan tì và:gan čhì b'on b'on
mas malri h'u: và:gun čhù b'on b'on.
Lesson Fifty

ta:ži ta:ži me ənimay ɗalay hay
hay valay, hay valay, hay valay hay,
phulyi væ:gan tî pe:r'ni alay hay
hay valay, hay valay, hay valay hay;

II
martsîvă:gan tî væ:gan ʧi b'on b'on
mas malri h'u: væ:gun ʧhu b'on b'on,
na:vi manz ʧi: kara:n թo:lî թo:lay hay
hay valay, hay valay, hay valay hay;

III

ta:ži muji bēd' ʧi hili tsha:yi zo:tan
dē:bi gogi:ah vozi:j bi:bi kho:tan,
zan sangarma:lîni:y le:j phulay hay
hay valay, hay valay, hay valay hay;
The Song of a Boatwoman from Dal Lake

Dina Nath 'Nadim'

I

I got these crisp and fresh from the dal

hay valay, come and buy! hay valay, come and buy!

These are tiny eggplants, and these are round gourds,

hay valay, come and buy! hay valay, come and buy!

II

These are peppers, and these are brinjals.
The brinjals are like pitchers of wine

banging their heads in this boat of mine.

hay valay, come and buy! hay valay, come and buy!

III

The crisp bundles of radishes are glittering

in the shade of weeds,
The red marsh turnip is blushing like a blushing beauty,
as if the dawn has blossomed into flowers.

hay valay, come and buy! hay valay, come and buy!
IV
hay tse latsh pen', tul van', s'athah chuy
draginy me:r', k'ah di: tse rah chuy,
athi rati: yath, talay hay, tsalay hay
hay valay, hay valay, hay valay hay;

V
k'ah vanay pet'mi brasva:ri p'a:yas
zo:r e:sim ni leth' zo:ri dra:yas,
dodi h'adur tro:v me phari talay hay
hay valay, hay valay, hay valay hay;

VI
arival chot su chum va:ti muj h'u:,
chon ti non tirihot si:nij tuj h'u:,
o:"hara:n a:b zan p'ath kh'alay hay
hay valay, hay valay, hay valay hay;
IV

May dust fall on you! Stop it!
You have taken enough now.
I know, dear lady, I cannot blame you,
for the high prices are crushing us all now.
Let me go!
Come on, lend me a hand with this basket
I really must go now.

hay valay, come and buy! hay valay, come and buy!

V

What can I tell you, dear lady,
My child was born only last Thursday.
Though I didn't feel up to it, I dragged myself out
and left my little one behind.
It was painful to leave him away from me.

hay valay, come and buy! hay valay, come and buy!

VI

My little one!
My little one is pale like a radish,
My little one is pale like jasmine,
My little one is naked and nude, shivering and cold
like a lump of ice.
My little one is crying and crying,
the tears roll down from his eyes
like drops rolling down from lotus leaves.

hay valay, come and buy! hay valay, come and buy!
VII

nasti pambučchah kərith mə:l'sund h'u:
re:pí buth zan lokuṭ ma:jí hund h'u:,
lembi čhu pampo:r phoṭmut ċalay hay
hay valay, hay valay, hay valay hay;

VIII

zan kanač čhum gatsha:n šur' vadun h'u:
zan vačchas tal gatsha:n čhum britshun h'u:,
az me ded' čham s'āṭhah pot kalay hay
hay valay, hay valay, hay valay hay.
VII

My little one's nose is like a lotus seed,
    just like his father's nose;
My little one's face is tiny,
    just like his mother's face.
To us both he is like a lotus,
    sprung from the mud of dalay hay.

hay valay, come and buy! hay valsey, come and buy!

VIII

Lo! I seem to hear a baby cry;
Lo! I seem to feel a sensation in my breast.
My heart doesn't seem to be here now,
Dear lady, I must really go now.

hay valay, come and buy! hay valay, come and buy!
NOTES ON VOCABULARY

oṣ harun to shed tears
kh'al lotus leaf (the usual term is kh'alî vehīr)
čhot pale
čhon tî non slight and naked
tsalun to run away
athā raṭun to lend a hand
zan as if
zo:r strength
ṭhōlī ṭhōl karīn' to bang heads (playfully)
dalay from Dal Lake
dē:bī gogīj marsh turnip
tul van' come on, forget it! (a contextually determined collocation)
ti:rihot shivering with cold
di: mode of address (ded')
dōḍī h'ādur a fixed collocation meaning: 'a newborn baby'; lexical meaning: 'milk mushroom'
 dra:g high prices, famine
pe:rimi alā round gourd
pambučh lotus seed
pot kal a:sin' a fixed collocation: to be concerned about (someone or something) that is left behind
prasun to give birth to a child
phari talá

phulyi và:gan

b'on b'on

britshun

mas malír

muł

rë:mpä buth

læth' zo:rá (ne:run)

latsh pen' (tse)

læmbi pampo:s phaṭun

vačh

vatsun

šur' vadun

sangarma:lan læ: phulay

hæ:zan'

hil

from under one's bosom
tiny eggplants
separated, apart
sensation caused in a woman's breast
a pitcher of wine
radish (note: In Kashmir, the simile 'white as a radish', saphe:d muj h'uh, is very common. The reason is that the most common type of radish in Kashmir is white, and not red.)
tiny face
to leave due to pressure or compulsion
a mild reprimand; it has the literal meaning of 'may dust fall on you'.
a fixed collocation; lexical meaning: 'to have a lotus blossom forth from mud'
breast
song
baby's cry
the dawn has flowered
boatwoman
weed(s)