

Lald'ad

Granny Lalla



Lald'ad

(1355-?)

I

keširi manz ŋhi s'aṭha: sa:d,		
Še:yir tã mastana: pã:dã sapãd'mãt'.	Še:yir	poet(s)
lal d'ad ŋha timan manz s'aṭha:	masta:nã	mystic(s)
mehũu:r. keširi manz ŋhi kẽh lu:kh	pã:dã sapãun	to be born
lal dedi Še:yir ma:na:n, kẽh ŋhis	sa:dãba:y	holy woman
sa:dãba:y ma:na:n, kẽh ŋhis surphi:,	surphi:	<u>sufi</u>
yu:gi: ya: Šav bekhãt ma:na:n. kẽh	yu:gi:	yogi
kešir ŋhi emis avta:r ti ma:na:n.	bekhãt	devotee
magar prath kẽh kešur ŋhu lal dedi	avta:r	avatar (incarnation of God)
da:na: ma:na:n. prath kešris ŋhi	da:na:	wise
kẽh lalã va:kh zevi p'aṭh. kešir	lãlãva:kh	sayings of Lalla
zaba:n ŋha lalã va:kav sã:t' berith.		

II

kešir' hend' tã mãsarma:n ŋhi lalas		
mohbtã sã:t' lalã mã:ŷ tã lal d'ad	d'ad	grandmother, or "Granny"
vana:n. emis ŋhi lalã yu:gi:Šeri:		
ti vana:n. kẽh lu:kh ŋhi emis lalã		
metã vana:n.	metã	mystic

III

dapa:n ŋhi lal d'ad e:s sanã	pã:drẽ:ṭhan	Pandrethan (proper name)
truvahšãth tã pã:teãvanzahas manz		
pã:drẽ:ṭhni akis bašã garas manz	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 holywoman and some consider her a sufi, a yogi, or a devotee of Shiva. Some even consider her an avtar. 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:míts. lókičá:ré p'aṭhâ e:s lal	lok+čá:r	period of childhood or youth
d'ad s'aṭha: samáḡda:r tî darma:tma:.		
yeli lal bah variš e:s, emis korukh	samáḡda:r	wise
khâ:dar. gñ'sind' vè:riv' e:s' pò:prâ	darma:tma:	religious-minded
ro:za:n. vè:riv'av kor emis	khâ:dar karun	to marry
padma:vèti: na:v. lal dedi e:s haš	vè:riv'	in-laws
badâ krâ:r. tami d'ut nâ emis zĕh	haš	mother-in-law
sokh. vana:n ĉhi ki lal dedi hânz	krâ:r	cruel
haš e:s lal dedi hândis batâ tha:las	sokh d'un	to give joy
manz akh kan' thava:n. tath p'aṭhâ		
e:s batâ vahra:va:n yuth yi ba:sihc:	vahra:vun	to spread
ki lal dedi m'u:l berith batâ		
tha:l. lal e:s bočhihets ro:za:n	bočhihets	hungry, starved
magar šaka:yath e:s nâ zĕh kara:n.	šaka:yath karân'	to complain
lal dedi hund h'uhur o:s bađâ ŷa:n.	h'uhur	father-in-law
su o:s emis račha:n. magar haši e:s	račhun	to be affectionate
pare:ša:n kormits. sò e:sâs barthahas	barthah	husband
ti kan bara:n. lal dedi o:s na	kan barin'	to poison the ears (of someone), in the sense of 'to prejudice
barthahsund sokh na hašihund sokh.		

IV

yeli lal d'ad šatvuh variš vè:ts ami		
tro:v grahast tî yi bane:yi šav	grahast	family life
bakhât. yi e:s de:va:nâ hiš vati vati	de:va:nâ	mad person
nangâ phe:ra:n.	nangâ	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 (tha:l). 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:kṣ:ṭhān'	sid siri:kṣ:ṭh	Sidh Srikanth (proper name)
Ṣeṣ. van' e:s yi siriph sa:dan tā	Ṣeṣ	disciple
pīran sāt:t' ro:zān. emis e:s' nā	pī:r	saint
zānā:nā tā marīd alag ba:sa:n. yi	marīd	man
e:s vānā:n ki me vuḥh nā vuni kāh	vuni	yet
<u>marīd</u> , tavay ḥhas bā nāngā phe:ra:n.		
magar yeli ami Ṣah hamde:n vuḥh yi	Ṣah hamde:n	a well-known Muslim saint of Kashmir
ru:z tsu:ri tā vonun:		
"me vuḥh <u>marīd</u> , me vuḥh <u>marīd</u> ."	tsu:ri ro:zun	to hide oneself

V

lal d'ad k'a:zi ḥha keṣi:ri manz		
mohṣur? lal d'ad e:s anpaḍ magar yi	anpaḍ	illiterate
e:s da:na:. lal dedi hānd' va:kh ḥhi		
da:ne:yi: sāt:t' bāriṭh. yiman va:kan	zindāgi:	life
manz ḥhu lal dedi zindāgi:, yu:g,	yu:g	yoga
bagīva:n, darām tā a:tma:, prath	bagīva:n	God
ḥi:zas p'aṭh v'atsa:r kormut. lal	v'atsa:r karun	to ponder (over)
dedi hānzā pratsā ḥha prath ke:Ṣris	pratsḥ	riddle
zevi petis p'aṭh.	p'ot	tip

VI

lal dedi hāndi marnuk asli: te:rirkh	asli:	actual, exact
ḥhu nā mo:lu:m. depa:n ḥhi ki yi moyi	mo:lu:m a:sun	to be known
vejībra:ri. lal dedi hi: insa:n	marun	to die
	vejībro:r	Bijbihara (proper name)

She became a disciple of Sidh Srikanth. She would only keep the company of sadhus and pirs. 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 aitna. 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).

Āhinā asli: mara:n. lal d'ad Āha

panān'an va:kan manz tā kē:Ār'an

panun

one's (own)

hānd'an dilan manz zindī.

VII

lal dedi hānd' va:kh Āhi lag bag

zā hath. yath kita:bi manz periv

toh' lal dedi hānd' 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.

habikho:tu:n

Habba Khatun



habikho:tu:n

(16th Century)

lal dedi dit' kə:šri zabə:n' bəktti:		
tā g'a:nik' va:kh. magar habikho:tu:ni	g'a:n	knowledge, wisdom
gev' lo:lāk' tē mohbtik' gi:t.	lo:l	longing
habikho:tu:n ə:s tsəndrihə:r	tsəndrihə:r	Chandrahar (proper name)
gə:mas manz šurə:himī sədi: manz pə:di		
sapəmāts. əmis o:s ləkā:ča:ruk nə:v	sədi:	century
zu:n. yi ə:s pələ:māts kongā:qur'an	palun	to grow up
manz tā bo:ni šehjə:ras tal. yi ə:s		
nā ə:māts pə:lini bilkul əkis grā:s'	grā:s' kur	peasant girl
ko:rihānd' pə:ph'. əmi o:s gə:nākis		
mə:lviyas niš parun lə:khun ti hēc̣hmut.	mə:lvi:	mullah, maulvi
ləkā:ča:rā kor əmis mə:l' əkis grā:s'	hēc̣hun	to learn
kə:ti:s sāt nə:thār. magar yi anpə:q	nə:thār karun	to marry
grā:s'ko:q h'oknā zu:ni khoš thəvith,	anpə:q	illiterate
əmisāndi dilāk' ərma:n sənjith. lal	ərma:n	longings
dedi hāndi: pə:ph' sapiz zu:n bə:di	sənjun	to understand
gəngi:n. lali a:v və:ra:g tā drə:yi	gəngi:n	sad
gari; zu:ni d'ut grā:s' kə:ti:s khələh	khələh d'un	to divorce
tā hetin kə:šris manz gi:t g'avān'.		

II

zu:n ə:s bo:ni tshə:yi bihith g'ava:n	tshə:y	shade
ə:sə:n. əki dch o:s apə:r' yu:suph šəh		
šək guris k'ath šikə:r gindāni	šikə:r gindun	to hunt

I

Lal Ded contributed the yaks 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 Chandrarahar 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		
e:s bo:ni tal g'avə:n. əm' bu:z'		
zu:ni hənd' gaməbarith tara:nə. yi	gam	sorrow
gav əmis vučhini. zu:ni hənz	tara:nə	song
khu:bsu:rti: vučhith gav su ru:zith.	ru:zith gatshun	to be stunned
yuthuy yiman əčh me:ji yiman gav akh	əčh me:lni	to come face to face
əkis sə:t' mohbath. patə kor zu:ni	akh əkis sə:t'	with each other
tə yu:suph šahan ne:thə:r. əmi		
badilo:v na:v tə yi bane:yi	badila:vun	to change
habəkho:tu:n.		

III

habəkho:tu:ni d'ut kə:šri šə:ryi:		
'lo:l'. lo:l čhu lagbag əngri:zi:	lo:l	lyric
'lirik' h'uh. ath manz čhu akh	lirik	lyric
s'ašha: təhəč khaya:l ə:sə:n. yi čhu		
səngi:tə tə pre:mə bəri:th ə:sə:n.	səngi:t	music

IV

habə kho:tni thov yu:suph šah		
čak a:thas manz. yim bə:ts zə s:s'	a:thas manz thavun	to keep under one's control
s'ašha: khoš tə yu:suph šah ban'av		
kəširi:ri hund rə:zə ti.	zə bə:ts	couple
yiman don bə:tsan hənz khoši:		
ru:z nə z'a:də ka:las. akbarə sund		
dəbdabə gav šəru: dili. tə tem' bulo:v	dəbdabə	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,

yu:suph Šah dili. yi gav majbu:r tã	majbu:r gatshun	to be compelled
pandah Šath tã kunãšĩ:tas maz p'av	kã:d karun	to arrest
emis dili gatshun. dili manz kor	biha:r	the state of Bihar (in India)
akbaran yu:suph Šah kã:d. yi thovukh		
biha:ras manz ekis kã:dkha:mas manz	kã:dkha:nã	prison
band. bišã:r habãkho:tu:n geyi	band thavun	to keep in prison
yu:suphŠahas niš Judah.	Judah gatshun	to be separated

V

habãkho:tu:ni hãnd' gist Šhi judã:yi:		
hãndi dokhã sã:t' berith. dapa:n Šhi		
habãkho:tu:ni kor kã:Šris manz 'lo:l'		
Šoru:. emis patã a:yi arnima:l, tami	arnima:l	Arnimal (Kashmiri poetess)
tã gev' bađi dokhã berith lo:l.		

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.

gula:m ahmad 'mahju:r'

Gulam Ahmad 'Mahjoor'



gula:m ahmad 'mahju:r'

(1885-1952)

ke:šr'an še:yran manz ũha mehju:ras	še:yri:	poetry
akh kha:s ja:y. mehju:r ũhu do:yav	teri:ká	style, form
ũi:zav kha:trá kha:s mehšur:r. akh	khaya:l	thought
yi ki em' on ke:šri še:yri: manz		
nov teri:ká. do:yav yi ki em' on		
ke:šri še:yri: manz nov khaya:l.		

mehju:ran li:kh' ke:šris manz	tarki:	progress
a:ze:di: tá tarki: hánd' gi:t. yimav	gi:t	song(s)
gi:tav sí:t' goyi šong'mát' ke:šir'	šong'mát'	sleeping
hušar:r. yi a:v nov a:va:z tá nov	hušar: gatshun	to wake up
le:khnu:k teri:ká h'ath.	a:va:z	voice
mehju:r o:s mohbtuk tá	le:khnu:k teri:ká	style of writing
milátsa:ruk še:yir. yi o:s gođá	milátsa:r	communal harmony
siriph preymák' gi:t le:kha:n.	preyam	love
magar em' li:kh' a:ze:dihénd'	zo:rda:r	powerful, forceful
zo:rda:r gi:t ti.		

II

mehju:run asli: na:v o:s gula:m ahmad.	m'etrága:m	Metragam (proper name)
magar še:yri: karná kha:trá thov em'	pha:rsi:	Persian (language)
'mehju:r' na:v. mehju:r o:s za:mat	ordu:	Urdu
ardahšath tá pš:ts:šit:tas manz	še:yri: karén'	to write poetry
m'etrága:mas manz. em' ũhi pha:rsiyas		
tá ordu:has manz ti še:yri: karmáts.		

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 keš:iri manz akh		
paṭhvēr'. sarka:ri: karmi sāt't'	paṭhvēr'	<u>Hindi-Urdu</u> , <u>paṭva:ri:</u>
sāt't' o:s yi ke:š:ris manz še:yri:		
tī kara:n. mehju:ran Ṫhapa:vāno:r	Ṫhapa:vāna:vān'	to cause to be printed, to cause to be published
goḍān'uk ke:š:ur gi:t kunivuh Ṫath tā		
ardahas manz. amī patā ker am'		
siriph ke:š:ris manz še:yri:. eṃ'sānd'		
gi:t gayi s'aṭha: mehš:ur. yi o:s		
le:kha:n mohbtas p'aṭh, milītsa:ras		
p'aṭh, sama:šsuda:ras p'aṭh tī	sama:šsuda:r	social reform
ke:š:r'an hānzi burī ha:līts p'aṭh.	burī	bad
mehju:ran li:kh' gi:t jave:ni: p'aṭh,	ha:lath	plight
nīšā:t ba:gāk'an po:šan p'aṭh, grā:s'	šjave:ni:	youth
ko:ri p'aṭh, ba:gva:mas p'aṭh,	grā:s' ku:r	peasant girl
po:šīnu:las p'aṭh tī a:za:d keš:iri	ba:gva:n	gardener
p'aṭh. amī vakhtī e:s' nī yīth'	po:šīnu:l	golden oricle
tara:nī ke:š:ri še:yri manz mu:š:ud.	tara:nī	song
yim tara:nī dit' ašī mehju:ran.	mu:š:ud a:sun	to be found
mehju:rān' kēh gi:t Ṫhī yath kita:bi		
manz. tim periv toh' brō:ṭh kun.		

mehju:r o:s satīhē:ṭh vuhur yelī yi

III

Mahjoor worked as a patwari:
 (pathvair') 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

kunāvuhšath tē duvanzahas manz gav

sorgas. mehju:rni marnē sē:t' gav

ke:šri zabē:n' tē še:yri: s'aṭha:

noḥsa:n. magar am'sānd' gi:t ši

prath kē:šri sānzi zabē:n' p'aṭh.

yimav sē:t' ro:zi mehju:run na:v

amar.

sorgas gatshun to die

marun to die

noḥsa: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:ṣṭarji:'

Zinda Koul 'Masterji'



zindāko:l 'ma:ṣṭarji:'

(1884-1965)

penđith zindáko:l Ūhu keŷi:ri hund
 akh mahŷu:r ŷe:yir. keŷi:ri manz
 o:s' penđith zindáko:las panán'
 ŷe:lá tá do:st 'ma:sťarji:' vana:n.
 emis p'ev ma:sťarji: amikin' na:v
 tik'a:zá yi o:s soku:las manz tá gari
 va:ryahan ke:ŷr'an parna:vain.
 saná kunvuhŷath tá pŷ:ts+ho:ťhákis
 vandas manz gav yi jemi sargávas.

do:st friend(s)
 amikin' because (of this)
 parna:vun to teach

II

gođá gođá o:s ná ma:sťarji:
 ke:ŷrisáy yo:t manz lekhan:n. yi
 o:s pha:rsiyas, hendiyas tá orđu:has
 manz tá ŷe:yri: kara:n. ma:sťarjiyin'
 ŷe:yri: Ūha yiman tsoŷíváni: zaba:nan
 manz ŷhape:máts. magari am' bana:v
 na:v ke:ŷris manz ŷe:yri: karná sá:t'.

gođá gođá at first, in the beginning
 yo:t only
 hendi: Hindi
 tsoŷíváy all four
 ŷhapun to be printed, to be published
 na:v bana:vun to make one's name

III

ke:ŷris manz Ūha am'sáinz mahŷu:r kita:b
samran . yi kita:b ŷhape:yi gođá
 de:vína:griyas manz patá ŷhapa:váine:v
 yi sarka:ran pha:rsi: lipi: manz. ath

de:vína:gri: Devanāgrī script

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'aṣṭh d'ut h'andusta:nṣi	lipi:	script
sa:hit' eke:ḍemi: paṇḍith zindiko:las	sa:hitī eke:ḍemi:	Sahitya Academy
pḍ:ṭsh sa:s roṇṇi yana:mī. yi yanamī		
m'u:l ma:ṣṭarjiyas kunāvuh ṣath tī	yana:mī	prize, award
ṣuvanzahas manz.		

IV

ma:ṣṭarjiyas a:yi zindīgi: manz	muṣkila:th	difficulties
s'aṣṭha: muṣkila:th. yi o:s s'aṣṭha:has	mo:mu:li:	ordinary
ka:las akis soku:las manz parna:va:n.		
tamipati o:s yi akis mo:mu:li: klerkī		
sānz kə:m kara:n.		

V

ma:ṣṭarjiyan kor kunāvuhṣath tī		
ḍoyite:ḷihās manz kə:ṣris manz le:khun		
Ṣoru. kə:ṣris manz l'u:ikh em' kha:skar		
bekhti: tī Ṣō:ti: p'aṣṭh. em'sānzi	bekhti:	devotion
Ṣe:yri: p'aṣṭh Ṣhu laldedihund tī	Ṣō:ti:	peace
parmanandun s'aṣṭha: asar p'o:mut.	asar p'on	to be influenced
ma:ṣṭarjiyin' kavita: <u>majbu:ri:</u> periv		
toh' yath kita:bi manz.		

VI

ma:ṣṭarji: o:s Ṣe:yri: siriph dil	za:nanvo:l	(one) who knows
bahla:vnā khə: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

Ūhi vana:n ki ma:sŕarjiyan kar ordu:

tā hundi: khotā ŷa:n ŷe:yri: ke:ŷris

manz. ma:sŕarjiyan kor keŷi:ri hāndis

mehŷu:r ŷe:yir parma:nandāni kavita:yan kavita: poetry

angrāziyas manz tarŷamā. timā tarŷamā translation

kavita:yi Ūhi tren jildan manz jild volume

Ūhape:mtsā. ma:sŕarji:ni marnā sē:t'

gav ke:ŷri ŷe:yri: baŷā nokhsa:n.

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.

di:na: na:th 'ne:dim'

Dina Nath 'Nadin'



di:na: na:th 'ne:dim'

(1916-)

məhju:r tɛ ma:stə:rʃi:nɪ marnɛ sɪ:t'		
gav kə:ʃri ʃə:yri: hund akh do:r	do:r	phase
khatám. magar ne:dímə sánzi ʃə:yri:		
sɪ:t' gav akh nov do:r ʃoru:. kəh		
lu:kh ʃhi yiti vana:n ki kə:ʃri		
sə:yri: ʃhu askal su do:r ʃala:n		
yath ne:díməsund do:r vanánɪ yiyi.	vanánɪ yun	to be called, to be termed
nə:dím ʃhu van' tsuvanzah		
vuhur. yi ʃhu kunívuhʃath tɛ arɔahas		
manz siri:nagri pə:dɪ səpuɔmut.	pə:dɪ səpuɔ	to be born
nə:díman vučh ləkčə:rɛ s'aṭha:		
geri:bi:. əmɪs mu:d ləkčə:rɛ mo:l.	mo:l	father
patɛ ročh yi ma:ʃi kuni:zani.	račhun	to raise, to bring up
əm'sánzi ma:ʃi ʃhu əmɪs p'aṭh baɔɔ	kunizani (fem.)	by herself
asar tro:vmut. sɔ e:s anpaɔ magar	asar tra:vuɔ	to influence
s'aṭha: bɔɔdima:n. yəndɪr kata:n	bɔɔdima:n	wise
kata:n e:s sɔ ne:dímas lal dedi hánd'	yəndɪr	spinning wheel
va:kh bo:zina:va:n.	katun	to spin

II

nə:díman por s'aṭha: geri:bi: tɛ		
sakhti: manz. əm' kor kunívuhʃath	sakhti:	hardship
tɛ teyite:ʃihas 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

kunivuhšath tá satáte:šibas manz kar

em' B.T. digri: he:sil.

digri: degree

lokša:ri p'ašhí o:s ne:dimas

he:sil karun to obtain

siya:sath, a:ze:di: tá nav'an

siya:sath politics

khaya:lan hund šo:kh. emis p'ašh

nev' khaya:l new ideas

o:s bagat singn'an khaya:lan hund tí

bagat sing Bhagat Singh

ke:phi: asar p'o:mut. yimav khaya:lav

asar p'on to be influenced

si:t' ūha em'sinz še:yri: berith.

nemu:ná vušhiv:

dozakh tá la:liza:r zan

grazakh tá a:báša:r zan,

tsá na:r ūhukh, ala:vi ūhukh

tsá ya:vánuk ŷala:vi ūhukh,

tsá ne:r koh tá ba:l tshašh

tupha:n tul, tupha:n ban.

b'a:kh nemu:ná ūhu:

mozdu:ri sándis he:silas

zarda:r kar'a: tsur?

tulí k'a:zi gulan gu:ri kerith

mš:ūh tulár yur?

III

ne:diman kar' ke:šri še:yri: manz

nev' nev' tari:ké 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 la:liza: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

godān'uk kə:šur šə:yir yen' blē:kvərs	godān'uk	first
l'u:kh. <u>bī g'avā nī az</u> ŋhu am'uk akh	blē:kvərs	blank verse

Ja:n nemu:nā.

ne:diman kər godī šə:yri:
 angrī:ziyas, hendiyaś tē orduhas
 manz. magar van' ŋhu ne:dim siriph
 kə:šris manz šə:yri: kara:n. panēni
 šə:yri: manz ŋhi ne:diman kə:šār
 zaba:n bađē naza:kəts tā kə:ri:geri: naza:kath delicacy, grace
 sa:n istima:l kərmāts. kəšī:ri hānz kə:ri:geri: craftsmanship
 khu:bsu:rti: tā geri:bi: ŋhi sm' šə:yri: istima:l karun to use
 manz prath Ja:yi hə:vmāts. yath
 kita:bi manz periv toh' dal hā:zni hund
vatsun. yi ŋhu ne:dimāni kə:ri:geri:hund vatsun song
 akh ja:n nemu:nā. b'a:kh nemu:nā
 vučhiv:

obrī lambukha: akh ŋhu
 hə:ra:n yirī go:mat zu:n h'ath,
 vugrī ŋi:rah ka:lēči:
 phək'ra:ni zan pu:tsā lē:či k'ath

IV

ne:diman ŋha 'pho:k steylas' manz tā	pho:k steyl	folk style
šə:yri: kərmāts. ath šə:yri: manz		

first Kashmiri poet to write in blank verse. bī g'av+nī az, "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 hā:zī hūnd 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

Āhi ne:disan keṣṛ'an hānd' kha:b tī	kha:b	dream(s)
arma:n be:v'mit'. nēmu:nā vuḥhiv:	arma:n	longings

ya: Ṣa:hi hamda:n,

ya: Ṣa:hi hamda:n;

ṣe' Ḥha: insa:n,

kam' dōpuy insa:n;

vandā winter

buthi Ḥhuy, vandā Ḥhuy,

khe:li: empty

khe:li: Ḥandā Ḥhuy

Ḥandā pocket

be paṣ khopāra:,

be without

tath ti vasi kur'k'ah:

paṣ roof

tse ti k'ah

khopār a hovel, hut

tī me ti k'ah

kur'k' vasin' to be attached

ya: Ṣa:hi hamda:n

ya: Ṣa:hi hamda:n

V

ne:din o:s va:rya:han variyan hendu: hendu: Hindu

hay soku:las manz parna:va:n. hay high

a:ze:di: patā bano:vukh yi so:ṣal bana:vun to appoint

eḥjoke:Ṣan ḍipa:rṭmentā manz so:ṣal social

esiṭaṇṭ ḍar'akṭar. kunivuh Ṣath eḥjoke:Ṣan education

tī akisatātas manz m'u:l emis rusāki ḍipa:rṭment department

tarphā nehru: yana:mā. ne:dām Ḥhu esistānt assistant

sa:hit' eke:dgmī: hund member ti ḍar'akṭar director

and longings of Kashmiris. The following is illustrative:

ya: Ya:hi hamda:n,

ya: Ya:hi hamda:n.

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: Ya:hi hamda:n,

ya: Ya:hi hamda:n.

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,

ru:dmuť. yi ŧhu ru:s, ŧi:n tĕ beyan	ru:s	Russia
mulkan ti ph'u:rmuť.	membar	member
ne:dinas p'aťh ŧhu kem'u:nizmuk	ŧi:n	China
tĕ tarki: pasand le:khnĕkan hund	mulĕkh	country
s'aťha: asar p'o:muť.	kem'u:nizm	communism
keŧi:ri hĕnzi a:ze:di: manz ŧhu	phe:run	to travel
em'sĕnzi ŧe:yri: bađi madath d'utmuť.	tarki: pasand	progressive
ne:diman l'u:kh ke:ŧri zabe:n' manz	o:pera:	opera
gođĕn'uk 'o:pera:' <u>bosbur tĕ</u>	bosbur	bumblebee
<u>yembĕrzal.</u>	yembĕrzal	narcissus
ez'k'an ŧava:n ke:ŧr'an ŧe:yran		
p'aťh ŧhu ne:dimsund s'aťha: asar		
p'o:muť. ne:dim ŧhu azkal ti ke:ŧri		
ŧe:yri: manz le:khnĕk' nev' nev'		
teri:kĕ istima:l kara:n. ke:ŧri		
ŧe:yri: manz ŧhu vuni ne:dim sundĕy		
do:r ŧala:n.		

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, bombár ti yembáirzal "The Bumblebee 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.

VIII

POEMS

keh ke:šir' še:yir

lal d'ad

habî kho:tu:n

gula:m ahmad 'mehju:r'

zindî ko:l 'ma:šarji:'

di:na:na:th 'ne:dîm'

Šeyite:šihim sabakh : pš:tsh laliva:kh

Lesson Forty-Six : lald'ad

I

a:yas vate: gayas nā vate:

suman sothimanz lu:sum doh

čandas vučhum tš ha:r nā ate:

na:vi ta:ras dimi k'ah bo: ?

II

lal bā dra:yas lo:lā re:

tsha:nđa:n lu:sum den k'oh ra:th

vučhum pañđith pañini gari

suy me ročmas nečhtār tš sa:th.

III

tanthār gel' tay manthār motsi:

manthār gel' tay motsuy tseth

tseth gol tay kšh ti na: kune:

šunes šun'ah mi:lith 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)

IV

gagan tsáy bu:tal tsáy

tsáy Ůhukh den pavan tǎ re:th

arǎg tsandan po:š po:n' tsáy

tsáy Ůhukh so:ruy tǎ logzi: k'ah.

V

a:mipenǎ so:dras na:vi Ůhas lamain

kati bo:zi day m'o:in meti diyi ta:r

a:n'an ʧa:k'an po:n' zan šamain

zuv Ůhum brama:n garǎ gatshǎhe:.

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' t̪ək'	saucers of unbaked earth
arig	rice and barley offering
o:m pan	untwisted thread
gagan	sky
čandī	pocket
tsandun	sandalwood (paste)
tseth	mind
zuv bramun	to be tempted
tenthār	holy books
d'an k'ch 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?'
neštār tī sa:th	lucky stars and lucky moment
paṇḍīth	In this context, it means 'the Truthful One' or 'the Wise One'.
pavan	air
bu:tal	earth
manthār	<u>mantras</u> (mystic formulas)
mi:lith gatshun	to merge
lu:sun doh	the day came to an end for me
šun'	void
soth	embankment
sodur	ocean
ha:r	cowry

The translations of the above va:ks of Lal Ded have been taken from the following books, except for va:ik no. IV which has been translated by the author of this Manual.

Grierson, George and Lionel D. Barnett. Lallā-vākyāni, or "Wise Sayings of Lal Ded (or Lallā), a mystic poetess of ancient Kashmir", Royal Asiatic Society Monographs (Vol. XVII), London, 1920.

Temple, Richard C. The World of Lalla the Prophetess, Cambridge, 1924.

satáte:ĵihim sabakh : bē:th

Lesson Forty-Seven : habákho:tu:n

I

tsá kam'u: seni m'a:ni bram dith n'usnakho:

tse k'a:zi gəyiyo: m'e:n' dáy !

tsakh tra:v tí mala:lá bas Ńhuham me: tsáy

tse k'a:zi gəyiyo: m'e:n' dáy !

II

ba:gas m'e:nis sath po:š phol'mit'

kath ĵa:yi b'u:tháham tsáy

me khabar tí: Ńham vani Ńhuham me: tsáy

tse k'a:zi gəyiyo: m'e:n' dáy !

III

nesiph raitan bar veth' thev'may

baré m'e:ni atsh la:lá tsáy

tsá kavó: vatí m'a:ni aikh mešra:vain

tse k'a:zi gəyiyo: m'e:n' dáy !

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 ťhas na:va:n, ťa:mé ťhas pa:ra:n
 ba:li ťhamo: ťe:n' dráy
 ya:vnaš pa:néniš tšo: ťhas ma:ra:n
 tse k'a:zi gayiyo: m'ə:n' diy !

V

ti:r ťhukh la:ya:n ha: ti:ra:nda:zo:
 tath si:ná do:ruy mey
 ti:ra:v ťa:n'av pa:trá pa:trá kor me
 tse k'a:zi gayiyo: m'ə:n' diy !

VI

ťra:vun ťi:n zen bu ga:la:n a:yaš
 ya:vun phoťšay háy
 ťo:muy ba:g tay tsáy valo: ťha:va:n
 tse k'a:zi gayiyo: m'ə:n' diy !

VII

tša:nda:n lu:sás ko:han tá ba:lan
 so:ra:n a:m ba:lé d'an
 ra:ni:matsé ne:matsé ťhuham ɔo:léna:va:n
 tse k'a:zi gayiyo: m'ə:n' diy !

VIII

oť ťhas tra:va:n bo: tsa:lé tsa:lay
 me ba:li gotšham tsáy

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 Ūhuham ko:ná tsha:ndá:n
tse k'a:zi gəyiyo: m'ə:n' dáy !

IX

meha: roḡ da:ga: yeli tsiy dra:kho:
ka:ri thaph laḡ ma: soy
suy do:d marimati to: lalina:va:n
tse k'a:zi gəyiyo: m'ə:n' dáy !

X

sō:tákis va:vas ti ha:l na: bo:vum
ho:l Ūhum ḡigras suy,
tre:vithas kas p'ath a:ham məšra:va:n
tse k'a:zi gəyiyo: m'ə:n' dáy !

XI

ya:ribalá ya:ro: roy Ūhas ná ha:va:n
la:lo: me Ūha Ūə:n' dráy
do:dmut badan m'o:n Ūhukh ná Ūehla:va:n
tse k'a:zi gəyiyo: m'ə:n' dáy !

XII

vasi p'o:m busá:nair sutí ha: tao:lum
go:lum tsey patá pa:n
Ū:tháros arma:n a:yas do:bá:ra:va:n
tse k'a:zi gəyiyo: m'ə:n' dáy !

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?

XIII

von' aphis:s habâkko:tu:n kh'avain

karmas ná zâh bandâgi:

doh a:m so:rain me tsetas p'avain

tse k'a:zi geyiyo: m'ə:n' dây !

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?

NOTES ON VOCABULARY

ǝ:thāros	endless, infinite
koh t̄ ba:l	hills and dales
ǝ:n' dr̄y	(I swear) by you
ǝha:vun	to enjoy
tsakh	anger
taa:lun	to bear
ǝa:n̄ p̄:r̄n'	to dress up (for a special occasion)
do:l̄na:vun	to cause to waste
tan na:vun	to cleanse the body
ti:randa:z	archer, marksman
ti:r la:yun	to throw darts
d̄y gatshān'	to become cross, to be annoyed
do:d	pain
nes̄iph	half
ne:mats̄i	delicacies (of food)
pa:n gs:lun	to sacrifice oneself
band̄igi: kar̄in'	to greet
bar	door
bram d'un	to tempt
m̄s̄ra:vun	to knowingly forget
mala:l̄i	sulkiness
ma:r̄inot	cruel one
ya:r	beloved

ya:râbal	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
weth' thavîn'	to leave open
was	marrow
si:nî	bosom
so:run	to end, to fade
sən	co-wife, rival
ho:l Ğhun jigras	(my) hurt is very deep

arite:jihim sabakh : valo: ha: ba:gvano:

Lesson Forty-Eight : gula:m ahmad 'mohjur'

I

valo: ha: ba:gvano: navbaha:rič šain pe:da: kar,
pholan gul, gath karan bulbul, tithi: sa:man pe:da: kar,
šaman ve:rā:, riva:n šabnan, tsəṭith ja:may pare:šā: gul,
gulan tay bulbulan andar duba:ray ja:n pe:da: kar;

II

ma thav gulza:ras andar soy, gulan kits soy kharə:bi: šhay,
yiva:n sumbal ši pay dar pay, gule: khanda:n pe:da: kar,
kari: kus bulbula: a:za:d, panjras manz tsā na:lā: šhukh,
tsā panini: dastī panin'an muškilan a:san 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

hoku:math, xa:lo: do:lath, na:zo ne:math beyi šahanšə:hi:,
yi so:ruy šhuy tse niš pa:nas, tsɛ amiči: za:n pe:da: kar,
agar vuzina:vihan bəsti:, gulan hɛnz tra:v zi:ro: bam,
bun'ul kar, va:v kar, gagra:y kar, tu:pha:n pe:da: kar.

III

Wake up, O Gardener, 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 karán'	to hover around
gul	flower(s)
gule: khanden	joyous flower
gulza:r	garden
Ĵa:n	life
Ĵa:ná	garment(s)
za:n	awareness
tu:pha:n	storm
dastá	hand(s)
duba:rí	again
nav baha:r	new spring
na:zo ne:math	luxury
panĴrú	cage
pay dar pay	row after row
pe:da: karun	to create; (note that the usual form is <u>pe:dá karun</u>)
pholun	to blossom
básti:	populace
ba:gva:n(o:)	gardener (<u>o</u> is the vocative marker)
bun'ul	earthquake
ma:lo: do:lath	riches

rivun	to mourn, to sob
ve:ra:n	desolate
valo:	come!
va:rv	wind
vuzina:vun	to awaken
šahenše:hi:	kingship
ša:n	grandeur
sa:ma:n	conditions
soy	nettle
hoku:math	power (to govern)

kunávanze:him sabakh : maǰbu:riyah

Lesson Forty-Nine : zindá ko:l 'ma:st̄arj̄i:'

I

vadihe: manuš čeyihe: ná oš
vadžnas vučhun te:si:r k'ah,
he:rith ečhav kin' khu:n k'ah
čhe:vith palan s̄e:t' hi:r k'ah,
bu:zith zi bo:za:n čhum ná k̄h
phariya:d karínáč zi:r k'ah,
le:yith nabas yim ti:r k'ah,

maǰbu:riyah, la:če:riyah!

II

mor aná anay čhus mara:n
bečhi tí:ri tre:še: po:vmut,
da:d'av, khur'av, be:tsav, čur'av
phikirav, gamav hobro:vmut,
yim gam tselith het' harvsan
motsro:vmut, v'aaro:vmut;
kuni p'aṭh kh'avain thakh čhus ná dil
kathta:n' kun čhus 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:šínay, rut za:nínay
tsha:rain Ńhu k'ahtain' ro:vmut,
mas n'endri manz Ńhukh Ńo:vmut

naphsič ti Ńo:kič khə:riyah!

III

karta:n' kam'ta:meth bona:
pot Ńha:yi du:re: d'u:řhmüt,
sa:n'av kanav ti: bu:zámüt
sa:nis dilas ti: b'u:řhímüt,
tam'sund Ńhi es' du:r'ar zərith
suy mo:nízüt Ńhukh ru:řhímüt
go:šan gupith zan b'u:řhímüt

lotlas Ńhi bal' be:za:riyah!

IV

yem' du:ri ru:zith tsu:ri zan
phanbah ledith thovzut kanan,
zəh Ńha: prítshain shva:l so:n
zəh Ńha: sorain zəh Ńha: vanain
yin ka:lá gaři me: trə:v'mít'
lə:gith Ńhamban Ńha:ran vanan
ama: timan goyi k'ah vanan

husnas ná kəh gamkə: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!

dapihav emis yas ratsk ni Źreh
tem'sinz diyi: phal vi:r k'ah,
v'od ma: ti Źhuy ma: pay patah
labnuk karakh tadbi:r k'ah,
dil Źhus ni ma:na:n path atsun
va:vas karav zanĵi:r k'ah,
tas te: vuŹhav takhsi:r k'ah

Źha: lo:l ya:raphte:riyah!

VI

panĵnuy kanan manz Źhus sedah
Źhus na:ph painas manz kheĵith,
la:ra:n Źhi ama: ru:s'keĵ
parbath tĕ van tra:va:n tseĵith,
la:ra:n tithay pe:th'an Źhu dil
athĕ kho:r tre:vith eĵh veĵith,
muĵkah yiva:n Źhus ya:ri sund
lem' lem' kaĵa:n Źhus suy reĵith,
su:rith ekis Źi:zas andar
beyi manzi Źhus ne:ra:n pheĵith,
Źamĕan yemis ho:v du:ri pain
pĕ:pur beha: da:man veĵith

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 deer 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 met' met' ne:rins:

(yodvay ešhav niš ūhus kheṭiṭh)

sath akli hānd' ja:may tseṭiṭh

Ūha: husnā jo:du:ge:riyah!

he:rə:riyah, la:Ūe:riyah!

naphsič tā Ūo:kič khe:riyah!

lo:las Ūha bel' be:mə:riyah!

husnas nā kšh gamkhe:riyah!

Ūha: lo:l ya:raphte:riyah!

Ūha: husnā 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

eḥ vaṭīth	with closed eyes
ama:	I wonder
ahva:l pīṭshun	to enquire after someone's welfare
oḥ	tears
kanan phamb lēdīth thavun	to plug one's ears with cotton wool
khēṭīth a:sun	to be hidden
khur'	complications (of life)
khu:n ha:run	to shed tears of blood
ḥhamb tī ḥha:r	hills and ravines
zanjī:r	chain(s)
zi:r	urge
tē:si:r	effect
takhsī:r	blame
tadbi:r karun	to find a way
tī:r	arrow
tre:ḥ	thirst
da:man vatun	to keep aloof
dil	mind
dilas bihun	to believe
do:d	illness
du:r'ar zarun	to bear separation
nab	sky
na:ph	musk
path atsun	to hold oneself back

pay patch	whereabouts
pal	boulder(s)
parbath tî van	hills and dales
pot tshary	glimpse
põ:pur	moth
phaṭith ne:run	to (suddenly) appear
pheriyarđ	complaint, plea
phamb	cotton wool
phal	fruit
phikir	worry
met' met' ne:run	to chase with excitement
manuš	person
yair	friend, beloved
yodvay	even if
ra:vun	to lose
ro:šun	to sulk
rut	goodness
ru:s'koṭ (fem.)	(musk)deer
lēm' lēm' kaḡun	to pull out, to seek out
vađun	to cry
vir	willow
v'asra:vun	to confuse and to scare
šamah	lamp
šreh	affection, attachment
sath akli hānd ḡa:mā	seven robes of wisdom; (the five, senses, reason and judgement)

sadah

sound

so:run

to fade, to be near the end

so:run

to think of

havas

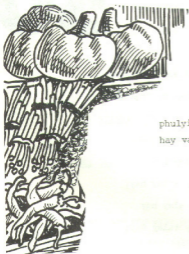
desire(s)

hi:r

head

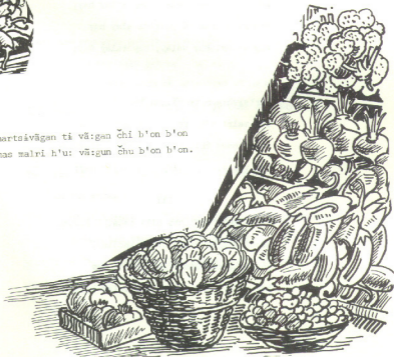
husin

beauty



phulyi vā:gan tī pe:r'mi alay hay
hay valay, hay valay, hay valay hay.

martsāivāgen tī vā:gan čhi b'on b'on
mas walri h'u: vā:gun čhu b'on b'on.



pantag:him sabakh : gal hã:zni hund vatsun

Lesson Fifty : di:na:na:th 'nə:dim'

I

ta:zi ta:zi me eninay dalsy hay
hay valay, hay valay, hay valay hay,
phulyi vā:gan tē pē:r'zi alay hay
hay valay, hay valay, hay valay hay;

II

martsivā:gan tē vā:gan čhi b'on b'on
mas malri h'u: vā:gan čhu b'on b'on,
narvi manz čhi: kara:n t̄holé t̄holay hay
hay valay, hay valay, hay valay hay;

III

ta:zē muji bēd' čhi hili tsha:yi zotan
dē:bé gogjah vozéj bi:bi kho:tan,
zan sangarma:léníy lej phulay hay
hay valay, hay valay, hay valay hay;

The Song of a Boatwoman from Dal Lake

Dina Nath 'Nadin'

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 latak pen', tul van', s'aṭṭah Ḥhuy
 dra:giníy mə:r', k'ah di: tse rah Ḥhuy,
 aṭṭi raṭi: yath, talay hay, tsalay hay
 hay valay, hay valay, hay valay hay;

V

k'ah vany pet'mi braavari p'atyas
 zo:r ə:sim nā leṭh' zo:rā dra:yas,
 dāḍé h'adur tro:v me phari talay hay
 hay valay, hay valay, hay valay hay;

VI

a:rival Ḥhot su Ḥhum va:ṭé maḷ h'ut,
 Ḥhon tā non tā:rīhot Ḥi:nā ḷuḷ h'ut,
 oṣ hara:n a:b zan p'aṭh 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 pambučhah kgrith mə:l'sund h'u:
 rē:pé buth zan lokuḡ ma:ḡi hund h'u:
 lembi čhu pampo:š photmut čalay hay
 hay valay, hay valay, hay valay hay;

VIII

zan kanan čhum gatsha:n šur' vadun h'u:
 zan vačas tal gatsha:n čhum brétshun h'u:
 az me ded' čham s'aḡhah 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 valay, 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

oš harun	to shed tears
kh'al	lotus leaf (the usual term is <u>kh'alí vathár</u>)
šhot	pale
šhon tí non	slight and naked
tsalun	to run away
athá rašun	to lend a hand
zan	as if
zo:r	strength
šholá šhol karán'	to bang heads (playfully)
šalay	from Dal Lake
šē:bá šogáš	marsh turnip
tul van'	come on, forget it! (a contextually determined collocation)
tá:rihot	shivering with cold
di:	mode of address (<u>ded'</u>)
dšdš h'ašur	a fixed collocation meaning: 'a newborn baby'; lexical meaning: 'milk mushroom'
dra:g	high prices, famine
pə:rimí alá	round gourd
pambušh	lotus seed
pot kal a:sín'	a fixed collocation: to be concerned about (someone or something) that is left behind
prasun	to give birth to a child

phari talá	from under one's bosom
phulyí va:gan	tiny eggplants
b'on b'on	separated, apart
brátshun	sensation caused in a woman's breast
mas malár	a pitcher of wine
muǰ	radish (note: In Kashmir, the simile 'white as a radish', <u>saphe:d muǰ h'uh</u> , is very common. The reason is that the most common type of raddish in Kashmir is white, and not red.)
rǎ:mpá buth	tiny face
leṭh' zo:rá (ne:run)	to leave due to pressure or compulsion
latsh pen' (tse)	a mild reprimand; it has the literal meaning of 'may dust fall on you'.
lǎmbi pampo:ǎ phatun	a fixed collocation; lexical meaning: 'to have a lotus blossom forth from mud'
vačh	breast
vatsun	song
šur' vačun	baby's cry
sangarma:lan laǰ phulay	the dawn has flowered
hǎ:zan'	boatwoman
hil	weed(s)