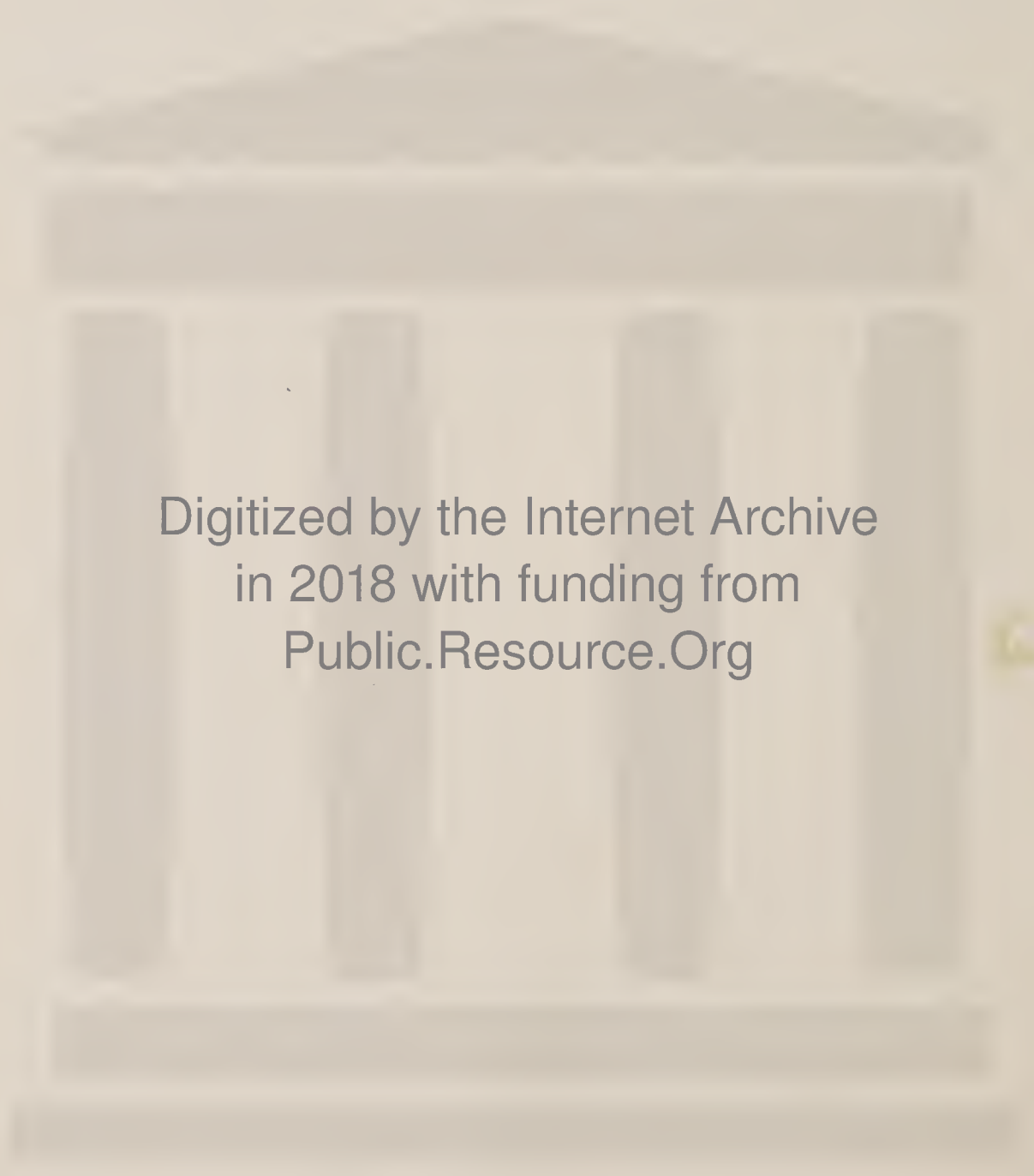


PROMINENT  
MYSTIC  
POETS  
OF PUNJAB

LOCHAN SINGH BUXI







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# **PROMINENT MYSTIC POETS OF PUNJAB**

**Representative Sufi Poetry in Punjabi, with English rendering**

**LOCHAN SINGH BUXI**

**PUBLICATIONS DIVISION  
MINISTRY OF INFORMATION AND BROADCASTING  
GOVERNMENT OF INDIA**

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## Preface

**P**UNJAB HAS BEEN the cradle of great civilization where generations of people have lived together in harmony and peace, for centuries together. It has had great culture which was kept alive by the great *gurus, rishis, munis*, saints and sages. The Sufi saints of Punjab have played a pivotal role in spreading the universal message of brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God. They were the leading advocates of emotional integration. One finds a synthesis of Islamic culture, Hindu philosophy and the Sikh thought in the utterances of the mystic poets of Punjab who always remained above the sectional, provincial and communal feelings.

Keeping in mind the laudable role, played by the Sufi saints, I decided to project their valuable contribution towards the betterment of human society. In fact I was inspired to pen down achievements of these noble sons of Punjab, who used their mother tongue as a vehicle of enthusiasm for human beings in striving for the welfare of the people. The same message of love and affection was given by the Sikh Gurus. Their message of unity and integration has great relevance even today.

It is an endeavour to introduce to the English knowing reader, the life and works of some of the prominent Sufi saints of Punjab along with the English rendering of their immortal poetry. The original in Punjabi has been written in Gurmukhi and Devnagri script, along with its English rendering for the benefit of the English knowing readers. The poets included in the anthology are Sheikh Farid, Shah Hussain, Ali Haider, Sultan Bahu, Bulleh Shah and Khwaja Ghulam Farid. These poets are prominent enough and the selected pieces of poetry are considered to be the finest gems of Sufi poetry, available in Punjabi. I take pleasure in presenting them to my readers.

My sincere thanks are also due to Prof. G.S. Randhir, who has been of great help in selecting and rendering some of the poems in English.

B-83/2. East of Kailash  
New Delhi-110 065.

LOCHAN SINGH BUXI



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## Background

SUFISM IS THE other name for Islamic mysticism. The theologians have traced its origin to a sect of pious people called *Darveshs* or *Faqirs* who formed themselves into a community, in as early as AD 623. According to the available sources on the subject, these ascetics said to be about 45 in number, were the dedicated followers of prophet Muhammad. Originating from Mecca and Medina they spread all over Central Asia. They followed practices of penitence strictly conforming to the written word. Poverty and austerity were their basic rules of life which they had derived from the traditional source saying *Alfaqr Fakhri* (poverty is my glory). This refers to group of people known as *Ashabe suffa*. They were the companions of the prophet who used to live on a platform near the prophet's house. *The Encyclopedia of Religions and Ethics*, referring to the origin of the word Sufi has also mentioned of this group as follows:

“(People of the bench) a title given to certain poor Muslims in the early days of Islam, who had no house or lodging and therefore used to take shelter on the covered bench outside the mosque built by the Prophet at Medina.”

So they purposely decided to lead a life of poverty, misery and deprivation as according to them riches lead to corruption. As such they renounced the world and took a vow to serve the Almighty by observing the prescribed exercises and practices. Like the traditional spiritualists in India, who called this world as *Maya*, the Sufis observed severe ascetic discipline and lived the life of recluses.

They adopted strict austerity and meditation. They concentrated on His name and preached the gospel of love.

The members of this sect, used to wear cloths made of wool. It was a coarse, woollen sack cloth called '*Suf*'. Accordingly they were termed as Sufis. *Muslim Saints and Mystics*, a Unesco collection of representative works says: In a time when silks and brocades, had become the fashion of the wealthy and mundane minded this cult chose to wear '*suf*' which was, symbolic of that renunciation of wordly values and their abhorrence for physical comforts." In reality, this is the translation from *Farid-ud-din* (by A.J. Arberry), who is considered to be an authority on Islamic mysticism.

However, the connotation of the word *sufi*, *safa*, *safi* or *saf* has wider implications. Derived through Arabic and Persian sources, it has deeper inner meaning. Sufi implies a wise person, pious or pure. Sufi *Darveshs* were the men of wisdom, who devoted their lives in pursuit of knowledge and attained acknowledged status in the world of Islam. With the passage of time, the tiny group developed into larger groups and established their schools called *Rabats and Khanqahs*, all over Arabia and Persia. Later on they spread out to Iraq, Syria, Egypt, Mesopotamia and *Maghrib*, the expression used for Morocco.

Before we discuss the advent and development of Sufism in India, it would be worthwhile to acquaint the reader, with the doctrines of mysticism. Direct communion between God and man is the basic fibre which dominates the mantle of Sufism. They practice mystic exercises and stress upon the elevation of soul. However, Sufism, remained as a personal religion and stressed upon the individual pursuing his own way: mysticism thus becomes a system of training involving meditation and asceticism, through which one attains knowledge of the ultimate or a direct union with Him.

Mysticism is only a method of approach to reality. This is obtained by training the emotional and spiritual faculties. Like the images in a mirror, God exists in man but the veil of ego always

keeps Him hidden. According to the Hindu philosophy this is the veil of *Bhram* or *Maya*, which hides the self from the real, the self has been given the name of *Ahm* in Hindu scriptures. The Muslims recognize it as *Khudi*. The first step in the sufi doctrine is to kill *Ana* or *Nafs*, before proceeding on the path of realization. One must discard all the worldly possessions, relations and attachments. This is what Lord Buddha had preached and this is what the Sufis believe in. According to them one must rise above all desires in pursuit of knowledge and truth. One has to be a seeker of the inner self. This is a very tough process and hardly a few are able to cover the first two stages. During this process of realization, some Sufis prefer to remain in seclusion lest, they are disturbed by the inquisitive and argumentative intruders. However, some prefer to discuss the mystic experiences with others and love to share the knowledge of the unknown.

The unknown in Sufi culture is the all-pervading spirit, the Omnipresent yet hidden. To the seeker, He is the beloved: It depends whether the lover (seeker) sings praises of the beauty of his *Mehboob* (beloved) or is dumbfounded by the eternal charm of the dazzling beauty. He may keep the experience to himself or in ecstasy, reveal the secret to one and all. This stage in Sufism is called *Haal*—the stance.

According to the Sufi doctrines, there are four stages, through which, the soul of the seeker has to pass, before it is granted eternal union with the creator.

*Shari'at* : The seeker observes the doctrines of *Shari'ah* (Islamic tenets)

*Tariqat* : The seeker discards the outer world and observes inner worship, through piety and austerity.

*Haqiqat* : The seeker becomes one with the Lord. This is the final stage, when he sees Him in everything and finds Him everywhere.

*Marifat* : The seeker attains knowledge of the supernatural.

Here we may quote from the translation of a Persian couplet by Maulana Rumi which defines these stages. "*Shari'at* is like the

candle light, which brightens the path. *Tariqat* is the adaptation of path. Reaching the goal is the *Haqiqat*, which one obtains through concentration of *Marifat*."

In the *Dictionary of Islam* by Thomas P. Hughes, (Page 620) it is stated:

"Sufism has arisen from the bosom of Muhammadanism, as a vague protest of the human soul, in its intense longing after a purer creed. On certain tenets of Quran the Sufis have erected their own system, professing indeed to reverence its authority as a divine revelation, but in reality substituting for it the oral voice of the teacher or the secret dreams of the mystic. Dissatisfied by the barren letter of Quran, Sufism appeals to human consciousness, and from our natures felt wants, seeks to get before us nobler hopes than a gross Muhammadan paradise can fulfil."

If Sufi movement was not a revolt against the traditional theology, we may call it a bold attempt at liberated thinking and mystic interpretation of Islam. Sufi experience has been described as the 'Inward illumination'; as such the Sufis do not believe in the hearsay. They believe in the first hand knowledge. However, the Sufis were the great harbingers of inter-religious harmony.

"The early Sufi saints were interested only in the studies of the basic text of their own religion. But their contact with *yogis* and Hindu mystics developed in them a great eagerness to study the Hindu religious thought and they even appreciated them. The appreciation started right from the time Sufism entered the Indian soil."\*

"It might at first sight appear almost an impossibility for mysticism to engraft itself upon the legal system of the Quran and the Ahadis with the detailed ritual and cold formality which are so

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\**Indian Sufism as harbinger of inter-religious harmony*. by Dr. Malik Mohd. Published by Baba Farid Memorial Society, Patiala.

strikingly exemplified in Islam; but it would appear that from the very day of Muhammad there have always been those who whilst they called themselves Muslims, set aside the literal meaning of the words of Muhammad for a supposed mystic or spiritual interpretation... The Sufis themselves, admit that their religious system has always existed in the world, prior to the mission of Muhammad...Sufism is but a Muslim adaptation of the Vedanta school of Hindu philosophers."\*

Much before the advent of Islamic culture in India, mysticism existed in the form of Buddhist philosophy, Hatha yogic system, Vedantic thoughts, Vaishnavite tradition and last of all at a much later stage *Bhakti* movement, a very strong wave in Punjab had emerged in the form of Sikh spiritualism. The utterances of the Sikh *gurus* had synthesis of the Hindu Vedanta and Muslim theology. Being the latest in the line of spiritual creeds, they had been benefited by the immense knowledge and tradition already existing in the country. Thus the mystic thoughts expressed in the *Gurubani*, are an improvement on the existing system and an integrated expression of the prevalent knowledge. The compilation of *Adi Granth* was a cultural renaissance and a fine specimen of mutual coexistence. Sufism in Punjab, cast its shadow on the life of Punjab and in return was much influenced by the socio-cultural and religious traditions of the land. The literature produced by the Sufi saints of Punjab, is a fine example of emotional integration.

Historians may differ on the origin of Islamic mysticism, but there is no denying of the fact that, Persia was one of the earliest empires which was fundamentally influenced by the penetrating mystic thought which came through northern Mesopotamia, India and China. It is worthwhile to note that later on when Persia surrendered to the Muslim world, the fact remained that the Zoroastrians of the early Islamic period were able to retain some of their former ethical tenets, which later on were adapted by the Sufi culture. The elements of Chinese and Indian culture also entered the frontiers of early Sansanian Empire. Thus some kind

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\**Dictionary of Islam* by Thomas Patrick Hughes—Page 609

of mysticism was already prevalent, in most of the religions of the pre-Muslim invasion of Persia. According to Prof. Abdul Hosein Zarrin-Koob, "mystical experience is as old as humanity and is not confined to any race or religion." He further refers to Buddha or Buddha, as mentioned by Muslim writers like Al-Biruni as the 'Sakyamuni', who was born about 560 BC in the foothills of the Himalayas and preached the so called *Nirvana (Moksha)*, as the way of deliverance.

Al-Biruni described 'Budisya' (*Bodhi Satva*) as the rank of the men who seek the path of truth, attained through renunciation and abstention from worldly desires. This is exactly what the Sufis later on considered ascetic ideals and ultimately became the essential element of mysticism.\*

We may be able to trace the roots of mysticism in the Indian soil, Sanskrit and Chinese culture but the fact remains that the Sufism as it re-entered the gates of India through the Muslim world, was the direct offshoot of the Quranic interpretation of God.

Muhammad preached the supremacy of God and the man's absolute submission to His will. He is not only to be feared as the tyrant majesty, but he is also in possession of compassionate qualities. He is more than kind, considerate, benevolent and generous. He condones the inadvertent sins of His men provided they submit to Him for obeisance. According to Muhammad, God is close at hand. "We have created man and we know what his soul whispers within him, for we are nearer to him, than his jugular vein."—Quran. This verse has often been quoted by almost all the mystic poets of Punjab, as the man's union with God. However, some of the scholars have said that this refers to the man's knowledge by Allah than the mystic union. The soul has been referred to in Quran as the *al-nafs al-ammarah*, as the commanding spirit, which has been bestowed with intelligence. It represents God's nobility and divinity. It also commands the evil and the physical desires. It has, therefore, been referred to as *al-nafs al-lawwamah* and *al-nafs-al-mutmainnah*. Thereby it is the inner con-

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\**Iranian Studies* Volume-III, Summer—Autumn 1970.



science or the morale which is always ready to become one with the creating spirit. This has often been interpreted as the Quranic basis of man's return to God and justification for Islamic mysticism.

Some historians have gone to the extent of recording that earlier when Buddhism was at its zenith in some of the Semitic countries, the advent of Islamic *jihad* and *Tableegh* lead to the conversions of Buddhist into Islam. They lent to some extent, their culture and tradition to the new religion. Even though they had accepted Islam, yet in their heart of heart, they continued with Buddha traditions. Similarly Vedantic influence is traced to the 9th century AD, when Mansur-Al-Hallaj declared *Ana-alhaq* (I am the Truth) which is the direct translation of Sanskrit expression *Ahm Brahama Asmi*. The *pranayam* of Indian yoga seems to have influenced the mystics in achievement of *haal* (ecstasy). However, the point to remember at this stage is that Sufism when it reached India had completely taken the shape of Muslim orthodoxy.

The Hindu system, divided life into four *ashrams* (stages). These are: *Brahmacharya*, *Grahsth*, *Banprastha* and *Sanyas*. In order to attain complete faith and devotion, one must obtain celibacy, which is the first stage. In the second stage one leads a family life. The third stage requires one to sit by the side of the *guru* and listen to the utterances of the wise, absorb the knowledge and create craving in the mind for the final dawn *jnān* (the knowledge of the ultimate). The fourth and the last stage of life consists of complete renunciation. At this stage one is completely unattached and becomes a wise soul.

Hindu mystical and ascetic discipline yoga had its ultimate purpose to gain spiritual illumination by means of prescribed physical and mental exercises and practices. We also had *bhikshus* (monks), who were self-denying persons and given to austerity. Like the Sufis they were engaged in the service of God and were vehicles for spreading knowledge far and wide.

According to them, the soul is the fragment of the divine spirit that has been separated from the source.

Lajwanti Rama Krishna in the introduction of her book *Punjabi Sufi Poets* has observed:

“The early mysticism was essentially a product of Islam and originated as a consequence of Islamic conception of God, which failed to satisfy many persons possessing spiritual tendencies. In the following phase it was influenced by Greek and Christian thought. However, latest school of Sufism felt Persian and Indian influences. This Sufism transformed the Buddhist legends and panegyrics and introduced them into Islam.”

Transmigration of soul as defined in the Hindu philosophy, does not exist in Sufism. Sufis as a rule do not believe in the transmigration of soul. However, a very small sect of Persian and Iraqi people called Hulubis had faith in this theory, who have practically become extinct now. The Sufis of Punjab who had been influenced by the cultural traditions prevalent in this country, however, have made specific contribution in this respect.

We are told by the scientists that in the beginning there was only rolling mass of dazzling light, constantly in circulation in its orbit. Gradually, its parts disintegrated and fell apart and formed different continents having the particles of the same earth, divided from each other yet at large, the part of the same universe. As spark abides in the fire and becomes the complete whole, the finite self (man) is like an atom of the infinite (God) and has to merge ultimately in the divine light.

The concept of the scientists and the poets in defining the mystic experience is no different, but mark the difference of expression. The relation of the creation and the creator has been beautifully expressed by Maulana Jalal-ud-din Rumi, in his immortal Persian verse:

“The invisible lights which emanate  
from the universal spirit are like  
an ocean and the individual souls  
are like waves. If we look at the  
ocean, we find that all the waves  
are in the ocean and that in reality  
they are all one. But if we look at  
the waves we find that they are many

in numbers and separate from each other”.

Though there is great similarity in the Indian Vedantic philosophy and Sufism, the latter owes its origin to Shari'at as expressed in the Quran and the Hadith. The aim of both the mystical ways is the integration of man with the divine spirit, the *Bhakti* reveals God as the ultimate, the Sufism observes distinction and realises His qualities only. Man cannot be God though His qualities are possessed by him. Qualities of God can never comprehend God as a whole. The Sufi believes in extinction of ones self *fana-fill-ah* which leads him to *baqa* (life eternal). Compare this with the concept of *moksh* in Hindu philosophy.

Sufism is the name given to the mystical movement within Islam. A Sufi is a Muslim who dedicates himself to the quest after mystical union with his creator. Islam makes it compulsory on all followers to observe the religious rites.

The five pillars of Islam called '*al Arkan*' are the permanent fixtures in the Muslim way of life. These are: 1. *Shahdah*—the repetition of creed i.e. there is no God but Allah. 2. *Salat*—prayer on Friday in mosque and five times a day facing Mecca. 3. *Zakat*—alms to help the poor and the needy. 4. *Roza*—fasting during the month of Ramzan and 5. *Haj*—visit to Mecca at least once in life-time, either in person or by proxy. Observance of these tenets, welded the Muslim world into a strong, well coordinated and consolidated brotherhood.

There are three main groupings among the Muslims. These are: 1. The Sunnis who stick to the written word rather rigidly; Quran and Hadith being their guiding stars. 2. The Shiites or 'Partisans of Ali', who believe that after Muhammad his son-in-law along with his descendants was the legitimate Imam (divinely designated leader). 3. The Sufis or the mystics, who overlap with the Sunni's but modify the traditional accent on the transcendence of Allah by stressing the immense and the possibilities of mystical communion with Him.

Thus Sufism according to Webster (*The world's Religions*) is a

discipline involving meditation and asceticism by which one can supposedly attain intuitive knowledge of God or direct union with the ultimate reality.

*The Encyclopaedia of Religions & Ethics*, while referring to mysticism says:

"The beginning of mysticism in Islam takes us back to the great ascetic movement, which arose, largely, under Christian influence, during the 7th century AD ...It is characterised by intense religious exaltation, an overwhelming consciousness of human frailty, boundless fear of God and utter submission to His will."

As is apparent, in this case the fear of God was the predominant factor, than the love of God, which compelled the people to remain in the folds of religion. Helplessly they struck to the commandments of the theology.

"They stood midway between asceticism (*Zuhd*) and theosophy, or gnosis (*Marifat*)"\*

The fact must always be remembered that "the germs of Sufi pantheism are to be found in Quran"

The Sufis, continued with their pursuits and it was under this vein that the subdued defiance of the religious tenets cropped up. They wrote poetry, read it aloud, in their *Dayras* (circles), sang and danced. The extreme came when during the state of trance Mansur-al-Hallaj declared *Ana-al-Haq*. "I am the Truth." He was hanged for his outspoken utterance in AD 923. One of the earlier Sufis, named Bayazid Bustami had said; "*Subhani Ma Aazam-shani*"—I am the pure, I am the Great—As a result of the ecstasy attained by him, he, uttered: "I am God's limit. I am the sacred pen used by the Almighty. Farid-ud-din Attar went to the extent of saying *Man khudayam, man khudayam, man khuda*, "I am God I am God."

Rabia-Al-Basri was one of the earliest Sufi poets who intro-

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\**Encyclopaedia of Religion & Ethics: Sufis*. Page-10.

duced sensuous imagery to her expression of love, which could be interpreted both ways—the love for a human lover / beloved or the real love (dedication) for God. She has been described as Mira of Sufism and her poetry is the finest example of dedication, love and piety. Her utterances are the finest gems of mystic poetry. In one of her poems she defines the selfless love:

“If I love thee for the fear of Hell  
 Condemn me to the fires of Hell.  
 If I love thee for the sake of Heaven  
 Deprive me of this bliss for all times.  
 But my love for thee is for thine sake alone.  
 I crave for thy communion  
 Withhold not thine everlasting beauty.”

This is height of dedication, when one is prepared to sacrifice all the comforts available in this life or in the other world, only for the sake of love.

Later on when the Sufi movement had taken a recognizable shape in Punjab, one of the later Sufi poets of Punjab, Ali Haider expressed the same sentiments.

*“Jinhen aapna aap marya ve Haider,  
 Teri jannat di ki parwah kare.”*

(The one who has killed his ego  
 does not care for your Heavens)

This was the same expression which Rabia-Al-Basri had uttered earlier. In the same vein of devotional love, later on poets of *Gurmat*, and the *Gurus* themselves discarded worldly possessions, kingdoms, so much so *Moksh* (the eternal bliss) was also considered nothing in comparison to the freak of a glimpse of the lover's countenance.

*“Raj na chahoon, mukti na chahoon  
 Man preet charan kamla re.  
 (I wish not for kingdom*

Nor do I care for salvation  
 Just a touch of your lotus-feet  
 A glimpse of your exalted self  
 This is all I long for)."

Selfless love is the pivotal point of the mystic poetry. We find that this discarding of Heaven for the sake of true love is the same sentiment which Rabia had gifted earlier to mystic poetry. Sufi saints carried it over to Punjabi verse. But *Gurbani* took it to another extreme.

Poets like Rumi, Jami, Hafiz Shiraz and Omar Khyyam, who are known the world over, have immortalized themselves, by writing about their love in a sensitive metaphysical manner. They adapted a typical mystic style, which was the trade mark of these poets alone. Later on the symbols of love of Yusuf Zuleikha, Laila Majnu, Shirin Farhad were adapted by the Punjabi Sufi poets along with the local characters from Punjabi folklore like, Heer Ranjha, Sohni Mahiwal, Sassi Punu and Mirza Sahiban. These poets wrote beautiful poetry on the themes of love. In the Sufi, genre, *Ishaq-I-Majazi* (the physical love) culminates into the real love, called *Ishaq-i-Haqiqi*.

Here is a verse by an unknown ascetic:

"It is thou, I am looking for, O Beloved.  
 Wherever I might cast my glance, the quest is for thee.  
 My eyes are interested to look for thee  
 Pray reveal thyself to me, *whoever* I might see  
 A thousand windows are open for thy view  
 Whichever window I might select to look through  
 My object is thee.  
 It is death if I miss thy sight,  
 Far better that I gaze at thee, than die."

Reference to thousand windows be compared to thousand eyes, as mentioned by Guru Nanak, in his famous hymn called *Arti* where he says:

“Thousands are thy eyes, yet hast thou eyes?  
Thousands are thy forms, yet hast thou a form?  
Thousands thy noses smell, yet hast thou a nose?”

These thousands eyes are the same thousand windows, through which one can have a glimpse of the beloved divine. He is invisible, yet omnipresent. He is formless, yet the entire universe is His form. Innumerable examples can be quoted from the *Bhakti* movement, where the poets have held identical views and expressed in identical manners. Reverting to mysticism we quote translation of an immortal piece of Persian poetry by Jami, depicting love. Behold the form of his beloved. Is he talking about the mortal beauty or is it the Divine Grace? Losing individual consciousness in ecstatic self abandonment is the characteristic of mystic.

“Thou wert before my eyes, yet I did not see thee.  
Thou wert apparent in my heart, yet I missed thee.  
I scoured the entire world in search of thee.  
Not knowing that the entire world was Thee alone.”

These are the mystic expressions of love and devotion, which could be attributed equally to the mortal beauty or the Beauty-Divine. Bayazid Bustami wrote his song of love in praise of the ultimate truth. He had attained that stage where the ‘seeker becomes one with the sought’. There remains no difference between the lover and the beloved. He said:

“I went for Him, towards Him,  
but my exalted inner self cried out rapturously  
Is it you or is it me”.

This may be compared with Kabir, as quoted in *Adi Granth*.”

“Kabir tu tu karta tu hua, mujh men raha na hoon,  
Jab aapa pan ka mit gaya, jat dekhon tat tu.”

(Saying ‘Thou’, ‘Thou’ I have become ‘Thou’,  
And no more is the ‘I’ within me.

When the separateness between me and others is

obliterated;

Then wherever I see, I see but 'thee')

The Sufis while in trance, would forget their whereabouts and sing in ecstasy like Bayazid Bustami who had boldly and emphatically declared:

"I am the wine

I am the cup

I am the *saqi* (server)

I am the drinker"

This quotation from Lajwanti Rama Krishna is the watchword of Punjabi Sufi poets

"An important school of Sufis, whose watchword is the unity of being *Wahdat-al-wajud* or *Ittihad* held that reality is one, that all important multiplicity is a mode of unity and the phenomenal is the outward manifestation of the real."

The Sufis seem to have adopted this theory along with the Vedantic and yogic interpretations rather liberally. As a result thereof, towards the later stages of the mystic poetry in Punjab, one can find the Islamic mysticism, intermingling with the Hindu tradition and the Sikh spiritualism. This phase was the harbinger of the common heritage of Punjab.

In a society dominated by orthodox tradition, the neo-cult could not be fitted in. The Mullahs were burning in their heart of hearts and were ready to punish the non-conformists. They came out with *Futwas*. The royal decrees followed. Simultaneously came the Mughal invasions. Hence the exodus. The wandering *Darveshs* and *Qalandars*, those who escaped the wrath of the barbarian invaders, quitted their countries of origin and travelled to far off lands in the unseen world. They carried with them as their sacred treasure, some of the fine specimens of poetry written by those mystic poets.

The seventh century AD, saw Persia surrendering to the Muslim world. As a result, there was a great exchange of cultures—the



Arabic Islamic culture and the Aryan Iranian culture, which was prevalent in Persia. The mutual give and take gave a new shape to the Sufism. The impact was so great, that the mutual coexistence gave birth to great literature. Beautiful poetry was written, based on the lofty ideals of mysticism. They used new symbols and subtle metaphor. The Persian poetry touched new heights, yet remained mystic in thought content.

With the rise of Mongols in Central Asia, history took another violent turn, which brought refugees from abroad to the Indian continent. In 1214, Chingez Khan captured Peking and forced his troops to turn towards west. They captured Turkistan, Persia, Armenia and entered India. They plundered riches of all these countries and raised to dust the hearths and homes of local inhabitants. Streams of people from all these countries, started pouring in India. The terrible Khan had put terror in their minds and in search of new hope, new occupations and new homes, they came and settled in India.

## II

The story of intermingling of civilizations and cultures is a fascinating subject. It is like watching the reflections of the colourful rainbow through the waves of an ocean. The vivid patterns that are weaved by intermingling of rainbow colours, provide not only a fascinating sight, but the process in itself is absorbingly romantic.

We are told that the history of the Indian civilization starts, with the incoming of the Aryans, who had migrated from Central Asia. It is believed that the civilization, culture and philosophy were their contribution to the Indian soil. They brought with them, their own customs, social, cultural and religious values, which over a period of time were accepted and owned by the Indian people. The Aryans were nomadic people, who had come in search of food and fodder and got settled by the banks of the rivers of Punjab, at that time known as Sapt Sindhu—the land of seven rivers. The Aryans found the land very fertile and people more than hospitable.

According to the *Rig Veda*, the Aryans came in phases group

by group. The land of the Indo-Gangetic plains, hospitable as it was, provided them shelter. They found plenty of food in the region, which forced them to abandon the nomadic life. They made it their permanent abode. They were skillful people, deft in the art of war, used heavy mobile equipment for fighting and constructed forts. They fought with the local inhabitants called Dravidians. In due course of time a society which came into existence in this part of the country had its roots in the nomadic tradition, yet it had accepted the prevalent myth, with its social and cultural values, which were adapted according to their requirements.

*Yajur Veda* and *Atharva Veda*, refer to the black magic, sorcery, witchcraft, which had no links with the Aryans. This was purely the Dravidian influence. The *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* contain stories regarding trees, birds, creatures, animals, worship of mountains, rivers etc. which are basically the Dravidian traditions. It was a common belief that after death the spirit is converted into trees, birds and animals. This again is a Dravidian concept and the Aryans adapted it in the form of *Karma*. They believed soul of a man is dealt with after death, according to the deeds committed in the past life. The previous life is like a crop. The seeds that you sow, so shall you reap in the next life. This being a continuous process, gives belief that the soul is immortal and external. *Atma* (soul) only keeps changing its forms till it is finally elevated and merged with the creator. As such the seeker of Sufism and *Sadhak* of Indian philosophy are working in the same direction.

Sixth century BC saw the invasion of Persia and the route to India was opened to many an invador. Darius invaded Punjab and Gandhara. His descendants remained occupants of this part of the land for about 200 years till the invasion of Alexander, the great. His armies were given tough resistance by the Indian forces. The Greeks who had never seen such tough resistance in life were forced to abandon the plan of invasion and retreated to their native land. Alexander died on the way. Nevertheless, the Greeks left their impression in the form of art, specially the sculpture-making, which is said to be their exclusive contribution. Thereafter a num-

ber of invaders came and went away. Gandhara art came to stay during the reign of Emperor Kanishka.

Emperor Ashoka, who was the follower of Buddha, took great interest in spreading the message of Buddhism. During his reign, the art of cutting stones and rocks reached its climax. Great sculptures, with carvings of Buddha's doctrines and scenes from his life were carved on the pillars and erected far and wide. The monks, included his own daughter Sanghmitra and son Mahendra, who were sent to far-off places in South and East, where they established *maths* (the centre for spreading knowledge and preaching of religion). The university of Taxila situated in Punjab, had found special mention by the travellers like Fahyan and Huen Tsang, in their memoirs. The Buddh *bhikshus*, compiled *Jatakas*, the tales of which have been included in the world literature.

Then came a spate of invasions by Muhammad Bin Qasim, Muhammad Ghazani and Muhammad Ghauri. The peace of the land was disturbed. It was during this period that the wandering Sufi saints from Khurasan, Iran and Turkistan started pouring in.

By the end of the 10th century, Sufi *faqirs*, had reached and settled in Punjab. The shrine of Imam Nasir, in Jalandhar was completed in AD 945. This shows that *madarsas* had been established. Muslim saints had found a permanent abode in the land.

The prominent among the earlier arrivals of Sufi saints who made his abode in Punjab was Sheikh Bismil Bokhari. He established his *Khanqah* in Lahore, preached the message of mysticism, ecstasy and love through spiritual experiments. He died in the year AD 1057. Some of the other Sufi saints who contributed their share in this field are Mir Husain Zanjani and Abul Hasan Al Hujviri who wrote many books including the well-known work *Kashaf-ul-Mahjoob* which is considered as the best treatise on mysticism. He was the important saint of the period who influenced the people of Punjab to a greater extent and is known as Data Ganj Bakhsh, whose *mazar sharif* is one of the prominent shrines in Lahore. Hundreds of people visit this shrine everyday. Besides him, Ahmed Tokhta Lahori, (Died AD 1203), Yaqoob Sadar Dewan

Lahori (Died AD 1215) and Yusuf Gurdezi (Died AD 1152) are some of the important Sufi saints of Punjab.

Later on the Islamic mysticism mingled with the Hindu Vedanta and yoga, thus creating an important sect of followers in both the communities who bridged the gulf between Muslims and Hindus. This was the greatest contribution of Sufism to this country.

An important Sufi saint of this era who preached synthesis of Hinduism and Islam was called Sakhi Sarwar, who was equally honoured by both the communities. He died in AD 1181 at Shahkot. His shrine is revered till today by the Hindus and the Muslims with equal fervour.

Four of the Sufi orders (*Silsila*) that were prominent in Punjab are:

- i) Chishti
- ii) Suhrawardi
- iii) Qadri, and
- iv) Naqshbandi

Of all these four orders, the Chishti *silsila* is considered to be the oldest. Since this *silsila* has greater relevance to Punjab, we will talk about it in detail.

Khwaja Abu Ishaq who was the founder of Chishti order, died in the AD 940. Since he belonged to Chisht, his clan was named after his native place. The Chishti *Silsila* was organised in India by Khwaja Moin-ud-din Chishti who had migrated to India towards the end of the 12th century. After a brief halt in Delhi, he made Ajmer as his abode and established a *khanqah*. Thereafter, the city was named as Ajmer Sharif which is a compliment to the pious and respected personality of the Khwaja. The famous Sufi saint, Khwaja Bakhtiyar Kaki was his disciple who established the Chishti *silsila* in Delhi. One of his major disciples and Khalifa was named Sheikh Farid, Ganj-i-Shakar, who was responsible for the establishment of the Chishti *Silsila* in Punjab. He is considered to be one

of the oldest sufi poets in Punjab, whose compositions in chaste Punjabi have found place in the *Adi Granth*—the sacred book of the Sikhs. His poetry is recited with great reverence and respect. One of the disciples of Sheikh Farid was Hazrat Nizamuddin Aulia, who had been serving his *murshid* at a place called Ajodhan (Pak Pattan) in Punjab. During the last days of Sheikh Farid, Hazrat Nizamuddin visited Pak Pattan very regularly all the way from Delhi. The shrine of Hazrat Nizamuddin is erected by his devotees in Delhi. Among his followers, there are Muslims as well as Hindus who come to pray at his shrine. Annual *Urs* is celebrated by recitation of Qawwalis and devotional music by Muslims, Hindus and Sikhs with equal fervour and affection.

Sheikh Farid, along with other Sufi saints has had tremendous effect on the life and culture of Punjab. The thoughts expressed by the Sufi poets in simple Punjabi poetry have become well-known maxims and are oft-quoted by one and all. So powerful and all-pervading is the effect of their utterances that the more one reads them, the more one gets into ecstasy, trance and exalted state of mind.

The Chishti *silsila* had played a relatively minor role in the Punjab after the death of Baba Farid Ganj-i-Shakar. It was in the 18th century that the *silsila* attained pre-eminence and popularity through the prodigious efforts of some notable divines, namely, Khwaja Nur Muhammad of Mihar, Khwaja Muhammad Aquil of Kot Mithan, Hafiz Muhammad Jamal of Multan and Shah Muhammad Sulaiman of Taunsa. Consequently, a large part of the western Punjab was studded with the *khanqahs* of the Chishti mystics. Main centres of Chishti activities included Mihar, Taunsa, Sangharh, Ahmandpur, Chachran, Makhad, Jalalpur, Golrha, Bahawalpur, Multan, Pak Pattan, Dera Ghazi Khan, Hajipur, Rajanpur, Narwala, Muhammadpur, Ferozepur, Kot Mithan, Sultanpur and many other places.

Khwaja Nur Muhammad Meharwi may be credited with having established the Nizamia branch of the Chishti order in Punjab and Sindh and fostered the growth of *silsila* to such an

extent that other mystic fraternities seem to have been totally eclipsed.

The Khanqah of Khwaja Nur Muhammad was thronged by all classes of people including the nobles, chiefs, and the rich and the opulent. Bahawal Khan, the ruler of Bhawalpur, was a devotee of the Khwaja.

He inspired other Chishti saints of the 18th and 19th centuries and found fuller expression in the prodigious efforts of Khwaja Muhammad Aquil, Hafiz Muhammad Jamal Multani and Shah Sulaiman of Taunsa who carried on the work of the expansion of the *silsila* and the dispensation of the moral instructions to the people with unremitting zeal and utmost devotion.

We have stated that the Sufism came to India as an extension of Muslim spiritualism which had completely accepted theocratic orthodoxy of Islam. However, the Sufis, during their stay in India found that the Indian society was completely under the sway of Nath Panthis and Tantrik Yogis. The Vedantic philosophy and Buddhism were rubbing shoulders with each other. The Indian thought and culture had already crossed borders of the native land and were extending its spiritual teachings in many countries of the world. According to Bertrand Russel, the Arabs acquired from the Hindus knowledge of Indian religion, philosophy, medicine, mathematics, astronomy and folklore. We are told that centuries ago, Farid-ud-din Abu Hamid Muhammad Attar wrote parables based on characters from animal kingdom duly inspired by the *Panch Tantra*.

Mohd. Bin Qasim conquered Sind in AD 712. Along with his armies, came many Islamic spiritualists. With the influx of the Sufis, the exchange of culture had started. It is said, Abu Yazid Bustami and Al Hallaj had visited India. While the former stayed in Sind and took guidance from Abu Ali of Sind, the latter stayed in Gujarat and studied Indian way of life.

Evolution and development of Sufism is confined to the period between 8th and 15th century. This period of about 800 years is considered the golden period in the history of Sufism, because it was during this period that important centres of mysticism were

established at Khurasan, Iraq and Baghdad, from where it spread to other Semitic countries. Many saints and scholars were produced by these centres, whose lives and works are considered exemplary till today.

Sufi movement in Punjab starts with Baba Farid Shakar Ganj (AD 1180-1270). Till then the herds of invaders came, plundered and returned to their native land with the booty. Muhammad Bin Qasim (AD 702), Muhammad Ghazni (AD 998) and Muhammad Ghauri (AD 1186) fall in the same category. There was no effort on their part to stick to the Indian soil. Neither they tried to win the sympathy of the local people. Their relations continued to remain strained as is the case with the oppressor and the oppressed. The rulers who belonged to the alien class, never found their roots in the local native land. They always considered themselves superior and had little sympathy for the local citizens. Indian Muslims and the Hindus both were equally considered the third-rate citizens. However, if there was any concession it was for the Sheikhs, who had come from Arabian countries, Turkistan and Afghanistan and were engaged in the spreading of Islamic theology. They were next in line to the rulers and were treated with the befitting courtesy.

Mughal rule in India saw stability and with Akbar the foundation of religious toleration was laid and cultural exchange between the two communities became free and rapid. Akbar's *Deen-i-Ilahi* was a combination of the common points from both the religions. Translation of a number of Persian and Arabic books was done into Hindi and vice versa.

Seventeenth century saw the advent of a new theory propounded by Prince Dara Shikoh, the son of Emperor Shah Jehan, in his book *Majma-al-Bahrain*, written in Persian. This was an improvement on Akbar's *Deen-i-Ilahi*. According to this book mysticism is nothing but a reproduction of monotheism and spiritualism included in the *Upanishads*. This was a very bold statement, which held the country like an atomic outburst and could not be tolerated by a devout like Aurangzeb, who was annoyed by Dara Shikoh. However, Dara Shikoh was killed in the

war of succession. Dying for one's faith has been the way of life in mysticism and many a lover, as stated earlier, placed themselves at the altar of love with dignity and honour.

Khwaja Ghulam Farid, one of the better known Sufi poets of Punjab, in one of his immortal compositions has mentioned the names of such lovers as Ibrahim, Ayub, Sabir, Hazrat Moosa, Zakaria, Yahya, Yunus, Immam Husain, Shamas Tabrez, Sarmad and Mansoor. They laid their lives for their convictions.\*

"The Sufis after their advent in Punjab gathered influence from their counterparts Hindus and other available sources. Their patience, tolerance and friendly spirit brought them followers from the lower grades of Hindus. Baba Farid Ganj-i-Shakar, Ali Makhdoom Hujirvi and many others come under this category."\*\*

Punjab has had a great historic background, rich tradition and vast cultural heritage, transmitted through generations of *gurus*, *rishis*, *munis*, saints and scholars. Not only the *Vedas* were written in this land, but Lord Krishna, dictated his doctrine of Gita in this land to which he had called *Dharma Kshetra*.

Guru Nanak along with other Sikh Gurus preached oneness of God. That is why he is called 'Nanak Shah Faqir, Hindu ka Guru, Muslim ka Pir'. Poets like Baba Farid, Shah Hussain, Sultan Bahu, Ghulam Farid and Bulleh Shah praised the divine love. Later on Waris Shah, Fazal Shah, Hashim and many more wrote poetry of love and gave it mystic interpretation. However, they remained confined to narrative and romantic poetry and are known as *Quissa Kavis*. Nath Panthis and Yogis, enriched the culture of Punjab with their philosophic utterances and platonic expression. Pooran Bhagat and Raja Bhartari are the products of this cult. The synthesis of Islamic thought and Hindu philosophy appeared in the writings of the Sufi poets of Punjab prominently. An effort has been made to bring to the English readers, some of the rare gems of the mystic poetry in Punjabi. It is also an effort to introduce the reader with the life and works of some of the prominent Sufi poets of Punjab.

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\* *Fifth Kafi in Kajian Khwaja Ghulam Farid*, Published by Punjabi University, Patiala.

\*\* *Punjabi Sufi Poets* by Lajwanti Rama Krishna.



## Baba Farid Shakar Ganj

**F**ARID SHAKAR GANJ or Ganj-i-Shakar popularly known as Baba Farid is a revered personality in Punjabi poetry. Revered, not because he was a father figure in the Punjabi poetry or that he was a great Sufi saint whose hymns have been included in the Sikh scriptures, but the thought-content of his poetry has touched the greatest heights of ecstasy, humility, meditation and asceticism. The sweetness of language and the simplicity of expression account for his mass appeal. Sikhs, Muslims and Hindus have always looked upon him as a revered *Murshid*\* and have kept his utterances dear to their hearts till today. In the undivided Punjab, one could hear, the *shlokas* (couplets) of Farid vibrating in the early dawn, irrespective of religion, caste or creed. The Muslim ploughman, the Hindu shopkeeper or the Sikh scholar would recite the verses of Farid with equal passion and reverence. Imagine the cold creeping dawn over a village where people are half asleep in their warm and cosy beds. Suddenly the voice of a wandering mendicant rends the sleepy atmosphere:

“Wake up, O slumbering Farid and perform your *namaz*.  
For the head that does not bow to the Master deserves to  
be severed.”

This is one of the famous *shlokas* of Sheikh Farid. Here one finds

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\* *Murshid* — *Guru* (Guide)

him a devout Muslim who is very demanding as far as the performing of duty towards Allah is concerned. Farid Shakar Ganj imparted a lasting impress of Muslim thought on the composite culture of India, which was essentially predominated by the Hindu philosophy. He introduced Islamic concept of life, with Sufi backdrop and laid foundation of mystic poetry in Punjabi.

Sheikh Farid the earliest Sufi poet of Punjab was born in AD 1180 at a place called Khotwal, in District Multan of the pre-partitioned Punjab. His ancestors belonged to a noble family of Kabul and had migrated to India. His grand father Qazi Shoaib was a learned man, who came to Lahore but the court life and gait of the city did not impress him. He shifted to Kasur where he found a friend in the person of the local Qazi, who recommended him to the Sultan as a great scholar of Quranic literature. He was offered a job as Qazi of Khotwal by the Sultanate of Delhi which he accepted reluctantly. Left to himself he would prefer to continue in the pursuit of theology. However, he got settled at Khotwal. Shoaib had three sons, Izzuddin, Farid Masud and Najib-ud-din. It was Farid Masud who later on was known as Sheikh Farid-ud-din Ganj-i-Shakar. He was called Ganj-i-Shakar on account of an incident which occurred in his childhood and later on being the third in the Chishti silsila, he was called Sheikh Farid-ud-din, after the Sufi saint Farid-ud-din Attar.

A number of miracles are associated with Farid's childhood. His mother, a pious and devout lady, wanted to inculcate in him regular habit of saying prayers. The followers of Islam are under obligation to perform *namaz* five times a day. She would quietly put a packet of sugar under his *jai namaz* (carpet used for offering *namaz*), when he would be busy with his prayers. Child Farid was very fond of candy, which he never forgot to pick up after the *namaz*, the prize for his dogged devotion. It is said, one day his mother had to be away on a visit to some relatives. After saying his prayers, Farid, as usual looked for his prize and unwittingly found the usual pack of candy under his *massalah* (carpet). Though Farid was unaware of the miracle, his mother on return was highly

touched by the presence of the mysterious candy pack. When Farid told her that he had received his usual gift from God, she fell in a *sajda* (bowed before the Almighty) and was obliged to tell Farid about the clever device adopted to divert his attention towards God. Since that day he was known as Ganj-i-Shakar or Farid Shakar Ganj as the Punjabi poets and critics have mentioned. The fact is that he was very sweet in conversation and absorbed the attention of his audience in a miraculous way.

Another story telling about the spiritual attainment of Sheikh Farid goes like this. Once a caravan was passing through the street. Farid asked the traders as to what were the goods being carried by them. The traders who were carrying sugar on their camels lied to him by telling him that it was salt. It is said that instantaneously the sugar turned into salt. The traders on reaching their destination were terribly dismayed. They repented their cunning behaviour, towards the man of God and returned all the way to him to confess their guilt. The benign Sheikh just smiled and admonished them for telling lies in future. It so happened that the salt again miraculously was converted into sugar. There is yet another story telling that once when the Sheikh was terribly hungry and weak after fasting, he put by mistake a stone into his mouth which instantly turned into a sugar crystal.

Another legend tells us that after performing three long spells of penance, when Farid returned to his mother, she asked him if he had experienced anything unusual. His reply being negative, the mother told him to continue with his experience as he had not yet reached that stage. It was during the third spell, that he noticed that a flock of sparrows were singing around him. The song of the sparrows was enough to disturb his solitude and he cursed sparrows by saying; "Be damned ye sparrows! How dare you disturb my concentration". He had hardly finished the sentence, when all the sparrows lay dead before him.

"At last, I am blessed with His kindness", he thought. Just to test his attainment, he desired the sparrows to be alive again. The miracle repeated itself and all the dead sparrows flew away chirping happily.

This story may not be true, as it is against the Sufi way of killing so many creatures, just to save his concentration. God alone is the giver and taker of life. But a legend is a legend.

Amused by attainment, Farid thought of returning to his native place. On the way he felt thirsty and saw a woman who was drawing water from a well and then throwing the same in a particular direction. He requested her for a gulp of water to quench his thirst, but the woman did not listen to him. When he became impatient, she told him: "These are no sparrows, who would die at your command and be alive when you so desired. Just wait. I will give you water when I am free". He was taken aback. Later on when the woman was pouring water in the cup of his hand, he asked her "Pray tell me how you knew about the sparrows and why were you not free?"

She told him: "Look, I am a *sohagin* (married woman), and my husband is God to me. One night when he was lying on his cot, he asked me to get him a glass of water. I got up and brought the water, but by that time he had gone to sleep. I kept on waiting the whole night, holding the glass of water. The grace of Almighty blessed me with the powers of omniscience, through which, I had seen your drama with the sparrows. Now, about your second question; at a short distance from this place lives my sister, whose house in her absence caught fire. With the water that I had drawn from well, I was trying to douse the fire, by throwing in that direction." By this Farid learnt a lesson. He discarded his pride and engaged himself in the service of the Lord, with all the humility, sincerity and devotion.

As stated earlier, the legends are unauthenticated accounts, preserved by tradition and are popularly thought to have a basis in fact. However, the true biographical notices and teachings of Sheikh Farid are found in (i) *Siyar-al-Aulia* (ii) *Fawa-id-al-Farid* and (iii) *Khair-al-majalis* and collections of conversations of early Chishti saints.

He was a devout Muslim and has defined his faith in his *shlokas* included in the *Adi Granth* as follows:

“O prayerless cur, this isn't good for you no, nay.  
Pray why do you visit not the mosque but five times a  
day.”\*

No doubt, he was an enlightened soul, his insatiable thirst for knowledge took him to the door of Khawaja Qutab-ud-din Bakhtiyar Kaki, who was pleased to accept him as his spiritual successor.

For a Sufi it is essential to pass through the transcendental stages, in order to attain union with God. These stages are: *Shari'at* (the code of law), *Tariqat* (the Sufi discipline or the way), *Haqiqat* (awakening of the soul) and *Marifat* (realisation). As a poet of *Tariqat*, Farid sought union with intense devotion. He sought Him with all the passion of his heart and underwent rigid penance by observing *chillah*. It would be interesting to note that Farid performed *chillah-i-makus* at a place called Uch, in a well. *Makus* is a discipline of inverted suspension. It is believed that he performed this *namaz*, by tying his feet with a peg and remained in the suspended position by hanging himself upside down in the well. Farid seems to have quite tough time. In one of his *shlokas* he says:

“Farid, my dry body hath become a skeleton;  
Ravens peck at the hollows of my hands and feet,  
Uptill now God hath not come to mine aid;  
Behold His servant's misfortune.”

According to a legend he performed this strict penance for six months. As a devoted follower, his belief in God is not shaken. He says:

“O ravens, you have searched my skeleton and eaten  
all my flesh  
But touch not these two eyes, as I hope to behold  
my beloved.”

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\* Muslim prayers are:

*Fajar* (5.15 a.m.), *Zohar* (2 p.m.),

*Asar* (5 p.m.), *Maghreb* (6.45 p.m.)

and *Ashaa* (8 p.m.). Besides these five prayers, there is yet another *Namaz*, which some of the devout like to perform at midnight. It is called *Tahajjud*.

He compared the world with a beautiful garden where the bird (soul) comes for a short stay, like the guest who comes at night to a *Caravan sarai* and leaves for his destination in the morning. each one of us has to leave at the appointed time.

He refers to the instability of the world by saying:

“Farid, where are the parents, who gave birth to you.  
Before you they have passed away.  
But you still do not realize.”

In another couplet he again harps on the same theme:

“Farid you have grown old  
Your body has begun to totter,  
Even if you live for hundred years  
Yet you have to perish and return to dust.”

Stress on *Shari'at* and *Triqat* is the focal point of Farid's poetry. He differs from Islamic mysticism only to the extent that whereas Islam does not accept the philosophized, mystic expression of religious ideology, Baba Farid has expressed his experiences of mystic union as a natural culmination of his concentration. Followers of Islam are under obligation to observe five *namazs* (prayers) a day, keep *rozās* (fasts), and once in life must go on *haj* (pilgrimage) of the holy Mecca and Medina. Besides that, the religious tenets require one to give *zakat* (alms) and share possessions with the needy brethren. Thus Islam preaches simple co-operative community-living and renunciation of wealth. It was here that the kings and rulers being the symbol of royalty and wealth became a point of apathy for the Muslim Sufi poets of Punjab of whom Baba Farid was the pioneer. We may say that mysticism of Baba Farid is just a way of life and a view point within the framework of *Shari'at*.

Baba Farid does no contradiction of Islamic tenets; on the other hand, his *Shari'at* and mysticism are like the two banks of the same stream called religion. You start with *Shariat* and end up with mysticism. *Wahdat-ul-Wajood* (unity of being) is the most important aspect of Sufism. It is at this stage that the Sufi can identify himself

with God. Here we must also characterise the Islamic view of God. He is the supreme creator, preserver and the destroyer. The Hindu trinity, Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesh are the three aspects of God, who is just and merciful. He rewards the noble souls on the day of judgement by sending them to *Bahisht* (heaven) and the bad ones are sent to *Dozakh* (hell).

According to Baba Farid, the abode of God is the man's mind. The best way to realise Him is to purify one's mind. In one of his couplets he says:

“Farid, why wanderest thou over wild place.  
Trampling thorns under thy feet!  
God abides in thy heart; seek Him not in lonely wastes.”

The death has always been considered dreadful. Eventhough we know that it is the natural end of life, it is predestined, yet it is fearful and frightening. Farid believes that the fate is written by the Almighty before a soul is sent to this world. In the metaphysical terms, Baba Farid believes that all human beings are symbols of a maiden whose lover is God. The day of marriage is fixed, when the Lord will come and marry the lucky maid; he will take away the bride and embrace her if she has any qualities or otherwise discard her and condemn to the fires of Hell. This symbol has always been popular with the Sufis and the Sikh Gurus. In Baba Farid's poetry life and death are portrayed in the same spiritual concept. Baba Farid stresses on the noble deeds and emphasises upon the ethical values of human character. According to him this is the fundamental quality, which is dear to God and enables an individual soul to rise above the worldly surroundings and become one with the Eternal Bliss.

How strange it is that we keep watching the departure of our friends, parents, elders or youngers, but we never realize that the doom has its day. Human beings are as perishable as the unbaked earthen pots of the potter. Aging is a natural phenomenon, but Farid puts it in the metaphorical poetic sense:

“Farid, see what has occurred. The beard has gone grey.  
The end is nearer, the past is left far behind.”

As per the Indian custom, at the time of marriage the bride is knotted to the flowing costume held by the bridegroom. This wedlock is considered symbolic of their eternal union. In one of his *shlokas* Farid has said:

“Had I known my ties would be broken loose  
I would have tightened the knots.  
For, like thee, O love, there is not another  
I have searched the whole world through.”

Human beings are wandering souls, roaming in search of their lover. Here is an image of the woman, kindled by the fire of separation. He sees a black bird called *Koel* and asks it:

“*Koel* why are your wings so black?”  
The *Koel* replies: “It is the fire of separation  
which has burnt my wings.”

Talking of birds images in Sheikh Farid’s poetry, we may say that he has mostly used them, as based on myths. From where have they come and where shall they go? His concern is philosophic. Compare the *Kali koel* with the human spirit—the human soul—fluttering, lost and forsaken!

In these two lines the poet has summarized the pangs of separation of a life’s time. Life itself is the *Koel* which has been separated from the Lord. Throughout the life one has to yearn and pine for the union. He discards the worldly possessions. According to him, His love is richer than all the sweet gifts that this world can offer.

“Sweet are candy, sugar, honey and the buffalo’s milk.  
Yes, sweet are these all, but sweetest of all is the God’s  
name.”

Farid uses the symbol of a ‘vain beauty’ for human beings. The beauty adorns herself, wears attractive attire and uses decorative ornaments and scents, in order to enchant her lover but during the long wait she goes to sleep. This results in a tragic catastrophe. The clothes become crumpled, the adornment remains useless and the



fragrance of the scented body is lost in vain. Here Farid has used beauty in a metaphysical sense. Body symbolizes the man, who is busy in external rituals, follows useless pursuits forgetting God (inner fragrance); *Bhakti* (devotion). God likes devotion and not rituals.

Farid has laid lot of stress on the impermanence of life, death and the punishment to be meted out to the sinners. One finds vivid depiction of spiritual experience in his poetry, which he narrates in an easy manner by using symbols and metaphors derived from life. Being a scholar, he chooses his vocabulary very carefully and uses words and objects from every day life, which are familiar to the reader. As an intellectual Farid is superb, which faculty he has used profitably with his poetic genius. His account is brief but accurate. His poetry is full of philosophical thought which is always heavy and burdened with the Islamic terminology. As one critic has said, Islam is the body and mysticism is the soul. His poetry is the finest combination of both the ideologies. Islam he had inherited from his Semitic origin and enriched it with the Indian spirit borrowed from Vedantic thought. Thus we may conclude that Sufism of Baba Farid is nothing but *Shari'at-Tariqat* based spiritualism.

As an artist, Farid is a competent painter. He has created such word pictures, that are ever-haunting and remain etched in the memory.

He saw a prostitute with a whip, beating her maidservant mercilessly. As a man of God, he asked her, why she was annoyed with the poor servant and what was her fault? He was told that the maid had powdered *kajal* (antimony) rather carelessly and when the tender lady used it, small particles of sand hurt her eyes. Hence the punishment. Farid smiled and went away. After the passage of time once again he came across the same prostitute, who was suffering from some dreaded disease. Towards the end, he paints the picture of a horrifying skeleton, with decayed skin and foul smell. The birds had made nest in the hollows of the eyes which were filled with nits and rubbish. He wondered if these were the

same eyes, that could not tolerate a small particle of sand and now were bearing all the filth and humiliation. His observation was that one should never forget, what the future has in store.

Great was Baba Farid as a poet and as a Sufi saint. His utterances have endeared him to his readers and followers all these years.

## A Representative Poetry of Baba Farid

**ਸਲੋਕ ਫਰੀਦ**

ਫਰੀਦਾ ਹਉ ਬਲਿਹਾਰੀ ਤਿਨੁ ਪੰਖੀਆਂ ਜੰਗਲਿ ਜਿਨਾ ਵਾਸੁ।  
ਕਕਰ ਚੁਗਨ ਥਲ ਵਸਨ ਰਬ ਨ ਛੋਡਨਿ ਪਾਸੁ।

ਫਰੀਦਾ ਸਕਰ ਖੰਡੁ ਨਿਵਾਤ ਗੁੜ ਮਾਖਿਓ ਮਾਂਝਾ ਦੁੱਧੁ।  
ਸਭੇ ਵਸਤੁ ਮਿਠੀਆਂ ਰਬ ਨ ਪੁਜਨਿ ਤੁਧੁ।

ਏਨੀ ਲੋਇਣੀ ਦੇਖਦਿਆਂ ਕੇਤੀ ਚਲ ਗਈ।  
ਫਰੀਦਾ ਲੋਕਾ ਆਪੋ ਆਪਣੀ ਮੇ ਆਪਣੀ ਪਈ।  
ਫਰੀਦਾ ਕਾਲੇ ਮੈਢੇ ਕਪੜੇ ਕਾਲਾ ਮੈਡਾ ਵੇਸੁ  
ਗੁਨਹੀ ਭਰਿਆ ਮੇ ਫਿਰਾਂ ਲੋਕ ਕਹੈ ਦਰਵੇਸੁ

ਫਰੀਦਾ ਖਾਲਕੁ ਖਲਕ ਮਹਿ ਖਲਕ ਵਸੇ ਰਬ ਮਾਹਿ।  
ਮੰਦਾ ਕਿਸ ਨੂੰ ਆਖੀਐ, ਜਾਂ ਤਿਸ ਬਿਨ ਕੋਈ ਨਾਹਿ।  
ਫਰੀਦਾ ਦਰ ਦਰਵਾਜੈ ਜਾਇ ਕੈ, ਕਿਉ ਡਿਠੋ ਘੜੀਆਲੁ।  
ਇਹ ਨਿਦੋਸਾ ਮਾਰੀਐ ਹਮ ਦੋਸਾਂ ਦਾ ਕਿਆ ਹਾਲੁ।

**श्लोक फरीद**

ਫਰੀਦਾ ਹਝੁੰ ਬਲਿਹਾਰੀ ਤਿਨੁ ਪੰਖਿਯਾਂ ਜੰਗਲਿ ਜਿਨਾ ਵਾਸੁ।  
ਕਕਰ ਚੁਗਨ ਥਲ ਵਸਨ ਰਬ ਨ ਛੋਡਨਿ ਪਾਸੁ।  
ਫਰੀਦਾ ਸਕਰ ਖੰਡੁ ਨਿਵਾਤ ਗੁੜ ਮਾਖਿਓ ਮਾਂਝਾ ਦੁੱਧੁ।  
ਸਭੇ ਵਸਤੁ ਮਿਠੀਆਂ ਰਬ ਨ ਪੁਜਨਿ ਤੁਧੁ।

ਏਨੀ ਲੋਇਣੀ ਦੇਖਦਿਆਂ ਕੇਤੀ ਚਲ ਗਈ।  
ਫਰੀਦਾ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਆਪੋ ਆਪਣੀ ਮੈਂ ਆਪਣੀ ਪਈ।  
ਫਰੀਦਾ ਕਾਲੇ ਮੈਢੇ ਕਪੜਾ ਕਾਲਾ ਮੈਢੇ ਵੇਸੁ।  
ਗੁਨਹੀ ਖਰਿਆ ਮੈਂ ਫਿਰਾਂ ਲੋਕ ਕਹੈ ਦਰਵੇਸੁ।  
ਫਰੀਦਾ ਖਾਲਕੁ ਖਲਕ ਮਹਿ ਖਲਕ ਵਸੇ ਰਬ ਮਾਹਿ।  
ਮੰਦਾ ਕਿਸ ਨੂੰ ਆਖਿਐ, ਜਾਂ ਤਿਸ ਬਿਨ ਕੋਈ ਨਾਹਿ।  
ਫਰੀਦਾ ਦਰ ਦਰਵਾਜੈ ਜਾਇ ਕੈ, ਕਿਉ ਡਿਠੋ ਘੜੀਆਲੁ।  
ਏਹ ਨਿਦੋਸਾ ਮਾਰਿਐ ਹਮ ਦੋਸਾਂ ਦਾ ਕਿਆ ਹਾਲੁ।

Sacrifice am I to the birds who live in the woods,  
For they peck at the roots and live upon the open ground  
but leave not their God.

Sweet are candy, sugar, honey and the buffalo's milk,  
Yea, sweet are all these, but sweeter by far is God.

Before my eyes, myriads have passed off into the yond,  
Farid, others are concerned with their fate, and I am with my own.

Farid, black is thy dress and black thy gown  
But sinful is thy within, and they call thee a God's man.

The creator Lord, O Farid, lives in His creation,  
and the creation lives in its' God,  
Whom is one to call bad when there is no one in whom God is not.

O Farid, why did you see the gong at the (King's) door,  
For while the gong is beaten without cause, would not you be  
a greater sinner?

ਘੜੀਏ ਘੜੀਏ ਮਾਰੀਐ ਪਹਰੀ ਲਹੈ ਸਜਾਇ।  
 ਸੋਹੇੜਾ ਘੜੀਆਲ ਜਿਉ ਡੁਖੀ ਰੈਣ ਵਿਹਾਇ।  
 ਕੰਧੀ ਉਤੈ ਰੁਖੜਾ ਕਿਚਰਕੁ ਬੰਨੇ ਧੀਰ।  
 ਫਰੀਦਾ ਕਚੇ ਭਾਂਡੇ ਰਖੀਐ ਕਿਚਰੁ ਤਾਈ ਨੀਰੁ।  
 ਫਰੀਦਾ ਬੁਰੇ ਦਾ ਭਲਾ ਕਰ ਗੁਸਾ ਮਨਿ ਨ ਹਢਾਇ।  
 ਦੇਹੀ ਰੋਗੁ ਨ ਲਗਈ ਪਲੈ ਸਭੁ ਕਿਛੁ ਪਾਇ।  
 ਫਰੀਦਾ ਜੋ ਮੇ ਮਾਰਨਿ ਮੁਕੀਆਂ ਤਿਨਾ ਨ ਮਾਰੇ ਘੁੰਮਿ।  
 ਆਪਨੜੈ ਘਰ ਜਾਈਐ, ਪੈਰ ਤਿਨਾ ਦੇ ਚੁੰਮਿ।

ਅਜ ਨ ਸੁਤੀ ਕੰਤ ਸਿਉ ਅੰਗ ਮੁੜੇ ਮੁੜ ਜਾਇ  
 ਜਾਇ ਪਛਹ ਡੋਹਾਗਣੀ ਤੁਮ ਕਿਉ ਰੈਣਿ ਵਿਹਾਇ।  
 ਫਰੀਦਾ ਗਰਬੁ ਜਿਨਾ ਵਡਿਆਈਆ ਧਨ ਜੋਬਨਿ ਅਗਾਹ।  
 ਖਾਲੀ ਚਲੇ ਧਨੀ ਸਿਉ ਟਿਬੇ ਜਿਉ ਮੀਹਾਹੁ।

ਬਝਿਏ ਬਝਿਏ ਮਾਰੀਏ, ਪਹਰੀ ਲਹੈ ਸਜਾਏ।  
 ਸੋਹੇੜਾ ਬਝਿਆਲ ਜਿਉ ਡੁਖੀ ਰੈਣਿ ਵਿਹਾਏ।  
 ਕਾਂਧੀ ਤਸੈ ਰੁਖੜਾ ਕਿਚਰਕੁ ਬਨੇ ਧੀਰ।  
 ਫਰੀਦਾ ਕਚੇ ਭਾਂਡੇ ਰਖੀਏ ਕਿਚਰੁ ਤਾਈ ਨੀਰੁ।

ਫਰੀਦਾ ਬੁਰੇ ਦਾ ਭਲਾ ਕਰ ਗੁਸਾ ਮਨਿ ਹੰਡਾਏ।  
 ਦੇਹੀ ਰੋਗੁ, ਨ ਲਗਈ ਪਲੈ ਸਭੁ ਕਿਛੁ ਪਾਏ।  
 ਫਰੀਦਾ ਜੋ ਮੇ ਮਾਰਨਿ ਮੁਕੀਆਂ ਤਿਨਾ ਨ ਮਾਰੇ ਘੁੰਮਿ।  
 ਆਪਨੜੈ ਘਰ ਜਾਏ, ਪੈਰ ਤਿਨਾ ਦੇ ਚੁੰਮਿ।

ਅਜ ਨ ਸੁਤੀ ਕੰਤ ਸਿਉ ਅੰਗ ਮੁੜੇ ਮੁੜ ਜਾਏ  
 ਜਾਏ ਪੁਛਹੁ ਡੋਹਾਗਣੀ ਤੁਮ ਕਿਉ ਰੈਣਿ ਵਿਹਾਏ।  
 ਫਰੀਦਾ ਗਰਬੁ ਜਿਨਾ ਵਡਾਈਆ ਧਨ ਜੋਬਨਿ ਅਗਾਹ।  
 ਖਾਲੀ ਚਲੇ ਧਨੀ ਸਿਉ ਟਿਬੇ ਜਿਉ ਮੀਹਾਹੁ।

Every hour is the gong beaten, every quarter it is stuck and it wails,  
The beautiful body is also like a gong, for thy night too passes in  
pain.

How long can a tree stand in place at the river bank,  
Pray, how long can water remain in a vessel that is unbaked.

Return good for evil and fire not the mind with wrath,  
Thy body then remains whole and you gather all that you seek.

O Farid, they who give thee blows, greet them with a kiss.  
Yea, go not back to thy home, if thou art amiss.

I have slept not with my spouse tonight, and my limbs ache,  
Go ask the deserted ones, how pass they their nights, awake?

They who prided on their glory of beauty and their riches,  
Their void was filled not by God, like a mound after the rain.

ਜਿਤ ਦਿਹਾੜੈ ਧਨ ਵਰੀ ਸਾਹੇ ਲਏ ਲਿਖਾਏ।  
 ਮਲਕੁ ਜਿ ਕੰਨੀ ਸੁਣੀਦਾ ਮੁਹੁ ਦਿਖਾਲੈ ਆਇ।  
 ਜਿੰਦ ਨਿਮਾਣੀ ਕੱਢੀਐ ਹਡਾਂ ਕੂ ਕੜਕਾਇ।  
 ਸਾਹੇ ਲਿਖੇ ਨ ਚਲਨੀ ਜਿੰਦੂ ਕੂ ਸਮਝਾਇ।  
 ਜਿੰਦ ਵਹੁਟੀ ਮਰਣੁ ਵਰੁ ਲੈ ਜਾਸੀ ਪਰਣਾਇ।  
 ਆਪਣ ਹਥੀ ਜੋਲਿ ਕੈ, ਕੈ ਗਲ ਲਗੈ ਧਾਇ।  
 ਵਾਲਹੁ ਨਿਕੀ ਪੁਰਸਲਾਤ ਕੰਨੀ ਨ ਸੁਣੀਆਇ।  
 ਫਰੀਦਾ ਕਿੜੀ ਪਵੰਦੀਈ ਖੜਾ ਨ ਆਪੁ ਮੁਹਾਇ।  
 ਦਿਲਹੁ ਮੁਹਬਤਿ ਜਿੰਨ ਸੇਈ ਸਚਿਆ।  
 ਜਿਨ ਮਨ ਹੋਰੁ ਮੁਖ ਹੋਰੁ ਸੇ ਕਾਂਢੇ ਕਚਿਆ।  
 ਰੋਤੇ ਇਸਕ ਖੁਦਾਇ ਰੰਗਿ ਦੀਦਾਰ ਕੇ  
 ਵਿਸਰਿਆ ਜਿਨ੍ਹ ਨਾਮੁ ਤੇ ਭੁਇ ਭਾਰੁ ਥੀਏ। ਰਹਾਉ।  
 ਆਪ ਲੀਏ ਲੜ ਲਾਏ ਦਰ ਦਰਵੇਸ ਸੇ।  
 ਤਿੰਨ ਧਨੁ ਜਣੇਦੀ ਮਾਉ ਆਏ ਸਫਲੁ ਸੇ।  
 ਪਰਵਰਦਗਾਰ ਅਪਾਰ ਅਗਮ ਬੇਅੰਤ ਤੂੰ  
 ਜਿਨਾ ਪਛਾਤਾ ਸਚੁ ਚੁਮਾ ਪੈਰ ਮੁ।  
 ਤੇਰੀ ਪਨਹ ਖੁਦਾਇ ਤੂੰ ਬਖਸੰਦਗੀ।  
 ਸੇਖ ਫਰੀਦੇ ਖੈਰ ਦੀਜੈ ਬੰਦਗੀ।  
 ਜਿਤ ਦਿਹਾੜੈ ਧਨ ਵਰੀ ਸਾਹੇ ਲਏ ਲਿਖਾਏ।  
 ਮਲਕੁ ਜਿ ਕੰਨੀ ਸੁਣੀਦਾ ਮੁਹੁ ਦਿਖਾਲੈ ਆਏ।  
 ਜਿੰਦ ਨਿਮਾਣੀ ਕਠਿਏ ਹੜ੍ਹਾਂ ਕੂ ਕੜਕਾਏ।  
 ਸਾਹੇ ਲਿਖੇ ਨ ਚਲਨੀ ਜਿੰਦੂ ਕੂ ਸਮਝਾਏ।  
 ਜਿੰਦੁ ਵਹੁਟੀ ਮਰਣੁ ਵਰੁ ਲੈ ਜਾਸੀ ਪਰਣਾਏ।  
 ਆਪਣ ਹਥੀ ਜੋਲਿ ਕੈ, ਕੈ ਗਲ ਲਗੈ ਧਾਏ।  
 ਵਾਲਹੁ ਨਿਕੀ ਪੁਰਸਲਾਤ ਕੰਨੀ ਨ ਸੁਣੀਆਏ।  
 ਫਰੀਦਾ ਕਿੜੀ ਪਵੰਦੀਈ ਖੜਾ ਨ ਆਪੁ ਮੁਹਾਏ।

ਦਿਲਹੁ ਮੁਹਬਤਿ ਜਿੰਨ ਸੇਈ ਸਚਿਆ।  
 ਜਿਨ ਮਨ ਹੋਰੁ ਮੁਖ ਹੋਰੁ ਸੇ ਕਾਂਢੇ ਕਚਿਆ।  
 ਰਤੇ ਇਸਕ ਖੁਦਾਏ ਰੰਗਿ ਦੀਦਾਰ ਕੇ।  
 ਵਿਸਰਿਆ ਜਿਨ ਤੇਂ ਭੁਝੈ ਖਾਰੁ ਧੀਏ (ਰਹਾਉ)  
 ਆਪ ਲੀਏ ਲੜ ਲਾਏ ਦਰ ਦਰਵੇਸ ਸੇ।  
 ਤਿਨ ਧਨੁ ਜਣੇਦੀ ਮਾਉ ਆਏ ਸਫਲ ਸੇ।  
 ਪਰਵਰਦਗਾਰ ਅਪਾਰ ਅਗਮ ਬੇਅੰਤ ਤੂੰ  
 ਜਿਨਾ ਪਛਾਤਾ ਸਚੁ ਚੁਮਾ ਪੈਰ ਮੁੰ।  
 ਤੇਰੀ ਪਨਹ ਖੁਦਾਏ ਤੂੰ ਬਖਸੰਦਗੀ।  
 ਸੇਖ ਫਰੀਦੈ ਖੈਰ ਦੀਜੈ ਬੰਦਗੀ।



Those alone are true devotees whose heart  
 is sincerely in love with God;  
 The ones whose heart is belied by their  
 tongue are false, inconstant,  
 The true devotees soaked in God's love are ever  
 in ecstasy of realisation.

Those indifferent to Him are burden on earth  
 The true devotees are those whom God attached unto  
 Himself.

Blessed in their birth, truly fruitful their life.  
 Thou are the cherisher-unfathomable, inaccessible;  
 I worship at their feet who have realised thee.  
 Thou alone the bestower of forgiveness,  
 Grant to Sheikh Farid the charity of  
 Thy devotion.

The day of bride to be wedded is predetermined  
 And, lo, on that day, the Angel of Death, of whom  
 those hast only heard, confronts thee.  
 And he forces the helpless life out, breaking thy bones;  
 Yea, instruct thy life that one can challenge  
 not the writ of God.

The life is the Bride, death the Groom, who marrying  
 her, will carry her off.

The body, after bidding farewell to life, O, to whom  
 then will she go to embrace?

Finer than hair is the bridge of Hell; has thou  
 not heard of it?

Farid, when the summon cometh, do not get  
 thyself robbed unawares.

### III

## Shah Hussain

SHAH HUSSAIN, ONE of the important earlier Sufi poets of Punjab, is said to be the contemporary of Emperor Akbar. However, no authentic date of birth is available in his case. The most accepted source is, *Haqiqat-ul-Fuqara*, written by Sheikh Peer Muhammad. According to this author, he was born in the year 945 *Hijri*. It is said he was descendant of a Hindu family, Dhaddha by caste, whose forefathers had embraced Islam. His father Sheikh Usman was a weaver by profession. According to the scholars who have done research on the subject, his tentative date of birth is AD 1538.

A disciple of the well-known Sufi *faqir*, Hzt. Behlol, he attained an outstanding position in the galaxy of Sufi saints who wrote poetry in Punjabi. According to the author of *Haqiqat-ul-fuqara*, '*Subahe Sadiq, bar oje Faqar duneed.*' (A new horizon dawned over the sky of renunciation).

In his childhood he learnt Quran from one Maulvi Hafiz Abu Bakar and later on received lessons in Muslim theology from the well-known scholar of his times, Sheikh Saadullah. He was studying '*Tafseer Madarik*' from the learned teacher, when it suddenly dawned upon him that the Universe around him was but perishable (*Alam-i-fani*). One must do something better than to confine oneself to the dilapidated dogmas of religion. This was a new revelation which gave him impetus to study spiritualism and ultimately led him to mysticism. When he came out of the *Madarsa* of Sheikh Saadullah, he wore trinkets at his ankles and started dancing in ecstasy. He sang joyfully to the complete rapture of his soul. The utterance was:

I am through to my beloved.  
 People boast of their earthly possessions,  
 I being a *Malang* (ascetic)  
 Am proud of my *malangi* only.

Shah Hussain remained a perfect *Malang* all his life and attained the peak of mystic experiences by continuous practice and stern conduct. Accompanied by a Hindu saint called Madho Lal who later on became his follower and *Khalifa*, he spent most of his time in the ill-reputed houses of professional singers and dancers. He drank to the content of his heart and painted his character in the light of self-inflicted pain. By his deeds he conducted himself with hatred and condemnation. The purpose behind this adopted role was to create a sense of contempt for himself in the mind of onlookers, who would thus abuse him and leave him alone. By doing so he could concentrate uninterrupted to the praise (*Hamd-O-Sana*) of the creator and the creation. It is different that his concept of God was that of his beloved. A sect called *Malamati* was later on named after him. He is considered to be the leader of this sect. Like the famous Hindi poet Kabir, he has also mentioned about his profession being a weaver. He says:

*Naon Hussaina te Jat/Jullaha*  
*Gaalian dendian taanian walian*  
 (My name is Hussaina and my profession is weaving.  
 All the weaver girls call me names).

A web of romance is woven round his name and a number of miracles are associated with him. In some of the books giving details about the mystic saints references are available about Shah Hussain which confirm that he was in possession of super natural powers. *Hasnatul Arfin* by Prince Dara Shikoh, *Khazinatul Asfia* and *Haqiqat-ul-Aulyia* by Mufti Gulam Sarvar and *Bagh-e-Auliya-e-Hind* by Maulvi Muhammad Din, unanimously are of the opinion that Shah Hussain was a *Malamati Faqir* (saint) and led the life of revered peer (guide) who had attained spiritual powers. Not only that he led the life in "*Masti*" (ecstasy), but also talked in mystic terms.

Here is a reproduction of what Dara Shikoh says:

I am neither static nor kinetic,  
 Neither I am a Musalman nor a *kafir*.  
 I am what I am.  
 I was there in the beginning.  
 I am the past.  
 The present belongs to me,  
 The future I shall be.

This was too much of a blasphemy to be tolerated in that age of bigotry. As Hussain had paralleled himself with the creator God, like Mansur Al Hallaj, who had raised the slogan *Ana-al-Haq*-(I am the Truth), he deserved to be condemned.

He was caught in the bazars of Lahore by *Makhdoom-ul-Mulk* the *Hakam-i-waqt*, while singing and dancing. He had, not only shaved his beard but was egg skinned at the top and had cleaned his eyebrows. He was singing and dancing, after being dead drunk. As this was an anti-Islamic act, he was caught and detained for punishment. It is said, he walked to the officer, fearlessly, caught the bridle of his horse and said, "Listen to me carefully and give me your candid reply."

There are five tenets of Islam. As far as *Tauheed* is concerned, both of us are alike. However, you got rid of *Haj* and *Zakat*, whereas I on my part have abandoned *Namaz* and *Roza*. Now, tell me, O learned officer, how am I alone condemned to be punished and not you?" The officer was taken aback.

A synthesis of Hindu philosophy, Muslim tradition and Sikh thought is found in Shah Hussain. He often refers to 'Rama' in his *Kafis*. He addresses himself:

*Kadi uth Rama sambhar Jindu,*  
 (Wake up thee lazy bones It is the time to  
 meditate on Rama's name).  
 and  
*Uth Rama Dhiay, vela simiran da*  
 (Wake up, it's time to remember Rama).

In another *Kafi* he says:

*Ao kude ral nam dhiao*

(Come on maidens, let us all join together  
and talk of our beloved Rama).

Similarly one can see references to Krishna.

*Sanwal Madha Yaar*

(The dark complexioned is my bosom friends)

While Rama is the fair-coloured God in Hindu mythology, Krishna has been described as the dark-coloured. It is believed that Rama is the God of fair-skinned Aryans, while Krishna represents the dark-skinned Dravidians. Besides Rama and Krishna, one can find lot of Vedantic influence on Shah Hussain, which can be interpreted as mystic experience coupled with the Muslim thought.

*Tu hi data, Tu hi bhugta*

(You are the giver, you are the taker).

At the time of Shah Hussain, Braj-Bhasha had reached the zenith of its popularity. We can trace the Braj Bhasha influence, when he says:

*Main Bairagan*

and

*Main Brinda ban Ki bairagan*

(I am a devotee and I have come from Brindaban)

This devotee from Brindaban is just the replica of a seperated Gopi from *Bhagwat* tradition. This was the time when Indian *Bhakti* movement was in the process of evolution. A great renaissance had taken place in social and cultural life of the people. Simple and practical teachings of Kabir and Guru Nanak had jolted the slumbering society and raised a voice against the ritualism, equally prevalent among the Hindus and the Muslims. Here we quote from Bhakt Namdeo, who while commenting upon the blind followers of the existing faith had said:

*Hindu annah, Turku kana*

*Dohan te gyani syana.*

(Hindu is blind, Turk is one-eyed and the *Gyani* is the wiser of the two).

At the time of Shah Hussain, Punjab was under complete sway of *Bhakti* movement. Hindi literature was dominated by Soor, Tulsi and Meera while in Punjab, Guru Arjun—the fifth Guru (1563-1606), Bhai Gurdas (1543-1637) and Shah Hussain (1538-1599), were busy shaping the cultural, metaphysical and mystic history of Punjabi literature. It was but natural that the literature produced in Hindi and *Braj-Bhasha* should have influenced the Sufi movement in Punjab and vice versa.

Love of God is the predominant feature of *Bhakti* Movement, where God is loved and revered. However, Quran lays lot of stress on the fear of God. He is the tyrant Majesty, who punishes the sinners by throwing them in the fires of Hell. The fear of God also finds its place in *Gurbani*. Guru Nanak has written a full treatise on the fear of God, in his composition called *Asa di var*. He says:

‘Fear of God keeps the wind blowing.

It keeps the rivers running on their course.

It is the fear of God, which keeps the entire universe in order.’

Similarly Shah Hussain lays stress on the fear of God. According to him those souls are not accepted, which have no fear of God.

*Bhae Sahib da man nahin rakhdi*

(You don't have the fear of God in your mind:

Hence: punishment).

According to him, God likes complete subjugation. One has to be content on His *Raza* (will of God). Path of love is very difficult and the lover has to place his head on the altar of love without uttering a sigh of pain.

*Je sir kat laen dhar nalon*

*Tan bhi ah na kariye.*

*Chandan rukh laga vich vehre  
Jor dhingane khaiye.*

(If the head is required to be decapitated, there is no refusal. It is like having the *Chandan* (Sandal wood) tree in your own courtyard, you may use its scent, even if not required).

It was in this tradition of liberation from religious dogmas that Sufi poetry was born in Punjab. In fact it was a revolt by the saint poets against the religious bigotry. Shah Hussain was one of the standard bearers of this school.

The typical characteristic of Sufi poetry in Punjabi, is that, while describing their spiritual experiences they have followed the path of human mind. Their experiences are not mere description of the etherial shadows, but these are very much human, live, and exuberating with passionate, physical love. They do not form heroines of formless clouds but their beloveds are real life-like belles made of human flesh and blood. They weep, they laugh and their joys and anguish remain mortal and perishable. They are products of this earth. Their feelings are earthly and they talk of normal human affairs. Their portrayal of mind is full of expectations and failings associated with normal human beings.

Earlier than Shah Hussain, Baba Farid had laid foundation of the Sufi poetry in Punjabi, through his metaphysical verse, which was more spiritual in nature. However, the thin veil of mysticism could also be seen through the philosophic fabric of his compositions. It goes to the credit of Shah Hussain, through whom the mysticism in Punjabi poetry attained its zenith. If we put it in a more symbolic manner, it is like Babar and Akbar. While the former was founder of the Mughal Empire, yet the historians have given credit to the later. It was Shah Hussain alone who adopted Punjabi culture for his mystic poetry. With his free and frank expression and simple vocabulary studded with mystic connotations, he created epoch making poetry of its own kind. His poetry has typical Hindu trend and Vedantic thought. He can be compared with any poet of Hindu Bhakti Movement. Again it was Shah Hussain who introduced characters of Punjabi folk-lore, with their

romantic background, perhaps for the first time in Sufi poetry and gave them the mystic interpretation.

Baba Farid had a subtle brevity in his spiritual depiction of the other world and his description was rather ethereal and mistful while Shah Hussain has described at length the experience of an ordinary man in simple language and down to earth style. He had gifted knowledge of the common people, their life, their language and their style of living.

The language used by Baba Farid is full of heavy metaphorical vocabulary with a pessimistic undertone, which renders it difficult for musical composition, while Shah Hussain's utterances are gay, musical and extremely exuberant with life, which adds to its popularity. About the characters from folklore, we find that the romance of Heer-Ranjha has found favour with Shah Hussain. Even though he tried Sohni-Mahiwal also, but his interpretation of Heer is more mystic. To him Heer is the symbol of love and he calls himself as 'Heer'. He has used the symbol of Ranjha for God. This depiction of wifely love is the typical character of Vedantic thought, as reproduced in the Sikh scriptures. The Guru poetry accepts all human beings as devoted wives of the Almighty. Heer is the dedicated soul and Ranjha the universal lover. To put it in mystic vocabulary, they are the departed lovers, separated parts of the same soul, set in search of each other and craving for communion. Heer of Shah Hussain says:

Ranjha is mine and I belong to him.  
*Kheras*\* have false expectations.  
 People feel, Heer has become insane  
 But Heer has recognised her separated  
 lover in the servant boy.

At another place, we find a reference to the same folk-romance.

She searches for Ranjha in the jungles and ravines.

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\*Heer was married to one Saeda belonging to Khera family of Rangpur.



What a pity!  
 It has not dawned upon her  
 The jewel is hidden in her bosom.  
 Was it not the craving for Heer,  
 Which urged him out of *Takht Hazara*\*

In some of his *Kafis* with mystic imagery Shah Hussain refers to the crossing of river by Heer, in order to meet her lover. This lover is nobody else but God Himself. River is the world, which has created the veil of *Bhram* or *Maya*, and caused difficulties in the path of the lovers. The effort of crossing the river of metaphysical existence is the *Sadhna* (dedication) which is required for the search of Truth, Love and Eternal Bliss. Heer Says:

I am bound for the village of my lover  
 Is there anyone to keep company with me on  
 this lonely path?

The intensity of love needs no companion. The memory of the departed lover is company enough. Do not the lovers jump into the searing flames, without any hesitation? They can face the fury of the tide. Here is the mystic reference to the river and the boat :

The river is deep and turbulent  
 The boat is old and weak  
 And the lions have occupied the gateway,  
 Across the river awaits my Ranjha  
 I have to cross the river in a jiffy.

And finally when the lovers meet, Heer says:

All the times I talked of Him  
 So much so that 'I' have become 'He'  
 One and all call me Ranjha  
 There is no Heer now.

Shah Hussain finds no difference between the creator and

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\*Native place of Ranjha.

creation. God and universe are one and the same, as the universe is only His extension. This is the core of Sufism and the under current of Bhakti movement as well as *Gurbani*.

'Man realise yourself  
Once you know your origin  
It is easy to reach Him.'

For concentration of mind, the traditional *Bhakti* depended on recitation of *Naam*, to this Shah Hussain added the path of rejoicing. He believed in dancing and singing in order to achieve *Haal* (trance). He depicts the symbol of a married woman, who wears fine drapery and cosmetics in order to attract her husband. He says:

'Woman, the youth is but a delusion  
How long will you wear the colourful bangles?  
Don't you know the treachery of youth  
Once gone, it never returns.  
Now is the time to sustain your lover,  
Devotion alone will please Him.'

There are many ways to realise God. According to Shah Hussain humility is the only quality which is dearer to God.

Traveller!  
Whichever way the path leads  
Pray go and meet my friend  
Remember!  
Talk only of my humility to Him:

As far as devotion is concerned, Sheikh Farid and Shah Hussain stand on the same pedestal, but Shah Hussain's experience is more of this world than that of the other world. His utterances are lucid, lyrical and free of philosophic terminology of scholar Farid.

Like all other Sufi poets, Shah Hussain also remained close to earth. He was committed to this typical style of poetry and wrote delightful *Kafis*. Though an introvert by nature, his poetry is full of words and phrases, that we come across in every day life, yet his symbols and metaphors are spiritual and mystic. The traditional

folk romance of Heer and Ranjha, takes a new form under his patronage. *Ranjha* is the eternal beloved and *Heer* the eternal lover. The duty of the woman is to surrender to her Lord with devotion and love and wait for his *Karam* (benevolence). He has given new imagery to Punjabi poetry. Full of intensity, sensitivity and lyricism, the *Kafis* written by him present a simple and lucid style, yet these are full of mystic metaphors and symbols. *Heer* and *Ranjha* represent the soul and the cosmos. After the union of the lovers Heer becomes Ranjha and vice versa. They become inseparable affinity. Heer of Shah Hussain says:

Till yesterday I was searching for my Ranjha,  
 Today I have become one with my Lord.  
 He is not away from me  
 He resides in my body, my heart, my soul  
 He is *Heer*  
 He is *Ranjha*  
 Friends: Please do not call me 'Heer'  
 Address me as 'Ranjha',  
 I have merged myself in Him.  
 I have become one with my Lord.

Shah Hussain died on 6th of January 1600 AD. His grave near Baghban Pura, Lahore, has a status of shrine where Hindus, Sikhs and Muslims assemble on the *Basant Panchami* day. The *Chader* (cover cloth) is changed on the *Basant Panchami* day, when a long cloth dyed in *Basanti* colour drapes the entire grave. *Basant Panchmi* is the Hindu festival and observing this festival at the grave of the Muslim Sufi saint has remained the focal point of the cultural affinity of Punjab till partition. It is an historic fact as mentioned in *Tehqiqat-e-Chishti*, by Maulvi Noor Ahmed Chishti, that during the reign of Maharaja Ranjit Singh, the festival of *Basant Panchami* was celebrated with great fervor on the *mazar* (grave) of Shah Hussain, under royal orders of the Maharaja. All the ministers and officers duly dressed in *Basanti* colour would be in attendance and the Maharaja himself accompanied by the princes would participate in the festival. He offered a *nazrana* consisting of Rs. 1100. The

colour of the season would run riot, so much so that the bridle of the horses, upholstery of elephants and sheaths of the swords etc. would all be draped in the same colour. The soldiers wore *Basanti* uniforms. The entire passage right from the fort to the *mazar* was decorated with buntings and flowers of *Basanti* colour. At night earthen lamps were lighted and *Kafis* of Shah Hussain were sung in *Qawwali*. This was the tribute of a Sikh ruler to a fallen poet and renowned Sufi saint, who had said:

'Neither I am a Musalman  
Nor a *Kafir*.'

**A representative poetry of Shah Hussain**

**ਸ਼ਾਹ ਹੁਸੈਨ**

ਤਾਰੀਂ ਸਾਂਈਂ ਰੱਬਾ ਵੇ ਮੈਂ ਔਗੁਣਿਹਾਰੀ  
 ਸਭ ਸਈਆਂ ਗੁਣਵੰਤੀਆਂ,  
 ਤਾਰੀਂ ਰੱਬਾ ਵੇ ਮੈਂ ਔਗੁਣਿਹਾਰੀ  
 ਭੇਜੀ ਸੀ ਜਿਸ ਬਾਤ ਨੇ ਪਿਆਰੀ ਰੀ  
 ਸਾਈ ਬਾਤ ਬਿਸਾਰੀ

ਰਲ ਮਿਲ ਸਈਆਂ ਦਾਜ ਰੰਗਾਇਆ ਪਿਆਰੀ ਰੀ  
 ਮੈਂ ਰਹੀ ਕੁਆਰੀ  
 ਅੰਗਣ ਕੂੜਾਂ ਵਤ ਗਇਆ  
 ਮੁੜ ਦੇਹਿ ਬਹਾਰੀ  
 ਭੈ ਸਾਂਈਂ ਦੇ ਪਰਬਤ ਡਰਦੇ  
 ਮੈਂ ਕਵਣ ਵਿਚਾਰੀ  
 ਕਹੈ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਸਹੇਲੀਓ  
 ਅਮਲਾਂ ਬਾਝ ਖੁਆਰੀ

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**ਸ਼ਾਹ ਹੁਸੈਨ**

ਤਾਰੀਂ ਸਾਂਈਂ ਰਬਾ ਵੇ ਮੈਂ ਅਵਗੁਣਆਰੀ  
 ਸਭ ਸਝਿਆਂ ਗੁਣਵੰਤਿਆਂ,  
 ਤਾਰੀਂ ਰਬਾ ਵੇ ਮੈਂ ਅਵਗੁਣਆਰੀ  
 ਖੇਜੀ ਸੀ ਜਿਸ ਬਾਤ ਨੂੰ ਪਿਯਾਰੀ ਰੀ  
 ਸਾਂਈਂ ਬਾਤ ਬਿਸਾਰੀ  
 ਰਲ ਮਿਲ ਸਝਿਆਂ ਦਾਜ ਰੰਗਾਏਆ ਪਿਯਾਰੀ ਰੀ  
 ਮੈਂ ਰਹੀ ਕੁੰਆਰੀ  
 ਅੰਗਣ ਕੂੜਾ ਵਤ ਗਯਾ  
 ਮੁੜ ਦੇਹਿ ਬਹਾਰੀ  
 ਖਯ ਸਾਂਈਂ ਦੇ ਪਰਬਤ ਡਰਦੇ  
 ਮੈਂ ਕੌਯ ਵਿਚਾਰੀ  
 ਕਹੈ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਸਹੇਲੀਯੋ  
 ਅਮਲਾਂ ਬਾਝ ਖੁਆਰੀ

0 0 0

Thy compassion I seek, O Lord  
all my friends are full of attributes  
The sinner, as I am I seek thy blessings.  
Thou had sent me on a purposeful errand  
Idiot as I am, I failed to recollect the purpose  
All the maidens, my bosom friends are ready with colourful  
dowry,  
A hapless virgin, I am condemned to wait,  
Heaps of dust have squandered in my courtyard  
Again and again I clean it with broomstick  
Even the mountains shudder before thee O Lord.  
What am I, an insignificant creature.  
Thy compassion I seek.  
Says Hussain, O friends  
Without good deeds the tryst with destiny is not possible.

\* \* \*

ਸੁਰਤਿ ਕਾ ਤਾਣਾ ਨਿਰਤ ਕਾ ਬਾਣਾ  
 ਸਚ ਕਾ ਕਪੜਾ ਵੁਣ ਜਿੰਦੇ ਨੀ  
 ਇਕ ਅਰਜ਼ ਫਕੀਰ ਦੀ ਸੁਣ ਜਿੰਦੇ ਨੀ।  
 ਕਾਹੇ ਕੂ ਝੂਰੇਂ ਤੇ ਝਖ ਮਾਰੇਂ  
 ਰਾਮ ਨਾਮ ਬਿਨ ਬਾਜੀ ਹਾਰੇਂ  
 ਜੋ ਬੀਜਿਆ ਸੋ ਲੁਣ ਜਿੰਦੇ ਨੀ।  
 ਖਾਨ ਖਵੀਨੀ ਤੇ ਸੁਲਤਾਨੀ  
 ਕਾਲ ਲਈਆਂ ਸਭ ਚੁਣ ਜਿੰਦੇ ਨੀ।  
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਫਕੀਰ ਗਦਾਈ  
 ਪੱਛੀ ਪੂਣੀ ਸਭ ਲੁਟਾਈ  
 ਸ਼ਹੂ ਨੂੰ ਮਿਲਿਆ ਲੋੜੇਂ ਹੁਣ ਜਿੰਦੇ ਨੀ।

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ਸੁਰਤਿ ਕਾ ਤਾਣਾ ਨਿਰਤ ਕਾ ਬਾਣਾ  
 ਸਚ ਕਾ ਕਪੜਾ ਬੁਠ ਜਿੰਦੇ ਨੀ।  
 ਇਕ ਅਰਜ਼ ਫਕੀਰ ਦੀ ਸੁਣ ਜਿੰਦੇ ਨੀ।  
 ਕਾਹੇ ਕੂ ਝੂਰੇਂ ਤੇ ਝਖ ਮਾਰੇਂ  
 ਰਾਮ ਨਾਮ ਬਿਨ ਬਾਜੀ ਹਾਰੇਂ  
 ਜੋ ਬੀਜਿਆ ਸੋ ਲੁਣ ਜਿੰਦੇ ਨੀ।  
 ਖਾਨ ਖਵੀਨੀ ਤੇ ਸੁਲਤਾਨੀ  
 ਕਾਲ ਲਈਆਂ ਸਭ ਚੁਣ ਜਿੰਦੇ ਨੀ।  
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਫਕੀਰ ਗਦਾਈ  
 ਪੱਛੀ ਪੂਣੀ ਸਭ ਲੁਟਾਈ  
 ਸ਼ਹੂ ਨੂੰ ਮਿਲਿਆ ਲੋੜੇਂ ਹੁਣ ਜਿੰਦੇ ਨੀ।



Make warp of *Surti* and woof of *Nirti*  
Weave cloth of Truth, O my own self.  
Hark; the voice of truth O my own self.  
Do not hesitate, waste no time  
Without Ram *naam*, you are sure to lose the game.  
As you sow, So shall you reap.  
The barrons, the Kings and their kinsmen  
All have been devoured by the mighty death.  
Hussain hermit, having discarded one and all  
Depends on the mercy of the gracious Lord

\* \* \*

ਸਜਨ ਬਿਨ ਰਾਤੀਂ ਹੋਈਆਂ ਵੱਡੀਆਂ  
 ਮਾਸ ਝੜੇ ਝੜ ਪਿੰਜਰ ਹੋਇਆ  
 ਕਣ ਕਣ ਹੋਈਆਂ ਹੱਡੀਆਂ।  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਛਪਾਇਆਂ ਛਪਦਾ ਨਾਹੀਂ  
 ਬਿਰਹੋਂ ਤਣਾਵਾਂ ਗੱਡੀਆਂ।  
 ਰਾਂਝਾ ਜੋਗੀ ਮੈਂ ਜੁਗਿਆਣੀ  
 ਕਮਲੀ ਕਰ ਕਰ ਸੱਦੀਆਂ।  
 ਕਹੇ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਫਕੀਰ ਸਾਈਂ ਦਾ  
 ਦਾਮਨ ਤੇਰੇ ਲੱਗੀਆਂ।

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ਸੱਜਣ ਦੇ ਗਲ ਬਾਂਹ ਅਸਾਡੀ  
 ਕਿਉਂ ਕਰ ਆਖਾਂ ਛੁਡ ਵੇ ਅੜਿਆ।  
 ਪੋਸਤੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਪੋਸਤ ਵਾਂਗੂੰ  
 ਅਮਲ ਪਇਆ ਅਸਾਡੇ ਹੁਡ ਵੇ ਅੜਿਆ।  
 ਰਾਮ ਨਾਮ ਦੇ ਸਿਮਰਨ ਬਾਂਝੋਂ  
 ਜੀਵਣ ਦਾ ਕੀ ਹੱਜ ਵੇ ਅੜਿਆ।  
 ਕਹੈ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਫਕੀਰ ਸਾਈਂ ਦਾ  
 ਸਾਹਿਬ ਦੇ ਲੜ ਲਗ ਵੇ ਅੜਿਆ।

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ਸਜਨ ਬਿਨ ਰਾਤੀਂ ਹੋਈਆਂ ਵੱਡੀਆਂ  
 ਮਾਸ ਝੜੇ ਝੜ ਪਿੰਜਰ ਹੋਇਆ  
 ਕਣ ਕਣ ਹੋਈਆਂ ਹੱਡੀਆਂ।  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਛਿਪਾਈਆਂ ਛਿਪਦਾ ਨਾਹੀਂ  
 ਬਿਰਹੋਂ ਤਣਾਵਾਂ ਗੱਡੀਆਂ।  
 ਰਾਂਝਾ ਜੋਗੀ ਮੈਂ ਜੁਗਿਆਣੀ  
 ਕਮਲੀ ਕਰ ਕਰ ਸਦੀਆਂ।  
 ਕਹੇ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਫਕੀਰ ਸਾਈਂ ਦਾ  
 ਦਾਮਨ ਤੇਰੇ ਲੱਗੀਆਂ।

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ਸਜਣ ਦੇ ਗਲ ਬਾਂਹ ਅਸਾਡੀ  
 ਕਯੂੰ ਕਰ ਆਖਾਂ ਛੁਡ ਵੇ ਅੜਿਆ।  
 ਪੋਸਤੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਪੋਸਤ ਵਾਂਗੂੰ  
 ਅਮਲ ਪਇਆ ਅਸਾਡੇ ਹੁਡ ਵੇ ਅੜਿਆ।  
 ਰਾਮ ਨਾਮ ਦੇ ਸਿਮਰਨ ਬਾਂਝੋਂ  
 ਜੀਵਣ ਦਾ ਕੀ ਹੱਜ ਵੇ ਅੜਿਆ।  
 ਕਹੈਂ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਫਕੀਰ ਸਾਈਂ ਦਾ  
 ਸਾਹਿਬ ਦੇ ਲੜ ਲਗ ਵੇ ਅੜਿਆ।

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Without love the nights have lengthened.  
Flesh has shrivelled, bones have become skeleton  
An affair can't be hidden  
Pangs of seperation have stretched their net.

Ranjha has become an hermit, so am I,  
They call me a mad woman,  
But I am only his shadow  
Says Hussain hermit of the Lord,  
Shelter of his gracious protection awaits me.

\* \* \*

My arm is around the neck of my friend  
How can I ask him to let me go.  
Just like the poppy of the narcotic  
I am narcotized by his love.  
Without concentrating on the name of Lord,  
Life is not worth living.  
Be one with Him  
Thus says Hussain, the hermit.

\* \* \*

ਦਰਦ ਵਿਛੋੜੇ ਦਾ ਹਾਲ, ਨੀ ਮੈਂ ਕੈਨੂੰ ਆਖਾਂ  
 ਸੂਲਾਂ ਮਾਰ ਦੀਵਾਨੀ ਕੀਤੀ  
 ਬਿਰਹੁ ਪਇਆ ਸਾਡੇ ਖਿਆਲ, ਨੀ ਮੈਂ ਕੈਨੂੰ ਆਖਾਂ  
 ਧੁੱਖਣ ਧੁਏਂ ਸਾਹਾਂ ਵਾਲੇ  
 ਜਾਂ ਫੋਲਾਂ ਤਾਂ ਲਾਲ, ਨੀ ਮੈਂ ਕੈਨੂੰ ਆਖਾਂ  
 ਸੂਲਾਂ ਦੀ ਰੋਟੀ ਦੁਖਾਂ ਦਾ ਲਾਵਣ  
 ਹੱਡਾਂ ਦਾ ਬਾਲਣ ਬਾਲ, ਨੀ ਮੈਂ ਕੈਨੂੰ ਆਖਾਂ  
 ਜੰਗਲ ਜੰਗਲ ਫਿਰਾਂ ਢੂੰਡੇਦੀ  
 ਅਜੇ ਨਾ ਮਿਲਿਆ ਮਹੀਵਾਲ, ਨੀ ਮੈਂ ਕੈਨੂੰ ਆਖਾਂ  
 ਰਾਂਝਣ ਰਾਂਝਣ ਫਿਰਾਂ ਢੂੰਡੇਦੀ  
 ਰਾਂਝਣ ਮੇਰੇ ਨਾਲ, ਨੀ ਮੈਂ ਕੈਨੂੰ ਆਖਾਂ  
 ਕਹੈ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਫਕੀਰ ਸਾਈਂ ਦਾ  
 ਵੇਖ ਨਿਮਾਣਿਆਂ ਦਾ ਹਾਲ, ਨੀ ਮੈਂ ਕੈਨੂੰ ਆਖਾਂ।

○ ○ ○

ਦਰਦ ਵਿਛੋੜੇ ਦਾ ਹਾਲ, ਨੀ ਮੈਂ ਕਿਨੂੰ ਆਖਾਂ  
 ਸੂਲਾਂ ਮਾਰ ਦੀਵਾਨੀ ਕੀਤੀ  
 ਬਿਰਹੋਂ ਪਿਯਾ ਸਾਡੇ ਖਿਆਲ, ਨੀ ਮੈਂ ਕਿਨੂੰ ਆਖਾਂ  
 ਧੁਖਣ ਧੁਏਂ ਸਾਹਾਂ ਵਾਲੇ  
 ਜਾਂ ਫੋਲਾਂ ਤਾਂ ਲਾਲ, ਨੀ ਮੈਂ ਕਿਨੂੰ ਆਖਾਂ  
 ਸੂਲਾਂ ਦੀ ਰੋਟੀ ਦੁਖਾਂ ਦਾ ਲਾਵਣ  
 ਹੱਡਾਂ ਦਾ ਬਾਲਣ ਬਾਲ, ਨੀ ਮੈਂ ਕਿਨੂੰ ਆਖਾਂ  
 ਜੰਗਲ ਜੰਗਲ ਫਿਰਾਂ ਢੂੰਡੇਦੀ  
 ਅਜੇ ਨਾ ਮਿਲਿਆ ਮਹੀਵਾਲ, ਨੀ ਮੈਂ ਕਿਨੂੰ ਆਖਾਂ  
 ਰਾਂਝਣ ਰਾਂਝਣ ਫਿਰਾਂ ਢੂੰਡੇਦੀ  
 ਰਾਂਝਣ ਮੇਰੇ ਨਾਲ, ਨੀ ਮੈਂ ਕਿਨੂੰ ਆਖਾਂ  
 ਕਹੈ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਫਕੀਰ ਸਾਈਂ ਦਾ  
 ਵੇਖ ਨਿਮਾਣਿਆਂ ਦਾ ਹਾਲ, ਨੀ ਮੈਂ ਕਿਨੂੰ ਆਖਾਂ।

0 0 0

With whom should I share the pangs of separation  
Pin pricks have made me mad  
More forceful the message of love  
The more intense the pangs of separation.  
The smoke of breath reveals the smouldering fire within,  
The more I suppress the more intense it becomes  
Eating bread is like chewing nails  
Lightening the hearth, another pain in the neck.  
I have used my bones as fuel.  
How strange I have been shouting for Ranjha all over the place  
But Ranjha is within me.  
Says Hussain hermit of God,  
Come all and one to see my miserable plight  
With whom should I share the pangs of separation.

\* \* \*

ਇਕ ਦਿਨ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਸੁਪਨਾ ਹੋਸਨ  
 ਗਲੀਆਂ ਬਾਬਲ ਵਾਲੀਆਂ  
 ਉਡ ਗਏ ਭੈਰ ਫੁਲਾਂ ਦੇ ਕੋਲੋਂ  
 ਸਣ ਪਤਰਾਂ ਸਣ ਡਾਲੀਆਂ  
 ਜੰਗਲ ਢੂੰਡਿਆ ਮੈਂ ਬੇਲਾ ਢੂੰਡਿਆ  
 ਬੂਟਾ ਬੂਟਾ ਕਰ ਭਾਲੀਆਂ  
 ਕੱਤਣ ਬੈਠੀਆਂ ਵਤਿ ਵਤਿ ਗਈਆਂ  
 ਜਿਉਂ ਜਿਉਂ ਖਸਮ ਸਮਾਲੀਆਂ  
 ਸੇਈ ਰਾਤਾਂ ਲੇਖੇ ਪਈਆਂ  
 ਜਿਥੇ ਨਾਲ ਮਿਤਰਾਂ ਦੇ ਜਾਲੀਆਂ  
 ਜਿਤ ਤਨ ਲਗੀ ਸੋਈ ਤਨ ਜਾਣੈ  
 ਹੋਰ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਕਰਨ ਸੁਖਾਲੀਆਂ  
 ਕਹੈ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਫਕੀਰ ਸਾਈਂ ਦਾ  
 ਬਿਰਹੋਂ ਤੁਸਾਡੇ ਜਾਲੀਆਂ।

○ ○ ○

ਇਕ ਦਿਨ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਸੁਪਨਾ ਹੋਸਨ  
 ਗਲੀਆਂ ਬਾਬਲ ਵਾਲੀਆਂ  
 ਉਡ ਗਏ ਭੈਰ ਫੁਲਾਂ ਦੇ ਕਾਂਲੋਂ  
 ਸਣ ਪਤਰਾਂ ਸਣ ਡਾਲੀਆਂ  
 ਜੰਗਲ ਢੂੰਡਿਆ ਮੈਂ ਬੇਲਾ ਢੂੰਡਿਆ  
 ਬੂਟਾ ਬੂਟਾ ਕਰ ਭਾਲੀਆਂ  
 ਕੱਤਣ ਬੈਠੀਆਂ ਵਤਿ ਵਤਿ ਗਈਆਂ  
 ਜਿਉਂ ਜਿਉਂ ਖਸਮ ਸਮਾਲੀਆਂ  
 ਸੇਈ ਰਾਤਾਂ ਲੇਖੇ ਪਈਆਂ  
 ਜਿਥੇ ਨਾਲ ਮਿਤਰਾਂ ਦੇ ਜਾਲੀਆਂ  
 ਜਿਤ ਤਨ ਲਗੀ ਸੋਈ ਤਨ ਜਾਣੈ  
 ਹੋਰ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਕਰਨ ਸੁਖਾਲੀਆਂ  
 ਕਹੈ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਫਕੀਰ ਸਾਈਂ ਦਾ  
 ਬਿਰਹੋਂ ਤੁਸਾਡੇ ਜਾਲੀਆਂ।

○ ○ ○

One day these will disappear like dreams  
The streets of my parental home.  
Away from the flowers, leaves and branches  
The beetles have taken flight.  
I have searched every nook and corner of the jungle and ravines.  
All my friends of the spinning wheel have left,  
They are all married and busy in narrating the memorable episodes  
of their conjugal union,  
It is easy to talk about pangs of separation  
But those who suffer, can only realise  
Says Hussain, the hermit of God  
Painful separation has engulfed me like the warmth of love.

\* \* \*

ਕੋਈ ਦਮ ਜੀਵਦਿਆਂ ਰੁਸ਼ਨਾਈ  
 ਮੁਇਆਂ ਦੀ ਖਬਰ ਨ ਕਾਈ  
 ਰਹਾਉ  
 ਚਹੁ ਜਣਿਆਂ ਰਲਿ ਡੋਲੀ ਚਾਈ  
 ਸਾਹੁਰੜੇ ਪਹੁੰਚਾਈ  
 ਸੱਸ ਨਿਣਾਨਾਂ ਦੋਦੀਆਂ ਤਾਨੇ  
 ਦਾਜ ਵਿਹੁਣੀ ਆਈ  
 ਕਬਰ ਨਿਮਾਣੀ ਵਿਚ ਵੱਗਨ ਕਹੀਆਂ  
 ਬੰਨ੍ਹ ਚਲਾਇਆ ਡਾਢੇ ਦੀਆਂ ਵਹੀਆਂ  
 ਰਹੀਆਂ ਹੂਲ ਹਵਾਈ  
 ਕਹੈ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਫਕੀਰ ਰਬਾਣਾ  
 ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਛੋੜ ਜ਼ਰੂਰਤ ਜਾਣਾ  
 ਰਬ ਡਾਢੇ ਕਲਮ ਵਗਾਈ।

○ ○ ○

ਕੋਈ ਦਮ ਜੀਵਦਿਆਂ ਰਸ਼ਨਾਈ  
 ਮੋਝਿਆਂ ਦੀ ਖਬਰ ਨ ਕਾਈ ਰਹਾਠੁੰ  
 ਚਹੁ ਜਠਿਆਂ ਰਲਿ ਡੋਲੀ ਚਾਈ  
 ਸਾਹੁਰੜੇ ਪਹੁੰਚਾਈ  
 ਸੱਸ ਨਠਾਨਾਂ ਦੋਦੀਆਂ ਤਾਨੇ  
 ਦਾਜ ਵਿਹੁਣੀ ਆਈ  
 ਕਬਰ ਨਿਮਾਣੀ ਵਿਚ ਵਗਨ ਕਹੀਆਂ  
 ਬੰਨ੍ਹ ਚਲਾਏਆ ਡਾਢੇ ਦੀਆਂ ਵਹੀਆਂ  
 ਰਹੀਆਂ ਹੂਲ ਹਵਾਈ  
 ਕਹੈ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਫਕੀਰ ਰਬਾਣਾ  
 ਦੁਨੀਆ ਛੋੜ ਜ਼ਰੂਰਤ ਜਾਣਾ  
 ਰਬ ਡਾਢੇ ਕਲਮ ਵਗਾਈ।

0 0 0



Life is the momentary brightness  
Till the darkness of death takes over.  
Four persons come and lift the palanquin  
Take it to the house of the in-laws.  
Mother-in-law and sisters-in-law shower curses.  
Here comes the wretched, without any dowry.  
Spades dig the grave, mighty hands, lower the coffin.  
Who listens to the cries of the soul  
Who knows the writ of the Lord.

\* \* \*

ਕਾਈ ਬਾਤ ਚਲਣ ਦੀ ਤੂੰ ਕਰ ਵੋਏ  
 ਇਥੇ ਰਹਿਣਾ ਨਹੀ  
 ਸਾਢੇ ਤੂੰ ਹਥ ਮਿਲਖ ਬੰਦੇ ਦੀ  
 ਗੋਰ ਨਿਮਾਣੀ ਘਰ ਵੋਏ  
 ਰਹਾਉ

ਉਚੇ ਮੰਦਰ ਸੁਨਹਿਰੀ ਛੇਜੇ  
 ਵਿੱਚ ਰਖਾਇਆ ਦਰ ਵੋਏ  
 ਜਿਸ ਮਾਇਆ ਦਾ ਮਾਣ ਕਰੇਂਦਾ  
 ਸੋ ਦੂਤਾਂ ਦਾ ਘਰ ਵੋਏ  
 ਲਿਖ ਲਿਖ ਪੜ੍ਹਨਾ ਮੂਲ ਨਾ ਕਰਨਾ  
 ਭੈ ਸਾਈਂ ਦਾ ਕਰ ਵੋਏ  
 ਕਹੈ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਫਕੀਰ ਰਬਾਣਾ  
 ਦੁਨੀਆ ਛੋੜ ਜ਼ਰੂਰਤ ਜਾਣਾ  
 ਮਰਣੇ ਤੇ ਅੱਗੇ ਮਰ ਵੋਏ

○ ○ ○

ਕਾਈਂ ਬਾਤ ਚਲਣ ਦੀ ਤੂੰ ਕਰ ਵੋਏ  
 ਇਥੇ ਰਹਿਣਾ ਨਾਹੀਂ  
 ਸਾਡੇ ਤੇ ਹਥ ਮਿਲਖ ਬੰਦੇ ਦੀ  
 ਗੋਰ ਨਿਮਾਣੀ ਘਰ ਵੋਏ  
 ਰਹਾਓ  
 ਉਚੇ ਮੰਦਰ ਸੁਨਹਰੀ ਛੇਜੇ  
 ਵਿਚ ਰਖਾਏਯਾ ਦਰ ਵੋਏ  
 ਜਿਸ ਮਾਏਯਾ ਦਾ ਮਾਣ ਕਰੇਂਦਾ  
 ਸੋ ਦੂਤਾਂ ਦਾ ਘਰ ਵੋਏ  
 ਲਿਖ ਲਿਖ ਪੜ੍ਹਨਾ ਮੂਲ ਨਾ ਕਰਨਾ  
 ਭੈ ਸਾਈਂ ਦਾ ਕਰ ਵੋਏ  
 ਜੋ ਆਈਂ ਆਗਿਯਾ ਪ੍ਰਭ ਬੁਲਾਏਯਾ  
 ਕਹੈ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਫਕੀਰ ਰਬਾਣਾ  
 ਦੁਨਿਯਾ ਛੋੜ ਜ਼ਰੂਰਤ ਜਾਣਾ  
 ਮਰਯੇ ਤੇ ਅੱਗੇ ਮਰ ਵੋਏ।

Think of the journey ahead.  
Space of the humble grave is your mighty possession for all times.  
Lofty buildings, golden balconies and in-built doors,  
Pots and pots of money  
All will be carried away by the angel of death.  
Of what use is the wordly knowledge  
Always have fear of the Lord.  
When the order comes helplessly you have to leave with humility  
and submission.  
He will demand full account.  
Says Hussain, hermit of the Lord,  
Do something noble. Die before death (kill your desire).

\* \* \*

ਹੁਸੈਨੂੰ ਕਿਸ ਬਾਗੇ ਦੀ ਮੂਲੀ  
 ਬਾਗਾਂ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਚੰਬਾ ਮਰੂਆ  
 ਮੈਂ ਭਿ ਵਿਚਿ ਗੰਧੂਲੀ।  
 ਕੂੜੀ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਕੂੜਾ ਮਾਣਾ  
 ਭੁਲੀ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਫਿਰਦੀ ਫੂਲੀ।  
 ਛੋਡ ਤਕੱਬਰ ਪਕੜ ਹਲੇਮੀ  
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਪਾਇ ਸਮਝੂਲੀ।

○ ○ ○

ਅਸੀਂ ਬੁਰੀਆਂ ਵੇ ਲੋਕਾ ਬੁਰੀਆਂ  
 ਕੋਲ ਨ ਬਹੋ ਵੇ ਅਸੀਂ ਬੁਰੀਆਂ।  
 ਤੀਰਾਂ ਤੇ ਤਲਵਾਰਾਂ ਕੋਲੋਂ  
 ਤਿਖੀਆਂ ਨੈਣਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਛੁਰੀਆਂ।  
 ਸਜਣ ਅਸਾਡੇ ਪਰਦੇਸ ਸਿਧਾਣੇ।  
 ਅਸੀਂ ਵਿਦਿਆ ਕਰ ਕੇ ਮੁੜੀਆਂ।  
 ਜੇ ਤੂੰ ਤਖਤ ਹਜ਼ਾਰੇ ਦਾ ਸਾਈਂ  
 ਅਸੀਂ ਸਿਆਲਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਕੁੜੀਆਂ।  
 ਕਹੈ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਫਕੀਰ ਰਬਾਣਾ  
 ਲਗੀਆਂ ਮੂਲ ਨ ਮੁੜੀਆਂ।

○ ○ ○

ਹੁਸੈਨੂੰ ਕਿਸ ਬਾਗੇ ਦੀ ਮੂਲੀ  
 ਬਾਗਾਂ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਚੰਬਾ ਮਰੂਆ  
 ਮੈਂ ਭੀ ਵਿਚਿ ਗੰਧੂਲੀ।  
 ਕੂੜੀ ਦੁਨਿਆ ਕੂੜਾ ਮਾਧਾ  
 ਖੁਲੀ ਦੁਨਿਆ ਫਿਰਦੀ ਫੂਲੀ।  
 ਛੋਡ ਤਕੱਬਰ ਪਕੜ ਹਲੇਮੀ  
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਪਾਏ ਸਮਝੂਲੀ।

○ ○ ○

ਅਸੀਂ ਬੁਰੀਆਂ ਵੇ ਲੋਕਾ ਬੁਰੀਆਂ  
 ਕੋਲ ਨ ਬਹੋ ਵੇ ਅਸੀਂ ਬੁਰੀਆਂ ਰਹਾਝ  
 ਤੀਰਾਂ ਤੇ ਤਲਵਾਰਾਂ ਕੋਲੋਂ  
 ਤਿਖੀਆਂ ਨੈਗੋ ਦਿਆਂ ਛੁਰੀਆਂ।  
 ਸਜਣ ਅਸਾਡੇ ਪਰਦੇਸ ਸਿਧਾਣੇ  
 ਅਸੀਂ ਵਿਦਿਆ ਕਰ ਕੇ ਮੁੜੀਆਂ।  
 ਜੇ ਤੂੰ ਤਖਤ ਹਜ਼ਾਰੇ ਦਾ ਸਾਈਂ  
 ਅਸੀਂ ਸਿਆਲਾਂ ਦਿਆਂ ਕੁੜੀਆਂ।  
 ਕਹੈ ਹੁਸੈਨ ਫਕੀਰ ਰਬਾਣਾ  
 ਲਗੀਆਂ ਮੂਲ ਨ ਮੁੜੀਆਂ।

Hussain, what is your worth?  
 Gardens are full of merigold,  
 The spring is at its riots.  
 You are just a dirty linen, scented by association  
 Perishable is the world around you.  
 Why be proud of it?  
 Discard pride, own humility  
 Shah Hussain has given you the best of advice.

\* \* \*

Folks'  
 Don't sit with me, I am a sinner.  
 Glances of eyes, sharper than swords and arrows.  
 My lover has gone to foreign lands,  
 Goodbye! I said and quietly returned to my house.  
 If you are the Lord of Takht Hazara,  
 I am as well the proud daughter of the mighty Sials.  
 Says Hussain the hermit of God  
 Let the pre-destined love take its course.

\* \* \*

## IV

### Sultan Bahu

SULTAN BAHU WAS one of the prominent mystics of India. According to Sultan Hamid the author of *Manaqib-i-Sultani* written in Persian, the ancestors of Bahu had migrated from Arabia. His ancestors had fought in the battle of Karbala in AD 680, where the grand child of Prophet Muhammad and the son of Hazrat Ali, named Hussain was killed along with his followers. Karbala is situated at a distance of 50 miles in the south-west of Baghdaḍ. Those who laid their lives in the sacred battle were treated as martyrs and the place became sacred for the Shi'a Muslims. So Sultan Bahu had inherited martial blood in his veins. The famous Urdu poet Mirza Ghalib was proud of his martial ancestry, which according to him is more respectable than writing poetry, but our poet Sultan Bahu has made no such claims. All accounts are silent about his date of birth. However, some of the books like *Tarikh Makhzan-i-punjab* by Ghulam Sarvar and *Tarikh Sultan Bahu* written in Persian by Sultan Bakhsh Qadri, state his date of death in the year AH-1102 i.e. AD 1691. It is also stated that he died at the age of 63. Relying upon this account, the biographers have concluded that he was born in AD 1629. His place of birth is mentioned as Avan, in Jhang district of erstwhile Punjab, now in Pakistan. He is said to be a Khalifa of Abdul Rehman Dehlvi and the order (*Silsila*) is traced down to Abdul Qadir Gilani.

Sultan Bahu's father was a *Jagirdar*, the title-holder of the lands. Hence Bahu was brought up like a prince, with all the affluence at his disposal. Right from his childhood, Bahu was brought up as a devout Musalman. His family was regarded as pious and auspi-

cious. It was on this account, that Emperor Shah Jehan, bestowed upon Sultan Bazid, the father of Bahu, many lands including Kahar Janan in *Jagir* as his gratitude for the revered family.

Bahu's mother was a worldly-wise lady. She taught him the three Rs. i.e. Reading, Riting and Rithmatic). Later on Bahu desired his mother to become his spirtual guide, but she told him that according to Muslim tradition a women could not be a *Murshid*. So Bahu had to leave his native place in search of a *Murshid*. He wandered far and wide and came to a place called Baghdad (different from the famous Iraqi city). It was a small village, situated at the bank of the river Ravi. Here he came in touch with Hazrat Habib Ullah Qadri, who taught him Muslim theology. After staying with him for some time, he was directed by his mentor to go to his *Pir* known as Hazrat Abdul Rehman of Delhi, for further guidance in mysticism.

When Bahu had learnt all that was needed, he turned to be a wiser man. It was here, that he commented upon his name by saying, "I am grateful to my parents who named me as Bahu, because with the addition of a single dot under my name it would read as Yahu and Yahu is the sacred name of Allah". After all it is one *nuqta* (dot) that plays the trick, but one has to know the point, understand the connotation of the dot and concentrate on it. The *yogis* concentrate on zero and call it the symbol of *Brahmand* (universe). Later on when he became a learned man, he authored many books numbering more than hundred in Persian and Arabic. Only very little of his poetry is available in Punjabi. According to Tawarikh, Sultan Bahu, his work in Punjabi was not written but it was conveyed by word of mouth and was carried forward, by his followers. They go to the extent of saying that it was translated by some of his devotees. As such not much of his work is available in Punjabi print. The Languages Department of Punjab has now come out with a book in Punjabi entitled Sultan Bahu. This includes his *Ghazals* and a long poem. According to *Twarikh-i-Sultan Bahu* by Ghulam Sarvar, written in Persian, as quoted by Dr. Lajwanti Rama Krishna in her book *Punjabi Sufi Poets*, Bahu was author of 140

books in Persian and Arabic. However, "nothing is recorded about his work in Punjabi, except that he wrote, poetry in Punjabi". She continues to say that Punjabi was not considered the language of the elite in those days. The later statement of the learned author is not acceptable as the work which has now been published under the name of Sultan Bahu and is said to be the translation of his Persian verse, is written in very chaste Punjabi and contains all the literary flavour and delicacy, as is expected of a developed language. Moreover, we find, that earlier than Sultan Bahu, Sheikh Farid and Shah Hussain had written poetry in Punjabi, which is described as the finest specimen of Punjabi verse.

The collection published under the title *Majmooha-i-abyat-sultan bahu*, only contains his famous long poem *Si Harfi*. Each stanza in this long poem starts with *Harooof-i-Abjad*—the Persian alphabets. All alphabets have been repeated a number of times. The typical form of Bahu's poetry is the repetition of the word 'Hoo' in the end of the second line of each couplet, which automatically gives the spiritual colour to his thoughts, 'Hoo' (means He) being the sacred name of Allah.

His thought contents, though philosophic are expressed in an orthodox style. He uses simple and unsophisticated language marked by an intimate and peculiar character of its own. His language though rural is not rustic or vulgar. It is a dialect of Punjabi called 'Lehndi' and is predominantly spoken in Jhang district and the areas around it. This dialect differs from *Central Punjabi* by its hard sound of 'Bh' 'Jh' 'Gh' and can be distinguished by its peculiar pronunciation.

The mystic thought of Sultan Bahu, originated from his spiritual background and religious teachings. He was a *Peer* (guru), who imparted teaching of theology and was held in high esteems by his followers. That is one reason, why we find lot of clarity in his thoughts, because teaching was the aim. As a teacher and preacher he had to be very clear and unambiguous. We feel his thoughts, directly coming from heart and his style, as a heart to heart talk. He makes use of the vocabulary of every day routine in



his poetry, especially in his *Abyat* (Plural of bait) and *Ghazals*. As stated earlier his *Si Harfi* (where first word of each stanza starts with an alphabet of Persian script) is more popular. Herein he has used common language. Occasionally he puts in a word typical from Muslim theology which confirms the belief that he knew Persian and Arabic very well. As Sufism is an offshoot of Islamic theology, we find that almost all the Sufi poets of Punjab, have a tendency to quote from Quran. Sometimes a complete *Ayat* is reproduced. Literal translation or the identical thought expression is very common. But where they differ from the Mulla is their treatment and expression of love.

Sultan Bahu, used the same symbol of *Ishaq Majazi* and *Ishq Haqiqi*, as is popular with the Sufi poets. He says:

*Ikko boota, ikko lazzat, ikko pata nishani*  
*ussi butyon phul ma-Jazi, meva Ishq Haqqani*  
 (Though the plant is the same, pleasure is the  
 same, yet the physical love is like the flower  
 and the love of God is the fruit of the same tree)

According to Dr. Mohan Singh who edited *Sufian da Kalam* in Punjabi, the best of the Sufi poets of Punjab had their links with the *Qadri Silsila* of Mystics. It is very surprising that where as Shah Hussain and Bulleh Shah would transgress the limits of *Shariat*, Sultan Bahu loves to maintain the limits of *Qadri* doctrine. He says:

*Zahir batin hussan use da vekh zara dil la ke*  
 (Behold *Zahir* (body) and *Batin* (soul) represent the same  
 beauty. These are glimpses of the same light and the  
 charm of the all-pervading spirit is there in the body and  
 soul of human beings)

The different aspects of Sufism are covered in the poetry of Sultan Bahu. We find religion, world, self, spirit, love, guide etc. portrayed in his poetry. Though the overall effect is the basic principle of oneness of God. Though he does not propose any new theory, but the prevalent thought, has been interpreted in his own manner.

Bahu's verse is full of worldly wisdom, advice and quotable quotes. He attained practical knowledge by personal experience, not through austerity but by leading a full life of enjoyment and indulgence. It is said he had four wedded wives and huge 'Harem (establishment) of *Dashtas* (keeps). The Muslims can marry four wives by virtue of the Muslim law and keep as many women as they can afford. This means he had a well to do status and was sufficiently rich as to afford all the establishment and the household expenditure. Similarly, there is a typical tradition of married *Faqirs*. While the Hindu monks, follow celibacy (*brahmacharya*) the Muslim tradition has no such taboos.

Bahu's thought contents belong to the philosophic school of Sufi saints and are uttered in a very simple and effective manner. His concept of a *Faqir* is given in the following stanza of his *Si Harfi*. Starting with the letter *Jim*, he says:

*"Jim-Jeeondyan mar rehna hove tan ves Faqiran Kareeya  
Hoo"*

If we wear the robe of *Faqir*, then we have to consider ourselves as dead, while alive.

If someone dumps a heap of rubbish on us we shall bear it  
If we are showered with invectives, we address him with respect.

With forbearance we tolerate the taunts, for the sake of the beloved.

According to Bahu, A *Faqir*, has got to be selfless and a learned person. Humility, he says, is a decorative ornament for one's personality, but much more is the knowledge. A real *Faqir* is not a beggar but a learned man, who is capable of giving knowledge in charity to the needy and the deserving. He says:

*"Ain-ilam bajon koi fuqar kamave  
kafir mare diwana hoo"*

*Sain varehan di kare ibadat, rah-i-allah kanhu begena hoo"*

(Ain, one who wears robe of a *Faqir* without knowledge is a *kafir* and shall die as insane.

Meditate, he may, even for hundred years.  
He remains a stranger on the path of Allah.)

Bahu condemns all established religions and professes the path of love. He says:

“The gates of religion are very high, but the path of love, leads through a low-lying fountain head.

Away from the *Pandits* and the *Maulvis*, quietly flows the stream of love hidden and concealed.”

Here, Bahu has departed from tradition and refers to the hidden path of love, which is the fountain of wisdom and philosophy. It signifies the humility. According to him the journey on this mystic path is not a thing to be exhibited. The secret path of love leads through one's heart. For this reason only *Zahid* keeps himself hidden from the professional clergy, Pandit or Mullah. He wishes to establish his abode at a place where there is no one around to disturb him with given ideology and rigid dogmas. He continues with his mystic way of life and condemns so called *yogis* and *Darveshs* with equal apathy. According to him the ascetics who keep long tresses and observe fast for forty days, do so for the sake of ritual only. They are not the real believers, but tricksters.

Earlier, Guru Nanak in his composition *Asa di var*, had used more vehement vocabulary for such tricksters. He had said:

“*Ann na khaya, sad gwaya*  
*Bastar na pahre, eh nis kehre*”  
(Omit food, lose your taste  
Discard clothes, torture your self).

In fact all saints and sages, *gurus* and *Pirs*, were against ritualism. Sultan Bahu, continuing with the same old tradition considered all such actions superfluous. Honesty and humility are the strong points in human character, which received his appreciation. According to him, true love is much above the ritualistic approach. In the same vein in which Guru Nanak had uttered earlier that there was not a true Musalman, nor a true Hindu, Bahu also rises above the communal segregations and says:

*"Na Oh Hindu, na oh Momin, na Sijda Karan Masiti Hoo  
Dam dam de vich vekhan Maula, Jinhana qaza na kiti Hoo."*  
(Neither he is Hindu, nor Momin. Nor he cares for  
obeisance in mosque. Those who believe, they see Him  
with every inhale and exhale of the breath).

Here Bahu has referred to Qaza, which literally means to perform religious duties belated, such as to observe Ramzan fast after the month of Ramzan. Those who love Him they see him everywhere, they become one with Him. He goes a step further and utters:

*"Andar Hoo te bahar Hoo, wat Bahu kithe labhenda Hoo  
(In and out it is Hoo (omnipresent). Bahu!  
Whither are you wandering in search of Him)*

Here Sultan Bahu has reached the same stage of ecstasy, which is the pride of every seeker on the path of mystic and transcendental experience. Let us compare this expression with that of Bulleh Shah who later on reached the same stage and said:

*"Ki Janan men koi  
Jo koi andar bole chale, jaat asadi soi"  
(Who am I?  
How do I know?  
Infact it is He  
The one who speaks in me).*

When the seeker becomes one with the object of his devotion, then like Bahu, neither he goes to the mosque, nor he tells upon the rosary beads. His religion is the religion of love. He wants to die like Mansoor on the altar of love. He establishes the difference between head and heart and says that head wants to bow in obeisance but the heart does not accept it and remains a wanderer forever on the path of love.

Bahu better known as Sakhi Sultan died at the age of 63 leaving behind a rich treasure of mystic tradition and an unending chain of *Murids* and *Khalifas*. His grave at *Shorkote* by the side of river Chenab is said to be the place of pilgrimage for Sarvari Qadris in particular and for lovers of Punjabi poetry in general.

**A representative poetry of Sultan Bahu**

**ਸੁਲਤਾਨ ਬਾਹੂ**

ਨਾ ਮੈਂ ਹਿੰਦੂ ਨ ਮੈਂ ਮੁਸਲਮ, ਨਾ ਮੈਂ ਮੁਲਾਂ ਕਾਜ਼ੀ ਹੂ ।  
 ਨਾ ਦਿਲ ਦੋਖ ਮੰਗੇ ਮੇਰਾ, ਨਾ ਸ਼ੌਕ ਬਹਿਸ਼ਤੀ ਰਾਜ਼ੀ ਹੂ ।  
 ਨਾ ਮੈਂ ਤੀਹੇ ਰੋਜ਼ੇ ਰਖੇ, ਨਾ ਮੈਂ ਪਾਕ ਨਮਾਜ਼ੀ ਹੂ ।  
 ਬਾਝ ਵਿਸਾਲ ਰਬ ਦੇ ਬਾਹੂ, ਹੋਰ ਸਭਾ ਝੂਠੀ ਬਾਜ਼ੀ ਹੂ ।

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ਅਲਫ- ਅੰਦਰ ਹੂ ਤੇ ਬਾਹਰ ਹੂ, ਵਤ ਬਾਹੂ ਕਿਥੇ ਲਭੇਂਦਾ ਹੂ ।  
 ਹੂ ਦਾ ਦਾਗ ਮੁਹੱਬਤ ਵਾਲਾ ਦਮ ਦਮ ਨਾਮ ਸੜੇਂਦਾ ਹੂ ।  
 ਜਿਥੇ ਹੂ ਕਰੇ ਰੁਸ਼ਨਾਈ, ਓਥੋਂ ਛੋੜ ਅੰਧੇਰਾ ਵੈਂਦਾ ਹੂ ।  
 ਦੋਹੀਂ ਜਹਾਨੀ ਗੁਲਾਮ ਇਸ ਬਾਹੂ, ਜੇੜਾ ਹੂ ਨੂੰ ਸਹੀ ਕਰੇਂਦਾ ਹੂ ।

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ਅਲਫ- ਈਮਾਨ ਸਲਾਮਤ ਹਰ ਕੋਈ ਮੰਗੇ, ਇਸ਼ਕ ਸਲਾਮਤ ਕੋਈ ਹੂ ।  
 ਮੰਗਣ ਈਮਾਨ ਸ਼ਰਮਾਵਨ ਇਸ਼ਕੋਂ ਦਿਲ ਨੂੰ ਗੈਰਤ ਹੋਈ ਹੂ ।  
 ਜਿਸ ਮੰਜ਼ਲ ਨੂੰ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਪਹੁੰਚਾਏ, ਈਮਾਨੇ ਖਬਰ ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਹੂ ।  
 ਮੇਰਾ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਸਲਾਮਤ ਰਖੀ, ਬਾਹੂ, ਈਮਾਨੋਂ ਦਿਆਂ ਧਰੋਈ ਹੂ ।

**ਸੁਲਤਾਨ ਬਾਹੂ**

ਨਾ ਮੈਂ ਹਿੰਦੂ ਨਾ ਮੈਂ ਮੁਸਲਮ ਨਾ ਮੈਂ ਮੁਲਾਂ ਕਾਜ਼ੀ ਹੂ  
 ਨ ਦਿਲ ਦੋਖ ਮੰਗੇ ਮੇਰਾ, ਨਾ ਸ਼ੌਕ ਬਹਿਸ਼ਤੀ ਰਾਜ਼ੀ ਹੂ  
 ਨਾ ਮੈਂ ਤੀਹੇ ਰੋਜ਼ੇ ਰਖੇ, ਨਾ ਮੈਂ ਪਾਕ ਨਮਾਜ਼ੀ ਹੂ  
 ਬਾਝ ਵਿਸਾਲ ਰਬ ਦੇ ਬਾਹੂ, ਹੋਰ ਸਭਾ ਝੂਠੀ ਬਾਜ਼ੀ ਹੂ

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ਅਲਫ - ਅੰਦਰ ਹੂ ਤੀ ਬਾਹਰ ਹੂ, ਵਤ ਬਾਹੂ ਕਿਥੇ ਲਭੇਂਦਾ ਹੂ ।  
 ਹੂ ਦਾ ਦਾਗ ਮੁਹੱਬਤ ਵਾਲਾ ਦਮ ਦਮ ਨਾਮ ਸੜੇਂਦਾ ਹੂ ।  
 ਜਿਥੇ ਹੂ ਕਰੇ ਰੁਸ਼ਨਾਈ, ਓਥੋਂ ਛੋੜ ਅੰਧੇਰਾ ਵੈਂਦਾ ਹੂ ।  
 ਦੋਹੀਂ ਜਹਾਨੀ ਗੁਲਾਮ ਇਸ ਬਾਹੂ, ਜੇੜਾ ਹੂ ਨੂੰ ਸਹੀ ਕਰੇਂਦਾ ਹੂ ।

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ਅਲਫ - ਈਮਾਨ ਸਲਾਮਤ ਹਰ ਕੋਈ ਮੰਗੇ, ਇਸ਼ਕ ਸਲਾਮਤ ਕੋਈ ਹੂ ।  
 ਮੰਗਣ ਈਮਾਨ ਸ਼ਰਮਾਵਨ ਇਸ਼ਕੋਂ ਦਿਲ ਨੂੰ ਗੈਰਤ ਹੋਈ ਹੂ ।  
 ਜਿਸ ਮੰਜ਼ਲ ਨੂੰ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਪਹੁੰਚਾਏ, ਈਮਾਨੇ ਖਬਰ ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਹੂ ।  
 ਮੇਰਾ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਸਲਾਮਤ ਰਖੀ, ਬਾਹੂ, ਈਮਾਨੋਂ ਦਿਆਂ ਧਰੋਈ ਹੂ ।

Neither I am Hindu, nor Musalman  
 Neither I am a *Mulla*, nor a *Qazi*  
 Neither I hanker after Heaven  
 Nor I have fear of Hell  
 Neither I observe fast for thirty days  
 Nor I am a clean hearted Namazi  
 Bahu; all is useless if communion with lover is not granted.

\* \* \*

(Alif) He is my inner self  
 He is my outer body  
 Bahu; where can you seek Him;  
 He can be approached with love  
 He is mixed with my breath.  
 Whenever He bestows his kindness  
 The darkness (veil of ignorance) vanishes away.  
 Bahu; both the worlds become slaves to the one, who befriends  
 Him.

\* \* \*

(Alif) Every one wants to stick to the religion,  
 Few opt for the path of love.  
 How strange; they call themselves religious,  
 Yet ignore the power of love.  
 The destination of love is stranger to religion.  
 Bahu; let me remain faithful to love,  
 The religion, I may forsake.

\* \* \*

ਬੇ- ਬਹੁਤੀ ਮੈਂ ਔਗੁਣਹਾਰੀ ਤਾਂ ਭੀ ਲਾਜ ਪਈ ਗਲ ਉਸ ਦੇ ਹੁ ।  
 ਪੜ੍ਹ ਪੜ੍ਹ ਇਲਮ ਕਰਨ ਤਕੱਬਰ, ਪਰ ਸ਼ੈਤਾਨ ਜੇਹੇ ਉਥੇ ਮੁਸਦੇ ਹੁ ।  
 ਲੱਖਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਭੈ ਦੋਜ਼ਖ ਵਾਲਾ, ਹਿਕੇ ਨਿਤ ਬਹਿਸ ਤੋਂ ਰੁਸਦੇ ਹੁ ।  
 ਆਸ਼ਕਾਂ ਦੇ ਗਲ ਛੁਰੀ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾਂ, ਬਾਹੂ ਅਗੇ ਮਹਿਬੂਬਾ ਦੇ ਕੁਸਦੇ ਹੁ ।

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ਚੇ- ਚੜ੍ਹ ਚੰਨਾ ਤੂੰ ਕਰ ਰੁਸ਼ਨਾਈ, ਤੇ ਜਿਕਰ ਕਰੇਂਦੇ ਤਾਰੇ ਹੁ ।  
 ਗਲੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਫਿਰਨ ਨਿਮਾਣੇ ਲਾਲਾਂ ਦੇ ਵਣਜਾਰੇ ਹੁ ।  
 ਸ਼ਾਲਾ ਮੁਸਾਫਿਰ ਕੋਈ ਨ ਥੀਵੇ, ਤੇ ਕੱਖ ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਭਾਰੇ ਹੁ ।  
 ਤਾੜੀ ਮਾਰ ਉਡਾਵਣ ਬਾਹੂ, ਅਸੀਂ ਆਪੇ ਉਠਣ ਹਾਰੇ ਹੁ ।

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ਹੇ- ਹਿਕ ਜਾਗਨ ਹਿਕ ਜਾਗ ਨ ਜਾਨਣ, ਹਿਕ ਜਾਗਦਿਆਂ ਹੀ ਸੁੱਤੇ ਹੁ ।  
 ਹਿਕ ਸੁਤਿਆਂ ਹੀ ਜਾ ਵਾਸਲ ਹੋਏ, ਹਿਕ ਜਾਗਦਿਆਂ ਹੀ ਮੁੱਠੇ ਹੁ ।  
 ਕੀ ਹੋਇਆ ਜੇ ਘੁਗੂ ਜਾਗੇ, ਉਹੋ ਲੈਂਦਾ ਸਾਹ ਅੱਪੁਤੇ ਹੁ ।  
 ਮੈਂ ਕੁਰਬਾਨ ਤਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਬਾਹੂ, ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਖੂਹ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਦੇ ਜੁੱਤੇ ਹੁ ।

ਬੇ - ਬਹੁਤੀ ਮੈਂ ਔਗੁਣਹਾਰੀ, ਤਾਂ ਭੀ ਲਾਜ ਪਈ ਗਲ ਉਸ ਦੇ ਹੁ ।  
 ਪੜ੍ਹ ਪੜ੍ਹ ਇਲਮ ਕਰਨ ਤਕੱਬਰ, ਪਰ ਸ਼ੈਤਾਨ ਜੇਹੇ ਉਥੇ ਮੁਸਦੇ ਹੁ ।  
 ਲੱਖਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਭੈ ਦੋਜ਼ਖ ਵਾਲਾ, ਹਿਕੇ ਨਿਤ ਬਹਿਸ ਤੋਂ ਰੁਸਦੇ ਹੁ ।  
 ਆਸ਼ਕਾਂ ਦੇ ਗਲ ਛੁਰੀ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾਂ, ਬਾਹੂ ਅਗੇ ਮਹਿਬੂਬਾ ਦੇ ਕੁਸਦੇ ਹੁ ।

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ਚੇ - ਚੜ੍ਹ ਚੰਨਾ ਤੂੰ ਕਰ ਰੁਸ਼ਨਾਈ, ਤੇ ਜਿਕਰ ਕਰੇਂਦੇ ਤਾਰੇ ਹੁ ।  
 ਗਲੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਫਿਰਨ ਨਿਮਾਣੇ ਲਾਲਾਂ ਦੇ ਵਣਜਾਰੇ ਹੁ ।  
 ਸ਼ਾਲਾ ਮੁਸਾਫਿਰ ਕੋਈ ਨ ਥੀਵੇ, ਤੇ ਕੱਖ ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਭਾਰੇ ਹੁ ।  
 ਤਾੜੀ ਮਾਰ ਉਡਾਵਣ ਬਾਹੂ, ਅਸੀਂ ਆਪੇ ਉਠਣ ਹਾਰੇ ਹੁ ।

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ਹੇ - ਹਿਕ ਜਾਗਣ ਹਿਕ ਜਾਗ ਨ ਜਾਨਣ, ਹਿਕ ਜਾਗਦਿਆਂ ਹੀ ਸੁੱਤੇ ਹੁ ।  
 ਹਿਕ ਸੁਤਿਆਂ ਹੀ ਜਾ ਵਾਸਲ ਹੋਏ, ਹਿਕ ਜਾਗਦਿਆਂ ਹੀ ਮੁੱਠੇ ਹੁ ।  
 ਕੀ ਹੋਇਆ ਜੇ ਘੁਗੂ ਜਾਗੇ, ਉਹੋ ਲੈਂਦਾ ਸਾਹ ਅੱਪੁਤੇ ਹੁ ।  
 ਮੈਂ ਕੁਰਬਾਨ ਤਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਬਾਹੂ, ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਖੂਹ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਦੇ ਜੁੱਤੇ ਹੁ ।



If I commit sins, I put him to shame.  
 They indulge in studies, amass the knowledge,  
 Proud of their achievements, they smile like *Shaitan* (devil)\*  
 Thousands are desperately afraid of Hell  
 They are unable to plead their cause,  
 Lovers mutely lay their head on the altar of love  
 Smilingly they submit to the will of the beloved.

0 0 0

(Che) Shine O moon, shine brighter  
 The stars reveal the secret.  
 The blades of grass in the street are weightier than strangers.  
 Blessed be the wandering stranger.  
 Those who dealt with jewels are helpless wanderers, today.  
 We are not the birds whom one can shoo away;  
 All of us have to fly on our own wings to distant unknown lands,  
 some day.

0 0 0

Awake they are, but they know not the meaning of awakening.  
 Some still remain asleep, while they are physically up.  
 Lucky ones are bestowed with communion even while asleep  
 Others are skipped, may they be wide awake.  
 It matters not if they lay awake like the owls,  
 What matters is the selfless dedication.  
 Bahu is prepared to sacrifice his life for those (selfless ascetics)  
 Who are the real seekers in the path of love.

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\* *Shaitan* is the angel, who had raised banner of revolt against God. His characteristic is to misguide people and prevent them from the path of love..

## Ali Haider

ONE OF THE important Sufi poets in Punjabi, Ali Haider belongs to later Mughal period. He was born in the year AD 1690 at a place called Kazian in Multan Distt. of West Pakistan. According to an account published in *Hans Chog* by Bawa Budh Singh he was born in 1101 Hijri and died in 1199 Hijri, which comes to (AD 1690-1785). Till recently this poet had remained hidden from the eyes of the research scholars and not much of his work has come to lime light, with the exception of a collection of his poetry known as '*Majmua-Abyat-Ali Haider.*' The story of the publication of this famous work is equally interesting. It is said that occasionally some wandering *Darvesh* could be heard singing some broken stanzas of his unknown compositions which would appeal to the audience. One of the listeners became an ardent admirer of his muse and started to trace the source of the mystic utterances heard through the wandering ministerials. It was through the untiring efforts of that researcher that the said collection became a reality and ultimately reached the coldprint. Now the Punjabi University at Patiala has also come out with a book on his poetry. It is called, '*Ali Haider Rachanavali.*'

It appears from this work that Ali Haider was the disciple of Shah Mohiy-ud-din. At a number of places, he has made mention of his name with reverence. He says:

*"Ali Haider Kya Parwah Kise di Je Shah  
Mohiy-ud-din asadra hai".*

(How do I care for anyone else, only if Shah Mohiy-ud-din is mine).

According to Ali Haider Abdul Qadir Jilani a very learned person, was also known by the name of Mohiy-ud-din. He was founder of the Sufi order called *Qadris* and had many disciples all over the northern India. However, Abdul Qadir Jilani died in Baghdad (Iraq) in February, AD 1166. In another couplet written in *Si Harfi* style. Ali Haider has again mentioned the name of his master as Shah Mohiy-ud-din, who may be a different person. In *Si Harfi* each stanza starts with one of the alphabets of Persian script numbering thirty. In Persian thirty is called Si. Thus style based on the thirty alphabets is known as Si Harfi-thirty alphabets. The couplet we have mentioned, starts with letter *Kaf* (K).

*"Kaf'-kya gham khauf asan nu, Je Shah Mohiy-ud-din asadra hai'*

('Kaf', what sorrow or worry do I have  
If Shah Mohiy-ud-din is on my side).

The position of the spiritual guide in mysticism is very reverend. For a perfect experiment, the seeker and the guide have to be attuned to the same frequency; this stage called *Fana-fil-Sheikh* is a step towards *Baqa* (the eternal bliss). The *Bhakti Marg* poets also have paid tributes to the *guru*, but they do not seek to become one with their *guru*. Take the instance of Kabir. He says:

*"Bahe bahe ham jat the, lok bed ke saath, Painsa men Satguru mile, deepak deena haathi."*

—Kabir Dhavli

(I was being pushed by the wave of folk traditions —ignorance and darkness)

When on the path I met the *guru*.

He placed a lamp in my hands (which brightened the dark passage of my journey).

Here we have seen that Kabir does not seek to become one with his *guru*. He respects him reveres him, gets knowledge from him,

but does not seek to become his equal. But in Sufis this is a precondition.

Unlike other Sufis, who discarded religious dogmas, Ali Haider stuck to his faith and traced mysticism through the Islamic philosophy of *Wahdaniyat* (monotheism). According to him all worldly possessions are perishable and have to be left behind when the call from Almighty comes. The death is destined to take its toll under all circumstances and one is required to give an account of the deeds done during life-time in the court of Almighty. Therefore, the worldly possessions are of no avail. These are short lived and as such false. The real thing is the name of God which alone is true. In other words, it is the truth which is immortal and remains after the man ceases to be. All these ideas are the reproduction of the age-old Hindu philosophy. However, this when mingled with Muslim ideology in the poetry of Ali Haider, makes the perfect specimen of emotional integration.

In middle ages, horses, hawks, falcons, robes, elephants, battalions of warriors were all considered the symbols of royalty and authority. But all these, according to him are the perishable possessions. In his book the *Majmuha-Abyat-Ali Haider*, he says:

*"Kura ghora, kura jora, kura shau aswar  
Kure Bashe kure shikre kure Mir shikar  
Kure hathi Kure lashkar, kure fauj katar  
Kure suhe kure salu, kure sohne yar."*

(False is the horse, false is the costume  
Equally false is the rider king.

False is the falcon, false is the hawk

Equally false is the royal chase for hunt

False are the elephants, false are the battalions

False are the red robes, false are the dear friends).

The poet goes on enumerating various articles of pomp and show and discards all of them one by one. In the end, he makes an endeavour at emotional integration of the two communities—Hindus and Muslims. With a rational approach he talks of Hindus and

says, true is the name of *Kartar*. While talking of Muslims he tells that true is the name of Prophet and true are his friends. Thus he makes an effort to bring about rapprochement between the two communities. It is surprising that Ali Haider who, in his earlier utterances, had been portraying himself as a stout Muslim, is completely reformed. The change is said to have occurred when he witnessed a royal party proceeding on a hunting spree, which included the ladies of the court. According to the Editor of *Mujma-i-Abyat Ali Haider*, the poet gave vent to his anger over the shameless behaviour of the royal ladies, who were supposed to remain in *pardah*. This incident created a deep impression on his mind and he revolted against the shameless rulers.

In another poem, Ali Haider has referred to the invasion of the tyrant Persian army and the painful subjugation of the native troops. (It is not clear which invasion he has referred to). He seems to have witnessed the terrible bloodshed, that followed the invasion. He was pained at the ghastly sight and it is here that his national spirit was awakened and he was compelled to curse the vanquished, local soldiery by saying:

“Shame on you the Native Soldiers.  
 Shame on Turainians as well.  
 The Khurasanis have plundered all the treasury  
 They have occupied and reserved for themselves  
 all the water sources.  
 The only water that we can see is blood.”

Ali Haider seems to have been moved by the sight of plunder of his helpless native land. He was so much enraged over the impotency of the vanquished royal troops, that he cursed them in his poetry. The shameless rulers, according to him were debauches and were fully responsible for the present state of affairs. They had willingly pawned their kingdom to the aggressor foreigners, merely in exchange for personal pleasures.

Compare this utterance of Ali Haider with that of Guru Nanak, who had preceded him and was a witness to the terrible blood-

shed during the invasion of Babar. The destruction wrought by the invading army created a lasting impression on his mind and aroused the rebel in him. In this famous hymn depicting invasion of Babar, he went to the extent of accusing the Almighty for the pain and misery inflicted upon the people by a foreign aggressor. He wonders how God could take such a partisan attitude:

*"Eti mar payee kurlane. Tain ki dard na aya."*  
 (O, God! Have you not seen the destruction?  
 How can you be so unconcerned?  
 Why the fallen humanity could not  
 arouse your compassion?)

Ali Haider called the rulers as shameless, but Guru Nanak had described them as:

*"Raje Sheenh Mukadam Kutte, Ratin Jae Jagavan sutte"*  
 (The kings are lions and their officers  
 The blood-thirsty hounds, who go about  
 chasing folks at the dead of night).

Romances of lovers, have always been popular, with Sufi poets, because they have painted love in their own mystic terms. A reference be made to the story of Heer by Ali Haider. Heer is reprimanded by her mother, for the uninhibited love she expresses for Ranjha. The mother tells her that it is not true love but the work of *Shaitan* (devil),\* who has entered her mind and made her to come out with such outrageous utterance. Heer defends herself by saying:

"Mother, You know I am a stout Muslim. The devil cannot enter the mind of a believer, which is the abode of God alone."

By this expression, it is inferred that Ali Haider, reposid complete faith in the *Quran*, "Hama u ast" (He is all-pervading and omnipresent) As such their is no difference between a *Kafir* (non-believer) and *momin* (believer). But beauty of Ali Haider's depiction

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\* *Shaitan* is the angel, who had raised banner of revolt against God. His characteristic is to misguide people and prevent them from the path of love..

is that he gives a twist to this idea as a mystic and uses it to his advantage. When he says, there is no difference between Heer and Ranjha, he means that the one who loves and the one who is loved is the same 'He'. He calls God Ranjha.

*"Les Siwahu Allah Hoo, Vich Heer Bahana mano Ma!"*

(Heer is only a pretension, in between, otherwise it is He alone)

*"Mahi te Main Wahid Wasil"*

(I am one with my love)

Though Ali Haider has also used other characters from folk romances of Punjab, like Sassi Punnu, Mirza Sahiban, Sohni Mahiwal, he obtained his zenith as a mystic only through his interpretation of Heer. As compared to the other characters from Persian literature, he was more at home with characters from Punjabi folklore.

The entire world is the creation of God, Hindus, Sikhs and Muslims, all agree on this point. According to the Muslim belief God commanded *kun* and the universe came into existence. Thus all human beings are linked with each other. They are all made of the same earth (mud and water). Lot of stress has been given on this aspect in the Vedantic literature. This has also been reflected through the poetry of Bhakti movement. Similarly *gurbani* also stresses on this aspect by saying that *qudrat* (the creation) and *qadir* (the creator) cannot be separated. As such nature is infinite, unlimited and fathomless.

*"Pataalan Pataal, Lakh aagasan Aagas"*

(There are thousands of skies and earths)

We find the same expression in Ali Haider:

*"Haider us sumar nahin,*

*Main kitne nau sau hazar ginan"*

(Haider! he is fathomless Even if I count upto nine hundred thousands

I shall not be able to assess His limits).

While counting the limitless beauty of nature, Ali Haider, goes into the state of ecstasy and says:

*"Os jehe eh tare chann na, na sooraj na eh noor bhi na"  
Uthe Sooraj da noor Kujh na, Unhan galian de rah di dhoor bhi na.*

(The stars, the moon, the sun and the entire galaxy of the universe is nothing before His dazzling charm. The entire light of the sun put together, cannot even compare with the dust of His path)

He adds:

*"Kayee ratan lamian kalian ne, hike taare de vich samaniya ne  
Kayee Umran Khizar\* Paighambar walian, hik din de vich  
vihaniyan ne."*

(Numberless, dark and unending nights shall merge in one star alone. Countless ages of *Paighambar Khizar*, shall expire in one day of the infinite)

According to Muslim mythology *Khwaja Khizar* has been bestowed with the endless age, but to Ali Haider, countless *Khizars* may perish in the path, yet may not be able to assess Him.

Ali Haider was a great master of language, who had learnt the rules of prosody. Being a scholar of Arabic and a competent *Hafiz* (who learns Quran by heart) he expressed his knowledge through his poetry in Punjabi. His decorative choice of words, use of alliterations, repetition of rhymes, rhythms and meters, are some of the specialities of his art-form. The Multani twang of his language, has a special charm for the lovers of Punjabi poetry. His interpretation of Islamic thought is different from the generally accepted concept. His *tafseer* (interpretation) of Quran, is not rigid or dogmatic, it is different in the liberal sense. In other words, Islam as seen through the eyes of a Sufi was more apparent in Haider than in any other poet in Punjabi. He says:

*"(Be) -Be di tegh na das Mullah, oh alif sidha kham ghat  
aya."*

(Be : O Mulla, do not show me the curved sword of 'Be', because in reality it is the straight 'Alif' only.)

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\*.According to Muslim mythology *Khwaja Khizar* is bestowed with un ending life.



'Alif' is the name of Allah. He does not want the Mulla, to take away his attention from 'Alif'. But the beauty of the poet is the way he has used 'Alif' as a sword. There are straight swords and cutlasses with a bit of curve. The form of 'Alif' is straight, while 'Be' has a curve in it. So he calls it a sword with curve.

It would be seen that Sufis do not agree with the traditional interpretations. They like 'Alif', which is the first letter of the sacred name of Allah, but 'Be,' the following alphabet is inauspicious to them and as such, reminds them of a sword. The famous Sufi poet Bulleh Shah has also said '*Ik Alif Padhian Chutkara Hai*' (you get absolved of all your sins only if you read 'Alif' alone). Sultan Bahu had said:

*"Jinhan Alif di ja sahi cha kiti,  
Oh rakhde kadam agere Hoo."*

(Those who have learnt Alif they go  
on and on)

Ali Haider calls God, Ranjha the lover. His love is the *kaif* (eternal bliss). The Islamic philosophy accepts that God is nearer than one's *shah rag*—the main artery. Ali Haider, has also like many other Sufi poets, expressed the same idea in his poetry. *Ishq* (love) and *Tauheed* (oneness of God) are the two striking notes in his poetry. He talks of *Ishaq* like a mystic but his Islamic background always comes handy to him. As such a strong combination of *Shariat* and *Tasawuf* is found in his poetry which enables him to hold a unique position among the Sufi poets of Punjab. He has touched almost all aspects of life and duty interpreted through various stages of mysticism expressed in the language full of literary and cultural symbols borrowed from Muslim theology, Vedantic literature and Punjabi folklore.

Like many other Sufi poets of Punjabi, Ali Haider also tried his pen on the famous romances of Laila Majnu, Yusuf Zulaikha, Mirza Sahiban, Sassi Punnu and Heer Ranjha. Somehow, his last account was left incomplete, due to his demise in AD 1785, at the ripe age of ninety five.

Faint, illegible text covering the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side. The text is too light to transcribe accurately.

**A representative poetry of Ali Haider**

## ਅਲੀ ਹੈਦਰ

ਐਨ- ਇਨਾਇਤ ਰਬੇ ਦੀ ਹੋਵੇ  
 ਤੇ ਐਵੇਂ ਹੀ ਫਜ਼ਲ ਕਰੇਂਦਾ ਚਾ  
 ਤਖਤ ਹਜ਼ਾਰੇ ਤੋਂ ਰਾਂਝਣ ਸੱਦ ਕੇ  
 ਹੀਰ ਸਿਆਲ ਮਿਲੇਂਦਾ ਚਾ  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਅਸਾਡੇ ਦੇ ਛੇੜਨ ਕਾਰਨ  
 ਮਹੀਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਛਿੜੇਂਦਾ ਚਾ  
 ਵਾਹ ਵਾਹ ਕੰਮ ਅੱਲੀ ਹੈਦਰ  
 ਆਪੇ ਜੋੜ ਜੁੜੇਂਦਾ ਚਾ

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ਦਾਲ- ਧੂੜ ਤੁਸਾਡੜੇ ਰਾਹ ਦੀ ਹਾਂ  
 ਜੇ ਵਤ ਖਾਕ ਕਮੀਨੀ ਆਂ ਮੈਂ  
 ਉਡ ਉਡ ਸ਼ੌਕ ਥੀਂ ਦਾਮਨ ਲਗਾਂ

○ ○ ○

ਕਿਉਂ ਵਤ ਛੰਡ ਸਟੀਨੀਆਂ ਮੈਂ  
 ਦਾਮਨ ਲੱਗੀ ਦੀ ਸ਼ਰਮ ਤੁਸਾਂ ਨੂੰ  
 ਗੋਲੜੀ ਤੈਂਡੀ ਸਦੀਨੀਆਂ ਮੈਂ  
 ਹੈਦਰ ਮੀਂਹ ਕਰਮ ਦਾ ਵੱਸੇ  
 ਤਾਂ ਪਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਗੁਲਸ਼ਨ ਥੀਨੀਆਂ ਮੈਂ

## ਅਲੀ ਹੈਦਰ

ਐਨ - ਝਨਾਯਤ ਰਬੇ ਦੀ ਹੋਵੇ  
 ਤੇ ਐਵੇਂ ਹੀ ਫਜ਼ਲ ਕਰੇਂਦਾ ਚਾ  
 ਤਖਤ ਹਜ਼ਾਰੇ ਤੋਂ ਰਾਂਝਣ ਸੱਦ ਕੇ  
 ਹੀਰ ਸਿਆਲ ਮਿਲੇਂਦਾ ਚਾ  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਅਸਾਡੇ ਦੇ ਛੇੜਨ ਕਾਰਨ  
 ਮਹੀਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਛਿੜੇਂਦਾ ਚਾ  
 ਵਾਹ ਵਾਹ ਕੰਮ ਅਲੀ ਹੈਦਰ  
 ਆਪੇ ਜੋੜ ਜੁੜੇਂਦਾ ਚਾ ।

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ਦਾਲ - ਧੂੜ ਤੁਸਾਡੜੇ ਰਾਹ ਦੀ ਹਾਂ  
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 ਤਡ ਤਡ ਸ਼ੌਕ ਥੀਂ ਦਾਮਨ ਲਗਾਂ  
 ਕਿਉਂ ਵਤ ਛੰਡ ਸਟੀਨੀਆਂ ਮੈਂ  
 ਦਾਮਨ ਲੱਗੀ ਦੀ ਸ਼ਰਮ ਤੁਸਾਂ ਨੂੰ  
 ਗੋਲੜੀ ਤੈਂਡੀ ਸਦੀਨੀਆਂ ਮੈਂ  
 ਹੈਦਰ ਮੀਂਹ ਕਰਮ ਦਾ ਵੱਸੇ  
 ਤਾਂ ਪਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਗੁਲਸ਼ਨ ਥੀਨੀਆਂ ਮੈਂ

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As it pleases God, He bestows mercy  
 He recalls Ranjha from *Takhat Hazara*,  
 And enables him to meet Heer,  
 He starts the love affair,  
 Puts Ranjha to tend the livestock,  
 O, Ali Haider praised be the Lord,  
 Who brought the lovers, together.

I am the humble dust of thy pathway,  
 To touch thy garment was the aim of my life,  
 The wind uplifted me and fulfilled the cherished desire,  
 Pray do not brush me off, the compassionate one!  
 I am only the seeker of thy communion,  
 I am nothing but thy slave.  
 The shower of thy grace,  
 Can turn the dust into blossoms.

ਜਿ ਆਗਿਆ ਆਇ ਕਰੇ ਕੁ ਕਰਾੜ - ਏ  
 ਨਿ ਮਹੀਰੀਓ ਮੇਲਿਲੋਭ ਲਾਨ ਮਿਰਠ  
 ਕਰਤਾਲ ਨਾਮ ਚੌਰ ਅਥੀਸੁ ਨਿਕਲੀ  
 ਨਿ ਮਿਲੇਠ ਏਏ ਮਸਿ ਟੁਕਾਠ ਮਧੀ  
 ਚਿਤ ਲਾਭ ਫਿਮ ਚਿ ਆਤਿਹਸੀ ਕਲੀ  
 ਨਿ ਆਗੀਓ ਡਾਢਿ ਆਗੀਏ ਕਸੀ  
 ਲਠੇ ਫਾਧ ਚਿ ਮਹੀਰ ਚੜਠੇ ਲਿਖ  
 ਚਿ ਮਹੀਰੁ ਆਖ ਮੇਲਿ ਨਹੁ

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 ਚਿ ਮਿਲੇਠਿ ਚਿ ਚਾਠ ਚਿ ਚੜਠ ਚੁ  
 ਚਿ ਮਿਲੇਠਿ ਚਿ ਲਾਠ ਚੁ

ਚੜਠੇ ਲਿਖ ਚਿ ਮਹੀਰੁ ਕਰਮੁ

ਚਿ ਮਲਕੁ ਚਿ ਮਿਲੀ ਚੁ

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 ਚਿ ਮਿਲੇਠਿ ਚਿ ਲਾਠ ਚੁ

ਬ- ਬਲਣ ਨਾ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਸੁਕੀਆਂ ਨੀ  
 ਕਰਮਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਬਲੇਂਦੀਆਂ ਸਿੱਠੀਆਂ ਨੀ  
 ਇਕਨਾਂ ਸੁੱਤਿਆਂ ਸ਼ੌਹ ਮਨਾ ਲਇਆ  
 ਇਕ ਚਾਹੜ ਸੇਜਾਂ ਉੱਤੇ ਰੁਨੀਆਂ ਨੀ  
 ਇਕ ਸੋਹਣੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਮੱਥੇ ਭਾਗ ਨਹੀਂ  
 ਇਕ ਕੋਈਆਂ ਕੇਸਰ ਭਿੰਨੀਆਂ ਨੀ  
 ਅਲੀ ਹੈਦਰਾ ਅੱਲਾ ਦੀ ਜਾਤ ਕੋਲੋਂ  
 ਕੁੱਲ ਦੀਆਂ ਆਸਾਂ ਪੁਨੀਆਂ ਨੀ  
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ਐਨ- ਇਲਮ ਦਾ ਪੜ੍ਹਨਾ ਨੇਕ ਬਹੁੰ  
 ਪਰ ਇਸ਼ਕੇ ਦੀ ਬਾਤ ਅਨੋਖੜੀ ਏ  
 ਚੰਦ ਤੇ ਸੂਰਜ ਦੀ ਰੋਸ਼ਨੀ ਬਹੁੰ  
 ਪਰ ਯਾਰ ਦੀ ਝਾਤ ਅਨੋਖੜੀ ਏ  
 ਸ਼ਬ ਕਦਰ ਦੀ ਰਾਤ ਵੀ ਬਹੁੰ ਚੰਗੀ  
 ਪਰ ਵਸਲ ਦੀ ਰਾਤ ਅਨੋਖੜੀ ਏ  
 ਮਸ਼ਕਲ ਘਾਤਾਂ ਸੱਭੇ ਅਲੀ ਹੈਦਰ  
 ਪਰ ਬਿਰਹੋਂ ਦੀ ਘਾਤ ਅਨੋਖੜੀ ਏ  
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ਬੇ ਬਲਨ ਨਾ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਸੁਕੀਆਂ ਨੀ  
 ਕਰਮਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਬਲੇਂਦੀਆਂ ਸਿਨਿਆਂ ਨੀ  
 ਇਕਨਾਂ ਸੁੱਤਿਆਂ ਸ਼ੌਹ ਮਨਾ ਲੇਯਾ  
 ਇਕ ਚਾਹੜ ਸੇਜਾਂ ਉੱਤੇ, ਰਨਿਆਂ ਨੀ  
 ਇਕ ਸੋਹਣੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਮੱਥੇ ਭਾਗ ਨਾਹੀਂ  
 ਇਕ ਕੋਹੜੀਆਂ ਕੇਸਰ ਖਿਨਿਆਂ ਨੀ  
 ਅਲੀ ਹੈਦਰਾ ਅਲੱਲਾ ਦੀ ਜਾਤ ਕੋਲੋਂ  
 ਕੁਲ ਦਿਆਂ ਆਸਾਂ ਪੁਨਿਆਂ ਨੀ।

ਐਨ - ਇਲਮ ਦਾ ਪੜ੍ਹਨਾ ਨੇਕ ਬਹੁੰ  
 ਪਰ ਇਸ਼ਕੇ ਦੀ ਬਾਤ ਅਨੋਖੜੀ ਏ

ਚੰਦ ਤੇ ਸੂਰਜ ਦੀ ਰੋਸ਼ਨੀ ਬਹੁੰ  
 ਪਰ ਯਾਰ ਦੀ ਜਾਤ ਅਨੋਖੜੀ ਏ  
 ਸ਼ਬ ਕਦਰ ਦੀ ਰਾਤ ਵੀ ਬਹੁੰ ਚੰਗੀ  
 ਪਰ ਵਸਲ ਦੀ ਰਾਤ ਅਨੋਖੜੀ ਏ  
 ਮੁਸ਼ਕਲ ਘਾਤਾਂ ਸੱਭੇ ਅਲੀ ਹੈਦਰ  
 ਪਰ ਬਿਰਹੋਂ ਦੀ ਘਾਤ ਅਨੋਖੜੀ ਏ

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Dry twigs of some people may not be lighted,  
His grace may set ablaze even the damp woods,  
Some are bestowed with communion, while asleep,  
But others crave in their bridal beds.  
The beauty remains luckless  
And the ugly one's are blessed.  
O Ali Haider only the august being knows,  
He fulfills aspirations of one and all.

To gain knowledge is an honest achievement,  
But love affair is altogether a different tale,  
The glaze of sun and brightness of moon is boundless,  
But a glimpse of the beloved has a different charm,  
Gracious is *Shabkadar's* night,  
But the night that brings the lovers together has its own spell.  
O, Ali Haider all blows are painful  
But blow of separation is the deadliest of all.

ਵਓ- ਵਡਿਆਈ ਅਸਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਹੋਵੇ, ਜੇ ਅੰਗਣ ਫੇਰਾ ਪਾਏ ਮੀਆਂ।  
 ਮੂੰਹ ਮਹਿਤਾਬ ਸੁਹਾਵਣਾ ਮੈਨੂੰ, ਜੇ ਹਿਕ ਵਾਰ ਵਿਖਾਏ ਮੀਆਂ  
 ਤੂੰ ਆਪਣਾ ਕੌਲ ਸੰਭਾਲ ਢੋਲਣ, ਜਿਹੜਾ ਅਸਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਆਖ ਸਾਏਂ ਮੀਆਂ।  
 ਅਲੀ ਹੈਦਰ ਯਾਰ ਪਿਆਰੇ ਤਾਈਂ, ਕਦੇ ਅਸਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਆਪ ਮਿਲਾਏਂ ਮੀਆਂ।

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ਯੇ- ਯਾਰ ਪਿਆਰੇ ਨੂੰ ਨਿੱਤ ਸਦੈਨੀਆਂ, ਯਾ ਰੱਬ ਨਿੱਤ ਕੁਕੇਨੀਆਂ ਮੈਂ।  
 ਯਾ ਰੱਬ ਯਾ ਰੱਬ ਨਿੱਤ ਕਰੇਨੀਆਂ, ਪੀਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਨਿੱਤ ਸਦੈਨੀਆਂ ਮੈਂ।  
 ਯਾ ਰੱਬ ਆਣ ਮਿਲਾਉ ਪਿਆਰੇ ਨੂੰ, ਤਾਂ ਦਮ ਕੋਈ ਜੀਨੀਆਂ ਮੈਂ।  
 ਹੈਦਰ ਆਣ ਮਿਲਾਏਂ ਢੋਲਣ ਨੂੰ, ਕਈ ਕਰ ਕਰ ਹੀਲੜੇ ਜੀਨੀਆਂ ਮੈਂ।

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ਵਾਕੁ — ਵਡਿਆਈ ਅਸਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਹੋਵੇ, ਜੇ ਅੰਗਣ ਫੇਰਾ ਪਾਏਂ ਸਿਯਾਂ।  
 ਮੂੰਹ ਮਹਿਤਾਬ ਸੁਹਾਵਣਾ ਮੈਨੂੰ, ਜੇ ਹਿਕਵਾਰ ਵਿਖਾਏਂ ਸਿਯਾਂ।  
 ਤੂੰ ਆਪਣਾ ਕੌਲ ਸੰਭਾਲ ਢੋਲਣ, ਜਿਹੜਾ ਅਸਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਆਖਸਾਏਂ ਸਿਯਾਂ।  
 ਅਲੀ ਹੈਦਰ ਯਾਰ ਪਿਆਰੇ ਤਾਈਂ, ਕਦੇ ਅਸਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਆਪ ਮਿਲਾਏਂ ਸਿਯਾਂ।

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ਯੇ — ਯਾਰ ਪਿਆਰੇ ਨੂੰ ਨਿੱਤ ਸਦੈਨੀਆਂ, ਯਾ ਰਬ ਨਿੱਤ ਕੁਕੈਨੀਆਂ ਮੈਂ।  
 ਯਾ ਰਬ ਯਾ ਰਬ ਨਿੱਤ ਕਰੈਨੀਆਂ, ਪੀਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਨਿੱਤ ਸਦੈਨੀਆਂ ਮੈਂ।  
 ਯਾ ਰਬ ਆਣ ਮਿਲਾਊ ਪਿਆਰੇ ਨੂੰ, ਤਾਂ ਦਮ ਕੋਈ ਜੀਨੀਆਂ ਮੈਂ।  
 ਹੈਦਰ ਆਣ ਮਿਲਾਏਂ ਢੋਲਣ ਨੂੰ, ਕਈ ਕਰ ਕਰ ਹੀਲੜੇ ਜੀਨੀਆਂ ਮੈਂ।

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I will be honoured by thy visit, O, Lord  
Pray step in my courtyard  
Thy moonlit face, I do adore,  
If I am pleased by the glimpse of thy eternal beauty,  
Thou shalt only fulfil thy promise,  
Just call me my Lord,  
O, Haider, the call of the beloved is a chosen favour.  
Kindly arrange my meeting with my Lord.

Daily I wish for my beloved,  
Daily I pine for the communion,  
Daily I repeat thy name,  
Daily I seek my patron saints,  
O, God, bring my beloved to me,  
Thus enabling me to live for a few moments.  
My life is nothing but a constant craving,  
Haider come and unite my beloved.

ਯੇ- ਯਕਾ ਯਕ ਆਖੀਂ ਪਾਂਧੇ, ਹਾਲ ਅਸਾਡੜਾ ਬੇਲੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ।  
 ਅੰਗ ਬਿਭੂਤ ਤੇ ਗਲ ਵਿਚ ਖਿਰਕਾ, ਜ਼ਰਦ ਸਿਆਲੀ ਚੇਲੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ।  
 ਗਲ ਵਿਚ ਘੱਤਾਂ ਕਾਲੀਆਂ ਸੇਲੀਆਂ, ਜੁਲਫਾਂ ਤੇਲ ਫੁਲੇਲੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ।  
 ਹੈਦਰ ਵੇਖ ਕੇ ਚੁੱਪ ਲੱਗੀ ਮੈਨੂੰ, ਹੀਰ ਅਤੇ ਸਹੇਲੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ।

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ਅਲਿਫ਼- ਆਪ ਭੀ ਕਾਲਾ ਤੇ ਲੋਈ ਭੀ ਕਾਲੀ, ਤੇ ਮੱਤੀ ਵੀ ਕਾਲੀਆਂ ਕਾਲੀਆਂ ਨੇ।  
 ਚਾਕ ਸਦੀਵੇਂ ਤੇ ਗੁੱਸੇ ਨ ਥੀਵੇਂ, ਸੱਭੇ ਸਿਆਲੀਆਂ ਸਾਲੀਆਂ ਨੇ।  
 ਰਮਜ਼ ਨਿਹਾਨੀ ਨੂੰ ਸਮਝ ਨ ਜਾਣਨ, ਇਹ ਉਨਹਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਚਾਲੀਆਂ ਨੇ।  
 ਲਾਲ ਛੁਪਾਇਆਂ ਨਾ ਛੁਪਦੇ ਓ ਹੈਦਰ, ਕੇਹੀਂ ਮਸਾਲਾਂ ਬਾਲੀਆਂ ਨੇ।

○ ○ ○

ਖੇ- ਖਲਕ ਖੁਦਾ ਦੀ ਇਲਮ ਪੜ੍ਹਦੀ, ਸਾਨੂੰ ਇੱਕਾ ਮਤਾਲੇ ਯਾਰ ਦਾ ਏ।  
 ਜਿਨਹਾਂ ਖੋਲ੍ਹਕੇ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਕਿਤਾਬ ਡਿੱਠੀ, ਸੀਨੇ ਸਰਫ ਤੇ ਸਭ ਵਿਸਾਰ ਦਾ ਏ।  
 ਜਿਨਹਾਂ ਯਾਰ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਦਾ ਸਬਕ ਪੜ੍ਹਿਆ, ਏਥੇ ਜਾਏ ਨ ਸਬਰ ਕਰਾਰ ਦਾ ਏ।  
 ਹੈਦਰ ਮੁੱਲਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਫਿਕਰ ਨਿਮਾਜ ਦਾ ਏ, ਇਨਹਾਂ ਆਸ਼ਿਕਾਂ ਤਲਬ ਦੀਦਾਰ ਦਾ ਏ।

○ ○ ○

ਯੇ — ਯਕਾ ਯਕ ਆਖੀਂ ਪਾਂਧੇ, ਹਾਲ ਅਸਾਡੜਾ ਬੇਲੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ।  
 ਅੰਗ ਬਿਭੂਤ ਤੇ ਗਲ ਵਿਚ ਖਿਰਕਾ ਜ਼ਰਦ ਸਿਆਲੀ ਚੇਲੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ।  
 ਗਲ ਵਿਚ ਘੱਤਾਂ ਕਾਲੀਆਂ ਸੇਲੀਆਂ, ਜੁਲਫਾਂ ਤੇਲ ਫੁਲੇਲੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ।  
 ਹੈਦਰ ਵੇਖ ਕੇ ਚੁੱਪ ਲੱਗੀ ਮੈਨੂੰ, ਹੀਰ ਅਤੇ ਸਹੇਲੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ।

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ਅਲਿਫ਼— ਆਪ ਭੀ ਕਾਲਾ ਤੇ ਲੋਈ ਭੀ ਕਾਲੀ, ਤੇ ਮੱਤੀ ਵੀ ਕਾਲੀਆਂ ਕਾਲੀਆਂ ਨੇ।  
 ਚਾਕ ਸਦੀਵੇਂ ਤੇ ਗੁੱਸੇ ਨ ਥੀਵੇਂ, ਸੱਭੇ ਸਿਆਲੀਆਂ ਸਾਲੀਆਂ ਨੇ।  
 ਰਮਜ਼ ਨਿਹਾਨੀ ਨੂੰ ਸਮਝ ਨ ਜਾਣਨ, ਏਹ ਉਨਹਾਂ ਦਿਆਂ ਚਾਲੀਆਂ ਨੇ।  
 ਲਾਲ ਛੁਪਾਏਆ ਨ ਛੁਪਦੇ ਓ ਹੈਦਰ, ਕੇਹੀਆਂ ਮਸਾਲਾਂ ਬਾਲੀਆਂ ਮੇਂ।

○ ○ ○

ਖੇ— ਖਲਕ ਖੁਦਾ ਦੀ ਇਲਮ ਪੜ੍ਹਦੀ, ਸਾਨੂੰ ਇੱਕਾ ਮਤਾਲੇ ਯਾਰ ਦਾ ਏ।  
 ਜਿਨਹਾਂ ਖੋਲ੍ਹਕੇ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਕਿਤਾਬ ਡਿੱਠੀ, ਸੀਨੇ ਸਰਫ ਤੇ ਸਭ ਵਿਸਾਰ ਦਾ ਏ।  
 ਜਿਨਹਾਂ ਯਾਰ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਦਾ ਸਬਕ ਪੜ੍ਹਿਆ, ਏਥੇ ਜਾਏ ਨ ਸਬਰ ਕਰਾਰ ਦਾ ਏ।  
 ਹੈਦਰ ਮੁੱਲਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਫਿਕਰ ਨਿਮਾਜ ਦਾ ਏ, ਇਨਹਾਂ ਆਸ਼ਿਕਾਂ ਤਲਬ ਦੀਦਾਰ ਦਾ ਏ।

O, traveller, be quick and convey my plight  
To my friend, Ranjha, (who has become a *yogi*),  
Having rubbed dust on my body and wearing a cloak,  
I am just a pale disciple from *Jhang Sial*,  
Scented tresses long and black, waving around the neck (like a  
*yogin*),  
Haider, this miserable plight of Heer and her friends make me  
dumfounded.

Himself being black, he wears black blanket,  
Even his buffaloes are black,  
A cattle-tending boy, full of humility and respect.  
These sly giggling girls of Sials are his sister-in-laws.  
How can they understand his boundless disposition,  
O, Haider, a jewel cannot be hidden,  
You need no lighted torches (to search Him).

People seek knowledge,  
I seek only my beloved,  
Those who have traced Him in the book of love,  
They willingly forego wealth and belongings,  
Those who have learnt the lesson of love,  
For them there is no patience and peace of mind,  
Haider, priest is worried about his prayer (five times a day)  
But lovers seek glimpse of the beloved (all times).

ਕਾਫ- ਕਚੀ ਕਵਾਰਤੀ ਮੈਂ ਫਿਰਾਂ, ਨੇਹੁੰ ਲਾ ਬੈਠੀ ਨਾਲ ਰਾਹੀਆਂ ਦੇ।  
 ਰਾਹੀ ਲੱਦ ਗਏ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਛੱਡ ਗਏ, ਬੇਲੇ ਦੁੰਡ ਥੱਕੀ ਨਾਲ ਮਾਹੀਆਂ ਦੇ।  
 ਲਾਵਾਂ ਭਾਹ ਮੈਂ ਸੂਵੇ ਸਾਵਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ, ਚੂੜਾ ਭੱਠ ਸੁੱਟਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਬਾਹੀਆਂ ਦੇ।  
 ਹੈਦਰ ਵੰਜ ਕੇ ਪੁੱਛ ਕੰਵਾਰੀਆਂ ਥੀ, ਕੀ ਬੀਤੀ ਏ ਨਾਲ ਵਿਆਹੀਆਂ ਦੇ।

○ ○ ○

ਕਾਫ- ਕਾਫਿਰ ਹੋਈਆਂ ਸੋਹਣੇ ਯਾਰ ਪਿੱਛੇ, ਮੁੱਲਾਂ ਧੱਕੀਂ ਨਿਮਾਜ ਪੜ੍ਹਾਵੰਦੇ ਨੇ।  
 ਦੀਨ ਮਜ਼ਹਬ ਨਹੀਂ ਕੋਈ ਆਸ਼ਿਕਾਂ ਦਾ, ਤਸਬੀਹ ਤੋੜ ਜੰਜੂ ਗਲ ਪਾਵੰਦੇ ਨੇ।  
 ਆਸ਼ਿਕ ਸਿਜਦਾ ਕਰਦੇ ਬੁੱਤ ਯਾਰ ਦੇ ਨੂੰ, ਲੋਕ ਮੱਕੇ ਨੂੰ ਸੀਸ ਨਿਵਾਵੰਦੇ ਨੇ।  
 ਹੈਦਰ ਵਾਰੇ ਜਾਈਏ ਉਨਹਾਂ ਆਸ਼ਿਕਾਂ ਦੇ, ਜਿਹੜੇ ਕੁਫਰ ਵਿਚੋਂ ਸ਼ਹੁ ਪਾਵੰਦੇ ਨੇ।

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ਸਵਾਦ- ਸਬਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਆਉਂਦਾ ਅੱਖੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ, ਦਰ ਯਾਰ ਦੇ ਰੋਂਦੀਆਂ ਰਹੰਦੀਆਂ ਨੇ।  
 ਮੇਰੇ ਮਾਹੀ ਦਾ ਨਿਤ ਦੀਦਾਰ ਮੰਗਣ, ਘੜੀ ਪਲਕ ਫਿਰਾਕ ਨ ਸਹੰਦੀਆਂ ਨੇ।  
 ਜਦੋਂ ਸੋਹਣਿਆਂ ਦੀ ਦੱਸ ਨਹੀਂ ਪੈਂਦੀ, ਵਾਂਗੂ ਉਤਦੇ ਬਦਲੀਂ ਲਹੰਦੀਆਂ ਨੇ।  
 ਹੈਦਰ ਬਾਲ ਕੇ ਚਿਖਾ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਵਾਲੀ, ਮੱਲ ਰਾਹ ਮਾਸ਼ੂਕਾਂ ਦਾ ਬਹੰਦੀਆਂ ਨੇ।

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ਕਾਫ- ਕਚੀ ਕਵਾਰਤੀ ਮੈਂ ਫਿਰਾਂ ਨੇਹੰ ਲਾ ਬੈਠੀ ਨਾਲ ਰਾਹੀਆਂ ਦੇ।  
 ਰਾਹੀ ਲੱਦ ਗਏ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਛੱਡ ਗਏ, ਬੇਲੇ ਦੁੰਡ ਥੱਕੀ ਨਾਲ ਮਾਹੀਆਂ ਦੇ।  
 ਲਾਵਾਂ ਭਾਹ ਮੈਂ ਸੂਵੇ ਸਾਵਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ, ਚੂੜਾ ਭਨ ਸੁੱਟਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਬਾਹੀਆਂ ਦੇ।  
 ਹੈਦਰ ਵੰਜ ਕੇ ਪੁੱਛ ਕੰਵਾਰੀਆਂ ਥੀ। ਕੀ ਬੀਤੀ ਏ ਨਾਲ ਵਿਆਹੀਆਂ ਦੇ।

○ ○ ○

ਕਾਫ- ਕਾਫਿਰ ਹੋਈਆਂ ਸੋਹਣੇ ਯਾਰ ਪਿੱਛੇ, ਮੁੱਲਾਂ ਧੱਕੀ ਨਿਮਾਜ ਪੜ੍ਹਾਵੰਦੇ ਨੇ।  
 ਦੀਨ ਮਜ਼ਹਬ ਨਹੀਂ ਕੋਈ ਆਸ਼ਿਕਾਂ ਦਾ, ਤਸਬੀਹ ਤੋੜ ਜੰਜੂ ਗਲ ਪਾਵੰਦੇ ਨੇ।  
 ਆਸ਼ਿਕ ਸਿਜਦਾ ਕਰਦੇ ਬੁੱਤ ਯਾਰ ਦੇ ਨੂੰ, ਲੋਕ ਮੱਕੇ ਨੂੰ ਸੀਸ ਨਿਵਾਵੰਦੇ ਨੇ।  
 ਹੈਦਰ ਵਾਰੇ ਜਾਈਏ ਉਨਹਾਂ ਆਸ਼ਿਕਾਂ ਦੇ, ਜਿਹੜੇ ਕੁਫਰ ਵਿਚੋਂ ਸ਼ਹੁ ਪਾਵੰਦੇ ਨੇ।

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ਸੁਆਦ- ਸਬਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਆਉਂਦਾ ਅਖਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ, ਦਰ ਯਾਰ ਦੇ ਰੋਂਦੀਆਂ ਰਹੰਦੀਆਂ ਨੇ।  
 ਮੇਰੇ ਮਾਹੀ ਦਾ ਨਿਤ ਦੀਦਾਰ ਮੰਗਣ, ਘੜੀ ਪਲਕ ਫਿਰਾਕ ਨ ਸਹੰਦੀਆਂ ਨੇ।  
 ਜਦੋਂ ਸੋਹਣਿਆਂ ਦੀ ਦੱਸ ਨਹੀਂ ਪੈਂਦੀ, ਵਾਂਗੂ ਉਤਦੇ ਬਦਲੀਂ ਲਹੰਦੀਆਂ ਨੇ।  
 ਹੈਦਰ ਬਾਲ ਕੇ ਚਿਖਾ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਵਾਲੀ, ਮੱਲ ਰਾਹ ਮਾਸ਼ੂਕਾਂ ਦਾ ਬਹੰਦੀਆਂ ਨੇ।

Being an inculpable lass,  
I entangled myself in love with a traveller,  
The traveller went away and abandoned me in a jungle,  
I am tired of fruitless search,  
Of what use are now the green and red garments (of bride),  
I have broken bangles of my arms,  
Haider, go and tell the virgins,  
The sad tale of the married ones.

For the sake of love, I have become an infidel,  
The priest forces me to pray,  
Lovers have no religious fraternity,  
They break string of the rosary and wear the sacred thread.  
People bow towards the Mecca,  
Lovers bow before the idol of the beloved.  
Haider, adore those lovers,  
Who have found faith even in infidelity.

My eyes have become impatient,  
They weep ceaselessly at the doorstep of the beloved;  
They daily seek glimpse of the beloved,  
Cannot bear pangs of separation even for a minute.  
When there is no news of the beloved,  
Like floating cloud, they burst copiously.  
Haider, after setting afire the pyre of love,  
They settle like dust on the passage of the beloved.

## VI

### Sain Bulleh Shah

THE POPULAR MOST Sufi poet in Punjabi, Saiyed Bulleh Shah, is said to have created magic by his simple and unsophisticated Punjabi poetry. He used to compose poetry in a trance and read it out in ecstasy to spellbound audience for hours together. He influenced people by his mystic utterances and saintly behaviour. Whether he talked of light or shade, running water of the Persian wheel or the village damsel sitting at the spinning wheel, it all had deep inference and hidden metaphorical meanings. His *kafis* are full of symbols and metaphors and have an enchanting aura about them. Even if he abused someone, people would accept it gladly as he was considered the God's man. They called him *Sain* (the master) and looked upon him with reverence, as he was from the house of Saiyeds.

It is said one day he was sitting under a tree, thronged by his followers, when they saw three ladies passing by. A young girl of tender age was in the lead. In the middle was a beautiful buxom woman followed by an old hag. In the presence of his followers he cried out loudly and started dancing in ecstasy:

*"Na agli ton na pichhli ton  
men sadque janwan vichli ton."*

Neither the leading one nor the rear one, it is the middle one I like the most.

"What are you talking about?"

"I say what I mean. Symbolically the childhood is innocent and

impressionless. The old age is tiring and forgetful. It is the youth when one is able-bodied, could remember God.

As a poet of mystic school of thought, he ranks easily with Jalal-ud-din Rumi and Shamas Tabrez of Persia. This is the opinion of Dr. Lajwanti Rama Krishna, but Dr. Mohan Singh Diwana is not prepared to give him credit as a sufi saint, though he has praised his poetry as superb.

Born in a Saiyed family with scholastic tradition, he was educated as a devout Muslim. According to C.F. Ausborne as mentioned in his book *Sai Bulleh Shah*, he was born in the year AD 1680, at a village Pandoki in District Lahore. He received his preliminary schooling under the guidance of a Maulvi in his village *madarsa* (vernacular school). He was a good and dutiful pupil and completed his learning at the *madarsa* successfully.

In one of his *Kafis* he says:

*"Bulleh Shah da wasan Kasur  
Jithe lami lami Khajoor"*

(Bulleh Shah resides at Kasur, which is known for its long date)

Maybe it is true that the native place of Bulleh Shah was known for its long, ripe and sweet dates, but the Saiyeds of that place also, were known for their bigotry and obstinacy. Bulleh Shah, it seems, had offended his family elders by his *Darveshic* tendencies and spontaneous utterances, which meant criticising the tenets of Islam. This could not be tolerated and they started shunning him.

His insatiable desire for knowledge set him wandering. He started visiting different schools of knowledge represented by various religious organisations. He went to mosques and temples in search of solitude, but was equally disappointed. The peace was no where to be seen. All these houses of God appeared to him as the empty houses, devoid of the divine light. He thought it was no use wandering and later on pronounced them as the abode of the sinners. He wrote:

*"The liars have occupied the mosques  
The thugs have captured the temples,*

Where does the true lover go?  
Better to leave them alone.

As such, the disappointment from the so called religions drove him to the path of mysticism. He left his house in search of a *murshid* and landed in a garden where Inayat Shah Qadri, a learned man of his times, but a gardner by profession was busy tending plants. He had already heard about this gardner, who enjoyed the reputation of a holyman. He asked him:

"Sir would you kindly guide me?"

"What do you want?"

"I want to realise God. This is my goal".

"It is very simple", said Inayat Shah humoursly. "You see it is like this. You pluck the plant from the soil and then transplant in another spot". While saying this Inayat Shah, prompted by his professional experience gave a practical demonstration of plucking a plant from the garden and then transplanting it.

In the metaphysical language he told Bulleh Shah that he could reach God only by renouncing the worldly thoughts and by switching over to God.

Bulleh Shah was so much impressed by the demonstration and interpretation that he adopted Shah Inayat instantaneously, his *murshid* (guide). To a Muslim family of status it was height of outrageous insolence on the part of their offspring to become a disciple of an *Arain* (low caste gardner). They excommunicated him. But Bulleh Shah was an enlightened soul. He was greatly impressed by his master and wrote wonderful poetry under the influence of his master. Explaining the bookish knowledge as a string of empty words, he says:

"*Iku Alif tere darkar,*  
*Ilmon bas karin Oh yar, "*  
"Close tight, O friend,  
Barren books of knowledge,  
Naught but name of God should  
thou acknowledge."



Laying emphasis on the need of perfect saint, Sain Bullah shah says:-

“(Without the perfect *guru* Bulleh Shah, all your praying has gone in vain). When Bulleh Shah realized that his *murshid* and Lord are one and the same, and there is no difference between them he says:

“*Maulah admi ban aya*”

(God cometh in the form of man.

And cometh He to awaken the world)

It is said that once Inayat Shah got annoyed with him on some score and turned him out. He being a devoted disciple obeyed his master willingly and yet in his heart of hearts kept on craving to meet him. One day he came to know that his *murshid* was passing through the bazar. He immediately donned attire of a dancing girl, wore trinkets, drew a long veil over his face and started singing and dancing, uninhibitedly. His utterance was:

“*Bohrin ve tabiba meri jind gayya*

*Tere ishq nachaya kar thayya thayya*”

(O Tabib, (physician) kindly reach. I am at the brink of death. It is your *Ishq* (love) which has set me dancing, ‘Thayya Thayya’ (the rhythm).

The worldly-wise master recognised him and asked him if he was Bullah. His reply was, ‘No Sir, I am not Bullah, I am Bhulla (one who has lost his bearings.’ He held the feet of his master and prostrated before him. Pleased by his reply the master picked him up from the dust and embraced him. The *murshid* forgave him. He took him into his order once again and taught him doctrines of Sufism (mysticism).

After this episode Bulleh Shah wrote poetry. He composed poetry and sang it aloud. In one of his ‘*kafis*’ he expresses the disappointment experienced by him through the so called centres of religion.

‘Neither God is in Kashi

Nor in Mecca  
 He abides in the inner folds of one's heart  
 The fool searches Him in the outer world  
 I have found a *murshid* perfect boatsman  
 He shall carry me across.'

It was here that Bulleh Shah learnt the intricacies of the mystic practices. He says:

"When I was chasing thee,  
 Thou played truant with me  
 Now I have captured thee  
 and confined in the folds of my heart.  
 Let me see how thou giveth me a slip now"

Bulleh Shah composed poetry, recited, sang and danced to its tune. He remained in trance and ecstasy for hours together. His utterances were simple but highly emotional and sentimental. In his mystic life, he started like a devoted Mussulman, then gathered influence of Vedanta, especially of the Vaishanava lore and later on had the divine vision. However his vision of God is tinted in Islamic colour. He says:

"I have seen the handsome friend whose beauty knows  
 no bounds.  
 He is without likeness. He is incomparable.  
 He is without doubt and has no form  
 No colour, no shape, yet he has thousands varieties".

An important couplet of Sain Bulleh Shah is as follow:

*"Bulleh 'Shauh' asan to vakh nahin  
 Ithe 'Shauh', to bina kakh nahin  
 Ik vekhan wali akh nahin  
 Tan hi jan judaiyan sehndi e."*  
 "The Lord of all, O Bullah from us is not apart  
 There is nothing that is not of His essence  
 But the seeing eye is not there  
 And that is why the pangs of separation  
 must therefore be borne".

Bulleh Shah further says:

“Rise above delusion,  
Give up useless clamour,  
Make no difference between the Turks and the Hindus,  
All are good, none is a thief,  
For the Lord is in each single one of us”.

The mystic utterances of Bulleh Shah are surcharged with passion. These are highly sentimental and emotional. With his Muslim background, he learnt the philosophy of Vedanta and preached universal love. The philosophic studies descended upon him from the house of *Qadris* who were more inclined towards Hindu philosophy. The methods taught by the *murshid* were nothing more than the yogic exercises practiced by the Hindu *yogis* of ancient times, to control the senses. Dr. Lajwanti Rama Krishna says:

“He was an outcome of the traditional mystic thought. We can trace some amount of mystic phraseology and sentiment in his poetry, but in the main intellectual Vedantic thought is its chief characteristic”.

Bulleh's family did not approve all this and they all came to dissuade him. However, he remained steadfast on the path chosen by him and wrote:

“My sisters and sister-in-laws have come to advise me. They say I have blackened the name of the family (direct descendants of the Prophet) and the descendants of Ali. They want me to leave my *murshid*”.

Bulleh Shah became more adamant in his attitude. His respect and adoration for his *murshid* remained steady so much so that we find no difference between his *Hadi* and God:

“Stepping on the first rung of the ladder (of love) is like *pulsalat*\*  
Pilgrims may perform Haj but I look up to God's deliverance.

---

\* An imaginary bridge, which the soul is required to cross before reaching the gates of heaven. Its edges are sharp like razor blades and underneath flows the deadly river. Also see this reference in Baba Farid's poetry..

Come Inayat Qadri and hold my hand”.

Bulleh Shah went a step further and traced the universality of God in His creation. He is here, He is there, He is everywhere. Not only this, he finds in every human being a manifestation of God. He crosses the barriers of caste, religion, nationality and aims towards a cosmopolitan existence which knows no bounds.

“How do I know Who am I,  
Neither a Muslim nor a Hindu  
Neither pure nor sinful  
Neither I dwell in happiness nor in sorrow.  
Neither of Water, nor of earth  
Neither of Arabia, nor of Lahore  
Neither awake, nor asleep  
How do I know, who am I.

I am the first, I am the last  
I am the wisest  
Who is the true Master?  
How do I know, who am I,”

Poet is the historian of his times, who records with sincerity, the atmosphere prevalent around him. Bulleh Shah found that the innocent masses were being exploited equally by the Brahmin and the Mullah. Here is a picture of his times where a Brahmin is shown exploiting his *yajuman*. Mark the familiar conversational style.

“Brahmin comes frightens the *yajuman*  
Ancestors in trouble, he says  
Must do something to counter the evil spirits  
Perform *pooja* promptly, else you bear.  
The *pooja* starts  
Jaggery, rice and a piece of cloth,  
Take off the shawl, bare the trunk  
Wear the sacred thread  
Take drops of water on the palm  
To the ancestors, offer, offer offer’

This was about the Brahmin. Now comes the Mullah. Mark the

associational value of the words:

“A learned person, you are,  
 People call you Sheikh  
 You create imaginary problems  
 Swindle the simple folks  
 Suggest ambiguous methods  
 Every day spell out new puzzles  
 What a dubious person!  
 Hoax in and out  
 Tells one thing and does the other  
 Inside out a sinner, a liar  
 Of what use is your knowledge  
 Why don't you stop it?”

During the 18th century Bulleh Shah had seen the Sikh uprising in the Punjab, when the Mughal Empire was on the decline. He wrote:

*“Bhooriyan wale raje keete  
 Mughlan zahar pyale peete”*  
 (Those who wore rugged shawls, have become *Rajas*.  
 Accordingly the Mughals have taken cups of  
 poisonous humiliations.)

He records:

*Khula dar hashar azab da, Bura haal  
 hoya Punjab da.”*

(The Hell is let loose. The Punjab is in turmoil)

He continues in a symbolic manner:

*Bullah tote mar baghan thin kadhe.*

*Ullu rehan us thanyeen*

(The parrots are being chased away out of the garden and the owls are getting settled in their nest).

“The sparrows shall beat the hawk” is the utterance attributed to Guru Gobind Singh, which he had said while referring to the tyranny of the unjust rule, being challenged by the unarmed masses, who were like the sparrows. Bulleh Shah, though a Muslim has

confirmed this historical upsurge, when the meek overwhelmed their tyrant tormentors.

He says:

*"Kaan laggar nu maran lage  
Chirian zurre khaye  
Bullah hukam hazooron aya  
Tis nu kaun mitaye"*

(The crows beat the *laggar* (Leopard)

The sparrows eat the flesh of hawks

Bullah! this is the writ of the Lord who can change it.)

The mystics always tried to remain aloof from the political upheavels. As such he painted the pictures, with all sincerity and deftness of an artist, without involving himself. For such expression, the suggestive and symbolic method is always better as used by Bulleh Shah.

Above all he continues to remain a true patriot, who loved his land, his people and their culture. He wrote in the simple Punjabi, the language of the people and interpreted the great Indian tradition in the light of his belief as a Sufi:

*"Shariyat sadi mai hai  
Tariqat sadi dai hai"*

(*Shariyat* is the mother and *Tariqat* the foster mother)

The message of love which was preached by his predecessors like Sheikh Farid, Shah Hussain and Sultan Bahu finds reflection in his poetry as well. He is influenced by the Indian Bhakti Movement, especially by Guru Nanak, Kabir and other poets of *Bhakti* cult. According to him love is the essence of God. The flame of love is lighted by Him in the heart of every man. He finds no difference between a saint or a *thug*, between a Hindu or a Muslim or for that matter between a Turki and Yaki, Hindi or Paki, as they are all created by the same God. Thus he preaches the theory of monotheism and places his belief in the universality of man.

## A representative poetry of Bulleh Shah

**ਬਲ੍ਹੇ ਸ਼ਾਹ**

ਸਾਧੋ ਕਿਸ ਨੂੰ ਕੂਕ ਸੁਣਾਵਾਂ, ਮੇਰੀ ਬੁਕਲ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਚੋਰ  
 ਮੁਸਲਮਾਨ ਸੜਨੇ ਤੋਂ ਡਰਦੇ, ਹਿੰਦੂ ਡਰਦੇ ਗੋਰ  
 ਦੋਵੇਂ ਐਸੇ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਮਰਦੇ, ਇਹੋ ਦੋਹਾਂ ਦਾ ਖੋਰ।  
 ਕਿਤੇ ਰਾਮ ਦਾਸ ਕਿਤੇ ਫਤਹਿ ਮੁਹੰਮਦ ਇਹ ਕਦੀਮੀ ਸ਼ੋਰ।  
 ਮਿਟ ਗਿਆ ਦੋਹਾਂ ਦਾ ਝਗੜਾ ਨਿਕਲ ਪਿਆ ਕੁਝ ਹੋਰ।  
 ਸਾਧੋ ਕਿਸ ਨੂੰ ਕੂਕ ਸੁਣਾਵਾਂ, ਮੇਰੀ ਬੁਕਲ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਚੋਰ।

○ ○ ○

ਬਾਹਮਣ ਆਣ ਜਜਮਾਨ ਡਰਾਏ, ਪਿਤਰ ਪੀੜ ਦਸ ਭਰਮ ਦੋੜਾਏ।  
 ਆਪੇ ਦਸ ਕੇ ਜਤਨ ਕਰਾਏ, ਪੂਜਾ ਸ਼ੁਰੂ ਕਰਾਂਈ ਏ।  
 ਪਿਤਰ ਤੁਸਾਂ ਦੇ ਉਪਰ ਪੀੜਾ ਜੰਜੂ ਪਾਓ ਲਾਹੋ ਲੀੜਾ।  
 ਚੁਲੀ ਤੁਰਤ ਪਵਾਈ ਏ

○ ○ ○

ਪੜ ਪੜ ਸ਼ੇਖ ਮਸਾਇਖ ਕਹਾਵੇਂ, ਉਲਟੇ ਮਸਲੇ ਘਰੋਂ ਬਣਾਵੇਂ  
 ਬੇਦਰਦਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਲੁਟ ਲੁਟ ਖਾਵੇਂ, ਉਲਟੇ ਸਿਧੇ ਕਰੇਂ ਕਰਾਰ  
 ਪੜ ਪੜ ਮਸਲੇ ਰੋਜ਼ ਸੁਣਾਵੇਂ, ਖਾਣਾ ਸ਼ਕ ਸੁਭੇ ਦਾ ਖਾਵੇਂ  
 ਦਸੇਂ ਹੋਰ ਤੇ ਹੋਰ ਕਮਾਵੇਂ, ਅੰਦਰ ਖੋਟ ਬਾਹਰ ਸਚਿਅਰ।  
 ਇਲਮੋ ਬਸ ਕਰੀਂ ਓ ਯਾਰ।

○ ○ ○

**ਬੁਲੇ ਸ਼ਾਹ**

ਸਾਧੋ ਕਿਸ ਨੂੰ ਕੂਕ ਸੁਣਾਵਾਂ, ਮੇਰੀ ਬੁਕਲ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਚੋਰ  
 ਮੁਸਲਮਾਨ ਸੜਨੇ ਤੋਂ ਡਰਦੇ, ਹਿੰਦੂ ਡਰਦੇ ਗੋਰ  
 ਦੋਵੇਂ ਐਸੇ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਮਰਦੇ, ਏਹੋ ਦੋਹਾਂ ਦਾ ਖੋਰ।  
 ਕਿਤੇ ਰਾਮ ਦਾਸ ਕਿਤੇ ਫਤੇਹ ਮੁਹੰਮਦ ਏਹੀ ਕਦੀਮੀ ਸ਼ੋਰ।  
 ਮਿਟ ਗਯਾ ਦੋਹਾਂ ਦਾ ਝਗੜਾ ਨਿਕਲ ਪਿਆ ਕੁਝ ਹੋਰ।  
 ਸਾਧੋ ਕਿਸ ਨੂੰ ਕੂਕ ਸੁਣਾਵਾਂ, ਮੇਰੀ ਬੁਕਲ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਚੋਰ।

○ ○ ○

ਬਾਹਮਣ ਆਣ ਜਜਮਾਨ ਡਰਾਏ, ਪਿਤਰ ਪੀੜ ਦਸ ਭਰਮ ਦੋੜਾਏ।  
 ਆਪੇ ਦਸ ਕੇ ਜਤਨ ਕਰਾਏ, ਪੂਜਾ ਸ਼ੁਰੂ ਕਰਾਏ ਏ।  
 ਪਿਤਰ ਤੁਸਾਂ ਦੇ ਉਪਰ ਪੀੜਾ ਜੰਜੂ ਪਾਓ ਲਾਹੋ ਲੀੜਾ। ਚੁਲੀ ਤੁਰਤ ਪਵਾਏ ਏ।



O men of God, to whom shall I reveal my inner secret;  
 You know what;  
 The thief is hidden in my inner self  
 The Muslims are afraid of fire (They do not burn their dead)  
 The Hindus are afraid of grave (They do not burry their dead)  
 On this account with each other, they fight.  
 With each other they vie,  
 But both have to die.  
 I have discovered the thief;  
 Here He is called Ram Dass  
 There he becomes Fateh Mohd.  
 The traditional hoax!  
 The pretender in me.  
 This realisation has doused the fire.  
 To whom shall I reveal.

\* \* \*

“Brahmin comes frightens the *yajuman*  
 Ancestors in trouble, he says  
 Must do something to counter the evil spirits  
 Perform *pooja* promptly, else you bear.  
 The *pooja* starts  
 Jaggery, rice and a piece of cloth,  
 Take off the shawl, bare the trunk  
 Wear the sacred thread  
 Take drops of water on the palm  
 To the ancestors, offer, offer offer’

“A learned person, you are,  
 People call you Sheikh  
 You create imaginary problems  
 Swindle the simple folks  
 Suggest ambiguous methods  
 Every day spell out new puzzles  
 What a dubious person!  
 Hoax in and out  
 Tells one thing and does the other  
 Inside out a sinner, a liar  
 Of what use is your knowledge  
 Why don't you stop it?

ਰਾਂਝਾਂ ਰਾਂਝਾਂ ਕਰਦੀ ਨੀ ਮੈਂ ਆਪੇ ਰਾਂਝਾ ਹੋਈ  
 ਸੱਦੇ ਨੀ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਧੀਦੋ ਰਾਂਝਾ ਹੀਰ ਨਾ ਆਖੋ ਕੋਈ  
 ਰਾਂਝਾ ਮੈਂ ਵਿਚ ਮੈਂ ਰਾਂਝੇ ਵਿਚ ਹੋਰ ਖਿਆਲ ਨ ਕੋਈ।  
 ਮੈਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਉਹ ਆਪ ਹੈ, ਆਪਣੀ ਆਪ ਕਰੇ ਦਿਲਜੋਈ।  
 ਹਥ ਖੁੰਡੀ, ਮੇਰੇ ਅਗੇ ਮੰਗੂ, ਮੋਢੇ ਭੂਰਾ ਲੋਈ।  
 ਬੁਲਾ ਹੀਰ ਸਲੇਟੀ ਵੇਖੋ, ਕਿਥੇ ਜਾ ਖਲੋਈ।

○ ○ ○

ਮੈਂ ਮੇਰੀ ਹੈ ਨ ਤੇਰੀ ਹੈ, ਇਹ ਅੰਤ ਖਾਕ ਦੀ ਢੇਰੀ ਹੈ  
 ਇਹ ਢੇਰੀ ਹੋਣੀ ਖੇਹਰੀ ਹੈ, ਢੇਰੀ ਨੂੰ ਨਾਚ ਨਚਾਈਦਾ।  
 ਹੁਣ ਕਿਸਤੋ ਆਪ ਲੁਕਾਈਦਾ।

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ਪਫ਼ ਪਫ਼ ਸ਼ੇਖ ਮਸਾੜਖ ਕਹਾਵੇ, ਤਲਟੇ ਮਸਲੇ ਖਰੀਂ ਵਧਾਵੇ  
 ਬੇਦਰਦਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਲੁਟ ਲੁਟ ਖਾਵੇ, ਤਲਟੇ ਸਿਧੇ ਕਰੇ ਕਰਾਰ  
 ਪਫ਼ ਪਫ਼ ਮਸਲੇ ਰੋਜ ਸੁਧਾਵੇ, ਖਾਣਾ ਸ਼ਕ ਸ਼ੁਬਹ ਦਾ ਖਾਵੇ  
 ਦਸੇ ਹੀਰ ਤੇ ਹੀਰ ਕਮਾਵੇ, ਅੰਦਰ ਖੀਟ ਬਾਹਰ ਸਚਿਆਰ।  
 ਝਲਮੀਂ ਬਸ ਕਰੀ ਓ ਧਾਰ।

0 0 0

ਰਾਂਝਾ ਰਾਂਝਾ ਕਰਦੀ ਨੀ ਮੈਂ ਆਪੇ ਰਾਂਝਾ ਹੋਈ  
 ਸਦੋ ਨੀਂ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਧੀਦੋ ਰਾਂਝਾ ਹੀਰ ਨਾ ਆਖੋ ਕੋਈ

ਰਾਂਝਾ ਮੈਂ ਵਿਚ ਮੈਂ ਰਾਂਝੇ ਵਿਚ ਹੀਰ ਖਿਆਲ ਨ ਕੋਈ।  
 ਮੈਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਤੁਹ ਆਪ ਹੈ, ਆਪਣੀ ਆਪ ਕਰੇ ਦਿਲਜੋਈ।

ਹਥ ਖੁੰਡੀ, ਮੇਰੇ ਅਗੇ ਮੰਗੂ, ਮੋਢੇ ਭੂਰਾ ਲੋਈ।  
 ਬੁਲਾ ਹੀਰ ਸਲੇਟੀ ਵੇਖੋ, ਕਿਥੇ ਜਾ ਖਲੋਈ।  
 ਮੈਂ ਮੇਰੀ ਹੈ ਨ ਤੇਰੀ ਹੈ, ਏਹ ਅੰਤ ਖਾਕ ਦੀ ਢੇਰੀ ਹੈ  
 ਏਹ ਢੇਰੀ ਹੋਣੀ ਖੇਹਰੀ ਹੈ, ਢੇਰੀ ਨੂੰ ਨਾਚਨਚਾਈਦਾ।  
 ਹੁਣ ਕਿਸ ਤੋਂ ਆਪ ਲੁਕਾਈਦਾ।

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By meditating 'Ranjha-Ranjha'  
 I have become 'Ranjha' myself.  
 Friends call me Dheedo\* Ranjha,  
 I may not be addressed as Heer any more.  
 Ranjha is hidden in me  
 I am hidden in Ranjha  
 There is nobody else, except the integrated soul.

It is not me, it is He Himself.  
 He is only amusing Himself  
 Stick in hand and shawl on shoulders,  
 He chases the cattle,  
 Bullah look at Heer,  
 What an exalted stage she has reached.

\* \* \*

'Self' is neither me, nor you, nor he,  
 Just the heap of dust.  
 Which will disintegrate at last.  
 As the invisible hand pulls the strings  
 The doll of dust dances.  
 Lord, why have you hidden yourself

\* \* \*

---

\* Dheedo was the first name of Ranjha.

ਫੂਕ ਮੁਸੱਲਾ ਭੰਨ ਸਿਟ ਲੋਟਾ  
 ਨ ਫੜ ਤਸਬੀ ਕਾਸਾ ਸੋਟਾ  
 ਆਸ਼ਕ ਕਹਿੰਦੇ ਦੇ ਦੇ ਹੋਕਾ  
 ਤਰਕ ਹਲਾਲੋਂ ਖਾਹ ਮੁਰਦਾਰ  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਦੀ ਨਵੀਓਂ ਨਵੀਂ ਬਹਾਰ।  
 ਉਮਰ ਗਵਾਈ ਵਿਚ ਮਸੀਤੀ  
 ਕਦੇ ਨਮਾਜ਼ ਤੋਹੀਦ ਨ ਕੀਤੀ  
 ਹੁਣ ਕਿਉਂ ਕਰਨਾ ਏ ਸ਼ੋਰ ਪੁਕਾਰ  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਭੁਲਾਇਆ ਸਜਦਾ ਤੇਰਾ  
 ਹੁਣ ਕਿਉਂ ਐਵੇਂ ਪਾਵੇਂ ਝੇੜਾ  
 ਬੁਲਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਚੁਪ ਬਥੇਰਾ  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਕਰੇਂਦਾ ਮਾਰੋ ਮਾਰ  
 ਹੀਰ ਰਾਂਝੇ ਦੇ ਹੋ ਗਏ ਮੇਲੇ  
 ਰਾਂਝਾ ਯਾਰ ਬੁਕਲ ਵਿਚ ਖੇਲੇ  
 ਮੈਨੂੰ ਸੁਧ ਬੁਧ ਰਹੀ ਨ ਯਾਰ।  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਦੀ ਨਵੀਓਂ ਨਵੀਂ ਬਹਾਰ।

○ ○ ○

ਫੂਕ ਮੁਸਲਲਾ ਭੰਨ ਸਿਟ ਲੋਟਾ  
 ਨ ਫੜ ਤਸਬੀ ਕਾਸਾ ਸੋਟਾ  
 ਆਸ਼ਿਕ ਕਹੰਦੇ ਦੇ ਦੇ ਹੋਕਾ  
 ਤਰਕ ਹਲਾਲੋਂ ਖਾਹ ਮੁਰਦਾਰ  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਦੀ ਨਵੀਓਂ ਨਵੀਂ ਬਹਾਰ।  
 ਉਮਰ ਗਵਾਈ ਵਿਚ ਮਸੀਤੀ  
 ਕਦੇ ਨਮਾਜ਼ ਤੋਹੀਦ ਨ ਕੀਤੀ  
 ਹੁਣ ਕਿਉਂ ਕਰਨਾ ਏ ਸ਼ੋਰ ਪੁਕਾਰ  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਭੁਲਾਇਆ ਸਜਦਾ ਤੇਰਾ  
 ਹੁਣ ਕਿਉਂ ਐਵੇਂ ਪਾਵੇਂ ਝੇੜਾ  
 ਬੁਲਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਚੁਪ ਬਥੇਰਾ  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਕਰੇਂਦਾ ਮਾਰੋ ਮਾਰ।

ਹੀਰ ਰਾਂਝੇ ਦੇ ਹੋ ਗਏ ਮੇਲੇ  
 ਰਾਂਝਾ ਯਾਰ ਬੁਕਲ ਵਿਚ ਖੇਲੇ  
 ਮੈਨੂੰ ਸੁਧ ਬੁਧ ਰਹੀ ਨ ਯਾਰ।  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਦੀ ਨਵੀਓਂ ਨਵੀਂ ਬਹਾਰ।

Burn the *mussallah* (The carpet used for *namaz*);  
Break the *lota* (earthen pot containing water for ablution);  
No use telling rosary beads;  
No use is the begging bowl or the stick.  
The love says go and declare yourself  
Forget about *Halal* (fair) or *Haram* (unfair).

You have wasted your life in the mosque.  
You never prayed to the all-pervading.  
The voice of protest has no meaning now  
The love has its own course.

Love made me ignore you  
Repentance is no use.  
Bullah tried his utmost to keep mum  
But how can one subdue the brute (innerself).  
At last Heer and Ranjha have become one,  
Ranjha has merged in Heer  
Heer is lost in Ranjha.  
Everything else is forgotten  
The victorious love has its own course.

\* \* \*

ਆਓ ਸਈਓ ਰਲ ਦਿਓ ਨੀ ਵਧਾਈ  
 ਮੈਂ ਵਰ ਪਾਇਆ ਰਾਂਝਾ ਮਾਹੀ  
 ਅੱਜ ਤਾਂ ਰੋਜ਼ ਮੁਬਾਰਕ ਚੜਿਆ  
 ਰਾਂਝਾ ਸਾਡੇ ਵਿਹੜੇ ਵੜਿਆ

○ ○ ○

ਚਿੜੀਆਂ ਮੌਤ ਗਵਾਰਾਂ ਹਾਸਾ, ਮਗਰੋਂ ਹਸ ਹਸ ਤਾੜੀ ਮਾਰੀ।  
 ਆਵਣ ਕਹਿ ਗਏ ਫੇਰ ਨ ਆਏ, ਆਵਣੇ ਦੇ ਸਭ ਕੌਲ ਭੁਲਾਏ।  
 ਮੈਂ ਭੁੱਲੀ, ਭੁੱਲ ਨੈਣ ਲਗਾਏ, ਕਹੇ ਮਿਲੇ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਠਗ ਵਪਾਰੀ।  
 ਬੁਲੇ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਇਕ ਸੌਦਾ ਕੀਤਾ ਜ਼ਹਿਰ ਪਿਆਲਾ ਭਰ ਕੇ ਪੀਤਾ  
 ਨ ਕੁਝ ਨਫਾ ਨ ਟੋਟਾ ਲੀਤਾ, ਦਰਦ ਦੁਖਾਂ ਦੀ ਗਠੜੀ ਭਾਰੀ  
 ਕੀ ਬੇਦਰਦਾਂ ਸੰਗ ਯਾਰੀ ਰੋਵਣ ਅਖੀਆਂ ਜਾਰੋ ਜਾਰੀ।

○ ○ ○

ਆਓ ਸੜਯੋ ਰਲ ਦਯੋ ਨੀ ਵਧਾਈ  
 ਮੈਂ ਵਰ ਪਾਏਆ ਰਾਂਝਾ ਮਾਹੀ  
 ਅੱਜ ਤਾਂ ਰੋਜ਼ ਮੁਬਾਰਕ ਚੜਿਆ  
 ਰਾਂਝਾ ਸਾਡੇ ਵਿਹੜੇ ਵੜਿਆ

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ਕੀ ਬੇਦਰਦਾਂ ਸੰਗ ਯਾਰੀ, ਰੋਵਣ ਅਖੀਆਂ ਜਾਰੋ ਜਾਰੀ  
 ਸਾਨੂੰ ਗਏ ਬੇਦਰਦੀ ਚੁੱਡ ਕੇ, ਹਿਜਰੇ ਸਾਂਗ ਸੀਨੇ ਵਿਚ ਗਡਕੇ  
 ਜਿਸਮੀਂ ਜਿੰਦ ਨੂੰ ਲੈ ਗਏ ਕਢਕੇ, ਏਹ ਗਲ ਕਰ ਗਏ ਹੈਸਿਯਾਰੀ।  
 ਬੇਦਰਦਾ ਦਾ ਕੀ ਖਰਵਾਸਾ, ਖੌਫ ਨਹੀਂ ਦਿਲ ਅੰਦਰ ਮਾਸਾ,  
 ਚਿੜੀਆਂ ਮੌਤ ਗਵਾਰਾਂ ਹਾਸਾ, ਮਗਰੋਂ ਹਸ ਹਸ ਤਾੜੀ ਮਾਰੀ।  
 ਆਵਣ ਕਹ ਗਏ ਪੰਰ ਨ ਆਏ, ਆਵਣੇ ਦੇ ਸਭ ਕੌਲ ਭੁਲਾਏ।  
 ਮੈਂ ਭੁਲੀ, ਭੁਲ ਨੈਣ ਲਗਾਏ, ਕਹੇ ਮਿਲੇ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਠਗ ਵਪਾਰੀ।  
 ਬੁਲੇ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਇਕ ਸੌਦਾ ਕੀਤਾ ਜ਼ਹਰ ਪਿਆਲਾ ਭਰ ਕੇ ਪੀਤਾ  
 ਨ ਕੁਝ ਨਫਾ ਨ ਟੋਟਾ ਲੀਤਾ, ਦਰਦ ਦੁਖਾਂ ਦੀ ਗਠੜੀ ਭਾਰੀ  
 ਕੀ ਬੇਦਰਦਾਂ ਸੰਗ ਯਾਰੀ ਰੋਵਣ ਅਖੀਆਂ ਜਾਰੋ ਜਾਰੀ।

ਹਥ ਖੂੰਡੀ ਮੋਢੇ ਕੰਬਲ ਧਰਿਆ  
 ਚਾਕਾਂ ਵਾਲੀ ਸ਼ਕਲ ਬਣਾਈ  
 ਆਓ ਸਈਓ ਰਲ ਦਿਓ ਨੀ ਵਧਾਈ।

ਹਥ ਖੂੰਡੀ ਮੋਢੇ ਕੰਬਲ ਧਰਿਆ  
 ਚਾਕਾਂ ਵਾਲੀ ਸ਼ਕਲ ਬਣਾਈ  
 ਆਓ ਸੜਯੋ ਰਲ ਦਯੋ ਨੀ ਵਧਾਈ।

Friends come and congratulate me  
 I am wedded to my Ranjha  
 It was the gracious day  
 Which dawned today.  
 My Ranjha entered my courtyard  
 With a stick in hand and blanket on shoulder.  
 He himself assumed the form of cattle-tending slave.  
 Friends come and congratulate me.

\* \* \*

Since I made friendship with a merciless lover  
 My eyes shed tears endlessly.  
 The cold-hearted just left me alone after pushing the arrow of  
 Cupid  
 He took soul out of my body  
 What a disdained act, he performed,  
 How can one trust an indifferent person who does not have the fear  
 of God.  
 It is like the idiot who kills a sparrow and gleefully enjoys its  
 writhing in pain  
 He promised to come back, but forgot to fulfill the promise.  
 I am a fool, to trust a *thug*  
 Bullah Shah what a bargain I made,  
 I took the cup of poison just for nothing.  
 No gain no loss is the motto in the trade of love,  
 But I have carried on my head  
 The heaviest load of sorrow and separation.  
 This is the result of making friendship with a heartless person.

\* \* \*

ਕੌਣ ਆਇਆ ਪਹਿਨ ਲਿਬਾਸ ਕੁੜੇ  
 ਤੁਸੀ ਪੁਛੋ ਨਾਲ ਇਖਲਾਸ ਕੁੜੇ  
 ਹੱਥ ਖੂੰਡੀ ਮੋਢੇ ਕੰਬਲ ਕਾਲਾ  
 ਅੱਖੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਵੱਸੇ ਉਜਾਲਾ  
 ਚਾਕ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੈ ਕੋਈ ਮਤਵਾਲਾ  
 ਪੁਛੋ ਬਠਾ ਕੇ ਪਾਸ ਕੁੜੇ

ਚਾਕਰ ਚਾਕ ਨ ਇਸਨੂੰ ਆਖੋ  
 ਇਹ ਨ ਖਾਲੀ ਗੁੱਝੜੀ ਘਾਤੋ  
 ਵਿਛੜਿਆ ਹੋਇਆ ਪਹਿਲੀ ਰਾਤੋ  
 ਆਇਆ ਕਰਨ ਤਲਾਸ਼ ਕੁੜੇ

ਬੁਲ੍ਹਾ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਲੁਕ ਬੈਠਾ ਓਹਲੇ  
 ਦੱਸੇ ਭੇਤ ਨ ਮੁੱਖ ਤੋਂ ਬੋਲੇ  
 ਬਾਬਲ ਵਰ ਖੇੜਿਆਂ ਤੋਂ ਟੋਲੇ  
 ਵਰ ਮਾਂਹਛਾ ਮਾਂਹਛੇ ਪਾਸ ਕੁੜੇ  
 ਕੌਣ ਆਇਆ ਪਹਿਨ ਲਿਬਾਸ ਕੁੜੇ

○ ○ ○

ਕੌਣ ਆਇਆ ਪਹਨ ਲਿਬਾਸ ਕੁੜੇ  
 ਤੁਸੀਂ ਪੁਛੋ ਨਾਲ ਇਖਲਾਸ ਕੁੜੇ  
 ਹੱਥ ਖੂੰਡੀ ਮੋਢੇ ਕੰਬਲ ਕਾਲਾ  
 ਅਖੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਵੱਸੇ ਉਜਾਲਾ  
 ਚਾਕ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੈ ਕੋਈ ਮਤਵਾਲਾ  
 ਪੁਛੋ ਬਠਾ ਕੇ ਪਾਸ ਕੁੜੇ।  
 ਚਾਕਰ ਚਾਕ ਨ ਇਸਨੂੰ ਆਖੋ  
 ਏਹ ਨ ਖਾਲੀ ਗੁੱਝੜੀ ਘਾਤੋ  
 ਵਿਛੜਿਆ ਹੋਇਆ ਪਹਿਲੀ ਰਾਤੋਂ  
 ਆਇਆ ਕਰਨ ਤਲਾਸ਼ ਕੁੜੇ

ਬੁਲਾ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਲੁਕ ਬੈਠਾ ਓਹਲੇ  
 ਦੱਸੇ ਭੇਤ ਨ ਮੁਖ ਤੋਂ ਬੋਲੇ  
 ਬਾਬਲ ਵਰ ਖੇੜਿਆਂ ਤੋਂ ਟੋਲੇ  
 ਵਰ ਮਾਂਹਛਾ ਮਾਂਹਛੇ ਪਾਸ ਕੁੜੇ  
 ਕੌਣ ਆਇਆ ਪਹਨ ਲਿਬਾਸ ਕੁੜੇ।



Who has come in the form of bridegroom?  
Friends, just enquire with courtesy,  
He has a stick in hand and a black blanket on his shoulders.  
His eyes are sparkling with the light-divine  
He is not the slave you thought of  
He has a hollowed countenance.  
Pray don't call him the servant  
He has the knowledge of the inner being.  
Just offer him the seat with respect.  
We were separated on the first night  
He has come in search of the separated soul.  
Bullah, the Master has hidden Himself  
He speaks not, lest the secret is revealed.  
My father is searching for my match in the family of *Kheras*,  
Little knowing that my match is with me.  
Friends, please find out who has come in the form of bridegroom?

\* \* \*

ਬੁਲਿਆ ਕੀ ਜਾਣਾ ਮੈਂ ਕੌਣ

ਨ ਮੈਂ ਮੋਮਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਮਸੀਤਾਂ ਨ ਮੈਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਕੁਫਰ ਦੀਆਂ ਰੀਤਾਂ  
 ਨ ਮੈਂ ਪਾਕਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਪਲੀਤਾਂ ਨ ਮੈਂ ਮੂਸਾ ਨ ਫਰਐਨ  
 ਨ ਮੈਂ ਅੰਦਰ ਵੇਦ ਕਤੇਬਾਂ ਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਭੰਗਾਂ ਨ ਸ਼ਰਾਬਾਂ  
 ਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਰਿੰਦਾ ਮਸਤ ਖਰਾਬਾਂ ਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਜਾਗਣ ਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਸੋਣ  
 ਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਸ਼ਾਦੀ ਨ ਗਮਨਾਕੀ ਨ ਮੈਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਪਲੀਤੀ ਪਾਕੀ  
 ਨ ਮੈਂ ਅਰਬੀ ਨ ਲਾਹੌਰੀ ਨ ਮੈਂ ਹਿੰਦੀ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਨਗੋਰੀ  
 ਨ ਹਿੰਦੂ ਨ ਤੁਰਕ ਪਿਸ਼ੌਰੀ ਨ ਮੈਂ ਰਹਿੰਦਾ ਵਿੱਚ ਨੰਦੋਣ  
 ਨ ਮੈਂ ਭੇਤ ਮਜ਼ਹਬ ਦਾ ਪਾਇਆ ਨ ਮੈਂ ਆਦਮ ਹਵਾ ਜਾਇਆ  
 ਨ ਮੈਂ ਆਪਣਾ ਨਾਮ ਧਰਾਇਆ ਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਬੈਠਣ ਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਭੋਣ  
 ਅਵਲ ਆਖਰ ਆਪ ਨੂੰ ਜਾਣਾ ਨ ਕੋਈ ਦੂਜਾ ਹੋਰ ਪਛਾਣਾ  
 ਮੇਥੁ ਹੋਰ ਨ ਕੋਈ ਸਿਆਣਾ ਬੁਲ੍ਹਾ ਸ਼ੌਹ ਖੜਾ ਹੈ ਕੌਣ।  
 ਬੁਲਿਆ ਕੀ ਜਾਣਾ ਮੈਂ ਕੌਣ

“ਅਮਾ ਬਾਬੇ ਦੀ ਭਲਿਆਈ, ਉਹ ਹੁਣ ਕੰਮ ਅਸਾਡੇ ਆਈ

ਅਮਾਂ ਬਾਬਾ ਚੋਰ ਧੁਰਾਂ ਦੇ, ਪੁੱਤਰ ਦੀ ਵਡਿਆਈ  
 ਦਾਣੇ ਉਤੋਂ ਗੁਤ ਬੁਤੀ, ਘਰ ਘਰ ਪਈ ਲੜਾਈ  
 ਅਮਾਂ ਕਜੀਏ ਤਾਂ ਹੀ ਜਾਲੇ ਜਦ ਕਣਕ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਟੁਰਕਾਈ  
 ਖਾਏ ਖੈਰਾ ਤੇ ਫਾਂਟੀਏ ਜੁਮਾਂ ਉਲਟੀ ਦਸਤਕ ਲਾਈ।”

ਬੁਲਿਆ ਕੀ ਜਾਣਾ ਮੈਂ ਕੌਣ

ਨ ਮੈਂ ਮੋਮਨ ਵਿਚ ਮਸੀਤਾਂ ਨ ਮੈਂ ਵਿਚ ਕੁਫਰ ਦੀਆਂ ਰੀਤਾਂ  
 ਨ ਮੈਂ ਪਾਕਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਪਲੀਤਾਂ ਨ ਮੈਂ ਮੂਸਾ ਨ ਫਰਐਨ  
 ਨ ਮੈਂ ਅੰਦਰ ਵੇਦ ਕਤੇਬਾ ਨ ਵਿਚ ਭੰਗਾਂ ਨ ਸ਼ਰਾਬਾਂ  
 ਨ ਵਿਚ ਰਿੰਦਾ ਮਸਤ ਖਰਾਬਾਂ ਨ ਵਿਚ ਜਗਣ ਨ ਵਿਚ ਸੋਯ  
 ਨ ਵਿਚ ਸ਼ਾਦੀ ਨ ਗਮਨਾਕੀ ਨ ਮੈਂ ਵਿਚ ਪਲੀਤੀ ਪਾਕੀ  
 ਨ ਮੈਂ ਅਰਬੀ ਨ ਲਾਹੌਰੀ ਨ ਮੈਂ ਹਿੰਦੀ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਨਗੋਰੀ  
 ਨ ਮੈਂ ਹਿੰਦੂ ਨ ਤੁਰਕ ਪਿਸ਼ੌਰੀ ਨ ਮੈਂ ਰਹੰਦਾ ਵਿਚ ਨੰਦੀਯ  
 ਨ ਮੈਂ ਭੇਤ ਮਜ਼ਹਬ ਦਾ ਪਾਇਆ ਨ ਮੈਂ ਆਦਮ ਹਵਾ ਆਇਆ  
 ਨ ਮੈਂ ਆਪਣਾ ਨਾਮ ਧਰਾਇਆ ਨ ਵਿਚ ਬੈਠਣ ਨ ਵਿਚ ਭੋਯ  
 ਅਵਲ ਆਖਰ ਆਪ ਨੂੰ ਜਾਣਾ ਨ ਕੋਈ ਦੂਜਾ ਹੋਰ ਪਛਾਣਾ  
 ਮੇਥੁ ਹੋਰ ਨ ਕੋਈ ਸਿਆਣਾ ਬੁਲ੍ਹਾ ਸ਼ੌਹ ਖੜਾ ਹੈ ਕੌਣ। ਬੁਲਿਆ ਕੀ ਜਾਣਾ ਮੈਂ ਕੌਣ।  
 ਅਮਾਂ ਵਾਕੇ ਦੀ ਭਲਿਆਈ, ਓਂ ਹੁਣ ਕਮ ਅਸਾਡੇ ਆਈ  
 ਅਮਾਂ ਵਾਕਾ ਚੋਰ ਧੁਰਾਂ ਦੇ, ਪੁੱਤਰ ਦੀ ਵਡਿਆਈ  
 ਦਾਯੇ ਉਤੀਂ ਗੁਲ ਬੁਲ੍ਹੀ, ਘਰ ਘਰ ਪਈ ਲੜਾਈ  
 ਅਮਾਂ ਕਜੀਏ ਤਾਂ ਹੀ ਜਾਲੇ ਜਦ ਕਣਕ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਟੁਰਕਾਈ  
 ਖਾਏ ਖੈਰਾ ਤੇ ਫਾਂਟੀਏ ਜੁਮਾਂ ਉਲਟੀ ਦਸਤਕ ਲਾਈ।”

Bullah can I know who I am.  
 Neither I join the faithful in the mosque  
 nor I find myself scaling the subtleties of the anguish.  
 I do not raise my finger with the righteous  
 nor do I have my peace with the condemned.  
 Neither Moses nor the Pharoah.  
 The sacred scriptures contain no clues for me.  
 I do not discover myself in the sensual surrender.  
 I am neither concealed by the profane ecstasy of intoxication  
 nor made manifest by the holy Vedas.  
 I am not contained by the wary eye of wakefulness  
 nor in what is revealed by sleep.  
 No pleasure or pain, reverly or remorse, finds me out.  
 I am not disposed by fire, air, water and dust.  
 I am neither a Hindu nor a Turk, my identity lies  
 neither in the wilderness of Arabia nor within the walls of Lahore.  
 I am not the secret essence strenuously revealed by creed and  
 religion.  
 I was not born of Adam and Eve.  
 I did not adopt any name nor can I own any.  
 I am neither static nor Kinatic.  
 Can I know who am I? I am the beginning and the end.  
 Neither do I recognise any other being.  
 Within myself is the perception and knowledge.  
 Then who is He that stands as the other? And who am I? Can I  
 know Bullah?

\*       \*       \*

The good deeds of our parents suit us fine.  
 The distinction of the son is that his parents were the thieves of the  
 yore.  
 Their progeny goes on fighting amongst itself relentlessly with a  
 brother turning against his brother over grains of wheat.  
 We are exposed to all these troubles because our father (Adam) and  
 mother (Eve) fell for the sheaves of grains wonderful justice it is!  
 Khaira commits a sin and Jumma receives the punishment.

\*       \*       \*

## VII

### Khwaja Ghulam Farid

**K**HWAJA GHULAM FARID belongs to the later period of Sufi saints of Punjab. He was a great scholar and equally a great mystic. He claims his links with the *Chishti silsila* of mystics, as his ancestors, the direct descendents of Hazrat Umar had migrated from Arabia and settled in Sind. One of his ancestors, Yaha Bin Malik Nasir Bin Abdulla was the great grand-son of Hazrat Umar. The family of Khwaja Ghulam Farid is also known as *Farooqis* the direct descendants and holders of the revered position, for their piety and scholarship, among the Muslim community. In fact the entire clan is known as the clan of great saints as most of them had discarded family life in preference to *faqiri* (ascetism) and attained great heights in the spiritual world. Some of them established their *madarsas* (schools) or adopted the ways of wandering monks, to practice and preach the gospel of love in foreign lands.

It was Makhdoom Muhammad Zakaria, the son of Sheikh Hassan, who later on migrated from Sind during the reign of Emperor Shah Jehan and came to Multan in Punjab for a permanent settlement. Soon, as a holyman, he earned a good reputation and was able to establish his seat in Lodhran, district Multan of erstwhile Punjab, now in Pakistan. He was followed by his son Makhdoom Noor Muhammad. One of the Ministers of Shah Jehan named, Iradit Khan, was the follower of Makhdoom Noor Muhammad the then occupant of the holy seat. He persuaded Shah Jehan to visit the saint for his blessings. It is said that Shah Jehan

was much impressed by his spiritual powers and granted him a *jagir*, comprising of *five thousand bighas* of land.

Makhdoom Muhammad Sharif, the grand son of Makndoom Noor Muhammad shifted his establishment to Yaranwali by the side of Sind and later on settled in Mithan Kot. Makhdoom Muhammad Sharif had two sons, Qazi Muhammad and Qazi Muhammad Aquil. Later on both of them became followers of *Chishti silsila*. Qazi Muhammad Aquil's son Mian Khuda Bakhsh after the death of his father, ascended to the *gaddi* (the holy seat). He was blessed with a son named Ghulam Farid. The year was Hijri 1261. Ghulam Farid also had an elder brother, who took charge of the shrine after the death of his father. At that time Ghulam Farid was only eight years old. His elder brother tried to give him the best of education and initiated him to spiritualism. From the very childhood, Ghulam Farid inherited a keen sense of poetry from his elder brother who was his friend, philosopher and guide, besides being his *Peer* (guru). In his own right he was a great spiritualist and scholar.

In many of his poems Khwaja Ghulam Farid had paid tributes to him, as a token of his love and reverence for his *Peer* by a devoted *mureed* (follower). The devotion of Ghulam Farid knew no bounds. He revered him so much that he did not find any difference between him and God. This was an attainment for young Farid, as this state in Sufiism is called *Fannah - Fil - Sheikh* (to become one with the guru). After he attained that spiritual height, he wrote:

*"Chashma Fakhruddin Mithal dian  
Tan man keete choor,  
Ghol ghatan man  
Jannat, Hur kasur  
yaar Farid kou even Saria  
Jiven jalia Koh-i-Tour"*

*"I am done to death by the charming glance of sweet  
Fakhruddin  
I can sacrifice the Heavens and the Hurs (nymphs)*

In preference to his glowing countenance  
My entire being is aglow like the mountain of Toor\*

As a child, Ghulam Farid was very sensitive, intelligent and obedient. A command from his elder brother was like the order from heaven, which was meant to be obeyed instantly. Very soon, he learnt the holy Quran by heart. After completing the lessons on Theology, he proceeded with History and Geography. He had a gifted aptitude for languages, and learnt Sindhi, Hindi, Urdu, besides Arabic, Persian and Punjabi. He had complete mastery over Multani, a dialect of Punjabi, known as Lehndi, and wrote poetry of mystic spiritualism in this language. Some of his utterances are the finest gems of love-poetry.

With his spiritual attainment he reached the stage of permanent bliss, called *Fannah-Fillah*. At this stage, to the enlightened soul, no body remains as a stranger. Each one is a friend and has a point which must be appreciated with love and tolerance. Khwaja Ghulam Farid rose above the segregated apartments, of religious orders and placed his faith in the goodness of humanity. According to him, every human being is a segment of the all-pervading spirit and is busy, constantly, in search of the origin. The aim of each seeker is to become one with the Lord. He says a Muslim who does not concentrate on Him and performs his *namaz* as a ritual, is as bad or as good as a Hindu devotee, who performs the *pooja* of deity, without knowing the intrinsic value of the hidden spirit in the idol. The Muslims perform *Namaz* after washing their hands and feet, but according to him the cleanliness of *batan* (innerself) is more important than the cleanliness of *zahir* (outerself). Hence it is worthwhile to compare this idea of Ghulam Farid with the thoughts of Guru Nanak:

*"Bahron dhoti toombri  
andar visa vis nakore"*

(What is the use of washing your body, when the dark poison of sin is lurking within yourself).

\*According to Mythology, on the request of Moses, the light dawned, but the entire mountain was reduced to cinders.

Though Ghulam Farid was a devout Muslim, who measured every step with the yardstick of *Shariat*, yet the Muslim in him was not orthodox. He was a learned man, liberal in his outlook and generous in his dealings. As a man he believed in simple living and high thinking. He preferred loneliness to company and kept himself busy in meditation duly confined in the four walls of his *hujra* (tiny cell). Humility was his trade mark. There is a story about him which confirms this belief. It is said that once a beggar came to him and asked for alms. Finding himself penniless that day, he said: "I am nobody to give you. It is He the giver and the taker". On hearing this the beggar lost his presence of mind and started throwing invectives on him. He kept quiet and ultimately told him: "I am so grateful to you brother, because you have made me aware of my position. You have called me a dog. In fact that is what I am. I had nearly forgotten that I am watching the shrine of my master as a dog."

The dog being the finest specimen of faithfulness has always found favour with the mystics. By the shrine Khwaja meant the inner self where resides God. The dog according to him was the ego. This very expression has also been made by Ali Haider, another Sufi poet of Punjab, when he says:

*"Kutta ban Aal Rasul Najib da  
Pahra han ghar bar utte"*

(Like a watch dog, I am watching the house of Rasul and his tribe).

There are other stories illustrating the miraculous powers that he possessed, but personally he attached more importance to his affair with a rustic woman of the desert. We have stated earlier, for a Sufi *Ishq Majazi* (physical love) plays an important role in realisation of the supreme bliss. This is considered as the first step in the direction of '*Ishq Haqiqi*' (spiritual love of the supreme being). It is said a shepherdess named Hote of Multan, had occupied the kingdom of his heart, for whose sake he had spent a few precious years of his life in the sandy desert stretched between Multan and Bahawalpur braving the scorching heat. It is said, in pursuit of his

lady-love, he had to undergo a lot of trouble and was at the verge of being murdered by the members of the rustic family, when the miracle occurred. Armed with their swords and spears they came with a fury of the desert storm and surrounded him. As soon as the first blow was smitten they found that the body had physically disappeared from the spot and what they were punishing was only the shroud.

Ghulam Farid has made mention of this rustic beauty at a number of places in his '*Kafis*'.

*"Gal zulf Punal da Pech poyom  
Hath Hote de jindri vech ditam"*

(I offered my neck for the noose of those long curly tresses. I sold my heart to that damsel named 'Hote')

Later on Ghulam Farid married this woman, in accordance with the Muslim rites. However, she remained issueless and is said to have survived him. She is known as *Rohi Wali Mai* (Lady from the desert.)

As a mystic, Ghulam Farid upheld the standards of the earlier masters. According to him the attainment of the eternal truth, does not depend upon the knowledge available in the books, or the faculty of Philosophy or the argumentative mind. These are only some of the worldly approaches. In order to reach the supreme being one has to set all the books aside and submit to His will. He can be realised only through love and dedication. Here we find uniformity in the ideas of Ghulam Farid and *Bhakti marg*. Kabir's '*Dhai Akshar Prem Ke*' - (Prem in Hindi is written with two and half letters) and Guru Nanak's utterance in *Asa Di Var* are all pointing in the same direction. Guru Nanak says: '*Nanak lakhe ik gal*' (It is one little point which can matter with Him.) There is no short-cut to realisation. One has to approach with dedication and love. Farid says:

*"Bin yar Farid na Jarsan,  
Rat ro ro akhian bharsan  
Gham kha kha odak marsan  
Dukh dukhri jihra taaya.*



(Farid, How can I live without my beloved. I have to weep out my heart while bearing the pangs of separation. Ultimately I die in grief as the overwhelming pain captures my heart.)

He finds the mosque, the temple, the sacred fire, the statue, Kaba and Kibla at the same place and accords the same status to each one of them. According to him all these institutions are for attainment of the same 'Truth' and the same 'Object'. These are different roads leading to the same destination. Thus in a society dominated by the sectarian values, he preached the universal philosophy of love.

*"Rakh tasdeeq na thi aawara  
Kaba, Kibla daer dwara  
Masjid, Mandir hikro yar."*

(Just have faith. Do not go astray, Kaba, Kibla, Daer and Haram; Mosque and Temple are all glowing with the same light).

In one of his Kafis he says:

*"Har soorat vich yar da jalwa  
Kya asman zamin."*

(Whether on earth or in sky  
wherever I see, it is the charming face of my beloved.)

*Har har ja vich Ranjhan mahi  
(My Ranjha is every where)*

Sufis call God as Ranjha. It is the same expression of *gurbani* where it defines the nature: *qudrat patali aakash* and *qudrat Swaiya*.

(He is present on earth. He is present in Sky, in fact the Creator has merged himself in his own creation. Every human being, every object of the nature is his own image; he has created the world just to watch Himself.)

One finds close resemblance of the Sufi doctrine of 'Hama Au Ast' and the *Bhakti* movement's universality of God, in Ghulam Farid when he says:

*"Wah wah Sohne da vartara  
Har Soorat vich kare avtara."*

(God is present not only in human beings, but in the entire creation)

Another note which has strongly been observed in the Sufi poets of Punjab, is also dominant in Khwaja Ghulam Farid. He uses female characters like Heer, Sohni, Sassi and Momal as lovers, while the male characters like Ranjha, Mahiwal, Punnu and Mendhar as the beloveds. This tendency seems to be the influence of *Braj Bhasha*. The *Gurbani* says, we all are His maids and He is the real master. *Gurbani* accepts all human beings as women married to Him alone. Ghulam Farid uses *Sanwal* meaning the darker one for Krishna. This again is the gift from Bhakti movement. Besides Krishna, flute, *Raas*, *Avtar*, *Gyan*, *Prem*, etc. are the words borrowed from Vedantic literature.

Khwaja Ghulam Farid is described as one of the great Sufi saints and poets of Punjab. His life and poetry have a complete unification of the mystic ideology. He preached the monotheistic image of God and stood for approaching Him through love, humility and dedication. As a mystic, he started with *ishq Majazi* and ended with *Ishq Haqiqi*. He crossed all the barriers that come in the path of a seeker and reached the final stage of *Fannah-Fillah*, where there is permanent bliss. At this stage, the Sufi is at the zenith of his experiment and in acstasy writes poetry the way Khwaja Ghulam Farid did. He died on January 1, 1901 after attaining the age of 60 years. Here is one of his last compositions:

*Guzriya vela hassan Khilan da*  
*Aaya waqt Farid Chalan da*  
*Aukha Painsa dost milan da*  
*Jan laban par aandi hai.*

(Gone is the time of mirth and rejoicing  
 Now is the time to take leave

The stream of life is ebbing drop by drop  
 Prepare for the tricky journey ahead.

The road is dangerous but it leads to the house of the beloved).

**A representative poetry of Ghulam Farid**

**ਖਵਾਜਾ ਗੁਲਾਮ ਫਰੀਦ**

ਵੇਸੂੰ ਸੰਜ ਸਬਾਹੀਂ। ਖਾਲੀ ਰਹਿਸਨ ਜਾਈਂ॥  
 ਪਖੀ ਪਰਦੇਸੀ ਅਭੇ ਸਰਦੇ। ਦੋ ਦਿਨ ਦੇ ਖਲ ਕਾਈਂ॥  
 ਮੁਲਕ ਬੇਗਾਨਾ ਦੇਸ ਪਰਾਇਆ। ਕੋਈਆਂ ਕੂੜ ਬਨਾਈ॥  
 ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਸਾਥੀ ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਸੰਗਤੀ। ਕੇਨੂੰ ਦਰਦ ਸੁਨਾਈਂ॥  
 ਕਿਸਮਤ ਸਾਂਗੇ ਡਿਥਮ ਏ ਧਰਤੀ। ਆਂਦਾ ਕੌਨ ਅਥਾਈਂ॥  
 ਹੁਸਨ ਨਗਰ ਤੂੰ ਥੀਵਮ ਰਵਾਨਾ। ਯਾ ਰੱਬ ਤੋੜ ਪਚਾਈਂ॥  
 ਮੰਗਾਂ ਦੁਆਈਂ ਅੱਲਾ ਸਾਈਂ। ਵਿਛੜਿਆ ਫੋਲ ਮਲਾਈਂ॥  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਫਰੀਦ ਬਹੂੰ ਡੁੱਖ ਡਿਤੜੇ॥  
 ਬਛੀਆਂ ਬਿਰਹੋਂ ਬਲਾਈਂ॥

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**ਖਵਾਜਾ ਗੁਲਾਮ ਫਰੀਦ**

ਵੇਸੂੰ ਸੰਜ ਸਬਾਹੀਂ। ਖਾਲੀ ਰਹਸਨ ਜਾਈਂ॥  
 ਪਖੀ ਪਰਦੇਸੀ ਅਭੇ ਸਰਦੇ। ਦੋ ਦਿਨ ਦੇ ਖਲ ਕਾਈਂ॥  
 ਮੁਲਕ ਬੇਗਾਨਾ ਦੇਸ ਪਰਾਇਆ। ਕੋਈਆਂ ਕੂੜ ਬਨਾਈਂ॥  
 ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਸਾਥੀ ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਸੰਗਤੀ। ਕੇਨੂੰ ਦਰਦ ਸੁਨਾਈਂ॥  
 ਕਿਸਮਤ ਸਾਂਗੇ ਡਿਥਮ ਇਹ ਧਰਤੀ। ਆਂਦਾ ਕੌਨ ਅਥਾਈਂ॥  
 ਹੁਸਨ ਨਗਰ ਤੂੰ ਥੀਵਮ ਰਵਾਨਾ। ਯਾ ਰਬ ਤੋੜ ਪਚਾਈਂ॥  
 ਮੰਗਾਂ ਦੁਆਈਂ - ਅਲਲਾ ਸਾਈਂ। ਵਿਛੜਿਆਂ ਫੋਲ ਮਲਾਈਂ॥  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਫਰੀਦ ਬਹੂੰ ਦੁਖ ਡਿਤੜੇ॥  
 ਬਛੀਆਂ ਬਿਰਹੋਂ ਬਲਾਈਂ॥

Evening or morning (one of the days) we have to quit this world,  
The houses shall remain empty.  
Migratory birds visit for limited days,  
The country is foreign, the land is alien,  
The house a delude.  
No companion, no comrade with whom to share the grief.  
Had it not been pre-destined, who would come to this land.  
I ascended from the land of etherial beauty.  
Lord, bless me with communion,  
I only wish for a glimpse of my separated lover,  
Farid, pangs of separation are very troublesome,  
Misfortunes have chased me all my life.

\* \* \*

ਤੈਂਡੇ ਨੈਣਾਂ ਤੀਰ ਚਲਾਇਆ। ਤੈਂਡੀ ਰਮਜ਼ਾਂ ਸੋਰ ਮਚਾਇਆ॥  
 ਅਲਮਸਤ ਹਜ਼ਾਰ ਮਰਾਇਆ। ਲਖ ਆਸ਼ਕ ਮਾਰ ਗੰਵਾਇਆ॥  
 ਇਬਰਾਹੀਮ ਅੜਾਹ ਅੜਾਇਓ। ਬਾਰ ਬਿਰਹੋਂ ਸਿਰ ਚਾਇਆ॥  
 ਸਾਬਰ ਦੇ ਤਨ ਕੀੜੇ ਬਛੇ। ਮੂਸਾ ਤੂਰ ਜਲਾਇਆ॥  
 ਜ਼ਕਰੀਆ ਕਲਵਤਰ ਚਰਾਇਓ। ਯਾਹਾ ਘੂਟ ਕੋਹਾਇਆ॥  
 ਯੂਨਸ ਪੇਟ ਮੱਛੀ ਦੇ ਪਾਇਓ। ਨੂਹ ਤੂਫਾਨ ਲੁੜਾਇਆ॥  
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਹਸਨ ਨੂੰ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਮਦੀਨੇ। ਜ਼ਹਿਰ ਦਾ ਜਾਮ ਪਲਾਇਆ॥  
 ਕਰਬਲਾ ਵਿਚ ਤੇਗ ਚਲਾ ਕਰ। ਏੜਾ ਕੇਸ ਕਰਾਇਆ॥  
 ਸ਼ਮਸ ਅਲਹਕ ਦੀ ਖੱਲ ਲਹਿਵਾਇਓ। ਸਰਮਦ ਸਿਰ ਕਪਵਾਇਆ॥  
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮਨਸੂਰ ਚੜਾਇਓ ਸੂਲੀ। ਮਸਤੀ ਸਾਂਗ ਰਸਾਇਆ॥  
 ਮਜ਼ਨੂੰ ਕਾਰਨ ਲੈਲਾ ਹੋ ਕਰ। ਸੈਂ ਸੈਂ ਨਾਜ਼ ਡਖਾਇਆ॥  
 ਖੁਸਰੋ ਤੇ ਫਰਹਾਦ ਦੀ ਖਾਤਰ। ਸ਼ੀਰੀ ਨਾਮ ਧਰਾਇਆ॥  
 ਦਰਦ ਦਾ ਬਾਰ ਉਠਾਇਆ ਹਰ ਹਕ। ਅਪਨਾ ਵਕਤ ਨਭਾਇਆ॥  
 ਕਰ ਕੁਰਬਾਨ ਫਰੀਦ ਸਿਰ ਅਪਨਾ। ਤੈਂਡੜਾ ਵਾਰਾ ਆਇਆ॥

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ਤੈਂਡੇ ਨੈਣਾਂ ਤੀਰ ਚਲਾਏਯਾ। ਤੈਂਡੀ ਰਮਜ਼ਾਂ ਸ਼ੋਰੰ ਮਚਾਏਯਾ॥  
 ਅਲਮਸਤ ਹਜ਼ਾਰ ਸਰਾਏਯਾ। ਲਖ ਆਸ਼ਕ ਮਾਰ ਗੰਵਾਏਯਾ॥  
 ਇਬਰਾਹੀਮ ਅੜਾਹ ਅੜਾਏਯੋ। ਬਾਰ ਬਿਰਹੋਂ ਸਿਰ ਚਾਏਯਾ॥  
 ਸਾਬਰ ਦੇ ਤਨ ਕੀੜੇ ਬਛੇ। ਮੂਸਾ ਤੂਰ ਜਲਾਏਯਾ॥  
 ਜ਼ਕਰੀਆ ਕਲਵਤਰ ਚਰਾਏਯੋ। ਯਾਹਾ ਘੂਟ ਕੋਹਾਏਯਾ॥  
 ਯੂਨਸ ਪੇਟ ਮਛੀ ਦੇ ਪਾਏਯੋ। ਨੂਹ ਤੂਫਾਨ ਲੁੜਾਏਯਾ॥  
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਹਸਨ ਨੂੰ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਮਦੀਨੇ। ਜ਼ਹਿਰ ਦਾ ਜਾਮ ਪਲਾਏਯਾ॥  
 ਕਰਬਲਾ ਵਿਚ ਤੇਗ ਚਲਾ ਕਰ। ਏੜਾ ਕੇਸ ਕਰਾਏਯਾ॥  
 ਸ਼ਮਸ ਅਲਹਕ ਦੀ ਖੱਲ ਲਹਵਾਏਯੋ। ਸਰਮਦ ਸਿਰ ਕਪਵਾਏਯਾ॥  
 ਸ਼ਾਹ ਮਨਸੂਰ ਚੜਾਏਯੋ ਸੂਲੀ। ਮਸਤੀ ਸਾਂਗ ਰਸਾਏਯਾ॥॥  
 ਮਜ਼ਨੂੰ ਕਾਰਨ ਲੈਲਾ ਹੋ ਕਰ। ਸੈਂ ਸੈਂ ਨਾਜ਼ ਡਖਾਏਯਾ॥॥  
 ਖੁਸਰੋ ਤੇ ਫਰਹਾਦ ਦੀ ਖਾਤਿਰ। ਸ਼ੀਰੀ ਨਾਮ ਧਰਾਏਯਾ॥  
 ਦਰਦ ਦਾ ਬਾਰ ਉਠਾਏਯਾ ਹਰ ਹਕ। ਅਪਨਾ ਵਕਤ ਨਭਾਏਯਾ॥  
 ਕਰ ਕੁਰਬਾਨ ਫਰੀਦ ਸਿਰ ਅਪਨਾ। ਤੈਂਡੜਾ ਵਾਰਾ ਆਏਯਾ॥

The arrows of your eyes revealed the secret message,  
Thousands of dedicated lovers were beheaded,  
Ibrahim, separated from love was consigned to burning flames..

Ayub, Sabir's flesh eaten by worms,  
Musa burnt by the fire of 'Toor',  
Zakria's skull split apart with a saw,  
Yahya was made to rest in his youth,  
Yunus' flesh was fed to the fish,  
Nooh was condemned to deluge,  
Immam Husain tasted the cup of poison in Medina,  
Drawing of swords at Karbala raised Hell,  
Shamas Tabrez was skinned alive,  
Sarmad was sent to the axe,  
Mansoor was hanged.

In the form of Laila hundreds of obstacles were created for Qais.  
You adopted the name as 'Shirin' and duped Khusro and Farhad,  
Each one was a dedicated lover,  
Each one bore the pangs of separation.

Farid get ready to kiss the altar of love.  
It is your turn for the noose.

\* \* \*

ਦਰਦ ਅੰਦਰ ਦੀ ਪੀੜ ਡਾਢਾ ਸਖਤ ਸਤਾਇਆ।  
 ਹਿਜਰ ਫਿਰਾਕ ਦੇ ਤੀਰ ਦਿਲ ਨੂੰ ਮਾਰ ਮੁੰਝਾਇਆ।  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਹੈ ਡੁਖੜੇ ਦਿਲ ਦੀ ਸ਼ਾਦੀ।  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਹੈ ਰਹਬਰ ਮੁਰਸ਼ਦ ਹਾਦੀ।  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਹੈ ਸਾਡਾ ਪੀਰ। ਜੇ ਕੁਲ ਰਾਜ ਸੁਝਾਇਆ।  
 ਏ ਦਿਲ ਮੁਠੜੀ ਗੰਦੜੀ ਮੰਦੜੀ। ਜਾਮਣ ਲਾਦੀ ਬਿਰਹੋਂ ਦੀ ਬੰਦੜੀ।  
 ਅਜਲੋਂ ਤਾਂਘ ਦਾ ਤੀਰ। ਜਾਨੀ ਜੋੜ ਚੁੰਭਾਇਆ।  
 ਨਾਜ਼ ਤਬੱਸਮ ਗੁਝੜੇ ਹਾਸੇ। ਚਾਲੇ ਪੇਚ ਫਰੇਬ ਦਿਲਾਸੇ।  
 ਹੁਸਨ ਦੇ ਚਾਰ ਅਮੀਰ। ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਚੌਂ ਗੁਠ ਨਵਾਇਆ।  
 ਵੁਠੜੀ ਪਾਲੀ ਸਦਾ ਮਤਵਾਲੀ। ਮੀਂਹ ਵਸਰਾਂਦ ਤੇ ਵਾਲੀ ਆਲੀ।  
 ਰਹੀ ਰਸ਼ਕ ਮਲੇਰ। ਵੈਦਾ ਬਖਤ ਵਲਾਇਆ।  
 ਥੀਆਂ ਸਰ ਸਬਜ਼ ਫਰੀਦ ਦੀਆਂ ਝੋਕਾਂ। ਸਹਿਜੋਂ ਖੁਨਕੀ ਚਾਈ ਸੋਕਾਂ।  
 ਨਣਦ ਨ ਮਾਓ ਖੀਰ। ਮੂਲਾ ਮਾੜ ਵਸਾਇਆ।

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ਦਰਦ ਅੰਦਰ ਦੀ ਪੀੜ ਡਾਢਾ ਸਖਤ ਸਤਾਏਯਾ ।  
 ਹਿਜਰ ਫਿਰਾਕ ਦੇ ਤੀਰ ਦਿਲ ਨੂੰ ਮਾਰ ਮੁੰਝਾਏਯਾ ॥  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਹੈ ਡੁਖੜੇ ਦਿਲ ਦੀ ਸ਼ਾਦੀ ।  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਹੈ ਰਹਬਰ ਮੁਰਸ਼ਦ ਹਾਦੀ ॥  
 ਇਸ਼ਕ ਹੈ ਸਾਡਾ ਪੀਰ । ਜੇ ਕੁਲ ਰਾਜ ਸੁੰਝਾਏਯਾ ॥  
 ਏ ਦਿਲ ਮੁਠੜੀ ਗੰਦੜੀ ਮੰਦੜੀ । ਜਾਮਣ ਲਾਦੀ ਬਿਰਹੋਂ ਦੀ ਬੰਦੜੀ ॥  
 ਅਜਲੋਂ ਤਾਂਘ ਦਾ ਤੀਰ । ਜਾਨੀ ਜੋੜ ਚੁੰਭਾਏਯਾ ॥  
 ਨਾਜ਼ ਤਬੱਸਮ ਗੁਝੜੇ ਹਾਸੇ । ਚਾਲੇ ਪੇਚ ਫਰੇਬ ਦਿਲਾਸੇ ॥  
 ਹੁਸਨ ਦੇ ਚਾਰ ਅਮੀਰ । ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਚੌਂ ਗੁਠ ਨਵਾਏਯਾ ॥  
 ਵੁਠੜੀ ਪਾਲੀ ਸਦਾ ਮਤਵਾਲੀ । ਮੀਂਹ ਵਸਰਾਂਦ ਤੇ ਵਾਲੀ ਆਲੀ ॥  
 ਰਹੀ ਰਸ਼ਕ ਮਲੇਰ । ਵੈਦਾ ਬਖਤ ਵਲਾਏਯਾ ॥  
 ਥੀਆਂ ਸਰ ਸਬਜ਼ ਫਰੀਦ ਦੀਆਂ ਝੋਕਾਂ । ਸਹਿਜੋਂ ਖੁਨਕੀ ਚਾਈ ਸੋਕਾਂ ॥  
 ਨਣਦ ਨ ਮਾਓ ਖੀਰ । ਮੂਲਾ ਮਾੜ ਵਸਾਏਯਾ ॥

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I am sick of the internal clamour,  
Pangs of separation, like sharp spears have struck my heart,  
Love consoles the broken heart,  
Love is the *guru*, Love is the guide,  
Love delves deep into the secrets of universe,  
What a sinner I am, separated since my birth.  
My lover with the very first glance struck me with arrow of cupid.  
Ego, vanity, pride and cleverness, four messengers of beauty have  
conquered the world.  
Barren earth is moist with rain of kindness.  
'Maler' throbs with greenery of life.  
happy is the house of Farid with fields, crops and cattle, life  
pulsates,  
Happy with shower of kindness dry desert turned into a colony  
of prosperity.  
(with blessings of the *Murshid*)

\* \* \*

ਮੁਸਾਗ ਮਲੇਂਦੀ ਦਾ ਗੁਜਰ ਗਿਆ ਡੇਂਹ ਸਾਰਾ।  
 ਸਿੰਗਾਰ ਕਰੇਂਦੀ ਦਾ ਗੁਜਰ ਗਿਆ ਡੇਂਹ ਸਾਰਾ।  
 ਕਜਲਾ ਪਾਇਮ ਸੁਰਖੀ ਲਾਇਮ। ਕੀਤਮ ਯਾਰ ਵਸਾਰਾ॥  
 ਕਾਗ ਉਡੇਂਦੀ ਉਮਰ ਵਿਹਾਣੀ। ਆਇਆ ਨ ਯਾਰ ਪਿਆਰਾ॥  
 ਰੋਹ ਡੂੰਗਰ ਤੇ ਜੰਗਲ ਬੇਲਾ। ਰੋਲਿਅਮ ਸ਼ੌਕ ਆਵਾਰਾ॥  
 ਹਿਕਦਮ ਐਸ਼ ਦੀ ਸੇਝ ਨ ਮਾਨਤਿਮ ਬਖਤ ਨ ਡਿਤਤਮ ਵਾਰਾ॥  
 ਪੜ੍ਹ ਬਿਸਮਿਲਾ ਘੋਲਿਅਮ ਸਰ ਕੂੰ ਚਾਤਮ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਅਜਾਰਾ॥  
 ਰਾਂਝਣ ਸੈਂਡਾ ਮੈਂ ਰਾਂਝਣ ਦੀ। ਰੋਜ਼ ਅਜ਼ਲ ਦਾ ਕਾਰਾ॥  
 ਹਿਜਰ ਫਰੀਦਾ ਲੰਬੀ ਲਾਈ। ਜਲ ਗਿਓਮ ਮੁਫਤ ਵਿਚਾਰਾ॥

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ਮੁਸਾਗ ਮਲੇਂਦੀ ਦਾ ਗੁਜਰ ਗਿਆ ਡੇਂਹ ਸਾਰਾ ।  
 ਸਿੰਗਾਰ ਕਰੇਂਦੀ ਦਾ ਗੁਜਰ ਗਿਆ ਡੇਂਹ ਸਾਰਾ ॥  
 ਕਜਲਾ ਪਾਇਮ ਸੁਰਖੀ ਲਾਇਮ । ਕੀਤਮ ਯਾਰ ਵਸਾਰਾ ॥  
 ਕਾਗ ਉਡੇਂਦੀ ਉਮਰ ਵਿਹਾਣੀ । ਆਇਆ ਨ ਯਾਰ ਪਿਆਰਾ ॥  
 ਰੋਹ ਡੂੰਗਰ ਤੇ ਜੰਗਲ ਬੇਲਾ । ਰੋਲਿਅਮ ਸ਼ੌਕ ਆਵਾਰਾ ॥  
 ਹਿਕਦਮ ਐਸ਼ ਦੀ ਸੇਝ ਨ ਮਾਨਤਿਮ ਬਖਤ ਨ ਡਿਤਤਮ ਵਾਰਾ ॥  
 ਪੜ੍ਹ ਬਿਸਮਿਲਾ ਘੋਲਿਅਮ ਸਰ ਕੂੰ । ਚਾਤਮ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਅਜਾਰਾ ॥  
 ਰਾਂਝਣ ਸੈਂਡਾ ਮੈਂ ਰਾਂਝਣ ਦੀ ਰੋਜ਼ ਅਜ਼ਲ ਦਾ ਕਾਰਾ ॥  
 ਹਿਜਰ ਫਰੀਦਾ ਲੰਬੀ ਲਾਈ । ਜਲ ਗਿਓਮ ਮੁਫਤ ਵਿਚਾਰਾ ॥

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Whitening the teeth,  
Painting the lips,  
Toiletry;  
The whole day gone.  
I put *Kajal* in my eyes  
Powdered the cheeks,  
Alas! the lover has not come  
I sent messages through the flying birds  
Wasted the whole life in vain.  
The heartless never came.  
For Him I searched deserts  
Explored forests in vain  
Loves labour lost.  
What a luck!

Not for a moment, I shared my bridal bed for pleasure of communion  
By the name of Allah, I placed my head at the altar of love  
Pre-destined as it is,  
Ranjhan is mine and I belong to him  
Flame of *Ishq* (love) has completely consumed my self (ego).

\* \* \*

ਪੁਨਲੁ ਥੀਵੀਂ ਪਾਂਧੀ ਯਾਰਾ। ਛੱਡ ਕੇ ਕਲੁੜੀ ਬਰ ਵਿਚ।।  
 ਹਰ ਦਮ ਵਤਾਂ ਦਰਮਾਦੀ ਯਾਰਾ। ਸੈ ਸੈ ਰੋਗ ਅੰਦਰ ਵਿਚ।।  
 ਪੀਤ ਨ ਪਾਲੀ ਸਰ ਦੇ ਵਾਲੀ। ਤੂਲ ਨਿਹਾਲੀ ਰੋਲੇਮ ਖਾਲੀ।।  
 ਦਿਲ ਦਰਦੋਂ ਕੁਰਲਾਂਦੀ ਯਾਰਾ। ਮੂੰਹ ਪਲੜੁ ਘਰ ਘਰ ਵਿਚ।।  
 ਰਖਦੀ ਆਸ ਉਮੀਦ ਹਜ਼ਾਰਾਂ। ਆਖਰ ਹਿਕ ਡੈਂਹ ਮੋੜ ਮਹਾਰਾਂ।।  
 ਹੋਰ ਥੀਸਮ ਆ ਕਾਂਧੀ ਯਾਰਾ। ਨੈਸਮ ਤੋੜ ਕਬਰ ਵਿਚ।।  
 ਸੂਲ ਦੇ ਸਿਹਰੇ ਸੋਜ਼ ਦੇ ਗਾਨੇ। ਮੁੰਝ ਦੇ ਹਾਰ ਡੁਖਾਂ ਦੇ ਗਹਿਣੇ।।  
 ਦਰਦੀ ਬਾਂਹ ਸਰਹਾਂਦੀ ਯਾਰਾ। ਵਸਦੀ ਯਾਸ ਨਗਰ ਵਿਚ।।  
 ਨੇਂਹ ਅਵੈੜਾ, ਦੁਸ਼ਮਨ ਵੈੜਾ। ਮਾ ਪਿਉ ਰਖਮ ਬਖੇੜਾ ਝੇੜਾ।।  
 ਕਿਆ ਬਰਦੀ ਕਿਆ ਬਾਂਦੀ ਯਾਰਾ, ਕਰਦੀਆਂ ਟੋਕ ਟਬਰ ਵਿਚ।।—  
 ਮਾਰੂ ਬਲ ਦੇ ਡੁਖੜੇ ਘਾਟੇ। ਗੱਪ ਖਡ ਖੁੜਬਣ ਖੋਬ ਗਪਾਟੇ  
 ਰਾਤ ਡੇਹਾਂ ਤੜਫਾਂਦੀ ਯਾਰਾ। ਰੁਲਦੀ ਰੋਹ ਡੁੰਗਰ ਵਿਚ।।  
 ਬਿਰਹੋਂ ਬਲਾਈਂ ਸੰਝ ਸਬਾਹੀਂ। ਦਮ ਦਮ ਆਹੀਂ ਨਿਕਲਣ ਧਾਈਂ।।  
 ਸੇਝ ਫਰੀਦ ਨ ਭਾਂਦੀ ਯਾਰਾ। ਲਗੜੀ ਚੋਟ ਅੰਦਰ ਵਿਚ।।

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ਪੁਨਲ ਥੀਵੀਂ ਪਾਂਧੀ ਯਾਰਾ। ਛਡ ਕੇ ਕਲੜੀ ਬਰ ਵਿਚ।।  
 ਹਰ ਦਮ ਵਤਾਂ ਦਰਮਾਦੀ ਯਾਰਾ। ਸੈ ਸੈ ਰੋਗ ਅੰਦਰ ਵਿਚ।।  
 ਪੀਤ ਨ ਪਾਲੀ ਸਰ ਦੇ ਵਾਲੀ। ਤੂਲ ਨਿਹਾਲੀ ਰੋਲੇਮ ਖਾਲੀ।।  
 ਦਿਲ ਦਰਦੋਂ ਕੁਰਲਾਂਦੀ ਯਾਰਾ। ਮੂੰਹ ਪਲੜੁ ਘਰ ਘਰ ਵਿਚ।।  
 ਰਖਦੀ ਆਸ ਉਮੀਦ ਹਜ਼ਾਰਾਂ। ਆਖਰ ਹਿਕ ਡੈਂਹ ਮੋੜ ਮੁਹਾਰਾਂ।।  
 ਹੋਰ ਥੀਸਮ ਆ ਕਾਂਧੀ ਯਾਰਾ। ਨੈਸਮ ਤੋੜ ਕਬਰ ਵਿਚ।।  
 ਸੂਲ ਦੇ ਸਿਹਰੇ ਸੋਜ਼ ਦੇ ਗਾਨੇ। ਮੁੰਝ ਦੇ ਹਾਰ ਡੁਖਾ ਦੇ ਗਹਿਣੇ।।  
 ਦਰਦੀ ਬਾਂਹ ਸਰਹਾਂਦੀ ਯਾਰਾ। ਵਸਦੀ ਯਾਸ ਨਗਰ ਵਿਚ।।  
 ਨੇਂਹ ਅਵੈੜਾ, ਦੁਸ਼ਮਣ ਵੈੜਾ। ਮਾ ਪਿਯੋ ਰਖਮ ਬਖੇੜਾ ਝੇੜਾ।।  
 ਕਿਆ ਬਰਦੀ ਕਿਆ ਬਾਂਦੀ ਯਾਰਾ। ਕਰਦਿਆਂ ਟੋਕ ਟਬਰ ਵਿਚ।।  
 ਮਾਰੂ ਖਲ ਦੇ ਡੁਖੜੇ ਘਾਟੇ। ਗੱਪ ਖਡ ਖੁੜਬਣ ਖੋਬ ਗਪਾਟੇ।।  
 ਰਾਤ ਡੇਹਾਂ ਤੜਫਾਂਦੀ ਯਾਰਾ। ਰੁਲਦੀ ਰੋਹ ਡੁੰਗਰ ਵਿਚ।।  
 ਬਿਰਹੋਂ ਬਲਾਈਂ ਸੰਝ ਸਬਾਹੀ। ਦਮ ਦਮ ਆਹੀਂ ਨਿਕਲਣ ਧਾਈਂ।।  
 ਸੇਝ ਫਰੀਦ ਨ ਭਾਂਦੀ ਯਾਰਾ। ਲਗੜੀ ਚੋਟ ਅੰਦਰ ਵਿਚ।।

Alone in the forest.  
The lover has discarded me  
The travellers always walk away.  
My poor soul couldn't sustain Him  
The promise breaker, could not keep up his word  
The bedecked bridal bed gone waste  
I have covered my face with shame  
In the hope of his return, I pass my days,  
At last, he shall be the pall bearer to my grave  
Thorny bushes, as my garland  
Painful separation as my attire  
Bare arm as pillow, I thoroughly am restless in the land of sorrow.  
The useless love has turned the entire street as my foe;  
Even my maid servants taunt me,  
My family members curse me.  
Devastating desert of hate around me is consuming my life bit by bit.  
Farid, the pangs of separation are torturing my soul, day and night  
  
The sighs are my fate,  
Grief as my forte,  
The bed of roses is no comfort.  
Bleed my wounded heart! bleed  
This is the result of loving the unknown traveller

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ਯਾਰ ਕੂੰ ਕਰ ਮਸਜੂਦ। ਛੱਡ ਤੇ ਬਿਉ ਮਅਬੂਦ।  
 ਹਰ ਸੂਰਤ ਵਿਚ ਯਾਰ ਕੂੰ ਜਾਣੀ। ਗੈਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਮੌਜੂਦ।  
 ਸਭ ਦਾਦ ਕੂੰ ਸਮਝੀ ਵਾਹਦ। ਕਸਰਤ ਹੈ ਮਫਕੂਦ।  
 ਫਖਰੁਦੀਨ ਮਿਠਲ ਦੇ ਸ਼ੌਕੀਂ। ਦਮ ਦਮ ਨਿਕਲਣ ਦੂਦ।  
 ਵਸਲ ਫਰੀਦ ਕੂੰ ਹਾਸਲ ਹੋਇਆ। ਜਬ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ ਨਾਬੂਦ।

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ਯਾਰ ਕੂੰ ਕਰ ਮਸਜੂਦ। ਛੱਡ ਤੇ ਬਿਉ ਮਅਬੂਦ ॥  
 ਹਰ ਸੂਰਤ ਵਿਚ ਯਾਰ ਕੂੰ ਜਾਣੀ। ਗੈਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਮੌਜੂਦ ॥  
 ਸਭ ਦਾਦ ਕੂੰ ਸਮਝੀ ਵਾਹਦ। ਕਸਰਤ ਹੈ ਮਫਕੂਦ ॥  
 ਫਖਰੁਦੀਨ ਮਿਠਲ ਦੇ ਸ਼ੌਕੀਂ। ਦਮ ਦਮ ਨਿਕਲਣ ਦੂਦ ॥  
 ਵਸਲ ਫਰੀਦ ਕੂੰ ਹਾਸਲ ਹੋਇਆ। ਜਬ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ ਨਾਬੂਦ ॥

Bow to the lover (Almighty) alone;  
Forget other concentrations;  
He alone is present in every form.  
There is no stranger in the land of love  
Every figure is the constituent of 'One' (creator in creation)  
Amassing of wealth is useless  
(Because there is no one else besides Him)  
For the sake of sweet Fakhar-ud-din (His guide and elder brother)  
I am burning in the fire of separation  
What a luck;  
Farid, was granted communion only when he had completely  
killed himself (*Fanah-Fillah*)

\* \* \*

ਨਾ ਕਰ ਬੇ ਪਰਵਾਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ। ਮਿਲ ਸਾਵਲ ਮਾਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥  
ਭਠ ਪਿਆ ਰੰਗ ਪੁਰ ਦਾ ਪਰਨੀਵਣਾ। ਤੋਂ ਬਿਨ ਜੀਵਣ ਡੁਖੜਾ ਥੀਵਣਾ॥

ਸਮਝਾਂ ਮੌਤ ਵਿਸਾਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥

ਬਾਝੋ ਤੈਂਡੇ ਬਾਂਝ ਅਜਾਈ। ਅਮੜੀ ਬਾਬਲ ਭੈਣੀਂ ਭਾਈ॥

ਫਿਰਦੀ ਦਿਲ ਤੋਂ ਲਾਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥

ਕਿਵੇਂ ਪੇਕੀਂ ਪਤਣੀ ਵਲਦੀ। ਤੋੜ ਅਸਲ ਦੀ ਰੋਜ਼ ਅਜ਼ਲ ਦੀ॥

ਹੀਰ ਰਾਂਝਣ ਦੀ ਆਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥

ਚਾਈ ਜਾਈ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਧਨਵਾਈ। ਪੀਤ ਸਿਵਾ ਪਈ ਰੀਤ ਨਾ ਕਾਈ॥

ਬੇ ਵਾਹੀ ਬੇ ਠਾਈ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥

ਵਿਸਰਿਆ ਰੰਗ ਮਹਲ ਚਚਕਾਣਾ। ਝੰਗ ਸਿਆਲੀਂ ਤੇ ਮਘਿਆਣਾ॥

ਲਾਇਓ ਕੈਬਰ ਜਾਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥

ਧੂੜ ਮਹੀਂ ਦੀ ਨੂਰ ਅਖੀਂਦਾ। ਪਾਹ ਹੰਬਾਹ ਹੈ ਮਾਣ ਮਹੀਂ ਦਾ॥

ਡੇਵਮ ਹਾਲ ਗਵਾਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥

ਸਹਿਜੋ ਸੁਰਖੀ ਮੈਂਦੀ ਲੈਸਾਂ। ਕਜਲਾ ਪੀਸਾਂ ਮਾਂਗ ਬਣੇਸਾਂ॥

ਜੇ ਥੀਓ ਮੈਂਡੋ ਰਾਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥

ਆਪੇ ਤਖਤ ਹਜ਼ਾਰੋਂ ਆਇਆ॥ ਹੀਰੇ ਕਾਰਣ ਚਾਕ ਸਡਾਇਆ॥

ਸਟ ਕਰ ਸ਼ੌਕਤ ਸ਼ਾਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥

ਬਿਰਹੋਂ ਫਰੀਦ ਥੀ ਉਸੇ ਸਾਥੀ। ਜੈ ਡੋਂਹ ਰਾਵਲ ਪਾਕਰ ਝਾਤੀ॥

ਜਾਦੂ ਮੁਰਲੀ ਵਾਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥

ਨਾ ਕਰ ਬੇਪਰਵਾਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ। ਮਿਲ ਸਾਵਲ ਸਾਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥

ਭਠ ਪਿਆ ਰੰਗ ਪੁਰ ਦਾ ਪਰਨੀਵਣਾ। ਤੋਂ ਬਿਨ ਜੀਵਣ ਡੁਖੜਾ ਥੀਵਣਾ॥

ਸਮਝਾਂ ਮੌਜ ਵਿਸਾਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥

ਬਾਝਾਂ ਤੈਂਡੇ ਬਾਂਝ ਅਜਾਈ। ਅਮੜੀ ਬਾਬਲ ਭੈਣੀ ਭਾਈ॥

ਫਿਰਦੀ ਦਿਲ ਤੋਂ ਲਾਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥

ਪੇਕੀਂ ਪਤਣੀ ਵਲਦੀ। ਤੋੜ ਅਸਲ ਦੀ ਰੋਜ਼ ਅਜ਼ਲ ਦੀ॥

ਹੀਰ ਰਾਂਝਣ ਦੀ ਆਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥

ਚਾਡ ਜਾਡੀ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਧਨਵਾਈ। ਪੀਤ ਸਿਵਾ ਪਈ ਰੀਤ ਨਾ ਕਾਈ॥

ਬੇ ਵਾਹੀ ਬੇ-ਠਾਈ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥

ਵਿਸਰਿਆ ਰੰਗ ਮਹਲ ਚਚਕਾਣਾ। ਝੰਗ ਸਿਆਲੀਂ ਤੇ ਮਘਆਣਾ॥

ਲਾਏਓ ਕੈਂਬਰ ਜਾਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥

ਧੂੜ ਸਹੀਂ ਦੀ ਨੂਰ ਅਖੀਂਦਾ। ਪਾਹ ਹੰਬਾਹ ਹੈ ਸਾਧ ਸਹੀਂ ਦਾ॥

ਡੇਵਮ ਹਾਲ ਗਵਾਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥

ਸਹਜੋਂ ਸੁਰਖੀ ਮੈਂਦੀ ਲੈਸਾਂ। ਕਜਲਾ ਪੀਸਾਂ ਮਾਂਗ ਬਣੇਸਾਂ॥

ਜੇ ਥੀਓ ਮੈਂਡੋ ਰਾਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥

ਆਪੇ ਤਖਤ ਹਜ਼ਾਰੋਂ ਆਇਆ॥ ਹੀਰੇ ਕਾਰਣ ਚਾਕ ਸਡਾਇਆ॥

ਸਟ ਕਰ ਸ਼ੌਕਤ ਸ਼ਾਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥

ਬਿਰਹੀਂ ਫਰੀਦ ਥੀ ਉਸ ਸਾਥੀ। ਜੇ ਡੋਂਹ ਰਾਵਲ ਪਾਕਰ ਝਾਤੀ॥ ਜਾਦੂ ਮੁਰਲੀ ਵਾਹੀ ਵੋ ਯਾਰ॥



Do not be unfamiliar, O dark-skinned lover  
 I pray for your communion  
 Let the marriage at Rangpur\* go to hell  
 Life without you is the unbearable pain,  
 It is like the treacherous death to me,  
 Without you there is no one to support me,  
 Mother, father, sister or brother are no relations;  
 I have wiped them off the slate of my memory  
 Heer was consigned to Ranjha on the fateful day of 'Azal' by the  
 Lord Himself.  
 How can I revert to my parents and friends now?  
 I know only the song of love,  
 Born of love, brought up in love,  
 Bathed in the ocean of love.  
 I am nothing without love,  
 Lover boy you have struck me, with the sharpest arrow  
 Jhang Maghiana,\*\* and my uncle's place  
 All gone to oblivion  
 The dust of your cattle is the light of my eyes  
 Tending your cattle is my proud destiny  
 I say all this, on the word of my honour.  
 I shall apply *mehdi*, on my hands,  
 Use rouge on my cheeks,  
 Put *kajal* in my eyes,  
 Part my hair in the middle to attract you lover-boy,  
 For the sake of Heer you became a servant in her house  
 You had come from *Takht Hazara\** of your own.  
 For me you sacrificed your majestic grace.  
 The day I saw your charming face,  
 The moment I heard the music of your flute,  
 Instantly my heart was entranced by the magic of love.

---

\*\* Native place of Heer.

\**Takht Hazara*—Native place of Ranjha

---

\* Rangpur-The native place of Khera family where Heer was married.

## VIII

### Some Lesser Known Sufi Poets

**I**N THE PRECEDING chapters, we have discussed some of the prominent Sufi poets of Punjab. Besides the great Sufi poets as mentioned earlier, there are some more mystics who have written poetry in Punjabi but are comparatively lesser known. However, they are as mystic as their predecessors in character and thought content.

Before we take up these individual poets, it would be worth mentioning, that there were two sects of Sufi poets, belonging to the two different ideologies prevalent in Punjab. We may not call them the two different warring groups, but they vied with each other as exponents of mystic thought and differed with each other on account of their sources of inspiration.

The Sufis belonging to the pantheistic school, believed in Vedantic philosophy or monoism. The main characteristic of this cult being the unity of God and man. According to them the man emanates from God and merges back into His essence. They believe that it is God Himself who appears in different forms and individuals. He takes different shapes and different forms. The universe is His own creation, His own extension and He has created the universe at His own accord, to see Himself and appreciate His own beauty. The creation is His mirror which has His reflection. Thus the eternal beauty sees its reflection in the universal mirror. This is the esoteric expression of Vedantic philosophy reflected through *gurmat* (Sikh scriptures), which has influenced the life and culture of Punjab.

The other sect called *Ijadists*, stuck to Quranic interpretation of

God and confided in the knowledge of *Shariat*. According to them the salvation is not possible without adopting the path of Mohamad. While the earlier sect was more favourably inclined towards the Hindus and believed in dialogue and cultural exchanges, the latter had adopted a rigid attitude towards non-Muslims. One of their leaders named Ahmad Sirhandi under the influence of fundamentalist movement preached persecution of Hindus and Sikhs and to greater extent was responsible for a sense of hatred and separation. However, the common point in both the sects was the expression of wifely love for God, who may be won over by adoration and veneration. The *Ijadist* God is the tyrant majesty who inculcates fear by awarding punishment to the sinners and rules the universe with iron hand. The stress is on the element of fear, but the panthiest God is *rahim* (merciful) and *karim* (kind). They believe in the doctrine of *raza* (will of God).

Besides the two sects mentioned in the preceding paragraph there is yet another group who owes their origin to the Neo-platonic philosophy of *wahdad-ul-wajood* propounded by Ibnul Arbi. This philosophy of divine emanation or dualism of spirit and matter, says that the divine element indwells every being. Thus pantheism and Neo-platonism are identical in their approach.

In this chapter, we have included some of the lesser known Sufi poets of Punjab, whose contribution to Punjabi literature, may not be as great as that of Baba Farid, Shah Hussain, Sultan Bahu, Ali Haider, Bulleh Shah and Ghulam Farid, but their contribution to Sufi poetry cannot be ignored. They are lesser-known, but their poetry is of no lesser means. They are: Karam Ali, Fard Faqir; Ghulam Rasul and Ghulam Jilani Rohtaki.

### **Karam Ali**

Saiyad Karam Ali, is one of the lesser-known Sufi poets in Punjabi, with no authentic anthology of his own. Neither he finds reference in the representative collections brought out by research scholars. yet scattered pieces of his mystic compositions can be heard from wandering Faqirs mendicants and minstrels, which speak very high of his devoted sense of mystic poetry. It seems he

was a Saiyad and that his *murshid* was Pir Hussain. In one of the couplets he says:

“Maler Kotla Karam Ali Ni ditta Pir Hussain Jamal.”

(At Maler Kotla Pir Hussain bestowed upon Karam Ali the devine light.)

This shows that he came in contact with his *murshid* at Maler Kotla. The actual residence of his Murshid Peir Hussain, however, seems to be in Batala, a small industrial town near Amritsar, as in one of his couplets he refers to this fact.

“*Pir Hussain dikhai ditti,  
Hass hass qadman de val nathi,  
Karam Ali la sine nal sutti  
Vasa Shaihar Vatale di gaddi.*”

“A glimpse of Pir Hussain’s gleaming countenance  
gladly I rushed towards his feet  
I embraced him and slept.  
His seat is at Vatala.”

It would be seen that mystic experience expressed by Karam Ali, starts with *ishq majazi* and ultimately culminates in *ishq haqiqi*. Here embracing the lover and sleeping with him has been used symbolically.

Karam Ali’s poetry does not have a characteristic quality which should be identified as his own individualistic style. His poetry at best is the collection of various thoughts representing different religious schools with a predominant influence of Islam. In one of his poems he describes himself as a Gopi the girl-friend of Lord Krishna who wishes to lure him with her charms and longs to play the game of ‘*Raas*’ with him. This is the clear influence and representation of the Hindu thought. However, in another poem he is all out in the praise of his guru and through him he reaches God and praises the Almighty.

The available poetry of Karam Ali may be distributed in four distinctive classifications prevalent at the time. These are: *khyal*, *ghazal*, *lori* and *dohre*.

*Khyal* in reality is a thought expressed by repetition of the idea or the particular phrase. In other words, this is the substitution of *kafi*, the most popular mode of expression owned by the Sufi poets in Punjabi. Depending upon the sustenance of the idea, these poems vary in length. Here, mark the intensity of spiritual concentration. In this sensitive piece, Karam Ali depicts himself as a young damsel, who stands in wait for her lover, yearning for the union. He says:

*Aj koi awandra mere hilaan choli de band.  
Karam Ali je Sohna hou ho baithan anand  
Nit Peer Husain da Khari udeekan pand.  
(Hark! he is coming  
The tight strings of my choli (blouse)  
have started sliding  
Karam Ali, sure it is he, Peer Hussain  
I wish to enjoy the union and the eternal bliss.)*

*Ghazals* have not been tried by any other Punjabi Sufi poet. The language used in this form is Punjabi, with a combination of Urdu, Persian and Arabic. The prosody is also faulty. The poet fails to give a good account of his knowledge of the languages.

His concept of God is that of a popular Sufi. He finds Him omnipresent but traces His omnipresence through all religions. Ironically enough, a little before his death he composed a couplet which runs as follows:

*"Waqt akhri aa gya, thalle maut paigham  
Chal Karam Shah chaliye, Jhagre mitan tamam"*

(The last moment has arrived. The messenger of death is waiting down below. Let's go Karam Ali, Let this be the end of all afflictions.)

### Fard Faqir

The scholars differ on the date of birth of this Sufi poet. According to one he was born in 1704, while the other has given his date of birth as 1720. He was an *Ijadist* and preached the fearful character of Almighty, who shall throw the sinners in the fires of hell. As such:

“Farda lekha laisiya Rab Qadir Jal Jalaal  
(Farad: the Almighty will ask for account of all the sins  
committed by you)

The fear of punishment has always compelled the believers to abide by the religious tenets. However, a sort of dual personality seems to have been created by Fard Faqir in his writings. On one hand he is pleading for *Roza* and *Namaz* and on the other hand his vocabulary tends to be exotic and sexy. This tendency of studding his language with dual meaning words are more prominent in his *BARA MAHAN*, while his *si harfi* is a platonic expression of love, where he appears to be more seasoned and wise.

His writings include *Qasab Nama Bafandgan*, *Qasab Nama Hajaman*, *Roshan Dil*, *Siharfi Nasihat* and *Bara Mahan*.

### Ghulam Rasul (1813-1879 AD)

Ghulam Rasul was born at a place called Bhiwanidass in Gujranwala Distt. of undivided Punjab. All that has been said about Fard Faqir is equally applicable to his writings as well. He seems to have a confused concept of mysticism. In the first instance, he started as a Pantheist and later on shifted to *Ijadist* school. In the earlier phase he depicted wifely devotion for God, but later on under the *Ijadist* influence, he seems to have repented for his earlier so called sinful behaviour. It appears he started the second phase of his poetry with a vengence and wrote *Hulia Sharif* (countenance) of prophet Mohammad. His later writings are the mirror of his fundamentalist personality.

### Ghulam Jilani Rohtaki (1749-1819 AD)

Born in a Saiyad family, Ghulam Jilani Rohtaki traced his origin to *Chishti Qadri Silsila*. His father Badar Din was a pious person, who inculcated seeds of *Bhakti* in him from his Childhood. In him we find, the perfect conception of a Hindu devotee. Earlier than Ghulam Jilani in the Sufi tradition, we find that Shah Hussain and Bulleh Shah, even though they were Musalmans had been singing praises of the Hindu Gods and had sown the seed of *Prema Bhakti*. But in Ghulam Jilani Rohtaki we find the perfect *Hindu Bhakt*.

Bulleh Shah had accepted all the tenets of Hinduism, yet his belief in Allah, the Muslim god was unshaken. But Ghulam Jilani is a perfect Hindu ascetic and has depicted unshakable faith in Vedanta and yoga. Here is a specimen of his poetry in Punjabi.

*"Alif ao bhagto satsang kariye  
Bachan labhdayak dasan pyarya oe"*

(*Bhakts!* Come along. Let's sit together and sing his glory. This is a profitable piece of advice from me).

While singing the songs of Hari he talks of yogic exercise through which the yogis control their breath.

*"Har dam shabad Hari de ganvan  
Dasam dwar Ja aasan lanwan"*

The yogis can stop their breathing at will and can manage to stay in this position as long as they wish. They can control the aging process and keep the body free from decay and disease, while in this posture. This stage is called *Dasam Dwar* to which Ghulam Jilani has referred to. Again there is a reference to death and birth which is typical of the Hindu way of life. He says:

*"Je hoven Satgur di daasi  
Na bhogen tu joon chaurasi."*

(If you become the servant of the guru, you will be free from the eighty four lakhs forms of birth and death).

According to the Hindu belief, the soul has to undertake eighty four lakh births and deaths in different forms, before the human body is allotted to it. But those who indulge in noble deeds can get concessions provided there is approval and kindness of the guru. The guru can scuttle the process of birth and death. Here Ghulam Jilani is a perfect Vedantic and expresses his views in simple unsophisticated Punjabi verse. He has written a number of books explaining his mystic experiences. These are: *Jog Sagar, Prem Piyala, Prem Bani, Prem Lehar, Heer Ghulam Jilani, Salwat-i-Qayam, Khatutul-Salkin, Tazim-i-Murshad* and *Bahisht Di Kunji*.

## Sufi Terminology

<i>Arif</i>	Gnostic
<i>Aqil</i>	Reason
<i>Azali</i>	Beginningless; From eternity
<i>Baqa</i>	Subsistence
<i>Bast</i>	Expansion
<i>Fana-o-Baqa</i>	Annihilation and Subsistence
<i>Faqr</i>	Poverty
<i>Fatuh</i>	Unmasked for charity
<i>Fiqr</i>	Reasoning
<i>Hadis</i>	Science of Traditions
<i>Haibat</i>	Awe
<i>Hal</i>	State (of mind)
<i>Haya</i>	Shame
<i>Hijab</i>	Veil; Barricades
<i>Hiras</i>	Avarice
<i>Iftar</i>	The food taken at the end of a day of fasting
<i>Ikhlās</i>	Sincerity; Singleness of purpose
<i>Ilm al Mukashafa</i>	Direct apprehension of supersensory realities or intuition
<i>Iman</i>	Faith
<i>Ism (Ismat)</i>	Name (s)
<i>Ittsal</i>	Union
<i>Jalal</i>	Divine Majesty
<i>Jamal</i>	Divine Beauty
<i>Jihad al-Akbar</i>	Struggle against the animal soul
<i>Kashf</i>	Revelation
<i>Khalifa(h)</i>	Successor or deputy
<i>Khauf</i>	Fear; Trepidation



<i>Khiraqa</i>	Patched garment of a Sufi
<i>Marfat</i>	Gnosis
<i>Muhabbat</i>	Love
<i>Muhasiba</i>	Critical stock-taking of self
<i>Muqam</i>	Station or stage
<i>Muraqaba</i>	Watching over self
<i>Mustaghani</i>	Indifferent
<i>Nafs</i>	Animal soul
<i>Qahz-o-Bast</i>	Contraction and Expansion
<i>Qahr</i>	Divine violence
<i>Qalb</i>	Human soul; heart
<i>Qurb</i>	Proximity
<i>Raja</i>	Hope
<i>Razi</i>	Contented
<i>Riza</i>	Submission to the Will of God
<i>Ruh</i>	Rational soul
<i>Sabr</i>	Patience
<i>Salik (Saluk)</i>	Practicant (Practice)
<i>Shauq</i>	Yearning or longing for God
<i>Shloka</i>	A kind of verse
<i>Shukr</i>	Thankful praise
<i>Sidq</i>	Truthfulness
<i>Sifat (Sifat)</i>	Attribute(s)
<i>Tajalli</i>	Illumination of the heart; Divine Manifestation
<i>Taqlid</i>	Knowledge gained through tradition or revelation
<i>Tasawwuf</i>	Sufism
<i>Tauba</i>	Repentance
<i>Tawwakkul</i>	Absolute reliance on God; Contentment
<i>Tawhid</i>	Unity of Being

<i>Uns</i>	Intimacy; affability
<i>Zahid</i>	Ascetic
<i>Zanbil</i>	Bowl
<i>Zat</i>	Essence (of being)
<i>Zikr</i>	Rememberance of God's name(s)
<i>Zuhd</i>	Abstinence









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