

*Melody  
of  
Clouds*

Shah Abdul Lateef Bhittai

English, Urdu Translation

Agha Saleem

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*Dedication:*

To,  
My Motherland  
**Sindh**  
who gave birth to  
**Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai**

Agha Saleem

## Preface

Translating means carrying across. When one translates certain text of a language he carries it across from one language to another. This carrying across could be easy if it is an ordinary text but arduous when it is poetry. Poetry is not only a metrical and rhythmic arrangement of words, it is also a text that blooms from poet's personality. One Japanese poet of tenth century asserted that "Poems have their seeds in human heart and burgeon forth into the myriad leaves of words." Poet's personality sprouts and then is cultivated in the culture of the society the poet lives in. Hence, translation means not only carrying across the text of the poetry, but also the culture of the language the poem is being translated from. Besides, words are not only symbols and signs communicating certain meanings, they also have connotations and undertones. Hence they say far more than their literal meaning. That is why Robert Frost described poetry as "What gets lost in translation".

Most arduous is the translation of mystic poetry particularly of Shah Abdul Lateef Bhittai, whose roots are deep down in the land he belongs to. Translating him would be uprooting him and it is a botanical reality that big trees are never transplanted, and when uprooted they wither away. Carrying Shah Abdul Lateef across means carrying across the culture, the history, the folklore and the geography of the land he was born in.

Of all the problems of translation the foremost is the translator himself. Translating is not a passive activity. Translator has his own creative impulses. When he translates any text, his creative impulses

recreate and reinterpret it. Hence much is lost or added to the original text. There is no doubt that in this translation also much is lost but the text, that has lost more than it has gained, is worth reading

The English translation is in prose and Urdu translation is in verse. At places one may notice a slight difference between the Urdu and English translations. It is because the English translation is faithful to the original text where as Urdu translation, at places, is more faithful to the spirit than to the text.

In the poetry of Shah Abdul Lateef words are blended with music and it appears likely that he created music before the words. All his poetry is born of melodies, which he himself conceived. As such, his poetry can not be separated from music. Mr. Agha Saleem has made all efforts to retain its musical value, and Urdu translations being in verse, can easily be sung in the original tunes, which are being sung since two and half centuries.

Our forum has taken upon itself the task of reintroducing, reinterpreting, and disseminating mystic music and poetry so that our scorched hearts, hardened by the mechanical industrial culture, are softened and soothed and are recharged with sublime human feelings like pity and compassion. Publication of this book is our first step towards this goal.

**Qabool Abro**

*President*

The Voice Culture Forum

## Foreword

Since millions of years, man has been waging war against his own animality and barbarity. This war he has simultaneously won and lost. Won in the sense that he is at the peak of civilization and lost in the sense that he is all empty inside, without faith in his own humanity and humanity in general. The result is that he fills his emptiness with new barbarity and terrorism, and we see him strutting on the top of the globe with nuclear arsenals to destroy mankind and civilization. We should fill his spiritual emptiness with faith in himself and in human race and so save the world. This we can do by adopting mysticism as the religion of our troubled times. It is the religion of love and peace, "heart of all religions," and "key to unity of all religions". Mystics see God in man and elevate man to divine sublimity. They teach us to love man for by loving man we love God, and by hurting man we hurt God. In the troubled times we are living in, we should practice, preach and disseminate this religion all over the world and so fill the emptiness of modern man's soul and inculcate in him love for mankind. With this objective in mind, we have formed "The Voice Culture Forum", and have embarked upon a venture of reintroducing mystic poetry and mystic music, which makes man feel one with the whole. Shah Abdul Lateef Bhittai is a great mystic poet. He sings of peace, love and sublime human feelings. Unfortunately, his message is confined to Sindh only. We want to introduce him to the people all

over the world. We are, therefore, publishing English and Urdu translation of his long poem “Melody of Clouds”. It is a symbolic poem. The poet likens human heart without faith to a scorched desert which, when it rains, blooms and becomes a paradisiacal garden. Likewise, when love is showered on human heart, it blooms and becomes all garden. So the poet prays for his desert land and the lands of all the countries of the world to bloom.

*O my Lord! Bestow prosperity on Sindh forever,  
O my Sweet Friend! Shower blessings  
On the entire world.*

Let us pray that our poet's prayer is granted and entire world is blessed along with the land of the poet.

**Dr. Pir Syed Ebrahim Shah**  
*President*  
Rotary Club of Karachi Clifton  
Secretary  
The Voice Culture Forum



# Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai

## a. Life

Shah Abdul Lateef Bhitai, the great mystic poet of Sindh, was born in Hala Haveli, a village in Halla Taluka of Hyderabad District. It is at a distance of about 18 miles from Bhitt, the last resting place of our poet. It is quite often that there is difference of opinion regarding the dates of birth and death of great men. Shah's dates of birth and death are also controversial. Nevertheless, a majority of notable scholars, after intensive research, have agreed that he was born in the year 1689 AD and died in 1752 AD at the age of 63.

Shah's ancestors came from Hirat (Afghanistan) with Tamerlane and settled in Sindh. His great grand father, Shah Abdul Karim of Bulri, was a renowned poet and a saint. His father, Sayyad Habib Shah, was also a pious man. Habib Shah was in Hala Haveli, when Shah was born, and after his birth, Shah Habib shifted to Kotri, a place at a distance of about four miles from Bhitt and now in ruins. This is where Shah Lateef, in his prime youth, fell in love with the daughter of a powerful landlord, Mirza Mughal Beg. Shah Lateef wanted to marry her but Mughal Beg opposed the match and turned hostile to the family and Habib Shah was constrained to leave Kotri and settle in a small village near Kotri.

Shah had discovered his ideal but could not achieve it. This shattered him completely and in a fit of

desperation and despair he left home for destinations unknown. Coming across a group of Hindu ascetics or jogis, he joined them in their foot journeys to Hinglaj, Junagarh, Lahoot, Jassermere and Thar, the desert area of Sindh. During these wanderings he developed some differences with the ascetics and one night, when he was asleep, they left him.

After wandering for three years, he felt an inner urge to go to Thatta, where he met Makhdoom Muhammad Mueen, the great religious scholar of his time and a Wahadatal Wajoodi Sufi. Under his influence Shah Lateef also became Wahdatal Wajoodi Sufi, and on his mentor's advice he abandoned his wanderings and returned to his parents. In the meanwhile, the situation at home had changed. Some robbers had attacked Mughal Beg's house and killed all the male members of his family. The ladies, taking this incident as a curse fallen on Mughal Beg's family because he had annoyed his murshid, Habib Shah, came to Habib Shah, sought his forgiveness and offered Mughal Beg's daughter, Bibi Sayyada, in marriage to our poet, whom he had fallen in love with. Thus Shah was united to his beloved separation from whom had driven him to wanderings in wilderness for three years.

But physical union was no longer a cherished dream for three years long wanderings in the company of Hindu ascetics and his sojourn at Thatta with the Sufi scholar had purged him and sublimated his

disillusionment into channels of mysticism and thus he embarked upon a spiritual voyage. His perception of love had changed. He now believed in seeking but not achieving the love object and this belief he began to expound in his poetry.

During his wanderings with ascetics he had seen life in its true colours. He had observed people's sufferings, their miseries and their deprivations. According to Sufi creed, man is a manifestation of God. Lateef saw God's manifestation being humiliated and insulted. He saw the hypocrite mullahs and clerics extracting money from the ignorant people in the name of God and religion. The overall social scenario despaired him and he decided to retire in seclusion on a Bhatt (dune) and it is because of the Bhatt that he is called Shah Bhattai, meaning Shah of the Dune. It was on that dune that he composed great poetry.

In the year 1752 AD, when he was 63 years of age, he intuited his death. He asked his disciples to play music and sing his poetry he had composed in raga Sohni. Wrapping himself in a white sheet of cloth, he retired to a Hujra (ante chamber) and listened to the music for three days. When his disciples went in the Hujra, they found him dead. He was buried on the Bhatt.

## **b. Social Scenario**

The society Shah lived in was a feudal society believed to have been made by God and no mortal on earth could change it. Hence social order was static and society was divided into three strata: the landed nobility, the religious/spiritual gentry and the servile subject mass of the people, which included land tillers, small craftman, and merchants. Economic order was based on agriculture. Land was the basic economic source and a transferable property. The social status of an individual was determined by the extent of land ownership. Land was owned by a minority, below whom was a multitude of peasants. The relationship of landlord with peasants was exploitive. They extracted all sorts of services and hard labour from them without wages and even their private lives were regulated according to the wishes of the landlord. The peasantry cultivated lands on the traditional understanding of dividing the produce. Cultivators had no market outside the village. The village was a world in itself and the peasant knew nothing outside this world. In every village there was a mosque or a temple and a religious man, mullah or a pundit, who led prayers, performed religious rituals and gave basic religious knowledge to the people. Its industry was based on the work of small craftsmen, merchants and peasants.

The relationship amongst the landlords was co-operative as well as competitive. Their socialites

depended on a gradation of land holding. If a peasant left his landlord he would not be employed by another one. It was believed that God had assigned each human to a given social class with which he should be contented. The landed nobility was ordained to defend all, religious man was ordained to pray for all and commons were ordained to provide food to all. The religious man was there to interpret religion and to give explanation for people's miseries which were obviously due to their sins. Hence they accepted all the miseries and sufferings as God's punishment. The religious man preached that these classes were necessary to the world and were ordained by God to serve Him and each other.<sup>1</sup>

### **c. Intellectual Scenario**

When Shah put in appearance, it was a period of intellectual dormancy, barrenness and a long cultural winter sleep; there was an icy well. No new ideology was being bred. There was no tomorrow but only a perpetual yesterday. The only progressive ideology was that of Tassawuf, that too, with the passage of time, had lost its vigor and vitality. It was in this icy well that one Socialist Sufi, Shah Inayat, appeared on the scene.

Shah Inayat was a sufi of the Saharwardy order. He was born in the year 1655-56 AD. He was very popular among the people as an unassuming and self less Sufi. His popularity touched the zenith, when he

*1. Cast, Class and Race-Oliver C. Cox*

distributed his family lands and those granted by the rulers to Dargah among the landless peasants without any compensation and share in the produce. Considering him threat to the status quo the neighboring landlord Sayyads, with the connivance of the Mughal governor of Thatta, Mir Lutuf Ali, attacked Jhok, the Sufi's native place, and killed many of his followers. Shah Inayat complained to the Mughal King, Farukh Sare at Dehli. The King forfeited all the lands of the Sayyads and gave them to Shah Inayat as compensation. The King also granted more land for the expenses and maintenance of the Dargah. This land was also distributed among the peasants. Shah Inayat was transferring feudal society into an agrarian egalitarian society ensuring collective well being for all. But it was not easy to change settled static social order in which there was no place for ambitions. The result was that the system retaliated with full force and pounced upon Shah Inayat. All custodians of the status quo united. The Mughal governor and the neighboring landlords complained to the King that Shah Inayat was organizing revolt against the King in the guise of spiritual movement. King ordered his governor, the zameendars and the Kalhora ruler of upper Sindh to crush the insurgency of Shah Inayat ruthlessly. The governor of Thatta, the Kalhora ruler, Pirs, Sayyads and landlords mobilized their forces and besieged the fort of Jhok. The devotees of Shah Inayat known as Faqirs, who were defending the fort of Shah Inayat, refused to surrender. It might have been easy for the government forces to topple the mud walls of the

fort, but it was very difficult to topple the wall of determination of the Faqirs. They started a guerilla war against the government forces and inflicted heavy losses on them. The siege continued for six months. Seeing the losses of the government forces and the resistance the Faqirs had put up, the enemy decided to capture Shah Inayat by deceit. He sent the Holy Quran to Shah Inayat and invited him for dialogue according to the tenets of the Quran. Shah Inayat knew that it was a trap of treachery and deceit but to honor the Holy Quran he decided to accept the invitation. He instructed all his Faqirs not to take arms whatsoever may happen because the matter rested with Allah. And then he went to meet the governor. The Governor, as he had planned, immediately ordered the executioner to behead him. When he was being beheaded he gave blessings to the executioner by reciting a verse;

“You liberate me from the evil of existence,  
May God reward you for that in this and the next  
World”.

When Shah Inayat was brutally murdered, Shah Lateef was 30 years of age. It left a deep and permanent scar on his mind. Thus Shah Inayat emerged in his poetry as a lover, who smilingly climbs the gallows as a bridegroom climbs the nuptial bed.

Probably one of the reasons of our poet's denouncing the world and wanderings in the

wilderness with the Jogies was, besides pangs of love, Shah Inayat's brutal murder. Thus we see him denouncing the society and settling on a dune even after achieving his love object. It was from there that he assailed the social order of the time, criticized the static social order and revitalized Tassawuf with the vigor of his poetry. He exalted the common man and restored to him his basic human dignity the society had deprived him of. No other poet has ever depicted miseries of the down, trodden people the way Shah has done.

#### **d. Mystic Music**

Shah belonged to the class of sufies, who regard music as the source of spiritual exaltation and sublimity. Hazrat Nizammuddin Aoulia, the great saint of the sub-continent, once said: "On the day of covenant of souls with God, I heard God's call to the souls "Am I not your God?" in Purbi raga".

Once Imam Raazi, a renowned sufi scholar, was reading the Quran since morning prayer but was not being inspired. Meanwhile a singer came to see him. Imam asked him to sing him some verses. The singer sang and the Imam's eyes were filled with tears. He said in a choked voice to the singer, "I was reading Quran since dawn but my feelings were not being swayed. You sang and it moved me to tears". Baba Bulhe Shah, the poet of sufi rapture, said

We sold Qurran and purchased Tanboor,  
The Tanboor revealed Divine mystery unto us,



And we perceived through the veil of  
“there is no God but one” M of Muhammad.

Music induces ecstasy in a Sufi and frees him of all the bindings of body and senses and he becomes one with the Absolute One. This psychological state of Sufi is aptly described by a renowned poet of Chistia order, Hazrat Usman Harooni, in one of his famous ghazals:

In love of a friend I dance in the middle of fire  
For every moment,  
Sometimes I flounce on dust,  
And sometimes I dance on thorns.



Come, O barmaid! Play mystic music;  
In an ecstasy of union with the friend  
I dance like a frenzied man.



I am Usman Harooni, a friend of Mansoor,  
I am not afraid of ignominy and I dance on gallows.

This state of ecstasy is always momentary and sufi's soul sinks back exhausted to the level of ordinary consciousness. If this state continues, it can cause death. Hazrat Bakhtiar Kaaki, a well known sufi of Chistia order, died while listening to music because his soul did not sink back to ordinary consciousness.

Ecstasy means “coming out of oneself”, and it is associated with Dionysus, the Greek god of wine and vegetation. He is also characterized as a deity,

whose mysteries inspired ecstatic and orgiastic worship. His devotees used to drink wine during worship and in a state of intoxication felt freed from their physical senses and one with their god. As intoxication frees from physical senses, music frees the Sufi of himself and he becomes one with the whole. It is, therefore, thought that music contains bewitching charm as wine contains intoxication.

Sindh, being the cradle of civilization, had a great tradition of music. But when Shah appeared in the cultural panorama of Sindh, music was at a very low ebb obviously because of religious conservatism of Mullas and Qazees, who theologized every thing even culture and music with the result that many of those Sufis, who were far liberal than the mullas, disagreed over the permissibility of listening to music (Samaa). Another reason for the waning of Sindh's highly rich musical culture was political turmoil and instability. Throughout history, Sindh has been a victim of foreign invasions one after the other. Consequently the progress and development of music staggered, and music took shelter with the minstrel class, that too, was in a miserable condition. The musicians no more enjoyed the patronage of kings, rulers, and feudal lords. They were called "Manganhars and Mangtas." Both words denote a class of musicians living on alms. Gone were the days of glory of Sindh, when a king gave his head in reward to the bard and when Jam of Lasbella, the Samma ruler, awarded one hundred horses to a

minstrel.

The cultural current, which had sunk underground for centuries, suddenly erupted in the form of poetry and music of Shah Lateef. He appropriated and refined folk music, reduced to rules the folk tunes that “come and go on the lips of the people”. Our poet selected some classical ragas which were in emotive harmony with the people, Sindhised them and interpolated them in a system of his ragas.

Our poet was not only fond of music, but was a great musicologist. His virtuosity is evident from his poetic collection, which is compiled in various ragas. Some of them are classical ragas like Shudh Kalyan, Aeman, Khanbhat, Sriraga, Abheri, Desi, Hussaini, Kaamode, Kedara, Sarang, Aasa, Bervo, Ramkali, Purbi, Pirbhati, Bilawal.

Some are indigenous ragas like Samoondi (raga of sea-farers), Khahori (raga of seekers), Ghatoo (raga of killers), Kaapaiti (raga of spinning girls), Rip (raga of calamity of love), Karayal (raga of black colour), Dahar (raga of a valley between the two dunes). Some are named after folk tales of love and valour. These are Moomal Raano, Marui, and Leela Chanesar; while some others are names of ragas also like Sohni and Sourath.

Shah also invented some ragas based on occupational folk songs, seafarer’s songs and songs of spinning girls. Unfortunately all the ragas of his invention are lost and we are left with their names only.

Shah was an innovative artist. He was the first Sufi in Sindh, who introduced the musical instrument Danbooro (a distorted form of the word Tanboor) in Sufi Samaa. Not only that but he altered that traditional instrument, which previously had four strings and was called Chou Tara. He added one more string to it and made it Punj tara Tanbooro. It reminds us of Zaryab, the great musician of his times. Zaryab was a Sindhi but the torrent of time hurled him to Arabia and from there to Spain. His influence on Spanish music was immense. He, about eight hundred years before Shah, added one additional string to the Arabian four stringed musical instrument Aoud, and made it a five stringed Aoud.

Mostly all the great Western poets used Greek and Roman mythology as raw material of their poetry and expressed through mythological characters, situations and events, their belief and percepts. Shah Lateef also used folktales as raw material, which were epitomes of people's dreams, ideals and concepts of social and national order of things and of cosmic forces. Shah appropriated these tales, combined his own poetic gleam to them and interpreted them in terms of human situation in the world and the universe. These folk tales provided him with symbols and images from the concrete things of people's daily life and profession, and he expressed through these concrete images and symbols, his abstract ideas, percepts and human emotions. He does not narrate folk tales as a story

teller would, but uses the innate and intrinsic potentials of these tales to get his message across. Hence he selects events, situations and characters of the tales, contriving them to suit him for spelling out his sufi creed.

At some places he propounds his sufi creed as a poet committed to an ideology, propagating his social, political and religious ideology. The difference between the ideologue poet and Shah is that mysticism is not an ideology with him but it is his inner psychological reality, his way of feeling, thinking and perceiving the natural and spiritual world. As such, he looks at things, objects, human feelings, ideas, sensory and extra-sensory experiences through the mist of mysticism. He has lyricised his spirituality in the secular terms of human emotions and feelings. Hence his poetry at the same time is a symphony of the soul and the melody of the body. His impact on Sindhis is immense. His poetry is a landscape of their feelings, emotions, aspirations, dreams and ideals. Even in this modern age, his poetry and music takes one to timelessness and the world of appearance transforms into the world of ecstasy.

I must pay my heartily thanks to my writer friend Khawaja Saleem Ahmed who made valuable amendments in the script.

January, 2002

Agha Saleem

## Introduction

Sarang is a Hindi word, having manifold meanings like the deer, the cuckoo, the peacock, the pearl, the lotus, the flower, the cloud, etc. In Sindhi language Sarang means cloud and connotes the rainy season. Sarang is also name of one of the popular classical ragas.

In this part of the world, rain is always taken as God's mercy. It is a season of fertility, prosperity, and union of lovers; hence every language here, small or big, abounds in poetry and ragas pertaining to the rainy season. Sarang is one of them. Sufis have symbolized rain as God's mercy showered on human heart, which is like a barren earth assailed by scorching sun rays. Rain transforms this barren land into a paradisiacal garden. The Qoran praises Prophet Muhammad as Rahimatulil Aalamin; (mercy for all worlds). According to Annemarie Schimmel, the eminent orientalist, "The connection between the religious leader and the merciful news he brings to the earth was known even earlier. In a longish passage of the Sadd Buddhharma Pundarik, Buddhism has compared Buddha to a blissful rainy season, just as an old Advent song of the medieval German Church asks Christ to tear open the skies and come down like merciful water from the skies upon them."

The locale of Shah Lateef's Sur Sarang, meaning the melody of clouds, is a desert area of Sindh, where it

is all sand and sandy dunes, scorched by sun and no trace of water all around for miles together. The underground water level is very low and very deep wells are dug to get water, which too, is mostly saltish. In summer, wells dry up and people migrate from place to place in search of water. This could be the symbol of a heart without spirituality. And then the rainy season comes, the entire desert wears a new look. All dunes and plains are covered with lush green grass and flowers, and the desert blooms like a garden in spring. Shah Lateef's Sur Sarang is a perspective, both of desert in rainy season and people's pleasures and pain. And we see lush green plains, paths covered with sweet smelling grass, beautiful desert damsels strolling along the fragrant paths joyously.

Clouds have deluged the plains, downpour has washed off people's sorrows, cuckoo is cooing, farmers with ploughs on their shoulders are going to their fields, herdsmen driving their herds towards green pastures are humming happily, clouds are spread like dark hair of a damsel. The colours of twilight have made motifs on the clouds like those of a chunny (stole) of a young desert girl. Flashes of lightning look like the blooming of red flowers.

Shah Lateef's description of the beauty of nature is in relation to human feelings in different human situations and not for its own sake. Beautiful young wives, separated from their husbands, are restlessly tossing and turning on their beds, shivering even

under quilts for want of warmth of their spouses, bodies. Poor women are afraid lest their huts leak in rain or the north wind demolish their huts.

Shah is not only a poet of human soul but he is also a poet of that which lies below the level of soul, of the human body with its appetites, of the feelings and emotions in their real physical state. The rain has brought prosperity. A young wife is sleeping with her husband on a perfumed wedding bed. Horses of high breed are in the courtyard and buffaloes with curved horns are grazing in pastures. Huts built on dunes give a beautiful look. She wishes that it should rain forever.

Horses of high breed in the yard, buffaloes  
With curved horns in the pen,  
Huts amidst green ground look delightful  
Beloved by my side on a fragrant bridal bed,  
And may it ever rain,  
Would that I and my beloved be together forever.

●

O my beloved! Without you I shiver the  
Whole night,  
O you the perfect one! I do not get a wink of  
Sleep without you,  
If you come at dawn I would not mind the cold:  
(I will be warmed up).



The entire desert is vibrating with the music of Sarangi, Surrando and Chung. The clouds shed water only in the rainy season but a lover's eyes shed tears in every season. The beautiful girls are wearing crimson dresses and, while adjusting bells around necks of the calves, their locks get wet and raindrops glitter like pearls.

Shah Lateef describes the rainy season and the landscape in a brisk, unpretentious, sharply visualized style making use of personal experiences and observations of human situation. His style has sprung from his soul and one can feel resonance of his personality in every word he uses and in every image he creates. When describing rainfall he uses words that suggest the falling of rain and the patter of rain drops.

There is no doubt that Shah is a spiritualistic poet, but his spiritualism is not that of a fundamentalist priest who loves God because he is incapable of loving people. Shah loves people. For him people are expression of God, and thus by loving people he loves God. Throughout this melody we see him praying for the wellbeing of people. It makes him jubilant to see people happy on the coming of rain. In the very first stanza of Sur Sarang, Shah gives the tidings in these words:

“ It is cloudy, behold the dense clouds,”

So says Lateef

“It is raining heavily, bring out your cattle herds,

Leave your huts, come out in open plain with  
All provisions,  
Do not loose hope in God's mercy."



Clouds have emitted vapours towards the north,  
Clouds are spread, they are always  
There in the season,  
Lateef wishes the clouds to end miseries of  
The people,  
And pour plenty of water  
To quench their thirst.



Rain provided water to thirsty millions.



Lightning flashed in clouds,  
Village silos would be filled with grain.



Scram, you famine maker,  
Clouds are within sight.



It rained on desert, on dry lands, on low  
Lying valleys,  
Morning reverbates with sounds of churning,  
Wives of herdsmen are affluent  
Their hands are full of butter,  
They milk brown buffaloes well in time,  
House wives and maids are happy in  
Their homes.

As far as my knowledge goes Shah Lateef's Sarang is the longest poem ever written about rain and the rainy season in relation to the human situation. The

other long poem on the same subject that I have come across so far is “Megha Duta” (Messenger Cloud) by Kalidas who composed about twenty centuries before Shah Lateef. Megha Duta is the expression of the feelings of a loving husband who, suffering pangs of separation from his beloved wife, employs the monsoon cloud to carry his message to her.

It is a poem of more than 100 verses while Shah’s Sarang is of 267 verses. “Kalidas has crowded so many lovely images and word pictures on a small compass of a poem that the poem seems to contain the quintessence of a whole culture.”<sup>1</sup> This is true of Shah Lateef’s Sarang as well. Except for the theme of clouds and rainy season, the two poems are totally dissimilar. Apart from the difference of central idea, there is the difference of personalities of the two poets. Kalidas was one of the nine jewels of the mighty kings Chandra Gupta and Kumara Gupta. His tone and tenor have a grandeur of a king’s court. He describes high mountains, high peaks covered with snow, great rivers, castles, kings, queens, gods and goddesses; whereas Shah Lateef, being a Sufi and a man of down-trodden people, mentions scorched plains, dried lakes, small villages, humble huts, small towns. Even expression of his spirituality is humble.

1. The Wonder That Was India-A.I.Basham

The clouds spread their limbs on the  
Mausoleum of the Holy Prophet.

In Megha Duta season, places, birds, beasts are used to frame the poet's personal emotions but Shah treats nature in relation to sorrows, sufferings, pleasure and happiness of the thirsty and poorly fed desert dwellers. He speaks of particulars in terms of universal and, being a Sufi and a humanist, prays for prosperity of the desert dwellers, his homeland and the whole world.

O, Lord! Bestow prosperity on Sindh forever,  
And my Friend and Beloved (for him  
God is friend and beloved), shower blessings  
On the whole world.

Both the poems are topographical poems. Doctor Johnson has described topographical poetry as a local poetry of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape to be poetically described with the addition of such embellishment as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation. Kalidas, while telling the route to the cloud, describes various places and their peculiarities, whereas Shah describes places and people to which the clouds have brought happiness, and dried lakes and ponds which are filled with rainy water.

As both the poems are about the rain, the comparison of some of the stanzas may be of some interest.

## Sarang

(In twilight) Colours of clouds have formed motifs  
Like those on damsel's stole.



Flashes of lightning bloom  
Like wild red flowers (Khatanhaar).



Clouds like black hair (of a damsel)  
Are spread towards the north.  
Seeing rainy clouds they cry for their consorts  
Sobbing convul birvely  
The damsels, delicate like flower buds, tremble on  
Hearing thunder of clouds,  
Alone without consorts, in silence they suffer.



Thundering clouds removed grief of  
Young girls separated from their lovers,  
Behold the plains are emitting fragrances,  
Young girls stroll along perfumed paths,  
Buffaloes bathed in water are running towards  
Their pen!

## Megh Duta

O Cloud! In twilight you would look like a red  
Gappa flower.

●  
The streak of lightning in dark clouds is  
Like streak of gold on a black touch stone.

●  
Dark clouds look like locks of a beautiful girl.

●  
She is like Chakarwak bird without her life partner,  
She is separated from the one with whom  
She was very happy,  
She is withered like a lotus in winter.

●  
O Cloud! Don't thunder and don't pour rain,  
Lonely damsels may wake up in fear.

●  
Young village girls look at you with love and  
Happiness,  
They welcome you with smile as their cattle  
Bath in rain,  
There is fragrance in their fields and happiness in  
Their homes.

●  
O Cloud, when you will reach there, the beautiful  
Girls would adorn themselves,  
They wait for their lovers with their locks in  
Their hands,  
Their lovers, who are away from them, may return.

## **Musical Background**

As stated earlier, Sarang is a popular classical raga and, like raga Megha (cloud), is sung in rainy season in Sindh. The musical scale of raga Megha and Sarang is one, but still they have different identities. Ragas are not identified or defined in terms of scale alone. There are many ragas that have the same scale yet each has its own identity and ethos. We know that musical scale contains eight notes, that is to say, Sa, Re, Ga, Ma, Pa, Dha, Ni, Sa. The music masters of ancient times have divided this scale into two parts. The first part, the lower tetrachord, Sa to Ma (i to iv) is called “Purwang,” and the second part, the upper tetrachord, Pa to Sa (V to I) is called “Utterwang.” The ragas that emphasize the first four notes are called “Purwang ragas,” and those that emphasize second part are called “Utterwang ragas,” and this emphasis gives them different identity. Besides other differences like treatment of note etc., the basic difference between Megha and Sarang is that Megha is a Purwang raga while Sarang is Utterwang raga. Thus they have different identities. According to one Indian musicologist, Mr. O. Gosowami, Sarang was not a main raga in its own right, but was an adjective to denote the variety of main melody. Ragas are either Shudh (Pure) or Sankrin (Mixed). Sarang was used as prefix to denote mixed ragas. In fact, Sarang is a variation of a word sankirn meaning mixed ragas, The word sankirn came into vogue a little after the death of the famous musicologist of ancient times, Bharata, and

was current for many centuries afterwards. In the course of time, the word sankrin changed into saranka and then into saranga retaining its original meaning of mixed ragas. Mr Goswami tells us about two such ragas, Saranga Bhairwi and Saranga Bairawa, but with passage of time both the ragas "must soon have fallen into the disuse and we do not find them referred to in any later works". He also tells us that there were three varieties of Nata raga, Shudh Nata (the pure Nata), Chaya Nata (the Nata that had shade of some other raga), and Nata Saranga. (the mixed Nata). Sometime later the original name of the raga dropped and only its prefix remained and it thus emerged as Sarang, a main raga in its own right

I do not agree with Mr. Gosowami. In my opinion Sarang was originally a folk song, which crawled into the framework of our classical ragas. It was an independent raga. At a later stage some musician invented new raga by mixing it with Nata raga and a new raga came into being as Saranga Nata. Sarang is basically a raga of rain and rainy season. As stated earlier, one of the many meanings of Sarang is cloud also. Besides, all the poetic lines used as Asthaies and Bandishes of raga Sarang refer to rain or rainy season This indicates that it is a raga of rainy season. I am also of the opinion that raga Sarang originated in Sindh. Even today Sindhi folk songs, particularly marriage songs, are sung and many folk tales are chanted in the tunes of raga Sarang, which proves its origin in Sindh.



The old Sindhis, the creators of Indus valley civilization, had appropriated different ragas to different seasons and different watches of day and night. Year was divided into six seasons, each consisting of two months, and in each season a particular raga was sung on some religious festival or rite. Hence there were six major ragas, which at later stage became Marga ragas of Vedic music. They were Bharawa, Megha, Panchama, Nata-Narayna, Sri and Vasanta.

Bharawa was associated with god Shiva, an indigenous god of the Indus people which, at later stage was incorporated in the hierarchy of Hindu gods. His worship rite was observed in summer and Bhairawa raga was sung in summer season.

Sri was the goddess of wealth, and it was sung just after harvest.

Vasant was the raga of spring. It was also called Surabhi meaning, 'fragrant,' and Pushpasamaya meaning, 'flower times.' The present day Hindu festival of Holi is reminiscent of Indus people's spring festival. It was the raga of boisterous mirth and jubilation.

Panchama was the raga of autumn.

Nata-Narayan was a winter raga, implying wrath of god Shiva.

Megha, meaning cloud, was the raga of rainy season, and expression of happiness the rain was supposed to bring. It was the season of union between lovers. With rainfall the sowing season commenced, and it was celebrated with great festivity and hilarity.

The Indus people also divided 24 hours in two parts, day and night, which were further divided into eight watches, and certain ragas were appropriated to these watches. The rationale behind this division of ragas according to seasons and different watches of day and night was that the Indus people believed that different seasons and different watches of day and night evoke different moods and emotions in human heart. As such, each raga appropriated for the season and watches contains distinctive notes, which were in tune with human feelings and emotions aroused at a particular season and period. Thus we find melodies of different seasons, of different watches of day and night, such as melodies of dawn, early morning, late morning, noon, early evening, late evening, night, midnight, late night, and morning twilight.

Though Sarang is a seasonal raga, it is not necessary for seasonal ragas to be sung only in that particular season. Hence Sarang is sung in every season but its singing time is fixed at noon. This rule is also not observed, probably because it was difficult to observe particular time of singing ragas in public performance or in king's court. Even the music masters of ancient times had realized the difficulty, hence they had permitted the singers not to observe timings of ragas in public performance or when singing for the king.

We know that ragas are related to human passions and emotions. The very word 'raga' means colouring or passion. The ancient musicologists had

analyzed the impression that each note and micro note makes on the listener and thus determined their emotive value and equated each micro note and raga with a particular human emotion. But, as it is, every raga contains at least five notes and many more micro notes. Since each note and micro note has a different emotive value, every raga, at one time, would evoke many emotions. Mr. Gosvami has an answer to this paradox. According to him, each raga always gives prominence to one or two notes. This emphasis on a particular note or notes continues throughout the raga, maintaining its swing and overpowering effect by subordination of other notes. Hence, the emotional appeal of vadi note (which is sounded clearly again and again and is super-abundant in a raga) and samvadi note (a note used less than the vadi but more than the other notes) of an individual raga helps to determine the emotional value inherent in a raga.

According to this hypothesis Sarang is a raga of strong emotions, pleasure and sadness. Its vadi and samvadi notes are Re and Ni while its ascending and descending notes are as under:

Ni(flat), Sa, Re(sharp), Ma(flat), Pa, Ni(flat), Sa,  
 Re (sharp), Sa;  
 Sa, Re (sharp), Sa, Ni(flat), Pa, Ma(flat),  
 Re (sharp), Sa, Ni, (flat).

January, 2002

Aga Saleem



# *Melody of Clouds*

**(English and versified  
Urdu translations of  
Sur Sarang)**

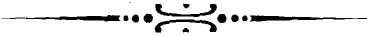


1

آگميو آهي، لڳهه ڀس! لطيف چي،  
انومينهن وڌڻو، ڪڍو ڌڻ ڪاهي،  
جن جڏي پڻ پئو، ثمر سنباھي،  
وهوم لاهي، آرو الله مان،

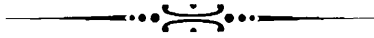


“It is cloudy, behold dense clouds”,  
So says Lateef,  
“It is raining heavily, bring out your cattle herds,  
Leave your huts, come out into open plain with  
All provisions,  
Do not lose hope in God’s mercy.”

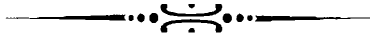


ڪي لطيف ڪه ڏيکيه ’تو بادل، چھائي ڪالي بدراء،  
ريوڙ لاڙ ڏهلوانون پي، چھم چھم برسي برڪھا،  
چھوڙ ڪي ڪٺيا ميدانوں ميں، لاڙ سماں سارا،  
والي هے جو سب ڪا، آس رڪھو اس مولا ڪي.

آگمَ ڪيا الله، لڳهه پس! لطيف چئي،  
 پلرَ جي پالوٽَ سين، پٽن جهليا پاھ،  
 واحدَ وڏا ئي ڪيا، مٿي گسن گاه،  
 سانگين ورياساه، اٿنن آب اڳوٺندر.



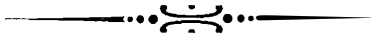
“God has brought clouds, behold the clouds,”  
 So says Lateef,  
 “With downpour plains are verdant,  
 God has covered paths with lush green grass.  
 The poor nomads have heaved a sigh of relief,  
 There is a torrential downpour”.



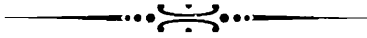
ڪمے لطيف ڪه ڏيڪه گهٽائين، الله لايو بادل،  
 دهرتي سبزہ زار هوئي اور، ميڊاا هيں جل تهل،  
 مولا ڪي يه مهر ڪه هر سو، گهاس اڳي نرمل،  
 سانگي تھے بے ڪل، ٺوٺ ڪي ان پر بادل برسوا.



آگر آيئن نه انگ، جهڙو پسن پرينء جو،  
 سيئن ريء، سيد چي، روح نه رجن رنگ،  
 سهسين ٿيا سارنگ، جاني آيو جوء ڀر.

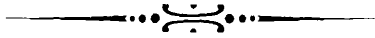


“Sight of rain-laden clouds is not so pleasant  
 As that of a beloved,  
 Without beloved, colours  
 Do not move heart,” So says Sayyad.  
 With arrival of the beloved, a hundred rainy  
 Seasons set in.

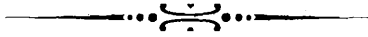


کهاں هيں پي درشن سے سندر، بادل کے یہ انگ،  
 کے لطيف کہ بن پر ٽيم کے، کوئی نہ بھائے رنگ،  
 ج دھج ہے سارنگ، جاني آيا جگ میں.

جانى آيو جوءُ ۾، ٿيو قلبَ قرارُ،  
 وهلو وچائين ويو، ڪري غمُ گذارُ،  
 نظارو نروار، پئي پسايو پا نهنجو.

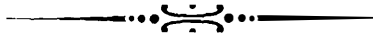


**Beloved arrived in the proximity and it soothed  
 My aching heart,  
 All the pain and affliction vanished at once  
 As beloved revealed his beauty openly.**

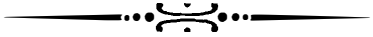


جانى آيا جگَ ۾، من کو ملا قرار،  
 دُهل گئے سارے دل کے دکھڑے، ديکھا جب دلدار،  
 آج هوا دیدار، اپنے سوھنے يار کا.

اٻون ڪڪر ڪڍڙيون، اتر ڏي آهين،  
 ڪري اگم آڻيون، مندانه منائين،  
 مٿان لوڪ، لطيف چي، گوند رگنوائين،  
 پلر پيارين، اڃين آب اگوندر و.

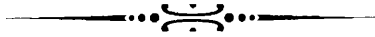


**Clouds have emanated dense vapours towards north,  
 Clouds are spread, they are always there in the  
 Season,  
 Lateef wishes clouds to end miseries of  
 The people,  
 And pour plenty of water and quench their thirst.**



پھر اتر کی اور سے کالے، بادل گھر کر آئے،  
 ساون رت میں لوٹ کے آیا، بادل، مینہ برسائے،  
 دکھیاروں کے سارے دکھڑے، بادل آن مٹائے،  
 ایسا جل برسائے، کہ پیاس بجھے پیاسوں کی.

اچ پڻ اتر پار ڏي، ڪڪر ٿو ڪري،  
 وسايو وائڙين تي، ٿو خالق ڪند پري،  
 پاساريان پري، سانگ م وڃن سڀرين.

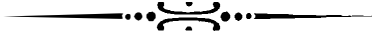


**Today too clouds are formed towards north,  
 Creator is causing clouds to pour on  
 paths and deluge the country,  
 May not my beloved leave my side for any reason.**

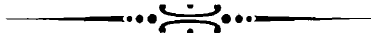


پھر اتر کی اور ہیں چھائے، اودے کالے بادل،  
 برکھا برسی ہے راہوں پر، ہر سو ہے جل تھل،  
 پہلو سے وہ سہیل، دور کبھی نہ جائے.

آڇ پڻ اُتر پارَ ڏي، تاڙي ڪي تنوار،  
 هارين هر سنباهيا، سرها ٿيا سنگهار،  
 آڇ پڻ منهنجي يار، وَسَنَ جا ويسَ ڪيا.

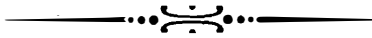


**Today too cuckoo is cooing towards north,  
 Farmers take to fields with their ploughs,  
 Herdsmen rejoice,  
 Today too my friend cloud is disposed to rain.**



پھر اُتر کي اور سے آئي، ”تاڙي“ کي چڪار،  
 بل اپنا هاري نے تھاما، خوش ہوئے سنگھار،  
 گھر کر بادل يار، آڇ برسنے آيا.

آج پڻ اتر پار ڏي، ڪڪريون ڪاريون،  
 وسي تو وڏڙو، تهڪن ٿيون تاريون،  
 کٽين لڪ، لطيف چئي، ڀايون تاساريون،  
 پڇنديون پٽاريون، وري وٽائين آئيون.

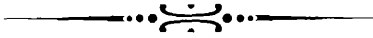


Today too dark clouds are gathered towards  
 North,  
 Big drops of rain are falling and tree branches are  
 Agiggle,  
 Buffaloes were very thirsty, their thirst is  
 Quenched fully,  
 Having bathed in water they are running joyfully  
 Towards may pen.

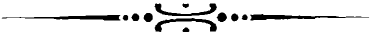


پھر اتر کی اور سے آئی، جھوم کے بدلی کالی،  
 رم جھم رم جھم بوندیں برسیں، کھل کھل جائے ڈالی،  
 ریوڑ تھے سب بھوکے پیاسے، ہر سو ہے ہریالی،  
 بھر کر پیٹ اب خالی، ریوڑ آنگن آئے.

اڄ پڻ اتر پار ڏي، ڪڪر ڪي چوڻي،  
 مندائتي مينهن جي، ڪنوڻ نه ڪوڻي،  
 آءُ لالڻ موڻي، گهوريار سڻ ڏينهن ٿا.

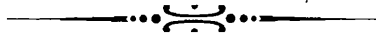


Today too peaks of Clouds emerge  
 Towards north,  
 Lightning in seasonal rain does not lie,  
 Come back my beloved,  
 Let us forget all the quarells.



پهر اتر کی اور ہے چھائی، آج بدريا کالی،  
 ساون رت کی بجلی دیکھو، چمک کے بدرا لائی،  
 آءُ گھٹا ہے چھائی، من جانے کے دن ہیں ساجن!

اڄ پڻ اتر ڀار ڏي، ڪارا ڪڪر ڪيس،  
وڃون وسڻ آڻيون، ڪري لال لبيس،  
پرين جي پرديس، مونکي مينهن ميڙيا.



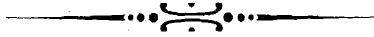
**Today too clouds like black hair (of a damsel)  
are speard towards north,  
Lightning with red apparel heralding rain,  
My beloved was away, rain has brought  
Him back**



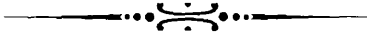
پھر اتر سے آئے بادل، جیسے ڪالے کيس،  
رُت سدان کي آئي سڄني!، پن ڪے بدرا بھيس،  
پرتم تھے پرديس، برڪھارت میں آن ملے ھیں۔



اڄ پڻ اتر پار ڏي، ڪڪر ڪيائين،  
 منڊائڻن مينهن جي، رت نه روڪيائين،  
 پلر پلٽيائين، سانگين گهڻا سک ٿيا.



**Today too clouds are formed towards north,  
 Rainy season is well in time, it did not delay,  
 Downpour deluged plains and delighted  
 Poor nomads.**

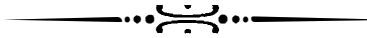


پهر اتر کی اور سے دیکھو، اللہ بادل لایا،  
 باره برس جو بیت چلے تو، ساون برس آيا،  
 ایسا مينه برسایا، که سکھ سے سوئے ساڳی.

اڄُ پڻُ اميدُون، اڳرَ سنديُون اڀَ ڀر،  
 ساوڻُ پسي، سرتيون، سڄڻُ ساريو مون،  
 آئونُ آسائتي آهيان، مانَ پڄائتي پيون،  
 گهرِ ته گهرجين تون، مند مڙيئي مينهن جي.

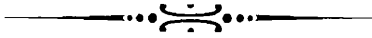


**Today too all my hopes for clouds are pinned in  
 The sky,  
 O, my mates! Rainy season reminds me of  
 My beloved,  
 I long for the land to be moistened,  
 When you are home my beloved, then every  
 Season is a rainy season.**



تمکته ڀڻ آکاش کي جانب، نيناں آس لگائے،  
 دکيه کي کالے بادل سکھيو، ياد پيا کي آئے،  
 آس يڀي هے دهرتي کي اب، آن کي پياس بجھائے،  
 ساجن! تو ره جائے، تو هر رُت ميگه ملهار هے.

اڄ پڻ اتر پار ڏي، ڪڪر تو ڪري،  
 روضي پاڪ رسول جي، پلٽيو پٽ پري،  
 وڃن ساڻ وري، ته سنگهارن سک ٿئي.

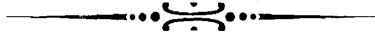


**Today too clouds gather towards north,  
 It rains on Prophet's Mausoleum and  
 Inundating plains,  
 May clouds, with lightning,  
 Return and make poor nomads happy.**



پھر اُتر کی اور سکھی ری!، چھائی بدلی کالی،  
 روضہ پاک رسول پہ دیکھو، گرج گرج کے برسی،  
 چمکے آن کے بجلی، تو دور ہوں دکھڑے سارے.

اچ پن اتر پار ڈی، ککرتو کری،  
وسو سی پری، ڈر ڈینھن کانئیا.

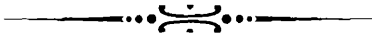


**Today too clouds are being gathered towards  
North,  
May the rain fill creeks and dry depressions of  
Scorched earth.**

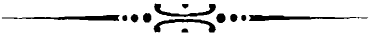


پھر اتر کی اور سے آئے، بن ٹھن کالے بادل،  
ھر سو ہے جل تھل، چنچ گئی تھی پیاسی دھرتی.

اترآن تي آئيون، ڪري هڪل هوءَ،  
 پري تر ترائيون، جوڙي هليون جوءَ،  
 پَسو جا پَن ڀر، ڪَنوڙيءَ خوشبوءَ،  
 اچي رُوڀرُوءَ، ائينون روضي تان رسولَ جي.

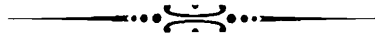


Clouds roared and rolled in from north,  
 They filled the pits and empty dry depressions  
 Flooding the whole environs,  
 Behold! The plains are exuding perfumes,  
 The flashing clouds came direct on Prophet's  
 Mausoleum and rained.



پهر اتر کی اور سے بادل، گرج گرج کر آيا،  
 بھر دیں ساری تال تلياں، ایسا مينہ برسایا،  
 ہر سُو ڪنٽوري کی خوشبو، ایسا رنگ جمایا،  
 جھوم کے مينہ برسایا، روضہ پاک رسول پر.

روضي پاڪ رسول جي، ڪيو وڇڙين وارو،  
 پريائون پير پئي، نظر سين نارو،  
 هادي! پر حڪم سين، هيءُ تڙ تاسارو،  
 نرمل نظارو، پي پسا يو پانهنجو.



**Clouds with lightning came from Prophet's Mausoleum,  
 Casting glances filled the Nara river,  
 O God, command the clouds to fill  
 Empty parched wells,  
 My gracious beloved unveiled his sublime beauty.**



روضه پاڪ رسول ۾ ڏيکھو، بجلي چمڪن لاڳي،  
 بھر ڳيا سارا سوکھا ”نارا“، ايڪ نظر جو ڏالي،  
 اب تو سائين! پياس بھادے، يه دھرتي هے پياسی،  
 پي نه آج دکھا زي، اپني نرمل صورت.

پي پسا يو پانهنجو، نظارو ناگاہ،  
 لثوڪٽَ قلوبَ تان، ٿي وروڻهن واه،  
 اميدون ارواح، پي پسندي پنيون.

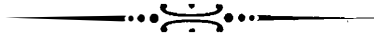


**All of a sudden beloved showed himself,  
 It cleaned rust from my heart and made me happy,  
 All my heart's desires have been fulfilled by beloved's sight.**

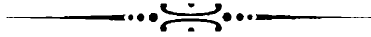


آج دکھائی میرے پی نے، اپنی صورت نرمل،  
 زنگ اُترا ہے دل سے سارا، جھوموں اب میں پلپل،  
 منوا تو تھا بیکل، درشن پیاس بجھی ہے.

وچون وسنڻ آئون، سارنگ سينگاري،  
اڃا لڪ، لطيف چي، پلر پياري،  
وچڙين واري، کڻي ڪعبي تي ڪر نائيا.



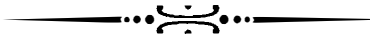
**Cloud bedecked with flashes have come to rain,  
Rain provided water to thirsty millions,  
The flashing clouds turned and stretched their  
Limbs on Kaa'ba.**



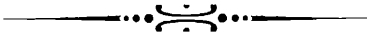
جڳي کي يه چمڪ دمڪ هه، بادل كا سنگهار،  
پياس بجھائے لاکھوں کي جب، برسے ميگھ ملهار،  
ڪعبه په لے يار!، جھڪ ڪر برسا بادل.



وسي تڏهن وس، مند مڙوئي مينهن جي،  
 ڪٽرن کيتا ڇڏيا، جي مڙيون تي مس،  
 گابا مڙي گس، ڏک نڪندا ڏٻرا.

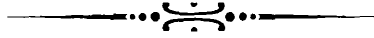


**Whenever it rains, it is monsoonish season,  
 Unyielding cattle have yielded milk easily,  
 Lean hungry calves will not be unhappy,  
 For there is plenty of grass all over.**

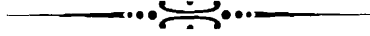


برس برس ڪر برسه بدرا، رت آئي هه برڪها ڪي،  
 دودھ تهنون ميں اُترا جو بهي، دودھ نهين تهي ديتي!  
 رت آئي هه اب ايسي، كه خوش رهين گه رپوڙ.

وَسَلِّ اَكْثَرِيْنَ جِيئَن، جِي هُونَدَ سَكْثِيْنَ مِيْنَهِن،  
تَه هُونَدَ رَاتَوِ ذِيْنَهِن، بَسِ بُونَدَنشُون نَه كَرِيْن.

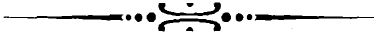


**O rain! If you learn to rain like my eyes,  
You would rain day and night and  
Would never stop dripping.**

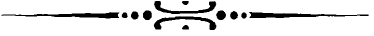


بادل! تُو ان نين سَ سِڪِهِي، بَرِڪهائِيْنَ بَرِسانا،  
دن هو چاهِي رينا، بَرِ سَ تُو هر پل.

كُكْرَ مَنْجَهَ كَيَارَ، جَهْرًا نِيْثْنُونِ نَلَهِي،  
 جَهْرًا مَنْجَا سِيرِن، تَهْرًا مِيْگَه مَلَهَارَ،  
 كُنْ أَكِيُون، كَلْ، يَارَا! وَجِن سُوْرَسَنْدَا كِيُو.

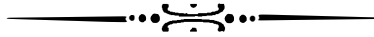


**Dishevelled hair of the beloved are like  
 Dark clouds,  
 And cloudy are beloved's eyes,  
 As are the clouds, so is my beloved,  
 Raise your eyes my friend longingly  
 Wiping out all pain, all sorrows.**

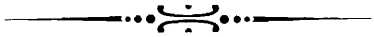


زلفیں جیسے کالے بادل، اکھیاں میگھ یلہار،  
 جیسے سندر میگھ ہیں سائیں، ایسا سندر یار،  
 آنکھ اٹھا دلدار، مُکا تو دکھ دور ہوں.

جھڑ نیٹنئون نہ لھی، ککر ہون نہ ہون،  
 ساریو سپرین کی، لڑک گلن تی پون،  
 سی مر رویوزون، جن مسافر سپرین.

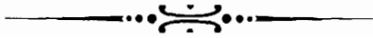


**Clouds or no clouds, my eyes are always overcast,  
 Tears roll down my cheeks when  
 I remember my beloved,  
 May they always weep, whose beloved is abroad.**

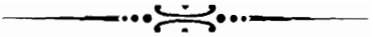


سدا ہیں بادل نین میں، کوئی بھی ہو موسم،  
 یاد کروں جب پر تیم کو تو، نیناں برسیں رم جھم،  
 جن سے پچھڑے پر تیم، وہ کیوں نہ روئیں ہر پل.

گام گنديء گنج، ابر ۾ اهائ ٿيو،  
 پسي پري پرينء جي، ڏور ٿيا سڀ ڏنج،  
 شال و سندنو سنج، عاشق ٿي اوهيڙا ڪري.

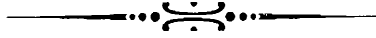


**Lightning flashed in clouds,  
 Village silos would be filled with grain,  
 Perceiving beloved's blessings all my  
 Sorrows vanished,  
 May rain fall soon in torrents on lovers.**

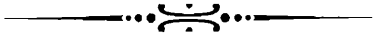


عجلی چکی گھر گھر میں ہے، غلے کی بہتات،  
 دیکھ زوش اس پر یتیم کی اب، دکھوں نے کھائی مات،  
 برسگی برسات، ٹوٹ کے ہجر کے ماروں پر.

انہو اوھیڑا کُری، عاشق مٹی اچ،  
دور ڈکاریا پچ، مینہن منہن ڈیکاریو.

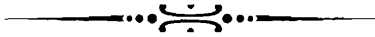


**It rained in torrents on lover today,  
Scram you, famine maker,  
Clouds are within sight.**

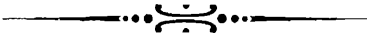


جو ہیں پریت کے مارے ان پر، ٹوٹ کے برسی برکھا،  
بھاگ ذخیرہ مرنے والے، بادل گھر کر آیا.

آگڻ تازي، بهر ڪنڊيون، پڪا پٽ سونهن،  
 سُرهِي سِيح، پاسي پرين، مَرِيَا مينهن وَسَن،  
 آسان ۽ پرين، شال هونِ برابر ڏينھڙا.

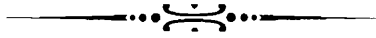


High-breed horses in the yard, buffaloes with  
 Curved horns in pen,  
 Huts amidst lush green ground look delightful,  
 Beloved by my side on a fragrant bridal bed,  
 May it ever rain,  
 Would that I and my beloved be together forever.



آنگن گھوڙے، باهر رپوڙ، جھلمل جھمڪے کُڻيا،  
 پرتم سنگ میں سچ پھ سوؤں، چھم چھم بر سے برکھا،  
 سنگ ميرے هو پيارا، پيار بھري هون راتين!

بر وٺا، ٿر وٺا، وٺيون ٿرايون،  
 پرہ جو پٽن تي، ڪن ولوڙا وايون،  
 مڪڻ پرين هٿڙا، سنگهاريون سايون،  
 ساري ڏهن سامهيون، ٻولايون رايون،  
 پانهيون ۽ ٻايون، پڪي سونهن پانهنجي.



It rained on desert, on dry lands,  
 On low-lying valleys,  
 Morning reverbrates with sounds of churning,  
 Wives of herdsmen are affluent, their  
 Hands are full of butter,  
 They milk brown buffaloes,  
 Housewives and maids are happy in  
 Their homes.



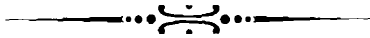
ميدان صحرا جل تھل جل تھل، جل تھل آڄ ٿرائي،  
 صبح هونئي تو دهي بلونءِ کي، آواز هه آئي،  
 ٻاتھ بھرے هين ماڪھن سے يه، برڪھا کي بھنائِي،  
 ٻنستي گاتي بھني بھني، دودھ بھي دودھ کي لائي،  
 هر ناري مڪائي، کھل کھل جائين آنگن.



بَرَوْنَسَا، تَرَوْنَسَا، وَشَوَجِيسَرُ مِيرُ  
 اَگَرِ کَرِي اَئِيُون، پَائِرِ پِيرِي پِيرُ،  
 لائِئُونِ كَطِيفُ چَئِي، وَايِيْنِ مَثَانِ وَيِرُ،  
 سَرَهَا كِيائُونِ سِيرُ، سَرَهِيُونِ سَنَگَهَارِيُونِ تِيُونِ.

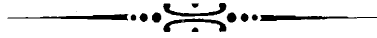


**It rained on desert, on dry land, on Jassermee,  
 Clouds came thundering over "Paa-er",  
 Removing grief of forlorn damsels  
 Herdswomen happily walked along the  
 fragrant paths.**

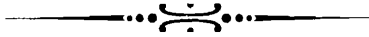


میدال، صحرا بھیگ چلے ہیں، بھریگا جیلیر،  
 آج سکھی! بادل نے تھر میں، آن رکھا ہے پیر،  
 مسکائی وہ برہن جس سے، خوشیوں کو تھا پیر،  
 ”تھر“ کی کرے ہے سیر، سکھ سے ہیں سب ناریاں

بَرَوْنَا تَرَوْنَا، وَنِي كَجَ كِنَارَ،  
 پوجاڙي پٽن تي، ڏس! نايائون نَارَ،  
 سڀاڻهي ستارَ، لاتا ڏرت ڏيه تان.

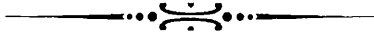


**It rained on desert, on dry land,  
 along 'Katchh',  
 Behold! Plains were drenched in late hours,  
 Beneficent God has relieved  
 All country of miseries.**



ميدان، صحرا بادل برس، بھردی ”کچھ“ کنار،  
 سانجھ بھئی تو برسن لاگا، کھل کر بادل یار،  
 دیس هوا گلزار، رب نے دکھڑے دور کیے.

سارنگ! سار لهيڃ، الله لڳ اڃين جي،  
 پاڻي پوڄ پٽن ۾، ارزان ان ڪريڃ،  
 وطن وسائڃ، تـ سَنگهارن سڪ تـڻي.

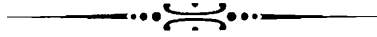


**O, cloud! In name of Allah, take care of  
 Thirsty folk,  
 Pour plenty of water on plains making  
 Grain abundant and cheap,  
 Pour rain on my motherland so that  
 Herdsmen may prosper.**

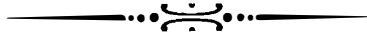


سارنگ! هم سے پياسوں ڪو، ڪبھي تو ياد ڪرو،  
 پيارے ديس میں ارزانی ہو، خالی تال بھرو،  
 ديس پہ تم برسو، تو پياس مجھے پياسوں ڪي

سارنگَ کي سارينِ، ماڙهو، مرگهه، مينهيون،  
 آڙيون اُسرَ آسري، تاڙا تنوارينِ،  
 سپون جي سمونڊ ۾، نئين سڄ نهارينِ،  
 پلرَ پيارينِ، ته سنگهارنِ سُڪُ تئي.

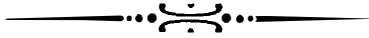


**Humans, deer, buffaloes,  
 All yearn for clouds,  
 Ducks look for clouds and quail chirps for rain,  
 Oysters in ocean yearn for rain drops every day,  
 (O God) Make water plentiful so that  
 Herdsman may prosper.**

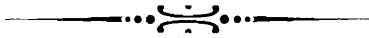


سب هي ياد ڪري سارنگَ کي، پيا سڄي انسا،  
 ”آڙي“ ”تاڙي“ ترس رهه ٿي، کب هو بادوبارا،  
 پيا سيپ سمندر ۾، پل پل بوند کي حيرا،  
 بھر دے تال تليا، تو سگھي هون سب دکھيارے.

کانڈَ مَ وِکُنْ کُنْدِیون، ڈَٹْ سَیوئی ڈار،  
 آپریون سَپریون پانہنجون، سَسیون سَپ سَنیار،  
 ہَن چَڈی، چَن پئی، وِجی وِلہارن وار،  
 تہ اچي اگٹان بہار، سَرا کُندي سَڈَڑا.

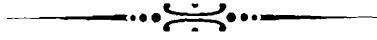


**O my beloved! Do not sell buffaloes with  
 Curved horns, keep the entire herd,  
 Lean or fat, own them all,  
 Take your herd from highland to lowland pastures,  
 So that spring may come singing to our courtyard.**

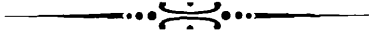


پریم پیچ نہ ریوڑ اپنا، یہی ہمارا مال،  
 جیسا تیسرا ریوڑ ہے تو، ساجن اسے سنبھال،  
 ریوڑ لے کر چل اب سائیں!، ہر سو ہے ملہار،  
 دور ہو یار ملال، آئے بہار پھر انگٹنا میں.

سارنگَ کي سَعيو، توکي سَعيو نہ تئي،  
 گڙي تو گمانَ ۾، آيو کي آيو،  
 هارين کي هر هر جاءِ ۾، هاديءَ هلايو،  
 مٿان ايئن پائيو، تہ بادلَ آه بس کي.

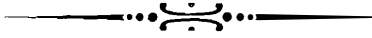


**Clouds come in season but you  
 Don't my beloved!  
 My beloved is resonating in my mind,  
 He is about to come.  
 God has prepared land for tillers,  
 Do not think for a moment that the rain is over.**

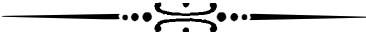


رُت سادن کي لوٽ کي آئي، ساجن تُو نہ آيا،  
 گرج رها ہے دھيان ميں ساجن، آيا دکھي وه آيا،  
 هادي نے هر جا پر گويا، خود ہے هل چلايا،  
 مينه جو برساياء، يوں نہ سمجھو تھم جائے گا.

سارنگ سينگاري، وچون وسنڻ آڻيون،  
برسي پتاري، پريا پت پراڻ جا.

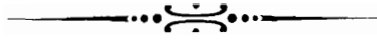


**Clouds, bedecked with lightning, have come,  
Rainfall has filled the dry bed of Puran.**

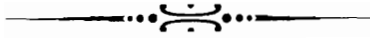


دکھ سجا کے سارنگ کو، جبل چمکی آج،  
برسے چھانج کے چھانج، بھر گئے 'پران' کے سوکھے تال.

سارنگ سينگاري، وچون وسڻ آيون،  
 مون کي ڪنوڻ خوش ڪيو، جا ڪڪر ڀر ڪاري،  
 جهڙن جهونگاري، لائوڪٽُ قلوبَ تان.



**Clouds, bedecked with lightning, have come to rain,  
 And flashes in clouds have enlivened me,  
 Clouds hummed and washed away all rust from  
 My heart.**



دکيه سجا ڪے سارنگ ڪو، بجلي چمڪن لاڳي،  
 جھوم اُنهي ميں دڪيه ڪے بادل، ڪڙ ڪڙ ڪرتي بجلي،  
 ميل دلوں کي اُترى، دڪيه ڪے گاتے بادل.



## والهي

- منهنجي سيد سار لهندو، مون کي آه اميد الله ۾ .  
نجدی پئي سپرينء، زاري زور ڪندو،  
مون کي آه اميد الله ۾ .  
امت ڪارڻ احمدات، پرملا پاڪ ڀندو،  
مون کي آه اميد الله ۾ .  
صورت ڪا ٿيندو، آڪيون سڀ سچ ڪيندو،  
مون کي آه اميد الله ۾ .  
ميڙو ٿيندو مومنين ات محمد مير ملهيندو،  
مون کي آه اميد الله،  
نفسا نفسي سڀڪو ڪري، داتا در دورندو،  
مون کي آه اميد الله ۾ .  
مهڻا ڏيندس مولو، ات بديون بخشائيندو،  
مون کي آه اميد الله ۾ .

## VAAEE

I have all hope in Allah, The Sayyad would take  
Care of me.

Prophet would prostrate before Allah humbly,  
I have all hope in Allah.

He would beg for clemency for his followers,  
I have all hope in Allah.

Angel Israfeel will sound the siren,  
Sun will scorch eyes,  
I have all hope in Allah.

All believers would gather around Prophet and  
He will rejoice,  
I have all hope in Allah.

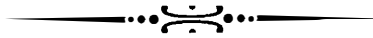
Each will leave the other and would run to  
Prophet,  
I have all hope in Allah.

Allah will oblige him and will pardon  
All sinners.  
I have all hope in Allah.

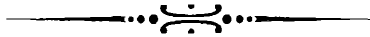
۱۔ کہتے ہیں کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟  
 کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟ کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟  
 ۲۔ کہتے ہیں کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟  
 کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟ کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟  
 ۳۔ کہتے ہیں کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟  
 کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟ کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟  
 ۴۔ کہتے ہیں کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟  
 کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟ کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟  
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 کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟ کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟  
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 کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟ کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟  
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 کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟ کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟  
 ۹۔ کہتے ہیں کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟  
 کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟ کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟  
 ۱۰۔ کہتے ہیں کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟  
 کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟ کہ تم نے کیا کیا ہے؟

1

سارنگ سائي سن، جھڙي لالي لاک جي،  
ايئن سي اهن انگيا، جيئن سي چنيءَ چن،  
برسيو پاسي پٽ، پريائين ڪن ڪراڙ جا.



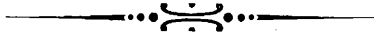
Clouds are crimson like red sealing wax,  
Colours in clouds have formed motifs like  
Those on damsels stole.  
It rained near Bhatt and filled lake  
"Karar"\* bottom to brim.



جيءَ لاک کا رنگ، شفق کھلي بدرا میں،  
جيءَ رنگ چنريا چکيں، چمڪے بادل انگ،  
”بھٹ“ پہ برسا سارنگ، بھردی جھیل ”ڪراڙ“.

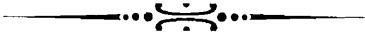
\* A small lake near the last resting place of Shah Lateef.

پَری پَٹَ تَی آئیو، سارنگُ سَہجَ مَنجہا،  
 کَٹَیون کَٹَ ہارَ جِئَن، وِچون اترَوا،  
 سَہا سَہزَا تِیا، دَامَنَ دِپَ کِیا،  
 پَہری پَٹَنان، پَریائِن کَن کَراڑَ جا۔



Cloud came on the Bhatt happily and surgingly,  
 Flashes of lightning bloom  
 Like wild red flowers,  
 All green plains look fresh and "Daman" \*  
 Grass is in abundance.

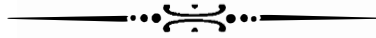
Rainfall flowing down plains filled Karar bottom to brim



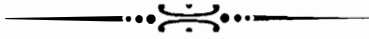
جھوم جھوم کر ”بھٹ“ پر آئیں، آج گھٹائیں کالی،  
 جیسے ”کھٹن ہار“ کھلیں یوں، کھل کھل جائے بجلی،  
 صحرا صحرا پھول کھلے ہیں، ہر سُو خوشبو بکھری،  
 میدانوں پہ برسی، بھر دی جھیل ”کراڑ“

\* A kind of grass

پربائین کن کراڑ جا، ونو واریاسو،  
 کٹیتی کنوٹ کیو، چگو چوئاسو،  
 ماکاٹی تان موٹیو، ڈیٹی پپ پاسو،  
 خالق کیو خاصو، چھو چکی کنڈین.



Having filled Karar, it rained on sandy plains,  
 Timely lightning made the monsoon to  
 Pourout fully,  
 Cloud came from “Makaan”<sup>1</sup> and passed by “Pub”<sup>2</sup>,  
 Creator has grown plentiful “Chiho”<sup>3</sup>  
 All along banks of “Chukhhi”<sup>4</sup>.



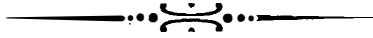
جھوم کے جھیل کراڑ پہ برسی، ریت ہوئی ہے نم،  
 کیسی ہے گنواں بدریا، برسے ہے چھم چھم،  
 ”ماکانی“ سے لوٹ کے آئی، ”پب“ پر گئی ہے تھم،  
 پی کا ہوا کرم، دیکھ ”چکھی“ پر ”چہا“ پھوٹا.

1: 2: Place names

3: A kind of grass

4: A water course near Bhatt

چيهو چڪيءَ ڪنڌين، ڪيائين گزنگ تي گل،  
 هڏا ڪٿيان هليو، ڀري ٿرايون تل،  
 آندائين آبِ اجل، مٿي باغ بهار تي.



**Cheeho all along “Chukhhi’s” banks,  
 flowers along “Grang”<sup>1</sup>,  
 Having filled low-lying plains,  
 Cloud moved from Hadakat<sup>2</sup>  
 In a downpour and turned  
 The desert into a flowery garden.**

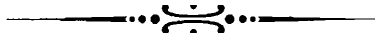


دکيه ”چڪهي“ پر ”چيهما“ پھوئا، ”گزننگ“ ۾ پھول کھلے،  
 تال تلياں بھر ڪر بادل، چلا ھے ”ھڏڪٽ“ سے،  
 ٺوٺ ڪے بادل برسے، باغ بہار ھے صحرا.

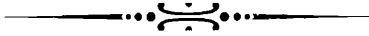
1: A village near Bhatt

2: Place name

آج رَسِيلَارَنگَ، بَادَلَّ كَيَا بُرَجَن سِين،  
 سَاَز سَارَنگِيُون، سُرندا، وَجَائِي بُر چَنگَ،  
 صَرَايُون سَارَنگَ، پَلتِيُون رَاتِ پَدَاَمَ تِي.



Today clouds form pleasant colourful peaks,  
 Whole desert resonates with music of  
 Sarangi<sup>1</sup>, Surando<sup>2</sup> and Chang<sup>3</sup>,  
 Last night clouds poured jars of rain water  
 Over “Padhaam”<sup>4</sup> plains.



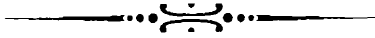
بَادَل كے برجوں میں چمکے، آج ریلے رنگ،  
 کیا کیا ساز سرندے باجے، باج رہے ہیں چنگ،  
 مینائیں سارنگ، اُلٹ دی ہیں ”پدام“ پر۔

1, 2, 3: Indigenous musical instruments

4: Place name



مينهان ۽ تيهان، ٻئي آڪر هيڪڙي،  
 جي وسڻ جا ويس ڪري، تڪر ڪن ڪيهان،  
 بادل ٿي بيهان، جي آگر اچڻ جا ڪرن.



Meehan<sup>1</sup> and Neehan,<sup>2</sup>  
 Both are one and the same,  
 When it rains the clouds rumble,  
 I would stand forth like a cloud if you came,  
 My love!

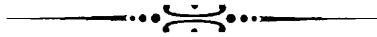


مينهه بهي وهه بهي اور مينهه بهي وهه بهي، دونوں ايڪه سهه اڪهره،  
 برسن كا جب بهيس ڪريه توه، روئين آهين بهر بهر،  
 مين توه بدلي بن ڪر، برسوں پيا جو آئين.

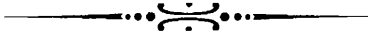
1: Rain

2: Love

ڪڙڪن ڪانڌڙ ڇت ڪيو، جهڙڙ پسيو جهڙن،  
 ورريءَ وانديين اڏيا، پڪا سي مرڻن،  
 اتر ڏاهي ان جا، ته ڪنهن ڪي ڪارون ڪن  
 وارث وري تن، اچي شال اولون ڪري.

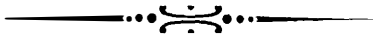


Seeing rain clouds they cry for their consorts  
 sobbing convulsively,  
 May the huts built by these forlorn damsels  
 Not get drenched and leak in the rain,  
 When chilly winds of north demolish their huts  
 To whom they should turn and cry out for help,  
 May that their protectors come back to  
 Take care of them.

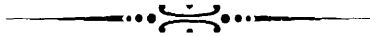


بادل ياد دلائي ساجن، برهن گھل گھل جائے،  
 هائے ري سگھيو! ٻن پر ٽيم يه، ڪٿيا بهه نه جائے،  
 کس سے وه فرياد ڪريجي، ڪٿيا جو گر جائے،  
 اب تو وارث آئے، ڏهانپ دے جو برهن ڪو.

ڪڙڪن ڪانڌا پجت ڪيو، جهڙو ڀسيو جهڙڪن،  
 سُڻيو رڙو رعد جي، ڪليون ٿيون ڪنهن،  
 ڪليون ڪين ڪچن، ويچارينون ورن ري.

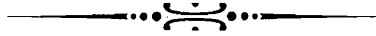


Seeing rain clouds they cry for their consorts  
 Sobbing convulsively,  
 The damsels, delicate like flower buds,  
 Tremble on hearing thunder of clouds,  
 Alone without consorts, in silence they suffer.

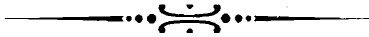


گرج گرج ڪر بادل آئے، ڪرے وه پي ڪو ياد،  
 خوف سے برهن ڪانپ اُٿھے ھے، گرج چمڪ ڪے بعد،  
 ڪريں نہ وه فرياد، جو ڪليون جيسی نازڪ ھیں!

کانڈا! تنهنجي پانڊَ ريءَ، سيءَ مران سڀ رات،  
 ڪامل، ڪپاهن ۾، جهپَ نہ اچي جهات،  
 اچين جي پريات، تہ آئون سيءَ نہ ساريان.



O my consort! Without you I shiver night long  
 O perfect one! I do not get a wink of sleep  
 Without you,  
 If you come at dawn I wouldn't mind cold.



تيرے پهلون سردی میں، ٹھٹھریں میرے انگ،  
 پل بھر کو بھی آنکھ نہ جھپکوں، تو جو نہیں ہے سنگ،  
 من میں ہے یہ اُمنگ، کہ مولا پر تيم لائے.

## واٽي

ڪر مَرُ ڪامي پڇي، آئون ويندي ڌر دوستن جي،  
جيائين ڏجهن تڪيو، سڄڻ تيائين اچي،  
آئون ويندي ڌر دوستن جي،  
نورا پاڻو نينهڻ جا، ڌر پلي جي نچي،  
آئون ويندي ڌر دوستن جي.

**VAAEE**

**Let my rival burn with jealousy,  
I'll go to my friend's door.  
More the rival's enemy, more my lover's love,  
I'll go to my friend's door.  
Wearing anklets of love I'll dance in front of  
Beloved's door,  
I'll go to my friend's door.**

وائی

ہووے راہ رقیب، میں جاؤں جہن کے دوار،  
میں جاؤں جہن کے دوار۔  
جھے جھے دنیا روکے، پریم آئے قریب،  
میں جاؤں جہن کے دوار۔  
پریت کی پائل، ناچے دلہن، تیرے دوار جیب،  
میں جاؤں جہن کے دوار۔

گنیر گت سکن، چلڻ جي چاهَ پئي،  
 ھنڊوا حيرتَ ۾ پيا، لالي کي لبين،  
 چمڪن چوڏس چنڊ جيئن، وڇڙيون وھسن،  
 لوچن ٿا، لطيف چئي، پسڻ لڻ پرين،  
 کيسرَ قريبن، سنباهي ساڻ کيا.



Elephant envies (my friend's) gait  
 And wants to learn it,  
 Handwas\* marvel at my beloved's red lips,  
 Lightning flasher as full moon radiates,  
 All are, says Lateef, yearning to see the beloved,  
 The dear one walks along in saffron-coloured radiance.

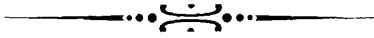


ٻاٽھي حيرت سے دیکھے ہے، ميرے بچن کی چال،  
 ھنڊوا لال بهي شرمائے ہے، ھونٺ پيا کے لال،  
 چنڊا، جھلي چمڪ کے دیکھيس، روشن حسن جمال،  
 کسے لطيف کہ ديتھن کارن، ھر اک ہے بے حال،  
 خوشبو رنگ، گلال، ساجن سنگ ہے لایا.

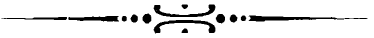
\* A crimson coloured worm that appears in rain



مَندَ تَی مَندَلْ مَندِیا، کِی اویہیژن اوک،  
 چاچر تَی چَنن ہر، مینھیون چرن موک،  
 سرھیون تیون سنگھاریون، پویو پائن طوق،  
 میہا، چپڑ، فنگیون، جت تین سپیٹی توک،  
 لاهیین مٹان لوک، ڈولائی جا ڈینہڑا۔

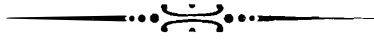


**Rainy season sets in, enthralling music pours forth  
 Rain falls in torrents,  
 There is water all around and grass is in abundance,  
 Buffaloes go grazing,  
 Thrilled herdswomen make flower garlands  
 And wear around their necks,  
 Gourds, Cucumbers, and Mushrooms are  
 In abundance,  
 May you, God! End miseries of all people.**

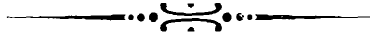


سادن رت کے ساز بچے ہیں، جھن جھن جھن، جل تھل،  
 بھرے ہیں سارے تال سکھی ری!، رپوڑ ہیں چنچل،  
 آج پڑوئے ہار دلنیا، کل تک تھی بے کل،  
 برکھا کی رت ساتھ میں لائی، طرح طرح کے پھل،  
 برکھا رت یہ بادل، دور کریں دکھ سارے۔

مند تي مندِلَ منديا، تاڙي ڪي تنوار،  
 هارين هَرَسَ سَنَباھيا، سَرَهَا تيا سَنگهار  
 آج پُنَ منهنجي يارَ، وَسَنَ جا ويسَ ڪيا.

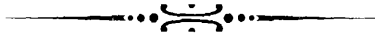


**Rainy season sets in, enthralling music pours forth,  
 Cuckoo is cooing, tillers take up ploughs,  
 Herdsman rejoice  
 Today too my Friend cloud poised for rain.**

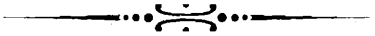


ساون رت ڪے ساز چھڙے سُن، ”تاڙے“ ڪي چڪار،  
 هاري کھيت ڪي اور چلے ھيں، ھل ڪاندھوں پر ڏار،  
 بادل ميرا يار، آج برسنے آيا.

مَنْدَلِي مَنَدِلَ مَنَدِيَا، أَيَوْ جَهْرُ جَهَاتِي،  
هَكَ ارْزَانِ أَنْ تُيُو، بِيَوْمَكُنْ مَنجَهْد مَاتِي،  
كَلْمِي سِينِ كَاتِي، لَانْمَ كَسُ قَلُوبَ تَانِ.

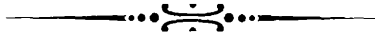


**Rainy season sets in, enthralling music  
Pours fourth  
Clouds gathered quickly,  
Grain is cheap and butter is in abundance,  
I rinsed off rust from my heart with "Kalma."**

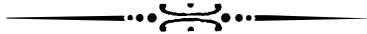


ساون رت کے ساز چھڑے ہیں، بادل برسنے آیا،  
ماکھن کی بہتات ہوئی اور، غلہ ہو گیا سستا،  
کلمہ پاک سے دھویا، زنگ دلوں کا سارا، سکھیو۔

’ذِي رِيحٍ رَائِكِ كِي، كِيائِن لوتڙيءَ تِي لَلِ،  
 دَلهي ڇڏيائِن دَرَ كِي، پاڻيءَ پَرِيائِن پَلِ،  
 آندائِن آبَ اَچَلِ، موڪلَ تِي مينهنَ كِي.



After watering Raook,<sup>1</sup> cloud showered its  
 Benevolence on Lutori,<sup>2</sup>  
 And inundated both Dar<sup>3</sup> and Pal,<sup>4</sup>  
 God, let the rain fall in torrent.



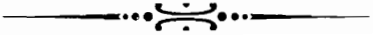
هه ”رائڪ“ ”لوتڙي“ بهي، آڄ هونئ سيرا ب،  
 چڻ گئ تهي دهرتي اب هه، لهر لهر تالاب،  
 لاي ا ب ه حد آب، بادل بهچ پي ن

1, 2, 3, 4: Place names

مون جھٹڑ ڈنوا پیر، دیولیا، کڈ مر لاه،  
 اچن آب اکئین کیو، وچون اتروا،  
 اچن جڈی پت پاء، اڈ اتاہین پکڑا.

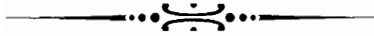


I see sky is overcast,  
 Do not settle down, my love!  
 Clouds are gathering towards north  
 With eyes full of water,  
 Leave lowplains, build hut, on high lands.

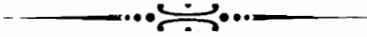


اب مت لاد کے چل اے سا جن!، گھر آئے ہیں بادل،  
 بجلی چمکی، بدرا کے اب نین سے برسے جل،  
 میدانوں کو چل، اونچی اور بنائیں کٹیا.

محبّ منہجاً سُپَرِن! اَتِيندِ اللّٰہُ  
توکی ساری ساہُ! اکنڈیو آہون کَری.

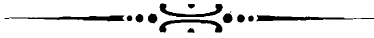


**O my love! May God bring you back,  
My heart remembers and wails for you.**

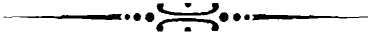


سادن، ملن کی رت ہے لایا، تجھ کو اللہ لائے،  
تیری یاد میں تڑپے جیڑا، برھن نیر بہائے.

پاچائیان پئی، تیسو آگائیان آگرو،  
چکس سپ چئی، تذهن مولی مینهن وسائیا.

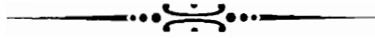


**It rained more heavily in late monsoon  
Than in early days,  
God let the rainfall only  
When I had prayed for it to exhanstion.**



بیت چلی جب رت سلون کی، اور بھی برسی برکھا،  
کیا کیا مت مانی آخر، مولا بدرا لایا.

اَڪَرَ ڪِي وِاچِن، سَچُڻَ سَانوڻَ مِي نِهِن جُئِن،  
پاسِي تَنِ وِسَنِ جِي سَپُ جَمَانَدَرِ سَڪِيَا.



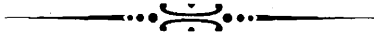
**Beloved comes like a heavy monsoon rain,  
Settling along side those  
Who had longed for him whole of their lives.**



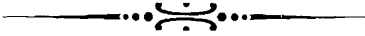
جيئسے جھوم کے بادل آئے، سا جن جھوم کے آیا،  
جيون بھر کے پياسوں پر ہے برساتين برساتا.



اَوچڻ گهرجي آجڪو، جهوپو سهي نه سيءُ،  
 سُٽائج سوڙڙ ڪي، حال منهنجو هيءُ،  
 اڳڻ آيو ٿي، ته ڊوليا! ڪنهن ڍنگ ٿيان.

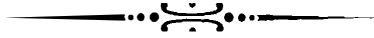


**I need a warm cover, my hut can't stop the chill  
 Tell this to him who is best among all,  
 Come home to me, my love!  
 So that I may get into form.**



سردی سسی نہ جائے، ساجن، ڏال دے اپنی شال،  
 بدرا! میرا حال سنا دے، اسے جو لال لال،  
 ساجن آن سنبھال، ٹھٹھر رہی ہے برہن.

کانڈ، تنهنجي پاندريءَ، سنجھي سيءَ مَران،  
 ڪامل، ڪپاهن ۾، پيئي نار نران،  
 تاريءَ تو تران، جيئن ور وهائيءَ واريئين،

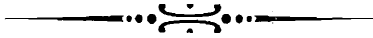


**My consort! Without your cover,  
 I shiver in cold night right from the dusk,  
 O you perfect one! Without you  
 I shiver even under quilt,  
 I live in hope that God will bring you back at dawn.**



تيرے پلوين، اے ساجن، شام سے ٹھٺرے تن،  
 گرم لُحاف میں ٹھٺر رہی ہوں، نیند نہیں مین،  
 تپ جائے پھر تن، گر پو پھٹے لوٹ آئے پر یتیم.

میندیو مینهن پُسائیو ، سَری تِیو سِیلو ،  
 پَکی پیہی آئیو ، رَحْمَتَ جَو ریلو ،  
 ساچن سَویلو ، پیچ پنی گھر آئیو ،



**Drizzling wetted her locks and  
 Then drenched her back-knot of hair,  
 The stream of mercy flowed into my hut,  
 As my love came home early at dawn.**



زلفیں بھگ چلیں تو مکھ پر، بوندیوں کی پھوار،  
 میرے آنکھن رحمت برسی، برسا میگھ ملہار،  
 دور تھا میرا یار، پوچھنی تو آنکھن آیا۔

## واني

اڪيون ميگهه ملهار، صورت تنهنجي سڀ جڳ موهيو.  
سجدو فيل في الحال ڪيو، پسي مطلب تور نراڙ،  
ڇاڀڙ وقت ڄام جي، ڪريا ڪنگرا ڪوٽ ڪفار،  
صورت تنهنجي سڀ جڳ موهيو.  
اڳي سڀ ڀين جو، توکي ڪاريو سير ستار،  
ولسوف يعطيك ربڪ، توسين قادر ڪيا قرار،  
صورت تنهنجي سڀ جڳ موهيو.  
قادر پاڻ قسم ڪيا، خاڪ قدمن جا ڪلتار،  
آهن ڪرم ڪريم جا، احمد سانڌ اپار،  
صورت تنهنجي سڀ جڳ موهيو.  
اڪنڊيا جي ابر ڪي، سرها ليا سي سنگهار،  
موڪل ٿي مينهن ڪي، دوس هٿان دلدار،  
صورت تنهنجي سڀ جڳ موهيو.

## VAAEE

**Your eyes are like clouds, Your countenance  
Fascinates the whole world.**

**Perceiving the divine light in Muttalib's forehead,  
The elephant prostrated,  
Your countenance fascinates the whole world.  
On my Lord's birth towers of the infidles, forts  
Collapsed,  
Your countenance fascinates the whole world.  
Lord made you visit and see all the heavens,  
Your countenance fascinates the whole world.  
"And your Lord would soon grant you"<sup>1</sup>**

**Was God's promise with you,  
Your countenance fascinates the whole world.  
The Almighty Himself has sworn by the dust of  
Your feet,  
Your countenance fascinates the whole world.  
Immense are the favours of Allah on Ahmed,  
Your countenance fascinates the whole world.  
Those yearning for rain are happy,  
Your countenance fascinates the whole world.  
Our Friend has let the rain fall.  
Your countenance fascinates the whole world.**

*1 A quotation from the Holy Quran*

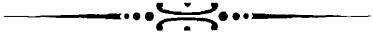
## وائی

اکھیاں میگھ ملہار، صورت نے جگ موہ لیا ہے،  
صورت نے جگ موہ لیا ہے۔  
مطلب کی پیشانی سے، نور کا تھا اظہار،  
صورت نے جگ موہ لیا ہے۔  
فیل نے سجدہ جسے کیا تھا، مطلب وہ سردار،  
صورت نے جگ موہ لیا ہے۔  
آپ وجود میں جس دم آئے، کانپ اٹھے کفار،  
صورت نے جگ موہ لیا ہے۔  
عرش بریں کی سیر کرانے، لے گئے سنگ ستار،  
صورت نے جگ موہ لیا ہے۔  
احمد پی پر رحمت کی ہے، جس کا انت نہ پار،  
صورت نے جگ موہ لیا ہے۔  
قادر جس کی قسمیں کھائے، احمد سے ہے پیار،  
صورت نے جگ موہ لیا ہے۔  
ترسی اکھیاں بدرا دیکھیں، مسکائیں ”سنگھار“،  
صورت نے جگ موہ لیا ہے۔  
رم جہم رحمت برسن لاگی، کرم ہوا دلدار،  
صورت نے جگ موہ لیا ہے۔

سچّ سانوڻ مينهن جان، جهڙڪن پاسي جهوڪ،  
ڏيندا پاهه پٽن کي، منجهان مينهن موڪ،  
لس پيارين لوڪ، آگر ڪيو آڪين سين .



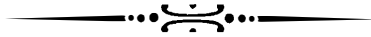
Beloved, like a monsoon rain,  
Hums towards Jhok,\*  
Making plains verdant with heavy rainfall,  
O Cloud! Pour abundant water on people  
With your overcast eyes.



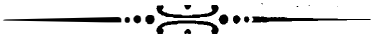
ساجن، سادن کي صورت، جهوڪ کي جانب گر جا،  
برسڻي برسات اور صحرا، سبزہ زار برسڻا،  
سب ڀه جل برسڻا، اسڪه نين ڪه بادل سه .

\* Place name

واھوندا وچون تيون، گزون دانهن کنپات،  
 کنديون كاهي گس كرو، وچون كرو وات،  
 سنگھارن سڪ تيو، لتي اڃ اسات،  
 جھڙو ڏيئي جهات، پسائيندو پتون.



Lightning appears west ward with flashes on  
 Khanbhat\*  
 O ye herdsmen! Drive your buffaloes with  
 Curved horns  
 And their calves to highways,  
 Herdsmen are happy as their thirst is quenched,  
 Clouds would deluge plains in a  
 Short while.

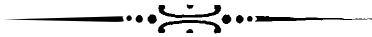


ڪھلي ”ڪھڙات“ ۾ مڇلي اور اب، چلي ۽ سرد هوا،  
 ريوڙ بانڪ ڪي باهر لاڙ، سبز ۽ هر جا،  
 پياس لڳي ۽ سنگھارون ڪي، پياسا تها صحرا،  
 يون بريڱي بدرا، ڪه جل تھل هوگا صحرا.

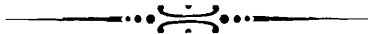
\* Place name



سچو صافُ نہ اُپري، سَـرلي وچان سچ،  
 مُنهن چڙهيو ماڙهن کي، ڏٺي واڏايون وچ،  
 هيئنڙا! ڪپُ مَڪج، سَـگها ملندءِ سڀرين.

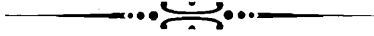


The sun is peeping through clouds and  
 Is not clear,  
 Lightning flashes news of rain to come,  
 O heart! Do not pine away with anxiety  
 For you are soon to meet your love.

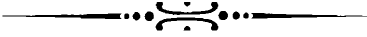


آج لڄاتا سورج اُٺهراءَ، دهندي دھوپ سڄائي،  
 چمڪ چمڪ ڪر بجلي بجني! سگھ سنديءَ لائي،  
 هوڳ ختم جدائي، آن مليج ساجن.

ڊٺ ڏيڙي پٽ پيون، پاسي پارڪر،  
سڀيئي پريا سر، پلر جي پالوٽ سين.



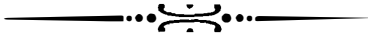
**Flashing clouds glided from Dhat<sup>1</sup> to Parkar<sup>2</sup>  
Filling dry ponds and plains with rain water.**



”ڏهٽ“ سے ڏهلي تو لهراتي وه، چلي ہے تهر کی اور،  
برس برس کے تال بھرے ہے، آج گھٹا گھنگھور.

1, 2: Place names

ڏٺ ڏري پٽ پيون، آيون عمر ڪوٽ،  
 پسايائون پلر سين، سڪا پٽ جي سوٽ،  
 چنچل ڏيئي چوٽ، سڀ سامارو سر ڪيو.



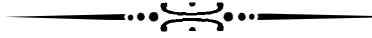
Flashing clouds glided from Dhat to plains,  
 Onwards Umerkot<sup>1</sup>,  
 Deluging parched plains with rain water,  
 And playfully inundated all Samaro<sup>2</sup>.



بل کھاتے لھراتے بادل، ”ڏھٽ“ سے آئے لوٽ،  
 پياس کا صحرا، چھم چھم بوندين، بر سے ”عمر ڪوٽ“  
 چھپ بادل کي اوٽ، جھلي ”سامارو“ ۾ چمڪي.

2: Place name

دَیْتِ دِیْرِ پَتِ پِیْیُونِ، آیُونِ کَاهِی کَامَارِی،  
وَنَآ پِیْتِ پُرَانِ جَا، وَنِیْیُونِ سَامَارِی،  
کَکَرِی کَارِی، وَجَزِیْنِ، یَسُو، وِیْسَ کِیَا



**Flashing clouds glided from Dhat to plains,  
Onwards Kamaro,<sup>1</sup>  
Raining on dry bed of Puran<sup>2</sup> and  
Parched plains of "Samaro,"<sup>3</sup>  
Look! Lightning is attired in dark clouds.**

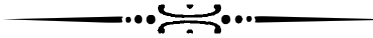


ڈھٹ سے پچھٹ کر جھوم کے بادل، چھائے ہیں "کمارے"،  
"پران" پہ گرے، کھل کر بر سے، چلے ہیں "سامارے"،  
دیکھو بدرا کالے، بجلی سے ہیں سچ کر آئے۔

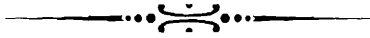
1, 3: Place names

2: River of olden time now extinct

ڊٽ ڏري پٽ پيون، ٿيا ولهارن وي  
 سڄ چنڊ نر پاڙيان، سيٺن جي شبيھ،  
 جي جاني اندر جيءَ، سي پرين پيھي گھر آيا.

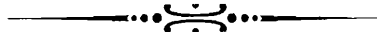


**Flashing clouds glided from Dhat to plains,  
 Turning them into lush greens,  
 Sun and moon are no match  
 To my love in radiance,  
 My love, who is always in my heart,  
 Has come home to me.**



”ٺوھٺ“ سے آئے ميدانوں میں، وادی وادی سبزہ،  
 کہاں برابر سورج چاند ہیں، ایسا ساجن میرا،  
 صبح وہ انگن آیا، جو بسا ہوا ہے من میں.

ڊٽ ڍري پٽ پيئون، وڃن ڪيو واڃو،  
 پڪو پنهنجي پرينءَ کڻي، سڀي ڪر ساڃو،  
 سڄڻ سڀا جهو، پيڇ پئيءَ گهر آيو.

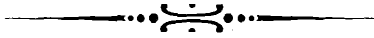


**Flashing clouds glided from Dhat to plains,  
 Reverberating with thunder,  
 Put in order your cottage as the gracious  
 Beloved came home at dawn.**

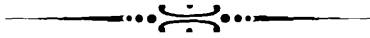


ڏهٽ ڍري پٽ پيئون، وڃن ڪيو واڃو،  
 پڪو پنهنجي پرينءَ کڻي، سڀي ڪر ساڃو،  
 سڄڻ سڀا جهو، پيڇ پئيءَ گهر آيو.

يَتَّ دِرِّي پَت پيٿيون، وچن كيا ذرم،  
 واحدا وذائي كيا، كنيدين سان كرم،  
 سنگهارن شرم، رك، منهنجا سپرين!

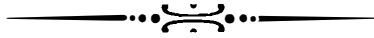


**Flashing clouds glided from Dhat  
 To plains showering bounties,  
 Gods immeasurable blessings  
 Are unto cattle with curved horns,  
 My love! Protect honour of herdsmen**

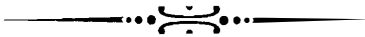


ڈھٹ سے چلا ہے میدانوں کو، بادل کا ہے احساں،  
 کرم ہوا چوپایوں پر وہ، کل تک تھے سب حیراں،  
 جن کا حال پریشاں، سا جن انگی لانج تو رکھنا۔

وَسِي سَارِي رَات، صُبْحُ جُوسَا هُ كَلِي،  
 مَنجِهِيئي مِينَهِن پَرِين جُو، جِي تَن ۾ هُو وَيئي تَات،  
 تَه وَهَاتِيءِ پَرِيَات، هُونَد، بَادَل ۾ سِ ئِي نَه كَرِين.



**It rained all night and  
 Stopped at dawn for respite,  
 But it even rain in a heart that pines for beloved,  
 Were you to suffer similar pangs,  
 O cloud, you too wouldn't stop raining.**



صبح سانس ليا بادل نے، برس کے ساری رات،  
 گر ہو من میں پریت تو ہووے، باطن میں برسات،  
 رات ہو یا پر بھات، برسے بادل ہر دم.

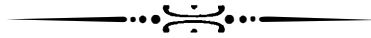


موٽي مانڊاڻَ جِي، واري ڪيائين وارَ،  
 وڇوڻَ وَسَنَ آئيونَ، چوڏس ۽ چوڏارَ،  
 ڪي اٺي هليونَ استنبولَ ڏي، ڪي مٿيون مغربَ پارَ،  
 ڪي چمڪنَ چينَ تي، ڪي لهنَ سمرقندينَ سارَ،  
 ڪي رمي ويونَ رومَ تي، ڪي ڪابلَ، ڪي قنڌارَ،  
 ڪي دهليءَ، ڪي دکنَ، ڪي گڙن مٿي گرنارَ،  
 ڪهينَ جنبي جيسرميرَ تان، ڏنا بيڪانيرَ بڪارَ،  
 ڪهينَ پُڄَ پڇاڻيو، ڪهينَ ڍٽَ مٿان ڍارَ،  
 ڪهينَ اچي عمرڪوٽَ تان وسايا وگهارَ،  
 سائينمَ، سدائينَ ڪرين مٿي سنڌُ سڪارَ،  
 دوسَ مٺا دلدارَ، عالمَ سڀُ آبادِ ڪرين.

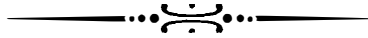
**With monsoon come flashing clouds  
Once again to rain all over,  
Some flashed on Constantinople,  
Some went towards West,  
Some glittered over China and some took care of  
Samarkand,  
Some rambled to Rome, Kabul and Qandhar,  
Some to Delhi, Some to Deccan and  
Some thundered over Girnar,  
Some rushed to Jassarmere and  
Then to Beekanere and Bakaar,  
Some drenched Bhuj and  
Then Dhat,  
Some came to Umerkot, some rained on Walhar,  
O my Lord! Bestow prosperity on Sindh for ever,  
O my sweet Friend!  
Shower your blessings on all the world.**

گرج چمک اور جھوم کے آئے، بدرا اب کی بار،  
 چم چم چمکے، گھن گھن گرے، برسے میگھ ملہار،  
 جائیں استنبول کو بدرا، برسے مغرب پار،  
 چین دیس اور سہر قند پہ، برکھا کی یلغار،  
 برس رہے ہیں روم پہ بادل، کابل اور قندھار،  
 بھینگ چلے ہیں دہلی دھن، بھینگ چلا ”گرنار“،  
 جھوم کے جیسلمیر سے آئے، ’بیکانیر‘ ’بکار‘،  
 بھینگا بھینگا ”بھنج“ ہے سارا، ”بھٹ“ پہ بوند بہار،  
 ٹوٹ کے عمر کوٹ پہ برسی، ہر سو ہے ملہار،  
 میری سندھڑی پر بھی سائیں! رحمت ہو ہر بار،  
 دوست میرا دلدار!، عالم سب آباد کرو تم .

موٽي مانداڻ جي، ڀيري ڪيائين پيڇ،  
 وڃون وسڻ آئيون، سارنگ ڇڙهيو سيڇ،  
 تنهن نوريون نوازيون، ڏئي ڏوٿان ڏيڇ،  
 بچ ڪڙي پت هليا، هاري منجهان هيڇ،  
 راضي منجهان ريڇ، عالم سڀ آباد ٿيو.

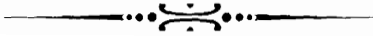


**Skies are again overcast,  
 All land is rain filled,  
 Bedecked with flashes, cloud looks like  
 A bridegroom reclining on a wedding bed,  
 Unmarried girls were married off  
 By doubling the dowry,  
 Tillers, carrying seeds, joyously rushed to fields,  
 Rain has enlivened all, whole world is prosperous.**



پھر سے بدرا برن آئے، دھرتي ھے سيرا،  
 سارنگ سج ڪر ٿڄ ڇھ سويا، بجلي ھے بے تاب،  
 برهن ڪے گھر داڄ خوشي ڪا، لايا مست سحاب،  
 هر سو ٿڄ بڃھيرين ھاري، ڪھلا خوشي ڪا باب،  
 خوشياں، چنگ، رباب، عالم سب آبد ھوا ھے.

مونِي مانداڻَ جِي، جَرِي ڪيائين جوڙَ،  
 وڇوَن وَسِڻَ آڻِيُون، ٻَهَ ٻَهَ ٻڌائون پوڙَ،  
 اَنَن جا عالمَ ۾، لڪين ٿيا ڪوڙَ،  
 سارَنگَ لائي سوڙَھ، ساندهَ سُهائو ٿيو.



**Skies are again overcast  
 All land is adorned,  
 Embellished with lightning clouds  
 Inundated every where,  
 Millions of silos are filled  
 with grain in all over the world,  
 Rainy season has ended distress  
 And brightness is all over**



پھر سے ٻڌرا گھر ڪر آئے، برسن ڪے ٻيں ڏھنگ،  
 چم چم چمڪے، گھن گھن گرجے، دیکھ تو ڪيا ڪيا رنگ،  
 جگ ۾ ٻے بهتات غلے ڪي، بانج رھے ٻيں چنگ،  
 بھوک سے تھے جو تنگ، ان ڪے آنگن روشن ٻيں.

موٽي مانداڻ جا، ڀري ڪيائين ڀر،  
 وڃون وسڻ آڻيون، ڪوڏان ڪٿي ڪر،  
 مينهنون پاڻ مَرادِيون، تڏا چرن ٿر،  
 وڏي اوهه آڻيون، پٺيءَ لاهي ڦر،  
 ساري اڇيوسوا مينهنون، ڏين ڪير سڄر،  
 ساڻ وانڍين ور، ڀريون ڀرڇڻ جون ڪيون.

Flashing clouds arrived and playfully deluged  
low-lying valleys,  
Buffaloes are out grazing without headsman,  
With their udders full and calves in train,  
They yield fresh milk,  
Estranged lovers are reconciling.

پھر سے بادل گھر کر آئے، آج گھٹا پھر چھائی،  
برسن کارن چمکے بجلی، پل پل لے انگڑائی،  
سبزہ دیکھ کے میدانوں میں، بھیس ہے ہنجرے لائی،  
دودھ تھنوں میں پھلکاتی ہر، بھینس اب لوٹ کے آئی،  
کس آرام سے چر کر بھیس، دودھ ہیں دینے آئیں،  
برہن ہے اٹھلائی، ملن کی بات چلی ہے۔

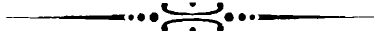


حڪمُ ٿيو بادلَ ڪي، تہ ٻارنگ ساڻ ڪجن،  
 وڃون وَسَ اَٿيون، تہ تہ مينهن ٿمن،  
 جن مهانگو لهي ميڙيو، سي ٿا هٿ هڻن،  
 پنجن منجهان پندرهن ٿيا، اٿن ٿا ورقَ ورن،  
 ڏڪاريا ڏيهَ مان، شالَ موڏي سڀُ مرن،  
 وري وڏي وَسَ جون، ڪيون ڳالهيون ڳنوارن،  
 سيد چوي سڀين، آه توه تنهنجو آسرو.

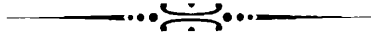
**God commanded clouds to embellish for raining  
Flashing clouds arrived and rained in thundering claps,  
Those hoarding for high price wring their hands,  
Their hope of making fifteen of five is shattered,  
Hoarders and miser profiteers may perish,  
Herdsman are again speaking of great showers,  
Sayed says, “they all depend on you, O Lord.”**

رب کا حکم ہوا ہے اب تو، سارنگ کرے سنگھار،  
 جلی چمکی ، گرج گرج کر، برسا بادل یار،  
 مہنگا بچنے والے سارے، ہوئے ذلیل و خوار،  
 پانچ کا پندرہ میں بچیں، کریں جو یہ بیوپار،  
 قحط کا کاروبار کریں جو، مولا! ان کو مار،  
 ہر پل سب برسات کی باتیں، کرتے ہیں نادار،  
 نہیں ہے اور سہار، کہے لطیف کہ تجھ بن، سائیں۔

آندرِ جھڑا جھور وھی، بہرِ ککر نہ کوئے،  
 وسائیندی وچڑی، حبّ جنین کی ہوئے،  
 لالِن جنینِ لوئے، تنِ اوکائین نہ اکیون۔

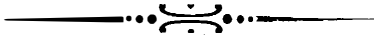


**Inside me dense cloud rain,  
 Out side there is n't a wisp of cloud.  
 Lightning flashe inside those,  
 Who are truly in love;  
 Those with their lovers beside them,  
 Their eyes aren't ever tearful**

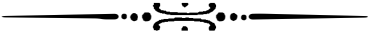


من کے پیچ تو برکھا رت ہے، باہر کہاں ہے بدرا،  
 اس من میں تو سدا ہے سادن، جس من پریت بسیرا،  
 جن کے گھر میں پیارا، ان کے نین سدا مسکائیں۔

اندر جھڑ جھور وھی، بہر برسی بوند آپار،  
وٹ جنھین ھن یار، سی اوکائین نہ آکیون.

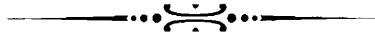


**It rains heavily inside me and so it is outside,  
Those with lovers beside them,  
Their eyes aren't ever tearful.**

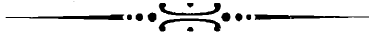


من کے پیچ بھی برکھارت ہے، باہر بھی ہے برکھا،  
جن کے پاس ہے پیارا، ان کی روشن آنکھیں.

آگمجي آئيون، اتران ڪري اور،  
جي پرين هٿڙا ڏور، سي مون کي مينهن ميڙيا.



**Flashing clouds, laden with rain,  
Have come gliding from north,  
Rainfall has brought back my love,  
Who had been long separated.**



گرج گرج ڪے بادل آئے، اتر سے پھر آج،  
دور تھا وہ سرتاج، آج میرے گھر آیا.

## واڻي

آڻي مُندَ مَلهارَ، آئون گنهبا ڪنڊيس ڪپڙا.  
وَسَڻَ جا ويسَ ڪيا، آڄُ منهنجي يارَ،  
آئون گنهبا ڪنڊيس ڪپڙا.  
لارَ لائيندي وڃِرا، پَنـڙَسَ پَنـپـيا وارَ،  
آئون گنهبا ڪنڊيس ڪپڙا.  
پَڪي آءُ پَرِين تون، لَهـُ منهنجي، سَيد، سارَ،  
آئون گنهبا ڪنڊيس ڪپڙا.

**VAAEE**

**Rainy season has set in,  
I'll dye my dress, crimson.**

**My friend cloud again means to rain,  
I'll dye my dress, crimson.**

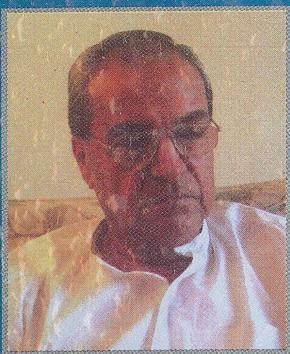
**Adjusting bells around the calves' necks,  
Herdmaid's tresses were drenched,  
I'll dye my dress, crimson.**

**Sayyad says, come home and take me into  
Your care,  
I'll dye my dress, crimson.**



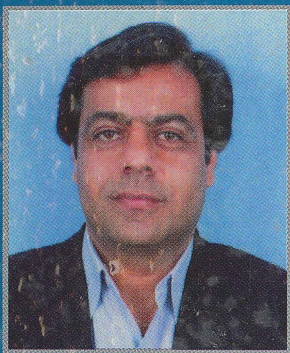
دائی

آئے میگھ یہمار، میں رنگوں چُنریا دھانی،  
میں رنگوں چُنریا دھانی۔  
رم جھم رم جھم برسن لاگا، سج دھج بادل پار،  
میں رنگوں چُنریا دھانی۔  
چرواہن کی کالی لٹ پر، بوندنیوں کی پھوار،  
میں رنگوں چُنریا دھانی۔  
کہے لطیف کہ مہر کرو تم، انگن آگر پار۔  
میں رنگوں چُنریا دھانی،



Agha Saleem

Agha Saleem is a renowned novelist, dramatist, poet and folklorist. He has written many field research papers on folk traditions, faiths and folk lore of Thar, the desert area of Sindh and Northern Area. Worth mentioning are his papers on the snake charmers of Sindh and folk superstitions of Northern Area. Apart from literature and folklore, his fields of interest are mysticism, music, particularly mystic music, and history. He has translated the poetry of Baba Farid, the great mystic of thirteenth century, and selected poetry of Shah Hussain, the poet of mystic rapture. Khwaja Ghulam Farid, and all the poetic works of Shah Abdul Lateef Bhittai, the great mystic poet of universal love and peace. He is now translating Shah Abdul Bhittai, in English.



Dr. Pir S. Ebrahim Shah

*President*

*Rotary Club of Karachi Clifton*

It is matter of pride and pleasure for the Rotary Club Karachi Clifton District 3270 (Pakistan) that it is bringing out the English and Urdu translation of the poem Melody of Clouds of Shah Abdul Lateef Bhittai, the great mystic poet of universal love and peace. The mechanical and meretricious culture we are living in has turned our hearts into, to use T.S.Eliot's phrase, a wasteland. This wasteland can bloom into a paradisiacal garden with spiritual poetry like that of Shah Abdul Lateef Bhittai. We hope that, the purpose with which we are publishing this book will be accomplished and this book will contribute to instill love for humanity in our hearts.

Rotary Club of Karachi Clifton was chartered in 1996. During these years club had undertaken many projects and won many Rotary International and District awards; such as Best Club for year 2000-2001, Best Secretary (Rtn. Sajjad Hussain Zaidee), Best English Bulletin, Literacy Promotion Award, Outstanding Performance in Polio Plus, Rotary International Presidential Citation Award, Rotary International Polio Citation. Rotary Club of Karachi Clifton is providing continuous support to Dar Ul Sakoon a house of special children and is actively waged a war against Polio. We are working for the man kind and man kind is our business, we are serving the humanity above ourselves and it is the

