AFGHAN POETRY
OF THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY:
BEING
SELECTIONS FROM
THE POEMS OF KHUSH HAL KHAN KHATAK.

WITH
TRANSLATIONS AND GRAMMATICAL INTRODUCTION.

EDITED AND COMPILED BY
[C. E. BIDDULPH, M.A.]

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GEORGE ANDERSON, ESQ.,

FORMERLY OF KUMBUL INDIGO FACTORY, DURBANGH, TIHROOT;

IN GRATIFIC RECOLLECTION OF

KINDNESS RECEIVED ON MY ARRIVAL IN INDIA.
INTRODUCTION.

It is with some diffidence that I venture to approach a subject which has already met with such able handling at the hands of others far more masters of the language and literature of which they were treating than myself, and I do not imagine that the present work will be found to contain anything that is not already known to the Pushtoo scholar. My only object in compiling it has been to facilitate a further study of the language on the part of such as may have only as yet commenced it, and to enlist generally the interest of those as yet unacquainted with it, whether in England or India, by a rendering, however bald and inadequate, of some of the more interesting pieces which its literature contains.

It is indeed strange to observe the apathy with which the study of the Pushtoo language is taken up even now-a-days, and that in spite of the daily increasing importance for professional purposes of a thorough acquaintance with this language to so many of our Anglo-Indian officials, whether of the Military or Civil Services, independently of the interest attaching to the study of this language, which is that of one of the most peculiar of the populations with which, in the course of the extension of our Oriental territories, we have ever been brought in contact, and of the fact of the length of our acquaintance and connection with the land of their homes and the stirring episodes in our national history which have occurred and may yet occur in the course of our intercourse with this country and its inhabitants; and if this is true as regards the language itself, still more is it the case with regard to its literature, which could under any circumstances only be expected to come under the notice of such as had pursued their studies in Pushtoo to such an extent as to be able to appreciate the interest attaching to those of its productions which are still extant and available for their perusal; there are indeed but comparatively few that appear to be acquainted hardly further than by name with the works of its most famous authors, such as whose names are household words in every Pushtoo home, and whose compositions are in the mouths of countless numbers of the Pushtoo population, many of whom subjects
of our Government. That this neglect has been redeemed by brilliant exceptions in the case of those capable of an appreciation of the interest attaching to these works, and the beauties to be found in them, has been amply demonstrated by the valuable works of Dr. Bellier, Mr. Hughes and others, and lastly but by no means leastly those of Major Raverty. The latter may indeed be styled the Father of the study of the Afghan language and literature, for more than thirty years ago he devoted himself to placing at the disposal of the public the unique stores of information which he had in the course of years of study acquired upon the subject, and it is mainly owing to the facilities which he was thus able to afford that his successors in the task and the ordinary student of the present day is indebted for any proficiency which he may attain in his pursuit. "Raverty's Grammar," "Raverty's Dictionary," "Raverty's Gulshan-i-Roh," or Selections of the most interesting, characteristic and beautiful extracts from Pushtoo literature, will ever be lasting memorials of the conscientious and disinterested labour which this pioneer of the study of the Pushtoo language and its literature bestowed upon a subject the interest and importance of which was even less adequately understood at the time that he wrote that at the present time.

However much these works may be improved upon by a more extended acquaintance with this population and its language, they will ever remain the original foundation of whatever our further acquisitions in this respect may be. As regards the present work it is only to be regarded as being supplementary to them, and specially compiled for the benefit of the beginner in Pushtoo.

With this reservation the only merits which I claim for its production are that as regards the vernacular portion of the work the system of spelling adopted has been as far as possible based upon the latest devised rules of orthography and grammatical construction, such as a candidate for examination in Pushtoo would now-a-days be required to pay attention to in the composition of his theme. It must be remembered that the Pushtoo can hardly be called a written language to any appreciable extent; as in the case of Scotland, to which country its characteristics of population and national traits afford a remarkable analogy, its sole literature may almost be said to be such as has taken a poetical form more or less of the character of ballads; these poems moreover have been mostly handed down by oral tradition, and but in few cases committed to writing. Even where the latter has been the case, as might be expected amongst a rough and uncultivated people who scorn such, as they consider them, effeminate accomplishments as reading and writing, but little attention has been paid by the various transcribers to any uniform system of spelling or of grammatical construction, the equivalents of the words recited having been probably as often as not committed to paper upon phonetic rather than upon any other principles.
It is only lately, since the introduction of the printing-press into Peshawar, that a demand for printed copies of these poems has arisen. This demand has of course been almost exclusively confined to the natives of the country, and the nature and quality of the article supplied has been such as would meet with their expectation and requirements, but to any European, except such as have made the reading of vernacular literature their special study, it must often have been a matter of experience how discouraging to the ordinary reader is the spectacle presented upon opening a book of this character in the usual type; so much so that in spite of his desire to penetrate its contents and make himself acquainted with the matters of interest which it contains, a perseverance in his object involves a hard struggle, the more so that, as is the case with most Anglo-Indians, his more immediate object in this study is the agreeable and profitable employment of such leisure as he is able to snatch from the more serious business of life upon which his maintenance depends, and this leads me to the only other merit which I claim for this work, which is that the printing is legible; there is no running of one word into another, or placing one portion of a word upon the line with the remainder in the interval above it, as is the distracting custom in most of the productions of the Vernacular Press. I should add that the brief Grammatical Introduction which I have prefixed to the accompanying Selections is a mere compilation of notes taken by myself whilst studying for examinations from the mouth of vernacular teachers and from the works of Major Raverty and Professor Trumpp. With this apology for the appearance of the work at all, I will proceed to add a few remarks for the benefit of the English reader or of such Europeans in India as have not been brought much in contact with a Pathan population.

Afghanistan has always been a country abounding in rustic poets, and amongst a people absolutely devoid of any other form of literature the poetic has, as amongst most free and mountain races, been the favourite mode of recording any forcible impression whether of a sentimental, historical or moralistic description which may have occurred to the composer; down to the present time there is no form of enjoyment more appreciated by even the most wild and barbarous of the tribes inhabiting these regions than that afforded by the recitation of their favourite ballads, or indeed of any such as relate in a sufficiently impressive manner any forcible incident of national or individual interest. Amongst all these productions of local talent the poems of Khushal Khan Khatak, the famous chief and warrior, and Abd-ul-Rahman, the philosopher and moralist, have ever held the foremost place in the affections of their fellow countrymen, so much so that many even of the most ignorant amongst them have in the course of listening to repeated recitations of them by professional bards acquired an acquaintance by rote with the best known of these, and there is no surer or readier mode of appealing to their sympathies or enlisting their
This is but natural, for these poems breathe of the subjects in which every Pathan delights; they remind him of days of former grandeur and prowess and they talk to him alike of love and warfare, which are the themes which most ever appeal most readily to the untutored instincts of a brave though savage and independent people. As they tell of raid and foray and contest between clan and clan his eyes flash and his nostrils quiver with the passions they arouse; as they describe the softer emotions of love and sentiment his breast heaves with gentle sighs, for in spite of rugged and brutal bearing there is no people in which exists a deeper fund of latent tenderness and gallantry; again, little as he may probably care to carry into practice the moral teaching of the didactic portions, he can still fully appreciate the loftiness of the sentiments which they contain, and in this he is not singular amongst mankind.

The poems, as would be expected, bear throughout the impress of the natural influences by which the composers were surrounded. Afghanistan is a country where nature ever exhibits herself in the most conflicting aspects; it is a country of lofty mountains and deep ravines, of arid plains and fertile valleys, of bitter cold and scorching heat, for the seasons too share of the extremes visible in the physical characteristics of the country; in winter biting frost and heavy snow in parts, in summer scorching winds and fiery sunshine. The only period of the year on which the Afghan poet delights to dwell is that intervening between the freezing blasts of winter and the burning heats of the hot season, while the general barrenness and sterility of his native land is amply brought home by his repeated recurrence to the simile—as typical of everything that is charming and delightful, and which is one that he invariably makes use of when he wishes to bring in a comparison which shall touch the heart of his reader—of a 'garden,' to work in which on a hot summer's day is the supremest of his delights.

What wonder then that, born and bred amongst these scenes of sterility and savage grandeur, the Pathan should breathe of the instincts with which his constant intercourse with them would inspire his nature. In the daily struggle for existence which the barrenness of his native land involves, the strong hand has ever been the only law recognised or to which an appeal would be made, and "Thou shalt want ere I do" has been as much the motto of every Pathan tribe as it ever was of the border clans of Scotland in the good old days of yore. But deeply as in the case of the true Pathan the fiercer instincts of human nature seem affected by the scenes which Nature herself has spread around him, these are accompanied by a simple and poetical appreciation of the more beautiful and softer features of the landscape, and a healthy manliness of tone in his expression of the sentiments which afford a
refreshing contrast to the maudlin or voluptuous treatment which such subjects meet at the hands of most Oriental poets. It is this manliness of tone inherent in his nature which must on one point always appeal to the chivalrous feelings instinctive in every European and make the latter feel disposed to deal kindly with his other failings, objectionable and contemptible as they may appear in our eyes; and that is his treatment of the weaker sex, so different from the habits and customs of other Eastern nations with whom we have been brought in contact. It must, however, be understood that throughout these remarks I am speaking of the higher classes of Pathans; amongst the populace their treatment of women-kind probably meet with no better treatment than they do amongst the lower classes of Europeans. To Englishmen of all nations must this redeeming trait ever appeal with peculiar force, for from what other Asiatic people with whom we have been brought in contact could we have hoped for the treatment, rough as it was, which our fellow countrywomen met with at the hands of the savage and vindictive Pathans when they fell into their hands as prisoners at the time of the disastrous evacuation of Cabul in 1842, and that too at a time when the passions of their victors were at their fiercest pitch and they were flushed with victory and success; for different were the experiences of such as some years later fell into the hands of our own Sepoys and others, our only mistake in dealing with whom had been that we had treated them with too great confidence and generosity. Startling contrasts are, however, as much the characteristics of the nature of the Pathan as they are those of his country and its climate; he is capable of the most unexampled outbreaks of generosity and sentiment as of the most cold-blooded and calculating acts of treachery and sordid greed and duplicity; of the deepest self-devotion to those to whom he is attached or whom he considers to have a claim upon his gratitude, in comparison to which life, or what perhaps is dearer to him than life, money, presents no value in his eyes; as of the most implacable resentment towards those at whose hands he imagines himself to have received any injury, more particularly it would almost seem if such should in any way be connected with him by blood.

It is with the expression of such manly sentiments as were exemplified on the occasion to which I have above referred that the Pathan love-songs are replete; portions indeed of the sentimental poetry are of that type so peculiar to Mahommedan compositions of this nature, in which the expression of the sentiments of human love and passion are so inextricably mingled with those of devotion to the Deity that in many cases it is almost impossible to distinguish the one from the other, or separate the outpourings of the love-sick poet from the mystic yearnings of the devout mind for absorption in or union with the Divine Being. The special distinction of the Pathan poetry in this respect, as contrasted with the current poetry of the East, is that—intermingled as are the expressions of these sentiments in the poems of this description—
there is nothing about them that need shock the ear of the refined lover or offend the sense of propriety of the devout reader, as is too frequently the case with the gross and material allusions commonly indulged in by most Oriental poets. If the sonnets are read as simple love-songs they are full of beautiful and picturesque comparisons such as would naturally occur to the rustic poet poring forth his feelings of sentiment towards his mistress amidst the recesses of his native mountains; if they be regarded as the expression of the cravings of the devout soul for a closer union with its Creator, there is nothing in them that need prevent their perusal by a reverent mind. The similes introduced in these love-songs are in many cases as wild and fanciful as the scenes which must have met the eyes of the composer. The lover is compared to the breeze which is fancifully supposed to be distractedly wandering about in pursuit of the perfume of the rose; he is drawn towards his mistress as the sun in its mid-day heat draws up the dew; again, like the dew which, glittering in the rays of the sun, is fancifully compared to countless eyes, he is all eyes for the approach of his mistress; as the sun derives its light from some supernatural source, so the fulness of her beauty is reflected upon him; the snow upon the mountain tops melts upon the approach of spring into sympathetic torrents of tears over the woes of separated lovers; the mountain slopes covered with the smoke of burning prairies are typical of the sighs and lamentations of the same; again, the wounded heron, separated from and left behind by its companions in their flight, lends itself by its distress and the agitation which it exhibits to the same purpose; his mistress is compared to a cypress, to a pine, in her stateliness of figure and graceful carriage, her face to a tulip, in which the red and white are cunningly mingled, her locks are like hyacinth, etc., etc. The appreciation of scenery and the beauties of nature which finds such a frequent expression in these poems is a sentiment with which we, Europeans most sympathize most strongly, all the more so that a capacity for such aesthetic enjoyment is not by any means widely spread amongst Asiatics.

To understand appropriately the spirit and character of the patriotic and historical portions of this poetry it would be necessary to review briefly the special characteristics of the people amongst which their authors took their origin and the scenes and conditions of society amongst which they were born and brought up.

As has been before remarked the country of Afghanistan affords in its social aspects a remarkable analogy to that of Scotland, particularly as regards its political condition and the national traits of its inhabitants; that is, if regard be had to the Scotland of the Middle Ages. As in Scotland the Highland portion of the population is found divided into various clans, distinguished by patronymics denoting the ancestors from which they respectively claim their origin, each of which, in former ages, under the feudal authority of its own tribal chief, whose
personal influence was the only rule that its members recognized for their guidance, led a distinct and semi-independent political existence, neither recognizing nor deferring to any claims on the part of other clans of a collateral origin, or indeed of any supreme power except in so far as the head of the clan found it expedient or necessary to do so,—in the same way each Afghan tribe constitutes a separate political unit bound to its individual chief by strictly feudal ties, and recognizing no authority beyond him except under compulsion by superior force.

The tribes, however, of Afghan origin, by no means form the exclusive population of these regions; for, intermingled amongst them, is found a considerable sprinkling of tribes of Persian and Moghal descent, introduced into the country in the train of various Moghal and Persian invaders, their relations with whom are, as it may be imagined, none of the most cordial; for the latter are evidently a comparatively recent accession to the population, and the tribes of Afghan origin, who are the oldest inhabitants of the country of whom we have any record, could thus hardly be expected to look on them with other than feelings of jealousy and dislike as intruders and interlopers. There is strong reason to believe that the Afghans themselves are a tribe of Western origin, who have taken refuge in the regions in which they are now found from the successful invasions of their own homes; but their descent is lost in obscurity, and it is difficult even to make a suggestion as to the immediate cause of their immigration into these regions. Curiously enough, they themselves claim to be of Jewish extraction, and there is no doubt that this strange traditional belief in their descent is firmly implanted in their breasts; it is no weaker now than it was more than two centuries ago, the poetry of which period abounds in allusions to the same. Certain of the words, moreover, found in their language, are by some supposed to be remotely connected with the Hebrew, and thus to give some shadow of reason to the advancement of this strange claim on their part; or, however, that is certain about them is, that at present they constitute the majority of the inhabitants and speak a variety of dialects of a common language. This similarity of language, however, appears to constitute locally no bond of union between the members of the various tribes into which this population is divided, which each exist apart with entirely distinct customs and interests, and on terms of mutual distrust and suspicion, if not of actual open hostility.

Following out, then, the analogy that has been suggested to the condition of Scotland in the Middle Ages, we must endeavour to imagine the Highland and Lowland sections of the population inextricably intermingled as regards their local position in adjacent counties, as it were, instead of inhabiting perfectly distinct tracts of country, though equally distinct from one another in all their social relations. The Afghan would thus sufficiently and adequately represent the Highlanders, or the more ancient inhabitants of the country, while the Lowlanders, or the mixed and alien races, comprised of the races of successive
invasion of elements from the South, would be represented by the various races of a distinct extraction from the Afghans, which are found scattered amongst them, but the difference of whose origin is immediately proclaimed by their appearance, language, and manners.

As then in Scotland the Highland portion of the population, whilst living on terms of perpetual hostility with its Lowland neighbours, was itself divided into clans constituting different communities which, though regarding one another with a jealous distrust, were bound internally with the closest ties—so in the case of the tribes of Afghan origin are their respective members equally jealous of their tribal rights and privileges, while at the same time living collectively upon terms of the bitterest hostility with the races of a different extraction residing in their midst. If this latter be the case now-a-days, after years and years of intercourse, or at any rate of contact, how much more must it have been so two centuries ago, when the Moghals were supreme in Hindustan and the dominant race in Afghanistan itself, and that in spite of the most determined and obstinate resistance on the part of its Afghan inhabitants! Of the bitterness of the feeling towards them on the part of the latter there is abundant evidence in their poetry of that period, which abounds with descriptions of sanguinary conflicts between the rival races and bloodthirsty oaths over hecatombs of slaughtered Moghals. Such portions of this poetry are full of peculiar interest to us in the present state of our relations with the country as denoting the terms upon which our predecessors in the sovereignty of Hindustan were upon with these savage and determined opposers to their rule, and the means which they eventually adopted to overcome this opposition and introduce distrust and disunion among the confederate tribes. It must be remembered that at the time these poems were written no such a personage as an Amir of Cabul existed, neither had Cabul itself ever been the seat of a national or other dynasty; up till then, and indeed for many years subsequently, it never formed more than the headquarters of the Government of a local Satrapy, according to the province of which it was the chief town happened to constitute for the time being a dependency of some Central Asian Dynasty or of the throne of Delhi. Though under these circumstances this province nominally stretched as far as Ghazni on the south and to the confines of the present district of Peshawar on the east, the actual rule of the Governor of Cabul does not appear to have extended beyond the Cabul valley itself and those immediately accessible from it. In the same way the district of Peshawar was a remote dependency of the throne of Delhi, and its chief town the headquarters of another provincial Governor, whose nominal sway extended over all the tribes scattered throughout the surrounding country. The degree of recognition, however, accorded to the rule of these respective governors by the tribes inhabiting the mountains extending from Jellalabad to the neighbourhood of Peshawar, such as the Afridis, Mohmands, Shinwaris,
INTRODUCTION

Khutaks, etc., etc., appears to have been of almost as vague and shadowy a description as that now accorded by these same tribes to the Amir of Cabul. The Moghal Emperors appear to have tried every expedient that could possibly occur to them, whether through the medium of force or diplomacy, to reduce these tribes to a position of subordination to their rule, but equally without success. They remained a set of incorrigible and uncompromising robbers and banditti, only to be won over to an inoffensive attitude by a lavish expenditure of gold, whenever their neutrality or good services were required. Many years later the strength and independence of their position was demonstrated by the fact that Nadir Shah, the great conqueror, on his return from Hindustan, was compelled to submit to pay a heavy black mail to these predatory tribes to secure a safe passage through the Khaibar Pass for the treasure which he brought with him.

The poems of one of the authors of whom I am speaking date from the middle to the end of the seventeenth century, and so extend through the period during which the Emperor Aurangzeb—reversing the tolerant and temporizing policy initiated by his predecessor Akbar, and carried out by the latter's immediate successors Jehangir and Shah Jehan, which had done so much to extend and solidify the Moghal supremacy throughout the continent of Hindustan—was endeavouring, by a resort to violent and oppressive measures, to reduce the heterogeneous races comprised within his empire, over many of whom he held little but a nominal sway, to a condition of abject subjugation to his rule; an enterprise in which, after years and years of warfare, he not only failed himself most signally, but by his failure and the feelings of dissatisfaction and opposition which he aroused laid the seeds of the subsequent downfall of his dynasty.

Against no people did he make more strenuous and futile efforts than against the Afghan tribes inhabiting the regions adjoining the North-Western frontier of the Punjab.

The importance of keeping open a free current of communication between Hindustan and Central Asia had always been recognized by every Moghal Emperor of Delhi as being the only means by which fresh influxes of reinforcements of their countrymen could be obtained, and it was to the failure of this supply of fresh and renovating national material, in consequence of the closing of this means of access, that the gradually increasing weakness of the Moghal rule was subsequently due; but whereas previous Emperors had been content to secure the freedom of this means of communication with the homes of their race from the wild and warlike tribes, in whose hands the route by Cabul lay, by a mixture of force and cajolery, and to purchase the immunity they required at the cheap expense of an occasional expedition against an individual offender and a few bribes and honorary titles bestowed upon such as submitted to their wishes, without, however, for a moment dreaming of any attempt upon the freedom
of the mass, it was one of Aurangzeb's ambitious schemes to reduce the entire inhabitants of these regions to a position of absolute submission to his rule. In this enterprise, however, he failed as signally as he did in his later undertakings against the Mahrattas. For two years were his armies encamped amongst these mountain fastnesses, and countless were the lives lost and treasures expended in the guerrilla warfare with the fierce and hardy Afghans which ensued, the leader amongst whom was the famous chief, warrior and poet, Khushhal Khan Khatak, of whom Elphinstone in his History of India appropriately remarks, "This war derives additional interest from the picture of it preserved by one of the principal actors, Khushhal Khan, the Khan of the Khattacs, who was a voluminous author and has left several poems written at this time for the purpose of exciting the national enthusiasm of his countrymen. They are remarkable for their high and ardent tone, and for their spirit of patriotism and independence, so unlike the usual character of Asians." It is from these amongst others that I now give a few selections, and feeble as will be my translations as compared with the fire and spirit and vigour of the originals, they may yet be of some interest to the general reader unable to peruse them in the original, if only on account of the matter which they contain.

Khushhal Khan was, as has been before remarked, the chief of the Khattacs, a powerful and warlike tribe inhabiting the neighbourhood of the Khaibar Pass. He was born in the early part of the seventeenth century, and died in a ripe old age towards its close; he was thus the contemporary of Charles the First, Charles the Second and James the Second amongst our Sovereigns, and lived through a portion of the reign of the Emperor Jehangir, the whole of that of Shah Jehan, and the greater part of that of Aurangzeb, amongst the Moghal Emperors of Delhi. It was during the reign of the Emperor Shah Jehan that he arrived at the age of manhood, and his abilities and influence appear to have been fully recognized by this Sovereign, who, with the diplomacy which was then the policy of the Moghal Emperors, supported him in every way, and entrusted him with various responsible duties connected with the protection of the line of communication between Hindustan and Cabul. Wherever this Emperor's name is mentioned in his poems, he is spoken of by Khushhal Khan throughout in terms of the greatest esteem and respect, very different in their tone from those in which he refers to his successor Aurangzeb, who, as has been described, reversed the temporizing policy which had been that of his predecessors in their relations with these mountain tribes, and made a bitter enemy of Khushhal Khan by treacherously imprisoning him in Hindustan for many years in consequence of some supposed contempt of his authority. He escaped, however, from this imprisonment to his native country, where, as may be imagined, he became the rallying-point of the opposition offered by his fellow-countrymen
to the attempted aggressions of the Moghuls. As is known from history, this opposition on the part of the Afghan tribes was of so determined a character that, though the Emperor Aurangzeb himself took command of the forces, he was unable to accomplish his object, and obliged, after several years of a disastrous and desultory warfare, carried on at the expense of many lives and much treasure, to withdraw his troops to Hindustan. Later on he succeeded in effecting by cojolery a great part of that which he had failed to do by force, and by a liberal expenditure in the way of bribes and dowries to the leaders of other tribes, succeeded in detaching these from their confederation with the Khataks, a subject to which many are the bitter and contemptuous allusions made by Khushhal Khan, who appears never to have to have abated from the hostility of his demeanour towards the Moghuls till, worn out and broken-spirited, betrayed into the hands of his enemies by his own son, he seems in his old age to have felt at times the hopelessness of contending against such influences, or of inducing the other tribes in the face of it to combine with him in the defence of the national independence. His feelings towards Aurangzeb, however, never changed, and he never alludes to him except in terms of the bitterest hatred and contempt, and never loses an opportunity of covering him with derision and obloquy.

The poems of Khushhal Khan are of the most heterogeneous description as regards the subjects of which they treat, they deal with those of a patriotic nature, contests with the Moghuls and tribal feuds, sports of various descriptions, especially that of hawking, which appears to have been the favourite amusement of this accomplished and versatile chief, conviviality, religion, morality, and sentiment. He appears to have been indeed a man of the most extraordinary vigour of mind and exceptional versatility of talent; there is no subject which could ordinarily occur to a human being, not a specialist, which he does not discuss. Such a development of intellect and power of observation and appreciation of the gravity and profoundness of the problems affecting human life as are exhibited in his works are all the more astonishing to us when we consider his career, the age he lived in, and the almost utter state of barbarism of the social surroundings amidst which he spent the best part of his life. It is true that the greater portion of his poems appear to have been written after he had passed the prime of his manhood, and subsequently to the period of his imprisonment in India by Aurangzeb, to which frequent references are made, though some of them were evidently written during the time of this confinement, for they contain the most pathetic lamentations over the restraint he was subjected to, and expressions of homesickness and pining after the free life and the mountains and streams of his native country. It is probable that it was in the course of this confinement, and in that of his previous intercourse with the Emperor Shali Jehan, with whom he appears to have been on the most friendly and confidential terms, that he acquired and developed the taste for refined
and literary pursuits and philosophical enquiries and reflections which was then
the characteristic of the Moghal court, to which all the Oriental literary of the
age had, since the time of the Emperor Akbar, been encouraged to resort.
There is no question that he was a man of exceptional talents and energy
both of mind and body, nor that, had his lot been placed in a wider field and
in a more civilized sphere, he would have risen to a position of considerable
celebrity. As it was, being only the chief of a comparatively insignificant
mountain tribe of Afghanistan, his existence depended throughout on the most
precarious circumstances, and he died in an obscure old age unnoticed and
unconsidered by his fellow-countrymen and contemporaries.
His poems are characteristic of the national character and the circumstances
of his life; they contain the most extraordinary mixture of warlike, not to say
bloodthirsty sentiments, and those of a philosophical, religious, or sentimental
nature. In the same poems almost one may find the simple and most charming
expressions of his appreciation of the beauties of nature and the benefits of the
Creator, the most sanguinary rejoicings over the discomfiture of his foes, even
when these are of his own countrymen, and reflections of a moralizing description
which show the amount of thought he had bestowed upon such subjects.
Such of these poems as relate to patriotic subjects, tribal encounters, the
struggles between the Afghans and the Moghals, are those the recitation of which
is most popular amongst his fellow-countrymen of the present day, as they are
those of more special interest to ourselves; they are collectively far too numerous
for reproduction in the present work, but it is hoped that the samples produced
may be indicative of the interest attaching to the remainder. It should be
noted that though, in speaking of this section of the population of Afghanistan,
I have done so under the modern and conventional designation of Afghans, this
term is rarely used in these works, in which Khushhal Khan almost invariably,
refers to his fellow countrymen of the various tribes under their common national
designation in the East as Pathans. The term Afghan is, however, used occa-
sionally, but then only as evidently synonymous with Pathan.
Some of the poems written during the period of Khushhal Khan’s impr-
isonment in India are, as has been said, most touching in their nature and in
the terms in which he gives vent to his pining after his native country and
the scenes amongst which his life had been spent. Their expression also is
strikingly characteristic of the strange patriotism of the Afghan, which appears
to attach itself to the inanimate surroundings of his home with feelings of the
deepest devotion, such as resist, with sentiments of utter abhorrence and
almost in the light of sacrilege, the intrusion-amongst these of the stranger and
infidel, while at the same time completely devoid apparently of any sentimental
regard or even interest in his fellow-countrymen and neighbours harboured amongst
these scenes beyond the narrow circle of his immediate relations and friends.
It will of course be remarked that many of the local references are to places in what is now the British district of Peshawar, within the limits of which a great part of the territories of the Khatak tribe lay. At that time, however, this district was merely a remote dependency of the throne of Delhi, whose rule was recognized but little more than in name by the presence of a Moghal Governor at Peshawar.

The translations are almost literal, and give but a very feeble idea of the fineness of conception and the spirit contained in the originals. Were the mode of expression of the latter ruler than is the case (and in many instances it is very far from being anything of the kind, though the metre is not of course such as would commend itself to or be appreciated by European readers unaccustomed to its rhythm), still the sentiments contained in these productions are thoroughly poetical. Whether War or the Emotions, Religion or Philosophy, be the subject treated of, its mode of handling is true poetry, and that of a simple and natural character, far different from the forced and artificial effusions of most Oriental poets when dealing with the same themes.

As regards the constitution of the language in which the poetry is written, it abounds, as might be expected, with Persian and Arabic words, the former language being considered amongst the Mahommedan populations of the East the special medium for the expression of the more refined sentiments, as the latter is that of terms of devotion and those relating to the arts and sciences. The framework, however, is pure Pushtoo, and its mode of expression is identical with that of the Pushtoo spoken in the present day. It may be of interest to remark that out of 2000 words taken consecutively from the pages of these poems there were found to be 600 whose origin could not apparently be traced to any Persian or Arabic source, and these, as might be expected, consisted, besides verbs, pronouns, particles, etc., principally of words expressive of primitive ideas, such as in every language form the most lasting traces of the original source from which it is derived; amongst these were many evidently of Sanskrit origin.

A number of the following poems have already been far more ably translated by Major Raverty in his "Selections from the Poetry of the Afghans," and are merely reproduced in their present form in this work for the assistance of the student.

C. E. B.
## ERRATA.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PAGE</th>
<th>LINE</th>
<th>FOR</th>
<th>READ</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>عوامل</td>
<td>6.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>خلايا</td>
<td>3.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>تقسيم</td>
<td>5.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>تجربة</td>
<td>6.12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1, 5, 6, 7, 8 Omit "termination" at top of first columns.
GRAMMATICAL INTRODUCTION.

The Pushtoo Language is written in the Persian character, but contains, in addition to the letters comprised in the Persian Alphabet, several denoting sounds peculiar to itself or derived from the Sanscrit.

Letters peculiar to Pushtoo.

- غ = "ta."
- چ = "da."
- ز = "goy" or "shay."
- ل = "lehoy" or "shay."
- ن = "ren" nasal "n."

Letters derived from Sanscrit.

- گ = "tn."
- د = "da."
- ر = "ran."

There are two principal Dialects in Pushtoo, viz. the Northern and the Southern. The former, which is spoken in the regions extending from Cabul to Ghumbee and Peshawa, is a rough and a harsh one; the latter, which is spoken in the districts of Herat, Candahar, and Quetta, is a soft one; this is probably owing to the proximity of these latter districts.
to Persia, which has had the effect of softening the sounds, for the Pashtoo language is naturally a harsh and guttural one, for example, the letters \( \text{z} \) and \( \text{z} \) are pronounced hard in Northern Afghanistan, as "gey" and "keey," while in Southern Afghanistan they are pronounced as "shey" and "shey."

Though the sounds conveyed by the letter \( \text{z} \) are both represented by the same letter, they must be carefully distinguished in practice. It will be noted that in such words as teeth incorporated in Pashtoo from Persian the sound "tey" represents the Persian \( \text{t} \) and "shey" the Persian \( \text{z} \), as:

- Push. \( \text{z} \text{sa} = \text{teeth} = \text{Pers. e\text{r}a\text{r}a} \).
- Push. \( \text{z} \text{he} = \text{literally} = \text{Pers. \text{e}r\text{a}r\text{a}} \).

There are three sounds of \( \text{z} \):

1. "w" as \( \text{z} \text{er} = \text{wawra} = \text{snow} \).
2. "n" as \( \text{z} \text{ar} = \text{lar} = \text{daughter} \).
3. "o" as \( \text{z} \text{er} = \text{wawra} = \text{brother} \).

This latter sound is distinguished by the sign \( \bar{\text{z}} \) placed over the vowel.

**THE PARTS OF SPEECH.**

The Article does not exist in Pashtoo, it is either expressed by the indefinite Numerals "one" or by the Demonstrative Pronoun.

The Noun is of two Numbers, Singular and Plural, and of two Genders, Masculine and Feminine.

The Cases are formed by the pre- or post-position to the Noun in its inflected state of the following particles:

- Gen. "of" \( \text{z} \).
- Dat. "to" \( \text{z} \).
- Abl. "from" \( \text{z} \).

The Accus. and Agent are simply the inflected form of the Noun; beyond this inflection there is no alteration in the termination of the Noun from that of the Nominative Case Singular or Plural in the case may be.

Adjectives always precede their Nouns and agree with them in Gender, Number, and Person.

The Genders and Inflexions of the Noun can only be learnt by a careful study of the termination of the Nominative Case Singular.

Feminine Nouns are formed from Masculine Nouns on the same principles as the Feminine of the Adjective is formed.
**Grammatical Introduction.**

Genders and inflections of nouns and adjectives with examples of each.

### I. Masculine Terminations.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
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<tr>
<td>1. Cons.</td>
<td>unchanged</td>
<td>adds</td>
<td>مار</td>
<td>مار</td>
<td>مار</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(a)</td>
<td>unchanged</td>
<td>adds</td>
<td>کور</td>
<td>کور</td>
<td>کور</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(b)</td>
<td>adds</td>
<td>adds</td>
<td>یک</td>
<td>یک</td>
<td>یک</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(c)</td>
<td>adds s with vowel change</td>
<td>vowel lengthened</td>
<td>عجبوت</td>
<td>عجبوت</td>
<td>عجبوت</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. ج</td>
<td>changes</td>
<td>الي</td>
<td>سری</td>
<td>سری</td>
<td>سری</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. ح</td>
<td>unchanged</td>
<td>changes to</td>
<td>ظ</td>
<td>ظ</td>
<td>ظ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(a)</td>
<td>unchanged</td>
<td>drop s and</td>
<td>عبدا</td>
<td>عبدا</td>
<td>عبدا</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(b)</td>
<td>unchanged</td>
<td></td>
<td>ایینا</td>
<td>ایینا</td>
<td>ایینا</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. ق</td>
<td>unchanged</td>
<td>adds</td>
<td>لوه</td>
<td>لوه</td>
<td>لوه</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. ک</td>
<td>unchanged</td>
<td>adds</td>
<td>لودی</td>
<td>لودی</td>
<td>لودی</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
AFGHAN POETRY OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

6. unchanged

EXAMPLES.

1. Nouns terminating in a Consonant.

(a) adds a vowel change

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Singular</th>
<th>Plural</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Life</td>
<td>زنده‌ی زنده‌ی</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pathan</td>
<td>پیام‌کار پیام‌کار</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prayer</td>
<td>نما نما</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Adjectives.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INFLECT. SING.</th>
<th>PLUR.</th>
<th>PLUR.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J.-.</td>
<td>J.-.</td>
<td>J.-.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Noji.

(c) adds a vowel change

lengthened

shortened

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INFLECT. SING.</th>
<th>PLUR.</th>
<th>PLUR.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J.-.</td>
<td>J.-.</td>
<td>J.-.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Adjectives Irregular in Formation.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INFLECT. SING.</th>
<th>PLUR.</th>
<th>PLUR.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J.-.</td>
<td>J.-.</td>
<td>J.-.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Red

Green

Dead
### 2. Nouns terminating in 

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Noun</th>
<th>Singular</th>
<th>Plural</th>
<th>Possessive Plural</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Star</td>
<td>ستار</td>
<td>ستارین</td>
<td>ستارین که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cat</td>
<td>قات</td>
<td>قاتین</td>
<td>قاتین که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summer</td>
<td>قمری</td>
<td>قمرین</td>
<td>قمرین که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winter</td>
<td>زمستان</td>
<td>زمستانین</td>
<td>زمستانین که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dish</td>
<td>ظرف</td>
<td>ظرفین</td>
<td>ظرفین که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slave</td>
<td>مالک</td>
<td>مالکین</td>
<td>مالکین که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wood</td>
<td>چوب</td>
<td>چوبین</td>
<td>چوبین که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Youth</td>
<td>جوان</td>
<td>جوانین</td>
<td>جوانین که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stone</td>
<td>سنگ</td>
<td>سنگین</td>
<td>سنگین که</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Adjectives

- Alive
- Strange
- First
- Fast
- Former
- Recent
- Last
- Truthful

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Adjective</th>
<th>Singular</th>
<th>Plural</th>
<th>Possessive Plural</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alive</td>
<td>زندگی</td>
<td>زندگی‌های</td>
<td>زندگی‌های که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strange</td>
<td>عجیب</td>
<td>عجیب‌های</td>
<td>عجیب‌های که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First</td>
<td>اول</td>
<td>اولین</td>
<td>اولین که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fast</td>
<td>سریع</td>
<td>سریع‌ترین</td>
<td>سریع‌ترین که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Former</td>
<td>ما قبل</td>
<td>ما قبل‌ترین</td>
<td>ما قبل‌ترین که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recent</td>
<td>اخیر</td>
<td>اخیرین</td>
<td>اخیرین که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Last</td>
<td>آخر</td>
<td>آخرین</td>
<td>آخرین که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Truthful</td>
<td>حقیقی</td>
<td>حقیقی‌ترین</td>
<td>حقیقی‌ترین که</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Irregular Adjectives forming Poss. Pl.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Adjective</th>
<th>Singular</th>
<th>Plural</th>
<th>Possessive Plural</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alone</td>
<td>تنها</td>
<td>تنهاهای</td>
<td>تنهاهای که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On foot</td>
<td>پیاد</td>
<td>پیادهای</td>
<td>پیادهای که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirsty</td>
<td>نامرد</td>
<td>نامردی</td>
<td>نامردی که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hungry</td>
<td>نامرد</td>
<td>نامردی</td>
<td>نامردی که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New</td>
<td>نو</td>
<td>نوی</td>
<td>نوی که</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crazy</td>
<td>خون‌پر</td>
<td>خون‌پری</td>
<td>خون‌پری که</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### 3. Nouns terminating in 

- Heat
- گرم

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Noun</th>
<th>Singular</th>
<th>Plural</th>
<th>Possessive Plural</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Heat</td>
<td>گرم</td>
<td>گرم‌های</td>
<td>گرم‌های که</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Afghan Poetry of the 17th Century.

Adjectives.

Handsome
So also—

Nouns.
Grass
Villainy

Adjectives.
Apparent
Loose
Both

Masculine Abstract Suffixes.
great
loosely
separate

II. Feminine Terminations.

1. Consonant
   - Root
   - Suffix
   - Stem
   - Inflect.
   - Plural.
   - Gender.
   - Number.
   - Gender.
   - Number.

Examples.

1. Consonant
   - Root
   - Suffix
   - Stem
   - Inflect.
   - Plural.
   - Gender.
   - Number.
   - Gender.
   - Number.

Examples.

1. Consonant
   - Root
   - Suffix
   - Stem
   - Inflect.
   - Plural.
   - Gender.
   - Number.
   - Gender.
   - Number.

Examples.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>English</th>
<th>Arabic</th>
<th>Persian</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>House</td>
<td>منزل</td>
<td>خانه</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poverty</td>
<td>فقر</td>
<td>فقر</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stumble</td>
<td>سقوط</td>
<td>سقوط</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Defeat</td>
<td>هزيمة</td>
<td>نكشمه</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bread</td>
<td>خبز</td>
<td>خبز</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milk</td>
<td>ماء</td>
<td>ماء</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Storm</td>
<td>طوفان</td>
<td>طوفان</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fireplace</td>
<td>كوزن</td>
<td>سوخت</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valley</td>
<td>جَرِيح</td>
<td>هزيمة</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Water</td>
<td>ماء</td>
<td>ماء</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fear</td>
<td>رعب</td>
<td>رعب</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slave-girl</td>
<td>بنت</td>
<td>بنت</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canal</td>
<td>نهر</td>
<td>نهر</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fort</td>
<td>قلعة</td>
<td>قلعة</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loins</td>
<td>شرارة</td>
<td>شرارة</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light</td>
<td>ضوء</td>
<td>ضوء</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Back</td>
<td>ظهير</td>
<td>ظهير</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pleasant</td>
<td>تُنبِت</td>
<td>تَنبَت</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lightness</td>
<td>ضوء</td>
<td>ضوء</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knowing</td>
<td>علم</td>
<td>علم</td>
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<td>Avaricious</td>
<td>قُرْنٌ</td>
<td>قُرْنٌ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tribe</td>
<td>شعب</td>
<td>شعب</td>
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<tr>
<td>Own</td>
<td>ملك</td>
<td>ملك</td>
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<tr>
<td>Good</td>
<td>خير</td>
<td>خير</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knowing</td>
<td>معرفة</td>
<td>معرفة</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Declination of Masculine Nouns.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Genitive</th>
<th>Masculine</th>
<th>Feminine</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>N.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. of a horse</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. a horse</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. a horse</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- "horses"  
- "of horses"  
- "to horses"  
- "horses"
AFGHAN POETRY OF THE 17th CENTURY.

Voc. آی آسی، ای آسی
Abb. ای آسی، ای آسی
N. خیل
Inf. غافلو
(a) N. شیوه a thief
Inf. شیوه
2. ی ی a man
Inf. وئینه
3. ی ی a hair
Inf. وئینه
4. ی ی a heart
Inf. زونده
5. ی ی a prisoner
Inf. بندی

Declination of Feminine Nouns.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>termination</th>
<th>singular</th>
<th>plural</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Voc.</td>
<td>یار</td>
<td>یار</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abb.</td>
<td>یار</td>
<td>یار</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N.</td>
<td>یار</td>
<td>یار</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G.</td>
<td>یار</td>
<td>یار</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D.</td>
<td>یار</td>
<td>یار</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Acc.</td>
<td>یار</td>
<td>یار</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Voc.</td>
<td>یار</td>
<td>یار</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abb.</td>
<td>یار</td>
<td>یار</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N.</td>
<td>یار</td>
<td>یار</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inf.</td>
<td>یار</td>
<td>یار</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| 3. ی ی a girl
Inf. خسته
4. ی ی a word
Inf. خطرن
5. ی ی نیاز
Inf. خواب
6. ی ی نازر
Inf. نواب
### Declination of Adjectives

1. **Consonant**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
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<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(a)</td>
<td>N.</td>
<td>سَمْ</td>
<td>سَمْ</td>
<td>سَمْ</td>
<td>سَمْ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Infl.</td>
<td>ضَمَمْ</td>
<td>ضَمَمْ</td>
<td>ضَمَمْ</td>
<td>ضَمَمْ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(b)</td>
<td>N.</td>
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<td>ضَمْ</td>
<td>ضَمْ</td>
<td>ضَمْ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Infl.</td>
<td>ضَمْ</td>
<td>ضَمْ</td>
<td>ضَمْ</td>
<td>ضَمْ</td>
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</tbody>
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2. **N.**

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<th></th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
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<td>ضَمْ</td>
<td>ضَمْ</td>
<td>ضَمْ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>Infl.</td>
<td>ضَمْ</td>
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3. **Infl.**

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### Declination of Substantives with Adjectives

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### Afghan Poetry of the 17th Century

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<tbody>
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<td>a nice dish</td>
<td>نَفْعَةٌ</td>
<td>نُفْعَةٌ</td>
<td>nice dishes</td>
<td>نَفْعَاتٌ</td>
<td>نُفْعَاتٌ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a charming girl</td>
<td>نَفْعَةٌ جَنَّتِي</td>
<td>نُفْعَةٌ جَنَّتِي</td>
<td>charming girls</td>
<td>نَفْعَاتٌ جَنَّتِي</td>
<td>نُفْعَاتٌ جَنَّتِي</td>
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<tr>
<td>a great man</td>
<td>لَوْبَ سَرِئٍ</td>
<td>لَوْبَ سَرِئٍ</td>
<td>great men</td>
<td>لَوْبَ سَرِئٍ</td>
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<tr>
<td>a big knife</td>
<td>لَوْبَ سَرِئٍ جَارِيٌ</td>
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<td>لَوْبَ سَرِئٍ جَارِيٌ</td>
<td>لَوْبَ سَرِئٍ جَارِيٌ</td>
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### Personal Pronouns

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<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>زَمَهٌ</td>
<td>مَعْلَمٌ</td>
<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
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<tr>
<td>we</td>
<td>زَمَهٌ</td>
<td>مَعْلَمٌ</td>
<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>of us</td>
<td>زَمَهٌ</td>
<td>مَعْلَمٌ</td>
<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to us</td>
<td>زَمَهٌ</td>
<td>مَعْلَمٌ</td>
<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
</tr>
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<td>مَعْلَمٌ</td>
<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
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<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
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<td>from us</td>
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<td>زَمَهٌ</td>
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<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
<td>مَلَكُنَا</td>
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</table>

| thou | تَنْاوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي |
| ye | تَنْاوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي |
| of you | تَنْاوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي |
| to you | تَنْاوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي |
| you | تَنْاوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي |
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| by you | تَنْاوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي |

| they | تَنْاوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي |
| of them | تَنْاوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي |
| to them | تَنْاوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي |
| them | تَنْاوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي |
| from them | تَنْاوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي |
| by them | تَنْاوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي | مَنْاَوِي |


GRAMMATICAL INTRODUCTION.

** Females Form. **

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Nom.</th>
<th>هده</th>
<th>جهنى</th>
<th>they</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Inf.</td>
<td>هده</td>
<td>جهنى</td>
<td>them</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Nom.</th>
<th>ددغ</th>
<th>سنا</th>
<th>من</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Inf.</td>
<td>ددغ</td>
<td>سنا</td>
<td>من</td>
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</tbody>
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** Abbreviated Forms of the Personal Pronouns. **

**No. 1.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Kدهغ</th>
<th>ابي</th>
<th>من</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>خمه غدهغ</td>
<td>باي</td>
<td>من</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

These forms also indicate the Agent and are equivalent respectively to یا، ی، هدهغ، یا، etc.

the Agent cases of ز، ن، ددغ، ای

as

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>گلر</th>
<th>خمه</th>
<th>مهغ</th>
<th>مغ</th>
<th>گلر</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ددغ</td>
<td>خمه</td>
<td>مهغ</td>
<td>مغ</td>
<td>گلر</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

and

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ددغ</th>
<th>خمه</th>
<th>لیم</th>
<th>گلر</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ددغ</td>
<td>خمه</td>
<td>لیم</td>
<td>گلر</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

No. 2.

are inflected forms of یا، ی، هدهغ، یا، and are equivalent to یا، ی، هدهغ، یا، but are used only with prepositions signifying "from" "upon"

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>گلر</th>
<th>لیم</th>
<th>مهغ</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>گلر</td>
<td>لیم</td>
<td>مهغ</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

It will be observed that when these latter forms are coupled with Prepositions composed of two words, one preceding and the other succeeding the word governed, the preceding portion is invariably dropped; it would be impossible to say

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>گلر</th>
<th>لیم</th>
<th>ددغ</th>
<th>ددغ</th>
<th>ددغ</th>
<th>ددغ</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>گلر</td>
<td>لیم</td>
<td>ددغ</td>
<td>ددغ</td>
<td>ددغ</td>
<td>ددغ</td>
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</table>

No. 3.

these forms are equivalent respectively to

<table>
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<th>ددغ</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>گلر</td>
<td>ددغ</td>
<td>ددغ</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

as

<table>
<thead>
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<th>ددغ</th>
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<tbody>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>گلر</td>
<td>ددغ</td>
<td>ددغ</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The above forms are the Agent cases of یا، ی، هدهغ، یا، etc.
For he, it, 

the forms 

and 

are frequently substituted respectively, 

the former is only used in the Nom. Sing.; the inflected form 

Singular of the latter is . The 

Plural of both forms is 

. There is also a form 

used rarely as the inflected 

form of . When it is intended to place special emphasis upon the Agent the forms 

or more rarely 

are used instead of 

.

The 

is also used for "self" and frequently combined with 

for emphasis, as 

= his or my, etc., own self. From 

is derived the Adv. 

= of his, my, etc., own accord, spontaneously. 

Inflect. 

for both genders = who? or someone, there is a Plural for this form in the sense 

of "who?" but in the sense of someone the following Plural form is used. 

Inflect. 

for both genders = "same ones" or "certain ones"

Nom. 

Fem. 

Plur. 

Fem. 

Inflect. 

This form must not be confounded with the preposition 

= some . .. . .. .. others

The 

is not the preposition 

or "from, her, it," as 

ask him, her, them. 

Nom. 

Fem. 

Plur. 

Fem. 

Inflect. 

The 

is obsolete. 

Present

Singual 

Nom. 

We are 

Nom. 

Thou art 

He or it is 

She is 

The two forms of the 3rd Pers. Sing. and Plur. are sometimes combined for the sake of emphasis, as 

= he (certainly) is.

Past Tense

Singual 

Nom. 

We were 

Nom. 

Thou wast 

He or it was 

She was 

They were
Future.

I shall be I will be
Thou shalt be Ye will be
He or she will be They will be

Optative.

I would be were I, thou, he, etc.
Thou wouldst be
He would be
She would be

3. Infinitive.

To be or become
I will become

Wishing

I may be

I used to become

Conditional imperfect.

Were I, thou to be

Inflected infinitive.

Being

Coming or one who becomes
The following tenses are wanting in

PERFECT. 

The Auxiliary Verb is when joined with the Past. Part. of another Verb has a

twofold meaning:

1. It forms the Passive Voice of all tenses if the Verb be Intransitive, and of all but
the Past Tenses if the Verb be Transitive.

2. It forms the Potential Mood of all Verbs, which means simply "to be."

The Verb conveys the meaning of a more continuing state of things than

which means simply "to be."

4. Infinitive.

IMPERFECT

REGULAR VERBS

آوستن (آوستن) به توهین (به توهین)

FUTURE

آوستن (آوستن) به توه

IMPERATIVE

آوستن (آوستن) به توه
This verb conveys the idea of a continuous state of thing, consequently in its Past Tenses it is restricted to the meaning of "remain, exist."

**Perfect.**

مرت ودوري

I have remained, stayed, etc.

**Subjunctive Perfect.**

مرت ودوري

I may or shall have remained

**Pluperfect.**

مرت ودوري

I had remained

**Subjunctive Pluperfect.**

مرت ودوري

I would have remained

**Active Participle.**

مرت ودوري

remaining, one who remains an inhabitant

**Past Participle.**

مرت ودوري

having remained.

---

**The Verb.**

**Observations on the construction of the Past Tenses of the Transitive Verb.**

There are in reality no Past Tenses in the Active Voice of the Transitive Verb in Pushtoo, the Tenses which are usually denominated as such are in fact the Past Tenses of the Passive Voice.

In Pushtoo in consequence such a mode of expression as:

I beat him

You beat me

He beat you

the meaning is rendered by:

He was beaten by me

I was beaten by you

You were beaten by him

in which the Verb agrees with the Subject in Number and Person, while the Agent is put in the Instrumental Case, the above sentences being rendered thus:

مرت ودوري

He by me was beaten

مرت ودوري

I by thee was beaten

مرت ودوري

Thou by him was beaten

According to all analogy those sentences should mean respectively,

He me beat

I thou beat

Thou him beat
The following is a good sentence to commit to memory with a view to mastering this peculiar idiom:

He did not see me but I saw him = زه یی ونه لیدیم یوده ما هده ولیده = کرم کرم = to do

Type.

PAST. 

کرم = done

CONDITIONAL PAST. 

کرم = would do

PERFECT. 

کرم = have done

FUTURE. 

کرم = do

SUBJUNCTIVE. 

کرم = may do

PRESENT. 

کرم = does

PRESUMPTIVE. 

کرم = would do

AUXILIARY.

کرم = do

IMPERATIVE.

کرم = do

IMPERFECT.

کرم = did

HABITUAL IMPERFECT.

کرم = do

PRESIDENT PARTICIPLE.

کرم = doing

The sentence is transitive, consequently all its Past Tenses are passive in their construction.

Remarks.

The subject is invariably in the Nom. Case. The Agent is in the Instrumental Case.

The Verb agrees with the Subject in Number, Gender, and Person, as

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Subject</th>
<th>Past Tense</th>
<th>Present Tense</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Me</td>
<td>کرم = do</td>
<td>کرم = does</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thee</td>
<td>کرم = do</td>
<td>کرم = does</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Him</td>
<td>کرم = do</td>
<td>کرم = does</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You</td>
<td>کرم = do</td>
<td>کرم = does</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Them</td>
<td>کرم = do</td>
<td>کرم = does</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Verb agrees with the Subject in Number, Gender, and Person, as

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Subject</th>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>You</td>
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<td>کرم = does</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Them</td>
<td>کرم = do</td>
<td>کرم = does</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Where in any one of the persons for the Agent either one of the Agents may be substituted as

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Person</th>
<th>Action</th>
<th>Translation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>You have plundered me</td>
<td>وَهُوَ يُؤْفِكُكِ يَدُم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>You have plundered you</td>
<td>وَهُوَ يُؤْفِكُكِ يَدُم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>You have plundered him</td>
<td>وَهُوَ يُؤْفِكُكِ يَدُم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
<td>You have plundered us</td>
<td>وَهُوَ يُؤْفِكُكِ يَدُم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2nd</td>
<td>You have plundered you</td>
<td>وَهُوَ يُؤْفِكُكِ يَدُم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3rd</td>
<td>You have plundered them</td>
<td>وَهُوَ يُؤْفِكُكِ يَدُم</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

You will plundered him

You had plundered me

You will plundered you

You will plundered him

You had plundered you

He had plundered him

---

**Grammatical Introduction.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tense</th>
<th>Pronouns</th>
<th>Examples</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Present</td>
<td>مُؤْفِكَ</td>
<td>زَوْرَجَمُ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Future</td>
<td>مُؤْفِكَ</td>
<td>زَوْرَجَمُ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imperfect</td>
<td>مُؤْفِكَ</td>
<td>زَوْرَجَمُ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aorist</td>
<td>مُؤْفِكَ</td>
<td>زَوْرَجَمُ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Habitual</td>
<td>مُؤْفِكَ</td>
<td>زَوْرَجَمُ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conditional</td>
<td>مُؤْفِكَ</td>
<td>زَوْرَجَمُ</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* = to come

---

Note: The table above provides examples for the infinitive form of the verb, which is used for the Agent in the sentence. The examples show how the pronouns are used in the different tenses (Present, Future, Imperfect, Aorist, Habitual, Conditional, and Conditional Imperfect). The translations are in Arabic script, and the English translations are provided for clarity.
The Verb "آرام" is in fact only a compound of the abbreviated form "آ" of the First Personal Pronoun with "آ" an obsolete form of "آ" and means literally only "to come to me;" by the substitution of the abbreviated Pronominal forms for that of "آ" the meaning of "going" is assumed as "آ" = "come to me" or "come" generally and "آ" = "go to him." It is difficult to explain the meaning of the compound of "آ" with "آ" as it is quite idiomatic, this sentence will give an idea: "آ" = does the Pushtoo language come to you = "آ" = can you speak Pushtoo?

The form "آ" has, however, become so intimately associated with parts of the verb that it is in some places apparently inseparable from it, whence come such anomalous constructions as "آ" = he came to him.
The forms \( \text{and} \), \( \text{and} \) can be substituted for \( \text{and} \) only in the following tenses of the Verb
\( \text{and} \), viz., Present, Future, Aorist, Imperfect, Habitual Imperfect; in the other tenses it
is so intimately associated with the verb \( \text{and} \) that it is inseparable.

The forms \( \text{and} \), \( \text{and} \), and \( \text{and} \) may be added to all tenses of the verb \( \text{and} \), except the Future
and Past, which require \( \text{and} \), \( \text{and} \), \( \text{and} \), \( \text{and} \), and \( \text{and} \).

### The Primitive Verb

#### Transitive

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tense</th>
<th>Form</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Infinitive</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Present</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Future</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aorist</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imperfect</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Habitual</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conditional</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Past</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conditional Past</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perfect</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Subjunctive Perfect</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pluperfect</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Subjunctive Pluperfect</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Intransitive

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tense</th>
<th>Form</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Infinitive</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
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<tr>
<td>Present</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Future</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aorist</td>
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<tr>
<td>Conditional Past</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perfect</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Subjunctive Perfect</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pluperfect</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Subjunctive Pluperfect</td>
<td>( \text{to move} )</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT.

IMPERATIVE.

PRESENT PARTICIPLE.

PAST PARTICIPLE.

This is the typical form of the Intransitive Primitive Verb, but in many cases a deviation occurs by which the ی of the Imperative and tenses derived from it is dropped, as

Observations on the Verb.

The Verb in PERSIAN is very irregular in its construction, so much so that it is almost impossible to lay down any general rules for its conjugation beyond those regulating the actual terminations of the different tenses and persons; a knowledge of the various forms which the Root of the Verb may assume throughout its conjugation can only be acquired by practice or by an effort of memory; a few general observations are all that can be offered here.

(a) The Root.

The Infinitive always ends in ی; by dropping this the Root of the Verb is found; any variation from this which may occur in the course of its conjugation will be found only in the Present and its derivative tenses, viz. Imperative, Future and Aorist; the Past Tenses almost invariably adhere throughout to the original form of the Verb, as shown in the Infinitive, with the exception of the 3rd Pers. Sing. Masc. of the Past Tense itself, which is very irregular in the form which it takes.

N.B. The 3rd Pers. Plur. Masc. of the Imperfect is identical in form with the Infinitive.

(b) The Terminations.

These vary only in three Tenses.

The Present. The Imperative. The Imperfect.

The only change in the Infinitive is the omission of the ی.
(c) The Distinctions of the Tenses...

(1) The Present and its Derivative Tenses.

The Aorist is formed from the Pres. by adding the prefix ą to all persons of the Sing. and Plur. preceded by the particle ą in the case of the 3rd Pers. Sing. and Plur.

The Future is formed from the Present by adding the prefix ą preceded throughout by the particle ą.

The Imperative varies from the Present by substituting ą for ą in the 2nd Pers. Sing. and adding the prefix ą to the 2nd Pers. both Sing. and Plur.; in the 3rd Pers. Sing. and Plur. it adds the prefix ą to those forms of the Present.

(2) The Imperfect and its Derivative Tenses.

The Past is formed from the Imperfect by adding the prefix ą throughout.

The Habitual Imperfect is formed by adding the particle ą before the different persons of the Imperfect, as

| 1. Present | ą | I am afraid |
| ą | I may be afraid |
| ą | I was fearing |
| ą | I feared |
| ą | I used to fear, or I kept on fearing |

N.B. The Prefix ą almost invariably immediately precedes the Verb, but the particle ą, though preceding, may be separated from the Verb to which it is attached by several words or even a whole sentence.

The Regular or Typical Verb, whether Primitive or Derivative, may in its Transitive and Intransitive forms respectively be considered to be a Compound of a Pronoun, Noun or Particle with the Verb ą or the Auxiliary Verb ą; in the case of the Primitive this Pronoun or Noun, etc., has become obsolete and so inseparable throughout from the Verbal termination with which it is combined as in the case of ą, ą, ą, ą, ą, ą, ą, ą.

In the case of the Compound or Derivative Verb the Verb is in certain tenses, viz. the Aorist, the Imperative and the Past, frequently dissolved into its Root combined respectively in the case of Transitive Verbs with ą, ą, ą, in that of Intransitive Verbs with ą, ą, ą, ą, which supplies the corresponding tenses which have become obsolete in the Verb ą, ą, ą.
### Intransitive.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Form</th>
<th>Persian</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Infinitive</td>
<td>یاف شو</td>
<td>To pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Present</td>
<td>یافم</td>
<td>I pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imperf.</td>
<td>یافم</td>
<td>I was passing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aorist</td>
<td>یافم</td>
<td>I may pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Future</td>
<td>یافم</td>
<td>I will pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imperc.</td>
<td>یافم</td>
<td>Pass thee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Past</td>
<td>یافم</td>
<td>I passed</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Transitive.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Form</th>
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<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Infinitive</td>
<td>یاف شو</td>
<td>To cause to pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Present</td>
<td>یافم</td>
<td>I cause to pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imperf.</td>
<td>یافم</td>
<td>I was being caused to pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aorist</td>
<td>یافم</td>
<td>I may cause to pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Future</td>
<td>یافم</td>
<td>I will cause to pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imperc.</td>
<td>یافم</td>
<td>Cause thee to pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Past</td>
<td>یافم</td>
<td>I was caused to pass</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

It will be noted that in the case of the Intransitive Form the prefix, which in Regular forms is the characteristic of the Future, Aorist, Imperative, and Past Tenses, is in these dissolved forms invariably dropped, and that in the case of the Transitive Verb in the dissolved form the prefix, and the particle ات are attached immediately to the Verb; the latter particle, however, still retains its liberty to precede the Verb to which it is attached by several words, as one could say زا یافم یافم یافم or زا یافم یافم یافم یافم یافم یافم but one could not say زا یافم یافم یافم.

The Adjective in the dissolved form agrees in Number, Gender and Person with the Subject, as

هد یافم یافم یافم یافم یافم یافم یافم یافم = those men passed.
هد یافم یافم یافم یافم یافم یافم یافم یافم یافم یافم یافم یافم = those women passed.

### Paradigm of the Compound or Derivative Verb.

**Intransitive.**

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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
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<td>یاف شو</td>
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<td>یافم</td>
<td>I pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Future</td>
<td>یافم</td>
<td>I will pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aorist</td>
<td>یافم</td>
<td>I may pass</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Transitive.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Form</th>
<th>Persian</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
</tr>
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<td>To cause to pass</td>
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<tr>
<td>Present</td>
<td>یافم</td>
<td>I cause to pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Future</td>
<td>یافم</td>
<td>I will cause to pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aorist</td>
<td>یافم</td>
<td>I may cause to pass</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Intransitive.

IMPERFECT.

Past.

Perfect.

Perfective.

Imperfective.

Habitual imperfect.

Past.

Perfect.

Imperfective.

Past.

Pluperfect.

Imperfective.

Puristic.

Imperfective.

Conditional imperfect.

Conditional past.

Subjunctive perfect.

Subjunctive pluperfect.

Present participle.

Past participle.

One of the chief peculiarities of the Pushtoo language is the facility with which it forms Verbs from various Roots such as Nouns, whether Substantive or Adjective, Pronouns and Particles.

There is some analogy to this in English, for from the Noun Substantive "water" is derived a Verb "to water," and from the Noun Adjective "dry" is derived a Verb "to dry"; but the Verbs thus formed in English have mostly a Transitive or Casual meaning, whereas in Pushtoo the Verbs formed in a corresponding manner have alike a Transitive or Intransitive meaning as the case may be. In English, however, we may, though it is not strictly grammatical, use either of the words "to water," "to dry," above mentioned as examples in an
Intransitive as well as a Transitive sense; as, for instance, we may say of an Engine that "it is watering,"—as we may also in the same way say of a Steamer that "it iscoaling,"—

and of clothes that "they are drying"; and this is a form precisely similar to that so prevalent in Pushtoon, the following are instances:

Substantive  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Intransitive Verb</th>
<th>Transitive Verb</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>آب</td>
<td>gar = to water</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>آب = to drink</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>آب</td>
<td>= to water, i.e.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>آب</td>
<td>= to cause to drink = to irrigate.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>جوش</td>
<td>= dry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>جوش</td>
<td>= to dry, i.e.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>جوش</td>
<td>= to dry, i.e.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>جوش</td>
<td>= to make dry.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>بیست</td>
<td>= full</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>بیست</td>
<td>= to fill, i.e.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>بیست</td>
<td>= to fill, i.e.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>بیست</td>
<td>= to make full.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>نامیز</td>
<td>= down</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>نامیز</td>
<td>= to descend</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>نامیز</td>
<td>= to cause to descend.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**ON THE USE OF THE PREFIX ٢.**

(1) The following Verbs do not take this Prefix in the Future, Aorist, Imperative, or Past Tenses.

(a) Verbs already compounded with a Prefix such as

ش = نابن | 

(b) All Compound or Derivative Verbs.

(c) The following Verbs:

باش، بیل، بزنال، رز | 

This rule applies equally to the Auxiliary Verb للشل when used with any Noun, etc., which might form the basis of a Verb, as

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Intransitive Verb</th>
<th>Transitive Verb</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>= be angry</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>= do not be seen</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>= do not pass.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

though such a Verb as للشل | 

= to be angry does not actually exist,—still, is here omitted, as though للشل | 

were the dissolved form of such a Verb.

(2) When the prophylatory ٢ is used with the Imperative, the Prefix ٢ is dropped, except the Verb ٢ in the Passive Voice, when it may sometimes precede the Participle, ٢ immediately preceding the Auxiliary Verb ٢; in the dissolved form of the Compound Verb ٢ is frequently inserted between the Root or Basis of the Verb and the Imperative of the Auxiliary Verb للشل or the Verb ٢ according as the former is Intransitive or Transitive, as

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Intransitive Verb</th>
<th>Transitive Verb</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>= do not do so</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>= do not be seen</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>= do not pass.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ON THE POSITION OF \( \text{d} \) RELATIVE TO THE VERB.

1. In Verbs compounded with a Prefix such as \( \text{d} \) \( \text{p} \), it is always inserted between the Prefix and the Verb itself, as

\[ \text{he did not fall} = \text{he did not fall} \]

2. In the Passive Voice and in Compound Verbs it is always placed before the Auxiliary Verb, as

\[ \text{he will not be beaten} = \text{he will not be beaten} \]

3. In the Aorist and Future it always precedes the Verb immediately, and follows the Prefix \( \text{d} \) in the case of the former, and the Particle \( \text{p} \), and the Prefix \( \text{d} \) in the case of the latter, as

\[ \text{I will not rise} = \text{I will not rise} \]

IRREGULAR AND INCOMPLETE VERBS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Infinitive</th>
<th>Present</th>
<th>Aorist</th>
<th>Imperfect</th>
<th>Perfect</th>
<th>Past Part.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To come</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To go</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To place</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To leave</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To take away (of inanimate objects)</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To take away (of animals)</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To see</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To eject</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
<td>( \text{p} )</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Afghan Poetry of the 17th Century

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Infinitive</th>
<th>Present</th>
<th>Imperative</th>
<th>Part.</th>
<th>Part. Part.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To show</td>
<td>بَيْنُوُنِ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To lie down</td>
<td>بَيْنُوُنِ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To roll up</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To run</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To draw or to write</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To rub</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To burn (intrans.)</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To burn (trans.)</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To bring (of inanimate things)</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To bring (of animals)</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To put on clothes</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Comounds of پَسْنَد

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Infinitive</th>
<th>Present</th>
<th>Part.</th>
<th>Part.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To overthrow</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To thrust in</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To throw back</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Comounds of پَسْنَد

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Infinitive</th>
<th>Present</th>
<th>Part.</th>
<th>Part.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To fall</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To enter</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
<td>نَبِيِّسُ</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
GRAMMATICAL INTRODUCTION.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Infinitive</th>
<th>Present</th>
<th>Part.</th>
<th>Past Part.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To turn back</td>
<td>جازرینج</td>
<td>جازرینم</td>
<td>جازرینم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To fall into</td>
<td>کمزولنج</td>
<td>کمزولن</td>
<td>کمزولن</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To fly</td>
<td>آدلنج</td>
<td>آدلن</td>
<td>آدلن</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

N.B.—There is another and irregular form of the 3rd Person, plural, of the Compounds of تناجر, which is formed from the 3rd Sing., as though the latter were an Adj., as

- پروات = he fell
- پروات = they fell, cf.
- پروات = fallen (plur.).

- There is also a Verbal Noun of the same form, derived in a similar manner, as

  - نواث = he entered
  - نواث = entrance.

PARADIGM OF SOME OF THE PERSIAN VERBS OF MOST FREQUENT OCCURRENCE.

I. **Intransitive.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Infinitive</th>
<th>Present</th>
<th>Part.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To be or exist</td>
<td>امام</td>
<td>و امام</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To rise</td>
<td>پایشیدن</td>
<td>و پایشیدم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To flee</td>
<td>پنجه</td>
<td>و پنجه</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To run</td>
<td>زناشیدن</td>
<td>و زناشیدم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To leap</td>
<td>غریزیدن</td>
<td>و غریزیدم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To turn</td>
<td>گریدن</td>
<td>و گریدم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To ask</td>
<td>پنجه</td>
<td>و پنجه</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To grace</td>
<td>خیریدن</td>
<td>و خیریدم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To tremble</td>
<td>بیدردن</td>
<td>و بیدردم</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(2) To ascend

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Infinitive</th>
<th>Present</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To divide</td>
<td>پنجه</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To split</td>
<td>کانسر</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To sit</td>
<td>کمیابسن</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To be entangled</td>
<td>نشان</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To dig</td>
<td>کنکال</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Further, all other Intensive Verbs are Regular and follow جازرینج in their Conjugation.
II. Transitive.

(1) Regular Form.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Infinitive</th>
<th>Present</th>
<th>Past</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To throw</td>
<td>اوجوم</td>
<td>نئم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To send</td>
<td>استؤم</td>
<td>نئم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To light</td>
<td>ماهوم</td>
<td>نئم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To pull</td>
<td>مانئم</td>
<td>نئم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To rule</td>
<td>هجرئم</td>
<td>نئم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To move</td>
<td>اوجئم</td>
<td>نئم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To throw</td>
<td>مانئم</td>
<td>نئم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To put to flight</td>
<td>نئم</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

N.B.—This form corresponds to the example هجرئم, and may be formed from any Intransitive Verb in the same way, it is generally derived from the form taken by the Present and Derivative Tenses if any deviation from the form of its Root occurs in the course of the Conjugation of the Verb, e.g.,

Intrans. نئم = to rise. Pres. نئم whence.
Trans. نئم = to cause to rise or to raise.
Intrans. نئم = to be entangled. Pres. نئم whence.
Trans. نئم = to entangle.

(2) The 3rd Pers. Sing. of the Past Tense of this form always ends in نئم, as

Inf. نئم | 3rd Sing. Past = نئم

(3) To drink

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Infinitive</th>
<th>Present</th>
<th>Past</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To drink</td>
<td>مخوم</td>
<td>نئم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To bite</td>
<td>مخوم</td>
<td>نئم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To reap</td>
<td>مخوم</td>
<td>نئم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To wash</td>
<td>مخوم</td>
<td>نئم</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(4) To cultivate

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Infinitive</th>
<th>Present</th>
<th>Past</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To cultivate</td>
<td>نئم</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To sow</td>
<td>نئم</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To possess</td>
<td>نئم</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To lick</td>
<td>نئم</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
(2) Irregular Forms.

(a) To take

To drive

3rd Sing.

To stuff

3rd Sing.

To sew

3rd Sing.

To bear

3rd Sing.

To read

3rd Sing.

To scatter

3rd Sing.

To find

3rd Sing.

To call

3rd Sing.

To open

3rd Sing.

Advex.

1. Of Place.

Here

There

That side

Near

Somewhere

There

Before

On this side

On that side

Outside

Inside

Beneath

At

Somewhere

Down

Behind

On this side

Insie

Beneath

In
AFGHAN POETRY OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

2. Of Time.

Now
When
Always
Whenever
Instantly
Before
Slowly
How often
For ever
So long as
Ever

Elsewhere
All round
Open

Then
Sometimes
Repeatedly
Continually
Successively
After
Quickly
Once
Every time
Till now
Never

3. Conjunctions.

Perhaps
God knows
By God
However, but
Notwithstanding
If
Thus, i.e., this way

In short
Indeed
Yours
So, therefore
Therefore
When, that
Thus, i.e., that way

Prepositions.

In, inside
Below
In front
Together with
Close by

With
Above
Behind
For the sake of
In the midst
GRAMMATICAL INTRODUCTION.

The Numerals.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CARDINAL</th>
<th>PERSIAN</th>
<th>ORIGINAL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>یو/یو</td>
<td>First</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>دو/دو</td>
<td>Second</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>تر/تر</td>
<td>Third</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>چهار</td>
<td>Fourth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>پانزده</td>
<td>Fifth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>شش</td>
<td>Sixth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>هفتم</td>
<td>Seventh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>هشت</td>
<td>Eighth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>نهم</td>
<td>Ninth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>دهم</td>
<td>Tenth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>یازده</td>
<td>Eleventh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>دوازده</td>
<td>Twelfth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>سیزده</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>چهارده</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>پانزده</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Vocabulary of a Few Words of Common Occurrence.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ENGLISH</th>
<th>PERSIAN</th>
<th>ENGLISH</th>
<th>PERSIAN</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A man</td>
<td>ناریکه</td>
<td>A woman</td>
<td>ناریکه</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A husband</td>
<td>خاندان</td>
<td>A wife</td>
<td>خاندان</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A master of a house</td>
<td>بزرگتر</td>
<td>A mistress of a house</td>
<td>بزرگتر</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A male slave</td>
<td>مرد</td>
<td>A female slave</td>
<td>مرد</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An old man</td>
<td>سپی وی</td>
<td>An old woman</td>
<td>سپی وی</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A boy</td>
<td>جوان</td>
<td>A girl</td>
<td>جوان</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A youth</td>
<td>نوجوان</td>
<td>A maid</td>
<td>نوجوان</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A child</td>
<td>فرزند</td>
<td>An infant</td>
<td>فرزند</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A relation</td>
<td>تعلیم</td>
<td>A stranger</td>
<td>تعلیم</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**Terms of Relationship.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>English</th>
<th>Pashto</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Father</td>
<td>پا نئم، پلیر</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Son</td>
<td>پلیر</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brother</td>
<td>وگر</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uncle</td>
<td>نوره، نوره</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brother's son</td>
<td>وار &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sister's son</td>
<td>خوژ چری</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grandfather</td>
<td>نپه، نپه</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father-in-law</td>
<td>خسر</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Son-in-law</td>
<td>زرم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brother-in-law</td>
<td>اربه</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grandchild</td>
<td>نمسنی</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cousin</td>
<td>تربر</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Names of Animals.**

1. **Domestic.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>English</th>
<th>Pashto</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bull</td>
<td>غواره</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horse</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Calf</td>
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<tr>
<td>Buffalo-calf</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chicken</td>
<td>جورک</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>English</th>
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<tr>
<td>Drove of cattle</td>
<td>گونار</td>
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<tr>
<td>Herd of horses</td>
<td>گن</td>
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<tr>
<td>Flock of sheep or goats</td>
<td>کیک</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Any entire animal</td>
<td>مینس</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Any gelded animal</td>
<td>سختی</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Any animal used as a beast of burden</td>
<td>خستی</td>
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</table>
A herd of cattle
General name for sheep
Fat-tailed sheep
Thin-tailed sheep
Any animal in foal
Any animal that has just given birth

2. Wild.
Tiger
Bear
Wolf
Leopard
Boar
Jackal
Fox
Monkey
Hawk
Owl
Starling
French Partridge
Wild Duck
Quail
Fly
Bee
Mosquito
Scorpion
Lizard

Rag
Beef
Sheep
Mutt-neer
Wild Sheep

Stag
Deer
Fawn
Musk-deer

Vulture
Crow
Sparrow
Grey Partridge
Snipe
Bat
Moose

Book-snake

Parts of the Human Body.

Hair
Eye
Eyebrow
Eyelash
Forehead

Nose
Neutral
Bar
Cheek
Mouth

Tooth
Lip
Tongue
Palate
Throat
<table>
<thead>
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<tr>
<td>Beard</td>
<td>Wrist</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brows</td>
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<td>Tear</td>
<td>Finger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neck</td>
<td>Wrist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nose</td>
<td>Back</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>Belly</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chest</td>
<td>Heart</td>
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<td>Arm</td>
<td>Intestines</td>
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<td>Nipple</td>
<td>Liver</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horn</td>
<td>Rib</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feather</td>
<td>Liver</td>
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**Parts of Animals.**

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**Natural Features.**

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<tr>
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<td>Ferry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun</td>
<td>Marsh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moon</td>
<td>Hollow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Star</td>
<td>Mud</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cloud</td>
<td>Drop</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rain</td>
<td>Low-ground</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sail</td>
<td>River</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snow</td>
<td>Thaw</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ice</td>
<td>Earth</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dew</td>
<td>Ground</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Water</td>
<td>Dust</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spring</td>
<td>Stone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>River</td>
<td>Wood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canal</td>
<td>Grass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ford</td>
<td>Mountain</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rivulet</td>
<td>Skirts of dito</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Thumb</td>
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<td>Knee</td>
<td>Finger</td>
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<tr>
<td>Foot</td>
<td>Heel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hind</td>
<td>Skin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bone</td>
<td>Blood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pulse</td>
<td>Bone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shin</td>
<td>Pulse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chin</td>
<td>Shin</td>
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<table>
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<tr>
<td>Abyss</td>
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<td>Precipice</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ravine</td>
<td>Hind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pass</td>
<td>Bone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cliff</td>
<td>Pulse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dry bed of torrent</td>
<td>Bone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountain-peak</td>
<td>Heel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stony-ground</td>
<td>Foot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forest</td>
<td>Shin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sump</td>
<td>Chin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hilllock</td>
<td>Chin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High-ground</td>
<td>Shin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bramble</td>
<td>Chin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dit</td>
<td>Chin</td>
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GRAMMATICAL INTRODUCTION.

SEASONS.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Summer</th>
<th>Spring</th>
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<th>Winter</th>
<th>Autumn</th>
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<td>الربيع</td>
<td>النور</td>
<td>الربيع</td>
<td>الشتاء</td>
<td>الخريف</td>
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<tr>
<td>June-July</td>
<td>June-July</td>
<td>June-July</td>
<td>June-July</td>
<td>June-July</td>
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</table>

DIVISIONS OF TIME

Morning صبح | Evening غروب | Night شام
| About 4 a.m. بـ 4 صباحًا | Dawn فجر | About 8 a.m. بـ 8 صباحًا
| Noon正 | Glass نمـ | About 2 p.m. بـ 2 نامـ
| After sunset غروب | Three days ago يوم الثلاثة الماضية | Day before yesterday يوم الامامي
| Yesterday 昨日 | To-day اليوم | Year before last قبل العام الماضي
| To-morrow مناـ | Last year العام السابق | This year هذا العام
| Three years ago يوم التـين | Next year العام المـتـالي | Last year العام الماضي

POINT OF THE COMPASS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>North</th>
<th>East</th>
<th>West</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>قبـب</td>
<td>شرق</td>
<td>غرب</td>
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</table>

METALS, ETC.

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<td>سـكرـ</td>
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<td>Steel</td>
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<td>Silver</td>
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<tr>
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<td>سـبـك</td>
<td>صـبـبـ</td>
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<td>Stem</td>
<td>Roots</td>
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<td>شـاكـ</td>
<td>شـتـم</td>
<td>روـم</td>
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<td>Stamp</td>
<td>Gravel</td>
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<td>خـتم</td>
<td>شـتـبـ</td>
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<td>Pebble</td>
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### Household Terms, etc.

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<td>Test of Nomads</td>
<td>نماده</td>
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<td>Cottage</td>
<td>چونه</td>
<td>Door</td>
<td>درب</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hut</td>
<td>چونه</td>
<td>Versanah</td>
<td>بالغ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tent of Nomads</td>
<td>نماده</td>
<td>Pillar</td>
<td>ستون</td>
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<tr>
<td>Room</td>
<td>اتاق</td>
<td>Court</td>
<td>محله</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Door</td>
<td>درب</td>
<td>Handmill</td>
<td>لوازم</td>
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<tr>
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<td>بالغ</td>
<td>Waterskin</td>
<td>شجر</td>
</tr>
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<td>ستون</td>
<td>Pitcher</td>
<td>سی</td>
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<td>پلوگSHARE</td>
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<td>چوبکه</td>
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<td>Irrigation ridges</td>
<td>اوده</td>
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<td>Ear of corn</td>
<td>دانه</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Forrow</td>
<td>کابل</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td>Bridle</td>
<td>ترسره</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Reins</td>
<td>سرخندی</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Wheat</td>
<td>غنم</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>Milk</td>
<td>نیرومه</td>
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<td>Ghee</td>
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### Agricultural Terms, etc.

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### Terms Relating to Food, etc.

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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Butter</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ghee</td>
<td>شوره</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
GRAMMATICAL INTRODUCTION.

Well cooked سَخَنٌ
Food سَخَنٌ
Drink مَطْرَشٌ
Flavour مَطْرَشٌ
Chewing مَطْرَشٌ
Fasting مَطْرَشٌ

Satisfied مُذْيِلٌ
Hungry مَعْطِلٌ
Thirsty مَعْطِلٌ
Thirst مَعْطِلٌ
Hunger مَعْطِلٌ
Sour مَعْطِلٌ

Tasteless مَمّتَمٌ
Grain غَلْبٌ
Salt مَلَطْرَشٌ
Mouthful of food مَكَامٌ
of water مَكَامٌ

White بَلْغٌ
Black بَلْغٌ
Green بَلْغٌ

Yellow زَيَّنٌ
Red شَورٌ
Grey سَهْوٌ

Spotted بَرَكَتٍ
Pie-bald بَرَكَتٍ
Skew-bald بَرَكَتٍ

Lace لِبَأٍ
Toothless كَانْسٌ
One-eyed كَانْسٌ
Blinking كَانْسٌ
Narrows نَارِضٌ
Unclean مُخْتَلٌ

Hard كَاَكٌ
Soft بَلْغٌ
Rough زَارٌ
Smooth دُخَالٌ
Hot ذَيَلٌ
Cold سَوَرٌ
Dry طَجٌ

Wet مُؤْدٌ
Damp نَوْسٌ
Lake-warm تَمٌ
Blind بَوْدٌ
Dull بَيْضٌ
Def Def حُزُقٌ

Lace لِبَأٍ
Toothless كَانْسٌ
One-eyed كَانْسٌ
Blinking كَانْسٌ
Narrows نَارِضٌ
Unclean مُخْتَلٌ

Elder مَشْرٌ
Younger أَبْدٌ
Awake وَيْسٌ
Asleep غَمِّي
Fine أَرْقٌ
Coarse غَمِّي
Tall أَرْقٌ
Short وَدِٰرٌ
Long أَرْقٌ
Short نَوْسٌ
Broad بَلْغٌ
Narrow ذَيَلٌ
Heavy مَؤْدٌ
Light بَيْضٌ
Fat حُزُقٌ
Thin بَوْدٌ
Straight ذَيَلٌ
Crooked بَوْدٌ
Standing ذَيَلٌ
Fallen بَوْدٌ
Fall ذَيَلٌ
Empty بَوْدٌ
Bones ذَيَلٌ
Raw بَوْدٌ
Muscles ذَيَلٌ
Little بَوْدٌ
Sharp ذَيَلٌ
Blunt بَوْدٌ
Fresh  نازر  وروديت
Sweet  نور  ترخ
Right  نه  كسير
Dried up  سرو  خشوب
Liberal  نفسي  مسر
Successful  نور  نام
Dense  كثير  رگین
Compact (tight)  نزدیک  خوشین
Enclosed  خوندی  خوشین
Protected  نزدیک  خوشین
Upper  پایین  لندین
Tame  نازدیک  یار
Congulated  نزدیک  یار
Light  روشن  زیور
Clean  پاک  عسین

MILITARY TERMS.

Sword  نفرت  دُود
Scabbard  کیف  مُدَمَع
Gun  ناراگ  تُنْقَمَع
Pistol  تُوکی  خُطْبَم
Bow  لندام  دُرْعَم
Sword  نفرت  دُود
Scabbard  کیف  مُدَمَع
Gun  ناراگ  تُنْقَمَع
Pistol  تُوکی  خُطْبَم
Bow  لندام  دُرْعَم

Battery  باتری  مُصَمَع
Trench  خندان  دَرْعَم
Palisade  گِرْسَن  دُرْعَم
Supplies  اواحم  دُرْعَم
Spells  اواحم  دُرْعَم
Explosion  درز  دُرْعَم

Spear  نصرت  لهج  بُنْعَم
Javelin  جهگ  بُنْعَم
Dagger  جحمر  بُنْعَم
Quiver  جابزی  بُنْعَم
Bolied arrow  شستی  بُنْعَم
Bullet  بُنْعَم
Rocket  بُنْعَم
Cannon  بُنْعَم
Battle-axe  بُنْعَم

Flank  دُود  مُدَمَع
Engagement  مُصَمَع  تُنْقَمَع
Night-attack  قیام  دُرْعَم
Raid  دُرْعَم
Ambuscade  پسونی  دُرْعَم
Pest  بُنْعَم
Reprisals  بُنْعَم  بُنْعَم
Fugitive  مُشْتَقِم  دُرْعَم
Suppliant  ندَاوی  دُرْعَم
Wounded  زوج  دُرْعَم
Cut  دُرْعَم
Brutal  بُنْعَم
A wound  بُنْعَم
Archer  بُنْعَم  بُنْعَم
GRAMMATICAL INTRODUCTION.

Terms used in Civil Administration.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tribe</th>
<th>Headman</th>
<th>Fine</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Family</td>
<td>Wandering tribe</td>
<td>Bribes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>District</td>
<td>Disturbances</td>
<td>Tax</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Household</td>
<td>Insurrection</td>
<td>(on cattle)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Belongings</td>
<td>Prisoner</td>
<td>(on property)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neighbour</td>
<td>Fetter</td>
<td>Swindling</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Idiomatic Expressions.

To conquer a country.  
To pacify a country.  
To muster an army.  
To join battle.  
To form into line.  
To retreat.  
To wheel round.  
To start out of an encampment.  
To draw sword.  
To fire a shot.  
To be seized with panic.  
To fire a volley.  
To cross a river.  
To fly (of a horse).  
To stumble (of a horse).  
To tread (of a horse).  
To beg on credit.  
To borrow money.  
To lend money.  
To give gratis.  
To select.  
To pawn.  
To take in pledge.  
To stretch out one's hand.  
To imitate a person.  
To laugh at a person.  

He is waiting outside the house.  
He could not stir from the place.  
I am convinced that what he says is not true.  
Your trouble is in vain.  
This man is taller than that.  
A deer is swifter than a dog.  
He is the skilfullest of all.  
He is sunk in the mud up to his waist.  

Your trouble is in vain.  
He is the skilfullest of all.  
He is sunk in the mud up to his waist.  

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He is the skilfullest of all.  
He is sunk in the mud up to his waist.
How deep is the water in that river?
Run on in front and see who that man is.
Have you seen any one passing this way?
Go straight on for one koss, then turn to the right and then to the left.

Come always.
Long life be yours.
May good befall you.
Welcome.
May you not be tired.
May you not be distressed.
God be with you.
May good be before you.
Who are you?
What sort of Pathan are you?
Whence are you come?
Whither are you going?
What thought you here?

Is there any news from the mountains?
I hear that in the border country there are great disturbances.
How far is your home from here?

It is a long way off and you could not go there.
Is your village on this side of the river or on the further side?
Can one cross the river by a ford or by a ferry?
It has been raining for some days, I expect that the river will be very full and there is no boat.
What time is it?
It has just struck six.
Are you married or no?
I was married but my wife is dead.
My father is alive but he is now an old man.
Are there any places in the road for pitching tents or encamping an army?

I wish my tent to be pitched under those trees in the shade.

Choose an open space and level the ground.

I will do all I can to please you, Sir.

Boil some water and cook some meat.

I shall stop here all night, and if the rain lessens go on tomorrow.

The clouds are very thick and there is a strong wind, I think there will be a hurricane.

There is no use in light rain, the ground is not wetted by it.

I see smoke rising from the valley; there must be a village near.

The fog is dense and there is a thick haze.

I am tired and cold and hungry and thirsty, let us go there.

Collect wood and light a fire that we may warm ourselves.

Now snow is falling and the water is frozen, how shall I melt it?

If you had not come to my assistance I should have died of hunger and thirst.

Why have you come so late, come in the morning and I will talk with you.

Is that horse quiet or vicious?

That horse kicks, I will not ride him.

Tie him up to that tree and spread some bedding.

Have you seen any snipe in those rice-fields?

Gird up your loins and take my gun and follow me, perhaps we shall find some game here.

Hold my horse, lest he should run away.

The fog is dense and there is a thick haze.

I am tired and cold and hungry and thirsty, let us go there.

Collect wood and light a fire that we may warm ourselves.

If you had not come to my assistance I should have died of hunger and thirst.

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TRANSLATION OF SELECTIONS

FROM THE POEMS OF

KHUSH HAL KHAN KHATAK.
TRANSLATION OF POEMS.

Evil were my dreams until I saw the dawn,
My eyes I could not close, restless I lay upon my bed;
Then I rose from my couch, my head was aching sore,
So distraught was I that I could see neither the door nor my way.
I went to bathe and came back ill at ease,
My ablutions I performed as directed by the Prophet.
All my people were asleep and snoring in their slumber,
No one knew of my trouble, but I told Asirf Khan;
All the advice which should come from a father,
In a book, I wrote down briefly for him.
I prepared to go to Peshawar, and took up my sword,
It was the day of Friday, when the spirits walk the earth;
My way lay towards the West, but of that what care had I?
How can one turn aside the irresistible order of Fate,
However great may be one's understanding, wealth, and armies?
I went then to the Mosque and said my morning-prayers.
I mounted, and like a whirlwind dashed forth upon my road;
I went on the wind as the Tempest howls along,
Alone and solitary I went. In Nushahra rose the sun.
It was not yet midday when I reached Peshawar,
Forthwith to the Moghal sent I my messenger;
I said, "Here have I arrived as you wrote, as you desired."
"When shall I be present, what duty have you for me?"
This answer I received, that "Well have you done in coming,
"To-morrow in the Durbar do you present yourself."
Three days passed; that foolish ass held no Durbar;
In ambush against me was he, and I quite unaware of it.
His deputy was a certain Sheikh of Gujerat,
From head to foot a traitor, evil was his face.
Said he to me, "Come hither, let us take counsel together;
Then I will repeat to the Nawab your words in full."
I went to him clear in my own estimation,
My traitorous uncles took part with the Moghals in their villainy;
All around me came the Moghals in their cunning;
It was God's decree that I should fall helpless into their hands.
A tumult arose in the city, spread was this report;
Not a man but was enraged, yet it was the will of God.
Down they brought me from my seat, when I fell into their hands;
Quickly the Kotwal placed shackles on my feet, ten pounds was their weight.

Spread the news through the country, alike through town and village,
There were none but were distressed, most of all Pathans, both friends and foes;
All those, too, who were mighty in office or in title;
All the world was in suspense when they saw this deed.
They went in the morning and assembled in Darbar,
Said they, "How loyal was this man to the Emperor!"
"That he should be seized in this fashion, will the Nawab approve of this?"
Tied was his tongue, no answer could he make.
They rose then from their seats, dispersed were all the Nobles.
Three days had passed when came my unhelp base;
They came, and to the Moghal they offered congratulations,
Horses and robes of honour gave the Moghal to them in turn;
My country he gave to them, a villain he made its chief.
My house and family and tribe, when they heard of this,
All the Khaksars, too, forthwith prepared to slay them,
Their courage fled from them, and with terror were they seized.
I said to my tribe and family, "Be careful,
"Let there be no blood be shed or other opposition shown,
"For glad would be the foe that I should be mined by my own people;
"And, again, if a tumult arise, lost will be the Emperor's trust."
Then my whole tribe collected at the shrine of Sheikh Balknajar;
On such deeds, by my persuasion, they turned their backs;
Foolish were my sons, great the error that they made;
Had there been no bloodshed, I should have been released with honour.
Said my uncles in their hearts, "However much we strive,"

Should he become released, the gallows will be our fate.
No other thought had they, for their lives they were afraid;
Bent they were upon my death, whether by night or day.
Past had now been by me almost two months in prison,
Deserted was my country, its people had fled to the mountains.
The Governor then demanded of me fifty thousand rupees;
I answered, "I will not give do not one Pice, not one Dinar."
Both parties made agreement together on this,

On one side the treacherous Moghal, on the other my uncles shameless,
"Now there is no resource but that in Hindustan he should be placed,
"Quickly must we arrange this with all speed and haste."
I, too, was quite satisfied to go to the Emperor,
All my life I had been loyal, my hope was for honourable treatment.
To Hindustan then they dispatched me, Mustajab my escort,
A Noble and Chief was he, the head of the Goel Khel.

They dispatched me from the city with all speed and haste,
Slowly marching on I came to the Inn of Shabbes Khan.
All the night was the guard of the Mahib Khel over me,
Besides another band of the followers of Misri Khan Doozai.
I came to Nauhahar in the morning in the same fashion;
Weeping were the people, all struck with horror at the sight.
How shall I tell the tale of the night I spent there?
The night was spent in uproar, alike of Hindoos and Mussulmans;
In the morning they set out in fear, alike Moghnals and Pathans.
All around were armed forces, in the midst my escort.
A message I had sent to my tribe, to Ashraf Khan,
"Make no preparations for disturbance or resort to arms,"
"Of the Emperor the old and faithful servants are we;"
"One reason, too, that I am bound by honour; another that by this slain will be Pathans."
I came on to Suri, in a moment was Surai deserted,
Then wouldst have said that never had been dwelling there mankind.
What, indeed, shall I say? How many changes has life?
How can any one be able to oppose fate by force?
Many troubles come on us men while in this world,
God alone grant us the power to bear each grief.
Hard indeed was the time when I saw my son Qennu.
Again came to me Zainoo and other youths of my tribe.
They came to me lamenting; and with sorrow did we part,
Weeping were they and I and the very trees and rocks of Surat.
Was then to Narras; spectators, both men and women,
Were standing helpless in grief, like idols without life.
With the road the saw we to Garraul,
On either side of the river all the people were weeping on.
All those who were with us were overcome with fear;
Thought they, "Who was he that said that the Khataks will not come out to fight?"
I, indeed, had sent a message, for doubtful of this was I;
Were but a flag displayed from one quarter or other,
Such a fight would ensue as though the end of the world had come.
See what count would there have been on either side of the slain?
Neither fight nor strife was there by order of the Almighty,
I crossed over the river, and in Attock I arrived,
All my tribe in tumult was scattered and confused;
Weeping was there in my houses, and weeping amongst my sons.
Such was then the time as came upon the Khataks,
Then wouldst have said on the world had the day of judgment come.

From the Attock onwards they bore me, such was my state;
They bore me to the camping ground of Babu Hassan Abdul,
Again from thence to Pindi with haste and expedition,
Then from thence was our march to Rabat.
In Rabat came there a letter to us from the Nawab,
Again to Pindi they brought me back forthwith.
Again in Pindi came there a letter to this purport,
"Take him on to the Monarch without further delay."
In the middle of the night I went on from Pindi to Pukka-tal;
I went on to Lahore, march by march on my road.
The son of Meer Jamal, who was paymaster of the troops,
Kind was he to me, great the encouragement he gave,
Said he, "Go thou on to the Sovereign, O Khush-uhl!
Then thou wilt be honoured, not annoyed is he the least."
I, in the midst of the month Ramzan, marching, marching along,
 Came to the Monarch's Court, a thousand and seventy-four the year.
Great was the disputations and arguments that followed then;
TRANSLATION OF POEMS.

In brief there came the order for my relief on giving a pledge. The Kotwal gave me a place in his own house by his own side. Preparing for my bail was Syed Shams, son of Jalal.

We were all of this thought when, in the month of Shawal, a request came from Syed Meer with these contents:

"Loose ye not Khush-ha1; his release will occasion disturbance."

Again there rose between us great quarrels for my freedom. My country, my titles, my lands, all these changed their masters. Twelve of my officers were those who all were ruined. Against all justice, on the writing of villains and traitors, The tyrant Monarch chose to treat me with violence. Here was I in prison, there my family and children Scattered amongst the mountains in trouble and in distress. Such deeds ensued as would occur to no one in mind,

No trust will there be ever in the justice of Aurangzeb. Spread upon all sides were the armies of Anti-Christ, But no Mahdi is there to oppose him by his perfection.

It is the time of the end of the world, on all sides are troubles, All the world is at war with another, every house with house.

O! God, it is who brought upon me all these griefs and woes, Of the causes that gave them rise now I tell the story. One that I was proud in my honesty and devotion, Another the Mogul's greed and my habit of giving no bribes, Again my unthankfulness, again the folly of my brethren, Again that mistakes in their counsels were my sons, And that not only once but repeated were the blunders Of all the leaders of my tribe, Ashraf Khan, Bahram Saadat. To Ashraf Khan I gave the signal that the sword he should unsheathe, But no action did he take on the counsel that I gave. What of Khudayar, of Khalil, what shame or respect is theirs? What of Jagram, the Hindoo? What conscience have the Hindoos? Every warrior knows what is the procedure of our foes, Well he knows to mingle poison amidst sweets and sherbet. Worthy is the son who is capable and wise, He will be awake to his enemy's tricks and wiles, He will take for his guide generosity and courage.
Those of lofty minds spare neither themselves nor their fortune;
Ashraf! O Ashraf Khan, no such resolution was thine;
All the tribe was at thy call, but thou hast neither skill nor boldness.
To the Moghals they bequeathed thee, great the dishonour of Ashraf.
Great was my misfortune, great was that of each one else's.
While the country was desert, great the fear of the Moghals;
Again when it was peopled, great their need of that same land.
They wrote then to the Emperor of the course Jangzar had taken.
Quickly to Cabul did he bear away Ashraf Khan.
Then at this was roused to Bahram his sense of injured honour;
All my tribe did he collect to Narzi and there he stood,
'Tis not the nature of the Falcon that fruitless swoops he should engage in;
No real Falcon he, though like one he appeared.
A captive I in Delhi was in the bonds of so much trouble,
Five months, a little more, passed, and I yet remained in prison.
Then the son of Meer Jusnal to the Emperor in private
Presented my petition on the strength of Meer Khan's favour,
Thus said the Emperor, that "that man will I release,
His wife and children if with speed he summon hither."
This order he gave, then Amir Khan wrote a letter.
I remained a prisoner, but my household they brought to me.

Heard was that order by Saadat and Meer Baz,
One by one they came and told me of the fact.
It was the month of Safar that all three like hawks
Took their flight to their own land at my dismissal.
They went to their own land in twenty days straight on end,
But one of them never reached it, my confidant was he;
Though to the West was turned their faces, to the East they said their prayers.
Their way was to Kerbela for closed to them the path to Mecca.
How shall I relate these long and tedious stories?
Sad indeed the facts, short the summary should be.
All, both men and boys, whom I had well protected,
All whom the Kings of Persia had carefully looked after,
Scattered were they on all sides, afflicted with sore troubles;
It was the will of Heaven that companions they should be of woe.
Day by day fresh the treatment which is devised by Fate,
No confidence is there in its fondling or favour;  
At one moment it to the ground dashes down the mighty,  
Again, him lying in black dust it promotes to lofty place.  
In the stream it founders him, whose boat is stout and strong,  
Yet from the midst it bears him who knows not yet to swim.

What can I do? To whom complain? No confidant is there of mine;  
To whom shall I now call? There is none to hear my cries;  
Do I change my path, my way is still stopped by Fate.

Would no fate were there, or that I were not thus noted.  
The manly are in misery, the base are now in favour;  
The mistress is in tatters, the maiden in full dress;  
He who is a fool now eats the baker's cakes,  
While the wise and true have not an onion even for a relish.

In the house of the loyal there is hardly an old carpet,  
Scarlet are the cushions in the home of the liar and the spy,  
While other birds wander in the gardens midst their sports.  
A prisoner is the one endowed with plumage or with song.  
The horse's back is galled with the saddle and hard riding,  
The ass braying prances at ease within its stall.

How shall I tell you if it is truth or imagination?  
Stop these speeches, Bush-hal; and shorten thy narration.

I know not what to do since Honour protects the base;  
Would that my hand could reach him, then soon would my wrath be cooled.

Twice was my home at Sura brouzen up: once when I was imprisoned.  
Again when Sandal, and when Mir Baz arrived.  
Once defeated and pursued they fled to Hangal,  
And again they took refuge in Sekra of the Akkalis.  
Yet their swords were not red with blood, nor were sword cuts on their heads.  
Abandoned by my sons were my country and my tribe,  
I in Hind, a prisoner, and Ashraf Khan in Caluf,  
All my wires and children were put to shame in Sekra.  
Came then to the Emperor from Caluf a written message,  
"Devastated is the land of Sura, great the ruin that has been wrought it;  
"Everywhere are your forces encamped as guards throughout the country,  
"The road to Sura is seized, on the passers-by we fire."

Joined were Uzafzaies against the Khataks to raid in Sura,
Some ponies they collected and mounted in the morning;
Good God! What a ride was that, its like was never seen;
Good God! What a fight was that; where were the wounded then?
Gone was my fame and honour from the confidence of the Moghal;
"Disloyal!" was the name they gave me who had ever been loyal to them.
The lands that had been given me on the frontier of the Punjab
The Emperor's edict went forth that resigned they should be from thence.
Is it the weary march, or the battle, or the victory?
Everything befalls man as is ordered by the Fates.
Whilst these were the deeds of the present, another concern was mine;
Let no one injure another, but leave him alone to his fate.
I, in the fold of the Usfnzis, had been as the bitterest poison;
No other object was mine in the service of the Moghal.
Many their chiefs and warriors whom I had slain by the sword;
Alas! for the time that is past, no profit is there in regrets,
How could these things or misfortunes occur to the mind of a man?
Yet it was God's will that things should be as they were,
Shahsh Khan attempted to retrieve his tarnished honour;
Then came the Usfnzis, and sore were the straits he was in,
With them were the Bazais and the Raurzais, they marched together.
My tribe, both great and small, fled to the other side of the river;
They betook them thence to Sehka, in number a hundred houses,
But the other Khattaks of mine remained undismayed in their homes.
What calamity God has wrought me to separate me from my house,
And that my brothers and friends were divided amongst themselves.
All were in lamentation, in tears were the young and the old,
Astounded was all the world at the evils that befall the Khattaks.

God is of that aware which to no one else can be known;
A prisoner am I, may I never be freed if that which I say is false.
Whether my own people or strangers, whether my friends or foes,
On none had I evil design, nor thought I of injuring them.
Whatever I was to their face, behind their backs such was I.
No such a thought was ever mine as of flattery or deceit;
Never had it been my policy to oppress or injure another;
Nay! sharp had been my warnings to those that were tyrants known.
Whosoever was my subject, whether poor or a stranger,
TRANSLATION OF POEMS.

My conduct towards him was such that no trouble should be from me.
Whether gold or ornaments mine, or land, or other wealth,
All have I bestowed amongst my family and my friends.
The enemy I of those who were heretics or untrue;
Filled was my heart with good will towards the learned and the devout;
Ill the designs I had upon the faithless and the rebellious;
Filled was my heart with anger at the enemies of the Emperor;
Passed as had been my life in loyalty and honesty:

In no one action of mine was any treachery to the Moghals;
My father and grandfather had sacrificed themselves for the sake of their honour to them.
No other Pathan was there whose honour was equal to mine,
And yet my son was in prison, and I from my country an exile;
And how many ills fell upon me without fault or error of mine.
Scattered and dispersed, where has my family gone?
All plunged in distress, pined and scattered are they,
My country is in confusion, my cities are inhabited but by name;
Wandering through the whole country my people are filled with laments.
In Delhi was I imprisoned for months in sore distress,
Now in Rantipur a lonely captive I lie.
No concern has the Emperor Aurangzeb upon my state;
What though his people are ever in groans at his tyrannous ways?
Not mine alone these tears, there are many that are bitterer than mine.
Twenty the Provinces of Hind, in them on every side is trouble and grief.
All who are Nobles or Chieftains in each province,
Some are captives and in bonds, and others are full of distrust.
In Rantipur alone two hundred are there in restraint,
Many the other fortresses in which the prisoners are without number.
The first of all upon whom his vengeance he wreaked was his father,
Now after him he pursues others, what matter whether great or small?
Pale be the face of those who say that the truth is a lie,
There is not a soul in the country who wishes the tyrant well.

When coming here from the Deccan his standard he raised aloft,
By his violence and treachery many had he brought to ruin,
First with Murad Bakhsh an oath and engagement he made,
Then to Oojin he came, and Jitwara Singh he defeated.
Then he came to Agra, and dark was the day for Dara.
Shahjahan he imprisoned, and deprived him of all his retinue;
Again Murad Bakhtish he reconciled to Shahjahan,
And then to Mooltan he bore his standard in pursuit of Dara.
Then came he back again, and trouble he brought on Sinja.
It was in the battle of Kajura that put to flight was he.
Then again Dara fought with him in Ajmere, more or less;
With his face then to the West Dara Shab fled in fear and confusion.
He was taken by the Chief of Jun to his house for design of his own.
Traces he was sent to Delhi where his head from his body was severed.
Again Saleman Sheikh, the honoured son of Dara,
The Rajputs gave up to him, and trouble thus fell upon him.
His eldest son fled to Shah Shujah, and then in terror was he,
But he separated them from one another by many a wife and deceit.
Next in intrepidity to Shah Shujah was his brother Moomin,
But him he expelled from his home, now who knows where he draws breath?
Such is the grief that he brought on the house of his own father,
Arabia and Persia alike were confounded at his deeds.
All these disturbances occurred within only about two years,
Then upon him was confirmed the Sovereignty of Hindostan.
The year that this took place was two years less than 1070,
When he on the throne of Delhi placed his steps.
It is either the retribution of his father, or else the decree of fate,
Or from pride in his man, his nature has been perverted.
There is nothing but cries and lamentation on his tyranny and oppression.
Were there many more years like this, the whole world would be stript of life.
Thus, to all appearance, determined is he on deceit,
Yet by all professions a very patriarch is he.
If you consider but his actions, his designs, it is to destroy yet more, the tyrant!
Who has heard of such deeds amongst the descendants of Adam?
His own father he imprisoned and then slew, such mercies his,
And ever all his thoughts are bent upon his own advancement,
No question does he make of the state of the poor and oppressed,
It is alike to him in judgment, whether one is guilty or blameless,
Such is our Emperor, such his justice, such his conduct;
Yet, please God, no favour may be shown the tyrant on this earth.
All the story that I tell you is carefully considered by me;
There is nothing befalls us but by God's will and our own fate.
Where is Dara Shah? Where his splendour and his treasure?
Where his thundering at Delhi, his armour and his shield?
What of Aurungzeb? What his security?
What of his equipment and his armies all disordered?
He came into Agra with a shroud upon his head.
Scattered were his armies, and Delhi in confusion.
When fortune favours one, then verdant are his fields,
Bloom alike the roses in the meadow and the desert.
When fortune favours one, though he were enclosed in steel,
Wealth will enter to him through the doors and through the windows.
When fortune turns his back, though the wisest of the age,
All his wisdom profits is to burn the proceeds of his harvest.
If fortune turns his back, not even the pearls of Aden
Are worth in the market the seeds of the Bramble-bush.
The action of the stars is not proved to any one,
Through the twelve worlds he wanders, but nowhere finds he rest.
Either part he plays alike whether that of thief or watchman,
Some he frights to death, and some he slays with the sword,
How can I relate to you all his treacheries and wiles?
None are free from molestation, whether young or old.
When I overlooked him, as I did, from head to foot,
He is all nothing but empty vanity, in this I tell no lie;
He is all one thought of self, "I" and "we" are all his words,
Every word is full of treachery that comes forth from out his mouth.
May evil be his end, and the fate of Yeend upon him!
May the curse remain upon him as of Hussein and Hassan's death!
Fixed indeed will be a period to his waywardness and wiles,
But boundless through all time will be the hatred he has gained.
What though wealth and fortune wait upon his skirts?
Who has ever the base been the master of high place?
Who by disposition has been born of sibby nature,
Never will be he clean, though all day he wash his body.
What though the raven flies from forth the Eagle's eyrie,
A Raven he remains, however sharp his claws.
He who counts his nature pure and noble in its essence,
God forbid that such an one should rejoice in his father's ruin.
May God promote those objects on which my heart is set.
In some deeds was I mistaken that my treacherous uncle I exalted,
Again that his daughter to a mighty Noble betrothed,
Again that for myself I kept neither silver nor gold,
And again that for myself I built not a strong fort upon a mountain,
And again that I was proud of my valour and my service,
And again that by bribes I did not dupe the Moghal,
And again that when I could I did not seize more land,
And again that to the Usufzais I fresh strength bestowed,
And again that I imagined that the Ghoriheyls were true Pathans.
Yet to bestow one's all upon one's people is wise nature.
God will guide the current through the natural streams of water.
These words which I have now uttered from my mouth
Let all of them be written in men's hearts.
Be it Draughts, or Chess, or Backgammon, say I,
If all these and such be learnt, there is good in it.
Whoever in such matters is raw and inexperienced,
Be thou not self-confident in thy own skill and wisdom.
But learn from every one who is abler than thyself.
They tell how Buali was full of confidence in his wisdom,
And yet in many matters a fool was he called by men.
No man indeed is he who is guided by every one's words,
One must work with trust in God and not watching each man's eyes.
However dear the Mistress whose eyes reflect your own,
Be thou not misled to trust her in her friendship.
How sweet the sight of loving eyes with their fringes of dark lashes,
But fail thou not to blind them if they look assurance from thee.
A comrade may he be called who goes not beyond his friend,
No companion he who goes now in front, now behind.
When once a man's mouth is accustomed to bitters,
The berries of the cactus and the radish seem to him sweet.
These are some who by continual reading gain their information,
Some in their mother's wombs are taught, and then are born.
Two hundred and twenty are my verses, eleven are their stanzas,
With these in Ranipur I solaced my heart's anguish.
TRANSLATION OF POEMS.

GREAT was the splendour and beauty of Delhi;
On all sides magnificent its buildings;
Splendid the Bazaars within the City;
Every luxury was there procurable:
From great canals were streams to every house;
Its market covered not less than near an acre.

Of the Monarch's Audience Hall, what shall I say?
For his sleeping-room was such that my mind was quite astounded.
When Shahjahan held open audience of his subjects,
In his Durbar were the Seventy-two peoples represented.
Had it but the breezes of Leakh and Khacwana,
Jealous, indeed, would Paradise have been of Delhi's rivalry.

That glory which Shahjahan gave to Delhi,
When had any other Sovereign bestowed on it such glory?
The foundations of Delhi, from whose hands they were,
Time after time, too, who exercised Sovereignty in it.
Each one will I now by name relate to you,
According to what his nature and his character was.

The Cholans first laid Delhi's foundations:
Three hundred years did they reign over it;
The first Mahommedan King of Delhi was Mauzoon,
Whose stay in Delhi was but for one year,
When Delhi he took from Pathora.

Great the trouble that this labour cost him;
When Fathorn's head he severed from his body.
Five hundred and eighty were the year of the Hijra.
Then after him came Koutubuddien, his slave.
Whom in mind he had left as his Viceroy.
After him came Shamsuddeen, who was his son,
Famed was he for justice amongst his people.
After him came Feroze Shah, son of Shamsuddeen,
Whose equal in liberality was not found in Hindustan.
After him came Raz, daughter of Shamsuddeen,
And happy with her were soldiers and subjects all alike.
After her came Mauzoon, son of Shamsuddeen;
Great was ever the fear his enemies had of him.
After him came Nasruddeen, son of Shamsuddeen,
Who was famed for his humanity and kindness.
Then was Alauddeen, the grandson of Feroze Shah;
Great his character for justice and devoutness.
Again the Sultan Jalaludddeen ascended the throne,
Who by descent was of the country of the Ghilzais.
After him was Rootabudddeen, son of Alauddeen;
Devoted to folly and luxury was he.
After him came Tughlak Shah, greatest of all;
Nurtured had he been by the Ghilzai rulers.
After him came Sultan Mohammed Shah, son of Tughlak Shah,
In whose times the peoples dwelt in ease.
Then Sultan Mohammed Shah, son of Feroze Shah,
Who seized the Kingdom from his brother.
Then the Sultan Ghayasudddeen, son of Feroze Shah,
Who ascended the throne in the lifetime of his father.
After him came Secunder Shah, son of Mohammed Shah,
Who remained on the throne but a month and a half.
Then his brother Nasrudddeen ascended the throne,
Great need had he of hardy warriors.
After him upon Hind burst Timur Shah,
To Khizr Khan he gave the Sovereignty.
After him was Sultan Mahurk Shah, son of Khizr Khan,
Whose sanctity was apparent from his brow.
After him Sultan Mohammed Shah, who was his nephew;
During his reign Pathans were held in honour.
Then the Sultan Alauddeen, who was his son;
All wise time was spent amongst his women.
Then Bhulle Lodi became the King of Delhi,
Who remained on the throne for twenty-nine years.
After him Secunder, Bhulle Lodi's son,
Whose practice was in accordance with the faith.
After him came his son Heratun,
Who fought with Baber at Panipat.
After him was Baber King of Delhi,
Who was indebted to the Pathans for his place.
After him Humain, Baber's son.
Whose armies and wealth were without bounds.
After him Shah Alam, son of Hasan Shae;
Defeated at his hands was Humman.
After him Ismail Shah, son of Shah Almos,
Whose daring was even greater than that of his fathers.
After him came Adil Shah, who was his cousin;
Disgraced were the Pathans during his reign.
After him came Abhaar, son of Humman,
Whose victory accompanied whenever he went.
After him Jehangir, son of Akbar,
During whose reign Hind was like Paradise.
Now the King is Shajahan, son of Jehangir,
Who had been formerly in Balkh and Badaksshan.
I Khush-ha1 have narrated this, yet I am no Poet.
Employed in it I tried what I could do;
Had I art of Poetry and verses,
Many are the praises of my Emperor I should have sung.
When through Hind I wandered, then to myself I said,
"It is long I have been thinking of this history in my mind."
If of this story the date you ask of me,
Hear by all account it is the year of Hurshat.
This poem I began at midday prayer,
And by evening prayer it had been completed.

To me the whole of Delhi's city was as a garden,
While with me Shahz and Saadat Khan;
But when they departed, and left me there alone,
Hard indeed my lot, as death this separation.
Since from their sight I have been cut off completely,
Now I say indeed it is as though I were in a prison.
My household is as a garden, and I the gardener;
It is not strange that in the garden the gardener should be happy.
But when from the garden which he loves the gardener is divided,
That separation on both sides is equally hard to bear.
If but a flower of that garden should meet the sight of his eyes,
To the gardener's heart comes joy every moment that he beholds it.
See upon the paper the picture of Mijun's features,
I, like him am now but skin and bone, an empty spectre.
To each one in the world, one time comes the hour of dying,
I, without death, die not once, but every day.
Unjustly have I become Aurungzeb's captive in prison;
God is alone who knows what was my charge or crime.
In myself I know no crime, it is by God I swear it;
But by others the tales are told, many and lying are they.
The nature of my fault is by me unknown entirely,
But I see that my own excellence has been the cause of my ruin.
As I was firm and honest in deeds and in good intentions,
No other Afghan was there in the service of the Moghul.
To Sovereigns there should be compassion of heart,
Honour and self-respect, as well as justice and consideration;
For to whom can one appeal against the decrees that they give,
If upon oppression the heart of the Sovereign is bent?
Such trouble as on my tribe and family there fell,
May there never such happen to Hindoo or Mussalman.
When the dishonour of their own honour is lost by them,
It is of their own power the ruin that Monarchs cause.
If Aurung Shah keeps on ever such course of action
As now he has taken in hand, God preserve us from its end!
Either it is this year or next year that people will hear
That rivers of red blood will fill and flowing be,
What indeed am I? But there are others who will act like me,
Countless are their names, the lords of the mountain lands.
He who had no compassion on his father, nor yet on his son,
How will he stay his hand on any one else in the world?
With pride is he intoxicated, and standing erect in his folly;
On high is fixed his gaze, as though the Heavens were his goal.
He that seeks of him justice, his answer by sword or by club,
What time that in his court the injured appeal for redress;
Never so much does he ask as why are your actions thus?
What though the Chiefs in his country are murdering great and small;
A Governor's word is worth more than twenty witnesses,
To their decrees do his Judges forge his signature;
His procedure is all by bribes, without interest is there nothing,
If one would gain for one's object some result;
Is there any one whose nature is ill-suited to these means?
Midst his court he wanders helpless in despair.
To the Physician yet say nothing, O Khush-hul!
For it is God the all-powerful who alone will cure thy ills.

When the time for the bloom of the roses comes,
Gently are the showers that are falling on the meadows;
Whose fortune is there that can rival his,
Whose steps lead him to wander through the gardens?
Today good luck is on my side:
May my destiny be ever so friendly to me,
That my stay should be in such a lovely spot,
As famed like it is none other in Himabistan.
Had the Abdal's eyes but lit upon this place,
All other regions would they have forsaken for it.
Midst its meadows the waters wander wildly,
Through its turf the streams run ever on;
With such pure and limpid waters,
How it triumphs over Cashmero's Shalimar.
Men's eyes brighten, and their hearts rejoice,
As the water of its fountains sprinkle round.
As the water rises now, then falls again,
One would say that round it pearls are strewn about.
Where the fountains of white marble are found planted,
Lovelier far that spot than Iran's vaunted scenes;
Those would say it was the thundering of the Heavens,
Where the river pours its waters down the falls:
If there be that cross the bosom of the lakes,
They would say that on a mirror is their way.
On the waters are the wild-fowl ever diving,
Before the Palace seated one enjoys the Falcon's sport.
One would say they are the flames of Nimrud's fire,
So scattered are bright Tulips through the mead.
The Roses there their charms have more together;
Like a warrior armed, their spears are by their sides.
All around are the meadows in full bloom.
Of the Iris and the Lily, gallant show.
In that garden flowers are there, they are not scanty,
Of all their number, what tongue is there can take account?
Be they Roses, or Violets, or Tulips;
By their sight my heart now soothed to rest.
May I devote myself to the Creator of these works,
Since from his mighty hands such bounties have been produced.
All its trees rise as though in rivalry with the Heavens,
Overowering all is the lofty Deodar.

Of countless natures are the tunings of the birds,
When from the Deodars their concert loud is heard;
From the tuneful pipings of these minstrels,
Not from the breeze, come the rustlings of the trees.
In it of snowy plaster a mansion fine is placed,
Through every room in which the splashing waters run.

Three hundred are the paths that run amidst it,
Each one whiter than the whitest linen robe.
The mildness of its breezes is beyond all description,
Were one ill for eighty years there, would one soon be well;
Were the old men to remain there, soon would they be youthful.
Such is my belief in the power of its breezes.

A building such as this would find its place in Paradise,
Were its guardians but aware of these delights.
All its praises are far beyond all count;
Were I to relate them, it would take up a book.
By Asaf Khan were its foundations laid,
Now by Khurram's orders is the work proceeding.
It was the thousand and fifty-ninth year of the Hijra,
The twelfth day of the New Year, I wrote these verses;
Since from Khush-hal has come such lengthy speech,
Good sense forbids that extended it should be!

What though fed have I been on the salt of the Mogul's!
My heart is burning with Aurung's scorn and evil treatment.
Unjustly into prison did he cast me for many years;
God knows what was my fault, of it no knowledge mine.
Black is the Mogul's heart towards all his Pathans,
Well am I acquainted with each one of their designs.
The true coin and the base to me are clearly known,
In their actions of their purport a touchstone true am I.
Was I an Eagle or a Falcon in the sight of Shahjahan,
That to Azrum as a Crow or Sparrow-hawk I should be?
The life that before it sees but its own dishonour,
He who leads it, at such a life amazed am I.
Fire take their titles and their service then I say,
Since in the Mogul's eyes and understanding I am despised;
Maddened now am I that my name and honour are in question,
Though no care is mine for the gain or loss of countless wealth.
Who with the greed of food rushes on the hook,
Think not that I am such a foolish fish.
No remedy is there for any one against Fate's decrees,
And yet I am more cautious than an old wolf.
To those who can discern I am as true as the ruddy golden molar,
By the test of the undiscerning I am valued as a straw.
The world as yet knows nothing of my merits,
But I speak truth, as the apple of the eye am I;
Far greater my worth than the flowers of the Champa,
To the ignorant as the Sunflower depred of scent I seem;
Like the falcon is my eye on noble quarry;
No Spider I that feeds on worms and grubs;
A Tiger I whose feast is on his victims;
No bollock I that grazes on the plains.
My beard is growing white, dear to me are faith and honour;
Were I to deal otherwise, a pitiful creature I should be.
If people turn their backs on me, no care is mine;
For many have been blistered with my true speeches.
All that happens is by Fate; no profit in belief or knowledge,
Thus it is fate a kite I am driven by the wind.
Every Pathian that takes the Mogul's service,
More experience mine than ever can be his.
When in the Mogul's service, my title was that of Lord:
Now that no title is mine, as an Angel free am I;
No care is mine for his decrees or his permission:
Praise be to God that my will is now my own!
No care is mine for his Court nor yet for Council;
No longer is my watch at the upstart nobles' gates,
No witnessing, no signing, no reporting mine,
No care is mine for bonds or yet decrees.
Every fool that made me bow my head,
His head have I well bowed with bow of sword and mace.
If to the evil I am staggerly, what can they do me?
Like a bright star fortunate is my destiny;
Every day is to me a holiday of independence,
What though others weep? I am mad with joy.
Enough for a Pathan his rug and blanket;
No care is mine for couches or for cushions.
Freedom is mine, though plain and coarse my clothes;
Beloved now am I of velvet and of brocade;
A grass-built but is now so dear to me.
I had rather be seated there than in Palaces of stone.
What though my food is only soup and curds?
With the wealth of the Moguls my chest is full.
The opposition which I have resolved is for faith and honour:
Were I to waver in my design as a girl, I should be doomed.
By none have I been wounded, by guns or yet by arrows,
What have been struck, by my own rifle has it been.
Cut to pieces are the Buttikheyls, who were as the pinions of my wings.
Now with the clipped wings of the Baraks is my flight;
The feathers of my flight have I shed like the Falcon,
Yet think not I am as a bat with no feather in my wings.
My true brothers indeed are the Turis, such is our relation,
From the Bolaks am I removed barely a finger's breadth:
With lying deceitful words whose object is dissension,
They are betraying me, for they think me as a boy,
I spit upon the beards of every one amongst the Baraks,
And on my own too if of such am I.
This day has my tribe dealt very hardly with me,
But yet no yielding mine, whatever God's will may be;
On me have the Khotaks turned their backs, for this may their faces be blackened!
For I alone am their champion, in the support of God is my trust;
Yet were there any ties of brotherhood or kindness betwixt us,
Great should be my hopes from the parentage of every one.
The Mohmunds should be the feet and hands to assist me as I am crippled;
Well pleased am I with support from the Afridis.
Many streams when joined together will make a river;
Now to all appearance I am helpless as a bubble.
There are the Karlanai and Sarbunai, many Pathans are there,
In the cause of honour, am associate with them all.
That so much favour has been accorded me by the Heavens,
Grateful indeed am I that such its decrees should have been;
For now my age is passed beyond three-score years and more,
Yet in pursuit of a foray as an Usbeg staunch am I.

It is for the Afghan honour that my sword I have bound beside me,
I Khushal Khatak am the only proud Afghan of the day!

Come and listen to my story,
Good and bad is told in it;
Warning it contains and counsel,
Let the wise take note of this.
I am Khushal, son of Shahbaz;
Of a warrior race I am sprung.
Shahbaz Khan was Yaliya Khan's son,
Few so active and so bold.
Akorny's son was Yaliya Khan,
Master of the sword was he;
Skillful was he with the sword,
Wick the bow excelled he more.
Once his eye had marked his foe,
Soon his place was in the grave.
Ready ever for fight or banquet,
Kind was he and generous.
Under the constellation was he born
Which gives birth to noble men.
Not yet entered in the world
The priests had long foretold his birth.
In the Emperor Akbar's reign
He became chief of his clan.
Those who sat with him at table
All the lions were fierce and bold.
Stained with blood the grave received them,
All his officers and chiefs.
Numerous was his family with him,
All brave and hardy warriors they;
Of one mind in all their actions,
Jealous each of fame and name.
The thousand and twenty-second year of the Hijra
It was that to this world I came.
Fifty years had been completed
When was martyred Shahbaz Khan.
The Emperor of his time was he,
That discerning Shah Jahan.
To me he gave my father's place,
Of my tribe was I the chief.
Were it war or gifts they wanted,
Lacking they found naught in me.
Thirty thousand Khattaks mine,
Each one to my word intent.
All my wealth I spent on arms,
Or the feeding of my guests.
Had I a hundred in my house,
A thousand went on feasts and sport.
Every Khan in my chiefship
Famous was throughout the world.
Did I find one low in trouble,
Raised I him aloft in joy.
Every sort of entertainment
To my fill I revelled in:
Were it horsemanship or hawking,
Or the garden's peaceful joys.
Gold I counted in my eyes
As the dust of the desert.
He whose thought is on his honour,
As before, in my heart of them no sign was seen,
Now from forth it what deeds does the world behold?
Through Lashoo and Choum did I wander,
But now is my way to Maidall, the Afridi's home.
As the Falcon circling round surveys the mountain on both sides,
Again is now my glance upon the mountains of Swat.
When I gave up the titles of the Moguls, thus pleased was I
As would be a captive from the bonds of long confinement.
Such rare determination as is mine,
No other Afghan will be born the same.
Could I but find one other patriot at my hand,
Far from my heart with him would fly all my griefs.
To the Mogul then would such deeds made known,
That pleased would be the soul even of Farid Khan.
In God's strength will I conquer, He will help me,
What though in the battle Satan himself were my foe?
Whatever the work to which a brave man binds his heart,
Though as a piercing thorn, as a flower it will result.
Even if he were an angel, trouble would be his lot,
Whoever's fate has made him companion of the base.
TRANSLATION OF POEMS

He whose intelligence is weak, it is well for him
That to another's guidance he should bend his way.
No longer now to-day's design will I defer until to-morrow,
For what guarantee is man in there of to-morrow's life?
He who sleeping laugheth, waking finds good cause for weeping;
In the friendship of the foolish the advantage is but loss.
One spark alone is required to fire a village,
It takes but one word to drive all trust away.
Come, Cupbearer, pass the tankard, it is my turn to-day,
See who knows to-morrow, whose turn it then will be.
Arranged the Emperor has come raging to Lahore,
See until to-morrow what the lot of all will be.
As the meadows need the rain and the breezes' favouring influence,
It is to those that show them kindness that the people will be true.
Go, speak not of the changes of the month or of the seasons,
Every day to us does Providence stranger changes show.
Many are they to-day who boast to you of their friendship,
But your life they seek to-morrow, for your foes they are become.
In the world there are but two choices which honour offers,
Either to lose one's life or to succeed in one's design.
I am looking for the struggle of the Falcon with the Raven,
Streams there are of blood that 'twixt them will flowing be.

May none be so acquainted with the tyranny of fate,
Many are the griefs that I bear now in my heart.
They that formerly lay prostrate at my feet
Now on my head do they plant their footsteps.
They who had ever expectation from my kindness
Rain now upon me their bounties and obligations.
They who have recovered of the wounds of which I healed them,
Laughing are they now that I am in need of cure.
To what purport shall I ply them? Who cares for their merit?
Burn them in the fire, those black pens of mine.
And yet it is not I alone that regard my country's honour,
For many are the Pathans on the mountains and the plains.
Let them then all give up the Mogul's treasures,
Or I, too, in my turn, will offer my hand to his cheeks.
He that eats the Mogul's potage, a dog indeed is he;
How can I make mention of the names of such as these?
Are they Khutaks? Are they Bangash? Are they Wurrakinals?
May their houses never be free from their mournings for the dead.
Would that I had vengeance taken for my rage and my distress,
Or that I had abandoned all hope for my own honour.
With my enemies what fault have I to find,
When from beneath my feet my own people draw the props?
May an unnatural son never grow old in any one's house.
Who would vie against his father in his schemes.
The Poet has no eyes to his own faulty verses.
It is thus that with mistakes his writings must abound.
Surprised indeed am I at how it leads me on,
This strange art of mine they call devilry and magic.

When the time comes for the grave I will lay me down with weeping,
Such have been the griefs of this heart of thine, Khush-hal.

Gone are thy companions, they have marched to their last halt;
Still how sound asleep thou stayest, O! that careless heart of mine.
From non-existence into being, and from life again to death,
Hasten on the Kaffals, hand succeeding hand.
The road through bog and quicksand, on a sorry steed thou'rt mounted,
See thee how those better mounted have failed to make their way.
Plunged in this world's torrent, no hope thine of finding footing.
Many those that sought to stem it, but they never found the shore.
From the fury of its waters to the bank thou ne'er wilt reach;
None are there who know its margin but the dwellers on that side.
All the profits of this world are vain and empty burdens,
Whose is greatest do thou not consider him a gainer.
To its decrees bring resignation, whatever thy lot may be.
Nothing can be averted by prayers or supplications.
Look at thine own hands and feet and consider well,
All these are proofs of the knowledge of God.
Say thou ever, "Well do I recognize God's Unity."

If in God thou place thy trust, have no regard for follies.

Besides God, come tell me, who is there that has created

Human beings from black dust, with such form and qualities?

Be not like the brutes who live but for food and sleeping;

In the world of action be not less than thy inferiors.

In the matter of thy interests, how alert and watchful art thou!

Yet in that of thy religion how drowsy and careless!

Be not proud of thine own beauty, though handsome as a flower,

Time will in a few days wear away thy face.

Let no one hope for good of those of evil nature,

No one will taste the sweets of honey from the bitter of the Nightshade,

The words of the man who takes no action on them

Are like a horse that is parted from its rider.

The man who acts not on his words is as it were an ass

laden with precious books, all his labour is in vain.

He whose words and actions correspond together,

Then every word of his has effect whenever he speaks.

In the good sense of what thou sayest no lack is there, Khusab-bal,

Were thy actions but as sensible, why shouldst thou have been thus troubled?

What is man, and what his fortune?

Everything is ruled by Fate.

Were all the world a sharpened sword,

All men on thy death intent,

Without fate thou wilt not die

Fly the sword nor yet by bullet,

Without fate there comes not death!

Wield the sword then, have no fear;

As the youthful warrior's actions,

Such are not wrought by the old.

The soldier martyred for the Faith

Has no fear for Hell hereafter.

The Rose is ever the Bee's prey,

Whether in Culpul or Cashmere.

A hero he whose deeds are chanted,

Whether in songs or funeral dirge.

The sword's lot it thine, Khusab-bal,

By descent thou art used to it.

For seven generations before thee

Died thy sires by sword and bullet,

Thus I do not wish to praise myself,

True my speech, as all well know.
Art thou winced in thy search
That from this life's hopes thou'rt parted?
Countless blessings round thee spread,
Ask but and thou shalt receive.
As thou seekest, thus thou hastest!
Nay yet more shall be thy share.
Who would ere taste honey's sweetness
If the bee's sharp sting he feared?
Still more early seek the Healer
For thy cure from this world's wounds.

In wealth and joy are many friends,
In grief and trouble where are they?
Spring nor autumn last for ever.
Mark well Destiny's previous course!
Heard my prayers and freed my troubles,
Heaven fresh ones brings on me.
Trust thou not in this world's friendship,
Time will change the choicest friends into enemies.
Those whom I scarce looked at, so high my rank,
Now from them insulting speech I hear,
He who has been fed on sugar and honey,
To his taste the Bar will never equal the Date in sweetness.
Never will he attain to the dignity of the royal turban,
However much a man place ruby-studded slippers on his feet.
While I live, O! teach me to forget it,
In the grave I will think over thy treatment.

Many are they that I remember,
Who have come and passed like wind;
Still others come and pass on,
There are none that stay behind:
Wonderful indeed is this workshop
Which the great Artist has produced.
Look thou well upon that bubble,
What its lasting and its stay.

Thus art thou, didst thou but know it,
In the dust thy pattern see.
Naught dost thou know of thyself;
Ah! how sad the thought to me!
What art thou concerned about?
-Be thou just as glad thereafter.
What troubles hast thou seen, Khush-bal?
Sure thy heart is made of steel.
TRANSLATION OF POEMS.

If but once thou receive kindness from any one,
For that once put twenty injuries of his behind thy back.
A traitor yet deserves no pardon,
Though forgiveness is becoming towards the true.
The fault of a brother is no fault at all,
Mercy is befitting to the mistakes of one's friends.
If from thy friend then receivest bitter words,
Do thou give him smiling a sweet and pleasant answer.
Make no acquaintance or friendship with a mean man,
From such wilt thou never obtain real friendship.
From the disturber of thy country do thou never stay thy hand,
However much the priests may entreat in his favour.
A true man will keep his faith as long as he is alive,
The word of the unmanly to-day is, to-morrow is not.
They are counted as beasts, no men are they,
The herdsmen and shepherds, who lead flocks and herds.
He who tells thee thy faults, a true friend is he,
And talks not to others of the faults that are thine.
What though men and fiends would slay thee?
Thou wilt not die Until the day of thy fate has arrived.
There is not one that is dependent on my will,
With words of friendship in their mouths all do their own wish.
They who desired my death have all died themselves;
I, behold! am yet alive and remain in this world.
The warrior thinks not of his own deeds of valour,
Yet the blind man is convinced of his own beauty.
Discernment, respect, and modesty become a man—
It is these three qualities that distinguish him from a beast.
He who is born of noble nature from his father and his mother,
In him will no real baseness be seen.
If one bring up a kid on the milk of a dog,
Like a dog in the end will his bleat become a bark.
Tell thou every one this saying of mine,
However sweet the grass, sweet soup it will not make.
However much one may counsel and advise him, it is no use,
Who is born so from his parents, ill-advised will he remain.
The wise man conceals many faults by his wisdom,
The fool by his folly shows his few to the world.
He that lays not his own burden on others, but bears theirs,
Such is the man that is deserving of praise.
He in whose heart the torch of wisdom is lighted,
To him day and night are both alike bright.

Repentant am I of my sins, O God!
Ashamed of all I have committed.
Disgrace me not now that my beard is white,
Though when my hair was black sinful was my nature.
Give me now the power and grace for prayer,
No hope have I but in thy mercy and compassion;
From thee ever proceedeth favour and pity,
Tortured am I now at the thought of my offences.
The world is not acquainted with the nature of my actions,
It is I alone that know what my deeds have been.
No Jew or Infidel is there whose behaviour is so vile
As I know myself to have been in word and deed.
The Hindoo even rises at midnight for adoration,
Yet feeble am I than he in the practice of devotion.
With a thousand other thoughts in my heart I bend my knee in prayer:
All through my life it is thus my devotions have been said.
Naught have I gained by worship, nor yet by pious actions;
In those I could not avoid how listless have I been.
I have never cared for right or wrong so that it pleased me.
When have I had concern for the lawfulness of my food?
Many are they whom I have consigned to the grave,
Even now am I eager to slay yet more.
My passions make right wrong and wrong right to me,
I remain ever helpless against their promptings.
My nature is as that of the seventy-two heresies from the faith,
Though in my professions I am of the band of the True Believers.
In the torrents of my lusts I plunge myself,
In the fortress of desire have I myself secured.
If in observance of rites consist true Musulmanism,
Happy for me, for then perchance I am a good Musulman.
TRANSLATION. OF POEMS.

Satan and my passions are in ambush at every breath,
Till my last breath shall I ever remain in terror of them.
My virtues scarce as gold, my vices are like pebbles;
Black dust upon my head, what though some gold is mine?
The faith of his own chosen has God bestowed upon me,
However much in practice of my deeds I am ashamed.
Whatever messengers or books have come from Heaven,
With all the prophets I agree to them.
He who produced both worlds is without associate,
Firm is my faith in that article of belief.
Convinced am I there will be a Day of Judgment,
I know well that from Thee comes good and bad.
After death comes life for human creatures;
On all these points from heresy I am free.
My prophet is Mahomet, son of Abdallah,
Devoted am I to his Companions and four friends.
The Imams of the desert all were in their rights
Until the Mahdi comes, of all I am the servant.
They who are the enemies of his Companions and offspring,
Root and branch am I prepared to destroy them with the sword.
The masters of the religion are four, they are not five.
A Hanafi of the Suni faith I am in my belief,
I cannot bear Thy punishments, pardon me!
To Thy threshold have I come, and there I wait.
What though I am full of sin and swollen with pride?
Of Him whose attribute is mercy am I, Khush-ha! the slave.

O God, do Thou not rend the curtain from my soul,
Display not Thou my faults before the eyes of all the world.
On the path that is that of virtue and good name,
On that path do Thou lead me straight.
Whatever actions are for the good of the world and of the Faith,
On such actions do Thou ever keep my mind intent.
In this world may my heart ever contented remain,
May all trouble abide far from it.
My passions and the Devil are ever at my side,
Show Thou to me clearly these two traitors.  
However great the faults my hands commit,  
When I repent, do Thou remove it from me.  
Grant unto me such sincerity of repentance  
That never may I go back again from it.  
May mortal sin be forbidden me as the flesh of swine,  
And venial as that of monse or rat.  
May evil dispositions do thou take from out my heart,  
For such is that drain my heart of blood.  
Grant me Thy power and Thy guidance for devotion,  
In my account with Thee no claim is mine for freedom,  
Yet do Thou resign me for one moment to Thine own mercy.  
In Thine own body from forth my bely,  
Do Thou bear me away to the sight of Paradise.  
Each that both the heavenly writers may be satisfied with me.  
To such a grave do Thou consign me.  
Keep ever ruddy my face with the spirit of independence,  
Let not my cheek be ever pale in expectation from any one.  
The walls of my faith surround me on all sides,  
Guard Thou in safety its fortresses and towers.  
Keep me in Thy favour ever while  
While remains with me the power.  
Thy praises are without number, more numerous than the sand of the desert.  
Who is there that can count the sand or reckon its number?  
Neither Age is Thine nor Youth, as Thou wast so Thou remainest,  
As Thou wast, Thou wilt abide through all Eternity.  
The earth, the seven heavens, the two worlds, human creatures,  
All hast Thou alone created without any help from others;
TRANSLATION OF POEMS.

All the worlds hast Thou created by Thy simple order;
- The Creator of all these worlds art Thou, yet has none created Thee.
Whether white or black all is witness to Thy onity;
- For Thou encompasseth all, whether white or black.
All thy works are lovely, in beauty and goodness are they fashioned,
- Whilst such as are wrought by us are sometimes good and sometimes bad.
Our misfortunes are our own fault, for hard is to us right conduct,
- Yet art Thou not such as closest Thy door to mercy.
Thou askst of my conduct, does it agree with my speech?
- Ah no! but Billal's stammering confession of faith was more acceptable than that of others.
Untutored is my speech, unfit medium for Thy praises,
- By Thy grace will it become fitter, O Eternal Single God.

When from Libra moves the Sun,
- Winter then displays his banner;
See his flag the Star Cetos
- Which now stands forth in the skies.
Weakened by the summer's heat,
- Fresh and strong becomes the world;
Keen desire for food returns,
- Sweet the taste that water gives.
Side by side with arms entwining,
- Llip by lip, the lovers sit.
Welcome now is heavy clothing,
- The prancing steed the saddle takes;
Yet the youth feels not his armour,
- Nor the steed his trapping's weight.
He whose heart is for the chase,
- Glad is he this time has come.
From the north the wild-fowl trooping,
- To the south their way are making.
From Swat now returns the Falcon,
- Like travelled Jogis coming home.
By the radiant moonlight marching,
- Scarcely the Herons in the skies.

Geeso and ducks are all around us,
- Countless are the water-birds.
Leaves his hills now the partridge,
- On the peasant's grain to feed.
Is it falcon, hawk, or kestrel?
- On each the sportsman lays his hand.
Some are forth in search of hunting,
- Others seek the garden's show.
The Cent-foil opens wide its blue-corals,
- Brighter than Saffron's tints are they.
Many are the colours of the Absar,
- White and yellow the Arghawan.
The flowers of the Champa spread their scent
- To the top of every bush.
Bright as is their show of verdure,
- Still greater that of the sweet Basil.
With its young and tender branches,
- Mottled show each tree presents.
The Bulbul now and Parrot too,
- Call with joy from every side.
Than this season's joys will thou
- Greater hardly find in Heaven;
To me in truth I say this season,
Welcome art thou in Khash-bul,
Take the prize from that of spring-side,
O Yaman's star, I live by thee.
Before me now for months lies freedom,
When thou showest forth thyself;
Beyond spring nothing but restraint.
Then my happiness is full.

Two things are there that I love most in this world and in myself;
In myself my two eyes, and in this world all fair creatures.
From the perfume of their tresses I am as one distracted;
Ever will he that has been snake-bitten be thus beside himself.
Looking at the beauty of fair women I have found my God,
Short is the distance between metaphor and fact.
When I gaze at a lovely face my eyes are never sated,
Every hair upon my head becomes as though an eye with looking.
Those of evil nature know nothing of love's troubles;
What knows the fly of the torment of the moth?
Hope not to escape from the slaughter of her sword,
Here is no more compassion even for those that she has slain.
The punishments of God are, each one, charges brought against us,
Many are the sufferings this world has brought on me from love.
A lovely face is as a rose, my heart forthwith becomes a bulbul,
The bulbul in distraction hurries wherever the rose may be.
Give me tears of blood, O! my heart; when I would weep,
Such have been my sorrows that no other tears are mine.

If thou consider poetry in its nature is no harm,
The only fault is it is that some make foolish verses.
He who makes verses without rhythm and without measure,
No poet is he, his are howlings of the dogs.
Persian poetry have I learnt, I have the taste for all;
Pushtoo poetry I prefer, each one thinks his own the best.
In measure, in meaning, in metre, in metaphor.
Have I the Pushtoo language made to rival with the Persian.
The Pushtoo tongue is difficult, its measures hard to find;
Few are they that have come to me, though great has been my labour.
There is no one that has taught me the art of Pushtoo poetry;
The Mirza who wrote verses, it is long since he was dead;
The book of Akhund Darwaza I have read from end to end.
In this there is no measure, nor are verses to be found;
The wise know well their value, what should the fool know of them?
Pearls of speech are they which I, Khush-hal, have strung together;
Liars are all who say that such as I have written in Pushtoo,
There are any other such verses, or ever have been before.
I am not always pleased at my own verses, yet what can I do?
My heart drags me against my will, at times I am impelled to it.
For twenty years past the cauldron of my poetry has been seething,
Not till now is it fit for use, that my life has past sixty years.
If my rival on my verses places his finger in criticism,
Whatever faults he finds I forgive him for them all.
In poetry my purport if there be, it is this,
That under cover of it, the poet may tell of noble actions,
Plain may be the overcoat that hides the brightest dresses,
Like gold-washers have I brought gold from simple earth.
Two stanzas and two measures have these verses if you see,
In the month of Safar, one thousand and eighty-one it was I wrote them.

Are there two hearts that are united, they will part in two a mountain,
To the union of two natures how many joys ensue!
Black must be her tresses, dimples she must have and jewels;
The face that is a fair one all men love to gaze upon it.
They who sincerely in this world love one another,
Trouble and good fortune to them are all alike.
People curse the Devil as the source of every evil,
Yet it is their own passions that rule all in their actions.
A hundred troubles round, the result of our own passions,
Two hundred our cupidity prepares before our face.
He who portions sugar, many those that flock around him,
Each one as he takes his share puts the other to one side.
Blest indeed is concord, where hearts and wills are joined together;
Where there are disputes two-fold troubles will be theirs.
Let each mortal's prayer be, "May I need nought from another!"
Yet is there no Monarch that has not his times of need.
Give a man a rose and a simple flower will please him,
What cares the bullock or ass if his load be made of flowers?
Kusht-hal's follies have become thus conspicuous in the world
As the call of the Muntain from the lofty steeple's summit.

Surely these are not thy cheeks which thy raven tresses cover!
Rather these are fresh shoots of the hyacinth lying amongst roses;
Long has been my search for thee, at last fortune has favoured me,
Such a mistress have I found that all men's tongues are in her praise.

Was it Kais or Wasmak? Was it Farhad or Khazru?
All who knew love's troubles, a thousand blessings on each.
Mortals are but fleeting, there are none but those remaining
Whose names amidst this passing world are told in future stories.
Tales of others! What are they? To thyself they warning give.
Look thou at the candle, how it weeps at its own laughter!
See then, wheresoe'er I be, in whatever part I wander,
Cut from thy dark tresses let these locks upon my heart.

He who in his old age longed after youth,
Say to him, "What dost thou that thou mockest at thy shame?"
He whose years are many and joins youth and age together,
Better than his case is that of the wild rose.
Now so gorged at table that his power is gone of eating,
Yet insatiable he turns his eyes on the food that is before him.
In their designs, their behaviour, in their deeds,
Suspicious are all men of one another.
Now my beard is white, why should I fear death?
Gone have all my friends, though their hair was black, before me.
They whose orders the whole earth lay under,
Come and look at them now beneath the earth!
Man is but shifting sand if thou look well at him,
Thus it ever changes, rolling round and round.
Fate's furnace many times have I with my own eyes witnessed,
I, Khusht-hal, know well that it burns both green and dry.
TRANSLATION OF POEMS.

I was going on my way, when a lovely being met me,
Coquettish were her glances, and her smiles were bright as day.
Sure her form was of a woman, but her nature of a fairy,
Like silver was her body, but her heart was hard as stone.
To the town we entered, hand in hand with one another,
Then from me she parted, now I seek her to Bokhara.
Many are the tokens of the beauty of her person,
How can I tell you by what signs she may be known.
Tall and bright-complexioned, in her stature like the Cypress,
Brighter than the roses is the colour on her cheeks;
Her teeth are pearls and diamonds, her lips sugar, arched her eyebrows;
Her dark eyes are as javelins striking death from both her eyes;
Her nose is like a roseshrub, as the jasmine white her chin,
Like musk are the moles on the sweet face of my fair one,
Of jewels she wore a necklace and a double string of pearls,
Raven were her locks, and her hair's perfume like Ambrosia;
Rose-coloured, gold-embroidered, is the raiment that she wears,
Like a light her beauty shineth; has no one seen her! Tell me, pray.
Favour me, O my good fortune, as thou didst when she came with me,
Show me now the footsteps of my loved one that is lost.

I said, "If I come to thee, wilt thou greet me with a kiss?"
Said she, "Hast thou a thousand heads that thou askest this of me?"
I said, "Thy raven tresses are like so many black cobras."
Said she, "Why trust thyself within the cobra's reach?"
I said, "In what fashion then shall I approach thee?"
Said she, "Without sword can head parted be from body?"
I said, "I ever wander in distraction in thy search!"
Said she, "Wise art thou, why then thus disgrace thyself?"
I said, "But for a moment let us two be happy together."
Said she, "Where are those others in whose company thou wast pleased?"
I said, "Proud as thou art, know that there is God that sees thee."
Said she, "If I am proud, what to thee? Why talk so loudly?"
I said, "I am the lover of that lovely face of thine."
Said she, "For God's sake why thus thrust thy love on me?"
I said, "If I die at thy door it is thy doing."
Said she, "Would that thou didst so, my dogs would come from barking."
I said, "It is naught that knowest of the love that I bear to thee."
Said she, "What care for love the men of the Khatuk tribe?"

Like thee is there no other fair one in this world,
Thy gift is of the partridge, thy eyes are like the peacock's.
Now is the time of early spring, all the meadows are in bloom,
It is the Creator's unseen power that has all these flowers produced.
Thou art like a falcon, go not forth to prey my heart on,
As drinks the hawk its victim's heart-blood, thus dost thou, or as the Leopard.
Other men are free from trouble, I am ever plunged in grief.
No love is that, but torment, yet I feed on it by stealth.
Wine there is, the harp and pipe, bring neither, too, the tankard.
Spring lasts not much longer when is passed the sign of Taurus.
Here I sit beside the stream and watch the running waters,
Like life's tide they flow so quickly, these are now my thoughts.
If thy mistress keep her own faith, what matters that to thee?
It is the test of true affection, take thou her faith for thine.
The love of Majnun increased far more for Leila
In proportion as the people hated him on her account.
The hope of Khush-hal Khan is as from the gardener in his garden,
Who gives to each one quickly the flower which he has chosen.

Come listen, thou hast heard it, famous is that saying,
That which has gone from the eyes has gone from forth the heart.
I lie when thou art from me, my life thou art, dost thou but know it.
Go thou not then from me, stay thou ever by my side,
Lost is my good fortune when thou lookest upon others,
Found again is it when on me thy glance shall light.
Thy beauties without rival, greater even than those of Leila,
Me have they made like Majnun by their sight, O thou enchantress!
Many are the fair ones with eyes like deer and forms like fairies,
Yet is there none like thee, so coy and yet so sprightly;
Thy lips they are like rubies, thy teeth pearls, on hearts thou feedest,
That little mouth of thine is as a casket of fine jewels.
"L" and "p" then linger, that my lips may print it on thee,
Happy times we spend together, let us thankfully enjoy them.

Many monarchs are there who are slaves of their beloved ones,
Then it is, O God! that this power hast granted to the fair.
Ever with how much thought dost thou ridicule Khush-hal,
Now thou makest peace, then war, how kind thou art, then angry!

Both her lips has she now parted,
Pearls she pours upon her lover.
When I look upon thy face,
No wish is mine for flowers or garden;
The Rose from shame forgets to blossom
When it looks upon thy cheeks.
May good fortune now besite me,
I am waiting for our meeting.
Whether faithful they or false,
Breathe not once upon my rivals;
Take one glance but in thy mirror
If the choicest flower thou'dest see.
To whom complainest thou, Khush-hal?
Who is there that hears thy plaints?

Since my sight fell on those dark eyes of thine,
Never can I forget those lovely eyes of thine.
Of the hawk's are they? The parakeet's or the falcon's?
Or of the soft-eyed antelope? the glances of thine eyes?
As the lambs crouch hidden in the pasture,
From the shade of those loose tresses look those gentle eyes of thine.
As the armed trooper stands, his lance in hand beside him,
Thus are standing the long lashes round those warring eyes of thine.
As one who has drunk wine, thus intoxicated my being
When I gaze upon those languishing eyes of thine.
Whether they be Priests, or Devotees, or even Recluses,
On each one's heart they feed, those cruel eyes of thine.
Whatever thou wouldst gaze on, look thou well upon it,
O Khush-hal! while there is power of seeing in thine eyes.

I am a drinker of wine, why does the Priest quarrel with me?
Our natures are made by Fate, would that I could make his like mine!
Will dost thou say, my adviser, blessings upon thy speech;
Well dost thou mean, but by words hast thou ever yet turned the torrent?
These have gone to Heaven who had neither knowledge nor sense.
Others have gone to Hell whose excellence was their boast.
Of what profit to Abubakr the words of the Prophet Mohammed?
Who will polish the mirror that God has covered with rust?
The Monk who sits in his cell, tell me what thereby is his gain?
Why does thou thus enthrall this spacious world for thyself?
I would have love's troubles whatever may be my religion.
They are but thine own words that thou inflict them to me.
Hasten come quickly, minstrel, and raise the New Year's song.
Sweet heart-soothing strains bring from the lute, the pipe, and the harp.

On every side are flowers, the Anemone, Narcissus, and Hyacinth.
Foolish in his design who would go elsewhere than to the garden.
Some there are who with ample provision set out in search of Thee.
Others are they who seek Thee with but a cloth girt round their loins.
In Judgment mayest Thou, O God, test severely each man's practice.
For now Thou art kind to my foes, but to me Thou art hard as stone.
All the armies of Delhi have come intent upon my death,
Yet art Thou not yet resolved on Khush-bal's death: Thou hast compunction.

The minstrel now attunes his lute anew,
New tales he tells us with each chord he strikes.
Let the Monk stay in his cloister, I will wander through the garden;
See the flowers of Spring are calling loud to me.
The beggar's mind is full of thought to stay his hunger,
On the Monarch weigh the troubles of his State.
What will be her kindness when she once comes to love me,
Now that in her coyness such gentleness is hers?
When with her I am Khush-bal, yet am I saddened
As one who is grateful to yet injured by another.
If this be no sign of my good fortune, what else is it?
That to my rivals she shows such dislike.
If delight in gazing on the fair ones be a fault,
Then is Khush-bal a criminal throughout his life.
How deftly has she curled those two long tresses,
Forthwith all men's affections are distracted.
Her black locks are as a chain, her face the Kasba,
With both hands seize those locks if thou wouldst make the Haj;
If but once it be that chain fall in thy grasp,
Ever will it bind thy heart in happy state.
Beat all the blessings of true affection,
When from thy heart thou hast expelled all strange desires.
My fame and honour I have squandered in thy cause,
In return what wilt thou grant me for my pains?
If I speak of sweetmeats, this is my intention,
That though with hard words thou shouldst give me yet some kisses,
Now has Ramael's heart completed its desire,
Since thy glance's sword has pierced it through and through.

Praise be to God from me who from nothing brought me into being,
Other of his creatures He made me not, of Adam's stock am I sprung.
In descent from father to son a follower of Mahomet am I,
Of the mission of the Four Friends am I a firm believer.
Full rightly do I know that there are four divisions of the Faith,
On the sect of the Hanafis firmly my hopes I band.
Great is the regard in my heart which He has implanted for the learned,
And but little heed has He granted me for the religious teachers of the day.
No Drunkard or Gambler or Debauchee am I,
Nor yet Judge or Lawyer, whose only thought is for gain.
The lot of the sword He gave me, by birth a Pathan am I;
Of no lineage I, lacking wealth or following.
Gory was the shroud in which my father went to his grave, and all my ancestors;
Many there were that died with them, spread o'er the world was their blood.
My father Shahbaz Khan, liberal as Hatim was he;
His heart like that of a Tiger, more skilful in the sword than Rustam.
Steadfast was he in the Law, and upright in every deed;
No reader or writer was he, yet wiser than they that are learned.
How shall I praise my grandsire, Paradise is now his abode.
Sound like Joseph was he from head to foot.
Were another mounted, he on foot was lovel with him;
Such was his form and stature, and his valor was in proportion; My other grandsire was Malik Aku, who in the land of the Khakaks First gained for us the mighty place that is ours. Thirty years have passed since my father died a martyr, Slain by the Yusefiaies, but with fire I harried their homes. Other Pathans there are many, but their chiefest warrior son I; I seize, I grant, I bind, I loose, as my pleasure moves me. Many there are of the clan that with me have waged feuds, But not till their head before me they had bowed did they escape from mourning; Alone amongst all it is the Yusefiaies that have put me under obligation, Still among the Attooles dwells the true old Afghan spirit. When I in the year of Agiad fell into Aurangzeb's bonds, My family and household was left very helpless amongst them. For many years was I imprisoned in Hindustan, I reached my home uninjured and from the tyrant's oppression was I freed. All who sought my death in prison every one Have died or been ruined and impoverished, from ill have they not escaped; Like Joseph freed from bondage, the ruler of all I became, Unalloyed gold did I prove, the fire did not lessen my value. Ashraf Khan is my son, who collected my scattered household, For when I was led prisoner, my family was dispersed, Four-and-twenty others are mine, but the greatest of all is he, May they all prosper, God preserve them from every evil! Already have I five grandsons, there is Afzal and Ashraf Khan, May God prosper them, great are my hopes from them. One real brother had I, he has passed on his way to heaven; Two other brothers are mine, one gallant, another a coward. My home is in Malikpur, which people call Surai, To Lahki on hill and on plain are scattered my house and my clan, Twenty thousand warriors are mine, all of one blood, All with one accord with their backs bent in my service. What of Shamsher Khan Turia whose following is only five thousand, No more is he to me than an unripened Turnip, How will he rival with me on the strength of only his title? What is the power of the Lamb to rival the might of the Lion? And look to the Yusefiaies that a Turn holds rule among them. Were the Teal now to harry the Hawk, what fault would be found with him?
Most trusted friend was I of the Emperor Shah Jahan,
Folly was it in Aurangzeb that he dealt so hardly with me.
I can scarcely draw my breath, yet there is none that can lessen my pain;
For a wound I have in my heart that no Doctor or Ointment can heal.
How many thousand warriors have been idle for how many years,
And my heart not been ill at ease my purpose had never thus failed me;
Should twenty years yet pass, still that object will not be accomplished
As things are now going on, see what will result from this trouble.
That which Shamsheer Khan in so many years brings about,
I in as many months would have settled right firmly the matter.
That treachery and deceit which Hayat Khan's art is,
What is there manly in that? the wiles of a woman are such,
Where is there knowledge and discernment? blind is the world indeed,
Since thus it honours a woman with the title of Chief.
This writing and letters which Hayat Khan calls the work of the Devil,
Shall ever pour curses on him from tablet and from pen;
The honest truth speak I which is well known to all,
If I am indeed no poet, what value in praise or in blame.

From whence has to us this Spring-tide returned,
Which on all sides has spread us a garden.
See the Anemone, sweet Basil, the Lily, the Hyacinth,
The Jasmine, Narcissus, Wild Rose, and Pomegranate;
Many are Spring's flowers, of all kinds are they.
But conspicuous amongst all is the Tulip.
The maidens place bouquets of flowers in their bosoms,
With bunches of flowers are the youths' turbans dressed.
Come, Minstrel, draw the bow across the violin,
Come, Cup-bearer, bring tankards brimming over,
That with the joy of wine I may be filled.
The Pathan youths again have dyed their hands,
As dyes his claws the Hawk in the blood of his prey.
Blushing are now their pale swords with red blood,
In Summer how strangely the Tulip bed has blossomed,
Aemal Khan and Darya Khan from death God preserve them,
Never have they failed me at the time of need.
Khaibar's pass have they reddened with the blood of the foe,
In Krapa is the roar of their cannon still heard,
To Krapa to Bajore straight the mountains
Have been seized with quakes and trembling time after time.
Five years now are passed that in all these regions
Of bright swords every day the flashing is seen;
The first fight was in the lofty ridge of Tuhar,
When scattered were forty thousand Moghal foe,
Their sisters and daughters became captives of the Pathan,
Their horses, camels, elephants, and baggages.
The second battle was with Mir Hussein in Dusah,
Where crushed was his head as of a snake.
Again after that was the fight of Namshahr,
When drunk with the slaughter of the Moghals was I;
Then came the fights with Jaiwant, Singh and Shujaa Khan,
On whom Amaul brought destruction in Gujran.
The sixth fight was with Makarram Khan and Shamsher Khan,
When in Klapush Amaul scattered to the winds.
These are the fights worthy of men that I remember,
Of the contests of boys on all sides is no account;
Every victory has been ours up to now,
For the future we must trust to the Omnipotent.
Now is a year that Auranzeb is camped against us,
Haggard in his features and wounded in his heart;
Year after year it is that fall his nobles,
Of his armies destroyed what account is there?
The Treasures of Hindustan Have been scattered before us,
Swallowed by the mountains has been his ruddy gold.
Still of the Emperor's folly there is no lessening,
It must be that from his father is this infatuation;
Between him and us there is no result apparent,
Save that either the Moghals be removed or else the Pathans ruined.
The Pathan who holds any other idea, it is futile,
Except from the sword no other is there;
The Pathans are more skilled in the sword than the Moghals,
Would only a little more understanding were theirs.
Would the tribes but be of one mind amongst themselves,
Emperors would prefer to bow down before them;
I alone amongst them am concerned for my nation's honour.
At ease are the Yunnafshas cultivating their fields
The Afridis, Mahmudos, Shibwarias, what are they about?
Spread is the Moghal army in Nangrahur,
With calls for succour to them am I wearied,
Dread are they, no attention is paid to my cries,
While all the other Pathans from Candahar to Attock,
Are openly or secretly combined in honour's cause.
Sweeter to me far is death than such a life,
As is passed from day to day without honour.
Ever in this world will he not be living,
But yet of Khush-hal Khan will the memory abide.

Until his vengeance he has wrought upon his foe,
Neither sleep, nor food, nor rest knows a true man.
Who has no concern for his own honour,
Little respect will be paid to such an one.
If ability and honour and pride be in him,
Consider even a slave better than his lord.
Slowly his steps planting he mounts upwards;
With one bound no one mounts up to the roof.
By careful search, if thou relax not, believe me,
The water of life wilt thou find in thy pursuit.
Every day is not quite like another,
Sometimes time brings pain, sometimes its cure.
Twixt manliness and meanness is no sympathy,
Distinct from one another are they in thought and action,
What is within another's reach is in his own;
A man himself holds the reins of his own fancy.
Who by birth from his ancestors wields the sword,
Well befits him the trade of the unbending glaive.
My grief at Gunbut came from forth my heart,
When at Dada God granted me my desire of victory.
Abad Khan is one to whose face victory hastens,
In every place his father's name has he renewed;
May God grant be rival his father in life and name and deeds.
May his hand over the enemy ever be victorious;
Let his enemies beware of him if they be wise,
For his sword is a Dragon blood-drinking;
Since God has given them such a valiant brother,
Let all his brothers make their boast of him.
The work of armies is no such easy task,
That by every man it can be ordered well;
He who has but a few locks hair on his head,
Ever will victory hasten to his face.
Who truly spends all in gifts and feeding,
Before him ever low their heads mankind.
The Tiger's share is the neck of the blue Bull,
The Jackal, Fox, are feasted with the scraps.
The deer of the plain by a single hound is captured,
The yelping cur wanders through the village in search of food.
The Fort of Doda he made all red with blood,
In Doda was there slaughter of great and small.
The Fort of Doda was no such easy task,
That the thought of its conquest entered people's heads;
Right on the top of a mountain was it firmly planted,
Stronger than those of Kohat were his fortifications.
By God's order such a victory was his,
That accomplished in two days was his object;
The work of seven forts was by God's order
One after another completed in a week.
From terror on the Heavens trembling fell,
When of Bahram's sword the clashing was heard,
From the smoke of the plain by the river
An eighth heaven there appeared grey in hue;
The spears of the Khatake thus pierced the chain-armour,
As runs the Tailor's needle through the tent-cloth.
The lance-armed horsemen of the Khatake
Overtrow the Bangash riders root and branch;
Many youths were twined in wrestling in that fight,
No lack was there of swords and arrows;
Sadar Khan till then a figure had never seen.
In that fight his spear he dyed red with his foes,
Of Gunbut all the grief went from my heart.
Were it of defeat, wounds or reproaches,
Sinking was the earth with the stench of the slain,
Who were cut to pieces in Doda by the sword.
The lot of the Bangash is the Peaks of Pali;
Now let them put their swords within their sheaths.
He who leaves his own trade for that of others,
Then him no greater fool will ever be.
What though the stag is fierce in battle, he forgets to fight
When from the Lion his head a blow receives.
Had the Bangash had any honour, never would I have cut
Out of their full garden a single almond.
Of the dishonour of the Bangash this was the punishment,
That on their flesh are feasting the wild beasts.
Every man who quarrels with his master
Will at length meet the punishment of his deeds.
Such grief and lamentation came upon them,
That bright day to the people of Kohat became as night.
In the sight of Doda again was filled with wine
That goblet which in Gunbut had emptied been;
In that sight countless plunder became ours,
Of lovely maidens, fine horses, and valuable treasures,
Every man of us was fitted out with arms.
There were six or seven thousand Khataks in that sight,
Every one of us was rejoiced with booty.
The report of this sight will spread through all the country,
With its glory will every Pathan be rejoiced;
When of this victory the report reaches Hindustan,
Loud will be the Emperor's plaint to great and small,
That when Pathan honour is disgraced he is delighted—
Such a King of Islam is Aurangzeb.
In the change from the constellation of the Lion in the year 1991, in the month of Rajab,
On the third day after the fight, I began this poem:
Words written on paper remain,
That is why I have committed this story to writing.
Mayest thou ever have such victory over thy enemies,
As in that fight was mine, God be with you!
Astounded am I with my view of human nature,
What deeds they are capable of, for their passions such dogs are they;
Such actions proceed from their nature
That the Devil himself would neither think nor mention.
Even the Koran spread before them are they reading,
But little is their practice according to the Koran.
Whichever way I go in search of them,
Like the Elixir undiscoverable are the wise.
A good man like a Ruby or Sapphire is not easily found;
Like other stones no lack is there of the worthless.
It may be, in other nations good men are found;
But few and far between amongst Afghans are they.
What good is it to my words of advice to one?
Even to his father’s counsel he will scarcely hear.
Every deed of the Pathans is better than that of the Moghuls:
Concord is what they lack, the pity of it!
From Babul and Sher Shah’s words I hear
That formerly the Pathans were Kings of Hind;
For six or seven generations was their Empire thus,
That all the world was confounded at them.
Either these Pathans are different or something else has happened,
Or else God’s orders have been such as they are;
If only the Pathan could find the blessing of concord,
Old Khush-hal would again a youth become.

What greatest of all blessing is,
No else can it be than sound health.
He whose lot this blessing is,
From head to foot is favoured he.
If thou its value knowest not,
The greatest fortune is good health.
In thy frame thy life alone
Than all the world more precious is.
Hadst thou no life, but ownedst the world,
Nonentity would be its meaning.
This world is like a mystic phrase,
The interpretation of which is thine existence.
That they should be interpreted,
Of mystic phrases is the purport.
Of the happiness of thy body
The pivot is all centered in health.
He, whose body enjoys not health,
To him his wealth as rubbish is.
Illness in one's home's a trial,
How much more in exile!
My foot pains me so severely,
The moment that passes is as an hour.
My horse is going slowly on the road,
A fall from it is grievous luck.
Since though my head’s injury has fallen on my leg,
In this some comfort is for me:
Even for this must I be grateful,
For than every evil there is a worse one.
I said the worst is over, but now I see
That worseills yet remain for me.
I said, Now indeed Fortune is kind,
Yet on me its violence falls.
Hindustan is now like Hell to me,
Which to others Heaven is.
A prisoner came I to this land,
For some few months I cheerful was;
Hard for me as was imprisonment,
Greater trouble than that came on me.
Every day to be obliged to attend the court;
Consider what a hardship that!
Another's orders are torture to him,
To whom his own will has been customary.
No kindly kind friends are here,
Nor pleasant intercourse with others;
I can neither give nor seize;
Nor exercise authority.
No longing or desire have I for the chase,
Nor can I interest myself in anything else.
Here no one asks of other's welfare,
So ill-dispositioned this city is.
I reckon that there are only a few men
Who are well disposed towards me.
Akbar was one shared in my grief,
But he is now engaged in his own pursuits.
Whether it be Emperors or Nobles,
Well know I what their condition is:
No one wishes the other well;
So selfish they, it is like the confusion of the last day.
I, that this poem composed,
In Dabli was my stay;
The fourth of Rajab was the day,
Of the Hijra the 1077th year.
O Khus-hal! grumble thou no longer:
If thou sayest more, disgraced art thou!

Soldat thou, "Grieve not, for I am thine, and thou art mine,"
Me in truth hast thou waked to life, whether thou treat me fair or foul.
What a lovely torment art thou, without rival is my loved one—
Hadst thou not that one defect, that thy heart is hard as stone?
Were the world made up of beauties, on every side were fair ones;
Still were it astounding such a lovely one as thou shouldst be born!
With so great slaughter art thou indeed not wearied?
What heeds the Executioner, if a thousand lives he takes?
When of thee I beg a Rose, of thy garden of thy border,
If thou grant me but a weed, still I prize it as a Rose.
So long as I thy slave live on, a captive of those locks am I,
In a single hair of which a thousand hearts entangled lie,
Whether they be boys or men, all in search of thee are wandering;
In the city is there no one who is not in love with thee.
Look thou at the Cypress; in a moment it despised is,
When thouarest in the garden with that lovely form and stature.
Happiness is the Paradise to be alike, of Priest and Hermit;
Already from thy face in Khus-hal's grasp is Paradise!
TRANSLATION OF POEMS.

Lo! the early Spring has come, I apart from my beloved one,
Alas! Alas! Alas! without my sweet-heart goes the Spring-tide:
Weep the Peaks and Mountains o'er the lot of parted lovers,
No snow-born torrents those which now dash from rocky heights.
Is the fire of wounded hearts which now kindles mountain forests.
See the deep brown clouds of smoke which arise from Pine and Fir.
Wouldst thou know the lot of lovers whom separation has divided?
See the Crane who from the flock bewildered wanders.
No such sad complaints are heard as are those of separation;
Come, and list with me to the strains of bard and minstrel.
No solace for my grief; far from that day each day adds to it;
Quickly come, my healer, lest I die, for Heaven's sake!
The death of those that rival is fresh life to those that love:
By God! I swear these two things take place at the time of meeting.
What though yet my breath remain, I am counted midst the living;
The illness that is incurable, what hope is there for the sick?
Human beings none are round me but the wild beasts of the forest;
Thus no fear have they of the groans of the distressed.
Such the grief and pain that I, Khush-hal, for thee have suffered,
That whether friend or stranger, no one looks at me for scorn.

Glad to me the time when I fly to my beloved one;
It is to me as though to Spring's gardens I betook me;
Her hair has she unbound, I am sprinkled with fragrant musk:
How shall I now again to any perfumer ever betake me?
May God grant me in my home that peerless black-eyed beauty,
Now that she has favoured me; to Farkhar why should I betake me?
The plaints of wounded hearts grieve those at ease and happy;
My anxiety is in this, lest to my grief I now betake me.
Wherever the thorn is, there's the place of blooming roses;
Therefore with this hope to the thorn-bush I betake me.
What witchery has she wrought me by her wiles, I am astounded:
To my death should she be minded, yet to that cruel one I betake me.
Countless are the tyrannies which she hath wrought upon me,
Nathless, will I still I, to that tyrant I betake me.
Sweet indeed the loved ones which my eyes have gazed on,
Now with bitter tears to their tombs I pay my visits.
AFGHAN POETRY OF THE 17th CENTURY.

Did fear but reach thy heart, how good it were!
Hadst thou but pity on poor me, how good it were!
I that for love of thee stand at the door lamenting,
Did thy ears but hear my pleading, how good it were!
Were they who blame me for my love of thee
But acquainted with thy beauty, how good it were!
Whoever to-day of purity boasts in this world,
Did he but see thy face, pure indeed would he be and chaste!
After death, were my grave in such a place,
That o'er it lay my loved one's path, how good it were!
At thy gateway many hounds and spaniels lie,
Were I but one amongst them, how good it were!
In thoughts of thee with this short life will I never be sated;
Were Khush-hal's life but longer, how good it were!

If but once her face shows forth her veil,
Lost will be for ever all claim of radiance to the Sun.
The Tulips will borrow colours from her face,
Shamed will be the Hyacinth at the sight of her tresses.
Why do people lay charges against Fortune?
It is she that with her eyes the world hath desolated,
Is it with the effects of wine that her eyes are thus flushed,
Or has some one out of sleep awaked her too early?
The blood of hearts she quaffs in place of wine,
Again for relish with it she takes broken hearts.
The special fate of those slaughtered by my fair one
Is that without question straight to Paradise they go.
My heart is as a compass, fixed its bearing,
It points ever to the Altar of thy eyebrows.
Be not gladdened with her promises, Khush-hal:
From the bubble what constancy does one expect?

My grief is ended, now has come the time of gladness;
What time the flowers of Spring arrived, my garden bloomed:
Quickly let us prepare to wander through it;
Go, tell the Nightingale that Spring has come.
TRANSLATION OF POEMS.

Now too that of bright flowers it is the very season,
Let the Minstrel tune his strains to rejoice me.
It is his regrets and fears of Autumn
That to the Roses now the Parrot discourses.
Heavy was the load of Separation, God has lightened it,
For now I rejoice again that the delight of my eyes has returned.
Others have indeed their various festivals;
For me my feast is then what time my mistress comes.
All sorts of bright garments does Khush-ha1 put on, a merchant he,
When he enters the Bazar wherein is his mistress's face.

What though with tongue strives with me my mistress,
In her heart with many a kindness treats me my mistress;
When she comes and throws her arms around my neck,
Far from me all trouble dispels my mistress.
No need to her of a sword, a cold look is enough,
If on my death resolved be my mistress.
When the light of her beauty she displays to me,
Just like a moth do I become before my mistress.
A Beggar I, a monarch she, therefore it befits
That to my devotion respect should pay my mistress.
With every one she jests with open heart,
But to me her heart has closed my mistress.
A studded nose-ring is all that adorns her face,
Satisfied with a necklace of black cloves is my mistress.
To my rivals is she softer far than wax,
But to Khush-ha1 harder than stone is the heart of his mistress!

The sword that is sharpened for the blow, is it or not?
The tresses that are curled for her own lover, is it or not?
Why sayest thou to me, "Look not on the fair ones?"
The eyes that are created for seeing, is it or not?
Let the Priest fast and pray, let the Gallant grasp filled goblets;
Every man that is created for his own part, is it or not?
Saidst thou, "My lips' kiss is like a healing draught."
The draught I seek from thee, for my heart's wound, is it or not?
She drinks my very heart-blood, that is not for any other;
My heart that was created for that cruel one, was it or not?
Why dost thou bewail the black locks of thy mistress?
It is of thine own self thou soughtst that black snake, is it or not?
Compared to thy face as weeds appear they,
Both the Rose and Tulip, beside thy cheeks, is it or not?
Here is Wine, the Harp, and Flute, with thy mistress;
Thy tablets in thy hand, it is to the garden thou hastest, is it or not?

Hard of heart, a cruel mistress thou,
Tyramical and heart-oppressing art thou!
What though I thus loudly cry,
Pleased art thou with this my grief.
It is thou that hast wounded me, to thee I complain;
Well dost thou know the effect of thy blow.
It is to thee I look for ointment;
Yet to my wounds as salt art thou.
Ever to thee will I pour out my plaints,
If it is that my wailing please thee.
Let them their hearts for grief prepare,
Who have fixed their hopes on thee.
What can any one say against me,
Since thou art a lovely idol art thou?
Who herself her lover slays,
Then makes lamentation over him.
What fault has the lover committed,
That thou art eager to plunder him?
Sometimes pain comes, sometimes pleasure;
Now art thou as a thorn, now as a Rose-garden.
On Khus-h-bal hast thou brought distress,
That by his rivals thou art seated.

The Tulip is unrightly compared to her beauty;
The Musk of China is ashamed at the fragrance of her tresses;
Her black eyebrows are a bow, their lashes are arrows,
Every shaft amongst them has pierced the lover's heart.
Her two eyes in her body are as piercing swords,
Her are they warring with the hearts of those that love her.
These wouldst call it a Negro selling sweets,
That mole of hers which is on the side of her lips.
The radiance of her beauty is of a brilliant light;
The poor Lover as the moth that hovers round.
It is the earring that alone has ever touched her ear;
It is the clove that alone has ever touched her nose;
In her beauty there is no single point wanting,
Except that one defect is hers, that of stone is her heart.

Each one's struggles are after his particular object;
Khush-hal's design is on her beauty.

My mistress has become reconciled again to my rivals, Alas! Alas!
To the words of my enemies does she listen, Alas! Alas!
Just for a few days kindness took its place in her heart;
Now merciless and cruel has it become again, Alas! Alas!
That Rose which I watered with my own heart's blood, has become the companion of every weed and thorn, Alas! Alas!
With design against me she looks towards my enemies,
Assembling to my slaughter is she, Alas! Alas!
Apart from thee my life's blood has been my food,
Thus has my life passed, Alas! Alas!
Unhappy Khush-hal was in eager hopes of meeting:
The captive of separation now is he, Alas! Alas!

Though the maids of Cashmere are famous for their beauty,
And those of China and Machin and Tartary,
Yet the Pathan maidens whom with my own eyes I have gazed on,
They would put all such to shame.
On score of beauty, this is the sum of all their praises—
That of Jacob's lineage and descent are they;
No need have they of musk or of Rose-water;
There is the fragrance itself of The Perfumer with their prayers five times a day.

13
What of Necklaces or Jewels or other ornaments?
All such beside their tresses are of no account.

What of brocaded veils and robes of scarlet muslin?
Not to be compared are they to their white muslins.
The beauty of their nature exceeds that of their appearance;
Sweeter far are their secret charms than their external.

All their time is spent in privacy and seclusion;
Never are they seen in public with persons half-exposed.

From modesty they can scarce raise up their eyes.

No experience ever theirs of hard word or blows.

I, Khush-bal, have but little told of much,
Prate no further on this matter which is boundless.

The Adamkhel Afrides maidens are red and white;
Many and varied are the charms that are theirs,
Great large eyes, long eyelashes, broad eyebrows,
Sugar-lipped, rosy-cheeked, moon-like foreheads,
Tiny mouths like a Rose-bud, even teeth;

Their heads gird with dark tresses, fragrant as Amber,
Their skins as smooth as ivory, bare of hair;
Straight their figures, like Alif; fair their complexions.

Like the Hawk has been my flight along the mountains,
Many a partridge there has been my prey;
The Hawk, whether young or old, seeks its quarry,
But the swoop of the old Hawk is the most unerring.

Of Land's streams the water, and of Bar, is sweeter to my mouth than any Sherbet.
The Peaks of the Matari Pass rise straight up to the heavens,
In climbing, climbing upward, one's body is all melted.

I came to the Adamkhel's in Tirah,
Then I parted with them at Khwarrakh with sad heart.

Love's troubles are like fire, Khush-bal,
What though the flame be hidden, its smoke is seen.
O morning breeze, shouldst thou pass by Khairebad,
Or should thy way lead thee by the side of Surai's stream,
A thousand thousand greetings take from me:
Thither from me countless good wishes bare—
To mighty Indus shout them out with Favour;
But in the Lundi stream in whispers softly tell them.
Pereance again thy lot may let me quaff thee,
I shall not ever dwell beside the Ganges and Jumna:
If of Hind's climate I complain, what shall I say?
Still greater than on its climate is the curse upon its water;
He who drinks its river water, it tears forth his bowels;
Not without danger is the water of the wells.
Since no cold mountain torrents are in Hind,
Curses upon it! though it be filled with dainties.
Yet will no man remain always without hope in the world;
On the distressed will compassion at length be showed by the Merciful One.
The wounded one is ever in expectation
That of his wound the blood will staunch be.
God grant that I again may meet my loved one,
From whom apart from myself two-thirds are parted!
For the wise bear not rebellious longings
Anent the treatment which the Physician orders.
Not for ever will Khush-ul remain in Hind:
At last from Hell will find release the Sinner.

Blessings on my Grandson, who took up his abode at Surai:
Well do I know it now; no place like it, believe me.
The dark mountains of India stretch straight up to Tirah,
The Nhul and Lundi have laid their heads below;
Along them lies the road to Hind and to Khorasan:
It is the crossing of the Attock that makes both Prince and Beggar tremble.
Every abundance that one can think of comes thither—
No lack of rain! What a freshness! Ah, indeed!
What of Swat, or Ashmuggar, or Peshawar, or other countries,
They all have recourse to it; in it are the delights of every clime.
On every side is the sport of the Hawk, and every other sport—
Wah! Wah! Kalapani, what entrancing sport is thine?
Stout and strong are its youths, active in every deed,
Bright-eyed, red and white, tall in stature;
Whether my son, or grandson, my family, or tribe,
Whoever now abides there, may he live in God's protection.
Fate has separated me from it. Whose power is above Fate's?
Never would Khud-e-Khan of his own will from Surai have been parted.

O Cup-bearer! give me wine—
Several goblets in succession:
Hard it is if you consider,
That without wine the spring should pass.
Where with flowers is found a comrade,
What restraint does bind a man?
See what they say, listen to them:
What says the music of Harp and Pipe?
Comes not back the passing moment?
Ah, how sad! Alas! Alas!
Good, indeed, is this world's life:
Would that it might last for aye;
Since for aye it lasteth not,
Count it worthless and despised.
Many lovers it hath turned away—
Fate does no compassion feel.

What though grief or joy increase;
As they quicken, so they cease;
Their constitution can never be found—
Of many kinds are Fortune's changes.
Such as never entered the mind,
Many such events will happen to you.
In separation it is the thought of my mistress, 
Which ever is around my heart. 
Whatever passes from the view 
At length will from the mind be rased:
He who praises now Khush-hal 
Perchance in time will be like him.

He, whose heart is filled with good will towards his kind, 
A happy man is he; he has an Expire in his heart.
He, whose ears are open to the counsel of the wise, 
What a store of knowledge has he got in his heart! 
On the ladder of manly actions never can be ascended 
Who possesses deficiency of courage in his heart.
Blackened face has he, both in this world and hereafter, 
Who against his fellows has blackness in his heart!
Happy lots of those, in whose hearts are good intentions!
Ill the lot of those, who perverse are in their hearts!
By the warning of no teacher ever will he be improved, 
Every man who keeps corruption in his heart.
Hold thou ever fast to those arts, Khush-hal, 
Which a warrior holds dear within his heart.

He who gains, and spends, and gives, a gallant is he; 
He who is skilled with the sword, a chieftain is he. 
A mine of Rubies, or Sapphires, or Jewels, what is that? 
He who is the source of kindness a mine is he. 
What thou eatest by thyself will never feed thee, 
What thou eatest in company a feast is that. 
Through day and night, through month and year, 
The time spent in God's service, time is that. 
Call no one else broken, O Khush-hal! 
He whose word and promise is broken, broke indeed is he!
A man, indeed, is he, that is brave, yet full of kindness,
Courteous to his fellows in his life and conversation.
His face is his face, his word is his word, his promise his promise,
No lie or wile or changing his.
Little in speech, great in action, but in silence
Like a Rose-bud, his breast open to his mouth.
When speech is being made of loftiness or lowness,
In greatness like the Heavens, in humility like the Earth.
In dignified bearing like the Cypress, in generosity
With boughs drooping on all sides like the Vine.
Blossoming his face like a fresh Rose in the garden,
With the joyous clamour of Bulbuls around it.
Since such discourse he makes, I am astonished;
From whom gained Khush-hal this comprehension?

In the excellence of youth, what doubt is there?
The time of old age is full of defects.
In my heart fresh fresh wounds have I,
Well smeared in every wound is salt.
If joy come upon thee, be not rejoiced at it;
For close upon joy follows ever sorrow.
Make no complaints of other's wrongs or injuries,
For the greatest wronger of all is Destiny.
Not without design has trouble been created,
For trouble is the touchstone between the manly and the mean.
What of numerous luxuries, delights, and hardships?
Happy is he that is satisfied with a single piece of bread.
On some one else I bind my sword, and now turn Devotee:
Enough for me if on my shoulder I bear a staff.
If any one makes inquiry of wounded hearts,
Ruined is Khush-hal at the hands of his own tribe.

Perplexed am I, no knowledge mine, of what I am, or what shall be,
From whence I came, and to what quarter I go.
No news has any one brought back of those departed,
However much I inquire of what their state may be.
To-day I see them stay the night in this Hamlet;
But ever, each in his turn, I count them as they quit it.
The world is like a bowl, I, like an Ant inside it;
Distraught I turn within it, and struggle with all my powers.
When I consider this world, and the circumstances of mankind,
It is all the play of children, yet I too join in it.
Art thou wrapt up in it? Have thou wealth and lands?
All these I look upon but as sleeping facades.
White has turned from black thy hair, yet change not thou thy nature;
Think not, Khanish-ah, that without reason still I style thee a man.

Worthless are the Pathans in reason and understanding,
As the dogs in the courtyards of the butchers are they.
They sold their Sovereignty to the Moghals for gold,
For the titles of the Moghals is all their desire.
The camel with its rich loads has come into their homes,
Yet the only plunder they seek are the bells on the camel's neck.
The very name of the Sarbunni is a title of contempt;
First among the despicable they, the others in less degree.
Of those that are shameless, what else but shame in their actions?
Of those that regard their own honour, every breath is for honour's cause.
From Candahar to Damghar stretch the lands of the Pathans;
But through all that extent their abode is only in name.

Evil disposed are all Pathans,
From house to house they fighting go;
If one but lift his head a bit,
Another quickly lays it low.
Then of the Moghal's eye to-day,
O Khanish-ah! art the piercing thorn.

That the blood in my veins still courses, this even a grief I hold;
That in the grave are all my friends, I yet in my house I deem a wrong.
Since so many noble faces have all in their tombs turned to dust,
Could I but join them there, as Paradise were to me the grave!
Afghan Poetry of the 17th Century.

Old age has come, a weakling I, in this the proof,
That which I do succeeds not, though my people and land are the same.
When I speak any one fair, to his heart he takes it ill;
Either fortune is for the Moghals, or my reason is failing me now.
No! it is not the lack of the Moghals, nor is my reason less;
It is all the fault of old age, that my plans do not succeed.
When I look at the Moghals, not as before are they:
Past is the day of their fighting; now they cleave to the pen.
With gold and fair promises it is now that they beguile the Pathans;
Yet such is the mercy of God from me have they naught yet attained.
No Fly am I or Vulture, that over carrion should be my hover;
As a Falcon or an Eagle in its own prey my heart rejoices.
Were the others in this like me, right hearty would be my rejoicing;
But since in this they have no part, in grief is my heart now plunged.
Ammal and Darya Khan, both have passed away nobly in honour:
Ever in grief and sorrow is Khush-hal at the loss of them both.

A Khutak, when he mounts on horse-back,
Binds his shield upon his back;
 Lets loose the end of his turban
Over his forehead long and broad;
Looks at the shadow of this end,
As his horse goes prancing on;
Hopes to be a Chieftain bold,
Seeking ever for the fray.
Quarrelsomeness an evil is,
It ruins a man’s future;
No good is it to any one else,
But spoils its owner’s nature.

Know then well this world its state, what is, is; what is not, is not:
Whether Rake or Devotee, what is, is, etc:
Whether much or little thine, count it all as passed away;
Be thou of the Prophet’s nature, for what is, is, etc.
TRANSLATION OF POEMS.

If for life thou grievest, what cause if thyself thou knowest;
Alive to thy grave thou goest, what is, is, etc.
Of sea and land the Monarch thou, if wet and dry alike thou countest;
Be thou then the Monarch of the age, for what is, is, etc.
Whether pearls or jewels, whether flowers or trees,
Take no account of all, for what is, is, etc.
Ill thy wishes, bad thy actions, causeless grief and envy thine;
In patience be thou wealthy, for what is, is, etc.
Weep thou not, nor yet rejoice; leave alike both grief and joy;
Be acquainted with this secret, what is, is, etc.
Ahar! what though it collects, with no one does it here remain:
Of gold and silver be thou free, for what is, is, etc.
Of thy loved one seek for kindness, as thou find it not, then weep:
Do thou as thy loved one wills thee, for what is, is, etc.
Whether Union or Separation, to me they both are all alike:
Be thou at ease as thou art, for what is, is, etc.
Why dost thou strive and struggle, and day and night are full of concern?
Be thou the same whatever betide, for what is, is, etc.
Short is life, and many its troubles; why so anxious in your heart?
Be thou satisfied with wet or dry, for what is, is, etc.
Consider thou thy special talent, while alive make good use of it,
O Khush-hal! a Lion be thou, for what is, is, etc.

Jesus never in his life made a fool a wise man,
Though by miracles he made many blind ones seeing:
He whom God at his birth has not with wisdom gifted,
Who can have the power to make such foolish wise?
What though the fool learns lessons, what will be his state?
As though the dye upon his hair restored to age his youth!

What is that, if not Good Health,
Which better than an Empire is?
If sought more precious is than wealth,
Then wealth sure Honour dearer is.
What far better than indulgence,
One Self-restraint, next Sincerity?
What does man from trouble free?
No other it is than Contentment.
If thou dost make thy boast of piety,
Purposeless is such Devotion.

What possesses countless gain?—
Surely that Good Counsel is.
He who grants only to the importunate,
In this what Generosity is there?
If there be Hell upon Earth,
It is the companionship of the Fool.
Keep ever thy Intentions pure, Káshá-bal:
If there is any good at all it is in the intention.

Thou hast never learnt the Chieftain’s art, Bahram;
Evil is the reproach which thou hast brought upon thy Chiefship.
A curse hast thou shown thyself to all thy tribe,
Yet from their ruin thou shalt not escape.
Foolish were thy counsels when thou slewed Tahir,
Now how wilt thou avoid retribution for his death?
Thou hast opened to thyself the way for thine own destruction,
Distraught has been thy tribe by thy evil tempers.
Evil as thou art, yet still is good fortune thine;
Else long ago hadst thou, crushed to death by an Elephant, died a traitor’s death.
Thy elder brother hast thou imprisoned, thou holdest his sway;
Accursed be to thee the rule which thou thus wieldest!
When by means of gold thou aimedst at the Chiefship,
How full of doubts and terrors was thy treacherous heart.
May thy name be erased from amongst my sons!
Such is the last prayer breathed by Káshá-bal Khan.
What though outwardly are bonds,
How can such bind hearts together?
Whether it be father or son,
Far apart their pursuits lie.
Hopes have they now none in common,
Naught their confidence in ets.
Scatless go the evil-doers,
Who dare lay the robber's hand?
By Aurang's evil rule are broken
All the ties that Baber wrought:
Now such times are come upon thee,
Better death than life, Khush-ha1!

Until the Sovereign has cut off many heads,
How will the plains and mountains of his land become quiet?
Either others will at your own door mourn your death,
Or they must weep for those slaughtered at your hand.
By that finds fault with thy rule leave him not in thy country;
Be thou quit of him, by gold, or treachery, or by force of arms.
Such as is accomplished by the sword, the arrow, or the spear,
A hundred-fold is gained by skill and by strategy.
Slay be thy son and brother, for the security of thy kingdom,
And closely be thy rivals all guarded in thy jails.
Beside the water of the sword, no other streams are there
Which cool the fevered blood of those that seek for war.
The tree of a Chief's Sovereignty well watered
By the blood of his enemies bears fair fruit.
On the battle-field it is good that bleeding heads should be lying;
Far better that, than that their hearts should be filled with ill-blood.
Either like a man loosen the turban bravely o'er thy forehead,
Or wear in its place a woman's veil.
Ah God! what use my writing? who will heed me?
Yet every verse have I written in this book.
Strange are the pretensions that I have known in this world,
As the cries for mercy of those who have urged them!
Strange, indeed, it is if you consider,
That the Crow should dare to swoop upon the Falcon.
Strange, again, it is if you consider,
That the Moghal should engage in contest with the Afghan.
Strange would it be, if you consider,
Were the Jackal to be full of meat, the Lion hungry.
Stranger yet is it, if you consider,
That against Khus-hal Khan Bahram should send his armies.

Still am I grateful for this to Heaven,
That my view is o'er the Indus from Meer Kalan.
From door to door I wandered in Tirah and in Swat,
Now whither dost thou press me on my evil fate?
As the ball flies before the mallet's bidding,
All my body is wounded by the blows that drive me on.
Written was this in my fate from all eternity;
Whom then can I blame for what they do?
Of old is the ignorance and obstinacy of the Pathans,
Still stronger is this now shown in their lust of gold.
It cannot be that Sher Shah was such as we,
Who in these days are born amidst our rocks and mountains.
Shameless are the deeds of the Pathans; yet who cares for it?
To our graves must we now go grieving and dishonoured.
But to me are the disagreements of the Khataks,
Yet sadder still the troubles which I bear in my own home.
Whom shall I tell of them? To whom write them? Not so few are they,
That I could ever find their end in my narration.
These wounds which Khus-hal Khan bears in his heart,
Thou alone canst heal their scars, Almighty God!

O, thou saddened heart of mine! many troubles hast thou felt;
All that was dear to thee is gone, thwarted thee in all thy hopes.
Gone the time of Spring and Flowers, Winter's shades have come upon thee;
Thou, who erst was full of vigour, mustst the aged now thy place.
TRANSLATION OF POEMS.

In thy garden, where once were the songs of many nightingales,
Now not a single one is heard—only cawing of the crows.
The boat, that once with thy strength thou forcedst over mountains,
Sinking, wanders here and there like a straw amidst the currents.
The Lions, which were in terror of thee amongst the rocks and mountains,
Fearless roar around thee now; nay, the Jackals join too yelping!
Those, who once were sheltered in such fair and costly dwellings,
Now a filthy hovel thine, that is all that Fate has left thee.
When shall I wake up again? What awaking is hereafter?
Alas! Alas! why has fortune been so fickle?
Old hast thou become, Khush-hal, be thy gaze now on the Heavens;
For of what account is life to thee? What its worth or value now?

Infatuated have the Pathans become for ranks and titles,
May God preserve me ever from such desires!
Whose is knowledge and counsel, if not the warriors?
Plain is all to him as the Koran read in the schools,
There is none of them who knows aught of plans or schemes,
Well am I informed of the tempers of them all.
Great the weakness of the Pathans, as thou seest;
By the titles of the Moguls they are led away.
No thought is theirs of honour, fame or pride;
All their talk is of either rank or gold.
Far preferable to me is the Khurshad buckler o'er my loins,
Than the golden badge of service hanging round my neck.
The nights in the Emperor's prison are ever in my mind,
When all night long I called to God in vain.
When the Pathans drew their swords on the Moguls,
Every Pathan led a Mogul bound beside his horse.
No thought have they for honour now, Khush-hal;
Of what stock can these Pathans then have been sprung?

I dreamt (would God it were true) that thou and I were friends together;
Let us tell one another the sweet secrets of our hearts.
See, I have a bokh; it is filled with loving verses:
Of thee I seek but love, let us wander through the gardens.
Hand in hand together, we will walk, and sit, and rise;  
Let us be happy together, let us join in merry converse.  
Offer me the well filled goblet, from thy hands alone I take it;  
Give me yet again thy lips' kiss, and again I press thee for it.  
The Minstrel at a distance draws his bow across the strings;  
Let us turn from base to treble, and forget ourselves in his strains.  
Lovely art thou above all others, I above all most fortunate;  
Let us turn our faces to pleasure, and on sorrow turn our backs.  
Alas! from this dream I awoke of a sudden in the morning:  
Where then wert thou? No longer wert thou with me,  
While I live in this world no care have I for any other;  
Alone am I with thought of thee; let us then remain together.  
Yet how can Khush-hal be alone, while there is love for him in his country?  
Whether awake or asleep, let us be foolish and happy!  

Whatever thou dost do with forethought,  
Thus do I advise alike friends and strangers.  
They who despise good advice,  
In what work will they succeed?  
As the courage of a man's heart,  
Such will always be his spirits.  
When once a man's courage fails him,  
Near indeed is he to ruin.  
Only then is life worth living,  
When thou art in enjoyment of good health.  
When a man's honour has departed,  
What favour has life for him?  
He in truth is only really wealthy,  
Who is satisfied with all about him.  
Have thou no concern for death,  
While yet life and health are thine.  
Blest art thou in faith and living,  
While with wise men is thy walk.  
Make no more friends, Khush-hal;  
False have all thy friends been to thee!
TRANSLATION OF POEMS.

What new troubles has Heaven again brought on me?
Who can tell what will be their end?
As Aurungzeb's prisoner it has borne me away from my home;
Many a town and village have I passed on my way,
When the Pathans look on my condition, they burn with rage;
At the sight of me they burst into cries and tears;
Great and small, they run out to gaze upon me;
Alike of Hind and Musalmam is lamentation.
I smile upon all as I pass by them,
For well I know how great is their concern.
Not alone am I the victim of tyranny and oppression;
Fate is hard— to all alike there is no appeasing it.
Wherever I stop, armies collect to guard me;
I am treated with fear and respect, as though a Tiger or an Eagle.
The Elephant when standing looks mighty as a mountain;
But when he falls, as of two mountains is the shock.
Pierced through and through is my heart, it is as a sieve;
To be separated from one's loved ones is a grief that knows no solace.
Perchance it may be that Fortune will again befriend me,
All my people tell me that this will soon be so.
If a golden bracelet fall into a furnace,
It loses not its value, though it loses of its shape.
By all other support has Khushal been deserted;
There remains alone to him his trust upon his God!

One only King I know, and His orders I obey;
His behests and prohibitions are alike my rule of life.
Is this the Melidi then, or the Messiah, that has appeared,
That in thy world, O God! such tumults have arisen?
Of the Messiah and Melidi's coming these indeed the signs,—
That first should appear Antichrist and his armies;
Darya Khan and Darvezah both are present in His Court;
I too am waiting at the threshold of my God.
Some day will be the order, "Come thou hither!"
Then with eagerness will Thy slave present himself before Thee.
Though Thou rendest the petitions that I send thee,
Yet in words I will entreat Thee with my prayers.
I had devoted myself to retrieve the Pathan honour.
Then chose the bands of warriors I had collected,
Would that I could die slain by another's hand in battle!
Rather than as a Tiger bitten by a mad dog.
Many and vain and useless are my regrets,
Every moment as it passes brings its griefs;
At one time joy is with us, again trouble;
But either passes by at Heaven's decrees.
All the thousands who mustered round me in my dreams
I found scattered far and wide when I awoke;
Some are dead, and some, though alive, are parted from me;
Lonely I wander where the Hills alone hear my complaints.
Yet, though slain my noble warriors, my manhood was not forgotten;
For in place of each, twenty lives of equal value did I take.
Were but lengthy life allowed me, and fortune on my side,
Dire should be the vengeance I would bring upon my foes;
Slain should be the grown-up, bound the children, burnt their cities,
Plundered all their goods, not one should escape my bonds.
When I destroyed Naushnhar, I let Kohat alone in peace—
How great was then my folly that I acted thus?
He who treats the base well, what is his reward?
To those distressed, what good has thy kindness brought?
Thus another year is passing by, Khush-
Wait and see what Heaven has yet in store for thee.

In these days all look but to their own interests,
Whether it be father or son;
Such indeed is my sons' nature—
I know not if all men's experience is the same.
No regard is his for my rights, or the respect due me;
I know not how such a state of things can have arisen.
He who treats his children with too great indulgence,
How can such an one be deemed wise?
Alas! I know the return my children give me:
All my children are like the Scorpion or the Snake,
Thirty are my sons in number,
How can I tell the number of my grandchildren?
Great and small know this too well,
That each one of these is bent on quarrels.
Yet, again, consider, Aurungzeb,
What a bloodthirsty Tyrant he is!
His father and his brother he has brought to ruin,
And now wields the Sovereignty that was theirs.
Yet that thou art alive and well, Khush-hal,
For this be grateful to thy God!

Why are the Bangash thus calling aloud to me?
Ready I am and armed, my gun have I laid beside me.
Greater the sense and the might of the Gwarrilkhrs than of the Bangash:
Risen are the Gwarrilkhrs with me in honour's cause.
In the Bangash see I power neither of numbers nor of valour,
How then shall they join in fight against me?
Purchance they deem me blind, or I am crippled in their eyes?
Of this the ruin of their designs shall be the proof.
Too wise is the Locust to waste his life for nothing;
The foolish Moth it is that seeks the candle's flame.
Even yet his brains are quivering from the shock,
Who dashed his head against me as upon a stone.
In the heart of the Rhinoceros will I find my bullet.
Who has watched me when I search the forests with my gun.
Sleeping, from his bed he falls through trembling,
Who has heard but once the whistling of my sword.
If thou wouldst know my fame in this generation,
I am he who has sorely wounded Aurung's heart.
Khyber's Pass have I made to the Moguls their dearest purchase,
In every spot have they paid taxes to the Pathans.
From the Pathans great were the hopes I entertained,
What can I do? No regard is their's for their own honour.
Fortune helps me not now in this my object,
Though far greater has been my fortune than that of Faridun.
Consider well the state of Khush-hal's heart—
Though seated on a throne, he is humble as a pilgrim!
He who brings trouble on his parents, rebellious indeed is that son:
Hell's fires are the retribution that await the wicked son.
Filled are the parents' days with trouble and with sorrow
Of whom is born a son evil in disposition.
Low will be his ending, he will lie amongst the dust,
Who conceals not from the world his disputes with his own parents,
Such is the custom that has been inaugurated in Asurang's reign,
That every son should be jealous of even his father's life;
For now he deems himself the noblest of the noble,
To whose unnatural baseness all the Heavens are witness.
Rather let him pray that a base son may never leave the grave,
The Father who would crave of God for offspring.
All my herd have turned out half-bred ponies,
Show me where amongst them there is one that shows his blood.
The offspring of a pony has all a pony's tricks,
What though his Sire may be an Arab of purest blood?
In the religious faith of the ill-bred what trust is there?
Rather than such, the accursed GneLre and his creed.

No pleasure has my heart in Balaram's rule,
Distracted is my household with his quarrels.
No concern has now the Khatalc tribe for honour,
Their actions are all those of the blind.
Like flies are the Pathans, they crawl around
The dish of sweets placed before them by the Moguls.
All I trusted on are scattered far from me,
There remains me but the mercy of my God.
Gone are Azmal Khan and Darya, who had good judgment;
Now Khush-ha1 alone stands in the Mogul's way.

See two mountains now encounter one another,
One the Moguls, and the other the Pathans,
Such the violence of their shock,
That men's hearts are trembling still.
Wise art Thou, 0 God! far-seeing,
Cause and effect are known to Thee;
TRANSLATION OF POEMS.

Seven months are now passed that in Hind and Khurrman
Rain has fallen nowhere, either on mountain or on plain;
Great has been the failing both of water and of the crops,
Very high have been the prices everywhere of grain.
When we were in despair, then at length the rain-clouds gathered;
Opened were Heaven's gates at the change from the Constellation of the Crab.
Blest the twenty-ninth day of the month Asad above all others.
Then the rain covered the world with fresh green shoots.
In the year that Shah Alam came from Hind,
There was peace between the Mogul and the Afghan.
This present year, whose date is one thousand and eighty-eight,
Blessed for all mankind is this year.
One great trouble indeed it has brought with it,
That great mortality was there of children from small-pox:
Many were the children that died amongst my tribe;
But the death that touched me most was of Abdulla, son of Yahia Khan.
What though Rani's heart is breaking for Neknam,
In Hakko it rejoices and in Kamrun.

No distinction does he make between his friends and his foes,
See how misguided are the ways of Aurungzeeb!
He who has ruined by his tyranny the devotee and stranger,
What fault is there in him that he has robbed Khush-hal of his rank?
By the deprivation of his rank not a bit distressed
Is Khush-hal's heart; still it is joyous, as God knows.
While he held office Khush-kul was but a servant;
Now that his post has gone, a Monarch has he become.
Seven months is it now that closed has been the road to Cabul,
Distressed is the condition of the people on all sides.
What of that? In Hindustan the sword is ever drawn,
Everywhere from his ill temper is there mourning.
No peace is there in the Emperor Aurung's reign,
But who would call this world a place of rest?
Black in truth and ill-favoured as is his countenance,
Still blacker are the movements of his heart.
If you consider his designs, a traitor he, like Yezeed;
Though in his demeanour he would proclaim himself God's servant.
What good action has he done to save himself from retribution?
With speech does Khush-kul threaten him; for well he knows his end.

He who fears to risk his life,
Or who grudges money spent,
Never will be Chief or Monarch,
Nor will conquered lands be his.
Either the Throne or the Bier:
Such the resting-place of Kings;
He who has not a warrior's heart
Armoes bring him no success.

Came the Negro hordes to Mecca,
Bent on laying Mecca waste;
Feared the Koran then from battle,
And they flying left their place.
When Mahommed's time arrived,
Famed the Arabs were for warfare;
Success thus depends upon the leader,
And naught else: know this, my son.
When the Captain's heart is stout,
The hardest enterprise is easy;
If he have but patience and courage,
Victory bears him from the field.
TRANSLATION OF POEMS.

Violence for Kings, Roguery for Priests,
Parsonly for the rich, Luxury for women—
These four are their besetting faults,
As it seemed when I thought on them.

Not by the arms of the Bangash have I been defeated, believe me;
In the fight of Gunbut Heaven it was that fought against me:
It was not the Bangash, or their arms, or numbers;
But it was the incantations of the dogs of Meecan that undid us.
Since they fled to the mountains without fighting,
Great was the injury that many of my bands did me.
That I did not send my best horsemen on in front
Is a thing that gave me great cause for repentance.
That we did not all advance at once and keep together
Was all owing to the folly of the Hussun-khyeys.
A hundred blessings on the bands of the Mohmands!
For timely was their action on that day.
Red were they with blood and well-smeared their swords with slaying,
Gallantly did each one throw his life away.
When with his sword he struck down Sher Khan from his horse,
Great was the fact that Abed Khan showed on that field.
Yet though the Bangash Chieftain fell, the Khatakis were defeated—
So strange were the events of that day.
When Abed Khan came back bravely from the battle,
To his father right welcome was the gift that he brought.
In tatters were the clothes about his body,
All red with blood his face was like a Scarlet Poppy.
Fighting hand to hand, he took vengeance for his father;
Deserving was he in that action of all praise.
While he was fighting on that field, few the horsemen that stayed with him;
All the rest had sought in flight their safety or their ease.
Curses, then, upon the Khatak horsemen:
With one accord they thought but of escape.
Gallant were the warriors, who died on the field of Gunbut;
Dear to each one's heart was the honour of the Afghans.
Great is my regret for all my warriors,
But especially for the fresh youth of Abdullah;
With his enemy he wrestled on his horse;
Yet his fortune naught availed him on that day.
Never have I seen such a daring fight.
Since I was born a Khatak, made a Chief.
All the day-long fight my warriors and they yield not;
In one moment, in the wink of an eye, came defeat;
Not by greed, nor by hope, nor by shame or fear,
But by necessity, was all my army moved.

An army should be urged by pride, or hope of plunder;
All those troops of mine were but serving for their bread;
They all were collected round me for my pay:
This was the reason that forthwith they were defeated.
How will he fight who hopes not for honour, nor yet profit?
Easy is the slaughter of such as these.
Such as are collected from need, or from compulsion,
What stability is there in those armies?
That I myself escaped from the blows of the enemy—
In that, indeed, was Heaven kind to me.

As the Heron tries to imitate the Falcon,
Thus the flight was of the foeman on that day:
Had I been sound, and in my place, what would he have done?
But wounded was I, and thus this vain cause
Though my fortune openly does not befriend me,
Still great is my confidence in it in secret.
Great my hopes for a long life and happier times,
Though my enemy rejoices over me for a while.

Those who died in the battle are not the only warriors I have;
They are but a few guests that I invited to die in honour's cause.
Whether friend it was, or foe, who was slain in that battle,
From each one was my object well attained.

Many were my enemies, who remained not from that fight;
As an empty dream were their perverse desires.
Forty score of my warriors were slain on that field:
On the vigil of the Feast day a fitting sacrifice was made.
It was the thousand and eighty-sixth year of the Hijra.
The Snow was on the mountains, it was yet the early Spring.
Who leaves the field unwounded, not a man is he;
Wounded was I when I left, I went to save my life.
At one time flight is manly, and again it is unmanly;  
To the wise this fact is well known.  
It was for the vengeance that I fled from off the field,  
No thought was mine of life or this world's goods.  
The fierce Tiger sometimes fights, sometimes seeks safety;  
Yet who is there would despise him for his flight?  
The Prophet, too, fled before the Infidels,  
Though his heart was bent upon their slaughter.  
Whether victory be mine or defeat, the battle-field for me;  
For there my father and my grandfather have thrown my lot.  
It in this world I live on, then shall I see  
What success or what ill-luck attends my sword.  
Greater were Khush-hal's power than that of all the Bangash,  
If only the Khatak and Karlaun had some pride.  

Of the Pathans that are famed in the land of Roh,  
Now-a-days are the Mohmuns, the Bangash, and the Warrakhanas, and the Afridis.  
The dogs of the Mohmuns are better than the Bangash,  
Though the Mohmuns themselves are a thousand times worse than dogs.  
The Warrakhanas are the scavengers of the Afridis,  
Though the Afridis, one and all, are but scavengers themselves.  
This is the truth of the best of the dwellers in the lands of the Pathans,  
Of those worse than these who would say that they were men?  
No good qualities are there in the Pathans that are now living:  
All that were of any worth are imprisoned in the grave.  
In these days of all Pathans the Mohmuns are the best;  
This indeed is apparent to all who know them.  
He of whom the Moguls say, "He is loyal to us,"  
God forbid the shame of such should be concealed!  
Let the Pathans drive all thought of honour from their hearts;  
For these are ensnared by the baits the Moguls have put before them.  

No great deed will ever be wrought by the Pathans;  
Heaven has ordered that petty should be their undertakings.  
However much I try to straighten them, they straighten not;  
Cruel is the vision of the evil-natured.
No regard have the Youmshahs for Pathan honour;
Get you gone from amongst these disgraced Pathans, Khush-hal.
Go to Bannoo, and there collect your followers,
And spread fire and clouds of smoke right up to Khush-hal.
Or in retirement in your house give yourself up to devotion;
Or go to Mecca;—these three things I can advise you.
In war and violence there is no profit, Khush-hal;
The fire burns up alike the grain and chaff.

So long as a man's heart is young,
Great is his delight in hunting.
What is there that like the chase
Keeps a man's attention fixed?
For the pursuit of winged quarry
Well-trained Hawks are what is required.
Follow the hounds as they run
Over hill and plain alike.

Pleasant, too, the sport the bow gives,
If thou art a skilful archer.
Best of all sport with the gun,
If thou hastest it with speed.
On the chase with Hawk and Gun
So much value does he set,
That to these pursuits Khush-hal
Has devoted all his life.

A Gourd climbed up a Pine Tree's trunk,
And then he thus addressed the Pine:
"O Pine-tree! how many years hast thou been living?
Tell me of thy age and growth."
The Pine-tree said, "Two hundred years my age.
As I can reckon, perchance six months more or less."
The Gourd said, "How long the time thy growth has taken!
Look at me—in one meek I have reached thy height."
The Pine-tree said, "Wait thou for winter's rigours,
Then will we talk upon our age and growth."

End.
مستند به دیوان

۵ خوشمال خان ختکی

پد قلم د مولی محمد حسن
او سیونکی د بهادر
سته هری

هرتارد
پد مطبع د استیفن آستی صاحب او شامو د: ۱۸۲۰
تجمع بند
بنده برخود به جه م والده سهر
پاچیدم له که له له به خورشید د جا سر
لازم ترسیم همسی راشلسم اوتر
درست خلق اواه وویارخوی کاود خرفرخ
هرچه نصیحت و له به له له بیدر
ورغ ود ی جمه ری جمال والب و و بیرار
نمک به ویاریسی سرور حکم د داور
وایم تشیاد دیوانه پ کرده د سیر
هسی په هوا دلم له دار دروی صبر
نه ول دن پهیر جه م خاک ده بهناور
وی مدا پ راغلم سنا په خانتا په ناظر
دا خواب، بی راگی چه رانله د وو بیتار
کاشف به دیوان کسی، را بناکدا کر خیل پک
دری وری شوتی دیوان، ده گرگ، خیر
شین ده گره په ده پخشند وو په بیر
سیز ترای مکه به دیوی کری مثال
بیا به ن وبن وه، کری زیر و زیر
ورنگم تر ده پریز ده باکی به خیل، باور
نوتی به لاس کشمینت په حکم د هر
گر به غه به صبر دا نخرده و مننه
کوژی بی، کوه له کوه، جه به کرمیم به جال
زرتی را به پهمکرده نجس سیری، پر کوچول
درست عالم دانی سرخ به درست دیار
فرچه آمریکای و بندرکنی مصدار
البی چه پس 7 وقیه قبول نیول به دربار
با رنگ این نیوی نماه به کنیتی دا جار
پالمخی به خاک آمریکای نیول دار به تار
ورحبل مسگ میر قبول بی کر یادار
ملکه بی چه ویک نار آنی به کر سردار
دوست خیاطه دی وتپن نیش طبار
ما و خلیفایی قوم ته ویج جه زمان
یو به دیمی شادخی جه بی ویک کر خیال تبار
بل به ساخته شهی دیزلشاد دری شا عبید
دولت اولس په زیرت د شمع رحمان
صلو سه کر نیشی فانه مونه به په دار
فرمان وی په حلل که چه که صل کر کر یزی
بل مکیمیته به دیل و یه نیاز
مارک ورز ویپان شه خلیفه شهو به کردار
و نیگیمی نهبوس زیر روپی صوبه دار
ما لی درنه نه کریم میویکه دی نور بسیار
اورز یوری به وکر سوی دا قبول و اقرار
یو مغل بی بی په بل میوون شوری
اورز یوری به وکر سوی دا قبول و اقرار
نیز به بی بوی به تکیل و په تاور
زه په دی نیا ل ردش قات مه که ورشن تر دیار
هم به نی روان کر یاد پره م متبهک
هم ملکه هم خان هم د همه غوری ارچاب

راه نمی درسه نوم نه رابت 5 شابک خان
بل و همکی خان داژی بی بوتی احفادان
درسته شهیکه 5 احاب خیاب به خیل خان
راغبی در نویشهی په صباه هم په ۱۵ نیاً
په که د ۸۰هیه‌ده همیشه هدیه کوم بیان
صحته په کچ د پیشانه مه چوی انزال
ما خو بیشین کې د اوله په اشرف خان
مون‌هیو یوئه بدلنده د قدیمی دی اوستن
راغبی در مرتبه نه کلیده او ویران
خه ده دنره وایم ده پیشی اولی انسان
دیږی گرانی راهی په سریو په چیان
گران ساړه فه ونچه او لسیده عثبان
راغبی په ایم چهل سه شه ده ایمام
راغبی په نه چا بنداریجی مرنان نه په
راغبی په گری د خسربای په په کچن
هر چه راوته وو هغه ویرو وو ترسین
ما خو بیغام که ره ده ده وده چوی گیمان
بیمی ب جنسک ونی په ۸۰هیه ده ایمرون
چینه و جینه ده شه ده حکم ده وده چوی گیمان
درست اویهژرنه په غوغا حیران پریښان
وی م چوی کورونو په نه یوتی ده موردار
راغبی په ماتیستی بانی په ۸۱هیه سیاست
تا ده وی دنرل شه په چیان کوم قیامت

وز په له ائنک ده روان کوم په ۱۵ حالت
په له هغه لیکه په پنیژه مه استعمال
راغبی په ریاست کمی له نواب په مثال
راغبی په پنیژه کمی بیل بیوخت په ۱۵ مثال

وری وی په پرپژ ده باه حسن ابدال
په له هغه خوای تر رباط وشه جال
په پرپژ په پرپژ په پنیژه دم درمل
وری وی پرپژ ورلدن دردرهتره په اهمال
ولیم به پنجره شیده گرفته ذ کرکنال
روی د مرجبال د میرخشي به استقلال
وی به معاویه دربار وی به خوشحال
وزه همو وسط ذ بهاشان کهجابال کهجابال
درس و بدل بهداد مخبر خوب و سوال
خاشی به خویی که ترخیلح خنگار کرکنوال
موتورپه دافترت وو به میاشتی د شوال
مهم و برده خوشحال ذدد برخیون دی اختلال
ملک منصب خالیچه مأطرش به حال
برنا حق به کهیلی ذ به ویل ذ به سگال
زه دلی به به مهری همما اقل عسیال
هسی جاری وشدو به ذ جانه وی به حال
ثور به لور خوری شوی را لبکری ذ دجال
دور ذ آخر ذی فساد که شه لور لور
بی‌ورت بل اختیش شیان وارد کور به کور

خدايی را واندی ارستودا هم به اوره حسن
به جه به مغوروم به راشتی به خدمت
بل م لنا ونکی به ذ وورتلو حسانت
بوخیمه هم به خشا خطا کرده مردت
وه مکر اسفه ونه ذ تبوری اشتارت
خداا بارخلاء به کهی میحابت به جرویت
بو به خوان بهوری ذ غلب به هرکت
روی همه زیوه جه هشر لری حکمت

همو جاری سبب دوی شدته وابحم حکایت
بل ذ مغل طبع هما به ورزی عادت
بل جه فرورانو م خطا کر مصیبت
و بو مسراهاره اشرف خان برام سعادت
شک علی بهن ونه کر بحشی به نضیبت
به جگرم هدنو به ذ هندالو نرکت
زهرکوژل به بشکر و به پریت
بیوه وی ذ نجسوی به فریف به خدیعت
وی نسبی به لاس کمی سخاوته و شجاعت
در دیر غربه شما، در شا یاه هست
ورشل مغل تنها اشرف و فقها
هم همآ به وقت و هم در یاد
و به هواست و بالا دو ملکت برونه به هم جات
وی کمی کوچ و اندازه که چه چگونه عزمت
پانیا به دیر بهارم ته با آن چه چکاو
کمی فیریه تنها که چه چگونه
با چه نویش می‌کنیم، شما به خلقت
با چه داریم می‌خواهیم بدلانه به خلقت
زا وی تیره، چه چگونه در این لحظه
وحیوی انسانی کمیه، مسیوی کمیه کوئه مسیوی
حکم بی دا وکر این سخت ته ونشل کمی
زا ده بدنی به چکاو چکاو را ونشل

واحدها، یا حکم سعادت با قزی مبیرار
می‌دانند و این چنین دری وارد کن بفر
یلی تازه‌نشت یا نشته وی در خشک
ربی به پوچه و در منطقه چه وی در
ارده، این لحاظی که پر ملکت شیار
دور ملکت کن لی با نسرد انبار
هم‌لبای وی نشته به نواخت و به فارس
یبت به تاریخ، چه چکاو چکاو چکاو
ییخی که نشته چه بی به یا نسرا
یا و چه تازه کمیه، مسمار چه، چه
به کمی جهان آه چه چکاو چکاو به ارم‌ساز
دروهم یه بل لوی یه یه ککی راشم پازباز
اهل یه خواری کمی نا اهل یه اعاز
هر چه ابلان دی روشی خوری یک خاکز
نشته یه و استو کوه یه کهده باعی
دور وادی کوی پا ازنووه به مناز
آس وار ها خوری په نست و په فوار
نو یه دوتر وام حقیقت دی چه جماز
پس که چه پوهنیم به یه یه فلک سفالت بور
لاس رسمی دریغه چه پری م.صور کری خیل قربر

بل یه سعادت باقی میرای یه رسبد
با یه یکرویه سکری نپنونل
روی م.اه مه مسلک یه اولنس ویل
وراد زن چیم یه سکری کمي داخید
مکه یه قبل وان به پری دی جایید
کار یه سرای نی بناء مسافر بی چیل
کوی توان یه دویل به سکری و ختم
باری خه وحل وی یه خست وفل وله نه میل
قام ناموس م.دل زنه جهی اعیاد که ذمعل
ملک بی ود را هکی به بنیابی کمی مصطل
لیرته دی چه جست دی کمشی دی کاشی
دا چاری بی وشی بیا ترهن ودی خیلی
ژده یه پونزی یه خان زمره ری ون قاتل
پس ختانون تیی لالان م.یو دی بله وویل
دأ به خيال ذا وؤيا به فكذ ذا راتان
دناش به هفه شه ذ نكذ وكا بالله
بو باثي زا زارى زا ورسى مل
والان قر سكرب وهو كوهانه سل
وهو بلا ذ خدای ده دا وطن جدا كبد
بو هن ذا هاي ود به زرا ود لوي هلك
درست عالم حيران شه به كارده به خنك

خدای خوهمواردی كه مماركده دي به حا
خيل وركك يوي ووك آتشنا كه فا آتشنا
هر كه محا وكم هسي شان وم نسي شا
هميفشله به ظالم رواز كرم به هم اصال
هر كه رعد كوه غبر وهم غيرا
خرب كح زريبه كه نال ومملك ود كارد
بدوم به هنوه كه مصنع وكر ناصفا
بهم به هنوه كه مشه وار به وما
عم كه محرم به راست وبه رستا
بلان نفك خزان كر د نكذ كه كارفدا
زبى كه به بيند شه كه مدم جولا
كار به كرم كه كارفديا
ملوك ورك كرم وكر هبورن كه وينا
خو مباشتي به بهم وم به هنوه كه وين
เอกم ذا وركيب داشده به ذا وشده بروا
كوبية كه ما كه دبه ديرد ومراه به هن جا
هرچه کنگان در پی‌سومی کمی کنی‌دادی
نوک‌هایی در پی کمی کنی‌دادی
بی‌پی‌های بزرگی موک‌های سروست‌های
بی‌پی‌های بزرگی موک‌های سروست‌های

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لا يزال هناك نقص في الترجمة. لا يمكنني قراءة النص العربي بشكل طبيعي في هذا المقطع.
خدا برکتی دا جاری یه ما رازه وکی زره
بل چه ۷۷ آور م امازنا چه کر چه وارد
بل چه م اعقاک چه چکم بانه چه کر چه کر چه
بل م چه مفعول چه وکر چو مکروه ذا قا ره
بل م چه قوت و یوسنگر وکرده
واسبی چه له خانه یه اولاد دی چیزه چه
دا بوتم خاصی چه ما راری یه خانه
ئردونی چه به فاطمی دی چه چپه دی وایم زد
هرچه پیدا کارکری چوک اومده دی چه خانه
شها به خیله پسه یه هنرده یه شاهد قو قه
واسبی چه به یه یه یه دی یه خونش و پسته
شها میشه یه ندی چه دبکی یه هرچه
پارکه سیدا یه یه چیزی چیزی چیزی یه یه
شها بلا برنجه دی چیوه سیروکو توریانده
مل هفته باله یه چه سیفیتی نه یه مه
له یه چه دیزا ترستی ودی جیزه یه تری
خوکشه په علوستوژله ملا یه زد چو کرده
دیو دیوسن بینتو دی بیولس پنده
ما به رانبارکری ۷۷ زرد قا پری سوه

خوک به یه نا کا دازل جاری تبدیل
۷ دسری چفر مثال پری ۷ دیا
۱۰ هفتروبمودی لسه چو میه
په کمی چدری قافلی شولی قشنگ

که چزار تسلی هنرها چیلی بیلی
۷ دازل حکم یه مثل ۷ هری دی
۱۰ درختان اوه سکندارا چه دورلوشین
پوه چه رهنگ خونیزه لاز دی عشیق ۷۵
عشق یو همی یوده‌یش توی چریدهد گر،
عشقان او، اندکه دنیا مال دی
دای، دایی چه یه دا کمرکمی تن دی.
همه بکرکه، چه دان خورکا راً فکاده می
په اوپان ارمنی‌تان را، په دیویو.
بیا هاله 5 حست به کوکه بل رده.

اپه بنی مکوشه، که به دیشش ده شی په سپی.
راثن درست ذ خسیلی عمارت بیستان
به هفت زمان به دویز وا روه شوی
جه دویی لن دیه ده هن ملل سموم
خلقه م رهکه می باهی زه م بیشینان م
زمانه جیه باهی و بیشین ان بیل کا
جه ریکه ذ هفته باهی و بیسی به سرگو
ز میش می حیو تصور ای کاغذ کوره
بی جیای کمی هرگونوی باهی مزک مینه
به ذیاق ۳ اوپرگلن په بیشینان دی
زه به خانه کمی گناد ده ویم به خعدان رو
ذ کشا می برسشه نه دد معلیه
لکه زوم و جه راستی به درشتی کمی
بابانهانو له ترس ذ زود باسده دیه
لیکه به جیا لره په داد و به فریاد کی
چه همی به اولس به خلقه ودوول
جه ذ خیل یوزی به می یوراندی ورکت نه
اورکت شاد باندهل که تل کا حسی جاری
با مکیانا په بل کال به خلق اووری
ره لا به ته نوری به هم همی په رنگگا
جه زود ویروس به می خهی بآوری و به یوی ده که
لیه تویرسم هستی مسی دروتی و در دیه
دی داد خواه بیو آتی به کوتک دیه
که به ملت بی چنال عام کارده‌های خانه و به نه وایی بی چنال درگاه جهان به خاک سپر و درب چهار تخته می‌فرستم یک روز به یک روز می‌خورم و به دنیا نمی‌بینم.

۵ دهلی ۵ سیرسیه شان و همکارند و به پایسته بی یازاریه و ود جسیر ۵ شاه نه‌فرواری دیی به هرکوزکی به دهلی باندی کواهی ذجست ولد ۵ بادشاد دخاخ و عالم به عقیده تعریف کوم چه به جهور شاهجحا بادشاه دربار شده که می‌گویند ۵ عراق ۵ خراسان ولی ۵ ذجست به دهلی می‌سر می‌فرست و ۵ بادشاه کل ۵ رژیسی ۵ ذجست و به نوئت نورد ۵ زیبی سالنیت و چه ۵ مرید به خویه خوید به خصامت و ۵ بری‌دوم نی‌سرو کاله ریاست و چه به خالی بی چه دهلی‌می‌اغامت و به دا کار که بی دیری مستانت و شبیر سورد اک که سن ۵ جنیت و چه بری ایمی بی یه هند به لیابت و چه به مخصوص بی آواز ذعدانت و چه به هندکمی بی ذنیره ساخت و ۵ دهلی بنا ۵ جا ۵ لام سوی دهلیکی به نام به نام دیرته بیان کرم ۵ دهلی با ماول و یک چهارنور ۵ اسلام بادشاه معزالدین و چه دهلی بی رائیه له بورا له چه بی سرد بناوردی‌پیریکره له په با له به قطب البدین ۵ ده میری و با له به شمس الاله ۵ ده بالک و با له به فیروز غاد ۵ خیس‌الریه و...
با له پس بیا رضی لُمر ۵ خمس الدین ود
با له پس بیا معز الدین ۵ خمس الدین ود
با له پس ناصرین ۵ خمس الدین ود
با دمی ۵ فیورز شاه علی کنارس ود
با سلطان جلال الدین به سیرکیمیا
با له پس پنل الدین ۵ علی فی ود
با له پس تغلق شاه جه امر ود
با سلطان محمد شاه ۵ تغلق شاه ود
با سلطان محمد شاه ۵ فیورز شاه ود
با سلطان نبی الدین ۵ فیورز شاه ود
با له پس ایبکر به تخت کهیمیا
با له پس سکندر شاه ۵ محمد شاه ود
با سلسله فروردین به سیرکیمیا
با له پس جه تخت سیر هر شهنشاه راکیبویت
با سلطان حمزه شاه ۵ ده ود
با سلطان علی الدین ود ۵ ده زوی
با بیرول لودی باشاد نه ۵ دهلمی
با له پس ۵ بیرول زوی پی سکدری ود
با له پس ابراهیم ود ۵ زوی
با له پس ۵ دهلمی باشاد یک قناد
با له پس ۵ بیرول زوی هاملین ود
با له پس پیامداد شاه عالی میر شاه ود
با له پس اسلام شاه ۵ شاه عالی ود
به لر به عادل مات د ده ترور ود
به لر پس ذه اووس زوی یم، اکرمی
به لر به جهان‌گیر د اکرم زوی
اوس باده شاه‌جام د جهانگیر دی
زد خوشحاله جه 8 شماری کر درد
که م نه تنها شاه‌دری شیرینکه ولی
جه 7 به سرم کر می‌کرد
که 5 دی ویلو کال قواری له ما نه
پس سابقه 8 دیی بهان
بندایم به وقت بیو شوی نباییت ود

جه موسم م 3 روز کلنگز شی
جه موسفر، بیکی، سریبی به کنارمی
بند 8 همکه 1 سمل کر شی
جه ایت با به سرنه 6 مسنجول نشی
غلابت به هم د جهان اوخرشی
به سیترا سادی نادر 5 جومار می
شما بات بی 2 کلنگز به شاله‌ار
جه ایب 8 2 فواره سرد نادرشی
واپسی سریبی، سمازی می نادرشی
تر همگی 8 د نوآرم باما نادرشی
جه ایب را روایی 8 ابشارشی
واپسی پس به آتی تادی رفتارشی
بیش به بیکی ناسی 3 2کلنگزراشی

فرم شوم نشته به سرنزار شی
به همی وقت کمی سریبی به کنارمی
بند 8 همکه 1 سمل کر شی
جه ایت با به سرنه 6 مسنجول نشی
غلابت به هم د جهان اوخرشی
به سیترا سادی نادر 5 جومار می
شما بات بی 2 کلنگز به شاله‌ار
جه ایب 8 2 فواره سرد نادرشی
واپسی سریبی، سمازی می نادرشی
تر همگی 8 د نوآرم باما نادرشی
جه ایب را روایی 8 ابشارشی
واپسی پس به آتی تادی رفتارشی
بیش به بیکی ناسی 3 2کلنگزراشی
وين كه يهم كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينفي كم ينфи
با زه بار وم يا شاهین نازیبیه به فه زیست چه د زیست ل محبت، نه بی اور بی بی وی منصب به بواریست به نوکی او به خیلی ادامه چه راهم لوبی شم به به طبع د اورون زقی و نسته ده ترقبا بویی د همسا جاری نشته و بسیا و به سورپوری د زیرو سهم به قدر د مگری هخربنه ذ د جنسی تراگلو دزره ذ خما گذار راه باز به چیره لئی شکار دیتا نظر دی به به چووام بوی بروزکار فه مزری به به دسیه ویوی شزم نزته به ذی که عالم به کوته دا مخ م قسمت ده به دلخ به شروع به دد به قسمت ده دز بویو به د له مغلو نوکری کا بیه به منصب به د محل خوری بو مکا د زوریان حکم به به نم به به مکا م کار به خاص و عالم به به دیوان ذی که تصدیق دیه دناداکست به جریشه دن د هرکب به به دو هما به دزکی گیفت که به به واندی تیوی گون دد به به گرم هر ساعت تا باندی عادی د استغنا ذی به پیتناس به هر شاهی اندری به د ذی آزادی به به ساده سیمته حاشه کیه
روایت به صورت داستانی یکی از بهترین صنایع نویسندگی است. هنگامی که معتقدی به این است که از جمله آثار خوبی نوشتند، لازم است تا نظرات خود را به اشتراک بگذارید.

روایت به صورت داستانی به طوری که از تجربیات و نگاه‌های شخصی نویسنده استفاده می‌کند. این روش از طرف نویسنده به شکلی مبتنی بر تجربیات و تجربیات شخصی او ارائه می‌شود. در این روش، داستان به صورت خودداری از تجربیات شخصی و تجربیات جامعه است. در این روش، داستان به صورت خودداری از تجربیات شخصی و تجربیات جامعه است.
چه به تروده شه سلطان
تبر انداز ود شش بهم
زمربی خاکی ود گورسن
هم به خلق ودهم اساس
چه پری زرهی بادبان
پرتنخر ود درویشن
شد ذ خیل اوست بوخان
شد به برده ود فیرون
په همرکار کمی سادمان
چه بهم ود سرداران
اکثر به لایق خوادان
ناملام بو وارو کران
چه دب راغلم به جیان
چه شیده شه شامبرز خان
قدردان سایه بیان
په اوست خرم حکم ران
همه م پری به اویان
همه لا ذی دو جندان
درست هم ود په فرمان
په م خرم ود به میمان
زرم به نه به خاندان
نامور شه په دوران
پای م دویور په آمسان
پره م ست ور به هر شان

بچی خان ذ ایلی
هم به قوره مرسی
هم به غلم به بی بیا سه
هم به تیب وهم به بی دیک دوی
به هم سروری بیا به
به به به جیان به یاه
ذ اکبر یادان به دوی
به بنده به سره به ناست ور
چه ناک پاس بالله ور
گور تر رقی به ونیو لر
قبوله یوه سره دیره
منفی به هره جار ور
۸ گهره مزقویشت سی ود
هغه کال ریور بخوس ود
ذ هغه دویی یادان ود
ذ بالر خای پی بی ته راکر
که ذ توری که ذ وریرو
لکه خرم ذ بابا ور
وارد دری مزره خنک ور
به لبکر به هم خرم ور
که هم اکر به سل ور
درست خنک بیم به دوی
که خنک به بیمک پور ور
که به عیش که عمارت ور
که لیکی در هزار ال‌ما
مجرخت را چونا بی‌دید اتاقزا
داتی که که به سراوی با خالی
چه خبرو و خوشحال له غم
ما

را معلم شده بارگز عدل و انصاف
سکه و ورود به وارد ورود وملی
که هزار ماه بگذارن سرویش به مک‌ه
خوانست دچه عمل سرور جور نه شی
چه دی چی‌یار بود د زیبی به هد
ماده تن چ باشه ماسبه روح دی
فهیمی به کره‌ده بیر بیدی لر وی
که دی چ خوشحال لاس از آزم خست

که به خوا به خاطرله‌هی عبان شی
په لاجی به چوسته وگریزیدم
لکه بها نیوگوزه‌پس به بل لوری
یمل انتساب م‌پرپیمود همی خوشی‌ب
دا فاده عقبیه لکه هم‌ا ده
که دری نگنیلی به لاس عیبی‌بوز
و معلو به بهدسبی کارجکارد کرم
به اموز به بی‌پس کرم که خدایی کا
به هر کار که هست ونی به دل
لا يمكنني قراءة النص العربي من الصورة المقدمة.
کله باز کا و مردارو تسه فیوی
و کاغذ و رو و جهان که شوکه سرگی
که به سر به کنی آروی هده دی
په یاهر شماره که لس سرده دوده لیه و
دود سری به باگ کنی که چی بیکل کوری
زو دیم په یه بیلانته کمی له هفویم
که هرگونه بایسته روش دی خوشک بی یه یا
خوار خوشخال به شمی و چون یه جور
که سری شوندوی د چنکر دی چنی مکس
هنرهاوی ۵ کمی و گرد وارد لازمان فریم منقل به هم نشست و نبسته به ارته وارک و لایه ده‌ها به سه نشان‌سرودنی ۵ دنیا به دریاب دویده و دریابپگو طرح می‌کرد و کارته به ره‌و وزی و دی‌ه‌سی شان دریاب دشنا حاصل به واردفا کامی و راه‌یورده و به قضا‌یبی رضا و روزی‌وردیه سنایه به پای‌باب به کری کلوبی ورود خیابی به هم وکنار نظر کرده هم‌شیوه وادی به خاصی می‌پی‌نداها به پای دی به لد خاصی‌یانه وایه بل بروک دی جه پیدا کا به خوردن و به خشن کمی به حبس‌یابی مرتب بوده دنبلا به کار و دورهمی به خوربچید بیداری به خیل حس‌گو ورده و که به حس لکه گلی به بیداوان د سطیوفه ۵ د کتاب ایام و د کا د هفته عالم بیکه به خبره به دک‌کمی نه وی هفته عالم به خبره به لری به سعی لکه خوای‌دی جه عاکا کدیاری دی دوی همس اث ویک‌یک می‌باشد که کرداری دم زیبا وی جاری به وی وسکنک
هم فجه شی چه تندبر
ستا به مرگ شی خلق خبر
نه یه توده‌نه یه تبر
تیغ وده که تصدیر
هسی کار له دی یپر
پرنا نده د سعیر
که کابل دی یک کشمر
په سندرو هم یه ویر
کان به کان خلق خبر
وارد میره یه تیغ و نبر
حکایات وایم به نفس

به طلب کمی یک سه‌می ویم درون‌یان
دعیم‌گونه رگنازگز دی به هر لوری
هو طلب هرمه مونگل دی به دا دور
د عسلو خواهی کله همه موسی
لا وقت ی د طلسب پایده دی
به همین دین کمی ما وفا لبیلمه نه ده
به هر عشی جه رخشی شوم بیا مروکت
شیم پرو اندومه دی به دبی دوه نه کریم
به پیام د اوری شووه نه شی خوشحال
جه لگمه به خویله‌نه بی ی جنگی شه
پی درخت کلمه یه دولت کلمه یاری دیوی
نه به مکه دیوار به هر خزان وی
له بیو فتیونی بی چنین به دعا خلاص کرم

ده دیو در به پیارانو باور نشدنه
چه به ما ویته کاننه له جالنه کرم

پورخ بی که به شربت و یم شهر کرم
ده دیوئر تمریبی به دمه رسی

پی زهیندو بی د خوشحال له زرد و باسی

دیوی تمر شه له کرم باد
به ذکای به اری استاد
چه بیدا کرم لوی استاد

جه حساب به بی بیناد
جه مثل به درویت زیاد

به فریاد فریاد فریاد
به بیپی به همی شاد

له جمعی اری خوشحاله
دا به زرد دیو کرم فولدد
چه بود که نشان بهنوش ورودی به جا دروشن سری ۵ انفرادی نه دی گل‌نی ۵ بی‌گناه غلطی نه دی که له پایه همه شیطنا خالی و اورژنی ۵ شباهت سری باری آشنا به کرد رخنه گر ۵ کمک که زنگ چرمی شد و همیشه به خاطر ویتنگی وی ۵ چاره‌ای به حساب دی سری نه دی چه ست احساس نه ع بارف همه دی بارا سری بیشتر کر وروستایی دی چه سری بیشتر ۵ و از دی به نه سری به عنوان یکی، به گونه نه وی رسیدنی ست قضا به اپی باری که کی خالی و دیز ۵ نه بی‌رنگی پایمره دیتا سازیته به خالی جمال دی ناپی‌تی به دی دری تکه‌هایی به دی آشنا به همگی کمی به خاطر هشی با ردگی اسپری هم وربقی که دی چه دی پروشینی مه وکه وربقی دی خارج و هر چی چون به عکاره ده عاقل دیره بر یکان به هک ریک به چه به خاطر همه پایر دی پیدا هم همه سری لایه دی ۵ نه ورگ و چه دی به همه باندی ریزا سینه‌ی خال اسدی از به مع کمی چه گویا به دو نخست داخل دزی رازه طول
 burdens on the society. We need to take action to address these challenges and safeguard our future. In conclusion, it is crucial for us to cooperate and work together to ensure a better and sustainable tomorrow.
خداة أنت نعما بردت مله كردا بار "
فغة دار جه ذ مكي ذ عكباني ده
جه كدين ذدنبا مي جاري به كمبد مي
به دنبا كم م همحللو لر زج جمع
نفس اللبطان توابا فإن بي بحراك كمبي
كه هنغو م لوي كنان له لاس وطبي
به توبه كمبي مسي ركذن بثات راكو
كبيرو رانه كندد عفائي ذ خوك كردا
دمحيه م دوار به دل واخل أ
تول توفيذ ذ عبات وطيات راكدو
به حساب كان مزرك ذ خلاصي تشفه
جه ارواج م له قالب له جدا شي
جه كدام كاتبي رانحه خوض خي
مع م سور لره همحلبه استعنا كمبي
تر ابياوة جه م جابر ذ نقيس كوت دن
به دنبا كمبي م عويز لردر تله
وقت آخر ده غافل به بوض عرخان
به مجدورنجي سيبيني بافي دي به شبارد
كما مدد غاره وجي جار به ذه شى همَا به ستأنى صمت به واد جرية توان لم بي حد هم حكى ذي جه خمرشي ذا تكى إلهكوه عدة لكنه ويج ه بيه إله أؤل ثرى أاه وارد ذا كورى بيده كول بى له نورى له مدة هم واد بى ذ ملتكون ممسك بى له ولن طبع له هو الشعر له سفده له سوا دا مكوره شرى سمي كله ذه كله بى كورى يبه شى بى بى بى خليل دركرى له را ذ بلال اسمى قليل شى ذ دوبي نورى له اشته ذ خوشخلت ويل إعمة دي إق ستانى صمت له دي ستانى فضل به م سمى ذا إعمة ويل إعمة

زو مدد غاره لم تا نه أه بود خداي ذا إله عاجز بيده ذ ثرى لم تا به ستانى تا به فقيل ستانى ذا ذ مدر ترون ذ ذ بابان ترون نكل ديره ده ذزريبي نته لملكون بى إلهويبى إلهكوهر بى تكى إلهكوهرب بى زيمكي سبع سماوات دورة كونه كميستات دا هدم وارد مملكونه تا ورود له كاف ونون كه سرى ذا كمبد ذي به وحدة ستانى كواه ذ ذ ستارا وارد خروه ذي به خروه أو به فيكي ذ ذ ata ستارا وارد خروه ذي به خروه أو به فيكي ذ ذ شرى ذه كوره شرى مشكل ذ ذه به خليته كه كوره بى إلكى ذ ذ ستانى إله ملكى ذ ذ سماوات

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چه تحویل شی ۵ سیزان
تغییری به خیاب سبل سبزی
۵ غارنده به گل‌زدایی واژه
۵ خورشید لذت بهداشت معی
۵ خیلی بی‌فروش نمایستی شی
۵ جامی تاج‌های شکنده شی
۵ به زلزله هواها خنک وی
۵ خیزک فلک‌نشانی کا
۵ سیال سرخ‌رود وارد
۵ نور برای راهی به سواز
۵ صنعت به شعله بیون کا
فاز و بستی را خوری شی
زرغی کوزی شی و سپی‌ته
که نامی که درغ که پاردری
۵ صدبرگ گلنون‌ها شی
۵ خیک ۵ سیکلی فونس گرندی
عباسی به دو دهه رنکه
۵ جنی ۵ کلون بی‌گی
۵ سرمی به تنباش شی
پر تنکی تنکی هاخرود
که بلبلی که طوطیان دی
ذكر هضيم وقت غومن به
كه ريشا وارب دا وقت م.
ذ ذيا وقت به خلاصي دُي
به خوشحال د قدر بردير دی.

جه ديوين د ورگناره شی
فور په دد کري حظ پروبان.

به تاک و به جیان کمي ما دو نظر و دی وکملي
په خانه به جیانه تل سبت و دی ساحر خورنی
ل نه دی به خیاز حفظت به رسیدنی
لی مولیه م واردار سترگی دی خشاقی
به میشه م دی ورگناره به دی وکملي.

سه دل د حجت به سوز و سازه خبر به شی
به کار د پهکونلو مکس به دی پرگنری
د فؤاد خوئی به نیز د خلاصي فکر و من کری
به پر toast به وری هم به خبر به دی پرگنری
به میشه به سماله به رزه هم به دی پرگنری
به میشه به هوله د ملای جه که گی هری وی هریزی
به میشه به وری د ملای جه که گی هریزی

ذ شعر له لنا خم ده که دی حیف الرجل دی
په کرار به ده ند دیر زبانده دی رسیدنی.

که شعرده دی استنلت که به خیال آتی کمي به ده دی
ب دی جه که به شعرکمی ویل دا دی استنلتی
جمه جا دی شعر کری به دی آبادی
ب میر مشترک دی هم ند دا وادی
فیعد خوئی به دی حفظت به دی استنلتی

په ورنه به مشروط به نواکت هم به تسخیش کمی
په سلی م دی خدایی
په سلی م دی خدایی
په سلی م دی خدایی
له چنانه په یمنکیمی ما میزان موندلی نه دی دی خبره به از دیژ بکه وبل کمی دی تاسی

ْماهین مِ ۷۳ خونشَه به یمِبیاته به نظر کمیوتُه په ده کمی نه خوجِشته نه به یمِبیاته موندلی

دیانا به بته پهربهی‌ه ۵ نادیبا کار بروی نشته دا درجه ده ۷ بینه به تار خوشنال خنکه په‌یلی

کتاب‌ده که دا شغر لکه ده یبیستوب بکر که هستی وبل اولیم شی بي به خوا وی جا ویلی

۵ شغر به ویل دیرون خوش نه به ونیه له کرم مه زرد مه اخیار به کله ورته یزغ

یه سکالا کمی دیکه لخیاً دشعر به اوریار به شُه به دا دریتی می روی‌کر که شیخ‌ته کاله مقلی

جاسکه مه یه شغر له حسه کلوه کرمی جه دی مومی له شغر وارد ده ونه په خنطی

۵ شغر به وبل چکی که مقصود لری هم دا دی یه به دا یبانه به سیری دی چریا کا نازوری

په تور کسوت کمی بهن رکبته معنی مگتونه زر شلو مسرو زر له توری شکو دی پسنال

دوه بهره دوه مخلط لري که دا قصبیده گوري

زروبينا کالهنه په صفر کمی معینه ویلی

دوه زروننه چه بوشی غربه هم باره پاره‌کا

تحرارتیکانگی جه نه یمینتو را بیکار کا

جه جه مانسته وی جلدی به دنفرارکا

رورسیا ناسازی به دلیه کمی آواره کا

جاری به سر دوه وارد نفس امره کا

صل رته‌ی شبکه نه اثری لی ده عرفه ۷ قسم

ده جه ویلی ده شکوهی کلام وریانی نیل شی

به واخی خیالی به خیره‌ی نورگانه گنارا کا

۵ تار تیرک‌نگی جه یوه که به بدو به صفرینا نیاور کا

نهار دیوه نبیله یو خیل نچه‌ی نورگانه دوباره کا

بلی پادشاه نه وی چه جامد نه که نیاوکا

خوره‌ی ششکه كله نظر نکله دوهلی به په‌یلی کا

۵ خشمال ده ۷ رنیه چال هستی ضکار شنل

لکه یاهنگ جه دیون، به پاهمه مصناری کا
د ا ل به با شکا به سه قرار داده بود. به آسان بود که به گاه و سه گاه همه را خوشنویسی کرد. در خلق این کناره، که با پیش داده نهم هم همه دی اوریکا کسب کنیدیدی، و در خانه تهکسچیدمی. 

پس به زوی پری دی سنا ۳ نیز وران باندی: 

زور سری جه ۲ خوشنویس همس کاندی 
جه یک نالی من و بازورنده دیه هم همانی دی 
کلی هسی به خوان مورشی جه به هد خوری 
به شستنمبه به هیپورنیو به لا سیلو انس به سپس روه ره به محل دارم 
چه ۵ مزدیم جی بی ناس می و نم حکم 
دا عالم دیک روایه چی که به کری 
۵ هفته نخوری ما ویله به شیطروه 
بنا خوشحال جه به کمی سری و چیزانی 

هم به خیلی آری را سمع کرده شود نگارا 
رگن به زوی دسری می اما خوی ۲ گرامی 
راشی به جیب میلاشی به لاس پرده و به ما ورده 
دریچه گری بهدی ۵ صورت ۲ زانیا 
دکا ناز رزگنه فی اورونیهو کرد 
جه به زون کانون ۲ کلاب قو عادارا 
ثلب به فرانتو بهدی دوادو سترک خوشیارا
در سرنوشت از خانه به کننده ها برای هر روزه دو گروه دویده و با کمبود به سپرده می‌گرده و در هر زمان از سروره به سه گروه رها می‌گردید. این اقدام باعث شد که بین دو گروه روزه و زمان از سروره به سه گروه رها می‌گردید.
شکل زیبی دریم که به دنبال راه پیدا کنیم،
همراه با غز شدن در کابینه،
در راه می‌آید. خانم.

روزهای که شوهوی زیبایی،
چون خودکاری می‌کنیم.

منظره در دل، که به چشمه آمد.

در روزهایی که به دنبال راه پیدا کنیم,
همراه با غز شدن در کابینه,
در راه می‌آید.

روزهایی که بی‌بال می‌گذرد.

در روزهایی که به دنبال راه پیدا کنیم,
همراه با غز شدن در کابینه,
در راه می‌آید.

روزهایی که به دنبال راه پیدا کنیم,
همراه با غز شدن در کابینه,
در راه می‌آید.
یہ م لمسی دا لوقوی سترگی سنا با دا زیاده با دا طالب با دا ساہس دی یکه وزوری کی بیه مزگار کمی یکہ بیہ سوارو دا جنگ دی یونیو دا یوگا یکه میونا دا محوری سترگی سنا یہ یونیو میں محوری سترگی سنا یہ دوڑان دا زورونو جوری سترگی سنا

یہ د خوشحال دن تیه دی کوری سترگی سنا
بـا يـباب ذـ مـغني يـه سـرايـت كـا
شـجـه ٍفـطـ دـ مـوعـي زـهـ يـكـاشـت كـم
كـدايـانـو لـنـهـم ذـ كـجيـا دبـر دـي
دـ وـفا مـهـر كـمـ بـيـ لاـهـ يـهـ وي
بـهـ دـمـي بـيـم خـجـالـاـل شـم دـمـلـكـ يـم
دـاهـمـا دـ يـنـت الرـنـه دـيـنورـ يـهـ دـي
كـهـ ذـ سـكـليم دـ يـديـن مـينـه كـنـنـاه دـه
سـكـه خـجـالـاـل خـيـك دـرـسـت عـبـر جـنـاـيت كـا

بـهـ يـهـ ديـنـ بـيـمـري دـمـي دـيـر كـم
نـوري ذـلـيـفي بـيـمـري دـمـي دـيـر كـم
كـهـ دـمـي دـ يـنـتـهـ يـمـ دـمـلـكـ يـم
بـهـ يـهـ ذـ مـيـنـ هـ يـدـنـه دـ يـنـتـهـ يـمـ دـمـلـكـ يـم
بـهـ يـهـ ذـ مـيـنـه دـ يـدـنـه دـ يـنـتـهـ يـمـ دـمـلـكـ يـم
بـهـ يـهـ ذـ مـيـنـه دـ يـدـنـه دـ يـنـتـهـ يـمـ دـمـلـكـ يـم
بـهـ يـهـ ذـ مـيـنـه دـ يـدـنـه دـ يـنـتـهـ يـمـ دـمـلـكـ يـم
لا يمكنني قراءة النص العربي المكتوب في الصورة. لو كنت بحاجة إلى مساعدة أخرى، يرجى إرسال النص العربي الذي ترغب في قراءته.
پیستوزو زلمبو بیا لشريطه سیره کل
سیبی نوردی بی کاغذی کری بی وی
اینل خان دریا خان دوای مکانی بی وی
ه یکم در بی سیره کل بی وی
تکرپیا ثبتنامو سمه شرافت
ه ی دهه بوری هچ کمی نمق کل ذی
اول جنگ دل دل دل دل دل دل دل ها
خوییدی لرید بی بیدو دل دل دل
دوم جنگ دل مهنعی ود بیداوی کمی
با ل پدر ل پدر ل پدر ل پدر ل پدر
با ل پدر جسدات سگه شجاعت خان و
سفر جنگ مکرم خان شمس الرحمن دلور
چه حمایا ی نا میلی دل دل
همیشه فقی و قصرت ذی لا تر اپس
اورگزیب رانده بیکار ودچه پروت ذی
کاله ب کال بی ادوات ان دل هچ پوری
خزایی دل هورستان دی را حوزی شدی
د بدنه دل بد نسیتی کمی نمشه
بل هعم لدنی دل شب دل 15 متشک کمی
پیشمانه جه دفر جه فکر کا ناذره دل
تکرپیا بیستانه بی توپر به دی
اولوشنه جه سنه وبلد وکا
زج تیبا بی کمی بی عز دل نگه و دل
ب امیدی مهندست شماری گوره ود کا
به لیبرلیگ ناری شوم دیوی هوی سزی درست پستن در قسندهار قر انک
مرک هم‌ها به یوه به تردا رژیمن دینی
هیسه به به جیان چنی‌زیندی که می‌رد به
۳ خوشحال خشکه بی یاهو شی یاده‌گار

می‌خواهی به خوگیا که به آرام
۳ هفه سرک بیه نه وی احتیاط
ترکسمه به حیات از یه بیه نه
په همه خود په خنده یه باه
۳ روزنودون اوه به باه سرمایه‌ه‌یه کام
کهل درد که دارو کاندی ایام
نهارت بی به زره دی با یه کام
سیرای دی‌یه لی لی یه فکر زعیم
بری جویی‌کار یار یئو یه صفحه
خدا اچی راکر یه دوده یه فکر کام
به هم خاد یه کامایدا که تازه نام
به غلیم‌ه یه لاس بر اوبی مدام
تی‌بی بی زنگها دی خوین آمال
پوری یه فکر که همه ورونه ماش
په هر سری به موی انتظام
۳ هفه به به ظفر دروی مدام
۳ بهما دی چردنی سرکبی‌دی اثام
کیمپر ویژه یه میرسی بی اهام
۳ مزری نه ان ویسه‌ی دی یاده‌گار
دودی غرب په کلی کریزی دی اعلم یه دوده وانیه چی وشه نستعل عام جه بی فه تیره وشته به اووام یه افراد که مشه رنکه چی جه و استحکام یه بی کارشته یه دو ورگه رستاو ره یار و ارشته یه همخه که انتصاری یه یئرور خرفه واره یه یئرور بیل آستانه ایم بیبدا یه کیو قاف لکه سیسته یه دیه دویی یه یه یه اسکیمو زذ بنگوه دی سوارو فوجی نسام کم تفصیل به نه و یئرور یه نه یه با دا یاجک به نه سروه کوه به خسام که شکست و یه بردا و نه که دنال جه ریز ریزش به نه دوی کیپ به حسام نوره ننه اسی توره به نسام ثرهجمه ده به بل ده هی عقل خلم جه به سر وحوری خمومه یه نسام ماه ده به ده یه بیا یه بیا دادم جه به شیمو بو ییمری دد ودام یه اسکیمو بی میا به اتیم رنوا ورگ شووه یه اکتاه به عالم شام یه کتب کچه جه خالی ود هبعه جام یه اسکیمو بو آسمونه یه منعم یه وسلو به مسیره مه درکام
شهر اود زرده خونت و به پدید آگه کمی
دری جستجو نه می‌توانم به دنیا نماینده درمان
بی‌به‌به زده شی ۹ باشند و اینهم کمی
اوگذارند بی‌پدیده دو از امام
به کلمه و به ابزاره دو کلمه
دا بیان به بیسان شما از گرام
به دنیا دادی ۶ هم فتح نل و
لنگه دا ۹ هم و شهد وسلام

جمه ۵ نس دارده ۶۳۹ کا ۶ سکان
به به فکر گذرده وی در ۷ شیطان
و لی هم عمل نشی نه یی به مران
گذی گذشتی دایام شمل دالایان
لیکنه تور کان Leo هم دی ناکسان
و لی به سری به کم وی اطغان
۵ بار بند بی پنده به نلگی به خان
انکار و رفته نشته دیبد ادوان
به پنده کمی پیمانه و نباداشان
جمه پر پوری درست خلقت و جوان
پا دخاتی دی زده انس ۴ همی شان فیان

که توقف ۵ اتفاق پیمانه موسی
زور بخشید به دوازد شی پد ۴ قطع
چه بیشتر هر نعمت دی
چه بی دا نعمت روزی وی
که بی نه پیشانی قدر
سندا به تم کمی خان باوخی
که د خان نه دی چنان وی
دا چنان لکه معنی ده
چه بی بی په نا خبرت وی
دا صورت د خوشحالیتی
چه صحبت د صورت نه وی
رانیه بی کنن کمی هم بلا دی
بهب ده مه سرک په درد شود
آس چه وز دورو می بازی
چه د سر بلا په پیار شود
به ده د هم سرک بیابیده دی
ما وی پریشه ولی په شوم
ما وی اوس خو مهران شه
هندبی ما باندی دوزیش دی
بندبیون ولسرد را خشم
فده علل لکه بندی وم
هره ورغ ورتندن دریار ده
ذبل حکم پری زندان عی
ده شیرین شیرین یاران شته
ده خبل ورگزلی را فیل شته
ذه بیگکاره‌ها فیش‌شه
وقت د نوبیاردی د ز جدای له خشکه پایه
زایر دنیای زورونه به احوال د عاشقانه
اوردن د خویو و زورونه چ د شور به وردو پر ده
غوری جه احوال د فراقی جدید معلوم شی
نوری نامه مه که خو ناوری د برتنانه دی
بنگ مه که کسی مه سرتان نوان زیاتری
مرک چ د عید فله به وردو و احسنت به له شه
خسیده مه لا سی و چه د ضاربی د زورونه
باتو سرونه دیه شیل د جه جیزی دام و دردی
هسی خوار زاردوهم زه خوشحال به عاشقی کی
خسیده دی که پرده دی راه ده کوری له عاز

به به دغه وقت وی به خسیده پرده وردوهم
زاینده که خانه که خانه د خالا به وردوهم
سود به د جیبک که که کیزان به وردوهم
زنده مه دیا به خسیده زاول به وردوهم
فریمان که به خسیده نارین به وردوهم
مینه که به خسیده رغم به خسیده لوه وردوهم
عبارت به ناریست هغه خونه خورد به وردوهم
به له ناجی میهمانه لوه وردوهم

به شوینه ویانا دیه به خوشحال لدبه به دگه
اوست به به زردوهم وردن به وردوهم
له همسان وطنه همنشینی نسک زه هغه پی‌زوده‌ی زرهی روستایی دی پرین بیوسته‌ی خووجال و نون رود که از بی‌فرما خواذه شه

چه خوشحال 5 بار 3 مه په بازار راغی

دماخوره شه 3 سالی روکار راغی
به تبلیغات 5 سالی کانی
په ده هما خاصه وقت 3 سالی روکار
دا بی‌راده له خزینونه فریده‌ی بی
دهه‌ران مشخت دیروه خدای آسان کر
که به نورون باندي نورکله‌ی اختیاری

به خووجال 5 بار 3 مه په بازار راغی

که به خووجال راگه جگت که هغه پی‌زوده‌ی رده‌ی روستایی خوار
هم که ججت‌بازی‌نهایت یاری‌بازی‌یدی

جه مشعل بی‌دی ججال راهه‌ی خخار کر
زا فطری مه‌ی باشداره‌ی بانی‌سی

ره‌ته‌ی روستایی به‌بایره 3 بار از
زمین ببینن نمؤن‌ی از بی‌راده‌ی پی‌برد

چه همزمان وطنه همنشینی نسک که هغه پی‌زوده‌ی

به خووجال وده نره سک که هغه پی‌زوده‌ی

خدا روکارنه شه 3 سالی‌ی کشی‌مه‌ی بانی‌سی
پاره‌ری روستایی پار 3 مه مه‌ی گبک‌اره‌ی

په‌بی‌روده‌ی جه‌مه‌ی سه کی سنای مه په دی‌ای

سپسنه‌ی خووجال روستایی‌نهایت راگه‌ی سی
پاره‌ری روستایی پار 5 مه مه‌ی گبک‌اره‌ی
دما بهنامی، بدیع است که در دنیایی زنده بودن،

در ورودی هر زمانی همینه، هر چه بزرگ شود،

بهترین کسی که خشونت و خطر را به نظم و صلح برساند.

که به خوبی، به خوبی، به خوبی، به خوبی، به خوبی.

بیشترین احمال به همراه، بیشترین تحمل در طول زندگی،

به خوبی در طول زندگی، به خوبی در طول زندگی،

بیشترین تعقیب، بیشترین تحریک، بیشترین تحمیل.

که به خوبی، به خوبی، به خوبی، به خوبی، به خوبی.
چه خوشاخال خنک بی وایی به بیصو زه خبری
په فارسی زده به نه وی که په‌هسری سخت هسی

لله کل پی تره‌جال پوری به‌رنگ دیه
تغری وروجی بی‌لبنیته باند بی غنی
dوی‌هار سگری بی به خن ته‌نی بی‌دیه
به به‌وایی حسیشی شکی‌بی‌به‌پی‌بری
تهیه جمله‌ی بی‌د جمله‌ی که مطابع شود
جهان از هزینه بی‌مقدار می‌شود
په مبیست که بی تنصری صورت نیست
ذ هرچا بی‌مطمئن غریب بی‌کوشش دی
به خوشحال بی‌به جمال بی‌آتشگی دی

با هم بی‌زرد بار شد دریغه دریغه
بی‌میرستگان بی‌دو دریغه دریغه
ما در فرح‌خو و درخواش دیگر دریغه
چگونه که روا دار به دریغه دریغه
قرم‌پری‌ها کارش نشان به قصد کا
بی‌با مراکسی خرواح شوی
به‌بهد خوشحال به طبع دو وصال و
فصیران به مان ثروت‌ریز مشه‌ریغه

که به چسی خمس‌آب رخ‌ها و چندی
همینش جوته ونه‌ما به سی‌گرا مسیر
بی‌سایست باندی به خاتمه‌ه‌دا وینا ده
همچون جانشی‌ها موی کلابلیو
که تکه که کم‌به‌که که نور‌سگاردن
که اپسی‌میلی‌ذه ورژی دیک اس‌لایدی
قرم‌پری‌ها دوسرت خویشی افضل ده
که رونگایی‌بی‌سرتر یابه پرده بی‌ری
له‌ما به‌پرهم شیت‌کنی‌ها شیت‌کنی‌ها موه‌حالی
له‌ما دی‌حال گوی مه‌گوی میل بسیار دی
آدم خاکی از دی سری و سبزی

پدیده شده‌است به‌زیر کریمی
شکر به گذشتته مه‌جبین
سر به یک به قزه لعی عشق‌پسی
بی‌پای که گل‌نیست‌بید کریزی
فندی مس که لفه به‌دن سیبی
جعفریه هم خوبی عاشته‌زنی بریست
لا نرجه دی کریز نگه مسی
جاه به خوشه م ترسرفت نگی شریستی
به خانه خانه و بلندی باندی سبی
رخختی م هرگز نخوردنی زیرخوشهی

می‌خواهی اورا کار دی از دری خوشحال

که لحظه یکه به‌زیر توگی بی بی

پدیده بخ خبرآهاد وگری دنیم
په باری تسا به‌زیر یاره گرد
ابراهیم وته ناره کیه به‌زوره
گندی یمی به‌زیر مسی حسی بدرهم
که ۵ هده هوا زارگرم یمی به‌زوره

که ۵ نیز ازونه که‌زی کلمی بپی بایی
چه سری اونه ۵ دوی فنهه یمی کیمی
ژل به حضرکن داید به جانه دودی
۵ ویشن‌سی و صحت وته امید شی

خدایی زرد م به‌زیر ال‌هد غریخ کرد
عاقبتان به‌زیر لکچار ورسیمی که کا

با نگه‌داشتن وظیفه‌ای به‌زیر کریمی
واستگاهی به‌زیر عشق‌پسی
بی‌پای که گل‌نیست‌بید کریزی
فندی مس که لفه به‌دن سیبی
جعفریه هم خوبی عاشته‌زنی بریست
لا نرجه دی کریز نگه مسی
جاه به خوشه م ترسرفت نگی شریستی
به خانه خانه و بلندی باندی سبی
رخختی م هرگز نخوردنی زیرخوشهی

می‌خواهی اورا کار دی از دری خوشحال

که لحظه یکه به‌زیر توگی بی بی

پدیده بخ خبرآهاد وگری دنیم
په باری تسا به‌زیر یاره گرد
ابراهیم وته ناره کیه به‌زوره
گندی یمی به‌زیر مسی حسی بدرهم
که ۵ هده هوا زارگرم یمی به‌زوره

که ۵ نیز ازونه که‌زی کلمی بپی بایی
چه سری اونه ۵ دوی فنهه یمی کیمی
ژل به حضرکن داید به جانه دودی
۵ ویشن‌سی و صحت وته امید شی

خدایی زرد م به‌زیر ال‌هد غریخ کرد
عاقبتان به‌زیر لکچار ورسیمی که کا
جعه عید فکرم، وکرک به دورکری همی شاید دری نسبت به ترکیب سراپیستی به یکی گذامی. مشاهده کرده، هنری قدرتی که درنیا نور، و جنگ و دوستی برای حقیقی حیاتی واد. این نور که در حالی که سبکی، به ظاهر کری در دنیای خوشخشان، وسیع و سرو نه بداند به آنی به جهانی، بمدتی ودع و همکاری، که روزی که در یوکانی که خلجانه، که می‌آیستی آسان‌هایی، چنین نیست که به آنان تا خوشحاله، له سرازی به ذکای این، پسی به خوب جامبی، بی‌سایی سلی، ورگ خانه کالندی سری، جه آواز کا، شکست و نیا انری، ارمانی هری، هی که تر تله و همکاری، وی نوری وگذاره لاشی، فلک دم‌تری زرده دوی، به پی بینه ونلی بپر تری.
لكه وبرشي هي تبرشي
كون كن 3 دور ببرشي
فسي جاري به تا دبرشي
به هجراي كملي غم د باردي
جه هنست له زرده يا ببرشي

سهيدان يلادي في به زردة كمي
جه شعيب، ينشاهي لري به زردة كمي
جه سعي كوهامي لري به زردة كمي
جه هر محسياي لري به زردة كمي
به كهشان به كه كرامي لري به زردة كمي
فرسري جه تداءي لري به زردة كمي
به فده هنركمي تينغت ياوه خوشعال
فر هنجرد جة سبايي لري به زردة كمي

جه توان لردي 3 دوزري خان فهله
جه احسان تري كي كي كي كي
جه جيلس هو جه خروشي خوان فهله
جه بي توان 3 خارشي توان فهله
جه 3 خدى به كادودرومي آهن فهله
به تينا ووجود جه شان ديث شان فهله
جه بي قول وعبدوواني ديث وران فهله
در ده‌ها صد هر زشت و زواک
نه فرگو نه قتل و شدت خاک
دشمنه گونه‌ای خویش ویلی سیرو، چاک
په لیت لکه آسانه په برخی خاک
به هره‌لوری بی‌خونی زگویی لکه تاک
همیشه دوبلو پری بلغاک

بیشینه زمان ویل کی ده حیوان
به فروندی راورلی کوم دا ادرار

په پاروکه می‌رود تاره ناز شی
په برخورد قدری و نوری کوئه‌ی
به بی‌خونی بی‌خونی کوئه‌ی قدری
په ابتلا په شاهدی کافیکتی
به فروندی دوبلو پری بلغاک
همیشه زمان ویل کی ده حیوان
به فروندی راورلی کوم دا ادرار

په هر لوری دی نفرت دو مزگ له لاسه
د آدم صورت که مزگ له پیدا کر
همه‌ی دوبلو مزگ له اولیا و
دو مزگ له پیدا کر
دی ودر وکوره وراز دو مزگ له لاسه
راشته هم گزی که په سر پراچم شه
ای فروندی که بی دی شاهدان
هم به دروی به ارمان دو مزگ له لاسه
بی‌پیه به عقل یوپه جه ناکس در
بادشاهی بی د مغل به رژو بایله
اوی به بنگی کوتکی ورگ‌الی
در اول که نام نام‌سازی در
بطی نتمکان ذبی نگی کار و بارکا
سر بی چهوری قدن‌هاربل بی ده‌مار در
تک دا مکت همه میشه وارد عرب در

کور به کور کاندی شوری
بل بی ووهی مغزی
ای خوش‌حال نس اگزی

بی‌پیه به داد خوی در
بی‌چه سرگاندی به پورته
د مغل د ست‌گردو در

چه چوی په غار د کری لد کاره گروه در
چه خوی په چلره به دا خاویکی به‌گرده
پرچی راغلده چه زرون‌خوم که نکه نور علامت وشه
خانه‌ی ما چه به اس سریعی
شیره ی دسته‌پری‌برای
سایه‌ای تبلیغ کوری
زندگی دنیایی و خنده
حسد بهدا بی‌دیده
ما با خیال و خیانت

لیکن به چه بی‌خمره که شهت بهشه که نشته شته که نشته،
که نابه ی دیده ی دیده، به دیده
همان مانندی که انسان‌داری
که باشندان دیگر و بی‌بیه بی‌های خشک و برسی
که در دیپ که گوه‌دری که کلونه که خیرتی
بی وقت غوره بی‌بی می‌بوده، رخه حسند کویری
مهزارد به ی بی‌بی وارد غم حساد بی‌بی‌بی دیده دواد
بله دی خیال توله‌ی به همچ‌هی فه افتاری.
لدخیل باره چهارگزاری که بی نه مومی فوّازی
که وصل که چهارن در دویا واثد بکساندن
به سعی خرطومکردنپی اندیسی به روزشمسکری
لبو عصر دیر خوشنده به زره همین سیمه‌ی
به خیل هشت نظرکه خورگزیدن بی خیل هشت کر.
خوشحال شیرنیش خدایش که شدش که نشست نشته
عبسی بی ندانه میسناره که هر یه عمر
خوشنده خداهن به ارل فدوی بیساکری
بی ندانه به سپق زیدعلی خدایش بیبه‌هی.

جه ببنیس ترسعلت دی
ترددت نه به پریدی
یومعت بل صدقانت دی
هنه به دی نعانت دی.
حبخت دیهده به دی
هنه به دی جمعانت دی
نیکه به دی سخارت دی
بی ندانه سری مسیح.
خیل نبنت خدایش لغو خوشحال
که نه به دی خوشنده نبیت دی.

تا هشت ی سرداری به زده پرهم
سیداری به خیل دوری کرد بنن
هم خیل خدان یا بلا تشوی به فرج.  

"هم جامعی خفاقیانی ازد بلا شوی به فرج."
ثا طاهر ۵ کم عقلانی به جرگو مرکز
تا خیل شان لگه مرکز رخته بیداکار
به ۳۰ فسی به خویی بی پخت نه به
مشروورد به زندان مرکز خانه کری
جهانی نه ۵ فوس ۳ زرد به زورگویی
دوره دوم به ۳ زیپ به شماره شه
۵ خوشحال شتک و بسته به دایماً

بر صدر شنپسیونونه
که پدردی که پسردی
نه اصبه به سرد یانو
نه سزا ۳ بکردار شی
۵ اورگا به ظلام مات مثل
به ۱۵ هسی وقت خوشحاله
مرگ بستر دی لی زهندنه

به همین گو ورث و نه وسی سروب
با به سه دی به ور نلی وی تا به زاری
رخته کر خانه بی مه یید به خیل ملکه چه
خوب به توری به نوری به نیزو شی
ورز شاهی به ملکه به کار کری کشی
به ۵ لباس به آبی نوری اونه نشنه
۵ سوار دی ریاست ونه به ویسو
هه به سیدن کهی نمی‌توانی به کسی نمی‌توانی یا به سرکرد لکه کهی‌هسکی می‌توانی
قدایماً چیه که همه همگی به یکی بودن هی
می‌یادی هریمی هستین که مدنی

را بهبودی شوم چه فهمیدی چهیان
دا هم خانی چه تعمیدی که چه ونی
دا هم خانی چه تعمیدی که چه ونی
دا هم خانی چه تعمیدی که چه ونی

چه به یکی به خوشی کا بپرین خان

لاستی نارم پیه ۱۵ هم له آسمان
یه تبراهه سوات به خوردی دره درهی،
لکه چیه هسکی چه حکم چه چگونه به
سرقشته می‌نیه مسکندا و
زو به‌هیه لرمه‌مانه کوم له قاچه
قدیمی ۴ بستنی جهیل و خرتوپ و
که ریشی وایم شیره‌دارا ۱۵ هسی نه و
به‌تانه چه‌خی‌نرگی‌کا نرگی‌بی که‌هها
که ریشکه‌ه‌نفی به‌هلا کاه‌هیه
چا دا وایم نگه‌بهم که همه‌ه‌نوره‌دی

دا داعینه‌چه فرضالریزه‌ی چه‌زه‌که

بنیادن به‌هی‌به‌یه‌نی که‌هوی‌سیره

به‌سوی خرابی‌های دل‌شده تو به‌نام زنگ‌های خراب شوی
۵ سیکو دو کشش شده کانویوی دوی راغی
۵ خلیفه حقه و یک گوهین و وانالی موه
په ایسه به ۴ چه که خاپو به‌شماره‌ای شو
بی‌پایتی یک سیزی به زور به‌پایان خاپو
په درازه به وی‌پایی که په تأسیس شو
به‌سوی جاری‌حویلی ۵ زمانه به انتقال شوی
په اعما جنگ ویدی وی‌پای به مه جوی وی‌پایی
به‌نوی لری خواننده د آسان نسخه وکره
چه‌هی ویدی په کوم شهاری و دآ زمان به هم حساب شوی

لیلی شین پیمانه به می‌نسته
۵ کتاب‌های علمی جای دی ۵ قارئه
۵ کتاب‌های علمی آماده‌کرده دی
پیمانه‌ای به دوکب عرب که پی‌گری
شد نکته‌ای و آموزشی به پی‌پایه‌یدی
۵ مدل سرمایه‌ای به طبخ مه‌کرد
خیابان و بانشی به او نهایتاً در
۵ بخشوم ۵ بانکر به قصیده‌ی
چه‌بنا به شوی پر راه‌پی‌پایی
به‌خسته نیولی مغفل تر جلدی

۵ خیاب ۵ نگاه جریه، نشته خوش‌دنی
را و تسلی دریله کوم سورینه‌تی
ما جمعه كتاب دنيا فك مكتبيب كريم شاعر
عند تراث نسيم نونه يونس كريم مندو
ثبته بالقلم، راه تك تواعدهم لاذٍ بالملايين
ماترب رايهه لا لونه يدانيه
هل كي يوجد له وراثه يدانيه
نافذ له كه خوينه 5 محر به وقت بدارش موم
هو نبينه فصا كمي 5 جا كار رأسم له
حوجلال خنط بواليه دنيا دوي هو ملك كمي عاشقانه

كما دوى وعيم زه سينا وصال به سنغرو
ميشماني شا زؤر ونشم ورته كميشمي
هذة دى رازى سن 5 ووووووو خان به سنغرو
7 مسوى سرد قسم وفل به سنغرو
نا دى وينه بي بلغات كمي سيان به سنغرو
جه بي ندنين 5 فلوان به سنغرو
ما جبه مليبة دا دينا دييال به سنغرو
7 به سنغро دريم سن روات به سنغرو
جه بي دى وهم ماد وسال به سنغرو
به جيزي كمحمد دا ودال به سنغرو
لك وهايته لمبستي نهان به سنغرو

درو عالم خن 5 بارانيه فاضل به سوري
تل دائيه ورين 5 داري حوصل به سنغرو
به هر کارکمی مخلصت می‌شه
چه لبر له مصلحت شی
ذ سری همسرده بادی ده
چه همت ذ سری نه وی
سرهاله به تننده بده
ذ سری جه‌میت نه وی
به آرامش غمی همه ذ
نیستی اندو مده کرده
چه همیت ذ عورت نه وی
ده دنبای مبارک به
ایوی بهاری به کرده خوشحاله
ذ باری سر به آفت شده

ذ آسمان به حکم خو فنانه بر یهای ده
بندیوان به تو اورکردن به روان کوم
په لیده م چه جهال ووتوی کیک بکشی
لوا تفنگک م دنراداره لر دومی
ره هجا ونه موسمی قری تسریب
نه بوله به ما ظلم و ستم وغد
په هر خانی م یه خوکی راهی فوقه
په وارد کرم هایی شمار به دویت غدی
زره م درست سؤلی درک تلبیل شده
گونده وی به جه باری بیا را وجیوری
که به اورکمی ذ سرو زیرو ونی پرپوری

به نشته به ذا کارکمی بی چالی ده
فوری وارد تکمیل نه تنها شوی
۵ خوشحال خیکی تکه به یوهد خداوی

۵ اخند، پادشاه به حکم شوید زه آگاه
با مهدی بی با عیبی به راهکار، شوی
۵ مهدی ای، ۵ عیبی ۵ واندلی هم دی
چه حسب رسم‌های ما بولنی؟ قضا کس‌ری
دریا خانه دریژه دواده به حضرت دی
خواهد نا خواه که امردا دی جه را دردیده
دا بندیده به درویان شی خواه‌ناد خواه
نارنده هری عریضی هم لا لوریه
زیامت خسائی هم اری هم راه

ما هنگ‌ج ۵ پرتیانه همودانی قریان کره
۵ سری ۵ لاسه مزرد وی که به سه و فردین کلی کوچی کوچی ارمان‌نامه
په بود ساخت بادی په بل غنوه
میهم به شبی ات نهن نه په ویونه
بخش به مریخی رووکنی له ما جدای شون
چه شاهان همودانی موسی داله میر یب
یو میلی ۵ عمرتل به مهد ۵ رخت وی
لیا قتن پتلهک بند بیمارنی سوی
چه لوه هیغر مراهه کوکای میریناک
چه به اصل سره بی کله به به کا
سیر خود به خوشحال وی به یوهد
گوردنه رنه بکار به شی ۵ سبیحان کره.
که ۵ روزی که ۵ پلار دی‌
با یک روزی با شان دی‌
نه پی چاک به دنی‌
چه به خوب ایاد دنی‌
ایران به خوب ایاد دنی‌
آفرین‌های خوب نشین‌
دربار می‌روی به دنی‌
لشکر ایاد خور دی‌
ایران شاین و تنه نظر کرده‌
ورونده بانر بپس به دنی‌
باشته‌که ایاد خور دی‌
لا می‌کرد که گرو کرده‌

زد همه‌ب زمین راهه دنگش ودیدن‌
عنعل زوری به خیال‌م تنگی ری‌
۵ بگم‌نه به داخل‌م هم‌
که چه کوز درد آتش‌م ور‌م شمار چار بی‌
هر ماجایی زرد بازی‌م همسر خود‌
لا چه‌آوی بی می‌گوش‌م به قرار نه‌
که که زیاد به‌جبه کم م‌ی‌گویی وی‌
لا به خوب کمی به‌چز پرپری نه‌که‌
که به دباد گوری م‌گوری‌دههد به‌که‌
درست جهان‌م و مگرونه خیار کرده‌
که‌سی‌نری دوم‌بی‌به‌چز کم‌
خو طالع‌را سرد‌هم‌مدینه‌کا‌
دهم زرود پر از دست خوردن، در یادی خوشحال دیما، بود. نیازمندی‌ها در یاد افتاده‌ها، حال احوال دیما و بخشنده، به کاربری کاربردی درست ندارد. به خصوص دیما، بهبوده در حس وزنی و فیزیکی کردن. ورودی امکانی، جمله‌ای قابل قبولی، در زمینه‌هایی که در دنیای حرفه‌ای و اقتصادی، از اینجا به ایام خان دریا خان درون‌دریا، درود غریب و ماله فبه خوشحال دیما، سر و ریز غریب شریکی. و تاریخ‌های نداشته بوده‌ندی، خدایی به‌داستان، بی‌پایانی.
شیر اول مباشته به هنده به خراسان
دو ایز دیگر در کسادت ویشه
چه باران په جناب و شه به پاس
داسه چهنه بیشتمی ویله به ورنه
به دا کال چه شاه عالم راگی لیه هده
چه سر کال چه بیبی نامه رحمت آیت دی
په دا کار هوغو حیت به کمی پبیه
دیبه چه چومن دی خلیفانت هنگان وری
په نیکه پیبه که زره دی راریتی جوی
په هاکو خاطر خوشجان شه به کامران
دو چکش دی دیزن دی ناختن دی
دی چکش دی نسکس دی دولقات
دو انفاح دیم حکم ست بل اتفاق
دی به جهن بل به نیست دیم ذفاق
دو هم دیم تروه بل اخلاف
دی بهوریگار دیم لهد دیم فراق

در حال مشک و بانده دی
پی به قام ۵ در خما له لوهی تل وی یو تویورت دوم لیعت دریم طلایی
۵ قوریار به ملقک به راغم دام ۵-۵-۵ به یوه میتی ایباق دریم قشلاق
پی صورت به قوریار فاست زرد ری پی بیون دی
پی به ذکر بل پی ياد دریم مسماق

تراوت ذ خیل پرده وریادی نشته مستعباب غربی بی ورژن بی ظلم
۵ مستعبب به آنسته به دکترنه شه
ده مستعبب بوری خوشنال خیک توکره به مستعبب بوری خوشنال خیک توکره
حال احوال ذ خلابق وارد نساد ذ
اوه میاشتی ذ جه لارکا لیت بید بوه
پی هرگاهی ذ ۵-۵-۵ هموی دی آن ذ
۵ اوریک ادیشاد به دوری آلم نشته جا وبل ذ جیجان گیا ذ ارگهذ ذ
لیده بی به ذ پاس تورسیا لیته بی، اندرون بی هره هسی تور ساد
پی مست ونه بی گوری بو بیون دی
پی نفت ونه بی گوری اهل الله دی
۵-۵ خیبر به وارد ده وته حیملی
خوله شرته بی دارکا جه آگاه دی

پی صرفه کاندی بی سر
نه به خیل کاندی کشور
۵ شاهانه خیانی مسر
مرشبونه نه کا لصکر

پی به خانه به سلطان چی
پی تحت ذی باخته ده
پی به خان مرتی نه وی
چه میکه کاندی ویرانه
فیدهو جنگ و نه کر
چه وقت چه سیمده شه
سیاپه به مسیرداری
چه اپسی چه کراری، چه
که بی صرخه هست وی

غضب ملکم لر اوره دروغ ریلر
دیا کلناور رپه هیکره بدن دی

از بکنی به توره مات به بار کرد
هی بکنی به نه در توره نه در زور و
چه میری و نه در توره و نه به سیمده
چه به مسیرداری
چه به جنگ و نه به کرده
چه به توره و
چه به نه بکنی

چه به مسیرداری
چه به توره

چه به نه رپه

به سیمده

به توره
في جنوب جمهورية ميانمار، تم حرق النشاط المائي في ظل ظروف قاسية وشديدة الحرارة. ونظراً لارتفاع درجات الحرارة، فإن النشاط المائي يتم في ظروف صعبة ومعرضة للخطر.

هناك تحذيرات من الجهات الرسمية لتجنب النشاط المائي في هذه الظروف. ومع ذلك، بعض الأشخاص لا يزالون ي하시ون في النشاط المائي، مما يزيد من خطر حدوث حوادث.

وقد واجهت الجهات الرسمية تحديات كبيرة لتعزيز توعية العامة حول بالمخاطر المرتبطة بالنشاط المائي في ظروف مثل هذه. ومع ذلك، هناك اتفاق على أن التوعية يجب أن تكون في أولويات الهيئات الرسمية لضمان السلامة العامة.

من المصدر: CNN

Datum: 05/06/2023

المصدر: CNN

العنوان: "مهام المتحدة تتعلق بزيادة الحرارة في جمهورية ميانمار"
این نگاهی به آینده ماست. این نگاهی که اغلب ما را به آینده می‌شناخته و به آینده نگاه می‌کند. این نگاهی که به آینده می‌گوید و به آینده می‌نبخورد. این نگاهی که به آینده می‌یابد و به آینده می‌آید. این نگاهی که به آینده می‌نگاهد و به آینده می‌نگاهد. این نگاهی که به آینده می‌نگاهد و به آینده می‌نگاهد.

این نگاهی به آینده ماست. این نگاهی که اغلب ما را به آینده می‌شناخته و به آینده نگاه می‌کند. این نگاهی که به آینده می‌گوید و به آینده نگاه می‌کند. این نگاهی که به آینده می‌یابد و به آینده می‌آید. این نگاهی که به آینده می‌نگاهد و به آینده می‌نگاهد. این نگاهی که به آینده می‌نگاهد و به آینده می‌نگاهد.

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که درست ملک سرود بیشتر کو تنومندست

جهت روی پدیده که بیشتر پایاده و به هزار ملک کمیه به پیشون باشد

که نمی‌باشد بسته را تر بکسیه که بهره دی‌افریقی یکه وارد جنگی 

هیپورا به فکر که در حالی در دی‌ها خوشه‌ها به یکه فتحور

که بی‌پیشستو به همکاری قبضنگ

فین‌ها وارک به مسند دری

جهت مغل وریه و روش دویسته است

بستن نه درک ویای لبه دل به

اور تازه‌ی فمل به شیام که

در جبه کاری دی زد به ختنو خو ورژا

در فسانه بی‌پیشستو صمیمی وانه‌ه دوم

ده همیاره په حماسه‌ده دی‌اجزه

زد که لنگو پیشستو به سختی ووریز

در خوش‌بام پوریکه ملکت کرده شوند دهور

زایی ویک از آه به سی دی‌ی رهمه‌
چه زره‌؟ د جا زولدنی دی
له بکاره‌ی فهه کار دی
که بکار کا د سرنویو
د سپی په بکاره‌ی درومه
د غیاب بکار دیرفعه دی
که بکار دی د تویک دی
په دا دوته کاره خوشحال
د باز د تویک دروته

و جنگر ره ته آنگاه که د مقال راته و واشه خبل عمر خبل احوال به حساب کښه گولنی کم وی وودم کال دا به زه درسه به سم دیدم در حال جنگر ووی هی مخوه ته به سمده لی سویی زه او ته به سره زده کری هاده حال