

# Fifteen Purabi Songs of Uttar Pradesh<sup>(1)</sup>

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THE best evidence of the deep emotional integration between Hindus and Muslims in India is to be found in folk society and in folk art and culture.

In the course of intimate contact and living together for centuries, Hindus and Muslims belonging to all strata of society whether of the nobility, the landed gentry or the working people were drawn together in the common stream of life and deeply influenced the social and cultural life of each other. This process of integration and unification encountered serious difficulties in the case of the upper strata of these communities. While numerous unifying forces were at work which tended to bring them close to each other, at the same time powerful separatist forces also appeared specially under the British rule which sought to thwart the growing sense of oneness and unity among them. In folk society, however, Hindus and Muslims were by and large indistinguishable from each other in their mode of living, in the language they spoke, in the problems they faced, in their festivals and celebrations and in their artistic pursuits and recreations.

In the folk songs of Hindus and Muslims one finds the best reflection of their cultural and emotional affinity in their way of life, their common joys and sorrows, aspirations and disappointments. As an example, I have given below the original text and the English rendering of fifteen Purabi folk songs popular among the Muslim womenfolk of district Banaras.

Both in form and content these songs exhibit the deep and uninhibited spiritual concord of the common people of these two communities which transcends barriers of all types and forms. These songs are as much a

part of the cultural heritage of Muslims as of Hindus of that region.

चंती

१. सुगना बोले रे हमरि अटरिया,  
हो रामा ।  
अरे संझिये का सूतल सैय्या  
उगली किरनिया, हो रामा,  
सुगना बोले रे... ।

Chaiti

The parrot calls from my *atariya*<sup>2</sup>,  
(O Rama).  
My husband sleeps since the evening  
It is now dawn breaking,  
(O Rama).  
The parrot calls.....

२. कोयलिया बोले अमृआ की डरिया,  
हो रामा ,  
रुत बसन्त में गूँजत भंवरवा,  
हो रामा ।  
कोयलिया बोले..... ।

The cuckoo calls from the mango bough,  
(O Rama).  
It is spring now and the humming of bees,  
(O Rama).  
The cuckoo calls.....

३. लागि गेले बिरही नजरिया, हो रामा  
तोहरे करणवा ना ।  
सास मोरी मारे, ननद गरियावे,  
सैय्या भैले झगड़वा, हो रामा ।  
तोहरे करणवा ना ॥

(1) I am grateful to Mrs. Zohra Sreepat Rai, daughter-in-law of the late Munshi Premchand for the folk songs which have been presented in this article.

2. Balcony.

You have left me  
with the pangs of separation,  
(O Rama).  
My *sas*<sup>3</sup> beats me,  
my *nanad*<sup>4</sup> maligns me,  
My husband quarrels,  
on account of you,  
(O Rama),  
You have left me  
with the pangs of separation.

## कजरी

१. बीत गये बरखा बहार नहर में,  
टूट गये मोतियन के हार नहर में,  
बाबा होते गवन कर देते,  
नाहीं लागे जियरा हमार नहर में।

## Kajri

The refreshing rains came and gone,  
But Alas! I remain in my *naihar*<sup>5</sup>,  
My necklace of fine pearls wears out,  
And I am still in my *naihar*.  
Were my father living  
He would have done my *gauna*.<sup>6</sup>  
My heart eats boredom  
O dear, in my *naihar*.

२. गजरा गूँघे रे मलिनिया  
बेला भारी भारी ना ।  
आई घटा घन घोर  
अटा पर कारी कारी ना ।  
गजरा गूँघे रे मलिनिया  
बेला भारी भारी ना ।

Of *bela* flowers thick and heavy  
she makes wreathes, the *maliniya*,<sup>7</sup>  
Massive clouds appear  
black and dark over the *atariya*  
Of *bela* flowers thick and heavy  
she makes wreathes, the *maliniya*.

३. कारे भवरा रे तैं तो जुलम किये,  
जलम किये तैं तो जलम किये ।

एक तो रात बड़ी, दूजे पिया बिछड़ी,  
तीजे सावन रे झमकाय बुदियां।  
कारे भंवरा रे.....।

What cruelty you have done to me  
O black bee ?  
You have pained me, you have pained me.  
The night is dark;  
My beloved is far away;  
Heavy is the downpour of *Sawan*  
What torment to me you have caused,  
O black bee?

४. भींजे मोरी सारी, राजा, रस बूंद  
चढ़त अटारी मोरी पायल बाजे ।  
उतरत भींजला किनारी,  
राजा रस बूंद  
भींजे मोरी सारी ।

O lord, my *sari* is drenched,  
My jingling bells resound  
                    as I climb up the *atariya*  
As I descend, the border (of *sari*) is drenched,  
O lord, my *sari's* drenched.

५. नैहर में जवनिया कटे ना अरे सांवरिया ।  
बाप मतारी की बड़ी रे दुलारी  
भौजी से हम से पटे न अरे सांवरिया ।

It is trying to spend the youth in *naihar*,  
                                     O *sanwaria*.<sup>8</sup>  
 Darling of parents I was,  
                                     O *sanwaria*.  
 I can't pull on with my *Bhouji*,<sup>9</sup>  
                                     O *sanwaria*.

६. सखि आवा ला अंधेरी  
घटा कारी कारी ना ।  
बादल गरजे बिजली चमके  
बारी बारी ना ।  
सखि आवाला.....  
दादुर मोर पपीहा बोले  
गारी गरी ना ।

3. Mother-in-law.

4. Sister-in-law (Husband's sister).

5. Father's house.

6. Second wedding.

7. Gardener's wife.

8. Friend.

9. Sister-in-law (Brother's wife).

सखी आवा ला अंधेरी  
घटा कारी कारी ना ।

Black and dark masses of clouds  
appear.  
Lightning flashes and clouds thunder.  
The calls of frog, peacock and *papiha*  
hear.  
Black and dark masses of clouds  
appear.

### होली

१. दइया मोरी बाई नयन फड़कत है  
कहीं आवत है परदेसी सैइयां  
मोरी बाई नयन फड़कत है  
कागा बोले सगुन कहत है  
फागुन में घर अइहें  
दइया मोरी बाई नयन फड़कत है ।

### Hori

O *Dayya*,<sup>10</sup> my left eye-lid flutters,  
May be my beloved is coming from distant  
land,  
My left eye-lid flutters.  
Crow caws, this betokens  
He will come in *Fagun*.  
O *Dayya*, my left eye-lid flutters.

२. दइया अब कैसे कि निकसूं अंगनवा ।  
मोरा देवरा निहारे जोवन वां ।  
आ मोरे बम्हना बैठ मोरे अंगना,  
पोथी खोलो सगुन की,  
साची कहोतो पिया कब अइहें,  
कब ले जैहें गवनवां ।  
दइया अब कैसे कि निकसूं....॥

How am I to appear  
In the open courtyard, O dear?  
My *deora*<sup>11</sup> casts wistful glances  
At my youth.  
Come, come, O Bahman  
And sit in my courtyard.  
Open the book and consult the stars  
And tell me truly when my beloved will come  
For my *Gauna*.

10. Exclamation,

11. Brother-in-law (Husband's brother).

How am I to appear  
In the open courtyard, O dear?

३. बीते अवध सैय्यां आवत नाहीं ।  
का संग फाग खेलें ब्रज माहीं ?  
फागुन जैहें बोर फिर अइहें  
गैले जोवन फिर आवत नाहीं ।  
का संग फाग खेले ब्रज माहीं ?  
बीते अवध.....।

The fixed time is over  
And my *Sainya* (beloved) comes not.  
With whom can I play Holi in Braj?  
This *Fagun* will pass away  
Still mango trees will blossom again.  
But youth once gone,  
O dear, returns not.  
Time flies but  
My *Sainya* comes not.

४. गोरी गगरी लिये इठलात जात ।  
सिर पर घड़ा घड़े पर गागर ,  
पतली कमर बल खात जात ।  
गोरी गगरी लिये इठलात जात ॥

The fair one carries the pitcher  
And glides with nimble gait,  
The pitcher on her head,  
The *gagar*<sup>12</sup> over the pitcher,  
The slender waist sways in unison.  
The fair one carries the pitcher  
And glides with nimble gait.

५. इक ठइयां झूलनी हिराये दैय्या रे ।  
कोठवा में दूइयूं अटरिया में दूइयूं  
सेजिया प दूंदत भुलाय गैल्यूं दैय्या रे ।  
सामू से पूछल्यूं मैं ननदी से पूछल्यूं रे  
देवरा पूछत लजाय गैल्यूं दैय्या रे ।  
एही ठइयां.....।

I lost my *Jhoolni*<sup>13</sup> at this very spot,  
O *Dayya*.  
I searched my dwelling house,  
I searched my *atariya*.  
But I got lost searching it in the bed-chamber.

12. Small pitcher.

13. Name of an ornament.

I ask my *sasu*.  
I ask *nandi*,  
But enquiring of my *deora*  
I got bashful.....O *Dayya*.

### बारह मासा

प्रियतम मास असाढ़ आये,  
सखी तेज गई जलधार हे ।  
सबके बलमुआ रामा घर घर आये,  
हमरा बलम परदेश हे ।  
सावन आये सखी सवना मुहावन,  
बन बन बोलत मोर हे ।  
आहे मोरवा की बोलिया रामा जियरा,  
ये सारे सुनत नयन भरती हे ।  
भादो आये सखि रैन भयावल,  
दूजे अंधेरी रात हे ।  
आहे लौका जे लौके रामा दामिनी दमके,  
केकी सेज उठि जाऊं हे ।  
आसिन आयें सखि आस लगवल्यूं,  
आस पूजल मोरी हे ।  
आहे सब कोई सोये रामा अपने बलम संग,  
बिन संय्यां नींदो न आये हे ।  
कातिक आये सखि कतिका मुहावन,  
सब सखि चलि असनान हे ।  
आहे सब कोई पहने पट्टा पीताम्बर,  
हम घना लुगरी पुरान हे ।  
पूस आये सखि पड़ला पुअसवा,  
थर थर कांपे सरीर हे ।  
आहे, सब कोई सोए रामा अपने बलम संग,  
बिन संय्यां जाड़ो न जाय हे ।  
फागुन आये सखि चलला फाअगुआ,

घर घर उड़त अबीर हे ।  
आहे सब कोई खेले रामा अपने बलम संग,  
हम कैसे खेलब फाग हे ।

### Barah Masa

The beloved month of *Asarh* has come,  
The showers are heavy, O friend.  
(Rama) beloveds of all others have returned,  
Only mine remains in the far off land.  
*Sawan* has come with all its splendour,  
O friend,  
The peacock calls in every wood,  
(Rama) The calls of the peacocks pierce  
my heart,  
On hearing all this my eyes well up with  
tears.  
O friends, *Bhadon* has come  
with threatening dark nights,  
(Rama) Lightning flashes all over,  
on whose bed shall I go?  
O friend, *Aswin* came,  
I had all hopes but in vain,  
(Rama) Everyone sleeps with her beloved,  
I keep awake without mine.  
*Kartik* came in its festive grandeur,  
All the friends go for bathing,  
Everyone comes dressed in *Patta Pitamber*,<sup>14</sup>  
I am still in my old rags.  
Friend! The month *Paus* came with dew drops,  
I stand shivering.  
(Rama) Everyone is happy in the warm  
embrace of her beloved,  
And no warmth for me.  
(O friend), *Fagun* has come and festivities  
are in the air,  
*Abir*<sup>15</sup> is thrown everywhere,  
All are playing *Phag* with their beloved,  
How am I to play *Phag*?

14. Yellow Sari

15. Coloured dust