# AFGHAN POETRY

OF THE

# SEVENTEENTH CENTURY:

BEING

SELECTIONS FROM

## THE POEMS OF KHUSH-HĀL-KHAN, KHATAK.

WITH

TRANSLATIONS AND GRAMMATICAL INTRODUCTION.

EDITED AND COMPILED BY

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GEORGE ANDERSON, ESQ.,

FORMERLY OF KUMTOUL INDIGO FACTORY, DURBANGAH, TIRHOOT;

IN GRATEFUL 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 Pathan home, and whose compositions are in the mouths of countless numbers of the Pathan population, many of them 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. Bellew, 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 than 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 uneducated 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 ever 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 Khush-hal 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 them, and there is no surer or readier mode of appealing to their sympathies or enlisting their

confidence than by the quotation of a few stanzas from the compositions of the one or the other poet.

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 must 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 walk 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 deadly 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 sentimental emotions, 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 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; far 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 unexpected outbursts 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 pouring 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 refulgence 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 must sympathize most strongly, all the more so that a capacity for such æsthetic 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 traditionary 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; all, 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 relics of successive

invading 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 pæans 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 as 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, Mohmunds, Shinwaris,

Khataks, 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 Punjaub.

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 guerilla 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 Khataks, 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 Asiatics." 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 Khataks, 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 Moghals. 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 cajolery a great part of that which he had failed to do by force, and by a liberal expenditure in the way of bribes and douceurs 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 abated from the hostility of his demeanour towards the Moghals 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 Moghals 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 appears 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 home-sickness and pinings 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 Shah 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 literati 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 occasionally, but then only as evidently synonymous with Pathan.

Some of the poems written during the period of Khushhal Khan's imprisonment in India are, as has been said, most touching in their nature and in the terms in which he gives vent to his pinings 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 resent, 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 ruder 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 500 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.

*** A great portion of this Introduction has been reproduced from the Jan., 1890, Number of the "Asiatic Quarterly Review," by the kind permission of the proprietors.

# ERRATA.

| PAGE | LINE | FOR | READ |
|---|---|---|---|
| ٥ | 6 | وراخت | راوخت |
| ٣٩ | 3 | خفى | حنفي |
| ٤١ | 3 | تقسير | تقصير |
| ٤٦ | 12 | مجوبه | محبوبه |

4, 5, 6, 7, 8 Omit "termination" at top of first columns.

It has come to the notice of the translator and compiler since sending his MS. to the Press that the word چنار has been translated by a great piece of carelessness on his part, first "Pine" then "Deodar," instead of "Plane."

# 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.

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ا | ث | خ | ز | ص | ع | ک | ن |
| ب | ج | د | ژ | ض | غ | گ | و |
| پ | چ | ذ | س | ط | ف | ل | ه |
| ت | ح | ر | ش | ظ | ق | م | ي |

Letters peculiar to Pushtoo.

ځ = "ts." ډ = "dz." ږ = "gey" or "zhey."

ښ = "khey" or "shey." ڼ = "rūn" nasal "n."

Letters derived from Sanscrit.

ټ = ټ = "ṭa." ډ = ڈ = "ḍa." ړ = ڑ = "ṛa."

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 Ghuznee and Peshawar, 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 Pushtoo language is naturally a harsh and guttural one, for example, the letters ږ and څ are pronounced hard in Northern Afghanistan, as "gey" and "khey," while in Southern Afghanistan they are pronounced as "zhey" and "shey."

Though the sounds conveyed by the letter ځ are both represented by the same letter they must be carefully distinguished in practice. It will be noted that in such words as are incorporated in Pushtoo from Persian the sound "ts" represents the Persian چ and "dz" the Persian ج, as:

Push. څاره = tsāra = Pers. چاره. Push. ځان = dzān = Pers. جان.

There are three sounds of و:

1. "w" as واوړه = wawra = Snow. 2. "u" as لور = lūr = Daughter.

3. "o" as ورور = wror = Brother.

This latter sound is distinguished by the sign ـُ placed over the vowel.

## THE PARTS OF SPEECH.

The Article does not exist in Pushtoo, it is either expressed by the indefinite Numeral "one" or by the Demonstrative Pronouns.

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" ـَ. Dat. "to" له, لره, ته . . . و, ته. Abl. "from" نه . . . له.

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 as 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.

## GENDERS AND INFLECTIONS OF NOUNS AND ADJECTIVES WITH EXAMPLES OF EACH.

### I.—Masculine Terminations.

| TERMINATION. | NOM. SING. | INFLECT. SING. | NOM. PLUR. | FEM. NOM. SING. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| I. *Consonant.* | | | | |
| (*a*) | | unchanged | adds ان, ونه | |
| | مار | مار | ماران | |
| | کوز | کوز | کوزونه | |
| (*b*) | | adds ۀ | adds ۀ | adds ه |
| | دک | دکۀ | دکۀ | دکه |
| | غل | غلۀ | غلۀ | غله |
| (*c*) | adds ه with vowel change | | | |
| | | vowel lengthened | | shortened |
| | خوږب | خاربه | خاربه | خربه |
| | شپون | شپانه | شپانه | شپنه |
| 2. ي | | changes | ي into ي | ي or ئي into ي |
| | سړي | سړي | سړي | |
| | سپي | سپي | سپي | سپئي |
| | ستري | ستري | ستري | سترئي |
| 3. ۀ | | | | |
| (*a*) | | unchanged | | changes to ه |
| | ویښتهَ | ویښتهَ | ویښتهَ | |
| | کُتهَ | کُتهَ | کُتهَ | کُته |
| (*b*) | | unchanged | drop ه and add ان, انه, ونه | changes to ه |
| | لیوهَ | لیوهَ | لیوان | لیوه |
| | زړهَ | زړهَ | زړونه | |
| 4. ي | | unchanged | ان adds | adds ه |
| | اشناي | اشناي | اشنایان | اشنایه |
| | سوي | سوي | سویان | سویه |
| | لوي | لوي | unchanged | لویه |
| 5. ي | | unchanged | ان adds | |
| | بندي | بندي | بندیان | |

6. ا ,ۋ ,ۇ

| | unchanged | add گان ,ان |
|---|---|---|
| گدا | گدا | گدایان |
| میلو | میلو | میلوگان |
| پیشو | پیشو | پیشوگان |

## EXAMPLES.

1. *Nouns terminating in a Consonant.*

(*c*)

| | | adds ه with vowel change | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | lengthened | | shortened |
| Life | ژَوَندون | ژَوَندانه | ژَوَندانه | |
| Pathan | پُښتون | پُښتانه | پُښتانه | پُښتنه |
| Prayer | نمونځ | نمانځه | نمانځه | |

*Adjectives.*

| TERMINATION. | NOM. SING. | INFLECT. SING. | NOM. PLUR. | FEM. NOM. SING. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Fallen | پرۋت | پراته | پراته | پرته |
| Ripe | پۋخ | پاخه | پاخه | پخه |
| Soft | پۋست | پاسته | پاسته | پسته |
| Fat | څۋرب | څاربه | څاربه | څربه |
| Scattered | خۋر | خواره | خواره | خوَرَه |
| Heavy | دروند | درانه | درانه | درنه |
| Rotten | روست | راسته | راسته | رسته |
| Bright | رونړ | رانړه | رانړه | رنړه |
| Blind | ړوند | ړانده | ړانده | ړنده |
| Old | زۋړ | زاړه | زاړه | زړه |
| Mounted | سۋر | سواره | سواره | سَوَره |
| Cold | سۋړ | ساړه | ساړه | سړه |
| Crooked | کۋږ | کاږه | کاږه | کږه |
| Deaf | کونړ | کانړه | کانړه | کنړه |
| Damp | لُوند | لانده | لانده | لنده |
| Sated | مۋړ | ماړه | ماړه | مړه |
| Small | وۋړ | واړه | واړه | وړه |
| Sweet | خۋږ | خواږه | خواږه | خَوَږه |

*Adjectives Irregular in Formation.*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Red | سُور | سرهٔ | سرهٔ | سره |
| Green | شین | شنهٔ | شنهٔ | شنه |
| Dead | مړ | مړهٔ | مړهٔ | مړه |

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tall | لَوړ | لَوړهٔ | لَوړهٔ | لَوړه |
| Bitter | ترښ | ترخهٔ | ترخهٔ | ترخه |
| Sour | تريو | تروهٔ | تروهٔ | تروه |
| Joined | مل | ملهٔ | ملهٔ | مله |
| Conquered | بړ | بړهٔ | بړهٔ | بړه |
| Hot | تَوَد | تَوَدهٔ | تَوَدهٔ | تَوَده |

2. *Nouns terminating in* ي.

| TERMINATION | NOM. SING. | INFLECT. SING. | NOM. PLUR. | FEM. NOM. SING. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Star | ستوَرَي | ستوَري | ستوَري | |
| Cat | پشَي | پشي | پشي | پشئ |
| Summer | اوړَي | اوړي | اوړي | |
| Winter | ژمَي | ژمي | ژمي | |
| Dish | لوښَي | لوښي | لوښي | |
| Slave | مريَي | مريي | مريي | |
| Wood | لرگَي | لرگي | لرگي | |
| Youth | زلمَي | زلمي | زلمي | |
| Stone | کانړَي | کانړي | کانړي | |

*Adjectives.*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alive | ژَوَندَي | ژَوَندي | ژَوَندي | ژَوَندئ |
| Strange | پردَي | پردي | پردي | پردئ |
| First | وړنبَي | وړنبي | وړنبي | وړنبئ |
| Fast | گړندَي | گړندي | گړندي | گړندئ |
| Former | پخوانَي | پخواني | پخواني | پخوانئ |
| Recent | اوسنَي | اوسني | اوسني | اوسنئ |
| Last | ورستَي | ورستي | ورستي | ورستئ |
| Truthful | رښتينَي | رښتيني | رښتيني | رښتينئ |

*Irregular Adjectives forming Fem. in* ي.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Alone | يواځَي | يواځي | يواځي | يواځي |
| On foot | پلَي | پلي | پلي | پلي |
| Thirsty | تږَي | تږي | تږي | تږي |
| Hungry | وږَي | وږي | وږي | وږي |
| New | نوَي | نوي | نوي | نوي |
| Crazy | خوشَي | خوشي | خوشي | خوشي |

3. *Nouns terminating in* َه.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Heat | غارمه | غارمه | غارمه |

*Adjectives.*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Handsome | ښايسته | ښايستهَ | ښايستهَ | ښايستهَ |

So also—

*Nouns.*

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Grass | واښهَ | Marriage | وادهَ | Flour | اوړهَ | Food | خواړهَ |
| Villainy | دروهَ | Bird | مرغهَ | Breath | ساهَ | | |

*Adjectives.*

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Apparent | ښکارهَ | Preferable | غوړهَ | Extraordinary | شنډهَ | Asleep | اوډهَ |
| Loose | ايلهَ | Angry | خپهَ | So much | دومرهَ | As much | هومرهَ |
| Both | دواړهَ | All | واړهَ | | | | |

*Masculine Abstract Suffixes.*

| TERMINATION. | | ROOT. | | ABSTRACT NOUN. | TERMINATION. | | ROOT. | | ABSTRACT NOUN. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ت | great | لوي | greatness | لويّت | توب | man | سړي | manliness | سړيتوب |
| توب | separate | بيل | separation | بيلتون | والي | red | سور | redness | سوروالي |

## II.—Feminine Terminations.

| | TERMINATION. | MEANING. | SING. NOM. | INFLECT. SING. | PLUR. NOM. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | Consonant | | | adds ي | |
| | | Road | لار | لاري | لاري |
| | | Day | ورځ | ورځي | ورځي |
| 2. | ي | | | changes ي into ئي | |
| | | Maid-servant | سهيلي | سهيلئي | سهيلئي |
| 3. | ئي | | unchanged throughout | | |
| | | Girl | جينئي | جينئي | جينئي |
| 4. | ه | | | changes ه into ي | |
| | | Word | خبره | خبري | خبري |
| 5. | آ | | unchanged throughout | | |
| | | Weeping | ژړا | ژړا | ژړا |
| 6. | ي | | | unchanged adds ان, گان | |
| | | Bride | ناوي | ناوي | ناويان |
| 7. | ۍ, ۍ | | | unchanged adds گاني | |
| | | Bear | ميلو | ميلو | ميلوگاني |

Examples.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Consonant | Coverlet | برستن | Month | مياشت |
| | Doorway | ډرشل | Work | چار |
| | Skin | څرمن | Regiment | پلټن |

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2. | ي | House | ماړي | Purse | همياني |
| | | Poverty | خواري | Cold | يخني |
| | | Stumble | بُدري | Treachery | درغلي |
| | | Defeat | ماتي | Feud | بدي |
| 3. | ئي | Bread | دودئي | Boat | بيړئِ |
| | | Milk | پيئي | Tail | لکئِ |
| | | Storm | سيلئي | Mound | ديرئِ |
| | | Fireplace | ځوهنئي | House | کوتنړئِ |
| 4. | ه | Valley | درّه | Branch | ځانګه |
| | | Water | اوبه | Spring | چينه |
| | | Fear | ويره | Dust | دوُره |
| | | Slave-girl | وينځه | Bank | غاړه |
| | | Canal | واله | Earth | خاوره |
| 5. | آ | Fort | قلا | Religious war | غزا |
| | | Loins | ملا | Side | خوا |
| | | Light | رڼا | Staff | همسا |
| | | Back | شا | Speech | ويّنا |

*Feminine Abstract Suffixes.*

| | TERMINATION. | ROOT. | | ABSTRACT NOUN. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | ي | Pleasant | خَوَښ | Pleasure | خَوَښي |
| 2. | اى | Light | رُوڼ | Lightness | رڼائي |
| 3. | ه | Knowing | پوه | Knowledge | پوهه |
| 4. | تيا | Avaricious | شُوم | Avarice | شُومتيا |
| 5. | ولي | Tribe | قام | Tribeship | قامولي |
| 6. | وي | Own | خپل | Ownership | خپلوي |
| 7. | ګړه | Good | ښه | Goodness | ښيګړه |
| 8. | ګلي | Knowing | پيژند | Acquaintance | پيژندګلي |

*Declination of Masculine Nouns.*

| TERMINATION. | | SINGULAR. | | PLURAL. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Consonant | N. | آس | a horse | آسونه | horses |
| (a) | G. | ئ آس | of a horse | ئ آسونو | of horses |
| | D. | و آس ته<br>آس ته<br>آس له، لره | to a horse | و آسونو ته<br>آسونو ته<br>آسونوله، لره | to horses |
| | Acc. | آس | a horse | آسونو | horses |

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | Voc. | اي آس | O! horse | آي آسونو | O! horses |
| | | Abl. | له آس نه | | له آسونو نه | from horses |
| | (b) | N. | غَل | a thief | غلهٔ | thieves |
| | | Infl. | غلهٔ | | غلو | |
| | (c) | N. | شپون | a shepherd | شپانه | shepherds |
| | | Infl. | شپانه | | شپانو | |
| 2. | يَ | N. | سړيَ | a man | سړي | men |
| | | Infl. | سړي | | سړو = سړيو | |
| 3. | ۀَ | N. | ويښتهَ | a hair | ويښتهَ | hair |
| | (a) | Infl. | ويښتهَ | | ويښتو | |
| | (b) | N. | زړه | a heart | زړونه | hearts |
| | | Infl. | زړه | | زړونو | |
| 4. | ي | N. | سوي | a hare | سويان | hares |
| | | Infl. | سوي | | سويانو | |
| 5. | ي | N. | بندي | a prisoner | بنديان | prisoners |
| | | Infl. | بندي | | بنديانو | |

*Declination of Feminine Nouns.*

| TERMINATION. | | SINGULAR. | | | PLURAL. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | Consonant | N. | لار | a road | لاري | roads |
| | | G. | دَ لاري | of a road | دَ لارو | of roads |
| | | D. | ولاري ته<br>لاري ته<br>لاري له = لره | to a road | ولارو ته<br>لارو ته<br>لارو له = لره | to roads |
| | | Acc. | لاري | a road | لارو | roads |
| | | Voc. | اي لاري | O! road | اي لارو | O! roads |
| | | Abl. | له لاري نه | from a road | له لارو نه | from roads |
| 2. | ي | N. | مانړي | a house | مانړي | houses |
| | | Infl. | مانړي | | مانړو or مانړيو | |
| 3. | ئي | N. | جنئي | a girl | جني | girls |
| | | Infl. | جنئي | | جنيو | |
| 4. | ۀ | N. | خبره | a word | خبري | words |
| | | Infl. | خبري | | خبرو | |
| 5. | آ | N. | غوا | a cow | غوا | cows |
| | | Infl. | غوا | | غواو | |
| 6. | ي | N. | ناوي | a bride | ناويان | brides |
| | | Infl. | ناوي | | ناويانو | |

*Declination of Adjectives.*

1. Consonant

| | | MASC. SING. | FEM. SING. | MASC. PLUR. | FEM. PLUR. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| (a) | N. | سم | سمه | سم | سمي |
| | Infl. | سمَ or سمه | سمي | سمو | سمو |
| (b) | N. | څوَرب | څربه | څاربه | څربي |
| | Infl. | څاربه | څربي | څاربو | څربو |
| 2. يَ̆ | N. | پرديَ̆ | پردئ̆ي | پردي | پردئ̆ي |
| | Infl. | پردي | پردئ̆ي | پردو | پردو = پرديو |
| (b) | N. | تريَ̆ | تري | تري | تري̆ |
| | Infl. | تري | تري̆ | ترو | ترو = تريو |
| 3. هَ̆ | N. | غَوَره | غَوَره | غَوَرهَ | غَوَري |
| | Infl. | غَوَره | غَوَري | غَوَرو | غَوَرو |
| 4. ي | N. | لوي | لويه | لوي | لوئ̆ي |
| | Infl. | لوي | لوي | لويو | لويو |

5. يَ̆
6. أَ̆
7. وَ̆

} indeclinable throughout.

*Declination of Substantives with Adjectives.*

| | MASCULINE. | | FEMININE. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | SINGULAR. | | | |
| Nom. | سم لرکيَ̆ | a straight stick | سمه لار | a straight road |
| Infl. | سمَ لرکي or سمه | | سمي لاري | |
| | PLURAL. | | | |
| Nom. | سم لرکي | straight sticks | سمي لاري | straight roads |
| Infl. | سمو لرکو | | سمو لارو | |
| | SINGULAR. | | | |
| Nom. | څوَرب آس | a fat horse | څربه غوا | a fat cow |
| Infl. | څاربه آس | | څربي غوا | |
| | PLURAL. | | | |
| Nom. | څاربه آسونه | fat horses | څربي غوا | fat cows |
| Infl. | څاربو آسونو | | څربو غواو | |
| | SINGULAR. | | | |
| Nom. | پرديَ̆ سپيَ̆ | a strange dog | پردئ̆ي ښځه | a strange woman |
| Infl. | پردي سپي | | پردئ̆ي ښځي | |
| | PLURAL. | | | |
| Nom. | پردي سپي | strange dogs | پردئ̆ي ښځي | strange women |
| Infl. | پردو سپو | | پردو ښځو | |

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | SINGULAR. | | |
| Nom. | غوره لوښي | a nice dish | غوره جنۍ | a charming girl |
| Infl. | غوره لوښي | | غوره جنۍ | |
| | | PLURAL. | | |
| Nom. | غوره لوښي | nice dishes | غوره جنۍ | charming girls |
| Infl. | غورو لوښيو | | غورو جنيو | |
| | | SINGULAR. | | |
| Nom. | لوي سړي | a great man | لويه چاړه | a big knife |
| Infl. | لوي سړي | | لويي چاړي | |
| | | PLURAL. | | |
| Nom. | لوي سړي | great men | لويي چاړي | big knives |
| Infl. | لويو سړيو | | لويو چاړو | |

## Personal Pronouns.

| | SINGULAR. | | PLURAL. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Nom. | زه | I | مونږ | we |
| Gen. | ځما | of me | ځمونږ | of us |
| Dat. | وما ته<br>ما ته<br>ما له، لره | to me | ومونږ ته<br>مونږ ته<br>مونږ له، لره | to us |
| Acc. | ما | me | مونږ | us |
| Abl. | له ما نه | from me | له مونږ نه | from us |
| Agent. | ما | by me | مونږ | by us |
| Nom. | ته | thou | تاسو | ye |
| Gen. | ستا | of thee | ستاسو | of you |
| Dat. etc. | وتا ته | to thee | وتاسو ته etc. | to you |
| Acc. | تا | thee | تاسو | you |
| Abl. | له تا نه | from thee | له تاسو نه | from you |
| Agent. | تا | by thee | تاسو | by you |
| Nom. | هغه | he, it | هغه | they |
| Gen. | ئ هغه | of him | ئ هغو | of them |
| Dat. etc. | وهغه ته | to him | وهغو ته etc. | to them |
| Acc. | هغه | him | هغو | them |
| Abl. | له هغه نه | from him | له هغو نه | from them |
| Agent. | هغه | by him | هغو | by them |

*Feminine Form.*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Nom. | هغه | she | هغي | they |
| Infl. | هغي | her | هغو | them |

Nom. دغه } declined throughout as هغه.
Infl. دغه }

ABBREVIATED FORMS OF THE PERSONAL PRONOUNS.

No. 1. م = ځما  دِ = ستا  يي = دَ هغه
مو = ځمونږ  and  ستاسو  يي = دَ هغو

These forms also indicate the Agent and are equivalent respectively to ما, تا, هغه, etc. the Agent cases of زه, ته, هغه

as پلارم = ځما پلار = my father
پلاردِ = ستا پلار = thy father
پلاريي = دَ هغه پلار = his father
and م وليده = ما وليده = I saw
دِ وليده = تا وليده = thou sawest
يي وليده = هغه وليده = he saw
مو وليده = مونږ تاسو وليده = we saw
يي وليده = هغو وليده = they saw.

No. 2. را, در, ور are inflected forms of زه, ته, هغه and are equivalent to ما, تا, هغه but are used only with prepositions signifying "to" "from" "upon"

را باندي = په ما باندي = upon me
را ته = ما ته = to me
را نه = له ما نه = from me.

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

په را باندي or وراته or له را نه.

No. 3. پرې ترې; these forms are equivalent respectively to

ترې = ورنه = له هغه نه = from him
پرې = ور باندي = په هغه باندي = upon him

as

ترې واخله = ور نه واخله = نه هغه نه واخله = take from him
پرې کېږده = ور باندي کېږده = په هغه باندي کېږده = place on him.

For هغه he, it, دغه = this, the forms دا and دَي are frequently substituted respectively, the former is only used in the Nom. Sing.; the inflected form Sing. of the latter is دده. The Plural of both forms is دوي inflected دويو. There is also a form دَي used rarely as the inflected form of دا. When it is intended to place special emphasis upon the Agent the forms ما, تا, دده or more rarely هغه are used instead of مِ, دِ, يي.

PRONOUNS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nom. Masc. خپل | Fem. خپله | } | etc. etc. as سم |
| Infl. خپل | خپلي | } | = own, self |

ځان is also used for "self" and frequently combined with خپل for emphasis, as خپل ځان = his or my, etc., own self. From خپل is derived the Adv. پخپله = of his, my, etc., own accord, spontaneously.

Nom. څوک } for both genders = who? or someone, there is no Plur. for this form in the sense
Inflect. چا } of "who?" but in the sense of someone the following Plural form is used.

Nom. څني } for both genders = "some ones" or "certain ones"
Inflect. څنو }

څني . . . . . = some . . . . . others څني

This form must not be confounded with the preposition څني = "from" or "from, her, it," as

څني پښتنه وکړه = ask him, her, them

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Nom. | کوم | Fem. کومه | Plur. کوم | Fem. کومي | | | |
| Inflect. | کوم | کومي | کومو | کوو | | | |

THE AUXILIARY VERB.

1. *Infinitive Obsolete.*

PRESENT.

| SINGULAR. | PLURAL. |
|---|---|
| زه يم I am | مونږ يو We are |
| ته يي Thou art | تاسو يي Ye are |
| هغه دَي، شته He or it is | هغه } دِي، شته } They are |
| هغه ده، شته She is | هغي } |

The two forms of the 3rd Pers. Sing. and Plur. are sometimes combined for the sake of emphasis, as هغه شته دَي = he (certainly) is.

PAST TENSE.

| | |
|---|---|
| زه وم I was | مونږ وو We were |
| ته وَي Thou wast | تاسو وَئي Ye were |
| هغه وُه He or it was | هغه } وو } They were |
| هغه وَه She was | هغي } وَي |

FUTURE.

زه به يم I shall be
ته به يې Thou shalt be
هغه به وي He or she will be
مونږ به يو We will be
تاسو به يې Ye will be
هغه / هغي به وي They will be

OPTATIVE.

که زه, ته, هغه وَي = were I, thou, he, etc.

SUBJUNCTIVE.

زه به وم I would be
ته به وَي Thou wouldst be
هغه به وُه He would be
هغه به وَه She would be
مونږ به وو We would be
تاسو به وئ Ye would be
هغه به وو / هغي به وَي They would be

2. *Infinitive.*

شوَل to be or become

PRESENT.

زه شم
ته شي
هغه شي
مونږ شوُ
تاسو شئ
هغه / هغي شي

FUTURE.

زه به وشم I will be

AORIST.

زه وشم I may be
هغه دِ شي He, they may be

IMPERFECT.

زه شوَم
ته شوَي
هغه شه / هغه شوَه
مونږ شوُو
تاسو شوئ
هغه شوَل / هغي شوَلي

HABITUAL IMPERFECT.

زه به شوَم I used to be

CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT.

که زه ته شوَي Were I, thou to be

INFLECTED INFINITIVE.

شوَلو

PRESENT PARTICIPLE.

شوني being

3. *Infinitive.*

کيدل to become

زه کيږم
ته کيږې
هغه کيږي
مونږ کيږو
تاسو کيږئ
هغه / هغي کيږي

زه به کيږم I will become

wanting

زه کيدم
ته کيدَي
هغه کيده
هغه کيدله
مونږ کيدو
تاسو کيدئ
هغه کيدل / هغي کيدلي

زه به کيدم I used to become

که زه ته کيدَي Were I to become

کيدو

کيدونکي کيدوني becoming or one who becomes

PAST PARTICIPLE.

شَوَلي having been — کیدي کیدلي having become

The following tenses are wanting in کیدل

PERFECT.

زه شوي یم = I have been

SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT.

زه شوي به یم = I may or shall have been or become

PLUPERFECT.

زه شوي وم = I had been or become

SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT.

زه شوي به وم = I should have been or become

CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT.

که زه ته شوي وي = Had I, thou, etc., been or become

IMPERATIVE.

وشه be thou — وشئ be ye

هغه دِ وشي let him be — دِ وشي { هغه let them be / هغی

The Auxiliary Verb شوَل 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 formsthe Potential Mood of all Verbs, as زه تړلي شم would mean either (1) I am tied or (2) I can tie.

The Verb کیدل conveys the meaning of a more continuing state of things than شوَل which means simply "to be."

4. *Infinitive.*

اوسیدل = to be or to exist, to remain.

PRESENT.

| | |
|---|---|
| زه اوسم | مونږ اوسو |
| ته اوسي | تاسو اوسئ |
| هغه اوسي | هغه / هغي } اوسي |

IMPERFECT

| | |
|---|---|
| زه اوسیدم | مونږ اوسیدو |
| ته اوسیدي | تاسو اوسیدئ |
| هغه اوسیده / هغه اوسیده | هغه اوسیدل / هغي اوسیدلي |

FUTURE.

زه به اوسم I will be

HABITUAL IMPERFECT.

زه به اوسیدم I used to be

IMPERATIVE.

اوسه — اوسئ

هغه دِ اوسي — هغه / هغي } دِ اوسي

CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT.

که زه ته هغه اوسیدلي Were I, thou, he, etc., to be or remain

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.

زه اوسيدلي يم = I have remained, stayed, etc.

SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT.

زه اوسيدلي به يم = I may or shall have remained

PLUPERFECT.

زه اوسيدلي وم = I had remained

SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT.

زه اوسيدلي به وم = I would have remained

CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT.

که زه اوسيدلي وي = Had I remained

ACTIVE PARTICIPLE.

اوسيدونکي = remaining, one who remains an inhabitant = باشنده

PAST PARTICIPLE.

اوسيدلي = 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 } does not exist
He beat you

the meaning is rendered by

He was beaten by me
I was beaten by you } etc., etc.
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:

هغه مې ما وواهه = He by me was beaten

زه دې تا ووهلم = I by thee was beaten

ته يې هغه ووهلي = Thou by him wast 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 يي و نه ليدلم ولي ما هغه وليده

کړل ګول = to do

PRESENT.

زه کړم، ګوم — مونږ کړو، کوو
ته کړي، کوي — تاسو کړئ، کوي
هغه کړي، کوي — هغه کړي، کوي

PAST.

وکړم

CONDITIONAL PAST.

که . . . . . وکړم

FUTURE.

زه به و کړم

PERFECT.

کړيَ يم

AORIST.

زه وکړم، کم
هغه وکړي، کاندي، کي

PLUPERFECT.

کړي وم

SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT.

کړيَ به وم

IMPERFECT.

کړو — کړم
کړئ — کړي
کړل، ګول — کړ، کړه، کاوه
کړلي، ګولي — کړه کړله، ګوله

CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT.

که ما، تا، هغه، کړيَ ويَ

HABITUAL IMPERFECT.

به کړم

CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT.

که ما، تا، هغه، کړيَ

IMPERATIVE.

کړه، ګوه، که = do thou
وکړئ، وکاږي = do ye
let him or them do — هغه دِ وکړي، کي، کاندي

PRESENT PARTICIPLE.

ګونکي

PAST PARTICIPLE.

کړيَ، ګولي

*Remarks.*

کړل or ګول is a Transitive Verb, consequently all its Past Tenses are Passive in their construction.

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

| | |
|---|---|
| زه يي تالا کړم | me |
| ته يي تالا کړي | thee |
| هغه يي تالا کړ | him |
| مونږ يي تالا کړو | = he plundered us |
| تاسو يي تالا کړئ | you |
| هغه يي تالا کړل / هغي يي تالا کړلي | them |

Where in any one of the persons for the Agent يي either one of the Agents مو دِ مِ may be substituted as

زه دِ تالا کړي به يم = You will have plundered me
ته مِ تالا کړي به يي = I will have plundered you
هغه دِ تالا کړي به وي = You will have plundered him
مونږ دِ تالا کړي به يُو = You will have plundered us
تاسو مِ تالا کړي به يئ = I will have plundered you
هغه دِ تالا کړي به وي = You will have plundered them

or

که هغه مِ تالا کړيَ = Were I to plunder him
که زه دِ تالا کړيَ = Were you to plunder me

or

زه دِ تالا کړي وم = You had plundered me
ته مِ تالا کړيَ ويَ = I had plundered you
هغه يي تالا کړيَ وه = He had plundered him

تلل to go

راتلل / راغلل = to come

PRESENT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| زه ځم | مونږ ځو | زه راځم | مونږ راځُو |
| ته ځي | تاسو ځئ | ته راځي | تاسو راځئ |
| هغه ځي | هغه ځي | هغه راځي | هغه راځي |

FUTURE.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| زه لاړ به شم | مونږ لاړ به شو | زه را به شم | مونږ را به شو |
| ته لاړ به شي | تاسو لاړ به شئ | ته را به شي | تاسو را به شَئ |
| هغه لاړ به شي | هغه لاړ به شي | هغه را به شي | هغه را به شي |

AORIST.

زه لاړ شم etc. — زه را شم etc.

IMPERFECT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| زه تللم | مونږ تللو | زه را تللم etc. |
| ته تللي | تاسو تللئ | |
| هغه ته / هغه تله | هغه تلل / هغي تللي | |

HABITUAL IMPERFECT.

زه به تللم etc. — زه به را تللم etc., or زه به را غلم etc.

CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT.

که زه تللي etc. — که زه را غليَ etc.

PAST.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| مونږ راغلو | زه راغلم | مونږ لاړو | زه لاړم |
| تاسو راغلئ | ته راغلي | تاسو لاړئ | ته لاړي |
| هغه راغلل | هغه راغي | هغه لاړل | هغه لاړ |
| هغې راغلي | هغه راغله | هغې لاړلي | هغه لاړه |

CONDITIONAL PAST.

که زه راغلم — که زه لاړم

PERFECT.

زه راغلې یم — زه تللي یم

SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT.

زه راغلې به یم — زه تللي به یم

PLUPERFECT.

زه راغلې وم — زه تللې وم

SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT.

زه راغلې به وم — زه تللې به وم

CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT.

که زه ته هغه راغلې وې — که زه ته هغه تللي وې

IMPERATIVE.

را شئ را شه — لاړ شئ، څه، لاړ شه

را ځ شي — هغه لاړ ځ شي

هغه ځي

PRESENT PARTICIPLE.

راتلونې راتلونکي — تلونې تلونکي

PAST PARTICIPLE.

راغلې — تللې

*Remarks.*

The Verb راغلل is in fact only a compound of the abbreviated form را of the First Personal Pronoun with غلل an obsolete form of تلل and means literally only "to come to me;" by the substitution of the abbreviated Pronominal forms در or ور for that of را the meaning of "going" is assumed as

راځه = "come to me" or "come" generally
ورځه = "go to him"

It is difficult to explain the meaning of the compound of در with غلل as it is quite idiomatic, this sentence will give an idea: پښتو ژبه در ته درځي = does the Pushtoo language come to you = can you speak Pushtoo?

The form را 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 هغه ور ته راغي = he came to him.

The forms در and ور can be substituted for را only in the following tenses of the Verb را غلل, viz., Present, Future, Aorist, Imperfect, Habitual Imperfect; in the other tenses it is so intimately associated with the verb غلل that it is inseparable.

The forms در, ور, and را may be added to all tenses of the verb تلل, except the Future and Past, which require راته, درته, and ورته.

### The Primitive Verb.

| | *Transitive.* | *Intransitive.* |
|---|---|---|
| INFINITIVE. | خَوَزيدل = to move. | خَوَزَول = to move. |
| PRESENT. | مونږ خَوَزيږو<br>تاسو خَوَزيږئ<br>هغه خَوَزيږي<br>زه خَوَزيږم<br>ته خَوَزيږي<br>هغه خَوَزيږي | مونږ خَوَزَوُو<br>تاسو خَوَزَوئ<br>هغه خَوَزَوي<br>زه خَوَزَوم<br>ته خَوَزَوي<br>هغه خَوَزَوي |
| FUTURE. | زه به و خَوَزيږم etc. | زه به وخَوَزَوم etc. |
| AORIST. | زه و خَوَزيږم etc. | زه و خَوَزَوم etc. |
| IMPERFECT. | مونږ خَوَزيدو<br>تاسو خَوَزيدئ<br>هغه خَوَزيدل / هغه خَوَزيده<br>هغي خَوَزيدلي / هغه خَوَزيده<br>زه خَوَزيدم<br>ته خَوَزيدي | خَوَزَوُو<br>خَوَزَوئ<br>خَوَزَول / خَوَزَوه<br>خَوَزَولي / خَوَزَوله<br>خَوَزَوم<br>خَوَزَوي |
| HABITUAL IMPERFECT. | زه به خَوَزيدم etc. | زه به دِ يي خَوَزَوم |
| CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT. | که زه ته هغه خَوَزيدلي | که ما تا هغه خَوَزَولي |
| PAST. | زه و خَوَزيدم | زه دِ يي وخَوَزَوم |
| CONDITIONAL PAST. | که زه و خَوَزيدم | که زه دِ يي وَخَوَزَوم |
| PERFECT. | زه خَوَزيدلي يم etc. | زه دِ يي خَوَزَولي يم |
| SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT. | زه خَوَزيدلي به يم | زه دِ يي خَوَزَولي به يم |
| PLUPERFECT. | زه خَوَزيدلي وم | زه دِ يي خَوَزَولي وم |
| SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT. | زه خَوَزيدلي به وم | زه دِ يي خَوَزَولي به وم |

CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT.

که زه ته هغه خوزیدلي وي — که زه دِ یي خوزولي وي

IMPERATIVE.

و خوزیږي و خوزیږه — و خوزوي و خوزوه

هغه دِ خوزیږي — هغه دِ خوزوي

PRESENT PARTICIPLE.

خوزیدوني خوزیدونکي — خوزوني خوزوونکي

PAST PARTICIPLE.

خوزیدلي — خوزولي

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

پاځیدل = to rise Imperat. و پاځه Pres. پاځم etc. etc.

تښتیدل = to flee و تښته تښتم etc. etc.

## Observations on the Verb.

*The Verb in Pushtoo* 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 ل; 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.* | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| م | و | | | م | و |
| ي | ئي | ه | ئي | ي | ئي |
| ي | ي | ي | ي | ه / له | ل / لي |

(c) *The Distinctions of the Tenses.*

(1) *The Present and its Derivative Tenses.*

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

*The Future* is formed from the Present by adding the prefix ږ preceded throughout by the particle به.

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

(2) *The Imperfect and its Derivative Tenses.*

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

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

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Present | زه ویرېږم | I am afraid |
| Aorist | زه و ویرېږم | I may be afraid |
| 3rd. Sing. | هغه ډ و ویرېږي | |
| Imperat. | و ویرېږه | Be afraid |
| | هغه ډ ویرېږي | Let him be afraid |
| 2. Imperfect | زه ویریدم | I was afearing |
| Past | زه و ویریدم | I feared |
| Habitual Imperf. | زه به ویریدم | I used to fear, or I kept on fearing |

N.B. *The Prefix* ږ almost invariably immediately precedes the Verb, but the particle به, 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 کول or the Auxiliary Verb کیدل; 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 خوزیدل, ویریدل, اوریدل, ودریدل, رسیدل, لویدل, نریدل.

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

*Intransitive.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Infinitive | تیرکیدل = تیریدل | To pass |
| Present | زه تیرکیږم = زه تیریږم | I pass |
| Imperf. | زه تیرکیدم = زه تیریدم | I was passing |
| Aorist | زه تیر شم | I may pass |
| Future | زه تیر به شم | I will pass |
| Imperative | تیرشه | Pass thou |
| Past | تیر شَوَم | I passed |

*Transitive.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Infinitive | تیرگَول = تیرَول | To cause to pass |
| Present | زه تیر گوَم = زه تیرَوَم | I cause to pass |
| Imperf. | تیرگَولم = تیرَوَم | I was being caused to pass |
| Aorist | زه تیر وکړم | I may cause to pass |
| Future | زه تیر به وکړم | I will cause to pass |
| Imperat. | تیر کړه | Cause thou to pass |
| Past | تیر کړم | I was caused to pass |

It will be noted that in the case of the Intransitive Form the prefix و 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 و and the particle به 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 زه تیر به وکړم or زه به تیر وکړم but one could not say زه به و تیر کړم.

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

هغه سړي تیر شَوَل = those men passed.
هغي ښځي تیري شَوَلي = those women passed.

PARADIGM OF THE COMPOUND OR DERIVATIVE VERB.

| | *Intransitive.* | *Transitive.* |
|---|---|---|
| INFINITIVE. | تیریدل = to pass | تیرَول = to cause to pass |
| PRESENT. | زه تیریږم | زه تیرَوَم |
| FUTURE. | زه تیر به شم | زه تیر به کړم |
| AORIST. | زه تیر شم | زه تیر کړم |

| *Intransitive.* | *Transitive.* |
|---|---|
| IMPERFECT. | |
| زه تیریدم | زه دِ ,یي، تیرَوَم |
| HABITUAL IMPERFECT. | |
| زه به تیریدم | زه دِ ,یي، به تیرَوَم |
| PAST. | |
| زه تیر شوَم | زه دِ ,یي، تیرکړم |
| PERFECT. | |
| زه تیریدلي یم | زه دِ ,یي { تیرَوَلي یم / تیر کړَي یم } |
| PLUPERFECT. | |
| زه تیریدلي وم | زه دِ ,یي { تیرَوَلي وم / تیر کړَي وم } |
| IMPERATIVE. | |
| تیر شه تیر شئ | تیروئ تیرَوَه |
| | تیر دِ کړِ ,کي |
| CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT. | |
| که زه ته تیر شوَي | که ما ,تیر کړَي |
| CONDITIONAL PAST. | |
| که زه ,ته تیر شَوَم | که زه دِ ,یي ,تیر وکړم |
| SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT. | |
| زه تیر شوَي به یم | زه دِ ,یي تیر کړي به وم |
| SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT. | |
| زه تیر شوَي به وم | زه دِ ,یي تیر کړي به وم |
| CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT. | |
| که زه ,ته تیر شوَي وَي | که ما ,تا تیر کړي وَي |
| PRESENT PARTICIPLE. | |
| تیریدونکي | تیر وونکي تیر کوونکي |
| PAST PARTICIPLE. | |
| تیر شوَي | تیرَوَلي تیر کړَي |

## On the Compound or Derivative Verb.

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

Substantive اوبه = water
Intransitive Verb اوبیدل = to water, *i.e.* to drink
Transitive Verb اوبَول = to water, *i.e.* to cause to drink = to irrigate.
Adjective وچ = dry
Intransitive Verb وچیدل = to dry, *i.e.* to become dry
Transitive Verb وچَول = to dry, *i.e.* to make dry.
Adjective ډک = full
Intransitive Verb ډکیدل = to fill, *i.e.* to become full
Transitive Verb ډکَول = to fill, *i.e.* to make full.
Preposition ګوز = down
Intransitive Verb ګوزیدل = to descend
Transitive Verb ګوزَول = to cause to descend.

ON THE USE OF THE PREFIX و.

(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 پرې, کښې, نن.

(*b*) All Compound or Derivative Verbs.

(*c*) The following Verbs:

بایلل بیول بوتلل ږدل یوسل

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

دغه به خپه شي = he will be angry:

though such a Verb as خپیدل = to be angry does not actually exist,—still و is here omitted, as though خپه شي were the dissolved form of such a Verb.

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

داسي مه کړه = do not do so
و لیدلي مه شه = do not be seen
تیر مه شه = do not pass.

### On the Position of نه Relative to the Verb.

(1) In Verbs compounded with a Prefix such as نن کښيَ پريَ جار, it is always inserted between the Prefix and the Verb itself, as

هغه پري نه وؤت = he did not fall.

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

هغه به وهلي نه شي = he will not be beaten

هغه تير نه شه = he did not pass.

(3) In the Aorist and Future it always precedes the Verb immediately, and follows the Prefix و in the case of the former, and the Particle به, and the Prefix و in the case of the latter, as

زه به و نه پاځم = I will not rise.

### Irregular and Incomplete Verbs.

| | INFINITIVE. | PRESENT. | AORIST. | IMPERATIVE. | IMPERFECT. | PAST. | PAST PART. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| To come | راغلل | راځم | راشم | راشه | راتلم | راغلم | راغليَ |
| To go | تلل | ځم | لاړشم | ځه ; لاړشه | تللم | لاړم | تلليَ |
| To place | ايښل | — | — | — | — | — | ايښيَ |
| | کيښَول | — | — | — | کيښَوَم | کيښَوَم | — |
| | کښيښَول | — | — | — | کښيښَوَم | کښيښَوَم | — |
| | کيښؤدل | — | — | — | کيښؤدم | کيښؤدم | — |
| | کيږدل | کيږدم | وکيږدم | کيږده | — | — | — |
| To leave | پريښل | — | — | — | — | — | پريښيَ |
| | پريښؤدل | — | — | — | پريښؤدم | پريښؤدم | — |
| | پريږدل | پريږدم | وپريږدم | پريږده | | | |
| To take away (of inanimate objects) | وړل | — | — | — | وړلم | وړلم | وړيَ |
| | يوسل | يوسم | ويوسم | يوسه | وړ 3rd Sing. | يوړ | |
| To take away (of animals) | بيول | بيايم | — | بيايه | بيولم | | بيوليَ |
| | بوتلل | بوزم | وبوزم | بوزه | بيوهٔ 3rd S. | بوتلم 3rd Sing. بوت | |
| To see | کتل | — | — | — | کتلم | وکتلم | کتليَ |
| | ګورل | ګورم | وګورم | وګوره | کاته 3rd S. | وکاته | |
| | ليدل | — | — | — | ليدلم | وليدلم | ليدليَ |
| | وينل | وينم | ووينم | ووينه | ليده 3rd S. | وليده | |
| To eject | ويستل | — | — | — | ويستم | ويستم | ويستليَ |
| | باسل | باسم | وباسم | وباسه | يوست 3rd S. | ويوست | |

| | INFINITIVE. | PRESENT. | AORIST. | IMPERATIVE. | IMPERFECT. | PAST. | PAST PART. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| To show | ښوَل | — | — | — | ښوَلم | وښوَلم | ښوَلي |
| | ښيّل | ښيّم | وښيّم | وښيّه | 3rd Sing. ښوَ | وښوَ | |
| To lie down | څملاستل | — | — | — | څملاستم | وڅملاستم | څملاستي |
| | څمل | څملم | وڅملم | وڅمله | 3rd Sing. څملاست | — | — |
| To roll up | نغښتل | — | — | — | نغښتلم | ونغښتلم | نغښتاي |
| | نغاړل | نغاړم | ونغاړم | ونغاړه | 3rd Sing. نغښت | — | — |
| To run | زغليدل | زغلم | وزغلم | وزغله | زغليدم | وزغليدم | زغليدلي |
| | زغاښتل | — | — | — | زغاښتلم | وزغاښتلم | زغاښتلي |
| To draw or | کښل | — | — | — | کښلم | وکښلم | کښلي |
| to write | کاړل | کاړم | وکاړم | وکاړه | 3rd Sing. کيښ | — | — |
| To rub | مښل | — | — | — | مښم | ومښم | مښلي |
| | مړل | مړم | ومړم | ومړه | — | — | — |
| To burn (Intrans.) | سَوَل | سوځم | وسَوَځم | وسَوَځه | سَوَم | وسَوَم | سوي |
| To burn (Trans.) | سيزل | سيزم | وسيزم | وسيزه | — | وسيزم | — |
| To bring | راوړل | راوړم | راوړم | راوړه | راوړلم | راوړلم | راوړي |
| (of inanimate things) | | | | | | | |
| To bring (of animals) | راوستل | راولم | راولم | راوله | راوستم | راوستم | راوستي |
| To put on clothes | اغوستل | — | — | — | — | واغستلم | اغوستلي |
| | اغوندل | اغوندم | واغوندم | واغونده | واغوندم | — | — |

COMPOUNDS OF ږستل.

| | INFINITIVE. | FUTURE. | PAST. | PAST PART. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| To overthrow | پرږستل | — | پرږستم | پرږستلي |
| | پريباسل | پريباسم | — | — |
| To thrust in | ننږستل | — | ننږستم | ننيستلي |
| | ننباسل | ننباسم | — | — |
| To throw back | جارږستل | — | جارږستم | جارږستلي |
| | جارباسل | جارباسم | — | — |

COMPOUNDS OF وتل.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| To fall | پريوَتل | پريوَزم | پريوَتلم | پريوَتلي |
| | | | 3rd Sing. پريووَت | |
| To enter | ننوَتل | ننوَزم | ننوَتلم | ننوَتلي |

| | INFINITIVE. | FUTURE. | PAST. | PAST PART. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| To turn back | جاروَتل | جاروَزم | جاروَتلم | جاروَتليَ |
| To fall into | کښيوَتل | کښيوَزم | کښيوَتلم | کښيوَتليَ |
| To fly | الوَتل | الوَزم | الوَتلم | الوَتليَ |

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

پريوۏت = he fell  پريواته = they fell, cf.  پرۏت = fallen  پراته = fallen (plur.).

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

ننوۏت = he entered  ننواته = entrance.

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

I. *Intransitive.*

| | INFINITIVE. | PRESENT. | PAST. |
|---|---|---|---|
| (1) To be or exist | اۏسيدل | اۏسم | و اۏسيدم |
| To rise | پاڅيدل | پاڅم | پاڅيدم |
| To flee | تښتيدل | تښتم | و تښتيدم |
| To run | زغليدل | زغلم | و زغليدم |
| To leap | غږزيدل | غږزم | و غږزيدم |
| To turn | ګرزيدل | ګرزم | و ګرزيدم |
| To ask | پښتيدل | پښتم | و پښتيدم |
| To graze | څريدل | څرم | و څريدم |
| To tremble | ريږديدل | ريږدم | و ريږديدم |
| (2) To ascend | ختل | خيژم | و ختم<br>3rd Sing. و خۏت |
| To divide | لوېَتل | لوېَزم | و لوېَتم<br>3rd Sing. و لوېَت |
| To split | چاودل | چَوَم | و چاودم<br>3rd Sing. و چاۏد |
| To sit | کښيناستل | کښينم | کښيناستم<br>3rd Sing. کښيناست |
| To be entangled | نښتل | نښلم | و نښتم<br>3rd Sing. و نښت |
| To dig | کنۏدل | کنم | و کنۏدم<br>و کنۏد |

(3) Almost all other Intransitive Verbs are Regular and follow خَوَزيدل in their Conjugation.

II. *Transitive.*

(1) Regular Form.

| | INFINITIVE. | PRESENT. | PAST. |
|---|---|---|---|
| (*a*) To throw | اچَول | اچَوم | واچَوم |
| To send | استَول | استَوم | وا ستَوم |
| To light | بلَول | بلَوم | و بلَوم |
| To raise | خیژَول | خیژَوم | و خیژَوم |
| To dress | اغوستَول | اغوستَوم | وا غوستَوم |
| To throw | غُرزَول | غُرزَوم | و غُرزَوم |
| To put to flight | تښتَول | تښتَوم | و تښتَوم |

N.B.—This form corresponds to the example خوزَول, 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, as

Intrans. ختل = to rise. Pres. خیژم whence.
Trans. خیژَول = to cause to rise = to raise.
Intrans. نښتل = to be entangled. Pres. نښلم.
Trans. نښلَول = to entangle.

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

Inf. اچَول 3rd Sing. Past = واچاوه.
" استَول " واستاوه.
" خیژَول " وخیژاوه.

| | INFINITIVE. | PRESENT. | PAST. |
|---|---|---|---|
| (*b*) To drink | څښل | څښم | وڅښم |
| To bite | چیچل | چیچم | وچیچم |
| To reap | ریبل | ریبم | وریبم |
| To wash | وینځل | وینځم | ووینځم |

| | INFINITIVE. | PRESENT. | PAST. |
|---|---|---|---|
| (*c*) To cultivate | کرل | کرم | وکرم<br>3rd Sing. وکاره |
| To gain | ګټل | ګټم | وګټم<br>3rd Sing. وګاته |
| To possess | لرل | لرم | ولرم<br>3rd Sing. ولاره |
| To lick | څټل | څټم | وڅټم<br>3rd Sing. وڅاته |

| | INFINITIVE. | PRESENT. | | PAST. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| To drive | شړل | شړم | | و شړم |
| | | | 3rd Sing. | و شاړه |
| To stuff | مندل | مندم | | و مندم |
| | | | 3rd Sing. | و مانده |
| To sew | ګندل | ګندم | | وګندم |
| | | | 3rd Sing. | وګانده |
| To bear | زغمل | زغمم | | و زغمم |
| | | | 3rd Sing. | و زغامه |

(2) Irregular Forms.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (*a*) To take | اخستل | اخلم | | وا خستلم |
| | | | 3rd Sing. | وا خست |
| To read | لَوَستل | لَوَلم | | و لوَستم |
| | | | 3rd Sing. | و لوَست |
| To scatter | لَوَستل | لَوَنم | | و لوَستم |
| | | | 3rd Sing. | و لوَست |
| To find | موندل | مومم | | و موندلم |
| | | | 3rd Sing. | و موند |
| To call | بلل | بولم | | و بللم |
| | | | 3rd Sing. | و باله |
| To open | پرانتل | پرانزم | | و پرانتم |
| | | | 3rd Sing. | و پرانت |

ADVERBS.

1. *Of Place.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Here | دلته، دلي | There | هلته |
| Up | پورته | Down | ښکته |
| Before | وړاندي | Behind | ورستو |
| Upon | باندي | Beneath | لاندي |
| This side | دَي خوا<br>دَي پلؤ | That side | هغه خوا<br>هغه پلؤ |
| On this side | راهيسته | On that side | ورهيسته |
| Outside | دباندي<br>باهر | Inside | دننه |
| Near | نژدي | Far | لري |
| Where<br>Somewhere | چري<br>چرته | Nowhere | هيڅ چرته |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Everywhere<br>Wherever | هرچرته | Elsewhere | بل چرته |
| So far | ترهغه پوري | All round | چاپیره |
| Shut | پوري | Open | لري |
| Back again | بیّرته، بیا | | |

2. *Of Time.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Now | اوس | Then | هاله |
| When | کله | Sometimes | کله کله |
| Always<br>Whenever | هرکله | Repeatedly | وارپه وار |
| | | Continually | تل |
| Instantly | سم دَ لاسه | Successively | پلا پسي |
| Before | په خوا | After | پس |
| Slowly | ورۀ ورۀ | Quickly | زر زر |
| How often | څو څله | Once | یو څله |
| For ever | تل ترتله | Every time | هرڅله |
| So long as | څو چه | Till now | تراوسه پوري |
| Ever | چري | Never | هیچرته<br>هیڅ کله |

3. *Conjunctions.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Perhaps | ګندي | In short | جوړ |
| God knows | خداي زده | Indeed | خوّ |
| By God | خداي ږو | Forsooth | نُو |
| However, but | ولي | So, therefore | څکه |
| Notwithstanding | سره دَ دي | Therefore | ترو |
| If | که | When, that | چه |
| Thus, *i.e.* this way | داسي | Thus, *i.e.* that way | هسي |

*Prepositions.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| In, inside | په، په کښي | With | سره |
| Below | دَ لاندي | Above | دَ پاسه |
| In front | دَ وراندي | Behind | دَ ورستو |
| Together with<br>Close by | څخه | For the sake of | دَ پاره |
| | | In the midst | په مینځ |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Until | تر ; | Like | غوُندي |
| So far as | تر . . . . پوري | | |
| Of | ئ | From | له ; له . . . نه |
| To | ته ; و . . . ته<br>له ; و . . . له<br>لره ; و . . . لره<br>و ; و . . . وته | | |

## The Numerals.

| CARDINAL. | | | | ORDINAL. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | يوه ; يو | 16 | شپاړس | First | وړنبيَ |
| 2 | دوَه | 17 | اوُوه لس | Second | دويّم |
| 3 | دري | 18 | اته‌لس | Third | دريّم |
| 4 | څلور | 19 | نه‌لس | Fourth | څلورم |
| 5 | پنځه | 20 | شل | Fifth | پنځم |
| 6 | شپږ | 21 | يوويشت | Sixth | شپږم |
| 7 | اوُوه | 30 | ديرش | Seventh | اووم |
| 8 | اته | 40 | څلويښت | Eighth | اتم |
| 9 | نه | 50 | پنځوس | Ninth | نهم |
| 10 | لس | 60 | شپيته | Tenth | لسم |
| 11 | يولس | 70 | اويا | Eleventh | يولسم |
| 12 | دوَه‌لس | 80 | اتيا | Twelfth | دوَه‌لسم |
| 13 | ديارلس | 90 | نوي | etc. etc. | |
| 14 | څوارلس | 100 | سَوَه ; سل | | |
| 15 | پنځه‌لس | | | | |

## Vocabulary of a Few Words of Common Occurrence.

| ENGLISH. | PUSHTOO. | ENGLISH. | PUSHTOO. |
|---|---|---|---|
| A man | نارينه ; سړيَ | A woman | ارتينه |
| A husband | څښتن | A wife | ښځه |
| A master of a house | مېړه | A mistress of a house | ميرمن |
| A male slave | مريَ | A female slave | وينځه |
| An old man | سپينړيريَ | An old woman | سپينسره |
| A boy | هلک | A girl | جونه - جِنئي - جِنکئي - جل - جلکئي |
| A youth | زلميَ | A maid | پيغله |
| A child | وړوکيَ | An infant | معصوم |
| A relation | عزيز | A stranger | پرديَ |

*Terms of Relationship.*

| ENGLISH. | PUSHTOO. | ENGLISH. | PUSHTOO. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Father | پلار Plur. پلارونه | Mother | مور Plur. ميندي |
| Son | زوي Plur. زامن | Daughter | لوُر Plur. لونړي |
| Brother | ورور Plur. وروڼه | Sister | خوُر Plur. خويندي |
| Uncle | تره Plur. ترونه | Aunt | ترور Plur. تريندي |
| Brother's son | وراره Plur. وراره | Brother's daughter | وريره |
| Sister's son | خوُريَ | Sister's daughter | خورزه |
| Grandfather | نيکه | Grandmother | نيا Plur. نياګاني |
| Father-in-law | خسر | Mother-in-law | خواښه |
| Son-in-law | زُوم | Daughter-in-law | نکور Plur. نکيندي |
| Brother-in-law | اوښَي | Sister-in-law | ندرور Plur. ندرندي |
| Grandchild | نمسَي | | |
| Cousin | تربور | | |

NAMES OF ANIMALS.

1. *Domestic.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bull | غوايه | Cow | غوا |
| Horse | اَس | Mare | اسپه |
| Colt | بهانړ | Filly | بهانړه |
| Camel | اوښ | She-camel | اوښه |
| Ram | ګډ | Ewe | ګډه |
| Goat | وز | She-goat | وزه |
| Buffalo-bull | ميښ, سندا | Buffalo-cow | ميښه |
| Dog | سپَي | Bitch | سپئ |
| Cock | چرګ | Hen | چرګه |
| Cat | پيشو | | |
| Calf | سخَي، خسَي | Camel-calf | چوکَي |
| Buffalo-calf | کټَي | Kid | چيلَي |
| Chicken | چرګوړَي | Lamb | ګډوړَي |

| | |
|---|---|
| Drove of cattle | ګوهار |
| Herd of horses | ګله |
| Flock of sheep or goats | کنډک . رمّه |
| Any entire animal | مينده |
| Any gelded animal | خسي |
| Any animal used as a beast of burden | څاروي |

| | |
|---|---|
| A herd of cattle | ډنګر |
| General name for sheep | پسه |
| Fat-tailed sheep | لمؤر |
| Thin-tailed sheep | ايروي |
| Any animal in foal | بلاربه |
| Any animal that has just given birth | لنګه |

2. *Wild.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tiger | زمري | Stag | ګاوز |
| Bear | ميلو | Deer | هؤسي |
| Wolf | شرمښ ; ليوه | Fawn | کبلي |
| Leopard | پرانګ | Musk-deer | راموسي |
| Boar | سرکوزي . خربيشوي | Wild Sheep | غرځني |
| Jackal | ګيدر | | |
| Fox | لومبړه | | |
| Monkey | شادو | | |
| Hawk | تپوس | Vulture | ګرګس |
| Owl | ګونګي | Crow | قارغه |
| Starling | ښاروني | Sparrow | چړچنړه |
| French Partridge | زرکه | Grey Partridge | تنزري |
| Wild Duck | هيلي | Snipe | ککوي - نرغزي |
| Quail | مړز ; نوګز | | |
| Fly | مچ | Rat | مړه |
| Bee | مچي | Mouse | مړګوري |
| Mosquito | ماشي | | |
| Scorpion | لړم | Rock-snake | ښامار |
| Lizard | ځرمښي | Worm | چيانجي |

PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hair | ويښته | Nose | پوزه | Tooth | غاښ |
| Eye | سترګه | Nostril | سپړمه | Lip | شونډه |
| Eyebrow | وروځه | Ear | غوږ | Tongue | ژبه |
| Eyelash | بانړه | Cheek | انګي | Palate | ګومي |
| Forehead | تندي | Mouth | خوله | Throat | ستوني |

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Moustache | بريت | Elbow | څنګل | Leg | لينګې |
| Beard | ږيره | Wrist | مړوند | Thigh | ورون |
| Brows | وچولې | Hand | لاس | Knee | زنګون |
| Tear | اوښه | Finger | ګوته | Foot | پښه |
| Neck | غاړه | Waist | ملا | Heel | پړکې |
| Nape | څټ | Back | شا | Skin | څرمن - پوستکې |
| Shoulder | اوږه | Belly | خيټه - ګيډه | Blood | وينه |
| Chest | تمر | Heart | زړه | Bone | هډوکې |
| Bosom | غيږ | Intestines | لرې ګلمه | Pulse | نبض |
| Armpit | څڅرک | Liver | لږمون | Shin | پنډې |
| Arm | لېچې | Rib | پښتې | Chin | زنه |
| Nipple | تې | | | | |

PARTS OF ANIMALS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Horn | ښکر | Beak | مښوکه | Claw | منګلې |
| Feather | ښړه | Crop | جګوره | Tail | لکې |

NATURAL FEATURES.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sky | اسمان | Ferry | پټنړ | Plain | ميره |
| Sun | نمر | Marsh | جبه | Abyss | ګړنګ |
| Moon | سپوږمې | Hollow | تهنه | Precipice | ګټ |
| Star | ستوري | Mud | خټه | Valley | درّه |
| Cloud | وريځ | Drop | څاڅکي | Ravine | کنده |
| Rain | باران | Low-ground | ژوره | Pass | غاښې |
| Hail | ږلې | Briar | کرکنړه | Cliff | کمر |
| Snow | واوره | Thorn | اغزې | Dry bed of torrent | خوَړ |
| Ice | يخ | Earth | خاوره | Mountain-peak | څوکه |
| Dew | پرخه | Ground | زمکه | Stony-ground | کاڼړيزې |
| Water | اوبه | Dust | ډوړه | Forest | ښړ |
| Spring | چينه | Stone | کاڼړې | Cavern | سمڅ |
| River | سيند | Wood | لرګې | Hillock | غونډۍ ; ډيرۍ |
| Canal | واله | Grass | واښه | High-ground | لوړه |
| Ford | ګدر | Mountain | غر | Bramble | غنه |
| Rivulet | لښتې | Skirts of ditto | لمن | Pit | ډوغل |

### Seasons.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Summer | اوړي | Spring | پسرلي | Rainy Season | پشکال |
| Winter | ژمي | Autumn | منځي | June-July | اهار |

### Divisions of Time

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Morning | صباح ; ډ وخته | Day | ورځ |
| Evening | نماښام | Night | شپه |
| About 4 a.m. | چرګ بانګ | Dawn | سپيدي چاوَد |
| Sunrise | نمر خاته | About 8 a.m. | څاښت |
| Noon | غرمه | About 2 p.m. | نماز پښين |
| About 5 p.m. | نماز ديګر | Sunset | نمر پريواته |
| After sunset | نماښام | | |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Three days ago | لاوړمه ورځ | Day before yesterday | وړمه ورځ |
| Yesterday | پرون | To-day | نن - نن ورځ |
| To-morrow | صبا | | |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Three years ago | لاوړمه کال | Year before last | وړمه کال |
| Last year | پروس کال | This year | سږکال |
| Next year | منځي کال | | |

### Points of the Compass.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| North | قطب | East | نمرخاته |
| South | سهيل | West | نمرپريواته |

### Metals, etc.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Iron | اوسپنه | Gold | سره زر | Sulphur | ګوګړ |
| Steel | پولاد | Brass | زيړ | Charcoal | سکاره سکوَر |
| Lead | سيکه | Quicksilver; پاره سيماب | | Glass | ښيښه |
| Silver | سپين زر | Saltpetre | ښوَره | | |

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Branch | څانګه | Leaf | پاڼه | Pebble | ګټه |
| Stem | موند | Stump | خنډ | Round stone | تيږه |
| Roots | ولي | Gravel | شِکه | Clod of earth | لوُټه |

### Household Terms, etc.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| House | کور | Oil-press | ګانړي | Trousers | پرتوګ |
| Mansion | مانړي | Jar | منګي | Cloak | خلقه |
| Cottage | کوټړي | Dishes | لوښي | Purse | همیانې |
| Hut | جونګړه | Light | ډِیوه | Staff | همسا |
| Tent (of Nomads) | کیږدي | Spark | بڅرې | Rope | رسې-پړې |
| Room | خونه | Ember | سکروټه | String | مزې |
| Door | ور | Matting | پوزي | Thread | تار |
| Verandah | منډو | Bedding | بچاونړه | Needle | ستن |
| Pillar | ستن | Quilt | پړستن | Yarn | سپنړسې |
| Court | انګنړ; غولي | Blanket | شړي | Shoe | پښړه |
| Handmill | میچن | Articles of dress | کالې | Peg | موړي |
| Waterskin | شناز | Clothes | جامې-زړوکې | Leather | څرمن |
| Pitcher | مټ | | | | |

### Agricultural Terms, etc.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Road | لار | Millet | غوښت | Harvest | درمند |
| Field | پټې | Mustard | اوري | Landed property | دفتر |
| Ploughing | یوي | Cotton | مالوچ | Landholder | دفتري |
| Plough | یوه | Rice | شوَلي-ورژي | Cultivator | چریکار |
| Ploughshare | سسپار | Wool | وړي | Verdure | زرغونه |
| Goad | چُوکه | Fur | پشم | Drought | سوکړه |
| Irrigation ridges | پوله | Coarse cloth | خامتا | Depth of soil | ژوَر والي |
| Ear of corn | وَړې | Muslin | خاصا | Shoot | ډِکې |
| Furrow | کِیل | Felt | لمڅې | A cold | دومې |
| Bridle | واګې | Headstall | ترسرې | Fever | تبه |
| Reins | ملونه | Traces | سرباندي | Small-pox | ننګي |
| Wheat | غنم | Bit | قیضه | Cholera | وبا |
| Barley | اوربوشه | Threshing-floor | غوبل | | |

### Terms Relating to Food, etc.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bread | ډوډي | Rice and Milk | کِیر | Vermicelli | میڼجي |
| Meat | غَوښه | Stew | قُرمه | Cooked peas | پیټي |
| Milk | پِئي - شوَده | Soup | ښوروا | Dry bread | سپوره ډوډي |
| Butter | کُچ | Curds | ماسته | Egg | هاګي |
| Ghee | غَوړي | Buttermilk | شلوني | Honey | شات |

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Well cooked | خُرِبنه | Satisfied | موَر | Tasteless | پیکه |
| Food | خواره | Hungry | وِرِيَ | Grain | غله |
| Drink | څښاک | Thirsty | تِرِيَ | Salt | مالکه |
| Flavour | ښوَند | Thirst | تنده | Mouthful of food | نوَرِيَ |
| Chewing | شخوند | Hunger | لوَرَه | ,, of water | ګوټ |
| Fasting | نهار | Sour | تریو | Stinking | سخا |

COLOURS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| White | سپین | Yellow | زیر | Spotted | برک |
| Black | تور | Red | سُور | Pie-bald | تور برک |
| Green | شِین | Grey | سپیره | Skew-bald | سوُر برک |

QUALITIES.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hard | کلک | Wet | لوُند | Lame | ګُد |
| Soft | پوست | Damp | نوجن | Toothless | کنداس |
| Rough | زیر | Luke-warm | تِرم | One-eyed | کانيَ |
| Smooth | هوار | Blind | روند | Blear-eyed | لیچن |
| Hot | تود | Dumb | ګنګ | Lazy | ناراست |
| Cold | سوَر | Deaf | ګونګ | Unclean | ناولی |
| Dry | وُچ | | | | |

EXTREMES OR OPPOSITE QUALITIES.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Elder | مشر | Younger | کشر |
| Awake | ویښ | Asleep | اوده |
| Fine | نریَ | Coarse | غټ |
| Tall | لوَر | Short | وڅو |
| Long | اوږد | Short | لنډ |
| Broad | پلن | Narrow | تنګ |
| Heavy | دروند | Light | سپُک |
| Fat | غټ | Thin | خوار |
| Straight | سم | Crooked | کوږ |
| Standing | ولاړ | Fallen | پروت |
| Full | ډک | Empty | تش |
| Ripe | پوخ | Raw | اوم |
| Much | ډیر | Little | لږ |
| Sharp | تیره | Blunt | بُخ |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Fresh | تازه | Stale | وروست |
| Sweet | خوږ | Sour | تریخ |
| Right | ښه | Left | کینږ |
| Dried up | سوکړه | Watered | خړوب |
| Inhabited | ودان | Deserted | وران |
| Liberal | سخي | Miserly | شوم |
| Successful | وُړ | Unsuccessful | بړ |
| Dense | ګنړ | Scanty | رنګي |
| Compact (tight) | تینګ | Loose | خوشيَ |
| Enclosed / Protected | خوندي | Open / Unprotected | خوشيَ |
| Upper | پاسنيَ | Lower | لاندنيَ |
| Tame | ایل | Wild | یاغی |
| Coagulated | خیّم | Melted | وِیلي |
| Light | رونړ | Dark | تور |
| Clean | پاک | Dirty | خیرن |

## Military Terms.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sword | توُره | Battery | مورچه | Flank | دده |
| Scabbard | تیکيَ | Trench | خندق | Engagement | مقدّمه |
| Gun | توپک | Palisade | سنګړ | Night-attack | چپاو |
| Pistol | تمانچه | Supplies | خرڅ | Raid | داړه |
| Bow | لنده | Spoils | اولجه | Ambuscade | پسونيَ |
| Arrow | غشي | Explosion | دز | Feud | بدي |
| Spear | نیزه | Arrow's flight | پرتاب | Reprisals | برمه - برمتا |
| Javelin | شلګيَ | Horse-trappings | برګستوان | Fugitive | ماتي |
| Dagger | جمدر | Warrior | مړني | Suppliant | ننواتي |
| Quiver | شخَولیَ | Heavy-armed soldier | پټ سپاهي | Wounded | ژوبل |
| Barbed arrow | شتئي | | | Cut | غوَڅ |
| Bullet | ګولئي | Soldier | توُرزن سړيَ | Bruised | خوُږ |
| Rocket | بان | Vanguard | هراول | A wound | پرهار |
| Cannon | توپ | Rear-guard | چنداول | Archer | غشي ویشتونکيَ |
| Battle-axe | ګرز | Main body | مینځني صف | | |

### Terms used in Civil Administration.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tribe | اولس | Headman | ملک ـ کدخدا | Fine | ناغه |
| Family | خیل | Wandering tribe | کوچي پوَنده | Bribe | بده |
| District | تپه | Disturbance | پسات | Tax | قلنګ |
| Household | عیال ـ تبر | Insurrection | بلوا | ,, (on cattle) | کوشي |
| Belongings | کده | Prisoner | بندي | ,, (on property) | مالیا |
| Neighbour | کواندي | Fetter | څولانه | Swindling | درغلي |

### Idiomatic Expressions.

| | |
|---|---|
| To conquer a country. | مُلک لاندي کَول |
| To pacify a country. | ملک پخولا کَول |
| To muster an army. | دَ لښکرسان اخستل |
| To join battle. | جنګ نښلَول |
| To form into line. | پره تړل |
| To retreat. | په ستنه کیدل |
| To wheel round. | په بیرّته پیر کړل |
| To start out of an ambuscade. | دَپسوني له ځاي پوري کیدل |
| To draw sword. | تُوره له تیکي نه ګَستل |
| To fire a shot. | دز کَول |
| To be seized with panic. | تؤریدل |
| To fire a volley. | باړ چلَول |
| To cross a river. | له سیند نه پوري وَتل |
| To shy (of a horse). | تیندک خوړل |
| To stumble (of a horse). | بُدري خوړل |
| To trot (of a horse). | په دچکو تلل |
| To buy on credit. | په نسیه اخستل |
| To borrow money. | پؤر اخستل |
| To lend money. | پؤر ورکَول |
| To give gratis. | وړیا ورکَول |
| To select. | په غَوره اخستل |
| To pawn. | ګانړه کَول |
| To take in pledge. | په ګانړه اخستل |
| To stretch out one's hand. | لاس غزَول |
| To imitate a person. | دَ چا پیښي کَول |
| To laugh at a person. | چا پوري خندا کَول |
| To say in jest. | په توقو ویّل |
| To swim. | لانبو وهل |
| To be delayed. | ایساریدل |
| To launch a boat. | بیړۍ په اوبو کده کَول |
| To track a deer. | دَ هوسي پل اخستل |
| I go at once. | زه دغه یم لاړم |
| That man will not recover. | هغه سړي دَ جوړیدو نه دي |
| We do not think that possible. | مونږ دا کار کیدوني نه ګنړو |
| It seems best to me to say nothing. | په نه ویل راته خیر ښکاریږي |
| He is waiting outside the house. | هغه کَور نه باهر ایساریږي |
| He could not stir from the place. | له ځاي خَوَزیدلي نه شه |
| I am convinced that what he says is not true. | زه په دا باندي قایل یم چه هغه څه وایي رښتیا نه دي |
| Your trouble is in vain. | ستاسو ربړ عبث شه |
| This man is taller than that. | دغه سړي له هغه نه لَوړ دي |
| A deer is swifter than a dog. | هوسي له سپي نه ګړندي دي |
| He is the skilfullest of all. | هغه له ټولو نه مړني دي |
| He is sunk in the mud up to his waist. | هغه په خټو کښي تر ملا پوري بوخت شوي دي |

| | |
|---|---|
| How deep is the water in that river? | په هغه سیند کښې اوبه څومره ژوري دي |
| Run on in front and see who that man is. | په دوړاندې روان شه او وګوره چه هغه کوم سړی دی |
| Have you seen any one passing this way? | څوک په دې لارې باندې تیریدونکي دِ لیدلي دي |
| Go straight on for one koss, then turn to the right and then to the left. | تریو کروه پورې سم نیغ روان شه بیا ښي لاس ته وګرزه ورستو کینږ لاس ته |
| Come to my house early to-morrow morning, we will go out shooting together. | صبا ئ وخته څمونږ کره راشه مونږ به سره ښکار له څو |
| The boy used to bathe in the river. | هلک به په سیند کښې لنبیده |
| Why do you talk such nonsense? | ولې داسې خوشي خبرې کئي |
| That horse wanders about loose. | دا آس چرته خوشي ګرزي |

COMMON SENTENCES.—GREETINGS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Come always. | هر کله راشه |
| Long life be yours. | هر کله اوسه |
| May good befall you. | درشه نیکي |
| Welcome. | په خیر راغلي |
| May you not be tired. | ستړی مه شه |
| May you not be distressed. | مه خواریږي ; خوار مه شي |
| God be with you. | خدای دِ مل شه |
| May good be before you. | په مخه دِ ښه |
| Who are you? | ته څوک ئي |
| What sort of Pathan are you? | په اصل کښې کوم پښتون یي |
| Whence are you come? | له کوم ځاي نه راغلي |
| Whither are you going? | چرته ځي |
| What brought you here? | دلته په څه طمع سره راغلي یي |
| Is there any news from the mountains? | په غرونو کښې نوي څه حال کیږي |
| I hear that in the border country there are great disturbances. | ما اوریدلي دِي چه په یاغستان کښې دیر پساتونه کیږي |
| How far is your home from here? | ستاسو کوز له دي ځاي نه څومره لري دي |
| It is a long way off and you could not go there. | لري لارده ته به هلته نه شي تللي |
| Is your village on this side of the river or on the further side? | ستاسو کلي ئ سیند راهسته دي یا ور هیسته |
| Can one cross the river by a ford or by a ferry? | له سیند نه څوک په ګدر یا په پتنږ پورې وتي شي |
| It has been raining for some days, I expect that the river will be very full and there is no boat. | له څو ورځو نه باران اوریږي ګمان م دي چه په سیند کښې به ډیري اوبه راغلي وي او بیړئ هلته نشته ده |
| What time is it? | څو بجي شوي دي |
| It has just struck six. | اوس شپږ غږیدلي دي |
| Are you married or no? | واده دِ کړي دي که نه |
| I was married but my wife is dead. | واده م کړي وه ولي تیرم مړه شه |
| My father is alive but he is now an old man. | پلارم ژوندي دي ولي اوس زوړ سپینږیري شوي دي |

| | |
|---|---|
| Are there any places in the road for pitching tents or encamping an army? | په لاري کښې ځ خيمې ودرَولو ياد لښکر اړَولو دپاره څو ځايونه دي |
| I wish my tent to be pitched under those trees in the shade. | زه غواړم چه خيمه م ِ ځ هغو ونو ځ لاندي په سوري کښې ودرَولي شي |
| Choose an open space and level the ground. | ارت ځاي غوره کړه او زمکه هواره کړه |
| I will do all I can to please you, Sir. | هرڅه چه ځ لاس کيږي زه به وکړم چه صاحب خوښ شي |
| Boil some water and cook some meat. | اوبه يشوه او غوښه پخه کړه |
| Unroll my bedding and spread it on the ground. | بچونړه م ِ وسپړه او په زمکې باندي وي غوړوه |
| Fold up my trousers and hang my clothes on a peg. | پرتوک م ِ قت کړه او جامي م ِ په موږي سره څوړندي کړه |
| I shall stop here all night, and if the rain lessens go on to-morrow. | زه به توله شپه دلي تيره کړم صبا له که باران کم شي روان به شم |
| The clouds are very thick and there is a strong wind, I think there will be a hurricane. | ورځي ډيري ګڼري دي او باد ډير الوزي ګمان م ِ دي چه سيلي به راشي |
| There is no use in light rain, the ground is not wetted by it. | رنګي باران هيڅ فايده نه لري زمکه پري نه لونديږي |
| I see smoke rising from the valley; there must be a village near. | لوګي را معلوميږي چه له دري نه راخيژي يو کلي به نژدي موندلي شي |
| The fog is dense and there is a thick haze. | لږه ګنړه ده او ځند ډير دي |
| I am tired and cold and hungry and thirsty, let us go there. | زه ستړي ستومان وسړ و وږي و تږي شوي يم هلته مونږ لاړ شو |
| Collect wood and light a fire that we may warm ourselves. | لرګي ټول کړه او اوربل کړه چه مونږ ځانونه تاوده کړو |
| Now snow is falling and the water is frozen, how shall I melt it? | اوس واوره پريوزي و اوبه خيمي شوي دي څنګه به يي ويلي کړم |
| If you had not come to my assistance I should have died of hunger and thirst. | که ته څمونږ په هيه نه وي راغلي له لوږي او له تندي به مړ شوي وم |
| Why have you come so late, come in the morning and I will talk with you. | ولي داسي نا وخت راغلي يي صباح له راشه درسره خبري به کومه |
| Is that horse quiet or vicious? | هغه اس اصيل دي يا کم اصل |
| That horse kicks, I will not ride him. | دا اس لتي وهي پري نه سَوَريږم |
| Tie him up to that tree and spread some bedding. | هغي وني سره يي وتړه او لوخه ورته وغوړوه |
| Have you seen any snipe in those rice-fields? | په دي شولګرو کښي څه ککوي دليدلي دي |
| Gird up your loins and take my gun and follow me, perhaps we shall find some game here. | ملا و تړه څما توپک واخله او راسره روان شه ګندي به دلته ښکار مليا شي |
| Hold my horse, lest he should run away. | څما اس و نيسه چه و نه تښتي |

# 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 Ashraf 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 Naushahra 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 fort, 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, alike 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 Durbar,
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 would he make.
They rose then from their seats, dispersed were all the Nobles.
Three days had passed when came my uncles 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 Khataks, 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 no blood be shed or other opposition shown,
"For glad would be the foe that I should be ruined 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 Rahimkar:
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 afeard;
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 thee 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 despatched me, Mustajab my escort,
A Noble and Chief was he, the head of the Gori Khel.

They despatched me from the city with all speed and haste,
Slowly marching on I came to the Inn of Shahbaz Khan.
All the night was the guard of the Muhib Khel over me,
Besides another band of the followers of Misri Khan Daozai.
I came to Naushahr 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 Mussalmans;
In the morning they set out in fear, alike Moghals 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 Surai, in a moment was Surai deserted,
Thou 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 Osman,

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 Surai.
We came then to Narraie; spectators, both men and women,
Were standing helpless in grief, like idols without life.
Winding along the road then came we to Garrai,
On either side of the river all the people were looking on,
All those that were with us were overcome with fear;
Thought they, "Who was he that said that the Khatak 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 confounded;
Wailing was there in my houses, and weeping amongst my sons,
Such was then the time as came upon the Khataks,
Thou 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 Baba Hassan Abdal,
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 Kukartal;
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-hâl!
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 disputation and arguments that followed then;

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 Syad Shams, son of Jalal.
We were full of this thought when, in the month of Shawal,
A request came from Sayad Meer with these contents:
"Loose ye not Khush-hal; 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 there 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.

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 mistaken 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;
Alas! O Ashraf Khan, no such resolution was thine;
All the tribe was at thy call, but thou hast neither skill nor boldness.
To the Moghal they betook them, great the dishonour of Ashraf,
Great was my misfortune, great was that of each one else's.
While the country was deserted, 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 Jagram 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 Narai 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 Jamal 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 homes 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, Khush-hal; and shorten thy narration.
I know not what to do since Heaven protects the base,
Would that my hand could reach him, then soon would my wrath be cooled.

Twice was my home at Surai broken up; once when I was imprisoned.
Again when Saadat, and when Mir Baz arrived.
Once defeated and pursued they fled to Hangal,
And again they took refuge in Sekra of the Akozais.
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 Cabul.
All my wives and children were put to shame in Sekra.
Came then to the Emperor from Cabul a written message,
" Devastated is the land of Surai, great the ruin that has been wrought it;
" Everywhere are your forces encamped as guards throughout the country,
" The road to Surai is seized, on the passers-by we fire."
Joined were Usufzaies against the Khataks to raid in Surai,

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 Punjaub
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 food of the Usafzaies, had been as the bitterest poison;
No other object was mine in the service of the Moghals.
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.
Shabash Khan attempted to retrieve his tarnished honour;
Then came the Usufzais, and sore were the straits he was in,
With them were the Baezaies and the Raurazies, they marched together.
My tribe, both great and small, fled to the other side of the river;
They betook them thence to Sekra, in number a hundred houses,
But the other Khataks 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 befell the Khataks.

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.
Whoever was my subject, whether poor or a stranger,

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 honour:
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, parted 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 faces 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 Oojein he came, and Jeswant Singh he defeated;
Then he came to Agra, and dark was the day for Dara.

Shahjehan he imprisoned, and deprived him of all his retinue;
Again Murad Bakhsh he reconciled to Shahjehan,
And then to Mooltan he bore his standard in pursuit of Dara.
Then came he back again, and trouble he brought on Shuja.
It was in the battle of Kajwa 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 Shah fled in fear and confusion.
He was taken by the Chief of Jun to his house for design of his own.
Thence was he sent to Delhi where his head from his body was severed.
Again Suleman Shekh, 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 wile and deceit.
Next in intrepidity to Shah Shujah was his brother Muazzim,
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 Hindustan.
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 rank, 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 shields?
What of Aurangzeb? 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 Yezid 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;
When has ever the base been the master of high place?
He who by disposition has been born of filthy nature,
Never will he be 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 I 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 Ghorikheyls 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,
He yet in course of time may change his ignorance for knowledge.
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 askance 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 bushes of the cactus and the radish seem to him sweet.
There 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 Rantipur I solaced my heart's anguish.

---

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 Shahjehan held open audience of his subjects,
In his Durbar were the Seventy-two peoples represented.
Had it but the breezes of Irak and Khorassan,
Jealous, indeed, would Paradise have been of Delhi's rivalry.
That glory which Shahjehan 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 Chohans first laid Delhi's foundations:
Three hundred years did they reign over it;
The first Mahommedan King of Delhi was Mauzuddeen,
Whose stay in Delhi was but for one year,
When Delhi he took from Pathora,
Great the trouble that this labour cost him;
When Pathora's head he severed from his body,
Five hundred and eighty were the years of the Hijra.
Then after him came Kootubuddeen, his slave,
Whom in Hind 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 Razi, daughter of Shamsuddeen,
And happy with her were soldiers and subjects all alike.
After her came Mauzuddeen, 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 Jelalooddeen ascended the throne,
Who by descent was of the country of the Ghilzais.
After him was Kootubuddeen, son of Alauddeen;
Devoted to folly and luxury was he.
After him came Tughlak Shah, greatest of all;
Nurtured had he been by the Ghiljie rulers.
After him came Sultan Mohammed Shah, son of Tughlak Shah,
In whose times the peoples dwelt in ease.
Then Sultan Mohammed Shah, son ofFeroze Shah,
Who seized the Kingdom from his brother.
Then the Sultan Ghayasuddeen, 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 Nasruddeen 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 Mubarik 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 whose time was spent amongst his women.
Then Bheilole Lodi became the King of Delhi,
Who remained on the throne for twenty-nine years.
After him Secunder, Bheilole Lodi's son,
Whose practice was in accordance with the faith.
After him came his son Ibrahim,
Who fought with Baber at Panipat.
After him was Baber King of Delhi,
Who was indebted to the Pathans for his place.
After him Humaun, Baber's son,
Whose armies and wealth were without bounds.

After him Shah Alam, son of Hassan Soor;
Defeated at his hands was Humaun.
After him Islam Shah, son of Shah Allum,
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 Akbar, son of Humaun,
Whom victory accompanied wherever he went.
After him Jehangir, son of Akbar,
During whose reign Hind was like Paradise.
Now the King is Shahjehan, son of Jehangir,
Who had been formerly in Balkh and Badakshan.
I Khush-hal 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 Kurshat.
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 were with me Shahbaz 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 Majnun'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 Aurungzeeb'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 that 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 compunction 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 discernment 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 in this year or next year that people will hear
That rivers of red blood will full 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-hal!
For it is God the all-powerful who alone will cure thy ills!

---

When the time for the bloom of the roses comes,
Gentle 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?
To-day 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 Hindustan.
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 Cashmere'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;
Thou wouldst 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 Nimrod's fire,
So scattered are bright Tulips through the mead.
The Roses there their charms have wove 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 is my heart now soothed to rest.
May I devote myself to the Creator of these works,
Since from his mighty hands such beauties have been produced.
All its trees rise as though in rivalry with the Heavens,
Overtowering 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 youths,
Such is my belief in the power of its breeze.
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 Khurrum's orders is the work proceeding.
It was the thousand and fifty-ninth year of the Hejra,
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 bursting 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 us 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 Shahjehan,
That to Aurung 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 astounded 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 mohar,
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 Champu,
To the ignorant as the Sunflower devoid of scent I seem;
Like the falcon is my eye on noble quarry;
No Sparrow I that feeds on worms and grubs;
A Tiger I whose feast is on his victims;
No bullock I that grazes on the plains.
My beard is growing white, dear to me are faith and honour;
Were I to deal otherwise, a pitiable creature I should be.
If people turn their back 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 like a kite I am driven by the wind.
Every Pathan 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 his 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 blow of sword and mace.
If to the evil I am niggardly, 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;
Relieved now am I of velvet and of brocade;
A grass-built hut 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 chests are full.
The opposition which I have resolved it 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,
I that 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 hardly 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 Khataks 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 Karlanrai and Sarbunni, many Pathans are there,
I, 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 Khush-hal 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 Khush-hal, son of Shahbaz;
Of a warrior race I am sprung.
Shahbaz Khan was Yahya Khan's son,
Few so active and so bold.
Akoray's son was Yahya Khan,
Master of the sword was he;
Skilful was he with the sword,
With 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 like 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 hardy warriors they;
Of one mind in all their actions,
Jealous each of fame and name.
The thousand and twenty-second year of the Hejra
It was that to this world I came.
Fifty years had he completed
When was martyred Shahbaz Khan.
The Emperor of his time was he,
That discerning Shah Jehan.
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 nought in me.
Thirty thousand Khataks mine,
Each one to my word intent.

All my wealth I spent on armies,
Or the feeding of my guests.
Had I a hundred in my house,
A thousand went on feasts and sport.
Every Khatak 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,
Soon that gallant becomes poor.
Yet from the Emperor Aurungzeeb
Full vengeance took I for his bonds.
The sword's impress I printed clear
Alike on Hind and Mussulman.
Why should I, though, boast myself?
Others let them tell the tale.
The Emperor's bitter foe am I,
Whether my path through hill or plain.
The Pathan's honour, dear to me,
Though they have joined the Moguls;
Like the dogs they stray about
Seeking for the Mogul's scraps.
Now of seventy years I am
In the month of Ramzan.

---

As before, in my heart of them no sign was seen,
Now from forth it what deeds does the world behold?
Through Lachee and Choutra did I wander,
But now is my way to Maidar, 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 I such deeds make 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.

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 to man is there of to-morrow's life?
He who sleeping laughs, 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.
Aurungzeeb 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 bribes.
He that eats the Mogul's pottage, a dog indeed is he ;
How can I make mention of the names of such as these?
Are they Khataks? Are they Bangash? Are they Wurrakzais?
May their houses ne'er 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 have 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 Kaffilas, band succeeding band.
The road through bogs and quicksand, on a sorry steed thou'rt mounted,
See than thee 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 incantations.
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 beasts 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, Khush-hal,
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
By 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 Cabul or Cashmere.
A hero he whose deeds are chanted,
Whether in songs or funeral dirge.
The sword's lot is thine, Khush-hal,
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 wearied 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 findest!
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 no Faith is now my trust,
Though each Faith and Creed I know.
Wounded by each shaft I saw
By myself the bow was drawn.
No fear have I of harm from others,
So no harm comes from myself.
Where's the good in promised blessing?
Has ten now with thee my meeting!

---

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 speeches I hear.
He who has been fed on sugar and honey,
To his taste the Ber 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-hal?
Sure thy heart is made of steel.

---

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 thou 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 feebler 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 Muhammadanism,
Happy for me, for then perchance I am a good Mussulman.

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 Mahomed, son of Abdullah,
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-hal 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 mouse or rat.
My evil dispositions do thou take from out my heart,
For such it is that drain my heart of blood.
Grant me Thy power and Thy guidance for devotion.
I am Thy slave, of earth am I and helpless.
In my account with Thee no claim is mine for freedom,
Yet do Thou resign me for one moment to Thine own mercy.
When parts my soul from forth my body,
Do Thou bear me away to the sight of Paradise.
Such that both the heavenly writers may be satisfied with me.
To such a grave do Thou consign me.
Keep Thou 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 in this world.
Give me no family or descendants void of honour.
Time for Thee is ending, be no more careless, O Khush-hal,
Few are the days and nights that now remain to thy account.

---

Of Thee I seek for aid, O single and undivided God!
Be but Thou my helper, then will all my work succeed.
Thy helpless slave am I, yet Thy mercies I will praise,
Ever will I repeat Thy praises 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;

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 unity,
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 askest 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 Canopus
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,
Lip 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,
Scream the Herons in the skies.

Geese and ducks are all around us,
Countless are the water-birds.
Leaves his hills now the rock-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 blossoms,
Brighter than Saffron's tints are they.
Many are the colours of the Abasi,
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 wilt thou
Greater hardly find in Heaven;

To me in truth I say this season
Takes the prize from that of spring-tide.
Before me now for months lies freedom,
Beyond spring nothing but restraint.

Welcome art thou to Khush-hal,
O Yaman's star, I live by thee.
When thou showest forth thyself,
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 torments of the moth?
Hope not to escape from the slaughter of her sword,
Hers 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 in 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 nicety, 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 Darweza 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 drives 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 place his finger in criticism,
Whatever faults he finds I forgive him for them all.
In poetry any 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 succumb?
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?
Khush-hal's follies have become thus conspicuous in the world
As the call of the Muazzin from the lofty steeple's summit.

---

Surely those are not thy cheeks which thy raven tresses cover!
Rather these are fresh shoots of the hiacynth 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 Wamak? Was it Farhad or Khusru?
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 lie these locks upon my heart.

---

He who in his old age longeth 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 rue.
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, in 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, Khush-hal, know well that it burns both green and dry.

---

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 rosebud, 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 Ambergris;
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 diedst so my dogs would cease from barking."
I said, "It is naught thou knowest of the love that I bear to thee."
Said she, "What care for love the men of the Khatak tribe?"

---

Like thee is there no other fair one in this world,
Thy gait is of the partridge, thy eyes are like the peacock's.
Now is the time of early spring, all the meadowsare 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 hither, 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 die when thou art from me, my life thou art, didst 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 glances light.
Thy beauties without rival, greater each 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 lisper, 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,
Thou 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, now 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 betide 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'dst 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 peacock'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!
Well dost thou say, my adviser, blessings upon thy speech;
Well dost thou mean, but by words hast thou ever yet turned the torrent?

Those have gone to Heaven who had neither knowledge nor sense,
Others have gone to Hell whose excellence was their boast.
Of what profit to Abujahal the words of the Prophet Mahommed?
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 dost thou thus straiten this spacious world for thyself?
I would have love's troubles whatever may be my religion.
They are but thine own words that thou tellest thus to me.
Hither 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-hal's death: Thou hast compunction.

---

The minstrel now attunes his lute afresh,
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-hal, 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-hal a criminal throughout his life.

---

How deftly has she curled those two long tresses,
Forthwith all men's affections are distraught.
Her black locks are as a chain, her face the Kaaba,
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.
Boast thou of 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 Khush-hal'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 made me not, of Adam's stock am I sprung.
In descent from father to son a follower of Mahomet am I,
In the mission of the Four Friends I am 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 bind.
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 skilled 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 level with him;

Such was his form and stature, and his valour was in proportion;
My other grandsire was Malik Ako, who in the land of the Khataks
First gained for us the mighty place that is ours.
Thirty years have passed that my father died a Martyr,
Slain by the Eusofzaies, but with fire I harried their homes.
Other Pathans there are many, but their chiefest warrior am I;
I seize, I grant, I bind, I loose, as my pleasure moves me.
Many there are of the clans 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 Yusufzaies that have put me under obligation,
Still among the Akozaies dwells the true old Afghan spirit.
When I in the year of Aghad 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 Lakhi 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 Turin 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?
Bad luck to the Yusufzaies that a Turin 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 Jehan,
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,
Had 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 Shumsher 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,
Acmal 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 Krappa is the roar of their cannon still heard,
To Krappa 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 Tahtar,
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 Doabah,
Where crushed was his head as of a snake.
Again after that was the fight of Naushahr,
When drunk with the slaughter of the Moghals was I;
Then came the fights with Jeswant, Singh and Shujaa Khan,
On whom Acmal brought destruction in Gandab.
The sixth fight was with Mukarram Khan and Shamsher Khan,
Whom in Khapash Acmal 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 Aurangzeb 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 relief 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 Yusufzaies cultivating their fields
The Afridis, Mohmunds, Shinwaris, what are they about?
Spread is the Moghal army in Nangrahar,
With calls for succour to them am I wearied,
Deaf 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 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 Doda 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 he rival his father in life and name and deeds,

May his hands 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 lucky hairs on his head,
Ever will victory hasten to his face.
Who truly spends all in gifts and feeding,
Before him ever bow 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 slain by the rifles
An eighth heaven there appeared grey in hue;
The spears of the Khataks thus pierced the chain-armour,
As runs the Tailor's needle through the tent cloth.
The lance-armed horsemen of the Khataks
Overthrew 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 fight 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,
Stinking 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,
Than 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 fight of Doda again was filled with wine
That goblet which in Gunbut had emptied been;
In that fight countless plunder became ours,
Of lovely maidens, fine horses, and valuable treasures;
With their black armour, bows, and sheaves of arrows,
Every man of us was fitted out with arms.
There were six or seven thousand Khataks in that fight,
Every one of us was rejoiced with booty.
The reports of this fight 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 1091, 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.
Ever 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 say 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 Moghals:
Concord is what they lack, the pity of it!
From Bahlul 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 centred 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 worse ills 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 kindly 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 Dehli was my stay ;
The fourth of Rajab was the day,
Of the Hijra the 1077th year.
O Khush-hal! grumble thou no longer :
If thou sayest more, disgraced art thou !

---

Saidst 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 thou movest 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 Khush-hal's grasp is Paradise!

---

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.
It 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.
Wheresoe'er 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,
Natheless, will I nill 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.

---

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 from 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 awoke 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.

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-hal 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-hal 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 sought 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,
Tyrannical 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 such a lovely idol art?
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 Khush-hal 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,
Ever are they warring with the hearts of those that love her.
Thou wouldst call it a Negro selling sweets,
That mole of hers which is on the side of her lips.
The radiancy 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,
Assenting 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.

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 snoods.
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-hal, have but little told of much,
Prate no further on this matter which is boundless.

---

The Adamkheyl Afridee 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 girt 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.
O! of Lundi's streams the water, and of Bari,
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 Adamkheyls in Tirah,
Then I parted with them at Khwarrah with sad heart.
Love's troubles are like fire, Khush-hal,
What though the flame be hidden, its smoke is seen.

---

O morning breeze, shouldst thou pass by Khairabad,
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 bear—
To mighty Indus shout them out with Fervour;
But to the Lundi stream in whispers softly tell them.
Perchance again my 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 staunched be.
God grant that I again may meet my loved one,
From whom apart from myself two-thirds are parted!
Yet the wise bear no rebellious longings
Anent the treatment which the Physician orders.
Not for ever will Khush-hal remain in Hind:
At last from Hell will find release the Sinner.

---

Blessings on my Grandsire, who took up his abode at Surai:
Well do I know it now; no place like it, believe me.
The dark mountains of Hodee stretch straight up to Tirah,
The Nilab and Lundi have laid their heads below;
Along them lies the road to Hind and to Khurassan:
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 Ashnuggar, 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 Khush-hal 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 Empire 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 he ascend
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 kindnesses 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 his face, his word 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.
Blooming 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 power.
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? Hast thou wealth and lands?
All these I look upon but as sleeping fancies.
White has turned from black thy hair, yet change not thou thy nature;
Think not, Khush-hal, 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.
Thou of the Moghal's eye to-day,
O Khush-hal! 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!

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 luck 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.
Acmal 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 Khatak, 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 thou 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.

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.
Alas! 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, an 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 art 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 aught more precious is than wealth,
Than 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, Khush-hal:
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 slewest 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 Khush-hal Khan.

---

What though outwardly are bonds,
How can such bind hearts together?
Whether it be father or son,
Far apart their purports lie.
Hopes have they now none in common,
Naught their confidence in oaths.
Scathless go the evil-doers,
Who dares lop 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-hal!

---

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.
He 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.
Slain 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 Khush-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.
Sad 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 Khush-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 thou 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, midst the aged now thy place.

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!
Thou, who once wast 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 Khatak 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 then one another the sweet secrets of our hearts.
See, I have a book; 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 lip's 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 doest 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 flavour 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!

---

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 Mussulman 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 Khush-hal 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 Mehdi then, or the Messiah, that has appeared,
That in thy world, O God! such tumults have arisen?
Of the Messiah and Mehdi's coming these indeed the signs,—
That first should appear Antichrist and his armies;
Darya Khan and Darweza 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 assail Thee with my prayers.

---

I had devoted myself to retrieve the Pathan honour:
Then choice the bands of warriors I had collected,
Would that I could die slain by another's hand in battle!
Rather that 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 live, 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 Naushahar, 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-hal;
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 Gwarrikhels than of the Bangash:
Risen are the Gwarrikhels 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?
Perchance 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 he 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 Aurung'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 Guebre and his creed!

---

No pleasure has my heart in Bahram's rule,
Distracted is my household with his quarrels.
No concern has now the Khatak tribe for honour,
Their actions are all those as 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 Acmal Khan and Darya, who had good judgment;
Now Khush-hal 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, O God! far-seeing,
Cause and effect are known to Thee;

Thou the Physician art, Thou knowest,
Though I know naught of ills or cures.
All that happens is by Thy order,
Whether it be right or wrong;
Thou alone canst bear such troubles,
Such as pass a Monarch's strength.
Streams that last year flowed with water,
Like Jihoon roll this year with blood.
In every matter thanks are due to Thee,
Better submission than repining.

---

Seven months are now passed that in Hind and Khurrasan
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 Âlam 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 Hako it rejoices and in Kamran.

---

No distinction does he make between his friends and his foes,
See how misguided are the ways of Aurungzeb!
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-hal 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 tempers is there moaning.
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 movings 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-hal 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
Armies bring him no success.

---

Came the Negro hordes to Mecca,
Bent on laying Mecca waste;
Feared the Koreish then from battle,
And they flying left their place.
When Mahomed'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.

Violence for Kings, Roguery for Priests,
Parsimony 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 Mecca 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-kheyls.
A hundred blessings on the bands of the Mohmunds!
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 feat that Abad Khan showed on that field.
Yet though the Bangash Chieftain fell, the Khataks were defeated—
So strange were the events of that day.
When Abad 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, comes 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 ruin came.
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.
If 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 Khataks and Karlanrai had some pride.

---

Of the Pathans that are famed in the land of Roh,
Now-a-days are the Mohmunds, the Bangash, and the Warrakzaies, and the Afridis.
The dogs of the Mohmunds are better than the Bangash,
Though the Mohmunds themselves are a thousand times worse than dogs.
The Warrakzaies 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 Mohmunds 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;
Crooked is the vision of the evil-natured.

No regard have the Yusufzaies for Pathan honour;
Get you gone from amongst these disgraced Pathans, Khush-hal.
Go to Bunnoo, and there collect your followers,
And spread fire and clouds of smoke right up to Khush-āb;
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 handlest 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 week 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.

چه زړه دَ چا ژوندي دَي هغه مینه کا په ښکار
له ښکاره ئې څه کار دَي چه په زړه نه وي بیدار
که ښکار کا دَ مرغونو دَ بازونو دَي پکار
دَ سپي په ښکار هم درومه که میدان وي که کوهسار
دَ غشي ښکار ډیر ښه دَي که باتور وي په ګذار
که ښکار دَي دَ توپک دَي که پري ته وکړي تلوار
په دا دوه کارَ خوشحال په جهان کښي دَي اوڅار
دَ باز دَ توپک دواړه هم په دا دَي مینه دار

کدو دَ چنار په ونّه وخوژت و چنار ته ئې آغاز کړ دا مقال
چه ته دَ څو کلونو ئې چناره راته و وایه خپل عمر خپل احوال
چنار ووي چه دَ دوه سو کالو زه یم په حساب کښي ګوندي کم وي یو نیم کال
کدو ووي هَي څو ته په موده لوي شوی دا یم زه درسره سم شَوم دم در حال
چنار ووي ښه چه وقت سخت دَ چلي راشي زه او ته به سره زده کړو هاله حال

لس به مله سره و نه ويني په ننګ کښي
که درست ملک سره پره کړي تر تور سنګ

چه دَ روه په ملک کښي ښه پښتون يادبړي
نن مهمند بنګښ ورکزئي افريدي دي

دَ مهمندو سپي بهتر دي تر بنګښَ
که هزار څله مهمند بتر تر سپي دي

چوهړي دَ افريديو نه ورکزئي دي
افريدي که همه واړه چوهړي دي

هرچه ښه دَ پښتنخواه دي حال ئی دا دیَ
هغو بدو ته ئي څوک وائي سړي دي

له ژَوَنديو پښتنو ښيګړه نشته
هرچه ښه ووُ هغه کل دَ ګور بندي دي

نن دَ واړو پښتنو بهتر مهمند دي
هغه هم دَ واړو خلقو ته څرګند دي

چه مغل ورته ووائي دولتخواه است
نور حرام شه که په خپله کُنّه بند دي

پښتانه دِ ننګ وباسي له دله
اوس تړلي دَ مغل دَ آش په ښوند دي

لويه چار دَ پښتانه له لاسه نه شي
مګر چار ئي آسماني ده کم و کوزه

که هر څو ئي سمَوَم را نه سميږي
چه کاږه دي دَ بد بختو څو وربوزه

په فساد کښي هيڅ فايده نشته خوشحالَ
دَ فساد په اور کښي سيڅی واښه دروزه

هغه چار چه عاقبت لره ښه نه وي
دَ هوښيارو په مذهب ده لايجوزه

يوسفزئي ننګيالي پښتانه نه دي
دَ بي ننګو پښتنو له مينځه ووزه

يا دَ بنو په لور درومه ټوله وکړه
تر خوشابَ پوري ملک کړه شنه ډډوزه

يا په کُنج کښي دَ عزلت کښينه طاعت کړه
يا مکي لره څه بس دا دري رموزه

یوه تیښته نامردي بله مردي وي  و دانا وته دا دواړه عیانی وَه
انتقام و ته مِ تیښت وه له میدانَ  نه مِ یاد دَ دنیا زندګاني وَه
تل خوني مزريَ هم جنګ کاهم ځان ژغوري  دَ مزرې دَ تیښت څه بد ګماني وَه
پیغمبر چه له کافرو نه فرار کړ  وکافر ته ئی په زړه کښې تیغ راني وَه
که ظفر که هزیمت بیا مِ میدان دیَ  چه دَ پلار نیکه مِ بخره میداني وَه
که ژَوندیَ په دنیا پایم خود به ګورم  چه په تیغ مِ څه وراني څه ودانی وَه

دَ خوشحال اختیار تر واړه بنګښ تیر دیَ
که څه ننګه دَ ختک دَ کرلاني وَه

حقیقت دَ یوسفزي راته معلوم شه  کار و بار به ئي ښکاره شی په دوه رنګَ
یا به کوَر په کوَر اخته شي په میرځیو  یا به ملک و مغل ورکاندي بي جنګَ
خداي چه ورک کا ښه مړونه په اولس کښې  پیښوي هغه اولس وته بیا ننګَ
اوس په درست اولس کښې ښه ملک عادل دیَ  که ئي زرکا خداي چهره په مرګ بد رنګَ
حمزه خان هغه چمند دیَ په جُلګو کښې  وراندی ورستو پري پري کا له غورزنګَ
دَ طالي ملکي تِته آئینه ده  چه چهره په کښې لیدي شي رنګَ رنګَ
طالي چرګه نرښځي دیَ په دیدن کښې  لوي چاریي خولکه دَ چرګ په هویو کرنګَ
اَللّهداد لکه لمځي په جیفه ګرزي  دَ مردارو بوی ئي څي له دواړه چنګَ
مصري خان مندنړ دَ غاړي ماهي آخلي  سګ لاهو غوندي ځان ژغوري له نهنګَ
نوم ئي څه دَ کشرانو په خوله آخلم  چه ئي واړه ملکان وینم بي ننګَ
مختصره وینا دا دَ بازار سپي دیَ  په ډوډیو پسي درومي څو فرسنګَ
بس دا همبره نور څه مه وایه خوشحالَ  دَ ختکو لښکر نه لري دَ څنګَ
نه حمید شته نه کجي شته نه کاچو شته  څه له نورو سره سر وهي له سنګَ
که دَ سوات په هوا خَوَښ ئي په کښې ښکار کړه  او که نه ورځني تیښته په فرسنګَ
دَ بي بي په کور ئي واوره کت کت کانړي  دَ سوات زلمی ئی نه بیلیږی له پالنګَ

چه ئي جنګ په ميدان کړه يو څو سواره وو
نور دَ واړو بخره تيښت تن آساني وَه

دَ خټکو په سَوَرو باندي لعنت شه
په يوه جلو ئي تيښته څان څاني وَه

چه اول ماتي ئي ګډه په سَوَرو کړه
په سَوَرو کښي چار دَ څټ دَ عثماني وَه

ښه څوانان چه دَ ګُنبت په ميدان ومړل
دَ هر څوان په زړه کښي ننګ افغاني وَه

همګي څوانان څما دَ زړه ارمان دِي
په کښي بيله دَ عبدل تانده څواني وَه

دَ غليم سره په آس غاړه غړيَ شه
دَ عبدل دَ مړنتوب بخره کاني وَه

ما دا هسي جنګ هرګز ليدلي نه وه
څو مِ عمر څو خټک څو مِ خاني وَه

څوانان جنګ تمامي ورڅ کا نه ماتيږي
په يوه لحظه لمحه ماتي آني وَه

نه په طمع نه اميد نه شرم ترس وه
دَ لښکر مِ سر رشته الماني وَه

يا لښکر دَ نام و ننګ وي يا دَ زرو
څما دا ټوله دَ ننګ نه وَه ناني وَه

همګی په يوه سير راسره ټول وو
په يوه ساعت ئي څکه پريشانی وَه

چه نه دين وي نه دنيا جنګونه څوک کا
مګر سهل جانبازي جانستاني وَه

چه په خواست او په ضرور سره ټوليږي
دَ هغو لښکرو کله وداني وَه

چه مِ دا څله غليم له ډکي خلاص شه
پري يکباره دَ فلک مهرباني وَه

لکه زانړی چه و باز وته څان څير کا
هغه هسي دَ غليم پر افشاني وَه

که زه روغ په څاي ولاړ ويَ غليم څه وه
دَ پرهار په کار مِ درسته ويراني وَه

که طالع مِ په ظاهر مدد و نه کړ
توجّه ئي په ما ډيره نهاني وَه

زه دَ عمر دَ ښادي دواړه اميد کړم
دَ غليم که مِ څو ورڅي ښادماني وَه

دا څه مړه څما څوانان نه دي په جنګ کښي
دا څما دَ ننګ په کار کښي مهماني وَه

که مِ دوست که مِ دښمن مري په دا کار کښي
په هر توکي مِ حاصله کامراني وَه

مخالف مِ په دا کار کښي پاتو نه شه
چه فاسده انديښنه ئي وجداني وَه

سل څلويښت څوانان مِ قتل په ميدان شَوَل
دَ اختر په عرفه کښي قرباني وَه

دَ هجرت دَ کال غفو[١٠٨٦] وه په حساب کښي
په غره واوري وريدلي نيساني وَه

چه بي زخمَ له ميدانَ څي نا مرد وي
زه زخمي لاړم دَ څان نګهباني وَه

حبش په مکه راغي چه مکه کاندي ویرانه
قریشو جنګ و نه کړ تار په تار لاړل له میانه
چه وقت دَ محمد شه عرب سلوم شول په مړانه
مدار په ښه سردار دَي نور څه مه وایه اي ځوانه
چه امیر دَ لښکر مرد وي ګرانه چارشي پري آسانه
که یي صبر که همت وي فتح یوسي له میدانه

غضب ملوک لره دروغ مُلا لره بخل غني لره فحش نسا لره
دا څلور توکه هرکوره بد دي فکر چه راغي په زړه کښي ما لره

دَ بنګښ په توره مات نه یم باور کړه دَ کنبت په جنګ م ِ ماتی آسماني وَه
نه بنګښ وه نه ئي توره نه ئي زور وه دَ میکو دَ سپیو شیطاني وَه
چه و غره و ته ئي تیښته وکړه بي جنګ دَ ځینی تنبه له ځاي نقصاني وَه
چه م ِ ښه سواره دَ ځان دَ وړاندی نه کړل هم په دا سبب را پیښه پښیماني وَه
چه م ِ ټول دَ وړاندی نه تلل په جلب کښي همکي دَ حسن خیلو ناداني وَه
صد رحمت دَ مهمندیو په تنبه شه چه دَ دوي چار له ما سره جاني وَه
تورزنو توري لړوني په وهل کړي په مردي دَ هر یوه جانفشاني وَه
چه په توره ئي شیر خان پریوست له آس په میدان دَ عابد خان پهلواني وَه
چه سردار دَ بنګښ پریوژت ختک مات شه په دا هسي رنګ چاري حیراني وَه
عابد خان چه په مردي راغی له جنګ و خپل پلار وته یي ښه ارمغاني وَه
پروکي پروکي ئي دَ سر شالونه ولاړل په سرو وینو ئي چهره ارغواني وَه
لاس په لاس ئي انتقام دَ بابا واخست په دا کار باندي سزا دَ ثنا خواني وَه

په بد قام دِ نن څما له لوریه تل وي  یو نفرین دویم لعنت دریم طلاق
دَ تیراه په ملک چه راغلم دا مِ بویه  یو ډیر عزم بل ایلاق دریم قشلاق
په صورت په تیراه ناست زړه مِ په یون دیَ
یو په ذکر بل په یاد دریم مشتاق

تفاوت دَ خپل پردي ور باندي نشته  که یي کوري اورنګزیب هسي کمراه دیَ
مستجاب غریب یي ووژله په ظلم  دَ خوشحال منصب یي واخست کوم ګناه دیَ
دَ منصب په آخسته څه دلګیر نه شه  دَ خوشحال خاطر خوشحال دیَ خدای ګواه دیَ
په منصب پوري خوشحال ختک نوکروه  چه منصب ورڅني لاړشه اوس بادشاه دیَ
اوه میاشتي دِي چه لاردَ کابل بند شوه  حال احوال دَ خلایق واړه تباه دیَ
دا لا څه په هندستان توره تیاره ده  په هر ځاي دَ ده دَ خوي نوي آه دیَ
دَ اورنګ بادشاه په دوري آرام نشته  چا ویل چه جهان ځاي دَ آرامګاه دیَ
لکه یي مخ دَ پاسه تور سیاه لیده شِي  اندرون یي هغه هسي تور سیاه دیَ
که نیت وته یي کوري یو یزید دیَ  که طاعت وته یي کوري اهل الله دیَ
دَ ده خیر به واړه ده وته بخبلي
خوله شره به یي ډارکا چه آګاه دیَ

چه صرفه کاندي په سر  یا صرفه کاندي په زر
نه به خان نه به سلطان شي  نه به خپل کاندي کشور
یا تخت دیَ یا تخته ده  دَ شاهانو ځاي مقر
چه په ځان مرني نه وي  مرنتوب نه کا لبکر

ته حکیم یي پري پوهیږي  زه پري نه پوهیږم چون
واړه ستا په حکم کیږي  که کندون دَي که شلون
دا غمونه ته توانیږی  که له ملک شي بیرون
که بیرون نه شي له ملک  غم لري په کښي زرغون
که رودونه پار پُراب وو  سر دَ وینو دي جیحون
په هر حال شکر بایده دي  تبه بنه ده نه طاعون

شپږ اوه میاشتي په هند په خراسان  چرته و نه شه په غره په سمه کښي باران
دَ اوبو دَ وښو ډیر کمامت وشه  ځاي په ځاي شول دَ غلي نرخونه گران
چه باران په جهان وشه پس له یاس  فتح الباب وه په تحویل کښي دَ سرطان
دَ اسد تر نه ویشتمي ورځ په ورځ بنه  په باران سره نهال شه درست جهان
په دا کال چه شاه عالم راغي له هندَ  صلح وشوه دَ مغل و دَ افغان
دا سر کال چه یي تاریخ رحمت اتم دَي  ۱۰۸۸  په وگړي مبارک دَي په هر شان
یو دا کار هرگوره سخت په کښي پیدا شه  چه هلک په کښي له نونو شول طوفان
ډیر ځمونږ دَ خیلخاني هلکان ومړل  داغ دَ زړه دَي عبدالله دَ یحیي خان
په نیکنام پسي که زړه دَ رانړئي چوي
په هاکو خاطر خوشحال شه په کامران

دَ کشتن دِي دَ زدن دِي دَ تاختن دِي  یو ورکزئي دویم بنگښ دریم بولاق
دَ ورکزئي دَ بنگښ دَ بولاق نشته  یو انصاف دویم حکمت بل اتفاق
خداي دِ ورک دَ پښتنو کا دا دري ځیزي  یو بد جهل بل بد نیت دریم نفاق
سرداري لره بویه دا دري توکه  یو همت دویم تُوره بل اخلاق
ځودا زمکه دا آسمان شته دا به هم وي  یو روزگار دویم لعنت دریم فراق

دَ خوشحال دَ زړه دَ حال ننداره وکړه
که په تخت دَ پاسه کښيني هم ملنګ دیَ

چه مور پلا څني آزار شي هغه عاق دیَ  دَ عاق زوي څای دوزخ په اتفاق دیَ
هغه مور و پلار به خلاص نه وي له غمَ  چه فرزند څني زوولي بد اخلاق دیَ
هغه زوي به آخر په خواري خوار شي  چه ښکاره يي دَ خپل پلار سره نفاق دیَ
دَ اورنګ بادشاه په دوری رسم دا شه  چه هر زوی دَ خپل پلار دَ سرمشتاق دیَ
نن هغه قطب افاق ګنړی خپل څان  چه ګواه يي دَ عاق والي درست آفاق دیَ
نا خلفَ زوي په ګور خلف دِ غواړي  هر پدر چه دَ پسر په اشتياق دیَ
دا څما همه ګله دَ ټټوانو  را وښيه چه کوم په کښي تفچاق دیَ
دَ ټټوو نه همه تټوګي زيږي  که اَلْغَير يي دَ عرب يا دَ عراق دیَ

دَ هغه اسلام اسلام نه دیَ خوشحالَ
چه بهتر ورڅني ګبر په ميثاق دیَ

نه م زړه دَ بهرام خان په سرداری باندی خوشحال دیَ  نه څما دَ خيلخاني دَ اتفاق څه حال احوال دیَ
دَ خټکو اولس هم په ننګ په شرم نه پوهيږي  کار يي درست دَ ناديده‌ؤ په خصال دیَ
پښتانه لکه مګس ورباندي ګرزي  ورته ايښي دَ مغل دَ حلوا تال دیَ
نوري واړه تکيي تار په تار خوري شوي  اوس په مينځ کښي يوکرم دَ ذوالجلال دیَ

ايمل خان دريا خان دواړه خوردبين لاړل
اوس خو پاتو و مغل ته يو خوشحال دیَ

سره ورغلل دوه غرونه  يو مغل دويم پښتون
رنج شدت يي هسي نه دیَ  چه څوک صاف کا خپل لړمون
خدایَ ته دانا بينا يي  هم بيچون و بيچګون

اوس خو کار دَ وار دَ پار دَي
که دَ زوي که دَ پلار دَي
یا دا زوي مِ دا شان دَي
یا دَ هر چا دا روزګار دَي
نه په حق نه په ادب دَي
خبر نه یم دا څه کار دَي
چه په خپل اولاد نازیږي
هغه کس کله هوښیار دَي
دَ اولاد په حال خبر شَوَم
اولاد واړه لرم مار دَي
دیرش مِ زوي په شماره دِي
دَ نمسیو مِ څه شمار دَي
لوي هلک واړه خبر دِي
هر یو جنګ وته طیار دَي
اورنګ شاه وته نظر کړه
چه یو څه خوني خونخوار دَي
ورونړه پلار یي وبله کښیښول
بادشاهي کا شهریار دَي
چه ژَوَندي کړزي خوشحال
لا منت دَ کردګار دَي

په دا څه که دَ بنګښ راته ډنګ ډنګ دَي
زه هم ښه یم څما هم برغو تر څنګ دَي
عقل زور دَ غوري خیلو تر بنګښ زیات دَي
غوری خیل را سره هم ولاړ په ننګ دَي
دَ بنګښ نه همره زور وینم نه توره
دا په کوم توکي له ما سره په جنګ دَي
که زه کور درد آشام ورسره شمار یم
خوار هغه چه له ما سره یي آهنګ دَي
هر ملحي دَ سر بازي هنر څه زده
چه په دا هنر کښي سر ښندی پتنګ دَي
لا تر اوسه یي ماغزه په قرار نه دَي
چا چه ما سره وهلي سر په سنګ دَي
دَ ګیندیو په جګر کښي یي ګولي وي
که لیدلي چا څما دَ ښکار تفنګ دَي
لا په خوب کښي په لرزه پریوزي له کته
چه دَ چا تر غوږ څما دَ توري شرنګ دَي
که په دا دوري مِ ګوري هغه زه یم
چه مِ داغ په خاطر ایښي دَ اورنګ دَي
درست جهان مِ و مغلو ته خیبر کړ
څاي په څاي یي پښتانه وته قلنګ دَي
څني څو لوي دعوي لرم په زړه کښي
ولي څه کړم چه پښتون واړه بي ننګ دَي
خو طالع را سره هسي مدد نه کا
ګنړه تیر مِ تر فریدون دیر فرهنګ دَي

نوري واړه تکيي تار په تار خوري شوي
دَ خوشحال ختک تکيه په يوه خداي ده

دَ احد بادشاه په حکم شَوَم زه آګاه
امر نهي مِ قبول دي دَ بادشاه
يا مهدي يي يا عيسي چه راښکاره شوي
په جهان دِ غلغله وشوه ناګاه
دَ مهدي او دَ عيسي دَ وړاندي څه دِي
هم دجال هم دَ دجال واړه سپاه
چه خيبر لره ما بولي قضا کيږي
ډېر کارونه پا دا ملک دَ خير خواه
دريا خان درويزه دواړه په حضور دِي
ګويا زه هم په حضور يم دَ درګاه
خواه نا خواه که امر دا دَي چه را درومه
دا بنده به در روان شِي خواه نا خواه
دارنده دَ عريضي څما له لوريه
زباني خبري هم لرِي همراه

ما په ننګ دَ پښتانه ځوانان قربان کړه
بيا مِ غوره غوره جمع ښه ځوانان کړه
دَ سړي دَ لاسه مړه وَي څه به ښه وُو
ليوني کوته سپي مړه ګوره شيران کړه
همره کوتي کوتي کوتي ارمانونه
هرنفس ځي په ارمان ارمان ارمان کړه
په يوه ساعت ښادي په بل غمونه
په لحظه لحظه تيريږي دَ آسمان کړه
چه په شپه را سره ټول وو په زرګونه
په صبا يي له ما واړه ځان په ځان کړه
ځني مړه ځني ژوَندي له ما جدا شول
زه جدا په غاړه غرونه په ارمان کړه
چه شاهان ځوانان مِ ومړل هاله مړ يم
که دَ هر يوه مِ ساري سل دمان کړه
يو مهلت دَ عمر بل مدد دَ بخت وَي
په دشمن باندي وشوي په دا شان کړه
لوي قتل هلک بند ښهرونه سوي
مال اولجه بند يان دَ کل واړه جهان کړه
چه نو ښهر مِ واهه کوهاټ مِ پريښو
لا هاله څما دا کړه وو دَ نادان کړه
چه بد اصل سره ښه کا کله ښه کا
و موذي سره څه سود دِ دَ احسان کړه
سرِ خو دا په خوشحال وشو بيا ترکالَ
ګوره څه رنګ ښکاره شِي دَ سبحان کړه

په هر کار کښې مصلحت شته  خپل پردي ته نصیحت شته
چه لر بر له مصلحت شي  کله خیر و برکت شته
دَ سړي همره ښادي ده  چه په زړه کښې یې همت شته
چه همت دَ سړي نه وي  مهیا ورته نکبت شته
سر هاله په تنه ښه دَي  که دِ سر سره عشرت شته
دَ سړي چه عزت نه وي  دَ ژوَندون یې څه لذت شته
په صحیح غني هغه دَي  دَ هر چا چه قناعت شته
دَ نیستي اندوه مه کړه  که په تن کښې دِ صحت شته
چه صحت دَ صورت نه وي  څه پکار که دِ دولت شته
دین دنیا دِ مبارک شه  که دانا سره صحبت شته
اوس یاري مه کړه خوشحاله
دَ یاري سره آفت شته

دَ آسمان په حکم څه فتنه بر پاي ده  نه زده چا چه قراري یې په کوم ځاي ده
بندیوان یې اورنګزیب لره روان کړم  نندارہ مِ په هر ښهر په هر سراي ده
پښتانه مِ چه حال ووینې کباب شي  په لیده مِ دَ هر چا ژړا هاي هاي ده
لوي هلک مِ نندارو لره را درومي  دَ هند و دَ مسلمان ناري واي واي ده
زه هر چا وته موسیږم تري تیریږم  چه دَ وارو اندیښنه راته نماي ده
نه یواځې په ما ظلم و ستم وشه  زمانه دا هسې تل کا په خپل راي ده
په هر ځاي مِ په څوکي راځي فوځونه  دبدبه مِ دَ مزري یا دَ همای ده
په ولاړه کښې هاتي شمار په یوه غردَي  او چه پریوزي په دوه غرونو لُواي ده
زړه مِ درست سوُري سوُري لکه غلیل شه  محرومي دَ دیدن بده غم فزاي ده
ګوندي وي چه بازي بیا را وجاروزي  همګي عالم ویل کا چه اوس باي ده
که په اور کښې دَ سرو زرو وښې پریوزي  عیب نشته په دا کار کښې یې جلاي ده

ماخوب لیده په خدای ږوچه زه ته سره پخولا یو  خَوَږي خَوَږي خبري دَ زړه حال وبله وایو
ما څخه کتاب دیَ په کښي واړه غزلونه  تا څخه مینا ده دَ ګلزار په تماشا یو
لاس ترلاس نیولي سره ګرزو کښینو پاڅو  خپله خوڅحالي هوا هَوَس کړو په خندا یو
ته پیاله کړي را ته ډکه زه یي ستاله لاسه واخلم  دَ شونډو بوسه راکړي بیا په توره تقاضایو
مطرب راته له ورایه په تارونو لینده ایښي  په بم په زیر جاروزو مونږ یي محو په نوا یو
ته کل واړه خوبي لري زه واره کامراني  شادي ته مخامخ غم و اندوه ته شا په شا یو
ناګاه له دیَ خوبه دَ سحر په وقت بیدار شَوَم  نه ته ویَ نه دِ وصل زه دا کار سره جدا یو
څو پایم په دنیا کښي دَ چا کار راسره نشته  یو زه یم یو دِ غم دَي سره دواره خوا په خوایو

خوشحال ختک یواڅي نه دیَ څو په ملک کښي عاشقان شته
په خوب په بیداري کښي سره واړه باد پیما یو

و دِ نه وینم زه ستا وصال په سترګو  که بي تا را درومي بل جمال په سترګو
مهماني مِ دَ زړه ویني ورته کښیښوي  چه مهمان مِ شه دَ یار خیال په سترګو
هغه دم مِ زړه داغ له دلَ دور شه  خو چه راغي ستا دَ وروڅو خال په سترګو
چه ډیر خلق سره ناست وي عجب ښه شِي  دَ مینو سره قیل و قال په سترګو
په غمزو په کرشمو په مکیزونو  نن دِ نه وینم په ملک کښی سیال په سترګو
عارفان دَ قناعت په ګنج توانګر دِي  چه یي نه راڅي دَ خلقو مال په سترګو
دَ مکی دیوال به نور په خوله یاد نه کړم  ما چه ولیده دا ستا دیوال په سترګو
ستا په ګوتو کشیده رومال چه راغي  زه له میني مړم ستا رومال په سترګو
هغه مخ چه مِ به تل لیده اوس ګوره  چه یي نه وینمَ ماه و سال په سترګو
چه بي ستا له زیبا مخه بل مخ ګورم  زه به چري کښیږدم دا وبال په سترګو
و ښه مخ وته له ورایه څلبلاند شم  لکه ووینی لوغستی نهال په سترګو

نور عالم خو دَ یارانو ناز په سر وړي
تل نازونه وړي دَ یار خوشحال په سترګو

څما خرابَ دل ته یو څه رنګه خراب شوي
چه څه وو درڅخه لاړل په هرڅه پوري کرياب شوي
دَ مښکو دور دِ تيرشه دَ کافورو دور دِ راغي
چه نوم دِ دَ شباب وه په نامَ دَ شيخ شاب شوي
دَ خولي حقه دِ ډکه په ګوهرو وه خالي شوه
په حزن په حسرت دَ هر دُر نايـاب شوي
په باغ به دِ چه کښلو ښايستو بلبلو ژغ کړ
يوه بلبله نشته اوس پري چغي دَ غراب شوي
بېړۍ دِ دَ سينی په زور چه پاس تللي په غرونو
غوطي خوري په کښي ګرزي اوس خسرۍ دَدرياب شوي
مزرۍ چه دِله ترسَ په هيبت وو په کوهسار کښي
نژدي درته ويغ ويغ کا له ګيدرو لا ځواب شوي
چه ډکي په ښو مښکو په عنبر ويَ هغه خوني
بد بوي چار چوبۍ دَ زماني په انقلاب شوي
په عمر چري وِيښ وي بيا به هم چری ويښيږي
هيَ هيَ دَ خوشحال بختَ ولي دا رنګه په خواب شوي

پيري لري خوشحالَ دَ آسمان ننداره وکړه
چه څه وي په کوم شمار وي دا زمان په څه حساب شوي

ليونۍ شول پښتانه په منصبونو
خدايَ ما وژغوري له هسي غضبونو
دَ کنګاش علم دَ چا دَي دَ تورزنو
لکه څوک لولي قرآن په مکتبونو
دَ کنګاش له علمَ هيڅوک خبر نه دَي
خبردار يم دَ هر چا په مشربونو
پښتانه لره لوي عيب دَي که يي ګوری
چه نازيږي دَ مغل په لقبونو
شرم ننګ نام وناموس يي په يادنه دي
خو ويل کا دَ منصب دَ ذهبونو
دَ مغل سره ديدن په طمع مه کړه
که کيدَي چري په نورو سببونو
ختک واله بلنځه ښه څما تر ملا ده
نه ښيوه دَ نوکري په قصبونو
دَ بادشاه دَ زندان شپه څما په يادده
چه تمامه شپه م ِتله په ياربونو
پښتانه چه جنګ مغل سره په تيغ کړ
هر ختک نيول مغل تر جلبونو

دَ ختک دَ ننګ جرګه نشته خوشحالَ
را وتلي دي له کومو نسبونو

په میدان کښې توې ښې دې دَسر وینې  نه چه ډکه سینه وړي له جگر خونه
یا دَ مرد غوندې شمله دَدستار پریږده  یا په سر کړه لکه ښځه میزرونه
خدایَ چا وته کښمَ څوک به پرې پوه شي
ما ویلې هریو بیت دیَ دفترونه

را ښکاره شوې کج فهمې دَ جهان  دَ جهان دَ کج فهمیو الامان
دا هم څاې دَ تعجب دیَ که یې وینې  په بازونو چه غوټی وهی زاغان
دا هم څاې دَ تعجب دیَ که یې وینې  چه مغل کاندې بازی په افغان
دا هم څاې دَ تعجب دې که یې وینې  چه گیدړ په وازدو ډک وړی شیران
دا هم څایَ دَ تعجب دیَ که یې وینی
چه لښکرې په خوشحال کا بهرام خان

لا منت لرم په دا هم له آسمانَ  نندارہ دَ ابا سیند له میر کلانه
په تیراه په سوات په خوره در په درشَوَم  بیا م ِکوم لوري ته ته بیاې آسمانه
لکه گوې هسې په حکم دَ چوگان یم  درست وجود پرهار پرهار یم له چوگانه
سرنوشت م ِله ازلَ مکر دا وه  زه به څه لره مانه کوم له چانه
قدیمې دَ پښتنو جهل و خرتوب وه  اوس په طمع دَ حرص درومې له میانه
که رښتیا وایم شیرشاه دا هسې نه وه  لکه مونږه یؤ پیدا له کوهستانه
پښتانه چه بې ننگې کا څوک یې څه کا  گورستان لره به درومو له ارمانه
دَ ختکو دَ نفاق له ناپوهې  یا چه غم لرم له خپله خاندانه
چا ته وایم څو به کښم څه همره نه دِې  چه تمام شې په مذکور سره له ما نه
دا داغونه چه خوشحال لرې په زړه کښې
رغیدل به یې په تا کیږی سبحانه

تا طاهر دَ کم عقلي په جرګو مړ کړ  اوس فارغ شوي دَ طاهر له انتقامَ
تا خپل ځان لره دَ مرګ رخنه پیدا کړه  خیلخانه دِ په بد خوئي کړه بي آرامَ
په دا هسي بد خوئي بي بخت نه ئي  چه لا نه يي دَ خوني هاتي تر ژامَ
مشروروردِ په زندان کړ ته خاني کړي  دا خاني دِ شه په ځان پوري حرامَ
چه خاني ته دِ هَوَس دَ زره په زور کړي  لا ځايده دَ ستا زړه اندیښنه خامَ

نوردِ نوم ځما دَ زویو په شمار مه شه
دَ خوشحال ختک وینا په دا تمامَ

بر سیر شول پیوندونه  په دل نه لري بندونه
که پدر دیَ که پسر دیَ  سره بیل لري سندونه
نه امید شه سره پاتو  نه باور په سوګندونه
نه سزا دَ بدکردار شي  نه دَ غله ځی مړوندونه
دَ اورنګ په ظلم مات شَوَل  دَ بابر دَ وقت بندونه

په دا هسي وقت خوشحاله
مرګ بهتر دیَ له ژوندنه

ځو دَ ملک وارث و نه وهي سرونه  همره چري قراریږي سمي غرونه
یا به ستا په وره ناري وي تا به ژاړی  یا دَ ستا له لاس ویر دَ چا په ورونه
رخنه کر دَ ملک پري مه ږده په خپل ملک کښي  په حکمت په زر و زور په لښکرونه
ځو په تؤرو په توبریو په نیزو شي  صد چندان شي په تدبیر په هنرونه
ورؤر و زوي دَ ملک په کار کښي قتلیږی  نور په واړو باندي جوړ شول محضرونه
بي دَ تیغ له اَبَ نوري اوبه نشته  چه جنګجوي سره ساړه کا تمرونه
دَ سردار دَ ریاست ونه په وینو  په لیږشنو دَ اعدا کا ثمرونه

له خپل یاره مهرغواري که یي نه مومي نو ژاړی  دَ یار په رضا سر شه که شته شته که نشته نشته
که وصل که هجران دیَ دواړه ما وته یکسان دِي  آرام په خپل مقر شه که شته شته که نشته نشته
څه سعي څه طلب کړي اندیښنی په روز وشب کړي  په واړه برابر شه که شته شته که نشته نشته
لږ عمر ډیر غمونه په زړه همره ستمونه  قانع په خشک وتر شه که شته شته که نشته نشته

په خپل هنر نظر کړه څو ژوندي یي خپل هنر کړه
خوشحال شیر نر شه که شته شته که نشته نشته

عیسي یو نادان هوښیار نه کړ په عمر  په اعجاز یي که راندې بینا کَوَل
څوک چه خدای په ازل نه وي بینا کړي  کار دَ چا دیَ دَ نادان دانا کَوَل
چه نادان په سبق زده حال به یي څه وي  په خضاب سره زاړه برنا کَوَل

هغه څه دیَ روغ صورت دیَ  چه بهتر تر سلطنت دیَ
دَ دنیا دولت که ښه دیَ  تر دولت نه ښه عزت دیَ
چه ډیر ښه دیَ تر توقیره  یو عفت بل صداقت دیَ
چه سړي له غمَ خلاص کا  هغه څه دیَ قناعت دیَ
په طاعت که ته لوئي کړي  حبطه هغه طاعت دیَ
چه فایده لري بي شماره  هغه څه دیَ مصلحت دیَ
په منت چه وَرکَوَل کا  هغه کله سخاوت دیَ
چه دوزخ دیَ په دنیا کښي  دَ نادان سړي صحبت دیَ

خپل نیّت ښه لره خوشحال
که څه ښه دیَ خو ښه نیت دیَ

تا هنر دَ سرداري نه زده بهرامَ  سرداري دِ په خپل دوری کړه بد نامَ
هم تمامي خیلخاني لره بلا شوي  هم خپل ځان لره بلا شوي بد فرجامَ

چه ښه وایم وچا ته هم یي بد نیسي په زړه کښي
یا بخت دَي دَ مغلو یا څما څه عقل کم دَي

نه بخت دَي دَ مغلو نه زه په عقل کم یم
دا کل واړه پیري ده چه م ِکار برهم درهم دَي

مغلو ته چه کورم هغه هسي مغل نشته
دَ تورو واریي تیر شه اوس ورپاتو یو قلم دَي

پښتون په زرو نیسي په فریب په تیتالونو
په ما یي اثر نه شي لا په ما دَ خدای کرم دَي

نه مچ یم نه قارکه یم چه په کرو مړو کرزم
یا بازیم یا شاهین یم په خپل ښکارم زړه خورم دَي

که ما غوندي نور هم وَي په دا کار به ډیر خوشحال وم
چه ما غوندي څوک نشته څکه پرۀت را باندي غم دَي

ایمل دریا خان دواړه په ښه شان تیر شول په ننګ کښي
دَ دواړو په فراق کښي دَ خوشحال تل آه و ماتم دَي

ختک چه په آس سوَرشي
درسته وتري په کونه
شمله دَ دستار پریږدي
په تندي کښي اوږده پلنه
سایه دَ شملی کوري
دَ خپل آس په ترپونه
دعوي دَ خاني واخلي
په فساد کاندي جستنه
حسد بده بلا ده
دَ سړی په ورکونه
دَ هیچا څه و نه کا
حاسد شنه کا خپله ینه

له حالَ یي خبر شه که شته شته که نشته نشته
قلاش و قلندر شه که شته شته که نشته نشته

که لږه ده که ډیره واړه ونیسه په تیره
په خوی دَ پغیمبر شه که شته شته که نشته نشته

دَ عمر څه اندوه کړي څه اندوه دَي که څان پوه کړي
ژوندي ترګوره ورشه که شته شته که نشته نشته

ته بادشاه دَ بحر و بریي که قانع په خشک و تریي
دَ دهر سکندر شه که شته شته که نشته نشته

که دُر دي که ګوهر دي که ګلونه که شجر دي
له واړو بي خبر شه که شته شته که نشته نشته

بي وقت غواړي بد کړی بیهوده رُخه حسد کړي
په صبر توانګر شه که شته شته که نشته نشته

مه ژاړه مه پري ویاړه غم ښادی پریږده دواړه
واقف په دا اسرار شه که شته شته که نشته نشته

بلا دي چه تولیږي په هیچا نه پاتو کیږي
فارغ له سیم و زر شه که شته شته که نشته نشته

حیران یم نه پوهیږم چه زه څه یم څه به شمَ
له کومَ یم راغلي بیا به کوم لوري ته ځمَ

خبر دَ هغو تللیو بیا په بیّرته چا رانه‌وړ
له حالَ له احوالَ یي که هر څو زه پښتمَ

دلي چه څوک لیده شي نن یي شپه په دا باندې کښې
آخر یي له دیَ ځایَ وار په وار واته کنړمَ

جهان یو کتوري شه زه په مثل دَ میږي یم
حیران په کښې جاروزم لاس و پښې په کښې وهمَ

دنیا وته چه ګورم کار و بار ته دَ وګړي
دَ وړوکیو تماشي دې زه یي هم ورسره کومَ

چه ته پري مبتلا یي که دِ مال دیَ که دِ ملک دیَ
دا واړه بي له خوب بي له خیالَ نه وینمَ

چه تور ویښته دِ سپین شول خوي دِ نور نه شه خوشحالَ
باور کړه اوس ناحقَ دَ سړي نوم در باندي ږدمَ

پښتانه په عقل پوهه چه ناکس دې
کوته سپي دَ قصابانو دَ جَوَس دې

بادشاهي یي دَ مغل په زرو بایله
دَ مغل دَ منصبونو په هَوَس دې

اوښ له باره په خپل کوز کښې وررغلي
په اولچه دَ اوښ دَ غاړي دَ جرس دې

دَ نفرین لایق په نام سړښي دې
له اول که دا نور ورپسي پس دې

بي ننګان دَ بي ننګي کار و بار کا
ننګیالي دَ ننګ په کار کښې هر نفس دې

سر یي هوري قندهار بل یي دمغار دیَ
تر دا مینځ همه میشته واړه عبث دې

پښتانه واړه بد خوي دې
کور په کور کاندي غورزي

یو چه سر کاندي په پوزته
بل یي ووهي مغزي

دَ مغل دَ سترګو ته یي
اي خوشحال نن اغزي

چه خون په غاړه کیږي له دي کارَ څه خوغم دیَ
یاران څما په کوز کښې زه په کوز کښې یم ستم دیَ

چه همره ښه مخونه په دا خاورو کښې په کوز دې
چه دوي لره وردروهم کوز وما وته اِرم دیَ

پیري راغله چه زبون شوم که څه نور علامت وشه
چه زه کړمَ هغه نه شي هغه ملک هغه عالم دیَ

مرد هغه چه همتناک و برکتناک  دَ عالم سره خوږ په زیست و ژواک
مخ یي مخ قول یي قول عهد یي عهد  نه دروغ نه یي فریب نه تش تاپاک
لږ گفتاردیر یي کردار په خاموشي کښي  دَغنچه غوندي خوله پوري سینه چاک
چه خبري دَ بلندي و دَ پستی شي  په لوئي لکه آسمان په پستي خاک
په تمکین کښي لکه سرو په سخاکښي  په هر لوري یي ځانکي زنگوَلي لکه تاک
لکه گل شگفته روي تازه په باغ کښي  همیشه دَ ښو بلبلو پري بلغاک

چه هسي شان ویل کا زه حیران یم
چه خوشحال راوړ له کومَ دا ادراک

دَ ځواني په خوبي کښي یي څه شک دَي  دَ پیري عمر درست له عیبَ ډک دَي
پرهارونه مِ په زړه تازه تازه شي  پاشیده په هر پرهار باندي نمک دَي
که ښادي درباندي درشي پري خَوَښ مه شه  په ښادي پوري یي هر کله غم لک دَي
هیڅ فریاد دَ چا د ظلم و جوړه مه کړه  په هر چا باندي چه شندي کا فلک دَي
غم یي بي حکمتَ نه دَي پیدا کړي  دَ نامرد و مرد په مینځ کښي غم محک دَي
څو چه ډیر ډیر لذتونه ډیر غمونه  ښه هغه چه بس یي گیډي ته کنډک دَي
تورُه چا وته ترم چه زه ملنگ شَوَم  ښه خودا چه مِ په غاړه یو کوتک دَي

تفحص که څوک دَ خوږو زړونو کاندي
دَ خپل قوم دَ لاسه ورک خوشحال ختک دَي

په هر لوري دَي فغان دَ مرگ له لاسه  په هر ځاي په هر مکان دَ مرگ له لاسه
دَ آدم صورت یي مرگ لره پیدا کړ  خرابي شوه په جهان دَ مرگ له لاسه
همگي پیغمبران که اولیا وو  دوی په زمکي شول نهان دَ مرگ له لاسه
عاقبت به شي بی شکه بي گمانه  دا ودان کوَرونه وران دَ مرگ له لاسه
راشه ته هم دَ توښي په سرانجام شه  کاروانونه شول روان دَ مرگ له لاسه

اي خوشحالَ که په تن شاهجهان شي
هم به درومي په ارمان دَ مرگ له لاسه

غم ښادي چه په چا ويرشي لکه ويرشي هسي تيرشي
سررشته يي مونده نه شي کونا کون دَ دور پيرشي
چه په خوا په خاطر نه وي هسي چاري په تا ديرشي
په هجران کښې غم د يار دَي
چه همیش له زړه چا پيرشي

چه دَ خلقو نيک خواهي لري په زړه کښي مبارک شه بادشاهي لري په زړه کښي
که يي غَوږ دَ دانشمند په نصيحت دَي څه عجب آګاهي لري په زړه کښي
دَ مردانو په معراج به ورتلي نه شي چه دَ سعي کوتاهي لري په زړه کښي
مختورن دَ دوارو کونو نه دَي څه دَي چه هر چا سره سياهي لري په زړه کښي
نيک بختان به اندیښنه لري دَ نيکو بد بختان به کمراهي لري په زړه کښي
دَ ناصح په نصيحت به اصلاح نه شي هر سړي چه تباهي لري په زړه کښي
په هغه هنر کښې تينګ اوسه خوشحالَ
هر هنر چه سپاهي لري په زړه کښي

چه ګټل خوږل بخبل کا څوان هغه چه توان لري دَ تـوري خان هغه
کان دَ لعل دَ ياقوت دَ ګوهر څه دَي چه احسان تري پيدا کيږي کان هغه
چه يي ته په ګيډه وخوري حبطه شي دَ مجلس سره چه خوږ شي خوان هغه
که دَ مال دَي که دَ ملک دَي که دَ ليچو چه يي توان دَ چا پکار شي توان هغه
په تمامه شپه و ورځ په مه و سال کښي چه دَ خداي په يادو درومي آن هغه
چه دِ څوک دَ وراندي ورستو څي دا څه شو په تنها وجود چه شان دَي شان هغه
و نور چا وته وران مه وايه خوشحالَ چه يي قول و عهد وران دَي وران هغه

همیشه به په هند نه اوسي خوشحالَ
عاقبت به عاصي ووزي له جحیم

رحمت په اکوري شه چه نیوه یي ځاي سراي
چه ښه فکرم وکړ که باورکړي ځاي دیَ ځاي
تؤرغریي دَ هوډي دیَ تر تیراه پوري سم تلي
نیلاب و لنډي دواړه عجب سرایښی په پاي
پري سازه لویه لار دَ هندستان و خراسان ده
گذریي دَ اتک دیَ تري ترس کا شاه گداي
هر فیض دَ جهان چه څه یادیږي ورلره رادرومي
که ملک یي باراني دیَ څه بهارلري هاي هاي
که سوات که اشنغر که پښاور دي دَ ملکونو
رجوع لري وده ته فیض وردرومي دَ هرځاي
په هر لوري یي ښکار شته دَ شاهین دَ باز دَ هر څه
واه واه کاله پاڼریَ چه څه ښکار یي دلرباي
ځوانان یي چاق تندرست چست وچالاک دِي په هرڅه کښي
خوش چشم وسپین وسره بلند بالادي په نماي
که زوي که مِ نمسي که خیلخانه که مِ اولس دیَ
چه څوک په کښي میشته دِي په امان اوسه دَ خدای

آسمان څنګي جدا کړ لاس دَ چا رسي آسمان ته
خوشحال له سراي نه دَي جدا شوي په خپل راي

ساقي راکړه و ما میَ
یو څو جامَ پیاپي
دا هم ظلم دیَ که گوري
چه بي میو څي پسرلي
هغه ځاي چه گل و مل وي
ورع څه کاندي سړي
گوره څه وایي پري غَوږکړه
چه آواز کا چنګ و ني
بیا به تیر ساعت را نه شي
آه ارمان ارمان هیَ هیَ
دَ دنیا ژَوَندون هم ښه دي
که تر تله و همیش ویَ
چه تر تل و همیش نه دیَ
نور یي وکنړه لا شي
ډیر میّن یي وبله تیر کړل
فلک نه لري زړه سوي

آد مخیلی افریدي دې سري و سپیني — په کښي شته دې ښایسته په رنګ رنګیني
غټي سترګي لوي بانړه فراڅي وروڅي — شکر لبي ګلرخساري مه جبیني
تنګه خوله لکه غنچه هموار غاښونه — سر یي ګرد په تؤرو زلفو عنبریني
په وجود کښي لکه ها له ویښتو خلاصي — پښي کمکي غونډي پنډيَ پهن سریني
ترنڅي ګیډي سینه وړي ملا باریکي — قد یي سم لکه الف په تن سیمیني
که دَ باز غوندي م ِګشت په غرونو کیږي — ښکار م ِهم شوي ښایسته زرکي سمیني
باز که چوز وي که کرچ طلب دَ ښکار کا — لا تر چوزه وي دَ کرچ غوټي مهیني
یا اوبه دَ لنډي سیند یا دَ باړي دې — چه په خوله م ِتر شربت لګي شیریني
دَ ماتري غاښي نیغ درومي تر آسمانَ — په خاته خاته وِیلیږي باندي سپیني
آدم خیلو سره زه په تیراه راغلم — رخصت م ِورکړي په خوړي په زړه خوړیني

مینه واړه کار دَ اؤر لري خوشحالَ
که لنبه یي پټه وي لوګي یي ویني

که ګذر په خیراباد وکړي نسیمَ — یا دِ ګشت وشي دَ سرای دَ سیند په سیمَ
په بار بار سلام څما ورته عرضه کړه — ورسره څما له لوریه څو تسلیمَ
اباسیند وته ناره وکړه په زوره — و لنډي وته وینا ووایه حلیمَ
ګُندي وي چه بیا م ِستاسی جام نصیب شي — په ګنګا جمنا به مونږ نه یوُ تر قدیمَ
که دَ هند دَ هوا زار کړم څو به زار کړم — دَ اوبو بلا یي لا بده عظیمَ
که دَ نهر اوبه څښي کلمي پري باسي — هم دَ هر کوهي اوبه نه دیَ بي بیمَ
چه سړي اوبه دَ غره نشته په هند کښي — تري توبه که واړه ډک دې له نعیمَ
تل به هیڅوک نا امید په جهان نه وي — عاقبت پري کرم کیږي له کریمَ
دَ ویشتلیو و صحت وته امید شي — دَ پرهار چه څه کمي وشي له ریمَ
خدایَ زړه م ِپه وصال دَ هغه خَوَښ کړه — دا چه اؤس ورڅني لري دیَ دوه نیمَ
عاقلان به هیڅ انکار ورڅني نه کا — هر افعال چه صادر کیږي له حکیمَ

تجلي يي دَ جمال لکه مشعل شوه  خوار عاشق په دا جمال باندي پتنګ دیَ
چه له غَوَږو يي مقصود مومي لښتي ده  چه له پوزي يي مراد مومي لونګ دیَ
په ښايست کښي يي تقصير دَ صورت نشته  څه خو دا يو عيب لري چه په زړي سنګ دیَ
دَ هر چا په خپل غرض پسي کوشش دیَ
دَ خوشحال يي په جمال پسي آهنګ دیَ

يارم ِبيا دَ رقيب يار شه دريغه دريغه  په خبرو دَ اغيار شه دريغه دريغه
يو څو ورځي يي په زړه کښي مهرڅاي شه  بيا بي مهرَ ستمګار شه دريغه دريغه
هغه ګل چه م ِساته دَ زړه په وينو  مل دَ هر خس و هر خار شه دريغه دريغه
و قصدمنو ته کاته څما په قصد کا  دَ کشتن م ِروا دار شه دريغه دريغه
بي له تا م ِدَ جګر وينی خوراک شوي  تير م ِعمر په دا کار شه دريغه دريغه
بيچاره خوشحال په طمع دَ وصال وه
دَ هجران په غم ګرفتار شه دريغه دريغه

که په حسن دَ کشمير خوبان اوڅار دي  يا دَ چين يا دَ ماچين يا دَ تاتار دي
پُښتني جونه چه ما په سترګو څير کړي  هغه کل واړه خجل دَ دوي تر کار دي
په ښايست باندي يي ختمه دا وينا ده  چه په اصل دَ يعقوب قوم و تبار دي
هيڅ حاجت نشته دَ مښکو دَ ګلابو  په پنځه وقت نمانځه عطر دَ عطار دي
که ټيکه که کټماله که نور سنګار دیَ  دا همه تر تؤرو زلفو پوري خوار دي
که اوډنړیَ مقيش دوزي دي که سالو دیَ  دا همه واړه تر سپين پړوني څار دي
تر صورت يي دَ سيرت خوبي افضل ده  تر ظاهر يي دَ باطن خواږه بسيار دي
کل روزګار يي سر تر پايه پرده پوش دیَ  نه ګريوان تر نامه څيری په بازار دي
له حيا به پورته غټ کتلي نه شي  نه آموخته په ښکنځلو په پايزار دي
ما خوشحال له ډيرو لږ دي څه ويلي
له دي حالَ ګوي مه ګوي ويل بسيار دي

څوک به څه وايي و ما ته — چه يو څه رنګ نګار يي
چه پخپله عاشق وژني — هم يي وير کړي په چغار يي
کوم ګناه دیَ عاشق کړي — چه يي خيره په ناتار يي
کله درد کله دوا شي — کله خار کله ګلزار يي

په خوشحال دِ غم نازل کړ
چه اغيار سره کنار يي

لکه زه په خپل يار ميّن يم بل به نه وي ميّن هسي — لکه زه پسي غمجن يم بل به نه وي غمجن هسي
چه م ِ ووژني پخپله بيا په ما باندي ژړا کړه — څه ښه يار دیَ ښه يي مينه کشتن هسي شيون هسي
مخ يي درست سره ګلزار دیَ زنګا رنګ لري ګلونه — تفرج دَ بهار وکړه ګاهي نشته ګلشن هسي
زړه داغدار غرقاب په وينو لاله ګل وته نظر کړه — هيڅ شهيد نه دیَ راوړي له ازلَ کفن هسي
تۆرو زلفو ته يي ګوره ښايسته دواړه رخساره — دَ جهان په باغ کښي نشته سنبل هسي سمن هسي
که دَ ګل پاڼري کړي خته لابه هم باندي څړخيژي — دا نازک بدن چه ستا دَي دَ چا نشته بدن هسي
لکه زه يي ننداره کړم ورځ وشپه په خپله خونه — خوار مجنون نه وه ليدلي په درست عمر ديدن هسي
که يي رسم يا يي دود شي هم وفا دَ هندوګي — چه له يارَ سره کښيني څوک به څه کاسوختن هسي
چه څوک ټاب درپسي وکا سرټک وهي لاسونه — دا ژَوَندون دیَ مرګ نه دیَ که دِوشي مردن هسي
دَارم آرام م ِ بياموند ستا په غولي کښي خوشحالَ — خَوَښ له بخت وله قسمتَ چه يي وکړ وطن هسي

چه خوشحال خټک يي وايي په پښتو ژبه خبري
په فارسي ژبه به نه وي که پوهيږي سخن هسي

لاله ګل يي تر جمال پوري بد رنګ دیَ — له زلفينو يي دَ چين دَ مښکو ننګ دیَ
تۆري وروڅي يي ليندي بانړه يي غشي — دَ عاشق تر زړه يي تللي هر خدنګ دیَ
دواړه سترګي يي په تن تۆري بلا شوي — هميشه يي دَ عاشق له دلَ جنګ دیَ
ته به وايي حبشي شکري پيري — هغه خال يي چه دَ دوو شونډو تر څنګ دیَ

توره چه تیریږي خو ګذار لره که نه
زلفي چه ولول شي خو خپل یار لره که نه
ولي راته وایي چه په ښکلیو نظر مه کړه
سترګي چه پیدا شوي خو دیدار لره که نه
شیخ دِ نمونځ روژه کا رِند دِ ډکي پیالي آخلی
هر سري پیدا دیَ خو خپل کار لره که نه
تا ویل څما دَ خولي بوسه لکه دارو ده
غواړم دا دارو دَ زړه پرهار لره که نه
ویني م ِدَ زړه خوري ولي نور څه لره نه دیَ
زړه څما پیدا دیَ تا خونخوار لره که نه
څه ژړا فریاد کړي دَ شاهدي دَ تورو زلفو
ته ورتللي یي پخپله دیَ تور مار لره که نه
خودبه ستا دَ مخ پوري ګیاه غوندي څرګند شي
ګل و لاله دواړه خپل رخسار لره که نه
میَ شته چنګ و نیَ شته اوس خپل یار لره خوشحالَ
خپل بیاض په لاس کښي څه ګلزار لره که نه

آشفته دِ دَ جمال یم
همیشه دِ په خیال یم
نورو مینو ته م ِشا کړه
میّن ستا په زلف و خال یم
چه م ِاوښي په ګریبان څي
دا په تا پسي بي حال یم
څاي م ِته یي په خاطر کښي
ته ریحان یي زه سفال یم
نور م ِهر څه فراموش دِي
آرزومند دِ دَ وصال یم
لا دَ مهر ویل پریږده
په ښکنځلو دِ خوشحال یم

په زړه سخت بي مهرَ یاریي
جفا کار یي دل آزار یي
که هر څو په کُوکو ژاړم
ته لا خَوَښ څما په کار یي
تا ویشتلي یم فریاد کړم
که خبر په خپل ګذار یي
زه مرهم کړم له تا طمعَ
ته م ِمالګه دَ پرهار یي
زه به تل ژاړم و تا ته
که ته خَوَښ څما په زار یي
زړه دِ وسپاری و غم ته
دَ هغو چه ته دلدار یي

دا څه بارخو نه دیَ نه پریشاني توري زلفي  پړوت دې په ګلونو دَ سنبلو پاڼړي تاندي
زه ورپسي درومم دَ یوه نظر دپاره  بیرته نظر نه کا هسي درومي مخ په وړاندي

بخت نه دیَ نور څه دیَ ستاسو همره ډیره مینه
ژاري رُخه کړونکي چه خوشحال وته ته خاندي

که دِ زړه خو څه تُرسدار ویَ څه به ښه وه  لږ دِ مهر په ما خوار ویَ څه به ښه وه
زه چه ستا له غم زارکړم ستا په درکښي  که دِ غَوږ څما په زار ویَ څه به ښه وه
چه په ما باندي پیغورکا ستا په عشق کښي  ستا له حسنَ خبردار ویَ څه به ښه وه
هر چه نن دَ زهد لاف کا په جهان کښي  په دیدن دِ پرهیزګار ویَ څه به ښه وه
پس له مرګ م ِ په هسي مکان ګوَر شویَ  چه پري تل دَ ښکلیو لارویَ څه به ښه وه
ستا په درکښي ډیر کوته تازي پراته دي  زه هم ګډ دَ دوي په شمارویَ څه به ښه وه

ستا په غم به په دا لږ عمر مؤړنه شي
دَ خوشحال عمر بسیارویَ څه به ښه وه

که یو څله مخ ښکاره کا تر نقابَ  دَ ښایست نامه به واخلي له افتابَ
لاله ګل به یي له مخه خوبي وام کا  په زلفینو به سنبل کاندي بي تابَ
خلق څه لره تهمت په زمانه ږدي  په چشمانو یي دنیا کړله خرابَ
دَ خمار په علامت یي سترګي سري دي  که چا بي وقتَ بیداره کړه له خوابَ
دَ خاطر ویني نوشي په څاي دَ میو  بیا یي نُقل هم دَ زړونو له کبابَ
خاصه مرګ دَ معشوقي دَ مقتولانو  چه جنت لره به درومي بي حسابَ
څما زړه قبله نما شي نه جاروزي  و بل لور ته ستا دَ وروڅو له محرابَ

په وعده یي خوشحالَ مه شه خوشحال
دَ وفا طمع څوک نه کاندي له حبابَ

غم آخر شه دَ ښادي روزګار راغي
چه موسم شه دَ ګلونو ګلزار راغي
په تلواري تياري دَ سيل کانړي
و بلبلو ته و وايه بهار راغي
په دا هسي خاصه وقت دَ سرو ګلونو
دَ مطرب دَ ساز آواز م ِ پکار راغي
دا يي واړه له خزانَ نه فريادَ شي
چه ګلونو ته طوطي په چغار راغي
دَهجران مشقت ډير وه خداي آسان کړ
بيا م ِ سخ دَي چه عشرت دَديدار راغي
که په نورو باندي نور کله اختر دَي
په ما دا زمان اختر شه چه يار راغي

لون لون کالي بيا پيري خواجه شه
چه خوشحال دَ يار دَ مخ په بازار راغي

که په خوله راسره جنګ کا هغه يار
په زړه مهر رنګا رنګ کا هغه يار
چه به ما لره راځي غاړه غړي
څکه لړي م ِ له زړه زنګ کا هغه يار
هيڅ حاجت دَتوُري نشته مانړي بس دَي
که م ِ مرګ وته آهنګ کا هغه يار
چه مشعل يي دَ جمال راته ښکاره کړ
بيا په ما باندي پتنګ کا هغه يار
زه فقير يم دَي بادشاه دَي باندي ښائي
که څما له ياري ننګ کا هغه يار
له هر چا سره خندا په ارت زړه کا
خو په ما باندي زړه تنګ کا هغه يار
مرصع پيزوان نور نه لري په پوزه
اکتفا په تور لونګ کا هغه يار

رقيبانو وته نرم شي تر موم
وخوشحال وته زړه سنګ کا هغه يار

خداي را کړه په غير کښي دَريبار څه منت را باندي
سپينه خوله سري شوندي توري زلفي آويزاندي
ياره راسره يار ده دَ هر غم م ِ غمګسار ده
غم اندوه م ِ نشته که رقيب راځي څه وکاندي
پريږده چه پري سَوځي ستا دَ مخ بلا دِ آخلي
عشق دِ لکه اوُر دَي عاشقان دي لکه سپاندي

وقت دَ نوبهار دیَ زه جدا له خپله یاره
دریغه دریغه دریغه چه بي له یاره څي بهارَ

ژاړي غاړي غرونه په احوال دَ عاشقانو
سیل دَ واورو نه دیَ چه دا درومي له کوهسارَ

اوَر دَ خوږو زړونو چه دَ غره په ونو بل شه
شني ډډوزي خیژي له نښتره له چنارَ

غواړي چه احوال دَ فراقجنو در معلوم شي
کوره هغه زانړه چه جدا شي له قطارَ

نوري ناري نشته خو ناري دَ بیلتانه دِي
راشه که یي اوري دَ رباب له هره تارَ

رنځ مِ نه کمیږي په زمان زمان زیاتیږي
زر راشه طبیبَ کنړه مرم دَ خداي دَپارَ

مرګ دَ رقیبانو بل ژَوَندون دَ حبیبانو
خداي ږو په هنګام دَ وصل کیږي دا دوه کارَ

څه شه چه لا دم وهي په شمار دیَ دَ ژَوَندیو
رنځ چه لا دوا شي طمع پري کړه له بیمارَ

پاتو سړي نه شوَل دا چه ګرزي دام و ددي
څکه یي ویره نه شي له دردمنو له آزارَ

هسی خوار زار شوَمَ زه خوشحال په عاشقي کښي
خپل دیَ که پردي دیَ راته نه ګوري له عارَ

ښه به هغه وقت وي چه خپل یار لره وردروم
وایم چه زه باغ و بهار لره وردروم

زلفي یي ښکاره کړي مښک عنبر یي په ما توي کړ
اوَس به له دیَ پسه څه عطار لره وردروم

یارم په ښایست کښي لکه ګل دَ نوبهار دیَ
سود یي دَ جمال کړم چه ګلزار لره وردروم

زار دَ خوږو زړونو خَوَش خورم زړونه آزارکا
غم اندوه مِ دا دیَ چه خپل زار لره وردروم

هر چرته چه خار وي هغه څاي مومي ګلونه
څکه په دا طمع هر هر خار لره وردروم

کوم سِحر یي وکړ په ما خوار باندي حیران یم
مرګ وته مِ ناست هغه خونخوار لره وردروم

هم یي په ما وکړل څو څو رنګ ستمونه
بسیا له ناچاریَ ستمګار لره وردروم

ښه شیرین یاران چه ما خوشحال لیدل په سترګو
اوَس یي په ژړا ژړا مزار لره وردروم

یو په بل پښتنه نشته — هسي ښهر بد خصلت دیَ
په شماره یو څو سړي دي — چه یي جوړ را سره نیّت دیَ
یو اکبر په غم شریک وه — هغه هم په خپل عشرت دیَ
که بادشاه دیَ که خانان دي — را ښکاره یي حال حالت دیَ
دَ هیچا برکت نشته — څان څاني شوه قیامت دیَ
ما چه دا قصیده وُوي — په ډیلي مِ اقامت دیَ
څلورمه دَ رجب وه — زر اوه اویا هجرت دیَ

نور څه مه وایه خوشحالَ
که څه وایي قباحت دیَ

تا وي چه غم مه کړه نور زه ستا یم ته څما — زه خودِ ژَوَندي کړم که دروغ کړي که رښتیا
څه بلا زیبا یي بي نظیره محبوبه یي — که دا عیب دِ نه ویَ چه په زړه سخته یي بلا
که کل جهان خوبه شي لور په لور مجوبه شي — عجب دیَ که پیدا شي یوه تا غوندي زیبا
په همره ډیر مقتوله ته لا هیڅ نه یي ملوله — که سل خونونه وکړه دَ جلاد پري څه پروا
چه ګل غواړم له تانه ستا له باغَ له بوستانه — که خس را عنایت کړي هم په ګل نیولي ما
څو زه بنده زنده یم دَ هغو زلفو بنده یم — چه تل یي سل سل زړونه په هر تاروي مبتلا
که لوي دیَ که هلک دیَ واړه ستا په لوري ورک دِي — په ښهر کښي هیڅوک نشته چه میّن نه دیَ په تا
دَ سروي ونه ګوره په ساعت شي نا منظوره — چه وخَوَڅي په باغ کښي ته په دا قد و بالا

نسیه جنّت ښادي ده دَ زاهد و دَ ملا
په لاس جنّت موندلي نن خوشحال دَي ستا لقا

چه بهتر تر هر نعمت دَي نور څه نه دَي روغ صورت دَي
چه يي دا نعمت روزي وي سر تر پاي عنايت دَي
که يي نه پيژني قدر روغ صورت لوي غنيمت دَي
ستا په تن کښي څان يواځي تر جهانَ لوي قيمت دَي
که دِ څان نه وَي جهان وَي په عدم يي اشارت دَي
دا جهان لکه معني ده ستا وجود يي عبارت دَي
چه يي په څاي عبارت وي دَ معنو همره قوَت دَي
دَ صورت دَ خوشحالئي مدار واړه په صحت دَي
چه صحت دَ صورت نه وي ورته خس مال و دولت دَي
رنځ په کوَر کښي هم بلا دَي لا څه نور چه په غربت دَي
پښه م ِهسی رنګ په درد شوه چه تيريږي يو ساعت دَي
آس چه ورو درومي په لاري پريواته څني آفت دَي
چه دَ سر بلا په پښو شوه دا لا خير خيريّت دَي
په دا هم شکر بايده دَي يو تر بل بتر زحمت دَي
ما وي تير شه ولي پوه شوَم لا څه پاتي مصيبت دَي
ما وي اوس خو مهربان شه لا يي ما سره شدّت دَي
هند په ما باندي دوزخ شه که په نور عالم جنّت دَي
بنديوان ورلره راغلم دا يو څو مياشتي فرحت دَي
هغه شان لکه بندي وم تري م ِلا تيري محنت دَي
هره ورځ ورتللم دربار ته کوره دا څه مشقت دَي
دَ بل حکم پري زندان شي چه په خپل حکم عادت دَي
نه شيرين شيرين ياران شته نه له چا سره صحبت دَي
نه خپل ورکَول را نيول شته نه خپل حکم حکومت دَي
نه دَ ښکار هوا هَوَس شته نه دَ نور څه مصلحت دَي

شپږ اوه زره ختک وه په دا جنګ کښې  په اولجه سره خوشنود شه هر انام
دَ دې جنګ ناري به درومي تر ملکونو  پرې خَوَښېږي به همه پښتون په نام
چه دَ دې صوبې آواز وشي په هند کښې  بیا به ژغ شي دَ بادشاه په خاص وعام
چه په نام پښتون غَوَڅېږي پرې خَوَښېږي  اورنګزیب هسې بادشاه دې دَ اسلام
د اسد تحویل زر یو نوي سن رجب وه  په دریّم دَ جنګ آغاز شه دا کلام
په کاغذ کښلي خیري پاتو کیږي  دا بیان په بیاض څکه شه ارقام

په غلیم باندې دِ هسې فتح تل وې
لکه دا فتح چه وشوه والسلام

په کاته شَوَم و عالم وته حیران  چه دَ نس دپاره څه کا دا سګان
هسې چارې یې پیدا شی له وجودَ  چه په فکر ذکر نه وې دَ شیطان
تل قران دَ وړاندې ایښې قرآن لَوَلې  ولې هیڅ عمل یې نه وې په قرآن
په کوم لوُرې پسې څمَ چرته یې غواړم  دَ کیمیا غوندې نایاب شوَل دانایان
ښه سړې لعل و یاقوت دې موندې نه شې  لکه تؤر کانړې لږ نه دې ناکسان
که په نورو خلقو کښې ښه سړې موندې شې  ولې ښه سړې به کم وې افغانان
که هر څو ورته دَ پند خبره وایې  دَ پلار پند یې هم ښه نه لګې په ځان
هره چار دَ پښتانو تر مغل ښه ده  اتفاق ورڅخه نشته ډیر ارمان
دَ بهلول اودَ شیر شاه خبرې آورم  چه په هند کښې پښتانه وُو بادشاهان
شپږ اوه پیړې یې هسې بادشاهي وه  چه په دوي پورې درست خلق وُو حیران
یا هغه پښتانه نور وو دا څه نور شَوَل  یا دَ خدای دې اوس دا هسې شان فرمان

که توفیق دَ اتفاق پښتانه مومې
زؤر خوشحال به دوباره شې په دا ځوان

دَ میدان هوسيَ یو یو تازي نیسي  دوډي غپ په کلي کرزي ډیر انعام
دَ ډوډه حصار یي درست په وینو سوُر کړ  په ډوډه باندي چه وشه قتل عام
دَ ډوډه حصار څه هسي آسان نه وه  چه یي فتح تیریدله په اوهام
پاس په غره باندي محکم وه چا وهلي  دَ کوهاټ ترکوټ یي ښه وه استحکام
دَ خاوند په حکم هسي فتح وشوه  چه یي کار شه په دوه ورځو سرانجام
دَ اووه کوټونو کار دَ خداي په حکم  وار په وار شه په هفته کښي انصرام
له هیبتَ په آسمان کښي یي لزره شوه  چه دَ توُرو خرپا واوریده دَ بهرام
دَ توپکو دَ ویشتلو په لوګیو  بل آسمان اتم پیدا شه کبود فام
دَ ختکو نیزي هسي تلي په زغرو  لکه ستن په خیمه دروهي دَ خیام
دَ ختکو نیزه بازو سوارو توي کړي  دَ بنګښو دَ سوارو فوجي تمام
ډیرځوانان غاړه غري شوَل په دا جنګ کښي  کم تقصیر نه وه دَ توُرو دَ سهام
صدر خان لا چري جنګ لیدلي نه وه  په دا جنګ یي نیزه سره کړه په خصام
د ګنبت مِ درست ارمان له دل وؤت  که شکست وه که پرهار وه که دشنام
په بد بوي دَ کشتګانو مزکه سخا شوه  چه ریز ریز شو په ډوډه کښي په حسام
دَ بنګښ بخره دَ پالي څوکي ده  نوردِ ننه باسي توره په نیام
څوک چه خپل کسب پریږدي بل کسب نیسي  تر هغه نه به بل نه وي عقل خام
که ګاوز په جنګ باتوردي جنګ بي هیروي  چه په سر وخوري څپیړه دَ ضیغام
که بنګښ څخه څه ننګ وي پري به نه کړ  ما دَ ده له ډکه باغَ یو بادام
دَ بنګښو شامت خپل سزا یي دا وه  چه په غَوښو یي مړیږي دد و دام
هر کهتر چه دَ مهتر سره ستیزه کا  دَ عمل سزا به مومي په انجام
هسي غم الم ماتم وربانـدي راغي  رنړا ورځ شوه دَ کوهاټ په عالم شام
دَ ډوډه په جنګ کښي بیا له میوډک شه  په ګنبت کښي چه خالي وه هغه جام
په دا کار کښي اولچي وشَوَلي بي شماره  دَ ښو جونو ښو آسونو دَ انعام
تؤري زغري که لیندي وي که دستي وي  په وسلو سره معمور شه هر کدام

په لښکر لښکر ناري شوَمَ دوي ته ستړي  دا کانړه راته نه مهيرک وايي نه څار
درست پښتون تر قندهارَ تر اټک  سره يو دَ ننګ په کار پټ و اشکار
مرګ څما په پوهه بِه تر دا ژوَندون دیَ  دَ عزت سره چه نه وي زيست روزګار
همیشه به په جهان کښي ژوَندي نه وي
دَ خوشحال خټک به پاتو شي يادګار

څو وا نه خلي له غليمَ انتقام  مرد نه خوْب کا نه خوراک کا نه آرام
چه دَ ننګ و دَ ناموس اندوه يي نه وي  دَ هغه سړي به نه وي احترام
که همت و حميّت غيرت په کښي وي  تر څښتن نه بهتر ګنړه غلام
په ورؤ ورؤ پري قدم ږدي ور باندي خيژي  په يوه څله څوک نه خيژي په بام
په طلب کښي که سستي نه وي باور کړه  دَ ژَوَندون اوبه به بيا مومي په کام
واړه ورځي سره نه وي برابري  کله درد کله دارو کاندي ايام
دَ مردي دَ نامردي تر مينځ ميل نه دیَ  تفاوت يي په زړه دیَ يا په ګام
چه دَ بل تر لاسه ورغي دَ بل شه  مرد پخپله لري دَ خپل فکر زمام
چه په ذات پلار نيکه تؤري وهلي  پري جوړيږي کار دَ تؤري دَ صمصام
دَ ګُنبت غصه مِ وؤته له دلَ  خداي چه راکړ په ډوډه دَ فتح کام
چه په مخ يي فتح درومی عابد خان دیَ  په هر ځاي دَ خپل بابا کا تازه نام
خداي يي عمر دَ خپل پلار کړه کام ونام هم  په غليم دِ يي لاس بر اوسي مدام
غليمان دِ تري حذر خوري که پوهيږي  تيره تيغ يي اژدها دیَ خون آشام
چه دا هسي تؤر زن ورؤر يي خداي پيدا کړ  پري دِ فخر کا همه ورونړه مدام
دَ لښکرو کار څه هسي آسان نه دیَ  چه په هر سړي به مومي انتظام
چه دَ بخت يو څو ويښته لري په سرکښي  دَ هغه په مخ ظفر درومي مدام
چه رښتيني تر سر تير بخښل خورَوَل کا  دَ هغه دَ وړاندي سر کيږدي انام
دَ مزري بخره ورميږ دَ نيله ګاو دیَ  ګيدر تروړي يي مړيږي په لحام

پښتنو زلمیو بیا لاسونه سره کړل — لکه باز منګلي سري کا په خپل ښکار
سپیني تؤري یي ګلګوني کړي په وینو — په اهار کښي شګفته شه لاله زار
ایمل خان دریا خان دواړه مرګ یي مه وَي — هیڅ تقسیر دواړو و نه کړ وار په وار
دَ خیبر دره یي سره کړله په وینو — په کړپه یي هم روان کړه ډونډوکار
تر کړپه تر باجوړه سمه غرونه — په لرزه په زلزله شول په بار بار
په هغه لوري چه کیږي پنځم کال دَي — هره ورځ دَ سپینو تؤرو خرپهار
اول جنګ دَ لوَرَ شا دَ تهترو وه — چه څلویښت زره مغل شوَل تار په تار
خویندي لونړه یي بندي دَ پښتنو شوي — آس اوښان هاتیان اولچه قطار قطار
دویم جنګ دَ میرحسني وه په دوابه کښي — چه یي و تکیده سر لکه دَ مار
بیا له پسه دَ نوښهر دَ کوټ جنګ وه — چه م ِوکیښ تر مغلو خپل خمار
بیا له پسه جسونت سنګه شجاعت خان وه — چه ایمل یي په کنداپ ویؤست دمار
شپږم جنګ مکرم خان شمشیرخان دواړه — چه ایمل کړ په خاپس کښي تار په تار
چه څما په یاد دِي لوي جنګونه دا دِي — دَ هلکو په هر لوري نشته شمار
همیشه فتح و نصرت دَي لا تر اوسه — پس له دا ده بیا تکیه په کردګار
اورنګزیب راته یو کال وشه چه پرؤت دَي — په صورت حیران پریشان په زړه افکار
کال په کال یي اُمرایان دِي چه پریوزي — چه طوفان بي شوي لښکري کوم یي شمار
خزاني دَ هندوستان دِي را خَوَري شوي — سره مُهران دِي ننوتي په کوهسار
دَ بادشاه دَ بد نیّتي کمي نشته — په بدنیّت بي آزار واخست دَ خپل پلار
بل هیڅ لیدلي نه شي په دا میّنځ کښي — یا مغل دَ میّنځه ورک شي یا پښتون خوار
پښتانه چه نور څه فکر کا نابود دَي — بي دَ تؤري خلاصي نشته په بل کار
تر مغلو پښتانه په تؤره ښه دِي — که په پوهه پښتانه وَي څه هوښیار
اولسونه چه سَنَده وبله وکا — بادشاهان ورته سجود کاندي اختیار
زه تنها په کښي په غم دَ ننګ و نام یم — یوسفزي دِي فراغت په کِشت وکار
افریدي مهمند شنواري کوره څه کا — دَ مغلو لښکر پرؤت په ننګرهار

اوس پښتنه نمسي لرم افضل دَ اشرف خان دیَ
خداي يي برخوردار کړه طمعَ ډيره تري لرمَ

يو مِ سکه ورؤر دیَ چه يي لار دَ حق نيولي
دوه ورونړه مِ نور دِي يو نومړي بل بي نمَ

ځاي مِ ملنګپور دیَ چه يي سراي بولي وګړي
قام اولس مِ پرؤت دیَ ترلګئي په غره په سمَ

شل زره ځوانان لرمَ تول له يوه ذاتَ
واړه يګانه شا په خدمت کښي را ته خمَ

څه شو شمشيرخان که پوخ پنجهزاري دیَ
ما وته هيڅ نه دیَ مګر بي اومه شلغمَ

څو به دَ منصب په زورځما برابري کا
څه مجال دَ ګډ چه به سيالي کا له ضيغمَ

خوار دِ يوسفزي شي چه ترين يي حاکمي کا
اوس که ښکار دَ باز کاندي هيلئ نه ده کرمَ

زه دَ شاهجهان بادشاه دننه دَ زړه سر وم
چار مِ اورنګزيب په نادانـي کړه برهمَ

دم وهلي نه شم څوک مِ داد دلاسانه کا
داغ لرم په زړه کښي بي طبيبَ بي مرهمَ

څو زره سواره دي سرګردان په څو کالونو
زه که په زړه روغ ويَ چار به ولي وه درهمَ

سل کاله که تيرشي دا مهم به فيصل نه شي
دا رنګَ چه کيږي ګوره څه وشي له همَ

څه چه په څو کاله شمشير خان ترين يوکارکړ
ما به په څو مياشتي واړه کار کړ مستحکمَ

دا مکر فريب چه دَ حيات ترين هنر دیَ
کله دا دَ مرد دَي دا دَ ښځي دیَ علمَ

پوهه تميز نشته دا جهان په سترګو روند دیَ
ښځه دَ خاني په خطاب کاندي مکرمَ

دا انشا و دا املا چه دیَ شيطاني بولي
تل باندي نفرين واوري له لوح و له قلمَ

حال حقيقت وايم چه هرچا وته معلوم شي
زه څه شاعر نه يم هيَ توبه له مدح و ذمَ

بيا له کومَ را پيدا شه دا بهار
چه په هر لوري يي ملک کړ يو ګلزار

ارغوان دَي ضمين سوسن ريحان دِي
ياسمن دَي نسترن نرګس ګلنار

دَ بهار ګلونه ډير دي په کښي هر رنګ شته
ولي سره لاله دَي لا په کښي اوخار

جونه موتي موتي ګل ږدي په ګريوان کښي
دَ ځوانانو ګلدستي دِي په دستار

مغنّي په چغانه ليندي کښيږده
په نغمو په پردو وغوږوَه هر تار

ساقي راشه ډکي ډکي پيالي راکړه
چه دَ ميو په مستي کښي شم سرشار

دَ خداي منت را باندي چه يي هست کړم له عدمَ
بل خلقت يي نه کړم را پيدا شوم له آدمَ

پُشت په پُشت راغلي مسلمان محمدي يم
چار دَ چار يارانو سره واړه منم سمَ

درست په دا پوهيږم چه چار مذهبَ حق دي
زه دَ خفي مذهب دعوي لرم محکمَ

مينه يي په زړه دَ علماؤ راکړه ډيره
مينه يي دَ دور دَ شيخانو راکړه کمَ

نه خراباتي نه قمار باز يم نه زنا کار يم
نه قاضي مفتي چه يي نظر په يو څو درهمَ

بخره يي دَ تيغ راکړه په اصل کښي پښتون يم
پلار په نيکه نه يم بي دولتَ بي حشمَ

پلار م ِ سُور کفن وکوژ ته لاړ نيکونه واړه
ډير خلق پري ومړ خون يي لاړشه ترعالمَ

پلار م ِ شهباز خان په سخاوت لکه حاتم وه
زړه يي دَ مزري په توُره تير شه تر رستم

تينګ ولاړ په شرع تل يئي کار وه په رښتيا کښي
خط سواد يي نه وه نور دانا وه له افهمَ

څو به نيکه ستايم يحيی خان جنت يي ځاي شه
روغ لکه يوسف وه درست له سرَ ترقدمَ

بل سړي که سوُر وه دَي پياده ور سره به سم وه
قد قامت يي همره دَ مړاني چار پري تمَ

بل نيکه ځما ملک اکو چه په ختک کښي
ده راوړه دا بخره دَ لوئي مقدمَ

ديرش کالونه وشول چه م ِ پلار دَي شهيد شوي
مړ کړ يوسفزيو ما هم اوُر کړه باندي سمَ

نور پښتانه ډير دي خو يو زه په کښي توُره يم
واخلم ورکړم بند کړم پريږدم وُ وژنم تر دمَ

ډيرو اولسونو غليمی راسره وکړه
سر يي راته کوُز کړ هاله خلاص شول له ماتمَ

يو يوسفزي دَي چه په ما يي منت بار کړ
لا په اکوزيو دَ ننګ چار ده مسلمَ

زه چه دَ غفد په کال په بند دَ اورنګزيب شوم
کوُر و خيلخانه م ِ په کښي ډيره وه بي دمَ

څو کاله بندي کړم اورنګزيب په هندستان کښي
روغ راغلم تر کوُز بيا يي خلاص شوم له ستمَ

هر چه زه يي وژلم په زندان کښي هغه واړه
ومړل خوار شول وُرک شول خالي نه دي له المَ

زه لکه يوسف له بندَ خلاص شَوَم کامراني کړم
پاک پاکيزه زړوم اوُر م ِ نه کړه بها کمَ

زوي م ِ اشرف خان دَي چه خوُر شوي کوُر پري تول شه
زه چه په بند لاړم خيلخانه م ِ شوه برهمَ

څليريشت زوي نور لرم يو دَي په کښي چه لوي دَي
واړه برخوردار شه خداي يي و ساته له غمَ

بیا رباب دَ مغنّي ښه سرایت کا — په نغمه کښي نوي نوي حکایت کا
شیخ دِ کُنج دَ صومعي زه به ګلګشت کړم — دَ بهار ګلونه ما ته هدایت کا
ګدایانو لره غم دَ ګیډي ډیر دیَ — بادشاهان دِ غم دَ ملک و ولایت کا
دَ وفا مهر کرم به یي لا څه وي — په جفا کښي چه دا همره عنایت کا
په مانړي یي هم خوشحال شم هم دلګیر شم — لکه څوک چه له چا شکر و شکایت کا
دا څما دَ بخت اثر نه دیَ نور څه دیَ — له رقیبَ چه شکوه په دا غایت کا

که دَ ښکلیو دَ دیدن مینه ګناه ده
سکه خوشحال ختک درست عمر جنایت کا

په څه شان یي دواړه زلفي کج په کج کړي — یکباره یي دَ عالم میني په چج کړي
تۆري زلفي یي زنځیر مخ یي کعبه دیَ — دا زنځیر په لاسو ونیسه که حج کړي
که یو دم دِ دا زنځیر په لاسو کښیوزي — همیشه به دَ خپل زړه په حال فرج کړي
بیا هاله دَ یګانګي له حالَ لاف کړه — که دِ غیري اندیښني له زړه خرج کړي
زه تر نام ننګَ تیر شَوَم ستا دپاره — ته به څو څما دَ کار دپاره بج کړي
قند وګل چه یادَوَم مقصود م ِدا دیَ — څو بوسي که له دشنام سره مزج کړي

ما خوشحال له خپله څانه خاطر مۆړ کړ
چه دا هسي دَ غمزی په تیغ حرج کړي

چه م ِ ولیدي دا تۆري سترګي ستا  زه به نه کړمَ هیر نوري سترګي ستا
یا دَ باز یا دَ طاؤس یا دَ شاهین دِي  یا دَ تۆر هوسئي که ګوري سترګي ستا
لکه وژغوري کبلي په مرغزار کښي  دَ خواره وربل تر سۆرِي سترګي ستا
لکه پټ سواره دَ جنګ نیزه په غاړه  دا اوږده بانړه پري پوري سترګي ستا
لکه څوک په میومست شي هسي مست شم  زه چه ووینم مَي خوري سترګي ستا
که شیخان که زاهدان که عابدان دِي  دَ هر چا دَ زړونو چوري سترګي ستا

چه دِ غوښت هغه دیدن دیَ ورته ګوره
که خوشحالَ نه وِي کوري سترګي ستا

زه خو شرابي یم شیخَ څه راسره جنګ کړي  بخري ازلي دِي کاشکي ما دَ څان په رنګ کړي
ښه وایي ناصحَ برکت شه ستا په ژبه  ښه یي په ویلو دِ دَ دریاب اوبه کړنګ کړی
لاړل و جنت ته چه په پوهه خبر نه وُو  لاړل و دوزخ ته چه یي لافي دَ فرهنګ کړي
پند دَ محمد دَ ابوجهل پکار نه شه  څوک به یي صیقل کا چه یي خداي آئینه زنګ کړي
کښیني په خلوت کښي شیخَ سود یي راته وایه  ولي په خپل څان هسي ارت جهان تنګ کړي
زه خو دَ زړه درد غواړم په هر یوه مذهب کښي  تا زده دا خبري چه نقلونه رنګا رنګ کړي
زر راشه مطربَ دَ نوروز سرود آغاز کړه  ښي نغمي دلسوزي په رباب په نيَ وچنګ کړي
هر لوري ته ګل دیَ شقایق نرګس سنبل دِي  بي ګلذارَ بد کړي که و بل لوري ته آهنګ کړي
چا در پسي ډیري توښي واخستي طلب کا  څنو مصلي دَ بي ننګي در پسي لنګ کړي
کاشکي دَ عمل درنه پښتنه دِ په قیامت شِي  موم په رقیبانو په عاشق باندي زړه سنګ کړي

مرګ لره یي واړه دَ دهلي لښکري راغلي
ته لا دَ خوشحال په مرګ څان روغ نه ګنړي ننګ کړي

یار دِ که دَ کوْر دین قبول کا په دا څه شی  شرط دَ محبت دیَ ته هم واخله دین دَ کوْر
مینه دَ مجنون به په لیلي وشوه لا ډیره  څو به چه عالم ور باندي وکړ شوْر و زوْر
طمع دَ خوشحال وه لکه ښه باغبان په باغ کښي
ګل و هر چا ورکا چه یي زړه وي عَلَی الْفَوْر

راشه که یي آوري دا خبره ده نادره  چه ووتل له سترګو هغه ووزي له خاطره
مرم چه جدا کیږي ته مِ روح یي که پوهیږي  مه درومه له ما نه راته تل اوسه حاضره
بخت مِ مرور شي چه په نورو دِ نظر شي  بخت راته ناظر شي چه و ما ته شي ناظره
هر حسن دِ ډیر دیَ دَ لیلي تر حسن تیر دیَ  زه چه دَ مجنون کړم په چشمانو یي ساحره
ډیري دِي نګاري آهو چشمي پري واري  تا غوندي به نه وي شوخ و شنګ دلاوره
شونډي دِ یاقوت دي غاښ دِ دُر دَ زړونو قوُت دیَ  درسته دِ دا تنګه خوله حقه دَ جواهره
لام و بي یي څبیښه چه ښه کښلي شي در پیښه  تل شُکر وکاږه چه شکري خوري شاکره
ډیر دَ ملک شاهان دي چه دَ کښلیو غلامان دي  تا دا قدرت ورکړ و دلبرو ته قادره
تل له ډیره خیاله څو پیښي کړي له خوشحاله
هم صلح کړي هم جنګ کړي مِهرجنه هم قاهره

دواړه شونډي کړه په بیارته  دُر ریزي وکړه خپل یار ته
زه چه ستا و مخ ته ګورم  زړه مِ نه کیږي ګلزار ته
ګل له شرمَ خولي پریږدي  چه نظر کا ستا رخسار ته
که مِ وار در باندي جوړ شي  منتظر یم و خپل وار ته
ګلَ دا در باندي ښایي  چه څیر څیر ګوري و خار ته
که وفا کا که جفا کا  یارَ دم مه وهه اغیار ته
آئیني وته نظر کړه  که دِ مینه شي ګلزار ته
زار و چا ته کړي خوشحالَ
چه دِ نه ګوري څوک زار ته

پوزه یې غنچه وه دَزنبق سیب یې سپینه زنه  مښک دَ مخ خالونه په مخ کښلي مه پارا
هار دَ جواهرو دوه لړئ دَ مرغلرو  تور وربل مشکین زلف عنبر سارا
واړه یې دَ تن جامې کلکوني زر نکاري  درسته سره لنبه ده چا لیدلي خدا را
بیا هسې مدد کړه چه خوشحال سره دِ تله کړه
بخت دَ دې ورکې سراغ نښه وما را

وې مِ که زه درشم ستا ترڅاې خوله به راکړي  وې یې سکه هزار سر لري چه دا وینا کړي
وې مِ چه په مخ دِ تورې زلفې تور ښامار دې  وې یې ته سکه څه لره ښامار وته ویسا کړي
وې مِ چه په کوم توګې به تا وته نژدې شم  وې یې چه که سر له تن بې تیغ جدا کړي
وې مِ چه زه تا پسې هرګوره لیونې شَوَم  وې یې چه په دا عقل به لا خپل صورت رسوا کړي
وې مِ چه ما تا سره خندا په یوه وقت کړه  وې یې هغه څوک وو چه له تا سره خندا کړي
وې مِ چه هر ګوره کبریا شوي خدای دِ وینې  وې یې که کبر کړم ستا څه دې چه غوغا کړي
وې مِ چه دَ سپین زیبا خولې دِ عاشق زه یم  وې یې چه خدای څه دا عاشقي هم ویریا کړي
وې مِ چه له نته دِ چار ګل په پوزه زیب کا  وې یې دا خبره کړه هاله که چا په تا کړي
وې مِ که زه ستا په کوي کښې ومرم ستا رضا ده  وې یې کاشکې خلاص له دردِ سرَسپې څما کړي
وې مِ چه په څو رنګه خوشحال په تا مین دې
وې یې دَ ختک سړې دَ مینې څه ثنا کړي

تا غوندې به نه وې یوه کښلي په دا دَور  یون دِ دې دَ زرکې دواړه سترګې دِ دَ مؤر
وقت دَ نوبهار دې راغ و باغ واړه ګلزار دې  راز دَ کردګار دې دا ګلونه طور طؤر
باز دِ باندې مه وزه هم زړه لرم ویریږم  باز خورې دَ زړه غَوښې یا یې ته خورې یا یې بؤر
نور عالم بې غمَ زه دایم په درد و غم کښې  عشق نه دې بلا دې چه یې ونیوم په چؤر
مې شته چنګ و نې شته ساقي راشه باده راکړه  تل به بهار نه وې چه تیریږي وقت دَ ثؤر
کښینم و رودبار ته چه رواني اوبه ګورم  عمر غوندې درومې چه ښه وکړم باندې غؤر

دا څه بارخو نه دیَ ستا دَ تۆرو زلفو لاندي  پرۆت دي په ګلونو دَ سنبلو پانړي تاندي
تل يي په طلب وم آخر خوش خپله بختَ  هسي يارم بِياموند چه عالم يي کيسي کاندي
قيس وه که وامق وه که فرهاد وه که خسرو وه  هر چه عاشقي کا صد رحمت په واړو باندي
نور خلق فاني دِي که باقي دِي هم هغه دِي  هر چه په فاني دنيا يادېږي وروستو وړاندي
نوري کيسئ څه دِي وخپل څان ته نصيحت دِي  شمع ته نظر کړه خود به وژاړي چه خاندي

ته ګوره په چرته زه خوشحال په کوم ملکونو
پاس په زړه پرتي دِي ستا دَ تۆر وربل پياندي

زوړ سړي چه دَ څوانِي هَوَس کاندي  ورته وايه چه دا څه په خپلي کونه خاندي
چه په کال کښي يي زۆړتوب دیَ هم څواني دیَ  دَ سړي تر کارَ ښه دیَ کار دَ سپاندي
کله هسي په خوان مۆړ شي چه يي نه خوري  کله خوان ته سترګي آړوي نغلاندي
په نيّتونو په صورتونو په لاسونو  خلقي دِي سره يو تر بله هراندي
اۆس په سپين ږيره څه له مرګه ډار کړم  ياران تۆر ږيرِي لاړل له ما وړاندي
چه دَ مزکي مخ يي لاندي وه تر حکمَ  راشه وګوره هغه تر مزکي لاندي
دا عالم ريګ روان دیَ که يي ګوري  خو هم هسي سره آوړِي لاندي باندي

دَ قضا تنور ما وليده په سترګو
ما خوشحال چه په کښي سيزي وچي تاندي

تلم په خپلي لاري را سره مله شوه نګارا  شوخه غمزه ګره خنده رويه خودآرا *
رنګ يي دَ سړِي وه اما خوی دَ ښاپيريو  تن يي لکه سيم وه په زړه سخت سنګ خارا
راغلو په ښهر لاس په لاس شوه له ما ورُکه  کوي په کوي جاروزم پسی غواړم بخارا
ډيري لري نښي دَ صورت دَ زيبائي  څه خو درته وايم يو څو نښي آشکارا
دنګه تازه رنګه قد عرعره مو کمره  ښه يي تر ګلونو دَ ګلاب وه عذارا
غاښ يي دُرګوهر په لب شکر ابرو کمانه  تۆر بانړه ناوکه په دواړو سترګو خونخوارا

له چا نه په پښتو کښې ما میزان موندلي نه دئ  مرزا په دا زبان که ویل کړي دئ تللي
مخزن م ِ دَ اخوند په تمامی په نظر کښیوؤت  په ده کښې نه عروض شته نه یې بحر ما موندلي
دانا به پرې پوهیږي دَ نادنوا کار پرې نشته  دا دُر چه دَ بیان په تار خوشحال ختک پیلي
کذاب دئ که دا شعر لکه ده پښتو بیان کړ  که هسې ویل اوس شي یا په خوا وې چا ویلي
دَ شعر په ویلو ډیر خوَښ نه یم ولې څه کړم  چه زړه م ِ بې اختیارَ کله کله ورته زغلي
په شل کاله کښې دیک څما دَ شعر په اوربار شه  په دا دَوري م ِ پوخ کړ چه شپیته کاله م ِ تللي
حاسد م ِ که په شعر له حسدَ کوته کېږدي  چه دئ مومي له شعرَ واړه ده وته بخښلي
دَ شعر په ویل کښې که مقصود لري هم دا دئ  په دا بهانه یې کوندي چرې یاد کا نازولي
په تور کسوت کښې پټه رنګینه معني وګوره  زر شوئیو م ِ سره زر له تورو شکو دې ئستلي

دوه بحره دوه مطلع لري که دا قصیده کوري
زر یو اتیا کالونه په صفر کښې ما ویلي

دوه زړونه چه یو شي غر به هم پاره پاره کا  څار تریکانګي چه نعمتونه را ښکاره کا
تورې زلفي بویه خط و خال زر و زیور هم  مخ چه ښایسته وې خلقه یې ننداره کا
څوک چه په اخلاص وبله مین شي په دنیا کښې  زر سازي ناسازي په دنیا کښې آواره کا
خلق په شیطان باندي لعنت لعنت وائینه  چاري په سرې واړه نفس اماره کا
صل رنګه غمونه لور په لور دَ نفس دَ لاسه  دوه سوه دَ حرص له مخه نور را اجاره کا
چه ویش وې دَ شکرو ډیر عالم ور باندي تول شي  چه واخلي خپلي بخري نور څانونه کناره کا
څار تریکرنګي چه زړه یې یو یو یې اقرار وې  هر چه دوه زبان وې خپل غمونه دوباره کا
هر څوک دِ دعا کاندي چه حاجت یې چاته نه شي  ولي بادشاه نه وې چه حاجت یې بیچاره کا
ګل و سرې ورکړه چه خوشحال په یوه ګل شي  خره غوایه کله نظر دَ ګل په پشتاره کا

دَ خوشحال دَ رندي حال هسې ښکاره شول
لکه بانګ چه مؤذن په بلنده مناره کا

دَ دیَ هسي وقت هَوَس به  مکر مومي په جنان
که رښتیا وایم دا وقت مِ  په پسرلي لري رجحان
دَ دیَ وقت په مخ خلاصي دیَ  دَ پسرلي په مخ زندان
په خوشحال دِ قدر ډیر دیَ  یماني ستوریَ ځان ځان

چه دیدن دِ ورښکاره شي
نور په ده کړی حظ پریوان

په ځان و په جهان کښي ما دوه څیزه دي وکښلي  په ځان کښي دواړه سترګي په جهان کښي واړه کښلي
دَ زلفو په هوا یي بي خودي ځما نصیب شوه  له ځانه له جهانه تل بیخود وي مار خوړلي
دَ کښلیو دَ جمال په نندارهٔ کښي ما خدای بیاموند  لږ نه دي له مجازَ حقیقت ته رسیدلي
ښه مخ وته چه ګورم په دوه سترګو نه مړیږم  دَ تن ویښته مِ واړه واړي سترګي دي ختلي
سیه دل دَ محبت له سوز و سازه خبر نه شول  په کار دَ پتنګانو مګس نه دي پوهیدلي
دَ هغه خوني له تیغَ دَ خلاصي فکر و مه کړه  چه دیَ له نا ترسي زړه وکاږی له وژلي
دَ خدای ملامتونه ګوښي ګوښي تهمتونه  په عشق کښي له وګړي ما څه لږ نه دي زغملي
ښه مخ په مثال ګل شه زړه ځما لکه بلبل شه  شیدا بلبله هر چري چه ګل وي هوري زغلي
مدد وکړه دَ وینو دَ ژړا په وقت اي دلَ  نور اوښي پاتو نه شَوَل چه ډیر ډیر مِ دي ژړلي

دَ شعر څه ثنا کړم چه دیَ حیض الرجال دیَ  بد کرکا چه له ده نه ډیر زیانونه دي رسیدلي
که شعر ته نظر کړي په خپل اصل کښی بد نه دیَ  بد دا چه څوک په شعر کښي ویل کا ناپسندلي
چه چا دیَ شعر کړي بي میزانه بي عروضه  دا هیڅ شاعري نه دا یو څو سپي دي تمیدلي
فارسي شعر مِ هم زده سلیقه لرم دا واړه  پښتو شعرم جَوَبِس شه هر څوک خپل ګنړي ښاغلي
په وزن په مضمون په نزاکت هم په تشبیه کښي  پښتو ویل مِ عین تر فارسي دي رسَوَلي
پښتو ژبه ده مشکله دَ دَه بحر موندنه نه شي  هم ما لره څو بحره په ډیر مښود دي راغلي

چه تحویل شي دَ میزان — توغ څرګند کا زمستان
توغ یي څه دَ سهیل ستوري — چه ښکاره شی په آسمان
دَ غارمه په رنځ رنځور وي — بیا تندرست شي دا جهان
دَ خوږو لذت پیدا شي — اوبه ولړي په ځان
غیږ په غیږ سره نماستي شي — لب په لب شي مشتاقان
دَ جامي قدر څرګند شي — زین قبول کا عراقیان
نه په زغره څوان خبر وي — نه آس دروند په برګستان
چه دَ ښکار هَوسناکي کا — پري ښادي شي دا اوان
دَ شمال مرغونه واړه — په جنوب شي را روان
نوي باز راشي له سواتَ — لکه ښه سیلي جوګیان
دَ مهتاب په شعله یون کا — ژغ کا زانړي په آسمان
قاز و بطي راخَوري شي — مرغاوي صد چندان
زرکي کوزي شي و سمي ته — په دانه دَ دهقانان
که شاهین که چرغ که باز دي — رایي واخلي میر شکاریان
دَ صدبرګ ګلونه وا شي — په رنګ ښه وي تر زعفران
څوک دَ ښکار په هَوَس ګرزي — څوک په سیر یي دَ بوستان
عباسي په دوه دري رنګه — سپین او زیړ وي ارغوان
دَ چنبي دَ ګلو بوي څي — دَ هر بوټي تر ګریوان
دَ سبزي یي تماشا شي — لا په تیره دَ ریحیان
په تنکي تنکي ښاخونو — هره ونه شي شان شان
که بلبلي که طوطیان دي — لور په لور کاندي فغان

زه مدد غواړم له تا نه اي يوه خدايَ احدَ
که مدد دِ راسره وي چار به نه شي څما بد

زه عاجز بنده دَ تا يم تا به ستايم ستا په فضل
ستا ثنا صفت به وايم څو زه توان لرم بي حدَ

ستا ثنا ده ترحد تيره دَ بيابان تر شکو ډيره
هسي څوک دَيَ چه خبر شي دَدَيَ شکو له عددَ

نه ته زوريي نه ته څوان يي لکه ويَ هسي يکسان يي
لکه ويَ هسي به وينه له ازلَ تر ابدَ

زمکه سبع سماوات دواړه کونه کاينات
واړه تا کوښې پيدا کړل بي له نورو له مددَ

دا همه واړه ملکونه تا وزَول له کاف و نونَ
هم والد يي دَ ملکونو هم منکر يي له ولدَ

که سفيد دَيَ که سياه دَيَ په وحدة ستا گواه دي
ته محيط له هره څيزه له سفيده له اسودَ

دَستا کار واړه خوبي دي په خوبي او په نيکي دي
دا و مونږه ته رسيږي کله نيک کله بدَ

داشامت څمونږه خپل دَيَ چه موکار هسي مشکل دَيَ
کنړه ته څه هسي نه يي چه خپل درتري له ردَ

ته پښتنه کړي له حالَ چه يي حال ښه ده تر قالَ
دَ بلال اسهد قبول شه دَ دوي نورو له اشهدَ

دَ خوشحال ويل اومه دي لايق ستا دَ صفت نه دي
ستا په فضل به پخيږي دا اومه ويل احدَ

چه دښنه یي دَ اصحاب و دَ اولاد دِي
په وکښنه یي دَ بیخ و دَ تبار یم

دَ مذهب څښتن څلور دِي پنځه نه دِي
حنفي سُني مذهب دَدین په کار یم

دَ عذاب طاقت مِ هیڅ نشته بخښه مِ
و درګاه لره دِ درغلم طیار یم

چه هم ډک له ګناهونو هم مغرور دَي
زه خوشحال هغه بنده دَخپل غفار یم

خدایَ ته څما پرده مه کړه پاره *
بد مِ مه کړه و عالم وته ښکاره

هغه لار چه دَ نیکي دَ نیکنامي ده
په هغه لار مِ بیایه همواره

چه دَدین دَدنیا ښي چاري په کښي وي
همیشه مِ په هغه چاري وګماره

په دنیا کښي مِ همیش لره زړه جمع
پریشاني دِ څنني اوسي کناره

نفس شیطان دواړه قرین دي په شماره کښي
راښکاره لره دا دواړه مکاره

که هر څو مِ لوي ګناه له لاسه وشي
په توبه سره یي ته کړه آواره

په توبه کښي هسي رنګه ثبات راکړه
چه توبه مِ ماته نه شي دوباره

کبیره راته ګنده غوښي دَ خوک کړه
صغیره کړه راته غوښي دَ فاره

ذمیمه مِ وار په وار له دلَ واخله
چه په زړه کښي ذمیمه دَي خونخواره

توان توفیق دَ عبادت و طاعت راکړه
زه خاکي بنده عاجز یم بیچاره

په حساب کتاب مِ رنګ دَ خلاصي نشته
ما یکلخته خپل کرم ته وسپاره

چه ارواح مِ له قالبَ نه جدا شي *
نور مِ بیایه دَ جنت په ننداره

چه کراماً کاتبین راځخه خَوَښ څي
هسي رنګ مِ کورستان وته وسپاره

مخ مِ سوُر لره همیش په استغنا کښي
په طمع مِ زیړه مه کړه رخساره

تر ایمانَ چه مِ چاپیر دَ یقین کوټ دَي
سلامت یي وساته برج و باره

په دنیا کښي مِ عزیز لره تر تله
آل اولاد مِ پیدا مه کړه هیچکاره

وقت آخر شه غافل مه اوسه خوشحال
یو څو ورځي شپي باقي دِي په شماره

زه په خپلو ګناهونو توبه ګار یم  چه م ِ کړي دي له واړو شرمسار یم
په دا سپینه ږیره ما فضیحت مه کړه  که په توره ږیره هر څو بزه ګار یم
اوس و ما توان توفیق دَ طاعت راکړه  ستا و فضل و کرم ته امیدوار یم
ستا له لوریه همګي فضل و کرم دیَ  زه دَ خپلو شامتونو نه په ډار یم
عام عالم م ِ په کردار خبردار نه دیَ  زه پخپله خبردار په خپل کردار یم
په عمل به هسي ګبر و جهود نه وي  لکه زه په خپل عمل کښي خوارو زار یم
هندو هم پاڅي په نیمي شپي خپل جپ کا  تر هندو نه دَ عمل په کار لا خوار یم
زړه په زرو فکرو ولاړ په سجده سر ږدم  همګي عمر دا هسي نماز ګذار یم
نه ثواب دَ جماعت نه سود دَ نفلو  په قضا نمونځونو هم لا تاوان دار یم
که حلال دیَ که حرام مزه یي بویه  په بزه دَ لقمي کله پروا دار یم *
خلقي څما په فعل ګور ته لاړي  لا دَ نورو و کشتن ته په تلوار یم
نفس و ما ته حق نا حق کا نا حق حق کا  تل دَ ده تر فرموده پوري نا چار یم
راکښي خوي خصلت دَ دوو اویه فرقو دیَ  په ظاهر دَ مؤمنانو په قطار یم
دَ هوا په دریابونو کښي غوطي خورم  دَ حرص په حصارونو کښي حصار یم
که په رسم په تقلید مسلماني شي  سخ څما دَ مسلمانو سره شمار یم
نفس شیطان راته په هره ساه پڅو دي  تر ورستيَ ساهَ زه څني په ډار یم
حمیده م ِ لکه زر ذمیمه شګي  توري خاوري م ِ په سر دي که زر دار یم
اعتقاد ئي دَ خاصانو و ما راکړه  که زه هر څو په عمل کښي شرمسار یم
که فرښتي که کتابونه دَ آسمان دي  په همه پیغمبرانو په اقرار یم
دَ کونین پیدا کوونکي لاشریک دیَ  په دا همره اعتقاد کښي استوار یم
دَ قیامت په ورځ قایل یم بي ګمانه  نیک و بد واړه له تا دیَ خبردار یم
پس له مرګ بیا ژوندون دَ خلایق دیَ  په دا واړو کښي له شرک نه بیزار یم
پیغمبر م ِ محمد دَ عبد الله دیَ *  مینه دار یي په اصحاب و په چهار یم
امامان یي دَ اولاد واړه برحق دي  تر مهدي پوري دَ واړو خدمتګار یم

چه یو څل ښیګړه ووینی له چا  په یوه یي شل بدي یي کړه تر شا
دروغژن سړي دَ عفو لایق نه دیَ  په رښتینو باندي عفو ده روا
غلطي دَ یګانه غلطي نه ده  په خطا دَ یګانه بویه عطا
که له یاره نه ترخي خبري واوري  خوږ شیرین څواب یي ورکړه په خندا
دَ کمذات سړي یاري آشنائي مه کړه  له کمذاتَ به بیا نه مومي وفا
رخنه ګر دَ ملک هرګز دَ پریښو نه دیَ  که هر څو یي شفاعت کا شیخ و ملا
مرد به خپله وینا ژغوري څو ژَوَندي وي  دَ نامرد وینا نن شته نشته صبا
دَ چارپایو په حساب دي سړي نه دي  غوبانه شپانه چه بیائي غیلي غوا
چه ستا عیب تا ته وائي یار هغه دیَ  نه چه نورو وته وایي عیب ستا
بازاري سړي بهتر تر وروستائي دیَ  که هر څو دَ بازاری نشته حیا
که سړي پیري دِ وژني و به نه مري  څو چه نه وي رسیدلي ستا قضا
بند څما په رضا یو نشته یاران مِ  په یاري یاري کښی کا خپله رضا
چه څما په مرګ مشتاق وُو هغه ومړل  زه لا دا یم ژَوَندي پایم په دنیا
مړني په خپلي تُوری نظر نه کا  ښایسته په خپل جمال دي نابینا
شناخت ادب شرم سړي وته بایده دي  په دا دري توکه څاروي نه دیَ آشنا
چه یي مؤر و پلار سخي سخي زوولي  په هغه کښي به خطا نه شي پیدا
چه دَ سپي په پیو لوي کا څوک ورغومي  لکه سپي هسي ورغومي کا غپا
دا خبره و هر چا وته ښکاره ده  چه دَ ښو غَوَښو نه کیږي ښه ښوروا
عاقل ډیر عیب دَ څان په عقل پټ کا  نادان لږ په ناداني کاندي رسوا
په ویل ښیل به هیڅکله ښه نه شي  چه بد بخت له موره پلاره شي پیدا
چه خپل بار په هیچا نه ږدي بار دَ بل وړي  هم هغه سړي لایق دیَ دَ ثنا
چه په زړه کښی یي چراغ دَ عقل بل شي  ورځ و شپه ده په هغه باندي رنړا

سجنجل دَ خپل استاد لري په مخ کښي
چه ګویا شه دَ خوشحال دَ زړه طوطا

په راحت کښې په دولت کښې یاري ډیري  په محنت کښې په زحمت کښې یاران چري
نه به هر کله بهار نه به خزان وي  دا دَ ستوریو چاري ونیسه په تیري
له یوي فتني یي ځان په دعا خلاص کړم  فلک بیا نوي فتني کا را برسیري
دَ دیَ دور په یارانو باور نشته  په زمان ورته اغیار شي یار دَ غویري
چه به ما ورته کاته له جاهَ نه کړه  له هغو خبري آورم تیر و بیري
پرورش یي که په شهد و په شکر کړي  دَ خرما تر ښوند به و نه رسیږي بیري
دَ دستار تر مرتبي به نه رسیږي  که په لعلو مکلل کړي پاي زیري

په ژَوَندون یي دَ خوشحال له زړه وباسي
ستا کردي به یي په ګور کښې نه شي هیري

ډیر عالم څما په یاد  راغي تیر شه لکه باد
هم دا هسي راشي تیرشي  په ځای نه لري اِستاد
عجب لویه کار خانه ده  چه پیدا کړه لوي اُستاد
وحباب وته نظر کړه  څه حباب څه یي بنیاد
هسي ته یي که پوهیږي  ښه مثال شه درته زباد
هیڅ خبر نه شوي له ځانه  هَي فریاد فریاد فریاد
غمژن والي دِ په څه شي  بیا پسي شه هسي شاد

څه سختي لري خوشحاله
دا دِ زړه دیَ که فولاد

څه سړي څه يي تدبير — هم هغه شي چه تقدير
که جهان شي تيره تؤره — ستا په مرګ شي خلق خير
بي تقدير به و نه مري — نه په تؤره نه په تير
بی اجل مرګي نشته — تيغ وهه مه کړه تقصير
لکه کار دَ مړني ديَ — هسی کار نه ديَ دَ پير
دَ غازيانو شاهيدانو — پروا نشته دَ سعير
ګل ګټنه ده دَ بور — که کابل ديَ که کشمير
مړني ديَ چه ياديږي — په سندرو هم په وير
تؤره بخره دَ خوشحال ده — کان په کان خلق خبير
تر اوه پيړيو پوري — واړه مړه په تيغ و تير
دا دَ څان ستاينه نه ده — حقيقت وايم په څير

په طلب کښي دِ سستي وينم درويشَ — چه وتلي يي دَ ديَ خوني له ويشَ
نعمتونه رنګارنګ دِي په هر لوري — په غوښتوني باندي نه ده جفا پيشَ
څو طلب همره موندل دِي په دا دور — بلکه لا تر طلب بخره مومي بيشَ
دَ عسلو خواږه کله هغه مومي — چه حذر کا دَ مچی له بده نيشَ
لا دَ وقتَ دَ طبيب طلب بايده ديَ — څو لا پائي په دنيا دَ زړه له ريشَ
په هيڅ دين کښي ما وفا ليدلي نه ده — خبردار يم دَ هر چا له دين و کيشَ
په هر غشي چه زخمي شَوَم بيا مِ وکوت — هغه غشي وه په تن څما له کيشَ
هيڅ پروا اندوه دَ بل دَ بدو نه کړم — څو دِ پا نه څي بلا له څانه خويشَ

په پيغام دَ بوسي سود نه شي خوشحاله
چه څما په خوله مېّن يي را نزدي شه

همرهانو دِ کوچ وکړه واړه لاړل تر منزل ته لا کلک په خوب اوده یي اي څما دلَ غافلَ
له نیستي و هستي ته له هستي و نیستی ته کاروانونه دي چلیږي قوافل په قوافلَ
لار یي واړه ګِل و لاي ده ته په سهل ټټو سؤر یي ښه سواران دي په کښي تللي واړه وتیښت له ډیرګِلَ
دَ دنیا په دریاب ډوبه دَ پایاب یي طمع مه کړه دا پایاب دیَ ډیرو غوښتي خبر نه شَوَل له ساحلَ
و کنار ته به ونه ووزي له دیَ هسي شان دریابَ له ساحل یي خبر نه دي بي له اهلِ سواحلَ
دَ دنیا حاصل یي واړه نا کامي و رنځوري ده که دَ چا په کښي حاصل شي هم یي مه ګنړه حاصلَ
په قضا یي رضا وَروَړه هر چه ستا په باب یي کړي په هیڅ رنګ به دفع نه شي په تعویذ په حمایلَ
خپلو لاسو خپلو پښو وته وګوره نظر وکړه دا همه واړه دَ خدای په معرفت دي دلایلَ
همیشه وایي چه خداي م ِپیژندلي په یکي دیَ که خداي دِ پیژندلي مینه مه کړه په باطلَ
بي له خدایَ راته وایه بل یو کوم دیَ چه پیدا کا آدمي له تورو خاورو په دا شکل و شمائلَ
په خوردن و په خفتن کښي له چارپاي برابر مه شه دَ عمل په کار و بار کښي مه شه کم تر عوائلَ
دَ دنیا په کار و بار کښي په څو بیحد بیدار یي دَ ښه دین په کار کښی څه رنګ اوده یي سست کاهلَ
په خپل حسن غره مه شه که په حسن لکه ګل یي زمانه به دِ څهره په یو څو ورځي کا زائلَ
له بدانو دِ هیڅوک دَ نیکی امید و نه کا دَ عسل خواږه به نه مومي له زهر هلاهلَ
دَ هغه عالِم خبره چه عمل په ده کښي نه وي په مثال لکه براق دیَ چه جدا څي له عاملَ
هغه عالِم چه عمل نه لري په مثل لکه خر دیَ باندي څو کتاب لیښلي مشقت یي بي حاصلَ
چه ګفتار کردار یي دواړه موافق سره یکرنګ شي هاله هر رنګَ خبره اثر کاندي له قائلَ

په زیبا ګفتار دِ هیڅ تقصیر ونه کړ خوشحالَ
که کردار دِ هم زیبا ویَ چار به ولي وَه مشکلَ

نا خلف زوي دِ چا کره لوي مه شه  چه و پلار وته کوندي کا قسمونه
چه شاعر په خپل غلط شعر خبر شي  پري څکه وي دَ غلطي رقمونه
چه څما سره يي کا پوري حيران يم  خپل پردي فن و فنون سحر دمونه
کور به هم په ژړا سر کړم که يي وروړم
زه خوشحال دَ زړه دا همره المونه

کله باز کا و مردارو ته هَوَس  دغه کار دَي دَ کلاغ و دَ کرکس
و کفتار وته يي مه غړوَه سترګي  په کرده په عمل کوره کس ناکس
که يي سر په لکئ آړوي هغه دَي  په هيڅ رنګ به نورڅه نه شي سګ مکس
په ظاهر شماره که لس سره دوه پنج وي  دَ ابجد په حساب نوي وګنړه بس
دوه سړي په باغ کښي ګډ شي يو ګل کوري  دويم کرزي په طلب دَ خار و خس
زه دا يم په بيلتانه کښي له هغو يم  چه دَ يار بي يادو نه دَي يو نفس
که هر څو ښايسته روغ دِی څوک يي څه کا  دَ طوطي له مخه ښه به شي قفس
خوار خوشحال به څني څو شړي په جور
که سړی شونډي دِ شکر دِی دَي مکس

که فرشته وي بي بدي به پاتو نه شي  چه قرين ورسره هر کله بدان شي *
چه يي خپله پوهه نه وي ښه هغه دَي  چه دَ بل سړی په پند پسی روان شي
زه به نن غرض و ګانده ته پري نه ږدم  که دَ ګانده دَ ژَوَندون سړي ضمان شي
چه خندا په خوب کښي ووينی وژاړي  دَ نادانو ياري سود ګنړه زيان شي
په يوه بڅري وسيزي درست کلي  په يوه خبره لاړ واړه ايمان شي
ساقي نن څما په دور جام ګردان کړه  ګوره ګانده به دَ چا دور ګردان شي
اورنګزيب بادشاه زړه ډک په لاهور راغي  ګوره ګانده به څوک وران څوک به ودان شي
لکه کښت لره باران او باد پکار دَي  دَ عالم ټولي په خُلق په احسان شي
درومه هيڅ دَ ماه و سال خبره مه کړه  هره ورځ پيري څو شانَ دَ اسمان شي
ډير و تا وته نن لافي دَ ياري کړه  ګانده ستا وسر ته کښينی غليمان شي
په جهان دَ ننګيالی دي دا دوه کارَ  يا به وخوري ککريَ يا به کامران شي
دَ بازونو دَ زاغانو مصاف وينم  تر دا مېنځ به يي دَ وينو رود روان شي

خبر مه شي دَ فلک په ستمونه  په خاطر کښي لرم څو رنګَ غمونه
چه همیش به يي سر پرؤت څما په پښو وه  اؤس هغه څما په سر ږدي قدمونه
چه به تل څما کرم ته په اميد وه  باروي په ما منّت په کرمونه
چه څما په مرهم روغ په دنيا پائي  هم هغه خاندي څما په مرهمونه
زه يي چا لره وهم قدر يي چا زده  په اؤر وسيڅه دا تؤر قلمونه
څه يواڅي ننګ په ما راغلي نه دَي  پښتانه ډير دِي په غرونه په سمونه
يا به واړه دَ مغلو درم پريږدي  يا به زه هم په لاس واخلم درمونه
چه ښوروا خوري دَ مغلو واړه سپي دي  دَ سګانو په خوله څه آخلم نومونه
که خټک دي که بنګښ دي که وُرکزي دي  وار په وار يي په کؤر وشه ماتمونه
يا مِ خپل قهر ارمان تر هر چا وکيښي  يا مِ پري ښوي دا دَ ننګي شيّمونه
له پرديو نه به څه لره مانه کړم *  چه خپل هم را لاندي باسي اړمونه

دا الم م هیڅ الم سره سم نه دیَ  که لیدلي دِي هزار المَ ما
مګر بخت را سره بیا مدد آغاز کا  چه فارغ کا دَ اندوه له سمَ ما
هاتي څکه په سر لوني دا خاوری
چه خبر کړ و خوشحال له غمَ ما

را معلوم شه دَ اورنګ عدل و انصاف  دَ ده ښه مسلماني ښه اعتکاف
سکه ورونړه یي وار په وار واړه وژلي  پلار په بند کښي آچولي په مصاف
که هزار څله څوک سر وهي په مزکه  یا په صوم ترشمشي ورولي ناف
څو نیّت دِ ښه عمل سره جوړ نه شي  عبادت طاعت دِ واړه دیَ خلاف
چه دَ ژبي لار یوه دَ زړه یي بله  په چاره یي شه جګرشکاف شکاف
ماردَ تن دَ پاسه ښه ښایسته روغ دیَ  ولي تن یي اندرون لري ناصاف
مړني په کرده ډیر ویل یي لږ وي  دَ نامرد لږ عمل وي ډیر یي لاف
که دلي دَ خوشحال لاس په ظالم نشته
دَ قیامت په ورځ یي خداي مه کړه معاف

چه په خوا په خاطر نه هسي عیان شي  څني څه چاري پیدا په دا جهان شي
په لاچي په چوتره وګرزیدم  اوس م کشت دَ افریدیو په میدان شي
لکه باز په یو غر کرزي په بل لوري  بیا نظر څما دَ سوات په کوهستان شي
دَ مغل منصب م پریښود هسي خَوَش یم  لکه خلاص لوي دَ بندَ بندیوان شي
دا نادره عقیده لکه څما ده  لا عجب که بل پیدا هسي افغان شي
که م چري ننګیالي په لاسو کښیوزي  پري به لری دا څما دَ زړه ارمان شي
و مغلو ته به هسي کار ښکاره کړم  چه راضي راڅخه روح دَ فرید خان شي
په اعوذ به یي فتح کړم که خداي کا  په دا کار کښي که څوک ما وته شیطان شي
په هر کار چه همت وتړي له دل  که اغزي وي هغه کار ورته ریحان شي

که اسونه که بازونه گشت دَ باغ و دَ بوستان
زر و ماته هسي خوار وُو لکه خاوري دَ بیابان
نه زکوة په ما واجب شه په درست عمر نه قربان
چه یي خپل عزت پکاروي زر به خوار کا هغه ځوان
تراورنګ بادشاه مِ وویست تاؤ دَ بند و دَ زندان
نقش مِ کښیښوه دَ توري په هند و په مسلمان
دَ خپل ځان صفت به څه کړم مګر نور یي کا بیان
ښي ښي ناوي په کور راغلي پلار نیکه خانان و میران
زه غلیم دَ اورنګزیب یم سر په غره په بیابان
زه په ننګ دَ پښتانه یم دوي نیولي مغلان
لکه سپي هسي جاروزي دَ مغل په آش و نان
دَ اویا کالونو اوس یم په دا ماه رمضان

دَ بي ننګو پښتنو له غمَ ما لوئي پریښوه ونیوله کمَ ما
دا هم ښه که په دا کارکښي همره کاردیَ چه که واخست انتقام له کرمَ ما
چه دَ ننګ ګوهرم مِات شه دواړه سترګی په ژړا نه کړي یو دم بي نمَ ما
هغه دُر مِ په لاس نه راځي بېړئ استاده کړه په ساحل له یمَ ما
هغه ملا مِ چه په هود سره لوي غر وَه په ناکام کړه ومغل وته خمَ ما
هم دَ تخت وما ته شا شوه هم دَ خلقو په مغل کړ څکه مخ له همَ ما
که مِ لاس ویَ په رضا مِ به کښي نه ښول دَ مغل په لوري دوه قدمَ ما
دَ هغو دَ خولي کړي خبري اورم چه خبره ورته نه کړه سمَ ما
ذم دَ خپلو دَ پردیو را معلوم شه که هر څوساته خپل ځان له ذمَ ما
په هغو لویو خبرو شرمسار یم چه هر چا وته یستي له فمَ ما
سل غندني پیغورونه را دوځار شوَل چه به ځان ساته همیش له ذم ما

یحیی خان دَ اکوړی وه — چه په توره شه سلطان
هم په توره مړني وه — تیر انداز وه شخ کمان
چه غلیم به یي پیدا شه — زر یي ځاي وه کورستان
هم یي تیغ وه هم یي دیک وه — هم یي خلق وه هم احسان
په هغه ستوري پیدا وه — چه پري زیږي بادشاهان
لا پیدا په جهان نه وه — پري خبر وُو درویشان
دَ اکبر بادشاه په دوري — شه دَ خپل اولس یو خان
چه له ده سره به ناست وُو — هغه واړه وُو شیران
همت ناک باسل باذل وُو — په هر کار کښي صادقان
کور ته رنګ په وینو لاړل — چه همه وو سرداران
قبیله شوه سره ډیره — اکثر ښه لایق ځوانان
متفق په هره چار وُو — نام ناموس په واړو کران
دَ هجرت زر دوویشت سن وه — چه زه راغلم په جهان
هغه کال پوره پنځوس وه — چه شهید شه شاهباز خان
دَ هغه دوري بادشاه وه — قدردان شاهجهان
دَ پلار ځاي یي ما ته راکړ — په اولس شومَ حکم ران
که دَ توري که دَ ورکړو — هیڅ مِ پري نه یښ ارمان
لکه خرڅ مِ دَ بابا وه — ځما لا دَي دو چندان
واړه دیرش زره ختک وو — درست ځما وُو په فرمان
په لښکر به ځما خرڅ وه — یا مِ خرڅ وه په مهمان
که ځما کره به سل وو — زر به تله په خاندان
درست ختک ځما په دوري — نامور شه په دوران
که ختک په زمکه پرۀوت وه — پاس مِ یوړ په آسمان
که څه عیش که عشرت وه — زره مِ سوړ کړ په هر شان

دَ واښو جونګړي هسي راته ښي شوي  واي ناسته په محلونو دَ اهك يم
که اوګره دَ بټو شته په شلونبو سپينه  دَ مغلو پولا پاتو ډير پري ډك يم
چه نيولي مِ دا هوډ دَ ننګ و نام دَي  که له خپله هوډه واوړم کنيزك يم
په بل غشي ټوپك هيڅ ويشتلی نه يم  که ويشتلی يم خو بيا په خپل ټوپك يم
چه شهپر مِ بټي خيل وُو کنډ کپر شَوَل  په وار وار په لنډو پرونو دَ بارك يم
دَ کُريز بنړي مِ توي لکه باز کړي  ګمان مه کړه چه بي پرو ښاپيرك يم
سکه ورونړه مِ تري دِي حال يي دا دَي  له بولاقو نه لا لري يو څپك يم
په دروغ دروغ وعدو نفاق آميزو  ما غلوي ورته په مثل دَ کودك يم
تف په ږيره دَ همه واړو بارکو  لا څما په ږيره هم که زه بارك يم
نن خو قام را سره ډيره جفا وکړه  ګانده بيا دَ خداي و حکم وته څك يم
که خټکو راته شا کړه مخ يي تۆر شه  زه يواڅي په تکيه دَ خداي شيرك يم
که څه حق يا دَ ورۆري يا دَ نيکي شته  و پاداش وته په طمع دَ هريك يم
مهمندي څما دَ ګُډي لاس و پښی دِي  رضامند دَ افريديو په کومك يم
ډير چيني چه تراوش وکا درياب شي  چه ليده شم اۆس خو دا يم يو بولك يم
کرلانړي سړبني څو پښتانه دي  زه دَ ننګ په کار له واړو مشترك يم
چه دا هسي رنګ څما په سيله ګرزي  منت دار په ګرزيدنه دَ فلك يم
که مِ عمر په شماره تر شپيته تير دَي  لا په کار کښي دَ سواري لکه اوزبک يم

دَ افغان په ننګ مِ وتړله توره
ننګيالي دَ زماني خوشحال خټك يم

راشه واروه دا داستان  نيك و بد په کښي بيان
هم عبرت هم نصيحت دَي  پري دِ پوه شي دانايان
زه خوشحال دَ شهباز خان يم  چه تُور زن يم کان په کان
شهباز خان دَ يحيی خان وه  چه بل نه وه هسي څوان

یا زه باز وم یا شاهین شاهجهان ته  و اورنګ وته قارګه یا مشګیرك یم
هغه زیست چه دَ عزت له مخه نه وي  چه یي کا په هغه زیست پوري هکپك یم
اوْر یي پوري په منصب په نوکري شه  چه تر فهم و تر نظر دَ مغل کك یم
په خپل نام وننګ چه راشم لیوني شم  خبردار کله په سود و زیان دَ لك یم
چه په طمع دَ اوړو زغلي و شست ته  ګمان مه کړه چه هغه نادان سَمَك یم
تر قضا پوري دَ هیچا چاره نشته *  او که نه تر زاړه ذئبَ لا زیرك یم
و بینا و ته سُور مُهر یم دَ زرو  په دلیل دَ نابینا لکه پوچك یم
هیڅ له قدرَ مِ وګړي خبر نه دَي  که رښتیا وایم دَ سترګو مردمك یم
دَ چنبي تر ګلو ډیر دَي څما قدر  و بي شناختو وته ګل دَ پنیرك یم
لکه باز په لوي لوي ښکار څما نظر دَي  نه چه ګرزي ګونګټ نیسي باد خورك یم
چه په غَوَښو یي روزګار هغه مزری یم  نه چه وُلي دَ واښو خوري هغه مږك یم
په دا سپینه ږیره شرم عزت ښه دَي  چه به نوري چاري کړم مګر خوردك یم
که عالم را کونّه تاو کا غم مِ نشته  په رښتیاویل دَ ډیرو پولپولك یم
په دانش په شرع نه ده په قسمت ده  چه دا هسي سرګردان لکه پټك یم
هر پښتون چه دَ مغلو نوکري کا  که دِ زده دَ هغو واړو بهترك یم
چه منصب مِ دَ مغل خوړ یو ملِك وم  چه منصب دَ مغل نشته اوس مَلَك یم
دَ فرمان دَ پرواني حکم یي نشته *  شکر دا چه په خپل حکم په خپل وَك یم
نه مِ کار په خاص و عام نه په دیوان دَي  نه په در ولاړ دَ هر یو مردك یم
نه تصدیق شته نه یادداشت شته نه توجیه شته  نه په فکر دَ سند نه دَ دستك یم
هرګیدي به چه له ما نه سر کوزي غوښت  دَ هغه دَ سر یا تُوره یا کوتك یم
که په بدو باندي شُوم شَوَم زه یي څه کړم  لکه ښه ستوْري په اصل مبارك یم
هر ساعت را باندي عید دَ استغنا دَي  که په نور عالم ژړا زه په خُرسك یم
پښتانه لره شړيَ اندیريَ بس دَی  نه په فکر دَ مسند نه دَ توشك یم
آزادي ده په ساده سپینه جامه کښي  خلاص له غم دَ زربفت و دَ میلك یم

ته به وايي دَ نمرود دَ اوْر لنبي دې  سره لاله يي په چمن کښې انتشار شي
صد برکه يي عجايب سره وُودلې  فرق يي لا دَ يراقونو تر کنار شي
په اطراف دَ هر چمن شکفته شوې  دَ زنبقو دَ سوسنو هم ديدار شي
په دا باغ کښې دَ گلونو کمي نشته  دَ همه واړو دَ چا په ژبه شمار شي
که صدبرک که بنفشه که ارغوان دې  دَ هر گل په نندارهٔ خاطر قرار شي
دَ هغه صانع تر صنعَ صدقه شم  چه يي هسي دَ قدرت په لاس نکار شي
واړه ونې يي آسمان سره سيالي کا  ولي فرق په کښې دَ ونې دَ چنار شي
په هزار رنگه نوا شي دَ مرغونو  هغه دم چه په چنارو کښې چغار شي
دَ مرغونو دَ نوا له موجه شورې  نه له باده شوريدنه دَ اشچار شي
عمارت يي گچ وهلي په کښې کړي *  په هر کوْر کښې دَ جويونو شرهار شي
دوه سو تير سو رهروان دې په کښې طرح  دَ سپين والي يي تيرې په سپين چوتار شي
لطافت يي د هوا تر حده تير دَي  په کښې روغ به دَ اتيا کالو بيمار شي
که زاړه په ده کښې کښيناسته زلمي شي  په هوا يي ځما هسي اعتبار شي
دا مکان به دَ بهشت سره داخل کا  که رضوان يي له نشاطَ خبردار شي
همگي صفت يي ډير دَي تر حسابَ  له همهٔ که ويل کَوَم طومار شي
دا بنا دَ آصف خان له لاسه شوې  اوس په حکم دَ خورم په کښې دا کار شي
زر نه پنځوس کالونه دَ هجرت وو  دَ نوروز په دولسم چه دا گفتار شي

په خوشحال هم دا همره چه ويل شو
نور دَ عقل حکم نه دَي چه تکرار شي

پرورده که دَ مغلو په نمک يم  دَ اورنگ له جورَ هم له غريوَ ډک يم
په ناحق يي په زندان کړم يو څو کاله  خداي خبر دَي که په خپل گناه زه شک يم
پښتنو سره زړه تور دَي دَ مغلو  خبردار يي په نيتونو يک بيک يم
که سزه که ناسزه راته معلوم دې  په دا کار کښې په معنې لکه مِحک يم

بیا له پسه عادل شاه دَ ده تربور وه  چه پښتون دَ ده په دوري فضیحت وه
بیا له پس دَ همایون زوي یې ، اکبرشه  چه په هر لوري به مل دَ ده نصرت وه
بیا له پسه جهانګیر دَ اکبر زوي  چه دَ ده په دوري هند لکه جنت وه
اوس بادشاه شاهجهان دَ جهانګیر دَي  چه په بلخ په بدخشان دَ ده نوبت وه
زه خوشحال چه دا شمارکړم شاعر نه یم  په دا کار مِ آزمیلي طبیعت وه
که مِ شعر شاعري څرګنده ولي *  ما به ډیر کړي دَ خپل بادشاه صفت وه
چه دَ هند سیر مِ وکړ اوس مِ وُوي  ګنړه دا تاریخ لارغه څما په نیت وه
که دَ دَي ویلو کال غواړي له ما نه  په حساب کښي واوره کال دَ قرشت وه

ابتدا دَ دَي بیان په نمازپښین وه
دَ نمانښام په وقت یي شوي نهایت وه

چه موسم مِ دَ ګلونو دَ ګلزار شي  نرم نرم ترّشح په مرغزار شي
دَ هغه له بختَ څوک برابري کا  چه په هسي وقت کښي سیریي په ګلزارشي
نن څما طالع له ما سره مدد کا  بخت دِ هرکله دا هسي مدد کار شي
چه مِ ناسته دَ صورت په هسي څاي ده  چه ثنا یي په لته دَ هندوبار شي
په دا څاي چه دَ ابدالو نظر وشه  عاقبت به په همه جهان اوڅار شي
په چمن کښی یي اوبه درومي رواني  په سبزه باندي ناري دَ جوئبار شي
په دا هسي پاکیزه اوبو سَلسَالو  شماتت یي دَ کشمیر په شالهمار شي
دَ سړي سترګي روښاني زړه خوشحال کا  چه اوبه دَ فوارو سره تارتار شي
چه له پاسه نه اوبه راځی په کښته  وایي سپیني مرغلري دِي نثار شي
هغه څاي چه دَ مرمرو فواري دي  تر هغه څاي دِ دَ اِرم تماشا څار شي
ته به وایي دَ آسمان تنرا غورزاو شه  چه اوبه یي را رواني دَ آبشار شي
چه په سر یي دَ حوضونو څوک ګذرکا  وایي پاس په آئینو باندي رفتار شي
مرغاوي یي په حوضونو کښي غوتي کړي  دَ محل په مخ کښي ناست دَ بازو ښکار شي

بیا له پسه رضي لوُر دَ شمس الدین وَه  چه راضي څنی سپاه و رعیت وه
بیا له پسه معز الدین دَ شمس الدین وه  چه هرکوره دَ غلیم څني هیبت وه
بیا له پسه ناصردین دَ شمس الدین وه  چه په خُلق و په کرم دَ ده شهرت وه
بیا نمسي دَ فیروز شاه علاو الدین وه  چه مشهور په عدالت په عبادت وه
بیا سلطان جلال الدین په سریرکښیناست  چه په اصل کښي غلجي دَ ولایت وه
بیاله پسه قطب الدین دَ علائي وه  چه همیش یي مخ په عیش و په عشرت وه
بیا له پسه تغلق شاه چه اُمرا وه  پرورش یي دَ غلجیو په دولت وه
بیا سلطان محمد شاه دَ تغلق شاه وه  چه دَ ده په عصر خلق په فراغت وه
بیا سلطان محمد شاه دَ فیروز شاه وه  چه دَ پلار په زندګي یي سلطنت وه
بیا سلطان غیاث الدین دَ فیروز شاه وه  چه نیولي یي له ورؤره مملکت وه
بیا له پسه ابابکر په تخت کښیناست  چه دیَ هم دَ فیروز شاه له ذریت وه
بیا له پسه سکندر شاه دَ محمد شاه وه  چه په تخت یي یوه نیم میاشتي مهلت وه
بیا یي ورؤر ناصرالدین په سریرکښیناست  چه به دَ ده دَ ښو ځوانانو ډیر قیمت وه
بیا له پس چه تیمور شاه په هند راکښیوؤت  خضر خان ته یي ورکړي حکومت وه
بیا سلطان مبارک شاه دَ خضر خان وه  چه ښکاره یي له جبینَ سیادت وه
بیا سلطان محمد شاه دَ ده وراره وه  چه پښتون دَ ده په عهد په عزت وه
بیا سلطان علاو الدین وه دَ ده زوي  چه اکثر یي دَ نسا سره صحبت وه
بیا بهلول لودي بادشاه شه دَ دهلي  چه په تخت یي نه ویشت کاله اقامت وه
بیا له پسه دَ بهلول زوي یي سکندر وه  چه عمل یي موافق په شریعت وه
بیا له پسه ابراهیم وه دَ ده زوي  چه بابر سره یي جنګ په پاني‌پت وه
بیا له پسه دَ دهلي بادشاه بابر شه  چه یي کار دَ پښتانه په برکت وه
بیا له پس دَ بابر زوي همایون وه  چه بیحده یي لښکر ډیر یي دولت وه
بیا له پسه شاه عالم دَ حسن سور وه  چه همایون دَ ده له دست هزیمت وه
بیا له پسه اسلام شاه دَ شاه عالم وه  چه له پلاره نه هم زیات دَ ده جرات وه

و به نه وايي چه ولي دا دِ څه کړل  که په ملک يي قتل عام کاندي خانان
نه يو حرف دَ صوبه دار نه سل محضره  چه مرقوم يي په خپل مهر کا قاضيان
رفتکي بدي رشوت حمايت بويه  چه څوک غواړي دَ خپل کار سر و سامان
دَ هرچا څخه چه دا خويونه نه وي  په دربار به سر کشته ګرزي حيران
طبيبانو ته هيڅ مه وايه خوشحال
قادر خداي به وکا ستا دَ درد درمان

دَ دهلي دَ ښهر ښه شان و شوکت وه  لور په لور يي کښلي کښلي عمارت وه
ښايسته يي بازارونه وو دَ ښهر  مهيا يي په بازار کښي هر نعمت وه
دَ شاه نهر فواري دي په هر کوڼ کښي  دَ بازار به يي څه کم بيکه وسعت وه
په دهلي باندي ګواهي دَ جنت وُله  که راغلي په دنيا چري جنت وه
دَ بادشاه دَ خاص و عام به څه تعريف کړم  و خوابګاه وته يي عقل په حيرت وه
چه به جوړ دَ شاهجهان بادشاه دربار شه  په دربار کښي به يي دوه اويه ملّت وه
که هوا يي دَ عراق دَ خراسان وَي  دَ جنت به دَ دهلي سره غيرت وه
دا زينت چه شاهجهان و دهلي ورکړه  بل بادشاه کله ورکړي دا زينت وه
دَ دهلي بنا دَ چا دَ لاسه شوي  په نوبت نوبت دَ چا پري سلطنت وه
همکي به نام په نام درته بيان کړم  چه دَ هريوه څه خوي څه يي خصلت وه
دَ دهلي بنا اول وکړه څوهانړو  پري دَ دوي تيرسو کاله رياست وه
دَ اسلام بادشاه معزالدين وه  چه يو کال يي په دهلي اقامت وه
چه دهلي يي رانيوه له پتورا نه  په دا کار کښي يي ډير کړي مشقت وه
چه يي سر دَ پتورا پريکړه له تنه  شپږ سو دولس کالَ کم سن دَ هجرت وه
بيا له پسه قطب الدين دَ ده مريَ وه  چه پري ايښي يي په هند په نيابت وه
بيا له پسه شمس الدين دَ ده بالک وه  چه په خلق يي آوازه دَ عدالت وه
بيا له پسه فيروز شاه دَ شمس الدين وه  چه په هند کښي بي نظير په سخاوت وه

راته درست دَ دهلي ښهر وه بوستان  چه په کښي وُو باز باقي سعادت خان
په هغه زمان چه دوي له ما روان شول  بلا سخت يم چه يي نه مرم په هجران
چه دَ دوي له ديدن نه محروم شَوَم  که رښتيا وايم زه اوس شوَم په زندان
خيلخانه مِ لکه باغ زه يي باغبان وم  څه عجب وبله جوړ وو باغ و باغبان
زمانه چه باغ و باغان وبله بيل کا  دا بيلتون په دواړو توکو ديَ ډير ګران
چه يو ګل دَ هغه باغ ويني په سترګو  په باغبان باندي ښادي وي هر زمان
دَ مجنون چهره تصوير په کاغذ ګوره  زه هم هسي هډو و پوست يم استخوان
په جهان کښي هر څوک يو څله په مرګ مري  زه بي مرګ مرم نه يو څل زمان زمان
په ناحق دَ اورنګزيب په بند بندي يم  خداي خبر ديَ په تهمت و په بهتان
زه په څان کښي ګناه نه وينم په خداي ږو  ولي نور خلق خبري کا شان شان
دَ ګناه مِ سر رشته نه ده معلومه  مګر خپل هنر دَ څان وينم تاوان
لکه زه وم په راستي په درستي کښي  دَ مغل په خدمت نه وه بل افغان
بادشاهانو لره ترس دَ زړه بايده ديَ  مروت و غور رسي عدل و احسان
څوک به چا لره په داد و په فرياد څي  چه په ظلم رضامند شول بادشاهان
چه څما په اولس په خيلخانه وشوَل  و دِ نه شي په هندو په مسلمان
چه دَ خپل پردي تميز ورباندي ورک شه  بادشاهان دَ خپل دولت کاندي نقصان
اورنګ شاه بادشاه که تل کا هسي چاري  لکه اوس يي په لاس ونيوي امان
يا سږ کال يا په بل کال به خلق واوري  چه جويونه شي دَ سرو وينو روان
زه لا څه يم نور به هم څما په رنګ کا  چه خانان دي نام په نام دَ کوهستان
چه زړه سوي په خپل پلارو په زوي نه کا  دَ هغو به څه صرفه وي په جهان
له غرورَ هسي مست بيخوده ولاړ ديَ  چه نظر يي هوري پاس ديَ په آسمان
دَ داد خواه څواب يي لاټي يا کوتک ديَ  په دربار چه يي غوغا کا داد خواهان

عشق یو هسی یو دیرشم توري را زده کړه  چه دیرش توري ځکوم دَ قلم کیلي
عاشقانو ته اندک دَدنیا مال دیَ  تر همت پوري یي کثیري دي قلیلي
دا دلبري چه په دا کشور کښي نن دي  په کشمیر کښي به یي نه موهي عدیلي
هغه تُرکه چه ځان جوړ کا را ښکاره شي  تر جمال یي حوري هم نه دي چمیلي
په ارمان ارمان م ِ ځان راغی په شونډو  تا دَ شونډو دارو را نه کړه بخیلي
بیا هاله دَ محبت په کوڅه پل ږده  که دِ ویني لکه ما کړلي شبیلي

خپل پردي به دِ هیڅوک دَ سیالي نه کا
اي خوشحال که دِ بخت نه شي په سیلي

خداي وکړي دا چاري په ما واړه وکړي زړه  څو چاري غلط شَوَم چه م ِلوي کړه احمق تره
بل چه دَ ده لُور م ِ اُمرا ته کړه واده  بل چه م ِپه کوٚر کښي څه کښي نه ښول سپين وسره
بل چه م ِيو کوټ محکم بنا نه کړه په غره  بل چه م ِ په توُره په خدمت غرور کاوه
بل م ِ چه مغل په ورکړو مرکړو نه غُلاوه  بل م ِ چه په وقت دَ نيول ملک و نه لاره
بل م ِ چه قوت و يوسفزيو ورکاوه  بل م ِ چه په اصل غوري خيل پښتون ګانړه
وايي چه له څانه په اولاد دیَ پيرزو ښه  خداي به کا رواني په اصلي ولي اوبه
دا يو څو خبري چه ما راوړی په خوله  بويه چه همه واړه دِ کښلي شِی په زړه
نرد دیَ که شطرنځ دیَ که چوپړ دیَ وايم زه  دا واړه چه يي زده شي نور يي بوله ښه هاله
هرچه په دا کار کښي څوک اومه دي نه پاخه  وکاندي پاخه په زمان چاري په اومه
هيڅ په خپله پوهه هنر مه شه غره ته  هر چه تر تا بِه دي عقل زده کړه له هغه
وايي چه په پوهه بوعلي څومره وه پښته  بيا په ډيرو چارو خلقو دیَ احمق وباله
هيڅ سړي هغه نه دیَ چه به څي په هره خوله  کار په توکّل بويه نه خلقو ته کاته
يارکه هسي ښه وِي چه يي څاي کړي په ليمه  بيا يي په ياري مه کړه هيڅ غلطيده
څه بلا ډير ښه دي دَ دوو سترګو تور بانړه  سترګي دِ ړندي کا چه شِي سترګو ته کاږه
مل هغه باله شِي چه تير بير نه څي ترمله  مل دَ خپل مقصود دیَ چه يي وړاندي ورستو تله
نه وِي چه دَ چا ترستوني تير چري ترخه  بوټي دَ سپلمي دَ ګنډهير ګنړي خواږه
څوک چه په لوستو لوستو له ملا نه زده کړه څه  څوک دَ مور په نس کښي زده کا وزيږی هاله

دوه سو شل بيتونه دي يوولس بنده ښه
ما په رنتپور کښی دَ زړه تاو پري سړه وه

که هزار څله هنر کا حيلي بيلي  څوک به نه کا دَ ازل چاري تبديلي
دَ ازل حکم په مثل دَ هاتي دیَ  دَ سړي فکر مثال پړي دَ ډيلي
دَ حيات اوبه سکندر په حيلو غوښتي  خضر بيا موندي عبث شوي دَده حيلي
يوه څه رنګه خونريزه لار دَ عشق ده  په کښي ډيري قافلی شولي قتيلي

پلار په بند ترلي قتل کړي ذي رحم  واړه يي دَ خپلي خود کامي لا په غم
هيڅ دَ خوار مظلوم په حال پښتنه نه کړه  دواړه ورته يو په تفحص کښي کرم نه کرم
دا هسي بادشاه دئ دا انصاف دا يي تميز
خداي به نا انصاف په جهان نه لري عزيز

واړه دا خـــبـــره درته وايم ممتحن  واړه کار په بخت دئ په طالع دئ نور سخن
چري دارا شاه چري دَ ده جاه و محزن  چري دَ دهلي يي زمزمه زغري جوشن
چري اورنګزيب څه يي پايه څه يي دکهن  څه دَ ده سامان څه يي لښکر خچن مچن
راغي په آګره دَ ده په سر ايښي کفن  تار په تار فوڅونه دَ دهلي برهم زدن
بخت چه چا ته مخ کا دَ هغه جمن چمن  ګل شګفته کيږي په شوره کښي په ګلخن
بخت چه چا ته مخ کا که وربند کا په آهن  ګنج ورنوزي تر ديوار و تـر روزن
بخت چه چا ته شا کا که دانا وي دَ زمن  خپله دانائي يي سره لنبه شي دَ خرمن
بخت چه چا ته شا کا مرغلري دَ عدن  نه پيري دَ ده دَ مرغچچو په ثمن
کار دَ دئ اوو په هيچا نه دئ مبرهن  دولس ځائ کرزي په ځاي نه لري مسکن
هرلوري ته کرزي هم پاسبان دئ هم رهزن  څوک ترخوف تير کا دَ چا ووهي ګردن
څه به درته وايم چه يي څو دي مکروفن  خلاص يي له آسيب نه دئ هيڅ نو وکهن
ما چه نظر وکړ سر تر پائ په خپل تن  درست خالي هوا دئ په دا نه يم دروغژن
واړه يو نفس دئ نتيجه يي ما و من  واړه په ټکي دي چه يي ووزي له دهن
ورک شه دَ يزيد په هغه څو کاله ديدن  پاتو شه پري لعن دَ حسين و دَ حسن
تل به دَ اورنګ نه وي دا کرّ و فرّ وفن  پاتو به په ده شي تل نفرين دَ مرد و زن
څه شو که دولت يي آويزاند شه په دامن  بيا کله سفله دئ دَ اعلی پای څښتن
هرچه په فطرت کښي پيدا شوی دئ خيرن  پاک وصاف به نه شي که يي تل وينځي بدن
څه شو که دَ باز له جالي والوزي زغن  بيا زغن زغن دئ که هر څو دئ پنجه زن
هرچه پاکيزه لري خپل اصل خپل ګوهر
مه کړه خدائ چه راضی شي په آزار دَ خپل پدر

هرچه کُټکان دِي په صوبه کښې کتخدای  څوک بندي په بند دیَ څوک لا کرزي ناویسا
یو په رنتپورکښې دوه سو ناست دِي مبتلا  څو کوټونه نور دې په کښې بند دې بې احصا
اول یې تر واړو په خپل پلار سره کړه خوا  بیا ورپسې نور وهې چه دې اعلَي ادنا
رنګ دَ هغو ورک شه چه آوته وایې دروغ
نشته څوک په ملک کښې چه له ده وې په زړه روغ

ده چه له دکهن نه راهسک کړه خپل علم  ورک یې کړ په ظلم هم په مکر ډیر عالم
و یې کړ اول له مراد بخش سره قسم  راغې په اوجین جسونت سنګه یې کړ برهم
بیا په آګره راغې په دارا یې کړ تورتم  بند یې شاهجهان کړ تری، سا ،بر، ک حشم
بیا یې مراد بخش دَ شاهجهان سره کړه سم  یو یې ور تر ملتانه په دارا پسې پرچم
بیا راغې په بیرته په شجاع یې وروست غم  جنګ وه په کجوه کښې چه شجاع شه منهزم
بیا دارا جنګ وکړ په اجمیر کښې بیش وکم  مخ په مغرب وتیښت دارا شاه برهم درهم
ونیوه جیونړ پښې په کوټر کښې په خپل چم  را یې وست دهلي ته دَ ده سر یې کړ قلم
بیا سلیمان شکوه دَ دارا زوي مکرم  را ووست راجپوتانو ګرفتار شه په الم
لاړشه شاه شجاع ته مشر زوي شه دَ ده رم  بیا یې څنې بیل کړ په ډیر مکر په ډیر دم
بیا په شاه شجاع پسې دلیر وه معظم  و یې ویست له نیک کوره چرته څکوي دم
رایې ووست په خونه دَ خپل پلار هسې ماتم  کار ته یې حیران شه همګی عرب وعجم
دا تردد واړه په دوه کاله بیش و کم  وشه دَ دهلي سلطنت پرې مسلم
وشه دَ دیَ کار زر اویا کاله دوه کم  ده چه دَ دهلي په سریر کیښود قدم
یا آزار دَ پلار دیَ یا اثر دیَ دَ قسم  یا یې له غروره مبدل شه خوي شیّم
یوهیَ هیَ هاي هاي دیَ په انواع انواع ستم  څو کاله که نور ویَ درست عالم به کا عدم
هسې په ظاهر صورة په مکر دیَ محکم  وایې چه پیدا شه ثاني ابرهیم ادهم
فعل یې چه کوري هلا کَول دې لا اظلم  چا دې اوریدلي په اولاد کښې دَ آدم

دا په خیال دَ چا وُو یا په فکر دَ چا راتلل
خواست رضا دَ خدای وه په هرشان چه شوي شول

شاباش په هغه شه چه دَ ننګ وکا پالل
راغلل یوسفزي لکه پیښ شه کار مشکل

یو بائي زي دویم رانړی زي ورسره مل
لوي هلک مِ واړه تر دریاب پوري وتل

ولاړل تر سیکړيَ ورسره کورونه صل
نور ختک مِ واړه په خپل ځاي ودریدل

څه بلا دَ خداي ده دَ وطن جدا کیدل
ورونړه عزیزان خویشان وبله بیلیدل

یو هيَ هيَ هاي هاي وه په ژړا وو لوي هلک
درست عالم حیران شه چه څه کار شه په ختک

حـامي مـر : ـردا ردیَ، که ښکاره نه دیَ په چا
بند یم خلاص دِ نه شم که دروغ وایم زه دا

خپل وُو که پردي وُو که آشنا که نا آشنا
چا سره مِ نیّت دَ بدو نه وه نه دَ جفا

هر چه مخا مخ وم هسي شان وم پسي شا
بل فکر مِ نه وه نه دَ روی نه دَ ریا

هیڅکله په ظلم روادار نه وم اصلا
هر چه ظلم کار وه له هغه مِ وه بلا

هر چه رعیت وو څه غریب وه څه غُربا
دا مِ په نیت کښي چه ازار نه شي له ما

زر که زرینه که مال وملک وه دَ دنیا
واړه مِ پیرزو په خیلخاني و په آشنا

بد وم له هغو چه مبتدع وو ناصفا
درست په زړه مین وم په فضلا په علما

قصد مِ له هغو وه چه مفسد وه بي وفا
غم مِ له هغو وه چه غلیم وو دَ بادشا

عمر چه مِ تیر شه په راستي و په رښتیا
نه مِ وه په کار کښي دَ مغلو هیڅ دغا

پلار نیکه مِ ځان کړ دَ نمک په کار فدا
بل پښتون مِ نه وه په راستي کښي همتا

زوي مِ په بند شه له وطن شَوَم جلا
څو چاري را وشوي نه ګناه نه مِ خطا

تار په تار مِ لاړی خیلخاني کچا کچا
واړه په ډیر غم کښي مبتلا جدا جدا

ملک واړه برهم ودان ښهرونه په وینا
تار په تار له ملک درست عالم په واویلا

څو میاشتي په بند وم په دهلي کښي په عنا
اوس په رنتپور کښي بندي پرؤت یم یکتنها

هیڅ دَ اورنګزیب بادشاه په دا نشته پروا
خلق که دَ ده له ظلم تل کاندي ژړا

ګوښی په ما نه ده ډیره وشوه په هر چا
شل صوبي دَ هند دي په هر لوري ده غوغا

درومم په بل لوري په فلک راشم باز باز  مه ويَ دا فلک مه يي دا هسي امتياز
اهل په خواري کښي نا اهل په اعزاز  څير ختي ميرمني خدمتګاري په پيشواز
هر چه ابلهان دِي روغني خوري دَ خباز  هر چه دانايان دِي نان خورش نه لري پياز
نشته دَ رښتنو کره يو کهنه پلاس  سره ټغر په کوٚر کښي دروغژن لري غماز
نور مرغونه ګرزي په باغونو په طناز  بند ديَ هم هغه چه يي يا رنګ شته يا آواز
آس واړه شا خوږي په نشست و په فراز  خر وهي خرټيزي په آخور کښي په اباز
څو به درته وايم حقيقت ديَ که مجاز  بس کړه دا خبره مختصره هم ايجاز

څه کړم نه پوهيږم په دا فلک سفله پرور
لاس رسيدي دريغه چه پري مِ سوړ کړي خپل ټټر

دوه څله سراي مات شه يو څما په بنديدل  بل دَ سعادت باقي مير باز په رسيدل
يو څله په ماتي تر هنګالَ ورغلل  بيا دَ اکوزيو په سيکري ننوتل
نه بي توره سره وه نه دَ سر وو ماتيدل  زوي مِ له ملکَ له اولسَ ووتل
زه په هند کښي بندوم اشرف خان وه په کابل  واړه زن بچه مِ په سيکړي کښي داغيدل
راغلل و بادشاه ته دَ کابل دَ صوبي کښل  ملک دَ سراي وران شه پري بي حد وشه زلزل
څاي په څاي فوڅونه په څوکئي کښيناستل  لار دَ سراى نيولي مسافر يي چلول
جوړ شول يوسفزي خټک سراي ته په وهل  څو تټوان يي بوتلل په سحر پرى وختل
باري څه ختل ويَ نه ختل وو نه متل  باري څه وهل ويَ نه وهل ووُ نه مهل
نام ناموس مِ لاړ شه چه اعتبار وه دَ مغل  نوم مِ دَ بد خواه شه چه نيکخواه وم تل ترتل
ملک يي وه راکړي په پنجاب کښي متصل  حکم دَ بادشاه وه صادر شوي په پريښول
ليږده ده که محنت ديَ که کشتن ديَ که شړل  واړه په قسمت شي په سړى باندي نازل
دا چاري چه وشوي بيا ترمينځ شه فکر بل  څوک يي په چا نه کا دَ سړى ديَ نصيب خپل
زه دَ يوسفزي په څان زهر وم قاتل  بل مقصود مِ نه وه په خدمت کښي دَ مغل
ډير خانان څوانان مِ يو دَ بله ووژلل  تير ساعت ارمان ديَ پښيماني نشته حاصل

ونیسي په لاس کښي سخاوت و شجاعت  نه صرفه په ځان نه په جهان اعلي همت
دریغه اشرف خانَ در ونه شه همره قوت  درست اولس په لاس کښي هیڅ هنر نه څه جرات
ورغلل مغل ته دَ اشرف وه قباحت  هم څما آفت وه هم هر چا لره آفت
څو چه ملک ویران وه دَ مغل وه ډیر هیبت  وشوه وداني دَ ملک پوره یي شه حاجت
ویي کښل بادشاه ته دَ جګرام مُجرا عزت  بۀ یي ته کابل ته اشرف خان په شرارت
پاڅیده بهرام ته په دا مینځ کښي یو غیرت  درست اولس یي ټول کړ په نړۍ وراخت
تشي سر هوا غوټي دَ باز نه وي خصلت  باز نه وه باز رنګ وه چه ښکاره یي شه حالت
زه وم په دهلي کښي ګرفتار په دا زحمت  تیري شوي په بند کښي پنځه میاشتي څه زیادت
بیا دَ میر جمال زوی بادشاه ته په خلوت  عرض یي څما وکړ دَ میر خان په کفالت
دا ووي بادشاه چه فلانه به خلاص کړم سلامت  زن بچه که راولي و هند ته په سرعت

حکم یي دا وکړ امیر خان ته وشول کښل
زه په بند بندي څما کورونه راوستل

وارویده دا حکم سعادت باقی میرباز  راغلل یکایک یي حقیقت کړه را آغاز
میاشت وه دَ صفر چه دري واړه لکه باز  و یي کړ وطن ته په رخصت څما پرواز
لاړل تر وطنَ په شل ورځي یکتاز  یو په ځاي رانه غي چه څمونږ وه سره راز
غرب وته قبله وه و مشرق ته وه نماز  تله وو کربلا ته دَ حج لوري وه حجاز
څه به درته وایم له دي حالَ دور دراز  کوتي کوتي حال دَي مختصر بویه ایجاز
واړه لوي هلک چه مِ ساتلی وو په ناز  واړه په نعمت کښي پرورده ملوک شیراز
تار په تار خواره شول مبتلا په ډیر نیاز  دور دَ ګردون کړل له بلا سره انباز
هره ورځ فلک لري تازه تازه طراز  هیڅ باور یي نشته په نواخت و په نواز
وولي په زمکه یو ساعت کښي سرفراز  پرۀوت په تۀورو خاورو په زمان کاندي ممتاز
ډوب کا په دریاب کښي چه محکم لری جهاز  وباسي له مینځه چه یي نه زده وي شناز
څه کړم چاته آه کړم هیڅوک نه لرم دمساز  چا وته ناره کړم څوک مِ نه آوری آواز

ولاړم له پنډۍ شپه تر مېنځ دَ ککړتال ولاړم تر لاهورَ کوچ په کوچ په ارتحال
زوي دَ میرجمال دَ میربخشي په استقلال ډیر مهر یې وکړ دلاسه جوال جوال
وې یې چه ور ورسي دربار وته خوشحال نور به سرفراز شي غم یې نشته یو مثقال
زه هم په وسط دَ رمضان کوچمال کوچمال ورغلم دربار ته زر څلور اویا وه کال
ډیر رد وبدل شه په دا مېنځ کښې جواب سوال حکم دَ خلاصي دَ ضمان وشه په اجمال
څاي په حویلي کښې ترخپل څنګ راکړ کوتوال جوړ شه ضمانت ته سید شمس دَ جلال
مونږ په دافکرت وو چه په میاشتي دَ شوال راغي عرضداشت دَ سید میر په دا مقال
مه پریږده خوشحال دَده پریښول دِي اختلال بیا په مینځ کښې پریوځت دَ خلاصي ډیرجنجال
ملک منصب جاګیر څما تغیر شه مال محال دولس منصبدار مِ تا بیني شول پائمال
برنا حق په کښلي دَ بد ویل دَ بد سګال وپسنده ظالم بادشاه په ما باندي اشکال
زه دلي په بند هوري څما اهل عیال تار په تار په غرونو په عذاب و په وبال
هسي چاري وشوی چه دَ چانه وې په خیال نشته دَ اورنګ بادشاه په عدل اعتدال
لوُر په لوُر خَوَري شوي را لښکری دَ دجال نشته یو مهدي چه را ښکاره کا خپل جمال

دور دَ آخر دَي فساد کډ شه لوُر په لوُر
یو تر بل اخته شه جهان واړه کوُر په کوُر

خداي را باندي راوست دا همه واړه محنت څو چاري سبب شوي درته وایم حکایت
یو چه زه مغروروم په راستي و په خدمت بل دَ مغل طمع څما نه ورکړل عادت
بل مِ نا شکري بل دَ ورونړو حماقت بل چه فرزندانو مِ خطا کړ مصلحت
یو څله هم نه خطا خطا کرت مرت واړو مشرانو اشرف خان بهرام سعادت
و مِ کړ اشرف وته دَ توري اشارت هیڅ عمل یې و نه کړ څما په نصیحت
څه خدا یار خلیل څه بي حیا څه بي حرمت څه جګرام هندو څه دَ هندوانو برکت
یو یو څوان پوهیږي دَ غلیم په حرکت زهر کډَول شي په شکر و په شربت
زوي هغه زوي چه هنر لري حکمت پوه وِي دَ دښمنو په فریب په خدیعت

راغلم تر نو ښهره په صبا هم په دا شان  خلق په ژړا په ننداره راته حیران
زه به دَ نو ښهر دَ شپې څه کوَم بیان  درسته شپه زلزله وه په هندو په مسلمان
صبح ته یې کوچ کړ پښتانه مغل لرزان  لور په لور فوځونه وُو څما تولي تر میان
ما وه پیغام کړي په اولس په اشرف خان  نه بویه دَ جنګ دَ خرخشي فکر و سامان
مونږه یوُ دَ بادشاه قدیمي دولتخواهان  یو م ِنام بدیږي بل ستیږي افغانان
راغلم تر سرایَ سرای یکلخته وه ویران  تا به وې هرګز نه وو میشته دلته انسان
څه به درته وایم څه پیري لري آسمان  څوک ورته توانیږي چه شدّت کاندي عیان
ډیري ګراني راشي په سړیو په جهان  خدای و سړي ورکا بیا دَ هر چاري توان
ګران ساعت هغه وه چه م ِولیده عثمان  بیا راغي زینو دَ خیلخاني یو څو څوانان
راغله په ارمام څبله جدا شو په ارمان  زه و دوي دَ سرای شجر حجر واړه ګریان
راغله په نړۍ نندارچي مردان زنان  هسي وُو ولاړ لکه چه بې روحَ بتان
راغلو په ګړۍ دَ خیراباد پیچان پیچان  پوري که راپوري خلق واړه نندارچیان
هر چه راسره وو هغه واړه وو ترسان  چا وې چه ختک به حاضرنه شي په میدان
ما خو پیغام کړي وه هم دا م ِوه ګمان  اوس به راڅرګند شي له یوه لوریه نشان
هسي به جنګ وشي په دا آخر زمان  ګوره څو به شمار شي دواړه لوریه کشتګان
جنګ و جدل نه شه حکم دا وه دَ یزدان  پوري شَوَم تر سینده په اتک شَوَم نګران
درست اولس م ِواړه په غوغا حیران پریشان  ویر م ِپه کورونو په هاي هاي م ِفرزندان

راغي په ختکو باندي هسي یو ساعت
تا به وې نازل شه په جهان کښې قیامت

زه یې له اتکَ نه روان کړم په دا حال  ور یې وړم په پړه دَ بابا حسن ابدال
بیا له هغه ځاي په پنډي په استعجال  بیا له هغه ځایَ تر رباط وشه چال
راغي په رباط کښې له نوابَ یو مثال  بیا یې بیرته یووړم تر پنډیَ دم درحال
راغي په پنډي کښې بل یو خط په دا منوال  وریې وري په وړاندي ودربارته بې اهمال

خۆر شه په ملکونو دا خبر په درست دیار  درست عالم دلګیر شه لا پښتون یار و اغیار
هر چه أمراګان وُو په صوبه کښي منصبدار  کل عالم حیران شه چه یي ولیده دا کار
لاړل په صبا دَ وقتَ ټول شوَل په دربار  وویل دا هسي رنګ نیکخواه دَ شهریار
دا رنګه نیوه شِی نواب ښه ګنړي دا چار  چُپه خوله شه پاتو هیڅ یي و نه کړ ګفتار
پاڅیدل له ځایه أمراګان شوَل تار په تار  دري ورځي شوی تیري څما ترونه ناپکار
ورغلل مغل لره قبول یي کړه مدار  آس و خلعتونه مغل ورکړه په اقرار
ملک یي څما ورکړ نا لایق یي کړه سردار  کۆر و خیلخانه اولس همه شه خبردار
درست خټک دَ دوي و کشتن ته شه طیار  روح دَ دوي والوۆت په بلا شو ګرفتار
ما و خیلخاني و قوم ته ووي چه زنهار  مرګ کشتن نه بویه نه څه نور شر و اضرار
یو به دشمن شاد شِي چه یي ورک کړ خپل تبار  بل به فساد ګډ شِي دَ بادشاه درومی اعتبار
دوي درست اولس په زیارت دَ شیخ رحمکار  ټول شول له دي کارَ په فریب شول توبه ګار
زوي مِ نادان وُو په خطا لاړل بسیار  مرګ کشتن که نه ویَ دوي مِ پریښوی په وقار
دوي په زړه کښي دا وِي چه که صل کړو که هزار  هر کله چه خلاص شِي فلانه مونږه یوُ په دار
بل فکر یي نه وه ور پیدا شه دَ ځان ډار  مرګ وته مِ کښیناسته په لیل و په نهار
تیري شوی په بند کښي څما دوه میاشتي په شمار  ملک واړه ویران شه خلقه شوه په کوهسار
وغۆښتي پنځوس زره روپي صوبه دار  ما وِي در به نه کړم یو پوچک نه یو دینار
دواړه لوریه وکړه سره دا قول و اقرار  یو مغل بي پته بل مِ ترونه شرمسار
اوس خو بایده دا دِي چه یي ځاي وِي هندوبار  زر یي فکر بویه په تعجیل و په تلوار
زه په دیَ لا خَوَښ وم چه که ورشم تر دربار  دَ عمر دولتخواه وم دَ عزت وم طمع دار

هند ته یي روان کړم بدرقه مِ مستجاب
هم ملک هم خان هم دَ همه غوري ارباب

زه یي کړم له ښهره په شتاب شتاب روان  راغلم نرم نرم په رباط دَ شابیک خان
درسته شپه څوکئي دَ محب خیلو په خپل ځان  بل وه مصري خان داؤزي یو ټولي احدیان

## ترجیع بند

څه دَ بدو خوْب وه چه مِ ولیده سحر  سترګي مِ رنړي کړي ناقرار شَوَم په بستر
پاڅیدم له کټه لکه خوُږ شِي دَ چا سر  هسي شان اوتر وم نه مِ لار لیده نه ور
لاړم تر مبرزَ هسي راغلمَ اوتر  غسل مِ په څاي کړ په سنت دَ پیغمبر
درست خلق اوده وو واړو خوْب کاوه خرخر  هیڅوک خبر نه وه اشرف خان مِ کړه خبر
هر چه نصیحت وه لکه بویه له پدر  ما په کتابت ورته ادا کړ مختصر
ورڅ وه دَ جمعي رجال الغیب ووُ برابر  تله مغرب رویه وو په دا ما نه کړ نظر
څوک به وجارباسي مبرم حکم دَ داور  ډیر که فراست لري هنر ګنج و لښکر
ولاړم تر مسجدَ نمونځ مِ وکړه دَ سحر  سوْر شَوَم په سیلي نور مِ واچاوه په لیر
هسي په هوا تلم لکه باد درومي صرصر  ګوښي تنها تلَم په نوښهر وخوْت نمر
نه وه لا دو پهر چه مِ څاي شه پښاور  واستاوه مغل ته ما هغه ساعت نفر
وِي مِ دا یم راغلم ستا په خط ستا په خاطر  کوم ساعت حاضر شم په ما څه لري ته چر
دا څواب یي راغي چه راتله دِ وو بهتر  ګانده په دیوان کښي را ښکاره کړه خپل پیکر
دري ورڅي شوي تیري دیوان نه کړګیدي خر  دیَ پڅو وه ما ته زه له څانه بي خبر
شیخ دَ ګجرات دَ ده پیشدست وه یو بشر  سر تر پایَ مکر په دیدن کرِیه منظر
ده وِي تر ما راشه چه ګنکاش کړو مقرر  بیا به دِ نواب ته ویل کړم زیر و زبر
ورغلم تر ده پوري زه پاک په خپل باور  ترونه مِ نا اهل مغلي شول په دا شر
لور په لور مغل تر ما چاپیر شو په هنر  مفت یي په لاس کښیوتم په حکم دَ قدر
غږ وشه په ښهر دا خبر شه منتشر  هیچا نه پسندله په خدای پسنده وه مګر

کوز یي کړم له کوټه چه یي کښیوتم په جال
زر یي را په پښو کړه پنج سیري بیړئ کوټوال

# منتخب له دیوان

# دَ خوشحال خان ختک

په قلم دَ مولوي محمد حسن
اوسیدونکي دَ پېښاور

سنه ۱۳۰۷ هجری

هرتفرد
په مطبع دَ استیفن آستن صاحب او ځامنو دَ دهٔ
۱۸۹۰

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