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ASTATIC SOCIETY'S MONOGRAPHS
VOL. IX

POPULAR POETRY
OF THE
BALOCHES

BY
M. LONGWORTH DAMES, M.R.A.S.
INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE (RETIRED)

VOL. I

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GLASGOW ! PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE **AKD** CO. **LTD.**

PREFACE

IN bringing the Popular Poetry of the Baloches to a conclusion and laying before the Public the result of many years' labour in collecting, transcribing and translating the ballads and verses here set forth, I have the greatest pleasure in acknowledging the action of the Folklore Society in issuing this book as the Annual Volume for 1905, and in thanking the Council and the Society for giving me the opportunity of publishing a work of this kind, which necessarily appeals to a limited public.

My sincerest thanks are due also to the Royal Asiatic Society for its assistance and co-operation, without which it would have been impossible to include a complete collection of the original texts from which the English renderings are made.

Without these texts the translations, the value of which depends mainly on the correctness of my interpretations, would have lost much of their value.

To both Societies I now express my heartiest thanks for their kindness.

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ERRATA.

Page	line	
xxi.	29	<i>Between lands and Sibi, insert 'of.'</i>
xxvi.	6, 7	<i>Omit 'with slight variations.'</i>
5	24	<i>For Chaneser read Chanesar.</i>
10	Note 3	<i>For lato read lalo.</i>
51	9	<i>For Qurans read Quran.</i>
54	2, 3	<i>After line 2 insert 'The Kirds carry burdens for our servants.'</i>
76	Note 2	<i>For XXII. read XXIV.</i>
83	Note 1	<i>Add 'Here, however, Multan Mai may mean "the Champion of Multan."'</i>
84	20	<i>For and a thousand read with a thousand combats.</i>
84	Note 4	<i>Add 'See also p. 178 '</i>
88	30 }	<i>For are read art</i>
89	18 }	
96	28	<i>After Kach insert 'The Hots in the van seized Chatr and Phuleji.'</i>
97	8	<i>After two insert 'Alive and unhurt you lay down on the ground.'</i>
105	Note	<i>For XXXI. read XXXIII.</i>
177	Note	<i>For XVII. read XVIII.</i>

INTRODUCTION

§1. SOURCES AND ORIGINS.

THE existence of Balochi poetry may be said to have been unknown until Leech published some specimens in his 'Sketch of the Balochi Language' in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society, Bengal*, in 1840. Unfortunately, owing to misprints and misspellings, these poems have been found very hard to decipher, and contributed little to our knowledge of the subject. In the present collection I have ventured to give them in an amended text, reading them in the light derived from the study of similar verse. Nos. XXI. 1 (b), XXIV. and XXXVIII. (2) are taken from Leech, and in Nos. XXII. and LII. his versions have been used in collation with others.

After Leech's death no attention seems to have been bestowed on the subject for many years. In 1877 Sir R. Burton, in his *Sindh Revisited*, gave translations, without original texts, of three ballads, of which one (No. XXI. I (b) in this collection) was borrowed word for word from Leech without acknowledgment, and another was an extended version of 'Isa and Bar!' (No. LII.), also given by Leech. The third ballad will be found in Burton's book (*Sindh Revisited*, ii. 168). I do not reproduce it here, as it is doubtful whether Burton had any real acquaintance with Balochi. With this exception, I believe that after Leech's time no attempt was made to reduce to writing the poetry of the Baloches until I began to do so in 1875, and obtained many poems

during the next few years at Dera Ghazi Khan, Rajanpur, Sibi (Sevl), and in the hill country of the Legharis, Gurchanis, Maris, and Bugtis. Some of these were published with translations in 1881.¹ Brahim Shambani, Khuda Bakhsh Mari Dom, and a Lashari Gurchani contributed the greater portion of these, and some were repeated to me by the headman of the Ghulam Bolak Rinds at Sibi. Afterwards the greater number came from Ghulam Muhammad Balachani, Baga Lashari, and Baga Dom. Brahim Shambani, Panju Bangulani, and Jiwa Kird repeated to me their own poems which are given here. A few poems (without translations) were included in my *Balochi Text-book* (1891), and a few (with translations) were embodied in 'The Adventures of Mir Chakur' which I contributed to Sir R. Temple's *Legends of the Panjab*. I continued collecting until I finally severed my connection with the land of the Baloches in 1896, but with the exceptions above mentioned none of the poems have been printed. I have now included all the poems, and have carefully revised the text and translations of those already published. Since I left the country another collector, the Rev. T. M. Mayer, has taken up the work, and has printed the result in pamphlet form.² Mr Mayer has kindly permitted me to make use of these materials, and I have given them in full where I had no other versions of the same poems. Where I had versions taken down by myself (or in two cases derived from Leech) I have collated them, and have often been able to frame in this way a more satisfactory text than could be derived from any one version. I have followed the same course when I have found among my own notes

¹ In my 'Sketch of the Northern Balochi Language' (Extra No. of the J.A.S.B. 1880).

² Partly at his private press, Fort Munro, and partly at the Sikandra Orphanage Press, Agra; 1900 and 1901.

more than one version of the same poem. For the translations I am myself responsible throughout, as I considered Mr. Mayer's translations too literal to be useful except to students of the Balochi language, but I found them of great value in arriving at the correct meaning of the poems, often by no means an easy task.

Besides my own collections and those of Lieut. Leech and Mr. Mayer, the only contribution is taken from R. B. Hetu Ram's *Biluchi-nama*,¹ whence come the poem of Doda, No. XVIII. (i), and another used in collation in No. IX. The prose legend of Plr Suhri is also derived from this source.

In all poems, or prose narratives, taken down by myself, I have carefully recorded the actual words of the narrator. The source of each poem is indicated in the prefatory note which precedes it.

It will be noticed that the whole body of poems given in this volume belongs to the Northern variety of the Balochi language. I have not been able to discover any poems in Mekrani Balochi. They must exist among the tribes of Mekran and Persian Balochistan, and it may be hoped that some official or traveller who has access to those regions will take the trouble to record some of them before they are lost.

§11. CHARACTER OF BALOCHI POETRY.

The poems thus collected form a considerable body of verse which circulates orally among the Baloch tribes occupying the country which extends from the Bolan Pass and the Plain of Kachhi (the Kachh Gandava of the maps) through the southern part of the Sulaiman

¹ In Urdu. Published at Lahore, 1881. The English translation by Mr. J. M'C. Douie (Calcutta, 1885) does not contain the poems, but has some additional prose stories, from which the story of Murid (see introduction to Murid and Hani, No. XXII.) is derived.

Mountains to the plains along the right bank of the Indus in the South Punjab and North Sindh. The central part of this area is occupied by ridges of barren rock, and intervening valleys scarcely less barren. The Baloches who inhabit it are divided into many tribes and clans; for a description of whom and an account of how they came to occupy the country where they now dwell, I may be allowed to refer to my monograph on the subject lately published.¹ The history of the race is not without an important bearing on the ballads, as will be seen below.

Attached to these tribes are many families of a race known as Doms or Dombs, the hereditary bards and minstrels of the Baloches, who are the depositaries of the ancient poetic lore. Through them it has been handed down to the present day with substantial accuracy, though not without variation, as becomes apparent when more than one version of a ballad is available. These Doms are found not only in Balochistan, but also in Afghanistan (where their name takes the shortened form Dum), in Persia, and in North-west India (their original home). They generally make use among themselves of some dialect of Sindhi or Western Punjabi, but are, according to their location, equally familiar with Persian or Pashto, Balochi or Brahui.

Among the Baloches they are the professional minstrels, they sing the poems in the assemblies of the clans, but are not poets themselves, as they often are among the Afghans.² They are merely the agency for handing down the older poems or publishing the compositions of modern poets, who are in almost every case true Baloches and not men of low or mixed origin, as among the Afghans. It would be undignified for a Baloch to sing or recite

¹ *The Baloch Race*. By M. Longworth Dames, 1904. The Royal Asiatic Society.

² See J. Darmesteter, *Chants des Afghanes*. Paris 1888-90, p. cxciii. §140.

a poem publicly; so a poet who wishes to make his composition known seeks out a Dom and teaches it to him. Allusions to this practice are frequent in the poems, e.g. in No. XXVII., where the 'sweet-singing Lor!' is enjoined to listen carefully to the words of the song. (The name Lori, *minstrel*, the Persian Luri, is frequently given to Doms in poetry.)

The whole of this poetry is purely popular in origin and form. There has never been in Balochi a literature in the correct sense of the term, and literary influence cannot be detected anywhere, except perhaps in one or two of the love-poems. The forms of Persian poetry which have been the universal standard, even of popular poetry, in Afghanistan and Musalman India, are not to be found here. There are no *ghazals*, no artificial arrangements of poems in *divans*, none of the pedantry of Persian prosody. As in form, so in substance, Balochi poetry is simple and direct in expression, and excels in vivid pictures of life and country, which it brings before us without any conscious effort at description on the part of the singer. As might be expected in a parched-up land, where water is scarce and rain seldom falls, the poets delight in describing the vivid thunderstorms which occasionally visit the mountains and the sudden transformation of the country side which follows a fall of rain. The heavy atmosphere laden with dust and haze is transformed into one of transparent clearness and inspiring freshness; the brown mountain-side is covered in a few days with a bright green carpet, the dry watercourses become flowing streams, waterfalls leap from the heights, and every rocky hollow holds a pool of fresh water. The shepherds, armed with sword and shield and matchlock, stride along singing in front of their flocks marching to the upland pastures from the parched and sweltering lowlands, and the women join in bands and wander about alone in the hills, free from male

molestation, as is described in Dosten and Shiren (XLI). So this season is to the Baloch poet what the summer-tide was to the old English bards who sang of Robin Hood:

'In somer when the shawes be sheyne
And leves be large and long,
Hit is full mery in feyre foreste
To here the foullys song.'

Vivid sceens of war and rapine are common, and the characters of the actors are sharply defined and brought out in their actions and speeches.

The names of the authors of the poems are preserved in the majority of cases owing to the custom of reciting the name and description of the author with the subject of his song as a preface to the actual singing of the poem. This preface is treated as an integral part of the poem (as in the case of some of the psalms of David or Asaph) and is never omitted by a properly trained Dom, although in some of the poems in this collection (collected from non-professional reciters) it has not been recorded. In this point Balochi poetry differs from popular poetry generally, as usually the author of any particular ballad or song is not known; and in any case the personality of the author is not a matter of importance; the true ballad is impersonal. To a certain extent Balochi poetry shares this characteristic with that of other nations: a general similarity of style and treatment runs through a whole class of ballads or songs, and epithets and phrases are repeated over and over again; there is a conventional dialect and phraseology which every author must follow.

In spite of this, however, there is a much stronger personal element than is usual in ballad poetry. It would not be correct to say here, as has been well observed with regard to the English and Scottish ballads: 'Not only is the author of a ballad invisible

and, so far as the effect which the poem produces on the hearer is concerned, practically non-existent, but the teller of the tale has no role in it. . . . The first person does not occur at all except in the speeches of the several characters.'¹

These words could not be applied to many of the poems in this collection, in which the authors are themselves actors, and speak in the first person. This remark applies especially to the following poems:

No. XI. Containing the five poems exchanged between
Chakur and Gwaharam.

XIII. Poems of Chakur and Jaro.

XIV. The song of Nodhbandagh.

XVI. Shahzad's ballad of the conquest of Dehli.

XVII. The eight poems of Bijar, Babar, and others
regarding the war between the Rinds and
Dodals.

XVIII. (2 and 3) The poems of Balach.

XIX. Rehan's lament.

XX. Bivaragh's elopement.

It also applies to some of the later war ballads. These poems are full of satire and invective; they are believed to be the actual utterances of the celebrated leaders whose names they bear, and I can assign no good reason for refusing credence to this belief. The personal feeling is so strong, and the allusions to contemporary persons and events long since forgotten are so numerous, that it is difficult to account for these poems on any other theory. The language, as I show elsewhere,² lends support to this view. It may be held, however, that these personal poems are not 'ballads' in the strict interpretation of the term; and, if the word 'ballad' necessarily implies, a story, it

¹ Cambridge Edition of *Child's English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. London, 1905, p. xi, Introduction.

² See Note, vol. ii. p. 180.

is true that they do not always answer to the test. Nevertheless, in form and language they belong to the same class as the true ballads, and it is not possible always to draw a hard and fast line of demarcation between what is a ballad and what is not. These poems form an important part of what may be called the heroic or epic poetry, equally with the purely narrative ballads, and the long speeches and invectives put into the mouths of the heroes of the *Iliad* and other primitive epics must have been derived from originals of this description. In considering poetry intended for recitation to an audience already familiar with all the events of the story, it must be remembered that the verses containing or believed to contain the actual words addressed by a hero warrior to his adversaries are quite as important as the purely narrative poems. One class cannot be dealt with apart from the other, and I prefer to use the word ballad in a sense wide enough to cover both.

These poems bear a strong resemblance to the older parts of the *Poema del Cid*, in which there is a similar strong personal element. The Cid poems are less primitive and have been more subject to literary influences than the heroic ballads of the Baloches (although in actual date they are older), and there is no part of them as they stand which can be attributed to the eleventh century, when the Cid lived; but the resemblance is still considerable, and we may well believe it would be still stronger if we had before us the original songs from which the existing Cid ballads are derived. The purely narrative ballads which deal with the old wars in an impersonal style are probably somewhat later than those referred to above, but many of them no doubt go back to a period not long after the events dealt with.

§ III. CLASSIFICATION OF POEMS.

The whole body of poetry here set forth may be conveniently considered under the following heads :

- i. Heroic or epic ballads dealing with the early wars and settlements of the Baloches.
2. More recent ballads, mainly dealing with the wars of tribes now existing, and other tribal ballads.
3. Romantic ballads.
4. Love songs and lyrics.
5. Religious and didactic poems.
6. Short poems, including lullabys, dastanaghs, and rhymed riddles.

1. The first class includes the poems numbered from I. to XXII. (forty poems in all), and comprises ballads of both the classes alluded to above in § II. These form the oldest and most important part of the traditional lore of the Baloches. The central event dealt with is the war of the Rinds and the Lasharis, and some ballads refer to the events leading up to or following this war, and to the war of the Rinds and Dodais. Briefly the argument may be stated as follows :

The Baloches formed one body, divided into several tribes, of which the Rinds and the Lasharis were the chief. A great movement of the race took place, which led to its descent into the plains of India by the Bolan, the Mullah, and other passes, and the occupation of the lands Sibi (always called Sevi), Bagh, Shoran, and the plain of Kachhi generally. Here they soon began to quarrel, and a rivalry sprang up between Mir Chakur, chief of the Rinds, and Mir Gwaharam, chief of the Lasharis. The principal cause of the feud was a lady named Gohar, who was beloved by Gwaharam, but rejected his suit and took refuge with Chakur, who also loved her. About this time a horse-race took place, in which Ramen Lashari

and Rehan Rind backed their respective mares. Ramen by right won the race, but the Rinds falsely awarded the victory to Rehan. A party of Lasharis then went off and slaughtered some of Gohar's young camels. She attempted vainly to conceal this from Chakur, who vowed revenge. Bivaragh, a leading Rind, tried to restrain him, but his cousins, Mir-Han and Rehan, and the fiery Jaro urged him on, and the Lasharis were attacked in the Mullah Pass. The Lasharis were supported by the Nuhanis, under their chief Omar, who is held up as a pattern of liberality. Among the Lasharis the leading men were Nodhbandagh, Gwaharam's old father, proverbial for his wisdom and generosity, Bahar, Bijar, Ramen and Bakar. In the battle the Rinds were defeated and Bivaragh and Mir Han were killed. Chakur himself was saved by Nodhbandagh, who mounted him on his mare Phul and let him escape out of the battle. Bivaragh's elopement with the King of Qandahar's daughter and his appeal for help to Gwaharam rather than to Chakur belong to a period before the feud began.

Chakur took refuge with the Turks, that is with the Mughals of Herat and Kandahar, and finally obtained their alliance in spite of bribes sent by the Lasharis and the severe tests he had to undergo. The war went on for thirty years, and ended in the destruction of most of the Lasharis, and the emigration of Chakur to the Panjab, followed by most of the Rind clans.¹ The Rinds of Shoran and the Maghassi Lasharis of Jhal still continued in Kachhi. Chakur and his son Shahzad formed an alliance with the Langahs of Multan, and afterwards with the Mughals under Humayun, joining in the attack on Dehli (XVI.). Many clans refused to accompany him,

¹ The Lasharis seem to have allied themselves with the indigenous tribes of Sindh, the Sammas and Bhattis, to counterbalance the alliance of the Rinds with the Turks. Gwaharam [XI. 3, 1. 10] threatens to bring these tribes from Thatta.

and recrossed the Indus under Bijar, where they fought with the Dodals, already established there under Sohrab Khan (XVII.). The only episode dealt with in Part I. which is unconnected with what may be called the Chakur Cycle is the story of Balach (see prefatory note to No. XVIII.).

The characters of the chief actors in this epic story stand out clearly throughout the ballads. Chakur himself is brave, generous, and rash, but with some of the failings of a semi-savage. He entices away Hani from Murid by unfair means, he provokes Jaro into killing his own son, and Haddeh, Chakur's brother-in-law, and then taunts him with what he has done. He does all this simply to test whether Jaro will keep his oath to kill any one who touches his beard. On the other hand he behaves with magnanimity in the matter of the Lashari women taken prisoners by the Turks and towards Haibat when the latter took possession of his camels. He is still looked upon as the ideal Baloch chief, and his exploits are magnified by modern legends into something miraculous, but in the ballads there is no mixture of the supernatural; the events described are such as may actually have happened. Nodhbandagh is the Baloch type of generosity, and sets forth his views in characteristic fashion in No. XIV., which is widely known and often quoted. He acts the part of a chivalrous old man and saves Chakur's life in the battle because of a charge laid upon him by his mother in childhood. Later legend has connected miraculous events with his story as well as Chakur's, and his name, which means 'the cloud-binder,' would seem to have been possibly derived from some forgotten mythology. Mir Han and Jaro are fiery, impulsive Baloch warriors, impatient of restraint, and eager for revenge, while Bivaragh stands out as the man of honour and good counsel, who tried to restrain Chakur from following the advice which led to such a disastrous

result Shahzad, Chakur's son, appears rather later in the story as a gallant leader in the attack on Dehli, and a man of mystical and religious character. Later legend attributes his birth to a mystical overshadowing of his mother by 'Ali.

There is no independent historical evidence regarding the thirty-years' war between the Rinds and Lasharis, although there is some regarding the alliance with the Turks under Zunu, that is, Zu'n-nun Beg Arghun, and also regarding the rivalry between the Rinds and the Dodals under Sohrab Khan, and of the alliance between Chakur and Shahzad and the Langahs of Multan. The other actors in the drama are not to be found in written history; nevertheless, as the Baloch legend is supported by history wherever it is possible to test it, it may reasonably be assumed that the whole story is historical in the main, although it has no doubt been freely exaggerated and altered, as is usual when actual historical events are dealt with in ballads, as in the *Poema del Cid* already alluded to, and the English ballads of the *Battle of Otterburn* and the *Hunting of the Cheviot*, which show what various forms the same occurrence may assume in popular poetry.

The oldest ballads seem to be those mentioned above in §11. as the actual composition of certain actors in the story, with which must be classed No. X. (The Bulmats and Kalmats), which probably refers to occurrences anterior to the thirty-years' war. The question of the antiquity of these poems is discussed below in § VI. Of the narrative ballads the oldest seem to be Nos. II., IV., V., VI., and VII., and some of the romantic ballads in Part III. should also be classed with them as regards language. Nos. I. and VIII. do not seem to be quite so old. Rhyme is only occasionally found in the oldest ballads, and becomes more frequent as time goes on.

2. The later ballads found in Part II. are mainly

accounts of inter-tribal wars during the past hundred and fifty years. They vary greatly in age and merit. Some are spirited and fiery, while others are little more than catalogues of warriors. The language is in the main of a later type (although old forms not used in conversation still survive in poetry), and it is often corrupted by the use of a number of unfamiliar words, mainly of Sindhi origin. The metres are more elaborate and varied (see § IV.), and rhyme becomes the rule. Generally one rhyme is pursued through a large number of lines, and a change is made when it is necessary to allow the singer a pause to take breath. This pause is followed by the repetition in a highly-pitched tone of the last line uttered before the pause, and the singer then drops his voice to the pitch in which he has been singing all along, and proceeds with the next passage, generally with a new rhyme. The best of these war ballads are Nos. XXVII, XXVIII., and XXXII. No. XXIII., the Wedding of Mitha, is a poem of a different class, more akin in style to the poems of the early time. The elegy on Nawab Muhammad Khan (XXXVI.) is the most modern of all. The two poems on Sir Robert Sandeman's expedition into the Baloch Hills, one in Balochi, and one in Jatki, are also modern, and are placed here as most akin in style to the war-ballads.

3. The Romantic ballads are placed in a class by themselves, but in style some of them approximate to the early heroic ballads, and judging from the language none of them can be of very recent date. Others, like Bivaragh's love-song, rather resemble the love-songs of the eighteenth century (see 4, *infra*). The language of these ballads is generally clear and simple, and free from the corruptions which abound in some of the later war-ballads and the pedantry of some of the love-songs.

In Lela and Majna the widely-spread Arab story of Laila and Majnun is adopted and given a thoroughly

Baloch setting. The picture of Lela sitting in her little hut, and going out to the pools of fresh water after a storm in the mountains, is one of great beauty, and is expressed in truly poetical language. This scene with slight variations is found again in Dosten and Shiren (XLI), and in one of the lullabys (LXII. 3) with slight variations.

Dosten and Shiren appears to be a purely Baloch story, and the poetical part of it should take a high rank among love-ballads. Miran's message (XXXIX.) is also a graceful and fantastic poem. Parat and Shiren is evidently an adaptation of the Persian tale of Farhad and Shirin.

4. *Love-songs and lyrics.*—Under this head I have included all the love-poems which are rather lyrical than narrative in their character, although it is not always easy to discriminate with accuracy between the two classes. I have placed Bivaragh's love-song (XXXVIII.) in Part III. and the songs of Sohna and Bashkali (L.) in Part IV., but there is a strong resemblance between them. On the other hand some are love-songs pure and simple, while others are tinged with Sufi-ism, and hide a religious meaning under amatory language.

The most famous Baloch composer of love-songs was Jam Durrak, who lived at the court of Nasir Khan, the Brahoi Khan of Kilat in the middle of the eighteenth century. Five poems in this collection are ascribed to him. These beautiful little poems are tender and graceful, but artificial in expression, and evidently follow a recognized conventional code in the imagery and language employed. Yet this seems to be an original development among the Baloch bards, and, although many Persian words and expressions are used, the forms and versification are not borrowed from Persian verse, but are the genuine forms of Balochi poetry. Nevertheless, these poems lack the free and open-air atmosphere of such ballads as Lela and Majna, Dosten and Shiren or Miran's love-song;

they do not bring before us the mountain-side, but the bazaars of the towns; and the women who inspire them are not the Baloch maidens in their little huts, but the gem-bedecked courtesans of those bazaars. Bangles and nose-rings and scents of 'attar and musk take the place of the picture of the girl coming out of her four-sided hut to fill her earthen cup with fresh water after a storm. This class of poetry may be compared to the love-poetry of the Afghans, as to which Darmesteter has observed : ' There is always a sound of swinging nose-rings, of gold mohars hanging from the hair of the beloved, the glittering of *tikas* on the forehead, beauty spots on the cheek and chin ; there are the complaints of love-lorn mendicants, darveshes at the shrine of the loved one, hearts pierced by the knife of separation, roasted with grief like a *kabab* or become *sati* like Indian widows. The store of poetical trinkets has, as we can see, been purchased wholesale in the Indian market, and even in the metaphors of sentiment we are involved rather in Indian than in Persian traditions.'

In judging the Balochi love-verse, however, we find that the bazaar atmosphere is to some extent tempered by a breeze from the desert: the Baloch is not a born townsman, but only a chance visitor, and although his love may be set on a lady of the bazaars, he often draws his images from nature. The clouds, the rain, the lightning, the creeping plants, the flame of a log-fire share the realm of jewels and scents, and show that the author is not a town-bred man.

The verses of Sohna and Bashkali are even more conventional than those of Durrak, and are full of the usual Persian imagery, besides being infected with Sufi doctrines. The other short love-poems (XLVI, XLVII, and XLVIII.) are simple and natural, and evidently come from the mountains and not from the towns.

5. *Religious and didactic poetry.*—The religious poetry

falls into two classes, viz. those which set forth the Muhammadan faith, or those parts of it which have most impressed the poet, and those which deal with legends of the Prophet and the Saints. With the latter may be classed the prose legends of saints which are included in this part or added in the supplement to it. The strange verses attributed to Shahzad son of Chakur (LI.) stand by themselves, embodying a Hindu tradition as to the origin of Multan. The little poem regarding Isa and Bari and the miracle of the tree is perhaps more widely known than any other in the Balochi language, having been recorded at Dera Ghazi Khan, at Kilat and in Sindh. The poems regarding 'Ali and that of Moses and Sultan Zumzum are also popular favourites. The remarkable lines on the conflict between Youth and Age, in which the two abstractions are personified, is the composition of a young Mazari poet of the present day.

Great originality cannot be expected in religious poetry among Musalmans, as the same ideas have permeated the whole of Western Asia. It may be noted, however, that the Baloch exalts generosity into the first of all the virtues, while greed is condemned as the worst of crimes, entailing the most severe punishment. The very realistic description of the Angel of Death, and the manner in which he visits men and presses out their breath is also deserving of remark, as an illustration of the anthropomorphic form inevitably assumed by such legends. Still more remarkable is the account of Muhammad's visit to heaven, and how the saint, Pir Dastgir, lent him his shoulder to mount by, and attained great honour thereby (LVIII).

In addition to the poem on Youth and Age already mentioned there is another on the same subject (LXI.), in which an aged Mazari laments the advance of age in pathetic terms.

The religious poetry generally displays a sincere and

earnest spirit, and a desire to draw moral lessons; the morality inculcated being of course that of the Baloch race, not always in accord with Western ideas.

6. The last part contains short poems of various types, including three interesting lullabys collected by Mr. Mayer in the Leghari Hills, and a girls' singing game from the same neighbourhood. The rest of this section is made up of dastanaghs and rhyming riddles.

The little songs called dastanaghs are mostly short love-songs of a few lines which are sung to the accompaniment of the *nar* or Baloch pipe (see prefatory note to LXIII). Some of these are tender love-songs, some are comic, nearly all are vivid and picturesque. They are all free, open-air compositions without the impress of the town and the bazaar. The dastanagh prevails only among hillmen, and tends to die out in the more settled parts of the country.

The rhyming riddles and puzzles are characteristic of the Baloches, and are much enjoyed by them. They are often improvised during journeys regarding objects which have been seen or events which have happened during the day's march. This form of exercise is also prevalent in Sindh.

§IV. FORMS OF VERSE.

The forms adopted in versification owe, as has already been stated, little or nothing to the literary forms of Persian poetry which have generally been adopted in neighbouring countries. There is nothing of the nature of a quatrain or other form of stanza : every poem of whatsoever length consists simply of a number of lines of uniform metre, with or without rhyme. The metrical system has never been reduced to prosodical rules; but it is, in fact, fairly regular. The metres are quantitative in nature, and rhyme is rather an accident than an

essential feature. It must be remembered that the verse is intended to be sung, and always is sung, or chanted, to a musical accompaniment, and that a prosodically long syllable is actually lengthened in singing to correspond with the length of the musical note. But prosodical quantity does not always correspond with natural or grammatical quantity, but rather with the accent or stress which falls on certain syllables. Accent is strong, but it does not in any way do away with true metrical quantity. The system followed in arranging classical metres is, therefore, not unsuitable to Balochi. The metres may be classified as follows, long and short syllables being marked in the usual way, and accent being marked by an upright stroke:

i. $\frac{\text{—}}{\text{—}} \sim \sim | \frac{\text{—}}{\text{—}} \sim \sim || \frac{\text{—}}{\text{—}} \sim \sim | \text{—} \text{—} ||$

Examples :

$\frac{\text{—}}{\text{—}} \sim \sim | \frac{\text{—}}{\text{—}} \sim \sim || \frac{\text{—}}{\text{—}} \sim \sim | \frac{\text{—}}{\text{—}} \sim \sim ||$.Gudithahir chi khenagha zahra
 $\frac{\text{—}}{\text{—}} \sim \sim | \frac{\text{—}}{\text{—}} \sim \sim || \frac{\text{—}}{\text{—}} \sim \sim | \frac{\text{—}}{\text{—}} \sim \sim ||$.Rind Lashar lma-buna brathen II

Occasionally the second foot may be a single long syllable, as in

$\frac{\text{—}}{\text{—}} \text{—} \text{—} | \frac{\text{—}}{\text{—}} \sim \sim || \frac{\text{—}}{\text{—}} \text{—} \text{—} | \frac{\text{—}}{\text{—}} \sim \sim ||$
 Shingura shast shangura phanjah. IX.61.

The caesura after the second foot is well marked.

This metre is a very usual one, especially in the older poetry. It is found in Nos. II., III., IX., XI. (*I a, I b*, 2, 3, 4), XVI., XVII. (1, 2, 3, 5), XIX., XX., XXI. (2), XXIII., XXVIII., XXIX., XLIII., XLV., LVL, LXI, and LXIV. (1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 9, 14, 27, 28).

2. $\sim | \frac{\text{—}}{\text{—}} \sim \sim | \frac{\text{—}}{\text{—}} \sim \sim | \frac{\text{—}}{\text{—}} \sim \sim | \frac{\text{—}}{\text{—}} \text{—} ||$

This is very similar to No. L, but it has no marked caesura, and a redundant syllable is frequently prefixed to the first foot

Example:

gushi gran kimate lale bi drashke. L. (2) 2.

This metre is not common, and is not found in the older poetry. It occurs in XXVI, XXXVIII, L (2).

3.

$$\frac{1}{-} \quad \frac{-}{-} \quad \frac{-}{-} \quad | \quad \frac{1}{-} \quad \frac{-}{-} \quad \frac{-}{-} \quad | \quad \frac{1}{-} \quad - \quad | \quad \frac{1}{-}$$

Examples:

$\frac{1}{2}$ — | $\frac{1}{2}$ — | $\frac{1}{2}$ — | $\frac{1}{2}$ — ||
 Bachhi man thara rodhentha. IV. 12.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32

Panjgurl deha ganjena. IV.5.

Wharā dumbagheni meshani. XI. (5) 14.

Occasionally, but not often, a redundant syllable is prefixed, as

Go havd-sadh banguleri warnayari. IV. 121.

This metre is very common. It is found in Nos. IV., *r.*, XI. (s), XVII. (4, 6, 7, 8), XVIII. (1), XXXVII, CXXIX., XL., XLI, XLII, XLIV., XLVI, LII, LXII. XIV. (17).

4.

[illegible]

Examples:

¹ ¹ || ||
 Roshe ma jange darbare. VII.57.

Bagañ bala zurtha sftume. X. 14.

$\frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}$ $\frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}$ $\frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}$ $\frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}$ $\frac{1}{\sqrt{2}}$

Zorenwara aviisthaghan.

LXIV. (12, 13, 16, 18). It bears a strong resemblance to the Arabic *hazaj* metre.

5. $\frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} ||$

Examples :

$\frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} ||$
Zen trunden arabiya.

XIII. (1) 3.

$\frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} ||$
Phopul o hiran warana.

XIII. (2) 23.

Or with a redundant syllable prefixed :

$\frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} ||$
Gwar Chakura durren gwahara.

XIII. (2) 25.

This metre is found in Nos. XIII. (1, 2), XXIV., XXV., XXXI., XXXIII. (4), LIV, LXIV. (4, 7).

6. $\frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} || \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} ||$

Examples :

$\frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} ||$
Sai sadh phanjah khushta go Lashar-potrava.

XII. 21

$\frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} ||$
Chākura chham phrushta wathī gudi g'horava.

XII. 16.

$\frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} || \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} ||$
Haibate Bibrak Rind dema ya kaul khuthe.

XII. 1

$\frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} || \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} ||$
Ān wathi бага nelun go Lashar-potrava.

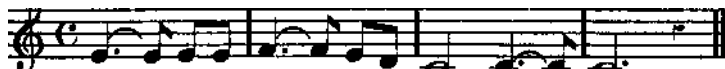
XII. 8,

$\frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} || \frac{1}{-} | \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} \frac{1}{-} ||$

Bhuchari Dalan kilat nam gire.

XXXIII. (1) 5

This metre is of a very varied nature, and is uniform only in the number of accents or beats. The first part of the line has many* crowded syllables with only two main accents, while the last part is sung slowly with the stressed syllables close together. The chant to which it is sung is as follows:



(1, 2, 3), XXXVI, LVII, LIX. (2), LX.

— — — | — — — | — | — — — ||

Examples:

— — — | — — — | — | — — — ||

Much bant kafutar ma khofagh sara.

XLVII. 10.

This is a shortened form of No. 6, and is sung to the same chant. In this form it is found in Nos. XLVII. and LV. A variety of this metre is found in L. (1) and in LXIV. (23, 25, 26), as follows:

— — — | — — — | — | — | — | — ||

Parie nishtagha phar baud Kaunsar.

L. (1).

8. — — — | — — — | — — || — — — | — — — | — ||

This metre is very clearly divided into two parts by the caesura, and it may conveniently be divided in writing into two lines. Except for the third foot, consisting of two syllables instead of one, it corresponds very closely with the classical pentameter. The addition of this syllable gives it a rhythm much resembling the English metre used (for example) by Swinburne in the well-known chorus in *Atalanta in Calydon* :

Pleasure, with pain for leaven ;
Summer, with flowers that fell.

Compare also the Arabic *tawil* which resembles this in general effect. Sir Charles Lyall has used an adaptation of this metre with excellent effect in his translations of Arabic poetry.

It is not very common in Balochi poetry, being found only in five of the poems here collected, Nos. I., VIII., XXXII. (1, 2), XXXIV.

Examples:

— — — | — — — | — — || — — — | — — — | — ||

Bauf morbanden lihefan hingaloen manjavan.

VIII. 33.

$\underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} | \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} | \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} || \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} | \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} | \underline{\quad} ||$
 Masthareri loḡh Dombkien, Gaḡ syahafa saren. VIII. II.
 $\underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} | \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} | \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} || \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} | \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} | \underline{\quad} ||$
 Rīnd ~~lshari~~ waryamen hon-ber lotaḡha. VIII. 100.

In the last instance one long syllable is substituted with good effect for the first foot after the caesura.

9-

 $\underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} | \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} ||$

Example:

 $\underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} | \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad} \underline{\quad}$

goṡeth kunguran.

XLIX. I.

This short metre occurs only in No. XLIX.

10. Example:

J _ w | J - w | _ »

Nodhan biṡha grand.

Found only in LXIII. (7).

11. Example:

Zwaren-Zarkhaniṡho ḡhorav-khai-ē.

Found only in LXIII. (30).

In all the above metres, when used in poems of any length, occasional irregular or defective lines will be found, and an unnecessary redundant word, such as the conjunction *guda*, and, is sometimes found at the commencement of a line. Such a word receives no stress and does not affect the rhythm.

§V. METHODS OF SINGING.

All poems, with the exception of the dastanaghs given under No. LXIII., are sung by Dombs, professional minstrels, who accompany them on two instruments, the dambiro and the sarinda.

The dambiro is a long-stemmed stringed instrument with a pear-shaped wooden body shaped like that of a mandoline, but cut out of one piece of wood, with the exception of the flat surface. It has four gut strings, made

of sheep's gut (roth), and is played with the fingers in the manner of a guitar. It is of the same nature as the *sitar* of Persia and India, but longer, slighter and more gracefully shaped, while simpler. The *sitar* usually has five strings, while the *dambiro* has four. In the hills it is usually made of the wood of a small tree, the *Tecoma Undulata*, which in the spring is a conspicuous object on the arid mountain sides with its mass of brilliant orange-coloured flowers. This is the *lahura* or *lohero* of the Punjab and Sindh, the *reodan* of Afghanistan. In Balochi it is known as *pkarphugh*, and the instrument made of its wood is sometimes alluded to in poetry as *pharphugh-dar* or *tecaoma-wood*. It is a tough greyish-coloured wood with a fine grain, and takes a good polish.

The name *dambiro* is connected with the Persian *tambur* and *dambara*, and the Sindhi *damburo*, and, through the Persian word, claims kinship with the *tambours* and *tambourines* of Europe.

The other instrument used for accompaniments is the *sarinda* or *sarindo*. This is a short dumpy instrument with a wooden body covered with parchment, on which the bridge rests (as in a banjo), and a stem curved back in a right angle as in the ancient lute. It has five gut strings passing over the bridge, and five sympathetic wire strings underneath them, which pass through holes in the bridge. It is held upright like a violoncello, and played with a horse-hair bow. In the hills this instrument is made of the wood of the *Grewia*¹ tree, known in Balochi as *shagh*; hence the instrument is often called *shagh* in poetry. The wood is elastic and tough, and of a reddish-brown colour.

The *sarinda* has some resemblance to the Indian *sarangi*, but is shorter and broader. The form used throughout

¹ Either *G. vestita* or *G. oppositifolia*, or both. The name *shagh* is used for both species.

Sindh is almost the same. The name seems to be akin to *sarangi* and the Persian *sirinj*.

The *nar* or pipe is used in accompanying dastanaghs, as described in the prefatory note to No. LXIII. It is a wooden pipe, about thirty inches in length, bound round with strips of raw gut.

While the performers on the dambiro and sarinda are always Doms, the performers on the *nar* are always Baloches. Most of the chants are very monotonous, having a range of very few notes. The *nar* accompaniments are graceful and melodious.

§VI. THE ANTIQUITY OF THE HEROIC POEMS.

The question of the age of these poems has already been touched on above, but deserves a fuller investigation. The nature of the language is one of the most important pieces of evidence, and this I have dealt with separately in the note which follows the text in Vol. II. The result of this enquiry is that the language of the heroic ballads and of two or three of the romantic ballads is distinctly of an older type than that now prevailing. In poetry many old forms survive even to the present day, but it is not difficult to discriminate between the modern poems, in which old forms persist, and the really early poems, which I believe to date from the early part of the sixteenth century. The metres used in the early poems are three only, viz., Nos. I, 3, and 4 of those mentioned in §IV., and they are mainly unrhymed. Isolated rhymes occur occasionally, and there are a few cases of assonance, but this never became the rule as in Spanish poetry. In such general historical ballads as Nos. I. and VIII, rhyme becomes the rule, and this has continued through all the later poetry. No. VIII. is evidently a summing up of the whole story long after

Chakur's settlement at Satgarha in Gugera in the Panjab (now the Montgomery district), where his tomb still exists. The settlement at Satgarha is alluded to in the final lines. No. IV., the longest and most circumstantial of the ballads, dates evidently from a period much closer to the events. Chakur's adventures among the Turks are not given in any other ballad, and the name of the general Zu'n-nun Beg (Zunu), and his mother Mai Begam, have a warrant in history. This ballad concludes with the expulsion of the Lasharis by the help of the Turks, and there is no reference to Chakur's migration. In No. II. there is a reference to the expulsion of the Gholas from Sibi, a circumstance forgotten long since, which points to this ballad also being of very early date. No. XVI, ascribed to Chakur's son Shahzad, alludes to the alliance with the Nahars and Langahs, which is historical, and also with another tribe, the Kungs, whose very name is now forgotten. This ballad and general tradition are the only evidence that the Baloches took part in Humayun's conquest of Dehli. The fact is in itself probable enough, as Humayun had made the acquaintance of the Baloches in the course of his wanderings,¹ and their history at this time shows that they were ready to take service with any leader who made it worth their while, as they did with the Arghuns and Langahs. They were also no doubt ready to attack the Suri dynasty, as Sher Shah had expelled them from the Multan country.² The poem itself seems to be a genuine composition of the time, and is a valuable piece of evidence as to the composition of Humayun's army, which was made up of adventurers of many races. This poem is probably nearly contemporary with the conquest

¹For instance, in 1545, ten years before, he bestowed Shal and Mustung upon Lawang Baloch. Erskine's *Baber and Humayun*, ii. 327.

²The historical evidence is discussed in my monograph on *The Baloch Race*, p. 45.

of Dehli, A.D. 1555. The poems as to the wars between the Rinds and Dodais (XVII.), also are evidently contemporary with the events, and the same remark applies to the interchange of poems between Chakur and Gwaharam (XL). Many allusions in these poems would have been unintelligible except to actors in the drama. Persons, places, and events are mentioned which must have been familiar to those who first heard the ballads, but which have been long quite forgotten. No Baloch can now explain them all, and it is impossible that they could have been inserted at a late date.

The dates of these ballads can be approximately determined. Shah Husain Langah died in A.D. 1502, and the first settlement of Dodais under Sohrab Khan took place in his reign. In the reign of his successor, Mahmud, who died in 1524, Chakur arrived at Multan, and was still living at Satgarha shortly before the death of Sher Shah, which took place in 1545.

Shah-Beg Arghun son of Zu'n-nun Beg came down the Bolan Pass and established himself in Sindh in 1511. It seems probable, therefore, that Chakur left Sevi and came to Multan about that date, and this marks the conclusion of the war between the Rinds and Lasharis, to which the ballads under XL belong. The struggle between the Rinds and Dodais cannot be put later than 1520, and the ballads under No. XVII. belong to this period. We may therefore consider the Rind and Lashari ballads of the oldest type to belong to the first ten years of the sixteenth century, the Rind and Dodai ballads to the next decade, and Shahzad's Dehli expedition to A.D. 1555, when Chakur, if he was still living, must have been an old man. The oldest narrative ballads, such as Nos. II. and IV., are probably nearly as old as this.

§ VII. SYSTEM OF TRANSLATION.

In translating these poems I have not attempted any reproduction of the metrical form of the original. Success in such an attempt would not be easy to attain, although Sir Charles Lyall's admirable translations of Arabic poetry¹ show that it is not impossible to transfer something of the form as well as the spirit of Oriental poetry into English, and Sir F. Goldsmid has given some interesting examples of what can be done in this way in his essay on translations from the Persian.²

I have endeavoured to give the meaning fully in simple prose, while avoiding the baldness of an absolutely literal translation. I cannot claim that I have succeeded in every case, for passages occur in which the true meaning is obscure, and doubtless in some cases the text is corrupt. I hope, however, that in the main, I have been able to present a fairly accurate reproduction of a large body of popular poetry which has maintained its existence to the present day almost unknown to the outside world. If I have succeeded in doing for the poetry of the Baloches some portion of what was performed for that of their neighbours the Afghans by the late M. James Darmesteter in his *Chants des Afghanes*, I shall be well satisfied.

¹ *Ancient Arabian Poetry*, by Sir C. Lyall. London, 1885.

² *Transactions*, *Ninth International Congress of Orientalists*, 1893, p. 493.

PART I.
HEROIC BALLADS—EARLIER PERIOD,

I.

BALLAD OF GENEALOGIES.

THE following poem was first published by me in the *Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society* in 1881. Since then I have noted several variations and additions, and am now able to give an improved text and translation.

The poem is undoubtedly an old one, although its language shows it is not one of the oldest. Its original composition may be referred to the period succeeding the migration of the mass of the Baloch race into the Indus valley and the adjoining hill country in the early part of the sixteenth century. The poet may have been a member of the Dombki tribe for which he claims the highest position, and he makes equality with the Rinds the standard by which he estimates the rank of the numerous tribes then gathered under the Baloch name. There are a few variations in the list of names, due no doubt to the desire of bards to bring in the names of tribes not to be found in the original poem. These are not very important, and on the whole, though the poem, known as the 'Daptar Sha'ar,' or Lay of Genealogies, is universally known among Balochi-speaking tribes, there is a substantial uniformity, which bears witness to its authenticity and value. The more important variations are given in the notes.

I return thanks and praise to God, himself the Lord of the land; when the rest of the world becomes dust and clay, He will remain serene of heart.

We are followers of 'All,¹ firm in faith and honour through the grace of the holy Prophet, Lord of the Earth.

¹ 'All is universally known among the Baloches as Yaili, from the invocation 'Ya 'Ali,' Oh 'All.

We are the offspring of Mir Hamza, victory rests with God's shrine. We arise from Halab and engage in battle with Yazid in Karbala and Bompur, and we march to the towns of Sistan. Our King was Shamsu'd-din who was favourable to the Baloches, but when Budru'-d-din arose we were suddenly harshly treated. At the head was Mir Jalal Khan, four-and-forty bolaks we were. We came to the port of Harin on the right¹ side of Kech. The Hots settle in Makran, the Khosas in the land of Kech. The Hots and Korais (*or* the Nohs and Dodals) are united, they are in Lashar-land. The Drlishaks, Hots and Mazaris (*or* the Drlishaks and Mazari Khans) are equal with the Rinds. The Rind and Lashari borders march one with the other; the greatest house is the Dombki, above the running waters of Gaj. From Halab come the Chandyas together with the house of the Kalmatis. The Nohs settle in Nali together with the Jistkanis. The Phuzh, Mirali and Jatoi tribes are all in Sevi and Dhadar, the Phuzh are the original Rind foundation with Mir Chakur at their head. The Gorgezh are known for their wealth, and are settled in the land of Thali. The Gholos, Gopangs and Dashtis are outside the Rind enclosure, all the multitude of other Baloches is joined with the Rinds. The Rinds dwell in Shoran, the Lasharis in Gandava, dividing between them the streams of running water, Shaihak² is the chief of them all.

This is our footprint and track; this is the Baloch record; For thirty years we fought together; this is the Baloch strife. Following after Shaihak and Shahdad (*or* up to Shaihak and Shahdad), Mir Chakur was the Chief of all.⁸ Forty thousand men come at the Mir's call, all

¹ *i.e.* the East side of tribes marching south from Sistan.

² Shaihak was Mir Chakur's father. This seems to point to a time before the rupture, when the Rinds and Lasharis were clans of one tribe, under one chief.

³ One of the readings refers to Chakur's succession to his father Shaihak, and the other to his being succeeded by his own sons, Shaihak and Shahdad.

descendants of one ancestor. All with armour upon their fore-arms, all with bows and arrows; with silken scarves and overcoats, and red boots on their feet; with silver knives and daggers, and golden rings on their hands. There were Bakar and Gwaharam and Ramen, and the gold-scatterer Nodhbandagh (these were Lasharls). Among the Phuzh was Jaro, venomous in reply, and Hadde his sworn brother, Pheroshah, Bijar and Rehan, and Mir-Han the swordsman of the Rinds. There were Sobha, Mihaan and Ali, Jam Sahak, (Durrakh) and Allan; Haivtan and Bivaragh among the Rinds, Mir Hasan and Brahim.

The poet makes these lays, and Mir Jalal Han comprehends them.

II. AND III.

THE HORSE RACE.

This ballad is, judging from the language, a very early one, but unfortunately is in a fragmentary state. The part included under II. was taken down by me from the dictation of Baga, Shalemani Lashari of the Sham. The part given under III. is taken from the Rev. T. J. L. Mayer (p. 12), and seems to be a part of the same ballad. The subject is the horse-race between Ramen Lashari and Rehan Rind which led to the quarrel between the Rinds and Lasharis and the killing of Gohar's Camels.

II.

Having driven the Gholas out of the whole country, Chakur started, and making forced marches by force took Sevi from his enemies, and laid his sickle to the ripened pulse. Mir-Han built a fort at Dhadar. There one morning some Lasharis riding about came to Mir Chakur's town. They saw a fat ram belonging to a Mochi (leather-dresser) tied up in the shade of a manhan (*i e.* a *machan* or platform for a crop watchman). (They said) 'Let us race our chestnut mares, trusting in Providence.' When

the swift mare (*i.e.* Ramen's mare) had passed and won, the Rinds falsely swore that Rehan's 'Black Tiger' had won. Then Ramen took the ram and went his way saying, ¹Through rage on account of this false witness I will not pass the night in this town/ In the yellow afternoon watch they started off, and in their rage slaughtered some young camels saying, ' We have heard with our ears that these female camels are hardy beasts in cold weather, and have passed a year in Khorasan' (*i.e.* above the passes).

The day before yesterday, when they killed Gohar's young camels, they made the poor woman weep without guilt.

Shaihak and Shadhen swore an oath, and urging on their mares passed over the cliffs and joined the heroes, owners of the Mullah pass on the borders of Gwaharam's assembly.

The Dombkis are the great men in song; better are they than red gold. The Rinds and Lasharis at bottom are brethren; the world knows that they are Hamza's offspring. The world delights in sweet tales; they are mighty in the land, and of great fame.

III.

Rehan Khan sings; to his friends he sings.

O my friend Gagar the blacksmith, Mulla Muhammad Bakar, skilful workman, make six-nailed shoes for my mare Shol, and bring them to me with pointed nails, bring them and fasten them on with skill; let them look finer than flies' wings, and let them shine from above down to the hoof-marks of the mare as she gallops. As I have passed moonlight nights when the

camp marched from the bounds of the low-lying lands and left Jalakh with its gardens and bazaars, and set its face to the Bolan with its golden hollows.¹

IV.

The following two ballads seem to be derived from the same origin; but although they have many lines in common, they differ so much that I have thought it best to give them both in full. They proceed from a Rind author, and lay stress on the slaughter of Gohar's camels, while ignoring the affair of the horse-race. No. IV. the longest and most complete of the two ballads, I took down in 1893 from the joint recitation of two Umrani Khosas, Hairo-Han and 'Ali Muhammad.

This is the only ballad I know of which continues the subject beyond the first defeat of the Rinds by the Lasharis and the departure of Mir Chakur, and relates his adventures when a refugee with the Turkish king, of which I had before only Ghulam Muhammad's prose narrative, embodied in 'The Adventures of Mir Chakur' (in Temple's *Legends of the Panjab*). Ghulam Muhammad's version of the ballad (No. V.) does not go beyond Mir Chakur's departure.

The Sultan Shah Husain alluded to is no doubt Sultan Husain, Baikara, of Herat, under whom Zu'n-nun Beg Arghun served. This King reigned from A.D. 1468 to 1507.

Mir Chakur's adventures while with the Turks may be compared with those of Doda or Dodo in the Sindhi poem of Dodo and Chanaser while he was a suppliant at the Mughal Court.²

A warriors revenge is dear to me, on those who attack my lofty fort. Ask the men distinguished in race, how the Rinds came forth from Mekran and the rich lands of Panjgur.

Mir Bakar and Ramen and Gwaharam, great of name, came one day to the Maheri's tents, and Gwaharam spoke to her saying, 'Make a betrothal with me,' but Gohar spoke with her tongue and said, 'As a child I nursed thee and as a brother I have esteemed thee. With me there can be no betrothal.' Gohar went from the herds-

¹ Possibly a reference to golden sands.

² See Burton's *Sindh*, London, 1851, p. 125.

men's camp; she was angry with the old headmen of the herd; she drove away the full-toothed camels and pitched her camp at Seni. Taking the chances of the running water, she followed down the slope of the Bolan to Mir Chakur's abode, and she spoke with her tongue saying thus to Chakur, 'Gwaharam has driven me out, my chief; I take refuge with thee: show me a place of shelter for my camels.' Then said Chakur, 'Choose thou a place, wherever thy heart desireth. Dwell by the streams of Kacharok, there is grazing ground for thy camels, thy horned cattle and sheep: there is safety in all the country.'

On a certain day, as God willed, Chakur by chance came forth and arrived at the streams of Kacharok. The female camels came home stirring up the dust, the milk dripping from their udders. Then rage seized the chief: 'Why come thy camels in a cloud of dust, why does the milk drip from their udders?' Then said the fair Gohar to Chakur the Mir, 'My Lord,' she answered, 'my cattle have been taken by a natural death,¹ a pestilence has seized my young camels.'

Then spoke a herdsman thus to Chakur, 'The day before yesterday the Lasharis came here galloping their mares for exercise. Thence they came in their wickedness, hence they went back in their madness; they slew a pair of our young camels, and for this reason the female camels stir up the dust and the milk drips from their udders.' Then Mir Chakur fell into a rage and said, 'Let Gohar march away from here,' and he sent her towards Sanni. 'The waters of my home have become as carrion to me, as the flesh of sheep before the knife (i.e. sheep killed in an unlawful manner).' He halted his mighty army, and in the early morning they poured forth from the dwellings of Gaj, and slaughtered a herd of Gwaharam's camels, and cut off the camel-

¹Wadh-miri, lit. 'self-death.'

herd's arm, in exchange for Gohar's young camels. So a woman planted the root of strife.

Then said Jam Mando, 'Let us make an expedition into the mountains and cliffs.' But Bivaragh the brave said, 'Leave the castle of Rani, the windy stronghold of men, the streams of the open country.' Mir-Han the bold replied, 'We will not leave the castle of Rani, the windy stronghold of men, nor the streams of the open country. We must keep these safe for others, for our grandchildren who will come after us, and will stand exposed to the scorn of our foes.'

Then the Lasharis assembled; they came thronging like cattle, driving the cows from thirsty Khalgar, the sheep from the thymy Sham; countless cattle the warriors distributed among themselves. Then the Lasharls marched thence and (Omar) Nuhani did a thing wondrous to behold, killing seven hundred head of cattle and eight hundred sheep, and he ground a hundred sacks of wheat. A great grinding he made for the Lasharis. Then Chakur the Mir went forth in his wrath, and sent forth his spies into the wilderness. The spies came back from spying out the land, and said, 'We have seen a hundred habitations (of the Lasharls) all separate.' Then were the Rinds filled with joy and a mighty army gathered together, thronging like a herd of cattle.

Then Blvaragh the brave seized the Chief's bridle and said, 'Chakur, sheathe your sword. The Nuhanls are a thousand men, and the red-scabbarded Lasharls are heroes mighty in battle. Let them come and attack us in our windy castle. To flee is hard for thee, to go forward is death to thee!'

Then spoke some braggarts, 'O suckling, mother's babe! Blvaragh trembles at the Rind's arrows, he shrinks from the glittering Indian blades, he dreads the Egyptian steel. Fear not! when we draw our swords to fight, we will post you far out of reach of the arrows I'

When these words were said he let go the Chiefs' bridle. In the early morning they poured forth; raising a cloud of dust, the comrades rushed forth. Bivaragh was slain in the fight with seven hundred youthful warriors.¹ Then Chakur in his wrath for his brother's death would not stay for one noon at his home, but went forth to the populous town of Harev (Herat) and saw the Sultan Shah Husain.

Then Mir Bakar and Ramen and famous Gwaharam sent a beautiful mat, and bribed the Turks. At once a messenger came to Chakur saying, 'Chakur, the Turk sends for you, and asks you one question. If a man be alone, empty-handed, without his weapons, what means of escape has he?' Chakur came and faced him saying, 'Hand and heart make their own following; there will be no lack of weapons!' They took the Chief's weapons from him, and from his band of faithful friends, and loosed on him a furious elephant. The elephant came charging on him; a bitch was lying in the roadway; he seized the dog by the leg and dashed it upon the elephant's trunk. The elephant turned back ashamed, and the Chief came forth a conqueror thence.

A little while passed, and again the messenger came back quickly saying, 'Chakur, the Turk sends for you, and asks you one question.' Chakur came and faced him, and the Turk said to him, 'I have a savage horse, purely bred for seven generations: ride him here before friends and foes.' The Chief was without help from his band of faithful friends. 'Bring him, I am willing.' Seven men held the stallion's bridle, and seven more saddled him. Then the Chief whispered to the horse, 'Thou art the offspring of Duldul ('All's horse) and I am Chakur, son of Shaihak; thou hast strength and I have skill.' There was a blind well which lay straight in front of them. Over that he urged the thoroughbred before the face of

¹Most accounts state that Mir Han was slain.

friends and foes. The savage horse became so gentle that a child might catch and lead him. There too the Chief won the fight.

Again the Turk took a bribe, and a messenger instantly came saying, 'Chakur, the Turk summons you, and has a question to ask you.' Chakur came face to face with him, and he said to Chakur, 'I have here a fierce tiger. Call for your glittering sword and test it on the tiger.' They gave the Chief his weapons, his band of faithful friends, and drove on the savage tiger. On this side was Chakur, on that side the tiger. He drew his sword from its sheath and struck the tiger so that it fell in two pieces, and the red-booted Mir won the victory.

A herdsman bore the news to noble Matho, mother of the Turk. The Begam said to her son :

'Chakur is the head chief of the Rinds, and he has come to you for help. Now give him mighty armies, Zunu's numerous troops, or else, for the sake of Mir Chakur, I will break through my thirty years' seclusion, and throw my red veil behind my back.'

Next day he mounted a camel and despatched a great army to assist Mir Chakur, under Sahich Domb. Zunu's numerous forces marched by Phir Lakhan and Lakho, Nani Nafung and Lakha. They came down the slope of the Bolan, and in the early morning burst upon the dwellings of Gaj, and gave rest and peace to the Lasharls! (*i.e.* exterminated them).

Let Gwaharam refrain from both places; let him have neither grave nor Gandava!

V.

The following ballad is evidently derived from the same original as the preceding ; and its 65 lines correspond roughly with the 88 lines of No. IV. (35 to 123), being somewhat more condensed. This version was taken down from the recitation of Ghulam Muhammad,

BalachanI Mazari. I have already printed the text in my *Balochi Text-book, Part I I .*, p. 3, and the text with a translation in *Temple's Legends of the Panjab, Vol. I I .* (comprised in 'The Adventures of Mir Chakur').

Chakur went forth to the chase, and he ate at the return of the camels;¹ for a little he sat down to look round him. The female camels came in, stirring up the dust, with the milk dripping from their udders. Then spoke Chakur the Mir to Gohar the fair: 'Wherefore do thy female camels stir up the dust, and why does the milk drip from their udders?'

Then replied the beautiful Gohar to Chakur the Khan: 'My young camels have eaten the poisonous shrub;² my young camels have died of themselves.'

Then out spoke the camel-herd, in his dirty garments: 'The day before yesterday came the Lasharis, racing their chestnut mares as on a pleasure trip. They slaughtered a couple of our young camels, and returned hence in their madness.'

Chakur became heavy at heart, and summoned seven thousand Rinds, saying: 'Let us form a band of four hundred young men, all equals, and let us come forth cunningly from the low hills.'

Then Bivaragh Khan rode after the Chief and caught him by the rein, and said: 'Chakur, restrain your rage a little. The Nuhanis are a thousand men, with the red-scabbarded³ Lasharis.'

Then out spoke the headstrong men, Jaro and fiery Rehan: 'Blvaragh, you fear the arrows; do not **be afraid of** the Indian swords, you shall have your fill of them. Sand is a bitter food. Then we will place you

¹This sentence is doubtful.

²The poisonous *sol* probably refers to the oleander (*nerium odorum*), which is deadly to camels. This bush is now called *jaur* or poison, while the word *sol* is used for the *Prosopis spicigera*, which is harmless.

³It is necessary to read *lal-jukhtaghen*, as in IV., 1. 104, and not *lato khushtaghen*, which is unintelligible.

with the Dombs and Bards, Bivaragh Khan; we will post you far off while we are slaying the Lasharls with our swords, and are among the water embankments; while we thrash out the ears among us! Stay and see whose the advantage will be, whose leaders will win the victory, whose the profit will be!'

When these words were spoken he let go the Chiefs bridle. And spies were sent out to spy, and a word was fixed for the watch. The spies came back from spying out the land; they had seen a hundred separate dwelling-places over there in the Nali defile; they had spied out the town of Gaj and seen a herd of Gwaharam's camels lying there. In the morning (the Rinds) made a raid in front of the Gaj an fort and killed Gwaharam's camels, and cut off the hand of Safan¹ in revenge for Gohar's young camels, on account of this woman's disgrace and rage. The Lasharl assembly marched away, when the sun was well risen they were high up; (the Rinds) followed on their tracks and overtook them. The Rind army was put to flight; they lost Mir Han in the fight, with seven hundred young men, all of one rank. Then Chakur returned in sorrow, grieving for Mir Han, for the beautiful hair of Mir; and fasting, took the way of the Lehri Gorge.

VI. AND VII.

The two ballads which follow bear a strong resemblance to the two preceding, but differ so much from them that their origin is probably not identical. The two now considered are, however, undoubtedly versions of the same ballad. The first given (VI.), which is the fullest, is taken from Mr. Mayer's text (Gohar, p. 28). The second (VII.), taken down by me from the recitation of Baga Lashari, omits the first part, and corresponds with the latter part of VI. (beginning at line 32). For this part it is the fuller version, its 63 lines corresponding to 52 (32 to 83) of VI.

¹ Safan was the name of Gwaharam's herdsman.

Taken both together, it will be seen that this ballad proceeds from a Lashari partizan. The incident of the killing of Gohar's camels is passed over quickly, and she is made to tell Chakur of it herself, instead of trying to conceal it as in all other accounts. Similarly, Bivaragh's attempt to restrain Chakur is given very shortly. On the other hand, we have a fuller account of the battle, and especially of Nodhbandagh's magnanimity in saving Chakur's life in the fight.

VI.

Good were the days of old, men lived then of great fortune, all men were pillars of the State,¹ and the rulers were of one counsel. There lived a fair woman, lady of many herds of camels. She was known as Gohar the Maheri (herdswoman). She moved about in luxury; her tent-poles were all of gold, her bed-coverings of silk. Gwaharam himself sued for her hand; by day and night he sent her messages, an agent of Chakur's was their messenger. It came to Chakur's knowledge and he came to Gohar the Maheri, and there passed the heat of the day. Then Chakur the Amir asked Gohar the Maheri, 'Why are your female camels lowing, and why does the milk drip to their hoofs?' Then said the Maheri Gohar to Mir Chakur, 'The day before yesterday the Children of Lashar, the horsemen of Ramen Han, killed the little camels and cooked them like sheep's flesh; they broke the coloured bowls and made the poor camelmén weep.'

Gohar marched thence and became a refugee with Mir Chakur. Mir Chakur was enraged; he called together all the Rinds, and for three nights they discussed it. Then Bivaragh, sheathing his sword, said, 'I will not let our men be killed for the sake of the herdswoman's camels.' There were some turbulent men who spent their time in bragging, Jaro and headstrong Rehan and Sohrab, whose mare's neck was like that of a crane (*i.e.* the Kunj or demoiselle crane), 'Leave it alone, Bivaragh,' they said, 'Do not stop it.' The alarm reached the Lasharis, 'Be

¹ I take arkan to stand for the Arabic arkanu'd-daulah.

men, for men are upon you, the Rinds with their friends attack you.' Gwaharam stood with his sword sheathed. 'It is not in the Rinds' power to reach us with their swords and inlaid matchlocks, their spears and blades of Shiraz. Stop the mouth of the Nali defile.' When the sun had risen a little, the Rinds on their mares made the attack, and we engaged with bows and arrows, spears and Shlrazi blades, and shields of stony rhinoceros hide. They joined in a royal battle; the wretched Rinds gave way, and as many as seven hundred were slain with Mir Han of the gold-hilted sword. Chakur was exhausted in the battle, and stood with drawn sword guarding himself with his shield. Then Nodhbandagh turned his mare Phul, and mounted Chakur on her. He gave Phul a blow with the whip, and Phul, by God's help, passed over the salt swamp, the precipices and deep gorges. Then said Gwaharam the sword-wielder, 'Nodhbandagh, thou art a Rind, thou art no Lasharl; who would help Chakar? They would have cut him down like a stalk of millet, and have broken him off like a radish root, and taken Sevi with one hand.' Then Nodhbandagh replied, 'No Rind am I; I am a Lasharl, but I was born of a Rind mother, and sucked the milk of Muzl. When Muzl nursed me and sang me a lullaby at midnight, and swung me in my shagh-wood cradle, she said, "One day Chakur will need you, when he is distressed in the battle." The memory of that day is now upon me.'

VII.

(Chakur) asked for news of the Rinds, and for four days they joined in discussion. Then Bivaragh, pushing his sword in, said, 'I will not thus slay our men for this Jatni's camels which thieves have hidden in their houses. Is it for us to dispute about these camels?'

There were some braggarts there who passed the watches of the day in loud talk. They gave him the name

of a woman, and swore loud oaths. Then he let go the Sardar's bridle and let his black mare go forward. The Rinds all bore inlaid matchlocks, black-shafted spears, brazen stirrups, scarves and turbans of silk, and sandals of phish on their feet.

Then the alarm reached the Lasharis, Bijar and Ramen at their head wearing red boots. 'The Rind cannot arrive beneath us; we will stop the mouth of the Nali defile, the pass with windy cliffs.' On the day they came forth from Sevi the Rind horse attacked them, there God's power was shown, the sweet world became bitter, they joined together in fight. (The Lasharis) tore up the fine drums, smote and overthrew the Rinds, and slew fully seven hundred of them. Mir Han and Blvaragh fell. Chakur was exhausted in the fight, and stood in the path with his sword guarding himself with his shield. Nodhbandagh came from this side and made him mount upon his mare Phul. He struck Phul with his whip, and Phul, by God's strength, flew to Phaugar over cliffs and yawning chasms and the inaccessible haunts of the markhor, and carried him over the crest of the hills. 'Bravo!' cried Bahar Khan, and thus he spoke to Nodhbandagh, 'Thou art a Rind, thou hast become a Rind, thou art in no wise a Lashari. Thou art a Rind, and to us a foe!' Then Nodhbandagh answered him, 'My Chief! That day is on my mind when I sucked the milk of a Rind mother. My honoured mother, while she sang me a lullaby at midnight, and at the five hours of prayer, and in the yellow afternoon, said to me, "Thou art needful to Mir Chakur, thou shalt save him one day in a fight, in a fight and a terrible battle"; and now that day is upon me, for who else would have helped Chakur? They would have struck him down like a millet stalk, or rooted him up like a radish, and taken Sevi in one day.'

VIII.

The poem which follows is of a more general nature than those given above. It commences with a recital of the legendary history of the Baloches, similar to that in I., and concludes with an account of the dispute regarding Gohar and the war between the Rinds and Lasharls.

I first took this ballad down from the dictation of a Ghulam Bolak Rind at Sibi in 1879. This version was published with a translation in *J.A.S.B.* Extra No. 1881. Since then I have heard other versions which have enabled me to make various connections and amendments, and I believe that the text now given will be found more correct.

Kilati, son of Habib, sings: to the exalted Ghulam Bolak Rinds he sings: of the fight between Chakur and Gwaharam he sings: of the harbouring of Gohar somewhat he sings: of the thirty-years' war he sings.

Let me celebrate the name of God, from the beginning my morning-star; Haidar is my support and protector with the Holy Prophet.

Come, oh minstrel, at early morn, learn my songs and carry them to the friends of my heart and my loving brethren.

The well-born Rinds were at Bompur, in Kech and the groves of Makran, the Dombkis were the greatest house in the Baloch assembly.

The Rinds and Lasharis were united, they took counsel one with the other, saying, 'Come, let us march hence, let us leave these barren lands, let us conquer the streams and good lands and deal them out among ourselves; let us take no heed of tribe or chief.'

They came to their carpet huts, and ordered their turbaned slaves to saddle their young mares. 'Bring forth the slender chestnuts from their stalls. Saddle the numerous fillies, steeds worth nine thousand. Drive in the herds of camels around us, from the mouth of the Nali Pass.' The fighting-men called to the women, 'Come ye down from the castles, bring out your beds

and wrappings, carpets and red blankets, pillows and striped rugs and many-coloured bed-steads, pewter cups in abundance and drinking-vessels of Makran; for Chakur will not stay in this country, but goes to his own distant realm.'

The Rinds clad their bodies in silken coats, with helmets and shining armour on their arms and chests; they came with brazen stirrups and red boots on their legs.

They seized Sevi and Dhadar up to Jhal and the Nila Pass; Habb, Phab, Moh and Mali to the further side of the Nail; the fortified city of Gaj to the land of Maragah; Sangarh and the Mountains of Sulaiman were taken by the tiger-men; Sang and rich Mundahi became tributary to our Chief; from the boundary of fertile Kachhi up to Dhari and Bhanar.

There was generous Bijar with his sabre, and Jam Sulaiman with his sword.

Gohar came as a refugee with all her herds, countless herds of grazing camels, saying, 'Behold, my Chief; show me a place, a shelter for my herds of camels.' Then spake the far-seeing Chakur to the fair Gohar, 'Stay by the streams of Shoran, in the neighbourhood of Kacharak, graze your camels in safety, settle down without care.'

One day from Gwaharam's village there came forth some wild youths riding their slender chestnut mares for sport and exercise. They slaughtered a pair of young camels to fill their bellies. Curses fell upon the wicked, upon the workers of evil, rage was upon the tribes, as of a thousand: on both sides injury was wrought, on this side was Gwaharam with his sword, on that side Mir Chakur. For full thirty years the war went on over Gohar's young camels; all the leaders were slain, their teeth dropped from their mouths (*or they ground their teeth in their mouths*). The tribes only were left (*i.e.*

without leaders) by the mercy of God, and shake their swords at their foes with open wrath. They expelled Hasan the Brahimi with Chakur, and then the Baloch rulers made peace among themselves, and Chakur through the fault of his brethren passed away to Satghara.

God protect us all from taking the sword again, and the Rind and Lashari warriors from seeking revenge for blood!

IX.

This poem, containing part of the story of Gohar, and illustrating it by the episode of the lizard which took refuge with Blbari, is very popular among Baloches, and is often quoted; but, nevertheless, I have only been able to recover it in a fragmentary form. One version, here reproduced with some emendations, was given by me in the *J.A.S.B.* for 1881, and a still more incomplete one in the *Persian Character* by R. B. Hetu Ram in his *Biluchi-nameh*.

The ballad purports to relate to the war between the Bulmats and Kalmats, but these tribes are not even mentioned in these versions. Hetu Ram's text only gives the latter part of the ballad, commencing with line 36.

Nodh, son of Bahram, sings: to the fierce Rashkani Baloches he sings: of the war of the Bulmats and Kalmats he sings: of the lizard's refuge-taking he sings.

Sweet singing minstrel bring hither your lute, bind on your head a white turban, let the good man take gifts from the giver.

Yesterday from barren Sanni marched the fair Gohar; she came for shelter to the Mir, to Chakur wielding the glittering Shiraz blade. Then spake fair Gohar: 'My camels are on the foothills of the Mullah pass, the Lashari have a grudge against me.' He collected all Gohar's camp and goods and placed her in Kacharak. (The Lasharis) came riding to Shoran, the town under Mir Chakur's rule. 'We will gallop to the groves of Gaj.'

¹ Lahore, 1881 (in Urdu). Mr. Dome's English translation (Calcutta, 1885) omits the poems.

In the evening Gohar's female camels come lowing, the milk dripping from their udders to their navels. Chakur asked the camel-herd in dusty clothes, 'Be quick, Jat, tell me the truth; who has done this to Gohar's cattle?' And the dusty Jat thus replied: 'The Lasharis came here on an expedition, they slaughtered the young camels as with spite and rage.'

Gohar the herds woman, with pearls in her ears, made a sign (lit. winked) saying, 'Jat, leave this matter alone, let the noble Rinds remain at peace in their tents; the female camels are perpetually bearing young.'

Then Rehan the Nawab was angry, and Jaro the Phuzh, bitter in reply: 'For fair Gohar's young camels we will take a sevenfold revenge with our swords, we will gamble with heads and hair and turbans.¹ Then Bagar Jatoi answered and said, 'Where are the fair Gohar and Sammi? Hot was never lacking to his refugees; for when on Shah Husain's day of trouble Blbari sat in front of her hut, a lizard ran out of the phlsh-bushes. Some boys came hunting it from behind, and it ran into the Chief's house. Then the good woman stood in front of them wearing beautiful ivory bangles, white as fresh-drawn milk, slipped on over her soft arms. Blbari spoke to them with great dignity, and with many entreaties said, 'Boys, leave the lizard alone, it is my refugee; do so much for me for your own name's sake.'

But the boys, ignorant and boorish camel-herds, killed the lizard with sticks. Her lord and husband was not there in the house; she sent him a message of complaint. Hot returned from the assembly of Chiefs, and thus Blbari said to him with great dignity, 'If thou dost not take revenge for the lizard, I am thy sister and thou my brother.'

The hero thus replied to her, 'Oh lady, have patience awhile, for a little stay, do not speak to me. I will act so on account of this lizard that the ground will be full

of blood, sixty (corpses) lying on one side and fifty on the other, all gathered together in one place for the lizard's sake.'

Omar¹ has left a memory behind him for keeping his word, and Balach the avenger of blood, and the hero Doda for the cattle.

X.

The war of the Kalmats and Bulmats alluded to in the heading of IX. forms also the subject of the following fragment. The first-mentioned tribe is alluded to by its more usual name of Kalmati, and the adversary is called Bulfat. The form Bulfat or Burfat is still found as a tribal name (non-Baloch) in Sindh, and as a section of the Lasls of Las Bela.

The Kalmatis tied up their mares bridled under a scaffold. They eat pulse (moth), molasses (gur) and milk, and yellow cow's-butter. The camel-herds came running with torn cheeks and broken arms, saying 'the women saw clearly how they drove off our cattle; they wept tears of blood, wiping them with the corners of their veils, for the men were taken captive—the warriors, with their old fathers, brethren and young sons. You have brought misfortune on our camels, our camels and herds of cattle, our fat-tailed sheep and white goats, our buffaloes with distended udders.'

Mir Hot was angry with the tribe. 'The women have lost their wits, the women of the Kalmatis, to drive out the camels without spears, or body-armour. I will not let the murderers carry them off.' We beat the mares with sticks; we made the fillies' heels fly. We passed the boundary of the Wakavi, and overtook the enemy; our friends called to us, Tuta and sweet-scented Sahak: 'Strike with your liver-cutting hands, with your wide-wounding Egyptian swords! Behold, what God will do!

¹ The allusion is to Omar Nuhani, who entertained the Lasharis, alluded to in IV. and in the Song of Nodhbandagh (XIV.). For Doda and Balach see XVIII.

They threw their soft blankets (over their mares' backs),
they took back their camels from the Bulfats, and
recovered from them the blood of their fathers.

XI.

CHAKUR AND GWAHARAM.

The five poems included under this head are attributed to Mir Chakur and his adversary Gwaharam, and are supposed to have been interchanged after the first battle between the Rinds and the Lasharls. Nos. 1 and 3 are Gwaharam's verses addressed to Chakur, and 2, 4 and 5 are Chakur's replies. It is probable that the series is incomplete. I give two versions of No. 1, of which (a) was taken down by me from the recitation of Baga Lasharl in 1893, and (b) in Mr. Mayers version. These two differ so much that it seems desirable to give them both in full. No. 2 is taken from Mr. Mayer's text, with a few alterations and additions from a fragmentary version in my possession. No. 3 is derived from two versions, one that of Baga Lasharl, taken down by me (36 lines), and one given by Mr. Mayer (27 lines). Eighteen lines are common to the two versions, and, as both are incomplete, a more satisfactory text has been obtained by combining them. No. 4 is derived solely from Mr. Mayer's text, and No. 5 from a version taken down by me at Sibi in 1879, and already printed in the *J.A.S.B.* 1881, Extra Number.

I (a).

Gwaharam sings of the day on which Mlr-Han was slain.

Let us meet on the bare desert foot-hills, and have
our interview on the barren plain, the grazing ground of
wild asses. Let the Rinds and Dombkls come together,
let the Bhanjars and Jatois repeat their gibes! The
Rinds came with booted feet, with their slaves they
alighted. From every hamlet they took their blood, and
the far-famed Malik Mlr-Han was slain! Chakur fled
thence by night; he took a stick in his hand to drive
the cows and to graze the slate-coloured buffaloes!¹

¹That is to say, Chakur fled into the hills and became a herdsman. The buffaloes are called 'sirmughe' or surma-coloured, from their dark-grey colour, resembling surma or powdered antimony, corresponding to our slate colour.

Whither went Rehan and mighty Safar, Ahmad and lordly Kalo?

What was the matter with you, thick-beards?¹ Was not your tribe established in Bheni; had you not in your hands wealthy Bingopur? Your place was with your love on the coloured bedstead!

For the innocent blood of Mallm the Khan Gwaharam tightened his saddle-girths, and let his mare go to the Mullah Pass!

i (b).

Gwaharam, son of Nodhbandagh Lasharl, sings: of the fight of Rinds and Lasharis he sings.

Let me sleep in the good lands of the Baloches; green are the streams at the mouth of the Mullah. Let us meet on the low hills, the grazing-ground of wild asses. They came drunken again and again, with the roasted hind-quarters of wild asses.² I saw them with their red eyes; a Rustum arose before me, Chakur and Haran on their powerful horses. You turned your tribe away from Bheni and fled over the mountain gorges, terrified Rinds on swift mares! What ailed you, thick-beards? You possessed wealthy Bingopur, the wharfs and markets of royal Chetarvo. Your fair lovers were in the lofty houses!

I make a petition to the Creator; may the Lord of Mercy be exalted; he gives a hundred and the hope of a thousand! My hope is for well-watered lands, but formerly I had no such hope.

The Rinds and Dombkis come together from the dwellings of Banar Jatoi.⁸ They have attacked the village and

¹ An epithet of the Rinds.

² This translation is doubtful. It follows Mr. Mayer's version, but I have never met with the word kunar for wild ass.

³ Or 'the Bhanjars and Jatuis repeat their taunts,' as in (a). 'Tana' want should probably be read for thanavani. This has nothing to do with thango, gold.

taken the innocent blood of Malim. I know that Chakur is losing his wits from the prayers and wisdom of Pir Wall. He had no advance guard with bragging Mir Han in the narrow defile of the Nail Pass. The Rinds, with booted feet, dismounted from a thousand swift mares. We too, with the Mir's gathered armies, alighted with our followers. We slew the far-famed Malik Mir-Han, and the two young sons of Shaihak, both the greedy Sohrabs, Hamal the backward and Kehar the miser, Chanar and Hot and mighty Safar, Jiand and distinguished Pheroshah, All, slayer of wild asses, from among the Royal Rinds, and Thamah's young son was slain. From every camp we took our revenge. Their horses veiled their spreading tails, pierced by thorns they knew not of. I gave him (*i.e.* Chakur) a stick to drive the cows and to graze the slate-coloured buffaloes. Rehan and Hasan will churn butter, Khohu will carry buttermilk for the Mir, and the Elephant 'All, that mighty man, will no longer keep the watches in the assembly with his long hair, the delight of women.

2.

Mir Chakur, son of Shaihak, sings: the King of the Rinds sings: of the Rind and Lashari battle he sings : in reply to Gwaharam he sings.

You injure yourself Gwaharam with that enmity, by raising dust among the Baloches, in that you have bound the name 'Nail' on your waistband, and raised a name like Nodhbandagh higher. For once you were lucky in your game, and killed the Rinds' swift mares, whose footprints were clearly marked in the lowlands of the Mullah; but remember the vengeance for that; how Bangi and Hasan, son of Nodhak, were slain together, Adam and famous Nodhbandagh, Ahmad and lordly Kallo. You left out the flight, like a stampede of wild asses, on the day of the fierce struggle when the Rind arrows devoured them from behind in the fatter spots of their hind parts. You took

flight from the fort of Dab, and drew breath at the mouth of the Mullah, yet I never made such a mock of you, nor sent a bard to taunt you, reciting a song with twanging of strings in front of your noble face. You did not receive a blow under the ear from my tiger's paw, as you shook your head like a frightened (mare), hiding your head in holes and corners of the world. Half of you passed away to Gaj and Gujarat, half went wandering to Phalpur. You come making obeisance to the Rinds, and asking for a measure of grain in the skirt of your white garments; you toil under shameful burdens, and carry the black waterpots on your head! Now you hide under Omar's protection, I will fall on you as a man slain by his brethren. We are the Rinds of the swift mares; now we will be below you and now above; we will come from both sides with our attacks, and demand a share of all you have. Much-talking Gwaharam, keep your heart's ears open, make a long journey, perhaps your luck may come back. I will spin the top for a wager, and at the end I will raise a dust as I promised, and drive all fear from my friends' hearts.

3. GWAHARAM'S REJOINDER TO CHAKUR.

O my friends, noble in the assembly, come, well-born men of my tribe, come, all ye Khans and Chiefs of the Lasharis, come, and let us form a gathering of brethren.

When I recited a taunt in verse, wind came into Chakur's head; never was there such a ruler as he! But I too am, like him, a man of violence. Let the King but give me an opportunity one day, and I will bring together the Sammas and Bhattis, and will pour the armies of Thatha on his head. I will place coals of fire on the palms of my hands and blow upon them like the south wind, and will kindle a mighty fire in the houses of the covetous men, so that the Turks of Dehli shall not be able to put it out!

When I fought with the thick-beards (the Rinds), the Rinds climbed up from below to the cold hill-skirts of Kalat. On the day when these words were spoken Chakur slaughtered a black cow; Chakur was filled with manly rage. He did not pass by the deep water of Jhal, nor did he saddle his mare Sangwath, nor did he bring his minstrel Gurgin with his tightly-stretched drums. Ha! Ha! what a victory was ours; we struck our foes a blow, and off went the chestnuts, like wild asses, with cup-shaped hoofs. Every mouthful in famous Sibi does Chakur carry off with livelong grief.

Chakur climbs the steep cliff, Mando's beloved son turns back. The weary wolf stands in the dense shade of a tree and looks behind him. He goes off to the country where the wild pistachio ripens, and his mouth and face and curly beard are stained with the milky juice of the *alro*.¹ A JamotI woman will sing lullabys to the son of a Baloch woman, his son will be a companion of camelmen and cowherds, his hands will be galled with much digging. He collects measures of corn in the skirt of his white coat, and carries the black waterpots on his head.

4. CHAKUR TO GWAHARAM.

Mir Chakur, son of Shaihak, sings: the King of the mighty Rinds sings: in reply to Gwaharam he sings.

O my bay! eat your grain from your nosebag; make your neck and legs as stout as those of an elephant; swiftly, giving you the reins to mount the cliffs, I will return from Sibi. For you I have stored in my tents the sweet camels' milk. Stand in your stall with six pegs, eat of the wheat and satisfy your heart. Strengthen yourself for the enemies¹ mountains, for right or wrong I will come back again. The folk are displeased that you should be tied up in that land where I see the brave.

¹ The *alro* is a small plant (also called *launsh*) with milky juice, which is eaten by mountaineers.

I swear on my head and hair and turban, once I get free I will lay many low, lives will be overwhelmed among the spears and lances. Let that man come on, whose hour is come, the cup of whose reckonings is full! I too ask from my King and Creator victory for the true Rinds at SevI, rather than for the slender-footed thin-beards. Hereafter the Mughal youths and maidens will receive enlightenment!

5. CHAKUR TO GWAHARAM ON FINALLY
LEAVING SIBI.

Chakur, son of Shaihak, sings: the mighty King of the Rinds sings: somewhat he sings on the day of leaving Sibi: in reply to Gwaharam he sings.

I will leave man-devouring Sibi, curses on my infidel foes! Let Jam Ninda the Bhatti distribute bread for three days. For thirty years, for all our lives, will we fight with these gigantic men. My sword shall be stained with blood, it bends like the jointed sugar-cane, so that through crookedness it will not go into its sheath. The youths wearing two turbans (*i e.* of high birth) do not rise up to sport among the tents under the shadow of their venerable fathers, nor do they rub scent on their moustaches, but they feed on the flesh of fat-tailed sheep and boil strong liquor in their stills. There is none of them who bears the signs of a ruler; they have eaten all their Indian blades, their broad swords are rusted, they have gambled them away to the usurers, they carry children's sticks in their hands.

Gwaharam is in dusty Gandava, a stone cast into the sea; the fishermen have drunk his blood. All and Wall possess all his countless herds of camels, the rebel fort is deserted, brought to earth by fierce Turks and Rinds on high-bred mares. Gwaharam has lost both places, **and** will possess neither grave nor Gandava.

XII.

CHAKUR AND HAIBAT.

This poem was taken down from the recitation of Ahmad Khan ,LudhianI Lund, of Rohri in the Dera-Ghazi-Khan district.

The subject relates to a vow made by Haibat or Haivtan, son of Bivaragh (Bibrak), one of the celebrated ' Four Vows.' Haibat swore that if any camels got mixed with his herd he would not restore them. Jaro, Nodbandagh and Mir Han made vows at the same time (see 'Adventures of Mir Chakur' in Temple's *Legends of the Panjab*, vol. ii. p. 475). The vows of Jaro and Nodhbandagh are the subjects of the following poems (XIII. and XIV.). The Miralls or Children of Mlral are identical with the Buledhls.

Haibat, son of Blbrak, made an oath before the Rinds, striking his beard thrice with his left hand: ' If any man's herd of camels becomes mixed with mine (I will not return it). If he would keep his camels let them graze on the further side of the ridge/ Suddenly Chakur's camels came and mixed with those of Haibat, son of Blbrak. The Rinds got ready to fight. 'We will not leave our camels with the Children of Mlral,' but Chakur kept them back, and made fools into wise men. 'Many such camels have I given to faqirs in the name of God!' Upon this the alarm was raised that Gwaharam had carried off a herd, and the Rinds pursued the Children of Lashar with the sword. The Rinds were tired, the neighing horses turned back. Chakur shaded his eyes and looked for his other troop of horsemen. Suddenly a dust arose at the mouth of the Narl defile, and Haibat son of Bibrak's troop came riding with turbans all awry. With the sword they charged the Children of Lashar; seven-score of their own men they lost in recovering the camels, and killed three hundred and fifty of the Lasharis, and fifty more were slain, all 'alims, readers of the Quran. Both tribes bore away their dead in doolies, but the Lasharls had the greater number. Haibat kept the recovered herd apart, and the Rinds

made ready to fight him. 'We will not leave our camels with the Children of Miral.' Chakur hardly-restrained them, saying, 'That herd was stolen by our enemies, and they are better with our brethren than with strangers, and anyway they will be of use to us some day. I will not break my own arm, nor set fire to my own jungle. With whomsoever you take them, I will keep quiet.'

Three or four days passed in such discussion, and on the seventh day the herd came back to its own place, the same full-grown (large-toothed) camels, with Kotal the camel-herd. Chakur then gave Haibat as a reward the Nari stream and the town of Sibi. 'O Miralis! fill your horses' nosebags with green fodder!'

XIII.

The second vow (see above under XII.) was that of Jaro, who swore that he would kill anyone who laid hands on his beard, and also that he would kill anyone who killed his comrade Haddeh.

Chakur, who does not here appear in a favourable light, induced a nurse to bring Jaro's child to him so that it touched his beard, and Jaro thereupon killed his own son. Again Chakur induced Haddeh to touch Jaro's beard while passing him in a horse-race. Jaro shortly afterwards instigated his nephew Shaho to kill Haddeh, and when he had done this he himself killed Shaho and buried him with Haddeh in one grave. Jaro is known throughout these ballads by the epithet of *jaur-jawaV* i.e. poisonous or bitter in reply, a title fully borne out by the second of the following poems. Haddeh was Chakur's brother-in-law, being married to his sister Banari. The text was recited to me in 1884 by Ghulam Muhammad Balachani.

1. CHAKUR TO JARO.

Chakur, son of Shaihak, sings: of the day when Jaro's beard was seized he sings: of the slaying of Haddeh he sings.

O Mughal, saddle your steed, as swift as deer or tiger; saddle your fiery Arab and bring him close to me. that I may tell you a dream.

The Rinds are my mountain forts, but for a slain Rind there is no door open, on both sides his life is shut in.

Because he arose in sport, Jaro with knife and dagger slew them both; he slew him with his companion, because Jaro's curled beard was seized, because Haddeh seized it roughly.

2. JARO TO CHAKUR.

Jaro, son of Jalamb, sings: in reply to Chakur he sings.

Give ear, O toothless Mazldo, to this strange tale, O Mazldo¹; a strange tale and a wonderful dream!

Speak not falsely, Chakur Nawab, speak not falsely that you be not held a liar; let falsehood be outside your teeth, away from your noble tongue!

It is true, O mighty Mir; it is true, O Chakur Nawab. My curled beard was seized. By this my life was taken from me, by your own double shame, by your spiteful taunt!

One day saw both Haddeh and Shaho in a far-away home in the ground. With him was his jointed bow, his quiver full of gold, his keen blade with new scabbard; both of them slain with knife and dagger; each slain with his comrade. For your heart's pleasure they were killed and left there. Haddeh never returned home eating betel and cardamoms, to his wife in her four-sided hut, to Chakur's fair sister, to Banarl, best of women,, nor sat with her in close embrace.

Seek for Haddeh in the ground, for Haddeh in the ground in the grave of two men!

¹ Mazldo is said to have been Chakur's original name.

XIV.

THE LAY OF NODHBANDAGH.

Nodhbandagh was a leading man among the Lasharls, and is celebrated for his generosity. He has already appeared as the chivalrous protector of Mir Chakur, whom he saved in the battle, and mounted upon his own mare Phul. Chakur had in former days tested him in various ways. Nodhbandagh had made a vow never to reject a request, and never to touch money with his hands. Chakur gave him a pair of saddle-bags filled with money, and made a hole in the bottom, so that the money dropped out. It was picked up by a band of women who were gathering tamarisk-galls, and they bestowed on him the name of Zar-zuwal, or Gold-scatterer. Afterwards Chakur sent him a Domb, telling him to demand of Nodhbandagh everything he had in his possession. The Domb did so, and Nodhbandagh said in reply : ' Give me your *phushti* or upper garment, and I will give you all my clothes and other possessions.' This the Domb did. Nodhbandagh divided the *phushti* into two parts, with one of which he clothed himself and with the other his wife; and then gave the Domb all his clothes and everything in the house, and it was left bare. At night Nodhbandagh and his wife lay down to sleep in the empty house. At midnight a laden camel sat down before the door of the house. Nodhbandagh said to his wife, ' Go and smell the camel's mouth. If it has a sour smell, drive it away ; but if it has a sweet smell, call me to unload it, for Heaven has sent it.'

The good wife smelt it, and it had the scent of musk. Then Nodhbandagh unloaded it, and opened the bales, and found that they contained garments of every sort for men and women, all sewn and made up. So he and his wife clothed themselves. Next morning when he came into Mir Chakur's assembly, the Mir said, ' Nodhbandagh, thou art verily the Gold-scatterer.'

This poem is Nodhbandagh's reply to his brethren when they reproached him for giving away all his possessions. I took it down from the recitation of Ghulam Muhammad Balachani in 1884, and included the text in my Balochi text-book, 1891, and also in the 'Adventures of Mir Chakur' in Temple's *Legends of the Panjab*.

Nodhbandagh, the Gold-scatterer, sings: he sings somewhat in his own praise.

O friends, friends, my friends and fiery brethren! The

avaricious have uttered a speech, and laid blame upon my head, so I perceive plainly, they have done injustice to an innocent man.

All men carry beards on their faces, but those who are no men wear them below; they display them on their knees and heels, and some on the nape of their necks. A man has never been so disgraced and put to shame before a woman, as when a hen strikes her chickens on the head with her beak. He sits and weeps near his love, and draws forth sighs from his mouth.

The generous assemble with me and the greedy quarrel with me; they quarrel and say, turning their faces away from me: 'Nothing will be left with Nodhbandagh; Phul¹ will not bring forth in due season, after six months at full moon; she will not bring forth nor bear a foal.'

Now foolish were my bitter foes, nor do I fall under yesterday's taunts. When I was skinning my sheep and goats how many of the greedy would assemble, how many of the grasping be gathered together? I had the wealth of Muhammad! Seven or eight hundred herds of cattle, innumerable herds of grazing camels; nor have I ever gambled, nor is their tale told by the coloured knuckle-bones, nor have impostors extorted my wealth from me, nor mighty armies robbed me. I have given it away in God's name to pious men, reciters of the Quran, and to the poor dwelling in the wilderness. In the morning they eat their fill, the warriors of the faith come joyfully, with joy they repeat my name. As gifts I do not reckon sheets, scarves, silken overcoats and quivers, or wide-wounding Egyptian swords. These the Ghazis carry away. A striped shawl worth three hundred,² worn but for one

¹ The name of Nodhbandagh's mare. See VII. p. 14.

² The currency alluded to is probably the silver coinage of the later princes of the house of Taimur, such as those issued by Sultan Husain Baikara at Herat. These are thin, broad dirhems weighing from 80 to 90 grains of silver.

night, is carried away in the morning by anyone who asks for it, by a Dom, a singing minstrel. The good praise God and return thanks for this. But let no such petitioner come to me and ask me for a wife, saying, ¹Bring forth a pillow and a lady fair.' for of such gifts there are none to be had. An oath is to me as to Omar,¹ as to Omar is an oath to me. I will not be stopped from giving. I am not a man to be stopped. Whatever comes to me from the Creator, a hundred treasures without blemish, I will seize with my right hand, I will cut with my knife, I will deal out with my heart, I will let nothing be kept back; for then my young brothers, my nephews and mourning brethren would quarrel among themselves as to the partition of my inheritance and property, over the wealth of Nodhbandagh.

XV.

THE LAY OF DILMALIKH.

Dilmalikh was a Rind noted for his generosity, and for the sumptuous entertainment he gave the Lasharis just before the outbreak of their war with the Rinds (*Legends of the Panjab*, ii. 472). Afterwards he lost all his wealth through gambling, and was set to cut grass for the horses by a woman from whom he asked entertainment for the night. The following song, taken down from the recitation of Ghulam Muhammad Balacham, is evidently incomplete. The last three lines are Dilmalikh's reply when the Lasharis offered to adopt him into their tribe.

Gambling has brought famous Dilmalikh, through malice and spite, from the brilliant assemblies of his brethren and the gathering of the Rind encampments. A Rind woman calls him uncle, puts a sickle in his hand, and famous Dilmalikh has to cut grass for galled jades! Now I give up my long boots, my brazen

¹ Probably the reference is to Omar Nuhani, the ally of the Lasharis, who was celebrated for his generosity.

stirrups and bits; the sandals' of *phish*¹ make my feet swell. I was not worthy of the bay mares, I have given them for an empty amusement. Their story is in the coloured knuckle-bonps.

God cannot turn a Rind into a Lasharl. A Musalman cannot become a Hindu, nor wear the Brahmanical cord of heathendom.

XVI.

THE EXPEDITION TO DEHLI.

This poem is attributed to Shahzad, son of Mir Chakur, and relates to the exploits of the Baloches who joined Humayun's army to recover Dehli from the Surls. The text is derived from three versions taken down at various times, the fullest being that of Baga Lashari. The Rinds and Dodals appear to have joined in this expedition, and to have been accompanied by men of the original tribes of the Indus valley, with whom the Baloches were associated, the Langahs, Nahars and Kungs. The Langahs ruled at Multan, the Nahars in the Southern Derajat. Nothing is now known of the Kungs.

Shahzad, son of Chakur, sings.

From hence come the two-sworded Langahs, the Nahars and Kungs, greedy of gain; the Dodais go forth with the sword, they draw their scimitars from their green sword-belts, girt over their shapely shoulders with velvet and scented leather of Herit. Forty thousand Rinds are at the head, and Humayun comes with three or four hundred thousand men to deal a mighty blow on the tribes.

The sun rose and the army appeared, Humayun's innumerable army. From the shadow of the shafts of the thrusting spears there was no room on the ground for the foot; birds sat on the lance points. There was no place for man or horse. The call was given from

¹The *phish* is the dwarf-palm of the Sulaiman Mountains (Chamserops Ritchieana).

the skin-covered drums to forty thousand men sprung from one ancestor. Their hearts did not tremble with imaginations, the true Rinds came with keen edges. Your countenance was in God's protection, with your wives and golden-fronted sons. There was gambling with heads and hair! Thither they came by agreement with the Turks.

The fight began with bullets from guns, on white-faced grey mares. There was not a single moment's delay; in a moment water was turned into milk. I beheld it with angry eyes; the army gave way in the left wing; all the Miralis (or Buledhls) broke and fled, some turned and abandoned the Mir's side. Then the true Turks of Dehli showed their strength, and Mai Banari, daughter of Shaihak, alighted and drove back the Rind warriors. The furious Turks of Dehli stood firm, the Rinds on their slender mares wielded their swords, and the foul-eating Turks fled from Dehli, ashamed, before the Baloches of the mountains. Seven thousand of them were slain by the man-tigers, ground as it were under a mill stone. Three hundred were slain on the Rind side, Allan, first in attack on the foe, Allan who blackened the bragging foe, and Noh was slain who came with Nohakh, and Balash the Royal who came with the Mir. They took Dehli-fort with its thousand treasures. There Chakur halted for eight watches: 'Let us rest and let our mares take breath, and let the young fillies with pointed ears have a little rest, and let their withers recover from their swellings for a while. And I, with my eighteen young sons, will drink bhang in the bazaars, and in the early morning we will again urge on our mares and meet the enemy face to face!' Men who come from Sindh, from the streams of Rani fort, from the nine-branched water-courses of ruined Uchh, (tell the women) to cease from their midnight lamentations for their true-loves and heroes, to wear no more dark-blue for their lovers, or

bashful women for their lords, for the ants which eat men's corpses are in the courtyards of others, and our black clothing is brought back to us by our sweet armies and our Lord and Amir is free from care or envy of anyone. Let that Amir come and behold Chakur's shadow!

XVII.

THE WAR OF THE RINDS AND DODAIS.

When Mir Chakur with his Rinds advanced towards Dehli a large body of Rinds, headed by Bijar son of Pheroshah, separated from him and returned to the Indus Valley, where the Dodais under Sohrab were already settled. The Dodais were allied with Chakur, and a war ensued between them and Bijar's Rinds. No details of this war are known, but it must have ended in a division of the country, as most of the tribes of the Derajat claim descent from these Rinds, while Dera-Ghazi-Khan remained in the possession of the Dodais. GhazI Khan son of Sohrab founded the town, and his tomb is at Churatta, a few miles away. His descendants, the Mirranis, kept the Nawabship for two hundred years.

The following eight poems relate to this war, and appear to be contemporary with it. The poets on the Rind side are Bijar himself and Jongo, and on the Dodai side Babar son of Sohrab, Hajl-Khan son of Ghazi-Khan, and Hairo, son of Mandos. Many of the allusions are obscure, and refer to events of which the memory is forgotten. It may be noted that Bijar calls himself Badshah or King of the Rinds, a title generally reserved for Chakur.

The poems were recited by Ghulam Muhammad Balachani.

I.

Bijar son of Pheroshah sings: the head of the Phuzh Baloch sings.

Lat Gagar¹ work his waterwheels in the night watches in the lands belonging to me Bijar, for now I will no longer dwell in the village crowded with faces. I will go to

¹ Gagar was a peasant whom Sohrab instigated to take possession of Bijar's land on the Indus, and irrigate it by means of a *jhalar*, or waterwheels here called arhat.

generous Brahim, generous Brahim and Muhammad, who will drink wine in a golden cup, drink wine and give me a share, and give it with a joyful heart; else is he no Rind and the Dodais are my brethren ; there are no mountains, and we dwell in Hindustan ; there is no Sindh, Phailawagh is my pasture; the brackish water of the Chachar is my friend, it is sweet in my children's mouths, for those embankments are far away from the Turks. Drunkards are the young men of the Sindh country ; there is much water and bhang is cheap, and wood is plentiful near their houses.¹

2.

Babar son of Sohrab sings: the Dodai sings.

Wonderful head ! What idea has overtaken you ? That wide-wounding sword has struck you, the arrows can be seen under your armpits, the snakelike arrows bite into your body from the hands of Rinds on slender mares. Another day do not speak falsely to Chiefs and generous Lords, and Kings, rulers of forts.

This kind of speech is used by angry men. Wayfarers as they pass by all come as guests to me, and I struck Bijar with the bright sword.² Know that you have many foes to let out your life! The golden cup of my days was not yet full. The warrior Jongo is my witness, in what way thou didst look upon my face! The brave man does not utter falsehood, nor the noble householder with fair sons! My Chief is the taker of forts when he goes to war, he gives shelter to the grazing herds of camels, he is the bright lamp of sorrowful eyes, the reliever of the oppression of the brethren who hold the ford!

Now I give up, it has come to an end; the melon has been devoured by a crowd of comrades. Our attendant *huris* are grieved and distressed, and wander sadly with

¹ Implying that it was easy to distil spirits or to mix bhang.

² Lit. 'the green.'

their little sisters. No rain has fallen from the banks of cloud with us and our companions, nor with our mighty uncle.

3-

Jongo son of Ghulamo sings: in reply to Babar he sings.

O rain-clouds piled up afar off in banks as the cold wind drives you on high, bear a salutation to my foes and say, 'O mighty Babar son of Sohrab, you send me messages full of noise from Sindh, and call upon me for words of evidence. A witness is he who stays behind, those in front do not pull in their bridles. For what cause should I find a fault in my Chief? The Dodais are all brave, one like another, worthy to be praised by poets. So much knowledge I had.

When you came, riding with your comrades, eleven bold men, one like another, I formed in my heart the intention of making a slaughter of you all; but when you came near, you quickly turned back, so much did the Rinds' thrusting spears hurt you, the sharp buffets of your foes! You carried away your shame in your flight on the day when generous Pheroz fought, you felt the dread of Shaihak's sword and were in terror of Melav's¹ Lord. You did not keep back your head from the crocodiles nor from the buffeting of the river's waves.² The hungry Machhls pulled you out! Of youths such as you, subduers of women, of such the Warrior Bijar has many.

I am well acquainted with Bijar's customs; he will not accept female camels in payment, nor the male camels of the towns, nor swift mares. The food he devours is young heroes. He had prepared and arranged a wedding-banquet for you. When this time the gathered armies of your enemies come upon you they will clothe you in the same

¹ Melav is the name of a mare.

² Babar is said to have fallen into the Indus in his flight, and to have been fished out by Machhls (fishermen).

(red) garment, in which they clothed your uncle before you. A piece of the same cloth has been kept for you!

4.

Hairo son of Mandos sings: the Dodal sings: in reply to Bijar he sings.

Sharpen my sword, my diamond-like lightening blade, my friendly green-flashing sabre ; sharpen it on the harsh whetstone, temper it to an edge to cut silver; gird on my sheath for the slaughter, both hilt and edge are fasting!

A message has come from the Rinds, from the wearers of dirty clothing. The sword-wielding Rinds have arisen, led by renowned Bijar, slayer of men, to fight with Malik Sohrab! God grant our petition, that we may stop their gathered armies in the yellow afternoon and at early morn. We will come forth from the foothills, from the distant sandy skirt of the mountains; we will show ourselves on the Rohri hills, and Rinds will join in battle with Dodals. We will pair off our gallant youths; Nathu (Rind) will struggle with Shahzada (Dodai), sweet-scented Wall (Dodai) with Chata (Rind), Shambo (Dodai) with mighty Shoran (Rind), Madan (Dodai) with powerful Allan (Rind). The opposing armies with weighty forces will come to the water's edge, and will thrash the ears of corn, one of the other.

Then will I with my black troop of wild asses, lance in hand, on my mare LakI, search out and slay Bijar, renowned Chief of the Phuzh; and perchance, if fate so will it, he will flee backwards. I will pursue him, and swiftly seize him by his dirty robe. I will cast my hand upon his neck, and break my sword upon his head, and so transfix him with my dagger that it will sink in up to the trusty hilt, and my right hand will be stained with his blood. Bijar will fall from his bay mare's saddle, and will sleep upon the plain, and alone with my Indian blade I will

carry off the Rind quiver when by Divine might we win the victory!

Many arrangements will be made about women; deputations (to ask for terms) sit in our assemblies. I, Hairo Tasoani, have slain him, and have girt on the sweet-scented, knotted turban of Chieftainship, and a pillar has been overthrown by the Dodals.

5-

Bijar son of Pheroshah sings: the King of the mighty Rinds sings.

The Chiefs dwell among the wealthy bazaars of Sindh; Lai and Mando are drunken with drinking too much wine, and excited with intoxicating majun, but the men of the Rinds, with slender mares, have sent out keen men to spy out the land, and these cunning spies came back with joyful hearts. With joyful hearts they came from the enemies' land, bearing with them broken branches of the *pkir-tree*,¹ and thus they spoke in the assembly: 'We have spied out all the boundary, and have bound the tiger-like mares with the fetters of full-grown camels, and fastened them to pegs of siris-wood and iron. Jongal seized them as the eclipse seizes on the moon. Thence we went to wealthy Sindh by the order of our Lord the Khan: Haji Khan has slender mares, Ghazi Khan has powerful horses! The Dodals are very mighty warriors. Hairo Tasoani on his chestnut was very strong in his hatred to his foes, but little Natho struck him a blow with his thunderbolt (*i.e.* his sword), and his head fell from his powerful mare's saddle. He was rescued by the hungry Machhis; let him take his braggart speeches to the far-dwelling Namurdl's, and sit in the assembly of the Royal Amir. O, Jam Ismail, if you ask my advice, I say, 'Turn Babar out of your house.' Another day do not speak falsely to a chief, a generous lord, and ruler over many forts!

¹The *Safoadora OUMet*, borne as a sign of success.

6.

Haji Khan son of GhazI Khan sings: the Dodal sings.

Gallant youths of both sides, leave your womanlike dreams! They give me a pain in the head, and my noble body is heated as with a fire of Kahir-log¹ charcoal, it melts like wax and wastes away in its soft white robe.

The day before yesterday news was brought to me that my bitter foes had come. They brought boats and ships and seized the narrow fords. Every man came running for dear life's sake, and thus they shouted, 'Quick! cross the river; go to the other side of the ferry; they are standing in the boats, to bring upon us great woe and chew the bones of our funeral feast!'

Friends, you may choose for yourselves, but I have sworn on the *siris-tree* to move when she helpless *siris* moves, and if the firm land marches I will drive pegs into it to stop it. Bijar will not seize me from behind when he comes in pursuit; like ten-score men will I come forth to meet him. I will cut through his stout horse's neck, and will give good entertainment to the spearmen. I will so wield my sword in that place that it will cleave him to the saddle-bow, and he will fall on his hands and his neck and gnaw the earth with his mouth, and my revenge will be even for my chief, for Hairo's gold-hilted sword.

7.

Bijar son of Pheroshah sings.

Clouds and dust arise by the bank of the Sindh riyer. They have taken burning brands and set fire to the bushes, and having fired them the folk assemble, and are weary with putting it out.

The day before yesterday said Allan to the warrior Chief of the Rinds, 'Bijar, if you would do well, make a loan on good ground, and drink blood to satisfy your

¹ The wood of the *Kahir* (known in Northern India as *the jkand*), *Prosopis spicigira*, is much used as firewood, and gives out a great heat

thirst; do not take your tribe beyond their bounds. For **our** chief is passionate and bloodthirsty, the hero of **the** swift steed! One day I will demand of you an answer for **the** priceless slaughter you have done! Hairo of the loud voice is not one man's equal, but is the match for a hundred, and beats his enemies as with a stick, with **the** edge of his glittering sword. Think of the grief I have undergone, nor destroy your brother's liver with sorrow!

Hairo, I swear by the prophet, a true oath on his shrine,. I dare not say I shall escape safely from Hairo's rainbow blade, but let Muhammad Mustafa befriend me and give me my turn of victory, so shall we both go together to the other world, and together we shall gaze upon the Hurls and the lakes and streams of Paradise!

8.

Babar son of Sohrab sings: the Dodal sings.

Bijar, if you would do well, O Khan, if you would do well, come and look upon Malik Sohrab, prostrate yourself three times before him, kiss his booted feet, and let your moustache trail in the dust and your beard sweep the ground; else begone from this country!

XVIII.

THE WAR OF DODA AND BALACH AGAINST THE
BULEDHIS.

Doda Gorgezh is celebrated among Baloches for the protection given by him to a woman named Samml, a refugee from the Buledhi tribe with her cattle. He, with most of his brethren, was slain in attempting to recover them from a Buledhi raid, and he is often held up as a model for other chiefs to follow, and compared to Mir Chakur who fought about Gonads camels.

Of the three following poems the first, relating the death of Doda, is given by R. B. Hetu Ram in the Persian Character in his *Bilacfi nama*, p. 88. In transliterating the text I have been obliged to make a few corrections. The second and third poems I took down from the

recitation of Ghulam Muhammad Baltchanl. No. 2 is also given by Mr. Mayer in a nearly identical version. The series is incomplete, as a poem by Bivaragh, Chief of the Buledhls, should evidently come between No. 2 and 3. Bivaragh had taunted Balach with lurking in the hills like a jackal, and this assertion is scornfully repelled by Balach. The story of Balach and the Buledhls in prose was taken down by me from the narration of Ghulam Muhammad Balachanl in 1884, and included in my Balochi Text-book. A translation of it was published in *Folk-lore*, 1893. I give this story here to render the ballads which follow more intelligible.

THE STORY OF DODA AND BALACH.

There was a certain Buledhl who dwelt in the land of Sangslla; he had much cattle but no son. And in that place he grew a crop of millet¹ One day as he walked round his millet he saw that a herd of cattle had been eating it. He searched for their tracks on all four sides that he might see whence they had come, but not a single track went outside the embankment which surrounded the field,² although the herd had grazed on the millet inside. The next day when he came he found that the millet had been eaten again, and again he followed the tracks, but they did not go outside. Then he made a smoky fire and left it burning by the millet, that the cows might come close to the fire, as is the custom of cows. On the third day when he came he saw that the cattle after grazing on the millet had lain down by the fire. Then he knew in his heart that this herd had come from heaven. There were nineteen cows; he drove them off and brought them home, and gave them to his wife, whose name was Sammi, saying, 'This herd is thine, for when I die my heirs will not give thee my other cattle.' Then he moved away from that place, and came to live under the protection of Doda Gorgezh, and said to him, 'When I die let my heirs carry

¹ *Zurth*; the Arabic dhurrah, Indian jawar (*Holcus Sorghum*).

² Every field is surrounded by a *lath* or embankment to keep in the water which is let in for irrigation when the hill-torrents are in flood.

away the rest of my cattle, but this herd is Sammi's. Do not then give them up to anyone, they are under thy protection.'

One day Sammi's husband died, and the heirs came and demanded the cattle. Doda gave them all the rest of the cattle, but not Sammi's herd. The next day the Buledhis came and raided that herd. Doda pursued and overtook them at Garmaf Daf, and there they fought.¹ Doda was killed by the Buledhis, his tomb is still there. Then the Buledhis came again and raided a herd of camels belonging to Rals, son of Doda's uncle. Rals, with his brethren Kawri, Chandram, Tota, Murld and Summen pursued and overtook them and gave them battle, but they were all slain there together with Rais. Only one of the brethren was left, Balach, a poor-spirited man. Balach then went to the shrine of Sakhi Sarwar, and for three years he fetched water (carried water pots) for the pilgrims. After three years were past, one night he saw a vision. Sakhi Sarwar came and roused Balach, saying, 'Go and fight with the Buledhis.' He arose and bought him a bow, and at night he left it unstrung. When he arose in the morning, behold, his bow was strung. Then Sakhi Sarwar gave him leave to depart, and said, 'Now thy bow is strung, go and smite the enemy.' So Balach went and waged war upon the Buledhis. He had but one companion, Nakhifo his brother. (They had the same father, but Nakhifo's mother was a slave-girl.) No one else was with him.

They fought in the Sham and Nesao, in Barkhan, Syahaf and Kahan,² for in those days all that country belonged to the Buledhis. When men lay down to rest

¹This is the subject of the first of the ballads which follow. Garmaf Daf is the Hotwater Pass. There are several places which bear the name Garmaf. This one is near Sangslla, in the Bugti country.

² That is in the country now occupied by the Marri, Bugti, Khetrin and Gurchani tribes.

at night in their homes they would discharge their arrows at them; three-score and one men they slew. Then the Buledhis left that country and settled in the plains.¹

When Balach became old he lived at Sangslla, and a band of Buledhi horsemen came and slew him there, and lost one of their own men as well. It happened in this wise. When the Buledhis came they said to Balach, 'Balach, pay that money that you carried off!' Balach replied, 'Come nearer, I am deaf.' So they came nearer and again demanded it. Then Balach said, 'In the days when I had money you never asked for it, but now that it has all dropped away from me you come and demand it.' He had a razor in his hand and he plunged it into the belly of the Buledhi, saying, 'There is your money,' and killed him. Then they fell upon Balach and slew him. It was thus that the Gorgezh and the Buledhis fought.

I. THE DEATH OF DODA.

The good woman Samml came with her cows to Doda for protection. Ramen, a youth who dwelt near by, saw Samml's cows; the Children of Miral (*i.e.* the Buledhis) raided them, and wickedly drove them away. In the first watch of the day the alarm was raised. Doda was lying asleep when his wise mother came and roused him, saying: 'I bore you for nine months in my womb, and for three years I suckled you. Now, go forth in pursuit of the cattle, for who is so swift of foot as you? and either collect and bring them back or bring destruction on your own head!' And his wife's mother, with great dignity, said, 'Men who promise to give protection do not lie asleep in the day-time.'

Generous Doda arose, and thus spoke to his mare Surkhang, in excuse (for riding her in the pursuit)

¹ The Buledhis, or Burdis, still live in northern Sindh, near the Indus.

'The lady has brought you cold water on her head, **and** a relish of fat sheep's tails; lentils in a broad dish she has given you, and for your heart's content grain in a red nosebag, and water in a fine bucket. Now is the time of Doda's need; I go forth through the craft of my foes. That day (for which I reared you) has come to-day, and somewhere we must overtake the cattle.'

In a place below two cliffs, where the water, flows through the gorge close to Garmaf, Doda the Brave overtook them, and fell upon them, the young man, his mother's beloved son. The Angel of Death brought him thither, him and Jam 'Umar together, with Surkhl his mare of the light paces. A youth struck him from one side, and Doda fell from his mare's saddle on to the plain, and together with Jam 'Umar he died there, with red boots on his feet and glittering rings on his hands!

2.

Balach son of Hasan sings: the Gorgezh Baloch sings: the avenging Baloch sings.

Take away Bivaragh's black-pointed sword; how has he become as a foolish boy, and taken leave of his childish wits! He came and plundered the cattle which grazed in Doda's charge on Mir Hamal's sandy waste, leaving the owner enraged, the grey tiger in his wrath. For me and you, oh my enemies, such thefts were not to be carried out, picking out and counting the cattle!

You saw Doda in his wrath when he came raging after you; he was not in a pleasant place. You killed his mare, striking shoulder and hip-joint; blood bubbled from her mouth. Doda followed on foot, wearing red boots on his feet; your horsemen overtook and slew him. You slew my brethren, Rais, Chandram, Kawarl the bold; you killed fiery Rais, and had no fear of what was to follow!

Doda, thy lordly armour, thy harness and kingly weapons, thy feathered arrows the plunderers divided; the makers of butter carried away thy helmet! The women in the camp were scattered; they saw clearly what had happened. Tears of blood they shed on their shoulders and bodices which were wet with their grief.

O ye, who have slain this man, the Baloch women are left without their lord, and wander about outside. I see the bay mares running loose, roaming about turned out of their stalls; I see the children naked, the women go to earn their bread in dreams, no lover comes to comb their hair and spread it out over their shoulders. My lordly body grows hot at the sight like a log of kahir-wood¹ charcoal, like wax it melts and wastes away in its soft outer garment. I sit and fight with my heart, and my heart thus answers me :

' Balach is a tiger, a hailstorm. That wealth which Bivaragh carried will never become fair clothes and raiment, nor will he be able to give away in presents much of that cloth and Khorasan coats. This is my Chiefs token : Doda's gold-hilted sword and brave Rals's tigress-mare on Bivaragh's bull-neck!'

3.

Balach sings : in reply to Bivaragh he sings.

The mountains are the Baloches' forts, the peaks are better than an army; the lofty heights are our comrades, the pathless gorges our friends. Our drink is from the flowing springs, our cup the leaf of the dwarf-palm, our bed the thorny brush, the ground we make our pillow.

My white sandals are my steed, for my sons you may choose the arrows, for my sons-in-law the pointed dagger, for my brethren the broad shield, for my father the wide-wounding sword.

1 and Nakhlfu went forth, yesterday evening we went

¹The *Kahir* (*Prosopis spicigera*) gives out great heat in burning.

down to the valley, and in a village we saw a bard, a cunning man in singing songs. We tarried awhile in the assembly and heard the bard sing a new song containing a taunt from Bivaragh.

Bivaragh ! Thy wits are in thy head, thou knowest that to flee is not for a Baloch. The blood of seven of mine is on thy head, and on the band of thy young brothers. The deaths of Summen and Doda are on thee, of Chandram and Kawari the bold, of Tota and sweet Murld, and of Rals the foremost in battle. Thou slewest them, and hadst thou no after-fear ?

I have not made war like a jackal, but like a tiger have I burst through my foes. I have no bay mare worth a thousand rupees, nor any swollen army, but I swear on my head that every night I will burst forth like a storm-cloud in the Rains, I will come forth to fight when your young men are all sleeping in their huts in the arms of their fair ones, and your priceless mares are ail tethered in their sheds.

Bivaragh! Thou dost not speak as one of understanding when thou sayest in the assembly, ' The death of Balach by God's will will come one day through a trick of mine.'

Bivaragh! How many jugglers, such even as thou art, has Nakhifo slain with his blade through God's help, how many have we devoured with the edge of the sword ?

XIX.

REHAN'S LAMENT FOR SALO.

Rehan cousin of Mir Chakur is said to have composed this lament on the death of Salo, whose lover he was. The text is taken from Mr. Mayer (p. 13). I have met with no other version.

Yesterday as I came along the highroad on my black mare, well trained for the chase, listening to the beat of her hoofs, forgetful of all the falseness of the world, as

I came back from a far country, I met with Sahak my beloved kinsman. I was sitting with my legs crossed and wearing my scarf, Jam Sahak with his red scarf in a knot. I broke my hunger with cardamoms, while my mare nibbled the tops of the *gorklta-grass* (*Elimurus hirsutus*). We gave and received the news, and first Jam Sahak gave his tidings to me and said, ' In the village where you once dwelt fair Salo has fallen under a deadly illness/ A pain fell on my flowing locks, and from my burning heart I made this prayer: 'Would that thou hadst not come, Jam Sahak my kinsman, would that thou hadst not come, and that I had not met thee, nor received these miserable tidings from thee. I make a vow of a black cow from my herd and a red-eared ram from my flock to the Great King, my knife and dagger and sword of Khorasan, my black mare with her harness sewn by mochis (leather-dressers), and to set free a slave from my hearth, if my fair love may be saved from the heavy inflicter of pain.'¹

I urged on my black mare with the whip, and as I came near the dwellings I sat down behind the house. Before long a cry of ah ! alas! arose, and they carried out my love at the back of the house, her black broidered hair spread out. They drew off the silver neckband from her neck, slender as a crane's, the polished round pearls from the tips of her ears, the golden ring from her finely-shaped nose, the rings from her slight fingers; and covering her with a fresh sheet they set forth, the mother weeping, the mother-in-law weeping, the brother weeping, the husband weeping, I too rained tears like the clouds in the rainy season, on my moustache and curly beard. Learn, all ye chosen youths, turban-wearing sons of the Great, do not grieve for this outward shape which we hold in our hands. I have seen this world passing away. The day before yesterday the lady of the village departed.

¹ i e from 'Axrail, the angel of death.

XX.

BIVARAGH AND THE KING OF QANDAHAR'S
DAUGHTER.

This **poem** is taken from Mr. Mayer's text (p. 8). Bivaragh son of Bahar, one of the principal actors in the struggle between Mir Chakur and Gwaharam, is the hero. He tells the tale in the first person, and relates how he abducted the daughter of the King of Qandahar, and brought her back to Sevi. Also how he joined Gwaharam instead of his own Chief Mir Chakur, and how he pacified the Turkish King who came to take revenge.

The King alluded to is probably Shah Beg son of Zu'n-nun Beg Arghun who ruled at Qandahar at this period, and was frequently at war with the Baloches. It is probable that Bivaragh's reason for taking refuge with Gwaharam rather than with Mir Chakur was that the Rinds were in alliance with the Turks, and unlikely therefore to give him any countenance in his escapade.

For Bivaragh's genealogy, see Table II., Appendix III., in my essay on 'The Baloch Race' (R.A.S. Monograph Series). In the ballads relating to the outbreak of the Rind and Lashari war he figures as the moderate man who endeavoured to restrain Mir Chakur's rage. See especially No. IV. Modern tradition holds that Blvaragh had a son named Gishkhaur by his marriage with the King of Qandahar's daughter, who is the ancestor of the Gishkhauri tribe.

Blvaragh son of Bahar sings: the lofty Rind sings: of his love he sings: how he brought in the princess he sings.

In Qandahar is a garden, an ancient place, the abode and dwelling of kings. Wandering through the crowded streets I came upon a way, and at a window I espied a fair lady. I let forth a complaint from my helpless heart. In Persian words the fair one called to me, 'Come quickly, with that form, bring your flashing sword and your trusty shield/ I went, trusting in God, with my royal steed. I repeated a text from the Quran (as a charm), a powerful word from God's revelation. Distressed and dark in soul I went, through desire of my love's golden necklace. Under the palace I tied up my mare, and I climbed the

walls, driving in iron pegs. I entered the private rooms, and with joyful heart I perceived my lady reclining on a golden couch. Seven nights and seven days I abode with my love. Then said to me the enchantress, the beauty and crown of her companions, 'Blvaragh, my prince of chieftains, my King bears great love for me, look that he does not secretly receive tidings of our doings, when he will leave neither of us two alive and well. If you have any manliness within your loin-string, it were well to carry me away to your own land.'

I understood my love's speech, and she left all her possessions and her golden couch. When we came to the foot of the palace wall I unloosed my mare thence, and seated my love on the black mare's shoulder. I turned my face back to the Bolan, and came to the walls of SevI fort.

Then said my fair enchantress :

'Blvaragh, my chief of chiefs, thou saidst to me: "I have mighty armies." How many are thy Rinds' swift mares? How many are thy Mir's bands of young warriors?'

Then I replied to my love:

¹Forty thousand men are Mir Chakur's warriors, thirty thousand draw the sword for Gwaharam.'

Then said my lady Granaz:

'Which is thy friend, and which thy foe?'

And I replied to my love:

'Chakur is my friend, Gwaharam my foe.'

Then said my lady Granaz:

'Let us go to Gwaharam the sword-wielder, for Chakur does not take his ease at his home.'

So we came to Gwaharam the sword-wielder, saying:

'Gwaraham! Prince of Chiefs! we have not halted till we reached you; the spoils of the King are with us. If you will keep me I will abide with you; if you will not keep me I will look for shelter elsewhere.'

Then said Gwaharam the sword-wielder:

'Come! you are welcome, Mir of the Baloches, with your love to stay in welfare and safety.'

He arose and showed us a place to dwell in, he cleared for us a palace in the Chiefs fort. He gave us a bedstead and spread out the rugs, cups of silver, platters of gold. From one side came trays of pulao, from one side came roast meat on spits, from one side came flagons of wine.

Neither did I eat of the food, nor my love. Most of it we threw away under the walls, and a little we left upon the dishes, and my lady Granaz said to me:

'Blvaragh! you have become a Lashari. What saying is this? You sit on a mat and are filled with wrath.'

I replied to my love:

'I will not eat, for the salt (of an enemy) is not good. That salt will one day become unlawful/

I called a shopkeeper from the town, and a Minmin (*i.e.* a Khoja, a Muhammadan shopkeeper) came at once.

'If you wish to eat I will bring you something/

'Bring some sweet scents that we may inhale them, bring garments that we may dress ourselves therewith.'

Seven or eight days I kept a tailor working, I became indebted in seven hundred pieces of silver.¹

Then Gwaharam the sword-wielder took counsel, and sent a messenger (telling him to speak) thus :

'Tell Chakur the Ruler that a Chiefs business is not to play nor to act like a boy. Blvaragh has brought down a great burden, he has the spoil of the King with him.'

The King's army passed out of the Bolan Pass, there was no room for the Amirs' tents. The sun rose with battlements of gold, and Mir Chakur's army set forth—Mir Chakur and Gwaharam took counsel together, and sent out the swift horsemen of the Rinds.

¹The coin alluded to is doubtless the dirhem of the Taimuri dynasties, weighing about 80 grains.

'Go forth; circle round the head of the army and return (bringing news).'

Bivaragh said :

'I myself will be your scout, be on the watch for three nights and days.'

I went forth trusting in God with my own royal steed. I came to the army, and fetched a compass about it, and tied up my mare close to the army. I repeated some powerful verses from the Qurans, some mighty secrets of the Almighty. I went on with my glittering blade, and came close up to the King's tent. I was seen by J ago Khan the Turk, and I drew my glittering blade from its sheath, and struck such a fearless blow that it passed through like lightning in a thunderstorm. The King (God) protected me, and made my way clear. I cut through the strong tent ropes, and went through carrying my head on my shoulders. I came and saw the King of the army lying on a Turkish bedstead. I took the Turk by the hand and roused him (saying):

'I am that Bivaragh who has been spoken of. It is I who have done this work of Shaitan. To forgive is the heritage of Kings. If thou dost not forgive me it is in thy own hands. That is thy sword, this is my neck.'

He called his trusty men for counsel, and for a little while they discussed the matter. Then the King presented me with a swift thundering steed, and clothed my body in red silk. The army struck its tents with stout ropes, and turned back by the Bolan Pass. I came to the fort of Sevl and told what had happened in the Rind assembly. No man was held to quarter through me, nor had the Rinds a heavy battle to fight, nor the Lashari to join in war. With joyful heart I stay with my love, and sport with her golden necklace.

XXI.

SOME FRAGMENTS OF BALLADS,

i. THE SERVILE TRIBES.

The following verses are often quoted to show the servile origin of certain tribes said to have been presented by Chakur to his sister Bhanari as a wedding gift. The first version (a) was taken down by me from the recitation of Baga Lashari; the second (b) was printed rather incorrectly by Leech sixty years ago. I have corrected the spelling in the text. The tribes mentioned in both versions are the Kirds or Kurds, now considered to be Brahois (but also forming a section of the Mazaris), the 'Gabols and Gadahls, always admitted to be servile tribes, the Talburs and the Marls, now an important Baloch tribe known to be of mixed origin. Leech's version gives also the Pachalos, of whom no mention is to be found elsewhere, and Baga's adds the Bozdars.

(a) The Kirds, Gabols and Gadahls, the Maris of Kahan and the Talburs, and the rotten-boned Bozdars all were Chakur's slaves. He presented them to Mai Bhanari on the day of head-washing (i.e. seven days after marriage), and Mai Bhanari set them free.

(b) The Kirds, Gabols, Gadahls, Pachalos, Talburs and lawless Maris all were slaves of Chakur. He presented them to Bhanari, but for God's sake she did not accept the gift.

2. How DODA BECAME A RIND.

For the story of Doda see *The Baloch JRace*, p. 39. This fragment is evidently part of a longer ballad which has not been recovered. The Doda Sumra, who is the hero of the Sindhi poem 'Dodo and Chanesar,' seems to be identical with the founder of the Dodals.¹

Yesterday thou earnest dripping from among the fisher-folk, the Medhs, burned on the thigh and bitten by the frost 5 thou earnest towards Mir Salhe's house, and **he** took **thee** **for** his esteemed son-in-law, and gave thee the fair

¹See Burton's *Sindh*, London, 1851, p. 125.

Madho to wife. Madho saw the excellencies of Doda, and for the woman's sake the man became a Baloch, who had been a Jatt, a Jaghdal, a nobody; he dwelt at Harand under the hills, and fate made him the chief of all.

3. THE WOMEN PRISONERS.

Frequent allusions are met with to the capture of the Lasharl women by the Turks. The Rinds, who were allied with the Turks, took charge of them, and by Chakur's orders protected and guarded them until they were restored to the Lasharls. On the first night a son of Blvaragh and the princess (see XX.) was on guard over them. He was praised for his conduct by the women, who said he had stood apart from them all night like a post of the house. From this Chakur gave him the name of house-post (Gishkaur), and he is the ancestor of the Gishkaur! tribe. The next night Muhammad Brahim was on guard, and insulted one of the women. Chakur was about to kill him, but the woman said, *Do not kill him, his clothes are dirty!' So he bore the nickname of 'Leghar,' or 'dirty/ ever after, and is said by their enemies to be the ancestor of the Leghari tribe. The following lines are evidently part of a longer ballad about the imprisonment of the women. It is alluded to in Sobha's poem {*infra* No. XXXIII. 1).

The Baloch women came in after the battle, and said one to the other, 'Our husbands have met us/ Jaro, Rehan and Hasan were there. They gave up their mares to the shamefaced women, and themselves trudged on foot to the throne of Shoran.

4. VERSES BY THE DODATS DISPARAGING OTHER TRIBES.

These satirical verses are intended to throw scorn on the generally admitted claim of the Dombkls to rank first among Baloch tribes; and on account of the similarity of name they are alleged to be relations of the Dombs or minstrel caste, who are not Baloches at all. The other tribes sneered at are the Kahirls (called here Shahs or faqirs, on account of their Levitical attributes), and the Mazaris (called here Shgrs or Tigers, as Mazar in Balochi means a tiger).

The Dombkls are younger brothers of the Dombs. The Dombs are the bucket and the Dombkls the well!

The Dombkls are the wool of a shorn sheep! The Shahs have lived on our alms for seven generations. The Tigers are the offspring of our braying asses I

XXII.

MURID AND HANI.

This poem is a romantic ballad relating to Mir Chakur and his companions, but is probably of later composition than the epic ballads of the Chakur cycle. The text is from Mr. Mayer (*aloch Classics*, p. 16), with some additions from a version given by Leech. The story is to the effect that Hani daughter of Mando, was betrothed to Murid son of Mubarak, but that Chakur induced Murid while intoxicated to surrender his betrothed to him. After her marriage to Chakur Murfd followed and began to intrigue with her. There was a disturbance at night among the horses, and Hani was sent out by Chakur to see what was the matter. A third time she went out in festive attire, and this led Chakur to suspect Murid. This leads up to the opening of the poem. Apparently Hani had explained the disturbance as the result of lightning.

Mr. Douie, in his edition of the Biluchinama, gives the following version of the story (not in Hetu Ram's Urdu edition). I have altered it slightly, as Mr. Douie did not know that Murid was a proper name, and took it to mean simply a 'murid' or follower of Chakur.

Murid and Chakur were both betrothed. They went out hunting and became very thirsty. Then Chakur said, 'Go to my betrothed and drink water with her, and I will go to yours.' Chakur came to Murid's betrothed, and Murid to Chakur's. She gave him water to drink and he became very sick. When Chakur went to the other woman (Murld's betrothed), she put straw into the cup and then gave him to drink, so that he was not sick. In the evening, when the people returned to their homes, both drank together, and Murid lost his senses from drunkenness. Then Chakur said, 'Give me thy bride,' and Murid replied, 'She is thine.' Then Chakur said, 'All the Rinds are witnesses that Murid has given me his bride; and he also

said, 'To-morrow I will celebrate my marriage.' When Chakur had been married Murid left that land, and his father searched over the whole country that he might behold him again. Chakur had then settled at Fatehpur, and Murid's father had searched over the whole country without finding him, and said:

Si sal hamodha gar khuthaun
Af gharoa dohithaun
Main sar syah-saren kirman jatha
Fatehpure khohi kilat
Suny bath sunya rawath
Nodhe mawarathl zare
Binge rawant ma bhana.

That is:

Thirty years have I wasted there carrying waterpots on my head, so that black-headed worms have attacked my head. May the hill-fort of Fatehpur be deserted, may it lie waste. May rain-clouds never bring it wealth, may dogs howl in its cattle pens!

And since then rain never falls in Fatehpur!

[The verses given above are evidently part of another poem on the same subject, and resemble the curse with which this poem concludes.]

COMMENCEMENT OF BALLAD.

The Rinds held an assembly below Mir Chakur's tent, and Mir Chakur said, 'How many times was there lightning last night?' No one gave any information. 'Sardar, there was neither cloud nor storm. How can there be lightning, after the storm is over, on a fine winter's night? * Then said Murid the Mad : * Let not my lord be angry, and I will tell thee the truth: If my manly body be not destroyed, I will give a true token. Last night it did lighten thrice. The third time it was but feeble, but twice it blazed out'

Then said Chakur the Amir: 'Well done! son of Mubarak, with thy unworthy stories about Chakur's moon-faced lady.'

Then Mubarak pulled off his shoe and hit Murid on the head, saying, 'Leave off, Murid, thy evil deeds and shameful works with Chakur's moon-faced lady. Chakur is not a man of bad reputation. At his call a thousand armed Rinds ride forth on sturdy horses.'

Then said Murid the Mad: 'Oh, my excellent father, he is but Chakur, and I am a shaikh. I too am not a man of bad reputation. He rides out with a thousand horsemen, and I with my own companions. It were well he had not seen my fair one, the pari; the palace-shaker, with bare head in her narrow hut, the maiden of towns and camps, Hani of the seamless garments. For she belongs to me, who am ready to answer for her, though I wander and am lost, and have but a Kuran with me. I am not in chains and fetters, nor are my hands confined in iron manacles. I flee at the disgrace of the blacksmith's touch. When the breath of the south wind blows I am, as it were, a madman. Bring no forge for me, no mulla with many documents. There is no plague among my cattle. I will not become either mulla or munshl, nor will I say many prayers. And, with hands joined and head bent, I swear that on account of that blow from Mubarak's shoe I will cut off my hair, and will at once depart and go to a far land. I will lay down my noble weapons, put off my rustling clothes from my body, and I give them to Mir Mando, Hani's royal father. Fair Hani will keep them white from the moisture of storms and clouds. My carpet I give to 'All, my cross-bow to Isa. And I leave my horses tied up, tethered inside my hut, I leave them to Mir Chakur. Myself I will go with a cubit of cloth for a waist cloth. I am a mendicant and beggar, and go with those men, the naked brotherhood; I will go as a pilgrim to salute the blessed shrine of the prophet. Thirty years will I pass thus, thirty years and

part of a year, and one day I will return and come to a camp of the Rinds.'

The Rinds had set up a mark below Mir Chakur's tent. 'Now let the faqir shoot arrows at the mark.' When he drew the bow the wood snapped.

The Rinds then guessed and perceived that it was Murid of the embroidered garments, the lord of the iron-bow: 'Bring Murid's bow-string.' They brought his iron-bow to him; he kissed it and laid it on his eyes; the unstrung bow he strung. With the first arrow he hit the mark, with the second arrow he hit the notch of the first. Then the Rinds knew him that he was certainly Murid of the embroidered clothes, the lord of the iron-bow. Then they placed Hani and sweet-scented Murid in a house. Murid, as mad as a mast camel, bit Hani on the cheek and her two soft lips.

Then said Murid the Mad: 'Hani, as long as I had need of thee there was no kindness in thy heart of stone, thou wast with thy lover, Mir Chakur. Now the powder is spilt from the pan; I am not in a fit state for thee. Do not separate me from my companions. From a seeing man do not make me blind.'

As soon as Murid had turned his back the Rind women began to lament, and Hani said to her companions: 'I will put my sari around my neck and go twenty paces after him. It may be I shall turn Murid back from the naked brotherhood, and if I do not succeed I will get a token from his hand.' Then Hani called after him. This was the answer of Murid: 'May Chakur the Amir be destroyed, may thy house be burnt with fire, may thieves carry off thy horses. (If I consent) may the token of my hand be destroyed, may my body be laden with the burden of sin/

PART II
LATER WAR BALLADS, AND OTHER
TRIBAL POEMS,

XXIII.

THIS poem is an epithalamium on the wedding of Mitha Khan III. son of Hamal Khan II., Tumandar of the Mazaris, from whom the present Chief is seventh in descent. (See No. XXIX.) The poem is attributed to two Balachani Mazari ladies ; Hani the mother and Rani the grandmother of the bridegroom.

The text is taken from Mr. Mayer (*Baloch Classics*, p. 20).

The Balachani ladies sing: Hani daughter of Mirdost and Rani daughter of Salar sing : they invoke blessings on Mitha and sing.

I accept the gifts which God bestows; may God bestow those gifts upon the distressed, may God give sons to the humble of heart, a fair companion to each of the princes; a swift steed to everyone good or bad!

May God magnify the sons of the fathers, may he make Mitha Khan as great as a King. He has manifestly acquired the knowledge of the Quran from learned men of sweet voices. May turbaned Phadhehan race his chestnut mare, let him gallop his steeds bounding like tigers, and delude the coquettish women. May Mitha put his feet into the brazen stirrups, drive in his feet and gird on his sword ; let fair Danyani (his sister) clap her hands, let her clap her hands at Mitha's wedding. For wedding-gifts there are red jackets and shawls, gold and pearl embroidered bodices,

a pair of kettle-drums¹ are a gift from Mitha's father's shadow.

A country in rent-free grant is a gift from his father's shadow; his father's shadow gives him horses and bridles, his father's shadow gives him a bow for his hand. To-day is like the pilgrimage to Mecca, a day of good fortune. To-day God's rainclouds have gathered, the storms have burst above the hills. May the pearly drops be shed, and Mitha's gilded weapons become wet, may the far-famed gun worth a thousand rupees be wet, and the boss-studded shield of Herat, and the sharp-cutting sword, whose *sirs* weigh *maunds*. The dagger and knife with silver hilts, the silken fringe over the filly's eyes, and the streamers of the turban hanging down his back!

Come, O Mitha, with heart-felt prayers; let not thy bitter enemies come, those who are mad from the pain inflicted by thee, to the wedding shouts of my lord's son. They will beat, Mir, upon the tightly-stretched drums, they will continue to beat sweetly all the time. May Mitha be secure of this lordly throne, a fortunate King supported by the Prophet's hand.

Bring hither Mithan's beloved friends, bring the servants who have received gifts of money, bring the minstrels of good name; let them carry bowls of oil and fuller's earth and let them lead this their brother to the flowing stream and wash his hair with a hundred blessings; let them bring him to the closed entrance of the tent; the white tent of that bed, that bed anointed with musk with its four legs of sandal wood, that pillow with embroidery of pearls. Under that bed is a glittering dish; under that dish the wine of the Khan. Drink off that wine and rub the spices over thee. The bride has been brought by her handmaidens, wearing a red sari with silken borders, her breast filled with strings of almonds.

I will speak a word of advice to the women of the village.

¹ Won in a battle from the Chandyas.

Know that my lord's son is of high rank. Weigh ye his head with its golden helmet, his breast covered with an overcoat embroidered in silk.

To-day the mother (of the bride) with joyful heart, like a fresh rose, will not remain a moment in the white tent. She will look upon her son-in-law in his embroidered garments, her moon-faced daughter in the doorway. At the wedding rejoicings for my lord's son the shepherds pour down from the mountains above shod with Herat sandals of sheepskin or of dwarf-palm leaves.¹ May it rain upon the Ghatlth and Tin streams, and may the Karabo come down in flood with the storms. The assembly will amount to more than twelve thousand, the mighty tribe of all the Mazaris, in reckoning by counting a hundred thousand axes.

O God, accept the words that I have uttered.

XXIV.

THE WAR OF THE MAZARTS AND THE JAMALIBRAHOIS.

This ballad relates to a fight which took place about a hundred years ago in the time of Sardar Bahram Khan, father of the late Nawab Sir Imam Bakhsh Khan Mazari. The text is taken from Leech's version revised. As this was taken down about 1840 the circumstances were then of recent occurrence. Although Leech obtained it at Kalat it must be the composition of a Mazari bard. Ghulam Muhammad Balachani thus relates the events (see my *Balochi Text-book*, Lahore, 1891, Part I I. p. 17, for the narrative in Balochi prose).

¹ When Bahram Khan was Chief, a band of Mazari horsemen with a troop of Khado Kird's men, drove off a herd of camels belonging to Gul Muhammad Brahol, without being pursued. Afterwards Gul Muhammad sent a Sayyid named Musan Shah as a deputation to Bahram Khan to demand the return of the herd. Bahram Khan con-

¹ Two kinds of sandals are mentioned, both worn by hillmen, the CHABO made of untanned sheepskin, and the SAWAS of the leaves of the dwarf-palm (*Chamaerops Ritchieana*) beaten to a fibre.

suited Drehan Kird and said that he would restore twenty-four female camels, but no more; and accordingly he sent him back with the twenty-four as a peace-offering. Gul Muhammad on hearing this was very angry, and said that he would make war on the Mazaris. He brought up a body of horsemen from Thainkot in Kachhi, and drove off a herd of Mazari camels from near Bhandowali, killing a man at the same time. He told the herdsman to give his salutation to Bahram Khan and Drehan, and to say, 'I am taking away your camels, and intend to take my pick of them whether you follow me or not.' The Mazaris, however, pursued and recovered the herd. Again, Gul Muhammad came with seven score horsemen (the ballad says two hundred), and drove off a herd of camels. Sixty Mazaris pursued and overtook him at Jatro-phusht. Both sides alighted and fought on foot. The Brahois were defeated, and Gul Muhammad and eighty of his men were killed, the Mazaris having only two men wounded and none killed.'

Let me call to mind the Pir of the fresh spring-tide, the Lord always true, the King, the Creator of men, the five pure ones, the four companions, Supporters of the Tiger's offspring (*i.e.* the Mazarls), of the unequalled Rustams. Sarangls, keen on revenge, support the Tiger's children ; in the shadow of Bahram Khan, the male tiger, his tribe dwells securely.

The Mazaris led forth a troop and Khado with his horsemen was with them. They saddled their swift mares in numbers, raiders of great fame. They went to the plain of Kachhi and drove off an innumerable herd of camels. They brought it to the Chief in his strength, and divided it by arrow-shafts.

Gul Muhammad Brahoi sent his horsemen as a deputation to the Mazarls, saying, 'Give me my herd of camels.' Drehan the Avenger replied, 'I will not give them during my life. Listen, Gul Muhammad, to my words, for foes, whether few or many, the Mazaris have broken and destroyed.' - Then said Gul Muhammad the steadfast, ¹Listen, Bahram Mazari, I will either carry off a herd of your camels in exchange, or the Mazarls shall carry off my head!'

The camel-herd brought the message; the alarm is sent out among the assembly of tigers. The Chief and Nawab in his castle in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, sounds the drum of rejoicing. He himself mounted in front with his tribe and brethren, with the might of an Arab Sultan. 'I will not leave my herd with my foes. Come forth, Oh Mazarls!' Hot .amalani rides in front, the Mir and Chiefs of rank. He girds on his precious weapons and saddles his Shlhan (tigress) mare. The highly-bred chestnut whinnied, harness and brazen stirrups and horseshoes clanked and sang. At his saddle-bow with merry heart the hero gripped his saddle, three-score Mazarls with him urged on their swift mares, the victorious Mir at their head. At the bank of the Jatro torrent the Mazarls overtook them; great is the fame of the Tiger's Sons. Bijar and Khan are mighty warriors, as bold as tigers and lions. Haji Han is one of a hundred hundreds, foremost among the fighting men, known in warfare among the best men. There was Jiwan on his fiery chestnut, Kadu the hammer of his enemies, sword of the fierce Durrani. The young hero said with his tongue, * Let my hand be first in the field, with Zafar Khan JalianI ruler of the regions of Kin, in company with the Tiger's offspring.'

And the Maghassis Siyal and Path were there; gallant swordsmen were they; and the Chandyas Gulzar and RazI took part with their swords at the time of the reckoning game (when the slain were counted ?).

There were sixty Mazarls in the battle and two hundred Jamall Brahols. They abandoned their swords, guns were discharged, and shields dashed against faces and jaws, and eighteen Phandaranis, Mirs of the Brahoid country, were slain; I know not their names that I should recite them. The Mazaris returned giving forth shouts and cries of victory; they shall be called the Pearls of the World. They have left their mark on the world, and shall have honour in the tuman. Death awaited thee, Faujali, thy

sword played thee false, and thou wast slain instantly. Haji Khan was the avenger with the fighter Bashkall and Husain Khan the brave.

The Chief was in the midst of the battle with the heroes Gulsher and Dildar. Jan Muhammad and Jiwan Khan, Gulmakh and Taju Jamalls fled, their enemies shouting behind them. The Jamalls will ever be a laughing-stock. Gul Muhammad and twenty-four men were slain. The Creator gives the victory and spreads its sweet savour over a whole lifetime.

Oh! assembly, repeat the Kalima.

XXV.

THE ATTACK ON TIBET LUND.

The subject of the following ballad is an attack made by a combination of the powerful Leghari and Gurchani upon the Lunds of Tibbi, a small but warlike tribe. Lashkar Khan the Chief was killed in this fight, and his brother Mazar Khan (grandfather of the late Sardar Mazar Khan, and great-grandfather of the present Chief) was wounded. The Khosas and Rinds alluded to in this ballad are not the large tribes bearing these names, but sections of the Tibbi Lunds. The Rind section, always disaffected, joined the hostile army. The Gurchanis were under Fateh Khan Jalabani, an ancestor of the present Tumandar, and the Legharis under Rahim Khan, who at that time had usurped the Tumandarship of that tribe. He belonged to a collateral branch, and was first cousin of Jamal Khan, great-grandfather of the late Nawab Muhammad Khan.

The ballad is probably the composition of a Dom' or professional minstrel. It is remarkable for the number of expressions borrowed from the Sindhi not found in ordinary modern Balochi nor in the older ballads.

The Guardian of the world is King. He keeps watch over all the four quarters ! To speak the truth is our custom ; falsehood is a blot upon honour.

The Lunds, the Gurchanis and the Legharis all own lands and running water, wealth and cattle, separate one

from the other. Avarice is the worst of evils ; a fiery steed that shrinks not from precipice nor torrent is in the end a protection to his owner. To speak truth is our custom ; falsehood is a blot upon honour.

To wield the sword with the hand is man's duty, but victory and advantage are in God's hands, who is ever the abode of fortune.

Lashkar Khan was Tibbi's embankment, a place of defence for fugitives. From Chakur is his descent and lineage, from the foundation of the Phuzh Rinds. He is as a bridge built over a river. The Lunds and Khosas gathered together Lashkar Khan's men like dust in the air. Their horsemen mounted rapidly, ever ready for battle, and Mazar Khan thus shouted, ' Let no one return from this fight to the cultivation of Harand.' Then they ascended the Soma stream ;—lofty is my song—and did not shrink from the Chachar Pass.

The fighting men of the Jalav-zais (*i.e.* the Jalabanis, the Chiefs clan among the Gurchanis), with Fateh Khan at their head, marched away from their tribal lands and camped close by, and a famous battle began. The enemies took counsel with Mahmud Khan at Choti and all the Leghari tribe. Seven tumans assembled to fight together, biting their beards in their mouths, and saying one to the other, ' Let us look upon these tigers of Tibbl.'

The followers of Lashkar Khan stood firm, true men were Hasil and Gaman, Bashku and furious Mazar, Said Khan on his fiery mare Kunar. Muhammad Rind then said (with Mirza, of name far-named): 'Come forth from the foot-hills to the fight. From henceforth it is shield to shield; I will keep my promise as Omar¹ did, I will either carry off their goods or cast my enemies from cliff-tops. My trust is in Lashkar Khan, who looks back to the Rinds of distant Kachhl. . . .'

Then spoke Lashkar Khan, his words flowing like milk :

¹ Cf. A similar allusion to Omar Nuhanl by Nodhbandagh in No. XIV.

* Muhammad, hold your bitter tongue. I will not leave my companions. I will protect them with all my strength. I will assemble my whole tribe from the hills to the rich lands of the plains (lit. Hindustan). I am making my preparations for war, have confidence in my word.'

Then issuing from the fort came the Lunds, thronging forth like a herd of cattle, urging on their swift chestnut mares, tearing up the ground as they went, playing with bridles, the Lunds with swords raised for the fight, with matchlocks, spears and bows.

On the other side came riding the Gurchanis and fierce Legharis. They tied up their mares, worth a thousand each, with golden harness and trappings, their Shihan, Lakh! and Bahri¹ mares all pawing the ground. On foot they fought with their chiefs, Ghulam Muhammad, raging like a lion, Rahim Khan the young warrior. Our furious warriors raised their swords on high, calling loudly for vengeance, and pointing out spots in the Soma torrent (where men had been slain), and saying, 'Keep firm in your honour, spread over the whole ground. Lashkar Khan will not come back hither with his weapons of seven kinds. One word of his is worth a hundred thousand oaths.'

Then they came opposite to one another. Well done! all the men of Gaj! In front are they, like elephants or male tigers, striking men to the heart (kidneys) with their spears like mighty warriors of old, seeking for death in the battle like their own Lashkar Khan.

Now was the market of shields, the judging and weighing of swords, buying and selling of heads, all of picked warriors, casting down and raising up of brands, and striking again and again with swords. On both sides was a deep contest, sons and brother's sons fought together. The heroes of the Lunds and Gurchanis came together as the water of a torrent comes against an embankment. There was a royal combat, men met their death with

¹ Names of celebrated breeds of horses.

empty sheaths. The Chacharis charged with the sword together with the Jistkani clan. There were Shahid Khan. Dadur and Dilshad with his grey Bajuri sword, who was foremost at sword-time; the Shaihakam and Hotwani clans rich in castles and lands, the Durkanis and the children of Lashar (*i.e.* the Lasharis), and a mighty host of Legharis led by Rahim Khan. Great bravery was shown by the Rinds for a short time, the Rinds famed for chestnut mares ; then the Rind Sardar retreated and fled from the field together with Mazar to his own fort! Honour to Mirza Shaihakam, hearty wielder of the sword, he carried off the wounds of the enemy, and drew in front of Lashkar Khan. The Lunds and Khosas were burning, scorching like moths in a flame. Lashkar carried the bell of the Lunds; whirling his sword with his hand, he was in front and fell fighting like a martyr with a hundred and six score warriors.

Let me count the swords of the Lunds. Fourteen of their enemies they slew, and wounded seven score in the face and arms, severing them with their swords. They were four hundred and fourscore and four, while on the other side were nigh two thousand. This was the reckoning of the swords as I have heard tell in the assembly. They gave up their lives in a lionlike fight, and were not ashamed before the face of their Pir, the tigers of Mount Dragal's snows!

God gave the victory, the almighty himself gave peace. The Lunds dwelt in safety with their possessions and their cattle. Everyone reaps what he has sown, nor has anyone a written contract for life. This is the song of the thirteenth century.

XXVI.

THE WAR OF THE GURCHANIS AND DRISHAKS
AGAINST THE MAZARIS ; BY SHAHYAR.

The author of this ballad was Shahyar, who, it is evident from internal evidence, was a Gurchani or a partizan of the Gurchani cause. The subject is a raid made by the Mazaris on the camels and cattle of the Gurchanis, which appears to have been repulsed by the latter, with the assistance of the Drishaks and Gophangs.

Nothing is known of this conflict except from the ballad.

The language is involved and incoherent, and its interpretation presents many difficulties.

The poet Shahyar sings this song with his tongue.

In the wars of God and his prophet, the Chosen one 'All tore out the livers of the unbelievers. 'All shouted his war-shout in the town of the Gabrs, and spread the Faith of Islam through the cities of the believers. God joined in the battle on that day!

Dalel Khan and Muhammad possess the hearts of lions, and Jinda Khan also faithfully obeys his chiefs orders. The Mazaris are subject to our Chief, and receive monthly maintenance in grain as a free gift. At that time Nur Khan was our Nawab, and the Mazaris were always praying with their tongues for his alms.

The King of both worlds was arbitrator in this strife He made¹ the Prophet resolver of the heart's doubts (?) You are the Giver of wisdom to all the ignorant, and lay your knife to the root of all doubts (?)

Mistagh and Tara, leaders of the army, put a spark to the tinder by giving this counsel, and the fierce Ahlawants drove off a herd of camels.² The horses were galled by their bits, and the camels started off; from above they come down to the level lands by the water-courses, swiftly

¹The meaning of this passage is not clear.

* Or, They drove off the herd of the fierce Ahlawants. In the present day there is no Ahlawani clan either among Mazaris or Gurchanis.

they arrived close to Jalalpur. Khan Muhammad and Jinda Akhwani, both on horseback, drove away twenty sheep. Behind came the footmen in pursuit, generous-hearted warriors. The brave fighters overtook them, and the Mazaris fired at them from below—bows, arrows and knives there were in multitudes. Muhammad Akhwani¹ received two bullets from our enemies' guns. The bows replied to the guns with many arrows.² Imam Lashkarani the poet met his appointed fate(?). The white-faced steeds carried off the generations of our enemies. Bones, spines and skulls of heroes were shattered in the fight; Gwaharam cut out the livers of our bitter foes!

Brahim Khan gave an order with his tongue : ' Slay the leaders, and scatter the adversaries !'

. Rakhya he stopped short with his sword : ' The mirror of your life has been turned to night.' Jiwan Khan there washed all his garments, with Sadik, Ghulam, Ther and Chirak Muhamdanis. Ghulam broke through the enemies' armour. Jindehan gave forth roars like a tiger. The swords of the Jamalanis seized on their foes; forget not Muhammad, taker of lives!

The lord Surehan gave his life to save the fugitives, together with Jinda Khan and Hura Mazaris. ' Do not slay them, O Muhammad, the camels have departed, do not drink the camels' milk, do not act thus; forty days have not passed since the Gurchanls began to graze their herds; the noble Rinds and Lunds and the stout Khosas. Let Kawalan and Lalla flee hence, let them depart far from the clash of war, let Phlzdar and Mistagh shut their eyes ; and you, Jamsher, Mistagh and Yar Khan, Jhinjaris; you, Band 'All, with your son and Karm Khan, Sunharis; let your swords go like sticks burnt with fire; you were broken, and the Mazaris were

¹ The words ' Kuri Kez bora' are unintelligible.

² I take ' Khumar' as a misreading for ' Khaman,' bow.

stopped. All the Drishaks and the Gophangs were present in the fight. It had been better for the Tiger's offspring (*i.e.* the Mazarls) had they met their death there.

XXVII.

A FIGHT BETWEEN MAZARFS AND GURCHANIS.

This ballad is evidently an appeal to the Mazarl Chief of the time, Hamal Khan (probably the second chief of that name), from the Gurchanls, to be content with his glory and plunder, and to make war on them no longer. The feud was probably a continuation of that dealt with in the preceding ballad, and the Mazaris seem to have been thoroughly successful under the leadership of the Tumandar Hamal Khan, and of Mangan leader of the Kird clan. The immediate cause appears to have been an appeal for protection made to Mir Hamal by the Lunds of TibbI who had suffered from GurchanI depredations. The period was probably about A.D. 1700.

This ballad is a much better one than No. 24. The language is clear and spirited, and it contains several poetical touches. The poet's name is not known.

Every morning I make my petition at God's gate.
His treasure is an hundredfold; a hundred times he
grants our requests. I remember too the Holy Pir, the
lofty-granting lord, and the pure and mighty 'All the Lion
and Guide. Be near me and keep me beneath thy golden
skirt, and bring me safely to the abiding place of rest.

Thou art life and protection of the pure-hearted in this
world, thou art their friend and close companion of their
heart, better than son or nephew or subject tribes. Thou
art a protector who wilt risk thy head for thy comrades.
May I drive my horses to drink at the streams of Paradise,
and enter into the assembly of Heaven ! By God's com-
mand may I be clear from every spot!

Sweet singing minstrel bring hither the guitar¹ of merry-

¹ The *dambiro*, here called the Shagh, from its being made of the wood of the Shagh-bush (*Grewia Vestita*).

makings. For a little while place your figure before me, and attend carefully to the words of the song I sing.

My chief, for his pleasure, entered on a new feud, my Khan and Lord remembered the blood of Jamal Khan. 'I will not abandon my own blood to strange men.'

Then angry men girt on their strong weapons; before daybreak they fetched a compass round the mouth of the TibbI Pass, for the full days had come for the destruction of the Khosas, and all saw the Mir openly in front of them.¹ Then the Lunds fled away and went as petitioners to Mir Hamal (saying to him): 'O Mir! countless troubles have fallen upon us/ How then did the Tiger's offspring act for their own honour, strong as mountains in taking vengeance for blood? They assembled at Kin and Rojhan and made all ready; quickly a great army advanced, taking swift scouts with them. Mangan rode in front on a suckling filly. Like a black-wind dust-storm springing from the hard-baked soil so the Tigers poured like a flood through the pleasant mouth of the pass. Their guide Dilwash Lashari, who was then heart and soul with them, cried angrily: 'I am the avenger, a Baloch cannot be put to shame before his own tribe, the ears are offenders if the world says so.'²

In the morning, having arrived at the boundary, they made an open attack, and showed themselves on the sweet-scented Sham and the slopes of famous Mount Marl. They were met there by a brave man, in appearance like an Amir of the mountains, Khan Muhammad with his sword, a leader of widespread tribes. The Khan called out with joyful heart to his enemies: 'I am a Chief of the hills, I am not a robber of other men's cattle. That

¹ i.e. the Gurchanis attacked the Lunds of TibbI (of whom the Khosas here mentioned are a section), and the Lunds went south to ask assistance from the Mazarls of Rojhan.

² The Lasharis being a branch of the GurchanI tribe, Dilwash was trying to justify himself for taking part against his own tribe. Apparently he had a private feud calling for vengeance.

man is my comrade who comes sword in hand, and lays his hand on my neck.'

Then Mangan charged him with a troop of a thousand slender mares; he marked the spot and struck him with his bare Egyptian blade. He cut through his steel helmet and turban, and felled the foe to the ground. At the first blow the leader of the tribe was slain. Then Jamsher and Basik met, armed with sword and sabre, two men equal one to the other, met as the eclipse meets the moon. Then Mangan running up quickly brought assistance, and these two men were slain, the ruby and the jeweller.

Khan Muhammad was slain with many men of good descent. Ditta the Nahar was killed there, and Baghul the Hot; the friends wielded their Egyptian swords with the might of 'All. Nine men were slain here; they swept up the cattle like stones, and with glad hearts the Mazaris returned to the head of the sweet-scented Sham. Some men who passed along the road brought a salutation from Mangan: 'Give my greetings to Bangui Gurchani, and say to my brothers, the heroes Kiya and Murad—Come by appointment to Son and talk with me there, and let us arrange for the two armies to meet at some place face to face. I will willingly let them go, I will seek no shelter behind battlements; we will close in front and rear like mad fighters. The youths of the hills have become lazy in the softness of the river valley' (Sindh= the Indus valley).

Thus they went on speaking with their pearl-shedding mouths, and at this time our Guardian Pir preserved us, since there may be an opportunity for fighting even after an oath to keep the peace has been taken on the Quran;¹ and this speaking was a boon (inheritance) for the Children of Gorish (i e. the Gurchanis).

¹This appears to be the meaning implied in the difficult and elliptical line No. 67.

Three or four young men stood firm with hearts like rock, but the King and Creator deprived them of strength and understanding, and put weapons into the hands of the cowards of the tribes. With tears streaming from their eyes they turned weeping back, and their company was broken up by the death of noble Khan Muhammad. Shame upon Mitha, Khudadad and Sabzil; but Pahren and Piran are worthy of praise in the assembly. Their tender mothers pray for them, and poets sing their glory.

Bard! when in your wanderings you stray in the direction of Sindh (*i.e.* the flat country along the banks of the Indus), take a greeting from me to Mangan Kird, and my homage to Hamal the Mir (and say): 'You are strong and mighty, may you never be in dread of any adversary; may the pure Sarwar Shah protect you from your enemies. A thousand blessings dwell upon you, warrior of Sindh. All wise men among the Baloches put their faith and hope in you; you are the trust of refugees, and bear the signs and clothing of Mir Hamza.¹

' Since that day when war fell out between you and us many youths have fallen, and many swift steeds. What is the profit to you and to Fath Khan, lover of war? Two thousand of our cattle you have taken, and sheep without number, but refrain from windy words about goats and sheep; for has not Gaman ridden his troop into your Sindh gardens? The Creator has guided our horses to the streets of your town, and the grazing ground of your camels is deserted. The red-clad Jatanis (wives of the Jats or camel-herds) utter loud lamentations at eventide. Where is now Mir Khan, foremost leader in your army? He was your guide, your scout, and guide with his whole heart.

¹ Uncle of the Prophet Muhammad, and traditional ancestor of the Baloches.

'O ruler of Sindh, I make my supplication to God that the Apostle and worthy Prophet may make peace between you and us. May there be peace between us, and may all men look upon their land again.'

XXVIII.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE JATOTS AND MAZARIS.

The Jatol tribe had settled at an early date on the banks of the Indus, and are now mainly found in the Muzafargarh District on the left bank of the river, while the Mazaris are lower down-stream on the right bank, with some territory also on the left side. Their early settlements near the river were marked by struggles with the earlier Baloch settlers in these parts, the Chandyas and Jatois. One of these fights on the river Indus forms the subject of the following ballad, which gives a vivid description of this combat on the water. The Indus is personified under the name of Khwaja Khidr, who is represented as an old man clothed in green. This river-saint is alluded to in lines 31 and 55.

Allah! Thou art the protector of hundreds of thousands by thy might. Thou givest maintenance to all thy worshippers. The cool rain-clouds gather over the ocean, and wander thundering over the land ; the grass becomes green, and the young corn shows itself.

Let us halt and remember our Pir, the Plr 'Alam Shah, and Wall Husain Shah. The Prophet 'All strung Bahram Khan's bow for him. Generous is Rindan Shah, and generous Mughal Khan. Karm Khan wore the attire of a Chief, silken garments and trappings on his mare's saddle. Many valiant men went across the river, four and forty wielders of the sword; with them as guides went Massu and Gul TasavanI, and Dathan was among them stubborn in fight, and Khota demanding an answer from his bitter foes; then Bavro Khan and Hasan the bold, Miro the fighter and Nur Han Saragani, Budhu and Juma springing up like the waves, Khan Jamal-

Han with fine streamers from his turban, Vagha and Ghulam as clever as jugglers. And three men were with them from the Short-foot Drishaks; I can reckon Gullan, Mubarak and Bijar. All these bold warriors went over the river, they swam across to the other bank; they hid themselves there in the enemies' country, and killed the enemy suddenly (as if they were firing off a gun). Massu and Haidar with eight or nine companions, and the two friends Nur Han and Dathan with them; these Mazaris untied a boat from the ferry, and let it float into the KhwajVs waves.¹ It rose on the waves, staggering like a drunken man, and floating on they came to their companions. ' Friends! gird on your weapons, quickly don your sword-belts and swords, buckle on your accoutrements and your quivers/ Our comrades all went together and made a sudden attack, and surprised and destroyed the grazing hamlet (*madd*) of Bhura Kan jar. They drove out the cattle and returned with joyful hearts, and drifted out into the current, strong and swift. Messengers ran to tell the bitter foe what had happened, and the Jatols gathered together to pursue them ; in front was Mehwal the fighter, but this day Mehwal was hunting a tiger. Remember in your hearts the day when Pir Bakhsh was slain 1

Mehwal the chief, wearing a silken vest, led three score men to their death; he fills the boat and urges it forwards. The fighting Mazaris had come floating, and had waited and stopped the way in the joy of their hearts, and like skilful huntsmen, laying their guns on rests, they showered down moulded bullets like rain. Round featherless arrows and four-feathered arrows were all mixed together, the Khwaja himself will remember that battle! Muluk Han put his confidence in the river; the reports of guns resounded in a royal fight, with the clash of swords God gave the victory. Everyone who overcomes is favoured

¹ That is *Khawja* Khidr, the river-saint of the Indus.

(by God) in the show of arms. The heroes on both sides engaged in a desperate struggle, they lashed the two boats together and let them drift, there was a hand-to-hand fight on both sides ; the raised swords swooped down like kites, it was the shock of bulls fighting, the rush of a flood against an embankment You melted away and slew many of your foes!

Datban thus spake with his mouth : ' Tie up the boats, O noble Gul.' He drew his Shirazi blade, splitter of enemies' livers ; he wrapped himself in the garments of his religious guide. There Mehwal was slain, the pearl of the other side, in revenge for Plr Bakhsh, foremost of the Zangalanis. When the sword struck him the twist of his silken turban was unloosed.

Nur Han Saragani with his Bajari sword, having raised the pole of the boat, fell upon the enemy, thrashing them as one thrashes out ears of corn with a flail. Darehan, sword in hand, thus spoke in wrath: 'To-day I will not leave the bitter enemy!' Bavroan and Hasan, sword wielding heroes, with uplifted blade stopped the enemy's warriors; swords were on every side like the flow of waters when storm-clouds are gathered. Dathan, ever brave in fight, was foremost everywhere when swords were flashing, under the protection of the mantle of Pir Jamal Shah. The Khan Jamal Khan, opposed to Ghulam Husain, stood like a post in a flood of swords, like the swift lightning was the green-flashing sword. Muhammad the Minstrel put up a prayer to the True One, he levelled and fired his gun; the Creator struck and overthrew his adversary.

As a hawk swoops so did Vagha with his blade, four blows he struck without giving the enemy an opening; the bitter foe was stupefied, the flood was their tomb and shroud !

Mahmud fights with his blade of fine water (jewel-like); the true Prophet gave him the victory. Budhu and Juma

were workers with the sword ; they showered on them arrows and darts from their quivers. With the raging-Tigers (Mazaris) were the Bhimbhiranis, they beat the bitter foe into warp and woof! Muhammad son of Mahmud had a fiery heart in his body. Shahmir Zlmakanl, fighting with his sword, caught on his shield four blows dealt by the bitter enemy.

Come, O Lalu Minstrel, singer of songs, bring forth your beautiful songs of heroes, new tales of the Tiger's offspring!

Mehwal's harvest was gathered together in one place, four and forty men were destroyed by us, the swollen Sawan¹ flood we made as red as blood, multitudes of crocodiles tore them limb from limb. Karman Khan sprang on his horse like a storm-cloud. ' Ride with your band, carry the news of the victory. Tell it to Shakul Khan Gurchanl, at whose door lies the death of Musa son of Mughal. Listen, Gurchanls, for the shame of your oath on the Quran ; take up the Quran and bring it to the battle! Write and ask the Brahois how Gul Muhammad with four-and-twenty braves came and fell into the hole of the upper millstone, and were ground to powder, by the Male-tigers of Sindh! They fled from the fight and left their comrades to perish among the bare hills of Jatro.'²

XXIX.

THE LAY OF MTR HAMAL MAZARL

The legend on which this ballad is founded is to the effect that in the time of Mir Hamal II., Chief of the Mazarls, during a war with the Bugtis, five Mazarls were surprised and killed while gambling with knuckle-bones. The Chief thereupon prohibited

¹Sftwan (July, August), is the month when the floods of the Indus are highest.

²his is an allusion to the events dealt with in No. XXII.

gambling in his tribe. One day he caught his son Mitha gambling with others in an enclosure. Hamal shut the door, whereupon Mitha leapt over the wall. Hamal let fly an arrow from his bow, and transfixed his son through the leg as he was leaping the wall. This event led to the abandonment of gambling among the Mazaris, and even now it is less prevalent among them than among other Baloches. The story of Dilmalikh (No. XV.) contains allusions to the prevalence of gambling with knuckle-bones, as does that of Nodhbandagh (No. XIV).

Hamal the Mir made a prohibition. If any one shall take out the ankle-bone of a sheep from the patar (i.e. a hole dug in the ground over which meat is roasted), and if any wayfarer shall see it, he will know that they are Rinds, descendants of Tigers (i.e. Mazaris). This order is the doing of Mir Hamal, he has stopped the tribe from this evil occupation, he has held back brother from racing against brother, and all evildoers from gambling with animals.

These men are filled with vain fancies like huntsmen, nor do they stand up with the mighty men.

With you the country is illuminated with rain-clouds, the beasts of pasture have their bellies filled, they may be seen standing there. Whenever old age comes upon an evildoer he will himself take out the heart of the wicked person, and if he does not take it all others will be held guiltless.¹ All gamblers shall be driven from the assembly, and oaths regarding women will not be binding where they are concerned (i.e. they would not be entitled to any compensation in matters regarding women).

XXX.

A LAY OF THE KHOSAS.

This ballad is evidently fragmentary. It was taken down about 1877 from the dictation of Sikandar Khan, at that time acting as

¹ The meaning of these lines is doubtful.

chief of the Khosa tribe during the minority of his cousin Sardar Sahadur Khan, the present Tumandar.

It is not now possible to trace the events to which the poem relates.

Thanks be rendered to God the Merciful, who himself is King without equal. Many are thy attributes and qualities. Keep thou me in thy guardianship during this false thirteenth century. The modest men have departed, they have left this deceitful world. Haidar was the generous lord, prince and ruler of the mountains, greater even than Mir Chakur, helper of all the Baloches. The sword of 'All was girt about his waist. A liberal Chief was Haidar who made war against the army of Yazid, he went into the field of battle and fought amid the clash of swords, for thus was the will of God, and fell a martyr on the plain.

Among the Khosa warriors Nuran and Bakhu are heroes, with Karm and the bold Ahmad, Their abode is with the Holy Prophet, and till Doomsday their glory will stand fast

The other cursed cowards fled, and abandoned their friends and companions. They shall sit with shame in the assembly, and feed on carrion and unlawful meats, because they remained alive after their leader was slain.

Minstrel! When you go wandering through the land take my message and bear it to the Amir Murid and say to him, 'Thou art the mighty son of Sarang, cunning art thou and wise; thou shouldst be ashamed to recite a poem. Let that man recite poems who is himself a fighter in the foremost ranks, who throws himself into danger before his chief, and wields his sword with both his hands, either to slay or to be slain, or to lie groaning for six months until the physician has healed his wounds,'

XXXI.

A SONG OF THE WAR OF THE BIJARANI MARIS
AGAINST THE MUSAKHEL.

This ballad commemorates a Mari raid against the Musa Khel Pathans, headed by Karm Khan, Bijarani, a well-known raider, whom I knew as an old man in 1880. The Lunis, another Pathan tribe, were associated with the Musa-Khel, and the Masori Bugtis seem to have been allied with the Maris. Such raids were of frequent occurrence, and the Luni tribe was by them almost exterminated. It is evident that on this occasion some of the Maris behaved badly, and that the raid was not altogether successful. The language is occasionally obscure.

I first invoke the name of Allah, that I may sing a worthy song, chant with a lofty voice, and give due praise to my chief.

Thou givest protection to all, and even though thou give it not we will put our trust in our Pir, and follow after the commandments of Shah 'All, to whom all good men pray.

God's will is one; the Marls are stronger than any other men. Karm Khan is fierce and untiring, he rains blows on his enemies, and brings them down at one shot, like a wild sheep.¹ Thy enemies have been cast down, God has put them under thee, the Sham and Phailawagh and Kahan.² He has laid open before thee; the heroes have been wont to come down the narrow Gaz Pass, striking the ranks of the struggling foe, and in haste they brought back with them the bay mares with embroidered trappings, and harness of broadcloth and Russian leather.³ Mian Khan said to his friends, " Maris! put on your

¹ *Gwarakh* (lit. a iamb) here seems to be used for the young of the *Gurandj* or wild sheep (*wis cycloceros*).

*The Sham and Phailawagh are open plains which long formed a subject of contention between the Marl, Bugtl and Gurchanl tribes. Kahan is the headquarters of the Marl Tribe.

³ Lit. Bulgarian, referring to the original seat of the Bulghar or Bulgarians, on the lower Volga, whence the scented leather was brought.

weapons, your glittering swords and scimetars. Karm Khan has sent letters by swift messengers to the assembled tribesmen, scouts bearing the war-cry have gone forth. They have gone up by Kwat and Mundahl, and passed beneath Laro-Luk; the noise of the army is heard from Gaza to Dulla under the mountain of Bambor. From the Luk¹ the foray begins, bring no boys nor babes with you; fighting men for the battle-smoke!' With us are the Mawranls from the dusty Bejl gorge. The assembly was in the valley of Bor.² Thousands and hundreds of thousands by reckoning they came with their bay mares, and fixed the Nar Han as their try sting place. The young men gathered like storm-clouds, they came to us riding hard, and then the scouts came in. Muhammad Khan stops us and gives the news to the foremost riders.⁸ 'The country is filled with evildoers, the Pathans are at Ugarl.' Then said Karm Khan to that bold horseman, 'Let the headship of the tribe break to pieces and depart! It does not belong to a woolly sheep! Let Dadali the Scout lead, and the Masoris with Akhtyar Khan and all your noble warriors! Let the Jarwar heroes come, may God bring Mir Muhammad, and may the Turks speak of it in Kandahar.'⁴

When the time comes for the Maris to come back we will not all return from the Sham. Let not the Lunis come to Makhmar, we will not all return from the Sham !'⁵

¹A Luk is a flat boulder-covered plateau, a common formation among the lower Sulaiman Mountains. The Luk here alluded to is the Laro-Luk mentioned above.

²Near Phailawagh. Hence the course would be up the Kaha river and by Vitakri to the Makhmar Sham. Thence through the KhetrSn Country to the Han Pass.

•The news must first be given to the leaders, who always ride in front.

Karm Khan is speaking sarcastically of the Chief of his own tribe the Maris. The Jarwars are a sept of Ghazani Maris.

⁵The word *Sham*, or Watershed, here alludes to the Makhmar Sham, not the Sham mentioned above.

'The mares were affected by the merriment when we camped at nightfall, their whinnying was like laughter, the ground shakes as if thunder-smitten, the laughter of the footmen is the lightning, it gave forth a pleasant sound to the enemy following on our tracks; the laughter of the footmen resounded in the direction of Sher Muhammad and Surkhl, so that the leaders of the Turks speak of it. All our friends were there, some gambling, some doing other evil deeds. Our time is at the next opportunity; let us fight at the first watch, as soon as things are visible, or in this close atmosphere all our men will become worthless !'

They raided the sheep and started off, and came to the mouth of that torrent where they had to fight a second time. Day makes the host clearly visible, and the shouts of the Musakhel are heard behind, 'Marls! if you do not let our sheep go, their revenge is the business of their owners; then let our sheep go!' Curses on Omar Bor, let him not come to wild Bambor! To-day it is my task to sweep him out, and to cast scorn on him.

Again hast thou fallen into disgrace in that thou didst not fight for the earrings of thy lady-love!

Then swore Karm Khan, 'All the men have become cowards; the Marls are all scattered; Jalab is at his village, the Musakhel have portioned them out among them.' But the clouds rained at last; Babul Khan¹ remembered Lakhi and struck the walls with his staff to heat your oven!² The Maris were victorious in the battle, their leaders were heroes in the fight; their fame is waxen great, but the reckoning of the cowards is yet to come; the horse-grooms tell of it, the beggars, the minstrels and the bards. They had neither life nor

¹ Babul Khan was chief of the Khetran Tribe, who appear on this occasion to have helped the Marls against the Musakhel pursuers.

² The meaning of this passage is very doubtful.

boldness. The cowards held back their horses and crept along like snakes: when the enemy's army was broken and put to flight their faces were turned backwards. The glory of the Marls was turned to darkness, and the rumour thereof will spread even to Kandahar!

XXXII.

The two following poems were taken down by me in 1876 from Drlshak and Shambani bards. They relate to a war between the Drlshaks of the plains and the Bugtis (or Zarkams) of the Sulaiman Hills. The first (1) is by Harm a Saidiani Shambani (the Shambanis being a sub-tribe attached to the Bugtis), and is addressed to Jinda K M n Drlshak, a leading man of the time (about A.D. 1800), though not chief of the tribe. Fatuhal alluded to in 1. 37 was the Drlshak Chief: Kechi was brother of Mlrza, great-grandfather of Kechi Khan, the present Shambani Chief, and Ahmad Khan was brother of Bivaragh Khan, great-grandfather of Nawab Sir Shahbaz Khan, the present Bugti Chief.

The second poem (2) is a reply given on behalf of the Drlshaks by Kabul a Dombki, who replies not only to Harin's poem, but to another by Haddeh, which is not forthcoming. The death of Daim, Tara and Muhibb Drlshaks is alluded to by both bards. Muhibb was Jinda's brother, and it is his death that is alluded to by the Shambani bard in the conclusion of (1).

The language of both ballads is sometimes obscure, and unfamiliar SindhI words are used to excess. Harin's poem is tedious, and part of it is little more than a catalogue of names of warriors with conventional terms in praise of their valour.

I.

Harm son of Shahzad sings: the sweet-voiced Saidiani sings : of the combat of Drlshaks and Zarkanls he sings: of the day of slaying Muhibb, Daim and Tara he sings: the victory of Kechi and Ahmad Khan he sings: the victory of Mir Dost and Bivaragh he sings.

Let me sit and return thanks to the companionless Guardian of the Earth, to me at the five times of prayer

comes help from Multan Mai the generous giver.¹ He casts our foes, of wealthy assemblies, into the salt sea. Suddenly, through God's might, the tumult of battle begins, and we meet the Drishaks with splitting and breaking of swords. When Sobha the liberal was slain we did not forget the blood-vengeance, our iron bows were strung, there was measuring out of heaps of corn (*i.e.* the dead lay in heaps like corn in a threshing-floor). Jihanpur was left empty, with blackened face (*i.e.* in disgrace), and Jinda's might was broken. Our leader Suhrav, when dying in the fight, said, 'Friends do not forget me.' Suhrav! thou wast a master of the sword in battle, a reckless man at sword-time! And Karm 'All's blood we will not let go. Be present in our midst and guard us! Drehan's blood does not leave us, it comes back mightily after years and days. A multitude of other Baloches will come to the fight, each one calling for his own revenge. Was not Gamu JistkanI slain, that purse of gold unloosed? The men of the mountains are lords of this blood, and they have prepared for the battle; Jallu, sword in hand, is our leader, the champion of the Jistkanis.

As tigers spring forth, so do the Zarkanis of noble blood.² There are Sharbat and Jallu and Yara, and a hundred men all brethren, uttering roars like tigers, there is Omar with his mighty bow, and furious Wall Dad with him; their mares and fillies are saddled, they have girt on their arms and weapons, and are watching the bitter foe. Fatuhal is chief of all, he bears the marks of a great leader.

The herd of camels went forth from the narrow streets

¹ The use of Hindu terms should here be noted as of rare occurrence among Mubammadans. The term Dhartpal or Guardian of the Earth is purely Hindu, while the equally Hindu Multan Mai denotes the saint Pir Shamsu'd-din, whose shrine is at Multan.

² Khasg-potravan, *lit.* grandchildren of someone. Cf. the Spanish *hidalgo* for *hijo d'algo*, son of someone.

of the walled town, and the owners of the camels came back saying, 'the females will not leave their young ones.'¹ Karzl is steadfast in pursuit, he comes galloping like a wild ass to the green Phitokh Pass,² and there he spoke with his enemies. With a sound like the roar of a tigress Shah-Bashk, the warrior with his gun, and with his Syrian sword, laid low a swift-saddled mare. Then Mir Ahmadan and the valiant Kechi of the sword took counsel together, and generous Mir Dost and Bivaragh, amirs in rank, protected by the royal Prophet and by the prayers of Pirs and Murshids. They sent forth scouts from the houses, and from the tents supported by four spears, the hero-leader Karlmdad, Hablb the Champion, Hudha-dad MondaranI who cares not for the foe, and the forty (Abdals) support them through the strength of the Holy One, Last of the Age. Sobha wins victory³ through the Imam, he ranks as an amir. Pir Sohri⁴ goes in front with our Khan's mighty armies. Our champion Ahmad Han rides through Sindh plundering towns and villages and a thousand; Bada and Chutta were devoured, it is said, by Suhrev. They missed their way and returned on their tracks, the sheep went off with the goats.

Here the valiant Drishaks took counsel among themselves, and Tar Khan let out an oath: 'I will not thus leave the enemy. Do you forget Gangal and Zaunkhan, the eager warriors of the Drishaks? They have left their beds and bedsteads, their fair ladies and red couches.' And Rindo said in manly wise: 'I will not thus leave

¹ Apparently the Drishaks had killed the young camels.

² The Phitokh Pass is the principal one leading from the open country of the Drishaks to the hills of the Bugtls. Wild asses were, till recently, plentiful in this neighbourhood, hence the comparison with a wild ass comes in naturally.

³ There is a play on words here, as *sobh* means *victory*.

⁴ Pir Sohri is the principal saint of the Bughtl country. See *Balochi Folk-lore*, p. 262. (*Folk-lore*, 1902.)

the enemy, our foes who came from Marav.' Learn the language of swords ; flight does not soar high. Here are Bashkali and Sabzil Han, and brave Kaura and Fatuhal, warriors among the first; on that side are sixty brave men, on this side untold hundreds; bold Chata and Nihal Han foremost with the bow, Hamal who will never take to flight, as Baloches reckon, when the green-flashing blades sever the skulls of heroes. Jla and Sadhu are tigers, leaders, lords of the sword; when clouds are gathered on the other side, when there is the clashing of sword-blades, where the fight is thickest,¹ Aliyar is in front.

At the flashing of helmets and armour glad is the shout of Dalu, Kala is valiant with his sabre by the help(?) of Shah 'All. In the fight for Shahro's blood the saddles were covered with bloody caparisons! Chohil and Kalandar are ravening tigers of the Phongs.²

Never will the flight go far of sweet-singing Shahyar, of Lai Han the gallant fighter, when sword-blows are exchanged. Shambo with his black Thai mare shakes his saddle with his eagerness. The jewel-like son of Balochan, the valiant champion; in the thick of the fight he stood like a post in the front rank. Listen to a hundred thousand praises of the death of the fair Kalphur.³ It is lawful for Bahazur Han to bind a turban on his brow, a fair medicine it is lawful to bind on his head. Hear it! Tagya and Bashkali, together with Manka's help, brought death upon Shahbaz; night cut him off from their companionship; on his chestnut steed he (Manka) is the devourer of armies; let him be at the army's head. Ala Bashk weighs his chestnut mare against the heavy squadrons of the army. Nihal Han is the chief sword-wielder among the Masons.³ Shah 'All be his

¹A doubtful passage.

²A Bugti clan, also called Mondrani.

³The Kalphurs are a clan of Bugtis, the Masoris another.

guardian, God keep him under his protection. Pahar and Gulsher are true, fine, lion-men. Among the Kalphurs is 'All Sher the hero, the Almighty gave him the victory with Shahbaz, the foremost of men bearing spears, young Jam and Phurthos and Bakri champions, far-famed Hauran and Bodho, well known at the army's head. Kasim and Bira are fighters with sword and cutting blade; Dhamal, Hassu and Batil are guides at the head of the army, they have devoured the land of the enemy and ridden to the banks of the Indus. Lofty is the name of Ahmadan, who came and conquered ; Nindan, Jinda and Hayat-Han are good men, each equal to the others. KechI struck Shahrān a blow, and hit him in the mouth. No more will he embank his fields above Fatehpur, nor graze his cattle up to Jhalai, and to the head of the Chedhgi Pass.¹

A new desire seizes upon my heart like the flood of the ocean! Listen, O sorrowing Jinda to this story of Harm! He will not come back to you when a short time of waiting has passed. Sit and offer up thanks for the making and marring of the Lord! Drink your strong wine as you sit alone at eventide, for your heart's darling will never return to his prince, O Jinda Khan Drlshak!

2.

Kabul son of Gullan sings : the sweet-voiced Dombki sings: in reply to Harm and Haddeh he sings: of the day of riding to Syahaf he sings : the slaughter of four-and-twenty men he sings: of the day of many camels he sings. He sits and sings the victory of Jinda son of Hayat Han.

I raise my voice to sing the protection of God, the Guardian without companions, the King on his throne,

¹ Fatehpur is a town belonging to the Drlshaks. The Chedhgl is a pass leading into the Bugtl country near by.

the merciful-hearted and mighty, Lord of Jinns, Bhuts, the angels of the land, and all things that live and move.

The root is one, the branches are many, every man is a fruit of the tree. He pardons all believers, the holy apostle and prophet of the faith.

If thou recite the five prayers and keep the thirty days' fast, there among the lordly stars the Maker will be pleased with thee. In gladness shalt thou dwell with the martyrs if thou art a man of prayer; thou shalt be a shell in the ocean of pearls if thou art generous and brave; the hurls of Paradise are thy portion if thou attain to martyrdom; if thou art a believer, a sunni, a worshipper, if thou art a warrior at the door of the Faith, then art thou the Gate and defence of Kabul, Kashmir and Qandahar, thou art the noble King of Justice in the Purab and Dehli and the Dakhkhān! With Hayat Khan's glittering blade thou, O King, art keeper and protector, generous-handed, sea of pearls, lion of the army and the horsemen.

The high-bred horses of the Golden Drishaks are caparisoned with embroidered broadcloth. Their shields and their well-wrought garments, their knives and daggers are studded with gems, their quivers are like kites and hawks, numerous are their mounted bands; sword in hand on their newly-broken fillies they meet their enemies face and mouth, the foes, wealthy in darbar, will bend before them as stalks of millet. Thou art the Master of wealth, and givest help to the Sultan, thou Nindo with thy Egyptian blade art champion and wielder of the sword. The five pure ones¹ are protectors of well-descended heroes. The lion incarnate with roars rushes to spring, as tigers spring on cattle, and as the ripened ears are rubbed in the mud.

Ahmad, with your numerous mounted bands you have worn down the mountains with their horse-shoes.

¹ The five pure ones are Muhammad, 'AH, Hasan, Husain and Fatima.

You talk too much of Jinda and his strong drinks; he rode through Syahaf, the throne of the Children of Zarkan,¹ and slew four-and-twenty men of the Kalphurs and Rahejas.² Your boasting was like that of women, but in the end you were scattered. You swept up the tracks of the camels in the defiles and precipices, you were lost in the haze of the dust-cloud raised by the horses; you fell into the Chankan Defile, and then you said: ⁴ 'They are not here.' You fled from our battle and followed the track leading to Kahan, you searched the merchants' account books, but you did not find the reckoning. We remember the slaughter of Tangal, where most of the Drlshaks were slain, now the reckoning between us has begun, you can count up the balance due!

Listen, O Harm of the Songs, do not speak falsely, for thou art a poet. Lying is a blot upon honour; thou hast taken leave of thy wits, thou hast fallen into the wisdom of the Brahois, though thou ridest ahead as a scout. The Drlshaks have brought up their horsemen, and thou hast become helpless. Mihan and Sanjar were left dead, while thou livest in disgrace; Hamal with his Egyptian blade gave thee excellent counsel!

Sweet-singing cunning minstrel, bear my speech word by word, and repeat it with my greetings to Haddeh of the beautiful tales, and thus say to him: Too much thou singest the praises of men and horses, the blows of Kaura. Bugti thou givest to the Rinds, and assignest fame and glory to Hajl Kalphur; but the Rinds dwell in Phedl, near the capital of Shoran, up to the limits of the Dombkl tribe. Thou are not wise nor skilful, O sweet singer; see and reflect, all thy arrows miss their mark. Daim and Tara, and Muhibb thou makest even with Suhrev! Thou thinkest leather boots and brazen stirrups no better

¹syahaf, the capital of the Bugti Tribe.

² Bugti clans. The Kaheja clan is the phagh-logh (abode of the turban), *it.* the clan to which the Tumandar belongs.

than palm-leaf sandals,¹ and how canst thou weigh gold mohurs and ashrafis against plain silver? What shall I say to the poet? Thou now showest thy greed; at the profit of 'Alisher Lashari thou wast filled with envy and malice. I have given thee a stone in thy mouth, and I will so butcher thee as thou dost a sheep. The Bugtis of the mountains are mad, they live in dread of the sword! Thou askest, Haddeh, about Lai Han and Phadehan. They are with me. They came to the mat of the Pir and Murshid Wall Han, but the golden Drishaks gave *muhnt*² and sent them back again. When Jallu's band went forth thou earnest here with it, this band showed its greed, and thou hadst a share in its devilish deeds. When the camels of Mer Jatani, grazing from the fort, were raided, thou wast there, and also when Daim, Tara and Muhibb were slain at Muhammadpur at day-break. Too much evil hast thou done in thy wrath, thou are like a moth in the flame. Sixteen valiant fighters have proved equal to seven hundred, and fifty more wounded in their bodies and arms, in the face and the mouth, gave up their lives for their chief, and now dwell in the assembly of heaven, and are reckoned among the martyrs. I now, as is my duty, repeat the Kalimah.

XXXIII.

THE WAR OF THE KHOSAS AND LEGHARIS, FOUR
POEMS BY SOBHA AND GAHL.

I first took down these poems in the years 1876-77, and published the text with a translation in *the J.A.S.B.* (Extra Number, Part I., for 1880). In the present text I have made several corrections, and a few alterations taken from parts of the poems recited by Baga Lashari in

¹ The *Sawds* are rude sandals made out of the leaf of the dwarf *Chamaerops* palm or *phish*, and are worn by hill-men.

² *Muhnt* is a share of stolen property restored by raiders to the owner as a peace-offering.

1893, and I have carefully revised the translation and corrected errors, but the alterations are neither numerous nor important.

This is one of the latest specimens of the controversy between rival poets of contending tribes, of which earlier examples may be found in this volume in numbers XL, XVII. and XVIII. Number XXX. may be contemporary or even later in date, but the style of the compositions of Gahl and Sobha is superior, and the poems are in spirit much closer to the earlier ballads than are most of the modern war-songs. The bards are not sparing of personal invective. Sobha taunts Gahl with being a member of an impoverished mountain clan, a cutter of phish-leaves on the hill-sides, while Gahl retorts with allusions to Sobha's age and infirmities. Both bards claim ancient descent for their own clans, and deny it to their adversary, and incidentally they bring in an interesting recital of the old legends of the Baloch wanderings and settlements, which may be compared with the accounts in I. and VIII.

The dispute between the Khosa and Leghari tribes, which forms the subject of the controversy, took place when Jawanak Khan (from whom Sardar Bahadur Khan, the present Tumandar, is fifth in descent) was Chief of the Khosas. The Leghari Chief was Baloch Khan (from whom Sardar Jamal Khan, the present young Chief, is sixth in descent). Doda Khan was head of the Kalo! Clan of Legharis, to which the poet Gahl belonged, and the taunts as to impure descent hurled at him must be taken to apply not to the whole Leghari Tribe, but to their mountain branches, the Haddianrs and Kalois, who are akin to the Bozdars, and are generally reputed to be of mixed blood. The Jar war clan of Khosas, to which Sobha belonged, occupies the country adjoining that of the Kalois and Haddianls. Boundary disputes in the valley of the Vador stream have occurred within the past few years, but in Jawanak Khan's time, about the middle of the eighteenth century, the Khosa claims evidently extended further than they have since done, even including the Mithawan stream and the valley of Kharr (close to the modern hill-station of Fort Munro, on the slope of the mountain formerly known as Anarl-Mol), which have long been in the undisputed possession of the Legharis. Both poets address their song to the bard Relan, enjoining him to learn it and repeat it to the adversary.

The first poem here given is evidently the answer to a preceding one of Gahi's which has been lost. It is said that the complete series consisted of seven poems, but I could never succeed in recovering the missing three.

1.

Sobha son of Thegh 'Ali sings: the Jarwar Baloch sings: the fight of the Khosas and Kalois he sings: of the Leghari refugees somewhat he sings.

Sweet-singing Relan, take with thee thy guitar of rejoicings and give my salutation to Gahi the poet, and say, ' Sit down and make clean your tongue from falsehoods/ How can you weigh a single *seer* against *manns* ? You name the forts of Bhuchari and Dalan, but you are piling nine-maund weights on yourself. In the face of Jawanak's armies you will one day fall, beneath that elephant's foot you will be crushed, beneath its blow you will pass away from the Vale of Kharr. Make peace with us that your land may be left to you, and then you will be under the protection of our swords. If you are troubled in your mind make your land a lawful possession,¹ for when swords are biting you will be in an uneasy place, when on this side and that armies stand face to face, and fierce men are satisfying their sword's hearts with slaughter, when the shout of Jawanak's hosts falls upon your ears, and the dust of the horsemen arises on every side, so that the moisture of your children's mouths dries up, and the lightning-like horses come galloping to their stalls at eventide.

² Come now, at what place did you go forth from the Lasharls? You were missing on the day of the fight with Zunu's horsemen. Did you reap a harvest of Mir Chakur's army? Did you pursue the Rind chargers from

¹The suggestion is that the Kalois should admit the supremacy of the Khosa Chief, and separate themselves from the Legharis. As they were an affiliated clan, and not part of the original stock of the Leghari tribe, this course would not be hard to follow. Such clans often change their allegiance as their interests dictate.

²Gahi had evidently in the preceding poem (now lost) claimed Lashari descent for the Kalols. Sobha challenges him to prove it, and asks which of the Lashari leaders they accompanied, Ramen who was killed while fighting against Mir Chakur, or Bakar who marched to Gujarat.

your land ? When Ramen was killed you beat the drum.¹ Give me your proofs, on what day did you separate yourselves from them; did you march with Bakar or with Ramen ? Did you accompany the horsemen of the army to meet the Turks, that night when the Turkish horsemen thundered in Jhal or towards Gandava when God was on our side ? The Turks rejoiced, but the Rinds went thence angry,² and blood came forth from their eyelids when the (Lasharl) women said, 'Our lords have met them in fight.' The great men of Shoran became heavy with shame, Bijar the Phuzh, Chakur and Shahdhar, Allan and beloved Sahak were there, Jaro, Rehan and Hasan were present. In their shame they gave the women a string of camels, horses and bright gold they gave them, and on foot the Rinds went to Takht and Shoran.

Formerly too the Lasharls gave quarter to the Rinds, when they let Mir Chakur ride away from Kawar on Phul (Nodhbandagh's mare).³

Sweet-singing Relan, take up thy guitar of merry-makings. How does our chief deal with those who take refuge with him ? All the world knows about Gahwar and the Chief Sahiban. Again and again they cried to our Nawab and Khan that the Gurchanis, united with the Maris of Kahan, had formed an alliance against them with the Summenzals⁴ from above. Your men came as refugees to our Khan Jawanak, saying, 'We are Khosas, we are in no wise Legharis/ and four years they stayed with us, sharers in our protection ; the marks of their dwellings will be seen on the hillside till seven generations

¹ This is equivalent to saying that the ancestors of the Kalols were Dom minstrels and not true Baloches.

² The Rinds were angry because their allies the Turks made prisoners of the Lasharl women. They ransomed them, kept them safely and sent them back to their husbands.

'See the full story in VI. and VII.

⁴ Probably the Shamozaï Kakars are meant.

have passed. In Manik's house everyone dwelt in great hope: Manik's dwelling shall be by the streams of Paradise! In his second age, after he had passed into the stage of blindness, two Baloch women came for refuge, and two nights they spent with your Khan and Prince. Tears fell from their eyes from their weeping. He brought forth a mare and gave it back to them for double its value, and the modest women paid it for their own credit. Great, O Doda, is thy glory in the world! Then he made an agreement with Shakhal Khan and sent them on to Tumi and wealthy Bakhar.

At the head of Jawanak's army is Pir Gaji Barbar; the Pir is with us on a swift camel with Haidar the Lion. When we came to the banks of the Siri and Mithawan the mountain-spur was made the dividing line between the two sides. Up and down the slopes of Ekbai did the two bands of warriors pursue each other, till we made a stratagem, and brought you down to the lower ground, and as a tiger strikes down a buffalo outside the fence, or as a slmurgh brings down a hawk on the open plain, our Khan 'Arzi called to his companions, the Khosas' iron-shod horses rattled on the rocks, your chiefs were ashamed, they were as an elephant carried off by a slmurgh, Bashkya's shields and flashing spears cast a dark shade, and Dilshad Khan bravely encompassed them about on the other sides. Honour to the father who begot you! Between the two armies we made red graves for our foes, and Doda in haste made peace with our Khan Jawanak.

2.

Gahi son of Gorish sings: the Kaloi sings: in reply to Sobha he sings.

Sweet-singing Relan, bring hither thy guitar of rejoicings; bring into my life the fresh breeze of the morning; strike powerfully with thy fingers; drive out

¹ The name of the highest mountain in the neighbourhood.

grief from the noble body. Do not shake the heart with battle-array; but give praise to the brave. Thou hast sat in the assembly with an ever sweet song of praise, and from our forefathers hast drawn forth our tracks and our story.

After greeting. The tribe's Chief is day, battle is black night After the battle there is no fair day for men or horses. The glittering weapons devour the youthful warriors, and make crowded forts empty of display. Some youths boast with their mouths, and say that they will take part in the fight, but afterwards they turn their backs, and do not wait in the company of the young heroes, and then afterwards in their grief they sit and beat their heads and knees with both hands. At war's alarm they wander away to all the four airts; cowardly men flee, like wild asses, at the mere sight of the foe. But the work of strong men is to go forth to the plain, they push forth their hearts in the boat of resolution, they clothe their noble bodies in arms and armour, they drain cups of fiery spirits, with burning white brands they fall upon the throng, they wield their glittering blades to their own fame, with their Khan and Lord they become as a sweet odour.

Take away, O Relan, sweet singer, thy guitar of rejoicing. Give my greeting to Sobha the poet, and say, ¹0 Lord, take up the track of your descent. Who were you at Bhoimpur? ¹ Know in your hearts that you are not whole brothers of the Khosas.² A venal awarder of victory, you will be burnt with wood. Alas! they know that you have passed your hundredth year, either you have lost your senses or have been turned out of your home. And in that you cast scorn at me regarding

¹ For Bompur or Bampur in Persian Balochistan. Possibly this Indian form (Bhuinpur=town of the land) dates from the time before the Baloch invasion of Makran, when the population was mainly Jatt.

² This is specially addressed to the Jarwars.

Ramen and Bakar, on what day did you become either a Rind or Lashari ? For you were lost in the waves of the river's flood, you served as Mir Chakur's attendant for your daily food.'

We sought for our glory like mighty Rinds, and every day we have weighed single *seers* against *maunds*! I will make it clear to your elephant's brain. Come out into the plain. I will be a *slmurgh* and will strike you down with a blow of my talons, as in Sawan the flood sweeps away the men of Aro. You have tied on your brows the newly-twisted turban belonging to another. You are gasping in death, what days have you left for pleasure ? You have cast away honour, and made yourself a friend of worthless life; know in your heart that death will not spare you at the last. The blot of Doda is on your white garment; Medhs and Machhis are no fit companions for Mir Hamza. You (Jarwars) are shut out from sharing home and food with Khosas and Rinds. How did the true Rinds deal with suppliants? How did Mir Chakur act regarding Gohar's young camels, and touching Sammi's kine how acted Doda of the Sword, when, like a tiger on the mountain-tops, he gave up his life to recover the cattle of the poor ?¹

3.

Sobha son of Thegh 'All sings: the Jarwar Baloch sings: in reply to Gahi he sings.

Every morning I commemorate the name of the Creator, I put my trust in the service of the Almighty.

O Minstrel Relan come, with thy pearl-shedding speech, strike upon thy dambiro, and chant in detail the story of the Baloches. Thou hast ever dwelt with noble men.

From the beginning Rinds and Lasharis continued as

¹ For the story of Gohar see IV., V., VI., VIII., IX., and for that of Doda and Sammi see XVIII. Doda Gorgezh, the hero of that tale, must not be confounded with Doda Kalol alluded to above.

brethren, but at the present day the Lashari Baloch have fallen into contempt. Take up the track, it goes to the land of Panjgur. List, while I tell the tale of Kech and of Panjgur.

We are those Rinds who arose from Halab and twice we joined battle with Yazld. Setting our faces to the rising sun we descended from the upper country, and the Prophet gave the victory to the offspring of Hamza. With the Imam we went up to the City of Istambol, and thronging like a herd of cattle along the broad royal road we came, and again in that place we fought, and God is witness that we separated at Jaban-i Shahan. In Sistan again our valiant warriors engaged in battle, the towns of Sistan we divided among us by bows.¹ We fell into adversity with the King Shamsu'd-dln, but by the might of the Merciful we passed on thence. On that side we divided Kech and Makran among us, and drove out Harm thence at the edge of the sword. Thenceforward we Baloches separated. Thenceforward you should give me the tokens of your track.

The Rinds were in Kech. In what part of Kech did you dwell? There were four and forty settlements; with which camp were you? When in our marches we arrived at the ravine frontier, the Kalmatis chose out Las and Bela and settled in prosperity by the Habb and Baran. The Nuhanis in front descended from Nali, the Jistkanis encamped by the running water of Gaj. The Chandyas came by the Lakh and Salari passes and settled in Kach.² The Rinds and Lasharis spread out over the watered lands of Narmukh, the Rinds came down from above to Dhadar, and the Lasharis descended to Gandava.

¹ i.e. Every warrior who bore a bow took a share. Up to now the share of plunder in a raid is known as a 'Khaman' or bow.

² This probably refers to the plain of Kachhi (called on some maps Kach-Gandava). Another version says Kech, but this is probably incorrect, as the poem here refers to the settlement of the tribes after they had left Kech and Makran.

At Jalikan and Loi, in what running streams did you share? See! Perhaps, Gahi, you came with us by mistake, or perhaps you were among the captives when Harin was defeated, and came shamelessly among us on that day?

You removed Sahib from the light of day, and carried off his wealth. When you came to the low ground you divided into two. Enquire, Gahi, what does it profit you to live? You argue with me in a sleeping man's dream.

You came to us as refugees with ten families, and became our spy at the Khan's mansion for your daily bread, the gun in your hand was a gift from Umara Han.

Know in your heart that you are not the equal of our Chief of great renown, you are his subjects, and he is your Sultan and Head, for you came as a refugee to our Mir, and all the tribes on every side beheld it. You cast scorn at me regarding the cattle at Kumbhi, but you yourself award praise to the retainers who cut phish on the mountains. Gahi, do you not understand the words which have been spoken? Take up and follow the tracks which lead to Bhoimpur. In Manik's village blood has been shamefully shed, and a cairn has been set up as a memorial for times to come.

4.

Gahi son of Gorish sings: the Kaloi Baloch sings: in reply to Sobha he sings.

Come, O Relan, bard of rejoicings, King and warrior of song, to the assembly of good men. Take the songs I have uttered and carry them to our warlike foes. Shut and open these ten words of mine, replies given head by head, arrows of which a *seer* is as heavy as a *maund*. Take them to Sobha that he may listen to them, and forget the words that have gone before.

He takes up the track of our forefathers, he divides the heritage of our fathers! What shall I say to the poet, to the bard beloved of my heart ?

Let him drive out (from his heart) his scorn for the Rinds, let him remember the byegone days. Hear, O worthy Sobha, genealogist of the Khosas. You took up the track from Makran when the Rinds were in the land of Lashar. The Rinds and Lasharis were together in one body, they left the towns of Kech and came thronging to Harin, seizing the land and the sweet waters, and dividing them among the brethren, making the partition by bows. We and the Jatois were equal, we separated into two parts at the boundary stream, the land and town we divided into halves, distributing our property by arrow-shafts.¹

One fourth was at Dhadar, we got our satisfaction in Khanpur, our home was in the well-watered land, and Mir Chakur was our head.

This is our footprint and track, this was the abode of the true Rinds, a lofty name among the tribes. If you do not believe it, no man has seen it with his eyes, there are no ancient documents nor eye-witnesses who beheld it; but there are tales upon tales, everyone says that so it was.

I perceive, Sobha, that you are blind and deaf, and that you are not a skilful tracker. Fear to speak of Jawanak's victory, and give up your grasping greed and your manifest falsehoods. To speak the truth is a true custom, falsehood is a blot upon honour.

If you would be prepared to sing, henceforward you should produce your evidence, bring forth and show your deeds!

Come! leave poems alone, do not meddle with the old Rinds, tell tales of the present time. Surround yourself with men of understanding, and lay my songs to heart.

¹ That is by drawing lots according to the length of the arrow-shaft.

Sobha! You have passed your leaping and flying season, your youth lies under your feet, bare are the branches of your Tuba-tree!

In battle with us you fled, you were broken and fled disgracefully before the mighty power of our Chief. You fled from the valiant men, from deeply-hating Chandyas,¹ our friends of the Runghan and Vador, and the mighty tigers of the Sanghar stream. Honour to the faithful hill-country, to Muhammad Khan, the best of all, the jewel of the loyal Bozdars, wearing turbans and garments of silk, whose dwelling is with Umara Han.²

Joyful tidings were brought to our Sardar and Khan by the refugees who came to us, and left your war-array; from the Runghan, the Kandor, the Vador and other streams, from the Sanghar to the Siri, from Bakhari with its many embankments, places which were outside the boundary of our tribe, they all came with glad hearts and mounted at the call of the Legharis. Enquire, Sobha, of the poets! reckon yourselves up in your mind, and call our Chief 'Lord.' If our Lord has not washed your face, then you did not slay Lashkaran and Jam, and you have forgotten the revenge for Shakul.

Of worthy poems an account is kept, they are spoken of in ancient volumes, they are recited in the assembly, and they are firmly fixed in the memory of the hearers. And when refugees have come or shall come to noble chieftains, they are held more precious than the two eyes, or than our youthful sons and brothers. But you have not abandoned your disgraceful actions towards those who may, from this time forward, take refuge with you; where

¹ These Chandyas are a section of the Legharis inhabiting the skirt of the hills close to the Kalois, on whose side they fought.

² The Bozdars live entirely in the mountains north of the Kalois and Haddians with whom they are connected in blood, and joined them in fighting against the Khosas. They also occupy the upper valley of the **Sanghar stream.**

is your bright honour ? No man acts so among Baloches. Your own people came back ashamed, expressing their rage and spite, their cattle and goods were with the enemy.

Our agent brought them from your fort, and your far-seeing chief saw it with his two eyes. Hear, Sobha, and attend to this my long discourse: I too have listened to the words which you have uttered, I have reckoned up your musket-barrels. What honour is left to you ? Ask of your own chief, of the unworthy Jawanak. Did not our Umara-Han give him velvet and chestnut-mares and silks, did not the Khan Nawab Baloch Khan unloose the white mares from their stalls and give them to the valiant Jawanak ? Ask how the Rinds acted towards refugees in their ancient dwelling-places. The phlsh-cutters are the tigers; the phish of the mountain-side is no subject for scorn.

XXXIV.

The following poem is a description by a Drilshak bard of an expedition into the hill country of the Marl and Bugtl tribes undertaken by the late Sir Robert Sandeman, then Captain Sandeman, in 1867. I took down the poem in 1877. The event was a new development in Baloch history, a successful attempt by a ruler of the plains to manage the hill-tribes by peaceful methods, and it struck the Baloch imagination as deserving celebration in song as fully as a successful raid. Mr. R. J. Bruce, who was Captain Sandeman's assistant, and accompanied him on this march, has described it in his recent volume (*The Forward Policy*, by R. J. Bruce. London, 1900, pp. 26, 27). The chief addressed is Mir Han or Miran Khan, Tumandar of the Drishaks, who, together with Imam Bakhsh Khan, Mazari, Ghulam Haidar Khan, Gurchani, and Mazar Khan, Tibbi Lund, all Tumandars of their respective tribes, accompanied Captain Sandeman.

From this time on Sandeman possessed enormous influence over the Baloches, and his name, in the form here used, Sinaman, became proverbial. Mr. Bruce is also alluded to in the poem under the name Burj.

I sit and raise my voice to my Royal Lord; now in this thirteenth century may God keep me in his protection.

Hearken, thou lordly Mir Han, hear thou my song. It is a true tale I tell, do not grieve in thy heart. The inheritance of the saints is on me, a flood has poured into my heart. Once the hero Habib Khan was beloved by all men, his wealth and cattle were beyond counting, much he received from thee. Now I see Habib Khan no more in the chiefs assembly. A fierce warrior is Habib Khan on the children of the Sori stream. Once his friendship was great, with all those advantages; meat and wheat beyond imagination didst thou spread out on his couch.

And this was the brotherly friendship shown by him. Twice did he raid thy camels, and with the object of attaining a party of his own, he divided them among his followers. Brahim and brave Fateh Khan dwelt in thy house, and thou thyself gavest them a camel with joyful heart! I will sit and invoke blessings on thy head; may thy enemies and bitter adversaries fall into the salt sea! May the bountiful Pir Sohri smite them with his glittering spear. May Dalian and Mir Salem Khan¹ be blessed, and Allan with Shah Mehran in a little time. May thy iron bow be strung with Piran the Chief, may thy Sindhi sword carry out the orders of the Makhdum, and by the help of 'All's hand thou hast become a ruler over all. Thy oven is heated for free distribution from morn till eve, and many poor and hungry men sit in the Mlr's dwelling.

Listen, O noble Miran, and understand in thy sad heart. Sit in thy house and be cheerful, there in thy princely court-house, where thou dost judgment and justice, and God himself is on thy eyes; leave falsehood and disguises and the deceitfulness of mankind. Falsehood is a blot upon honour, there is no blessing upon

¹ Brother of Sardar Miran Khan.

it It is now the thirteenth century of the attacks of avarice, and brother wars with brother over their cattle and property.¹

I have seen a Firingi Sahib in whom was no matter for shame. He took counsel with the great men of the plains, with all the band of Chiefs. I made an excellent resolution to go to Rajanpur, and there I saw the assembly of the Sahibs as all the world saw it. The Sahib gave his counsel to all those Chiefs, 'Let us now go into the mountains and march through Phailawagh.' Then went the dust and noise of the horsemen on high through the scented Sham, and all the camels pass below through the entrance of the narrow gorges. Sandeman and Bruce themselves fetched a compass through all the hill-country down to the towns of Syahaf and up to Kahan and Barkhah.² They all galloped together, horses and mares, and then the Sahibs turned back and came down again to Sindh, and much service under Government they gave to all those chiefs.³ Thieves were brought in as captives, grief departed from the cities, from the gallant Maris above and from the borders of the Bugtis, and, according to my understanding, from the whole country.

XXXV.

I add the following poem as it belongs to the same period, although, with the exception of a few lines, it is not in Balochi but in the Jatki dialect of Western Panjabi. The poet wished to express his admiration of Sandeman's exploits, but as he came from a part of the country where Balochi had ceased to be spoken, he **preferred** the language with which he was more familiar. He follows **the** model of the Balochi bards in the style of his poem.

¹ This is probably an allusion to a long standing quarrel between Miran Khan and his brother Salem Khan.

² Syahaf is the headquarters of the Bugti tribe, Kahan of the Marris, Barkhah of the Khetrans.

³ That is, men of the tribes were engaged by Government to form a militia, and keep the peace of the country.

First remember the pure protector of all and then the bountiful Chief and Sahib.

On hearing of the coming of our ruler our souls were filled with delight, from the encamping of the army of the Firingis, throwing down the towers of rebels, blowing up the forts of the disaffected, winning the victory, carrying off the glory. For what Sandeman has done in the country of my district may it be well with him. May he beat his enemies and make them weak, may their senses depart and become feeble, may there be no failure in the land, and may the district stand firm till doomsday.

Bruce wrote a letter and sent it, and Sandeman read it and gave an order that all should join together to go to the mountains, and he led forth his army to fight. Being angry he arose in his wrath and made a march out of Dera (Ghazi Khan) from that place of flowers. 'I will go out to march through the land, and will visit beautiful Syahaf. I will make my liver hot and will fight, encompassing the plain.' Then from the City of Rajanpur the army made ready and went up, having prepared their uniforms. Sandeman the bold rode in front, he rode on a swift horse, a very powerful Arab. His followers asked for his orders. With him went the valiant lion Haidar Khan,¹ riding with him Mazar Khan (of Tibbi Lund), Jamal Khan of the Legharis, Nur Muhammad Khan of the Bozdars, Sikandar Khan (Khosa) with a fine band, the bountiful giver Miran Khan (Drishak), Imam Bakhsh Khan (Mazari), good in counsel.² The people of the world heard of the Sahib's good report as far away as Rum or Sham. Thy army stands firm, fighting with scimetars and swords, every one has become obedient to thy orders. Thy intellect is of great penetration.

He sent two letters to the army, to the force of Green

¹ Ghalam Haidar Khan, Tumander of the Guechanls.

² All Tumanders of their respective tribes.

Sahib,¹ and the two dust-storms met together in one place, like trees forming one roof. The hard ground rattled under them. At Syahaf they alighted and set up their tents with famous Ghulam Rasul Khan.² There was no lack of fodder nor of water nor of grains of gun-powder. The band of beasts of burden moved on, to where the stream of water flowed (I have heard with my ears, I was not present). The Sahib had arranged for these good things to be collected. Then the army went to climb the mountains, he made a way for them and dug out a road. He despatched a messenger (to Ghazan Khan, the Mari Chief), saying, "Come hither." Then Ghazan descended into the plain and passed through the land of Nesao, and mounted and came to meet him. When he arrived the army turned back, and for two hours they discharged their guns. He wanders about alone like a tiger, nor is anyone so strong as to oppose him.

This is a long-lasting Government. The world trembles from dread of it over the whole land as far as Qandahar. Justice is done in the assembly by this glorious and lofty ruler!

Thou art the Commander,⁸ thou art the Maker of Arrangements, thou art the leader of brave youths; as lofty as the peaks of the mountains, wherever thou hast rested a mark remains!

I am now a follower of Kalandar Shah, and I have spoken out my praises from my own mind. Mihtar 'Isa the prophet has given me the purse of generosity. He is lord of all who distribute alms.

¹Sir Henry Green, who met Sandeman's expedition at Syahaf in the Bugti Hills.

²The Bugti Tumander, father of the present Tumander Nawab Sir Shahbaz Khan. He was the most famous Baloch warrior of his time, and his reputation for strength and valour is still unlimited. His proper name was Ghulam Murtiza Khan.

³The word *Kaman* is adopted from the Hindustani. *Kaman* means a military force, a 'command,' and is of English or French origin.

XXXVI.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF NAWAB JAMAL KHAN.

Jamal Khan was chief of the Leghari tribe for many years, and was a man of great mental power who had much influence among the neighbouring tribes. His name occurs among the Chiefs mentioned in the foregoing ballad. He accompanied Sir R. Sandeman in many expeditions and was ultimately given the title of Nawab. He died in 1881, shortly after returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca accompanied by his nephew, Tagya Khan, alluded to in this poem. On his death an assembly of Chiefs offered a camel as a prize for the best elegy, and this was won by Panju Bangulani (a member of the Lashari clan of Gurchanis), from whose dictation I took down the poem in 1884.

Panju Bangulani sings: of the decease of Jamal Khan
Leghari he sings: the Baloch of sweet speech sings.

Let me commemorate the holy Sohran and the Prophet,
let me celebrate the Pir, and lay aside all wickedness,
and let me make my supplication to the pure Creator.

I have asked according to my faith for a son with
milky eyes. Forgive my sins, and pardon all thy slaves.
In this thirteenth century mankind have false tongues, and
show greed and deceit towards their brothers in the faith.
With my mouth I have sought favour from my King
and Creator who bestows upon me the two worlds with
willing heart. I have made my petition to the Lord Jam
Shah, to the Sayyids and saints (walls) to be bountiful to
his children (?) Take up my song, O singing minstrel;
play its air upon the strings of your dambiro; carry it
to Choti, and let the Leghari warriors hear it. I sing the
praises of Mir Jamal Khan's goodness from Runghan and
the Vador to the Siri and Mithawan,¹ from the mountains
of the Pathans to Barkhan of the wealthy Nahars.² All the

¹ See the introduction to No. XXXI. Ruhghan on one of the higher branches of the Vador stream, marks the Northern limit of the Leghari tribe, and the Sir! and Mithawan streams are to the south towards the Gurchani frontier.

² Nahar-kot in Leghari Barkhan, adjoining the Khetran country.

world knows that this is Jamal Khan's realm, and his fame for digging *kdrezes*, by God's assistance, has gone out into the world.¹ Mir Jamal Khan and Tagya Khan took counsel together, and called a gathering of the whole Leghari tribe. When he had taken leave of the men sitting there he took his departure with much red gold, and travelled across the sea in steam-boats to unknown places of unknown men, and arrived and performed his pilgrimage at the court of the illustrious shrine, and freed his soul from the punishment of sin. Two thousand rupees he gave to the maulavis and started on the homeward track joyful and glad of heart. To the boatmen and servants who pulled the boat-rope Jamal Khan gave three thousand rupees, and he arrived at Dera Ghazi Khan with his camels and strong male camels, and rested there for his health. Tagya Shah kept Murshids and pirs, and we Baloches quickly prepared all our towers, and the rulers of the land celebrated his fame among the Rinds and through Hindustan. All Baloches grieved for Jamal Khan, and many men brought their companies to visit him. There came Jaro Haddiani with his down-hearted band.

But God, the Pure Creator, had such love for him that he summoned Mir Jamal Khan to the golden streams, and on the demand without enquiry he set forth for heaven. The Lord's presence set him down in his assembly, and made him rest with the houris beneath the trees of Paradise. Had but the Sayyids and saints and believers offered up prayers, had but Jamal Khan arrived at his beloved Choti, all the Legharis and the *hakims* would have ministered to him ; 'God would have been merciful and saved Jamal Khan from the blow.' But Allah strong, and mighty, and wise is not moved by supplications; thy deeds are good, no fear of any being may come upon thee

¹The *kareus* or underground watercourse constructed by Jamal Khan at Choti Bala is alluded to before. Before his time *kareus* were unknown in that part of the country.

Thou hast disposed of Jamal Khan, the Chief comes no more to Choti, it is well with him, his face is turned away from the days of illusion.

Allah sends his command to 'Izrail. 'Take Mir Jamal Khan's breath away. Carry him from his fort, bear him far away from the converse of his golden brethren.' Men must bear whatsoever burden thou layest upon them, with the medicine of kindness thou bringest about his future welfare.

Jamal Khan's tribesmen came thronging to pay their respects to him, fierce rage burst forth from their leaders. Great was the gathering in the Rind assemblies, in the yard there was no room for men and horses; the baker kept his oven heated day and night. Great was thy almsgiving, thy seal affixed to white paper, chestnut horses and camels were given to applicants every morning! But the Angel of Death will let none go, at the last he takes away the good men; the kings, sayyids, saints and believers! Wonderful often are the deeds of the Almighty; golden sons he parts from aged fathers. The archangels made a petition to the Lord, that he should seat Jamal Khan upon a throne, spread rugs for him upon a brightly-coloured couch, and give him sugar and milk in a golden cup. Choti mourns for the countenance of Jamal Khan, saying, 'Would that God had done this one thing, that he had spared Mir Jamal Khan and brought him back, that he had come to Choti with golden ornaments, that drums and pipes had sounded forth gaily, and that Khan Jamal Khan had girt on his noble weapons, while horses neighed, and pawed the ground with their dark hoofs.

Jamal Khan, head of the province, Tiger of Choti, a hundred times praises to the splendid presence! When he drew his sword and made war on his foes, or sat with the English on a chair of state. In the fulness of days justice will be done to his rights.

A voice came forth from the gate of God the Lord,
'Bring hither Jamal Khan, greatest of the Legharis,
prepare a place for him by the streams of Paradise.'
A golden swing did our fair Lord make for Jamal Khan
to swing in under the shade of the Tuba-tree,

His friends were Turks and Durranis, kings of the
land, with Imam Bakhsh¹ his friendship was greatest, his
company and brotherhood was with the Khan of Rojhan.

Papers and writings came from distant lands, from
Agra, Dehli, London, and the country of Lahore, with
kindly prayers for Jamal Khan's welfare. Thy rule
extends even to the records of the English! The fear
of Jamal Khan was established everywhere, when his
enemies heard the news their land became hot! Of all
chiefs of tribes the Choti Nawab is the first with sharpened
knife in hand to slaughter cattle, to kill the fatted kine,
sheep and goats, that nothing should be lacking in hos-
pitality in the household of 'Ali,² hand-mills and bullock-
mills perpetually grind corn, and processions of trays
with golden covers pass in; and minstrels in numbers
overflowed the place, bringing deputations into the
assembly-hall in Jamal Khan's dwelling, and many
thousands of enemies and friends abase themselves;
Khosas, Bozdars, Lunds with noble dishes; Gurchanis,
Khetrans and far-famed Maris, all the Zarkanis and the
Drishaks come in separately; the whole of these are
known to be pensioners of Jamal Khan.

It is good to speak the truth, let everyone speak with
good faith; every man in distress receives a hundred-fold
from Jamal Khan. Short is the journey of the wicked,
the wind of death passes over them; it comes at the
time when a man is unaware. May the Prophet

¹ Nawab Sir Imam Bakhsh Khan, of Rojhan, the Chief of the Mazaris, was associated with the Nawab Jamal Khan in the principal events of his life.

² Viz., the 'Allani clan of the Legharis to which the Tumandar's family belongs.

Muhammad be surety for his life, when his times and seasons bend and fall. Every one had confidence in Jamal Khan, and with Jamal Khan dwelt many poor, and received their maintenance much or little according to their fate. Without hesitation came 'Izrail the Deceiver, and seized Jamal Khan, Amir of the Tribe, and he had to give up his breath at last on the spot. With a hundred thousand kalimas may Jamal Khan be happy!

Sweet-singing Sobha, take with you a message from me, and in the early morning strike upon the tecoma-wood,¹ and sing my verses in the assembly of nobles. Take it to Choti and lay it before the Khan, Muhammad Khan.² At one glance the tribe may perceive a Lord of the Turban (successor to the Chieftainship). From the foundation of things the Prophet has given him the Rind Turban, and Suhri has given him a ruler's renown throughout the hill-country.

Welcome and greeting from the tribe to far-seeing Muhammad Khan; thy religious teachers have left thy mighty bow ready strung, Qadir the Lion, Dln-Panah³ and the prophets and poets have searched for texts and extracted them from the Quran and made prayers and petitions to the five holy ones,⁴ may the Quran give a golden son to the Khan, Muhammad Khan;⁵ may he swing in a golden cradle on the upper story of his palace. May my words be accepted as a blessing to the sons of the Sun.

Oh God! bring up the storms, the water-swollen clouds,

¹The dambiro or guitar is often made of the wood of the *pharphugh* (*Tecoma undulata*), here used as a synonym for the instrument.

² Muhammad Khan son of Jamal Khan succeeded him as Chief.

³Din-Panah is the saint whose shrine is situated at Daira Din Panah on the Indus.

⁴Viz., Muhammad, Fatima, 'Ali, Hasan and Husain.

⁵A son was born to Muhammad Khan shortly after this time. He is **named** Jamal Khan, and is now Tumandar of the tribe.

may Allah protector of thousands bring the pleasant rains, may they come in their season and rain upon Choti's mountain-skirts, may the river rise in flood and the creepers burst into flower.¹ The poet's mind knows that these words will come true.

Nur Ahmad Khan the lion-man is the tribe's firm post; let no man say that any are more powerful than the 'Alianis, many many of rank have come to Choti, and Nur Ahmad Khan is victorious in war against his foes, and the country has broken the heads of those fair enemies!

He is a sardar of the tribe, an ornament and crest among the nobles, the Creator has cast upon him the glance of friendship. Let me also sing the words of blessing on Tagya Khan, greeting and welfare to him and his sons, evenly-matched twin racing colts mighty in fight, with silver harness and velvet saddle-cloths; may Jiwe Lal come to their protection from the town of Sehwan, may he come with prosperity into the court-house and office ; may the tribe adhere to Muhammad Khan and Nur Ahmad Khan, the very wise Tagya Khan and Din Muhammad Khan, friends one to the other from the time they could see.²

The journey is short, may the Lord send rain upon the land. My service is ever to the name of Allah, although I neither recite prayers nor keep the fasts!⁸

¹ In the parched-up Indus valley cultivation in the skirt of the hills (*naghor*) depends on rain in the adjoining mountains which fills the hill-torrents. In the low-lying lands along the River Indus it depends on the periodical rise of the river caused by the melting of the snows in the Himalaya.

² After praising Muhammad Khan the bard passes on to other members of the 'Aliani family, Nur Ahmad Khan, brother of Nawab Jamal Khan, and his sons Tagya Khan and Din Muhammad Khan. After Muhammad Khan's death Tagya Khan acted as Tumandar of the Legharis, as guardian of the infant Jamal Khan.

³ This is characteristic of the hill Baloch, who thinks it enough for the whole tribe if the Chief observes the Muhammadao forms of religion.

PART III.
ROMANTIC BALLADS.

XXXVII.

LELA AND MAJNA.

THIS is a Baloch version of the widely spread Arab tale of Laila and Majnun. I took it down in 1875 from the recitation of Khuda Bakhsh a Dom attached to the Mari tribe. The poem has a strong local colouring : Laila is converted into a Baloch maiden dwelling on the slopes of Mt. Bambor, a mountain in the country of the Maris, and her surroundings are described in picturesque and vivid language. The phraseology is clear and simple, and the language in general has a strong affinity to that of the heroic ballads. The repetition of certain phrases will be noticed, a familiar form of expression in ballads of a primitive type.

Fair are the slopes of Mount Bambor; there the clouds gather and the rain falls, the pools are filled to overflowing. Then Lela takes her earthen cup and goes to the sweet, fresh water, she sits down and washes and rubs her hair and spreads it out over her shoulders. She goes into her little, grey, four-sided hut, and lifts up the mat which hangs at the door. She puts her hand into her bag, and draws out a silver looking-glass, rests it on her shapely thigh and gazes on her houri-like loveliness. She sits there happy and at peace, and closes a curtain of the hut.

Poor Majna wandering round looked upon fair Lela, and then fair Lela cried, 'A gift I will make thee of strong camels and pointed-eared racing mares, if thou wilt but go away from my beloved land.'

On hearing these words Majna replied, 'I will not take the strong camels, nor the racing mares with pointed ears, nor will I leave thy beloved land.'

On hearing these words fair Lela was enraged, and Lela's mother in anger said, 'This is indeed a loving youth! He is a treacherous young man. Bring hither to me the bitter poison that I may moisten it in a cup.'

In the morning the handmaiden carried the poison to the lover Majna. He took the poison and drank it up and said, 'O maid, when thou goest back to fair Lela, say that what Lela has sent me is a cup of fresh curds of cow's milk. Bring me quickly another cup of it.'

On hearing these words fair Lela was enraged, and Lela's mother in anger sent for a *jogi* from a far land; who caught a black snake in the desert and moistened it in a cup. In the morning the handmaiden bore it, the poison quivering in the cup and the snakes' heads moving, to Majna the lover. He took the poison and drained the cup saying, 'Maid, when thou goest back thither to fair Lela say, "It is a promise that thou and I shall meet; the poison has strengthened my love for thee."'

On hearing these words fair Lela was enraged, and Lela's mother in anger told the camel-men in haste to load and lead away the strings of camels by night. The herdsmen have marched away for the sake of their herds of camels and cattle. Then came poor Majna with beautiful pearls in his hands. Lela called out *Dar bash'* to her dog. Then poor Majna stood there and became like a dry log. Creepers formed a shade over his head, and he became a hunting-post for hawks.

One day the herdsmen marched thither and encamped at his abiding-place. A wood-cutter went out to see the land, and to chop wood for his daily bread. He saw a log of *kanda* wood and began to split it with his steel axe.

¹ That is, in Persian, 'Be off.' Majnun took the words as addressed to him.

Then a voice came from the log, 'I am no log, woodman, I am but Majna the lover. Here I stand for the love of Lela.'

On hearing these words the woodman went trembling, his teeth chattering in his mouth, to where fair Lela was, and he said to fair Lela, 'Come hither, for I have seen thy lover become like a dry log, the creepers forming a shade over his head, and the hawks sitting on him as a hunting-post.'

On hearing these words she girt her garments about her loins and cast away her shoes, and, holding her newly-budded breasts with her hands, she ran to where her lover Majna stood, and began to break off the creepers which grew over his head. Then Majna uttered these words, 'Do not break off the creepers, O my beloved, for the creepers have been kinder to me than thou. At night they have guarded me from the winter cold, and by day they have been as the shade of a cloud, whilst thou hast enjoyed the love and converse of thy friends, and hast reclined on couches with soft raiment and pillows.'

The reciter of this poem concluded with the rhyme (in Panjabi),

Teri na men
Khak dl dheri.

Neither of thee nor me a heap of dust remains.

XXXVIII.

The text of this poem is given by Mr. Mayer (*Baloch Classics*, p. 15). It is attributed to Bivaragh (see No. XX.), but does not seem to belong to the same period as the heroic ballad. The language rather resembles that of the love-poems of the eighteenth century attributed to Durrak, and it is probably the composition of a bard of that period, who employs the conventional imagery then in vogue.

The clouds rain on the two plains of Son, drifting past in succession close overhead. I rise at early morn, and

a woman comes swaying towards me, clapping her hands over each of her shoulders, turning her head to one side like a skittish mare, her two eyes glowing like fire in a fireplace. Her nose is like a sharp sword, a blow from which takes her lover's life. I will be the smith who gives it an edge. 'Do not wash clothes in this pool of water, for here my young camels come to drink in the evening.'

'It is no fault of mine, O lady. I do not possess the price of the clothes on thy body. To thee belong garments of silk and satin.'

'May thy sainted mother dwell in heaven, that greatest of women who bore thee.'

Come, Pirwali Minstrel, at early morn ; come and take my song and sing it where Granaz may hear it. This false world passes away, it endures but a little space,¹ let her not forget me in the false world. My heart is formed on thy shape. Be thou a gazelle grazing on the plain, and I will be the hunter encompassing thee round; be thou a swift racing mare, and I will be the rider flourishing my whip: be thou a flower growing on the plain, and I will be a bee humming above thee, taking sweet scent from every flower.

When I come to the encampment of my own clan, when I see drunken Ahmad-Han, and go to Phaben and Bhani's huts, I will send a messenger secretly, thou shalt know my fairy-like fair one and give her a ring and a silver circlet² for her neck, a charm for her throat and a silver bangle, a nose-ring flashing (like lightning) on the dark clouds, fine cloth shoes with velvet soles. She will come swaying up to my body, shining she will come like a moon on the fourteenth day, and we will recline bride and bridegroom with joyful hearts, beyond the middle of the third watch of the night.

¹ Lit. two days.

² The *has* is a neck ornament in solid silver resembling a large bangle.

I have taken leave of my fairy-like fair one, flower-like tears drop from her eyes, and fall upon her soft bodice.

XXXIX. 1.

MIRAN'S LOVE-MESSAGE.

The text of this poem is taken from Mr. Mayer (*Baloch Classics*, p. 16). It falls into the same category as No. XXXVIII. Miran, the companion of Mir Chakur, sends a message to his love by a blue rock pigeon, called in the poem green or blue (savz) bird. For another version see the following poem.

In the morning let me remember the saint of Sehwan. Grant me faithfulness, O Jiwe Lal. Oh dove! Oh pigeon, among the birds be thou a messenger of my state to my love. Travel over the long distance, I beg of thee, blue bird, fly from the cliff where thou dwellest at night, from the rugged rocks of the fowls of the air, go to my beloved's home, and perch on the right side of her bed. She will put thee into her sleeve and carry thee into her four-sided hut from fear of the wicked old women. Do not fight like a bird with thy five sharp claws, do not strike my love with them. She will ask thee one question, 'Pigeon, of what land art thou? Why art thou so thin and wretched?' Then, blue bird, reply to her thus, 'I am a bird of the land of Lahor. I am thin and wretched because I am hungry all day and I travel all night. I come on a secret matter, and nowhere can I find the stream of Lahri nor can I see the hut of the loved one, to give that youth's message which I bear with me from beloved Miran of the tribe of golden dishes.'

Then said the lady of the village, 'I beg of thee, blue bird, to rest here a little while, till my husband goes out and drives away the cows, and childish sleep takes my mother-in-law away. Then like a Turk I will fall upon the house, and take out abundance of goods; the gur and

wheat from the shop, sweet crystallized sugar, skinfuls of yellow butter, sweet cows' milk, ears of beardless wheat of Gaj. Take these things to Miran from me.'

Miran came fully satisfied, and with him came the Mir's troop, Mir Chakur's armies of thousands.

XXXIX. 2.

This is a shorter version of the preceding poem, and is given by Leech under the title of 'A Balochky Love-song.' The two poems have the same opening, but differ greatly, and in this version there is no mention of a bird messenger after the first few lines.

In the morning let me commemorate the shrine of Sehwan. Oh Lal grant me true faith! Oh pigeon, peahen among the birds, be a messenger of my state to my true-love, to that most modest fair one.

A minstrel has come with his guitar, and has brought in his hand a love-token from my love. My heart revived, which had been dry as a log of wood. I got ready my slender bay mare before the mulla's call to prayer was heard. I slipped on her embroidered head-stall, and I come riding without stopping to flourishing Belo on the Nur-wah, the dwelling place of the Jatani. The reed huts are crowded, my love is the fairest among her companions,¹ the most modest among her friends and comrades. I sent some-one in to enquire, carefully arranged my Rind garments (?), I opened the side of the hut, like a bee smelling a flower. The pain of six months' separation departed, and my form appeared before her.

[Then follow three lines evidently transcribed by mistake from the conclusion of No. L I L.]

¹ I give this translation from Leech's version, but the text is evidently corrupt, and the words gath and phal-chhat are unknown to me.

XL.

THE DEATH OF PARAT AND SHIREN.

This romantic ballad of love and misfortune is told in a simple and picturesque style, and does not claim any connection with the characters figuring in the heroic legends. Parat no doubt stands for the Persian Farhad, the stone-cutter who dug through a mountain for the sake of Shiren. The text is taken from that given by Mr. Mayer (*Baloch Classics*, p. 34).

Looking through the countries of the world the king perceived that the name of names is still Shiren, and the king said, 'I have a stone weighing a hundred maunds. Whoever shall crush that stone, to him I will give the hand of Shiren in marriage.'

Then the madman twisted up his hair, from the right shoulder and one arm, and the Lady Shiren said, 'May the stone become even as wax, may it be ground as fine as black surma (antimony powder). Do not hurt my lover's hand!'

He worked at it for a year, and the stone became as soft as wax, and was ground as fine as black surma. Then said the king, 'Money I will give without reckoning, red gold without weighing, to anyone who will kill this lover.'

Then said a wicked old wife: 'I will take the money without reckoning, the red gold without weighing, and I will kill this lover.'

Now she went along making plots as she went, and came to this Parat and said, 'Alas! my child for thy sorrow. For a year thou hast worked at this, and not for one day hast thou had sight of her! The Lady Shiren is dead. She has seen the word of the Lord.'

In the morning Parat perished, the water on his breast became cold. All the corpse-bearers carried him forth, and took him under the palace wall. Then said the

Lady Shiren, 'Nurse, ask those bearers who is it that is on the bier.' The bearers replied, 'It is young Parat who has died.' Shiren called her nurse, saying, 'Nurse, wash my hair, and I will put on a red chadar, for I thirst for my lover!'

Then said the fair nurse, 'Parat was but a carpenter by origin, a Jatt dweller in the plains.' But the Lady Shiren said, 'Dai, do not speak such idle words, I do not seek for a lover of high descent.'

The Lady Shiren died, she saw the word of the Lord. They will meet hereafter in the other world.

XLI.

DOSTEN AND SHIREN.

The romantic tale of Dosten and Shiren is attributed to the period of the wars between Mir Chakur and the Turks. The scene of Dosten's escape is the old fort of Harand or Arand in the country of the Gurchani tribe, which guards the mouth of the Chhachar Pass ; one of the principal means of access from the Indus valley to the plateau above the Sulaiman Mts., commonly known locally as Khorasan. (This name is not specially applied to the province of Persia now bearing the name.)

The prose narrative is that of Ghulam Muhammad Balachani, taken down in 1884, and first printed in my Balochi Text-book 1885. The poem was first taken down by me from the recitation of Brahim Shambani in 1876, and with some additions from a Mari version, and one or two from other sources, was published in my specimens of the Balochi language (Extra No. j.A.S.B., 1881), and again in the Text-book mentioned above. Translations of both prose **and** verse were published in *Folk-lore*, 1897. The translation and text have now been revised and corrected, but there are no important alterations.

Another version of the story is given by Hetu Ram in the Balochi-nama (translated by Douie).

Prose narrative. There was a Rind named Dosten who was betrothed to the daughter of Lal khan, Shiren by name. Both Dosten and Shiren had learned how to read

the Persian character. One day the Turks made an attack on the Rinds' village, and killed some men. Dosten they seized and carried him away with some others, and imprisoned them in the town of Harand. There they passed many years in captivity. After this Shiren's father and mother betrothed her to another Rind, and he too was called Dosten. On this Shiren made a song, and wrote it on paper and sent it towards Dosten; a faqir brought it and gave it to him.

Now as time went on the Turk who ruled at Harand as Governor under Humau (*i.e.* the emperor Humayun) made Dosten a groom and put him over his horses; and as he worked hard the head-groom became his friend, and made over to him two fillies to train, telling him to train them with great care. When the mares were four years old they saddled them, and Dosten and his companion the other Rind rode them about to train them. When the Turk took off their fetters he made Dosten promise not to escape secretly. 'I will go when I have your leave to go,' he said. So they rode and trained the mare till the day of the 'Id arrived, when the Turks held horse-races, and the Governor said to Dosten, 'You have my leave; you may both go and race the mares.' And Dosten said, 'Have we your leave to go?' And he said, 'Yes, you have my leave.' Then these two men went, and let their mares go, and left all the others behind; and as they galloped past the post where the Governor was, they cried, 'Governor! we have your leave, now we are going.' And they went off. The Governor ordered his troops to pursue them. 'Do not let them go! Catch them! Kill them!' he shouted, and off went all the troop after them. They headed for the Chhachar Pass, and when they had arrived a little beyond Toba (a spring at the lower end of the Pass) a grey mare among the pursuers fell and died, and thenceforward the place has been known as Nili-lakri

(**Grey** Mare's Flat). And further on that day a dun **horse fell** and died, and the place is still called Bhura-phusht (Dun Horse Ridge). And a grey horse stumbled and died at Nila Khund (Grey Horse Vale) below the plain of Phailawagh. All these names have been in use **ever** since.¹

Then from Phailawagh the troop turned and went back. Dosten and the other Rind made their way to Narmukh, where his home was. When they arrived there and alighted in the evening they saw a boy watching a flock of lambs who was weeping. Dosten said, 'What are you weeping for?' and he said, 'My brother was carried into captivity a long time ago, and left his bride behind. They have now given her to another, and to-day they are marrying her. That is why I am weeping.' They asked him what his brother's name was, and he said, 'His name was Dosten.' They said, 'Do not weep, for God will bring your brother back again.' Then they asked the boy to point out the camp where the wedding was to take place; he showed them the place, and they rode on, and coming to the place they saw all the wedding festivities going on. They alighted at the wedding platform, and the Rinds asked who they were. Dosten replied, 'We are Doms,' and then they

¹ **The** names are actually in use at the present day. It is possible, however, **that in** origin they meant simply Grey Flat, Brown Ridge, and Grey Valley, **and had** no reference to horses.

In addition to the names given in the text, Hetu Ram's version adds the following:

Nilā Kachh.
Buravad.
Syāhen Khatikk.
Syāh-thank.

Nilā Kachh is probably identical with Nila Khund, kachh and khund **having a** similar meaning, a piece of flat alluvial ground near the bank of **a torrent below** the rocks. Bura (or bhura) vad answers to Bhura phusht, **the dun hill**; Syāh-thank is the black pass, and Syāhen-khatik means the **black bodice, a name** which probably has no relation to this story.

said, 'Do you know any songs?' and Dosten answered, 'Certainly we do, are we not Doms? Bring me a dambiro and I will sing.' They brought him a dambiro, and he raised and sang the song which Shiren had written on paper and sent to him; [and this is the song he sang:]

Poem. Zangi is my chief, Gwaharam my leader and friend, the lord of royal mares at the time when swords are drawn. I swear by thy beard, by the soft down on thy face, that my black mare (which can run down the wild ass) is pining away. She cannot drink the water of the Indus or eat the coarse grass of the low country,, she longs for her own mountain pastures, for the herds of wild asses on the upland slopes, the female wild asses of the Phitokh Pass, the pools filled with sparkling water. The mosquitos and sand-flies irritate her, the vermin do not let her sleep, the barley from the grain dealers' shops hurts her mouth.

A man has come from Khurasan, his clothes were travel-stained but smelt sweet. Bales of madder he brought with him, saddle-bags of fine bhang, loads of sweet scents from Kandahar; a message he brought with him from a Rind maiden, a true love greeting from Shiren.

¹The storm-clouds have rained upon Konar, on the plains and slopes of Mungachar, on the sweet-smelling hills of Sani. The pools are filled to overflowing, the water trembles like the gwan-leaves (the wild pistachio), the waves bend like the jointed sugar-cane. The graziers have made ready for the march, the owners of sheep and goats, the shepherds Sahak's sons. The women have tied up their baggage, the camel men have adjusted their loads, they go by the pass of Bhaunar and Nagahu. The yellow camels bend their knees, the males in long strings, the females with tender feet.

The sheep are filled with dranin grass, the goats with.

¹Shiren's message begins here.

the red-flowered gwarigh, the Rinds with finely ground wheat, the shepherds with curds, the dwellers by the stream with gwan-berries. Shiren has pitched her little tent in the waste land of Narmukh. She calls her beloved handmaiden and takes an earthen cup; she goes to a pool of freshly-fallen water, combs and rubs her hair, comes back to her four-sided tent and shuts it up on every side, plaits a mat (of phish-leaves) and spreads it out and lies down upon it. She puts her hand into the bag and pulls out a silver mirror, rests it on her shapely thigh and gazes upon her own image (or, gazes upon her houri-like countenance). She weeps with her tender eyes, the tears drop upon her cheeks and wet the upper edge of her bodice. In come her sister maidens, fair companions forty and four, they come and sit down by her, reclining on their sides on the shawls, and ask after her heart and her condition. 'Why,' they say, 'are thy jewels neglected, thy red and blue clothes thrown aside, thy locks unkempt and dusty, the hollows of thy eyes filled with tears?'

She weeps, and pushes the women away from her. 'Away, women, you are not good. Away, I say, women, sit apart from me. Let my jewels be neglected, my red and blue clothes thrown aside, my hair unkempt and dusty. I have no need of friends like you, for he who was the friend of my heart I have beheld taken captive by the wicked, cursed Turks. The Turks have carried him away from Herat and left wealthy Ispahan behind, and shut him up in a dreary dungeon in the town of Harand abounding in gold.¹ They have destroyed the

¹ Probably the original town was Hareb or Harev, *i.e.* Herat, and Harand is a later alteration. The capital of the Arghun Turks was at Herat at this period, and the epithet 'zar-josh,' or abounding in gold, is applied to Herat in IV. 124. It is evidently more applicable to a large town than to Harand, which was never more than a small fort. If this is the case, the localisation of the scenes of the escape of Dosten in the Chhachar Pass must be of recent date.

happiness of a noble woman, and taken my love away from Ispahan.'

When the daughters of the Rinds form a band and come thronging down the slopes, when the women come wandering with blessings accompanying them, they break the maur-blossoms from their stalks and pluck the red gwarigh-flowers. Some put them in their bodices, and some hang them in their earrings and some keep them as love-tokens. One, for my own hearts desire, I pluck and hold fast in my closed hand, may he be protected from his bitter foes. His sister and love says, raising her hands to God, 'May God bring back Dosten to his true love again, not this Dosten but the first.'

O chestnut mare, far away to the south come swiftly by long stages, bring my lord and amir to meet this fair one, to sit and rest with his father and mother and the loving assembly of his brethren. May Malik Dosten appear, may he come and show himself to me once more.

Shiren heard the song and knew him, and cried out, 'It is Dosten who is singing.' Then they asked him who he was, and he said, 'I am Dosten.' Then the other Dosten, whose wedding was going on, said, 'Now that thou art come and art here thyself, Shiren is thy bride, take her and marry her; and whatever I have spent I give to thee.'

So Dosten was married to Shiren.

PART IV
LOVE-SONGS AND LYRICS.

XLII.—XLVI.

LOVE-SONGS BY DURRAK.

THE five following poems are attributed to Durrak, a poet of the Dombki tribe, who lived at the Court of Nasir Khan, the Brahoi Khan of Kalat, in the eighteenth century. He is generally spoken of as Jam Durrak, and occasionally alluded to by the title Jam only, by which he calls himself in XLII. and XLVI. Durrak is supposed to have been in love with a lady of the Khan's zanana, and to have undergone great persecutions from him.

XLIV. is spoken in the name of Miran, probably the same Miran as the reputed author of XXXIX., the cousin of Mir Chakur. The style is that of Durrak, and the poem is considered by modern bards to be his. Possibly XXXVIII. should also be given to him.

XLV. and XLVI. were taken down from the dictation of Mari bards in 1879, and were printed in J.A.S.B. (Extra No., Pt. I., 1880). The others were taken down soon after, but have not been published.

XLII.

At early morn I will sing the praises of the true God,
the Maker and the Giver. Give ear to my words,
friends; to the songs sung by Jam!

Minstrel, learn my verses (lit. lift my string), and
accompany them on the yellow gut-strings; and take
them to my ruler and chief.

One day I went upon my business to the darbar of
wealthy Dhadar, and there I saw a fair one in the market-
place. The train of her dress swept the ground. , She

combed her locks with a comb, and plaited them over the top of her head; her lips were red as pomegranate flowers, and she moistened them with walnut-bark.¹

Her nose was long and like a dagger.

In a garden I saw three parroquets, as like each other as three pearls, flowers that bloom in my Lord's garden, beneath the protection of the royal turban. I said, 'I will look upon my beloved, I will sit in the noble assembly, I will abide there for a year.' Now that we have come face to face, I have seen the abundance of my love's beauty. My grief has been slain, my heart has revived, it has blossomed forth with fresh flowers, on every branch its own hue. My love took pity on my heart, she gave me her face with all its jewels. Zewa and Jamal² are witnesses that I banished all evil from my soul.

XLIII.

Jam Durrak Dombki sings: the martyr of love sings.

The lightning which came last night, flashing and staggering like a drunken man from the direction of Julgo, brought me news of my love, which as it were clothed my body with flowers. A rainbow sprang up in the south, and near it a purple storm-cloud, it was like my love in every point. I am a fool to fight with my heart, my heart is a fool to fight with me, it weeps like a golden-fronted babe, it struggles like a fierce marauding Turk, and tries to pull out by the chain the peg to which it is tethered(?). In eight months one is born among a hundred, and I will rain down gifts in thousands and hundreds of thousands.⁸

¹ Mushag (walnut-bark) is used by women to give a bright colour to the lips.

² These are names of paris.

³ The whole of this passage (lines 10-14) is very obscure.

I told my mare the state of my heart, and the mare swiftly galloping carried the news, spreading out her tail like the Zamur creeper, and flicking her shapely legs with it.

'O my master, intoxicated with odours, the musk of Khorasan is on thy turban, for God's sake be careful of the way, and at eventide I will carry thee thither, to that lordly abode wherein dwells that gazelle-faced one with the figure of a cypress; she will speak with her voice; there are rubies and diamonds, and the odours of bye-gone days; make sure of those words of former times and repeat them; sit and declare the wretched state of thy heart and cast away all thy grief.'

XLIV.

Last night in strange vision I saw some-one come swaying towards me, in beauty surpassing a houri, with head raised like the Wazir of the birds (*i.e.* the peacock), who is king among all his companions, and all are lost in his magnificence. She was decked with gems and jewels, and was like the full moon in splendour. Her grey tent of mats is a shade for her head. Her starry eyes are flowers in her face, there is no way apart from her. She stands like a faqir.

On thy feet are shoes of velvet and scented leather. Thou hast passed thy hand over the edge of thy lips and slain this poor wandering mendicant. The grief of thy beauty has consumed him. A token has come to me from my love's hand, my grief is slain and my heart has revived. The steps of her feet are full of grace, her locks are scimitars which cut through my armour, her eyes are like brilliant torches and shine afar off like yon lamp; she is like the sweet scent near a garden. The finest of gems shine in her bracelet, pearls gleam in her mouth.

Put a golden necklace on thy neck, like a snake are the beads and grains of it, turquoises are on thy hands, and thou art in my heart. Do not turn away from me, my love on that side and I on this. I will not put a mirror on an equality with thee! She has put on an ornament for her beauty, in appearance like the brightness of the moon; my withered heart has become as a garden. From one branch have grown a thousand branches, on every branch its own flower, every flower fresh in hue.

I have read in a book of blood, a flame gleams in my eyes. Thou hast a medicine for the suffering; I am a servant at thy command. Thou hast a shop for selling necklaces, I am a servant at thy disposal. Do not exert thy power too much, my tyrant, like a juggler dancing on the point of a sword, and do not let me be far from thy hands.—Mlran says: 'Quickly drain a cup with me.'

XLV.

The cloud that passes unasked from Heaven comes from the direction of my beloved. Last night I met my love face to face. The lightning flashes out, it is my love that has awakened me. The scent from her locks has seized me with sweetness. Separation from her melts me as wax in the night-watches. I spring up like the flame of Kahir-logs,¹ I am without rest in the midnight watches from the sweetness of meeting with my love. Give my body a little breathing-space from pain; I will not say 'No' to my love's command, my body is as a shield held out to protect me. Let my eyes be gladdened by the sight of my fair one, let the pain caused by my lady be a little appeased, which sometimes is less and sometimes more. I cannot use my

¹ The Kahir (*prosopis spicigera*) is much used as firewood.

mouth to speak by day, nor have I any strength left, she is so strong, to come to meet and speak to her. I sit and pray for that day; may God be merciful and incline his heart to me. Let my love come down from her golden throne, let her come swaying towards me like the full moon, and I shall be exalted like King Akbar.

Then I shall ask from her pearl-dropping mouth, O priceless ruby, like the badhashkan¹ berry, take me, thy husband, thy sworn man ; sudden slaughter has overtaken me, for thee I will lay down priceless jewels ; they will be the blood-price for this sweetest of creatures.

XLVI.

Last night I saw my heart-enchancing love, the crown and ornament of women, and deceitfully I spoke with my mouth, saying, 'Do not wander about aimlessly like an animal, nor flutter round the flame like a moth, O bane of many lovers. The locks of hesitation are burst open, I have obeyed the call of true love.' I said to my beautiful love, 'O pearl-shedding fair one of a thousand tricks and speech like crystallized sugar, this is the state of this poor wretch; his heart is galled with his lamentations; let that one who is ruler and friend be apart from the hard-hearted. The body of Jam is in the dust It remains but to bid thee farewell, to remember the King and Creator and to groan through the cold midnight.

XLVII.

THE WOMEN BATHING.

There is no tradition as to the origin of this poem, which I took down in the Leghari hills in 1884. Narmukh is in the high plateau above the Bolan Pass.

¹The badhashkan is a creeping plant, probably a species of nightshade or bryony.

The poem is unique in Balochi, symbolism of this kind being almost unknown.

The 'Kunj'es' or cranes mean women bathing, and the pigeons are their lovers.

This poem may be compared to the Turkoman song translated by Chodzko (*Popular Poetry of Persia*, London, 1842, p. 386, v.).

On a cloudy day with a curtain of shade, the clouds dense in some places and open in others, I make my prayer and petition to the clouds that they may rain upon happy Narmukh, and floods may rush down all the water-courses and torrents. Then will the people hasten round, they will make embankments to retain the water, the pools will be filled. Then the cranes gather together, rising at early morn, they cry out and go into the water, and there they pass a watch of the day, and then come back. The pigeons assemble and sit upon their shoulders. They pound up spices with stones, skilfully they anoint themselves with the spices kept overnight. Thy rings are of twisted gold, twisted by the hand of the goldsmith, excellently have they been wrought by the gold-workers. Thy nose-ring is a gold-mohur set with gems. A worthy man sings these few words to the world :

Come down, O pari, that I may perceive thy perfume.

XLVIII.

THE PARIS.

This is a fanciful description of a meeting with the parts on the slopes of Mount Ekbal, a peak of the Sulaiman Mountains, in the Leghari Country.

Two days ago I went forth from the gardens of Bela on my swift mare Mehlo, Mehlo who will suffer no bridle, no well-made girths nor stirrups; at early morn **I left my home, to see (my love at) Mount Ekbai, below the hill of Ekbal. Cold clouds had snowed there, day and**

night the snow surrounded me, snow in the dark nights, it was necessary to peep through a veil of snow with a golden fringe. Wild grapes hung ripe upon the precipices,¹ limes with abundance of fruit; the beasts of chase and fowls of the air ate them, the hawks and hungry pigeons, the saints and angels of heaven.

The paris lit a fire on the top of a peak of the mountain. There the heavenly paris gathered, there they gathered clapping their hands. I started forward to seize one; as I came forward they shrank back, and the heavenly paris flew away. I was overcome with astonishment, and stood like a bashful lover. When they had flown high up, the heavenly pans said to me, 'O foolish faqlr, foolish and mad art thou. No beings of this world are we. We are the paris of the saints. On the day when thy fate shall come upon thee, and arrangements are making for thy funeral, we will sit at the cross-roads,² we will bathe thy heart with water, and fulfil the desires of thy body.'

Give attention, O my friends, my friends and fiery brethren.³ I shall be wedded to a heavenly pari; my body and my sins I will leave far behind.

XLIX.

A LEGHARI LOVE-SONG.

This little love-song from the Leghari hills is in a style and metre not found elsewhere.

Heark'en, my friends, my bold comrades, royal companions. Listen to my songs. I am a poet, a bard. I have gathered a ruby, I have uttered a speech, I have

¹ Wild vines, figs and pomegranates are found on Mount Ekbai as a matter of fact, but the limes are imaginary.

² Where the corpse is carried past.

³ The same expression will be found in No. XIV.

pierced a pearl. The night before last I saw a heart-enchancing vision like a fleeting dream. Her breast was full as a dumba's tail, her skin like a fresh meadow, her teeth like pomegranates. Thy smile is a flower of slender beauty, a narcissus which wounds the heart. In the abode of fountains we shall both be together body and soul.

L.

SONGS OF SOHNA AND BASHKALI

The two following poems, by Sohna and Bashkali, are composed in a corrupt and obscure style in which the Balochi language is mixed with unfamiliar Arabic and Persian words and whole phrases in Persian. An accurate translation is almost impossible, and that which follows can only claim to give the general meaning. The poems are evidently Sufistic, a religious meaning being hidden under the amatory language. This is distinctly stated in the heading of Bashkali's poem.

I.

Sohna son of Bashkali sings: the Surihani of pleasing speech sings.

To-day, by God's grace, I beheld my charmer like Jamal the fairy or Sultan Shapur wearing his crown. There has not been in this age another newly-ripened fairy like her. What claim has the slender cypress to compare to her? Fair pari, dwell but a little while in peace, and spread thy scented curls over thy shoulders, while I make a feeble statement in praise of thy beauty.

On thy forehead is a seal like that of King Sulaiman, by thy arts thou holdest in captivity the jinns and devs. For thy needs thou hast the mirror of thy forty perfections; what need is there for the bow of the ruler of the firmament? Thy eyelashes are a paradise to thy lovers, thou exaltest the souls of many poor wretches. Thy slender nose is like a sharp dagger. Like a chief-

tain through the medium of the mirror thou beholdest a mouth of two pearls and a nose without rival. Thou art as a pari seated by the lake of Kauhsar, who had two red lips and whose teeth were jewels all taking their place in an even row in her mouth. Her speech issued from her throat with a sweet tongue, no parrot has a sugared voice like hers.

O lady, by thy womanly smiles my sad heart has been revived. I have made ready a bright-coloured garment in which to present my supplication, and the lover has become as magnificent as a peacock. Thy two breasts are like pomegranates. I may go on picking out thy several beauties for praise, and I keep a reckoning of thy wasp-like waist. Thou liftest thy steps sideways with swaying gait.

All living beings are wont to hang their heads for shame, thy tyrannous beauty has carried me away gaping like a fool, like Majnun I am borne upon the flood of but two words.¹

The approaching blessing has entered into my heart: let my state but become known to my rose, and then in a little space I shall quickly become well.

2.

Bashkall the son of Sohna the Surihani of sweet speech sings: on the subject of God he utters some words: in reply to Sohna he sings.

To-day my love, in the imaginations of my brain, says thou art a ruby of great price growing on a tree of which the price is even as a hundred thousand 'falus'; do not mention it, the jewellers have left me empty and the dealers in civet-like perfumes. Thou hast expressed a desire for scented oils, they drip on to thy priceless girdle. A blazing torch glitters from thy bright shoes,

¹ Possibly the allusion is to Majnun being stupefied by the utterance of the two words 'Dur bash' by Laila. See XXXV.

they seem gilded warriors under thy command. All the slender poplar¹ trees have become thy representatives, and the red roses in the garden beds; compared with thee the figure of the cypress in the grove becomes crooked. Many who were low thou hast exalted. Thou art the King and I am the dust under thy feet. Let me never be out of thy remembrance, do not let thy heart forget Adam.

Listen! I will make one representation to thee: 'No one speaks well of a violent ruler. If he first give the poor cause to hope he then makes a powerful safeguard for himself.' Let harsh speech be far from a pearly mouth, let it be as a stone fallen near by, as a weighty rock or piles of stones. Let not fair women, crowned by their countrymen, be moved by every breeze or shower.

Hear my prayer, heavenly houri; raise the veil awhile from thy brow. Let in thy spouse and put anger far from thy heart. The guardianship of the world is in thy hands. I will praise thee, my heart is with my love. I will travel far in peace and safety, thither where no fear is of my terrible foes.

'Shamshad' seems to bear this meaning here.

PART V.

RELIGIOUS AND DIDACTIC POETRY AND LEGENDS OF SAINTS.

LI.

RELIGIOUS POEMS BY SHAHZAD SON OF CHAKUR,
WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE ORIGIN OF MULTAN.

SHAHZAD or Shahdad the son of Mir Chakur accompanied his father in his settlement at Multan. There is some reason for believing that he was a man given to religious speculation, as Ferishta states that he was the first to introduce Shi'a tenets into Muitan. His mystical origin according to modern legend [see (3) below] is evidence of the reputation he obtained during his life, and the following poem is in keeping with the historical and legendary accounts. His warlike poem on the expedition to Dehli has been already given (XVI.), and there is every ground for accepting that now under consideration also as a genuine composition of his. The poem consists of three parts. First, fifteen lines of religious rhapsody in archaic Balochi; secondly, eight lines on creation in a kind of corrupted Persian; and thirdly, twenty-seven lines in Balochi on the four ages through which the world has passed, and the transformations undergone by the town of Multan during these ages. The creation of the horse is alluded to at the end.

This account, although mixed up with Muhammadan names, is of Hindu origin, and Shahzad must have learnt the substance of it after his settlement in Multan. There is a very close correspondence between Shahzad's poem and an account written in Persian (of the Indian type) which I found in 1884 in the Kitab-i-bayaz, or Commonplace Book, of a leading Syal family of the town of Jhang. I give two extracts from this as appendixes to the poem. The first relates to the four ages of the world and the history of Multan, and the second to the creation of the horse.

Some similar account must have been known to Shahzad. The names given to Multan in the two accounts do not, however, correspond, as may be seen from the following comparison:

Shahzad's poem.			Jhang MS.		
First age,	-	Bagpur,	-	-	Rahanspur or Hanspur.
Second „	-	Hasapur,	-	-	Makpur or Bakpur.
Third „	-	Syahpur,	-	-	Shampur.
Fourth „	-	Multan,	-	-	Multan.

The names, however, evidently have a common origin in the local traditions of Multan. The whole account is a curious jumble of Hindu and Muhammadan names. The poem was taken down in 1894 from the recitation of Baga Lashari.

1. SHAHZAD'S POEM.

I recite the praises of the Lord, of the mighty Muhammad Mustafa, of royal 'Ali the lion of God. One day I heard a legendary tale in Hibb Hablas, a lamp burning before a mirror with a glow the likeness of which cannot be found. My sight was fixed upon the true form of the King. He created the golden throne of heaven, sweet was his speech and heart-entrancing; his appearance was like unto the Lord of light. He formed the day and night; day and night are of small account to him. He created the open plain of earth and the smoke that went upwards.

¹There was neither heaven nor heavenly throne, there was neither creation nor speech, there was neither grandmother Eve nor grandfather (Adam). Ibrahim the Friend of God was not; the ark of Noah was not; Isa the Spirit of God was not; the throne of Sulaiman was not. He was himself *He is*, Hamid 'Ali.

Now I will sing in Balochi.

The world was made in four ages. In the first age the Royal Creator made his own country with one hundred and seventy thousand beings therein, and they passed

¹This passage is mainly in Persian, and at the end of it the poet goes back to the Balochi language.

their own period of existence. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the gathered storm-clouds passed away. Multan was now made Bagpur.

In the second age the Royal Creator made forty human beings. There was no wife nor child among them; pure they came and pure they went, for they were sprung from the Pure One. They too fulfilled their period of existence. The gathered storm-clouds passed away and Multan was now made Hasapur.

In the third age the King and Creator again created his angels, and they fulfilled their period of existence. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the gathered storm-clouds passed away; Multan was now made Syahpur.

In the fourth age the Royal Creator sounded the trumpet and drum and created for himself a horse which continues to exist till Doomsday. Multan now became Multan.

2. EXTRACTS FROM THE ANCESTRAL COMMONPLACE BOOK OF AN ANCIENT SYAL FAMILY OF JHANG SYALA IN THE PANJAB. TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

(a) Account of the Creation of Heaven and Earth.

In the beginning God Almighty created Marij Dev from fire, as it is written in the Holy Qur-an and the glorious Furqan, 'Wa khallaqa'l-jann min marijin min an-narin.'¹ From the rib of Marij the Almighty created Marija (i.e. a feminine form of Marij). These two mated together and two sons were born to them. One they

¹See Quran, Ch. 55 (Ar-rahman, the Merciful), v. 14. The correct quotation is * *Wa khallaqa'l-jann min marijin min narin.' 'And he created the Jann (or Jinns) from a smokeless fire.' This has been misunderstood and considered by the writer to mean, 'And he created the Jinn Marij from fire,' *Marij* being taken to be a proper name instead of 'a fire without smoke.'¹ It has no doubt been confused with Marid, the name of the most powerful race of Jinns.

named Jinn, and from Jinn's rib the female Jinni was produced. These two mated together and two sons were born to them; one they named 'Azrail, and the other Mahandev. From the rib of Mahandev Korchabari was produced, and the duration of Earth and Heaven was six millions two hundred and eighty-five thousand years. And from that time Multan was inhabited and passed through four ages.

In the first age they called it Raharispur (or they called Multan Hanspur)¹ and in this age it continued inhabited for ninety-two millions four hundred and eighteen thousand years. Isar Mahandev had twelve sons.² The first was named Koin, the second Narayan, the third Vishan, the fourth Kishan, the fifth Birahman, the sixth Parmesar, the eighth Narsang, the ninth Bhagwan, the tenth Lat, the eleventh 'Uzza, and the twelfth Isar Jagannath.

And Isar Jagannath had twelve daughters, their names were these: Mahmai, Devi, Mesri, Parmesri, Devani, Bhagwani, Larika, Mathura, Jamna, Totla, Ghazz, Lanka.³

When some time had passed after this in the second age Multan was called Makpur⁴ and was peopled by angels for one million eight hundred and twenty thousand and five years. In the third age Multan was called Shampur. And in the age of Bakpur forty human beings dwelt in it, and some say there were eighty, but there was no begetting nor generation among them.

And in the fourth age Multan was called Multan, and in that age it was inhabited by horses, there were eight hundred and seven thousand of them in Multan. After eight hundred and seventeen thousand years Mihtar

¹ This is the more probable version. Hanspur corresponds to Shahzad's Hasapur.

² Only eleven are actually named.

³ Only eleven are named, as Lanka is given twice.

⁴ Probably a mistake for Bakpur given below. This is closer to **Shahzad's Bagpur.**

Adam the Prophet—God's mercy on him—was created. From Adam's time till now sixty thousand nine hundred and forty-five years have passed.

(b) The Story of the Creation of the Horse.

By Khwaia Hamldu'd-din Nagori—God sanctify his venerable tomb—it has been related that when God the Holy and Omnipotent had created Adam—on whom be peace—from the clay which remained in the mould in which Adam—on whom be peace—had been formed, he made four things: first, dates; secondly, grapes; thirdly, pomegranates; and fourthly, the face and eye of the horse. And from the saliva of the Hurls he created Paradise, and from Paradise he made the horse's body, and from Heaven's holy throne he made the horse's back, and from the tree of Tuba he made the horse's mane, and by his own decree he gave life to the horse. And its perfection is such that he keeps the horse in his own presence and does not entrust it to others; wherefore the Prophet—God have mercy on him, and preserve him—always kept it with him, and was accustomed to clean its head and face with his own illustrious cloak and mantle and to give it barley to eat in the same cloak.

And sins are equal in number to the hairs of the horse.

3. THE BIRTH OF SHAHZAD.

This legend of the miraculous birth of Shahzad is current at the present day, and was taken down from the relation of Ghulam Muhammad Balachani. As far as I am aware it does not exist in poetical form.

Mai, Mir Chakur's wife, had sent for water and was washing her head when a shadow passed in front of her as she sat. She looked around, in front, behind, everywhere, but no one was there. Then she sat down, and

as time went on she became aware that she was with child, and afterwards as time went on the child was born. Chakur was away at Delhi with his army. After the child was born she was sitting rocking it in a swinging cradle when tidings arrived that Chakur had returned and had halted at Choti.

Then Mai told a Dom to go to Chakur and to congratulate him, and to say, 'A son has been born in your house, and he has been named Shahzad.' Mir Chakur was grieved and became very sad, thinking, 'I have been away travelling for three years; what then is this son who has been born?' Then he ordered his army to halt where it was, and it did so. The Dom returned and told Mai how Chakur was troubled and had caused his army to halt. Mai answered and said, 'Go and tell Mir Chakur to come home, and not to grieve, but to say 'Salam' to Mir Shahzad, for my child has been begotten by the shadow of a saint. Then Chakur gave his troop the order to mount, and they mounted and rode to Sevl. When he had alighted there he said, 'Salam to you, Mir Shahzad.' Then Shahzad, who was a child of six months old, said from his cradle, 'And Salam to you Mir Chakur, daddy. You have had a long journey. You are welcome home. Are you well? Are you happy?'¹ And he gave him all the news.¹ And Shahzad said 'I was begotten by the shadow of 'Ali'

LII

THE LAY OF ISA AND BARI.

This short poem is better known than any other specimen of Balochi verse. Leech published a text and translation, and Burton has given a version in *Sind Revisited*, Vol. II. p. 165 (London, 1877),

¹ Shahzad goes through the orthodox forms of salutation among Baloches, and follows this up by giving the 'hal' or news of what has happened.

of which the original is not forthcoming. Burton no doubt had Leech's text and translation before him, as on the next page he quotes the fragmentary verses given by Leech on the servile tribes (see XXI.), giving Leech's translation verbatim (without acknowledgment). His translation of Isa and Ban, however, contains passages not to be found in Leech or any other version to which I have access. I took down the poem in 1876 from the recitation of Khuda Bakhsh, Mari Dom, before I knew of Leech's publication. Mr. Mayer has since printed another full version in *Baloch Classics*, p. 33.—I have used all three versions in the text here given, the principal variants being given.

In reciting the poem a commencement is often made from 'The story of the tree is this,' omitting the exordium. It seems probable that this does not form part of the original, as it contains slightly disguised amatory allusions, while the remainder of the poem is a plain story of the legend of the miraculous growth of the tree.

O clouds that drift past, bestowing verdure, sweet
clouds of autumn, drive away the cold mists, refrain from
excessive anger.

Pass before my eyes; I am thine, O my crown, firefly
flitting through the villages, fruit of the tree with snaky
locks, O pigeon beloved among women.

The story of the tree is this:

As Isa once upon a time was roaming about and
looking upon the countries and regions of the earth
Bar! was sitting in the desert. He perceived Bar! in
the desert. Isa then said to Bari, 'Whence dost thou
eat thy bread of faith, how dost thou live in the
wilderness?'

Bari answered and said, 'Isa, sit here for a moment,
and see the power of God.'

Isa sat down for a little while and saw the Almighty's
power.

A tree sprouted from beneath the ground. At early
morn it raised its head, at fiery noontide it put forth
its buds, at full *zuhar* (about 2 p.m.) it bore fruit, at
yellow *dlgar* (afternoon prayer-time) the fruit became
red. The tree bore two fruits, excellent food for men.

As it was with them, so, by the hair of thy head, may it be with thee by God's blessing, O good man, and water will flow from the hard rock.

These are the wanderings of the far-famed darvesh. Assembly, repeat the Kalima.

LIIL—LV.

These three following poems are expositions of the popular creed of Islam as held among the Baloches.

No. LIII is by Brahim Shambani, who was living at Asm in 1876 and there recited this and other poems to me. The other two by Lashkaran Jistkani were obtained at the same time.

It will be observed that a strong bias is shown towards the Shi'a doctrines. The 'char-yaran,' the four Khalifs who succeeded Muhammad, are only once alluded to, while great stress is laid upon the reverence due to the twelve Imams, the five holy persons (panj-tan), viz., Muhammad, 'Ali, Hasan, Husain and Fatima, the forty Abdals or saints, and the Pirs presiding over local shrines. Yet none of the authors would admit that they were anything but Sunnis, and the immediate successors of Muhammad (Abubekr, 'Umar and 'Uthman) are recognized and not cursed as among the true Shi'as.

A considerable part of Brahim's poem and Lashkaran's second poem is devoted to the four Archangels and their duties, but their names are incorrectly given by Brahim and not at all by Lashkaran. Brahim substitutes the name Wahi (inspiration) for Jibrail (the Archangel Gabriel), who is especially associated with the inspiration of the Prophet. He puts Arzel, that is 'Azrail the Angel of death, in the second place instead of the third. Mikail (the aichangel Michael) is omitted and Khwaja Khidr (the prophet Elijah or Ilias according to some, and in India considered as a sort of river-god) takes his place. Fourth comes Israfil, described as the Trumpeter, and Shaitan (Iblis) is put in as the fifth, who lost his position by rebellion.

All the poets give vivid descriptions of the day of judgment, the terrors of hell and the joys of paradise, and mention the classes of men who will receive rewards or punishments.

The poems throughout are pervaded by a tone of earnestness and sincerity, and bear a strong resemblance to mediaeval poems dealing with similar subjects, such as the Anglo-Saxon 'Be domes daege,'

It will be noticed throughout that the greatest virtue is generosity, the crime demanding the most severe punishment is avarice. This is in keeping with the Baloch code, according to which the bountiful man, the free giver, deserves the greatest praise, and the stingy and avaricious man the greatest reprobation.

LIII.

Brahim Shambani sings.

I too am God's servant. I sit and say Allah! I repeat the name of God. I remember Murtaza the King who has poured a torrent into my heart, and the pure Prophet who sits upon his throne to do judgment and justice. The true God is very merciful. With him is neither greed nor avarice; nor is he father of any fair son; nor is there mother nor sister with him. I cannot tell who has begotten him, nor can I fathom his might.

Five angels stand close to him in his service, to do his bidding. The first is Wahi (Inspiration, that is Gabriel), and then Arzel ('Azrail). The third is Khwaja Khidr, and the fourth (Israfil) with trumpet to his lips sends forth the wind that blows over the wicked world. Last there is Shaitan, who rebelled on account of the creation of mankind.

He sits alone and adds up the full reckoning of each man. Then he gives his order to Arzel to take his breath at once, who looks not at good nor evil, nor heeds prayer nor supplication; children he takes away from their father and mother. He takes neither money nor sheep nor goats with them, he carries men away by the hair of their heads. There is no pity in his stony heart, nor does he hate any man.

The poet Brahim has spoken.

Listen to my song, to the story of the Divine Lord.

Thus have I heard with my ears. There was no heaven nor earth, nor Mother Eve nor Adam; this world and land was fire. In a moment he built up

the firmament, by his might he made the water, from the foam thereof he created the dry land, he spread abroad the mountains and the trees, and set them upon the earth, and the smoke he made to go upwards. He created the Seven Heavens, the Garden of Paradise and Hell.

And these are the tokens of Paradise. A tree stands by the gate to shade the city. The fruit of the garden ripens at all seasons. By his power there are figs and olives, grapes, pomegranates and mangoes and the scent of musk and attar. There the peris may not enter in. In that place is the assembly of the generous who are equal to the martyrs and sit with the King Qasim (the divine distributor), and in the court of King Husain, Beds and couches are spread for them. Fairy-like houris are their attendants and stand in their service. There those heavenly men eat of the fruits of Paradise. This is the description of Paradise.

Attend, oh young men ! I have beheld the greatness of God, of the Lord who makes and mars. I have seen, and am terrified, how hundreds of thousands are born, and if He does not give breath to their earthen bodies, their souls go to meet their fate. Some are Lords of the land, some are poor and hungry. I am not an open-handed chief, I fear how I shall speak. I ask of mullas, of some of those who keep the fasts and repeat many prayers and daily say the name of Allah. Companions in the way of faith, ye are associates of God ! Some humble men enter in, those who repeat the Kalima day by day, and those who die a martyr's death; they are called flowers of martyrdom and a place is given them in the garden of Paradise; they receive gifts and rewards and houris in pairs wait upon them ; they go even before Kings. O men, be not angry. Mullas and blind Hafizes obtain heaven according to their fate, and receive the favour of the Lord, and God gives them what gifts he will.

I make my petition to my religious guide in the pure Prophet's Court. Preserve me from doomsday, from the fiery flames of hell! Build as it were a bridge for me over the way of sirat, let me pass over straightway, and let me enter into Paradise by the order of God the Creator! This is my judgment and justice.

Oh assembly, repeat the Kalima.

LIV.

RELIGIOUS POEM BY LASHKARAN. i.

Lashkaran son of Sumelan sings: the Jistkani, the friend of holy men, sings: he praises God and the Prophet; he praises the twelve Imams, the fourteen holy Innocents and the forty Abdals.

First is the commemoration of God's name and the recognition of the Prophet and the Word, and Haidar (*i.e.* 'Ali) the Ruler of the faithful, who smote the Khaibar of the infidels.¹ The four companions (*i.e.* the four first Khalifs) are without doubt powerful at the gate of faith.

There are two red roses of Heaven, Hasan the King, Husain the Prince, Haidar's generous sons (jewels). In the Divine Presence stand the twelve Friends (Imams). Fourteen confidential messengers ride forth, and forty Abdals (saints) ready to help, that give utterance to the Words of the Lord.

Petitioners at the gate of thy Treasury never return thence empty. The Prophet the Lord of Creation preserves men by his mercy. No man is free from sin. I am in dread of thy wrath, when Munkir and Nakir

¹That is in Muhammad's war against the Jews of Khaibar in the Hazzaj, from which 'Ali has received the Persian epithet of *Khaibar-sitan*, Destroyer of Khaibar. The name has been transferred to the celebrated pass near Peshawar.

question me, when the clouds come rolling up, and turbaned heads are laid low. A fiery club many *mounds* in weight they heave up with both hands. God preserve my body in the heat of that fierce fire! When I have gone through that narrow pass clouds again gather in front of me. Have mercy on me at that time! O prophet, thou who sittest enthroned, skilful to weigh with the balances, put forth thy own hand!

He gives his orders to the sun at that very moment of time (*i.e.* the last day), it will come upon creation, by the eyes of the mighty one hell-fire is seen to be lighted. The earth heats like copper, the son will not honour his father, brother will be separated from brother, the child taken away from the mother. Each must bear his burden on his own head, each is entangled in his own sweat. Eve and Adam are departed, they have gathered what their hands have sown. God guard all Musalmans!

I make my supplication to the Almighty, the Lord Merciful and Compassionate. Grant my request through thy righteousness, show thy mercy with universal benefactions. Let me pass, behind his Presence, over the sword-edge of Sirat Those who are misers, cowards and usurers lose their souls in their reckonings, the Qaruns (Corahs) are the world's carrion, they are ever seeking after profit and attend neither to Pir nor Murshid. These wretches groan in their grief, and are cut off from the scent of Paradise. Their eyes are fixed upon the sun, so that their heads boil in hell.

My brethren and friends, hear the lay of a Rind.

The story of the generous is this: Their sins are forgotten, they sit in the same rank as those who die for the faith, they pluck the fruit of the Tuba-tree by the golden halls of Paradise and the divine fountain of Kaunsar,¹ and their hair is combed by the petitioners whom they have helped.

¹The Arabic Kawthar, the Nectar stream.

Let me cherish my Pir, the Husaini, sun of light and fosterer of the poor, Murad Bakhsh Shah,¹ who comes down as a light to his disciples. Also Shahbaz² the generous to his friends, a firm embankment erected by the Ruler of the Faithful. Turel also has come to that spot, following on the tracks of Haidar. The five Holy ones are first worthy of honour.

Let me repeat the Kalima of the Prophet.

LV.

RELIGIOUS POEM BY LASHKARAN. 2.

Lashkaran son of Sumelan sings: the Jistkani, friend of saints, sings: he sings some words in God's honour, he sings the praises of the five Holy ones and of the twelve Imams.

Mighty in the Lord, he is without companions, by his power he has created the world. God is King, Muhammed his minister. 'Ali is the helper and attendant of the Imamat.

There are four archangels at the holy gate.

One (Jibrail) is the ambassador to the prophet.

The second (Mikail) rides upon the storm-clouds.

The third ('Azrail) wanders about to destroy and build up.

The fourth (Israfil) has the trumpet at his lips, his loins girt, his eyes on his Lord. The North wind blows from his mouth, and, when the Lord commands, he sweeps all things away.

The pure spirit looks upon his creation; one half he colours like a skilful craftsman, and half he leaves plain **with** troubled life. My soul! Do not possess thy heart

¹ For this saint, Pir Murad or Murad Bakhsh, whose proper name was Murjammad Husain, see Burton's *Sindh*, 1851, p. 222. His shrine is near Thatta in Sindh.

² That is Lal Shahbaz of Sehwan in Sindh, also known as Jive Lal. See Burton's *Sindh Revisited*, 1877, Ch. XXV.

in grief; the last abode of all is the same, in the dust and clay. The prophet is responsible for all creation, men of the faith carry their own provisions for the journey, the five times of prayer and fasts for their sins.

Debts are due to God by his slaves, for till now all are mad and out of their minds; the Mighty one will demand his debts, our hope of paying is in our surety. With my hands I cling to the skirt of thy garment, my eyes are open and I am in perplexity.

Upon his throne he sits at the Last Day. He orders Ja'far the Imam to make an attack on the unbelievers, to beat the gong of the faith against the ranks of the heathen. Men and horses fall in the midst as a tree sheds its leaves. He breaks into the rear of their army, and they become runaways and cowards when they behold the Lord Jesus. The Prophet strikes by God's command, and the unbelievers' heads are cut off from their bodies. Then the clouds gather and the rain falls down, a heavenly rainbow appears on the storm-clouds, by God's mercy the rain falls and the ground is cooled. Then again the Prophet will make his proclamation to the four quarters of the earth, and a garden will bloom for those steadfast in the faith.

LVI.

THE LAY OF TAWAKKULI.

The author of this poem was Tawakkuli, a Sherani Mari, who died about 1885 A.D. I took it down from the recitation of Baga, a Pom of Rankhan. It is rather a didactic than a religious composition.

The day before yesterday I came through the desert country following the track of the wild beasts under the mountains. I came near my beloved Samal's house, and found that rose-coloured spot deserted. I quickly became anxious with many doubts, and I sent out trusty scouts

to all four quarters. If the King knows upon his **throne, good luck** will come **to the ripe** fruit of his **garden. Wheresoever** may be the appointed place for the expedition, let the armies come to the spot agreed on.¹

I remember Allah and 'Ali, and I recognize the difference between friend and foe as well. Where is my beloved friend Samal? She is not shut up as an idiot in a lock-up, nor is she in the prison of the English. She is staying at Choti in the uneven country with the heroes descended from 'Ali,² the generous children of the lion Jamal Han. In the morning a call came from the Sahib, and the Chiefs girt up their loins to meet him preparing for the stages of the road. I came to a town embowered in palm-groves, and entered into the bazaar of Dera.³ I saw a Kanjari, a woman like a peacock, who came swaying her body looking like a moon on the fourteenth day. She had sprinkled her plaits with scents of attar and sweet musk.⁴ A vile custom is that of the women of Dera. I will not change Samal's customs.

Come, O my Chiefs given to drunkenness, do not waste your strength in towns, nor quench your thirst with abominable strong drink. I have met with excellent Malang the hero, who yesterday saw Bahar Khan in his wanderings. 'Come,' he said, 'for there is some manhood in you; come, for I have a message from your fair love Samal, whose eyes are red with weeping and distress.'

So I paid my salutation at the Shrine of Sarwar the Sultan.⁵

¹This passage is very obscure.

²That is with the Aliani Legharis of Choti.

³**The** town meant is Dera Ghazi Khan, which is surrounded by groves of date-palms.

⁴Line 29 is unintelligible.

⁵ That is to say he started from the low country of Dera Ghazi Khan and Choti for the Mari hill country by the Pass of Sakhi Sarwar, visiting the Shrine **there** on the way. **The** saint is generally spoken of as Sultan.

LVII.

THE PROPHET MOSES AND SULTAN ZUMZUM, AND
OTHER TALES OF MOSES.

The following poem is compiled from two versions, one dictated to me in 1893 by Baga Pom of Rankhan (0), and the other taken down by Mr. Mayer (*Baloch Classics*, p. 31) (*b*). Both versions are defective, (*a*) omitting lines 4-11, 20, 21, 25-30, 44-47, and 50-55, while (*b*) does not contain lines 17-19, 22-24, 34-39, and the long passage 60-77, describing Sultan Zumzum's sufferings after death. Even this description of the tortures of the Inferno is evidently imperfect, as only two classes of offenders are mentioned, viz.: women who have slain their children and men who have led their brethren's wives astray.

The Prophet Musa or Moses is made the medium for conveying the admonitions of the deceased Sultan Zumzum. Musa figures in many narratives current among Musalmans generally, in which the workings of Providence are illustrated. These are often variants of that given in the *Qur-an* (Ch. XVIII. 59-81), in which Al-Khidr conveys instruction to Musa by various acts not easily understood by him. A similar tale will be found in *Alif Laila* (Lane's *Arabian Nights*, II. 577). The three stories which follow the poem are of this description. The original texts are not given here, but will be found in my *Balochi Text-book* (Lahore, 1891), stories XXVIII.-XXX.

LVII.

The Lord Moses loved to wander about the country, and once while on a hunting expedition he saw a skull lying in a desert place. Black-headed worms had taken up their abode beneath the ears, the sockets of the eyes were full of earth and filth, and the hollows of the nostrils were full of fine dust, and the dried-up teeth had dropped out of the fair mouth. The Lord Moses put up a prayer to the Holy Lord. 'Grant a petition of mine, Oh Lord. My request is this; give back his breath to this thy slave of earth.' By Allah's command, life came into that old head, and Moses then questioned the old head.

Seven times did that bony skull fail to reply, but the eighth time the bony skull spoke.

Stand thou there, my lord, I have something to tell to thee.

I was a king, Sultan Zumzum was my name; I was a king, but I was blind in my rule, tyrannical and violent to the poor. I had wealth beyond that of Qarun.¹ My cattle were more than any of my people possessed; I had as many herdsmen as the people had cattle. Thou hast a herd of three thousand² camels, but I had three thousand male camels fit for lading; three thousand young men rode in my company, every one of them with golden rings in his ears. As many as all thy followers are drank of my cup (or ten thousand men drank of my cup every evening) when my loud drums sounded forth; I had three hundred fair women as my concubines, all their clothes studded with jewels and pearls, and two thousand men were my slaves bound to my glory. Five hundred hounds I had and seven hundred hawks and falcons. They used to spread out mattresses and race the horses on them, for the dust flew up from the horses' hard hoofs, and (they said) 'let not the dust fall on Zumzum's turban/

One day I had the fancy to go a-hunting. I saw a wild goat in the jungle, and spurred my mare after it. The goat thereupon went up into the sky, and on that I was seized by the delirium of fever. First of all I wandered in my speech. Men came saying they would administer medicine to Zumzum, but not one man in my following had with him a remedy against the Angel of Death.³ Charms and medicines are not scattered about

¹ Qarun (Korah) is proverbial for his wealth. See the *Qur-an*, Ch. XXVIII. 76-82.

² *Lit.* thirty hundred.

³ Malkamith is a corruption of Maliku'l-maut the Angel of Death, i.e. 'Azrail.

like little pebbles. One hundred and thirty remedies I had with me in my coloured pouch, but when he swoops down he comes on a man without warning. The Angel of Death came with his evil countenance; four feet he had and eight hands with claws. One of those eight he put forth towards me, and with a thousand insults he took away my breath. He dragged out my breath, and they carried away my body to bury it, and then I was decked out like a tabut, my sons and brethren sat and gazed on me with their eyes; my sons and brethren bore me out on their lordly shoulders. In my very presence they dug a narrow-mouthed grave, they lowered me into it, and plastered it over my head.¹ It was a shock when the worthy corpse-bearers turned their backs. They buried my body and went away, and whether I would or not the Lords of the Club² came to me, they raised their clubs and struck me in the face, and pounded my body into grains of earth and fine dust. Ants and worms feed under my ears and black wasps have taken up their abode in the hollow of my nostrils. My withered eyes are filled with earth and sand, and my dry teeth imitate the appearance of betel-nut.³

For a moment I stayed in that place. Women came by with the hair of their heads all twisted. These are those women who have killed their little children; they ground them with a millstone from the skirt of the mountains, and they fought bitterly over the blue water.

For a moment I stayed in that place, and men came by with their faces and beards all dried up. These are those men who did wicked deeds, and cast their eyes upon their mothers-in-law, and the wives of their

¹ Tombs in Northern India are generally heaps of earth of which the surface is covered with mud plaster mixed with chopped straw to give it tenacity.

² Munkir and Nakir.

³ There is evidently a gap in the narrative here, and what follows is but a fragment of an account of the punishments inflicted on the wicked.

brethren and sons, and put their brethren's honour under their feet

Now I will pass on, and tell the youths who follow after me to mortify their passions in God's name. **Without** dissimulation give hospitality to all comers. **Leave me now and do good to** the poor.

[Rejoinder of Moses.]

Thou wast a king blind in thy government. Thou wast violent when thou shouldst have done justice to **the poor**. Hadst thou but spoken with a tongue of milk thy voice and cry would have reached even to heaven.

L VII

STORIES OF MOSES.

(a) THE RICH AND THE POOR.

The saint Moses, the Friend of God, once went to God **and** said, 'Thou art the Lord of Creation, and among thy people one is hungry and one is full, one is poor and one is rich. Wilt thou not make all thy creatures satisfied?' And God said, 'As thou wishest, so will I do.' With God it was easy, every man became full and happy. Moses, the Friend, then returned to his home.

Then God commanded his angels to go forth and overthrow the house of Moses, and therewith the house fell down. Then Moses said to the people, 'I will pay you **your** wages if you will build up my house.' But they all said, 'We will not build it,' for everyone was well off. Then Moses pondered in his heart and said, 'I first prayed to God to make all men satisfied, and he has done so. Now no one will build my house, what shall I do?' He went back to God, and sat down sadly. **God** said, 'Moses, thou art my friend, why sittest thou **there so** sadly?' Moses answered and said, 'Lord, do

not ask of me. I prayed thee to make all men satisfied. Now my house has fallen down, and no one will build it up,' God said, 'Thou didst ask of me to make all men satisfied, but, if all men are satisfied, how will work be done? Who now will build up thy house?' Moses said, 'Lord! make things as they were before.' And it was so, some were full and some were hungry. Moses came back to his home, and called the people together to build his house. Many labourers came for hire and built it up, and the house of Moses was completed.

LVII. (b).

MOSES, THE FAQIR, THE GAZELLE AND THE SNAKE.

Once the Prophet Moses was going along the road when he met a Mulla, who had his bowl for ablutions in his hand, and was clothed in a garment of prayer.¹ He asked Moses whither he was going, and Moses said, 'I am going to the Divine Presence,' He said, 'When thou comest into the Presence I beg of thee enquire for me whether I, who have performed so much service, said so many prayers and kept so many fasts, shall have my abode in Heaven or in Hell.'

Moses passed on thence, and he saw a Faqir standing there with a staff in his hand; he was a bhang-eater and a drunkard. He asked Moses whither he was going, and Moses replied that he was going to the Divine Presence, and he said, 'Enquire for me from God whether my abode shall be in Heaven or in Hell.'

Then Moses went on, and he came to a parched-up desen, and there he saw a lame gazelle standing, and the gazelle said, 'O Moses, whither goest thou, and Moses said, 'I go to the Presence of God.' Then the gazelle said, 'I am dying of thirst, if it rains I will drink water. Enquire for me when it will rain.'

¹That is he was outwardly devout.

Moses passed on and saw a black snake (*i e.* a cobra) coming towards him. The snake asked whither he was going, and he replied as before. Then the snake said,⁴ 'Make this request for me. The poison in my head has become too much for me. May I have permission to bite some one, so that it may be diminished ?'

Then Moses the Friend came to the Divine Presence, and first he presented the petition of the Mulla who had said so many prayers. And God said, 'His abode shall be in Hell,' Then Moses asked where the abode of the drunken Faqir should be, and God said, 'His abode shall be in Heaven.' And Moses said, 'How shall that man's abode be in Hell who has performed so much service, and his in Heaven who has acted so wickedly?' But God said, 'When thou goest back to the Mulla, say to him thus—I have seen a wonderful sight in God's presence, a hundred camels passed through the eye of a needle. He will not believe it, but will say that it is false, wherefore his abode has been fixed in Hell. Then say the same to the Faqir, and he will believe it, wherefore his abode is in Heaven, because the Mulla will not believe and the Faqir will believe.' Then Moses said, 'I saw a lame gazelle, who is dying from a three-years' drought, and he asks that by God's mercy it may rain and he may drink water.' And God said, 'Tell that gazelle that it will rain in the seventh year, and then he may drink.' Then Moses told about the snake, and God said, 'Tell that snake that, in a certain place, there dwells a goatherd, living alone with his mother; he may go and bite that goatherd.'

When Moses the Friend returned he saw the snake sitting there coiled up, and the snake asked for his news, and Moses said, 'Thou hast permission to bite a goat-herd who dwells in a certain place.'

Then he passed on, and perceived the lame gazelle, and he told him how God had said, 'It will rain in the

seventh year, and then thou mayest drink.' Then the gazelle sprang into the air with joy, crying out, 'There is still a God, there is still a God.' And at that moment the rain fell, and the gazelle drank.

Then he passed on, and he saw the Faqir standing, who asked him his news, and Moses said, 'Before I give thee the news, I must tell thee of a wonderful thing I have seen.' The Faqir said, 'What wonder hast thou seen?' Moses said, 'I saw a hundred laden camels pass through one needle's eye.' The Faqir said, 'Thou sawest a hundred camels pass through a needle's eye, but if God should lift up the whole universe and cause it to pass through the needle's eye, is it not in his power?' Then Moses said, 'Thy abode is in Heaven, Faqir.'

Then he passed on and saw the Mulla, who asked his news. He replied, 'I saw a wonderful thing in God's Presence, a hundred laden camels passing through the eye of a needle.' The Mulla said, 'O, Moses the Prophet! Utter not such falsehoods. How can a hundred camels pass through a needle's eye? Tell me now where my abode shall be.' Moses said, 'Thy abode is in Hell.' On this, the Mulla dashed down the bowl which he held in his hand, and broke it to pieces, and went on his way.

Moses too passed on his way, and thought to himself, 'How will the snake bite the goatherd?' Walking on, he arrived in the evening at the goatherd's house, and the mother was sitting there. She asked him who he was, and he said he was her guest. She pulled out a piece of palm-leaf matting and gave it to him to sit on. He sat down on the mat, and in the evening the goatherd came home with his flock of goats, and called to his mother, 'Bring out some fire, I have seen a snake.' She took out some fire, and then Moses saw him bring in a snake which he had killed. Moses said, 'Bring me

that snake and let me see what sort of snake it is.' When he had brought the snake, Moses saw that it was that very snake to which he had given the message. Moses passed the night there, and the goatherd gave him bread, milk and food.

In the morning Moses went to the Divine Presence **and** said, 'O Lord! Thou gavest permission to that snake to bite the goatherd, and now the goatherd has killed the snake. Why is this?' God said, 'The days of that snake were accomplished, it was appointed that he should die by that goatherd's hand, and I sent him there because his time was fulfilled.'

Then Moses said, 'O Lord! By thy order I told the lame gazelle that rain would fall in the seventh year, but thou madest me a liar, for it rained that very moment.' God said, 'I was pleased because the gazelle was happy and repeated my name and still kept his trust in me; wherefore I caused the rain to fall. And the abode of **the** Mulla which I first said should be in Hell I have now made in Heaven for this cause. When he broke his bowl a drop from it fell into the mouth of a thirsty ant. On account of that ant's blessing the Mulla's abode will be in Heaven.'

L VII. (c).

MOSES, THE HORSEMAN, THE CARPENTER AND
THE OLD MAN.

One day Moses the Friend of God was walking along and sat down by a well, and washed his face and hands, intending to say his prayers. Looking back he saw a horseman come to the well, tie up his horse and lay down his weapons. Then he untied from his girdle a purse containing a thousand rupees and laid it down, took off his upper garments and bathed; put on his clothes again, girded on his weapons, mounted his horse and rode off,

forgetting the purse which lay there. Then a young carpenter came and bathed; he saw the purse and took it away with him. Then an old man came and bathed and put on his clothes again. The horseman came back, as he had remembered his money, and said to the old man, 'My purse was lying here; if thou hast seen it give it me.' The old man said, 'I have not seen it.' The horseman, who was a Pathan, said, 'Thou hast stolen my money, no one else has been here. I will not let thee go, give me my money.' The old man said, 'I know nothing of it.' Then the Pathan drew his sword and struck the old man on the neck, so that his head flew off. When he had killed the old man the Pathan mounted and rode away. Moses the Friend saw this sight, and went to God and said, *I have seen a strange thing,' and he related the whole story. Then God answered and said, 'The grandfather of the carpenter who took the money built a house for the Pathan's grandfather. His wages amounted to a thousand rupees, which the Pathan's grandfather did not pay. Now I have given him back his due. But the grandfather of the old man, whom the Pathan killed, had killed the Pathan's great-grandfather, so the price of his blood was still due by the old man, and I have recovered that blood from him. I have done justice to both this day.'

LVIII.

THE ASCENT OF THE PROPHET TO HEAVEN.

This version of the legend of the Mi'raj or mystical visit of Muhammad to Heaven does not, as far as I know, exist in metrical form, but as it is of considerable interest and illustrates the purely anthropomorphic form that such narratives assume among the Baloches as well as among other uncultured races, I give it here in prose form as I took it down from the dictation of Ghulam Muhammad Balachani in 1884. It has not been published hitherto.

On the day on which the Holy Apostle of God ascended to Heaven in the Mi'raj, the Angel of Inspiration (Wahi, i.e. Gabriel) carried him up, and he passed above the seven heavens. Then the Angel said, 'I may go no further, my wings will burn.' Then the Saint Dastgir the King, whom they call Hazrat Pir,¹ came and gave him his shoulder. The Prophet set his foot on the shoulder and went up. Then the Holy Prophet gave this command to Dastgir Badshah, 'My feet rest upon thee, and thy feet shall rest upon all other Pirs.'

He went on and met a tiger standing in the way. When the tiger opened its mouth wide, the Prophet drew the ring from his finger and put it into the tiger's mouth. And now, as he went on, and presented himself for his Mi'raj, God gave this order, 'Put up a sheet between us, as a curtain.' The sheet was put up; God was on one side, and the Apostle of God on the other. Then God said, 'My friend!' and the Apostle said, 'My friend!' Then God commanded as follows:

I have created thee, and I have created the world, the land and the firmament for thy pleasure. Had I not created thee I had not created the rest of the universe.

Then the Apostle said:

Lord! I have come hither to see thee.

God commanded as follows:

O my friend, I have made thee a promise that one day I would show thee my face. If thou wouldst see it at this time I will show thee my face even now, but if thou wilt look upon it on the Day of Judgment, together with thy people, then I will show it unto thee upon that day.

The Prophet said :

¹This saint is identical with 'Abdu'l-Qadir Jilani (see Crooke, *Popular Religion of Northern India*, I. 216, and Temple, *Legends of the Panjab*, II. p. 153).

I will look upon it on the Judgment Day, that my people too may see thy face.

Four score and ten thousand times did they converse in one night, and in that one night eighteen years passed.

When food was brought in for the Apostle of God, he said:

Lord! I have not at any time eaten bread alone.

And God commanded and said:

Eat, and One will eat with thee also.

And as the Prophet ate his bread, a hand kept coming forth from beyond the sheet and taking up the food. And the ring which he had put into the tiger's mouth he saw upon a finger of that hand, and knew it to be his own.

Then the Prophet received permission to depart, and he returned and came to his own home. And as he arrived the chain of his door was still swinging as it had been swinging at the time he went away. Having come in, he related what had happened and how he had returned so rapidly, and how eighteen years had passed in one night. Then a Hindu grain-dealer¹ said, 'See what a great man he is and what great lies he tells!'

On a certain day by God's will it happened that the shopkeeper had caught a fish and gave it to his wife to scrape, and said, 'I am going to the creek to bathe and to fetch a pot of water.' He went to the bank of the river, took off his cap² and laid it down with his shoes and his waterpot, and went into the river to bathe. He dipped under the water, and when he emerged he perceived that he had become a woman. His clothes

¹The word Bakkal (Ar. baqqal) is always used by Baloches as meaning a Hindu Banya, or money-lender and grain-dealer.

²The Hindus in Balochistan and the Derajat were not allowed to wear turbans, but skull caps only, and this practice still prevails.

were not lying there nor his waterpot; it was another land, another place, and he was a woman! He sat down naked on the bank, and a horseman came by and made him mount on his mare's saddle-bow in front of him, carried him away to his own town and married him. Seven children were born to him. One day he took the last child's clothes to the river-bank to wash them, and having washed them spread them out in the sun, and went into the water to bathe. He dived under the water, and on coming out saw that he was a man again, and was back in the first place; the waterpot, the cap and the shoes were all lying there, he was that very shopkeeper. He went back quickly to his home and saw his wife scraping that same fish on one side. His wife said, 'Didst thou go to the river, or turn back half way? Thou hast come very quickly. 'Woman,' he said, 'I have passed many years/ and he told her all his story. Then he confessed that the Prophet's tale was true, and became a Musalman.

Afterwards the Prophet fell ill, and some one came and knocked at his door and rattled it. He said to the maidservant, 'Go and see what sort of man he is, what is his description.' The maidservant went out and saw him, and said, 'His appearance is not that of a man of these parts.' The Apostle said, 'This is 'Azrail come to take my breath. Go and say, 'There are still eighteen years of life remaining to me. Go and enquire from God whether it is not so?' The maidservant went and said this, and 'Azrail went to God and said, 'Lord! Thy friend says that he has still eighteen years to live. What is thy command?' The Lord commanded as follows: 'Go and tell my friend that he passed through those eighteen years in one night at the time of his mi'raj, and say, 'If it is thy desire I will add yet a thousand years to thy life, but if thou wilt abide by the law thy time is now.'

'Azrail came and explained this to the Prophet, who said, 'I am willing—Pass in.'

Then 'Azrail came in and began to press on his breast to drive out the breath. The Prophet said, "Azrail, dost thou use as much force to my people as thou art using to me now?" 'Azrail answered, 'To thy people I use the force of five fingers, but to thee I am using the force of but one finger.'

Then the Prophet said, 'Press upon me with the force of all five fingers, but upon my people with the force of one finger only.' And with that the Prophet passed away.

LIX.

LEGENDS OF 'ALL

i. THE PIGEON AND THE HAWK.

The text of this poem was taken down in 1884 from the recitation of Ghulam Muhammad Balachani, and it was included in my *Balochi Text-book* of 1891, but has not been translated. The heroic 'Ali of Muhammadan history here appears rather in a Buddhist guise as the merciful lord who was prepared to sacrifice himself rather than let an animal suffer. The Jataka of King Civi is almost identical: A stupa in memory of the self-sacrifice of the Bodhisattva was erected in Udyana, and it is represented in a sculpture from Amarawati [S. Julien, *Hiouen Thsang* (Paris, 1857), Vol. I., p. 137, and Foucher, *L'Art Greco-Bouddhique* (Paris, 1905), p. 270].

A hawk and a harmless pigeon both struggling together fell into the King's lap, and the hawk first prayed him for help, and said:

Hail to thee 'Ali, King of Men, Thou art certainly the Lord of our faith.

I left my hungry children on the bank of the Seven Streams on a deep-rooted tree. I have come swooping round that I may find somewhere some kind of game to take to my ravenous young ones. Do not take away

from me what I have hunted and caught, for thou knowest all the circumstances.

Then the pigeon made his petition:

Hail to thee 'Ali, King of Men, Thou art certainly the Guardian of our faith.

My story is this. I left my hungry children on the slopes of Mount Bambor. I came here that I might pick up some grains of corn to carry to my starving brood. I have been seized by this cruel hawk who has taken me to tear me open. Now give me not to this ravenous hawk, for thou knowest everything that has happened.

He called to his servant and slave:

'Kambar, bring me my knife.' He laid his hand upon his thigh. 'Come, hawk; I will give thee some flesh.'

Then he cut out as much of his own flesh as was equal to the weight of the pigeon, and even a little more.

The harmless pigeon began to weep. 'He is not a **hawk, nor am I** a pigeon, we are both angels of God whom he has sent to try thee, and well hast thou endured the test!'

LIX.

2. THE GENEROSITY OF 'ALI

This poem was taken down at the same time as the preceding one. A prose narrative, of which the text is included in my *Balochi Text-book* (No. XXXII. i), fills up some gaps in the poem, and finishes by stating that the blind beggar to whom the caravan was given was Sakhi Sarwar himself, the celebrated saint of the Nigaha Shrine. Kambar, the name of 'Ali's servant, means coloured, and he is supposed to have been a negro. It is generally believed that the Kambarani Brahois, the clan to which the Khan of Kelat belongs, are descended from Kambar.

Ahmad son of Shoran sings: he sings the praises of **the Lord** 'Ali: he sings of the day on which **the Lord** 'A l i was sold.

Ahmad tells a tale of the King of Men, a tale of the King of Men, the glory of the King.

A petitioner came and said with downcast countenance: 'Give me some money that I may marry my seven daughters. Seven daughters I have, who sit at one hearth, but I have no money and the rest of the tribe does not know.'

'Ali called Kambar to him at early morn. 'Kambar, bring a white turban and bind it on this old man's head.'¹

'Thou hast brought me out of the town, whence wilt thou get the money?'

'Money I have none that I can give thee. Take me by the hand and sell me in the streets of the town, sell me there, where I will fetch the price of a hundred men, and bring a strong mule to carry away the money.'

The money was paid by a wealthy woman of Gaurani.²

'What man is this who is sold for the price of a hundred men?'

'All then said with his pearl-shedding mouth, 'Haidar is my name. I can do every kind of work.'

'Take a hatchet and go out to cut wood.'

He came into the jungle which lies above Gaurani, and there Haidar went to sleep with happy dreams. Then tigers fell upon the beasts of burden and began to tear them to pieces. The king awoke from his happy dreams. First one tiger and then three others came out of the jungle. He took them by the ears and loaded them like black donkeys and came in by the upper gate of Gaurani, all the four tigers roaring with one mouth, and came to a stop under the Rani's palace.

'Stop thy tigers, and the whole town will become Musalman at once.'

¹The prose narrative here adds that Kambar brought the turban and bound it on the petitioner's head, and then 'Ali said, 'Come and I will get you the money,' and took the old man away into the open country.

²Gaurani, that is the town of the Gaurs, Gabrs or Unbelievers.

'Now I will stop them, as the Faith of Muhammad is increased.'

Three times they repeated the Confession of Faith of Muhammad.

Then 'Ali quickly called to Kambar, 'Come, Kambar, I will take a caravan to Medina.' He loaded a thousand camels with the gold-mohurs (he had received from Gaurani).¹ A Faqir, who was sitting at the cross-roads, asked Murtiza to give him bread, and the King said, 'Kambar, give the Faqir some bread.'

Kambar said, 'The bread is in a camel's bale.'

The King said, 'Give him the camel with its load.'

Kambar said, 'The camel is at the head of the string.'

The King said, 'Give him the whole string.'

Kambar gave a shout and fell from his riding-camel, and the dust was scattered all over his royal mouth and face.

'Ali smiled as he sat on Duldul's² saddle. 'Why is thy noble form trembling, Kambar?' he said.

Kambar replied to his ancestral Lord:

'When I was young, my father and mother told me that I was household slave to Duldul's true lord, and now, seeing thy generosity, I was astounded, fearing lest with thy other gifts I might also be sent off with Faqirs to wander in the desert!'

The poem concludes here. The prose version adds:

Then Kambar took the whole string of camels and gave them to the Faqir, putting the nose-string of the leading camel into his hand. The Faqir said, 'I asked for bread, and thou hast only given me a string.' 'Ali

¹Here the prose narrative says the caravan started and halted for the night, and next morning loaded and started again and met a blind Faqir sitting by the wayside.

²The name of 'All's horse.

said, 'Open thy eyes and see.' The Faqir received his sight, he opened his eyes and saw a thousand camels laden with riches. That Faqir was Sakhi Sarwar. He took away the property and distributed it in alms and built a house. It is now well known in Balochistan that that Faqir became Sakhi Sarwar. Kambar's descendants became Khans of the Brahois, and are still called Kambaranis.

LX.

YOUTH AND AGE (i).

This poem is the composition of Jiwa Kird, a young Mazari, from whose dictation I took it down in 1895 at a lonely police post of which he was in charge. (The use of the English word 'police' in line 45 may be noted.) Jiwa had a local reputation as a poet but I was unable to take down any more of his compositions.

Let me remember the Lord who is the ruler of creation.
My soul is oppressed by my unnumbered sins. I call
continually on my helper, my honoured Pir. By God's
command thou dost the work, man is but a fool. Fasting
and prayer at the five appointed times are the health
of the soul, and the highest rank belongs to those who
are most bountiful. The Holy Prophet himself is security
for both good and evil.

Youth is man's opportunity, it is the season of pleasure;
age destroys our chances, and puts youth on one side.
If one should lay his hand in the direction of old age,
he would set faithful spies to spy out his ways. A young
man would make a compact with his own youth, he
would send for the owner of thoroughbred mares, and
adorn his horse with harness, coloured by cunning workers
in leather; he would be in a hurry to thrust his feet into
the brazen stirrups; he would saddle his young mare,
commend himself to God, and then with whip and heel
urge on his steed, make the dust fly from its heels high

above the turbans, and scatter the goatherds on the desert paths. The business of horse and rider he would carry out with attention to rules, he would seek through all the four quarters of the globe, search all the camping grounds for black-eared bays, and strike bargains with the owners of highly-bred chestnuts. He would know how to fight with earth-shaking age, and completely twist round time-devouring age. From afar he would dart his whistling bullets at him, and the smoke from his gun's pan would go as far as a shout can be heard. The youth would twist backwards the face of old age, strike with his keen newly-sharpened sword and separate his lordly visage from the neck.

He would hang it by green straps fastened to the grey beard, and carry it away, swinging for many miles, on his swift mare, and then throw it to the wild beasts of the wilderness. Minstrels at merrymakings would sing of it to chiefs, and kings would hear it in their palaces, how God had freed his people from this bringer of misfortune.

Then old age replied:

Listen to my words; intoxication is for the wicked, and good counsel for the wise heart. Perchance thou art mounted on the horse of a devil (*shaitan*) or demon (*betal*)¹, and at the end, by God's command, thou wilt have spent all thy strength. I am not alone, many are the assaults of the Angel ('*Azrail*). The Angel of Death knows no fear, he is powerful in attack, a pitiless foe and separator of friendships. He violently takes away golden lads from their old fathers, he is head of the Police, and his orders are in force. At that time will I come upon thee, when thou art enjoying thy life most thoroughly, when thou art wandering round with thy heart's desires fulfilled. Give up desire, and repeat the name of God.

Note the conjunction of the Muhammadan *shaitan* and the Hindu *baital*.

Then I answered to that bringer of sorrow, old age:

Thou art the manifest enemy of the young. Thou bringest to despair all those fair-coloured forms. Come thou not here; when they take one of thy spies the words uttered will not be fit for lordly assemblies. They are always calling for intellect and wisdom as antidotes, they will not allow the joys of lovers to exist for a moment. Let them not stand before us ; let them begone!

'Azrail with the sweats of death is better than thou with thy catlike form. Many youths are wandering about with anger against thee. Through hatred of age, they furbish up their swords. 'Old age,' they say, 'is no one, he is a mere juggler with no associates.' The clouds, by God's command, discharge their rain, by the fixed compact of the Lord they give forth the water; rain falls on Hind and Sind, and the moisture spreads over the four quarters of the earth.

LXI.

YOUTH AND AGE (2). BY HAIDAR BALACHANI.

This poem, like the last on the subject of youth and age, is also by a Mazari poet. It is no longer the defiance against the advance of age delivered by a vigorous youth, but the lament of an old man already in its clutches. The text is taken from Mr. Mayer (*Baloch Classics*, p. 6).

Haidar Balachani sings of his own old age he sings :

Come my sons, with faces like bridegrooms, valiant warriors of the Mazaris; do not afflict your life while you possess it; old age has now set me on one side, and I must refrain from the silver-mounted saddle of the young mare, from the sweetness of fair women, from the embassies to chiefs' councils. A man living at ease, following upon my tracks, has seized upon my noble form, I am caught as if with tigers' limbs. I must withhold my thighs from leaping horses, my arms from the fully-

strung bow. My hands tremble when I hold the bridle, my fingers shrink from the Shirazi blade, my shrunken teeth in their gums like betel-nut no longer break things as they did formerly; my eyes become heavy from gazing at things far away, my neck shrinks from armour and helmet like those of David. As long as my time for conversation lasted, I had my abode at the meeting of four roads, and my fort had its gates closed. Whenever they spoke to me of guests, I called upon the Doms and minstrels. They dragged out plaited mats, and red rugs, and the knife was laid to the yearling lambs, I had room for them in my cauldrons and ovens. I distributed full trays of food with pleasure, and gave them to the Baloches whom I entertained. Two thousand (twenty hundred) men came and drank there, and for them I cut down the sol-trees,¹ which were the shade over my horses' stalls, and the place where I said my prayers at the five appointed times. My saddle was put upon suckling fillies, my servants ran in front. I saw my chief on my upper storey, and there I sat side by side with the rulers; I sat on a chair of honour and arranged terms for my tribe; they gave me coats of kincob and silk. And when I came out from the nobles up to the boundary of my own chieftainship (my market was at Marav, at Sangsila, with its flowing watercourses, at Gumbaz and barren Syahaf),² I took a share with the nobles, the heads of families. Now I sit and put up prayers for that day when my King shall grant me his protection. I am travelling with my face towards that resting-place, and Haidar has passed his life with comfort

¹The jhand or Prosopis. See Note in V., p. 10.

²All these places Marav, Sangsila, Gumbaz and Syahaf are in the hills occupied by the Bugtis, adjoining the Maziri country.

APPENDIX TO PART V.

THE STORY OF DRIS THE PROPHET.

The original text of this story as narrated by Ghulam Muhammad Balachani will be found in my *Balochi Text-book* (Lahore, 1891), and a translation, here reproduced, appeared in *Folk-Lore*, 1893. The name Dris is a shortened form of Idris, who is generally identified with the Enoch of the Book of Genesis. The connection may be traced in the conclusion of the present story, narrating how Dris finally departed from this world. A similar story as to the exposure of the thirty-nine children is related of Hazrat Ghaus of Mt. Chihl-tan near Quetta (*Masson's Travels*, London, 1844, II. 85). The name of the mountain Chihl-tan, 'the forty persons,' is interpreted as referring to the saint's forty children.

There was a certain Prophet named Dris, who possessed much cattle but had no son. He perpetually asked for the prayers of faqirs that God might give him a son. One day a certain faqir passed by and begged from him, saying, 'O prophet Dris; in God's name give me something.' He replied, 'I have been perpetually giving and giving in God's name. Now, I will give thee nothing, for no son has been born to me.' The faqir said, 'I will pronounce a blessing on thee, and God will give thee a son.' Then the faqir blessed him and said, 'I have given thee forty sons in one day.'

The prophet's wife conceived and bore forty sons. Then the prophet and his wife took counsel together, saying, 'We cannot support forty sons, let us do this, keep one and leave the other thirty-nine in the wilderness. The mother kept one, and he took nine and thirty and threw them out in the waste.

When a year had passed a goatherd drove his flock to graze on the spot where the prophet had cast away his offspring, and there he saw nine and thirty children

playing together. He was sore afraid and said within himself, 'This is a barren wilderness. Who are these children? Are they jinns or some other of God's mysteries?' In the evening he told his master how he had seen forty children in the desert, and knew not what they were.

The news was spread among the people and it came to the ears of Dris the Prophet, and he said, 'I will enquire from the goatherd,' but in his heart he knew that these were his children. He went and asked the goatherd, who said, 'I will drive out my flock and go with thee and show thee the place.' So he set forth with the goatherd and he showed him the place, there was no one there, but their tracks could be seen. Dris sat down there, and the goatherd drove off his flock. Dris hid himself and waited till they should come. Then he saw the children come out and come towards him, and saw that they were indeed his children, one like the other. He came out and showed himself and said, 'I am your father, you are my children,' but the children fled from him. He called to them, 'Go not, come back!' but they did not stay, and ran away. Dris stayed in that place a night and a day, hoping that they would return, but his children did not come to play in that place. He returned to his home, and told a mulla all that had happened to him before, and said, 'Now in what manner can I obtain possession of them?' The mulla said, 'Thou canst obtain possession of them in no other way than this,—let their mother take out their brother, whom you have kept with you, to the place where they play, and put him down and hide herself; when the children come to play and see their brother, perchance they may fix their hearts on him and stay there. When she sees that they are staying, then let her come out but say nothing, but if they take to flight, let her say, 'For ten months I bore

you in my womb, give me my rights.' In no other way canst thou secure them.'

The woman then took her son and bore him to the playing-place, and put him down there, and hid herself. The children came out and began to play with their brother. Then the mother showed herself and they took to flight. She cried to them, 'Ten months did I bear you in my womb; go ye not away, but give me what is mine.' Then the children came back, and the mother comforted them, and gave them some sweetmeats she had brought with her, and accustomed them to her. When they knew her well she took them away with her and brought them home.

The prophet Dris was very glad and gave away much in alms in God's name. All the forty children he taught to recite the Quran and to say their prayers in the mosque. But a command from God came to 'Azrail the angel to take away the breath of all the forty at one time, and after some days the breath went out of them, and they died, and they bore them away and buried them.

After this the prophet Dris said to his wife, 'I can no longer stay in this country; if thou wilt, come with me; if not, I go myself.' She said, 'I will remain and sit by the graves of my sons; I will not go.'

Dris set forth, and lay down to rest in the desert, and when day broke he went on again, and coming to a certain spot he saw a plot of watermelons. He plucked one and took it with him, thinking to eat it further on, and then he saw a band of horsemen coming behind him. They came in front of Dris the prophet, and saluted him, and said, 'The King's son is lost, hast thou seen anything of him here?' He replied, 'I have seen nothing.' The watermelon was tied up in a knot of his scarf, and the horsemen asked what was tied up in that knot. He said it was a watermelon. They said, 'Untie it, and let us see.' He untied it, and found the King's son's head!

On this they seized Dris, saying, 'Thou hast slain the son of the King; his head is with thee!' They carried him before the King, ordered them to cut off his hands and to cut off his feet and to put out his eyes, and that they should cast him forth and abandon him, and they did so. A certain potter saw him and said, 'I have no children, and, if the King permits, I will take this man home with me, and heal him and tend him for God's sake.' The King said, 'Take him and look after him.' The potter took him home and healed him and tended him. Then the prophet Dris said, 'Thou hast healed my wounds, and now seat me on the well-board behind the oxen, that I may drive them and work the well.' So the potter took him and seated him there. Now the King's palace was near this well, and every morning the King's daughter rose early and recited the Quran. The prophet Dris would listen to her voice, and he, as he sat on his board, would recite the Quran too. The King's daughter laid down her own Quran and fixed the ears of her heart on him, for his voice sounded sweet to her. Every morning she did thus.

One day the princess said to her father, 'Father, I wish thee to find me a husband that I may marry. Gather the people together, and let me choose myself a husband.' So the King called the people together and they assembled there. Dris asked the potter to take him to the assembly, so he carried him there in an open basket, and set him down. The King's daughter filled a cup with water and gave it to her handmaiden and said, 'Take this and sprinkle it over that maimed man.' The maid took it and sprinkled it. The King was not pleased, and said, 'To-day's meeting is a failure, let the people assemble again to-morrow.' The next day the princess again sent her handmaiden to sprinkle water over the maimed man, and she took it and sprinkled it. Then the King perceived that his daughter had set her heart on this man,

and he said, 'Let her take him.' So he married him to his daughter and took him into the palace and gave him a daily allowance.

One day three men appeared, saying that they wanted justice from the King. The King said, 'I will first wash my hands and face, then I will come and decide your case. Wait here.' They said, 'This King will not do us justice, let us go to the prophet Dris, and he will decide our case.' The King overheard what they said, and when they went away the King sent a man to follow them, to see where they went to visit Dris. They went to the King's son-in-law, and saluted him, and said, 'O prophet Dris, decide our case.' He said, 'Who are ye that I should decide your case for you V The first said, 'My name is Sihāt (health)'; the next said, 'My name is Bakht (fortune)/ and the third said, 'My name is 'Akl (wisdom).' Then Dris said, 'I have been hungering greatly after you. Now I am happy.' They embraced Dris the prophet, and at that moment he became whole, and with that the three men vanished.

Then men went to the King and congratulated him saying, 'Thy son-in-law has become whole.' The King was much pleased and set off to see Dris the prophet. Dris told him his whole story, and said, 'Now dig up that head that thou didst bury, and look at it.' He went and dug it up and looked at it, and lo! it was a water-melon.

Then the King was very sad, thinking, 'I have done a very unjust deed.' But Dris said, 'Be not sad, what happened to me was ordered by God. Now pray and I will pray too, that God may restore thy son to thee.' They both prayed, and after a day or two a message of congratulation came to the King that his son was alive and was married and was coming to him. Then the King was very joyful, and he prayed that the sons of the prophet Dris might come to life.

Dris the prophet then said that he would go to his own country, and the King said, 'Go, and my daughter will go with thee, and I will give thee a band of horsemen as an escort.'

Dris set forth and went to his own land, and when he arrived there he found his forty sons alive saying their prayers in the mosque; so he too became happy.

God had made a promise to the prophet Dris as follows: 'One day thou shalt behold me, but thou must also promise that when thou hast seen me once thou wilt depart and go.' So he went to make his reverence before God, and sat with God. Then God said, 'Now depart!' He went out saying, 'I go,' but he was not able to leave God's presence, and having gone out he returned and came back again. Then God said, 'Why hast thou returned?' Dris said, 'I forgot my shoes here,' but he spoke falsely. He came and sat down, and God said, 'Thou didst promise that thou wouldst depart, now why goest thou not?' Then Dris said, 'I made one promise that I would arise and go, and I have kept that promise, for I went out. Now I have returned, and I will depart no more.' And he abode there in God's presence and returned to earth no more.

Note.—Masson relates the story of Chihl-tan as follows (Vol. II. p. 83):

The ziarat on the crest of Chehel Tan is one of great veneration among the Brahui tribes, and I may be excused, perhaps, for preserving what they relate as to its history. In doing so I need not caution my readers that it is unnecessary to yield the same implicit belief to the legend as these rude people do, who indeed never question its truth.

A frugal pair, who had been many years united in wedlock, had to regret that their union was unblessed by offspring. The afflicted wife repaired to a neighbouring holy man, and besought him to confer his benediction, that she might become fruitful. The sage rebuked her, affirming that he had not the power to grant what heaven had denied. His son, afterwards the famous Hazrat Ghaus,

exclaimed that he felt convinced that he could satisfy the wife; and, casting forty pebbles into her lap, breathed a prayer over her and dismissed her. In process of time she was delivered of forty babes, rather more than she wished or knew how to provide for. In despair at the overflowing bounty of superior powers, the husband exposed all the babes but one on the heights of Chehel Tan. Afterwards, touched by remorse, he sped his way to the hill, with the idea of collecting their bones and interring them. To his surprise he beheld them all living, and gambolling amongst the trees and rocks. He returned and told his wife the wondrous tale, who, now anxious to reclaim them, suggested that in the morning he should carry the babe he had preserved with him, and by showing him, induce the return of his brethren. He did so, and placed the child on the ground to allure them. They came, but carried it off to the inaccessible haunts of the hill. The Brahuīs believe that the forty babes, yet in their infantile state, rove about the mysterious hill.

Hazrat Ghaus has left behind him a great fame, and is particularly revered as the patron saint of children. Many are the holidays observed by them to his honour, both in Balochistan and Sind. In the latter country the eleventh day of every month is especially devoted as a juvenile festival, in commemoration of Hazrat Ghaus. There are many ziarats called Chehel Tan in various parts. Kabul has one near Argandi.

MUHABBAT KHAN AND SAMRI.

This story was printed in my *Balochi Text-book* in 1891, and a translation of it appeared in *Folk-Lore* in 1893. I reproduce it here, as it is a semi-historical legend akin to some of those dealt with in the ballads. Abdu'llah Khan was the Brahoi Chief or Khan of Kalat in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and his war against the Mirrani Nawabs of Dera Ghazi Khan is historical. The tract known as Harand-Dajil is close to the town of Jampur, and continued to be part of the Kalat territories until conquered by the Sikhs under Ranjlt Singh.

Muhabbat Khan who figures in this narrative was a son of 'Abdullah Khan and succeeded him. He conquered the plain of Kachhi from the Kalhoras of Sindh, and received a grant of it from Nadir Shah the Persian conqueror, but was afterwards deposed by Ahmad Shah Durrani, who favoured his younger brother Nasir Khan, the most able ruler who ever appeared in Balochistan. This story was narrated by Ghulam Muhammad Balachani.

In the days when 'Abdullah Khan was Khan in Kilat there was a war against the Nawab of Dera Ghazi Khan. 'Abdullah Khan raised an army, and he marched down by way of Syahaf (i.e. through the hill country of the Bugtis). Mitha Khan was chief of the Mazaris at that time. 'Abdullah Khan summoned him and demanded an army from him. Mitha Khan took with him a hundred horsemen and went to the Khan. All the chiefs of Balochistan, the feudatories, the Sarawan and Jahlawan (upper and lower) Brahois were with him, but the Gurchanis and Drishaks and the other tribes of the plains were not with him. Then he went by the Syah-thank Pass (between Syahaf and the Sham plain), by the Sham, and came out into the plains by the Chhachar Pass to Harand.¹

When the tidings reached him that the Nawab assembled his army at Jampur, 'Abdullah Khan called together all his Amirs to consult them. Mitha Khan's counsel was this, 'Strike straight at Dera, for when it is known that the army is marching on Dera every man will make haste to return to his own home and his own children, and the army will break up. Then attack Jampur and take it.' 'Abdullah Khan said, 'I agree with the opinion of Mitha Khan Mazarl,' and he set his face towards Dera. The Nawab's army broke up, and 'Abdullah Khan attacked and took Jampur, and there he abode a month.

There was at Jampur a very beautiful woman named Samri, a Mochi's wife,² and Muhabbat Khan son of 'Abdullah Khan made her his prisoner. After the conquest the army returned to Khurasan (i.e. the country above the Bolan Pass), and Muhabbat Khan took Samri with him and made her his concubine, and loved her greatly. Samri's husband then went as a petitioner to

¹ For these localities see also No. XLI.

² The Mochis are leather-dressers of low caste.

'Abdu'llah Khan to Kilat, and begged in God's name that Samri might be given back to him.

'Abdullah Khan said, 'Muhabbat Khan is a man of such a kind that if he hears that Samri's husband has come he will slay you. As far as my Khanship extends, go and wander round; and wherever you find a maiden to suit you, I promise to give her to you in marriage.' But the Mochi said, 'I do not want anyone save Samri only.' The Mochi tarried for a year at Kilat, but at last he received the order to depart, and he went back and went to the shrine of Jiwe Lal at Sehwan, and there he remained as a petitioner.¹ For a year he carried waterpots (for the pilgrims to the shrine), and after a year had passed one night this order came from Jiwe Lal:

'At Jampur live certain eunuchs, and with them is a faqir who takes out their donkeys to graze. Go to him, he will bring Samri back and give her to you.' So he returned thence, and came to Jampur and went to look for the faqir and saw him grazing the donkeys. As soon as he saw the Mochi the faqir spoke first, and said, 'Had not Jiwe Lai power to do it himself, that he sent you to me?' The Mochi said, 'He sent me to you/ Then the faqir said, 'Now go, and rest in your house, and come to me again on the day when the eunuchs dance in Jampur, and I am dancing with them and am happy. Come to me then and pull the hem of my garment.' On a certain day there was a wedding at some one's house, and the eunuchs were dancing, and that faqir was intoxicated in the midst of them, the mochi came and pulled the hem of his garment. The faqir clapped his hands, crying out, 'Samri is come! Samri is come!' At that moment a crowd of men came running up to congratulate the mochi, saying, 'Samri

¹ Cf. the story of Balach, XVII. Jiwe Lal is identical with Lal Shahbaz of Sehwan, for whom see Burton's *Sindh*, 1851, p. 211, and *Sindh Revisited*, 1877, Ch. XXV.

has returned, and is sitting in your house.' The Mochi comes home, and finds Samri sitting there with her hands covered with moist dough. They asked her how she had come, and she said, 'I was at Kilat, and Muhabbat Khan had such love for me, that he would eat no bread baked by anyone but me. I was moistening the flour to make dough for his bread when a green fly came flying round before my face. I closed my eyes and waved my hand to drive it away, and then I found myself sitting in my house at Jampur.'

So the Mochi and Samri lived happy together, and Muhabbat Khan was left at Kilat.

THE LEGEND OF PIR SUHRI

The story of Pir Suhri, one of the most celebrated saints of the Baloch hill country, has probably been told in verse, but I have not met with it. I give it here from Hetu Ram's prose version contained in his Biluchi-nama (in Persian characters). A transliteration and translation will also be found in Douie's edition.

The Nothani Bugtis, in whose country the shrine of Pir Suhri is situated, are a section of the tribe to whom special religious and magical powers are popularly attributed.

Pir Suhri was a Pherozeni of the Nothani clan. One day he was grazing his flock of goats in the jungle when the Four Friends (viz. the first four Khalifas, Abubekr, 'Uthman, 'Umar and 'Ali) appeared to him and asked him for a goat. Suhri said, 'This flock is not mine. I am only the goatherd. One goat belongs to me as my hire, and that I will give to you.' Then he brought the goat and gave it to them, and the Four Friends roasted and ate it. Then they called Suhri to them and blessed him, saying, 'If ever the owner of the herd should drive thee out of thy herdship, then make a large fold near thy home, and drive into the fold all the goats that thou hast of thy own. By God's command thy whole fold shall be filled with goats. In thy fold will be found

goats of such a kind that no one shall know them.' And the Four Friends gave Suhri a staff and said to him, 'If, at any place, thou art in need of water, drive this staff into the ground, trusting in God, and then and there water will flow from the ground, and thou mayst drink of it and give thy goats drink also.'

Having said this, the Four Friends departed to their own place, and thenceforward Suhri never drove his goats to water as before, but wheresoever he was when noontide fell he would drive his staff into the ground, and bring forth the water and give the goats to drink.

After some days the owner of the goats said in his heart, 'My goatherd does not bring the goats to the watering-place as before. I know not whether he waters them at some other place, or whether it is so that my flocks are dying of thirst.' So one day he went out into the wilderness and hid himself, and he perceived that Suhri was watering the goats on the top of a mountain-peak! When Suhri had driven the flock away to another place, the owner came out and looked at the spot, and behold there was no water there, nor any place for water. Then he went to Suhri and said to him, 'Tell me regarding this water; how didst thou bring water for the flock to the top of a mountain?' At first Suhri put him off, but afterwards, on that very place where they were sitting, he brought forth water with his staff for his master. That evening the master returned to his home and told his wife. They took counsel together and agreed that this man was a divine faqir, and that it was not well to keep him as a goatherd. At night Suhri brought back the flock to the village as was his custom, and lay down to sleep in the fold. Early in the morning, when the master came to wake him, he saw a black snake (*i.e.* a cobra) lying by him. Again the master was frightened and said to him, 'Thou art a faqir. I cannot keep thee as a goatherd.'

On this Suhri made a large fold near his house, and in it he put one goat which he had brought as his wages. He slept there at night, and in the early morning when he awoke he saw that the whole fold was full of goats. Most of the goats were red (*i.e.* brown), some were white with red ears; they were goats of such a kind as no man had seen before.

One day as Suhri was grazing his goats a band of Buledhis fell upon him and slew him, and the place is called Suhri-Khushtagh (Suhri's slaughter) till this day. As they were driving off the goats Suhri came to life and pursued and overtook them. The enemies killed him again, and cut off his head and threw it away. Suhri took up his head in his hands, and went to them and said, 'Give me back my goats.' When the enemies perceived how it was they gave him the goats, and fell at his feet and asked his blessing. In this state Suhri came home headless, and then fell to the ground and died, but first he had said to his sons, 'On the day of my death bind me upon a camel, and wherever the camel sits down and does not rise again, there make my tomb.' His sons did so. The camel first went and sat down at four separate places where there were Kahir-trees (*Prosopis Spicigera*), and these trees are still there. Then he came to the spot where Suhri's shrine now is, and sat down there and would not stand up again. So they built Suhri's tomb in that place. Suhri's daughter also died the same day, and they made her tomb close to Suhri's. Next day they saw that Suhri's daughter's tomb was in another direction and not in its former place. Pir Suhri manifested many other wonderful deeds which I am not able to tell, and from that day the Zarkanis and most of the other Baloches of the hills and of the plains pay great respect to him. In Balochistan the greatest oath is by Pir Suhri, and from fear of Pir Suhri the Baloches will not take a false oath, and they say

that Suhri will do some great injury to any man who swears falsely by him. Most Baloches give a red goat as an offering at Suhri's shrine;¹ any one whose wish is fulfilled takes a red goat and presents it. The attendants on the shrine kill the goat and distribute it to all the men who are present on that day. All Baloches consider the whole Nothani clan to be faqirs. At present² their headman is Fatehan Pherozani, the Baloches pay him great respect, and thus he has become a strong and powerful headman, and most Baloches fear him because he belongs to Suhri's clan. Many men visit Suhri's shrine every day. It is one day's march to the west of Syahaf.

Note.—The latter part of the above is no doubt Hetu Ram's own account. He was well acquainted with the country, having accompanied Sir R. Sandeman in his early marches.

¹This may be due to the association of names, as *Suhr* means red. It will be remembered that the miraculous goats were red or partly red.

²*I.e.* when Hetu Ram wrote this about 1878.

PART VI
SHORT SONGS (DASTANAGHS),
CRADLE-SONGS, RHYMED RIDDLES
AND CONUNDRUMS.

LXII

The three cradle-songs or lullabys and the playing song which follows are taken from Mr. Mayer's collection, and seem to have been collected among the Haddiani Legharis in the neighbourhood of Fort Munro.

1.

Hushaby to my little boy; sweet sleep to my son.

I will kill a chicken and take off its skin, I must have a chicken's skin. I will make a little skin bag of its leg, and send it to my mother-in-law, a bed of gasht-grass I will spread in the shade of a cliff. A skin-bag full of yellow ghi and flesh of fat-tailed sheep shall be the food of my son.

Hushaby baby; may you grow to be an old man.

2.

May 'Alam Din grow into a white-clothed youth and bind on the six weapons, shield, gun and dagger, and carry his own quiverful of arrows, and the Shlrazi sword of the Rinds. May he ride a swift mare and may he entice away a woman of the Jatts, and give her a shining mirror(?)¹ I will give thee money and the flesh of

¹Mr. Mayer translates 'comfortable words,' but I think that *azenan* is undoubtedly the same word as *aden*, *adhen* or *azina*, a mirror; Persian *aina*.

little kids, sweet sugar from the town, which will make the Jatni pleased in her heart. She will come and say this to thee: 'When the sun bends his knees to the ground, and dips down to the mountain-tops, and the stars begin to show through the haze, then saddle thy swift mare, thy fast galloping bay, and bring it to my help, tie it up to the tamarisk-tree and wait, for my trust is in thee, till Punnu starts and goes out to the pastures, and sends and drives away his buffaloes, and the dreadful old maidservant is gone to sleep. Then I will come to thee step by step, I will come close up to thy body, and we will rest in joy and content until the morning star is seen. Then take thy leave and go lest the wretched Punnu should come back, or the old woman awake.'¹ Go thou back to the Rind assemblies, for the Chief sends a messenger to bring 'Alam Din, the leader in war, for there is war against our bitter foes, the men of Dajil and Harand.'² We will lead our troops of horsemen against them, we will gather a thousand armies together, and as a flood we will sweep away our foes.

Lullaby to my son. May God the King protect him.

3. LULLABY FOR A GIRL.

Nazi has pitched her little tent near the boundaries of Gumbaz, and the feathery tamarisks of Syahaf, her grandfather's grazing ground. She calls to her father and her uncles, and her brother's companions, fair to view, and her uncle's tiger-like sons, and her aunt's well-trained children, 'Come, all of you, into my tent, for the clouds have gathered overhead, and perhaps your fine weapons and your quiver and arrows will be damp. The shameless slave girls have gone away, the

¹ The passage ending here is spoken in the character of the Jatt woman.

² I.e. the Gurchanis, ancient enemies of the Legharis.

cows have suckled their calves in the jungle, and the Gujar has driven away the herd of camels.

Lullabys I sing to my little girl.

4. A SONG SUNG BY GIRLS PLAYING A GAME.

The girls call you (So-and-so)¹ to come close to pleasant Gumbaz.

(So-and-so) will not come, girls.

She is busy in needful work.

She is sewing her brother's trowsers.

She is sewing her father's coat.

She is making a peg for her uncle's bow. She is embroidering a bodice for her mother.

She is making a closely-fitting jacket for herself.

LXIII.

DASTANAGHS.

The *dastanagh* is a short poem of a few lines, only intended to be sung to the accompaniment of the flute or *nar*. These little poems resemble very closely the *dorhas* of Western Panjabi, of which many examples will be found in O'Brien's *Glossary of the Multanji Language*? These, like the *misra's* of Pashtu,⁸ consist of two lines only, but the Balochi *dastanagh* is of more elastic form, and its length depends rather on the strength of the singer's lungs than any rule of composition. The singer draws a deep breath and sings as long as it lasts, when he ends with a gasp.

If the poem is a short one of only two or three lines, they are repeated again and again until the singer's breath gives out. The *Sanyaro* of Sindh is very similar. (See Burton's *Sindh*, 1851, p. 79.)

The *dastanagh* may be on any subject, but most of them are love-songs, and they may be compared with the Italian *Stornelli*, which are of a similar nature, though more like the *dorha* than

¹This is a similar game to the English *Jenny jones*, where various excuses are made, when the girls call on her to join them.

²Wilson's revised edition, Lahore, 1903. See O'Brien's introduction, p. x.

³See Darmesteter's *Chants des Afghanes* for a collection of these.

the *dastanagh* in form. Many are addressed to married women, and some of these take a comic form in describing how the jealous husband is to be got rid of. Others are of a more tender and romantic cast (as No. 22), while a few deal with other subjects, such as the march of an encampment to the hills, some celebrated raid, or the praises of Sandeman for the prosperity he brought upon the country, shown in the form of fine jewels for the women !

The *dastanagh* prevails mainly among the hill-tribes ; those settled in the plains know little of it, with the exception of those sections which move up into the mountains when rain has fallen, and they can find pasture there for their flocks and herds.

The method of singing these little songs is peculiar. The singer and the *nari* or pipe-player sit down side by side, with their heads close together, and the singer drops his voice to an unnaturally low pitch, exactly the same as that of the instrument. The whole is sung, as noted above, in one breath, and the effect is of the nature of ventriloquism; the voice seems to proceed from the flute.

I took down the words of the *dastanaghs* at various times from the recitation of the singers, mostly Mazaris, Gurchanis, and Haddianis.

1.

Wandering maid, I am on thy track ;
These three years past, I am on thy track.
Though I am hungry, I am on thy track;
A pain in my inside, I am on thy track;
A fool in my heart, I am on thy track;
Helpless in soul, I am on thy track.

2.

Friends give me flowers for my hair
And take my message to Sheran,
A golden ring for my finger bring
And give me flowers for my hair;
A fine saddle for my riding camel,
A fine scabbard for my sword;
Come to the well to draw water
And take a message to my love.
'With joined hands, thy slave am I.'

3.

Long mayst thou live, my Bibai,
 With thy beautiful hair, my Bibai.
 On Mt. Gendhari, Bibai,
 At the well of Z a n g i, Bibai;
 O move towards me, my Bibai;
 Come to Dilbar, my Bibai;
 To 'Umarkot, my Bibai.

4.

My ring is on thy finger, do not now go back;
 Thou art my old love, do not now go back.
 Thy pledge is on my finger, do not now go back;
 Thou wast never false yet, do not now go back.

5.

The woman speaks.

This ring is thy token, God be my friend;
 I smile but am helpless, he will not leave the burden
 on me.
 This rupee is thy token, God be my friend ;
 Smile but one smile, and my little heart will be glad.

The man speaks.

Sohni, thou dost not go alone, but with my flock of
 cranes.¹

6.

The sign of death is a hot fever;
 The sign of rain is dust and haze;
 The sign of love is smiling.

¹ Apparently the meaning is that he cannot meet her as long as she is in company with other women. Kunj, the demoiselle crane, is often used in poetry as meaning a woman. See No. XLVII.

7.

The storm-clouds have thundered,¹
The whole camp moves away
And halts at Zangi's well
Come and let our hearts meet.
They have chosen a new camping-ground,
And made their abode on Gendhari (or Gyandar).²

O riding Zarkanis, what horsemen are ye?
Shaho our leader, what horsemen are ye?
He is head of our troop, what horsemen are ye?
We go below Bakhmar,³ what horsemen are ye?

9.

Wandering maid, I'll be thy love;
My word on it, I'll be thy love;
I take my oath, I'll be thy love;
Girl with the hair, I'll be thy love;
Pitch thy tent near me, I'll be thy love;
I will keep watch, I'll be thy love;
Show me the way lest I go astray.

10.

A fine land is that of the Maris,
A good land is that of the Maris.

Zangi's well is in a pass on the way to Mt. Gendhari.

² Gendhari and Gyandar are two forms of the same name; a mountain in the Mazari country.

³ Probably this should be Makhmar, in the Mari country.

11.

There is the sound of Bhimbar's toe-rings. The trath-plant¹ consumes the saltpetre in the ground in the low-lying river lands.

There is the jingle of Bhimbar's toe-rings!

12.

All the courtyard knows it
 I must go as I promised to meet my lover.
 Whether we march or whether we halt,
 I must go as I promised;
 Whether I laugh or whether I weep,
 I must go as I promised;
 There is the camel-men's bivouac in front,
 I must go as I promised;
 Whether I am bound or whether I am free,
 I must go as I promised.

13.

Come, my chief of women,
 Move, and come to your tryst;
 Accept my faithful promise,
 Move, and come to your tryst;
 Move, my girl with the nosering,
 And come to your tryst;
 Every day I spy on you,
 Move, and come to your tryst.

14.

Up grow the lonak plants,² get ready and come to your tryst;

¹The trath is the *Anabasis multiflora*, a plant which grows in saltpetre-impregnated lands. The subject is of course quite irrelevant to the allusion to Bhimbar.

² The word in the text is *laung*, a clove, which is a plant quite unknown in the Indus valley or Balochistan. It probably stands for *lonak*, a common grass (*Stipagrostis Plumosa*).

Tie up your husband with a cord, get ready and come
to your tryst;
Tie the cord to a log, get ready and come to your tryst;
Throw the log into the creek, get ready and come to
your tryst.
He spies on you all day, get ready and come to your
tryst;
So give him a push in here, get ready and come to
your tryst;
Girl with the plaited hair, get ready and come to your
tryst!

15.

Savi's husband must be caught,
He must be caught, he must be beaten;
He must be made to ride in a train,
He must be taken to Sibi.¹
He must be clapped into- the gaol,
The barber must be sent for
And all his hair taken off.
His beard must be shaved off,
And only his flesh left him to rub,
And he must get him a new wife!
He must be beaten, he must be caught.

16.

Aunt, the boy's cap is lost;
Let me look, the boy's cap is lost;
Let me jump, the boy's cap is lost;
I am destroyed, the boy's cap is lost;
The boy's cap is a bullock-load on me.
I am happy, I have seen the boy's cap;
I am content, I have seen the boy's cap.

[This is supposed to be said by a woman who wants

¹ The Mazari version says:

He must be brought here to Rojhan.

an excuse to go out of the house at night to meet her lover. The last two lines are said after she has come back.]

17.

Come out to the watered land, Mastani;
Be my butterfly, Mastani;
I have taken the enemies' gun,
And I will shoot thy husband;
I will separate him from thee.
I gave thee a ring as a token;
Alas for my heart, Mastani;
In the town of Rojhan, Mastani;
Long may live my Mastani;
Much gold is thine, Mastani.

18.

My riding is on swift mares,
My love is by the green water-springs;
For a short moment I will sit there,
I will look upon her wandering face,
I will put an end to the black delay.

19.

Adhra, I am thy servant. The courtyards of the village are strong. Thy husband is dead and thou art alive. The tiger's tail is a sign of ravening, but my mouth is not for ravin when the marriage feast is on the fire.¹

20.

I am the slave of my fair friend,
I am the slave of her deepset eyes,
I am the slave of her wavy bodice,

The interpretation is very doubtful

I am the slave of her bright lips,
I am the slave of the flowers of her breast,
I am the slave of the bangles on her arms,
I am the slave of her white teeth.

21.

O player of tunes, when wilt thou come ?
O piper, when wilt thou come to thy love?
Piper, the courtyard is deserted, when wilt thou come ?
To see thy love when wilt thou come?
To the veiled Mudho, when wilt thou come?

22.

Janari,¹ she is my soul;
When she laughs, she is my soul;
Thy head is mine, 'tis on my soul;
Thy head is mine, oh be not sad ;
Thy head is mine, I am not sad ;
At seeing thee, I am not sad.²
When she is with me, she is my soul;
Whenever I see her, she is my soul;
If she be old, she is my soul;
When far away, she is my soul.

23(a).

Thou hast lied to me, false one;
Thou hast left me, false one;
I thought thee true, false one;
Thou hast taken another love, false one;
Thou hast ridden away, false one;
Thou art far from me, false one;
Give me back my love-tokens, shameless one.

¹ Sometimes the name is Bujaru.

² The line

Should thy husband die, I'll not be sad
is sometimes added here.

I trusted in thee, false one;
 Thou hast taken another love, false one;
 Give me back my tokens, false one;
 Mayst thou be blind in thy eyes, false one;
 Mayst thou be lame in thy feet, false one;
 Mayst thou be maimed of thy hands, false one;
 No sin was mine, false one.

24(a).

Bagi, thy limbs are soft as wax;
 Sit here by me a moment,
 For a moment attend to the pipe's music,
 Bagi, come and sit here.
 Thou hast a lovely form,
 Bagi, come and sit here.
 Thy earrings are of gold,
 Bagi, come and sit here.
 Look for a while on God's works,
 Bagi, come and sit here.
 Look for a while on man's wealth,
 Bagi, hurry, sit near me.

24(b.)

Bagi, waxlike are thy limbs,
 Bagi, come, sit near to me.
 See for a while the new deeds of God,
 Bagi, come, sit near to me.
 Thy form is very fair,
 Bagi, come, sit near to me.
 See the display of pipe-playing for a moment,
 Bagi, come, sit near to me.
 Thy legs are like butterflies',
 Thy nose is straight as thy shefagh,¹

The shefagh is a brass rod for applying powdered antimony to the eyes.

Bagi, come, sit near to me.
Thy legs are like a camel's,
Bagi, come, sit near to me.

When the horseman comes I shall be happy,
With the piper for my love, I shall be wealthy;
Give me the dumb ring, and speak to me,
Give me the ring of betrothal.

26.

May Mehro move this way, and may she ever go softly ;
May she leave her husband, and go with me;
May she always go, may she go to the assembly;
May she go to the village, may she go to the assembly.

27.

You, my companions, call to God
That he may bring my love to me.
I am helpless in my soul,
Let me go and see my love, and return.
My lover is one of thy creatures,
I will just go and cry 'ha' to him, and return.
You may make the distribution of the cows, girls •
God bring back my lover;
With both hands raised on high I pray,
God bring back my lover.

28.

Your feet are aching; walk softly.
What do you want with shoes? walk softly.
Noble is your name; walk softly.
Your feet are aching; walk softly.

29.

Attend to me, false woman,
 I am stronger than your husband;
 I will turn back from the ford,
 I am stronger than your husband ;
 I will burn your winner of races,
 I will drag you by the hair;
 I will kill your winner of races,
 I will terrify your husband.

30.

Sandeman Sahib is the friend of us all. He gives us money to have nose-rings made. All our jewels are made of gold, and if we have no gold he listens to our words.¹

DASTANAGHS IN JATKI AND KHETRANI.

The three songs which follow are in the Jatki dialect of W. Panjabi. They are not, however, *dorhas*, but true *dastanaghs*, composed by Baloches and sung with the *Nar* accompaniment. The fourth is a similar song in the kindred Khetrani dialect.

31.

O fair Kirari² with the nose-ring,
 Kirarl with the necklace,
 Kirari with the hassi (a solid silver neck ornament),
 Kirari with the braided hair,
 Kirari of the town.

32.

The woman speaks.

I am frightened, I am dying,
 I can hardly fill my water-pots;

¹This song dates from the time when the late Sir Robert Sandeman first established order in the Baloch Hills, and enrolled the young men in a local militia, so that they received regular pay for the first time in their lives, and no doubt spent most of it in jewellery for the women.

² The Kirari is a woman of the Kirar class. The Kirar is a Hindu Arora trader, corresponding to the Hindustani Banya.

My right arm is trembling,
 My left foot is moving.
 The flowers of my breast are coming out.
 I am confused when I remember my love,
 I move the ring upon my foot,
 I am afraid of my husband.
 Make haste, I am turning back.

33.

My love is gone in the train,
 I trust in my love;
 He is a servant of the Khan,
 I trust in my love;
 My love is gone in the boat,
 I trust in my love.

34.

Pheroz Shah, come to me here,
 My lord, at eve come to me here,
 My lover, at eve come to me here.

LXIV.

RIDDLES AND PUZZLES.

There is a great abundance of rhymed riddles and conundrums among the Baloches, and they are addicted to composing them on any unusual circumstance which attracts the attention of the unsophisticated hillman or shepherd. The riddles are of the primitive type usual among races in a similar stage of civilization, and may be compared with the well-known Anglo-Saxon example which expressed the naive wonder of the sea-rover when he found a Runic inscription carved with a knife on a log left on the sea-shore. These are riddles of which the answers cannot be guessed. They are meaningless until we know what object the author had in his mind.

These riddles have been collected by me at various times. Some of them have already been published in my *Sketch of the Northern Balochi Language*, 1881. The rest now appear for the first time.

Nos. 1 to 5 are by Brahim Shambani, the author of the religious poem (LIII.). No. 15 is by Ghulam Muhammad Balachani, from whose recitation so many of the poems in this collection have been reduced to writing. The authors of most of the remainder have not been noted.

1.

There was one good thing in the world; an enemy has pursued it and driven it out. In the morning watches it passed along the road. Now neither prayers nor entreaties will bring it back.

This riddle was composed by Brahim.

Answer. Old Age is the enemy who has driven out Youth.

2.

There is but one good thing in the world, the cause of violent disputes and wars a hundred times over. Everyone comes and throws it on himself, and yet I see nowhere any wound. Attend, wise man, and guess this verse rightly.

Answer. Water drawn from a well for irrigation and bathing.

3.

The day before yesterday Brahim uttered this saying:

I saw a thing of a wonderful kind,

It was rugged outside but ruby-red within.

Answer. A flint.

4.

By God's might and power,

Where there was no land nor ground,

A crop grew untilled.

By God's might and power

A garden of leaves and flowers,

And just about to ripen.

Answer. This was composed on seeing an ear of

wheat ripening on the beam stretching across the mouth of a well, which supports the water-wheel.

5.

Yesterday as I walked along the highroad I met the owner of a thing to be sold at a price. I was astounded on learning the price. See this man's cunning and skill. How he takes advantage of the fighters!

Answer. This refers to the cleverness of a dealer in stamped paper on which applications in lawsuits must be written.

6.

A black plant which ripens in watercourses. At the bottom there are three-score spots of blight, but at the top there is a healthy ear.

Answer. This is said to refer to a plant named *thigni*, which I have not been able to identify.

7-

You are a tribe blind at night, united in oppression and violence. You are strong in attack, but you are wretched creatures in form.

Answer. Mosquitoes.

8.

The good God has caused a tree to grow by his will on the face of the earth. Its root is one, its branches two. One is dust, the other ashes.

Answer. The tree is mankind ; the branches are Musalmans, who are buried, and Hindus, who are burnt.

9.

A full cup I saw in a certain place ; a bright one sat down and she had no attendant. She drank up the cup, and then perished, so that all the world saw it.

Answer. The full cup is a *chiragh* or small lamp, which consists of an earthenware saucer filled with oil in which a wick floats. The bright one (*lal*=ruby, red or fair-woman) is the flame which expires after drinking up the oil.

10.

I saw two sisters embracing, very happy at the embrace. There is not the slightest difference in their appearance; one is blind and the other can see.

Answer. The reflection in a mirror.

11.

The day before yesterday I passed along the road into the town of Bhakhar; there was a voice of sweet sound, but when I seized it, it was a male tiger!

Answer. A snake.

12.

Last night I came on my hawk-like filly, and peeped into the house, but, on recognizing what was there, I was driven out.

Answer. The answer to this is said to be a *firefly*, but the meaning is not clear.

13.

One day I came with my filly, swift as a hawk, from a distant land, and I cast my sight around and saw a fine flock of sheep. The shepherds were wandering about among them; in their hands were pointed spears, with which they slit up the bellies of the sheep and caught the blood in dishes, and at last men ate it up.

Answer. The flock of sheep is a field of poppies. The shepherds are the men who go about pricking the poppy-heads with needles, and collecting the gum which exudes from them, which is opium.

14.

A riddle made by the poet Khidr.

1. The lover dwells in the waves of the sea. The beloved dwells in every town; when they behold each other, they destroy each other.

Husain Khan Balachani guessed the riddle, and replied thus:

2. Far-famed Khidr, you are a clever poet, in the sharp tricks of a juggler; but how can you hide your meaning from me? You conceal your tracks in the ocean, and they will not let men who are tied up follow them.

You saw a glittering-stone (adamant?) in the ocean, which breaks off the iron from the ships.

Note.—The answer requires almost as much explanation as the riddle. The lover and the beloved seem to be the loadstone and the iron. The loadstone is confounded with the diamond; it is in fact the mediaeval adamant, which was believed to drag the iron out of ships.

15.

A riddle composed by Ghulam Muhammad Balachani.

I saw a fort with closed doors, full of bitter enemies, their heads strengthened with stings, and furious to fight. First they destroy themselves, and then set fire to their enemies.

Answer. A box of matches.

16.

One day the poet Khidr made a riddle about hail, as follows:

1. One day I came on my stout horse from a distant land. Fierce-fighting warriors caught me unexpectedly on the waste. I urged on my stout horse with stick and whip, hoping to arrive at some inhabited spot and to save my life.

And Husain Khan gave the answer as follows:

2. It is true that you came on your stout horse from a distant land. The storms and gathered clouds poured hailstones on you from the sky and caught you suddenly in the desert, and you drove on your stout horse with stick and whip, hoping to reach some inhabited place and to save your life.

17.

There is a house built by the Creator which has seven doors, while others have but four. By your wisdom guess and explain this.

Answer, A man's body.

18.

It is black, but will not be black; it is sweet, but cannot be eaten; it rides upon horses and is opened by little women.

Answer. Musk.

19.

The black mare is saddled and the children's hearts are glad.

Answer. When the pan is put on the fire the children rejoice.

20.

Three conundrums about shooting, used by hunters.

(a) The ball falls into the hole.

(This is used of loading a gun.)

(b) The cow lows and the calf runs.

(This refers to the explosion and the flight of the bullet.)

(c) The camp marches, but he faces backwards.

(This refers to a gun resting on the shoulder, with the muzzle pointing backwards.)

21.

Send away the cattle and milk the hedge of the enclosure.
(This refers to getting rid of the bees and taking the honey.)

22.

What is as green as young wheat and as fat as a sheep's tail?

Answer. The gwan-tree.

[The gwan is the wild pistachio (*Pistacia Khinjuk*), which is one of the few green trees found in the Sulaiman Hills. The berry is much esteemed by Baloches.]

23.

A few hired servants of strange forms; they step by calculation on duty and service. This army is bare and unarmed, and is at the call and order of other masters.¹ There the army meets slaying and slaughter.

Answer. The pieces in a game of chess.

24.

I sat and saw with my eyes a city and country without shade. Between them was strife and war, and there was none to arbitrate between one and the other.

Answer. A game at chaupar.

25.

As long as the Lord had charge of him he lay in the house.

Now that men have built him up he has become fair and well.

With sweet discourse and pleasant speech,
He walks about with his fair companions.

Answer. A man who had lost his leg, and has been supplied with a wooden leg.

¹ Phoshinda, one who gives clothes, a master.

26.

God with his mighty power cherishes mankind:
 The prophet Muhammad is ruler of his people.
 There are a thousand men and one dish,
 No one goes empty away thence.
 There they have taken and eaten everything,
 Taken away the dish and carried it home,
 Thrown it down and broken it and left it deserted.

Answer, This refers to a thrashing floor surrounded by a hedge (*thali*) which is torn down when the corn has all been carried away. *Thali* also means a dish or tray, and there is a punning allusion to this meaning.

27.

Yesterday I went forth from the town of the hedge.
 I tied up my mare in the shade of a high house.
 I gave her corn from that flowery plain,
 And the handsome bays grazed in the nosebags.
 My father is the friend of the hillmen,
 My brother is a bead taken from its socket,
 My sister is decked with jewellery of every kind, her
 name is Gul-andam, of perfect form.

Answer. This is a puzzle containing a number of puns on the places round the author's home and the names of his relations.

The town of the hedge (*thali*) is Bhag, taken as equivalent to bagh, a garden surrounded by a hedge.

The house with an upper storey (*bebar*) means Mari, which has the same meaning.

The corn (*dan*) in the third line refers to Mitri, from *mithiri*, the name of a kind of millet.

The far-fetched allusion to Sibi or Sevi in the following line alludes to the white-ant or weevil known as *siwi*; these are the bay mares which graze in the nose bags.

The father is called Bahar-Khan, which is considered

the same as *baharkha*, the spring season, the pleasantest time of year in the hill country.

The brother's name is Lal or Ruby; he is the bead or jewel taken from its socket

The sister's name is Gulandam, or rosy-bodied. This is taken as the equivalent of the word *Sihat*, health, which is punned upon and supposed to mean *sahth*, the Balochi word for jewellery.

28.

1. The country is fear.
2. The mistress is living in comfort.
3. The little sister is ready to go,
4. The mother will not move.
5. The son is already mounted.
6. The father is not.
7. The grandfather is living.

Explanation.

1. Fear (thars) is the Balochi for dar, the last syllable of Dhadar.

2. In comfort (bar-karar) is equivalent to be-gham, without grief. Her name was Begam.

3. The sister is named Hauri (the Sindhi word for *light*), and is therefore ready to start.

4. The mother is called Gauri (the Sindhi for *heavy*), and therefore will not move.

5. The son's name is Shah-sawar or fine rider.

6. The father is named Ghaibi (Arabic ghaib, invisible), and therefore does not exist.

7. The grandfather's name is Haiyat or life.

Aphorisms.

29.

If a ruler is a friend of thieves,
His honour and name are lost.

30

If a ruler does justice, they will forgive him many faults; ,but where a ruler acts with tyranny, they will raise tumults without anything being said.

31.

A violent ruler no one considers good.

32.

Old shoes and an old wife
Are the ruin of a young man's life.

33

He who has been scalded by drinking hot curds (or hot milk) will not drink water without blowing on it

Note.—This is the Baloch version of a well-known Indian proverb. The English 'The burnt child dreads the fire' is not so forcible. The Portuguese 'Gato esycaldado d' agoa fria tern medo,' 'The scalded cat is afraid of cold water,'¹ is a closer parallel.

34.

By toil, trouble and pain do men become prophets.

