

## A Tribute to Pathanay Khan Part – II

By Waqar Haider Hashmi

*Akheen ku deikh akhi khush theewan...*

*Inh akheean naal dikheenda...*

*Inh akheean de naal jhirri de jhaire...*

*Iee akhhi likhen dard firaq walay...*

*Wul akhian naal parheenda...*

*Yaar Fareeda akhian ku kujh na theeway...*

*Inh akheean naal channan vikhhinda...*

Line by Line Translation:

*1<sup>st</sup> Line:* Eyes of the lover glow with happiness when they embrace the Beloved's (God's) vision... [Joy of contemplation & connection with the divine grace]

*2<sup>nd</sup> Line:* With these eyes one visualizes... [Inner sight or insight to contemplate or to meditate – *me-contemplates!*]

*3<sup>rd</sup> Line:* These eyes reveal the ordeal of the lover or depict the patterns of longing...

*4<sup>th</sup> Line:* And with these very eyes the Beloved reads the pains the lover has gone through... [Signs of love labor become evident with these eyes]

*5<sup>th</sup> Line:* And with these eyes one reads... [Understanding the esoteric meanings with this insight]

*6<sup>th</sup> Line:* Dear Fareed, may nothing happen to these eyes... [Nothing shall befall on these eyes...]

*7<sup>th</sup> Line:* As with these eyes one sees the light... [This sight gives insight to the divine wisdom or intellect...]

Pathanay's patch work with Baba Fareed's & Shah Hussain's *kafis* [a classical form of Sufi poetry] is like a signature dress of a *faqeer* [saint] on which different patches add value and color, and hence is in fact the high point of *Meindi uj kul ukh phurkaandi hey...* [My eye these days has started flickering or in other words the end of temporary life is near...] *Pai khabar visaal di aandi hey...* [Seems it is a sign of apparent communion... unification... ]

Flickering eyes refer to the fading light and also stand for an omen. Ghulam Fareed, uses the delicate expression to rejoice his inner spiritual mood which anticipates the prospects of an earlier communion with his Beloved.

It is a testimony to Pathanay's touch and class when he flames this Kaafi with a raag darbari alaap in a pensive and authoritative mood subsequently gaining fast momentum when he says '*ukh pharkaandi he...*'. Pathanay truly knew how to portray depth of a dark shale well and how to embrace the heights of heavens in a flick of a second.

'*Khushian kurdi maa peyou jaai hey...*' [Refers to the joy of parents of a girl who celebrate birth; bring her up and then also feel happiness with each approaching moment before the wedding day... body shall dissolve in the dust, as it was from where it was derived, but purified souls & spirits belong only to heavens indeed. It is pertinent to note that there is a word '*Urs*' [communion] a sufi philosophy which relates to the context.

The connection Pathanay creates when he renders the *Meinda dil Ranjhan rah wal munge...* [I long for my Beloved...]. The requirements of the raag; the urge of the lover; and prayer like style of making the request gels well with the Poet's mood and writing style. It can never be anything other than a divine inspiration to make it easy for the mortals to understand the esoteric meaning of

the verses infused with so much pain, love and affection. This is what Pathanay managed to create with his passion for singing in the subtle Sufi genre.

The kafi fades away sublimely with the following enchanting verses:

*Jungle baille phiraan dhudhaindi...* [I roam one wilderness after another searching...]

*Ranjhan meray sang hey...* [whereas my Beloved is with me...]

*Mahiyaan aaiyaan, mainda Dholan na aaya...* [Fellows came, but Beloved did not come...]

*Heer kooke vich Jhange...* [Lover cries in the wilderness... Heer is a popular folklore heroine]

*Kahe Hussain faqeer sain da...* [Says Shah Hussain the faqeer of Lord Almighty...]

*Ranjhan mille kithe dhange...* [Where & how can the Beloved be found?...]

*Theia Fareed suhag sawaya...* [Fareed's cherishes his festive mood...]

*Moula jhok nu aan wasaya...* [My Friend has arrived to please me...]

*Ranjhan maida mein ghar aaya...* [My Beloved has graced my abode with His presence...]

*Jein kaarun dil mandi hey...* [My heart is merry because of this...]

Khawaja Ghulam Fareed's *Kiya haal sunawan dil da...* [what shall I say about the state of my heart...] sheds light on the hardship a Sufi goes through while amassing the mystical experience. Baba Fareed says that the way is very

hard and harsh. That no one knows the experience a mystic goes through in order to negotiate the maze of heart leading to the signs of the immortal Beloved.

There is a nostalgic aspect to Pathanay's rendition of Shah Hussain's *Mein vi jaana jhok ranjhan di...* [I also have to reach the Beloved's place...] What Pathanay adds to the words '*mintaan*'; '*Ranjhan*' and '*Kahay Hussain*' is unexplainable. One can only say it is sheer magic. Even demystification of the following verses does not take away the charm:

*Perian poundi; mintaan kardi; jaana taan peya kallay...* [Urged many to accompany me but ultimately I had to reach destination...]

*Ne vi doonghi; tilla purrana, sheehaan pattan mallay...* [The river is deep and also the bridge creaks as people step on it, and tigers have occupied the banks...]

*Ranjhan yaar tabeeb sureenda; main tan dard awallay* [Though my Beloved is known as a great healer; but I doubt if my pains are curable...] *Je koi mitran di khabar le aawey; huth de daindi aan challay...* [Whosoever brings any news of my companions; I shall give him my rings...] It is not clear if Shah Hussain is referring to the incidence that took place when Hazrat Ali (Karam Allah Wajhu) was in prayers and while in prostration he advanced his hand towards a beggar to take away his precious rings. *Kahay Hussain faqeer nimana; sain sinhyore ghallay...* [Shah Hussain the naive faqeer says O'Beloved! send me a message for communion!...] Pathanay spellbinds the listener with his magical touch.

*Dilri lutti...* [surrender of heart...] is another classic of quintessential Pathanay's - one which after listening to; makes you feel as if it was always a part of your soul.

Just consider the changes in mood, Pathanay had to keep in mind while rendering these lines:

*Dilri lutti tain yaar sajan...* [O Friend and Beloved, I surrender my heart to you...]

*Kaddi maur moharan aa watan...* [Please grace my abode with your presence...]

Pathanay does not fail to hint out the touch of affection the poet depicts in the opening line and for that matter captures nostalgia associated with the second line. The tough terrain of Rohi is significant for the mystic poet as well as Pathanay. The experiences a woman in love comes across are symbolically employed in the following lines and Pathanay's natural accent portraying the true meanings in delicate manner adds brilliance to the piece of written art.

*Rohi de kandre khandi aan...* [I get the thorns of Rohi...]

*Mendi dukhan kanaan di aan waliyan...* [My ear rings have started aching my ears...]

*Assan raatan dukhan vich jaagian...* [With this pain I could not sleep for several nights...]

*Rohi banaya eei cha watan...* [You have made Rohi my homeland...]

*Rohi di ajab bahar disse...* [The spring in Rohi is awe inspiring...]

*Jithe main nimaani da yaar wasse...* [Where my Friend dwells...]

*Uthe aashiq bhi lukh hazar tasse...* [Where plenty of lovers dwell who could not quench their thirst yet...]

*Hik mein musafar be watan...* [And I am the solitary wanderer sans homeland...]

Another of Pathanay's masterpiece is based on a dialogue between *Sohni*, a famous folklore character and her clay pot. The legend has it that Sohni used to swim using clay pot, so that she might not drown while swimming across the river, to the place her beloved *Mahiwal* used to graze buffaloes.

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*Sohni ghare nu aakhdi, uj mainoo yaar milla gharia...* [Sohni urging her clay pot and says *O'ghara* take me to my Beloved...]

*Keewain millan mahiwal nu, darya zouran na uj charia...* [How would I be able to meet my Love, as the river flows savagely...]

Music was at its best when Pathanay sings Sufi poetry. It would without doubt take hundreds of years for music lovers to get out of the Pathanay's trance. His magical touch would live for all times to come.