

# ENGLISH POETRY OF SINDH

**By: Dr.Dur Muhammad Pathan.**

It is said that Indian was born under a romantic star. It learned to lisp in the manner of Byron and Scot in the verse of Derozio in his *The Fakeer of Jungheera*, a metrical tale.

Derozio (1807-31) was the father of Indian English poetry. He was half Indian, half Portuguese. But as a teacher of English at Hindu College, Calcutta, since 1928, he inspired a number of young Indians with a love of the English language and literature.

Henry Louis Vivian Derozio died young. He left some impressive poetry behind him like *Chorus of Brahmins* and *song of the Hindustan Minstrel*. His love of social reform and free thinking were taken up by some of his disciples.

As far as the contribution of Sindh towards English poetry is concerned, it possesses an amazing history. Though, Britishers were very much there in Sindh after the conquest of the country by Charles Napier, yet both rulers and subject were found reluctant to work for the English. The reason behind such a passive policy was obvious: The government was not too eager to open English schools mainly because of the expense. Whereas the Muslims were strongly against the study of English.

Initiation of teaching English and process of learning this foreign language started with patronage of individuals without any support of the government. The Karachi Free School, for instance, started functioning in 1846. This school was funded by Captain Preedy, the Collector of Karachi, who thought he would help spread Christian morality through it. Such efforts solidly convinced the Muslims that the foremost reason in the minds of the British authorities for opening of the English medium schools in Sindh was to convert them and their children to Christianity. However, the breakthrough was made by enlightened and progressive reformers like Hassan Ali Effandi, Syed Allahando Shah, Diyaram Gidumal and Sadhu Hiranamad. They had to fight on two fronts: "their own compatriots who mistrusted English education, and the authorities who were aloof and arrogant".

Consequent upon the introduction and expansion of the western education system with English language as medium of instructions, the local educated people, possessing command over language, started contributing towards English literature and language. English poetry of Sindh can be classified as under:

**A. British Sindhian Poetry:-** The poetry written by the British serving in Sindh on local themes.

**B. Sindho-Anglian Poetry:-** The poetry written by the Sindhis in English.

It is matter of fact that progress and development of English literature in Sindh has remained untouched topic for the researchers. Nothing has been said about the first English poet of Sindh and his/her poetry. I am of opinion that "A SONG OF THE 22nd REGIMENT" is the first ever English poetry, that took birth in Sindh. Nothing is known about the poet, perhaps he was witness to the fall of Meanee. This song appeared in "Sind Gazette" in its issue of 14th February 1886. This song has been dedicated to Napier, the invader of Sindh. Let us reproduce the song here:

### **A SONG OF THE 22nd Regt.**

I

You may talk of Colin Campbell

Or of Outram for Rose;

(Not such duffers either in the Mutinee)

You may talk O' Warren Hastin

But you breath you'll all be wastin'

Charley Napier is the boy for me!

Oh! Charley Napier is my darling!

My darling! My darling!

You may talk o' Warren Hastin'

But your breath you'll all be wastin'

For it's Charley is the boy for me!

II

You may talk o' Balachava,

Waterloo or Inkerman,

But I'll trouble you a finer sight to see,

When across the sandy nullah

Swept the twenty-second colour,

Oh! Meanee was the day for me!

For Charley Napier is my darling!

My darling! My darling!

As we swep' across the nullah,

Queen's and Regimental colour,

Oh! It's Charley was the boy for we!

III

You may hear how Buonaparte,

Knocked the Russians into fits;

Or how Nelson smashed him up upon the sea!

But old Beloochee lion

To the Desert he sent fly in!

Sure it's Napier is the General for me.

Oh! Charley Napier is my darling!

My darling! My darling!

When the old Beloochee lion

To the Desert he sent fly in!

Sure it's Napier was the General for me!

IV

Have you heard how Patrick Murphy

Lay a dyin'down in scinde?

He's a Rifleman- but, hang it! from Tralee.

"Keep your heart up, Pat", says Charley!

"Sure, sir Charles, I'm doing rar'ly,"

with the cholera, lads, as black as black could be

Oh! Charley Napier is my darling!

My darling! My darling!

"Keep your heart up, Pat", says Charley,

“Sure, sir Charles, it’s like a coach wheel yet! Says he.

V

Now Paddy’s time- expired,  
Sure he’s taken his discharge,  
And it’s likely, lads, you’ll find him in Tralee,  
Diggin’ taties or such trifles.

Since he left the sixtieth Rifles.

Singin’ Charley is the boy for me!

Oh! Charley Napier is my darling!

My darling! My darling!

Diggin’ taties or such trifles

Since he left the sixtieth Rifles,

Singin’ Charley is the boy for me!

VI

So whoever you may fancy,

Get your audience some where else,

Where the Russians or the Russians might agree;

But you’d better so I reckon,

Not come near the Twenty-secon’

For it’s Napier is the boy for we!

Oh! Charley Napier is my darling!

My darling! My darling!

So you’ld better, sir, I reckon,

Not come near the twenty-second’

For it’s Charley is the boy for we!

Mr. Batty was owner of a theatre company. He was not only a famous director, but a poet also.

Following prologue was recited by him on the occasion of HYDERABAD WEEK, celebrated on 22nd August, 1884:

### **Prologue**

Dear Brethren

“Ladies and Gentlemen I mean – that’s right.

I come to beg of you a boon to-night.

A humble suppliant before you stands

To ask your alms, I mean, of course, your hands.

Look on our follies with indulgent eye-

Pardon our chuks and pass them smiling by-

And what more festive season could we seek,

Than this, the festive season of our Week;

When friends from far hold out in greeting glad,

The hand of fellowship to Hyderabad,

To-day the races did your hours beguile;

To-night we strive to win the ladies’ (s) mile.

Now if you’ll take the programme from my lips,

I’ll try to give you all the straight tips,

Point out the favourites and spot the winners,

And ask your sympathy for our beginners.

And first your veteran champion I must mention,

One who’s about to leave us on his pension,

And rest a far from Aryan Brethrens’ quarrels,

On beds of roses, mixed with well-earned laurels.

Among our favourites the first is he,

Our “confidence” “Begum” ara “Enderby”

Look down the programme and you'll see  
One who shall queen it as Hermione.  
Fairer than marble – could the sculptor's art  
Perpetuate such grace, 'O't would win  
each heart.  
But when you hear her voice's thrilling tone,  
You'll thank the Gods she is not turned to stone.  
Next her fair cousin – she should  
change her name-  
For you'll all say no faires ever came  
Upon our stage ; her name is a misnomer  
And no more like her, than I am like Homer.  
The comes Eliza – who it will be seen  
As servant maid demure and stately queen  
Shall win you homage; and I'll warn you here,  
To wait and until you've seen her Guinevere  
I our last tableau – our chef d'oeuvre to-night.  
And mind you note the nun who bears the light.  
Then there's sweet fatima – you all will feel  
'S as keen, as polished, and as true as steel,  
What man, I ask, that has a tender heart,  
Would hesitate to take a women's part ?  
Then comes king Arthur, not we trust too late  
For you to see him in his glorious (s) Tait.  
To his skilled ta'te we owe our stage machinery,  
But to a fairer hand our prettiest scenery.

And now I'll say no more but just farewell,  
And wish you all the blessings tongue can tell,  
Sweet rest to all of you, who hard a work are-  
May all your pay be doubled by the sirkar,  
And may the time soon come when the Rupee  
May mean two shillings, if not nearly three!  
Then would we wing our flight, a glad some band,  
To spend our paisa in a happier land,  
And; joyous, stand together, ere we go,  
And chant a poem of the P. & O."

John Jacob set new trends in the administration that paved way for social and cultural change in the District Jacobabad. "The Jacobabad Week" later on known as "Horse Show" was an addition to this new change. How it was seen and experienced by the people? Let us peep into the poetry. It is being reproduced here from "The Sindh Gazette", from its issue of 7th, January 1885.

#### **The Jacobabad Week-Christmas, 1884**

These "Weeks" are a weakness in Sindh,  
so I learn  
Hyderabad and Karachi each have their turn,  
But the best tumasha they over have had  
Was Christmas week this year at Jacobabad.  
Ladies and gentlemen, servants and nags,  
extra Lsts., horse-boxes, baggage and bags,  
The railway officials were driven quite mad  
By traffic all going towards Jacobabad.  
Mem sahibs and sahibs,  
spinsters and mashers

Doctors, civilians, gunners and slashers,  
From Karachi, Quetta, Shikarpur, Hyderabad,  
Had taken their tickets to Jacobabad.  
To tell all that happened when we got there  
Would take up more time than I have to spare,  
So I'll merely mention, and then I'll be done,  
The events which caused us such capitol fun.  
There was racing and chasing  
in tops and silk Jackets;  
Badminton, billiards, tennis, polo and racquets;  
There was pigsticking too, and,  
I'm glad to report,  
With a good show of spears  
and good show of sport.  
An "At-Home" was given by the gallant 1st Sindh Horse,  
Another by the "2nd" as a matter of course;  
A third-the 1st Belooch ball-made  
up the number,  
And vales and polkas deprived us of slumber.  
Too long it would take me,  
nor might it please,  
To speak of the dinners, suppers, and teas;  
But all visitors this year I'm sure would be glad  
To spend Christmas week  
next year at Jacobabad.



On 15th, September 1885, function was held in the Volunteer Hall of Kotri Station. It was for the benefit of the European School. This function was organized by amateur Musical Entertainment. On this occasion, following comic song was sung by Mr. Southern.

### **Far, Far, Away**

For amusements Kotree once (.....?)

Far, far, away.

Now grumbling, growling is the game

Sad, sad, to say.

But I'm glad this week we have done well,

Thanks much to FrazerNash, carnell,

Hip, hip, horray.

To-night in harmony revelling,

Last night in barn pies wallowing,

Far, far, away.

We'll see a change on New Year's Day.

Glad, glad to say.

To the S.P.D we'll bid good-bye,

A lack a day!

Now may the sircar deal on the square,

And separate wheat from tare,

Blow chaff away.

Then good old hands need no despair,

But many faces most disappear,

Far, far, away.

If with Russia we go to war,

Far, far, away.

You'll find "G" company to the fire

Far, far, away.

No doubt the time is about to come

For us to fight for hearth and home,

Far, far, away.

But from our duty we'll never fly,

Th'o in tussling with the Beer we die,

Far, far, away.

Mr. Hart Davies, ICS, Session Judge of Karachi got his retirement in 1897. He was given farewell party and entertainment by the citizens of Hyderabad, prior to his departure from Sindh. Sindhi poet Khushiram composed verses in Sindhi language. The following is a literal translation of his some verses:

### **Farewell to Hart Davies**

Unrivalled is God, the Author of the Universe,

He created one beloved- it is Hart Davies.

May God save the Queen, who rules us now,

She sent a chosen person- it is Hart Davies

A fire among trees, a rose among flowers

A lofty cypress in garden- it is Hart Davies

A store-house of knowledge, profoundly clever,

Shining in fame- it is Hart Davies

Smiling and affable, sweet of tongue

Eager to promote education- it is Hart Davies.

When came to Sind as an Educational Inspector

Promoted the cause of Education-

it is Hart Davies

Those backward in Education, became clever,

They became poets- it is Hart Davies

They wrote new books and became scholars,

He gave them handsome rewards-

it is Hart Davies.

All work bore fruit, indeed, not lost in vain,

Pupils became proficient in arts-

it is Hart Davies

An Assistant Commissioner first,

then the Manager,

He filled high offices- it is Hart Davies.

As vazir he gave noble advice,

Was esteemed by his superior,

it is Hart Davies.

Freed Zamindars from debts,

bettered their condition,

His fame was resounded- it is Hart Davies.

As Session Judge and

Judge of the Sadar Court,

Worthy and amiable- it is Hart Davies.

Typical in honesty, impartial in Justice,

In these unmatched- it is Hart Davies.

In the same year, there appeared a ballad in the Sindh Gazette. Nothing is known about the poet. However, poetry is reproduced here:

### **A Bicycle Ballad**

A fool there was and he bought a wheel

(Even as you and I)

Some leather and rubber and a hunk of steel

(We know how sore in a week he'd feel)

But the fool only thought of the miles he'd reel

(Even as you and I)

Oh! The trouble he spent,

and how double he bent!

(The fool with his lead pipe wheel)

For the dealer had seemed of honest intent

And had told him 't was cheaper

to buy than rent.

But that was n't at all what the dealer meant

(The dealer that sold the weal).

For the wheels weren't round,

and tubes weren't sound

(The wheal lies there on the heap);

And the tyres were made of paper, he found

While the bearings were cast-iron

balls under ground.

And he'd sell the whole thing

for nothing a pound

(The wheel that he got so cheap)

Since the inception of British rule in Sindh, English poetry has been taking birth and composed by Sindhi Muslims, Hindus and Parsis. It is wonderful in both, quantity and quality. I am not here to compile a book on the topic but, my aim is to invite attention of researchers and share the material that has been collected by me. During one and half century Sindh has produced handsome number of English poets and some of them have earned international reputation. To make the list containing their names is not theme of this posting. I have to share the material/poetry that was collected by me from various Newspapers, Magazines of Educational

institutions and books while I was doing research for Ph.D degree during 1975 – 1977, and it is here:

### **PRAYERS**

How many men that always preach to pray  
Have sat and sought in worship what to say?  
That good it is to pray lot granted be,  
But why and what to say now lot us see.  
To some it only means to ask for more;  
For this the greed of men we must deplore.  
What guarantee is there that what we ask  
Is sure pure good and not some ill in mask?  
To teach to give, do we know more than God?  
Then better worship not then ask from load.  
Pray not more but leave to God and fate,  
For we must learn to labour, watch and wait.  
'Gain there are some that pray to pardon beg,  
Although they know that thus to ask is vague,  
Forgiving sins is not for us to teach  
And God by constant penance to beseech.  
If we for sins forgiveness want to earn,  
Then compensate by deeds and prattle shun.  
Some other prays almighty God to thank,  
Yet thankless he bemoans his lot so lank;  
With one good breath say thanks, with next  
Complain,  
Entire such prayer's merit is in vain.

To be content with our lot as we ought  
Is best of thankful prayers so long sought,  
Some self-illusioned one believes he prays  
When other's words he automatic says.  
As foreign those, he does not understand  
And so his temple stands on ground of sand.  
How can such weak foundation e'er support  
A prayer that of true of heart falls so short?  
The same is true of temple bell that's rung,  
Of praying wheels, of hymns with music sung,  
Of burning incense, sandal, and the rest,  
Thus self-content begot is self-suggest.  
Again we find that there are some who pray  
For only not to be God's anger's pray.  
To fear God's wrath because we worship not  
And pray to appease Him is not worth aught,  
To think that He of that revenge shall take  
Is nothing but a blasphemy to make,  
A man is oft annoy'd if not well thanked,  
But God is not to be with mortals ranked.  
Of all the prayers that of praise is the best  
When offered without fear or interest,  
At times spontaneously we exclaim  
With admiration true ---our spirits inflame  
Our souls in a blaze of glorious shine,  
And words escape--- Oh father, I am Thine.

Then when we think of earthly wonders 'round----

Of flora, fauna, all that us surround,

Of minerals encas'd in depths of ground,

Of forms and lives in ocean-depth profound,

Of stars and moon and sun eternal bound,

They all intriguingly our mouths dumbfound,

And soul's serene voice is the only sound---

Too great for me the world, Lord, I have found,

But why to mines and skies and seas go we,

In us, around us, wonders when we see?

Though there's between that thing and me no link

Yet its existence sure I know in a blink.

That cam'ra delicate, the wondrous eye

At distance, objects larger much, can spy.

All different dings' discordant dins that drum

In ears, or measured music's healing hum,

Although they all vibrate in self-same ear,

It can discern at moment's notice clear.

Agreeable smell or some repulsive stink,

How the nose discerns, we cannot think.

From tastes the things how does the tongue

Foretell?

How pleased with nice, but bad how does repel!

Of countless things, to each belongs its taste:

Mistakes not good for bad how great the haste.

How does the wondrous net of nerves convey

To brain the toe's touch-sense without delay?  
No space, we `tween the scalp and skull locate,  
Yet there a spinning mill is situate.  
Incessant there is spun a thread, the hair,  
To which no man-made thread can ever compare.  
Of countless body-wonders that we find  
The greatest sure is the mysterious mind;  
Astonishingly clever is the dullest brain,  
For countless memories it can contain.

(By : Dr Peshotan S.G. Dubash)

### **THE JOY OF DYING**

OH beautiful is this enormous world  
On which has god His choicest blessings hurled,  
Of genes and flowers of such brilliant hues,  
Of things of pleasures and constant use,  
Of joys of senses, thoughtful pleasures good,  
Of problems stiff of life and death to brood,  
Of social bliss of male and female life,  
And noble joys of toils and honest strife.  
Yet say is there a man who has not felt  
Some cruel cut that to him was dealt,  
Be it in work of youthful studentship,  
Be it in that of grown-up authorship,  
Or in platonic aimless friendship's flow  
Or in some flame of love that stops to glow,  
Be it in business or politics deed,



Or in some social or religious creed?

“Oh yes”. reply all hearts, “Oh yes, quite sure

‘there is no bliss unmixed and perfect pure,

(By: Dr Peshotan S.G Dubash)

### **Spiritual & other Poems**

Just gently joyous and so softly sweet,

Magnetic music makes men’s mental meads,

The heart hurt highly healthily r-heals,

To troublous times a tender timely treat.

Relating thought thou art yet gives heat.

That animate from head all through to heels

They rolling rhytrns raptures rare reveals

With harmless fun in no sport so replete

Though harmless get not innocent art thou.

Thou goadest gourmands greedily toglat,

The rolling lazy longingly to live,

The weak to wines and women’s woe to woe

Divinity thine these disprove and smat.

These faults for blessing thane showed all forgive.

(By: Dr Peshotan S.G Dubash Date: 15/12/1934)

### **“SEA GULL.”**

Oh sea-gull tell the false vain man

Who always boasts of what he can

And claims to be superior quite

In intellect an deeds of might,

That man and you, just one to one,

Without the help of plane or gun,  
Or any other artful aid,  
By science or by craftsmen made,  
Compared are both in free control  
Of water, land and air; or goal  
Of getting life's sustenance free  
With perfect ease from el'ments three  
That you to man quite equal are;  
On certain points superior far.  
If fire burns you, it burns him too  
Perhaps more pain for him than you.  
On solid land he moves with ease,  
And you the same, just as you please,  
On liquid water he can swim  
With efforts strong, but cannot skim  
Like you on surface, or just sit,  
Be not concerned the slightest bit,  
On waves; be cradled to and fro  
Without a care as man can't know.  
But when from waves in air you soar  
A man can only then deplore  
His inability to fly  
In air; however much may try.  
If six feet high himself can raise  
For wond'rous jump himself will praise.  
'Gain weight for weight and food for food

How much you work just let him brood.

In honest he, he will confess

His failure true and your success.

(By: Dr Peshotan S.G Dubash)

### **Birth of Sind**

Ages ago the soil where on we tread.

Lay at the bottom of the Tethys Sea,

Whose water ebbed and flowed right royally.

From arav'li's heights to far-off Tibet's spread,

Till some mysterious crust move, by and by,

Thrust up Himalayas thrice and give to Sind.

A chance re-birth a pride of concient ind;

Would that dear Sind may ever rise so high!

O& Sea born land! How long the Punjab founts

Have made thy fossil'd sub soils richer far

With salts and debris from the mount of mounts,

To thrive with waters from the sukkar bar!

Grow likewise rich in all the human ways

That kindred nation sings the songs of Praise.

(By: Maneck Pithawalla. November-1925)

### **MOTHER-LOVE**

When day had gone to sleep and night crept on

With stealthy steps, beneath the tropic sky,

Counting the sad slow-footed hours go by,

A heavy- hearted mother sat upon  
The lone death-bed of her profligate son;  
Her laden eyes bespoke unparted tears,  
E'vn as she poured love's nectar in his ears,  
And prayed to God to spare her much-loved one.  
In life so staunch, in death how much more so.....  
What can excel a mother's hallowed name?  
Who dare put out her great love's steady flame?  
Be it in times of weal or times of woe,  
Into the tranquil haven of her breast,  
Her children bring their way worn ships to rest.  
(By: Meher Maeck Pithawalla. 1932)

### **GOD'S WORKS**

What do these far off dreamy mountains teach  
Their heary heads half lost in slumber-land,  
Wrapt in un earthly silence as they stand  
Forbidding grave defying mortal reach....?  
What do you cloud's fantastic figures show  
Some snowy white, some tinged with deeper gray  
Ever they move in a mysterious way  
Who can tell lohence they come and where they go...?  
What do the ocean's heaving waters say  
Now while they raise and angry war like cry,  
Now while they croon a soft weet lullaby,  
As they roll on and all right and day...?

On nature's wondrous works both great and small  
Three simple works I read –God fashioned ALL!  
(By: Meher Maeck Pithawalla Date: 04/12/1935)

### **HOPE**

Which if December days are bleak & cold  
The cruel first has come and flowers are ead,  
& only think of glorious June a head a medley of warm cloudless days of gold,  
Of roses' scent, of birds' melodious songs although the earth wears winter's mantle white,  
I picture scenes of summer's green delight because I know the strum will not stay long,  
Even at its height I feel no qualms of fear;  
Throughout the fiercest tempest while I wait.  
For its o'erwhelming passion to abate  
I trust that soon the rainbow will appear O Say, where it not for hope's becom light,  
How sad the world would seem, how dark the night?  
(By: Meher Maeck Pithawalla. Date: 19/12/1936)

### **WOMAN'S WORK**

Cradles to rock, babies to nurse,  
And littered floors to sweep;  
Food to cook and linen to mend,  
A cosy hearth to keep,  
Is woman's work!  
Tears to wipe, and heartaches to ease,  
Loss and sorrow to bear;  
Lone souls to cheer, sore hurts to heal,

Another's load to share,  
Is woman's work!  
Not to despair, and not to flinch,  
When things go awful wrong;  
A corner here, a shadow there,  
To brighten all day long,  
Is woman's work!  
To give her best, denying self,  
To smile, to kiss, caress;  
Forgetting ill, forgiving all,  
To serve, to pray, to bless,  
Is woman's work!

\* \* \*

What fuller, richer life than this  
For woman could there be?  
What holier tasks could she fulfil,  
What higher destiny?  
However great a man may be,  
This much of him I know;  
Great he may be, but greater not  
Then she who made him so!

(By: Meher Maeck Pithawalla. 1940)

### **RICH AND POOR**

The rich man is in silk and satin dressed,  
And all the while about his millions brags;  
The poor man drudges on in filthy rags,

Toiling and sweating. Bullied, kicked, oppressed!  
The big man's table boasts of sumptuous fare,  
Expensive silver plate and choicest wines;  
The small man staves, on cast-off crumbs he dines, ---  
Little is there to own, much less to spare!  
The one is born to rule, self-gratified  
He wields his power--- a tyrant every inch;  
The other's lot it is to scrape and pinch,  
Life's bare necessities to him denied!  
And yet, when gods on high do so accord,  
The lord is made to slave, the slave to lord!  
(By: Meher Maeck Pithawalla. 1946)

### **MY BLESSINGS**

Much goodness god has heaped upon my head  
How after when the work-filled day is done,  
I sit and count my blessings one by one:  
A house that is my home, a piece of bread  
Near a cozy fireside; a loved one's hand  
Clasped firm in mine; a baby's guileless smile  
To beautify my daily tasks; a pile  
Of well-worn garments to be mended, and  
Yet new ones made, a mother's precious right  
Is mine to love and be adored; to share  
Youth's buoyant hope and childhood's fancies fair....  
Of the good things of life that women might  
Crave to possess, I have so much; indeed

So much, I do not know what more I need!

(By: Meher Maeck Pithawalla)

### **My Friends**

Those are my friends the fragrant rose wet  
With early morning dew; the gold-mohur trees.  
By the roadside; the butter flies and bees  
And ants the stars that come out at sun set,  
The alabaster morn enthroned on high  
O'er the tree-top, the sea-gulls wild and free,  
The rugged cliffs, the cattle on the lea,  
The rain- clouds- and the ever \_ present Sky.....

(By: Meher Maeck Pithawalla)

### **THE TIME- PLECE**

I hear the fleeting moments say;  
“Tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick,  
Whatever work you have to do,  
Do it today, be quick.  
We never once retrace our steps,  
As we go hasting by;  
Some glad and short, some sad and long,  
Do you know where we lie?  
We go to form the days and months,  
We help the hours to chime,



We cause the years and ages roll  
To make the mighty Time.  
We safely store away your Past----  
The bygone yesterdays----  
And all unborn tomorrows keep  
In Future's misty haze.

(By: Meher Maeck Pithawalla)

### **THE RECIPE**

Love is made of ten dearness, love is made fire,  
Of glary and wonder and of lodging and desirce,  
Of dreame and hopes and fantasies, of passion and pain  
Of showers after sunshine and of sunshine after rain.  
But love that lasts a lifetime, is of more materned staff,  
It's made of understanding of lot of little things,  
It's made of understanding of lot of litte kings,  
The lakes and quirks and jolts and jerks that daily life brings.  
Love that lasts a life time her a sense of humour too,  
Which only grins at silly things that wife and husbands do,  
Which bears with dreariness at times and boredom now and then?  
When sweethearts prove but women and when lovers prove but men.  
Love that lasts a lifetime, needn't lose its high romance,  
But it is got to be of fiber that can battle circumstance;  
It must have fire and tenderness and loyalty intense,  
And faith and hope and charity –and simple common sense.

(By: Mansingh Gurdasing Shalani. Date 07/09/1935)

## Christmas thoughts

For the fulfillment of dharma

For the creation of a new kingdom, the kingdom of peace & love

On this earth –plane of strife and pain

Of friction an contradiction

Is the blessed babe born again and again?

x.x.x.

He the centre of a thousand hallowed thoughts

Of a thousand sacred dreams.

He, of whom the ages ring,

He of whom the sang sing,

He enters into birth again.

(By: T.L.Vaswani

## TO BEAUTY

1. Supreme delight of life! O Beauty, thou

Dost dwell in Nature's kingdom, where thy soul

Is wont to seek repose, and thee unfold

In all thy brightness, as thou shon'st of old;

The flower, plant, and mountain, wood, and sea,

And rivers, lakes, all these do shelter thee!

2. When first the eye of Man on thee did light,

To him thou wert a wond'rous glory bright;

His manly nature with its infant soul

Looked on thee with delightful wonder bold;

His wonder soon to adoration turned,

His tender heart for thee in worship burn'd.

3. The charm excites the soul to raptures deep,  
They light a wakes the heart that was asleep,  
To thy resplendent luster flows a stream  
Of feeling, admiration, worship, loves;  
Thy sunshine thaws the frozen soul of man,  
To flow to all that is divine in love.
4. When Man doth see thy face in human form,  
Thou dost his heart in silken fetters chain;  
Thy love doth urge him on to noble deeds,  
Thy look sustains, and gentle smile rewards;  
From humar love his heart to God proceeds,  
His soul true joy and happiness doth gain.
5. Bright Goddess! eyes of men there are that see  
Thy form to satisfy their senses' lust;  
They are but theives, who steal thy light from thee,  
To please the body that shall turn to dust.  
Oh Heaven! eyes of such be sure to blind,  
Thy daughter hide from their too evil mind!
6. They rainbow robe, gay angel! Is well full  
With flowers that thy hand hath sown and raised;  
And Time, that old destroyer, mush amazed,  
With their sweet form, his hand on them doth lay;  
They fade, shrink, and crumble unto dust,  
Thou, laughing, makest others, --- as thou must!
7. Not only in material form thon dwell'st,

But also in the spirit; for thou swell'st  
The soul that virtue's hand from Sin redeems,  
To godly stature: he an angel seems.

O touch the soul that in this body lives,  
With thy white-rosy hand that glory gives!

8. Sweet is the trail, O Beauty, and thy spell—

Its bright refulgence sheds on human life!  
And heaven's godly pulse beats through thy arm;  
Hath wounded! and thy full-blown face doth shine  
On all that are virtue mad divine!

(By: Vishino Gidwani Date: Oct 1931)

### **HER THREE SONNETS**

I  
O-God! the sting of love is sweet, is sweet,  
Is bitter—sweet, My panting soul is torn  
Form out my heart, and longing, loving borne  
To his own spirit sweet, when shall I greet  
Once more his shining face? With pain doth beat  
My heart, and madly reels in joy and thanks.  
But he comes not; he's haunting other banks,  
To others goes. Oh, shall we never meet?  
I suffer, that my life is wasting vain,  
I'm glad, that still I love. Shall ever so  
My eyes weep tears of blood? Away, be fled,  
Despair! My God, I cannot bear this pain!  
I hope and trust in thee; I know,— I know

He'll come to me, and kiss me, kiss me. dead

II

I killed him, -- oh, the wicked girl I was!-

Killed him, who was to me more dear than life

Or soul. How he did bleed! The cruel knife

Yet hovers in my mind, and madly gnaws

My heart. Oh, why loved he that girl? She draws

A jealous passion in my spirit vain,

I suffer in my rage, Eternal pain

Upon me now has closed her horrid claws.

My crushing sin to me is agony;

Without him life is torture with no end;

But I will try to bear it: God is just.

I'll live, so fondly, on his memory;

With tearful smiles, his image I shall tend;

I'll love him still, though suffering ring; oh I must;

III

Reproach me not, O sister, but forgive

The dying wretch who once your love did kill,

Because he loved you, Oh, I know that still

You will with him in heaven happy live.

I shall contented be my all to give,

In lonely love to wander all my days;

My soul eternal, paining, shall not raise,

A cry, but rest in service fugitive.

O darling sister, I shall ever pray

To God, to grant you two united bliss;  
I shall be joyous when I see you so.  
My love to me shall be a rosy ray  
In lonesome night, I beg no more than this;  
Think well of me. Farewell; I go, I go.  
(By: Vishino Gidwani on Date: Feb 1932)

### **EXPERIMENTS IN RHYTHMIC PROSE**

1. He distant metal-tongued tower struck twelve;-  
The note unheard in the din of the day,  
Resounding sharp and clear,  
In the stillness of night,  
When all city slept.
2. The full-moon lately risen,  
Peeped behind a bank of clouds,  
Above the two-storied house  
In which she dwelt.
3. A light steamed from the half-open window of her room;  
While he stood below  
In the shadow of the wall,  
Screened by the rose bushes;--
4. And thought of an enchanted moon-bathed castle,  
And a suffering princess at the casement,  
And her knight-errant keeping tryst below,  
To carry her away to an unknown land.....
5. But the moon shot behind a dark cloud,--  
Her light went off at the window,--

Leaving the world to darkness

And to him!

(BY: MAGIC CASEMENT)

### **A WISH**

IF God were to meet

And tell me "Sweet,

Ask what you will

I shall fulfill"-

I would ask this,

My Greatest wish:

"Let THY presence be

Ever in me.

(By: Shah. C.B. B.Sc (SR.) Date: Feb 1940)

### **Love letters**

**1.** He tore his love's letters

Into the smallest fragments

His fingers could fashion,

And threw them into the dark night,

Out of the window of the running train.

**2.** And those sweet messages were wafted by the winds,

And whispered through the trees,

And echoed on the sides of rocks,

Till all Nature resounded with their music.

**3.** So, what the world would not understand,

The winds bore on their bosom,

The trees clasped in their arms,  
The rooks hugged to their heart,--  
All Nature cherished!

(By: M. U MALKANI)

### **THE BREATH OF HER HEM**

I

In my lonely mind

I sat all alone,

With a silent groan-

When she passed behind:

On her airy way,

With an airy tread,

Like a sylph or fay

She sped.

Like the breath of the breeze

Over slumb'ring seas,



Or through the soft stem

Of the myrtle tree,

The breath of her hem

Was wafted to me,

It stirred in my being

A melody,

||

And my lonely mind

Was not lonely now,

Because it did find

Company enow;

For the breath of her hem

Did cling to my frame,

And kissed me, and came,

And made in my heart its home,

And I ceased in my loneliness

To roam.

(BY: M.U Malkani, B.A. Oct 1933)

**THE PRISONED PEACOCK.**

The prisoned peacock in the cage, \_

Not in its native woodlands free, \_

Within its ugly, iron bars,

Is happy as can be.

The peacock scorching in the sun, \_

Not in its beloved clouds and rain, \_

Beneath sun's cruel, fury rays,

Is joyous all amain.....

For, even in sinister bars,

Beneath a boundless, blazing sky

The unassuming peahen yet,

His mate is always by.

And thrills of joy run through his quills,

He opens his gorgeous fan-tail round,

Aglint with skyey, rainbow hues,

On earth so seldom found;

Then struts to his poor, simple mate

That naught of pride or power assumes

And in an ecstasy, he folds

Her in hi radiant plumes!

(BY: M.U Malkani, B.A. Feb 1934)

"To....."

Your portrait,'mong my treasurers,

You may never chance to find;

For, in the precinct of my heart,

Your image is enshrined;

A picture, far more living,

Then artist e'ev can paint;

That change can never alter,

Nor time can ever faint.

Your hair will keep its auburn,

Your voice its dulcet tone;

Tho' others see it silvered,

And mark how different grown:

For me your face forever,

Will keep its youthful bloom;

So beam your eyes upon me,

In gladness or in gloom.

Your billets- doux I cherish,

Tho' need I not their spell;

No souvenir is required, sweet,

By one who loves too well:

For not a dawn that breaks, love,

But brings me thought's of thee;

And not a sun that sets, love,

But bears a pray'r from me!

(BY: TEDI. Feb, 1931)

**LIEBESLEID UND LIEBESFREUD**

(Love's Sorrow and love's Joy)

If you were like the spring, love,

And I, a fleeting swallow,

Achasing you I'd sing love,

And trilling ever follow;

I'd croon sweet songs of love, dear,

Chants on earth unheard,

In the downy clouds above, dear,

So bracingly covered,

When adown I dive, love,

To ease my weary wing,

Tho' mute as death, alive, love,

I'd settle nigh a spring;

'Neath the verdant glad, dear,

Beside the purling stream,

I'd list to its serenade, dear,

Whilst of you I dream.

'Pon me Zephyr breathing, love,

Caressing me unseen,

With kisses from you a seething, love,

So lenitive, so serene;

My ears I'd prick so sharp, dear,

To catch faint murmurs borne,

As from a vibrant harp, dear,

To lull my heart loveborn,

And when at eventide, love,

The shadows longish creep,

The sun abaft the hill-side, love,

Steals a ling' ring peep—

And as the rose of glooming, dear,

Melts softly into gloom,

Birds return ahoming, dear,

To trees that eerie loom—

Till Dione's fitful beam, love,

Floods all with silviery light,



Muffling even the stream, love,

Hush overspreads the night—

So calm the glen appears, dear,

With ne'er an echo riven,

Save the melody of the spheres, dear,

As love's sweet song is given.

Dawn!—as my eyes I ope, love,

I find, dear heart, you're gone,

I rove o'er plain and slope, love,

Forlorn, I soar alone,

Tho' your form I've lost, dear,

I'll wing your soul to search,

Never reckoning the cost, dear,

Save death I'll know no perch,

Erelong I'll make my nest, love,

In Death's cold welcome arms,

Undisturbed to rest, love,

Beyond your will be nought, dear,

Your glory vain and hollow,

Whoe'er will give a thought, dear,

To Spring without her Swallow?

(By: TEDI. Feb, 1933)

### PRISON POEMS

You always burst into my cell when the

Prison-bells ehime their first hour of night.

If my warders and jailors came to know of it,

It will greatly unsettle them.

You lift my head and let it lean on your breast,

You talk and talk, now in voice-less whispers.

now it tones high and loud.

You cheer my heart. You still my

sobs and wipe my tears.

You always burst into my cell when the

Prison-bells chime their first hour of night.

If my warders and jailors came to know of it,

O, it will greatly unsettle them.

(BY: H.D.Mariwalla)

**AN ACROSTIC**

Deeply toned in ochre our lovely college stands,

Jade-green lawns set off palms amid a desert's sands,

Sapphire skies from luminous blue to the red of dying day

Invest this home of wisdom with carrying colures gay.

Nulled by the inevitable-of my past school days the death,

Dear God! said I, can else fill up this aching void on earth?

Came then a revelation, a blinding flash from high,

Oh come to me the spirit knowledge to my sad soul did cry,

Lure ever, of the scholar to this college me it bore,

Lo! I have found what I have sought and I shall seek e'ev more

Elysium, fulfillment of knowledge and beauty

Great riches of the mind, and the one true path duty

Elysium \_eternal quest \_in knowledge as my goal.

(By: Miss Cecilia Soares)

**“THE HORRORS OF WAR”**

Like shadow crept the night in dark attire,

When mighty cannons roared on either side;

And curly smoke coiled up and clothed the fire,

As ruins on the battle-field spread wide.

And on the heart of destruction War sat,

And woke the harp of heaven with hell's own fire,

As lightning flew from chord to chord, and begat

Thunder and storm through each vibrating wire,

And when this music rose to highest pitch,

The gathered clouds poured down the rain of woe;

Like muddy streamlets, streaming down a ditch

Rivers of miseries began to flow

Thus ends the struggle born of brutal force,

And leaves those that survive to sheer remorse.

(By: J.J Chatpar)

**WHEN THE EVENING TIME COMES**

O love, look how my song weaves itself

Out of your wonder now,

When the evening time come,

With the weary tinkle of returning cow-herd's bells

When the village woman are busy

Trimming the house lamps,

I sit by my door-way and murmur to myself

Of the strange glow in your wild dark eyes,

Of those prodigal black tresses let loose,

Of that sudder quiver round

Your shy honey moist lips,

Of the unruly beating of my heat

When with your little cheek on your warm shoulder

You have looked me mad questions with tipsy eyes,

And of the serene joy that burns me

When I hide my face in the fragrant flame of your hair,

By my door-way I sit and murmur this.

And lo! beloved, it becomes a song,

But I shall still attempt my songs,

After, love has grown cold

And paled with the weary burden of age,

When the lamp-hour comes

I will sit by my door-way, then,

And sing again how black those tresses once were,

How drunken those tired eyes

And lovely that little dimpled chin was,

And how mystic red our love, once,

I shall sing wondering why

My heart beats so lazy and cold

Why the street lamps have grown

So dull and funeral-fed,

And the night lost its wonder.

Love when youth is gone, I shall sing

Of our by-gone love, by my door-way,



And lo! it shall become a sigh,

A wordless moan.

(By: Doulat Mahtani Int.Science. Feb, 1934)

**SHOW ME THY LIGHT!**

I hear thy voice from afar,

I hear it and rejoice;

My lips in wonder' open ajar

To see thy person pious,

And cry

In melody,

My love! My life! My vision bright!

Come Oh! Come, and show me Thy light!

But thou heedest not; swiftly passed by;

My face grows pale and writhes in pain,

The tongue is tied and words run dry;

Unable to bear the strain

Tears drop

In a crop;

My love! My life! My vision bright!

Come, Oh! Come, and show me Thy light!

(By: Hasso J.Kewalramani B.A, Jr . Oct, 1931)

## **DREAM**

Dream! Such a shadowy mask!

So vague! So wild! with a dreary dark

Veiled and vouchsafed;

Half light, half shade

Colouring it; the figures there were

Running, passing'

Passing, repassing;

The body thrilled with a strange stir,

And in that dream came the voice.

Hush! She had descended; no noise

Was there;

Calm and clear

Unlike the many that ran along;

Bathed and beautified

Low-down yet dignified

She was in the pit of vice and wrong,

I clasped her, hugged her to my breast;

I poured out my love through my eyes;

Of words,

Like the birds

Whose beaks commingle, when

They interchange

Their love so strange,

We lay, lost in one though twain.

(By: Hasso J.Kewalramani B.A, Jr. Feb, 1932)

### **OUR FRIEND THE LAWYER**

1. 'T is granted the credit with the lair lies,

Ever alert, ever on stife,

An envied brain, the tricks it tries

Symbols of courage, of action and life.

Life through deceiving,

Yet always achieving,

From the depth of darkness into the glare of light,

From the lowest ebb to the splendorous height,

**2.** But, Ah! That is all for which he keeps wide awake;

To press virtuous poverty against wieked wealth,

To crush woolly worm and spare venomous snake,

To bulge his belly with deceipth and stealth.

Alas! One saint doth cease,

One devil to increase,

One more foe of heavens, on pluto's level,

One angel led astray, one more follower of devil.

**3.** But be not bewildered, for the lawyer is the liar,

Who always evil advocates and supports the strong;

His success depends upon the wise lies he can fire,

Not on, "Vindication of right and punishment of

Wrong".

Straining his nerves

He this way serves,

And still with no sense, no reason, no wisdom at all

Styles his profession "noble" and "the best" of all.

**4.** Resides not Immortal fame in his hollow pomp out

glory,

Not twinkles it in his empty laurels and crown,

But “service to Humanity” is the ladder to that story,

While “Faith” and “fortitude” the guides to that town.

Better never to live

Than evil to give.

Be careful friend, for name is fame, be bold and brave,

Let not the coffin hide thy name, thy fame the grave.

(By: Shaikh Bashir Ahmed K Feb, 1932)

**“BECAUSE I AM A COLLEGIAN”**

Whenever I see a girl

My hand to tie and hat doth whirl

To see them right in order hur!

Because I am a collegian.

Free to vander, and home

Free to love and free to roam

Life to me is heaven's dome

Because I am a collegian.

I laugh I wink I gaze I glance

Smiling with my friends I dance

To love it is so lovely chance

Because I am a collegian.

Morning evening noon and night

I'm quest of romantic light

Latest fashions guides me right



Because I am a collegian.

Collar, necktie, fancy shoe;

Felt and suit and mode all new

Thus to be a gentleman true

Because I am a collegian.

Cigarette is my feature of face

Else is blunt my facey's race

Smoke rings soft and curly lace

Because I am a collegian.

Let first tutor enter the class

Let by me the ladies pass

Then at last I strut across

Because I am a collegian.

Bills before and after

I stride along in laughter

To look for something softer

Because I am a collegian.

'Beauty' Truth and Goodness' and mine

O' spirits and fancies' I am thine

To talk of ye and always pine

Because I am a collegian.

(By: Shaikh Bashir Ahmed K. Oct 1934)

### **KRISHNA AND HIS FLUTE**

I hear it, I hear it.

Soft and sweet and cute;

I hear the soundless music

Of Krishna and his flute.

I hear it, and I hear it,

Throughout the nights and days;

Entreating and enchanting

He plays, and plays, and plays.

Ah, such music ne'er was heard

By men in the ages past,

Nor will it e'er be heard

By generations following fast,

I heard, I followed the Master's Flute-

I followed with lips apart;

Softly crying--- sweetly crying;

“Krishna, Krishna- king of Heart!”

(By: Jashan P. Vaswani, B.sc Jr. Oct, 1934)

**A POOR BOY**

I did spy a poor boy,

As I went my way,

He asked a pice, the poor boy,

The one that went the way,

I did give some others too,

But others refused to pay;

They did that also gently too,

But one would have his say,

He kicked the boy the poor one,

The boy went off with pain

He thought by him the battle was won  
The boy went off with pain,

He hit the boy he gained not much,

He enjoyed the pleasure of it

No one can help the world is such

It laughs heartily when poor is hit.

He hit the boy he hit him hard

He hit his cherished dreams

He hit a young heart's chord

To satisfy his means.

(By: C.L. Mariwalla. Oct, 1934)

**TO SHAKUNTALA**

I

When at sunset the sky is dressed like a bride,

I wonder whether thou in it dost reside!

And when I gaze at it with my eyes

Full of tears, my heart within me cries

For thee--- O shakuntala --- for thee.

II

When at night in the sky the moon doth shine,

I think that thou art there, Sister mine,

And when through the night I keep awake,

Looking at the moon, my heart doth ache

For thee--- O Shakuntala—for thee.

III

When at dawn of day appears the dew,

And thy sky is painted with many a hue,

And when I stare at the orange sky,

My heart within doth moarn and sing

For thee--- O Shakuntala—for thee.

(By: Miss Hari. P. Vaswani. Feb, 1931)

### **TO THE STAR**

When the balmy breeze the trees doth blow,

When within me there waves of inspiration flow,

When the sun to this world has bidden adieu

When people are praying to the mighty Dieu,

When the birds have retired to their cosy nests

With their beloved mates to have tete-a-tete;

Then O! then silently appeareth thou beautiful star;

In the sky and none can then thy beauty mar;

When bird and beast, man and flower are asleep,

Then doth thou over all thy vigil keep;

When evil thoughts invade my mind, I gaze at thee

Brilliant star! for thou art the emblem of purity,

Unselfish thou art, for freely thou giveth off thy light

To others and firm do I rejoice at thy sight.

When at dawn the sun appears into view,

And o'er the carpets of grass is sprinkled dew,

When on earth awaketh the flower after its sleep of night,

Then in the sky vanisheth thou and fades away thy light,

And I grow sad for 'tis charming with thee to remain,



And I bid thee au revoir for to stay with me thou dost

not deign.

(By: Miss Hari. P. Vaswani. Oct, 1931)

### **ELEGY ON SATI**

Thou grewst like a flower, innocent and pure

Yielding thy fragrance to rich and poor,

But ere the prime of thy youth didst enjoy,

Alas! Death did descend thee to destroy,

Sportive thou wert as a fondled fawn,

Thy face was soothing as an infant dawn,

So simple, so sweet, as calm and kind,

How sad that no one can thee now find!

Thy friends are sad, their voices are hushed,

Verily thou wert a flower just blushed;

In sooth I would Death had not stung

One so good, so kind, so humble and young,

A string of pearls was this life of thine---

Pearls that were too brilliant and fine;

But ah! that string has broken been,

And no more on this earth canst thou be seen.

But grieve not mine heart; for all must go,

Be it prince or beggar, be it high or low;

For Death no object of life doth spare,

Impartial monarch, just and fair,

The flower that feels the flush of full bloom,

By the cruel hand of Death receives its doom;

The nightingale that in the sky doth sing

Some dreary day receives its deadly sting.

Hark! In the firmament there shines the star---

Too soon will the morn its beauty mar;

Butterflies that hover with purple lust

They too must some day turn to dust,

So all this pound human beauty's breath,

And the passions and pains shall close in death;

Thus all things must some lonely day

One by one, into the Unknown pass away.

(By: Miss Hari. P. Vaswani. Feb, 1932)

**BY THE SEA**

All things were hushed, O'ev the drowsy earth did silence

Sweetly reign,

Calm slept the mountain tops, the wild beast slumbered

In the den;

The belmy breath of the summer breeze went softly whis-

Pering by,

And numerous stars- faint pins of light-did sparkle in the

Sky,

I came and stood by the sea shore: ah! how enchanting

was the sea

As its wild waters did surge and foam, ---- a symbol of

Purity,

Methinks thou holdest me by a spell, O sea and on thy

Shore

I feel all soul, ---thou that hast rolled since the darkest

days of yore.

Treasures unknown, unheard-of lie buried in thy bosom

Brave,

O Prophet of sorrows, thou art a museum as well as a

grave,

And as thy waves do dash and foam, fair ideas from within

Me flow

Ah! had I but a painter's hand, fain would I make such

Beauties glow

All nature smiles at thee, thy beauty walks over all the

Universe,

Verily thou art a mystery and awe, a cradle and a hearse

(By: Miss Hari. P. Vaswani. Feb, 1933)

**NATURE'S MYSTIC BEAUTY**

Hush! Hush! softly falls the dove-like evening hour,

The bright plumed birds their winged way to nests do

gain,

The nightingale doth sing her song of pain,

Fast fall the shades of night; I feel the magic power

Of star-lit skies; I feel intoxicate: I drink in Nature's

wine.

Her mystic Beauty makes me pure. See the sky is

Painted fair;

No sound save the heaving of the waves in deep despair

Breaks through the infinite solitude—the spirit divine;

How wondrous rich in colours is the sky! Look! How

the sunset glows!

O words are weak! I can't express what I so deeply feel.

No painter can the rainbow in a picture reveal,

Hush! The sun has set: The sky now glows with fair

evening's rose.

(By: Miss Hari. P. Vaswani. Feb, 1933)

### **THE ROSY DAWN**

Hark! Hark! Here cometh the rosy dawn, fair mother of the dews

With its hand of fairies. Hark! The sky is painted in wondrous hues

By its rosy Hands; creeping over the sky like a sailing swan;

Blessing humanity with its beauty cometh the Rosy Dawn.

The flowers more odourous seem, the lark its lay doth sing,

The stars have burnt out in the air, the moon lies withering,

The sun doth laugh the clouds away high on the azure lawn,

The joyful birds are up to salute the approach of the Rosy Dawn

O Soother of sorrows! As o'er the universe thou doth roll

With thy power divine, the calm of the morn steal upon my soul,

Mighty and majestic art thou, by thy beauty am I drawn

O Inspirer of my thoughts, to thee, thou Rosy Dawn.

(By: Miss H.R Vaswani, Jr. B.Sc. Oct, 33)

### **WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE?**

1. A mermaid---- would you like to be



Singing softly under the sea;

With ash coloured hair trailing down,

Over your head a golden crown?

In a coral palace you would dwell,

And hear the sea waves surge and swell,

And dream fair dreams under the shade,

Would you like to be a mermaid?

**2.** A gipsy-would you like to be,

Roaming, rapt in melancholy?

Over the mountains you would sit,

Across your mind wild thoughts would flit.

You would dress in a cloak of gray,

Puch your tents and wander away.

With a pensive brow, yet fancy free,

Would you like to be a gipsy?

**3.** A bird-would you like to be,

Flying about, ever so free?

Early at dawn you would wake,

And to the sun your homage make,

You would sing sweet little songs

With others haunt the woods in throngs

All your plumage would be furred,

Would you like to be a bird?

**4.** A star--- would you like to be,

Emblem of perfect purity?

When bird, beast and man are asleep,

Then would you your vigil keep,

You would twinkle in the sky,

A pin of light--- ever so high,

None can then your beauty mar,

Would you like to be a star

5. A Flower—would you like to be,

And teach us charming chastity?

You would a lady's hair adorn,

At the altar link two souls love-lorn,

The breezes would blow you in the air,

And you would float like a spirit fair,

You'd be in the temple, in the tower,

Would you like to be a flower?

6. If in your dreams a fairy came,

With the magic wand, so full of fame,

And asked you whether you'd like to be

A mermaid fair or grim gipsy,

Or a bonny bird, or a sparking star,

Or it pleased your fancy to be a flower---

If thus it happened, tell me, tell me,

In your dreams what would you like to be!

(By: Miss Hari. P. Vaswani.Oct, 1934)

### **WANDERER WHITHER AWAY**

1. Wanderer, wither away?

To the rainbow strand

The wonderful colour land

Where glitter all the hues

That may your fancy choose,

Where seeing such beauties glow

Fair ideas from within do flow

Thither do I wend my way.

**2.** Wanderer wither away?

To the starlit sky

Where the fleecy clouds do lie,

Where the boundless blue abides

Where eternal silence resides,

Where the moon doth shine

In radiance divine,

Thither do I wend my way,

**3. Wanderer, whither away?**

To the flower land,

The fairies enchanted strand,

When at dawn are folded the flowers

Where throng the sweetest hours,

Where cool are the fragrant shades,

And rays of gold run into the glades,

Thither do I wend my way,

**4. Wander Wanderer, whither away?**

To the sparkling sea,

Where sinks the dew drop silently-

Where the silver foam on the crest

Of wild waves doth rest

Where the waters are ever at strife,

Where the boat doth throb with life,

Thither do I wend my way,

5. Wanderer, whither away?

To the dream land.

Where dwell fairies with magic wand

where like a wandering rose

I witness various soul receives repose

Where vanished are regrets and woes,

Thither do I wend my way,

(By: Miss Hari. P. Vaswani. Feb, 1935)

**A SYMPATHETIC HEART**

It owns the charm the flowers long to own

And stars covet upon their purple throne;

The charm that may upon the world bestow

The magic balm with which to cure all woe.

Like silver-waters of a fountain clear

That pours to quench all thirst, it poureth cheer

On everything that sad and thirsty is.....

Its beat is sweet with life's immortal kiss,

The birds that lost their way in desert plain;

Forgotten blooms that fade for want of rain---

The old, the sick and those in misery;

Or orphans young that wander helplessly;

The ebbing mind that longs for loving tide;



The blind who drifts in gloom without a guide—

The soul that trodden down cannot aspire,

And doth in vain a betterment desire.....

All sorrow-suffering things that succour crave

All dying breath ....its loving kiss can save!

Upon such perfect heart O could I gaze

And make my home beside it! there to trace

The way to Him who did so well create.....

Towards its virtue would I gravitate,

In solitude its charm to contemplate,

And feel its blessings fall in heavy showers

Upon my soul..... As golden champak flowers

By southern wind are blown upon the ground

To cover 'dust' with beauty all round.

(By: Elsa Kazi. Oct, 1935)

### **THE QUTTA 'QUAKE**

**1.** Late at night, when everything,  
The man, the beasts, the birds that sing,  
With sleep their weary limbs did rest;  
And firm did stand each house and nest.  
The wind was calm, the night was chill,  
In peace did stand the distant hill.  
On the skies, the stars shone bright,  
And laughed at earth with twinkling light,

**2.** All of a sudden, a roar was heard,  
A wakening men and beasts and bird,  
It seemed, a demon in rage did frown;  
Like cradle, shook the quetta town.  
Crack, crack, cane down the walls,  
Down came the buildings one and all,  
Men got confused and stricken dum',  
They thought the end of world had come.

**3.** Many a life was crushed and lost,  
A few survivors lay aghast,  
They cried for help, but none did hear,  
Each one had lost his near and dear  
Like dizzy men for help they ran,  
Nature laughed at helpless man.  
The wrath of nature had come down,

Leaving desolate the quetta town,

4. Old men and women lost their sons,  
Under debris lay their dear ones,  
Penniless widows and orphans wept;  
For livelihood no means were left,  
Unlucky were, who lost their lives,  
And more so, who them survived,  
None `ll forget thirty-first of May,  
Verily it was the doomsday.

5. Lamenting, does each suffering soul,  
With these words, his mind console,  
“No one is free from sorrow; all  
Who sojourn on this earthly ball  
Must weep o’er friends and kindred gone,  
And some are left to mourn alone,  
“T was ever thus since time began,  
For, sorrow is the lot of man.”

(By: D.J. Madan, SR. B.SC)

### **SNATCHES FROM A WANDERER’S SONG**

We are like morning dew-drops,

We suck beauty from the leaves:

We float upon the beams of dawn,

We are the winged thieves;

We steal an hour of delight

An hour of woe perchance;

We speed through a lightning-night

Tossed in lightning world of chance;  
While yet there is time to beguile

Oh let us roam a while!

I

Let us pass our earth and sea

In a spirit of careless jollity;

With a brush and violin in hand

Over many a far-famed land,

With flowing hair and dreamy eyes,

Without care of 'flit' or flies,

We shall sing our wild songs to men

Who far over the ends of earth remain,

Who care not like us to roam;

Thro' sacred groves and desolate shrines,

Over mounts of ice and caves of dark,

By pine encircling vines

And sky-scrapers of New York;

We shall wander for ever nor think of home

II

For the stones of Taj are turning gray

And black will white marble be,

An earthquake has furrowed its cheek,

And Jumna doth no longer seek,

The pearl of Majesty.

The glories of the Taj are gone,

And splendours of the peacock throne,

Moonlit 'mahfils' of Dewan.

And all that earth prided upon,

All gone, are gone, are gone.

### III

While India's ceaseless traffic flows

Thre` you Grand Trunk Road;

Let us go where the camel goes

Loaded with the desert load;

Agra, Delhi and Lahore pass

Kabul, kandhar and Jamroz,

Over kingdom of Nemroz

Let us follow and pass

Wading thro' spear-like grass,

Wheat fields with hollow plains,

Canals lined with cypress tress,

Fragrant 'nims' and canopies

Of babuls and almond groves

Blooming flowers of wild strains,

Crumbling stones of ancient tombs:

Perchance an Empress' bones\* \*

That might stir at the shrill siren

Of a passing railwTay train.

### IV

We shall pass over Himalyas

Where ice for ever flows:

Where Siva the eternal Yogi sits

With looks of eternal snows:  
Whilst an endless chain of death and birth  
    Across the universe flits:  
It does not disturb his repose  
    Nor move him to woe or mirth.

**V**

Much was promised when we were young  
    And prizes thronged our view,  
We thought the starry paths to tread,  
    Catch stones of radiant hue;  
But the toil is endless now we know,  
    And it is our fate thro' toil to live,  
Oh let us dip in pleasure for once  
    For life has little to give;  
While yet there is time to beguile  
Oh! Let us wander a while.

(By: U.S Navani (Sr. B.A). Oct, 1935)

### **THE ELEGY ON MOTILAL**

Oh, weep for Motila! ----- he is dead!  
    The leaves shiver, and the wild wind free  
Makes moan with the bird in her leafy bed; ---  
    Rouse thyself, widow'd Hour, and mourn with me  
    In an immortal song of sorrow and ecstasy,  
His and loss, Say: The many come and go,  
And fow, like him, thro' toil and late and wee  
    Live in the purple-stained palace of eternity.

Oh, weep for Motila; - he is gone!

Rise, Mother, rise, in thy fiery bed,

And, as Tithonus wept for his youth and dawn,

Weep thou thy third greatest dead,

Weep till thy unearthly eyes wax red,

Yet wherefore? O seek a sweet relief,

Lest thy heart wither by quenchless grief

For one in the amorous realms of the dead.

O weep, full-sorrowing crowd, weep again!

Weep yet for thy beautiful beloved one!

He ceas'd upon the sorrowing day in no pain,

When the full cycle of his crescent spirit was done,

And the hard-fought field was not won,

O mourn the man who once among us dwelt,

Whose presence now is a memory, known and felt,

And felt it shall be till our widow'd life be run...

Like a beautiful statue of lily-purity

He lay silent, in the last embrace, save

For the wordless music of mute ecstasy,

Which to his cheeks a shining lustre gave.

His winding-sheets the sensuous winds did wave:

His light hair, swept from his warm brow,

Fell back, in floating rest, upon the widow'd pillow;

O that this should be the garment of the grave!....

Then one with pale dried lips touches his head,

And winds her arms round his neck, and cries,

Our hope, our love, our sorrow is not dead!

Look! On the silken fringes of his slumbering eyes,

Like a splendid tear upon a flower, there lies

A pearly drop, well'd up from th burning bed,

Poor soul! she knew not that Death was fed.

And her darling wander'd in the valleys of Paradise!

Then came the forlorn son, the great spirit tender,

When toil and love and devotion

All men knew, and who, like a sudden burst of splendour,

I llumin'd the starless night, like th' incharnation

Of the ruling Deity, With change and motion

On he sped out of his luxurious bowers into the Darkness

Which shrank back in dismay, wild and comfortless,

Till the land swell'd with the endless rhythm of a roused ocean.

And others came with slow uneven pace,

Like one walking in a dream

To the extreme end of Death's dim dwelling place;

And freedom, with veiled eyes, lured by the gleam

Of her dying image, came, like an autumnal beam

Of the wither'd moon: --- with hair ubound

Kamala came, her tears adorning th' undeserving ground,

And moved in slow pomp thro' the silent stream.

All that he loved, and saved, and taught,

And blended into all that lovable seems,

Now lamented him, His orain over-wrought

Now lay in death like glimmer of joyous dreams,



Upon his frozen cheeks the moon beams  
Lay still, and gazed as he in quiet slumber lay:  
The winds sobbed aloud in drear dismay,  
And fled past him in th' unquiet breast of the crystal streams.  
Poor Echo sits lone 'midst the hollow of mountains  
And feeds her grief with joyous memory,  
And no more replies to the loving call of fountains,  
Nor to the melancholy songstress of ecstasy,  
Nor to the rivers' rushing melody:  
For she can no more respond to his ecstatic lay,  
More dear than one who vainly breath'd himself away,  
Like a bird on a flight athwart the stormy sea.....  
What softer voice new chants ever the dead?  
What fool now makes sad moan?  
What hand now discovers so dear a head  
Whence Heaven's shining light hath for ever flown?  
The room resounds with a heavy groan;  
O cease if it be thou whose stained sighs  
Mock the wordless silence of his accepted sacrifice,  
For hight athwart the radiant vales life's sweet rose is blown!  
He has outsoar'd our sphere of fitful strife;  
Hate and pain and toil and groan,  
And that chequer'd joy for fever'd life,  
Can move him not to moan,  
For full joyous hath the spirit flown,  
Athwart the drear and starless night of death,

Unto the realms where good doth mock the sin beneath,  
And on the wings of light the twilight breeze is blown.....  
He lives, he moves, he breathes, he wakes,  
Mourn not now him that's gone;  
For tho' the leaping fire upon him breaks,  
The spirit yet doth linger on.  
O ye waving vendant robes, cease your moan!  
Cease thy soft-complaining note, O Air!  
Weep not, drooping buds, in drear despair!  
For full gorgeous riseth the dew cradled dawn!...

(By: Moti A. Gidvani Inter Arts. Oct, 1933)

**"THE FRESHER"**

When I go to college,  
There's none I do not know  
But no one seems to know me,  
Or mind the way I go;  
At home about the village,  
The sound of passing feet,  
Brings gossips from the lasses,  
Who stare along the street,

\* \* \* \*

When I go to college,  
It seems so strange at night,  
To think my hostel window  
Is not the last alight;

And hear no sound of voices  
Beyond the garden-gate;  
“He must be long a rising  
He does sit up so late!”

\* \* \* \*

When I go to college,  
I am lonely in the crowd,  
I miss the kindly interest,  
And I could cry aloud;  
For buoyant country faces  
At school and everywhere----  
For somebody to know me,  
And somebody to care,

\* \* \* \*

(By: Hiralal T.Bora, F.Y.A, Oct, 1933)

### **SWEET SISTER SUNDRI**

I

She was a child—so fair, so sweet,  
Beloved of all, so skilled in speech;  
Full of life, she danced and played,  
Sweetly smiled and pleasant things said,  
Soon she learnt to walk with grace,  
Three years old, very intelligent none the less,  
We loved her: oh, how tenderly!  
I love her still, but where is she?

II

She is not here: she is gone to rest

In that far off land, where sleep the blest;

Ours no more, but in memory ever,

Forget her! oh, I can never,

There I see her beaming face,

My heart is filled with tenderness,

Now I hear her voice--- how sweet!

But soon I find, my senses cheat,

### III

I feel so morose, so gloomy and sad,

God I blame, call the supreme power mad;

Days roll away and life as I see,

I find and think 'tis a great mystery;

God's not unkind, nor supreme power unjust,

There is some plan, fulfil which they must;

We men cry: "Injustice!" for we judge in haste,

Those who think say; "All is for the best."

### IV

Often I think of her – Sundri, my sister dear,

Sweet little Sundri—not here, yet to me so near;

What a Memory! still she smiles and plays,

The music of her speech, of her laughter, never fails;

Still beams her pretty face with that sweet child like joy.

Lo! it shines with the lustre of a star of the sky.

Days will die, years wear away, but her memory will last

As long as I live, as long as love can last.

(By: K.N.Vaswani, M.A Student. Oct, 1933)

**SO THIS IS COLLEGE!**

I joined college a few weeks ago,  
But within that period all it I know,  
In case you people are getting curious  
Hear all, but pray, do not be furious,  
To begin with, freshers go to college,  
With the firm resolve of storing up knowledge;  
But once within that enchan'ed door  
Angels of virtue are they no more,  
Sophistication is the watchword of this place,  
Five times a day girls powder their face;  
Heat or cold they must look well  
O shiny nose to 'em is worse than hell.  
The noble motle is "Be Men"  
Which is also meant for college women;  
The boys with their hootings and stampings show  
That how to "be men" they certainly know.  
Cupid's the lad they chase all day,  
And dream of paradise, so to say  
Volumes of love stuff they can write  
Since ten times in love, they fall at first sight.  
As for the professors I pity their lot,  
They've to put up with all that is rot;  
When they turn to the board there's buzz from behind,

But who is the culprit they seldom find.  
There are many more things I'd like to tell,  
But of time and space I must think as well;  
So goodbye, folks, till we meet again  
Meanwhile wait patiently and "Be Men"  
(By: Miss Dina F.Mobed, F.Y.A. Oct, 1934)

### **WHERE ARE YOU?**

Where are you?  
On the mountains?  
In the crystal, and clear water of fountains?  
In the Zephyr?  
In the starry twinkles?  
Ah! no one knows, where are you?  
In the flowers, in the tiny sparks of light  
In the glittering drops of dew,  
I search for thee,  
But where are you?  
I peep hither,  
I search thither,  
But never I see you dear  
(By: Pribhu J. Chhugani)

### **ETERNAL**

ETERNAL the guard the mountains keep,  
Over the valley stretching wide;  
The little hamlets that all day sleep,

And the massive trees beside,  
Eternal the flow the rivers bear  
To the distant, booming sea;  
The many fields, so fine and fair,  
Where the toiling peasants be  
Eternal the stars that gleam  
On Heaven's breast above;  
And for ever the murmuring stream  
To its rest doth move  
Eternal too the birds that swarm  
Where their many shelters be;  
Eternally drift the clouds of storm,  
With the rain from the sea.  
An eternal land on lovely heights,  
Unchanging always be;  
Retain thy dear old sounds and sights  
Sweet my panchgani.

(By: C.P Masukhani (chandur) F.Y.Sc. Feb, 1940)

### **DAYS PAST RECALL**

It is a spring morn, soft as a ring-dove  
All things awaken—and the forest rings  
With sweet discord, Fond memory brings  
    That lone joyous vision of the past; from above  
    Streamed green streaks of light, where wrapt in love,  
    We twain sate in the shady ambrosial nook,  
    Ah, never, never can I know again that look,

Of tender rapture! She is gone, kismet, I bow!  
Infinite regrets for the past wring my soul;  
A strange romantic sadness comes over me.....  
Around me the earth is rich with new maternity,  
But no such feelings for me. The vernal seasons roll  
There slow tedious course. Mute on the brink of eternity  
Stand I—a sudden leap—a bound – and I am free.

(By: Miss R. Shahani.Feb, 1931)

### **THE BETRAY ONE**

Alone she wandered—solitary and forlorn!  
Bereaved of that which is a woman's all.  
The cup was full to the brim with bitterest gall,  
And her young life was withering in its morn!  
Like the coctus flower love in her heart was born,  
Witching her senses in its perfume-breathing thrall.  
On golden currents she glided till Reality's thorn  
Pricked---Oh it left her broken-hearted in her fall!  
But hush! a cry rings thro' the purple gloom  
Of scented twilight—there where dreams the halcyon.  
List: "Merciful God! Wherefore this dark dread doom  
Of Death – in life with hopes all gone?  
Woe, woe is me!—this illusory phantom of love  
Is but a horrid snake in guise of dove!

(By: R.G.Shahani.Oct, 1931)

### **THE PANGS OF A DEJECTED SOUL.**



I plucked at the Rose of life!  
I caught the thorn—and I bleed.  
No more for me the glad plunge in the giddy strife!  
Oh no more!—I rot like a festering weed.  
There be feelings words cannot portray!  
Else this page would shriek with my anguished moan.  
Prayers! Holy prayers! ... no I cannot an alone!  
Idle dreamer of idle dreams was I .....  
I pined and pine for what I never can attain.  
Yet oft in my dreamy hours the spirit doth fly  
On azure pinions and without hope, hopes again  
Too late, ah too late! I know the law of morn  
And night—.....  
“A Leather medal for one who complete the last line.”

(By: Miss Ruki G.Shahani. Feb, 1932)

### **BESIDE THE LAKE**

The dawning day beside the lake,  
The booming beams cut through the flake,  
And changed blue in bluish white,  
The snowy peaks in dazzled light,  
The green below and purple peas,  
Melodious mellow did never cease;  
The fleecy flock was feasting free,  
And shepherd piped ov’r the tree.  
The waking waves, so weak and mild,  
Just clapping creeping, nicely filed,

Did dance and dodged ov'r the beach,  
And rippled when at stones did reach.

(By: G.N. Shahani. Feb, 1933)

### **A MIDNIGHT MEDLEY**

**1.** The night is dark and wild;

A lone star glimmers in the East,  
Dread sounds! Men and child  
Are a slumber and so bird and beast,

**2.** Midnight toils it dream chime--

The owl hoots its dismal shriek--  
The hour is instinct with terror sublime  
And the elements gambol in mad freak,

**3.** Impelled by a sudden swift desire

From my warm cosy couch I rise  
Swift as a ghost thro' the mud and mire  
I glide—not a star in the skies,

**4.** In dazed amazement I look around

Oh horror! What do I see? Not far  
In front lies the Hindus burning around!  
And softly mutter I: "Eko Avankar!"

**5.** I faint not—I shriek not:

In thrall holds me a pleasing fear.  
Soaree reach I the sacred spot  
When a plaintive sobbing sound I hear.

**6.** "Why be afraid"? Says the inner me

“More frightful is life than Death—  
‘Tis some soul weak and unhappy  
That clings to the dead dust and not to Faith”.

7. Around me lie the smouldering ashes  
Of what once was breathing blushing life  
In the fitful lightening flashes  
Glean the last of the child of eternal strife.

8. These silent ashes once flamed with love!  
Gone, gone, are the days that never can be,  
Life, love, Faith-Hope- oh How!  
These mock man from infinity to infinity.

(By: Miss Ruki G, Shahani, B.A. Oct, 1933)

### **THE RAINY MORNING**

The sun is not seen in the sky,  
The clouds have gathered all round;  
Brave bodied kites are soaring so high,  
The wind wheels with a shrieking sound.  
Had I but wings, up would I fly,  
And give ceaseless rounds like kites,  
Tiny rain drops fall down from the sky  
To charm, on earth, their due delights.  
On the wire, do I see the crows  
Tembling as the rain falls,

A longing then within me flows  
To invite them all within my walls,  
The rain falls, my heart grows sad  
When various voices reach my ears;  
Would I not be then glad  
When God dispels my fears?

(By: T.B. Butani. Feb, 1932)

### **SACRED MOMENTS**

Here are the April buds that die  
Suffused with smiles and honey-dew;  
And there the breathless violets lie  
Steeped in thick prismatic hue,  
Here are the deep-green leaves that droop,  
That shower or wind could not rock;  
And there the ripened fruits stoop,  
That decaying autumn could not mock,  
Here the new-born babes depart  
Ere their life is with misery fraught;  
And there the unflinching martyrs part  
From fetters that torture them not.  
O! have I outlived to do but wrong,  
To hear the scorns of sinful strife;  
Is there for me no comfort strong  
But to die in the struggle of shameful life?  
Ah, yes! can I not fly and soar

On the aerial steed of poesy?  
And prostrate before the divine door  
With a humble prayer coming from me; ---  
“O lead me Thou, O lead me on,  
Over this trackless ocean wide;  
The needle goes wrong and the mangled prow  
Is shaken by the tempest and tide,  
O lend me courage lest I fear  
The rage of the giants of the sea,  
The horrors of the deep that few can bear—  
So let me sail to my haven in Thee”.

(By: Takhat P. Nachnani. Feb, 1932)

#### **A DEBATE ON “WOMAN’S RIGHTS” IN SIND COLLEGE**

The fiery youth fought for the feminine folk,  
    H wanguing for their freedom fervently;  
And crumbling age, too, passionately spoke,  
    But grudged the feeble sex equality,  
Youth branded age with blindness and mistrust,  
    And urged for “getting married”, change of law;  
Poor age was thunder shocked and showed disgust,  
    And would have burnt all books by Bernard Shaw,  
Said it, we should but follow ancient rule,  
    Then amply did it from the Vedas quote;  
But youth went headlong for the Modern School  
    And asked why woman should not even vole? ...  
Love listening sat, unseen, and laughing rose,

And said, "Age knows me not and youth misknows."

(By: T.H.Advani. Feb, 1931)

### **HER LAST SON**

The even gone, night was near,  
She stared around, but all was dark;  
Once more she looked him in the face,  
And shed a Niobe's tear.  
"The cut is dangerous deep indeed";  
The surgeon said, "No hope, alas!"  
It cut deeper in her tender heart,  
And her heart began to bleed.  
She heard his touching plaintive cries,  
And saw as well the trickling wounds;  
The widowed mother sobbed aloud,  
Knowing no other earthly ties.  
She knelt, she prayed; her sunken face  
She rained to Heaven that is above;  
And as she lowered it, she pressed  
Her little son in a little embrace.  
She kissed his forehead shining yet,  
The sick lips oped in a sudden smile,  
Alas a hectic glow! The Endymion sleep  
Had come, and left her eyes but wet.

(By: A Chlli, D. Feb, 1931)

### **ELECTION DAY**

Ain't it nice to see them all

Trotting round the College Hall  
Laughing chatting all in cheer  
On this happy day of year.  
Big and small do muster round  
Seeking friends their votes thus bound  
All for cheer and all for play  
On this rowdy College Day.  
“Vote for me” they all do say  
Their face brings forth a smiling ray  
Voting finished all being done  
They then do say” O hand that gun,  
Captains Secretaries we all do see  
Issuing slips of memory  
And one great hero among them all  
Approaches maids in stately Ball.  
Of all the votes a lady’s one  
To all it is a victory won  
A victory great of life sublime  
A conquest fine “ah life of chime.”  
Many a Captain I sure must say  
Never does know how that game to play  
He plays the game with pennies and pounds  
And swings the lead on sporting grounds,  
His many friends then players reel  
What then should the others feel  
A Halogen family—is it sport---

Dancing in a college boat.

Come now my friends and seek what may

Your College friends on voting day

Give to him who serves their best

As Captain Secretary and all the rest.

(By: Frank D' Souza. Oct, 1932)

### **RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL-DAY**

Pleasant recollections of my happy school-days

So often to me a flying visit ho'd

Diffusing my mind with memories untold,

And fringing my heart with radiant rays;

Like the image of moon on silent bays

\_So clear are the pictures of my companions of old

Painted before my vision with filtered gold

Merry as they are amidst laughs and plays.

But this something sweet brings something sad

As if a dark spot in the midst of light;

A melancholy thought invades my mind

And dims the glow of my heart, so glad;

-The thought of losing my school-days bright,

Which I ever may search, but never shall find.

(By: A, C Das Neves Souza F.Y.A. Oct, 1934)

### **WHILE LIFE DOTHS FLOW**

While life doth flow

My heart doth glow;



For God's benediction

Is truth and not fiction,

While sun doth rise

--No great surprise—

To bless the lands,

My soul expands,

And upward flows

Whence it arose;

To sing and smile

With God awhile

While light doth leave,

My heart doth heave

A silent sigh

That love should lie,

In waiting yet

While sun doth set,

And twilight shades

In darkness fade.

But while stars gaze

In lustrous haze,

The sighs of a while

Gather in a smile.

For my heart soars again

To mingle with the main,

And to lose itself

In a fuller self.

Though the moment flies

I know it implies

Earnest pf a fate

That awaits me yet.

(By: K.R.Kirpalani. Feb, 1931)

### **THE FORSAKEN LOVER**

My Nonna at dawn a rose-but plucked,

Heavy laden with morning dew,

Then softly in her hand she placed

That flower full-coloured in red hue;

And asked me pointing saucily,

“Which is the lovelier eh?”

But piqued, I retorted teasingly,

“Of course the flower of May!”

My winsome Winnie in anger cried,

Tore its petals and crushed its charms,

“Hereafter take instead of me

Such rose-buds in your arms;”

Stamped the red-rose and away she ran

Can no-one tell me when she'll return?

(By: H.G.Butani, Sr.B.A.)

### **OH, RED ROSE!**

Early in morn, when dead silence captures all

Its then that thy petals are rolled in a ball,

Petals that sleep intertwined and keep close,

Like bees in a hive, unknown to world's woes;

It's at that hour I love thee, O Red Red Rose!  
The rambling rays of the sun shine like gold  
A wakening thee, that thou thy leaves mayst un-fold  
O Rose, then how sweet and innocent thou art---  
Doth not thy sweet smell please each human heart?  
Cruel beings that from thy mates pluck thee apart,  
Thou 'rtwithered, yet thy peerless perfume doth dwell;  
Oh, it sickens me to see thee, once thou look'dst so well,  
Do'st thou not teach a lesson, O Blessed Red Rose,  
Like a worthy man when to the Beyond he goes?

(By: H.G.Butani, Sr.B.A.)

### **SEARCH**

O! tell me, tell me, whither should I go  
With tears raining in the search of my heart,  
To the summits of mountains covered with snow,  
To the woods or valleys or deserts so dark!  
Everything is happy in the flowery spring,  
But I in sorrow, how sorrowfully weep!  
At the sight of a flower does the nightingale sing,  
But the absence of thee has wounded me deep.

To what ever side, I throw my sight; she appears to me in a vision, what a vision of delight!  
Oh look at her! what a shining face!  
Without any sorrow or a painful trace;  
Attraction to tnee, oh goddess of my heart!

O! how zig-zig is the path of true love;  
Rivers and mountains and agony's oceans,  
How poignant and harrowing those obstacles are!  
But nothing can put out the fire of love.  
(By: Gopal U.Rijhsinghani. (Gope). Oct, 1934)

### **A VOICE**

1. In bath-island rock, I stood amazed,  
When the day was done for evening's take.  
The sun sinking down when I gazed  
The sky a battlefield, twilight a blood's lake.
2. Soon the golden twilight was eclipsed  
By the night's shadowy fall  
A sudden shudder in my heart slipped,  
Hearing the Eternal Call.
3. 'What then'? I asked myself  
'Life a mere visionary gleam'!  
Sooner or later one loses his self,  
Shattering all desire and dream?
  4. The untry night grew darker and dense,  
Wrapped and wrought by Death's thought,  
I cried like a child, as fears grew intense,  
Why love in Man's heart, its abode sought?
5. Since Human heart a Temple of Worship becomes,

For a creature who is Heavenly Divine;  
Where love a Unity of two Souls becomes,  
How Death dares to put a line?

6. I paused a while, confused a lot,  
The Western wind' uhisper uhirling—  
That 'love's Labour is never lost',  
This message seemed from gods descending,
7. This House of Gloom again appeared  
A brighter region of music and mirth,  
The darkness within my bosom was cleared,  
Paradise for lovers is even on Earth,
8. Time may wear out, life may wear out,  
Let the whole world cease to be,  
But the light of love can ne'er be put out,  
Howe'er Death and Fate in conspiracy be.

(By: R.B Tahilramani. Oct, 1934)

### **TO "YOU"**

Dear Friend, I pray thee, if thou wouldst be proving  
Thy strong regard for me,  
Make me no vows. Lip-service is not loving;  
Let thy Faith speak for thee,  
Swear not to me that nothing can divide us---  
So little such oaths mean,  
But when distrust and envy creep beside us  
Let them not come between.

Say not to me the depths of thy devotion,  
Are deeper than the sea;  
But watch, let doubt or some unkind emotion  
Embitter them for me,  
Vow not be love me ever and for ever,  
Words are such idle things:  
But when we differ in opinions, never  
Hurt me by little stings,  
If all the little proofs of trust are heeded,  
If thou art always kind,  
No sacrifice, no promise will be needed  
To satisfy me mind.

(By: B.P.Nangrani)

**COME! OH COME! I AM LONESOME."**

**1.**

Oh come! Oh come! I am lonesome  
Sing to me a song handsome:  
Tired is my heart, and I can't bear  
Leave me no more in dark despair,

**2.**

Dark has become my life  
Like a mid-ocean on a stormy night,  
For however I greatly endeavoured  
My new-born love could never be conquered

**3.**

Love like a rose grew in the morn

Treading on the path of hardships and thorn,  
    Making its way with courage and charm  
To fulfil its desire of "Reaching the Ram."

4.

With glow of youth, sunshine and colour,  
Danced hither and thither this rosy flower,  
But lo! The bulbul its beloved did never care  
To respond to this soul, which was longing for her,

5.

No longer lament, when I am dead  
    And pour wailing strains full-throated,  
    To wake this starved-soul from Eternal Rest

To feel again the life's unrest.

6.

Oh come! Oh come! I am lonesome  
Sing to me a song handsome:  
Tired is my heart, and I can't bear  
    Leave me no more in dark despair,

(By: Tahilramani. Oct, 1933)

**SOMETIME—SOMEWHERE**

Sometime Somewhere

You and I shall meet,

With joy our hearts

Will be replete,

Fair will be thy figure,

Fairer still thy form;

Lips of red I'll kiss  
Unmindful of the storm  
I'll have a lot to tell,  
You'll have much to say;  
Exchange of explanations  
Will clear the darker day.  
I'll hold you in my arms  
In esteem high and pure;  
I'll hold you for myself,  
For then we will be sure,  
Remembrance of the past  
Will not haunt our care;  
We shall be free and happy  
Sometime—Somewhere.

(By: G.H. Lalwani. Feb, 1931)

### **TO THE DEEP**

Roll swifty on thou darkling deep!  
Ere night her sable veil unfolds  
O'er weary ones in slumb'ring sleep.  
A lone my nightly vigil I keep,  
And watch thy snowy surf O sea;  
Thy rushing ripple and tender curves  
Enthrall me in ecstasy.  
My passionate pulse and thy wild waves  
Best fast and frenzily,  
Twain one in a strange symphony.



Infinite longing fills my restless soul,  
My sleepless eyes gaze o'er thee roll;  
Lost in thy music, o mighty deep;  
O mystic muse--- soothe me to sleep!  
(By: Miss Doroths Isaac. Feb, 1934)

### **PERPETUITY**

When the spiral has left the wave  
And music is lost to the rill---  
When the mountain has sunk in its grave  
Beside the inverted hill---  
And the wood has parted for ever  
With the green that made its soul—  
When the stricken stalk can never  
Make its burst petals whole—  
When the wind has torn its dream  
On the thin points of a star—  
And the sun cannot redeem  
The moon that has gone too far—  
Still will my dust be writing  
Your name on the clasping sand  
And my past touch be plighting  
Remembrance to your hand.  
(By: G.N.Wadhvani. Oct, 1932)

### **"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?"**

Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou

Hast power to aid and bless.  
Whose aching heart or burning brow  
Thy soothing hand may press.  
Thy neighbour? Tis the fainting poor,  
Whose eye with want is dim,  
Whom hunger sends from door to door,--  
Go thou and succour him.  
Thy neighbour ? Tis that weary man,  
Whose years are at their brim,  
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain,--  
Go thou and comfort him.  
Thy neighbour? This the heart bereft  
Of every earthly gem;  
Widow and ophan, helpless life,--  
Go thou and shelter them,  
Thy neighbour ? yonder toiling slave.  
Fettered in thought an limb,  
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave,--  
Go thou and ransom him,  
When e'ev thou meet'st a humar form  
Less favoured than thine own,  
Remember 'tis thy negighbour man,  
Thy brother of thy son.  
Oh, pass not, pass pass not heedless by;  
Perhaps thou canst redeem  
The breaking heart form misery,--

Go, share thy lot with him.

(By: Khalsa B.G. Feb, 1931)

### **MY RADIO SET**

The maiden Moon, with her magic rays  
Tunes my set before it plays;  
Dumb indoors, loud in heaven's breeze,  
It ever sings as my yearnings please,  
Tonight, in the waving mystery of half-lit tress  
And in the far-flung whisper of aerial seas,  
It hums in my heart a holy hymn  
Of tender loves that never grow dim,  
The dreaming beds of my dear ones at home  
Send out waves that to my radio roam,  
And I float in the song it makes  
When all are asleep and no man wakes.  
Thus it is on all moon nights-  
Fond memories from far-off blown  
My radio shapes into soulful cries,  
And I broadcast back all my own,  
-----To the friendly skies.

(By: B.J.Vaswani. Oct, 1939)

### **IN MEMORIAM**

Thou are gone to lands unknown,  
Where life requires no body or bone;  
Where eyes and lips and cheeks are vain,  
Where beauty does not lose or gain;

Where languid stars have cares and fears,  
Where sun and moon shed sympathetic tears;  
Where souls are nesting burdenless,  
Where sleep is void of dreaminess,  
There are thou gone, my lovely boy,  
Your seat in class is vacant boy,  
Your place by fire is barren, boy,  
Your lisping tongue is quiet, boy,  
The sense of loss increases boy,  
As day dreams float along.

(By: Shiva T.Advani, LL.B)

### **MY LOVE**

The full moon riseth bright and fair,  
With all its beauty and its grace  
But my beloved's fairer far  
Than all the glories of her face.  
If in the sky a thousand moons  
Should shine in all their wondrous light  
Without the presence of my love  
It were for me the darkest night.  
The full moon shineth, then it wanes  
And slowly then it fades away  
Such is its law; but of my love  
The light is constant as the day.  
When shine her eyes with love divine  
The sun bows down, the moon bends low;

The stars and plciads veil their face

And sink before her ever so.

That is the law, for that is love

And wherever is love is light

Beyond the sun and moon and stars

Beyond all glory wondrous bright.

(By: Mrs. P Chablani. June, 1947)

### **HEALED**

“Up in my house, alone with my sorrow,

I mourned for to-day and I feared for tomorrow.

The walls seemed a prison, a captive my soul,

And courage and strength ebbed beyond my control,

Down by the seashore the tide was returning,

My heart took new courage, and ceased form its

mourning;

Giving hope for tomorrow and strength for to-day

The wind took my sorrow and blew it away.”

(By: Mansukhani Ram k. Feb, 1933)

### **IF WE HELP ONE ANOTHER**

If we help one another

Along the path of life,

Each be to each a brother

Through quiet and through strife,

Our hopes will shine the brighter

Our hearts will be lighter,  
If we help one another.  
Life hath its mud of sorrow  
And all must have their share;  
To-day there's joy, to-morrow  
May bring its load of care;  
But trouble will be lightened,  
And happiness be brightened,  
If we help one another,  
Then let us help each other,  
And do all the good we can—  
Each be to each a brother  
Through life's brief span.  
For hearts will be lighter,  
The world better, brighter,  
If we help one another.

(By: Jethwani. Karmu, S, F.Sc Student. Oct, 1937)

**TO INDIA AND TO INDIANS.**

I

Thou wert once resplendent  
With palaces of gold,  
With beauty in ascendant  
And treasures all untold,  
Thy towns did ever hoard  
Wealth and treasures all;  
Thy name was much adored

And praised by big and small.

**II**

But gone is thy splendour

Thy glory turned to dust;

Over thee now wander

Poverty, greed and lust,

Misery and unrest

Do walk thy realm of love,

And fiercely like tempest,

They sweep down from above

**III**

O! India, mother, queen

Thy heart is bleeding sore;

A sadder sight was seen

Never once before,

Alas! The ever day!

Remember ever more

O, sons of India, pray,

Slumber never more.

**IV**

Queen, once thou wore the crown

Over thy flowing hair,

That has now toppled down,

Leaving thee in despair

This age of misery!

Those sunny days of yore!

O' sons of India ye!

Slumber never more.

(By: Parsa M. Mukhi. Feb, 1936)

**A LONGING**

Give me always a goal to try for,

Let me toil till my breath be spent;

Give me a dream to live and die for

And I shall be content.

Keep for others your silken leisure

I was never one to treasure

Rest till my work is done.

Since sloth is the worst of sining,

Give me the joy and the taste of the fray?

Finding my true reward in the wining

Not in the prize or pay.

And if the victory be denied me,

I shall not shrink from another test;

Nor care at all, if my foes deride me,

Knowing that I did my best.

Somewhere still is an unfound grail;

Let me go on valient hearted

To the end of the last long trail.....

Give me always a goal to try for

Let me fight till my days be spent

Give me a dream to fight and die for,

And I shall be content.



(By: Bhagwan P. Nanrani. Feb, 1937)

## **THE DARK FOREBODING**

### **Introduction**

Hark ye motals, hark again  
The lover's lute, the poet's pain,  
Not often hath he played a string,  
But when he lifts his lazy sing,  
Oceans ring and heavens rain.

.....

Perchance when walking different ways,  
You hear the echoes of distant days,  
When times are changed and heads are hoary  
Remember, who wrote this doleful story.

### **The Poem.**

Long pledged and long preserved  
On tender heart for him reserved  
A piece of toile which she deserved  
    For her faithful heart,  
Sitting alone by fire now,  
Singing loudly, singing low;  
A little courtesy, a little bow  
    Unto the burning hearth,  
She waved the toile to and fro  
And watched a fitful flame below,  
With glassy eyes she gazed it grow  
    From the burning hearth.

One moment, and it stood upright,  
Caught the toile in a noose of light,  
Her happy heart was filled with fright  
Beside the burning hearth.

There she sate all petrified,  
A belle anserine and beguiled;  
In yellow red her looks were dyed  
Near the burning hearth.

She stooped low and picked the ashes,  
Pressed on lips, on cheeks, on lashes,  
To shadowed mind came sudden flashes  
And tore her tender heart.

She left the room and darted out;  
A ghost in dark, she vaulted out;  
“Darling! Dear!’ she shouted out  
Beyond the burning hearth.

By twinkling light she then witnessed---  
H r beloved, all in blood was dressed,  
She picked his blood and lightly pressed  
Upon her fading heart.

(By: Bijlani Mohan J.)

### **TO OUR PAPA**

You loved us,  
You were kind to every one of us;  
We can never forget  
All that you did for us,

And we are grateful to you for it all,  
Your mystic songs and religious hymns  
Are fresh to those that heard them  
Sung by you  
In a sweet and melodious voice,  
Your remarkable patience  
And attitude to desirelessness  
And non-attachment  
In your last days  
Will ever remain green  
On the tablets of our hearts.

(By: Late Diwan Bhojraj Chandumal Motwani. 1936)

**A SONNET OF SALAMS TO SIND**

DEAR SIND, I mind full well thy silent charms,  
That blest thy so-called son with a jovial heart,  
Imbued with fumes of fancy's tender art  
To do some snappish souls harmonious harms,  
To thee, with ardent thought, I ope my arms  
Full hoping, Courtesy acts its proper part,  
Good Sense and virtue cure thy humours tart,  
And Peace retains Utopian fields and farms,  
Thought far some hundred miles, my mind is near,  
It often tends to thine enchanting scenes  
Perhaps now brighter grown by phoebus' alms  
Fair Sind, for thousand charms to me so dear,  
Whose name removes from mind oblivious

Screens,

Receive from me this sonnet of salams.

(By: Bombay 1875)