

Erotic Songs

Of

Amiri

(Sheikhi-Tabersy,)

Of The

Mazenderani

&

The Jongrah

Of The

Kalmuks.

&

Karacaoğlan of the tribe of Turkman Tuka

Translated, By

Aleksander Borejko Chodźko, Esq.

POESY RENDERINGS

BY C L DEAN

VOL. I

Poems by c dean

II

Erotic Songs^I

Of

Amiri

(Sheikhi-Tabersy,)

Of The

Mazenderani

&

The Jongrah

Of The

Kalmuks.

&

Karacaoğlan of the tribe of Turkman Tuka

Translated, By

Aleksander Borejko Chodźko, Esq.

POESY RENDERINGS

BY C L DEAN

VOL. I

Poems by c dean

List of **free** Erotic Poetry Books by Gamahucher Press by colin leslie dean Australia's leading erotic poet free for download

<http://www.scribd.com/doc/35520015/List-of-Erotic-Poetry-Books-by-Gamahucher-Press>

Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia 2013

¹ From "Specimens of the popular poetry of Persia, as found in the adventures and improvisations of Kurroglou, the bandit-minstrel of northern Persia and in the songs of the people inhabiting the shores of the Caspian Sea (1842)" Orally Collected And Translated, With Philological And Histoeical Notes by Alexander Chodzko, Esq and sold by W. H. Allen and co., Leadenhall street; Duprat, Paris; and Buockhaus and co., Leipzig. MDCCCXLIII.

http://archive.org/stream/cu31924026906168/cu31924026906168_djvu.txt

INTRODUCTION². By Aleksander Borejko Chodźko Esq³

The following eighteen songs, written in Mazenderani patois, are selected from the most popular ones of that country, and, with the exception of the 16th and 17th, are attributed to their favorite national poet Sheikhi-Tabersy, better known under the nickname of Amiry. His poetical compositions are prized not only in his own country, Mazenderan, but throughout all Persia, where his "divan," or complete works, is easily procured.

The Kalmuks, similar to their neighbours the Astrakan Tatars, have their privileged national bards, whom they call Jongrah. One of their songs sometimes lasts a whole day. I heard them several times in the winter of 1830, when on a visit to the Kalmuk prince Tumen, on the borders of the Volga; but being unacquainted with the language, I was obliged, much against my inclination, to be satisfied with the few following pieces, for the translation of which I am indebted to the courtesy of my host.

² From "Specimens of the popular poetry of Persia, as found in the adventures and improvisations of Kurroglou, the bandit-minstrel of northern Persia and in the songs of the people inhabiting the shores of the Caspian Sea (1842)" Orally Collected And Translated, With Philological And Historical Notes by Alexander Chodźko, Esq and sold by W. H. Allen and co., Leadenhall street; Duprat, Paris; and Buockhaus and co., Leipzig. MDCCCXLII.

http://archive.org/stream/cu31924026906168/cu31924026906168_djvu.txt

³ **Aleksander Borejko Chodźko** (30 August 1804 – 27 December 1891) was a [Polish poet](#), [Slavist](#), and [Iranologist](#). He was born in [Krzywicze](#) in [Russia](#) (today's Kryvičy, [Belarus](#)), and attended the [University of Vilnius](#). He was a member of the [Filaret Association](#) and the [Institute of Oriental Studies](#) that was attached to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the [Russian Empire](#) in [Saint Petersburg](#).

From 1830 until 1844, he worked as a Russian diplomat in [Iran](#). From 1852 until 1855, he worked for French Foreign Ministry in [Paris](#). From 1857 until 1883 he succeeded [Adam Mickiewicz](#) in the chair of [Slavic languages](#) and literatures in the [Collège de France](#).

He was a member of the [Royal Asiatic Society](#) of Great Britain and Ireland and the [Société de Linguistique de Paris](#)

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aleksander_Chodźko

PREFACE

Oh the dulcet tones of those Karacaođlan Amiri the Jongrah
 Sweet warblings of the nightingales from out of times long ago on
 the scented winds go
 Songs of love and woe
 From raptured hearts into passions hot glow the songs us do
 throw
 Forgotten trysts veiled by times mists
 Lovers and loves hidden behind times mists do kiss
 Their songs echo again to us in their exquisite refrain
 Names lost in time are song again
 Again to life they become again
 On the dulcet tones of those Karacaođlan Amiri the Jongrah
 They love and sing again

The following eighteen songs, written in Mazenderani patois, are selected from the most popular ones of that country, and, with the exception of the 16th and 17th, are attributed to their favorite national poet Sheikhi-Tabersy, better known under the nickname of Amiry⁴. His poetical compositions are prized not only in his own country, Mazenderan, but throughout all Persia, where his "divan," or complete works, is easily procured.

⁴ The most popular poet of modern Mazandarani is Amir of Pazvar (near Babolsar) who lived probably in the 17th or 18th century. His lyrical-mystical couplets (dobeytis), known as amiris, are widely recited, often as songs, throughout Mazandaran. But due to oral nature of this literature, the amiris include many supplementary poems said by others. Consequently, amiris should be considered a genre rather than the creation of a single poet. In any case, the poems attributed to Amir Pazvari are once collected under the supervision of Boris Dorn who published them in the two-volume *Kanz al-Asrar* (St. Petersburg, 1860-66). New efforts are underway to recollect and publish the amiris (see below).

19th Nineteenth-century Studies Several European travellers and diplomats collected ethnographic and linguistic data from Mazandaran, e.g. James Fraser's (1826) travel notes that include precious ethnographical data from Gorgan, Mazandaran, and Gilan. One of the earliest collections of poems belongs to the Polish scholar Aleksander Borejko Chodzko (1842, 1852), whose book (1942) has a section on Mazandarani including 17 amiri couplets and two popular songs from Rostamabad (: 568-581, with extensive linguistic comments) with English translation (: 510-517).

Another pioneering effort in dialect studies of Mazandaran was by Il'ya Nikolaevich Berezin (1853) who offers a grammar (I: 75-99), including the conjugation of 26 irregular verbs (I: 91-95), Mazandarani sentences (II: 13-19), popular songs, including couplets and amiris, with French translation (II: 57-72),

The contribution of Boris Andreevich Dorn to the study of Mazandarani is substantial. The best known is *Kanz al-Asrdr* (Dorn 1860-66), prepared in collaboration with Mirza Shafi' Mazandarani, and consists of the following sections: prose translation from Persian (Sa'di's *Gulistdn*, etc.) to Mazandarani (I: 1-122); on Amir Pazvari (I: 124-129); amiris, i.e. poems attributed to Amir Pazvari (I: 130-160); *facetiae* (*hazlydt*) (I: 161-164); Amir's *divdn* (II: 1-276); *ibid.* with diacritical marks (II: 4888-554). The prose translation from Persian to Tabari is full of Persianisms, thus of limited value. But the amiris, in spite of poor translation, have lately received considerable attention (see below).

The largest part of the linguistic corpus of Mazandarani is poems, by and large couplets (*do-beytis*), which are often sang as songs in the rice fields across the province (cf. Qorbani 1996). Among them amiris, verses attributed to Amir Pazvari, form the most admired literary genre, and therefore have received particular attention (for a comprehensive bibliography, see Babol 2000: 608-617). Barzegar (1955) edited a section of Dorn's *Kanz al-Asrdr* (see above). Amiris appear in a number of publications, e.g. Najafzade (1996: 149-228, 78 couplets). In addition to individual articles on life and style of Amir Pazvari (e.g. Basari 1976, Esma'ilpur 1992, Neyestani 1997 and 2001, Kabiri 2001), at least two collected works have been published: Nasri-Asadi, eds. (1997, reviewed by Mohammad Davudi in Farhangkhane 1998: 270-281), and Farhangkhane (1998, with many repetitions). New efforts to collect amir's are reportedly in progress (cf. Sotude 1998). Other forms of popular songs have been published more recently. Next to the amiris, the most popular genre is the *tdleb taleba*, lyrical poems attributed to Taleb of Amol, the renowned 17th-century poet of the Indo-Persian school (Basari, 1997).

Other known Mazandarani poets of the modern times are Zohre Cholavi and Reza Kharati. The latter was from Kojur, lived in the late Zandid and early Qajar period, and his poems are partly collected and published (in Saffari 1968; 16 couplets in Humand 1990: 76-91; also in Mir-'Alinaqi, 1999). Nima Yushij (1947 and 1984; also in Tah-baz 1963, Bina'i 1992, etc.), who is widely acknowledged for introducing to Persian readers the modern form of poetry, also wrote poems in his mother tongue. There are many other contemporary poets who have published in popular Mazandarani or have introduced their own styles. All forms of poetry have

Māzandarān: Language and People (The State of Research) Author(s): Habib Borjian Source: *Iran & the Caucasus*, Vol. 8, No. 2 (2004), pp. 289-328 Published by: BRILL Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/4030997> Accessed: 13/11/2010 19:18 <http://nahidshirazi.com/file.axd?file=2011%2F6%2F2-Mazandarani-Language+And+People.pdf>

1. "beautiful is the plain of Pahzavar" Amiri does say
 "beautiful towards the spring is Pahzavar" Amiri does say
 " beautiful are chintzes variegated and calico in a nosegay"
 "beautiful are the women are those wearing a blue shalvar" Amiri
 does say

1. "Amir says, 'the plain of Pahzavar is beautiful. Pahzavar, towards the spring, is beautiful. Calico in nosegays and variegated chintzes are beautiful. Among the women, those that wear blue shalvars are beautiful."

2 Thy face when washed radiates light from it
 O'er thy breast blooming roses raining-like pours o'er it
 Like the cypress tree art thee like ripe fruit art I for thee
 Come round one another our arms twist around we 'tis my aim
 for we

2. " When you have washed your face, the light radiates from it. The rain of blooming roses pours on your breast. You are my cypress tree; I am ripe fruit for you. Come, let us twist our arms round one another, 'tis my aim."

4 Amiri does say "Oh were a young man were once more were I
 In the field of Kerseng Oh were a gardener were once more were I
 My Leyla⁵ to I would Gouhera my soul be to I and Majnun to
 her would be I
 To her hairs every curl a victim too would be I "

4. " Amir says, ' O were I young once more! O were I a gardener on the field of Kerseng. Gouhera my soul, would be my Leyla, and I would be her Majniin. I would be a victim to every curl of her hair."

⁵ *Majnun Layla* ([Arabic](#): *مجنون ليلى* *Majnun Layla*, "Possessed by madness for Layla") also referred to as ([Persian](#): *ليلى و مجنون* *Leyli o Majnun*, "The Madman and Layla" in Persian) is a love story from the Middle East, later adopted and popularized by the Persian poet [Nizami Ganjavi](#) who also wrote [Khosrow and Shirin](#). It is the third of his five long narrative poems, [Khamasa](#) (the Quintet). http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Layla_and_Majnun

5 Question- "like crystal and ivory beautiful girl is the body
of thine
For one night on thy breast can thou take I"

Answer – " that thou will not betray me when sure of I will shelter
thee in the veil of me"

5. Question. – "Beautiful girl! thy body is of
ivory and crystal. Can you take me on your breast
for one night?"

Answer. – " When I am sure that you will not
betray me, I will shelter you under the folds of my
veil."

6

In this world oh how sweet to recline on the sofa of Kija⁶
From her breasts to her feet little to contemplate Kija
In the garden of roses the nightingale does sleep
Sleep I in the bower of Kija
Other men fate does destroy but from cruel pain I do die by cruel
Kija

6. " How sweet it is in this world to recline on
Kija's* sofa. To contemplate Kija from her
breast to her little feet. The nightingale sleeps in
the garden of roses. I sleep in Kija's bower.
Fate destroys other men, but I die from pain caused
by cruel Kija.

* Kija, in the Mazenderani dialect, is " girl, maiden."

7 With thy hand do not beckon for strength enough to bear that
charming nod have not I
Strength to withstand thy black plaited hairs attractions have
not I
Rose water needs the hair of thine
None have got I
Gold must the lover have put by
Not a barley grain have I

⁶ Kija, in the Mazenderani dialect, is " girl, maiden

VIII

7. " Do not beckon with thy hand. I have not strength enough to bear that charming nod. I have no strength 'to vwithstand the attractions of your black plaited hair. Your hair needs rose vrater. I have not got any. The lover must have gold. I have not a grain of barley."

9 The river Tajan are the eyes of me
The Tajan-rush is the body of me
Then why does thou say "come not near me"

9. " My eyes are the river Tajan, my body is Tajan-rush. My heart dwells near you. Why then, say you, ' do not come near me?'"

10 like the fragrant bush is the hair of thine
Like jinns thy hairs curls spread o'er the shoulders of thine
Like violets many under a nosegay of roses be the down on the face of thine
Oh those blooms of beauty let be harmless on the head of thine
But that they may with everlasting graces adorn the head of thine
"Go out O flame and homage Abraham⁷" from verses of the Koran will exclaim I

10. " Your hair is like a fragrant bush; its curls are spread on your shoulders like so many jinns. That down on your face is like so many little violets under a nosegay of roses. O let those blooms of beauty remain harmless on thy head, and adorn it with everlasting graces. I will exclaim with the verse of the Koran : ' Go out, O flame, and do homage to Abraham* !'"

* A quotation from the Koran, sur. 21, v. 69. Abraham, seeing a burning shrub, was frightened. God ordered the fire to go out and honour Abraham.

11 Like the mother-of-pearl are the teeth of thine
Like honey are the lips of thine
Like a gleaner poor after the harvest of beauty of thee
the sphere of heaven itself humbly picks up the ears of corn neglected by thee

⁷ A quotation from the Koran, sur. 21, v. 69. Abraham, seeing a burning shrub, was frightened. God ordered the fire to go out and honour Abraham.

With the vermilion colors of roses is flaming the face of thine
 Oh if it be a fire to be consumed by it let me into it throw me

11. " Your teeth are mother-of-pearl, your lips are honey. After the harvest of thy beauty, the sphere of heaven itself, like a poor gleaner, humbly picks up the ears of corn thou hast neglected. Your face is flaming with the vermilion colours of roses. O if it is a fire, let me throw myself into it, and be consumed."

12 O flower of flowers ! O my rosy-cheeked Gouhera
 A garden is the body of thine
 Opening upon two buds of spring opening upon on the breast of thine
 Tell him whosoever comes those flowers to gather Amiri has of them sown there upon his Gouhera

12. " O flower of flowers ! O my rosy-cheeked Gouhera! Your body is a garden; two foremost buds of spring open on your breast. Whosoever comes to gather those precious flowers, tell him : Amir has sown them here for his Gouhera."

17 INSHAALLAH⁸ (from Rostamabad)
 On all sides the rice-field extends does Inshaallah
 In a bower solitary a sweetheart to meet oh how sweet Inshaallah
 Fainted away she on the bosom of me as she I encircled with the arms of me Inshaallah
 Unawares once came I while boiling beet-roots in a pot was she Inshaallah
 Her youthful breast with her fingers did rub she Inshaallah
 While for us both preparing a meal was she while at the fire-side sitting was she Inshaallah
 With the remembrance sweet of the caresses of the lover of she
 Tears were brought to the eyes of she Inshaallah

⁸ Inshaallah! "If it please God." An Arabian expression often heard from the lips of the Persians. In verse 25, chap, viii of the Koran, Muslims are forbidden to say they will do anything without adding, " If it please God."

"The rice-fields extend on all sides; Inshaallah!
 Oh how sweet it is to meet a sweetheart in a
 solitary bower; Inshaallah ! I encircled her with my
 arms, and she fainted away on my bosom; Inshaal-
 lah! I came once, unawares when she was boiling
 beet-roots in a pot; Inshaallah! She rubbed with
 fingers her youthful breast; Inshaallah! Sitting at
 the fire-side, she was preparing a meal for us both;
 Inshaallah! And the sweet remembrance of her
 lover's caresses brought tears to her eyes; In-
 shaallah!"

* Inshaallah! "If it please God." An Arabian expression
 often heard from the lips of the Persians. In verse 25, chap, viii
 of the Koran, Muslims are forbidden to say they will do any-
 thing without adding, " If it please God."

THREE SONGS OF THE KALMUKS⁹.

The Kalmuks, similar to their neighbours the Astrakan Tatars, have their
 privileged national bards, whom they call Jongrah. One of their songs
 sometimes lasts a whole day. I heard them several times in the winter of
 1830, when on a visit to the Kalmuk prince Tumen, on the borders of the
 Volga; but being unacquainted with the language, I was obliged, much
 against my inclination, to be satisfied with the few following pieces, for the
 translation of which I am indebted to the courtesy of my host.

⁹ The **Kalmyk people** (**Kalmyk**: Хальмгуд, *Halm'gud*) — or **Kalmyks** — is the name given to the [Oirats](#), western [Mongols](#) in [Russia](#), whose ancestors migrated from [Dzhungaria](#) in 1607. They created the [Kalmyk Khanate](#) in 1630-1724 in Russia's North Caucasus territory. Today they form a majority in the autonomous [Republic of Kalmykia](#) on the western shore of the [Caspian Sea](#). Kalmykia has Europe's only Buddhist government.^[4] Through emigration, small Kalmyk communities have been established in [Ukraine](#), [United States](#), [France](#), [Germany](#), [Switzerland](#), and the [Czech Republic](#).^[5] http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kalmyk_people

I On his horse nimble from the Khora-Zukhan¹⁰ river he rode
 For his mistress beloved Jergalla his holy faith did he forgo

I.

" He rode from the mouth of the Khora-Zukhan*
 on the nimble bay horse. He forsook his holy
 faith for his beloved mistress Jergalla.

* Khora Zukhan is the name of an encampment of the
 Kalmuks, and of a little river flowing there, between Astrakan
 and the land of the Don Kozzaks.

His tungut-belt¹¹ to Tahka his companion did he give
 Oh Tahka the belt I did give
 At me thee does scoff Oh why
 To do what shall I
 Killed are the sheep for the wedding prepared for the wedding the
 dishes are

"He gave his tungut-belt\ to his companion
 Tahka. I gave you my belt, O Tabka ! Why
 do you scoff at me ? What shall I do ? The sheep
 are killed for the wedding and the dishes pre-
 pared.

t Tunaut-belt is a girdle made in Tibet, the fatherland of
 the Kalmuks. In a.d. 1770, nearly 70,000 Kalmuk families
 fled from Russian dominion to Tibet. Similar migrations
 occurred very often, while the head of their priesthood Dalai
 Lama used to be confirmed by the spiritual authorities of
 Tibet. At last, in 1800, by an uka^e sent from St. Petersburg,
 it was forbidden to Kalmuks to entertain any relations, either
 secular or spiritual with Tibet. For that reason, every remem-
 brance of their ancient country possesses great value with
 them. In order to make this song more comprehensible, we
 must add that it treats of ivio ghaluns, or priests. One of them
 fell in love with Jergalla, and gave to the other Tabka his
 insignia of priesthood, &c. Tabka accepted them and eloped
 with Jergalla.

¹⁰ Khora Zukhan is the name of an encampment of the Kalmuks, and of a little river flowing there, between Astrakan
 and the land of the Don Kozzaks.

¹¹ Tunaut-belt is a girdle made in Tibet, the fatherland of the Kalmuks. In a.d. 1770, nearly 70,000 Kalmuk families
 fled from Russian dominion to Tibet. imilar migrations occurred very often, while the head of their priesthood Dalai
 Lama used to be confirmed by the spiritual authorities of Tibet. At last, in 1800, by an uka^e sent from St. Petersburg,
 it was forbidden to Kalmuks to entertain any relations, either secular or spiritual with Tibet. For that reason, every
 remem- brance of their ancient country possesses great value with them. In order to make this song more
 comprehensible, we must add that it treats of ivio ghaluns, or priests. One of them fell in love with Jergalla, and gave to
 the other Tabka his insignia of priesthood, &c. Tabka accepted them and eloped
 with Jergalla.

After losing the Jergalla of mine far from her alone I sit
 Oh it would be so sweet under the white tent with her to sit

" After the loss of my Jergalla I sit alone far from her. O how sweet it would be to sit with her under the white tent.

My rosy-tea cup when lifting to the lips of I
 on the vermilion cheeks of my Jergalla do think I
 then sweet sleep does forsake I

" AVhen lifting my rosy tea-cup to my lips, I think of the vermilion cheeks of my Jergalla, and the sweet sleep forsakes me.

Into her tent through a chink when did peep I
 Like a peacock beautiful her did see I

" When I peeped, through a chink, into her tent, I saw her, – beautiful like a peacock.

Oh when on Jergalla's knees thou lay the head of thine
 Softer it does feel softer than a swan-feather cushion divine

" When you lay your head on Jergalla's knees, you feel it softer than a swan-feather cushion."

[The three following songs are attributed to Karajoglan¹², of the tribe of Turkman¹³ Tuka, whose productions are very much esteemed in Khorassan.]

¹² **Karacaoğlan** is a 17th-century [Ottoman](#) folk poet and [ashik](#). His exact dates of birth and death are unknown but it is widely accepted that he was born around 1606 and died around 1680. He lived around the city of [Mut](#) near [Mersin](#).

His poetry gave a vivid picture of nature, and village life, in Anatolia settlements. This kind of folk poetry, as distinct from the poetry of the Ottoman palace, was rediscovered only after the foundation of the Turkish Republic in 1923 and then became an important influence on modern lyric poetry, with Karacaoğlan being its foremost exponent.

He lived in an era when the [Ottoman Empire](#) was under economic and political turmoil. The topics of his poetry reflect the nature in which he was embedded, along with the Turkish nomadic culture of the [Toros](#) mountains of which he was a part. The main themes of this poetry stemmed out of nature, love, longing for home, and death. As with other Turkish folk poetry of his time in Anatolia, and in contrast to the poetry of the Ottoman palace, his language was expressive, yet unadorned, direct, and simple. With a big heart, he fell in love with women and wrote poetry about them getting water from a fountain, or making bread. His poetry were in the forms of *koşma*, *türkü*, *mani*, *varsığı*, *üçleme*, *destan*, *güzelleme* and *koçaklama*. More than five hundred of his poems have survived to this day.
<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Karacaoğlan>

¹³ The **Turkmens** ([Turkmen](#): Türkmen/Түркмен, plural Türkmenler/Түркменлер) are a [Turkic people](#) located primarily in the [Central Asian](#) states of [Turkmenistan](#), [Afghanistan](#), northern [Pakistan](#), northeastern [Iran](#), [Syria](#), [Iraq](#) and [North Caucasus](#) ([Stavropol Krai](#)). They speak the [Turkmen language](#), which is classified as a part of the Western [Oghuz](#) branch of the [Turkic languages](#) family together with [Turkish](#), [Azerbaijani](#), [Qashqai](#), [Gagauz](#) and [Salar](#).^[7] http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Turkmen_people

IV Against I let the whole world arise
 But my girl from thou shall not part I
 My girl let upon the earth doomsday come
 But my girl from thou shall not part I
 The prophet with thunder may send the orders of he
 from the tops of mountains snowy
 Arzu with Gamber¹⁴ may part but my girl I shall not part from
 thee

As a youth as I am I come from the encampment of me
 Sugar pours from the lips of thee
 The nightingale let part from the rose beloved of he
 my girl I shall not part from thee
 From my bed early get up I imploring the saints aid for I
 O let Ferhad with his Shirin part my girl I shall not part from
 thee
 My Allah grant that the vows of I be fulfilled Karacaoğlan does
 cry
 Faith I swear my girl I shall not part from thee

IV.

" Let the whole world rise against me, I shall not part with you, my girl ! Let the doomsday come upon the earth, my girl ! I will not part with you. From the snowy tops of a mountain, the prophet may send his orders with thunder; Arzu may part with Gamber*; I shall not part with you, my girl! A youth as I am, I come from my encampment. Sugar pours from your lips ; let the nightingale part with his beloved rose, but oh ! my girl, I shall not part with you. I get up early from my bed; I implore the aid of the saints. O let Ferhad part with his Shirin, my girl ! I shall not part with you. Karajoglan says, God grant that my vows be fulfilled. Faith, I swear, my girl, that I will never part with you."

¹⁴ Arzu and Gamber, as well as Ferhad and Shirin, are the names of exemplary lovers, whose fidelity in love and friendship are proverbial among the Turkmans.

XIV

* Arzu and Gamber, as well as Ferhad and Shirin, are the names of exemplary lovers, whose fidelity in love and friendship are proverbial among the Turkmans

V From the source of the cool stream face radiant with smiles
come the beloved of me
Coming here surrounded my fourteen or fifteen ducks¹⁵ all hand
in hand is coming she
bedewed with drops of sweat is the face of she
intoxicated with love are the eyes of she
a nosegay of narcissus has plucked she
as rills the sweat from the forehead of she
in a year are twelve months with three holy days¹⁶ Karacaoğlan
does say
at the beauty of she in amazement I be
a black-eyed gazelle my beloved is she
from a dale she came to another goes she
is a houri¹⁷ is she is an angel is she
is it a heaven with its celestial sphere turning round me
is it a single duck is she which from one valley to another goes
she
for worldly riches I care not Karacaoğlan does say
my head I put in my sweethearts way
hanging a string of pearls from the waist of she as comes she

¹⁵ (beautiful girls) As the dove is the bird of love and beauty in Europe, so is the parrot with the Persians, and the duck with the Turks

¹⁶ Viz., three principal feast days, celebrated by Sheahs : –
feast of sacrifice, Kurban; feast of the vernal equinox, Nouruz;
and the first day after the lent of Ramazan, Idi-fit

¹⁷ In [Islam](#), the **ḥūr** or **ḥūrīyah**^[note 1] ([Arabic](#): [قِيْرُوح](#)) are commonly translated as "(splendid)^[1] companions of equal age (well-matched)",^[2] "lovely eyed",^[3] of "modest gaze",^[4] "pure beings" or "companions pure" of paradise, denoting humans and [jinn](#) who enter [Jannah](#) ([paradise](#)) after being recreated anew in the hereafter.^[5] Islam also has a strong [mystical](#) tradition which places these heavenly delights in the context of the ecstatic awareness of [God](#).^[6] <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Houri>

V.

" My beloved, with a face radiant with smiles, comes from the source of the cool stream. She is surrounded by fourteen or fifteen ducks (beautiful girls) f, who all, hand in hand, are coming here. Her face is bedewed with drops of sweat; her sparkling eyes are intoxicated with love. She plucked a nosegay of narcissus, and the sweat rills from her forehead. There are twelve months in a year, and three holy days*. I am amazed at your beauty; my beloved is a black-eyed gazelle. She came from one dale, and goes into another. Is it a houri ? is it an angel ? is it a heaven, with its celestial sphere turning round me ? Is it a single duck, that came from a valley and goes into a valley? Karajoglan says to himself, - I do not care for worldly riches. I put my head in my sweetheart's way. She is coming, a string of pearls hanging from her waist."

t As the dove is the bird of love and beauty in Europe, so is the parrot with the Persians, and the duck with the Turks.

* Viz., three principal feast days, celebrated by Sheahs : - feast of sacrifice, Kurban; feast of the vernal equinox, Nouruz; and the first day after the lent of Ramazan, Idi-fit

* Ibrahim Khan, the thief of Bujnuid father to the now commandinjr N^efaly Khan.

For completeness I give the omitted verseS of Amiri

3. " In the land of Pahzavar I am called the prince of roses. With spade in hand I make a furrow next to the seed-plot where the first rice has been sown. Tell the rose-faced Gouhera to take a little calf and hold it to her breast. A calf taken from a stranger's hand, is faithless to its mother, so is Gouhera herself."

8. " Amir says, Heaven pours out rain, the earth gets wet. My foot slid, my ass escaped. Rose-faced Gouhera! come, let us go in search of my ass. I, my ass, my package, we were all three going to call on you."

13. "The summer sun begins to be intolerably parching. A mountaineer's sweetheart is preparing to depart for the cool mountains*. She will finish her preparations to-day, and will set off to-morrow. I wish to God the bridge on the river Mangula was broken. Before they could cut timber enough to repair the bridge, a year would have passed and she would remain with us."

* The inhabitants of villages and towns situated in the

XVI

woody plains of Mazenderan, retire into the mountains at the beginning of every summer, and there pass the dog-days. **Man-gula is the name of a river near the city of Amul.**

14. "I was standing on the steep bank of the river Babul t . My playful sweetheart pushed me and threw me into- the water. Standing on a dry spot, she called to me, ' Come up ! come upon the surface !'"

t Babul, one of the largest rivers of Mazenderan, flows by the town of Barfrush, and empties itself into the Caspian Sea, **near a place called Mashadi-ser**

15. [The following song alludes to a passage of some Mussulman traditionary saying in which God says, " I am a treasure. I will love the wise man who will understand me."]

" I have untied the knot of the enigma: ' I am a treasure!' God, that eternal being, taught me all his mystic names*. I am the lump of that clay which the Creator had been kneading for forty days. I am a pearl of the highest price. O my sweetheart, dare not to think little of me."

* Koran ch. vii. vs. 10 - 26. " Adam was taught by God the names of all things, and then made to display his knowledge before the angels, who, having no terms of their own for them, were thus compelled to acknowledge man's superiority to themselves.'" Thompson's Akhldk-i Jaldly, page51.

* In the original bendan, plural of bend or vend,- a word now obliterated in modern Persian, and not found in any dictionary ; but it must have been a very common one in ancient times, as can be proved by the still existing appellations of fountains and tribes, as Demanend, Ahend, Kyassavend, &c.

16. A Daughter to her Mother. (from Rostamabad)

" Mother, do not keep me any longer at home, but marry me ; only. Oh ! not to a native of Alia-badf. The inhabitants of that town are always with pen in hand. Mother, my soul, do not give

t Aliabad is a large village near Sary, the capital of Mazendearn. It is the birth-place of many distinguished ministers of the court of Teheran, as Mirza-Aly, Mirza-Taghi, &c. The girl objects to marry a native of Mazenderan, as, on account of its bad climate, the men are usually lean, and of yellow complexion. The women, however, are generally very fair and beautiful.

XVII

away those intoxicated-with-love eyes of mine to an emaciated, yellow, rotten Aliabadi.

" Mother, do not keep me any longer at home, but marry me; only, oh! not to a native of Barfrush*. Its inhabitants wear ugly pelts in winter. Mother, my soul! do not give me away to a Barfrush i; he wears ear-rings, he is meagre, withered, and rotten.

" Mother, do not keep me any longer at home, marry me; but oh! not to a peasant of Pahzarvarf. Every man there is a chahadar (muleteer). He is carrying coals, covered with mud all over. Mother, my soul! don't give away those love-inspiring eyes of mine to such a ghost. A Pahzarvarian is lean, withered, and rotten.

* Barfiush is the chief commercial town in Mazenderan. The river Babul, which traverses the town, empties itself into the sea at a distance of sixteen miles from it, and makes the transport of goods very easy. Its inhabitants, before 1831, amounted to fifty thousand, but the plague and the cholera, which raged there in that year, swept away nearly three-fourths of them. The wealthier classes are, almost without exception, engaged in commercial pursuits; while the poorer keep mules for the purpose of carrying goods over the muddy roads from Mazenderan to Teheran and Kazvin.

+ Pahzavar is the name of a province on the sea-side, through which the river Babul flows. The shah and the grandees of" Teheran are fond of filling their harems with Pahzavar women, who are the most beautiful in Mazenderan. We have seen that Pahzavar was the birth-place of the popular poet, Amiry.

17. - Inshadlah*. (from Rostamabad)

" It is a gloomy day; Inshaallah ! I cannot find my rosy-cheeked boy; Inshaallah ! the cruel people have ravished him from me; Inshaallah ! They tied him up to an orange-tree; Inshaallah! They beat the poor creature with rods and cudgels; Inshaallah !

" Oh orange-tree f ! let thy roots dry up ! Inshaallah ! Cruel men ! do not kill my rosy-cheeked sweetheart; Inshaallah! He was ordered to pay a fine; Inshaallah ! A fine of five shahist, round, coined shahis; Inshaallah ! He is poor, but I will make up the sum, and bring it to you. Inshaallah!

t Orange-trees are very common in Mazenderan, particularly those bearing sour fruit (nareng). They are so abundant at Sary, that the roofs of the houses disappear in the exuberant foliage of the orange thickets. The view of that town from its walls presents one extensive orange plantation, with the red roofs shooting out here and there from the dark verdure of the tree3_ In spring, the air is so full of the fragrance of the orange blossom, that persons not used to it often suffer a head-ache from the

XVIII

powerful aroma. Such at least was the effect produced on me during my stay at that place.

% The gold and silver coins which the Shah distributes as his bounty on the festival of Nouruz, are so called.

Omitted verse from the Kalmuks

II. — Sogonda.

"Having fettered my camel near the source of the river Manich, whose waters are bitter, I should like to sit with my Sogonda and play with her, snatching the smoking pipe from her.

" The brand on my wild grey horse, has the shape of a gun. If, after having him well bridled, I could run away with my Sogonda, should I be guilty ?

" The crows and the owlets sit in rows on the bushes. I should like to play with the sweet-tongued Sogonda, wresting a steel and a flint from her*. The grass is waving on the meadow; the image of the beautiful Sogonda comes to my mind. What is she doing now ; she who shared her heart and thoughts with me?"

* As the Kalmuk women are very fond of smoking, they never part with their tobacco, steel, flint, &c.

III. — A Didactic Song.

" You will not find out the goodness of the maple-tree excrescence before you try it. You will not

t The Kalmuks for drinking tea, kumiss, or brandy, use

Omitted Verse Of Karacaoğlan

He. " Beautiful girl standing at the spring, give me a drop of water ; I am thirsty. God bless you girl ; do not keep me long. I must be off."

She. " I never give water to those I do not know, neither to men looking so knavish as thou. You are of a Kurdish breed, you bastard ! Drink, and do not stop on your way. Our tribe is not a thoughtless one. You will find no good at this spring. Every fox that passes is not to be mistaken for a lion. Drink, and go your way."

He. " I cannot alight from my Arabian horse ; I cannot retract the words you heard. I am tired,

XIX

and cannot get down ; give me a little water, O maiden ! and I will quench my thirst. God bless you ! do not keep me any longer."

She. " The nightingales grow up in song with the spring. I sing sweeter than nightingales. A tired man sleeps in his house. Drink, and depart, with God's blessings."

He. " I'll be a guest in your encampment ; I'll be your shield (protection). Dear girl ! I'll be a servant to your father*. Give me some water to drink, O my darling!"

* A truly Biblical idea ; Burkhardt found the same among the Arabians. A poor youth, in love with the daughter of a man of some property, must serve him some years before he is allowed to ask for the hand of the girl as a reward. So Jacob served fourteen long years before he could say to Laban, " Give me iny wife, for my days are fulfilled."

She. " There are many travellers on these roads ; some are hungry, some are not. I am an orphan ; I have no father. Drink, and go your way."

He. " Your brovi^s are so beautifully arched, as if they were drawn with a pen. Your teeth look like a row of pearls. I'll consent to be a servant to your brother; O ray girl ! give me a little water to drink, &c."

She. " Groves are numerous on our fields. We have plenty of roses and violets. My brother has a negro slave to serve him. Drink, do not tarry any longer."

He. " It rains often in our encampment ; our people wear Jcapaneks* of felt-cloth. They often meet with a kiss at the water-side. Give me some water to drink, &c."

She. " Now, when you understand me at last, come to a solitary place, press my hands, suck my lips, and forget all but love."

He. " You turned your face from me before. You were inexorable, and cold like iron. You abused Karajoglan ; what is the reason you woo him now?"

* Kapanek, a sort of cloak made of felt-cloth, without any seam. The allusion in this stanza is not easily understood by European readers. In the encampments of the noniade tribes, foggy and rainy days are chosen for assignations. In such cases the lover wraps his sweetheart in the same cloak. In the Iliad, fog is recommended to thieves and lovers, as the safest shelter.

xx

ISBN 9781876347678