

APPENDIX I: RECIPES

GOOSBERRIA DHA ACHAAR

Pickled Gooseberries

For Gooseberry pickle you will need

Gooseberries
Salt
Oil
Red chilli powder
Fennel seeds
Turmeric seeds
Cloves of garlic
Mustard powder

How to make gooseberry pickle

Wash and drain the gooseberries. Remove their tails from both sides—top and tail them. Take them off and put slits into them—slit them not all the way but halfway through. Then add plenty of salt to them—plenty. Put to the side for one day covering them.

In the meantime the salt will drain all the water.

On the second day, get a frying pan and put a little oil—two or three spoonfuls with some salt and add the gooseberries and cook them for a little while until they are tender.

Mango and Chilli Chutney

What you need

Green unripe mango
Green chillies
Fresh coriander
Fresh mint
Green tomatoes
Salt
Garlic
Butter

The Process of How to Make It

Peel and roughly chop the mangoes. Take the stone out. Wash and chop the chillies. Wash and chop the green fresh coriander. Wash and chop the tomatoes. Wash and chop the mint. Peel and chop the garlic.

Put all these into a pestle and mortar and grind. Grind them and add salt. Nowadays they use a blender to save time. It takes two or three minutes.

Get a fry pan under a low heat with four or five spoons of butter.

When it is hot put the all the grinded mixture into the frying pan.

Let it cook for five or six minutes.

When the butter is released and on top, it is ready. When it is cold put in a tub and place in a fridge—this lasts a week or two.

KASHMIRI SAAG

Kashmir Mustard Leaf

Two garlic bulbs—crush them.

Finely chopped green chillies or red chilli powder—two small spoons. Add salt.

Yoghurt is needed.

Fresh mustard leaves finely chopped—wash them properly.

The Cooking Process

In the cooking pot

Two butter slabs

Salt

Chillies

This will make the masala.

Add Garlic.

Add Ground almonds.

Add 2 spoonfuls of *Bajra* seeds crushed.

Make paste, when the masala is made.

Mix in the yoghurt.

Keep beating quickly. When boiled add mustard leaves. Keep beating quickly to avoid lumps. Let it come to the boil and then turn the heat down.

If you want it to cook quickly put the heat up it will be made quickly but if you want it to cook slowly then turn the heat to a low simmer and do other work in the meantime. And your dish will be made.

This is the way my mother taught me (Kashmir). Whenever I make it now it's very nice; everyone loves it.

FRESH WARIAA

Daal Pates

A plate of Moonghi Daal—soak it for a few hours beforehand.

Then grind it using a pestle and mortar—add salt, pepper and gharam masala. Grind it properly.

Put the fryer on. Make into pates and fry. Put to one side.

Afterwards, make the masala. Make sure everything is red—onions, ginger and garlic are red. Cook it properly. Add salt and pepper. Add the pates and the potatoes. Cook potatoes. Add a little water.

Garnish with coriander.

It makes a first class dish.

My mother taught me this recipe in Kamalia (Punjab). I taught my daughters and they will teach their daughters.

LASSI

Yoghurt-Based Drink

Warm milk, then let it cool—let it simmer overnight.

In the morning add a little yoghurt.

Remove the butter skin off the milk.

Add sugar or salt.

Whisk it and it's ready to drink.

It keeps you cool, even in Pakistan.

I've taught my daughters how to make it and now I'm telling you.

In the olden days they used to use a whisk by hand; nowadays (in Lockwood) they use electric grinders.

HALEEM

Stew

Is made in three pots.

First you need two pots, in the first pot goes

Corn kernels

White lentils

Red lentils

Yellow lentils

Channay daal

Chick peas

Moat daal

White kidney beans

Red kidney beans

Fresh wheat or oats

Mungh daal

All daals about 50 g

Gharam masala

A medium-sized pot, fill $\frac{3}{4}$ with water adding two spoonfuls of salt. When the water boils you put in the daal which will take the longest to cook first.

Which lentils cook the fastest you put in last. Put the corn kernels in first with the Channay daal as these take the longest; when you see this is cooked after about an hour, then add the Moongh daal then the red kidney beans and at the end put the lentils in. Cook on a low simmer. When softened they are ready then turn the gas off.

In the second pot

2 kilo meat
 1 cup of ghee/clarified butter
 Large 4 finely chopped onions
 4 fresh tomatoes finely chopped
 Plenty of fresh garlic crushed
 Green chillies chopped
 Red chilli powder
 Gharam masala
 Salt
 Ground turmeric powder

Mix all these ingredients together in one pan including the meat.

This takes about 20–30 minutes to cook.

Add the butter and cook thoroughly. Then put to one side.

The first pot with the daals in takes up to three or four hours. The meat takes 20–25 minutes.

When made put to one side.

Soak the rice, about 2 kg, soak for 10–15 minutes.

Step 3

In a very large pan place all the cooked lentils and daals, slowly, the meat dish and mix. Then add the rice taking the water out. Put a small gas under this pan and allow the rice to be cooked. Check that the rice has enough water. If there is no water add water. Cover the rice with water, making sure the rice cannot be seen. They need to be hidden. Stir very lightly. Add jeera—about three or four spoonfuls.

Add chopped coriander. Stir very slowly. Keep stirring the mixture carefully until rice is cooked. Put the lid on. This takes 20–25 minutes to cook. The daals tend to burn at the bottom so you must keep stirring. When the rice is cooked and ready, then the Haleem is ready to be served.

When it is ready, distribute it.

This was mainly made during wars. When during wars people had little to eat and shops were burnt down. Some people would say I have one chicken, others “I have 2 onions,” and so people would gather all the ingredients outside and cook whatever they had in one place and everyone would eat it. It’s a tradition in Pakistan to eat this way.

This is Haleem.

When there were floods in Pakistan recently people ate Haleem. In difficult times people make this dish and eat it.

PINNIA

A Punjabi Sweet

In the past times our grandmother and mothers used to make this for long journeys, field workers and new mothers for strength. In Lockwood our mothers still make it for their daughters who are new mothers.

For this you will need

Clarified butter

Semi-crushed almonds

Semi-crushed pistachios

Crushed walnuts

Mixed nuts—grind all the nuts including the four mags. In the homeland women used a pestle and mortar.

Ghor for sugar—here you can get hold of *ghor* (unrefined sugar).

Poppy seeds

Soya powder

Grind the nuts using a chopper or a grinder. Soak the sultanas. Put them on one side

In the past women used a pestle and mortar to grind ingredients. Grind them and put them to one side. Soak the sultanas.

In the wok, heat the butter and soya butter on a low heat. When it’s golden brown the aroma of the dish spreads to all over the house. Then take it off the gas to avoid burning. Then add all the ground nuts and mix well. Then wash the sultanas and the *ghor*. Then add the ground poppy seeds. Mix well. Let it get a little cool. When it gets cool enough to handle, roll into

little balls using your hands. They are the size of golf balls. Then place into a separate tray/bowl.

This is a cold country so they can be stored for about a year.

You can have them with tea, when someone comes over you can give them with tea. You can give them to ill people. It is also a tradition here in England to take them to someone's house as a gift.

This recipe my mother taught me and in Pakistan her mother taught her. In Pakistan my aunts (dad's sisters and mum's sisters) all make them. Women pass it onto other women.

MOONGH DAAL

A Pulse-Based Soup

We are going to make daal. I first tasted this in Pakistan. My mum made it and she taught me. Then started to practise this in England and she told me. Moongh daal is a family favourite and we make it every two or three weeks. The colour is light green and small kernels. My mother taught me this. She first made it in Pakistan but now we make it here in Lockwood. The daal in Pakistan and here maybe slightly different but not much.

Put one glass of daal into boiling water on the gas. Let it boil gently away.

In a separate pot

One onion
 One garlic
 One ginger
 One tomato

Chop and place all in pot. Put in pot. You can use oil, ghee or butter. My mother uses butter. Then put in the gas. Start to cook it. When it (onion and ghee) all goes brown add the wasaar. It's up to you. Cook it properly. About 30 minutes or 45 minutes later, when the masala is cooked properly, add one spoon of salt.

Separate the daal from the water then 'put the *tarka* on' put one slab of butter to the daal. Mix for a further 30 minutes. When the daal and the butter are cooked, add pot one to pot two and mix well. Add a little water.

Sometimes we make this alone or sometimes we make it with *sholay* daal. You can make this or add *channay* daal to the recipe. You can make it either way.

MAKHI ROTI

Gram Flour Chapatti

We usually eat wheat flour chapatti. I ate this first in Lockwood about five or six years ago when my mother made it. It is yellow in colour; it comes in two colours, yellow and cream colour. The flour, my mother says, should be a cream colour. She told me this works better.

She taught me how to make it. Boil the kettle, put flour in big bowl. Once it boils add a little salt to the flour. Using a spoon add the hot water little by little, mix it little by little kneading it. Make a little dough/pate. If you had used boiled water, your roti will be fine; if your water hadn't boiled or your flour was old or cheap, then your roti will not be fine. This chapatti is a little fatter and tastes different. People usually eat it with *saag* or *curry*. That day my mum told we can eat *Makhi de Roti* with yoghurt but that day we had two or three rotis and we ate it with *saag*. Since then we have had yoghurt with Maki Roti as well.

ROTI DA ATTA

Flour Dough

I hadn't even been born and I was living with this.

My mother used to get up and make this every day. This is our national dish. My mother taught me how to make this. She taught me how to make this for chapatti when I was ten or eleven. I would always watch her. She would make quite a lot—with some of it she would make rotis in the evening and put the rest in a box for the next day in the fridge. It's very easy; even small children can make this. In one bowl you put flour and add water not too cold and not too hot. My mother told me that water must be lukewarm. Guess how much flour to water you will need and start kneading for 6 minutes. Make a guess how much water needs adding. Put to one side. After 5–6 minutes return to dough and knead once more. Then make chapattis. If the dough isn't made, your chapattis will not be made properly.

Your chapatti will be soft, my mother told me. If your dough isn't made properly, your chapatti will not be nice. If the dough has air or lumps in it, your chapattis will not be nice.

Roll it out on a worktop. Get a rolling pin and roll it out then using your hands cook it on a *tavva*¹; when it is cooked on both sides, cook it on a naked flame for 10 seconds. When the chapatti ‘puffs up’ or has little black marks on it, it is cooked. If it is still wet, return it on the *tavva* as this means it is not yet made.

ALOO SAAG

Mustard Leaves with Potato

I first had this in Pakistan. I was too young and didn’t know how to make it. I saw my mother make it when I was 10 or 11 and asked her to teach me. This dish is very time consuming to make. Firstly you must buy the mustard leaves (*saag*) from the shops, then clean it thoroughly; this can take 2 or 3 hours. Clean and cut it with a ‘daath.’ The finer you cut it the better the dish will be once finely cut. Wash it thoroughly as it has mud on it. Put it in a pot and put it on the gas. So it has heat and starts to cook.

Cut the potatoes into medium chunks. Put into water and on one side. If you put the potatoes out, they will start to discolour; putting them in water they will not.

When the *saag* is a bit cooler begin to blend it with a *kotna* until the *saag* is soft. My mother taught me how to make this.

In pot 2

An onion, garlic, ginger, wasaar, tomatoes, salt and ghee, butter or oil. My mother told me to use butter as this will make the *saag* taste better. Cook until brown, this takes 30–45 minutes. When it is finally made, turn the gas off.

From the other pot take out the *saag* and put in a separate pot. When the *saag* is cool, put into a strong pot and begin to *kotn* it (blend it). So any lumps in the *saag* will be gone and it will be soft. My mother told me that if we don’t ‘kotn’ it, the *saag* will be lumpy. So it is necessary.

Then take the masala in pot two and then mix the potatoes into pot 2. When the potatoes are cooked, add the mustard leaves. It will be ready when the potatoes are soft and the butter comes to the surface and the water is all gone. The wasaar will give an aroma and you will know when the *saag* is cooked and ready to eat.

Have it with bread or chapatti and it’s very tasty.

(KASHMIRI) WASAAR I

Mixed Spices

For making wasaar you need these:

Chilli powder, red

Turmeric powder

In Pakistan you had to buy them from the town/market and let them ‘sit in the sun’ for two days to dry. My mother used to dry turmeric powder by dry cooking it. Dry it first and then grind it using a pestle and mortar. She then would take it to the ‘chakki.’² For this you need six kilos of chilli powder, three kilos turmeric powder, one kilo dried coriander which you dry cook slightly—it has a very nice aroma. One kilo of jeera on a low as dry cook this.

What’s left ... About 12 grams of *kala laycee*.

½ kilo of methi slightly dry cook it. In Pakistan you would grind it first. Here, dry cook it then grind it.

All these things—methi, coriander, *kali laychee*, turmeric powder, jeera—grind them.

With the turmeric powder—with ½ a litre of oil and put on a low gas and add 3 kilos of turmeric powder. Keep stirring occasionally. Leave it for about 30 minutes. It gives a lovely smell. Then after 30 minutes take it off the gas and let it cool.

Spread the plastic on the floor. Put chilli powder as well on this turmeric powder and add the oil. Rubbing this takes ¾ hours; make sure it has no lumps left in it—make it properly.

Put into a pot and start to use them.

This stores up for about a year, two years.

Here, we can get everything in powder form, you can get chilli powder and turmeric powder grinded. In Pakistan my mother would bring things home, dry them and then my mother would take them to the *chakki*. My mother showed us this. It’s very nice. It lasts a year. Whenever you make a dish, use this accordingly.

HALVA

Semolina Pudding

2 butter slabs
 Sultanas
 White cardamoms
 Almonds
 Coconut
 Fennel seeds
 Semolina powder

Put the butter in a pot and put it on the gas. When its melted add about 2 ½ cups of semolina. Turn the gas up.

In a bowl put white cardamon seeds, fennel seeds, sultanas, blanched almonds. Get a knife and cut the coconut into pieces.

Then boil water and add sugar and get a spoon and stir it when it has boiled then add the above.

Keep stirring the semolina and when the semolina is golden brown add the other pot's ingredients. Turn up the gas for about 2 minutes. Then turn down the gas. Then let it simmer for 7–10 minutes and it's ready. It's very tasty.

This is the way my mother used to make it and she told me. It's a very nice way to make it.

PUNJABI SAAG

Mustard Leaves from Punjab

You need two pots for this.

In pot 1
 Fresh mustard leaves finely chopped
 Fresh spinach leaves finely chopped
 Salt
 Finely chopped fresh green chillies—to own preference

Fresh methi leaves chopped
 Fresh fennel leaves chopped (using a 'daath')
 Coarse corn flour

Get all the vegetables—mustard leaves, spinach leaves, methi leaves, fresh fennel leaves—chop them using a daath. Just the leaves not the stalks, wash them. A daath is sharper than a knife for those who know how to use one.

Chop and wash them; then in a pot $\frac{3}{4}$ filled with water, when it boils, place all these into it. Then add the green chillies—cut with a daath. Add salt.

This takes two to three hours to cook.

When all the water has disappeared then take a kotna and gradually add corn flour

In a separate pan place

Chopped spring onions
 Butter
 Finely chopped ginger
 Green chillies—finely chopped
 Red chilli powder
 Salt

Chop the chillies using a *daath* and grind them using a pestle and mortar.

Cut the spring onions finely.

Put the butter on the gas. Back home we used to use coals. Let it simmer; when the butter has melted, add the chopped onion; when it's slightly golden yellow, add the ginger and chillies. Add salt to taste. Then add the *saag* pot to this pot and mix letting it simmer for $\frac{2}{3}$ minutes and it's ready to eat.

This is a Punjabi dish. Lots of Punjabi people eat this with Makhi roti. This Punjabi *saag* includes turmeric powder. My mother taught me this and her mother taught her and this cooks in most Punjabi homes.

KHARRORAY

Lamb's Feet

You will need three or four pounds; you must have plenty of them, as they take a lot of time to make. This is how to make lamb's feet—first you clean them; take any hair off them by burning them off. They don't look nice in the pot. Take a big pot of water and place the meat inside; add salt. In the olden days they would use log fires for cooking.

You then wash them thoroughly. When the water starts to boil, add the washed lamb's feet, chopped onions, garlic, ginger, salt, $\frac{3}{4}$ tomatoes, chopped green chillies using a daath, masala—*daal chini*, black pepper, red chilli pepper, turmeric powder. At the end add chopped coriander using a daath. Finely chop it and set it aside. In the olden days old women did this. This takes the whole day to cook. Don't put the coriander in yet. Put it on a low gas. This cooks all day; it takes 7 or 8 hours to cook.

Lots of people put it on in the evening and it's ready the next morning. When the water disappears and the meat starts coming off the bone—that's how soft it is. The water has now evaporated and you then stir cook it for two minutes. No butter is added. Add some water. Put on low gas for a further 20 minutes. Then it is ready to eat. Then add the chopped coriander and is ready to eat.

This is given to weak people for strength. People eat this dish for breakfast. With naan bread made in a *tandoor*,³ roti is made on a *tavva* but a naan is made in tandoor. Punjabi people like this a lot.

My mother taught me how to cook this. It's a popular Punjabi dish and is learned through passing it down.

This is how to cook Punjabi lambs' feet.

(PUNJABI) WASAAR 2

Mixed Spices

This is a Punjabi recipe from Sind ... no it's from Jalandhar (part of Punjab, India, now) method.

Red chilli powder

Turmeric powder

Coriander powder

Daal chini

Moongh daal powder

Cinnamon

Saro da bhee powder

Methi seeds powder

Weigh them, depending how you like it.

Salt.

You also need olive oil.

Women collect a year's worth of these spices.

Then you need a space in the house where you can sit—back in Pakistan and India, there are courtyards spread a cloth on the floor. Here you need an open space where you can spread a plastic sheet or three or four black bin liners—open them and sellotape the sides and use them. It's up to you.

My mother kept a big white plastic sheet and put all the powders in the middle. With two or three women together, it'll be quicker; with one it will take longer.

Back home two or three older women would get together. Spread a cloth then a plastic sheet on top. Mix together methi seeds and turmeric powder and make a well and fill it in with olive oil, about eight or nine litres even a full jug—good expensive eating oil. Then they sit down and rub the powder with oil together with their hands. They rub together using their hands until it's a fine powder like the ones they started with. This takes two or three hours. They rub this with palm of the hands and they called this *masna* until a fine powder with no lumps. You see, when you add the oil, it becomes lumpy greasy powder. Then, after two or three hours, put them in clay pots; back home they only had claypots. Here people go to ikea and get jars with lids and put them in store rooms.

When the jars are filled, then pick up the sheet and wash it or if its paper or bin liners you can bin it. Any chilli powders left on the ground can be cleaned up.

This is how you make Punjabi wasaar. My mother used to make and now I make it. We have learned this from Jalandhar. People from Pakistan have learned it from Jalandhar; now it has come here.

This is how you make wasaar.

When it is made it can be stored up to a year.

TOOKRAY

Sweet Pastry Strips

Left over chapattis

Butter

Water

Unrefined cane root sugar called *ghor*

To make it you first put the gas on. Break *roti* into small pieces and put to one side. Back home women used to put them in *chaghair*.⁴ Break the rotis and put to one side. Put the gas on, put the wok on, put the butter in the wok and add the roti pieced and cook on low gas.

On one side put water and *ghor* on. This is called sugar water.

Once the rotis are cooked, add the sugar water. Turn down the gas, in 10–15 minutes it's ready. Think of it as a sweet dish.

You can eat this whenever. Most people eat this during the summertime.

When I went to Pakistan, my mother-in-law taught me and now I make it here.

DHAI

Yoghurt

Place about five pints of milk and let it simmer on a low gas for 10, 15, 20 minutes or longer. Back in Pakistan when the main dish was cooked, they used to put this on the coals and let it simmer. They call that *karna*. Here, take five pints of milk and let them simmer. Don't let it boil.

When warm turn the gas off and add two tubs of cream. Wrap the pot in an old blanket, the yoghurt pot needs to be a clay pot. Put one or two spoonfuls of old yoghurt in the mix and place in a warm, warm place. In Pakistan they call this 'jaag lorna'—to add something citrusy. One or two spoons of old yoghurt and mix well and put the lid on. In an old quilt or blanket leave in a place in the house.

In the morning when you open it up the yoghurt will be set.

In Pakistan/India people have it for breakfast. They have it with sugar before the men go to work.

This is how to make home-made yoghurt.

My mum used to make it here in Lockwood. Lots of women here make it like this.

KARAYLAY

Bitter Melons

How to make karaylay.

My mother taught me this way.

Before you start—wash thoroughly and roughly peel the vegetable/karaylay. Remove the skin off them.

Make the masala:

Chopped onions
 Chopped two or three tomatoes
 Green chillies
 Salt
 wasaar

Place all these in a pan and then put on a low gas and allow to simmer/cook. When the masala is made—the butter comes to the top and all ingredients are mashed together and the ingredients are not visible—lower the gas. Cut the karaylays into small pieces, scoop out the insides and throw away. Then shallow fry them in oil. This will take out most of the bitterness of the vegetable. Fry them for about five or six minutes on both sides. When golden brown take them out and drain off any excess oil. Add the karaylay to the masala and stir in. Let them cook until the karaylay are soft. When they are ready to eat turn the gas off add finely chopped fresh coriander on the top of the karaylay which is on a separate plate. Scatter the coriander over the karaylay. Eat them with fresh chapattis or naans. Some people have boiled rice with this. Remember these are bitter and so won't be suitable for small children or teenagers. However, diabetic people love this the most. My mother told me this because she is a diabetic. Sometimes you can put mince meat with karaylay. Cut the karaylas (the subject makes a mistake here—says meat instead of vegetable) in half and scoop out the insides and fill them with. Make the meat with masala. Then take some string and wrap it around the vegetable with the meat. Fry them in oil—this way your karayla will get cooked and your meat. This method takes a lot of time and experience. If you haven't made this before, you might not wrap the string tight enough and the meat mixture will come out of the karaylay.

Making this dish takes a lot of time and space and if you decide to make the mince meat karaylay it will take more time.

(KASHMIR) WASAAR 3

Mixed Spices

Before making wasaar. Get a big plastic sheet (spread this on the floor) so your carpet isn't ruined. Use something that you throw away afterwards.

Red chilli powder
 Turmeric powder
 Coriander powder
 Cinnamon powder

Ground mustard seeds
Masar de bee
 Methi powder
 Salt

Oil—vegetable oil or olive oil. This is best as it's the healthiest. You will need equal portions of all the ingredients apart from the salt.

Put all these onto the plastic sheet and a minimum of three or four women are needed. You will need to mix these together with oil. Remember no air or lumps must be in these. They must be mixed well. You can place this in a good pot and store it for a year, a year and a half. In Pakistan they would place this once made into clay pots for a year or two. Here you can't find these so you need to find a place in the house and suitable pot and store it and use it for over a year. It won't go off. When the women get together to make wasaar, they make the wasaar and also chat and gossip. They also swap recipes and methods of making foods. New recipes are swapped. My one friend told me that she used to sing whilst making this. *Tapay* and *Mahai*⁵ would be sung.

Wasaar takes a lot of time. You will need to start early in the morning. You need a big pot as it is going to be used for a whole year. The place you find to make it has to be pretty large and clean. Remember, this has to be made starting early in the morning. Then your wasaar will be made properly. My mother taught me this method.

WHEAT SYRUP PUDDING

Halva

Ghee or butter
 Wheat flour
 They use sugar here but back home they used ghor (unrefined cane sugar) but this may change for future generations.
 Laychee powder

Place the butter on a low gas. Put the flour in and keep stirring it until it is slightly brown. On one side place some water, accordingly, and put the ghor in it. Let this cook. When the butter is on top of the flour then it is ready. When the butter separates from the flour the aroma fills in the whole house. You add the water and *Ghor* to the butter and flour pot and cook on low gas. Add half a spoonful of laychee powder. Then cook it well. When all the water has disappeared and the halva is like a paste, then it is ready.

This is very popular. This is eaten with 'pooria.'⁶
My mother taught me this. You must try making this dish.

CURRY

A Yoghurt-Based Dish

Now I will tell you how to make curry.

Pot 1

1 cup of gram flour (*besan*)
400 g of yoghurt

Put this in a blender and add 3–4 pints of water.
Blend this yoghurt, *besan* and water. Put to one side.

Pot 2

Then make the masala on the gas

Butter
Chopped onion
Add cloves garlic
wasaar
Salt
pepper

Cook until paste. Just like a *handi*

When it is made and you can see the onions are cooked, then add the yoghurt mixture. Turn heat up, stirring all the time and let it come to a few boils. When it comes to the boil, add the dry methi leaves and cumin seeds. Put on low heat. This takes a long time to cook. This takes two or four hours to cook properly.

NOTES

1. A type of iron griddle used in cooking.
2. This refers to a domestic grinding machine called a 'chakki.' Each village has one or two of these machines which grind—daal to flour and spices to powder. Women would take their spices or daal to the miller and his 'chakki' to have them ground to powder form.
3. A particular type of clay oven used in Asian cooking.
4. A handwoven bread basket.
5. Certain short songs sung without any instruments.
6. Like chappatis but much more flakier.
7. These are small white flowers very similar to daisies.
She is singing about a flower garland being made and small white flowers inserted into the garland.
8. Large shaded tree that can be found in the villages of South Asia.

APPENDIX 2: SONGS

LATHAY DI CHADDAR

Linen Shawl

Lathay di chaddar uthay salaitee rang mai aa
Linen shawl with grey stone colour upon it
Abb O saamnay
Come in front of me,
Abb O saamnay
Come in front of me,
Kolo dey rusk kai na nang mai aa
Don't walk on by in a sulk, my beloved
sady kanda to O sadi kanda to tutteeay nee rasecaa
From my wall, from my wall a rope has broken
Na tu puchaya te na mai dasiya
You didn't ask and I didn't say

Chorus

Lathay di chaddar uthay salaitee rang mai aa
Linen shawl with grey stone colour upon it
Abb O saamnay
Come in front of me,
Abb O saamnay

Come in front of me,
Kolo dey rusk kai na nang mai aa
 Don't walk on by in a sulk, my beloved
Saday kanda to, vey saday kanda to
 From over my wall, from over my wall
Mari aak vey
 You winked at me
Mai attay they vich hath vey
 My hands are in the flour dough (chapatti flour)

Chorus

Lathay di chaddar uthay salaitee rang mai aa
 Linen shawl with grey stone colour upon it
Abb O saamnay
 Come in front of me,
Abb O saamnay
 Come in front of me,
Kolo dey rusk kai na nang mai aa
 don't walk on by in a sulk, my beloved
O, sadi kanda to, sadi kanda
 O, over my wall, over my wall
Sutaai eit vey
 You threw a stone over my wall
Aan-ke lagaya kalejay vech vey
 And it touched me in the liver (heart)

Chorus

Lathay di chaddar uthay salaitee rang mai aa
 Linen shawl with grey stone colour upon it
Abb O saamnay
 Come in front of me,
Abb O saamnay
 Come in front of me,
Kolo dey rusk kai na nang mai aa
 Don't walk on by in a sulk, my beloved
Teri ma nay
 Your mother, O
Teri ma nay pakaiya rotiya
 Your mother made chappatis
Assa mangheea

I asked for them

Tae paigiya sotiya

And she hit me with a broomstick

Lathay di chaddar uthay salaitee rang mai aa

Linen shawl with grey stone colour upon it

Abb O saamnay

Come in front of me,

Abb O saamnay

Come in front of me,

Kolo dey rusk kai na nang mai aa

Don't walk on by in a sulk, my beloved

Teri ma nay, O teri ma nay

Your mother, O your mother

Pakhai aandhay

Cooked eggs

Assa manghai

I asked for them

Tae paighay dhandhay

And she hit me with a stick

Lathay di chaddar uthay salaitee rang mai aa

Linen shawl with grey stone colour upon it

Abb O saamnay

Come in front of me,

Abb O saamnay

Come in front of me,

Kolo day rusk kai na nang mai aa

Don't walk on by in a sulk, my beloved

Teri ma nay, O teri ma nay

You mother, O You mother

Pakhaiya kheer vey

Made rice pudding

Assa mangheea

I asked for them

To paiyghay peer vey

She got annoyed

Chorus

Lathay di chaddar uthay salaitee rang mai aa

Linen shawl with grey stone colour upon it

Abb O saamnay

Come in front of me,

Abb O saamnay
 Come in front of me,
Kolo dey rusk kai na nang mai aa
 Don't walk on by in a sulk, my beloved.

MADHANIYAAAAN

Churning Stick

Madhaniyaaan
 Churning stick (also used for making butter)
Hai o Mereya Daadeya Rabba Kinna Jammiyan Kinna Ne Lai Jaaniya hai
 O my God, some will give birth, some others will take away
Haiyo Mereya Daadeya Rabbaaaa Kinna Jammiyan Kinna Ne Le Jaaneeya
hai
 O my God, some will give birth, some others will take away
Loyi – Babul Teray -Mehlan Vichooo
 Slowly/Shawl- father from your palace
Teri Lado Pardesan Hoi Hai
 Your loving daughter is leaving for a strange place
Babul Teray Mehlan Vichooo
 Father from/through your palace
Teri Lado Pardesan Hoi Hai
 Your loving daughter one is leaving for a strange place
Cholay- Babul Tere Mehlan Vichoo
 Clothes-Father, from your palace
Satrangiya Kabootar Bolay –Hai
 Seven-coloured dove is calling
Babul Teraay Mehlan Vicho Satrangiya Kabootar Bollay –Haii
 Father, I shall walk through your grand home Seven-coloured pigeon
 say—O
Tuliyān – Maanvan Dheeyan Milan Lagiyaan
 Palms O palms – mother daughter say their parting goodbyes
Chare Kandha Ne Chubaare Diyan Huliyaan Hai
 Four walls of the home and the floor begins to tremble with emotional pain
Maanvan Dheeyan Milan Lagiyaan Chare Kandha Ne Chubaare Diyan
Haliyaan Hai
 Mother daughter say their parting goodbyes Four walls of the building are
 shaking
Pheta – ena Sakiyaan Veera Nay Dhola Tor Ke Agaannu Keeta-Hai

Dry reef (used for weaving in a village) the brothers have moved/forced the wedding carriage forward

Ena Sakiyaan Veera Naay

The brothers have

Dhola Tor Kay Agaanu Keeta-Hai

Moved/forced the wedding carriage forward

Ena Sakiyaan Veera Ne

The brothers have

Dhola Tor Kay Agaanu Keeta-Hai

Moved the wedding carriage forward

Mehndi Lagdi Suhagana Nu

Henna put on once you're married

Nai Marde Dama Tak Laindi haii

Will not come off even upon death

Lagdi Subagana Nu

Goes on the bride

Nai Marde Dama Tak Laindi hai

Will not come off even upon death

Jhumkey – Amrhi Da Dil Kambeyaan

Earrings—mother's heart has shuddered

Aj Mu Ladoo Da Chum Kay haiii

Today, as she kissed her beloved daughter's face

Amrhi Da Dil Kambeyaaan

Mother's heart shuddered

Aj Muuuu Lado Da Chum Kay hai

Today, when she kissed her beloved daughter's face

Maape

Mother and father/parents

Naazan Nal Paalke Dheeyan

Bring her up with love

Ho Jaan Paraye Aape Hai aaaih

They become outsiders/strangers now

Naazan Nal Palke Dheeyan

Bring her up with love

Ho Jaan Paraye Aape Hai aaaih

They become outsiders/strangers now

Chooriyan

Wedding bangles

Saure Ghar Jaan Waliye Shaala Hon Muradaan Puriyan Hai

One who has gone to her in-laws' house, I hope all your dreams come true

Saure Ghar Jaan Waliye

One who has gone to her in-laws' house

Shaala Hon Muradaan Puriyan Hai
I hope all your dreams come true.

MEHNDI HAI RACHNEWALI

The Henna Is About to Stain Your Hands

Mehndi hai rachnewali hathon mein gehri laali
The henna is about to stain the hands a deep red
Kahin sakhiyaan ab kaliyaan hathon mein khilne wali hain
Friends say that flower buds will bloom in your hands
Tere manko jeevan ko nai khushiyan milne wali hai
Your spirit, your life, are about to reap new happiness
O hariyali banno
O blooming bride
Le jane tuj ko gooeeyan aane wale hain sabin
Your husband is coming to take you away
Thamenge aake baiyan goonjegi sahanaiyan angnai angnai
He will seize your arms and the pipe will resound in the courtyard
Mehndi hai rachnewali hathon mein gehri laali
The henna is about to stain the hands a deep red
Kahin sakhiyaan ab kaliyaan hathon mein khilne wali hain
Friends say that flower buds will bloom in your hands
Tere manko jeevan ko nai khushiyan milne wali hai
Your spirit, your life, are about to reap new happiness
Gayen maiya aur mausi
Your mother and aunt will sing
Gayen behna aur bhabhi khi
And your sister and sister-in-law will sing
Mehndi khil jaye, rang laye hariyali banni
May the Henna will brighten, colour will stain the blooming bride
Gayen phupi aur chachi
Your paternal aunts shall sing
Gayen nani aur dadi ki
Your grandmothers shall sing
Mehndi man bhaye, saz jaye, hariyali banni
May the henna please your spirit, may it suit you, o blooming bride
Mehndi roop sanware ho, mehndi rang nikhare ho
Henna enhances your beauty and purifies your complexion
Hariyali banni kee aanchal mein utrenge taare

Stars will alight on the blooming bride's scarf
Mehndi hai rachnewali hathon mein gebri laali
 The henna is about to stain the hands a deep red
Kahin sakhiyaan ab kaliyaan hathon mein khilne wali hain
 Friends say that flower buds will bloom in your hands
Tere manko, jeevan, ko nai khushiyen milne wali hai
 Your spirit, your life, are about to reap new happiness
Gayen maiya aur mausi
 Your mother and aunt will sing
Gayen behna aur bhabhi kbi
 And your sister and sister-in-law will sing
Mehndi khil jaye, rang laye hariyali banni
 May the Henna will brighten, colour will stain the blooming bride
Gayen phupi aur chachi
 Your paternal aunts shall sing
Gayen nani aur dadi ki
 Your grandmothers shall sing
Mehndi man bhaye saz jaye hariyali banndi
 May the henna please your spirit, may it suit you, o blooming bride
Mehndi roop sanware ho, mehndi rang nikhare ho
 Henna enhances your beauty and purifies your complexion
Hariyali banni ke aanchal mein utrenge taare
 Stars will alight on the blooming bride's scarf
Mehndi hai rachnewali hathon mein gebri laali
 The henna is about to stain the hands a deep red
Kahin sakhiyaan ab kaliyaan hathon mein khilne wali hain
 Friends say that flower buds will bloom in your hands
Tere manko jeevan ko nai khushiyen milne wali hai
 Your spirit, your life, are about to reap new happiness
O hariyali banno
 O blooming bride
Le jane tuj ko goocyan Lae jaana tuch ko Aane wale hain sabin
 Your husband is coming to take you away
Gayen maiya aur mausi
 Sing mum and aunty
Gayen behna aur bhabhi kbi
 Sing sister and sister-in-law
Mehndi khil jaye, rang laye hariyali banno
 Henna will brighten, colour will stain
Mehndi hai rachnewali hathon mein gebri laali
 The henna is about to stain the hands a deep red
Kahin sakhiyaan ab kaliyaan hathon mein khilne wali hain

Friends say that flower buds will bloom in your hands
Tere manko jeevan ko Nai khushiyan milne wali hai
Your spirit, your life, are about to reap new happiness

NA RO BABULA

Don't Cry Father

Vajia vheray vich shenia
The wedding trumpet rings in my courtyard
Sakia doli pawan aiya
The loved ones have come to put you in the wedding cart (doli)
Theea jamdia hown paraiya
Daughters are born to be strangers
Na ro babula
Don't cry father
Na ro babula
Don't cry father
Aik den hona si mai purai
One day I was going to leave
Das, tu kuyo itni pareet kyo pai
Tell, why did you attach yourself to me
Vajia vheray vich shenia
The wedding trumpet rings in my courtyard
Sakia doli pawan aiya
The loved ones have come to put you in the wedding cart (doli)
Theea jamdia hown paraiya
Daughters are born to be strangers
Na ro babula
Don't cry father
Na ro babula
Don't cry father
Gudbiya patoli tee Maaria neeshania
Dolls and toys are my mark
Mai aaj tur jana yaada rabin jabnia
Today I will leave behind memories
Gudbiya patoli dhe Maaria neeshania
Dolls and toys are my mark
Mai aaj tur jana yaada rabin jabnia
Today I will leave behind memories

Ghar diya kanda dai durhai

The house walls are crying

Pagay pehli baar judai

It's the first time we have been separated

Vajia vheray vich shenia

The wedding trumpet rings in my courtyard

Sakia doli pawan aiya

The loved ones have come to put you in the wedding cart (doli)

Theea jamdia hown paraiya

Daughters are born to be strangers

Na ro babula

Don't cry father

Naro babula

Don't cry father

Aik den hona si mai purai

One day I was meant to be separated

Das, tu itni pareet kyu pai

Tell, why did you attach yourself to me

Vajia vheray vich shenia

The wedding trumpet rings in my courtyard

Sakia doli pawan aiya

The loved ones have come to put you in the wedding cart (doli)

Theea jamdia hown paraiya

Daughters are born to be strangers

Na ro babula

Don't cry father

Na ro babula

Don't cry father

Patha howay mapay judhaiya hain japaania

If parents knew we were going to separate like this

Jam diya mar jaan di mar jaania

They would let us die at birth

Patha howay mapay judhaiya hain japaania

If parents knew we were going to separate like this

Jam diya mar jaan di mar jaania

They would let us die at birth

Jeri ghodi vech khudai

The one that played in my laps

Aaj mai rahan ki choli pai

Today she is in someone else's lap

Vajia vheray vich shenia

The wedding trumpet rings in my courtyard

Sakia doli pawan aiya

The loved ones have come to put you in the wedding cart (doli)

Theea jamdia hown paraiya

Daughters are born to be strangers

Na ro babula

Don't cry father

Naro babula

Don't cry father

Vajia vheray vich shenia

The wedding trumpet rings in my courtyard

Sakia doli pawan aiya

The loved ones have come to put you in the wedding cart (doli)

Theea jamdia hown paraiya

Daughters are born to be strangers

Na ro babula

Don't cry father

Na ro babula

Don't cry father

Aik den hona si mai purai

One day I was meant to be separated

Das, tu itni pareet kyu pai

Tell, why did you attach yourself to me

Vajia vheray vich shenia

The wedding trumpet rings in my courtyard

Sakia doli pawan aiya

The loved ones have come to put you in the wedding cart (doli)

Theea jamdia hown paraiya

Daughters are born to be strangers

Na ro babula

Don't cry father

PHOOLA DE BAHAAAR

*The Season of Flowers/A Field of Flowers**Phoola de babaar*

The season of flowers/a field of flowers

Rati ayo na

Last night you never came

*Shava**Rati ayo na*

Come at night

Phol ghay kumla gori, man-payo-na

Flowers are starting to wilt o fair-skinned maiden you couldn't adorn your body with them/please your heart with them

Shava

[yes/in agreement]

[this is sung by most of the other women in the room]

Rati ayo na

Last night you never came

Asay pava

Put them this side

Pasay pava

Put them that side

Vich vich pava kalyian⁷

In the middle too

Asay pava

Put them this side

Pasay pava

Put them that side

Vich vich pava ghalya

In the middle too

Je mera rajan na milya mae doond phira sab ghalya

If I can't find my lover I will look in all the streets

Ik mera rajan aya

One my romeo come

*Shava**Dil da chanan aya*

Light of heart, come

*Shava**Dil dee mastee aya*

Mischief of my heart, come

Shava

Khira khira hastee aya

Giddy laughter of the heart, come

Shava

Nee son merica mai

O listen my mother

Shava

Deeva baal chabaray

Light an oil-lamp on the edge of the roof

Shava

Meray dil gabraya

My heart skipped a beat

Shava

Baal to baal na aya

Light up, you couldn't light up properly

Shava

Ni charka chanan da

Leave a lantern on the wall

Shava

Ni charka chanan da

O spinning wheel of my romeo

Shava

Nee mai karta preeta naal

I spin with love

Charka chanan daa

O spinning wheel given by my lover (memory)

Shava

Charka chanan daa

O spinning wheel given by my lover

Ne o vekhta vaday bazaar

They are sold in the big towns

Shava

Charka chanan daa

O spinning wheel of my romeo

Shava

Charka chanan daa

O spinning wheel of my romeo

Ne o karee kisay lahaar

It was carved by a carpenter

Latha lohyay dee

Leg of steel

Shava

Latha lobay dee

Leg of steel

Latha lobay dee

Leg of steel

Charka koonkar deenda

It makes a noise when it moves

Shava

Koonkar Lagee kalajay

When she uses it the noise reminds her of her lover

Shava

Ik mera dil pya tarkay

One my heart beats faster

Shava

Douja kangan sharkay

Secondly my bracelet is making noise

Phoola de bahaar

The season of flowers/a field of flowers

Rati ayo na

come at night

Shava

Rati ayo na

Don't come at night

Phool gayai kamla Gor, man-payo- na

Flowers are starting to wilt

Shava

Rati ayo na

come at night

Asay pawaa

Put them this side

Pasay pava

Put them that side

Vich vich pava resham

In the middle I put silk

Asay pawaa

Put them this side

Pasay pava

Put them that side

Vich vich pava resham

In the middle I put silk

Je mera rajan na milyan mae doond phira sab station

If I don't meet with my darling I will look in all the stations

Ik mera rajan aya

One my lover has come

Shava

Dil da chanan aya

Light of my heart has come

Shava

Dil dee mastee aya

Mischief of my heart

Shava

Khbir khbir hastee aya

Shava

Nee sun mere mai

Listen, my mother

Shava

Deeva baal chabaray

Leave a light on the wall to guide me

Shava

Mera dil kabraya

My heart would be shiver

Shava

Kal tu baal na aya

Yesterday you lighted up but you never came

Shava

Charka chanan da

Spinning wheel of my romeo

Shava

Charka chanan da

Spinning wheel of my romeo

Nee karee kisee lohaar

It was carved by a carpenter

Lath lohay dee

Leg of steel

Shava

Lath lohayy dee

Leg of steel

Charka koonkar denda

It makes a noise when it moves

Shava

Koonkar lagee kalajay

When I use it the noise reminds me of him

Shava

Ik mera dil paya tirkay

One my heart beats faster

Shava

Duuja kaghan karkay

Secondly my bracelet is making a noise

Shava

Charkan chanan daa

Spinning wheel given by my darling

Shava

Charkan chanan daa

Spinning wheel given by my darling

CHEETA COOCKAR

White Cockerel

Cheeta coockar baneray thai

White cockerel on the balcony

Cheeta coockar baneray dai

White cockerel on the balcony

Kaasnee daputay wali-ay

O wearer of the golden shawl

Munda sadkay theray tay

The boy is in love with you/adores you

Kaasnee daputay wali-ay

O wearer of the golden shawl

Munda sadkay theray tay

The boy adores you

Munda sadkay theray tay

The boy adores you

Kunda laghaya thali nu

The hook has touched the plate

Kunda laghaya thali nu

The hook has touched the plate

Hatha uthay mehndi lag gai –aik kismet wali nu

The hands have got henna on them—o fortunate one

Hatha uthay mehndi lag gai –aik kismet wali nu

The hands have got henna on them—o fortunate one

Sari kehl lakeera dee

All the fortune/play is on the hand lines

Sari kehl lakeera dee

All the fortune/play is on the hand lines

Ghadi ai stasion they aak pej gaiy veera dee

The train has come to the station and the brothers eyes fill up

Ghadi ai stasion they aak pej gaiy veera dee

The train has come to the station and the brothers eyes fill up

Heera lakh sawa lakh da ay

The diamond is ten thousand and more

Heera lakh sawa lakh da ay

The diamond is ten thousand and more

Theeya walia dheea rab isatta rakh da ay

The ones with daughters god protects and keeps their respect.

Theeya walia dheea rab isatta rakh da ay

The ones with daughters god protects and keeps their respect.

Pipli de a shawa nee

The shade of the pipli⁸ tree

Pipli de a shawa nee

The shade of the pipli tree

Apna hath doli tor ke mapay kharan duawa nee

After sending them off in their wedding carts the parents then they pray for their future

Apna hath doli tor ke mapay kharan duawa nee

After sending them off in their wedding carts the parents then they pray for their future

Cheeta cockar baneray thai

White cockerel on the balcony

Cheeta cockar baneray thai

White cockerel on the balcony

Kasnee da putay wali-ay

O wearer of the golden shawl

Munda sadkay theray tay

The boy adores you.

Kasnee da putay wali-ay

O wearer of the golden shawl

Munda sadkay theray tay

The boy adores you.

SAATH SAHALIA

*Seven Friends***Chorus**

Saath sahailia kharee kharee fariyaad sunawai gharee gharee
 Seven friends standing together and keep telling their tales of anguish
Saath sahailia kharee kharee fariyaad sunawai gharee gharee
 Seven friends standing together and keep telling their tales of anguish
Aik sahaili ka meea tha daakiya
 One friend's husband was a postman
Sari raat mouaa soanay na dhay
 All night long he did not let me sleep
Stampoo lagaway gharee gharee
 As he kept stamping his letter.
Sari raat mouaa soanay na dhay
 All night long he did not let me sleep
Stampoo lagaway gharee gharee
 As he kept stamping his letter.

Chorus

Saath sahailia kharee kharee fariyaad sunawai gharee gharee
 Seven friends standing together and keep telling their tales of anguish
Saath sahailia kharee kharee fariyaad sunawai gharee gharee
 Seven friends standing together and keep telling their tales of anguish
Aik sahaili ka meea tha driver
 One friend's husband was a driver
Sari raat mouaa soanay na dhay
 All night long he did not let me sleep
Bhoo Bhoo bajway gharee gharee
 As he kept pressing his horn.
Sari raat mouaa soanay na dhay
 All night long he did not let me sleep
Bhoo Bhoo bajway gharee gharee
 As he kept pressing his horn.

Chorus

Saath sahailia kharee kharee fariyaad sunawai gharee gharee
Seven friends standing together and keep telling their tales of anguish
Saath sahailia kharee kharee fariyaad sunawai gharee gharee
Seven friends standing together and keep telling their tales of anguish
Aik sahailiee ka mecaa tha sharabi
One friend's husband was a drinker
Sari raat mouaa soanay na dhay
All night long he did not let me sleep
Bothal dikhaway gharee gharee
he kept showing me his bottle
Sari raat mouaa soanay na dhay
All night long he did not let me sleep
Bothal dikhaway gharee gharee
he kept showing me his bottle

Chorus

Saath sahailia kharee kharee fariyaad sunawai gharee gharee
Seven friends standing together and keep telling their tales of anguish
Saath sahailia kharee kharee fariyaad sunawai gharee gharee
Seven friends standing together and keep telling their tales of anguish
Aik sahailiee ka mecaa tha dancer
One friend's husband was a dancer
Sari raat mouaa soanay na dhay
All night long he did not sleep
Tha-tha thaiya karaway gharee gharee
He kept showing me his moves
Sari raat mouaa soanay na dhay
All night long he did not sleep
Tha-tha thaiya karaway gharee gharee
He kept showing me his moves

Chorus

Saath sahailia kharee kharee fariyaad sunawai gharee gharee
Seven friends standing together and keep telling their tales of anguish
Saath sahailia kharee kharee fariyaad sunawai gharee gharee
Seven friends standing together and keep telling their tales of anguish
Aik sahailiee ka mecaa tha daktar

One friend's husband was a doctor
Sari raat mouaa soanay na dhay
 All night long he did not let me sleep
Eenjeccion laghaaway gharee gharee
 He kept injecting me
Sari raat mouaa soanay na dhay
 All night long he did not let me sleep
Eenjeccion laghaaway gharee gharee
 He kept injecting me

Chorus

Saath sabailia kharee kharee fariyaad sunawai gharee gharee
 Seven friends standing together and keep telling their tales of anguish
Saath sabailia kharee kharee fariyaad sunawai gharee gharee
 Seven friends standing together and keep telling their tales of anguish
Aik sabailee ka meea tha darzee
 One friend's husband was a tailor
Sari raat mouaa soanay na dhay
 All night long he did not let me sleep
Tanka lagahway gharee gharee
 He kept stitching me
Sari raat mouaa soanay na dhay
 All night long he did not let me sleep
Tanka lagahway gharee gharee
 He kept stitching me

Chorus

Saath sabailia kharee kharee fariyaad sunayai gharee gharee
 Seven friends standing together and telling their tales of anguish
Saath sabailia kharee kharee fariyaad sunayai gharee gharee
 Seven friends standing together and telling their tales of anguish
Aik sabailee ka meea tha mochee
 One friend's husband was a shoemaker
Sari raat mouaa soanay na dhay
 All night long he kept not let me sleep
Chapall deekhaway gharee gharee
 He kept showing me his slipper.

Chorus

Saath sabailia kharee kharee fariyaad sunawai gharee gharee
Seven friends standing together and keep telling their tales of anguish
Saath sabailia kharee kharee fariyaad sunawai gharee gharee
Seven friends standing together and keep telling their tales of anguish

SAB KI BAARAATEIN

All the Wedding Processions Have Passed Through

Sab ki baaraatein aayi doli tu bhi laana -
All the wedding processions have passed through; won't you too bring the
wedding cart
Dulhan banaake humko raja jalay jaana
once you've made me your bride, take me away, my prince
sab ki baaraatein aayi
All the wedding processions have passed through
Chaa ha tha maine, socha tha maine
I used to dream and long for someone;
Kya kya the armaan dil nadaan ke
What amazing desires were in my innocent heart!
Aankhon mein aansu aaye
Tears rose to my eyes
Ho, aankhon mein aansu aaye par koi na aaya
Oh, tears rose to my eyes, but no one came for me
Ab to kisi ko bhi apna ke hai bulaana
And now you too must make someone your own and call out to them
Sab ki baaraatein aayi
All the wedding processions have passed through
In aankhon mein thi ek raat saji
These eyes have dreamed of a beautiful night
Haathon mein kabhi choori si baji
And of bangles clattering in these hands
Par aankh khuli to aaya nazar na raat saji na choori baji
But when I opened my eyes to reality, I saw neither a beautiful night nor
musical bangles
Mera toota tha dil, uski jhankar thi
What I'd heard was the cracking of my broken heart
Saara voh rang tha mere khoone dil ka

and the splendor I'd seen was the vividness of my heart as it was lost

Yeh to hai rona dil ka

And this is the sobbing of my heart

Haan, yeh to hai rona dil ka kaanhe ka taraana

Yes, this is the sobbing of my heart: what an odd sort of song!

Ab to kisi ko bhi apna ke hai bulaana

And now you too must make someone your own and call out to them

Sab ki baaraatein aayi

All the wedding processions have passed through

Sab ki baaraatein aayi doli tu bhi laana

All the wedding processions have passed through bring the wedding carriage with you

Dulhan banaake humko raja jalay le jaana

Once you've made me your bride, take me away, my prince

Sab ki baaraatein aayi

All the wedding processions have passed through

Chalo jo bhi hua, woh khoob hua

Well, whatever happened, was well done!

Ab har koi mehboob hua

Now each and every one of us has become a lover

Hai sab ke liye yeh raat meri ab to hai yehi aukaat meri

Yes, this night of mine, this state of mine, becomes everyone's as I sing of it

Haske bheege palak chamkaana hai

And as I laugh, my wet eyelashes sparkle

Sooni baahlein ada se laheraana hai

My empty arms wave with such style

Gham khaake aansu peeke

Drinking tears, enduring my sorrows,

Ho, gham khaake aansu peeke mehfil mein gaana

Drinking my tears, enduring my sorrows, I sing to the company before me

Ab to kisi ko bhi apna ke hai bulaana

And now you too must make someone your own and call out to them

Sab ki baaraatein aayi

All the wedding processions have passed through

Sab ki baaraatein aayi doli tu bhi laana

All the wedding processions have passed through bring the wedding carriage with you

Dulhan banaake humko rajaji le jaana

Once you've made me your bride, take me away, my prince

Sab ki baaraatein aayi

And now you too must make someone your own and call out to them

SUHE VE CHEERE WALEYA

The Man with the Red Turban

Sube Ve Cheere Waleya Main Kehni Aan,
 The man with the red turban/piece of cloth I am saying
Sube Ve Cheere Waleya Main Kehni Aan,
 The man with the red turban/piece of cloth I am saying
Kar Chhatri Di Chhan Main Chhanwen Behni Aa,
 Do umbrella shade, I will sit under it
Kar Chhatri Di Chhan Main Chhanwen Behni Aan,
 Do umbrella shade, I will sit under it
Sube Ve Cheere Waleya Phul Kikran De,
 The man with the red turban/piece of cloth, the flowers of the 'kikran' tree
Kikran Layi Bahaar Mele Mitra De,
 Flowers on trees have blossomed, meeting of the beloved
Kikran Layi Bahaar Mele Mitra De
 flowers on trees have blossomed, meeting of the beloved
Sube Ve Cheere Waleya Phul Tori Da,
 Break the flowers off the Tori (lady finger plant)
Baaj Tere We Mahiya Kuj Ni Lori Da,
 Except you, my beloved, I need nothing
Baaj Tere We Mahiya Kuj Ni Lori Da ...
 Except you, my beloved, I need nothing
Sube Ve Cheere Waleya Main Kehni Aan,
 The man with the red turban/piece of cloth I am saying
Lagde Teer Judiyaan De Main Sehni Aan,
 The pain of separation hit me like arrows I have to bear
Lagde Teer Judiyaan De Main Sehni Aan,
 The pain of separation hit me like arrows I have to bear
Sube Ve Cheere Waleya Do Laladiyan
 The man with the red turban/piece of cloth, two young girls,
Sube Ve Cheere Waleya Do Laladiyan,
 The man with the red turban/piece of cloth, two young girls
Mele Wekhan Aayiyan Karma Walaniyan,
 The lucky ones have come to see the mela with their beloveds
Mele Wekhan Aayiyan Karma Walaniyan.
 The lucky ones have come to see the mela with their beloveds
Sube Ve Cheere Waleya Dhan Jori Da,
 The man with the red turban/piece of cloth, the body of a young girl,
Dil Da Najak Sheesha Injh Ni Tori Da,

you don't break a vulnerable heart of glass like this
Dil Da Najak Sheesha Injh Ni Tori Da,
 you don't break a vulnerable heart of glass like this
Sau Sau Pain Daleelan Charkha Dayida,
 hundreds of justifications—we are setting up spinning wheels
Sau Sau Pain Daleelan Charkha Dayida,
 hundreds of justifications—we are setting up spinning wheels
Ik Wari Aake Tak Ja Haal Judayi Da,
 come once and see the pain of separation that I bear
Ik Wari Aake Tak Ja Haal Judayi Da,
 come once and see the pain of separation that I bear
Sube Ve Cheere Waleya Gal Gani Aa,
 The man with the red turban/piece of cloth I have around my neck a chain
Sube Ve Cheere Waleya Gal Gani Aa,
 The man with the red turban/piece of cloth I have around my neck a chain
Charkha Rang Rangeela Vehre Daani Aan,
 The spinning wheel is colourful that I set up in my courtyard
Charkha Rang Rangeela Vehre Daani Aan,
 The spinning wheel is colourful that I set up in my courtyard
Sube Ve Cheere Waleya Main Kehni Aan,
 The man with the red turban/piece of cloth I am saying
Sube Ve Cheere Waleya Main Kehni Aan,
 The man with the red turban/piece of cloth I am saying
Kar Chhatri Di Chan Main Chhanwen Behni Aan,
 Do umbrella shade, I will sit under it
Kar Chhatri Di Chan Main Chhanwen Behni Aan.
 Do umbrella shade, I will sit under it.

BAYREE THEY VALIA

Women of the Boat

Bayree dand nu lavie
 Boatman, bring the boat to the river's edge
Bayree they valia
 Boatman
Bayree dand nu lavie
 Boatman, bring to the river's edge
Ooh asie sangu je tootia
 Oh our link has been broken

jee asie sangu yaa tootia
 Oh yes our link has been broken
Bayree they vallaysanu sangr laa vie
 Boatman, link us up
Bayree they vallaysanu sangr ra laa vie
 Boatman, link us up
Bayree they walia bayree lagan nai dhayjkhee
 Boatman, your boat has cooking pots on it.
Bayree they walia bayree lagan nai dhayjkhee
 Boatman, your boat has cooking pots on it.
Ooh saaday maapay nai kamlay
 Our parents are stupid/gullible/naive/uneducated
jeesaaday maapay nai kamlay
 yes, Our parents are stupid/gullible/naive/uneducated
Bayree de vallay jeray thecaaa nu vayjday
 Boatman, the ones who sell their daughters
Bayree de vallay jeray thecaaa nu vayjday
 Boatman, the ones who they sell their daughters
Bayree day vallay bayree lagaa tandoor vai
 On the boat is also a clay oven
Bayree day vallay bayree lagaa tandoor wa
 On the boat is also a clay oven
Ooh saday mapai na kamlay
 Oh our parents are silly/gullible/naive/uneducated
Jee saday mapai na kamlay
 Yes, Our parents are silly/gullible/naive/uneducated
Bayyree they vallay, Thecaa dinday nai door vai
 They give their daughters far away
Thecaa they dinday nai door vai
 They give their daughters far away
Bayree day vallay bayree lagia nae eetian
 O boatman, the boat has got bricks
Bayree day vallay bayree lagia nae eetian
 O Boatman, the boat has got bricks
ooh saday mapai nai kamlay
 Oh our parents are silly/gullible
Jee saday mapai nai kamlay
 Our parents are silly/gullible
Bayree na vallay thecaa nokraan nu ditian
 O boatman, they give their daughters to servants
Bayree they vallay thecaa nokraan nu ditia
 O Boatman, they give their daughters to servants

Bayree they vallay bayree lagdayna poolkay
 Boatman, the boat has bread on it
Bayree they vallay bayree lagdayna poolkay
 Boatman, the boat has flatbreads on it
Ooh sanu aya deean khushia
 Oh we are happy to have come
Jie sanu aya deean khushia
 Yes we are happy to have come
Bayree they vallay toorgayande julkay
 O Boatman, the waves have come
Bayree they vallay toor gayan de julkay
 O Boatman, the waves have come
Oh bayree they vallay bayree lagia na lava
 O Boatman the boat has anchors on it
Oh bayree they vallay bayree lagia na lava
 O Boatman the boat has anchors on it
Ooh saday veer nee-aanay
 Oh our brothers are small
Saday veer ne-caanay
 Our brothers are small
Bayree they vallay pakay kis kolon la jawan!
 O Boatman, I cannot go back to my parents!
Bayree they vallay pakay kis kolon la jawan!
 O Boatman, I cannot go back to my parents!
Bayree they wallay bayree lagiay karelay
 Boatman, the boat has bitter melons on it
Bayree they wallay bayree lagiay karelay
 Boatman, the boat has bitter melons on it
Assee ithay na mil sa
 we can't meet here
Jee assee ithay na mil sa
 Yes, we can't meet here
Bayree they wallay saday kismet malay
 O Boatman, if its in our destiny we'll meet again
Bayree they wallay saday kismet malay
 O Boatman, if it's in our destiny we'll meet again
Bayree they walai bayree lak lak o deela
 Boatman, your boat is too loose
Bayree they walai bayree lak lak o deela
 Boatman, your boat is too loose
Assa shadai na mapai
 I have left my parents

Je assa shadayna mapai
 Yes, I have left my parents
Bayree they vallay tusee chado kabeela
 Boatman, you leave your tribe
Bayree they vallay tusee chado kabeela
 Boatman, you leave your tribe

BATHIYA BUJAI RAKDEE VAI

She Keeps the Lights Off

Bathiya bujai rakdee vai
 She keeps the lights off
Bathiya bujai rakdee vai
 She keeps the lights off
Vai deva bale sai raath meriya haniya deva balay sari raat
 Candles are burning all night long, my suitor, the candle burns all night
Kahnu meinu thang kar nai vai?
 Why are you pestering/annoying/bothering/harassing me?
Kahnu meinu thang kar nai dekha rasta mai sari sari?
 Why are you pestering/annoying/bothering/harassing me?
Raat mereya haniya
 I watched the path all night long, my suitor
Das danee dil valee baaath
 Tell me, partner, what in your heart
Fajar valyay tu rava vekha, paadnee yeh shaama
 I started looking for you at dawn before I knew it it was evening
Arz kardi thack giya main, soniya vanga gulama
 I'm tired of requesting like a captured slave
Fajar valyay tu rava vekha, paadnee yah shaama
 I started looking for you at dawn before I knew it it was evening
Arz kardi thack giya main, soniya vanga gulama
 I'm tired of requesting like a captured slave
Vich vicha rava sardee vay
 Inside I'm burning
Vich vicha rava sardee vay gee vay sardee karahi vich raykh mayray haniya
 Inside I'm burning like sand in a traditional curry pot
Divya tha dil vala baat
 Tell me what's in your heart
Bathiya buji rakdee vai

She keeps the lights off

Bathiya buji rakdee vai

She keeps the lights off

Vai deva bale sari raath meriya haniya deva balay sari raat

Candles are burning all night long, my partner, candles are burning all night long

Aaja dil deya, daya maharamaan way, naaz utava thayray kusbeeya day

Come my lawful partner, I will serve you flowers of happiness/bloom in the courtyard of my heart

Phul khil jawan maya mayray dil day vayray

The flowers of happiness have come to my courtyard

Aaja dil deya; daya maharamaan way, naaz utava thayray kusbeeya day

Come my lawful partner, I will serve you flowers of happiness/bloom in the courtyard of my heart

Phul khil jawan maya mayray dil day vayray

The flowers of happiness have come to my courtyard

Aaj mayree aikh man lay vay, aaj meri aikh man lay

Listen to me today, for once

Main thai manga gee thereeya hazaar mareeya haneeya dhekho main manga tera pyar

I have obeyed your thousands, in return, my partner, I ask you for your love

Bathiya bujai rakdee vai

She keeps the lights off

Bathiya bujai rakdee vai

She keeps the lights off

Vai deva bale sai raath meriya haniya deva balay sari raat

Candles are burning all night long

Lakh varee main khar khar mintha thenoo ghal samjaee phir bhi thenoo

A million times I have tried to explain to you but even then

Pyar karandee jachazara na aye

You don't know how to love

Lakh varee main khar khar mintha thenoo ghal samjaee phir bhi thenoo

A million times I have tried to explain to you but even then

Pyar karandee jachazara na aye

You don't know how to love

Authay main bechva palkay utay main bechava palka

I spread my eyelashes on the place

Kithay rakbay tho mayo akay pair mareeya haniya

Where you place your feet

Manga main mith thayray ghair

I ask God for your well-being every-day

Bathiya bujai rakdee vai

She keeps the lights off
Bathiya bujai rakdee vai
 She keeps the lights off
Vai deva bale sari raath meriya haniya deva balay sari raat
 Candles are burning all night long
Kahnu meenu thang kar nai vai?
 Why are you annoying me?
Kahnu meenu thang kar nai?
 Why are you annoying me?
Dekha rasta mai sari sari raat
 I watched the path all night long
Mereya haniya
 My suitor
Das danee dil vatee baaath
 Tell me, partner, what in your heart
Bathiya buji rakdee vai
 She keeps the lights off
Bathiya buji rakdee vai
 She keeps the lights off
Vai deva bale sai raath meriya haniya deva balay sari raat
 Candles are burning all night long, my partner, candles are burning all night
 long

‘UNTITLED (MIRIAM’S SONG)’

Ay laktai zigar ei mera maar paray
 O piece of my body
Ai batey meray, dil ke roshan sitaray
 My daughter, you are the shining star of my heart.
Ay laktai zigar mera maar paray
 O piece of my body
Ai batey meray, dil ke roshan sitaray
 My daughter, you are the shining star of my heart.
Karera dil o jaan madar pitar tu
 You are your mother’s zest of life
Sakoonay zigar aur nooray basar tu
 You are the inner peace and a shining light
Ujala hai terai dham sai bheti is ghar mai
 Only Your presence has brightened this house
Terey bholi surat hai sab ke nazar mai
 Your innocence is in everyone’s sights

Tujay daekhar hoti shard-mani
 When I see you I feel hapiness
Terey roo-bei-zeba haimeri zind-igani
 The sacrifice of your soul is my life
Terey gham mae haalat tabaa ho rehi hai
 Your sadness is destroying my physical health
Ke tu aaj ham se juda ho rehi hai
 Because we are parting today
Terey behna apas mai mu tak rehi hai
 Your sisters are gazing at each other
Magar zahira tuch-se ye hass rehi hai
 But they are masking their true feelings
Terai chotay bhai bee lartai se tuch se
 Your brothers who used to fight with you
Zara bhaat par jagartai tuch se
 Over little things, they would argue with you
Magar aaj sab ro rahai hair
 But today everyone is crying
Judai ke asko sai mu doe rahai hai
 They are washing their faces with the pain of parting with you
Terey Walda ke ye halat hai behti
 Your mother is such that
Ke rothi chup chup ke ghar mai akailee
 She is hiding and crying at home on her own
Nahee dil bahalta, behali kew kar rakhbay
 The heart is not accepting even though I'm trying
Kis taraan ham pe Kaleja pathar?
 How can I put a stone on my heart?
Yaha tu nai phanay pathatay aur puranay
 Here, you wore torn or old clothes
Kai ghuzrai aisay be aksar zamannai
 Many years have gone by like this
Kabee booka, pyassa be raihna para hai
 Sometimes, we had to go hungry and thirsty
Kabe sakat aur soost khanay para hai
 Sometimes, I was strict and soft with you
Ootaya hai rato ko neendo se tuj ko
 I woke you up in your sleep many times
Ae batey hamara zara kaam kar do
 Daughter, do me a little favour/work?
Har ik bar kidmat ka tu nai ootaya
 You always served me well.

Magar teray cheraai be bhal tak na aya.
 But your face never expressed any dissatisfaction.
Khuda ke leyay apna dil saaf karna
 For god's sake keep your heart clean
Jab ghuzri hai takleef wo maaf karna.
 Any past pain please forgive us.
Mubarak ho tuj ko neya ghar besana
 Congratulations, on starting a new life
Mubarak ho tuj ko susraal jaana.
 Congratulations, on going to your in-laws
Magar ye chand batai meri yaad rakhna
 But remember these few words of mine
Kabee oof na karna agar duk be sabarna
 Don't complain if you have to bear pain
Teray dar pey Ootaray ghee a maray rehmat
 May your house receive divine blessings.
Teray ghoad bacho se bhar dhe khudrat
 May your lap be filled with children, with god's grace.
Teray sai mai bachay jab palai gai
 Under your shadow your children will grow
Yai deen or watan mai ujala kare ghe.
 They will be a guiding light for their country and faith
Yai deen or watan mai ujala kare ghe.
 They will be a guiding light for their country and faith
Ye toffee-milatt dubbarra kare ghe
 They will serve the nation
Mubarak, ho tuj ko susral jana
 Congratulations, you are going to your in-laws
Shariat se shokar ko pana, Mubarak
 You have acquired you husband in a lawful manner
Juda tuj ko karna gwara nehi hai
 Separation with you is undebatable
Hai ye hokum mai khudrat pae us chaara na hai
 This is the law of God and I have no control over it.
Ai lakhti jigari ai mira mar paray
 It's a passing from one generation to the next
Ai behni meray dil ke roshan sataaray
 O daughter, the shining star of my heart.

KALA DORIA

Black Hair Piece

Kala doria kunday naal arriaya
 Black hair piece (piranda) stuck in the door
Ke Chota devra phabee na laryaa ai
 Younger brother-in-law argues with sister-in-law (his brother's wife)
Kala doria kunday naal arriaya
 Black hair piece (piranda) stuck in the door
Ke Chota devra phabee na laryaa ai
 Younger brother-in-law argues with sister-in-law (his brother's wife)
O chota devra theri aik parjhai way
 O brother-in-law you have but one sister-in-law—don't fight with her
Tu na larria sonia teri door bulai way
 O darling, she's come from far
Kala doria kunday naal arriaya
 Black hair piece (piranda) stuck in the door
Ke Chota devra phabee na laryaa oi
 Younger brother-in-law argues with sister-in-law (his brother's wife)
Mai kukree oi laynee jeree kur kur kar dee ai
 I want a chicken that cluck cluck clucks
Sorray nai jana sass
 I don't want to go to my mother-in-law's because she
Bor bor kar dee ai
 Peck peck pecks at me
Kala doria kunday naal arriaya oi
 Black hair piece (piranda) stuck in the door
Ke Chota devra phabee na laryaa oi
 Younger brother-in-law argues with sister-in-law (his brother's wife)
Kukree O layneecay jeree aandhay dbeendhi ai
 The chicken that lays eggs—I want
Soray nai jana
 I don't want to go to my mother-in-law's because
Sass thanai dbeendhe ai
 She brings past arguments into the present
Kala doria kunday naal arriaya
 Black hair piece (piranda) stuck in the door
Ke Chota devra phabee na laryaa ai
 Younger brother-in-law argues with sister-in-law (his brother's wife)
Mai Kukree O layneecay jeree aandhay dbeendhi ai

The chicken that lays eggs—I want
Soray nai jana
 I don't want to go to my mother-in-law's because
Sass thanai dheendhe ai
 She brings past arguments into the present
Kala doria kunday naal arriaya
 Black hair piece (piranda) stuck in the door
Ke Chota devra phabee na laryaa ai
 Younger brother-in-law argues with sister-in-law (his brother's wife)
Rayla walia rayla nu vaych kay
 Street seller (talking to her husband) after you have sold your goods
Nava veeya kar lo phabho nu vaych kay
 Sell your sister-in-law and get remarried
Nava veeya kar lay phabho nu vaych kay
 Sell you sister-in-law and get remarried
 [he replies]
Phabho nai vekh dee o buddee theree way
 My sister-in-law is old and I can't sell her now
Thenu vecha ga jeri navee vacheree ai
 I will sell you – who is young and fresh
Kala doria kunday naal arriaya
 Black hair piece (piranda) stuck in the door
Ke Chota devra phabee na laryaa oi
 Younger brother-in-law argues with sister-in-law (his brother's wife)
Rayla walia rayla nu vaych kay
 Street seller (talking to her husband) after you have sold your goods
Nava veeya kar lay paena nu vaych kay
 Sell your sister-in-law and get remarried
Nava veeya kar lay paena nu vaych kay
 Sell you sister-in-law and get remarried
 [he replies]
Paena nai vekh dee O maal paraya way
 Can't sell my sisters because they are not my property
Tenu vecha gha -Jenu kal veeyaya way
 I will sell you—because I married you yesterday and you are mine.
Kala doria kunday naal arriaya
 Black hair piece (piranda) stuck in the door
Ke Chota devra phabee na laryaa ai
 Younger brother-in-law argues with sister-in-law (his brother's wife)
Rayla walia rayla nu vaych kay
 Street seller (talking to her husband) after you have sold your goods
Nava veeya kar lay puwa nu vaych kay

Sell your father's sister and get remarried

Nava veeya kar lay puwa nu vaych kay

Sell you father's sister and get remarried

[He replies]

Puwa nai vekh dee O puppar dada way

I can't sell her (father's sister) because her husband is too fierce

Tenu vecha gha jenay khatia khadha way

I will sell you who has had all my income

Kala doria kunday naal arriaya

Black hair piece (piranda) stuck in the door

Ke Chota devra phabee na laryaa oi

Younger brother-in-law argues with sister-in-law (his brother's wife)

Baraa sawaad aiya achare mercha daa

The pickled chillies were very tasty that I ate

Baraa afsos lagha mayai dheey chirka dha

It was very sad that my beloved shouted at me

Sath ghalia aa maiya thenu kutai puwawa ghay

Come through my street and I will set dogs on you

Kal dha chirka tenu maza chakawa day

All this shouting you've been doing—I will get me back on you

Kala doria kunday naal arriaya

Black hair piece (piranda) stuck in the door

Ke Chota devra phabee na laryaa ai

Younger brother-in-law argues with sister-in-law (his brother's wife)

Kala doria mai aap rangani aa

My black hair piece I dye it myself

Chota devra nu mai aap vheeyandi ai

My younger brother-in-law—I will find him a bride myself

Kala doria mai aap rangani aa

My black hair piece I dye it myself

Chota devr nu aap vheeyani ai

My younger brother-in-law—I will find him a bride myself

Kala doria mai aap rangani aa

My black hair piece I dye it myself

Chota devra nu aap vheeyani ai

My younger brother-in-law—I will find him a bride myself

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