

This CD has been dedicated to the women of Gujarat who have traditionally kept these songs as part of a living tradition and also to my grand-mother Virbaiji, my mother Homai and my aunt Hilla, who have all come from the village of Tavri in Gujarat.

The runaway success of "Khushali na Geet ne Garba", the first cassette of Parsi devotional and wedding songs, *monajats* and *garbas*, produced by Zoroastrian Studies (ZS), prompted ZS to produce "**Gao Khushina Geet**", featuring a variety of traditional Parsi songs.

The songs in "**Gao Khushina Geet**" have been carefully selected and edited by Shehnaz Munshi from her vast repertoire of Parsi folk music. From the very popular and well-known "Sakhi Suraj Bhale Ugiya Re" to the feet-tapping "Jamaiji na Pagla", to the humorous "Mara Mamma ni chhe Phulwari", the listener is taken through a wide spectrum of Parsi music. The joyous wedding songs and the traditional *garbas* reflect important socio-religious facets of the community.

As far as possible, the original melody and words have been retained; however, some variations in the songs have been made where necessary, to make the music and lyrics vibrant in order to suit contemporary tastes. Zubin Balaporia's skilful handling of the melodies, his arrangement of music and his creative expertise has given these old songs from our culture, a new and lively touch. Here's wishing you all "Happy listening!"

Shehnaz N. Munshi

1. Sakhi Suraj Bhale Ugiya Re
2. Nahan ne Navdav va
3. Navjote ni Mubarakbadi nu Geet
4. Nardam Laheriya jo
5. Varni nu Geet
6. Haragiya nu Geet
7. Jamaiji ne Vadhav va nu Geet
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9. Khavo, Khavo Khushini Mejbani
10. Moti Veraya Sakhi Chokma jo
11. Vahalo no Viyog
12. Baar, Baar Varse Aayo
13. Chanda, Chanda Tari Shi Re Vaat
14. Taadia Taad ni Taadi
15. Kakko Kaavelo
16. Beraa Bhaari
17. Laine Kachni Kaatli
18. Mara Mamma ni Chhe Phulwari
19. Instrumental: Jamaiji ne Vadhav va nu geet

SAKHI SURAJ BHALE UGIYA RE

Sakhi suraj bhale ugiya re
Sakhi suraj bhale ugiya re
Varima ugiya re, varima ugiya re
Dadar Hormuzd ne baare
Suraj chamke re, bhale chamke re.
Sakhi suraj bhale ugiya re
Sakhi suraj bhale ugiya re

Atash Behram ne baare, suraj chamke re
Avan Yazad ne baare, suraj chamke re
Pirojshah ne baare, suraj ugiya re
Bhale ugiya re.

Ghaar aangne ugiyare
Mara ghaar aangne ugiyare
Bawa sasra ne baare, suraj chamke re
Mara mandva hethe, suraj chamke re
Bhai-bai ne baare, suraj chamke re
Bhale chamke re

Sakhi suraj bhale ugiyare
Bhale ugiyare
Mein vadhaviya re
Motini bhari thale mein vadhaviya re
Chokha kankun ni thale mein vadhaviya re
Sakhi suraj bhale ugiya re
Sakhi suraj bhale ugiya re.

SAKHI SURAJ BHALE UGIYA RE

(This is an early morning song which is sung to greet the rising sun and seek its blessings)

Friend (*sakhi*), the sun has risen and we welcome it. The sun has risen over the garden; it has risen in the court of Dadar Hormuzd where it shines brightly.

The sun has dawned upon the Atash Behram, upon Ava Yazad, (the *yazata* that presides over waters) and [the sun has risen] over the house of Pirojshah¹ [The sun] has risen over my house and garden.

The sun shines brightly at the door of my father and father-in-law; it shines through my courtyard (*mandava*), and over the doorway of my brother (*bhai*) and sister's (*bai*) home.

Sakhi, the sun has risen and I welcome the rising sun. I greet the rising sun with a tray (*thal*) full of pearls; with a tray full of rice (*chokha*) and vermilion (*kankun*).

¹ In most songs, proper names are used to indicate that these are sung for, or refer to various members of the family. The listener can substitute names of their own family members in the appropriate places.

NAHAN NE NAVDAV VA

Nahan ne navdavva maro saparasji sadhave
Nahan ne navdavva mari novar vahu sadhave
Ke navjotey besava maro Rohan sadhave
Navjotey besava mari Mithran sadhave

Bapava re Behramshao mobedo tedave
Bapai re Hillamaio savago lai aave
Bawa re Porusjio navjotey besare
Mae re Mazarinemaio avata vadhava

Fuire Nilumaio dudh fule navrave
Masi re Shehenazmaio phul gajre sangare
Mama re Jamshedjio band vaja lai aave
Kaka re Khurshedjio ashodad vahechava

Ke agiarina idhora mara Noshirwan ijave
Agiarina galicha mara Eruchshah bichave
Agiarina toran mara Maharukhmai bandhave
Agiarina chowk mara Parvizmai purave

Navjotey besava maro Rohan sadhave
Navjotey besava mari Mithran sadhave
Nahan ne navdavva maro saparsji sadhave
Nahan ne navdavva mari nowar vahu sadhave
Saganvanta dahre vahalane vahalthi nahan navraviye
Saganvanta dahre vahalane vahalthi nahan navraviye.

NAHANA NE NAVDAV VA

[This song is sung when giving the ceremonial bath (*nahn*) to a child before the Navjote as well as to the bride and groom before marriage].

My bride groom (*saprasji*) goes for his ceremonial bath (*nahn*)

My bride (*novar vahu*) goes for her *nahn*

My *Rohan gets ready for his Navjote

My Mithran gets ready for her Navjote

Behramshah, the paternal grandfather (*bapawa*) invites the priests

Hillamai, the paternal grandmother gets new clothes (*savago*)

The child's father (*bawa*) Porus, leads (the child) to the Navjote

The child's mother (*mai*) Mahzarine, ceremonially greets (the child)

The paternal aunt (*fui*) Nilumai gives (the child) a bath with flowers and milk

The maternal aunt (*maasi*) Shehnazmai adorns (the child) with garlands and flowers

The maternal uncle (*maama*) Jamshedji organises the music (band *vaaja*)

The paternal uncle (*kaaka*) Khurshedji distributes gifts to the priests

The stone table (*idhora*) of the fire temple is consecrated by my Noshirwan

The carpets (*galicha*) for the fire temple are laid out by my Eruchshah

The garlands (*toran*) for the fire temple are ordered by Maharukhmai

The chalk designs (*rangoli*) for the fire temple are done by Parvizmai

My Rohan gets ready for his navjote

My Mithran gets ready for her navjote

My bridegroom goes for his ceremonial bath

My bride goes for her ceremonial bath

On this auspicious day (*saganvanta dahre*) we give our dear ones a *nahn* with fondness.

*All names may be substituted with appropriate names of family members.

NAVJOTE NI MUBARAKBADI NU GEET

Navjote bhali aaje gaaje re
Mubarak hojo aaje re
Vadhiyo aaje ek Jarathosti
Sudreh kusti ne saaje re
Mubarak hojo aaje re
Navjote bhali aaje gaaje re

Bhalo dharam kariyo maanthi kabool
Aaje buland awaaje re
Jarhostne pagle chaali
Jiwjo neki ne kaaje re
Mubarak hojo aaje re
Navjote bhali aaje gaaje re

Chok chaadan phul torane
Rudu sarve biraaje re
Mangal gai ashisho sakhi
De chhe, jene je saaje re
Mubarak hojo aaje re
Navjote bhali aaje gaaje re

Rahi sukhi ne deho saghle sukh
Tam vaali ne raaje re
Karni evi neet karjo je
Saachhaa Jarthosti ne saaje re
Mubarak hojo aaje re
Navjote bhali aaje gaaje re
Mubarak hojo aaje re
Navjote bhali aaje gaaje re.

NAVJOTE NI MUBARAKBADI NU GEET

(A song greeting and congratulating the new initiate into the faith)

The good (*bhali*) Navjote (celebration) resounds (*gaaje*) with joy
May this be a happy, blessed (*mubarak*) occasion for all
Today a new Zoroastrian child has entered the fold wearing (*saje*) the sudreh kustī

[The new initiate] accepts the Good Religion (*bhalo dharam*) with reverence (*maanthe*)
Proclaiming his allegiance with a loud voice (*buland avaaaje*)
Always follow the teachings of Zarathushtra and base your life on righteousness (*neki*).

[The place is] decorated with chalk (designs), flowers and garlands (*phul toran*)
All (*sarve*) the good people (*rudu*) are seated (*biraaaje*).
On this festive occasion (*mangal*), friend, we give our blessings (*aashisho*) (Others)
give (*dechhe*) whatever (gifts) they wish (*je saaje re*).

[To the new initiate, we say], may you stay happy (*sukhi*) and spread happiness
(*sagle sukh*) around for the glory of your parents and guardians (*valli*)
Let your deeds (*karni*) always (*ni*) be such as would befit (*saaje*) a true
(*saachhaa*) Zoroastrian.

NARDAM LAHERIYA JO

Ke ooncha chora chandan chokna jo
Tahan dharu bhamriani sej ke nardam laheriya jo
Tahan jai pohore re Naoroji seth ke
Tahan betha Seramai nakhe vai ke
Swami tamne evri saani neend ke nardam laheriya jo

Ke ghare aapri Pashnamai na vyah chhe
Ke teni mane harkhe aave neend ke nardam laheriya jo
Golab chhatine jagaado
Ke soti maarine jagado ke nardam laheriya jo
Ke ooncha chora chandan chokhna jo
Tahane dharu jarav jareli sej ke, nardam laheriya jo

Swami maraa shaal paamri lai avo
Ke aapra jamai ne paranta peraavo
Ke panota putne paranta peraavo ke
Nardam laheriya jo ...

Ke kasbi saari kor mangavo
Ke betine sangarta peraavo
Ke vahuni varni e peraavo
Ke gharni shobha tame vadhaaro
Ke nardam laheriya jo ...

Ke ooncha chora chandan chokna jo
Tahne dharu jarav jareli sej ke nardam laheriya jo
Ke ooncha chora chandan chokna jo
Tah dharu bhamariani sej ke nardam laheriya jo

NARDAM LAHERIYA JO

(The Song of the Sweet Breeze)

The courtyard (*chora*) of my house is high and fragrant with sandalwood;
Where lies a circular bed (*bhamariyani sej*)
Where a gentle breeze constantly blows (*nardam laheriya jo*)
There (*tahan*) [on the bed] sleeps (*pohrere*) Naoroji Seth with Seramai fanning
him (*naakhe vaae*)
[She asks Naoroji] –how can you sleep (*neend*) so much?
[He replies] – it is my daughter's Pashnamai's marriage (*vyah*) and I am so happy
(*harakhe*) and the gentle breeze blows all the time.
Sprinkle rose water (*golab chhaatine*) on him and wake him up (*jagaado*)
Prod him with a cane (*soti*) and wake him up
The courtyard of my house is high and fragrant with sandalwood.
There I have [laid out] an ornate bed (*jarav jareli sej*)

"Dear husband" (*swami*) [says the wife]
"Call the banker (*nanavati*) and let us freely spend money (*rupiya*) for our daughter's
marriage".
"Get a shawl (*shaal*) and a red silk cloth (*paamri*) to adorn our son-in-law (*jamai*)
at the time of the marriage"
"And to drape over our good son" (*panota put*) [when he gets married]
"Order a sari embroidered with a silver border" (*kasbi kor*)
"Drape (*peraavo*) it round our daughter (*beti*), as we adorn (*shangarta*) her"
"Present it to our daughter-in-law (*vahu*) at the time of her marriage" (*varni*)
Enhance the beauty (*shobha*) of our house
And the gentle breeze blows all the time.

VARNI NU GEET

Paawre te pug dai chadho Nowrozebhai
Mae te paalav saahi rahya
Melo, melo re mae palav, amaaraa kar tamaaraa aapshu
Jene jeev baraabar chaahi uchheriya, tena te hakk kem bhulshu
Mari maene shobhat saari mangaavi
Kasbi alecha ni kaachli ...o ...

Paawre te pug dai, chadho Nowrozebhai
Masi te paalav saahi rahya
Melo melo re masi palav amaaraa, gun tamaaraa ganshu
Jene paarne podhadi haalardaa gaya,
Tena te hakk kem bhulshu
Mari maasi ne kasbi sari mangavi
Leela te ghaatni kaachli ... o ...

Paawre te pug dai chadho Nowrozebhai
Fui te paalav saahi rahya
Melo, melo re fui paalav amaaraa, kar tamaaraa aapshu
Jene khole besadi naam raakhiya tena te hakk kem bhulshu
Mari fuine tili korni saari bhali patorini chundari ... o ...

Suraj sarikha tej varna chandrama sarkhi nirmala ... o ...
Torne ubhaavar phul sunghe phul sarikha pamarta ... o ...
Ek rang mandav heth karie, var maange te pehravie
Ame ek rang karie, range ramie, rang sarovar paamie ... o ...

VARNI NU GEET

(The word 'varni' literally means to 'select' - the song is sung when the groom goes in a procession, riding a horse, to accept (wed) his bride).

Put your foot (pug) in the stirrup (pawre), Nowroze
Your mother holds (sahi rahya) the hem of her sari (palav), in expectation
Lower (melo) your pallav mother (says the groom)
I shall repay (aapshu) the debt (kaar) which I owe you
For how can I forget (bhulshu) the right (hakk) of her who brought me up (uchherya)
with great fondness treating me as precious as her own life (jeev barabar)
For my mother I shall order a beautiful (shobhat) saari embroidered with silver (zari).

My mother's sister (masi) waits expectantly holding her palav
Lower your palav masi, I am beholden to you, as well.
How can I forget that it was you who sang me lullabies (haalarda)
So that I could sleep soundly, in my cradle (parnu)
For my masi I have ordered a silver (zari) embroidered green coloured silk
(leela ghat) sari.

My father's sister (fui) waits expectantly holding her palav
Lower your palav fui, I am beholden to you
How can I forget that I played as a child in your lap (khole)
And it was you who selected my name (nam rakhya)
For my fui, I have ordered a printed silk sari (patodi ni chundari) with a border (kor)
and tiny silver circles (tili)

The groom's brilliance (tej) is like the sun (suraj)
He is gentle (nirmala) like the moon (chandrama)
The groom (var) stands under a garland of flowers (toran) taking in the fragrance

For he is fragrant (*pamarta*) like flowers (*phul sarika*).
Let us fill the shamiana (*mandap*) with the colour (*ek rang*) of happiness.
(Let us) present the groom with whatever he asks (*mange*)
(Let us) fill ourselves with colours (of joy) (*rang sarovar pamie*)

HARAGIYA NU GEET

Var saasu te haragava nikalya, mastake bandhi paaghre
Vela te joi var haragiyo gale shobhavyo haar re
Phul, nariel, vitie, var haragiyo, maandav hethal besaaryo re
Var aayore nowar vahu taro, maange utaara thaar re
Utaara aapo vaarina, man hashe te varni maena
Utaara aapo baagna, man hashe te varna baapna
Aapo utaara mahelna man hashe te varni bahenna
Aapo utaara kuina man hashe te varni phuina

Aapo, aapo te amba amli, aapo aapo te nagar gaamre
Aapo, aapo choriasi choutada, aapo aapo te bohala raan re

Nahi leu te amba amli, nahi leu te nagar gaam re
Nahi leu choriasi chautada, nahi leu te bohala raan re

Leu, leu Navalshah ni dikri, mara jiviya parmaan re
Leu, leu Navalshah ni dikri, mara paraniya parmaan re

Saasu chhaato golab na chhaatna, paan bipaa aapo hathma
Sasra chhantavo kesarna chhaatna, phul tora aapo hathma

Mara sajaniya bhale aaviya panota jamai saathe laaviya
Ghanu, ghanu jivjo var ne vahu Daadgar puro muraado sau
Ghanu ghanu jivjo var ne vahu Daadgar puro muraado sau

HARAGIYA NU GEET

(This is a welcome song sung when the groom comes to wed the bride. In the villages where these songs have originated, the groom would come to the bride's village, with his family where the bride's family would host them).

The mother-in-law (*sasu*) sets out to welcome (*haragiya*) the groom (*var*), tying a turban (*pagh*) round his head.

At the auspicious moment (*vela*) she welcomes (*haragiyo*) the groom (*var*) with a garland (*haar*) adorning (*shobhavyo*) his neck (*gale*).

He is showered with flowers (*phul*), a coconut (*nariel*) and the wedding ring (*viti*) is given to him; the groom is now made to sit under (*hethal*) the shamiana (*mandav*).

Your husband-to-be (*var*) has arrived O! you new bride (*novar vahu*) seeking hospitality (*utara*) from you.

The groom's mother (*varni mae*) wishes (*man hashe*) you to host them in your orchards (*vari*).

The groom's father (*varna baap*) wishes (*man hashe*) you to host them in your gardens (*baug*), and the groom's sister (*bahen*) wishes you to host them in your palaces (*mahel*) and it is the wish of his paternal aunt (*fui*), to welcome the groom near your wells (*kui*).

Give them (*aapo*) the gift of the mango (*amba*) and tamarind (*aamli*) trees
Give them the gift of the town (*nagar*) and the village (*gaam*)

Give them the gift of your eighty-four (*choryasi*) bazars (*chautada*)
Give them the gift of your wide (*bohala*) forests (*raan*).

I will not accept (*nahi leu*) mango and tamarind trees nor will I accept your town and village, nor the eighty-four market places, nor do I wish to possess your vast forests
I will only take (*levu*) the hand of Navalshah's daughter, for that is my life's desire (*jivya parman*)

Come, mother-in-law sprinkle (*chhanto*) rosewater (*golab*) on him
Give him *paan-sopari* (betel leaf and betel-nut) in his hands (*haathma*)
Come, father-in-law (*sasra*) sprinkle saffron water (*kesar*) on him and garland him.
We welcome the good assembly of people (*saajaniya*) who have come and brought our good son-in-law (*panota jamai*) with them.
May the bride and the groom (*var ne vahu*) live long and may the Creator (*Daadgaar*) fulfil (*puro*) all their desires (*murado sau*).

JAMAIJI NE VADHAV-VA NU GEET

Umbar shobhyo chhe amaaro re, jamaiji na rudey pagle
Orvai chhalkai ame saghlaa jaie emna dagle pagle

Phulona mandape aaya haragava saasuni saath
Aara antar raakhi pachhi bandhiya saate sut sutarna gaath

Paraaya ne potika sum gani ne aaj kidhi sangaat
Mataaji tum dikri ni saath jodiyo chhe jamaijino haath

Tali padi lagan ni vah! Sakshi saame jodiya haath
Pasand kardam ni riti saathe shubh aashirwad devaya aaj.

Bhari mijalas betha aavi, var behere emna haath borae
Padharine khushi kidha, hirane mol aaje tolae

Dikri aapine dikro lidho, kidhu ame punnu kaam
Daadaar raakhe sadaa sukhi tamne, puri kare muraado tamaam

Saachavjo tame amaarun dhun, jamairaj aapo amne vachan
Rahi khushaal raakhjo khush, amari vahaali beti nu man
Ke aajno diwas ghano rudaamno, haie harakh nahi samae
Dikri-jamai ni bhalai kaaje khushaali na pokaro thae
Khushaali na pokaaro thae
Khushaali na pokaaro thae.

JAMAIJI NE VADHAV-VA NU GEET

(A welcome song for the son-in law)

The threshold (*umbar*) of our house is adorned (*shobiyo*) with our son-in-law's (*jamaiji*) auspicious (*rudey*) footsteps (*pagle*)

We vie (*orvai chalkai*) with each other to welcome him

He has come to welcome (*haragava*) the bride under the *shamiana* (*mandap*) decorated with flowers (*phulona*), and accompanied by his mother-in-law (*sasu*).

The "*aaraa antar*" ceremony has begun, strands of cotton thread (*sutar*) are taken around the couple seven times (*sate*)

The wedding (*lagan*) is cheered and applauded (*tali padi*) as the couple join their hands (*jodiya haath*) in union before witnesses (*sakshi*).

With the utterance of "pasand kardam" blessings (*aashirwad*) are showered upon the couple.

The son-in-law comes and takes his position (*betha aavi*) amidst the assembly of people (*bhari mijales*), the ritual dipping of his hands (*hath borae*) in the beaker of water (*var beheda*) takes place.

He has come (*padharine*) and made everyone happy (*khushi kidha*) and his worth, we measure in diamonds (*hirane mol*).

We have given our daughter (*dikri*) and got a son (*dikra*) in exchange, which is an act of great merit (*pun nu kaam*),

May God (*Daadaar*) always keep you happy (*sukhi*) and grant (*puri*) all your wishes (*muraado*).

Dear son-in-law, give us this promise (*vachan*) that you will look after (*sachavjo*) our precious wealth, (*dhun*) our daughter, well.

Remain happy (*khushal*) and keep our dear (*vahali*) daughter always happy (*khush*) Today is a very auspicious (*rudamno*) day and we cannot contain (*samae*) our joy in our hearts (*haie harakh*) for the happiness of our daughter and son-in-law we chant with joy (*khushali na pokaaro*).

MANDVA NU GEET

Dhun, dhun re Faramroze Seth, dhun taaro maadavdo
Tame bharo re garibona pet, dhun taaro maadavdo
Taraa maadavaani thae re vadaai, dhun taaro maadavdo
Eni sau ne sattar gaj lambai, esi gaj pohlaai re
Taraa mandvani thae re vadaai, dhun taaro maadavdo
Mara Faramroze na maandavaamaa saune vechya bataasaa re
Mara Kaiyan ne parnaavta kai loko jue tamaasa ke
Dhun taaro maadavdo

Mara Kaikhushru na maandavaamaa pharti tangi kerī re
Mari Tashana parnavta kai lok thaya chhe laheri ke
Dhun taaro maadavdo

Mara Dadiba na bangalaama pharte mukaaviya kaach re
Mara Homiyar ne parnaavtaa kai lady madam na thaya naach ke
Dhun taro maadavdo

Mara Aadarjina maandavaamaa saune apiya dhan re
Panota put parnavta kai lokoe apiya maan ke dhun taaro maadavdo

Dhun, dhun re o bhayagsali seth dhun taaro maadavdo
Tara maadvaani thaye re vadaai dhun tari aabaadi
Tame bhariya re garibonaa pet dhun tari aabaadi
Dhun, dhun re o bhayagsali seth dhun taro maadavdo

MANDVA NU GEET

(Song for the ritual of planting a mango tree (*mandav saro*) – a ritual done four days before the wedding ceremony)

Your courtyard (*mandav*) is blessed O! Framroze
For you always fill (*bhariya*) the stomachs (*pet*) of the poor (*garib*)
People therefore sing praises (*vadai*) of your *mandav*.
Your *mandav* is a hundred and seventy yards (*gaj*) in length and eighty (*ensi*) yards in breadth (*pohlai*)

In my Framroze's courtyard sweets (*bataasaas*) are distributed
When my Kaiyan gets married people will watch the fun (*tamaasaa*)
In my Kaikhushru's courtyard we have made a garland of mangoes (*keri*)

When my Tashana gets married people will be full of joy (*lehri*).

My Dadiba's courtyard is lined all around (*pharte*) with glass (*kanch*)
At the time of my Homiyar's wedding ladies danced
People who came to my Aderji's courtyard were fed well (*aapya dhaan*)
We got our lucky son (*panota put*) married and people (*lok*) have given us a lot of
respect (*maan*) [for this act of merit.]

Congratulations O! fortunate (*bhayagshali*).sir, your courtyard is blessed
People sing praises (*thayere vadai*) of your courtyard
For you have always given in charity and your courtyard is blessed

KHAVO, KHAVO, KHUSHINI MEJBANI RE

Aaje shubh shaadi ni vela re, khavo, khavo khushini mejbani re
Bhali mijlas thai chhe bhare re, khavo khavo khushini mejbani re
Koi sahebjado aave re e to Pherozeshah ne bangale padhare re
Koi rani no viro aave re e to amare bangle padhare re
Sau aandama dola khaye re, khavo khavo khushini mejbani re
Mara Pherozeshah ni daulat jyada
Mara Pherozshah ni daulat jyada
Frenimai ni bol bala re, khavo khavo khushini mejbani re

Sau Nevilleseth ne bangale padharo re, tyan table khursi mandaye re
Tyan marghi ne machhi apaye re, saathe palav daar pirsaye re
Tyan ice-cream kulfi khavaye re, shyaadini salamati levaye re
Hurray na pokaro thaye re, khavo khavo khushini mejbani re

Saparsji to parne novar vahuni saathe
Saparsji to parne novar vahuni saathe, rangbhari rudi raate re
E to parne novar vahuni saathe re
Aa jodu rahe sada kayam re, rahe sada banne sung saathe re

Aaje shubh shaadi ni vela re, khavo khavo khushini mejbani re
Sau aanandma thaye ghela re, khavo khavo khushini mejbani re
Sau aanandma dola khayee re, khavo, khavo khushini mejbani re

KHAVO, KHAVO, KHUSHINI MEJBANI RE

(A Happy Wedding Song)

Today is the happy and auspicious occasion (*vela*) of the wedding (*shubh shaadi*),
Let us feast (*khavo , khavo, khushini mejbani*) on this good day.
The assembly (*mijles*) of good people have gathered for this feast.
A prince (*saheb zado*) has come to our bungalow (*bangale padhare*)
The brother (*viro*) of a queen (*rani*) has come to our bungalow, and he is welcome
The guests swing with joy (*aanand*) at his arrival

May the wealth (*daulat*) of my Pherozshah increase manifold
May Frenimai's praises (*bol bala*) be sung every where
The guests arrive at Neville Seth's bungalow
Where the tables and chairs (*khursi*) are laid out (*mandaye*)
Where chicken (*marghi*) and fish (*machhi*) are served with *pulav* and *daal*
Where icecream, *kulfi* is had by all
And the guests raise a toast to the couple (*shyaadi ni salamati*)

Everyone cheers the bridal couple (*hurray na pokaro*)
Let us feast on this good day.

The groom (*saprasji*) marries the bride (*novar vahu*)
On this colourful (*rangbhari*) blessed (*rudi*) night
May this couple (*jodu*) always remain happy
May this couple always remain united (*sung sathe*).

Today on the happy and auspicious occasion of the wedding
Let us feast amidst joy
All are so overjoyed with happiness
All sway with happiness (*anandma dola*).

MOTI VERAYA SAKHI CHOKMA JO

Jire sunna rupa nu maru belardu
Mari sarie rattan jadaav mora rai
Moti veraaya sakhi chokma jo
Jire laajvanti hu to naar namni
Mane pritame maariya kaankra chaar. Moti veraaya

Jire pehlo kaankaro mara berle vaago
Maru berlu khan, khan, khanke mora rai
Moti veraaya sakhi chokma jo.
Jire bijo kankaro mara barde vago
Hu to toye na boli bol mora rai. Moti veraaya

Jire tijo te kaankaro mara tanma vago
Mara badan na katkaa chaar mora rai. Moti veraaya

Jire chotho kaankaro laago gale mare
Maro vadheraayo navsero haar mora rai. Moti veraaya

Bhai soni vira re tane vinavu
Maro haar guthine vahelo laav mora rai. Moti veraaya
Hu haar guthine tane peravu
Tu thaye mara gherni naar mora rai
Kemre muva bolato tu na lajvaye. Moti veraaya

Mara priyam ne hu to vinavu
Maro saaj sangar phari laav mora rai. Moti veraaya
Mara premthi tane sangaaru
Tu to mara dilni malika ganaye
Ke moti vinure sakhi chokma jo

MOTI VERAYA SAKHI CHOKMA JO

(A Garba)

My water-pot (*belardu*) is made of silver and gold (*sunna rupa*)
O! my beloved (*rai*), sew precious stones (*ratan*) on my sari
O friend (*sakhi*) pearls (*moti*) lie scattered (*veraaya*) in my courtyard.
I am a shy and coy (*namni*) woman (*naar*)
My lover (*pritam*) threw four pebbles (*kankara*) at me [to tease me]
The first (*pahelo*) pebble hit my water-pot
It made a tinkling sound (*khan khan khanke*), O my beloved
The second (*bijo*) pebble hit me on my back (*barde*)
I did not say (*na boli*) a word (*bol*) in complaint, even then (*toye*), my beloved

The third (*tijo*) pebble hit me on my body (*tan ma*)
And my body (*badan*) broke into four pieces (*katka chaar*), my beloved
The fourth (*chotho*) pebble hit me on my neck (*gale*)
And my beautiful necklace (*haar*) of nine strands (*navsero*) broke (*vatherayo*),
my beloved
O! ye goldsmith (*sonira*) I request you to make (*guthine*) my gold necklace (*haar*)
And bring it back quickly (*vahelo laav*).

I shall make a necklace for you, for your word is my command (*tara bol par*)
On the condition that you agree to be the woman (*naar*) of my house (*gharni*)
Go away you bad man (*muva*) don't you feel ashamed (*lajvaye*) to say (*bolto*)
such things!
O friend, pearls lie scattered in my courtyard.

I request (*vinavu*) my beloved to bring back (*phari laav*) to me my glory and
adornments (*saaj shangaar*)
[The beloved responds] : I shall adorn (*shangaru*) you with my love (*premthi*)
For you are the queen (*malika*) of my heart (*dil*)
And I shall gather the pearls scattered in your courtyard.

VAHALAA NO VIYOG

Aay motaa ghermaa suni suni pharu re maraa vahlaaji
Aay mukya melya visrai, visrai javu re, maraa vahlaaji
Ke vahlaaji tamne evro sano chatko re, maraa vahlaaji
Ke hajun nahi aayo kagajiyano katko re, maraa vahlaaji
Vahlaaji tamne evri saani rees re, maraa vahlaaji
Ke bhangi sadhavya padosan ni bheet re, maraa vahlaaji

Aay bhar dariyamaa tarti dithi boi re
Aay vahalo sadhaviyo te daarni sudh khoi re
Me to bhar dariyamaa tarto didho saap re
Aay kyare aavse nana motaano baap re, maraa vahlaaji
Aay bhar dariyamaa tarto didho taaro re vahlaaji
Have kyare aavse saasu maino jaayo re vahlaaji

Aay bhar dariyamaa pani tetala neer re
Kyare aavse naranmai no veer re
Aay bhar dariyamaa paani tetala dudh re
Aare kyare aavse sasrajino put re, maraa vahlaaji

Aay gayo unalo chomasu saru thaye re vahlaaji
Aay baare masni judai nahi sahevaye re vahlaaji
Aay paani vagarni paniari sukaye re vahlaaji
Aay dhani vagarni dhaniyani kyan jae re vahlaaji
Na sahevaye re vahlaaji : Sukaye re vahlaaji : Kyan jae re vahlaaji.

VAHALAA NO VIYOG

(This is another popular folk-song sung by a young maiden whose lover has gone away, leaving her lonely in the house)

I wander alone and lonely (*suni*) in this big (*motaa*) house my beloved (*vahalaaji*)
I forget (*visrai*) simple things
I wonder my beloved, what has hurt you (*chatko*)
That not even a scrap of letter (*kagajya no katko*) [has come from you].

O! beloved, what has angered (rees)you so?

That you had to leave through the neighbour's (padosan) wall (bheet) [colloquial for doorway].

I have seen fish (***boi**) swimming (tarti) in the sea (dariyama) and I have lost my senses (**shudh** ***khohi**) from the day my lover (vahalo) has left me (sadhavyo)

I have seen a snake (***saap**) in the sea and (I ask) when will the father (***baap**) of my children (nanaa motaa) return.

I have seen a star (***taaro**) in the sea

When will the one born of my mother-in-law (**sasu maeno** * **jayo**) return.

The sea is full of water (***neer**), when will my sister-in-law's (naran mae) brave brother (***veer**) arrive.

[My abode has] as much milk (***dudh**) as there is water (pani) in the sea

O! when will the son (***put**) of my father-in-law return.

The summer (unalo)has gone and the monsoon (chomasu) is upon us.

I cannot bear this separation (judaai) which has gone on for twelve months (baare maas)

[Without him] I am like a water carrier (paniari) without water (paani)

Say where can I, a woman (dhaniani)without her man (dhun) go?

* These are rhyming words used to express the anguish of the singer.

BAAR, BAAR VARSE AAYO

Baar, baar varse aayo, khoto paiso nahi layo
Baar, baar varse aayo, khoto paiso nahi layo
Khoto paiso nahi layo, saathe parona layo
Ke seri, serie phari, paiso uhhino kari
Ke savayana jhinga laavi, tasrini tordi mangaavi.

Kando kardine laavi, marchu mardine laavi
Halad bhangine lidhi, mithoo marine laavi
Jeeru mangine lidhu, lasan chorine lidhi
Saak to savaade kidhu, muvae khava nahi didhu
Muvae khava nahi didhu, vachhe kankas kidho
Vachhe kankas kidho, maru dil ghavayu
Kon aagal dukh raru, kone phariyaad karu.

Suratna matida aara, mathe chatiana bhaara
Navsarina matida saara, hathe sonana vaara
Vyarena Parsio eva, roj laave mithai ne mewa
Mumbaina matida gopi, nahi male mathere topi
Mumbai ni Parsano radha, mathabanu bandhvani badha

Galpar ruzna lepra laal, chale latak matak chaal
Garbo gamegam gavaye lokona dil raji thaye
Lokona dil raji thaye badha khush thai ghare jaaye
Ke garbo gavaye, ke lok raji thaye
Ke lok raji thaye, badha khush thai ghare jaaye

BAAR, BAAR, VARSE AAYO

(A popular and funny Garba)

He's come after twelve (baar) long years (varse) without as much as a false coin (khoto paiso)

Instead he has brought guests (parona) with him.

I went from street to street (sheri sheri) and borrowed money (paiso uchhino)

[From that borrowed money] I bought shrimps (jingla) and sent for vegetables (tordi)

I bit an onion (kando) and brought it home, plucked (mardine) some chillies (marchu), broke some haldi and borrowed some salt (mithu)

And begged [someone else] for some cumminseed (jeera) and I stole garlic (lasan), [from somewhere else]

[And from these borrowed and stolen ingredients] I made a tasty (savaade) meal.

But the wretched man did not let me eat (khava) it in peace.

He fought (kankas) with me and hurt me no end (dil ghavayu)

On whose shoulder should I cry (raru), to whom should I complain? (fariyaad)

(The rest of the song is a pun on the Parsi men of Surat, Navsari and Vyara as well as Parsi men and women of Mumbai)

The men of Surat are fashionable dandies (aaraa)

On their head (maathe) their hair appears like a thatched roof (chattiyaa na bhaara)

Men from Navsari are good (saara), as they wear gold armbands (vaara)

Men from Vyara are such (eva) that they bring [us] sweetmeats and dry fruits (mithai ne mewa) everyday

The men of Mumbai are equally fashionable (gopi)

They do not wear caps (topi) on their heads

The Parsi women (*Parsano*) of Mumbai are very modern, they seem to have taken a vow (*badhaa*) not to cover their heads (*mathabanu*)
They colour their cheeks heavily (*ruze na lepda*), and walk in great style (*latak matak*)

We sing this folk-song (*garbo*) from village to village (*gaam-e gaam*)
Which make people's hearts (*lokona dil*) happy (*raaji*)
Folks like (*raaji*) our singing and go home (*ghere*) pleased (*khush*) [with our song].

CHANDA, CHANDA, TARI SHI RE VAAT

Chanda, chanda tari shi re vaat
Chando bhale ugiyo re
Ugiyo, ugiyo pachhli pori raat
Chando bhale ugiyo re

(2)

Mara Behramshah sadhaviya darbar
Ne ghore besi avse re
Tyathi lavse hirano haar
Te Hillamai pehrse re
Chanda, chanda...

Mara Dadabhai sadhaviya darbar
Ne ghore besi aavse re
Tyathi lavshe sunnano haar
Te Dinamai peherse re
Chanda, chanda...

Mara Khojeste sadhaviya darbar
Ne ghore besi aavse re
Tyathi lavse nilamno haar
Te Firozamai peherse re
Chanda, chanda...

Mara Farhad sadhaviya darbar
Ne ghore besi aavse re
Tyathi lavse moti no haar
Te nowar vahu peherse re
Chanda, chand tari shi re vaat
Chando bhale ugiyo re
Ugiyo, ugiyo pachhli pori raat ke
Chando bhale ugiyo re.

CHANDA, CHANDA, TARI SHI RE VAAT

(This song is like a little "garbi" - a folk-song sung by women while dancing in a circle)

O! you beautiful moon, how can we sing your praises?
We welcome you with open arms
You have risen in all your glory

My *Behramshah is on his way to the royal court
And he will come riding a horse [from there]
He will bring a diamond necklace
Which my *Hillamai will wear.

My *Dadabhai is on his way to the royal court
And he will come riding a horse [from there]
He will bring a gold necklace
Which my *Dinamai will wear

My *Khojeste is on his way to the royal court
And he will come riding a horse [from there]
He will bring an emerald necklace
Which my *Firoza will wear.

My *Farhad is on his way to the royal court
And he will come riding a horse [from there]
He will bring a pearl necklace [from there]
Which his new bride will wear.

* At various places in these songs, names are used to indicate that the singer should substitute names of their family members at the appropriate places.

TAADIA TAAD NI TAADI

Taadia, taadni taadi mara cheliyaa](2)
Taadia taadni taadi re lol
Uunchi khajoori ni taadi mara cheliyaa
Uunchi khajoori ni taadi re lol
Vanki khajoori ne khundho tarvaado
Vanki khajoori zhooke re lol

Khub lok pita jaye mara cheliyaa
Khub lok pita jaye re lol
Padare Parsi nu pithu mara cheliyaa
Padare Parsi nu pithu re lol
Sidhi na lidhi jaraa taasrini lidhi
Taasri ni me to pidhi re lol

Raand aagal aay vaat kone jai kidhi
Ke raand aagal vaat kone kidhi re lol
Chokivalo have dand maage mara cheliyaa
Chokivalo dand maage re lol
Choki chukavto jaje mara cheliyaa
Choki chukavto jaje re lol

Tavdi na pul par gaiti mara cheliya
Tavdi na pul par gaiti re lol
Pagma kanto vagyo mara cheliya
Pagmathi kanto kadho re lol

Gher jai vaat koine karsho nahi cheliyaa
Ke gher jai vaat tame karsho ma lol
Ke tadia, taad ni taadi mara cheliyaa, taadia taad ni taadi re lol
Tadia taad ni taadi mara cheliyaa, taadia taad ni taadi re lol
Taadia taad ni taadi re lol...

TAADIA TAAD NI TAADI

(This folk-song describes the times when Parsis were owners of taverns where fermented extract of the palmyra date palm (toddy) was sold. This song is about such taverns and narrates the scenes that occur there).

(Have the) toddy from my palm trees, you dandy (cheliyaa)
The palm trees (khajoori) are tall and and the toddy-drawer (tarvado) is bent (khundho)
And the bent (vaanki) palm trees sway in the breeze (zhuke)
A lot of people come [to enjoy the toddy]
The tavern that belongs to the Parsi (Parsi nu pithu), is at the entrance of the village (padare)
I savoured the toddy which was a bit fermented

But someone complained to my woman
I wonder who did that?
Now, the policeman (chowkivalo) will ask me to pay a fine (dand)
Better pay up the fine before you leave (my man)

I was walking across the bridge (pul) of Tavdi (a small village near Navsari)
And a thorn (kanto) pierced my foot (pagma)
O! ye! Dandy remove the thorn from my foot
Please do not tell (kahesho nahi) anyone at home (gher jai) about my adventures.

KAKKO KAAVELO

(A comic garba)

Kakko kaavelo ne lagan khavaa aavelo ... ha re ha bhai
Khakhho khaajelo aakashma varsad gaajelo ... ha re ha bhai

Gagga gori gai vyai ne poriyaoni mai vyai ... ha re ha bhai

Je je vaniyo ne chotli dhari taniyo ... ha re ha bhai
Tattoo bole tanaiya ne be paisana danaiya ... ha re ha bhai

Ramji pethe rakhelo ne mei to daru chakhelo ... ha re ha bhai
Pirojshah to mara bhai tedine barandin paye ... ha re ha bhai
Daruna glass petma jaye choras batli khaali thaye ... ha re ha bhai

Bhari kabatma melya haath, rupiya kadhya tanso saath
Tanso saath ma kaiyu nahi thaye, tanso saath ma kaiyu nahi thaye..... Na bhai
nahi thaye

Gerianu piwanu thaye mara gerianu chavenu thaye ... ha re ha bhai
Choras bhari daru ne gadiyu bhari taadi ... ha re ha bhai
Te mara geriya ne pai tobi na geriyo chhakto thaye ... ha re ha bhai ...

Nacho re geriya nacho bhai
Kammar mathi vanka thai

Geriya nache gungarma porya nache umberma ... ha re ha bhai
Khush thai mare tali sau nach joyo bhare khub ... va re va bhai
Nacho, gavo thavo khush, prasang aaje gherma shubh.

Ha re ha bhai ... Va re va bhai... Ha re ha bhai ... Va re va bhai ...
Ha re ha bhai ... Va re va bhai... Ha re ha bhai ... Va re va bhai ...

KAKKO KAAVELO

("Kakko" is the Gujarati word for the alphabet. The song is a take-off on the first few letters of the "kakko", like "ka", "kha", "ga", "cha", "ta", where some of these letters are used in a rhyme with funny connotations).

"Ka" says kakko ***kaavelo** and Mr. Ka has come (***aavelo**) for a wedding feast (lagan khava). "Yes it is so!"

The letter "kh" is for khakko ***khajelo** and for Mr Kh the rain (varsaad) thundered (***gajelo**) in the sky (aakash ma).

The letter "ga" is for the cow (***gai**) who has just calved (***vyai**).
And so has the mother (***mai**) of the children (poriyani), just delivered (***vyai**)

The grocer's (***vaniyo**) wispy hair (chotli) [which hangs loose] needs a pull (***taniyo**).

"Ta" is for tattu (pony) who prances (***tanaiya**) as we feed him with two paise (be paisa) worth of grams (***danaiya**).

Just like Ramji (the singer's friend) I preserved (***rakhelo**) [my bottle of wine] and I sample its flavour (***chakhelo**).

Pirojshah, like my brother (***bhai**), is very hospitable. He invites us (tedine) and serves us brandy to drink (***pai**).

The glasses of liquor are emptied in our stomachs (***pet ma jaye**). And the square bottle (choras batli) is soon made empty (***khali thaye**).

From my cupboard which is always full (*bhari*), I pulled out (*melya haath*) three hundred and sixty rupees (*tanso saath*) [to pay the dancers Rs.360/- indicating that they dance for 360 days].

Not much can be achieved (*kaiyu nahi thaye*) with 360 rupees (*tanso saath*). [It will just be enough] to give my dancers some snacks (**chavenu*) and drinks (**pivanu*).

The liquor (*daru*) is stored in square (*choras*) shaped bottles and the toddy (*taadi*) in vats (*ghariyu*)

I served that (toddy) to the dancers (*geriya*), Yet, (*tobi*) the dancers did not get drunk (*chhakto*)

Bend your backs (*kammar mathi vanka thai*) and dance (*nacho*) O ye! dancers (*geriya*). The dancers (*geriya*) dance on the threshold (**umbarma*). The kids (*poriya*) dance with bells on their ankles (**ghungharma*).

Everyone (*sau*) claps (*tali mare*) with joy (*khush thai*); [For they have] seen (*joyo*) an excellent (*bhare khub*) dance

* Rhyming words.

¹ The refrain of "yes it is so!" (*ha re ha bhai*) is repeated after every couplet, which adds to the liveliness of the song.

BERAA BHARI

Beraa bhari, beraa bhari, beraa bhari chaal, Sakhi
Beraa bhari, beraa bhari, beraa bhari chaal
Ek hilaave to dol hile chaar
Ek hilaave to dol hile chaar

Mari sasue em kahyu ke, "gherma divo shoddh" (2)
Hu bholi em samji ke, "darma chuvo shoddh" (2)
Sakhi beraa bhari, beraa bhari beraa bhari chaal
Ek hilaave to dol hile chaar

Mari sasue em kahyu ke, "motane aapo maan" (2)
Hu bholi em samji "getane aapo daan" (2)
Mari sasue em kahyu, "sawar thai uthi jaa" (2)
Hu bholi em samji "sawar thi unghi jaa" (2)

Mari sasue em kahyu ke, "saadi aari naakh" (2)
Hu bholi em samji ke, "saadi phadi naakh" (2)
Sakhi beraa bhari, beraa bhari, beraa bhari chaal
Ek hilaave to dol hile chaar

Mari sasue em kahyu ke, "chawal chuti mel" (2)
Hu bholi em samji ke, "chawal kuti mel" (2)
Mari sasue em kahyu ke, "beraa bhari laav" (2)
Hu bholi em samji ke "beraa phodi laav" (2)
Sakhi beraa bhari, beraa bhari, beraa bhari chaal
Ek hilaave to dol hile chaar.
Ek hilaave to dol hile chaar
Ek hilaave to dol hile chaar,

BERAA BHARI

(A popular old "garba" of the naïve daughter-in-law)

Fill your earthen water pots (*beraa*) and come, O friend (*sakhi*)
Four pots are balanced on your head, one on top of the other
As one moves (*ek hilave*) with the movement of your head all four pots move in
unison (*dol hile chaar*)

(The first friend sings):-

My mother-in-law (*sasu*) told me to look for a lamp (**divo*) in the house
I am so simple-minded (*bholi*), I thought she was asking me to look for a mouse
(**chuvo*) in his hole (*darma*)

(The second friend sings):-

My mother-in-law told me that I should give respect (**maan*) to elders (**motane*)
I am so naïve, I thought she was asking me to give fodder (**daan*) to the sheep (**getane*)

(The third friend sings):-

My mother-in-law told me to wake up (**uthi*) for it was morning (**sawaar*)
I being so naïve, thought that she told me to sleep (**unghi*) from morning (**sawaar*)

(The fourth friend sings):-

My mother-in-law told me to hang my sari on the clothes line (**aadi*)
I being so naïve, thought that I was asked to tear (**faadi*) my sari

(The fifth friend sings):-

My mother-in-law said, clean (**chuti*) the rice (*chawal*)
I being so naïve, thought that she was asking me to grind (**kuti*) the rice (*chawal*)

(Finally the sixth friend sings):-

My mother-in-law said, fill up (***bhari**) the pots (beraa)

I being so naïve, thought she was asking me to break (***phodi**) the pots.

*The words thus marked * sound the same, hence the daughter-in-law mistook one for the other.

LAINÉ KACHNI KAATLI

Laine kachhni kaatli

Samjoni vatbi aatli

Mari baatli aawardaa enu naam chhe

Arrey laine kachhni kaatli

Samjoni vatbi aatli

Mari baatli aawardaa enu naam chhe

Aay brandy ni balihari](2)

Ne whisky ni khumari

Aay John Haig ne Black & White ni Lahejat yaro bhaari](2)

Maari baatli aawardaa enu naam chhe

Arrey vahre mari baatli, tu jaadi hoe ke paatli – (2)

Tane chahe raja bhikhari](2)

Tara vagar raat aandhari

Mari baatli aawardaa enu naam chhe

Arrey laine kachhni katli samjoni vatbi aatli](2)

Mari batli aawardaa enu naam chhe

Aay petma thoro parta
 Baryal chhanaa ne hasaave
 Jaasti parta, gol gol pharta
 Thanak, thanak nachaave
 Mari baatli awarda enu naam chhe

](2)
](2)

Arrey Laine kachni katli
 Samjoni vatbi atli
 Maari batli awardaenu naam chhe

](2)

LAIN KACHNI KATLI

(A very popular Parsi song showing the love the Parsis have for their bottle of whisky and brandy and the proverbial "Parsi peg").

I hold this bottle of glass (*kachni katli*) in my hand
 And beseech you to hear me out (for)
 My bottle (*batli*) is synonymous with long life (*aawardaa*).

I say bravo! (*balihari*) to brandy
 And enjoy the feeling of exhilaration that whisky gives me (*khumari*)
 *John Haig and *Black and White have a delight (*lahejat*) of another kind

O my dear bottle! whether you are fat (*jaadi*) or thin (*patli*) in shape
 You're loved equally by princes (*rajaa*) and paupers (*bhikhaari*), for
 Without you nights (*raat*) will be full of darkness (*andhaari*).

Just a little bit (*thoro*) in the stomach (*petma*), is enough to make someone with a
 long face like a coddling cake (*baryal chhana*), laugh (*hasaave*)

If one has a little more (*jasti partaa*) then of course my bottle will make you dance (*nachaave*) round and round.
My bottle, for me, is synonymous with long life.

* Famous brands of whisky.

MARA MAMMA NI CHHE PHULWARI

Mara mamma ni chhe phulwari,
Mara pappa chalaave motorgari
Mara bawa ni ghora gari
Tobi hu rahi gai kumari

Mari hansani jevi chaal chhe
Mara nagan jeva baal chhe
Mara golab jeva gaal chhe
Tobi hu rahi gai kumari

Nature ma hu gani jolly, mane gamto to sambheno Soli
Tene parni gai nicheni Dolly
Ne pharuch hu kachhi kumari

Mari garima bey bey horn chhe
Mari pase be mobile phone chhe
Mane maleli interest free loan chhe
Tobi rahi gai hu kumari

Hu Metro cinema ma jau chhun
Ne President Hotel ma bhonu khau chhun

Disco dancing ma vakhnavu chhun
But still I am katchi kumari

Mane gamto to nakeno Nadar
"He is not for you" said my father
Now I am like soap without lather
Ne pharuch hu katchi kumari

Hu ganavu fashionable nari
Maro bhapko chhe gano bhari
Tobi naseeb nahi ape yaari
Ne hajun hu katchi kumari.

Mara mamma ni chhe phulwari,
Mara pappa chalave motorgari
Mara bawa ni ghora gari
Tobi hu rahi gai kumari. – (3)

MARA MAMMA NI CHHE PHULWARI

My mother owns a garden full of flowers, my father (*pappa*) drives a motor-car
(*motor gaari*)

My grandfather (*bawaa*) a horse cart (*ghora gaari*)

In spite of this, I am still a spinster (*kumari*).

My walk (*chaal*) is as graceful as a swan (*hansni*)

My hair (*baal*) is long and winding like a cobra (*nagan*)

My cheeks (*gaal*) are red like roses (*golab*)

Alas, I am still a spinster

I am very fun loving by nature (jolly)
And I was fond of Soli living across the street
[To my bad luck] Dolly, from downstairs (*nicheni*) married (*parni gai*) him and I
continue to be a spinster

My car has two horns
I have two mobile phones
I have received an interest-free loan
In spite of this, I remain a spinster

I go to Metro cinema
And eat at the President Hotel
I am an exponent of disco dancing
But I am still a *kumari*

I was fond of Nader who lived at the end of the street (*nakeno*)
"He is not for you" said my father
And now I am like soap without lather
And I roam around, a spinster.

I am reputed to be a fashionable woman
And my style is "heavy"
Somehow fortune does not favour me
And I am still a spinster.

ZS thanks...

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- ◆ Our donors and well wishers for their goodwill and patronage.

VOICES : CRYSTAL CHORAL...

FRENY DALAL-PAGHDIWALA – DIRECTRESS

FARIDA SIODIA

NILOUFER ELAVIA

SHERNAZ VATCHA

DAISY IRANI

ARNAVAZ IRANI

With

KERSY MISTRY

JALOO BHESANIA

And

SHEHNAZ MUNSHI

SOLO VOICES

JALOO BHESANIA

FARIDA SIODIA

And

KERSY MISTRY

- ◆ All songs selected and edited by SHEHNAZ MUNSHI.
- ◆ All songs arranged, performed and produced by ZUBIN BALAPORIA.
- ◆ All songs engineered and mixed by KAIZAD BHABHA, except "Haragiya Nu Geet" and "Taadiya Taad ni Taadi", mixed by TEJASVI RAO, and "Vahre Mari Baatli" mixed by WARREN MENDONSA.
- ◆ RECORDED AND MIXED AT FARHAD WADIA'S POWER STATION STUDIO.
- ◆ ADDITIONAL MUSICIAN : TABLA : YUSUF GHULAMOHAMMED.
- ◆ Melody skills by KERSY MISTRY.



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