

## **Habba Khatoon's Tinge of Romantic Vigour**

After the death of Lal Ded, the colossal spiritual poetess of Kashmir, the Muse in Kashmir fell in profound rest for around two hundred years and with the introduction of Habba Khatoon it woke up again rippling and singing, not the mysterious encounters or good urgings, but rather the lilting tunes of genuine romance. In Kashmir, even now, the travelers murmur Habba Khatoon's verses on the parkway and her melodies are sung by men meandering upon streams, by women at their weaving machines agriculturists in the fields.

Kashmiri poetry, lamentably, existed to a great extent in oral traditions up to 1930. Along these lines the lives of the writers are generally wrapped in mystery. So is the situation with Habba Khatoon. All things considered, the record of her life depends on the supportive bed-shake of tradition and legend, delineated by a couple of verifiable flashes of men like Birbal Kachru, Hassan Kohiyami and Mohd Din Foq. A lot of it we know from old men and women living in the villages of Kashmir.

The account of her life, similar to her poetry, is romantic, forsaken and dismal. Her life is set apart by setbacks that finished in a catastrophe. At a distance of eight miles from Srinagar, the summer capital of Jammu and Kashmir, is situated the village of Pampore and two miles from it, in the south-east, is a little and small valley encompassed by a level of saffron fields and here in this valley is a little beautiful village, known as Chandhara. Far from here are seen the superb mountains and the impact of the entire view is appealing and rousing. In this village carried on a well-to-do agriculturist, who supplemented his pay by doing some work of weaving. His name was Abdul Rather. In spite of the fact that there are

numerous speculations, sufficiently opposing, held by people about the place of birth and early existence of Habba Khatoon, yet it is by and large accepted and acknowledged that she, before called Zoon which implies moon, was born in the place of this rancher in this very village. She was sent to a Mulla's school (maktab), where she learnt the Holy Quran and a sprinkling of Persian. The girl grew up into an exceedingly keen, sweet-throated and excellent maid. It is said that people from far and close came to see her. Her dad, as was wont at that point, swiftly wedded her to a peasant boy, Aziz Lone or Aziz Rather who was dull and uneducated.

Her mother-in-law abused and bothered her and her husband could not value her endowment of song and poetry. He got exhausted of her and abhorred her, for she did not locate her supportive in the fields and going too appropriately to the family drudgery. She felt despondent and sunk into apathy and discovered escape from the assaults of her relative and spouse's tempers in her tunes. Out of this misery grew up a thoughtful aching and a despicable strain which are dominatingly present in all her poetry. Once, when completely dejected, she went to Khawaja Masood, a 'Darvesh' with profound powers and identified with him the story of her trouble and pain. He is said to have revealed to her that her days of torment would soon end and she would turn into the queen of Kashmir. He changed her name, Zoon and called her Habba Khatoon by which she is known today.

It was a romantic evening and the moon had ascended on the reasonable blue sky, washing with its silver light, the saffron fields. Habba Khatoon, tanked with the wine of her youth, was wandering about isolated and singing without anyone else in a melancholic strain. She stopped on a bank of river and stooped down to burrow some dandelion for her dinner. At the point when, sooner or later, she raised her head and

stood up, she saw a young fellow standing unmoving and discreetly tuning in to her tune. The light of the moon fell upon her delicate hair and transformed its brownness into gold; it gleamed about her tall, straight frame. On her sad face the shading traveled every which way in quick and delicate flushes. The young fellow talked no word however looked with a half-addressing look at her. There was a weird arguing in his eyes and he eagerly moved from one foot to the next. At that point he recouped himself and addressed her in Kashmiri verse, which might be deciphered as under:

The Beauty has come out in gay attire

I fear the stormy rushing of the rain (Wakhlu 1998: 328)

Softness came about her grey eyes and a little smile hovered over the face now uplifted to him. She, too, replied in a verse:

Take heart, O youth, banish all fear and fright

For soon the sun will rend the cloak of night.

(Wakhlu 1998: 329)

The young man, who was no other than Yousuf Shah, the heir apparent of Kashmir, felt delighted and encouraged. He continued:

Over the hills and across the valleys I wandered

In quest of the darling of my heart and home

When lo! Before me I find the precious pearl.

(Wakhlu 1998: 329)

Now soft blushes coloured her cheeks and she coyly murmured:

When God is gracious; when God is kind,

What man truly desires he'll surely find.

(Wakhlu 1998: 329)

The prince then proudly said:

When the diver dives into the deep,

Come up, he must with lustrous pearls.

(Wakhlu 1998: 329)

In all loveliness she looked at him and softly spoke:

Nay, hard he has to toil deep down in the main,

Then and then alone some gift he may gain.

(Wakhlu 1998: 329)

The discussion in verse proceeded till she realized that the young fellow was no other than the beneficiary obvious of Kashmir, Yousuf Shah Chak, who was coming back from chasing and had felled behind his partners intentionally, to appreciate the brilliant excellence of the splendid and expansive fields. The sovereign was just captivated with Habba Khatoon's magnificence and insight. Not long after in the wake of coming back to his royal residence, he got her separated by Aziz Rather and acquired her to experience his heart and group of concubines. Yousuf Shah himself had a passion for melody and music and there were numerous artists and vocalists present in his court. Habba Khatoon learnt the specialty of traditional singing from that point and herself contributed melodic creations, especially the 'Sufiana Kalaam' and 'Rast-i-Kashmiri'.

There is a reference to the prior high status of the family and the quantity of servants nursing her in childhood, of which she has affectionate recollections. They positively appear to have been to some degree prosperous before they fell on malicious days, as is borne out by what she says in the poem,

tuluv naar chhum lalavun moore

kaansi maa raavin shoore paan

What blazing fire I nurse within!

May no one's childhood vanish thus! (Raina 2003: 64-65)

That she was sent to a far off place to learn the Quran from a hardhearted 'mullah'. On the off chance that they had been princely, the mullah would have been summoned home to give her tuition. That she felt it important to keep up her status in the imperial house is a wrong guess and does disservice to the popular poetess. The way that she was an admirer of folk songs does not imply that she had a place with a poor family. Folk songs have dependably resonated in the hearts of the rich and the poor alike.

She was an extraordinarily excellent young girl with a talented voice, rendering whatever she sang with full verve and dominance. A few legends talk about her as an artist as well. There is an anecdote about how, while riding one day in the wide open, the ruler saw her singing in the field and the accompanying verse-exchange followed:

Yousuf: swondarah draamuts chhalith ta chhokith

rood maa vaale lo tai lo

A dame is out in all her appeal

May be the sky will pour

Habba: paadshaaho dil thav saaphuy

taaphuy kare lo tai lo

Try not to lose heart, O glad ruler

The sun will sparkle the entire day long

Yousuf: hati kaani vignyaa buthi kani zoonaa

dila kani vathaa lo tai lo

With a pixie's voice and a moon-like face

How might one show at least a bit of kindness of stone?

Habba: vacchas ti kulfa, lacchas ti dakkaa

kyaah kari thathaa, lo tai lo  
 A bolted heart shows off trivial men  
 Who'd take it for a trumpery toy!  
 Yousuf: swondaree shoobahakh paadshaah gare  
 O looker, you'd beauty the king's own home  
 Habba: yemsunz bu chhas su kya kare?  
 Shouldn't something be said about him to whom I have a  
 place?  
 Yousuf: yeli na zare teli su mare  
 On the off chance that he can't hold up under it, he will die  
 Habba: paadshaah yitsh kath dujaah kare  
 Saying so does not benefit a king (Raina 2003: 21-22)

This clearly was never happened. That verses of this kind are found in the publications is no evidence, for much has been included amid the most recent four centuries. The reality of the matter is that Yousuf Shah dabbled in versification, yet it is inappropriate to presume that he was attached to having a verse-exchange with anybody on the roadside, especially a young lady whose first drive would be fear on observing a prince. It could not have happened even substantially later at the court when Habba Khatoon had got acclimatized to the new air and come to know Yousuf Shah as an artist, for there would have been no reason of presence for this sort of a romantic dialogue, nor can a unexpected meeting be lobbed, in actuality. Habba Khatoon's life might be found in three stages:

- i) Ordinary life-the initial twenty-six years
- ii) Period of regal extravagance six years
- iii) Life of a loner twenty years

When I consider that she put in six years of her life at the court, it is peculiar that regardless of respect, love and reverence and being the cynosure of everyone's eyes, there is no impression of this involvement in any of her poems. There stays much to be clarified her entire hush over the new condition. She ended up in entire absence of any mention of another relationship creating at the court. Relentless reference to the climate in a conventional family no reference to her life at the court in the excellent tunes of memory of her previous days, composed obviously towards the finish of her life. In spite of the romanticizing that has gone ahead, there is a striking clear on the guide, more clear, which needs consideration. A touchy poet like Habba Khatoon could not unexpectedly end up moronic. To state that she alluded to her partition from Yousuf Shah when he was estranged abroad for a year or so is just mystery, which could be acknowledged if there were likewise a solitary lyric of celebration at their reunion. Furthermore, six years is not a brief period.

One does not expect a point by point depiction of nature or identities in a Vatsun. Yet, one could unquestionably anticipate from a poetess, who is said to have found Gulmarg and went to numerous a wonderful spot in the valley, to weave the lovely nearness there, similar to the superb pines and thundering waterfalls, into her melodies as capable hyperboles. Perusing her tunes alone, without thinking about her relationship with the glades and timberlands, we would presume that she was basically a town-reared young lady and remained along these lines, drawing her symbolism to a great extent from her kitchen garden, aside from the adjacent streams and rivulets.

Getting rid of the romantic dross that has become round the legends is the initial move towards starting a truly necessary impartial research. The incontestable certainties of her life would remain as takes

after: The initial three references Shaayak, Kachru, Khoihami specify her as an awesome vocalist and a courtesan at the court of Yousuf Shah Chak who offered on her “the honour of sharing his bed.” (Raina 2003: 25) She was from a decently respectable family in Pampore, which had not stayed as well-to-do as prior. Aside from being to a great degree excellent, she was as instructed as feasible for a normal young lady and exceptionally enamored with singing and creating verses called Vatsun at an early age. She was married off exceptionally young, however the conjugal bond demonstrated extremely delicate. When she began to look all starry eyed at, as her poems let us know, it was not a lonely energy. Her notoriety for being an artist spread far and wide. It is very conceivable that she sought after her energy truly and turned into a deep and maybe, an expert vocalist, before being welcomed and named by the lord as a consistent artist at the royal palace. Yousuf Shah, rumored for what were called his sensual delights, would have discovered Habba Khatoon, with her magnificence and her music, fantastic organization in the castle as well as in his visit to the grand places in the valley. This period of Habba Khatoon’s life gone on for five or six years, which was for Yousuf Shah, aside from his arousing liberality, the most turbulent time of his existence with internecine strife, war with the Mughals lastly detainment for life in far-away Bihar. That a lady had been utilized by the lord for a particular reason at the court and furthermore given “the honour of sharing his bed” does not imply that a relationship had additionally grown as a consistent end product. Any lord can offer “the honour of sharing his bed” on any lady. It does not mean a passionate trap. In the event that Habba Khatoon had fallen in love with Yousuf Shah, it would have been reflected in her poetry as to be honest, steadfastly and straightforwardly the same number of different trips of the heart recognizable in her sonnets.

The Chaks, similar to their ancestors, the Shamiris, were admirers of music and move. There were songstresses and artists at the court of the Shahmiri lords, Bud Shah and Hassain Shah, the best-known being Ratan Maal, Deep Maal and Nareep Maal, who performed to the music of Persian instruments. Also, Kashmir did not live in melodic segregation. The Gwalior lord, Dangar Sen, displayed numerous books on melody and move to Bud Shah and there were 1200 Indian performers at Hussain Shah's court. In the season of the Chaks, the salons of expert vocalists and artists called haafizaas turned out to be exceptionally well known. The music of chaang, rabaab and santoor obtained another character, with Kashmiri sonnets set to Persian ragas called muquaam.

This attestation of life naturally affected Kashmiri poetry. Another lyricism was conceived with another life and new vigour. Religions, reverential and mysterious verse turned into a relic of past times, to be restored in the second from last quarter of the eighteenth century, aside from the structures that had more association with the 'Shia' mind, similar to the 'Marsiya's' (elegies) on the subject of the 'Imaam' and 'Karbala', which started to be composed without precedent for Kashmir. It was the beginning of the great time of Vatsun (type of a verse in Kashmiri) which started with Habba Khatoon and finished with the demise of Arnimaal (1800). Not that the frame was new. Vatsun implies tune the same as 'geet' in Hindustani and verse in English-and is wherever the most established type of poetical articulation, as is apparent from a line of Lal Ded who composed two hundred years sooner.

Suy me lali gov vaakh ta vatsun

That to me was the word and the song (Raina 2003: 27)

It was only revived after a somnolence of over three centuries. Perhaps what helped it to flourish once again was, the rebuilding of strength with the appearance of the Mughals, so writers and individuals were never again had ridden with steady dread, when trees bloomed, fields blossomed and the weaver went to his loom indeed. Yet, it cannot be overlooked that the majority of Habba Khatoon's verse was composed before the Mughal victory and set the tone, moving succeeding ages like Arnimal, Gami, Rasool Mir and Mehjoor to emulate her example. One of her poems 'Thovnam Ruma Rumai' was replicated with a couple of varieties by Akma-ud-clamor Beg (1646-1726) as 'Baali Ruma Rumai'. Her 'Vwalo Myaani Poshe Madano' propelled the modern poet Mahjoor to compose his 'Poshe Mati Jaanaano'.

The Vatsun is a short poem opening with two lines, the main called 'hur' the opening line and the second 'vakha nai' the refrain. There are various stanzas, by and large of three lines every, which may have a similar rhyme, or the first and third lines would rhyme. Every stanza closes with the refrain in the fourth line.

The subject of a Vatsun is anything from human to divine love. It is by and large an expressive success of torment and distress, as in it is, as T. S. Eliot puts it, "both an escape from feeling and an escape from identity". (Raina 2003: 28) Or, it is celebration at the sweet snapshots of life. Customarily, a Vatsun is an outflow of a woman's sentiments, with the goal that a male Vatsun author additionally talks as a woman. Normally, the most moving are those composed by woman and colored in the living knowledge of womankind-the scenes of adoration, interminable aching, the throbs of detachment with resulting questions and suspicious of irresoluteness and abandonment. You find in a 'Vatsun' female shyness, imitation, effortless and authenticity, coordinate articulation,

a solitary, dislike a Ghazal moving from erotic nature to mysticism, and so on. This is perfectly interlaced with the magnificence of nature, the melodies of feathered creatures, the dialect of blooms and streams and the murmuring of the breeze in the trees. With lesser artists, this consideration of regular wonders has just an embellishing esteem; in real writers it brings about capable symbolism innovatively woven into the topic.

Dil nith ratitham goshey  
Walo myaani poshey madano!  
You snatched my heart and went afar.  
Come, my flower-like Cupid! (Kaul 1996: 60-61)

Habba Khatoon is the main noteworthy name in Kashmiri verse after Lal Ded and Nund Reshi. She was the main romantic poetess and the most imperative Vatsun writer a pioneer in this field. Not that she imagined this shape; she just inhaled new life into it. There were numerous who composed Vatsun before the rise of Habba Khatoon, yet since they were passed on just in oral tradition, there may, maybe, have been a few writers destined to redden concealed or might be every one of them were fair. What stayed instilled in broad daylight memory was the shape. Habba Khatoon began as a writer from very early in her life, being firmly impacted by the living convention of folk songs.

That her motivation originated from Persian Ghazals isn't right, for Vatsun and Ghazal are two separate elements and she never endeavored creating a Ghazal. Additionally, she did not turn into a poetess in the wake of going to Yousuf Shah's court; she went there as a completed product.

She did not present any new topic, nor did Arnimaal two hundred years after the fact. It is inappropriate to state that before her; only 'bhakti' songs were composed, similar to those of her contemporary, Mira Bai. The topic of human love is as old as the slopes, so are folk songs. Her topics are exuberance of friendship, the beloved's unfaithfulness, an injured heart, love's anguish, the oppression of the in-laws, the throes of division, the evaporation of youth, the approach of death or more all, adoration for her "maalyun" parents' home. Nothing bizarre in these subjects, yet they are rendered generally piercingly.

Poetry requires not being personal. It occasionally is, with the exception of as in an individual affair turns into an intense picture, which an artist can draw from his ordnance for compelling correspondence in any poem. Also, since the subjects of Habba Khatoon reflect our expectations, goals, disillusionments and gives up, one might say that in her poems individual feeling is interlaced with general understanding, which is the sign of all expressive verse anyplace. Her poems are a statement of affection in every one of its structures something that makes them generic and interminable, so they stay new in each age. Circumstances are different, yet Habba Khatoon's poems still influence us profoundly, which is likewise the excellence of all folk songs, with their effortlessness of pictures and the sweetness of lingual authority.

Individuals likewise think about how, with Yousuf Shah's affection, adoration and support and her prominence at his court and the constant extravagance put available to her, she did not change her past pictures into a picture of present flourishing. What was established in her mind-sentiments, creative energy and style in view of the life she lived till she ventured into the court-could not be disposed of and another structure assembled. It is, maybe, critical to recall that the disorder and

internecine political strife that was the request of the day had nothing to do with her development as an awesome ace of the craft of the Vatsun. Indeed, the greater part of her incredible poems was composed in those extremely disorganized circumstances. After the Mughals came, it was more hush than discourse for her. Subsequently there is no doubt of changing her style of synthesis as a result of the circumstances. Like Arnimaal who came two hundred years after the fact, she was not a spiritualist; she was not a story artist; she was not a court-artist. These spaces were unfamiliar to her. What's more, what she composed and sang was hugely preferred by everybody at the court and outside, including the king. In this way there was no requirement for to wear another robe; or can an artist, totally saturated with one shading abruptly chooses to put on an alternate one.

At the point when Mahjoor attempted this examination as a writer of upheaval, the outcome was grim and the circumstance was luckily resigned just by his verse of disillusion in two of his Ghazals. Habba Khatoon stayed in the form she had been thrown in. She was of the earth, natural; taking a shot at a 'two-inch bit of ivory' called the Vatsun with an arousing quality and a bewildering abundance of symbolism, which are beyond the pale of a normal poet. It is this that influences her abundance of inside to rhyme, sound similarity and similar sounding word usage more telling than they would be in a talented expert in verse.

She was the living soul of Kashmiri music. Her adoration for music was there from the earliest starting point, well before she met Yousuf Shah when she was twenty-six. Actually, he came to know her as an awesome artist whose acclaim had officially spread wide. At his court, in any case, she had the chance of coming near the king's artists and having

a full-scale backup with an assortment of outlandish instruments when she sang.

“Her knowledge of Persian classical music deepened in this environment and from being a votary she mastered Muquaam-i-Iraq, in which her ‘Vatsun’, “Gindane draayas”, in cast and become a creator and composed a raga known as ‘Rast Kashmiri’, based on ‘Rast-faarsee’, a very popular raga sung at midnight.” (Raina 2003: 38)

Along these lines Kashmiri music, which had languished disregard over need of support for more than three centuries, had a resurrection and her structures found a place in the song book of expert Court vocalists, the ‘Soophiyaana Kalaam’ which is a compilation of lyrics generally those of prestigious Persian writers like Saadee, Hafiz and others-with ‘raga’, ‘taal’ and ‘swar’ specified with every tune, however certain universal components did not welcome this acknowledgment given to Kashmiri poetry. By chance, it is the ‘Soophiyaana Kalaam’, the ‘rouf’ and the execution of expert and novice vocalists at weddings and different festivals that have been the fundamental wellspring of the songs of the ‘Vatsun kaal’, Age of Lyricism of Kashmiri poetry.

In the vicinity of 1350 and 1600, there seemed three artists in Kashmir who, in figured, style and expression, may positively be called three landmarks of greatness Lal Ded, Nund Reshi and Habba Khatoon. The initial two were close counterparts, yet the third one came following a gap of a century and a quarter. It is not that there were no artists amid this period, traversing over a century, at the same time, as is commonly said; each goose is not a swan. Also, Persian had turned into an effective impact in the valley, being both the dialect of organization and the dialect

of culture. Normally, much was composed in that language itself amid this period.

Kashmiri appeared to have begun on a starvation abstain from food which proceeded for around three hundred years. It is not that nothing was composed in Kashmiri. Extraordinary poets emerged, as Arnimaal, Mehmood Gami, Rasool Mir, Paramanand, Shamas Faqir, Krishna Razdan and others, however there kept on being a plenty of endeavors at creating Persian pieces in all fields from verse to history. Also, in syntheses where the creator picked his primary language, Kashmiri, as the medium, he utilized an intensely Persianised vocabulary, more to stay aware of the artistic Joneses, especially amid the nineteenth century. An extremely regular conviction that each essayist picks his medium is maybe a mixed up thought. The decision is for the most part intuitive when he or she puts pen to paper. Therefore to give the feeling that there was a sort of level headed discussion in Habba Khatoon's psyche about which medium she would pick, is very wrong and misdirecting. It is no that she intentionally picked her native language in inclination to Persian. The truth of the matter is that she had been creating in Kashmiri appropriate from her childhood, not in a 'cultivated' language but rather in the language spoken at home and around. This is additionally valid about every single Kashmiri writer who rose to prominence, from Lal Ded to Mehjoor. The decision is programmed truth be told, no other medium has been thought of as an option. So Habba Khatoon did not set her face against Persian, which was winding up increasingly well known in artistic circles.

“Habba Khatoon's contribution to the Kashmiri language was enormous, like that of her forebears, Lal Ded and Nund Reshi. When an old English lady had her grandson read out

the plays of Shakespeare to her, she remarked, 'He is good but not original, as his language is full of our ordinary idioms and images.' This she said because the poor old lady was unaware of the fact that most of the phrases and idioms in English were a contribution of this great artist."(Raina 2003: 40)

Essentially, Kashmiri owes an extraordinary obligation of appreciation to the three makers of language Lal Ded, Nund Reshi and Habba Khatoon-till the finish of sixteenth century. The 'Vaakh' of Lal Ded, the 'Shrukh' of Nund Reshi and the 'Vatsun' of Habba Khatoon have given motivation to all artists, of all shapes and sizes, consistently.

Habba Khatoon is certain, the originator of the verse of romantic love. Nonetheless, Habba Khatoon has been a wellspring of motivation for ages of artists like Arnimaal, Mehmood Gami Rasool Mir, Mehjoor and so forth. Love verse has a general interest, significantly more than enchanted and philosophical verse. For the layman endeavoring to get a handle on what Lal Ded and Nund Reshi express requires a more noteworthy mental focus and exertion than understanding the romantic poetry of Habba Khatoon or any lyricist on the planet. The heart is constantly more responsive than the head.

Aside from the essential truth of her poetry being a storage facility of romantic feeling, Habba Khatoon introduced another time in Kashmiri poetry, a time of pleasant verse. The entire range of melodic gadgets used by her in her poems makes them exceptional. Her admirers and imitators have been countless.

Habba Khatoon is recollected more as an artist of tunes than as a ruler who educated the Sultan on all issues regarding State and was a

wellspring of quality to him. She sang of adoration in its numerous mind-sets. Interpretation of one of her prevalent love-verses runs subsequently:

The distant meadows are in bloom  
Hast thou not heard my plaint?  
Flowers bloom on mountain lakes  
Come, let us to mountain meads;  
The lilac blooms in distant woods,  
Hast thou not heard my plaint? (Dhar 1977: 89)

‘Lol-lyric is the common verse frame that was advanced by Habba Khatoon. An energy loaded complex of adoration and longing, pining for what is not accomplished in the way of love, ‘Lol’ is a Kashmiri word, hard to decipher. A short, pleasant verse; communicating a solitary finish disposition, the ‘Lol-lyric’ keeps running into six to ten lines, including the refrain. Here is one of Habba Khatoon’s notable verses:

Come, friends, let us to banks and braes,  
to gather yellow-flowered dandelions;  
Silently and stealthily,  
without a word of warning, he did  
steal away from me.  
Dear, come, O come to me!  
They know it all, they know,  
and now talk ill of me,  
In rumour and in gossip rude,  
When will the tangled web of fate unraveled be?  
Dear, come, O come to me! (Dhar 1977: 89-90)

The even tenor of the illustrious romance was aggravated by get-togethers public unsettling influences between the Muslim organizations

of 'Shias' and 'Sunis' of Kashmir. The Mughal Emperor, Akbar, mediated, sending a solid armed force, which took Yousuf Shah prisoner. The despairing of Habba Khatoon's verses went up against strength, tinged by an enthusiastic resistance:

In henna, I dyed my hands,  
When will he come to me?  
O come, and still my craving,  
See, how I am dying for thee.  
Without thee how shall I fill my days?  
How can I endure thy absence, Love?  
Say, friend, when Fate will smile on me,  
And my Love comes to me again? Say when?  
(Dhar 1977: 90)

The artist sings of his 'Lol', a Kashmiri word connoting an untranslatable complex of affection, aching and a pulling at the heart as likewise of longingness. It is an air or song, not a scholarly verse by any means. There is not all that much, moral or persuasive about it. It discusses common and ordinary love and less of adoration's praise, euphoria or honoring vision as of its agony and shrewd, dissatisfaction and frustration, trouble and distress of solitary love. Just in Habba Khatoon, now and then, has this verse, as a rule a sad cry, contemplative and miserable, a touch of sensuous gaiety.

Habba Khatoon was unhappy at her husband's home however she, on her part, did all she sensibly could do alter herself to her bizarre and unsympathetic condition where the oral convention reveals to us her endowment of tune and music irritated both her husband and her mother-in-law, who might frequently reproach and insult her. Be that as it may,

one thing she could not do notwithstanding for her own particular household peace; she could not subdue the desire of melody in her. What's more, at whatever point she was sent to gather the wild palatable plants, dandelion and cress, from the adjacent banks and braes, where she would oblige other village bellies, she would blast into woodnotes wild, unpremeditated and well-suited. I was all the worrisome which she had got from her in-laws but she did not gave up of the poetry. She sang tunes like happy and melancholic whatever situation of the surroundings. It was clear from the above statement that she was one of the prolific poetess of Kashmir.

Vatsun is near the Kashmiri folk tradition and is, in this way, extremely well known. Previously, it was transmitted orally from age to age. There are event particular Vatsun identified with different services, for example, labor, entering in another home, first hair style of a youngster and so on. For a Hindu wedding, there would be particular Vatsun for home enrichment and different religious capacities.

Habba Khatoon built up the 'Lol-lyric' to its flawlessness and utilized the local style with wonderful determination for its melodic impact. Verses went to her normally from early childhood her second husband, Yousuf Shah fell prey to political interest and was dismissed and detained in Bihar. The division and mortification was terrible for Habba Khatoon. She sang strong verses portraying her throbs of detachment and dejection. Her sad 'Lols' have a bizarre suddenness and extraordinary straightforwardness of word usage.

The 'Lol-lyrics' of Habba Khatoon, and her successor, Arnimaal, make due right up to the present time, sung to the backup of 'saz' and 'santoor', 'nout' and 'tumbakhnari', melodic instruments which the

Kashmiri artists have made their own. Indeed, even ignorant peasants in the remotest corners of the Valley sing Habba Khatoon's verses profound articulations of the delights and throbs of love and the distress of misfortune and loss.

Habba Khatoon was hopeless and woebegone and her concealed misery poured forward through titillating tunes of the 'Lol' genre which accomplished its pinnacle in her chance. She is in reality the author of the verse of romantic love in Kashmiri. Once more, she guaranteed congruity of the flood of Kashmiri verse began once again two hundred years sooner by Lal Ded and Nund Reshi, in this way giving it a new rent of life and energy. The maxims, allegories and pictures utilized by her are still crisp and current today.

Habba Khatoon, as a queen, has positively no importance. She is known and loved for her lyrics. We recognize that she was one of the sweetest and the most unconstrained artists of the Kashmiri dialect. She composed verses which can be viewed as awesome diamonds of Kashmiri writing and in that her virtuoso celebrates. Her poems have all the fundamental components that go to make a genuine verse extraordinary and distinctive enthusiasm, stunning verbal tune and immediacy of articulation. They have such reckless straightforwardness and forsake such indefinable and beguiling sweetness about them that they send an unusual, yet delightful, excite through us. She is the herald of realism and romanticism in Kashmir.

She showed up on the scene when artists were relied upon to sing the adoration for God; however she sang of human love. Upto her chance the Kashmiri verse was principally worried about godliness and was surcharged with mysticism. She brought outside air into it when she sang

of commonplace natural love. This affection was the root and premise of her temperament. She does not regard of adoration as a supernatural enthusiasm or as a spiritualist blending of sense and soul nor is she immersed in general, theoretical and perfect love. She sings of her own substantive love. She fills the role of a sweetheart and her whole state of mind is that of a devotee. In a few lyrics she howls for long pausing, in some she communicates the anguish of partition and in others the desire and elation of her beloveds visit. In a portion of the songs she hurls allegations at him for being irregular or detached. These songs have unequivocal quality, straightforwardness and a delicate strength of feeling.

You took my heart and fled  
Without a warning, stealthily  
Come, Love, O come to me  
Come friend, let us in the prime of youth  
gather jasmine while we may  
He who departs does not return  
I wish you well; then why delay?  
Come, Love, O come to me. (Kaul 1968: 188-189)

Though in her poetry, there is sometimes found a sprinkling of sensuous gaiety, yet we don't find any portrayal or description of sexual emotion or improvising sentimental conceits around the sensuous themes. Hassan, the historian, says that:

Yousuf Shah Chak, in the company of his lovely wife, Habba Khatoon making the most of his days and evenings in beautiful knolls, joy gardens and delightful spots, as Gulmarg, Sonamarg, Ahribal and Achabal. Infact, the extravagance and cheerful existence of Yousuf Shah

has turned out to be world renowned. In none of her verses we discover the statement of this blissful life, mirth of her heart and the brilliant days. In them we do discover romanticism however no attractive untrustworthiness exudes from her lines.

She is just fixated on one thought and one subject that is, commitment to her lover and lack of interest, if not disloyalty, on his part. She loans herself to the feelings of the dismalness of life. Her own initial disappointment in marriage and afterward her romantic tale demonstrated a noteworthy factor as far as she can tell and in her verse. Henceforth in her lyrics she revered her own loathe and love and impact of that intense feeling was great to the point that ignorant of anything she gave it an open articulation of her poems. Indeed, even as a ruler, she is by all accounts frequented by a reasonable that Yousuf Shah may spurn her whenever, especially when her Rose of Youth would fade and fall. Her lyrics are brimming with torment and distress, dissatisfaction and yearning, urgency and bafflement. The note of discouragement, found in her lyrics elevates their magnificence and blends the tenderest harmonies of the human heart. Her steady pre-occupation with her ignoble life and verse loaded with feeling do not discourage or impress us, for she does not skeptically cry. In her verses, loaded with torment, we perceive an undercurrent of world-exhaustion and feel that the issue of malicious and enduring is general. We are aware of the thought,

“Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes  
Or new love pine at them beyond tomorrow.”  
(Kalla 1985: 203)

The excellence of her lyrics is preferably a matter of feeling than investigation. Her poems can be effectively sung or set to music. She

utilizes standard yet well suited words, where in sound echoes the sense. She did not take a shot at her verses however breathed out them as a bloom breathes out aroma. Rhythm came us normally to her as relaxing. No impacts can be followed in her poems. Wherefrom she learnt the procedure or who showed her the prosody, is a mystery. She appears to weave rhymes and rhythms with an intuitive ease.

Habba Khatoon's verse scarcely demonstrates any hint of the impact of supernatural quality which her relentless antecedents Lal Ded and Nund Reshi typify. Lal Ded and Nund Reshi were basically holy people and needed to bestow guideline to their contemporaries. Their message was framed in verse. Habba Khatoon's own particular contemporary Khwaja Habib-ullah Nowshehri likewise was a 'sufi' spiritualist and poet. Mystic poets have kept on being hurled right up till today from the soil of Kashmir which has been referred to from antiquated circumstances as the 'garden of the rishis'. Kashmiri mystic verse of the customary assortment underscores the prevalence of soul over the substance, temporariness of life and vanity of human wishes. It additionally rebukes fraud and self-centeredness. It accentuates unity of all life, interminable realities and enduring esteems which, it is stated, get happiness as well as result bliss and satisfaction. The individual soul looks to understand its solidarity with the all inclusive soul. Aside from this, poets drop an indication all over of individual mystic encounters. Its symbolism and illustration are impossible to miss to the class. All through the ages spiritualist verse has profoundly awed extensive numbers particularly those over-whelmed with distress and wretchedness.

The encounters of everyday physical presence of affection and desire, distress and dissatisfaction, were maybe not significant to the standard the poet-saints set. What number of could embarrass the

substance as the saints had done? Furthermore, there was much dishonest talk by the individuals who openly swore by the sacredness of the lessons of the saint poets yet in their homes were given to an existence of liberality.

It does extraordinary credit to Habba Khatoon that she did not give her significant enthusiastic connection a chance to be overpowered by the current mystic pattern in poetical arrangement, particularly when she could discover a safe house under it in her days of tribulation. She set out with all earnestness on a strong new way, wide and unceasing. It might be said her voice was the voice of human identity which was quick to re-set up its poise and self-assurance. She could not absolutely get away from the exhortations anticipating the temporariness of human presence and the sermons educating embarrassment concerning tissue. Truth be told in making one out of her verses ‘Gindaney Draayas’ she herself appears to have been affected by the oft-rehashed subject of prevalent spiritualist verse underlining that the net consequence of our narrow minded endeavoring in a vaporous world is nullity. Be that as it may, clearly she adored existence with every one of its hardships not a couple of which tumbled to her parcel and which she endured with persistence tempered once in a while with acquiescence. Singing of distress, misfortune or torment she was the primary genuine humanist and common writer in the language with no different suggestions. This chattering of Habba Khatoon under her exceptional impulses and with her own particular confinements made the ensemble of romantic poetry running one next to the other with mystic verse till it surpassed and outshone it.

Verse being subjective in nature, it is not shocking that Habba Khatoon has left the awe of her own uniqueness on the songs she sang without breaking a tune. Her materials in words emotions genuine and

true with a remarkable openness, artists have regularly taken sanctuary under different articles: a songbird, a skylark, a tiger, a fireplace sweeper and so on to express their enthusiastic upsurge emblematically. Inferable from reality of her experience and the earnestness of her sentiments Habba Khatoon does not feel the need of falling back on such imagery yet offers tongue to her agony and distress with an immediacy that is uncommon. Energy is in any case, tempered with limitation. In many songs she keeps on reminding the ‘callous’ and the ‘faithless’ beloved of her sufferings and her expression is saturated with tenderness which is normal the situation being what it is.

It must, in any case, be conceded that her tunes show a variety of a similar topic, specifically unfulfilled love or strings of division from the loved one. Poetry, romantic or something else, is boundless in range, force and profundity and has the entire array of human feelings and encounters to practice upon. Despite this Habba Khatoon harps upon for all intents and purposes a similar topic however with a crisp approach and symbolism. Each verse of hers is a call to the beloved to make a positive reaction to her love and longing. It appears she sees herself as more eagerly as a lover than as a poetess. In result she is endlessly fixated on the desire to search him out whether amidst blooms or dumbfounded and waylaid by her adversary.

Who among my rivals, Love, has beguiled you?

Why have you started loathing me? (Sadhu 2017: 33)

In this regard she is nearer her better-known senior contemporary Mira Bai of Rajasthan though there is a qualitative difference.

“The poetry of Mira is measured, especially in comparison with what her great contemporaries Sudas and Tulsi produced. Her theme is her absolute love, dedication and

surrender to her Girdhar Gopal in which alone she finds the fulfillment of her life.” (Sadhu 2017:44)

Habba Khatoon’s verses portray her as a lover utilizing every one of her forces of influence, her urgencies and blandishments to summon an ideal reaction from her beloved, a mortal of fragile living creature and blood.

Your radiance dispels all gloom  
Won’t you come to me, just once? (Raina 2003: 51)

As prior, this yearning for her beloved is rehashed with minor varieties in the surviving poems ascribed to her. The main verse which does not fit in with this subject completely is the one entitled;

Gindaney draayas toory gayesae rasith  
dohdari yaamat loosith gom  
I left home for play but could not return  
till the day ended and the sun set. (Kaul 1996: 58-59)

Her verses are minimal with the force of feeling at her division from the question of her reverence. She is sure that he appreciates dalliance with other woman yet she, the perfect lover, does not give intensity or contempt a chance to enter her heart against him. There is a throw at the individuals who traduce her:

“Would that they suffered agony as deep as mine, but for her lover the farthest she goes is in the line: That simpleton lent his ear to my traducers.” (Sadhu 2017: 45)

This is, in a way, a total surrender to the person she loves and is prepared to forgive all his faults.

One checked characteristic for these love songs of Habba Khatoon is that they are nursed on the throbs of division. She does not depict the delight of affection in its satisfaction. Aside from a concise time of about a year, she carried on with an extremely glad life for 10 years and a half as the consort of Yousuf Shah Chak and was the beneficiary of respect, love and worship, being the cynosure of everyone's eyes. There is no sign in any of her verses of the bliss she undoubtedly delighted in. Who among her previous traducers could not have felt envious of the worship she accomplished, the extravagance that came her direction and the respect she claimed from the cream among the world class? Be that as it may, this greatness appears to have neglected to rouse her to create a solitary tune delineating her passionate state. It could not be that she was extremely not glad on a basic level. There are additionally a few songs composed likely amid the time of Yousuf's virtual outcast from Kashmir when he was an evacuee at the court of Akbar in desire of military help to him. These poems of partition and distress depict her emotions earnestly.

me kary mas poshan dastai

kar yiyam baali baala yaar

daadi tahande dil gom khastai

kar yiyam baali baala yaar.

How many a posy have I made,

A maiden waiting for her love!

Torn from him, I waste away.

O, when will I see him again? (Raina 2003: 54-55)

She looks for the beloved in torment and searches for affliction in the beloved and admits that torment and distress adhere to her like a wet material. Satisfaction in love and association do not interest her on the grounds that such an enthusiastic stage in life implies maturing and

dormancy. She is therefore related to the poetry of distress and torment. I have so far not possessed the capacity to recount the last verse of torment and enduring.

While her lyrics proclaim her deep emotional attachment and love for the beloved, Habba Khatoon has not cared to let the outsider have a glimpse of the beauty of his form, his appearance and personality. Poets have loved to share their delight in the captivating appearance of the beloved with their readers: his complexion, his stature, his large eyes, sharp nose, broad shoulders and powerful arms. While a lyric does not offer scope for such a detailed portraiture as for instance, an epic, a narrative or a romance, poets attain this end by making a passing reference occasionally and seek thereby to heighten the emotional effect. Habba Khatoon makes a few brief references to her own appearance with the aid of such fleeting touches: pomegranate flowers, almond eyes, jasmine flowers, basil, argentine skin, but on the whole does not apprehend the external forms either in shape or colour. Probably she has made only two references to the appearance of the beloved: that he has a manly neck and that he has the complexion of Yousuf. One could say that she sought her way to the heart of the beloved instead of being held up by the detail of her outer form.

Me kary tsey kity poshi dasvaanai

Chaav myaany daanai posh.

I've made posies for you, my love.

Enjoy my pomegranate blossoms! (Raina 2003: 48-49)

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