



BHORER SHISHIR

(The morning dew)

[A collection of children rhymes & poems]

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MORNING DEW

When the dear sun opens his eyes
With the singing of birds,
In the yellow mustard fields
Plays the morning dew.

As if countless gems and jewels
Smile around their necks,
Seeing these bees crowd
In large numbers.

With the coming of the sweet air
Starts the play of the sunrays,
Down drops the morning dew
And ends their playing.

LOOK IT DANCES

Munmuni, you will hear
Buzzing of the bees,
My darling
Mine of diamond,
I shall buy you `Jhumjhum`

Why are you sensitive?
Let's hear the parrot's song
Look `Tuntuni` is dancing
On the branch of `Sojney` plant
To the tune of the wind.

* (`Jhumjhum` ...a kind of plaything
`Tuntuni` a kind of bird
`Sajney` a kind of vegetable plant.)

SWEET CHILDREN

(To all the tender & unreasonable children of Bangladesh)

That house is full of sorrow
Where there is now sweet baby,
The mind remains as dry as a dry river
And a dry sand-bank.

Flowers do not blossom in the garden
Glow worms do not play,
Sea-gulls do not spread wings
In search of fish.

With the coming of sweet baby
Dark clouds disappear,
Gardens are filled with flowers
Glow worms play with wild joy.

Filling the garden of darkness
Smiles the moon,
O darling sweet babies
We love you so much.

RELATIONS AT THE NEW HOUSE

Coloured raft of seven 'Faguns'
Came near the shore in the afternoon,
Relations of the new house
Came as passengers of that raft;
The wild birds were so glad
They twittered in extreme joy,
The rains started dancing on the roof
With 'Ghunghur' in their ankle.

('Fagun' - the name of a month in Bengali Calendar)

'Ghunghur' - string of small bells worn round the ankle.)

LIST OF SIX SEASONS

(My respected teacher prof. Helaluddin Ahmed)

In summer nadee will eat
Sour, pungent and sweet eatables,
In the rains she will take fried rice
While it will be raining.

At the end of Autumn
Will be made the rest of her list;
After taking 'Talbora'
She will look for late Autumn.

In bamboo made container
She will preserve autumnal paddy
In the winter season
Home made cakes are so tasty!

On the forehead of the doll
She will put a bit of tinsel
In the Spring
She will give the doll in marriage.

In this way she completes
The list of six seasons
And rests in sleep
To the tune of swallow's song.

('Talbora' - a kind of tasty eatable.)

MOON'S GRANDSON

(Respected Dr. Ashraf Siddiqui)

Rain-drenched `Shaon` `Bhador`
Who spreads the umbrella?
- The frog's grandson.

Who kindles the lamp
On the bank of the ditch at night?
- The gold-faced frog's grandson.

Who adorns the night
Across the canal with numerous stars?
- The glow worm's grandson.

Who is wild with joy
On the branches of the old banyan tree?
- The evil spirit's grandson.

Who keeps company with the wild cat
When it takes away the hen?
- The fox's grandson.

Who cried in the cane bush
Throughout the last night?
- The blue gallinule's grandson.

When all have their grand fathers,
Where is my grand father?
Whom shall I call my female friend?

The moon in that sky
Is your grand father and female friend,
Now open your book.

(`Shaon`, `Bhador` - Name of months in Bengali Calendar.)

CRANES' PICNIC

Cranes decided that they would go on a picnic
And catch small fish in swamps together,
Before the rising of the laughing sun
The would assemble at 'Chormasa'.

Swallows were asked to sing in picnic,
Singing they would openheartedly bathe in the river water.

Green pigeons would be dancing there
Music of various kinds would also be played.

Picnic started with the catch of various fish
They began to perform 'Munipuri' dance
They engaged themselves in cooking
Some became cooks and others kept vigilance.

Their plumes adorned the surroundings
The woodland was illuminated with different lights,
There were fish and mixed fish of fish heads on everybody's plate,
Songs of swallows pervaded the picnic spot.

Tempted by smell the fox's uncle came running
And said Brother would you take 'Lachcha'?
Ah, what a honeyed taste of 'lachcha'
To take it without you would be an offence.

I did not find you after much searching
Never did I take food without guests,
Lachcha's smell drew all to the spot
Picnic came under the control of the fox.

RAIN IN THE SUN

(Respected poet Asad Chowdhury)

The sunrays play across the sky
How sweet is the air,
On the roof of the house
Dances rain in rhythmic sound!

Rain in the sun
The creation of the angels.

When the sun laughs,
And it it rains
Just at that time
The rainbow will smile beside them.

Lubna and Zekra think
But they get no clue,
It will rain in the sun
What an unnatural thing!

Grand father says: You are fools
And so thinking in vain,
Marriage of the fox is being solemnized
Under the `hogla' leaves.

So it rains in the sun
And creates the rainbow.

On such a day the best thing
Is the rhythms of rhymes,
Compose them in large numbers
And put into them the smell of `Kodom' flowers.

RHYME OF THE WINTER

Bathing in icy water
Comes hair-pinching air,
The naked baby cries
In biting cold.

Ill-fed and ill-clad they live somehow
They toil as carriers of brick dust
Alas, the dark cloud of sorrow
Has blackened their life.

We who use wrapper and mattress
And live in comfort
And everyday wear new dress
Spend days in luxury.

Let us donate some clothes
To these distressed kiddies
And relive their sufferings
Giving them a little food.

ECCENTRIC GIRL AMBIA

(Rhymer friend Ashraful Mannan)

An eccentric girl Ambia
Was born at Mahatpur
Her brothers and relations
Have all gone to Saudi or Zambia.

She is unwilling to go abroad
She will be living at her village
In the soil of her own country
She will remember Allah and prophet.

All have gone to foreign countries
Only Ambia stays behind
She does not like
Saudi or Zambia.

TIDAL BORE'91

Washed away in the tidal bore
Lacs of happy houses,
Alas, many dear children
Floated on the water.

Also floated birds and beasts
And their father and mother,
Nobody could resist
The talon of the tidal bore.

Alas, the cruel storm
Was like the terrible doomsday,
Snatching away lacs of souls,
It made the sand-bank desolate.

STORM AT SATURIA'89

On that afternoon Saturaia
Was lashed by storm,
Trees were smashed
And houses were
blown away,

Just at that moment many children
Were playing in the playground
Forgetting all their
Sorrows and sufferings.

But the storm struck them down
They were mortally wounded,
They were lost forever
Leaving behind the land of lacs of birds.

A TALE OF HISTORY

(1)

I shall speak very little,
Listen, I am telling,
The true story of history.

What was not there in Bangladesh?
There were the flute of dream and happiness
And the speeches of truth
And the reign of Shaista Khan.

Do you know what was available?
Eight maunds of rice for one taka,
Moslin was there in Dhaka
And ten tins of pure ghee from cow's milk
Would cost only Taka ten.

A TALE OF HISTORY

(2)

What is the price of a chair?
All will say two or three hundred taka
But as that was a king's chair
The price was very high!

Gold, silver, diamond were used
In making that chair
That could spread wings to the sky
If that was the desire!

Nineteen crore taka was spent
In the making of that chair!
Sitting in that chair
The (emperor) ruled Delhi and Dhaka!

Moghal emperor - great emperor
Shahjahan's seat was that
Do you know the name of that seat?
That was the Peacock Throne!

A TALE OF HISTORY (3)
(Genesis of the name Chandpur)

(Two respected Teachers-Feroj miah & jibon Kanai Chakraborty)

A begging friar and perfect was he
And he was saint Chand Shah
The river *Dakatia was flowing gently beside him.

The news of his advent
Spread to the remote places,
His spiritual devotion
Was endowed with perfection.

The people who opposed him
In his mission of preaching
Embraced islam
And became his staunch followers.

Tilling the soil of spirituality
The saint dropped down in the midway
*Bokul flowers scatter
Their fragrance in abundance,
Around the mouth of the river
Hangs the bright moon,
The name Chandpur
Came from that saint.

*Dakatia= name of a river
*Bokul= a kind of flower

IN NINETEEN SEVENTY ONE

On the silent night of nineteen seventy one
When all were asleep
Came on the air sky-rending sound
Of canons and bombs,
The sound of cry came along,
The gigantic Khan soldiers
Struck on the Bangalies.

They wanted to reduce all to dust
And smash all under their boots
They wanted to put out
The light of hope of the Bangalis
And suck the blood of
Three million Bangalis.

Seeing this fishermen, blacksmiths
Porters and dauntless boys grew furious
With iron bars and harpoons
They struck them back.

They obeyed and knew their mother
The made their country free.

POET NAZRUL

Observe the nature of the dare-devil boy
He wanted to be a winner in all spheres
He never followed or imitated anybody
He wrote to exert the rights of the people.

He would make a great noise over a young swallow-
Where did it fly from here?
With joy he would throw brick pieces at the neighbour's black berry tree
He would strike a blow on the complainant's nose.

A truant boy he would jump with mirth
Everyday he would cause tremor in the village,
Singing he became master of the 'Leto' troupe
All said the scoundrel had gone to dogs.

Joining the regiment he visited many countries
Day and night he would remain busy writing,
His poems blazed like the sunrays
By songs and poems he would terrify the foes.

After the publication of those songs and poems
The exploiters found themselves in an inconvenient position.
His enemies sent him to jail
But he was not scared by the spear of death.
Chrulia village in Bardwan district
A famous name in the history of literature,
The nightingale of that green land
Lover of man, great poet Nazrul.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

That boy was born
In the family of a landlord,
In the morning and evening
He would play riding a living horse.

Prompted by sheer whim
One day he wrote on the wall-
“Jal porey, pata noray”
(Water falls, leaves move).

That was his first composition
Steadily he made his mark
At last he became the master
Of all the poets.

The poet's matchless verses
Awakened the people of the world
Writing Gitanjali
He won the Nobel Prize.

He is known to all of us
He is acquainted with all,
Rabindranath Tagore is his name
His presence is felt by all.

I REMEMBER YOU

(Prematurely dead rhymers Bapi Shahriar)

Bapi, my heart
Aches for you,
Bees do not buzz
Around 'Jui' 'Chameli' flowers.

Nightingales have stopped singing
In the garden,
To what unknown world did you fly
Leaving behind all?

You composed excellent rhymes
With your uncommon pen,
How do I forget you
How do I forget you?

('Jui', 'Chameli' = Name of flowers)

RETURN OF FAGUN

Came back Fagun
Look, look, there is fire in Krishnachura!
Blood-soaked 'Shimul' 'Palash' & 'Joba'
Have met in a condolence meeting.

This blood belonged to those
Who were hit by bullets for loving their mother tongue.

With the coming of Fagun
We remember those Martyrs
With deep love-
The cuckoos go on singing 'kuhu kuhu.'

SONG OF RED FLOWER

Chhandamoni, can you tell
Why are 'Palash' & 'Joba' red?
Why are the branches of Krishnachura
Besmeared with blotches of blood?

Don't you know the answer?
Then listen with attention-
In that month the dear sons
Sacrificed their lives for language
And fell dead on the ground -
Mother tongue was enlivened,
Soaked in blood of those sons
Came the song of the red flowers.

('Palash', 'Joba' = Names of flowers)

INTRODUCTION

Small village long name Tarpurchandi
On the border stands Ghoramara field.
To the north is the railway, to the south the river
Dhakatia is flowing incessantly.

All the villages to the east look like green pictures
To the west is Chandpur appearing like love-sick woman,
The Meghna assaults her on the bosom
Incense of pain burns all the time.

At a little distance from the town
Our village resounds with sweet songs of birds
Doves and swallows sing a dawn and dusk
All night dance the glow-worms and shout the foxes.

On 2nd October, nineteen fifty eight I was born
In nineteen sixty four I could identify 'Shapla' 'Shaluk' 'Pui';
Father passed away after two years
Causing pain in my tender bosom.

Millions of children reside in my aching bosom
I go on composing rhymes for them
The rhymes will always be diffusing the fragrance of `Bakul`
This is my satisfaction my life's glory.

If I win the pretty minds of the children
I shall be known as the Rhymer.
Long ago was published `Kichirmichir`
This time I appear with `bhorer Shishir`
I produce `Palalsh` in the barren desert
I stay in the thorny land of struggle
Away from my country I am homeless
A nomad I am Dewan Baset.

Bakul = a kind of flower
Palash= a kind of flower



Dewan Abdul Baset a renowned name in the world of Bengali Rhymes and poems, short story, play write and novels, is living in Riyadh, Kingdom of Saudi Arabia now. `Kichirmichir` a collection of rhymes published in last decade and `Bhorer Shishir` `Bristi ke chithi` `Pakheer Raja Finggay, larrai, Deshjonotaar Chara, (Rhymes) `Reziader Upakhkhan`, `Kach bhangar sobdo`, (short stories) in the last year. He is the editor of the `Marupalash` `RupasheeChandpur` & Mohona a bengali literary magazines published from KSA.

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The End