



HIMALAYA, the Journal of the Association for Nepal and Himalayan Studies

Volume 3
Number 3 *Himalayan Research Bulletin, Fall*
1983

Article 9

Fall 1983

Correspondence and Commentary

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Recommended Citation

. 1983. Correspondence and Commentary. *HIMALAYA* 3(3).

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VI. CORRESPONDANCE AND COMMENTARY

Correspondant David Seddon of the University of East Anglia has sent us the following song translation. It was composed circa 1971 and recorded in 1974, in Lamachaur near Pokhara.

I have forsaken my house work
because of my lover;
The rain is raining and the wind is blowing,
but where is my hard-hearted lover?

The barley furrow remains unsown;
do not worry, my lover, for I have never forgotten.
The rain is raining and the wind is blowing,
but where is my lover?

The rice fields near the lake are good.
You know, my lover, my goth is at Rayale?
The bees are flying around the flower, only for the nectar;
I too am circling around, only for love.
The rain is raining and the wind is blowing,
but where is my lover?

The Chinese foreigners have come;
after digging up the rice fields, there is nothing left.
Little leaves are for chewing tobacco;
the motor vehicles are Indian and the road Chinese.

Look, brother, in the mirror at the straight tika on your forehead.
The Chinese are overseeing the Nepalese workers.
Little leaf-shoots are for chewing tobacco.

The mynahs say 'Ram'; at Damauli the Chinese have built a bridge.
Little leaf-shoots are for chewing tobacco.

On the chautara is a single rose blossom;
Why did you touch the blossom before it flowered?
Teralene is a fibre, and the taxi driver is an old man.

Give me just a little love, my treacherous lover;
I have written this in my heart (liver):
The rain is raining and the wind is blowing,
but where is my lover?

Say that the unripe tobacco leaf is green;
when my love dries up it will be like chewing tobacco.
Why do I love you if not for a lifetime?
A ring has a stone, but your love goes
like a diesel-motor.