

bollyWHAT?: making Bollywood accessible to fans everywhere and who!

DIL SE - THE LYRICS



1. Chaiyya Chaiyya
2. Jiya Jale Jaan Jale
3. Dil Se Re
4. Ae Ajnabi
5. Satrangi Re

CHAIYYA CHAIYYA

Chorus:

jinke sar ho ishq kii chha.nh
pao.n ke niiche jannat hogi
jinke sar ho ishq ki chha.nh
chal chhaiyya
pao.n jannat chale chal chhaiyyan

*He whose head is in the shadow of love
will have heaven beneath his feet.
Whose head is in the shadow of love...
Walk in the shadow.
Walk in heaven, walk in the shadow.*

vo yaar hai jo khushbuu kii tarah
jiskii zabaan Urdu kii tarah
merii shaam raat merii qinaat
vo yaar mera saiyya saiyya

*There's a friend who is like a sweet
fragrance,
whose words are like poetry (lit. Urdu, the
language of poetry),
who is my evening, my night, my existence.
That friend is my beloved!*

Chorus

gulposh kabhii itarae kahii.n
mahake to nazar aa jaa'e kahii.n
taawiiz banake pahanuu.n use
aayat kii tarah mil jaaye kahin
mera nagama vahii.n mera qalama

*Sometimes (my beloved) flirts like a flower,
so fragrantly that you may see her scent.
Having made it into an charm, I will wear it.
She shall be obtained as a miracle is
obtained.
She is my song, my declaration of faith
(kalama: the Muslim confession of faith, as in,*

vahii.n *"la ilaaha il allaah" - "there is no God but Allah").*

(vo yaar hai jo imaam ki tarah) *(My friend is like a priest to me.)*

mera nagama nagama mera qalama *My song... my declaration of faith...*

qalama *She moves like the dew.*

yaar misale.n os chale *She walks with the garden of heaven beneath her feet,*

paon ke tale phirdaus chale *sometimes through the branches, sometimes amidst the leaves.*

kabhii Daal Daal kabhii paat paat *I shall search the wind for her trail!*

mai.n hawa pe DHuu.nDHuu.n us ke nishaan

Chorus

mai.n uske ruup ka sedaaii *I trade in her beauty.*

vo dhuup chhaa.nho.n sa harjaaii *Fickle, she flits shamelessly from sun to shade.*

vo shokh ra.ng badalta hai *She changes her bright colors;*

mai.n ra.ng ruup ka saudaaii *I negotiate that as well.*

Chorus

JIYA JALE JAAN JALE

jiya jale jaan jale *Let life burn, let my spirit burn!*

naino.n tale *Beneath my eyes*

dhuaa.n chale dhuaa.n chale *the smoke rises, the smoke rises.*

punjirithanji konjikko munthiri muththoli *Smile and pour forth your innocent, grape-sweet talk,*

chindhikko *colorful, lovely baby....*

vanjani varna chundhari vaavae *Oh, dancing golden moonbeam,*

thaanginnakkath thakadhimiyaadum *oh, you are a golden anklet, a singing bird,*

thanganilaavae hoi *a dancing peacock!*

thanga kolusallae kurugum kuyilallae *You are a golden anklet, a singing bird, a dancing peacock!*

maarana mayilallae hoi

thanga kolusallae kurugum kuyilallae

maarana mayilallae

CHORUS:

jiya jale jaan jale *Let life burn, let my spirit burn!*

naino.n tale *Beneath my eyes*

dhuaa.n chale dhuaa.n chale *the smoke rises, the smoke rises.*

raat bhar dhuaa.n chale

jaanuu.n na jaanuu.n na jaanuu.n na
jaanuu.n na sakhe ri
jiya jale jaan jale

naino.n tale

dhuaa.n chale dhuaa.n chale

raat bhar dhuaa.n chale

jaanuu.n na jaanuu.n na jaanuu.n na
jaanuu.n na sakhe ri

dekhte hai.n tan mera man me.n chubhti
hai nazar...

ho.nTH sil jaate unke narm ho.nTo.n se
magar

ginti rahatii huu.n mai.n apni karvaTo.n
ke silasile

kya karuu.n

kaise kahuu.n

raat kab kaise dhale

Chorus

he kuruvaani kiliyae ... kuruvaani kiliyae

kukkuru kurukuru koovik kurugik
kunnimanaththai

ooyal aadi kooduvagukkik koottu
vilikkunnae

maaran ninnaik koogik kurugik koottu
vilikkunnae

kukkuru kurukuru koovik kurugik
kunnimanaththai

ooyal aadi kooduvagukkik koottu
vilikkunnae

maaran ninnaik koogik kurugik koottu
vilikkunnae

thanga kolusallae kurugum kuyilallae
maarana mayilallae hoi

thanga kolusallae kurugum kuyilallae
maarana mayilallae hoi

a.ng a.ng me.n jalti hai dard ki
chingaariya.n

masale phuulo.n ki mahak me.n titliyo.n
ki kyaariya.n

raat bhar bechaari meh.ndii pistii hai
pairo.n tale

kya karuu.n

All night long the smoke rises.

*I don't know, don't know, don't know, my
friend!*

Let life burn, let my spirit burn!

Beneath my eyes

the smoke rises, the smoke rises.

All night long the smoke rises.

*I don't know, don't know, don't know, my
friend!*

*He looks at my body; his gaze spears into
my mind...*

My lips are sewn together by his soft lips,

*I count the number of times I turn over in
restlessness*

What shall I do?

What shall I say?

How shall this night be passed?

Oh, sweet-voiced, beloved bird,

you sing "Kurukuru" like a dove,

*dancing and swinging on the tree, calling
for your mate.*

*With the sound of a dove, your mate is
calling you to his company.*

You sing "Kurukuru" like a dove,

*dancing and swinging on the tree, calling
for your mate.*

*With the sound of a dove, your mate is
calling you to his company.*

*Oh, you are a golden anklet, a singing bird,
a dancing peacock;*

*you are a golden anklet, a singing bird, a
dancing peacock!*

Every limb burns with the pain of sparks,

*the scent of crushed flowers in the beds of
butterflies.*

*All night long the poor henna is ground
beneath feet.*

What shall I do?

kaise kahuu.n
 raat kab kaise dhale
 Chorus

*What shall I say?
 How shall this night be passed?*

DIL SE RE

ik suraj nikla tha
 kuchh paara pighala tha
 ek aandhi aa'ii thii
 jab dil se aa niklii thii
 dil se re

*The sun had come out;
 the temperature had dropped.
 A whirlwind kicked up
 just as a cry shot forth from the heart,
 from the heart.*

CHORUS:

dil to aakhir dil hai na
 miiTHii sii mushkil hai na
 piya piya piya na piya
 jiya jiya jiya na jiya
 dil se re

*After all, a heart is only a heart;
 it's a sweet hardship.
 Beloved...
 Life itself...
 from the heart*

vo patte patjhaD ke peDo.n se utare the
 peDo.n kii shaakho.n se utare the
 phir utne mausam guzare
 vo patte do bechare
 phir ugane ki chaahat me.n
 vo saharo.n se guzare
 vo patte dil dil dil the
 vo dil the dil dil dil the
 dil hai to phir dard hoga
 dard hai to dil bhi hoga
 mausam guzarte hi rahate hai
 dil hai to phir dard hoga
 dard hai to dil bhi hoga
 mausam guzarte hi rahate hai
 dil se
 Chorus
 ba.ndhan hai.n rishto.n mein

*Two fall leaves fell from the trees,
 from the tree branches they fell.
 The seasons passed,
 and those two poor leaves,
 in their desire to rise (sprout),
 passed over the desert.
 Those leaves were our hearts...
 They were our hearts...
 If you have a heart, you'll know pain in
 your lifetime,
 and if you feel pain, it will be because you
 have a heart.
 The seasons keep passing.
 If you have a heart, you'll know pain in
 your lifetime,
 and if you feel pain, it will be because you
 have a heart.
 The seasons keep passing
 through my heart.
 There are restrictions within
 relationships,*

kaa.nTo.n kii taare.n hai.n
 patthar ke darwaaze diiwaare.n
 bele.n phir bhi ugatii hai.n
 aur gunche bhi khilte hai
 aur chalte hai afaane
 kirdar bhi milte hai
 vo rishte dil dil dil the
 vo dil the dil dil dil the
 gam dil ke paksh chulbule.n hai.n
 paani ke ye bulbule hai
 bhujhte hai bante rehte hai
 gam dil ke paksh chulbule.n hai.n
 paani ke ye bulbule hai
 bhujhte hai bante rehte hai
 dil se dil se dil se re
 Chorus

*chains of thorns,
 doors and walls of stone.
 But even so, the leaves take root,
 and even so, their buds bloom
 and their romance succeeds.
 The characters in the story meet,
 and their bonds are of the heart,
 they are of the heart...
 The heart's miseries are fleeting.
 Like bubbles of water
 they're extinguished, and then they form
 again,
 The heart's miseries are fleeting.
 Like bubbles of water
 they're extinguished, and then they form
 again,
 from the heart....*

AE AJNABI

paakhi paakhi pardesi

Wandering bird...

Chorus:

e ajnabi tu bhi kabhii awaaz de kahii.n se
 mai.n yahaa.n TukDo me.n jii raha huu.n
 tuu kahii.n TukDo.n me.n jii rahii hai

*Hey stranger, you're calling out from
 somewhere too.
 I'm living here in pieces --
 somewhere you're living in pieces, too.*

roz roz resham sii hava aate-jaate kahatii
 hai bata

*Each day, as it comes and goes, the silken
 wind says, "Tell me!"*

resham si hava kahatii hai bata

The silken wind says, "Tell me!"

vo jo duudh dhulii maasuum kalii

*The one who is like a pale, innocent
 flowerbud --*

vo hai kahaa.n kahaa.n hai

that girl, where, where is she?

vo roshanii kahaa.n hai

Where is her light?

vo jaan si kahaa.n hai

The one who is my very life - where is she?

mai.n adhura tuu adhuri jii rahii hai

*I am incomplete, and you're only half-
 alive.*

Chorus

paakhi paakhi pardesi
 tuu to nahii.n hai lekin terii muskaraahaT
 hai
 chehara kahii.n nahii.n hai par terii
 aahaTe.n hai
 tuu hai kahaa.n kahaa.n hai
 tera nishaan kahaa.n hai
 mera jahaa.n kahaa.n hai
 mai.n adhura tu adhuri jii rahii hai

Distant bird...
You're not here, but your smile is.
Your face is nowhere to be found, but the
sound of your footsteps are.
Where are you, where?
Where is there a sign of you,
where is my world?
I'm incomplete, and you're only half-alive.

Chorus

SATRANGI RE

Thanks to Ali in Karachi!

tuu hii tuu tuu hii tuu satara.ngii re
 tuu hii tuu tuu hii tuu manara.ngii re

You, only you, of the many colors...
You, only you, of the many-colored spirit...

Chorus:

dil ka saaya hamsaaya satara.ngii re
 manara.ngii re
 koi nuur hai tuu kyo.n duur hai tuu
 jab paas hai tuu ahasaas hai tuu satara.ngii
 re

The shadow on my heart is your many
colors, your many-colored spirit...
You're beautiful; why are you so distant?
When you are near, you are feeling itself,
many-colored one.

koi khwaab hai ya parchhaaii hai
 satra.ngii re satra.ngii re
 is baar bata mu.nhzor hawa THaharegii
 kahaa.n

Are you a dream, or a shadow? many
colored one...
Tell me now, when will this wild wind fall
still?

ishq par zor nahii.n hai ye vo aatish
 ghaalib

Love is an uncontrollable fire, o Ghalib!
(Ghalib: Urdu poet. This is a shair, or
verse, from one of his 'ghazals' -- a form of
poetry in which the poet often finds a way
to include his own name in the verse. The
verse is brilliant because 'gaalib' means
'overcoming' or 'triumphant,' so the line
could literally read, 'No one has control
over love; it is a 'gaalib,' or triumphant,
fire)

jo laga'e na lage aur bujhaa'e na bane

ishq par zor nahii.n hai ye vo aatish
ghaalib

aankho.n ne kuch aise chhuua

halka halka uns hua

dil ko ye mahasuus hua

tuu hii tuu tuu hii tuu jiine ki saarii
khushbuu

tuu hii tuu tuu hii tuu aarzuu aarzuu

terii jism kii aa.nch ko chuute hii

meri saa.ns sulagane lagatii hai

mujhe ishq dilaase deta hai

mere dard bilakane lagte hai

tuu hii tuu tuu hii tuu jeene ki saari
khushbuu

tuu hii tuu tuu hii tuu aarzuu aarzuu

chhuuti hai mujhe sargoshi se
aankho.n me.n ghulii khaamoshii se
mai.n farsh pe sajjaade karta huu.n
kuch hosh me.n kuch behoshii se
Chorus

terii raaho.n me.n ulajha ulajha huu.n

terii baaho.n me.n ulajha ulajha

sulajhaane de hosh mujhe

terii chaaho.n me.n uljha huu.n

mera jiina junuun mera marna junuun

ab iske siva na koi sakuun

tuu hii tuu tuu hii tu satara.ngii re

tuu hii tuu tuu hii tuu manara.ngii re

ishq par zor nahii.n hai ye vo aatish
ghaalib

jo lagaa'e na lage bhujaa'e na bhuje

ishq par zor nahii.n hai ye vo aatish
ghaalib

mujhe maut kii god me.n sone de

terii ruuh me.n jism Dubone de

satara.ngii re manara.ngii re

*It cannot be started on a whim, and cannot
be extinguished if you try*

Love is an uncontrollable fire, o Ghalib!

Her eyes touched me like so -

*lightly, lightly, and I was infatuated;
it filled my heart.*

*You, only you, you are all the sweetness of
living!*

You are my longing, my longing itself

The flame of your body

fires my breath;

desire urges me onward.

*My pain begins to understand its
purpose:*

*You, only you... You are all the sweetness
of living.*

*You, only you... You are my longing,
longing itself!*

*You touch me like a whisper,
your eyes softened by silence.*

*On the floor I make my prayers,
some conscious, some unconscious.*

*I am entangled in your ways,
entangled in your embrace.*

Let me disentangle my wits;

I am snared by your desires!

*I am possessed by living, possessed by
dying;*

save this, there is no peace.

You, only you,

you, only you, of the many-colored spirit...

Love is an uncontrollable fire, o Ghalib!

*It cannot be started on a whim, and cannot
be extinguished if you try*

Love is an uncontrollable fire, o Ghalib!

Let me sleep in the lap of death!

*Let me drown my body in your soul,
you of the many colors, of the many-
colored soul*

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