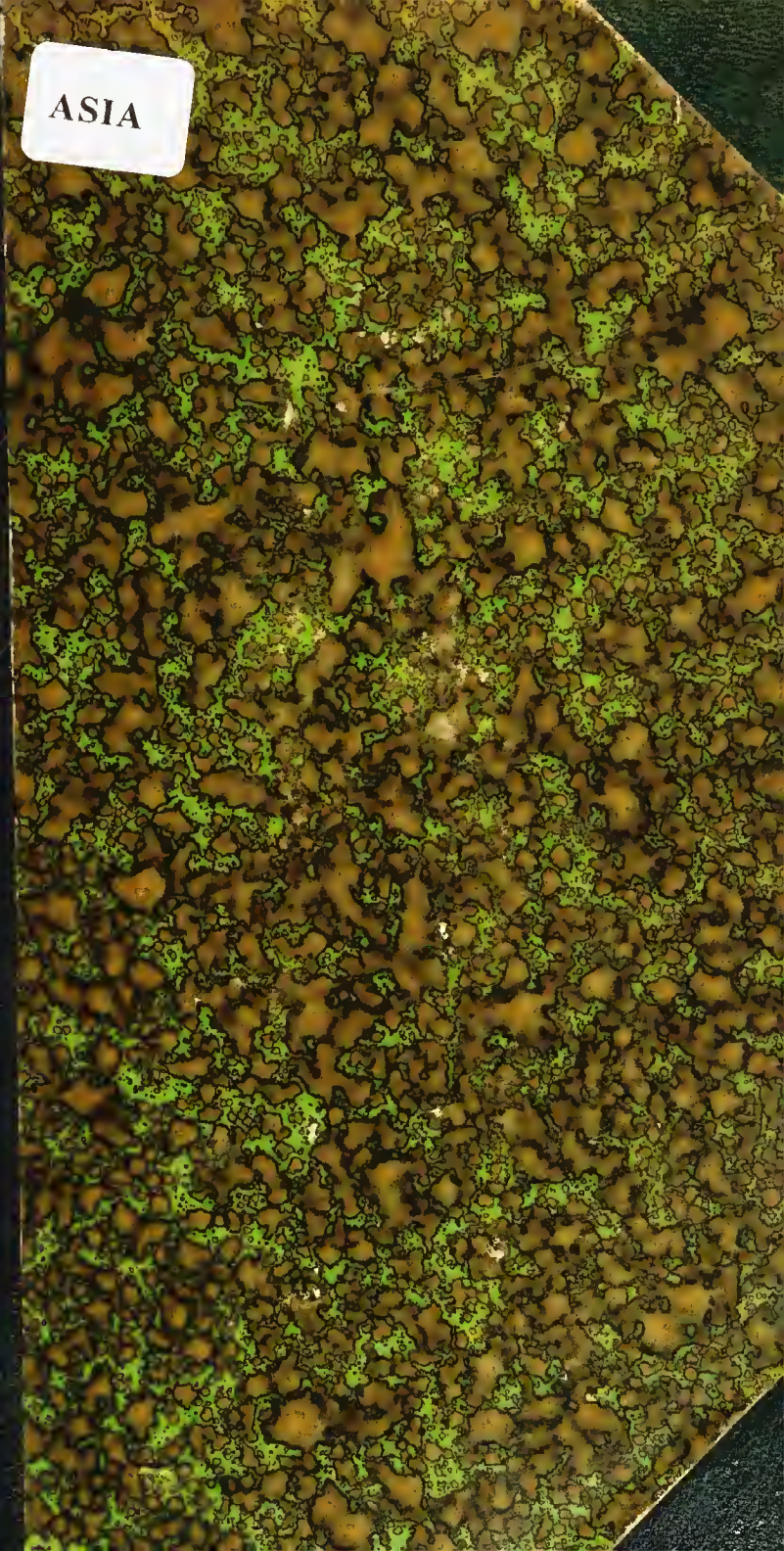


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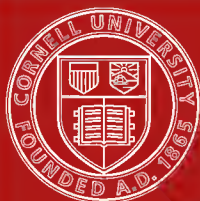
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THE LEGENDS OF THE PANJÂB.

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VOLUME II.

BOMBAY:
EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PRESS.

LONDON:
TRÜBNER & Co.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

	PAGE
XVIII.—THE LEGEND OF RÂJÂ GOPÎ CHAND	1
XIX.—THE STORY OF RÂJÂ CHANDARBHÂN AND RÂNÎ CHAND KARAN.....	78
XX.—TWO SONGS ABOUT NÂMDEV.....	99
XXI.—SAKHÎ SARWAR AND JÂTÎ	104
XXII.—THE MARRIAGE OF SAKHÎ SARWAR.....	116
XXIII.—THE BALLAD OF CHÛHAR SINGH.....	133
XXIV.—SANSÂR CHAND OF KÂNGRÂ AND FATTEH PARKÂSH OF SARMOR	144
XXV.—RÂJÂ JAGAT SINGH OF NÛRPÛR	148
XXVI.—A HYMN TO 'ABDU'L-QÂDIR JÎLÂNÎ	153
XXVII.—JALÂLÎ, THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER	163
XXVIII.—THE LEGEND OF 'ABDU'LLAH SHÂH OF SAMÎN..	177
XXIX.—THE STORY OF RÂJÂ JAGDEO	183
XXX.—RÂJÂ NAL.....	204
XXXI.—THE LEGEND OF RÂJÂ DHOL	276
XXXII.—RÂJÂ RATTAN SAIN OF CHITTAUR	350
XXXIII.—THREE VERSIONS OF SARWAN AND FARÎJAN ...	365
XXXIV.—PÛRAN BHAGAT	375
XXXV.—THE LEGEND OF MÎR CHÂKUR	457
XXXVI.—ISMÂ'IL KHÂN'S GRANDMOTHER	494
XXXVII.—THE BRACELET-MAKER OF JHANG	499
XXXVIII.—THE MARRIAGE OF HÎR AND RÂNJHÂ	507

PREFACE TO VOLUME II.

A second year of work has enabled me to add twenty-one fresh legends to those already published, and brings to me the task of writing a second preface.

A work of this kind grows upon its author. When I commenced printing I expected to have matter enough to fill some 1,200 of such pages as these volumes contain, but now that this much has been accomplished I find that not only is the work very far from complete, but that the lists so far do not by any means include even all the *celebrated* legends. Matter sufficient to fill Volume III. is already far advanced in preparation, leaving still bulky undigested MSS. to be gone through. Even as I write information comes in of more stories locally of much celebrity, though hitherto unknown to literature; and it is becoming apparent that the comprehensive collection of the Panjâb popular legends is a question of opportunity and patience.

Personally I am much encouraged to proceed onwards, and to do what in me lies towards placing the traditions of the Panjâb populations before European students by the very favourable reception that was accorded to my first attempts to grapple with this heavy task. When the former preface was written my other essay to bring Panjâbî folktales to public notice was yet in the press, but it has been now published some months, and I have been gratified to find that the views I put forward in *Wide-awake Stories* met with a ready acceptance in many places. These views the present volumes are intended to emphasize. Briefly they are as follows:—The collection of folktales should be as comprehensive as possible, detailed, accurate and systematic: the tales thus collected should be separated into two parts—themes and incidents: these parts should be held to be capable of a separate analysis and treat-

ment, and to have a separate history, though a temporarily joint existence: the method of treating them should be the historical, in order to arrive at the facts of which they are the phenomena: and the manner of investigation should be the collection of these phenomena under fixed heads as they appear at certain ascertained and unquestionably connected eras.

Mr. Gomme in the *Folklore Journal* has strongly advocated the view that Folklore should be held to be a 'science,' and the reviewers of his statement seem to be of opinion that though the Folklore Society may accept this the general public is not at all likely to do so. Whether Folklore, like Religion, Language, Mythology, and so on, is a 'science' depends entirely on the manner of study, and that it should be studied as a 'science' cannot, it seems to me, be too strongly insisted on by all earnest students. The serious study of Folklore is a new matter, and at the commencement of all such there are always to be found a certain number of *dilettanti*, who will take up a subject as long as it is light, as well as interesting, and capable of rewarding them with an easily acquired reputation for learning, to drop it the moment others better equipped for the work make it deep enough to be troublesome. As long as the result of the labours of the careful have not reached very far the *dilettante* can easily keep pace with the best of them, and is sure to make much more show; but the force of the old fable of the hare and the tortoise gradually becomes apparent to him, and in time he sinks further and further out of view, as he realizes that the race is not to the swift. Sooner or later then it surely comes about that the student properly so called—the man of science—is left to himself. The early 'collecting' period is the heyday of the light-hearted and the enthusiastic before what is most obvious has been all recorded, and it becomes a laborious task to add fresh matter to the pile, and before, too, it behoves the collector to be careful as to what he puts into his store, lest critics point out that he is accumulating rubbish. Philology had to face a long period of this kind before it could emerge as a true science,—the stigma of empiricism sticks to it still,—and it seems that Folk-

lore is yet in the very midst of one. It should be the duty of those who would see it take its place among the recognized scientific pursuits to raise it to that rank, as philologists have raised the study of tongues.

Except as a science I venture to assert that Folklore is not worth serious study at all. Its nature is such, in the phase of folktales and legends at any rate, as to make its facts largely capable of literary treatment. Such being the case, there is no reason why it should not be made as attractive in a literary sense as possible, provided it loses nothing thereby in scientific precision. Studies are none the better for being shorn of what capabilities for pleasure they may chance to possess, but there this advantage ends. To subordinate science to the tickling of the mental palate is to waste time. In Folklore, for instance, can it be fairly said that, however well told by the *raconteur*, a genuine tale of the people is likely to be a better literary production than a story invented by a genius like Hans Andersen? If the object of a hunt in the by-ways of rustic life is to serve up dainty dishes for the 'general reader,' is it worth while? Would not the time and talents of the hunter be better spent in the writing of novels, which would have the advantage of bringing more grist to the mill?

It must not be thought that the adequate representation of a series of tales is a matter to be lightly undertaken, or one that can be handled with but a slender equipment for the purpose. What ought the proper apprehension of an Indian folktale, for instance, to involve in the case of the original collector and annotator? A knowledge of the particular vernacular of the narrator in its vulgar forms, and this he will find will sooner or later lead him to tread the difficult ways of Indian philology. A wide knowledge of Indian History of all kinds—political, social, and literary,—and that, too, in its most obscure and untrodden paths; for it is quite impossible to say beforehand where a particular tale will land him in its historical references, and the unraveling of the tangled threads of folk-history in a single tale often necessitates an acquaintance with widely separated portions of the records of the past. A knowledge, too, not easily

acquired, of the religions and social structure, the habits and manners and hereditary customs of the people, their ethnology, antiquities, and philosophy. Geography also of all times and eras will force itself on his attention. Surely a subject which involves all this is well worthy of even those, whose mental endowments are of a high order.

The wide term anthropology covers all the subjects from the examination of which we are led to grasp the details of that complicated structure, the modern human being in his mental and physical aspects. Folklore is, or at least should be, one of these subjects. Just as physiologists are enabled by a minute and exact examination of skulls or teeth or hair and so on to differentiate or connect the various races of mankind, so should Folklorists, as in time I have no doubt they will, be able to provide reliable data towards a true explanation of the reasons why particular peoples are mentally what they are found to be. Folklore then as a scientific study has a specific object and occupies a specific place. Such are the principles, so far as the limited scope of books containing original collections has permitted me, that I have endeavoured to sustain in these volumes. How far I have succeeded in practice in attaining my ideal it is not for me to say.

When a writer is engaged on works of original research he is necessarily teaching himself while he is teaching others, and so it is no matter of wonder to find that as these volumes proceed, the tales they contain are found, as it were, to develop. The first volume began with the adventures of 'Râjâ Rasâlû,' giving a disconnected series of stories fastened on to the name of this popular hero. Since then the stories of 'Princess Adhik Anûp Dai,' of 'Sîlâ Dai' and of 'Pûran Bhagat,' have appeared, showing that these are really stories, or series of stories, belonging to a cycle, and indiscriminately applied to the Northern Śâlivâhana and any of his immediate legendary descendants. These tales, or at any rate some of them, are elsewhere shown to be equally applied to the Southern Śâlivâhana; but whether the Northern and Southern Śâlivâhanas of modern legend were one and the same personage, or lived at the same

period, I do not think we are yet properly in a position to say. In the *Calcutta Review* for 1884 in an article on Râjâ Rasâlû I have endeavoured to show that he really did live and who he was, showing at the same time that the history of the tales fastened on to him as a popular hero has no connection with that of himself as a man. These tales, as we accumulate them from different sources, are beginning to show so strong a family likeness to the Sindibâd cycle as to presume a common source. It should be remembered that the Sindibâd series is demonstrably of Indian origin, and that we have yet to show what has become in modern folklore of its originals on Indian soil. If Rasâlû be, as I think, the representative of the Hindû, or perhaps Buddhist, opponents of the first Arab invaders of India in the 8th and 9th Centuries of our era, then he is also the hero of a vast quantity of Arabic-Persian folk-tales which would be well worth investigation. It is to be hoped that some one will be found to take up this phase of the subject.

The tendency of bards is to make their stories run in cycles. They love to connect all their heroes in some way or other, and I think a little reading between the lines of the Indian classical legends shows that this was always the case. Stories are indiscriminately told of several heroes, and if one calls to mind the names of the most celebrated they are sure to be found to belong to a group all genealogically connected with each other. If I mistake not, the Greek and Roman classics exhibit the same phenomena. All this goes to show the truth of what I have previously insisted on, that it must not be presumed that hero and story, or story and incident, have any real historical connection, until it is demonstrated that such is the case. In this volume we find that the modern legend of 'Gopî Chand,' said to have been the nephew of Bhartrihari, is on practically the same lines as a classical one of Bhartrihari himself, who there becomes the elder brother of Vikramâditya. Gopî Chand again has a nephew Râjâ Chandarbhân, about whom a legend is told of a nature familiar to folklore students, and this Chandarbhân is described as giving his daughter in marriage to the

grandson of Vikramâditya. This launches us at once into a cycle, for Śâlivâhâna is closely connected with Vikramâditya in his wars, with whom are connected by family Rasâlû, Pâran Bhagat, Sirkap, Hođî and a host of others. In the tales of Vikramâditya, Gopî Chand and Chandarbhân, and in those of Śâlivâhâna, Rasâlû, Pâran Bhagat, Sirkap and Hođî we have, as it were, the stories of the chief heroes of both sides of what must have been at one time a life and death struggle between races in India. I say 'as it were' advisedly, because it may be taken as established that historically Bhartṛihari and Vikramâditya cannot have belonged to the same era, nor could Hođî and Rasâlû, while we may take it as fairly certain that Rasâlû is only figuratively the 'son' of Śâlivâhâna, even if he be of the same race. The business of the bard being to make tales interesting, and it being obviously to his interest to connect at least the noble part of his audience by descent with some one or other of the national heroes, the temptation to pious frauds in this direction is clearly great. As the bard is not a model of virtue in any other respect there is no reason to suppose that he resists this temptation, and hence many a purely mythical genealogy may well have arisen from no other cause than a desire to rouse interest in the actors in a tale by connecting them with a great national movement or recognized national heroes. The apparently modern tale of 'Dhol and Mârwan' is attached to the very celebrated story of 'Nala and Damayantî' by making Dhol to be the son of Nala, probably for this reason only. In the stories of the quite modern Panjâb this tendency is strongly marked. It is not likely that the date of Hîr and Rânjhâ as historical personages goes back much beyond 300 years, and the story is really a tribal one of the abduction of a Râjpût girl by a man of another race and of the subsequent vengeance of her tribe. But there happens to be a tomb of some local sanctity at Jhang built to this pair of lovers, and in this volume are versions of their story evidently framed so as to connect Rânjhâ as a wonder-working Saint with Gurû Gorakhnâth and to glorify his memory in order to add to the revenues of the tomb. His development into a Saint of the

Sakhî Sarwar type is evidently a mere matter of time and opportunity. In the *Janam Sâkhî*, or orthodox *Life* of Bâbâ Nânak, the founder of the Sikh Religion, are long purely mythical chapters, containing his adventures in lands he could never have seen and his dealings with such personages as Shekh Farîd and Bahâu'l-haqq, who, as it can be shown to demonstration, were not his contemporaries at all and did not even live in the same century as he did. Several tales are given herein of Sakhî Sarwar, and in them the same tendency to make him the hero of well known stories really attributable to other persons, often as not Hindûs, is strongly visible, and in the succeeding volume will be given a series of stories of the Saints of Jâlandhar, an entirely local and essentially modern body, which will be found to run in the old grooves and not infrequently to be appropriations of portions of older and better known tales. These hagiological legends, too, are made cyclic, *i.e.*, every saint is connected either by descent or adoption with a recognized line. The development then of the Panjâb Legends as research proceeds takes two directions: externally into cycles and internally into groups of details.

In this volume, as in the first one and for the same reason, there has been no attempt at systematic order in recording the tales. Among the heroic legends are XIX 'Râjâ Chandarbân and Rânî Chand Karan,' XXIX 'Râjâ Jagdeo,' XXX 'Râjâ Nal,' and XXXI 'Râjâ Dhol.' To this class also belong XVIII 'Râjâ Gopî Chand' and XXXIV 'Pûran Bhagat,' but there is much of the sanctified nature of pure hagiology in these last, as also in the modern series of XXVIII 'Abdu'llah Shâh of Samîn,' XXXVI 'Ismâ'il Khân's Grandmother,' XXXVII 'The Bracelet-maker of Jhang' and XXXVIII 'Hîr and Rânjhâ,' all belonging in various ways to the Siyâl tribal tale of Hîr and Rânjhâ. Of pure tales of Saints are XX about 'Nâmdev,' XXI and XXII about 'Sakhî Sarwar,' XXVI about 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî' and XXVII about an obscure Saint 'Roḍe Shâh.' The others are modern ballads, *viz.*, XXIII 'Chûhar Singh,' a Sikh tale, XXIV and XXV tales of 'Hamâlayan Râjpûts,' XXXII of a Râjpût of Central India, XXXIII a quite modern mythical

ballad concerning the murder of an English Officer, and XXXV a national ballad of the Baloches.

I have already explained my method of comparing the incidents in folktales and legends in the Preface to Volume I, and in my Survey of the Incidents in Modern Indian Folktales attached to *Wide-awake Stories*, and it is of no use to go over the same ground here. Suffice it to say that an increasing knowledge of the folktales of India and the examination of greater and greater numbers of them does not enable me to add much to the heads and sub-heads gathered together in the 'Survey,' though they bring an ever-increasing number of data upon which to work. In this volume the fresh evidence gathered is as follows:—

Our old friend the ogre turns up once more as a demon merely, but with the true ogre's attributes of devouring human beings and being slain by the hero, in the story of 'Râjâ Jagdeo,' part of which is indeed but a variant of the usual ogre story by which he eats an inhabitant of a city daily together with something else,—in this case 12 loaves of bread. Râjâ Jagdeo's demon, however, knows that he is destined to be killed by a person resembling the hero and this much is new. This same story of Jagdeo represents another favorite feature of Indian folktales, the substituted hero, who is here supplanted by a mere accident and not through malice as is usual. He and his younger brother by another mother are born within a few days of each other, but the messenger carrying the news of his birth is outstripped by the other, and so the younger brother is entered in the royal books as the elder and the king refuses to alter the register. 'The hero and his companions' is always a point worth noting, and we find that after Jagdeo is supplanted and is induced to acquiesce in the matter quietly he starts to seek his fortune first with a horse and a servant and afterwards when his first venture is a success with a wife, her maid and a following. The witch pure and simple is only found once in the tale of Pûran Bhagat, where she turns an entire company of *jogîs* into bullocks by throwing (enchanted) mustard seeds over them. In a priest-ridden country like

India the doings of Saints and holy personages must always occupy a considerable place in legends, and in this volume, as heretofore, we find them granting sons and position in life, punishing neglect by the infliction of leprosy and curing it again, restoring the dead to life, curing snake-bite through the efficacy of their sacred fires, setting fire miraculously to the city of those that injure them, and bursting the ropes and fetters that bind them. In one case two sons are granted by the old expedient of making the two queens of a king eat an (enchanted) apple. Generosity—in the form of almsgiving to religionists—is highly extolled in all oriental works, and accordingly we here find a semi-religious hero giving *his own head* in alms when asked. A new point about religious mendicants occurs in the refusal of jewels or presents of value as alms. Stock miracles usually, but not by any means necessarily always, attributed to certain saints as their specialty frequently occur. Of these may be mentioned of Gorakh Nâth, setting fire to his opponents and burning them to ashes; curing a blinded and crippled hero by procuring eyes for him from Indra through prayer, and making him whole by sprinkling holy-water over him; restoring men metamorphosed into bullocks by tossing his holy ashes over them and patting them; changing women into she-asses by the same process, and restoring them by making them pass his standard; drying up all the wells in a district; making the earth sink in by striking it with his staff; making earrings by shaking them out of his wallet:* of Nâmdev, raising a dead cow to life, invulnerability to the attacks of elephants: of Pâran Bhagat, restoring life to a dried-up garden by sprinkling water over it, restoring his mother's sight by making a companion throw a kerchief over her, granting his step-mother a son by making her eat miraculous grapes and rice: of Sakhî Sarwar, turning

* It is to be noted that the cures here are on the usual lines, and that the notion of the inexhaustible bag also occurs. Of Pâran Bhagat it is also related here that he procured miraculous son-giving grapes and rice out of the wallet of a companion at command: a kind of *miracle by proxy*.

the gold of an unfaithful follower into brass, and making him vomit whole the food he had digested, making his own fields flourish without cultivation, creating a large following when wanted, filling an empty pitcher with rice and milk, making whole torn-up garments, bringing a horse that had been cut up and eaten to life, making fruit to ripen out of season : of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jilânî, bringing up a boat and its drowned inhabitants from the depths of a river : of Rode Shâh, making the *dûb* grass green and sweet for ever in reward for furnishing him with a bed of itself, non-liability to be burnt by fire because he escapes in the smoke, destroying a girl's beauty because she deceives him : of Khwâjâ Khizar, re-creating the body of a saint after it had been cut up and eaten by fish : of 'Abdu'llah Shâh of Samîn, bringing a fair wind by making some birds fly away that were on the shore : of Rânjhâ, transporting a saint by holding his hand and shutting his eyes. In the same way a miracle is attributed to Jai Singh Sawâî, the great astronomer Râjâ of Jaipûr, arising very curiously out of the memory of his scientific proclivities, by which he is made to keep a *private moon of his own* ; but the hero is equal to him, for, sending for Jai Singh's 'moon-makers,' he sets up an opposition moon ! The sanctity of the shrines and tombs of saints is also insisted on repeatedly : to restore such is to procure great wealth and position, and prayer at such is blessed with a long-wished-for son. Deceased saints and ordinary ghosts are mixed up, and *both* are said to be only able to be abroad at midnight. One point among the actors in tales I have previously overlooked, though it occurs once or twice in the first of these volumes, *viz.*, the *avenging hero*. Its occurrence again more than once in this volume inclines me to give it a separate heading in analysis. The typical form of story is that the hero is fated to slay his parents, who take precautions, usually by shutting him up in a pit till the danger is past, to prevent his fulfilling his destiny. An interesting point about fairies turns up in the tale Pûran Bhagat. The heroine, originally a fairy, is attached to the earth for ever, because while sporting in a garden her wings have touched the (un-

lucky) *aubergine* or egg-plant and have become 'heavy,' so that she cannot fly: an idea prettily varied in a well-known tale in the *Alif Laila*. And lastly, the step-mother once again falls in love with her husband's son, and when repulsed grossly ill-treats him, by having recourse to the old-world devices of Potiphar's wife.

Turning to the progress of the tales we find that the sup-
planted hero starts the tale by going to seek his fortunes
at random. Tricks of the usual kind also appear. The hero
wishes to stop a horseman whom he suspects to be a saint in
disguise, but the horseman drops his whip, and while the
hero stoops to pick it up he is off. The heroine pretends
that a snake has bitten her finger so that the hero her lover
may be summoned to cure it. In the old tale of Nala and
Damayanti the gods assume the form of the hero in order to
puzzle and test the heroine, and in the tale of Dhol and
Mârwan the heroine's maids all assume her shape to try and deceive
the hero; this performance being part of those tests before
marriage which so frequently take the form of impossible tasks
and impracticable riddles. In this same tale the heroine
sends messages to the hero, but her rival, his wife, plays a
series of tricks upon them to prevent the messages from
reaching their destination. A Brâhman is sent and he is got
rid of by the favorite trick of seating him on an insecure
couch placed over the mouth of a concealed well, and then
comes a minstrel, who is frightened away by the heroine's rival
assuming a soldier's dress. The minstrel, however, eventually
turns the tables on her by making the hero's guards very drunk and
so passing them, and then by cheating the heroine's rival herself.
She always slept with her husband's clothes tied to her own
and his signet ring in her mouth: the minstrel cuts the knots
and inserts his fiddle-string key into her mouth in place of
the signet ring. In the pretty tale of Chandarbân and
Chand Karan, the swan, who acts as go-between, compromises
the heroine with the hero by taking him to her while she is
asleep and making him exchange rings with her. Her father
then catches him by sending her a bottle of Holî powder, a red

concoction which the players at this Indian carnival throw over each other, and she, although it is the wrong season, immediately throws this over him: he is therefore at once recognised by his red-stained clothes. This leads us to the means of identifying the hero, so common a feature in folktales. In 'Râjâ Dhol' he is identified by the lotus-mark on his leg, in 'Pûran Bhagat' by his voice, and in the tale of Nala and Damayantî the heroine is identified by the manner in which she cooks. Identification by marks leads by a natural transition to the signs of the coming hero, which are seldom wanting. Here we have the hackneyed one of being able to shoot down a brass cup from the top of seven bamboos placed one above the other, varied as shooting down three cups and killing a serpent. These may also be classed as among the impossible task tests, as they are in these instances preliminaries to marriage with the heroine. The Biblical story of Jonah in the Whale's Belly* has made us familiar with a tale much varied in Indian Folklore, and in *Wide-awake Stories* I have shown that the extraordinary voracity notion is a mere variant of this idea. In this volume a couple of gods, as children, eat up at a sitting a meal meant for 250,000 people! A variant or rather corollary of the idea of extraordinary voracity is that of extraordinary strength. Here we have a hero pushing open the gate of a city and destroying the 15 guns and 55 soldiers behind it at one shove, and the heroine dividing a tigress into halves at one blow to help the hero. As a means of helping on the progress of a tale may be added as new the notion of *miraculous misfortunes* seen in the tale of Nala and Damayantî in the swimming away of a cooked fish and the flying away of a roasted partridge. This unfortunate couple are also entrusted with a necklace on a peg, and suddenly the peg swallows up the necklace and then disappears into the wall! Their account of this occurrence is not believed by the owner, and really he can hardly in reason be blamed for his want of credence! All these three incidents occur

* As a conscious variant of this, at page 505, Rânjhâ is made to walk alive into Hir's grave and be swallowed up.

elsewhere in Indian folktales, but have not been classified as now.

We again see the ordinary *deus ex machinâ* of Indian folktales; the talking animal that steps in to help the actors in the time of need. A cricket gives Râjâ Salwân a hair which is to help him in trouble out of gratitude, just as in the former volume one was given to Râjâ Rasâlû, his son; a friendly crow carries messages between hero and heroine and warns the hero not to visit his wicked step-mother; and a swan helps Princess Chand Karan to meet her lover, apparently because he himself has fallen in love with her, which is a new feature. To imaginations that can swallow a talking animal, a talking *thing* comes easily enough. In the former volume we had mangoes and plums and plantains and *pîpals* and the bed's legs equal to the occasion of the hero's need, and here we have again plum-trees and a lake telling a disconsolate wife whither her faithless husband has gone, and a lamp, a pitcher, a necklace and a conch successively advising the hero not to marry the heroine. The idea is further developed in one case where a sandal tree merely relates its adventures to the heroine as an incident. Heroes and heroines, however, not only have to be helped out of their troubles, but if a story is to be a story they must be brought together. One common way is by the prophetic dream: hero dreams of heroine and heroine of hero and the thing is done. Here we find it used in two such very different tales as those of Jalâlî Lohârî and Râjâ Dhol. Another favorite device is for the hero to assume the disguise of a *faqîr* and to beg at the heroine's house: this is made successful in a variety of ways, mostly tricks. A loud or miraculous cry will often rouse up the absent when wanted, an idea varied into playing on a miraculous flute or conch. Messengers are not infrequently sent directly from the heroine to the hero: these may be ordinary mortals, or fairies, or, as in the case of Princess Chand Karan, a swan, and as in the case of Princess Mârwan, her father's cranes. In this connection the miraculous vehicle is necessarily in frequent requisition. In the former volume we saw the most extraordinary and unexpected articles in use. Here we find

on various occasions *faqîrs* taken across rivers on a grass mat and a mat of loose reeds and again on a gourd and staff ! Râjâ Dhol is taken to his mistress on the more ordinary conveyance of a talking camel. These carry us to the subject of enchantments, of which we have a curious instance in Pûran Bhagat's garden, where no birds can fly. Another most effectual way of clinching a tale is the device of telling a story to explain the situation, introduced here with much effect in the story of Gopî Chand. The notion of temporary death, being widely spread throughout Indian folklore, has so dramatic an effect in a story that is not likely to be absent from any collection ; accordingly Gopî Chand's sister dies and is duly brought to life by a saint by the familiar device of being sprinkled with the blood of his little finger.* Closely connected with this notion is that of miraculous cures in general, and we now have holy earth to cure leprosy, and a dip in water to cure blindness ; and a noteworthy *cure by proxy* in the legend of Râjâ Dhol. His camel breaks its leg and the way it is cured is by firing a donkey's leg and applying the fired limb to the camel's wound. The same idea is found in 'Pûran Bhagat,' where the hero cures his mother of blindness by making a companion cast his kerchief over her. A great aid towards investing the actors of folktales with a deeper interest than they would otherwise possess is the capacity for invisibility. This is often natural or inherent, as in the visible and invisible crowds that follow a saint or holy man : a favorite notion that occurs no less than four times in this volume. The quality of invisibility is also used distinctly to help on the tale, as when Nala is made invisible to all but Damayantî on his being sent to her as their messenger by the gods, and as when a groom, and then a shepherd, miraculously help the hero across impassable rivers, and then at once disappear.

To turn to miscellaneous incidents in folktales. The old

* The mysterious power of blood is curiously exhibited in the legend of Pûran Bhagat, where his executioner slays a fawn instead of him and shows its blood as proof, but as this blood will not stain a pearl cast into it the trick is exposed.

Indian marriage by public choice of a husband occurs according to the ancient classical ideas, in the *swayamvara* of Damayantî, and so do the favorite punishments of setting the heroine to scare crows and of casting the hero into a well and covering the mouth with a stone, varied in the case of Pâran Bhagat by the addition of maiming. Gambling, which appears to be to the vulgar Indian mind the usual and proper occupation of the great and wealthy, takes various marvellous shapes in these pages and is actually upheld as one of Nala's virtues. A queen gambles with a king for her brother's head; and the hero gambles with his younger brother for his kingdom and wealth, and then for his body and jewels. Gambling for extraordinary stakes also appears as one of the 'impossible' conditions before marriage with the heroine on more than one occasion. That common variant in India of the delicate heroine which makes her weight only one flower, or more commonly five flowers, is again seen in Princess Chand Karan, who is weighed daily against flowers and who, when she falls away from the paths of strict virtue, outweighs them and is so found out. The ordeals that occur are of the usual type: plunging the right hand into boiling oil to prove innocence, and being drawn up out of a well by a rope of a single strand made by an unmarried virgin* to prove holiness. Lastly we are treated to one or two omens, though these, so very common in every-day Indian folklore, are somewhat conspicuous by their absence in the folktales. It is lucky, we find, to meet a pregnant woman with her implements of trade and a horseman riding with a bridal procession when starting on an important errand, and unlucky for a partridge to call on the right and a crow on the left during a journey.

Such numbers as occur are found to follow the same lines as in all other collections. The most frequent is *twelve*, the old holy number, as a measure of age and space especially, and there are indications of the common occurrence of *two*, *four*, *eight* and *sixteen* as parts of twelve, the last being one

* *Married virgins* are of course common in India, where girls are married from three years old and upwards.

and a quarter of twelve. In the same way *eighteen* would seem to be meant for one and a half of twelve. *Thirty-two* is I think merely used as a double of sixteen. *Three* and its multiple *nine* are very common, and so is the familiar *seven*. *Thirty-six* appears to be used as a conscious combination of three and twelve, and *eighty-four* of seven and twelve. *Five* is very common in this volume and its before-noticed aliquot parts *two and a half* and *one and a quarter*: the rather frequent use of *three-quarters* is probably due to the native love of fractional numbers. In this connection *three and a half* turns up as (?) an aliquot part of seven. The combinations of three and five in *fifteen* and of five and twelve in *sixty* are also found. *Fourteen* and *twenty-one* are probably conscious multiples of seven. *Eleven* also finds a place and the celebrated Indian numeral *fifty-two*. *Forty-nine*, possibly as seven times seven, occurs, and for the rest the large numbers are mere exaggerations of the familiar small ones as in *one hundred and sixty*, *eighty*, *seventy* and *three hundred and sixty*: and again in *sixteen hundred*, a favorite number for wives (!) and *seventy hundred*. But *ten* and *one hundred* are themselves not at all common. Numbers in groups are not uncommon; seventy and seventy-two together being frequent in the tale of Hîr and Rânjhâ.

I have adhered to the plan of the first volume and made my notes as short as possible, avoiding dissertations on matters still unsettled in the world of research, and have given linguistic notes only where such were unavoidable. One or two reviewers have said it was a pity that I have so confined myself, but to do otherwise would be to change the character of the work, which merely aims at giving data for future disquisitions when the subjects involved shall have been more thoroughly mastered than it is at present the case. It does not seem to me advisable to burden my pages with footnotes on philological matters which may well be disputed, and such a course would moreover enormously add to my labours without any adequate benefit to the student. The temptation to discourse upon the many—the very many I may

say—interesting forms that occur in nearly every legend is, I admit, great.

I have again given much prominence to the legends of saints and holy personages, and it seems to me that my former remarks as to the importance of this branch of popular lore in India are confirmed by the evidence adduced now. I have long had a favorite theory that the average villager one meets in the Panjâb and Northern India is at heart neither a Muhammadan, nor a Hindu, nor a Sikh, nor of any other Religion, as such is understood by its orthodox—or to speak more correctly authorized—exponents, but that his 'Religion' is a confused unthinking worship of things held to be holy, whether men or places; in fact Hagiolatry. These legends of saints as herein given speak to the beliefs of the peasantry with an authority that no amount of argument can controvert, and it seems to me that a careful reading of them forces such a conclusion on the student. I purpose giving many more of these saintly stories in the succeeding volume, and it will be found that they are all framed on the same line, and are the outcome of the same mental habits.

I have again to record with gratitude much help unselfishly given me. In this volume my chief helper has been Mr. M. Longworth Dames, of the Civil Service, who has placed at my disposal such of his Baloch legends or stories as are suited to my pages, and has moreover performed upon them all the work necessary in translation and annotation. He has also given me the benefit of his great linguistic learning and local knowledge. I owe to him now, and shall continue to owe, much that is most valuable in my volumes. Legends procured by Mrs. F. A. Steel, Mr. J. G. Delmerick, Mr. Denzil Ibbetson, Mr. M. Macauliffe, Sirdâr 'Atar Singh of Bhadaur, and Ghulâm Hussain Khân of Kasûr also appear. Mr. A. P. Webbe, of Baraut, in the Merath District, has, through a well known bard, supplied me with several admirable stories to enrich the coming volume. Chainâ Mall and his assistants have again given me the benefit of their valuable labours.

In conclusion I may add that my official work during the past year in no way diminished, and that the difficulties thus unavoidably thrown in the way of producing a satisfactory book have been as great as before.

R. C. TEMPLE.

Ambala, May 1885.

THE LEGENDS OF THE PANJÂB.

No. XVIII.

THE LEGEND OF RÂJÂ GOPÎ CHAND, AS PLAYED AT JAGÂDHRI IN THE AMBÂLÂ DISTRICT.

[This wearisome agglomerate of interminable platitudes is one of the most favorite *swângs* or metrical plays of the Panjâbîs. It is valuable in so far as it belongs to the cycle of legends that has collected round the memory of the great Saṅskṛit author, Bhartrihari. Gopi Chand is always described as being his nephew (*bhâñjâl*, sister's son), and usually goes by the name of Gopi Chand Bhartari or Bhartali.]

[The Legend of Gopi Chand closely follows that of Bhartrihari himself, in that he gave up his kingdom and became a religious mendicant, it being remembered that popularly Bhartrihari was the elder brother of Vikramâditya, in whose favour he abdicated.]

[In the Legend Gopi Chand's capital is called Dhâranagar, which I take to be Dhâra, the seat of Vikramâditya. The hero's country is, however, said to be Gauṛ Bangâlâ or Bengal, while the bards always understand Pânîpaṭ by Dhâranagar.]

TEXT.

SWÂNG RÂJÂ GOPÎ CHAND.

- 1 Sibh ke sut gaz badan haiñ ! charan niwâññ sîs !
Pair padam Gaurâpati, kirpâ karo Jagdîs !

TRANSLATION.

The Legend of Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 1 The son of Śiva is elephant-bodied!* (At his feet) I
bow my head !
O Lotus-footed Lord of Gaurâ,† Lord of the Earth,
favor me !

* Ganeśa is the god of all beginnings.

† Śiva as the husband of Devî = Gaurâ, Gaurî, Gaurjâ.

- Kirpâ karo Jagdîs ! Mât merî karo kanth meñ bāsâ !
 Chhand gyân sur karo: ânke dekheñ log tamâshâ !
 5 Gopî Chand ke sâng kahan kî dil ko lag rahî âsâ.

Rahte Shahr Ujjain Râo nit karte bhog bilâsâ.
 Gauṛ Bangâlâ, des jinhoñ kâ tyâg dîâ biswâsâ.

Kahte Bansî Lâl, “ Mât merî, pûran kîje âsâ !”

Muktâl.

- 10 “ Mât Shâkumbharî, Mâi,
 Ânke karo sahâi !
 Main mûrakh âgyân,
 Budh dîjo, Mahâ Mâi !”

- Favor me, Lord of the Earth ! O mother,* take up thy
 abode in my throat !
 Give me knowledge of good verses: the people have
 come to see the play !
 5 I have a strong desire in my heart to relate the Legend
 of Gopî Chand.

The King lived in the City of Ujjain in every comfort
 and happiness.

Gauṛ and Bangâl was the home of him who had given
 up all care.

Saith Bansî Lâl, † “ Mother mine, fulfil my hope !”

Refrain.

- 10 “ Mother Shâkumbharî, ‡ O mother,
 Come and be my help !
 I am simple and ignorant,
 Give me wisdom, great mother.”

* Saraswatî, goddess of speech.

† The author, see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 122.

‡ Devî, see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 122.

- Gopî Chand mahilon chale, dhar Ganpat kâ dhyân,
 Â utare ranwâs meñ karan lage âshnân :
- 15 Karan lage âshnân Râo ne, chandan chauk bichhâî !
 Chamkat badan kanak jaisâ, aur mukh chandar kî niyâî,
 Nikasâ bhân gagan meñ Suriy kî ik jot chhip chhâî.
 He mirg nain, kañth koil, mukh nâ ūpmâ kahî jâî !
 Morî baiñhî, nain nihârî Mainâwantî Mâî :
- 20 Tap tap âñsû paṛe dharan par, thamti nahûñ thamâî :

Râñî Mainâwantî.

“ Adhbhut rûp nihârî !
 Bharosâ har kâ Bihârî,
 Rahûñ charan lo lîn !
 Madan, Mohan, Girdhârî !”

- Gopî Chand went into the palace and worshipped
 Ganpat,*
 And going into the palace he began to bathe.
- 15 The King began to bathe, and placed his sandal-wood
 chair.
 His body shone like gold and his face as the shining of
 the moon.
 His glory so appeared in the heavens that the splendour
 of the sun was eclipsed.
 O eyes like the antelope's, throat like the cuckoo's, face
 beyond praise !
 At the window sat his mother Mainâwantî weeping.
- 20 Drop drop fell her tears on the ground, and ceased
 not for (all) her trying.

Râñî Mainâwantî.

“ I behold his lovely form
 God,† the hope of all,
 I give thee my worship, take it !
 Madan, Madhan, Girdhârî.”‡

* Ganésa.

† Kṛishṇa.

‡ Names for Kṛishṇa.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 25 “ Purwâ pachhwâ hai nahîn; he Dâtâ, kyâ kîn ?
 Nahîn gagan men bâdarî, bând parî do tîn !
 Bând parî do tîn : bândiân kaun disâ se âî ?”

Sîs nṭbâke dekhan lâge, na kuchh diâ dikhâi.
 Jo dekh morî men baithî Mainâwantî Mâi.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 30 “ Kyâ ranwâs kisî Rânî ne khoṭî bāt sunâi ?
 Khâl kaḥâke bhûs bharwâ dâû ; dâû bhaurî girwâe.
 Sachî bāt batâ de, Mâtâ ; kyûn man rudan lagâi ?
 Main Gopî Chand Râjâ,
 Jagat ke sârûn kâjâ,
 35 We Trilokînâth,
 Hâth un ke hai lâjâ !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 25 “ Nor east wind nor west : O God, what hast thou
 done ?
 No clouds in the sky and two or three drops fell !
 Two or three drops fell : whence have the drops fallen ?”

He lifted his head to see, and could see nothing,
 But when he saw his mother Mainâwantî sitting in the
 window (he said) :

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 30 “ What ! hath any Queen of the palace said shameful
 words to thee ?
 I will flay her skin and fill it with chaff; I will throw
 her into a pit.
 Tell me the truth, mother, why is thine heart sorrowful?
 I am Gopî Chand the King,
 I do my duty in the world.
 35 The Lord of the Three Worlds,
 In his hands lies my honour !”

Râni Mainâwantî.

- “ Ai betâ, sun lîjîye ; kahûn gyân kî bât.
 Dekh tumbâre rûp ko main sochûn din rât.
 Main sochûn din rât : putr, main tujh ko bachan sunâyâ.
 40 Pitâ tere kî sundar murtî jalke hogî chhâyâ.
 Lîjo jog, suphal ho jag meñ, amar rahegî kâyâ.
 Yeh supnâ sansâr jagat hai jhûthâ jâl banâyâ.
 Sat kâran jâeke Harî Chand phir janam nahîn pâyâ.
 Dhrû, Pahlâd, nâr Gotam kî nâ mehîn sat ñigâyâ.

Râni Mainâwantî.

- “ My son, hear me : I speak words of wisdom.
 Seeing thy beauty I ponder day and night.
 I ponder day and night my son : I will tell thee some-
 thing.
 40 The glorious body of thy father hath been burnt and
 become a shade.
 Take the saintship, it will prosper thee in the world and
 thy body will remain deathless.
 This world is a dream, this world is a false tangle.
 Living in the way of truth, Hariśchandra* was not
 born again.
 Dhruva, Prahlâda, and the wife of Gotama did not lose
 (sight of) the truth.†

* Allusion to the legend of Hariśchandra's piety "conquering heaven" and procuring him a seat there. "Not to be born again" is the *summum bonum* of a believer in metempsychosis, as all natives are.

† Dhruva, rewarded by being made into the pole-star, became a *jogî* like Gopî Chand. Prahlâda, the son of Hiranyakaśipu, was the devoted follower of Vishnu in spite of all his father's persecutions. He was finally united with Vishnu. Ahalyâ, the wife of the Rishi Gotama, the personification of beauty, was deceived by Indra into thinking him to be her husband, so her adultery was no fault of hers: such is the popular story.

- 45 Putr, tû jogî ho jâ.
 Mân le kahî hamârî.
 Yeh kauchan sî deh,
 Amar ho jâgî thârî!”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ Ai Mâtâ, taiñ sach kahî, hai jhûthâ janjâl.
 50 Yeh solâh sau Rânîân, in kâ kaun aḥwâl ?
 In kâ kaun aḥwâl ? nahîñ kaniyân parnâñ.
 Tû hûñ nipaṭ nâdân, dayyâ tujh ko nahîñ âñ !
 Ai Mâtâ rî, nâ âge putr râj kâ thâmanhârâ.”

Aise kahke bachan nain se âñsû ðârâ.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 55 “ Aisâ bachan kaḥor, Mât, ham se kah dînâ.
 Mât pitâ sut jog kaho kis kis ne dînâ ?

- 45 My son, become a *jogî*.
 Hearken to my words.
 Thy glorious body
 Will become deathless.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ O mother, thou speakest truly, (the world) is a false
 tangle.
 50 (But) these sixteen hundred queens (of mine), what will
 happen to them ?
 What will happen to them ? Nor is my daughter
 married.
 Thou art very foolish, and hast no mercy !
 O mother, I should not leave a son (behind me) to
 guard my kingdom.”

Saying this tears fell from his eyes.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 55 “ Hard are the words, mother, that thou hast said to me.
 What father or mother hath ever urged a son to be a
 jogî ?

- Suno, Mainâwantî Mâi,
 'Aqal taiñ kahân gañwâî ?
 Ham ko detî jog!
 60 Dayyâ tujh ko nahîn âî !”

Râñî Mainâwantî.

- “ Betâ, taiñ jâue nahîn, Râm Nâm hai amol.
 Phir janam pâve nahîn jo Har ke ân kol.
 Jo Har ke ân kol, Râm padh aisâ piyârâ.
 Mahmân hai param pâñ, Nigam pâve nahîn pâârâ.
 65 Ai betâ re, jag meñ hai Srî Râm bol, dûjâ nahîn koî.
 Kyûñ nahîn lete jog, mukat donoñ gat hoi ?
 Kîñ Bhartarî jog gyân se man chit lâyâ.
 Chaurâsî hûî sidh, Nâm Har kê gun gâyâ.”

- Hear, Mainâwantî, my mother,
 Where hast left thy reason ?
 Thou wouldst give me the saintship,
 60 Having no pity in thee !”

Râñî Mainâwantî.

- “ My son, thou dost not know that the Name of God is
 beyond price.
 They are not born again who approach Hari.*
 That approach Hari, so lovely is the service of God !
 So infinite is his glory, that the Scripture hath not
 fathomed it.
 65 O my son, in this world is the name of the Holy
 God taken, there is no second (to him) !
 Why not take the saintship, and obtain salvation in
 both worlds ?
 Bhartarî sought the knowledge of the saintship with
 heart and soul.
 Released from the eighty-four (transmigrations of souls)
 he praised the Name of Hari.”

* Vishnu, i.e., God.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ Ai unâtâ yeh charaj* kyâ ? ham se kahâ na jâe.
 70 Paṛde andar tû rahe, kahûn tumheñ samjhâe.
 Kahûn tumheñ samjhâe : gyân kis se tû lâî ?
 Kaun gurû taîn kîâ ? mujh se de bhed batâe.
 Mujh ko yeh sandeh hai, kahûn jâne na pâe ?
 Âṭh pahar din rain rahî chintâ nit yahâñ.
 75 Tûñ Râjoñ kî sutiya, kîe tañ bhog bilâsâ ;
 Kahe agam kî bâṭ : baîâ yeh ajab tamâshâ !”

Rânî Mainâwantî.

“ Ai beṭâ, sun lîjîye kis se pâyâ gyân.
 Hai Gurû merâ Gorakh jatî ; sat sat karke jân.
 Sat sat karke jân ; re beṭâ, Gurû Gorakh maini pâyâ.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ Oh mother, what wonder is this ? I cannot say it.
 70 Thou livest in secret,† I tell thee.
 I tell thee ; who gave thee this knowledge ?
 Whom hast thou made preceptor ? Tell me the secret.
 I have doubts that will not leave me.
 During the eight watches day and night‡ doth this
 trouble ever remain with me.
 75 Thou art a king's daughter, that hast dwelt in ease and
 comfort,
 And thou speakest unfathomable words : a truly
 wondrous thing is this.”

Rânî Mainâwantî.

“ O my son, hear from whom I have learnt knowledge.
 The holy Gorakh (Nâth) is my preceptor : know this
 for a very truth.
 Know this for a very truth : O my son, I have found
 Gurû Gorakh (Nâth).

* For *achraj*.

† Behind the screen.

‡ The livelong day.

- 80 Charpaṭ Nâth merâ Gur bhâṭ, jog panth main dhyâyâ.
Paṛdâ andar baiṭh, Kañwar, main Har charnan chit lâyâ.
Antar jog kamâo, betâ, sukhî rahegî kâyâ.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Ai mâtâ, ham jât haiñ, jogî hon faqîr.”

Itñ kahke chal paṛe, nainoñ ḍhalte nîr.

- 85 Nainoñ ḍhalte nîr, Kañwarjî, chale bâgh meñ âe,
Jahân baiṭhe the Nâth Jalandhar, jukke sîs niwâe.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ He Gur Deo ! Karo tum kirpa ! Mâtâ ne tumheñ batâe.

- 80 Charpaṭ Nâth* is my brother disciple : I am bent on
the doctrines of the saintship.

Sitting in secret, my Prince, I bent my heart to the
worship of Hari.

My son, practise the real *yogâ*† and thy body will remain
at ease.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ My mother, I go to be a penniless *jogî*.”

Saying this he went off, dropping tears from his eyes.

- 85 Dropping tears from his eyes, the Prince went into the
garden,

Where sat Jalandhar Nâth‡ whom he respectfully
saluted.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Hail, my Lord Gurû ! Have mercy ! My mother sent
me to thee.

* Nothing is known of this worthy apparently.

† *Yogâ*, the modern *jog*, may be best described as being the science
of abstraction from wordly affairs. It is the ‘ devotion ’ of a ‘ devotee ’
(*jogî*).

‡ The opponent of Gorakh Nâth and Machhandar Nâth, therefore,
flourished 15th century A.D.

Kân phârke mundrâ dâlo ; jog len ko âe.

- 90 Nâth, chelâ kar lîjo ;
 Jog kê rastâ dîjo ;
 Chîro mere kân ;
 Âj, Gur, kirpâ kîjo.”

Jalandhar Nâth.

“ Jâ, lanđî ke, bhâg jâ ! kyûn chirwâve kân ?

Bâlî 'umar nâdân hai : tû kyâ jâne gyân ?

- 95 Tû kyâ jâne gyân ? Bâware, kis ne tujhe bahkâyâ ?

Kyâ kuchh tujh par bhîr parî hai, jog len ko âyâ !

Nâ koî din râj kê hai ! nâ koî din khâyâ !

Jâo mahil ko, baith, Râojî : kyûn phirtâ bharmâyâ ?

Abhî jaldî se jâo.

Bore my ears, put in the (*jogî's*) ring : I am come to
 take the saintship.

My Lord, make me a disciple.

- 90 Show me the way of devotion.

Bore my ears.

Have mercy, Gurû, on me to-day.”

Jalandhar Nâth.

“ Go, thou son of a cur ! Be off !* why bore thy ears ?

Thou art young and foolish : what dost thou know of
 knowledge ?

- 95 What dost thou know of knowledge ? Who has been
 deceiving thee, thou fool ?

Hath any misfortune befallen thee, that thou hast come
 to take the saintship ?

Thou hast hardly ruled yet ! thou hast hardly spent
 thy days !

Go, Sir King, and sit in thy palace : why be deceived ?

Go off at once.

* Usual abuse from *faqîrs* : see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 141.

100 Kâheko jog kamâo ?
Chhattîs bhojan chhor.
Nahîn sukh is men pao !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Nâ mujh par kuchh bhîr ; nâ ham haiñ dilgîr.
Mâtâ ne samjhâeke lâyâ badan men tîr.

105 Lâyâ badan men tîr : yeh main mâtâ ne samjhâyâ ;
‘ Kanchan kâyâ jalî pitâ kî ! ’ Yeh ðishânt batâyâ.
Agam-nikam kâ gyân sunâke takht râj chhutwâyâ.
Ai Gur Deo, karo kirpâ : main jog len ko âyâ.”

Jalandhar Nâth.

“ Aisî terî mâtâ bâwarî hogî nipat nâdân !

110 Tujh ko jog diwautî, aur bara batâve gyân !

100 Why take on the saintship ?
Leaving thy thirty-six kinds of food*
To gain no pleasure !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ I have no trouble : I have no sorrow.

My mother’s injunction hath pierced my body (as) an
arrow.

105 Hath pierced my body as an arrow ; for this did she
enjoin :

‘ Thy father’s glorious body was burnt’ : this was the
end she showed me.

Teaching me the knowledge of the Scriptures she
induced me to give up my throne.

O my Lord Gurû, have mercy : I am come to take on
the saintship.”

Jalandhar Nâth.

“ Thus is thy mother a fool ; she is altogether foolish.

110 She giveth thee devotion and showeth it to be very
knowledge !

* The conventional term for good living.

Barâ batâve gyân ! Ik terî bâlî 'umar almastâ !
 Jog panth yeh barâ kaṭhan hai ; kyûn nâhaqq meṅ
 phaṅstâ ?
 Râj karo, ghar baiṭho jâke : barâ kaṭhan yeh rastâ !
 Albat jog nahîṅ sidhne kâ ; barâ bikat yeh rastâ !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 115 “ Aji Nâth, sun lîjo, main hûn nipat nâdân.
 Jog panth se na ṭalûn, jo ho parbat samân.
 Jo ho parbat samân ; Nâth, main albat jogî hongâ.
 Ai Gur Deo, kirpâ karo : main charan kaṅwal chit dûngâ.
 Jaun sîkh batlâo mujh ko, wahî sîkh main lûngâ.
 120 Bhasham ramâe, kânoṅ meṅ mundrâ, tumharî ṭahil
 karûngâ !”

Showeth it to be very knowledge ! Firstly, thou art
 in the bloom of youth !
 And the path of devotion is very rough, why be involved
 in it uselessly ?
 Be a king and go home : *this* way is very rough !
 Truly thou canst not perform devotion ; very steep is
this road !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 115 “ O my Lord, hear me, I am altogether unlearned.
 I will not deviate from (the path of) the saintship, be it
 as difficult as a mountain.
 Be it as difficult as a mountain : My Lord, I will surely
 be a *jogî*.
 O my Lord Gurû, have mercy : I will meditate at thy
 lotus feet.
 What thou teachest, even that will I learn.
 120 Rubbing on ashes, putting the rings in my ears, will I
 do thee service.”

Jalandhar Nâth.

“ Hai kaun ’umar, Râjâ, terî ? Kîâ jog kê khiyâl ?
 Jâo, kahûn, ghar âpne, chalo nît kî châl.

Chalo nît kî châl, Râojî : tum âpne ghar jâo.

Chhattîs bhanjan chhor, Kañwar, kyûn jog panth
 meñ âo ?

- 125 Hamrâ dîth nahîn partâ hai ; ghar apne ko jâo.
 Râj nît kê dhyân lagâkar baiṭhe râj kamâo.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Nâ jânûn main nît ko, lagâ jigar meñ gyân.

Ab gadî baiṭhûn nahîn, tere charan se dhyân.

Tere charan se dhyân, Nâthjî : nâ mujh ko bharmâo.

- 130 Kân chîrke mundrâ ḍâlc, jogî bhekh banâo.

Ai Gur Deo, karo kirpâ ; ab zarâ der na lâo.

Bhasham ramâke, gal mân selî, yehî gyân kî pâo.”

Jalandhar Nâth.

“ What is thy age, Râjâ ? Hast ever thought on devotion ?
 Go home, I tell thee, and bear thyself straightly.

Bear thyself straightly, Sir King : get thee home.

Giving up the thirty-six dishes, my Prince, why enter
 the saintship ?

- 125 I will not see thee : get thee home.

Bend thy mind to thy royal duties and be a king.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ I know nothing of polity, (celestial) knowledge is my
 heart’s (desire).

I will not now sit on the throne, I am bent on (sitting
 at) thy feet.

I am bent on (sitting at) thy feet, my Lord ; deceive
 me not.

- 130 Bore my ears, put in the rings, turn me into a *jogî*.

O my Lord Gurû, have mercy : delay not now at all.

Rub on the ashes, put the necklace* round my neck,
 and give me of this knowledge.”

* The *selî* is the black necklace peculiar to mendicants or devotees.

Jalandhar Nâth.

“ Jo tum jogî hot ho suno gyân kâ tant.

Pânchoñ indrî bas karo, jab jân jog panth.

135 Jab jân jog panth, Râo, tum tez krodh ko mâro.

Mân ko mâr, gaû ko mâro, jab jân jog sidhâro.

Jog panth kâ jûâ khele hai râj nît ko hâro.

Itnâ kâm karo, re bachchâ, jog matâ jab dhâro.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Ai Mantrî, inheñ kyâ kahâ is jogî ne gyân ?

140 Hatke phir sunâe de, mujhe paṛe nahiñ jân.

Mujhe paṛe nahîñ jân. Nâthjî, kyâ kuchh gyân sunâyâ ?

Ai Mantrî, batlâ de mujh ko, tere samajh meñ âyâ ?

Jalandhar Nâth.

“ If thou wilt be a *jogî*, listen to the teachings of knowledge.

By subduing the five passions wilt thou know the saintship.

135 Thou wilt know the saintship, my king, by subduing thy hot temper.

Destroy thy self-conceit, destroy thy pride,* then know that thou hast encompassed the saintship.

In playing at the game of devotion thou must lose (the game of) royal polity.

Do this much, my son, and then understand the saintship.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ O my minister, what saith this *jogî* of knowledge ?

140 Tell it me again, I did not understand.

I did not understand. My Lord, what knowledge didst thou teach ?

O my minister, tell me ; didst thou understand ?

* There is a play here on the meaning of the words *mân* and *gaû*, and the Râjâ is made to misunderstand them : see below line 148.

Mukh se bât kahî kuchh khotî? Merâ jî larjâyâ!
Is jogî kî bât karan se merâ kalijâ khâyâ.”

Mantri.

- 145 “ Ai Râjâ, sun lîjiye, man chit karo bichâr.
Hai yeh jogî koî bâwarâ, nahîn bolâ bachan sambhâr.
Bolâ bachan sambhar, Râojî; yeh jogî bharmâyâ.
‘Mân ko mâr, gaû ko mâro,’ aisâ bachan sunâyâ?
Yeh bâtân to sunke, Râjâ, hamrâ jî lalchâyâ.
150 Khotî bât kahî, khotî ne sunke main ghabarâyâ? ”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Jaise jogî aise kahe khotî mukh se bain.
Jald kuen menî dâl do, jabhî parêgî chain!
Jabhî parêgî chain hamârî! Is jogî ko mâro!
Ger kûne menî! Nâm na lîjo! Upar silâ utâro!

Spake he not evil words with his lips? My heart is
beating!

The words of this *jogî* have pierced my heart!”

Minister.

- 145 “ O Râjâ, hear me, ponder it in thy heart.
This *jogî* is a fool and speaketh not words polite.
Speaketh not words polite, Sir King; this *jogî* deceiveth.
‘Slay thy mother, kill thy cow!’* this is what he said.
Hearing these words, Râjâ, my heart grieveth.
150 Evil words spake he: evil I hear and am astonished.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ What *jogî* is this that saith such evil words?
Throw him quickly into a well and then shall I have
peace!
Then shall I have peace! Kill this *jogî*!
Throw him into a well! Take not his name! Put a stone
over it!

* The two greatest crimes an orthodox Hindû can commit: but see line 136.

- 155 Kankar, pathar, retâ, mittî, lîd, bahot se dâro !
Yeh jogî kahîñ jâne na pâve ! Yeh man bîch bichâro ! ”

Gorakh jogî â gayâ, ang babhût ramâe.
Kânîpâ ke sâmhne ðere ðie lagâe.
Gorakh kahe :

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

“ Suno, ñe chelâ, kand mol tum lào.

- 160 Kânîpâ kî gaî mañdalî, unhîñ ke sang jâo.
Bhâjî sâg banâke achhâ, khûb tarah se khâo.
Pahile karo âtmâ ðhañðî, pîchhe dhyân lagâo.
Yeh hai Kartâ kî mâyâ.
Bahot sukh meñ phal pâya.

- 155 Rocks and stones and sand and earth and filth heap
over it !
Let not this *jogî* escape ! Ponder this in thy mind ! ”*

(Gurû) Gorakh (Nâth) came with ashes rubbed on his
body.

And took up his abode opposite Kânîpâ.†
Gorakh (Nâth) said :

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.‡

“ Hear, my disciple, buy thou some herbs.

- 160 Kânîpâ's party hath gone (to cook), do thou join them.
Cook thy herbs well and eat thy fill.
First make thy mind (to be) at peace and then meditate.
This is the mystery of God.
I have enjoyed its fruit greatly.

* The story breaks off here and is taken up again at line 224. The intervening lines relate incidents to show how the saint's followers came to hear of his mishap, so as to get him out of his trouble.

† A follower of Jalandhar Nâth, and therefore an opponent of Gorakh Nâth.

‡ To his own follower.

165 Is jangal ke bîch.
 Âj jogî jan âyâ.”

Chelâ.

“Yeh bhâjî sab dâl, Jogîjî, jitnî tumhare pàsâ.
 Kutke mâre angint kare badan kâ nâsâ !
 Yeh sansâ man uthî, Gurûjî ; kahûn tumhare pàsâ.

170 Tum pûre sat gur ho, Swâmî, meṭ shakal man sânsâ.”

Ân Gurû pe rowan lâge bahot machâyâ shor.

Chelâ.

“He, mere Gur Deo Niranjan, nâhaqq kînâ jor.
 Ham sang karen gharab kî bâtân, bahot machâvon shor.
 Yâ to us ko âp barjalo, nahûn, bane aur se aur.”

165 Into this forest
 Hath a *jogî* come to-day.”

*Disciple.**

“Throw away all these herbs, Sir *Jogî*, all that thou
 hast.

Be thy body destroyed by countless blows !
 A doubt hath arisen in my mind, Sir Gurû ; I tell it
 thee.

170 If thou be a real and true teacher, my Lord, blot out
 all my doubt.”

He came back to Gurû (Gorakh Nâth) raising a great
 cry.

Disciple.

“Ho, my Lord, my godlike† Gurû, they used force to
 me without reason.

They used harsh words to me and made a great noise.
 Either do thou punish, or I will devise some other
 (punishment).”

* To Kânîpâ.

† The extravagance of the epithet *Niranjan*, a specific attribute of the deity, is noteworthy.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

- 175 "Jâo, re chelâ, is waqt men lâgî surt hamârî.
Aise bachan kaho mukh setî phûte dibiyâ thârî.
Un ke phor, charhâo apnî, khûb karo tarkârî :
Wâ dekhenge, tum khâoge; rudan paregâ bhârî."

Chelâ.

- "He Gurû, Deo bidyâ ke, apne chîtak hî dikhlâî.
180 Dibiyâ chhîn lie hai mhârî, tan men agan lagâî.
Us jogî pe, Gurû, hamâre kuchh nâ par basâî.
Aisâ kirpâ karo, Nâth, woh dete phiren dohâî."

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

- "Mâno, chele, bachan hamârâ, nâ dil men ghabarâo.
Phûten dibiyâ sabhî unhoñ kî aisâ sabd sunâo.
185 Un kî phoro, aur pare bîjâo, apne ân charhâo."

Gorakh kahe :

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

- 175 "Go, my disciple, this is the time for my meditation.
Speak such words as these with thy lips and thy box*
will break.
Break up their (cooking vessels), put thy own on (the
fire) and cook well thy herbs :
They will understand (then) and do thou eat : and there
will be much wailing."

Disciple.

- "O Gurû, Lord of knowledge, he showed me his magic.
180 He snatched away my box and set fire to my body.
I have no power, Gurû, over this jogî.
Have mercy, my Lord, that he may cry 'mercy.'"

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

- "My disciple, hear my words and be not agitated.
Speak such (magic) words that all their boxes break.
185 Break their (vessels), blow them away and put on thy own."

Saith (Gurû) Gorakh (Nâth) :

* Of sacred ointment: a dreadful misfortune to an ascetic.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

“Sunô, re chelâ, tum man bharke khâo.”

Hukm dâ sabhî chelon ko Gorakh chîṭak dikhlâi.

Kânîpâ ke lashkar andar gahrî agan lagâi.

Lagî ânch, tan jalne lâge, dete phireñ dohâi.

190 Hâhâ kâran karen mukh setî, tin pe parî tabâhî.

Kânîpâ.

“Sun, re Gorakh chîṭkî, tû hai nipat nâdân.

Main khâtir tumharî nâ karûn: apnâ dharm pachhân.

Apnâ dharm pachhân, re Gorakh; kyûn chîṭak dikhlâve?

Gurû tumhârâ Sanglâ Dîp men baiṭhâ râj kamâve.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

“Hear, my disciple, eat at thy ease.”

Gorakh (Nâth) thus ordered all his disciples and showed a miracle.

Within the camp of Kânîpâ he lighted a huge fire.

The fire caught them, their bodies burned and they ran about (crying) “mercy.”

190 They cried out with their mouths on whom the sore trouble came.

Kânîpâ.

“Hear, Gorakh (Nâth) thou magician, thou art altogether a fool!

I flatter thee not: know thy own faith.

Know thy own faith, O Gorakh (Nâth): why showest us magic?

Thy Gurû in Sanglâ Isle hath become a king.*

* *i.e.*, Machhandar Nâth in Ceylon is acting like a king, raising a family, attending dances, listening to secular music, and so on: a truly dreadful falling away from the path of devotion and virtue!

- 195 Tere hâth kê jal nâ piûn : kaisâ sidh kahâve ?
Hai, nirlâj, sharm nahîn tujh ko, duniyâ ko bharmâve.”

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

- “Jo tû jâne, ‘jagat men lâ janam main jît,’
Gurû tumhârâ kûne men gire bahot din gae bît !
Bahot din gae bît kûne men pare, khabar nahîn pâi !
200 Gopî Chand Râjâ ne dârâ, ûpar silâ dalâi.
Main le âûn gur apne ko le us se karhâe,
Nahîn, to kahegâ, ‘Sidh Gurû ko denâ kûân girâe !’”

“Sangal Dîp suhâunâ kis bidh pahunchûn jâe ?”

Nâth Machhandar Sidh ne chaukî dîe bihâi :

- 195 I will not drink water from thy hand :* how canst thou
call thyself a saint ?

Shameless, thou hast no shame and deceivest the
world !”

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.†

“Though thou thinkest that thou hast conquered birth,‡
Thy Gurû§ hath been thrown into a well these many
days !

Many days hath he passed in the well and thou
knewest not !

- 200 Râjâ Gopî Chand threw him in and put a stone over it.
I should (if I were you) bring up my own Gurû (out of
the well),

Lest (men) should say I had let my Saintly Gurû be
thrown into a well !”

“How shall I get to the glorious Sanglâ Isle ?”||

Machhandar Nâth, the Saint, had set guards :

* *i.e.*, I put thee out of caste, because of the wicked and unworthy
doings of thy teacher Machhandar Nâth.

† This is his counterblast.

‡ *i.e.*, been so holy as to have escaped the transmigration of thy soul.

§ Jalandhar Nâth.

|| Change of scene : Gorakh Nâth now goes after Machhandar Nâth.

- 205 Chaukî dîe bithâî, Nâth panth gher liâ sârâ.
Râsdhârî kî chalî maṇḍalî un hî ke sang sidhârâ.
Hûâ nâch, jab tablâ bândhe, Gorakh Nâth pukârâ.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

“Jâg, Machhandar, Gorakh âe !”

Aisâ bachan uchârâ.

Âwâz sunî, ânkhan khulî, man meñ kîâ bichâr.

Machhandar Nâth.

- 210 “Gorakh âe nâch meñ ! Larzâ jîâ hamâr !
Larzâ jîâ hamâr ! Re chelâ, praghat kyûn nahîn âyâ ?
He bachchâ Gorakh, nir-bânî kis ne tujhe sitâyâ ?
Ai Gorakh, tain âke merâ râj takht chhurwâyâ !
Mukh se bachan sunâ de sâche ; kis kâran tain âyâ ?”

- 205 Had set guards, and his own sect surrounded the Saint.
A company of dancers started and he went off with
them.

The dance went on and when the drums were beating
Gorakh Nâth called out.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

“Awake, Machhandar (Nâth), Gorakh (Nâth) hath
come !”

This is what he said.

(Machhandar Nâth) heard the voice, opened his eyes
and was agitated.

Machhandar Nâth.

- 210 “Gorakh (Nâth) come to a dance ! My heart trembles !
My heart trembles ! O my disciple, why didst thou not
come publicly ?
O my son Gorakh (Nâth), who hath spoken thee evil ?
O Gorakh (Nâth), thy coming hath destroyed my king-
dom !
Tell me the truth with thy lips ; why hast thou come ?”

- 215 Bachan jab gur apne ke kîâ praghaṭ rūp dikhâyâ.
Tîn âdes pîrthan hî kînî, charnoñ sîs niwâyâ.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

“Sabhî bhekh hûâ wahân ikaṭṭhâ, tum ko wahân bulâyâ.
He Gur Deo, karo kirpâ, main saran tumhâre âyâ.”

Machhandar Nâth.

“Gorakh bachchâ, bâṭ hamârî suniye man chit lâî.

- 220 *Ab* ham se jâyâ nahîn jâtâ, sardî kî rut âî.
Sang hamâre laṛke haiṅge, in meñ prît lagâî :
Hem Nâth aur Khem Nâth, haiñ yeh tere gur bhâî.”

Gorakh jogî sidh ne dhârâ Gurû kâ dhyân.

Gopî Chand kî mân ko beg bulâ de ân :

- 215 When he heard the words of his Gurû he showed himself publicly.

First he made three salutations and bowed his head at his feet.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

“All the mendicants are collected there* together and call for thee.

O my Lord Gurû, have mercy, I am come to serve thee.”†

Machhandar Nâth.

“My son Gorakh (Nâth), hear my words with heart and soul.

- 220 *Now* I cannot go : it is the cold season.
I have sons with me that I love :
Hem Nâth and Khem Nâth, these are thy saintly brethren.”

Gorakh (Nâth) the holy saint worshipped his Gurû.

He called the mother of Gopî Chand quickly,

* At Ujjayinî.

† Observe the truly oriental delicacy of this reproof.

225 Beg bulâ de ân.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

“Rî mâtâ, suniye bachan hamâre.
Zulm kîâ beṭe tere ne, Nâth kûn meñ ḍâre.
Putr tere kâ jînâ nâhîn, sir par kâl pukâre.
Nikasat sâr bhasham kar degâ.”

Aisâ bachan uchâre.

Rânî Mainâwantî.

230 “Ai mere Gur Deojî; suniye, Gorakh Nâth;
Mere putr kâ jîwanâ haigâ tumhare hâth.
Haigâ tumhare hâth, Nâth; main dukh bhar-bharke pâlâ.
Tum bin âj jagat ke andar nâ koî thâmanwâlâ.
Iklotî kâ hai ik putr, karo is kâ prît pâlâ.”

225 Called her quickly.*

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.†

“O mother, hear my words.
Thy son hath been a tyrant and thrown the *jogî* into a well.
Thy son will not live, for he calls death on his head.
As soon as he gets out, he will turn him into ashes.”

This is what he said.

Rânî Mainâwantî.

230 “O my Lord Gurû; hear me, Gorakh Nâth,
My son’s life is in thy hands.
Is in thy hands, my Lord: with many a trouble I
brought him up.
Except thee to-day there is no protector in the world.
To her of one son there is but an only son, so do thou
lovingly protect him.”

* Scene changes completely, and the thread of the story is taken up from line 156.

† His coming to the help of his opponent is curious and probably an error. Kânîpâ would be the natural actor here.

Gopî Chand bulâc jalð se jabhî charan men ðâlâ.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

- 235 “Jâ, re bachchâ, amar ho ; merâ yehî updes.
Chale Dhartarî Akâs sab, tûn nahîn chale, Nares.
Tûn nahîn chale, Nares : bachan tum ko samjhâyâ.
Amar nâm ab hûâ jagat men, tain jas pâyâ.”

Ho rahî jai-jai-kâr kûnen se bîch nikâlâ.

- 240 Jo kuchh likhâ kalâm nahîn koî metanhârâ !
Kard nikâlî Nâth ne chîran lâge kân.
Dhartî larzî pâs kî aur larzâ Âsmân.
Larzâ Âsmân, Nâth ne jab jân kard bagâî.
Hasthî aur turang, brichh, sab rocî, roeî log lugâî.

She called Gopî Chand at once and placed him at the
(Gurû's) feet.

Gurû Gorakh Nâth.

- 235 “Go, my son, live for ever : this is my blessing.
The Earth and the Heaven will go, but thou wilt not
go, thou Lord of men.
Thou wilt not go, thou Lord of men : understand my
words.
Now is thy name immortal in the world and thou hast
won glory.”

There were rejoicings when (the Saint) was taken out
of the well.

- 240 The words written (by Fate) none can blot out !
The Saint took a knife and bored (Gopî Chand's) ears.
The Earth and the Heavens trembled.
The Heavens trembled when the Saint plied the knife.
The elephants and the horses and the (very) trees all
wept, and wept men and women.

- 245 Sab ranwâs ron lâgâ hai, ik na Mainâwantî mâi.
 Kân chîrke mundrâ gerî, selî gal meñ pâi.
 Ang bhasham, selî gale, dî Jalandhar Nâth.
 Kânõn mundrâ ânke, jholî khappar hâth ;
 Jholî khappar hath un ke mahilon 'alakh' jagâyâ.
- 250 Bhichhâ bhejo, rang mahilon se gur kê sabd sunâyâ.
 Motîn bhîkh mile mahilon se leke gur pe âyâ :
 Hâth joṛke kharâ âgâṛi charnõn sîs niwâyâ.

Jalandhar Nâth.

- “He Gopî Chand bâware, kyûn kartâ bad nâm ?
 Ab tak lobh nâ tain tajâ ! Jog lââ kis kâm ?
- 255 Jog lââ kis kâm ? Re bachchâ, mâyâ meñ bharmâyâ.

- 245 All the palace began weeping, except mother Mainâ-
 wantî.
 He bored his ears, he put in the rings and threw the
 necklace round his neck.
 Ashes to his body and necklace to his neck gave
 Jalandhar Nâth.
 With the rings in his ears, wallet and bowl in his hands.
 Wallet and bowl in his hands he went into (his own)
 palace, and cried 'alakh.*'
- 250 'Give me alms' (said he) in the palace, obeying his
 Gurû's orders.
 He received pearls as alms from the palace and took
 them to his Gurû :
 Standing with joined hands before him he bowed his
 head at his feet.

Jalandhar Nâth.

- “Ho, Gopî Chand, thou fool, why givest us a bad name ?
 Even now thou hast not put away thy avarice ! Why
 didst thou take the saintship ?
- 255 Why didst thou take the saintship ? O my son, thou
 art deceived by an illusion.

* The mendicant's cry when begging.

Kankar pathar sab tyâgî the, ab leke kyûn âyâ ?
 Hatke phir mahilon meñ jâo : bhojan kyûn nahîn lâyâ ?
 'Mâi' kahke bhichhâ lâo ; gurû ne gyân batâyâ !"

'Alakh' jagâe mahil meñ phirke dûjî bâr.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 260 "Mâi, bhichhâ dîjîye, Nâth khare darbâr :
 Nâth khare darbâr, ân deodhî pe 'â lakh' jagâyâ.
 'Bhîk bhîk' main kharâ pukârûn ; den koî nahîn âyâ !
 Ab to âsan lagâ hamârâ : Adh Purush kî mâyâ.
 Binâ lene talne kâ nahîn, Gur kâ dhyân lagâyâ."

Thou didst foreswear rocks and stones, why bring them
 now ?

Go back to the palace : why didst thou not bring food ?
 Call (thy wife) 'mother'* and bring alms : this thy
 Gurû teacheth !"

He called '*â lakh*' a second time in the palace.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 260 "Mother, give me alms, the Saint standeth at the door :
 The Saint standeth at the door, calling '*â lakh*' at the
 gate.
 'Alms, alms' do I stand and cry, and none cometh to
 give.
 Now have I taken up my seat here (to meditate) on the
 mystery of the Primeval Being.
 Without taking alms I move not, but will meditate on
 my Gurû."

* By calling her mother she could not longer be his wife : the mean-
 ing is 'separate from thy wife.' The expression runs through many
 verses.

- 265 Itnî Pâṭam Daî sunî ‘â lakh, â lakh’ bhankâr.
 Bândî beg bulâeke, tan bahot baḍâ hankâr.
 Tan bahot baḍâ hankâr.

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

“ Rî bandî, thamtâ nahîn thamâyâ.

Is jogî ne râj bigârâ bhîk mângne âyâ.

Dar par bâhir kharâ deodhî ke ; zarâ khauf nahîn khâyâ.

- 270 Bânson mâro, bâhir nikâlo ; tum ko yeh farmâyâ.”

Sunat sâr bândî ũhî, tan meñ ghussâ khâe.

Mâran chalî faqîr ko, lînâ bâns ũhâe.

Lînâ bâns ũhâe bândî chal deodhî pe âyâ.

Bândî.

“ Are phakañḍî, jâ mahilon se, kyûn martâ bin âe ?

- 275 Mârûn bâns, girâ dūn mundrâ : kyâ bijyâ tain khâî ?
 Pâṭam Daî kâ hukm, jogî ; main mâran kô âî.”

- 265 Meanwhile Pâṭam Daî* heard the cry of ‘â lakh, â lakh.’
 She called her maid quickly in great wrath.
 Great was her wrath.

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

“ My maid, I cannot keep down my wrath.

This *jogî* will ruin my kingdom with his begging.

He stands outside the door at the gate and has no fear.

- 270 Strike him with a cane, turn him out ; this I tell thee.”

As soon as she heard this the maid was up in anger.

She went out to beat the beggar, taking up a long cane.

Taking up a long cane the maid went to the gate.

Maid.

“ Thou cheat, leave the palace, why court thy death ?

- 275 I will beat thee with a cane, I will throw down thy
 (mendicant’s) earrings : what drug hast thou
 taken ?

By (Rânî) Pâṭam Daî’s order, *jogî*, am I come to beat
 thee.”

* Râjâ Gopî Chand’s wife.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ Kyûn, Bândî, dhamkâutî ? kyûn kartî yeh shor ?
 Karam hamâre kâ likhâ ; terâ nahîn kuchh zor.
 Terâ nahîn kuchh zor ; rî bândî, dhan dhan yeh amar âî !
 280 Ik din bândî ÷ahil karî thir palaugon sej bichhâî.
 Khaṛî âgâṛî pawan karî thî : kis ne tujhe bharmâî ?
 Woh din, Bândî, bhûl gae, yeh bâns marne âî ? ”

Bândî.

- “ Are jogî, sun joganâ, main pûchhûn hûn toe.
 Kis din terâ râj thâ ? sach batâ de moe.
 285 Sach batâ de moe ; are jogî, kyûn tû hûâ sandâî ?
 Kis din terî ÷ahil karî thî ? kis din sej bichhâî ?
 Are phakandî, phire ðoltâ chhalke duniyâ khâî !
 Pâṭam Daî kâ hukm, joganâ, main mâran ko âî. ”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ Why threaten me, my maid ? why make this noise ?
 It is written in my fate : thou can’st do nothing !
 Thou can’st do nothing : my maid, immortal is my fate !
 280 There was a day when a maid served me and made my
 bed :
 Stood before me and fanned me : who hath deceived
 thee ?
 Hast forgotten that day, my maid, that thou hast come
 to beat me with a cane ? ”

Maid.

- “ Ah, jogî, hear, my would-be jogî, I ask thee.
 When didst thou rule ? tell me truly.
 285 Tell me truly : jogî, where are thy senses ?
 When did I serve thee ? when did I make thy bed ?
 Thou cheat, thou dost wander about deceiving the
 world with thy tricks !
 It is (Rânî) Pâṭam Da’s order, my would-be jogî, that
 I beat thee ? ”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ Jis din râj kamâven the hukm hazârôn kos ;
 290 Us din tãhil karî thî ; sun, Bândî behosh !
 Sun, Bândî behosh, tû karî bhalâ hamârâ âsâ :
 Rahne kâ tujhe hukm diâ thâ Pâtam Daî ke pâsâ.
 Jog lâ, tan bhasham ramâî, sabhî tajâ ranwâsâ.
 Woh Gopî Chand Râo kahâwan, kî khâk meî bâsâ.”
- 295 Dâran dukh ab jân hûâ : lînâ rûp pahchân.
 Girî dharan bhû meî, paṛî marî dehî kî mân.
 Marî dehî kî mân ; bândî jhapat chalî dharâlâ,
 Sir kî keshâ phâr bagâî, lagâ jigar meî bhâlâ.
 Rudan kare tan khâk ramâî, chit hûâ behâlâ.
-

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ When I was the ruler over thousands of miles :
 290 Then wast thou my servant : listen, thou senseless
 maid.
 Listen, thou senseless maid, that raisest my hopes now :
 It was I that sent thee to (Rânî) Pâtam Daî.
 I took on the saintship, rubbed on the ashes and gave
 up my household.
 He is called Gopî Chand the King, that dwelleth now
 in the dust ! ”
- 295 Great was her sorrow now, for she recognized him.
 She fell to the earth, fell like a lifeless body :
 Like a lifeless body ; quickly was the maid bewildered.
 She tore off her locks, the lance (of grief) pierced her
 heart.
 Weeping she rubbed ashes on her body, and her hear
 was very grieved.

300 Pâṭam Daī ke pās jāeke bāns hāth se ḍālā.

Muktāl.

Bāndī.

“ Main bāndī sarkārī.
 Hukm mujh ko hai bhārī!
 Woh Gopī Chand Rāo.
 Khaṛā deoḥī par mahārī !”

Rānī Pâṭam Daī.

305 “ Ai bāndī, kyūn rotī ? kyūn ho rahī behāl ?
 kyūn tan khāk ramāutī ? kyūn phāre sir bāl ?
 Kyūn phāre sir bāl, rī bāndī, dil men ghabarāe ?
 Mārau gaī koṭal jogī ko rudan kartī āī !
 Kyā jogī ne apne mukh se khoṭī bāt sunāī ?
 310 Kāran kaun batā de, bāndī, ? 'aqaḷ kahān bharmāī ?”

300 She went to Rānī Pâṭam Daī and threw down the cane from her hand.

Refrain.

Maid.

“ I am the Queen's maid,
 Terrible was the order given me !
 It is Gopī Chand the King
 That stands at our door !”

Rānī Pâṭam Daī.

305 “ Why weepest, my maid ? why art distressed ?
 Why hast dust upon thee ? why art tearing thy hair ?
 Why art tearing thy hair, my maid, in such misery of
 heart ?
 Thou wentest to beat that evil *jogī* and thou hast come
 back weeping !
 Hath the *jogī* said any evil words to thee ?
 310 What is the reason (of all this), my maid ? where are
 thy senses ?”

Bândî.

- “ Ai Rânî, sun lîjîye, ham se kahâ na jâe !
 Jâ dekhâ Mahârâj ko chit gayâ kamlâe !
 Chit gayâ kamlâe, arî, main phâr bagâî keshâ.
 Kis ko mârûn ? kis se nikâlûn ? karan lagî lauleshâ.
 315 Kânôn mundrâ, gall bich selî, kar jogî kâ bhesâ,
 Dar par thâre bhîk mângte Gopî Chand Naresâ !”

Rânî Pâṭam Dâî.

- “ Ai Bândî, bâtân terî gaî hâḍ tan chîr.
 Jâ dekhûn Mahârâj ko, kis bidh hûe faqîr.
 Kis bidh hûe faqîr ? Abhî main darshan karne jâtî.
 320 Hîre, motî, la'l, jawâhir, swarran thâl sajâtî.
 Brahrûp tan upjâ merâ.”

Maid.

- “ O Queen, hearken, I can hardly say it !
 I went and saw the saint and my heart is grieved !
 My heart is grieved and I tear my hair.
 Whom was I to strike ? whom was I to turn out ?
 Great is my fear !
 315 Rings in his ears, necklace round his neck, in the clothing
 of a *jogî*,
 At thy door begging alms, is Gopî Chand, the Lord of
 men !”

Rânî Pâṭam Dâî.

- “ O my maid, thy words pierce my flesh and bones.
 I will go and see the saint, (to see) how he became a
 mendicant.
 How became he a mendicant ? I will go and see him at
 once.
 320 Bring diamonds, pearls, rubies and jewels (for me) on
 a golden platter :
 My heart yearns on account of separation from him.”

Chal deorhî pe âtî.
Sab ranwâs jharoke lâgâ pardâ chhuṭî banâtî.

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

325 “ Main Pâtam Daî nârî:
Rûp mujh ko hai bhârî.
Bhichhâ lo, Mahârâj ;
Nâth, main kharî âgârî !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Garj nahîn is bhîk ke, râj hamen taj dîn.
Yeh pathar ham kyâ karen ? Sun, Rânî parbîn.
Sun Rânî parbîn, hamâre kisî kâm nahîn âven.
330 Bhojan hai to hâzir de do. Kyâ is men se khâven ?
Aise bhîk nahîn lene kâ : sât ke bachan sunâven.
Bâr bâr samjhâ chukâ hûn, bhîk de, ham jâven.”

She went to the gate,
And all the palace (ladies) parting the screens peeped
out from the windows.

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

325 “ I am Rânî Pâtam Daî :
Great is my beauty.
Take the alms, Mahârâj ;*
My Lord I stand before thee.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ I want not such alms ; I have given up my kingdom.
What should I do with these stones ? Hear, my wise
Queen.
Hear, my wise Queen ; they would be of no use to me.
330 If any food be ready give it me. What could I eat
among these ?
I cannot take such alms : it is truth that I tell thee.
Again and again have I said, give me alms (of food)
and I go.”

* The form of address usual towards *faqîrs*.

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

- “ Kyûn, Râjâ, bharmâ gae ? Ham ko karat birân ?
 Kaun bâṭ mukh se kaho ? kyûn ho gae nipaṭ nâdân ?
 335 Ho gae nipaṭ nâdân, Râojî ? kaisî bâṭ sunâî ?
 Pân khâeke sej ram lî, ab kahte mukh se ‘ Mâi’ !
 Khâe kaṭârî jauhar karûngî, ho jâ jagat hansâî.
 Solâh sau Pâṭam Daî Rânî kâheko parnâî ?
 Ham solâh sau Rânî.
 340 Tajenge ab zindagânî !
 Ham ko karat birân,
 Kahî mâṭâ kî mânî !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Ai Rânî, tum se kahûn ; sunîyo man chit lâe.
 Jog lââ ; jab garhist, kyâ lenâ jog kamâe ?

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

- “ O Râjâ, why hast been deceived ? Why ruin us ?
 What is this thou sayest with thy lips ? Why has
 become altogether foolish ?
 335 Become altogether foolish, Sir King ? What is it that
 thou sayest ?
 Eating *pân*,* thou didst enjoy my bed, and now thou art
 saying ‘ Mother !’
 I will stab myself with a dagger and become a sacrifice,
 for the whole world will jeer.
 Why then didst thou marry the sixteen hundred
 (Queens) and Rânî Pâṭam Daî ?
 We sixteen hundred Rânîs
 340 Will now give up our lives !
 He hath ruined us,
 Obeying his mother’s words !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ O Rânî, I tell thee : hearken with heart and soul.
 I have taken the saintship : if I remain married how
 can my saintship prosper ?

* Figurative expression meaning the same as what follows.

- 345 Lenâ jog kamâe ? Apnî mââtâ kî kahî mânî.
 Gadî baiṭhe râj karen̄ then̄ jab thî apnî Rânî.
 Jog liâ mukh setî bolûn ‘âlahk, âlahk’ kî bânî.
 Ab tû mââtâ lagî dharm kî ! Gyân dîâ Gur gyânî !”

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

- “ Ai piyâ, ham marenge, tan bich khâe kaṭâr.
 350 ‘Putr’ mukh se nâ kahî ; larzâ jîâ hamâr.
 Larzâ jîâ hamâr, Râojî: kaisî bât sunâî ?
 Hamre sang kînâ thâ bhogâ, ab kyûn mât thairâî ?
 Bare pâp bhogo, Mahârâjâ ; jog panth nahîn pâî !
 Yeh prâchhat sir se nahîn utare, Nark kuṇḍ ko jâe !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 355 “ Ai Rânî, tû anant gunî ; kyûn kartî hankâr ?
 Karam rekh ṭalte nahîn ; kyûn tan khâe kaṭâr ?

- 345 How can my saintship prosper ? I obeyed my mother’s
 words.
 When I sat on my throne and was a king, then wast
 thou my Queen.
 (Now) having taken the saintship I call ‘âlahk, âlahk’
 with my lips.
 Now thou art my sworn mother ! The wise Gurû hath
 given me knowledge !”

Rânî Pâṭam Daî.

- “ O my beloved, I die, stabbing myself with a dagger.
 350 I will not call thee ‘son’ : my heart trembles.
 My heart trembles, Sir King : what hast thou said ?
 Thou wast happy with me, why hold me mother now ?
 This great sin shall hold thee, Mahârâjâ ; thou shalt not
 win (the reward of) the saintship !
 This sin shall ever be upon thy head, and thou wilt go
 down into Hell !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 355 “ O Rânî of boundless excellence, why art vexed ?
 The lines of fate are not (to be) blotted out : why stab
 thyself with a dagger ?

Kyûn tan khâe kaṭâr, Rânîjî? Kyûn man rudan lagâi ?
 Jo mar jâegî prân ghâtkar, degâ jagat burâi.
 Ab mahilon meñ yeh solâh sau lagen dharm kî mâi !

360 'Putr' kahke bhichhâ lâ do, âsan ko phir jâen."

Rânî Pâṭam Dâi.

"Ai Râjâ, tum dekhîyo, idhar karo tum dhyân.
 Tum to jogî ho gayâ, ham ko karat birân.
 Ham ko karat biran, Râojî; tum ne kyâ farmâe ?
 Sab ranwâs jharoke lâgâ kunjân sî kurlâe !

365 Jo tum ko jogî honâ thâ, kyûn sir mor bandhâi ?
 Solah sau sabar paṛegâ hamrâ jî tarsâi."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"Ai Rânî, tu sochtî: kyûn hotî dilgîr ?
 Mohan sejon soe the, ab hoe dâran pîr.

Why stab thyself with a dagger, my Lady Queen ?
 Why grieve in thy heart ?

If thou die destroying thy own life, the world will
 blame thee.

Now are all the sixteen hundred queens of the palace
 my sworn mothers.

360 Call me 'son,' and give me the alms, and I will go back
 to my seat."

Rânî Pâṭam Dâi.

"O Râjâ, see: pay attention to me.

Thou hast become a *jogî*, ruining us.

Ruining us, Sir King: what hast thou said ?

(Look) all the palace (women) at the windows are
 wailing like wild geese !

365 If (thy intention) was to become a *jogî*, why didst thou
 (ever) bind thy crest upon thy head (as a king) ?
 The curse of the sixteen hundred be upon thee that
 hast wounded their hearts."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

"O Queen, thou dost brood: why art sad at heart ?

I (once) slept on pleasant beds, now am I in great
 trouble.

- Jab se dâran pîr, Rânîjî, kyûn dil men ghabarâî ?
 370 Likhâ karm kê nahîn mittâ haî : samâjh soch man mâhîn.
 Jab ham râj karen the yehân se, jab tum ko parnâî.
 Ab to chhorî dîâ sab dhandâ tan men bhasham ramâe.
 Alakh Purakh kî yeh mâyâ, na kinî jag men pâî.
 Itnâ hî sanjog likhâ thâ ; Bidhnâ bât banâî.”

Rânî Pâtam Dâî.

- 375 “ Main Râjâ bintî karûn gall bich pallû dâr.
 Honhâr so ho chukî, ab man karo bichâr.
 Ab man karo bichâr, Râojî, râj pâţ sab tyâgî.
 Solâh san bilagtf chhorî, kis bidh hûe birâgî ?

Since I am in great trouble, my Lady Queen, why art
 distracted in thy heart ?

- 370 The lines of fate are not to be blotted out : ponder it
 in thy heart.

When I was a King here, then I married thee.

Now have I given up all (wordly) affairs and rubbed
 ashes on my body.

This is the mystery of the Immortal Being ; no one in
 the world hath fathomed it.

So much companionship was written (in our fate) ; Fate
 hath done this.”

Rânî Pâtam Dâî.

- 375 “ I beseech thee, Râjâ, with my kerchief round my
 neck.*

What was to be has been, but bethink thee now.

Bethink thee now, Sir King, giving up (thus) thy king-
 dom and thy power.

How canst thou be a mendicant and leave thy sixteen
 hundred queens ?

* In great humility.

- Jâ din dekhûn rûp tumhârâ prem rûp meñ pâgf.
 380 Ab chhorûn kit jân, Mahârâjâ ? terî hî sang lâgf.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ Ai Rânî, kyûn sochtî ? kyûn hotî behâl ?
 Râj karo, khushfân karo, sab kuchh chhorâ mâl.
 Sab kuchh chhorâ mâl, mulk meñ râj karo sab nârî.
 Ai Pâtam Daî, ham nirbhâgf, mat kar hâns hamârî.
 385 Jis din mahârâ janam hûâ thâ un meñ kyûn nahûn
 bichârî ?
 Tum kâheko man apne ko rudan karâutî, piyârî ? ”

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

“ Ai Râjâ, hamrî bithâ sunîyo man chit lâe.

- From the day that I saw thy beauty I have been
 entranced with the love of it.
 380 How can I go and leave thee now, Mahârâjâ ? I go with
 thee ! ”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ O Rânî, why art sad ? Why art miserable ?
 Rule and rejoice, for I have left thee all things.
 I have left thee all things ; let all the women* rule
 the country.
 O Pâtam Daî, I am unfortunate ; make me not a laugh-
 ing stock.
 385 Why did they not ponder over this on the day I was
 born ? †
 Why art thou then grieving thus in thy heart, my
 beloved ? ”

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

“ O Râjâ, hearken to my wailing with heart and soul.

* *i.e.*, his 1,600 Queens.

† And destroy me and so prevent it.

- Âg lagûn is râj ko, marûn zahar bis khâe.
 Marûn zahar bis khâe, Râojî : kâl hamârâ âyâ.
 390 Mainâwantî apne kâran tum ko jog diwâyâ.
 Âp baiṭhke râj karegî apnâ matâ upâyâ.
 Solah sau kê sabar paṛegâ : hamrâ jî tarsâyâ."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- " Mâtâ ne ham ko dîâ jog singâsan gyân.
 Jo us ko main tyâg dûn, hot dharm kî hân.
 395 Hot dharm kî hân, hamârâ jîwan kaise hoî ?
 Ai Pâtam Daî, prem 'ishq meñ surt dî main ne ḍaboî.
 Mohe rūp kê bâgh ujârâ prem bel ab boî.
 Phal aur phûl rahâ Qismat kê ; Râm kare so hoî."

I will set this kingdom ablaze;* I will take poison and die.

I will take poison and die, Sir King : (the time of) my death hath come.

- 390 Mainâwantî hath made thee a *jogî* to gain her own ends.

She hath made a design to rule (the kingdom) herself.
 The curse of (us) sixteen hundred queens will fall upon her : she hath wounded our hearts."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

" My mother hath given me the highest knowledge (that comes) of devotion.

If I foreswear that, my virtue will be ruined.

- 395 My virtue will be ruined, and how shall I live (in the next world) ?

O Pâtam Daî, I am given up to the contemplation of the love (of God).

I have uprooted the garden of lust and pleasure and have planted the (creeping) plant of the love (of God).

The blossom and the fruit rest with Fate : it will be as God wills."

* *i.e.*, destroy it.

Rānī Pāṭam Daī.

- “Tum to jāno ho, piyâ, jog panth kâ gyân.
 400 Hamrâ madh kyûn toriâ ? Is kâ karo bikhân.
 Is kâ karo bikhân, Râojî ; ham kaisî kar jîven ?
 Jogan banke sang chalenge, zahar piyâlâ pîven !
 Hâi karat hirdâ pâṭî hai ; ab kaisî kar seven ?
 Hâth bândhke kharî âgârî ; charan tumhâre neven.”

Rājā Gopī Chand.

- 405 “Pāṭam Daī, sun lîjo ; hamrâ yehî updes.
 Jo tum ko sang le chalûn, kar jogan kâ bhes :
 Kar jogan kâ bhes, piyârî, tum ko sang le jāûn,
 Tab tû hai Pāṭam Daī nârî, jog panth nahîn pâûn.”

Rānī Pāṭam Daī.

- “If thou know, my love, the knowledge of the way of
 devotion,
 400 Why hast thou torn away the bloom of my (youth) ?
 Explain this.
 Explain this, Sir King : how am I to live ?
 I go with thee as a *jogan*,* (or) I drink a cup of poison !
 My heart breaks with my wailing : how shall I serve
 thee now ?
 With joined hands I stand before thee, bowing to thy
 feet.”

Rājā Gopī Chand.

- 405 “Pāṭam Daī, hear me ; this is my admonition.
 If I take thee with me, turning thee into a *jogan* :
 Turning thee into a *jogan*, my beloved, if I take thee
 with me,
 Then wouldst thou be Pāṭam Daī my wife, and my
 saintship would not profit me.†

* Female devotee.

† It being necessary that he should be celibate.

- Nindiyâ kare jagat hî sârâ, jîtâ hî mar jâûn.
 410 Karke sabr baiṭh mahilon meñ : bâr bâr samjhâûn.”

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

- “ Sabr kyâ man apne ? Suno, Râo Mahârâj.
 Ham ko chhor nirâs, jâ, nâ sidh rahe kuchh kâj.
 Ai Râjâ, jabhî nâ sidh rahe kuchh kâj ; janam biṭhâ
 kyûn khoyâ ?
 Ham ko karat bilâp, chain se kaise soyâ ?
 415 Jauhar karengi mahil sarb solah sau Rânî,
 Jaise tarphe mân paṛe jal bin pâni.
 Hirdâ kyâ kaṭhor ? nahîn pichhlâ neh jânâ !
 Ham ko kar barbâd, kahâ mâtâ kâ mânâ !
 Tum to ho gae âj shakal bhûpan meñ bhârî !
 420 Kyûn hûe nâdân ? mân lo sîkh hamârî !”

The whole world would blame me and I should live a
 living death.

- 410 Be patient and dwell in this palace : over and over
 again do I exhort thee.”

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

- “ What patience is there in my heart ? Hear, my Lord
 Mahârâjâ.
 Leave me without hope, go and prosper in nothing.
 O Râjâ, let nothing then prosper (with thee) : why
 lose a life uselessly ?
 Making me miserable, how shalt thou sleep at thy ease ?
 415 All the sixteen hundred queens of the palace will sacri-
 fice themselves,
 As fish are restless out of the water.
 How hard is thy heart, that hast forgotten thy old love !
 Ruining me to obey the mother's whims !
 (Even) to-day is thy mien mighty and majestic !
 420 Why be (so) foolish ? Harken to my admonition !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ Ai Rânî, ânant gunî, bolo imrat bain.
 Jagat bîch, sun lîjo, supnâ hai din rain.
 He Rânîjî, supnâ hai din rain ; nahîn rahtî thir kâyâ.
 Chhin meñ hî ur jâe, jaisî brichh kî chhâyâ.
 425 He Rânîjî, râj, pât, dhan, mâl gae sab râje tyâgî.
 Brahmâ se chal base gae sanyâsî birâgî.
 He Rânîjî, Dasrath se chal base, putr jin ke Bhagwânâ.
 Kitnî dhartî gaî ? Gae kitne asmân jahânâ ?
 He Rânîjî, gae bahot se sidh ! gae asmân ghanere !
 430 Itne târe gae ? gae sassî bhân bahotere !
 He Rânîjî, tû birhe meñ parî, dûr kîje chitrâî.
 Main kahtâ samjhâe, suno tû man chit lâe.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ O Rânî, of infinite excellence, thou sayest sweet words.
 Hear me : day and night is this world a dream.
 O my Lady Rânî, it is a dream day and night ; nor
 does thy body remain here.
 In a moment it flies away as the shadow of a tree.
 425 O my Lady Rânî, rule and power and wealth and goods
 have all kings resigned.
 Mendicants and devotees have resigned Brahmâ.*
 O my Lady Rânî, Dasrath hath gone, whose son was
 God.†
 How many earths have gone ? How many heavens and
 worlds ?
 O my Lady Rânî, many saints have gone and many a
 heaven !
 430 Many a star, and many a sun and moon !
 O my Lady Rânî, a separation hath come to thee ; put
 away thy sorrow.
 I exhort thee, hear thou with heart and soul.”

* *i.e.*, worldly pleasures.

† Daśaratha, usually now-a-days Jasrath, was the father of Râmâ Chandra or Râm, now-a-days God.

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

- “Hameñ bilaktî chhorke tan mârâ birhe kâ tîr.
 Nâ jog suphal ho, Râojî, jo tum hûe faqîr.
 435 He Râjâjî, jo tum hûe faqîr, chhor dînî umrâî.
 Durlab hai râj, nahîn phir miltâ yehân hîn.
 Durlab hai sansâr, baîî durlab hai Rânî.
 Durlab hai yeh sej; tumheñ man meñ kyâ jânî?
 He Râjâjî, durlab hai sab jagat, aur sab durlab bhogâ.
 440 Tum to jogî hûe, mere ko lagâ birogâ!”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“He Rânî, is jagat meñ, jhûthî jagat prît.
 Jhûthî hain chhiplâîân, jhûthî prem prît.

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

- “Leaving me wailing thou hast pierced my heart with
 the arrow (of separation).
 May thy saintship not profit thee, Sir King, that hast
 become a devotee.
 435 That hast become a devotee, O my Lord Râjâ, giving
 up thy nobility.
 A precious thing is monarchy, you will not obtain it
 again here.
 (The possession of) the world is precious, and a very
 precious thing is a Queen.
 A precious thing is the (royal) bed: what art thinking
 in thy mind.
 O my Lord Râjâ, the whole world is a precious thing
 and a precious thing is happiness.
 440 Thou hast become a *jogî* and separation hath come
 upon me!”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“O Rânî, false is earthly love in this world.
 False the flatteries, false the love and affection.

He Rânîjî, jhûthî prem prît, jaisî tarwar kî chhâyâ.
 Jhûthî mumtâ mohe ; jagat supnâ kî mâyâ.

445 He Rânîjî, kâmrûp bhamang chhûwat hî bikh charh
 jâe :

Main jogî, abdhûp jâe sau kos parâe.

He Rânîjî, man châhe bairâg, bhog kaise kar lîje ?

Deh mûe mar jâe. Kaho, ab kaisî kîje ?”

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

“ He Râjâ, bintî karûn, charan tumhâre lâg.

450 Jab lag jîungî, piyâ, nahîn miṭegâ dâg.

He Râjâjî, nahîn miṭegâ dâg, lagâ hirde ke mâhîn !

Kis par karûn pukâr ? Bith suntâ koî nâhîn.

Kalpenge din raiu rudan apne kar mâhîn.

Ger chale andher, piyâ, ang bhasham ramâe.

O my Lady Rânî, false the love and affection as the
 shadow of a tree.

False the desire and the lust : the world is the illusion
 of a dream.

445 O my Lady Rânî, the poison of lust works by contami-
 nation :

I am a *jogî*, I must go from it a hundred miles away.

O my Lady Rânî, I am bent on mendicancy, how can I
 partake of pleasures ?

My body is dead (to them). Say, how could I do it ?”

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

“ O Râjâ, I beseech thee, falling at thy feet.

450 As long as I live, my beloved, the stain of this will
 not be blotted out.

O my Lord Râjâ, the stain will not be blotted out, it is
 deep down in my heart !

On whom shall I call ? None heareth my wailing.

I shall pass the days and nights in weeping.

Thou hast thrown a darkness round me, my beloved, in
 rubbing (these) ashes on thy body.

- 455 He Râjâjî, nâ âge koî ptr, sabr man kaise kîje ?
Yeh dukh sahâ na jâe, kâthn jî hamrâ lîje !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ He Rânî, tû dekh le, kar hirde meñ gyân.
Ab tum ko to par gae Râm bhajan kî bân :
He Rânîjî, Râm bhajan kî bân ; aur kêraj nahîñ koî.
460 Kabhî na tyâgûñ jog ; param dukh ham ko hûe.
He Rânîjî, Gangâ Jamnâ do ulaṭ parbat jâven ;
Chând, sūrij rath phire ulaṭ Pachham ko jâve ;
He Rânîjî, ulṭî pirthî hove, tale hoṛ jâ asmânâ :
Sîlwant sat chhâr kare piyâ kâ bânâ ;

- 455 O my Lord Râjâ, I have no son, how then can I have
patience in my heart ?
This pain is not bearable, bitterness is in my heart !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ Look you, O Rânî, take knowledge into thy heart.
Now on thee is fallen (the duty of) singing the praises
of God :
O my Lady Rânî, of singing the praises of God : there
is no other duty.
460 I will never give up the saintship ; great troubles have
I suffered.
O my Lady Rânî, Gangâ and Jamnâ may both flow back
to the hills ;
The chariot of the sun and moon may travel crookedly
to the West ;
O my Lady Rânî, the earth may turn over and the
heavens fall ;
A woman that hath given up modesty and virtue may
wear the garb of a beloved (wife) ;*

* Bear herself as a true wife.

- 465 Ai Rânjî, itnî kâraj hove ; jog main kabhî na tyâgûn !
Dhyân dharûn ; Gur Deo paṛûn charnoñ : chit lâgûn.”

An pitâ ke god meñ baiṭh gañ dur hâl ;
Rove putrî boltî karke hâl behâl.

Râj Kañwârî.

- “ He Bâbaljî, karke hâl behâl hamen kit chhoṛûn jâe ?
470 Kaun kare mahârâ piyâr ? Nahîn koñ sang kâ bhâñ !
He Bâbaljî, kaun kare mahârâ biyâh ? Kaun karegâ
mahârî sagâñ ?
Kaun hamen de bhej ? Kaun phire legâ mangâñ ?
Khâe kaṭârâ marûn ; anant tumhare gall dâlûn !
Kabhî nâ deungî jân, bhekh jogî kâ târûn.*

- 465 O my Lady Rânî, all these may be ; but I never give
up the saintship !
I meditate : I fall at the feet of the holy Gurû : I in-
cline my heart (to him).”

Coming into her father's lap and sitting down in
wretched plight,
His weeping daughter spake (to him) wailing.

The Princess.

- “ O father, why leavest thou me, making me wretched ?
470 Who will love me now ? I have no brother with me !
O father, who will arrange my marriage ? † Also my
betrothal ?
Who will send me (to the bridegroom's house) ? Who
will call me (home) again ? ‡
I will stab myself and die ; I will ever keep (my arms
round) thy neck !
I will never let thee go, I will take off thy *jogî's* garb.

* For *utârûn*.

† An absolute necessity to a Hindu girl.

‡ Ceremonies connected with marriages.

- 475 Yeh solah sau nâr umang joban ras bhînú,
Un se chhor prît, jog chintâman lînú!"
Râjâ Gopî Chand.
"Ham, betî, jogî hûe, ang babhût ramâe.
Ab tumharî mumtâ nahîn: kin dînú bharmâî ?
Kyûn dînú bharmâî ? Panth hamrâ kyûn gherâ ?
- 480 Nahîn mujh ko pahchân, nâm nahîn jânûn terâ.
He betî rî, kyûn roe ? Kyûn jhure samajh apne man
mâhîn ?
Yeh Gopî Chand Râo âj tera bâbal nâhîn !
He betî rî, *tum* jâno, 'mahârá pitâ lîâ bisyar ne khâe. !'
Main jânûn ghar bich nahîn kaniyân janmâî !
- 485 Wahî kare thârâ biyâh âp Chandrâwal Rânî.
Wahî tumhen de bhej, wahî le beg bulâe."

- 475 These sixteen hundred queens in the full bloom of youth
and beauty ;
Rejecting their love thou hast given thy heart to devotion !"
Râjâ Gopî Chand.
"I have become a *jogî*, my daughter, rubbing ashes on
my body.
I have no love for thee now: who hath been deceiving thee ?
Why have they deceived thee ? Why have they sur-
rounded my path (with difficulties) ?
- 480 I remember thee not: I know not thy name.
My daughter, why weepst ? Why destroy the reason
(that is) in thy mind ?
This Râjâ Gopî Chand is not thy father to-day !
My daughter consider thou that a snake hath slain thy
father !
I do not know (now) that a girl was ever born in my house !
- 485 She will arrange thy marriage (thy mother) Rânî Chan-
drâwal.*
She will send thee (to the bridegroom's house) and
quickly call thee (home) again."

* This must be some other queen of Gopî Chand.

Râj Kanwârî.

- “ He mere gyâni pitâ, kar hirde meñ gyân.
 Ang bhûkan utârke kyûn chirwâe kân ?
 He Bâbaljî, kyûn chirwâe kân ? Kaho, kaise man ae ?
 490 Gahne basham utâr, ang kyûn bhasham ramâi ?
 Ger chale andher bhî jâte nirdhârâ.
 Tum bin hamrâ kaun jagat meñ thâmbanhârâ ?
 Bâli ’umar nâdân man hamrâ kyûn torâ ?
 Bin dekhe nahûn rahûn, chit ab kaise mârâ ?”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 495 “ He beṭî, sachî kahûn : apnâ man samjhâe.
 Kyûn rove man âpne ? Pathar chit banâe.
 Pathar chit banâe ; nahûn rûwat banâi.

The Princess.

- “ O my wise father, take wisdom into thy mind.
 Why hast taken the jewels off thy body and bored thy
 ears ?
 O father, why hast bored thy ears ? Say, what came into
 thy mind ?
 490 Why hast taken off thy jewels and thy clothes and
 rubbed on the ashes on thy body ?
 Why hast cast darkness round us in the midst of the
 stream (of life) ?
 Except thee who is our supporter in this world ?
 Why break my heart in this my early youth ?
 I will not live except I see thee, how shall my heart
 turn back from thee now ?”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 495 “ O my daughter, I tell thee truth : teach thou thy
 heart :
 Why weep in thy heart ? Make thy heart a stone.
 Make thy heart a stone and weep not.

Kabhî nâ metâ jâe karm jo ank likhaî.
Kachâ bartan hove, jidhar phere phir jâe :

500 Ham to jogî hûe ; Gurû ne dîe pakâe."

Râj Kanwârî.

" He Râjâ, hamre pitâ, tyâg chale sab bhog.

Putrî kâ yeh bachan hai : suphal tumhârâ jog !

Suphal tumhârâ jog, pitâjî ! Suphal tumhârî bânî !

Suphal tumhârî baṛî tapashiyâ ! Suphal Nâth gur gyâni !

505 Lâkh dafa, samjhâyâ tum ko : mahârî sîkh nâ mânî !

Chhâr chale kalar meñ kâniyân yeh solah sau Rânî !

'Ham man sabar karengê pitâ bin' ; yeh kyâ tum ne
thânî ?

Karke jauhar, prân taj denge : yâ le nischâ jânî !"

The lines that fate hath written can never be blotted out.
If the platter be unbaked it can be turned (as the
potter listeth):

500 (But) I have become a *jogî*; the Gurû hath baked (the
platter)."

The Princess.

" O Râjâ, my father, thou hast (indeed) renounced all
pleasures.

This is thy daughter's blessing : blessed be thy saint-
ship !

Blessed be thy saintship, my father ! Blessed thy words !

Blessed thy great asceticism ! Blessed the Saint, thy
wise Gurû !

505 A thousand times I exhorted thee and thou wouldst
not hearken !

Thou hast left thy daughter and the sixteen hundred
queens in the desert (of despair) !

That we shall have patience in our hearts without thee !

What is it thou hast thought ?

Sacrificing ourselves we will give up our lives : know
this for certain."

Rājā Gopī Chand.

- “ He betī, jākar kahe, main samjhāñ toe.
 510 Mukh se ‘putr’ kahāeke bhīk diwā de moe.
 Bhīk diwā de moe, rī, mukh se ‘putr’ kahāe.
 Mahil qila rahne ke chhore ban khañ surt lagāe.
 Der hūī, Gur ham ko māre, ablag bhīk nāī.
 ‘Putr’ kahke bhīk diwā de, jog suphal ho jāī.
 515 Main hūñ jogī kâ chelâ.
 Girhist se rahūñ akelâ.
 Rāj pāt dīā chhor,
 Banâ faqīr albelâ.”

Rāj Kanwārī.

- “ He mātâ, bintī karūñ gall bich pallū dâr.
 520 Honhâr so ho gaī, ab man karo bichâr.
 Ab man karo bichâr : pitâ ne taj dī sab umrâī.

Rājā Gopī Chand.

- “ O my daughter, go and tell them, I beseech thee.
 510 (Tell them to) call me ‘son’ and give me alms.
 (To) give me alms, dear, and call me ‘son.’
 I have left my palace and fort and my desire is (to go
 into) the forests.
 It is late, the Gurū will beat me and till now the alms
 have not come.
 Call me ‘son’ and give me alms that my saintship may
 prosper.
 515 I am the *Jogī’s* disciple,
 I live apart from my family,
 I have given up rule and power,
 And become a simple mendicant.”

The Princess.

- “ O mother, I beseech thee with my kerchief round my
 neck.
 520 What was to be has been, ponder it now in thy mind.
 Ponder it now in thy mind; my father hath given up
 his high station.

Kân phá:hke mundrâ dâlî, ang babhût ramâi.
 Jo un kê tum jog chhurâo, degâ jagat burâi.
 'Putr' kahke bhîk dâl do, jog suphal ho jâi!"

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

- 525 "He beî, kaisî kahûn main hûn sîl satîs ?
 Mukh 'putr' kaisî kahûn, we haiñ, prân patîs ?
 We haiñ prân patîs, rî beî ; kyûn sar pap charhâve ?
 Kaun jagat 'putr' kahe ? Ham to bhar bhar chhâtî âve !
 Bhog kyâ jâke sang soî, ab kyûn pâp lagâve ?
 530 Nark kûñdh ko jâ, hañiyârî, khoî bât sunâve."

Râj Kanwârî.

"He mâtâ, man samjhe ; bhalî karen Jâgdîs.
 Jitnî tumhare pâs haiñ charho hamâre sîs.

Boring his ears he hath put in the rings and rubbed
 ashes on his body.

If thou take away his saintship, the world will blame
 thee.

Call him 'son' and give him alms that his saintship
 prosper."

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

- 525 "O my daughter, how shall I say it, I that am virtuous ?
 How shall I say 'son' with my lips to him that is the
 lord of my life ?
 He is the lord of my life, my daughter : why place this
 sin upon my head ?
 What (wife) saith 'son' in the world ? my heart is full !
 Why then did he enjoy me, that putteth this sin upon
 me ?
 530 Go thou to hell, thou wretch, that said such evil to me."

The Princess.

"O mother, think of it : The Lord* will reward thee.
 Put all thy sins upon my head.

* Jagdîs, the Lord of the world, i.e., Śiva, God.

- Charho hamâre sîs, rî mâtâ, jitnî prâchhit bhârî.
 Burâ bhalâ sab ham ko kahe, nis din dîjo gârî.
 535 Ab tum ko to yeh hî suphal hai jitnî ho tum nârî :
 Mukh se ‘putr’ kaho pitâ ko : mâno bât hamârî.”

Putrî ke mâne bachân, hûâ chit behâl.
 Châr padârath pûrke lââ hâth men thâl.
 Lââ hâth men thâl.

Rânî Pâtam Dâî.

- “ Râo, main tere sâmhne âî.
 540 Bhichhâ lîjo ; kanth hamâre, châr padârath lâî.
 Yeh hî hamrî asîs, piyâjî, suphal terî sidh âî !
 Ik bar kahtî, lakh bar kah dûn, ‘ tû putr, main mâî ! ’ ”

- Put on my head, mother, all the weight of thy sins.
 Say all things good and bad to me, call me evil names
 day and night.
 535 Now this will prosper thee and all of you queens,
 That you call my father ‘ son ’ with your lips : hearken
 to my words.”

She obeyed the girl and was wretched in her heart.
 She filled a platter with four delicacies and took it in
 her hand.
 She took the platter in her hand.

Rânî Pâtam Dâî.

- “ King, I am come before thee :
 540 Take the alms ; my husband, I have brought thee four
 delicacies.
 This is my blessing, my beloved, that thy saintship
 prosper !
 I say it once, I say it a thousand times, ‘ thou art my
 son and I thy mother. ’ ”

Lekar bhichhâ chal parē ; bhalî karî Jagdîs !
Gur apne pe ânke charan niwâio sîs.

545 Charan niwâio sîs.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Gurûjî, tumharâ hukm bajâyâ.

Solâh sai mukh ‘ putr ’ kahâe jabhî bhîk main lâyâ.

Bârân baras kî sutâ kanwârî tin sai phand chhutâyâ.

Ai Gur Deo, karo gat merî ; tum se dhyân lagâyâ !”

Jalandhar Nâth.

“ Gopî Chand, tum ye suno ; bhojan jîmo sang.

550 Phir judâ âsan karo ; yeh hî faqîrî rang.

Yeh hî faqîrî rang : hamen se âsan judâ banâo.

Gur kê nâm japo hirde men, Har se dhyân lagâo.

He took the alms and went away: well hath the Lord
done !

He came to his Gurû and bowed his head at his feet,

545 Bowed his head at his feet.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Sir Gurû, I obeyed thy order,

I made the sixteen hundred (queens) call me ‘ son ’ and
then took the alms.

My maiden daughter of twelve years played three
hundred tricks on me.

O my Lord Gurû, prosper my work ; I meditate on
thee !”

Jalandhar Nâth.

“ Gopî Chand, listen to this : cook the food with me.

550 Afterwards take up thy abode apart ; this is the way of
devotees.

This is the way of devotees: have a separate abode
from me.

Repeat the name of thy Gurû in thy heart and medi-
tate upon Harî*

Âlakh Nâm jî se nâ hâro, Râm Nâm gur gâo.
Jog lîe kê yeh hî mazâ, Baikunth dahâm ko jâo."

Rânî Pâtam Daî.

- 555 " Sâs hamârî, jân kê tujh pe paṛo srâp !
Putr ko jogî kîâ, râj karoge âp !
Râj karoge âp : hamen dâran dukh dînâ !
Solâh sau kê sabar jân apne pe lînâ !
Jo karnâ châho râj, nahîn ham karne denge.
560 Aglâ pichhlâ kîâ âj sârâ bhar lenge.
Nâ bilse, nâ khâe, nahîn gat hogî terî.
Kariye Narkon bâs, pîṛ tujhe hove ghanere !"

Rânî Mainâwantî.

" Ai rî Pâtam Daî bahû, tum ho surgyân.
Putr main jogî kîâ, apnâ dharm pahchân.

Forget not the Imperishable Name in thy heart and
praise the name of God.

This is the fruit of devotion that thou go to Heaven."

*Rânî Pâtam Daî.**

- 555 "Mother-in-law,† the curse of my life be upon thee !
Thou hast made thy son a *jogî*, that thou mightest rule
thyself !
That thou mightest rule thyself thou hast brought me
to much trouble !
Thou hast taken on thyself the curse of the lives of the
sixteen hundred (queens) !
If thou wouldest rule I will not let thee.
560 I will take a full (revenge) for all thou hast done to-
day.
Nor in drinking, nor in eating shall ought prosper thee.
Go and dwell in Hell, where thy agonies shall be many !"

Rânî Mainâwantî.

" O my daughter Pâtam Daî, take knowledge (of the
things of Heaven).

I made my son a *jogî*, knowing my duty (to religion).

* Scene changes.

† Rânî Mainâwantî.

- 565 Apnâ dharm pahchân, kîâ Gopî Chand jogî.
 Kâyâ un kî amar ant parlo mân hogî.
 He bahû rî nirmal, dekh sarûp karan kanchan sî kâyâ.
 Nirkhath suphal so, bahû, kaiwar ko jog diwâyâ ?
 Apnâ suwâd bigâṛ kîâ putr nistârâ.
- 570 Kyûn socho din rain, rudan kartî har bârâ ?
 Ūdar pasâre pair, pîṛ mujh ko hai bhârî !
 Tum kyûn hot udâs sâth pheroñ kî nârî ?”

Râni Pâtam Daî.

- “ Sâs hamâri, kyûn kîâ putr ko yeh faqîr ?
 Tû sukhiyâ ab nâ rahe, ham ko dâran pîṛ !
- 575 Ham ko dâran pîṛ, dhîr man kaise lâven ?
 Mahiloñ parâ andher, chit kaise samjhâven ?
 Joban lahar samundar dekh jî dar pe hamârâ :

- 565 Knowing my duty I made Gopî Chand a *jogî*.
 His body shall be immortal and his glory endless in the
 world to come.
 O my pure daughter, behold his golden body.
 Faultless and fruitful, I made my son a *jogî*, my
 daughter.
- 570 Destroying my own desires I gave benefits to my son.
 Why grieve day and night, weeping every moment ?
 He kicked in my womb and great was my pain !
 Why then art *thou* sad, that art (but) a wedded wife ?”

Râni Pâtam Daî.

- “ Mother-in-law, why didst thou thus make thy son a
 devotee ?
 Mayst thou know no joys that hast given me great
 griefs !
- 575 Great is my pain, how then shall I be patient ?
 A darkness hath fallen on the palace, how shall I teach
 my heart (not to grieve) ?
 Youth sees the waves of the ocean (of life) and is afraid
 at heart.

- Kis bidh utarenî pâr, kathhan biṛhe kî dhârâ ?
 Ai sasurjî, hirdiyâ kîâ kathor : pîṛ tujh ko nahîn âî !
 580 Putr kân chirâe, hameñ kârâ raṇḍ biṭhâî !”

Rânî Mainâwantî.

- “ Ai rî Pâṭam Daî bahû, kyûn man kîâ udâs ?
 Bhajan karo us Râm kâ, ho Surgoñ meñ bâs !
 He bahû rî, ho Surgoñ meñ bâs, bart pî kâran kîjo.
 Râm bhajan ke het apnâ man tan dîjo.
 585 He bahû rî, karo dâñ aur pun, mukat apnî kar lîjo.
 Maiñ kahtî har bâr, dharm apuâ mat chhîjo !”

“ Bithâ merî sun lîjo, betâ Gopî Chand,
 Sukh âsan ko chhorke paṛe mohe ke phand.

How shall I cross over (plunged) in the bitter current
 of separation ?

O mother-in-law, thou hast hardened thy heart: thou
 hast had no pity !

- 580 In that thou hast bored thy son's ears and made me a
 widow !”

Rânî Mainâwantî.

“ O my daughter Pâṭam Daî, why grieve in thy heart ?
 Sing the praises of God and go to dwell in Heaven.

My daughter, go to dwell in Heaven, and fast for thy
 love's sake.

Deliver up thy body and soul to the praise of God.

- 585 My daughter, do charity and good works and earn thy
 salvation.

I tell thee never forsake thy duties !”

“ Hear my complaint, O my son Gopî Chand.*

Giving up thy pleasures, thou art fallen into the snares
 of lust.

* Change of scene : Mainâwantî is now addressing Gopî Chand, re-
 penting of her former action.

- He betâ re, pare mohe ke phand; Indar ne bād lagâyâ.
 590 Pawan chalat hai, dher bahot hî jal barsâyâ.
 He betâ re, atlas makhmal sej bin kabhî nindra nahîn âî.
 Ab pânî par leṭ, putr; main kurlâî.
 He betâ re, mahil qilâ aur sukh chhorke rain katâî.
 Kit gaio palang niwâr, sej phûlon kî chhâe?
 595 He betâ re, kit gaî sagarî nâr, jinhen tû par pawan
 jhulâe?
 Yeh dukh rahâ bhog, kahe Mainâ Daî mâi!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- "He mâtâ, jangal to rahe hamre mahil aṭâr.
 Bhûn men sej komal banî, taj dîe palang niwâr.
 He mâtâ rî, taj dîe palang niwâr, khâk men bâsâ lînâ.
 600 Param sukhî ham hûe, mohe sab hî taj dînâ.

- O my son, fallen into the snares of lust: this is the
 evil doing of Indar.*
 590 The winds blow and the rains fall heavily.
 O my son, thou didst never sleep but on a bed of satin
 and velvet.
 Now, my son, thou sleepest in the rain and I grieve.
 O my son, thou passest the night without palace and
 fort and comfort.
 Where has gone thy easy bed and thy couch of flowers?
 595 O my son, where have gone all the women that fanned
 thee (while asleep)?
 And this trouble is thy lot; saith thy mother Mainâ-
 wanti!"

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- "O mother, the forest is my lofty palace.
 The soft earth is my bed, giving up my easy couch.
 O mother, giving up my easy couch, I dwell in the dust.
 600 Very happy am I, giving up all desires.

* The god of the heavens.

He mâtâ rî, râj, pâṭ, dhan, mâl, bojḥ main sar se târâ : *
Ab soûn sukh chain prîtham, sab se hî niyârâ.”

Râni Mainâwantî.

“ He beṭâ, sun lîjo mujḥ jananî kî bāt.

Is dukh meṅ, beṭâ mere, kyûnkar kâṭe râṭ ?

605 He beṭâ, kyûnkar kâṭe râṭ ? Bara komal tan terâ.

Dekh zamîn par bâs, putr jî, larze merâ.

He beṭâ re, mahfal ke singâr âp karo the chitrâî.

Ab kidhu saber, † Mantrî yâd karâî.

He beṭâ re, tyâg jog, chalo sang, baithke râj kamâo.

610 Mân hamârâ kahâ ; deh ko kyûn tarsâo ?”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ He Mâtâ, sun lîjîye ; jo prânî mar jâe,

Phir khoṛ ke bich meṅ kaise parves ho jâe ?

O mother, I have put away rule and power and wealth
and goods and greed.

Now do I sleep at ease for the first time away from them
all.”

Râni Mainâwantî.

“ O my son, hear the words of thy bearing mother.

Why spend the nights in such trouble, my son ?

605 O my son, why spend the nights (thus) ? Very tender
is thy body.

Seeing thee dwell on the (bare) ground, my son, my
heart trembles.

O my son, thou didst rejoice as the ornament of the
Court :

Still there is time to call the Minister,

O my son, and give up the saintship and come to us
and sit on thy throne.

610 Harken to my prayer ; why destroy thy body ? ”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ O mother, hear me ; if a man's (soul) die,

How can it again enter his body ?

* For *utârâ*.

† For *saver*.

- Kaise parves ho jâe ? Kahûn, Mâtâ, sun lîje.
 Nikas bhanwar ur jâe, ang phir kaise chhîje ?
 615 Paṛī rahe hai khoṛ, nahîn mamtâ kare koī.
 Tûn kyûn hûi hai nâdân ? 'aqal tumhare kyûn khoī ?
 Chhoṛ dîâ sab râj, sarb solâh sau Rânî.
 Ab aisî mat kaho : bol mukh imrat bânî !”

Rânî Mainâwantî.

- “ Châr Khunṭ ramte phiro, karṛ des kî sair.
 620 Bangâlâ mat jâiyo, jo tû châhe khair.
 Châho tum khair, terî barje hai mâi.
 Bangâlâ ke des matî jânâ, re bhâi.
 Dekhegî rûp terâ bhagwâ, jî, bânâ,
 Bahinâ taj degî prân ; hûâ kis bidh ânâ ?
 625 Chandan rukh chhoṛ, matî lâo, jî, berî.
 Bigaṛe parlok ; kahî mân le merî.”

How can it re-enter ? I tell thee, mother, hear me.

- When the soul has fled away, can the body be still alive ?
 615 The dead body remains and none cares for it.
 Why art thou then foolish ? Why hast parted with thy
 sense ?
 I have given up all rule and all my sixteen hundred
 queens :

So speak not thus : say sweet words with thy lips.”

Rânî Mainâwantî.

- “ Wander over the Four Quarters, wander over the
 world.
 620 (But) go not to Bengal as thou desirest thy welfare.
 As thou desirest thy welfare, thy mother forbids thee.
 Go not to Bengal, O my beloved.
 She will see thy form and thy coloured (*jogî's*) dress,
 And thy sister will give up her life (even) before
 (enquiring) how thou camest !
 625 Do not sacrifice the sandal tree to plant the wild plum
 tree :
 O thou wilt lose the life to come : hear thou my prayer.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“Jâ din se jogî bhae karke bhagwâ bhes,

Ghar solâh sai nâr thî, sab taj dî hamesh.

Sab taj dî hamesh, bahin kaisî mar jâgî?

630 Yeh hî sûrat ko dekh, bahot sâ rudan karegî.

He Mâtâ rî, âvengê samjhâe, dhîr man men dharegî.

He Mâtâ rî, tum lîjo bulâe, phir kyûn rudan karegî?”

Rânî Mainâwantî.

“Tu, beṭâ bholâ phire, main samjhâûn toe.

Ghar kî tiriya hai bhalî, na ghar ghar ḍolat hoe.

635 Na ghar ghar ḍolat hoe, turt prân gañwâve.

Âp tire kul târ jagat nâm karwâve.

Ab bichharoge putr, phir kaun milâve ?

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“Since the day that I became a *jogî* and put on the
coloured dress,

I gave up my house and the sixteen hundred queens
and all for ever :

All for ever ; (so) why should my sister die ?

630 When she sees my plight she will (only) weep bitterly. †

O my mother, she will be reasonable and have patience
in her heart.

O my mother, send for her (here) and then why should
she grieve ?”

Rânî Mainâwantî.

“Thou art a simple fool, my son, I tell thee.

An honest wife is happy, she wanders not from house to
house.

635 She wanders not from house to house and quickly she
dies.*

She gains salvation for herself and her name in all the
world.

But if a son be separated who will call him back ? †

* After her husband by *sati*.

† *i.e.*, a sister and a mother live on after separation.

Yeh chandâ tasvîr, mujhe phir nahîn pâve.
Baitho ghar, râj karo, putr piyâre.

640 Main kahtî kar joṛ, baehan mân hamâre.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Ham jogî abdhût haiñ, karen des kî sail.
Mâtâ chhorî bilaktî, karen Gaur Bangâlâ sail.”

Râgnî.

“ Sail hameñ mulk kî karnî.

Kahûñ kar joṛke, jananî.

645 Des chal bahin ke âe,

Dhyân Gurû charan se lâe.

Bâgh bistar dîâ lâe.

Gagan meñ bâdalî chhâf.

Mîg barsan lage bhârî.

650 Bhûl sidh budh giâ sârî.

It is a horrible picture that I meet him no more.

Come home (then) and be king, my beloved son.

640 I say it with joined hands; hear my prayer!”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ I am a holy jogî and I will wander the earth.

Leaving my mother weeping I will go to Gaur and
Bengal.”*

Song.

“ I will wander the earth,

I tell thee my mother with joined hands.”

645 He went to his sister's country,

And fell at his Gurû's† feet.

He brought his bed into the garden.

And clouds overshadowed the heavens.

The rain fell heavily,

650 And he lost his senses (for misery).

* Gaur, the old capital of Bengal.

† Jalandhar Nâth.

Bît rajnî* gaî sârî.

Prabhû, tain kyâ bipat dârî ?”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“Târe gin gin kâdhe main âj kî rain.

Utare, jî, kar bandagî Rabb thâre ke bain !

655 Rabb thâre ke bain ; uṭho, ab dhyân lagâûn.

Ab Râjâ ke mahil jâeke ‘â lakh’ jagâûn.”

Khapar le lîâ hâth, Gurû kâ dhyân lagâyâ.

Jâ deoṛhî ke bîch nâth ne ‘â lakh’ jagâyâ.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“De bhichhâ mohe ân, der itnî kyûn lîî ?

660 Sun, bândî kamzât, der itnî kyûn lîî ?”

Champâ Daî Rânî kahî, bolî bachan sambhâr.

He spent the whole night thus,

(Saying) “ God, what misery hast thou brought
upon me ? ”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Counting the stars† have I passed the night.

O my heart, devote thyself to the service of God and He
will save thee.

655 God will save thee ; I will up and meditate on Him,
Presently will I go to the king’s palace and call ‘â lakh.’ ”

He took his bowl in his hand and meditated on his Gurû.
Going to the gate the *jogî* called out ‘â lakh.’

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Come and give me alms, why are ye delaying ?

660 Hear, thou wicked maid, why art thou delaying ? ”

Said Rânî Champâ Daî‡ using cautious words.

* The night.

† Metaphor ; with great impatience.

‡ Gopî Chand’s sister.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

“ Bhichhâ lekar jâiyo, nâth khare darbâr.

Partî hai dhûp, kharâ ang pasîje.

Bhar motiôn kû thâl beg jogî ko dîje.

665 Jo bhojan kî kâj take âke dwârâ:

Woh khâve na âp us se dîje sârâ.

Yeh jogî ab dhûp kabhî khâlî na jâve.

Le bhichhâ de pâe, der pal kî na lâve.”

Bhichhâ le bândî chalî Râjâ ke darbâr ;

670 Deorhî pahunchî, ânke bolî bachan sambhâr.

Bolî bachan sambhâr.

Bândî.

“ Bhîk main tum se lâe.

Le, jogî ke lâl.”

Dâr se ’araz lagâe.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

“ Go to him with alms, for the saint stands at the door.

Fierce is the sunshine, the sweat stands on his body.

Go and fill a platter with pearls quickly and give it him.

665 If he has come to our door for food,

Give him all that we have not eaten.

This *jogî* in the sun will never go away empty.

Go and give him alms, delay not a moment.”

Taking the alms the maid went to the Râjâ.*

670 Reaching the gate she spake cautiously.

She spake cautiously :

Maid.

“ I bring thee alms :

Take it, my *jogî*.”

Standing apart she spake.

* Dressed up as a *faqîr*.

Bândî.

“ He piyârâjî, terî sûrat ko dekh bahot man mân sharm âi.
Jis ghar janameñ, Nâth, terî kyâ jîve mâi ?”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 675 “ He bândî, tum se kahûn, sun lîjo man lâe.
Tû bândî ranwâs kî, merâ jog akârat jâe ;
Jog akârat jâe ; tere nahîn bhichhâ leûn.
Hameñ Gurû ke ân bhîk tum se nâ-leûn.
He bândî rî, bole bachau khaṭor : hîâ larzâ nahîn terâ ?
680 Dhârânagar kâ Râo, nâm Gopî Chand merâ.”

Bândî.

“ Kyûn, jogî, 'aqal gaî ? bolo bachan sambhâr.
Jholî lûngî chhîn ab, dhakke dûn do châr.

Maid.

“ My friend, seeing thy beauty I am much grieved.
My Lord, can the mother that bore thee be living ?”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 675 “ My maid, I say to thee, take it to heart.
Thou art a maid of the palace and my devotion will be
fruitless.*
My devotion will be fruitless : I cannot take thy alms.
I am (a disciple) of the Gurû, I cannot take alms from
thee.
My maid, thou speakest hard words : † doth not thy
heart tremble ?
680 I am the Lord of Dhârânagar and my name is Gopî
Chand.”

Maid.

“ Where is thy sense gone, *jogî* ? speak carefully.
I will seize thy wallet now and give thee two or three
slaps.

* If I take from thee.

† In asking me.

Dhakke dūn do châr, jog meñ kaisî bânî bole ?
Tû jogî be-îmân hûâ hai ghar ghar mângat ðole.

685 Aise kare jawâb, kharâ ðeṛhî mahârî bolî !
Mârîngî main bân̄s tere sir dharan par ðolî !”

Nainon bhar bhar rote sun bândî kî bāt.

Rājā Gopī Chand.

“Ik lîe hai mol tû, râkhî jî kî sâth.

Râkhî jî kî sâth ; âj main lîe hî faqîrî.

690 Ai bândî rî, tû mâre mere bân̄s, huî dil kî dilgîrî.

Râj pāt̄ diâ chhor, tajâ main takht amîrî :

Yeh samjho man bîch : likhî mere karam faqîrî.”

I will give thee two or three slaps : what is thy saint-
ship saying ?

Thou art a scoundrel of a *jogî* and beg from house to
house as a pretence.

685 Saying such things (to me) standing at our gate !

I will strike thy head with a cane and throw thee in
the dust !”

His eyes were full of tears when he heard the maid's
words.

Rājā Gopī Chand.

“Firstly thou wert purchased and the favorite of our
hearts :

The favorite of our hearts : to-day am I a mendicant.

690 O my maid, thou hast struck me with a cane and my
heart is sad.

I have given up my rule and my power and parted with
the honour of my throne :

Understand this in thy heart ; mendicancy was written
in my fate.”

Bândî.

- “ Jâ, jogî ke bâlke, jo tû châhe khair.
 Ghar ghar bhichhâ mângtâ kartâ ðole sair ;
 695 Kartâ ðole sair, chhîn le nâr parâî.
 Yeh chhal kî bát ang men bhasham ramâî.
 He jogî re, kab tain lînî mol ? Hamen, bândî, batlâî !
 Jholî lûngî chhîn, kare tû bahot burâî !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ Dhârânagar asthân hai, kahûn tumbhâre pâs.
 700 Gangâjî kâ nahân hai ; Gurû pûran kîjo âs !
 Pûran kîjo âs, Gurûjî ; yeh kumbh kâ hai melâ !
 Sab parwâr chhorîkar âyâ sab se bhalâ akelâ.
 Yeh duniyâ matlab kî garjî ; nahîn gurû, nahîn chelâ !

Maid.

- “ Go, thou *jogî's* spawn, if thou desire thy welfare.
 Thou wanderest from house to house begging under a
 pretence :
 695 Under a pretence, to steal wedded wives.
 It is all for deceit that thou hast rubbed ashes on thy
 body.
 O my *jogî*, when didst buy me ? tell me, thy maid !
 I will snatch away thy wallet, thou hast put me to much
 shame !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- “ My home is Dhârânagar I tell thee.
 700 I am come to bathe in the Ganges : may the Gurû fulfil
 my hope !
 Fulfil my hope, O Gurû ! this is a grand festival !*
 Leaving all my household I am come quite alone.
 This world is wrapt up in its own desires : none is
 teacher, none is disciple !

* The *kumbh melâ* is a fair held every twelve years while certain rivers are propitious. The scene shifts from time to time. Allahabad (Ilâhâbâd or Prâg) and Hardwâr have been the scenes of late of *kumbh melâs*.

Ab lîjo âdes hamârî, mat na karo jhamelâ.

- 705 Chhor diâ sansâr âj main; yeh jag darshan melâ !
Is mâyâ se koî bache : hai pakke gur kâ chelâ !”

Sûrat sohnî dekhke roî parî tat kâl.

Kûk mâr mukh ro parî ho gai hâl-behâl.

Ho gai hâl-behâl rudan kartî bhârî.

Bândî.

- 710 “Tâ sunîye man lâe, tujhe kah de sârî :
‘ Champâ Daî bahin mujhe jo mil jâe ;
Yeh kahtâ hûn âp kharâ, mujhe dîje batlâe.’
Khappar hai hâth, kân mundrâ dâlî,
Kharâ deorhî ke bâr, nîr nainon se jârî.”

- 715 Sunke bândî ke bachan man men hûâ sandes.

Take my blessing now and be not angry.

- 705 I give up the world to-day : this world is (transient as)
a fair.

A few escape the illusion, the real disciples of the Gurû.”

Seeing his beauty she began to weep.

Crying out and weeping she became very wretched.

She became very wretched weeping violently.

Maid.

- 710 “Listen with heart and soul and I will tell thee all.*
(Saith he) ‘ I would meet my sister Champâ Daî ;
I tell thee standing here, show her to me.’
He hath a bowl in his hand and rings in his ears.
He standeth at the gate weeping.”

- 715 Hearing the maid’s words there was a doubt in her
heart.

* To Rânî Champâ Daî.

Râni Champâ Daī.

“ Ab darshan karūn, kaisâ hai darvesh ?
Kaisâ woh darvesh ?”

Jab hī chalke deorhī pe âī.

Râni Champâ Daī.

“ Lījo bhichhâ, Nâth, ab kyūn itnī der lagâi ?

Kaun des se bhī âunâ ? ham ko de batlâe.

720 Main pūchhūn hūn, Nâth : hamen ko dījo sach batlâe.

Karke bhagwe kapre bhar jogī kâ bhekh.

Yo jogī kâ rūp hai ! aise phiren anek.

Phirte hai anek rūp dharke moheñ :

Koī mañhōn ke bīch âp baithe soen.

725 Yeh duniyâ sansâr phire matlab garjī ?

Kyâ bolī mukh ân ? nahīn chhâthī larzī !

Sun, bândī kamzât ; kahūn tumharī tâñ.

De motīn kâ thâl ; jāo bhichhâ pâī !”

Le bhichhâ bândī chalī bhar motīn kâ thâl.

Râni Champâ Daī.

“ I will see him now, what kind of mendicant he is.
What kind of mendicant is he ?”

She went to the gate at once.

Râni Champâ Daī.

“ Take the alms, my saint, why delay so long ?

Whence comest thou ? tell me.

720 I ask thee, my saint : tell me truly.

With coloured robes and the garb of a *jogī*,

This is a true *jogī's* appearance ! many such wander.

Many wander about under various forms :

Some sleep in huts.

725 This world is ever taken up with its own desires.

What hast thou said ? doth not thy heart tremble !

Listen thou wicked maid, I tell thee.

Give him a platter of pearls : go and give him alms.

The maid took the alms and the platter of pearls.

Bândî.

- 730 “ Bhichhâ lîjo, Gur Nâthjî ; kyûn ho rahe behâl ?
 Kyûn ho rahe behâl ? Nâthjî, main bhichhâ le âî.
 Hukm dîâ Rânî ne mujh ko, bhîk den ko âî.
 Kyûn karte ho soch, Nâthjî ? kyûn man soch lagâe ?
 Lene ho, to leo, Nâthjî ; nahîn, yehân se ramjâe.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 735 “ În motîn ke bhîk ke nahîn mujhe darkâr.
 Kankar pathar sab taje chhorâyâ parwâr.
 Sab chhorâ parwar, rî bândî, kahtâ mukh se bânî,
 Yâ to merî bahin lagî hai jo mahilon meñ Rânî.
 Main to faqîr hûâ, râj taj, bag gae qalam nishânî.
 740 Dîje darshan karâe bahin kâ, yeh main mantar thânî.”
- Itñî sun bândî chalî, huâ chit behâl.

Maid.

- 730 “ Take the alms, my Lord Gurû, why art sad ?
 Why art sad ? my Lord, take the alms.
 The Rânî gave me the order to give the alms.
 Why art grieved, my Lord ? why art sad at heart ?
 It is to be taken, so take it, my Lord, or go away from
 here.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 735 “ I want not alms of pearls.
 I have given up my household and rocks and stones.
 I have given up my household, my maid, I tell thee.
 It is my sister that is the Rânî of this palace.
 I am a mendicant, I have given up royalty, and blotted
 it out (of my life).
 740 Let me see my sister, this is my desire.”

Hearing this the maid went sorrowfully.

Bândî.

“ Woh Gopî Chand Râo hai, ho rahâ hâl behâl !
 Ho rahâ hâl behâl ! Râo ne kânôn mundrâ pâî !
 Mukh de râj-somâj, Nâth kî nâ upmâ kahî jâî !
 745 ‘ Yeh Champâ Daî bahin hamârî mujh ko de milâî,
 Nahîn bhûlûngâ ahsân, rî Bândî ; tujh ko Râm dohâî ! ’ ”

Itnî sunke bāt jabhî Rânî pe ân sunâî.

Bândî.

“ Is jogî ne apne mukh aisî bāt sunâî. ”

Itnî sun Rânî chalî, nahîn lagâî bâr.
 750 Jo dekhî hai ânke kharê Nâth darbâr.
 Kharê Nâth darbâr ; ânke charnon sîs niwâyâ.
 Lûnâ rûp pahchân Rânî ne, nainôn nîr bharâyâ.

*Maid.**

“ He is Gopî Chand the king that is so wretched !
 That is so wretched ! The king hath put the (*jogî's*)
 rings into his ears !
 Right royal his face, the saint is beyond praise !
 745 (Saith he) ‘ Permit me to see my sister Champâ Daî,
 And I will never forget the obligation, my maid: I
 adjure by God ! ’ ”

As soon as she heard it she went and told the Rânî.

Maid.

“ This is what the *jogî* said with his lips. ”

Hearing this the Rânî went without any delay.
 750 When she came to the door she saw the saint standing
 there.
 The saint was standing in the door: she went and
 bowed her head at his feet.
 She recognized him and the Rânî's eyes filled with tears,

* A soliloquy apparently.

Rânî Champâ Dâî.

“ Kyâ tum ne kuchh bhîr paṛî hai ? kyûn jogî ban âyâ ?”

Itnî kahke paṛî dharan par, nahîn bol mukh âyâ.

755 Hâl behâl nahîn sũjî bisiyar ðang lagâyâ.

Rânî Champâ Dâî.

“ Kaun kare Kartâr ân sukh mân dukh pâyâ ?”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ He bahinâ, sun lîje ; man meñ râkho dhîr.

Kyûn man rudan lagâutî ? kyûn sir phâre chîr ?

Kyûn sir phâre chîr ! rudan kyâ man meñ bhârî ?

760 Rowat zar bazâr, nîr nainon se jârî ?

Karam likhâ so hûâ, mân le ’araz hamârî.

Dasrath ne taj de prân Râm banoñ bâs sidhârâ.

Ai bahinâ rî, kyûn hûî nâðân, rudan kartî ðin râtî ?

Sun sun tere bain merî bharâve chhâtî !”

Rânî Champâ Dâî.

“ Hath any sorrow come upon thee ? why hast become
a *jogî* ?”

Saying this she fell to the earth and spake not with her lips.

755 She lay senseless as if a snake had bitten her.

Rânî Champâ Dâî.

“ What hast thou done, O God, bringing sorrow in the
midst of joy ?”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ My sister, hear me : have patience in thy heart.

Why art weeping ? why art tearing thy hair ?

Why art tearing thy hair ? why art weeping so bitterly ?

760 Weeping so bitterly with tears in thy eyes ?

What fate hath written hath been, hear my saying.

Dasrath gave up his life and Râm went to live in the
forests.*

O my sister, why art foolish, weeping day and night ?

My heart is full hearing thy words !”

* Allusion to the well known scene in the *Râmâyana*.

Rânî Champâ Dâl.

- 765 " Ai bhâî, sun lîjîye, hûa chit umang,
 Nahîn hosh tan kî rahî, uîâ rûp aur rang.
 Uîâ rûp aur rang, bîran mere, bhar-bharâve chhâtî.
 Dekh-dekhke rûp tumhârâ, rahî tan kî sidh jâtî.
 Wahî gharî mere hâth na âve, us din pahchâtî,
 770 Mujh birhan ko dukh hai bhârî, dekh surt mar jâtî."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- " Rudan kare mat, bâwarî ; kyûn hûî hâl behâl ?
 Dukh sukh hai sab Karam kê, kyûn phâre sir bâl ?
 Kyûn phâre sir kî bâl, bahin ? kyûn rudan lagâe ?
 Tum samjho man bîch bîran koî nâhîn.
 775 Hai jhûthâ sansâr, banâ supnî kî mâyâ.
 Chhorî mâmtâ prît, hâth kisî ke nahîn âyâ.

Rânî Champâ Dâl.

- 765 " O brother, hear me ! my heart is sad.
 No pleasure is left in my body, flown are joy and
 delight.
 Flown are joy and delight, my brother ; my heart is full.
 Seeing thy state, the joy of my heart hath departed.
 Would that the hour had not come to me when I recog-
 nized thee !
 770 Heavy grief hath come upon me in seeing thee, quickly
 will I die."

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- " Weep not, foolish one : why art sad ?
 Joy and sorrow are of Fate, so why tear thy hair ?
 Why tear thy hair, sister ? why weep ?
 Teach thy heart that I am no brother.
 775 It is a false world, the illusion of a dream.
 I have given my desire and love (for it) : it is not of
 use to any one.

Jo dharte Harî dhyân mukat un kî ho jâî.
Yeh jhûthî hai prît, nahîn bahin, nahîn bhâî !”

Rânî Champâ Dal.

- “ Ai bhâî, sun lîje, man men karo bichâr.
780 Man dhîraj kaise dhare, roe zâr bazâr !
Roe zâr bazâr ? Bîran mere bharâ nain men pâûî.
Kathhan jog ; sadhne kê nâhîn ; kyâ le nischâ, jânî ?”

Itnî kahke mukh Rânî kê nikasâ bhanwar sîlânî.
Âp gaî Baikunth dhâm ko ‘ Râm, Râm,’ kahe bânî.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 785 Gopî Chand Râjâ kahe, jo agârî hâth.
Kâghaz ho jo metê dûn, karam na metê jât.
Karam na metê jât, nain bhar bhar Gopî Chand roe.

Who meditate on Harî will obtain salvation.
It is a false love (here) : none is sister, none is brother !”

Rânî Champâ Dal.

- “ O brother, listen : ponder it in thy heart.
780 How can I have patience in my heart, weeping bitterly ?
Weeping bitterly, my brother, my eyes are full of tears.
The saintship is difficult ; thou wilt not accomplish it :
why give up thy life uselessly ?”

Saying this the noble soul of the Rânî took flight.
It went up to Heaven with ‘ Râm ! Râm !’* on her lips.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.†

- 785 “ Saith Râjâ Gopî Chand with joined hands before thee.
Paper can be blotted out, fate cannot be blotted out.
Fate cannot be blotted out, Gopî Chand’s eyes are
full of tears.

* ‘ God ! God !’

† A prayer.

Bahin merî beḥâl paṛî hai ; jag meñ ân daboe.
 Jis din se lââ jog hameñ nain nahîn nînd bhar soe !
 790 Ai Prabhû, kyâ karî ânke ? kûk mâr mukh roe !”

Kân bhinak Gur ke paṛî, kañwar kare udâs,
 Chhâr gophâ jogî chale, ân khare hûe pâs.
 Ân khare hûe pâs.

Jalandhar Nâth.

“ Kañwar, tujh ko barje thî Mâi,
 Kyûn thâre dilgîr hue ho ? Har châhe, so hûi.
 795 Chalo maḥî ke pâs, ai bachchâ ; ab kyûn der lagâi !
 Yeh jhûthâ sansâr, jagat meñ nahîn koî kisî kâ, bhâi !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Tum Gurû dîn diyâl, ho, lajjâ tumhare hâth.

My sister lies senseless ; I am destroyed in the world.
 From the day I became a *jogî* my eyes have known no
 sleep !

790 O Lord, why hast done this ? I cry out with my lips
 and I weep !”

His cry reached the Gurû's* ears, (the cry of) the
 prince's prayer.

The Gurû left his abode and stood beside him.

And stood beside him.

Jalandhar Nâth.

“ O Prince, thy mother dissuaded thee.
 Why nurse thy sorrow ? It has been as God willed.
 795 Come to my hut, my son ; why delay now ?
 This is a false world, none careth for any in the world,
 friend !”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Thou art a compassionate Gurû, my honor is in thy
 hands.

* Jalandhar Nâth.

Yeh merî bahin jiwâe do ; nahîn, marûn bahin ke sâth.
Marûn bahin ke sâth : jog kaṇḍak kyûn kînâ ?

- 800 Nek dard nahîn toe, jagat meñ apjas kînâ ?
Merî bahin jiwâe ; bachan tum se kah dînâ :
Yâ tû aṭ srâp, nahîn jag meñ merâ jînâ !”

Hañske bachan sunâute ân Kañwar ke pâs.

Jalandhar Nâth.

- “ Jog jugat jāne nahîn ; ab kyûn bhae udâs ?
805 Ab kyûn bhae udâs ? Re bachhâ, ab kyûn soch lagâo ?
Bhaj Alakh kâ Nâm, re bachâ ; mat dil meñ ghabarâo.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Apnî unglî chîr, Gurûjî, hamrâ sat rakhâo.

Bring this, my sister, to life, or I will die with my sister.
I will die with my sister : why hast disgraced my saint-
ship ?

- 800 Hast no pity that thou dost disgrace me in the world ?
Bring my sister to life, I beseech thee :
Or receive my curse, (for) I will not live on in the
world !”

He smiled when he heard the words and came to the
Prince.

Jalandhar Nâth.

- “ Thou knowest not the principles of devotion : why art
sad now ?
805 Why art sad now ? My son, why art grieving ?
Repeat the Immortal Name, my son, and grieve not in
thy heart.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“ Cut thy finger,* Sir Gurû, and retrieve my honor.

* Allusion to the common notion that the blood of the little finger will bring the dead to life again under certain circumstances.

Champâ Daî kî prân phir ghaṭ bhîtar ân bâsâo.”

‘ Râm Râm ’ karke uṭhî donon bhûjâ pasâr.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

- 810 “ Â bîran, mil lġġye ; ab kyûn kartâ bâr ?
 Ab kyûn kartâ bâr, bîran ? ab kar milne kî tayyârî.
 Ai Gopî Chand, bîr hamâre, nahûn hûngî tum se niyârî.
 Gur kâ darshan kî hai âke, ham ne yeh hî bichârî.
 Man ke maṭ gaî soch hamârî ; khushî hûî nar nârî.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 815 “ Tum ghar râj aur pâṭ hai ; ham jogî tere bîr.
 Mere ang babhûṭ hai, aur bigaṛe terâ chîr.
 Ai bahinâ rî, bigaṛe terâ chîr, kahân se phir mangâven ?
 Wahî kare terâ piyâr, wahî tujhe neot jamâven.”

Bring Champâ Daî's life back into her body.”

Saying ‘ *Râm Râm* ’ she arose and stretched out her arms.

Rânî Champâ Daî.

- 810 “ My brother, come to me ; why delay now ?
 Why delay now, my brother ? I am waiting to embrace
 thee.
 O Gopî Chand, my brother, I will never be separate
 from thee.
 I thought thee a follower of the Gurû.
 (But) I have given up my anxieties : let men and
 women rejoice.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 815 “ Thine is rule and power : I am thy poor brother.
 I am covered with ashes and thy clothes will be spoilt
 (by the embrace).
 O my sister, thy clothes will be spoilt : whence will I
 obtain them again (for thee) ?
 She (thy mother) will love thee, she will invite thee
 (home) in due time.”

Rânî Champâ Daî.

“ Âg lago is chîr ko : gerûn sir se târ.

- 820 Phir, biran, tum se kabhî milûn na dûjî bâr.
 Milûn na dûjî bâr, bîran ? main terî sûrat pe wârî.
 Tumheñ dîâ updes : merî nâ Mainâwantî mâî !
 Ghar solâh sau nâr taje haiñ, rudan karen haiñ sârî.
 Nek na rakhâ mohe, bîran ; taiñ mujh bahinar âj bisârî.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 825 “ Bin Sâhib kî bandagî terî gat nahîñ hove.
 Ab yehân se thairî nahîñ, phir milne nahîñ hove.
 Milan nahîñ hove, bahin : mâno bachan hamârâ.
 Jun Gopî Chand milâ, bahin, milîyo jag sansâra.
 Bahin setî bhâî milâ hai bahot kîâ hit piyârâ.”

Rânî Champâ Daî.

- “ Fire burn these clothes : I throw them from my head ?
 820 My brother, shall I never meet thee again ?
 Shall I never see thee again, my brother ? I am sacrificed
 to thy beauty.
 She gave thee this advice : let Mainâwantî be no mother
 of mine !
 All the sixteen hundred women t^ho^u hast deserted weep
 thee.
 Thou didst preserve thy love (for me), brother ; thou
 hast destroyed even me thy sister to-day.”

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

- 825 “ Without devotion to the Lord salvation cannot be to
 thee.
 I will not tarry here now, nor shall I meet thee again.
 I will not meet thee again, sister : mark my words.
 As thou hast met Gopî Chand again, sister, may this
 whole world meet.
 Sister and brother met and great love passed (between
 them).”

- 830 Itnî kahke chale Nâthjî, nain nîr chûe niyârâ.
Ang bedhang kîa sab tan kâ, jab mahiloni se pag dhârâ.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“Hath jorke kahûn, Gurû, main, kar merâ nastârâ!”

Jalandhar Nâth.

“Â bachchâ, yehân se chalei, chhor jagat se prît.
Yehân apnâ koî hai nahîn, jhûthî jag kî prît.

- 835 Jhûthî jag kî prît, re bachâ; mâno kahî hamarî.
Â, Gangâ ashnân karengē : jaldî karo tayyârî.
Gyân tat kî selî leke wahî tere gal dârî.
Chalo bhekh kâ darshan kar lo : ho kâyâ amar tumhârî!”

- 830 Saying thus the Saint went away, dropping tears from
his eyes.
His body changed greatly, when he put his foot without
the palace.

Râjâ Gopî Chand.

“I say to thee with joined hands, my Gurû, grant me
salvation!”

Jalandhar Nâth.

“Come, my son, let us go from here, leaving the desire
of the world.

None is for us here, false is the love of the world.

- 835 False is the love of the world, my son : mark my words.
Come let us bathe in the Ganges : come make ready
quickly.
Taking the necklace of knowledge (unto salvation) I
place it round thy neck.
Come let us visit the saints, and be thy body im-
mortal!”

No. XIX.

THE STORY OF RÂJÂ CHANDARBHÂN AND RÂNÎ CHAND KARAN.

AS SUNG BY A BARD FROM JÂLANDHAR.

[According to the bards this poetical legend belongs to the same cycle as the last and relates the loves of Râjâ Chatrmukaṭ of Ujjayini, the grandson of the great Vikramâditya, being the son of that king's daughter, Chatrang Dai, and Chand Karan, the daughter of Râjâ Chandarbhân. Chandarbhân himself is generally described as the nephew of Gopi Chand Bhartari, and so according to the usual legends he would belong to the same caste as Vikramâditya.]

[The legend, however, is pure folklore throughout, and for those that delight to see Solar Myths in such things, I would point out that the translated title of the tale would be "King Sun's-Rays and Princess Moonbeam," that Chatrmukaṭ means the Glorious Throne, and that his mother's name means the Lady of Glorious Form. The rest of the myth could be easily worked out.]

TEXT.

Qissa Râjâ Chandarbhân wa Rânî Chand Karan.

- Jûn jûn châtar hûi siyânî,
Mâi bap ko chintâ thâni :
" Panch mohar, nâryal kê golâ !
Le Bâhman terê godî men dâlâ. "
- 5 Tîn Kûnṭh Bâhman phirâe,
Chand Karan kê bar na pae.
Phir we Bâhman hûe udâs,
Haṭ Râjâ ke âe pâs.
Nain bhare-bhar Rânî roi : '
- 10 " Tere bag gaî qalam na meṭe koî !"
" Kyûn janî thî, hamrî mâi ?
Hamrâ bar paidâ nâ lâe !"
" Jis Kartâ ne rūp dîâ thâ,
Tumharâ bar paidâ kê thâ ! "
- 15 " Is Rânî kî mahil banâo.

- Hîrâ motî abaj* lagâo.
 Is tâpû meñ mahil chunâo.
 Bîch bîch muriân rakhwâo.
 Lauṇḍî bândî sabhî mangâo,
 20 Is Rânî kî tâba' karwâo."

- Chalat pawan, khil rahî chambelî :
 Mandar meñ dukh bhar rahî akelî.
 Pûrab des se hañsâ âe.
 Jhuk bâdal barsan ko âe.
 25 Uḍkar hañs mahil par âe.
 Tab Rânî ne sangâr lagâe.
 Bâl bâl motî purove.
 Chatr hañs dohrâ batlâve.
 Us Rânî ko kah samjhâve :
 30 " Hai koî dharmî dharm kamâve ?
 Mujh hañsâ ko pâñî pilâve ?"
 Itni bât Rânî sun pâve :
 Bhar gadwâ Rânî jal kâ lâve.
 Dhanak bâl nainoñ kâ mâre.
 35 Ulṭkar hañs jimmî† par âve.
 Jhâr jhapṭ chhâtî se lâve.
 " Tum âo, hañs, merî motî khâo.
 Main chun chun kaliyân chhej bichhâûñ."
 " Rânî, chog chûñ terâ kuchh nâ khâûñ."
 40 Terî dekh sûrat uth kahîñ na jâûñ.
 Aisâ rūp dîâ Kartâ ne,
 Uṛdî panchhî mar uthârî.
 Rânî, aise rūp kâ garab na karîye :
 Tû karanhâr Kartâ se darîye !
 45 Rânî, solâh baras kî 'umar tumhârî :
 Kis augan meñ rahî kañwârî ?"
 " Syâbas, ‡ re mere hañsâ gyânî,
 Taiñ mere choṭ jigar kî jânî."
 " Rânî, bar lâûñ terâ Siyâm salonâ,

* For 'ajab.

† For zamîn.

‡ For shâbâsh.

- 50 Kâyâ dage jaisâ nirmal sonâ :
 Hor bāt kahne kī bahoterī ;
 Main janam janam ke naukar tere.”
 Tīn bachan hañsâ ne lie ;
 Tīn bachan Rânî ko dīe :
- 55 “ Tere kâran, Rânî, chalâ samundar pār.
 Jīwandâ rahâ â milûn, nahîn, Narwar* koṭ jawâr.”

- Tab hañsâ ne lie udârî,
 Dhartî chhoṛ agâs sambhâlî.
 Bhûkh lagî parbat se bhârî.
- 60 Yâd kare Mahârâj dulârî,
 “ Isî waqt Rânî pe hotâ,
 Hîrâ motî sab chug khâtâ !
 Kahân gaî merî birho Rânî ?
 Chugâve chog, pilâve pânî ! ”
- 65 Sītal peḍ padam kī chhâyâ,
 Jahân hañsâ ne derâ lâyâ.
 Jain† Shahr se phandî âyâ,
 Us phandî ne phand chalâyâ.
 Dâna dhar pânî dikhlâyâ.
- 70 Bhûkhe piyâse hañs kâ dil lalchâyâ.
 Ik chûnch pânî kī pîve.
 Dûsrî chûnch chogî kī khâve.
 Tîsrî chûnch bharnî nâ pâve,
 Jhatak jâl hañsâ lie dabâve :
- 75 “ Main kyâ jānûn, kapṭî, terî hañsî ?
 An paṛe mere gal meñ phânsî.
 Ai phandî, par merâ na tûte.
 Hamrâ mûl hameñ se chûke.”
 “ Main tangrî torûn, pânkh maṛorûn.
- 80 Tujh panchhî ko kadî na chhoṛûn.”
 “ Main phañs gâ, phandî, terî jâlî.
 Mere bāt dekh de, Chand Kanwârî.”
 Phandî khainchî âp ko, aur hañsâ khainche âp.

* Explained as the Day of Judgment, *Qiyâmat*. † For Ujjain.

- Kaho "Kartâ kaise bane jo din se ho gai rât !
- 85 Hai koî dharmî dharm kamâve ?
Is pâpî se jân chhurwâve ?"
Itni bāt mālan sun pāve ;
Bharî Kachahrî Râjâ pe âve.
Â Râjâ pe araj lagâve :
- 90 "Tere Shahr men kaptî chorâ.
Us ne satâe jangal ke morâ."
Itni bāt Râjâ sun pāve :
Charh ghorâ ban khand ko lâve :
A phandî se araj lagâve :
- 95 "Phandî, ghar ghar terâ bakrâ bandhâûn ;
Jain Shahr men hukûmat bitâûn ;
Lâkh takâ swarran kâ leîye ;
Is panchhî ko ham ko deîye."
"Râjâ, pîlî sî damrî kyâ dikhlâve ?
- 100 Yeh panchhî merî kurme kâ khâjâ."
Râj teg goh charh gîâ bhârî.
Sût talwâr phandî kî mârî :
Donon hath qalam kar diê :
"Ur jâ, re jangal ke bâse.
- 105 Main kâṭ deî tere gal kî phânsî."
Itni sun hañsâ ghabarâe ;
Chatr Râjâ ko dohrâ sunâi :
"Hor Râjâ sab râj karen, tu Râjâ sahbâj.
Panchhî kî band chhurâ de ; terî hoîyo 'umar drâj !
- 110 Râj, kahûn bāt tumhen lagî piyârî.
Mere mulk men aisî Rânî,
Mirgâne taj dî ghâns aur pânî !"
Itni sun Râjâ dole,
Chatr hañsâ se mukh se bole :
- 115 "Hañsâ, merî yehân hain solah sai Rânî,
Jin kî dekh sûrat jal pîûn pânî."
"Un Rânîân hamen dikhlâe,
Râj mulk sabhî chhurâve."
Apne mahil men Râjâ hukm pahunchwâve ;
- 120 Sabhî Rânîân ko Râjâ bulwâve.

- Koî nâche, koî bhû batlâve:
 Chatr haîsâ ke man koî na bhâve :
 “ Jaisî terî solah sai Rânî
 Merî Rânî kî bhase panihârî.”
- 125 “ Haîsâ, apnî Rânî ko hamen dikhlaê :
 Râjâ mulk merâ sabhî chhudâe.”
 Chândnî râf, tilak rahî târî.
 “ Ab le chal, mere haîsâ pyâre.”
 Chatr haîs ne pankh pasârî:
- 130 Chatr-mukaṭ ho lie sawârî.
 Tab haîsâ ne lî udârî,
 Dharnî chhor agâs sambhâlî.
 Tîn roz urdî ko bîte.
 Jal aur thal nere na dîse.
- 135 Jis waqt Râjâ mahil se chhûṭe,
 Sawâ man kanch mahil men phûṭe.
- Â Rânî ke bâgh meñ baithe,
 Urkar haîs mahil par âe.
 Tab Rânî ne sangâr lagâe :
- 140 “ Â jâ, re mere haîsâ gyânî:
 Kahân chhore piyâ, mere jânî ? ”
 “ Rânî, des mulk dhundâ jag sârâ,
 Tujh chandri kâ bar na pâyâ.”
 “ Khâ katâr, haîsâ, main marûngî :
- 145 Dhan joban kâ dher karûngî:
 Us pardesî bin gharî na bachûngî ! ”
 “ Rânî, bar lâyâ terâ Siyâm salonâ,
 Us kî kâyâ dage jaisî nirmal sonâ.
 Châr gharî tab rain bihâve,
- 150 Wahî Kañwar tere mahilon âve.
 Rânî, rang rang kî banât banâo ;
 Apnî badan thorâ atar lagâo :
 Chatr haîse ke âge ko âo :
 Tîn sai sâth palang mahil meñ bichâo :
- 155 Patîlsoz tum sabhî jalâo ;
 Dîve setî araj lagâo :

- ' Sun, Swarran ke Dîve, sun merfardâs :
 Âj milâwâ mere piyâ kâ, jalîyo samag-rât ! ' ”
 Itnî sunâ hañsâ chal âe ;
- 160 Chatr-mukaṭ se araj lagâî :
 “ Chândnî rât jhamak rahe târe ;
 Ab le chal, tú hañsâ piyâre.”
 Chatr hañs ne pankh pasârî ;
 Chatr-mukaṭ ho lie sawârî.
- 165 Tab hañsâ ne lie udârî.
 Â baiṭhe Rânî kî aṭârî.
 Chalat pawan, khil rahî chambelî.
 Mandar meñ dukh bhar rahî akelî.
 “ Hañsâ, is Rânî kî tú kare badâî ?
- 170 Jis kâman ko nindrâ bhaî !
 Rânî nahîn, koî hai panhârî !
 Jis kâman ko nindrâ bhaî !
 Main yûnhîn chhodî solâh sai Rânî !
 Mere navve kañwar, mere râj-dhârî ! ”
- 175 Itnî sun hañsâ farmâven,
 Chatr-mukaṭ Râjâ ko samjhâven :
 “ He Râjâ, tum mat dolo.
 Is mukh se jarâ pallâ kholo :
 Hilîyon hilîyon hâth lagâo :
- 180 Rânî ke hâth kî chhallâ nikâlo.”
 Chatr chorî hañsâ karwâve :
 Râjâ kî gũṭhî Rânî ko diwâve :
 Rânî kî chhallâ Râjâ ko diwâve !
 Baiṭh hañs par Râjâ bhâge.
- 185 Bhâgat bhâgat dohrâ banâve,
 Chand Rânî ko kab samjhâve.
 “ Ankhon dekhâ ghî bhalâ, khâyâ bhalâ na tel :
 Chatrâ se rû se bhale aur bhâṭ mukh kâ mel.”
 Bhawar bhaî jab birhan jâgî.
- 190 Le gaḍwâ mukh dhowan lâgî.
 Sang kî sahelî sab charnon lâgîn :
 “ Bâṭ kahûn ik abaj anoṭhî,
 Kis mard ke hâth kî gũṭhî ?

- Le gayâ chhallî, de gayâ gûnthî !”
- 195 Sab sakhîyon ne kar gayâ jhûntî !
 “ Rânî, tere se pahile, ham par soîn,
 Ham kyâ jânen rât kyâ hoî ?”
 “ Hâî, jawânî rang lí, já tûn dí gaî pît,
 Rang rang merâ pí gayâ, galiyon rul gaî pík.”
- 200 Itnî meñ hañsâ chal âe ;
 Â Rânî se araj lagâi :
 “ Main tujh kâ man kî karûn badâi.
 Tujh chandri ko nindrâ âi.
 Main tere kâran mûrakh kabâyâ.
- 205 Main hîrâ janam apnâ yûnhîn ganwâyâ.
 Jo jangal meñ pânî pâûn.
 Dûb marûn, muñh na dikhlâûn.”
 “ Hañsâ, unglî tarâchhûn, namak rachâûn ;
 Sârî rât main jâg rahûngî ;
- 210 Apne chor ko pakaṛ rahûngî.
 Apne apne chor ko sab koî dâre mâr :
 Hamrâ chor ham ko mile, jo main tan man wârûn jân.”
 Itnî sun hañsâ chal âe.
 Â Râjâ se araj lagâi :
- 215 “ Râjâ, aise chhallî tum ne kaḍḍhî,
 Rânî kî bâth meñ chîre âi !”
 “ Ai hañsâ, us Rânî ko milâo :
 Hamrâ jîûrâ kyûn tarpâo ?
 Chândnî rât tilak rahe târe !
- 220 Ab le chal, mere hañsâ piyâre.”
 Châtr hañsâ ne pankh pasârî :
 Chatr-mukaṭ ho líe sawârî.
 Â Rânî kî chhej utârî.
 Hilîyon hilîyon hâth lagâe.
- 225 “ Chor chor” kar Rânî jâgî :
 “ Ai chorâ, tum kaun bai ?
 Merî badan ke hâth lagâo ?”
 “ Chor nahîn, main chand hazârâ !
 Tere kâran ghar bâr bisârâ !

- 230 Main Bîr Bikarmânjît kâ potâ !
 Chatrâng Daî kâ beṭâ, Chatr-mukaṭ hai nâm hamârâ.”
 Itnî sun Rânî ghabarâî ;
 Chatr hañs kî jamphî pâî :
 “ Syâbas, re mere hañsâ gyânî !
- 235 Taiñ merî choṭ jigar kî jāñî.”
 Usî waqt khânâ pakâve :
 Chatr-mukaṭ ko khânâ khilâve.
 Ânkhon kî karî koṭhrî ; paṭlî dî bichhâî ;
 Palkân kî chik gerke ; sâjan lîe biṭhâe.
- 240 Râjâ Rânî khushî karen is mahilon ke mañh.

Bhawar bahî jab mâlî âyâ,
 Le phûl Rânî pe âyâ.
 Un phûlon meñ tolan lagî thî,
 Rânî phûlon se badhan lagî thî.

- 245 Itnî sun mâlî chal âyâ :
 Chandarbhân se araj lagâyâ :
 “ Ik chor tumhârî âve hawelî,
 Is Rânî ko kar lîâ akelî ! ”
 Itnî sun Râjâ ghabarâyâ ;
- 250 Us mâlî se araj farmâyâ :
 “ Kaun chor âve merî hawelî ?
 Tumheñ na mârûñ : mujhe Râm dohâî ! ”
 “ Rât ko âve, rât ko jāve :
 Ik hañs Râjâ ko le âve.
- 255 Râjâ, gair samon dâ Phâg banâo,
 Rang ke boṭalân* Rânî pe pahunchâo,
 Usî chor ko pakaṭ mangâo.”

- Bolî Rânî, “ sun, mere Râjâ,
 Mere pitâ ne Basant manâyâ :
 260 Gair samon kâ Phâg rachâyâ :
 Rang ke boṭalân* mere pe pahunchwâî.”
 Itnî sun Râjâ ghabarâyâ ;

* The English word ‘ bottle ’ : very remarkable here.

- Us Rânî se araj lagâyâ :
 " Mere pakarṇe kî hikmat lâyâ."
 265 Itnî kah Râjâ ne mukhîâ morâ ;
 Us Rânî ne rang Râjâ par dârá ;
 Jâr-jârkar Râjâ royâ :
 Mahâ mahil meñ rudan machâyâ :
 " Is waqt na koî hamrâ,
 270 Apne mahil men tû kar rahî dâwâ."
 " Râjâ, dhobî ko bulâûn ;
 Kapṛe dhulwâûn, râṭ râṭ tere gal meñ pawâûn."

 Le kapṛe dhobî ghar ko âyâ,
 Pahir kapṛe dhobî bajâr meñ âyâ.
 275 Nazarbâj ne pakar mangâyâ :
 Laṭh mukká dhobî par chalâyâ.
 Darde dhobî ne Râjâ batâyâ.
 Hâth bândh Râjâ laṭkâyâ.
 Dekhan âve nar nârî :
 280 Pakaṛanhâre ko deñ sab gârî.
 Pakaṛ chor ko Râjâ pe lâe.
 Us Râjâ ne hukm lagâe.
 " Is ko ham pe mat lâo.
 Is chor ko phânsî diwâo."
 285 Jâr-jârkar Râjâ royâ.
 Us hañs ko dohrâ sunâyâ :
 " Kit merî solâh sai Rânî ? kit merâ Shahr Ujjain ?
 Chandar-karan, tere kârne yûnhîñ gañwâî jân !"
 Itnî sun hañsâ chal âe.
 290 Â Rânî se araj lagâî :
 " Terâ bâp yeh zulm kamâve :
 Us Râjâ ko phânsî diwâve."
 Itnî bâṭ Rânî sun pâve.
 Woh mahilon meñ rudan rachâve :
 295 Ho dilgîr zamîn par âve :
 Apnâ sîs palang se mâre.
 Launḍî bândî Râjâ pe âve ;
 Us Râjâ se araj lagâve :

- 300 "Râjâ, tumharî putrî maran lagî hai.
Apnî jindî khowan lagî hai."
Itnî bāt Râjâ sun pâve ;
Usî chor ko turt bulwâve :
"Ai chorâ, tum kaun kahâo ?
Merî betî ke mahiloni ao ?"
- 305 Itnî bāt Râjâ sun pâve :
Râjâ Chandarbhân se faryâd lagâve ;
"Kit merî solâh sai Rânîyân ? kit merâ Shahr Ujjain ?
Is Rânî ke kâran yûnhî ganwâi jân."
Itnî sun Râjâ khûsh hûe ; Rânî lî bulwâe :
- 310 "Râjâ tumharâ â gayâ, aur khushî hûâ parwâe :
Ghar kâ Bâhman bulwâe lo aur phere deo diwâe."
Khushîân Râjâ kar rahe phere diwâe :
Mahiloni men rahine lag gae, hukm diwâe batâe.
- Râjâ Rânî do jane kar rahe man kî bāt :
315 "Ab ure se chal parâo, aur chalo apne ghar bâs."
Rowan lag gai bândîyân aur rowan lage ranwâs :
"Rânî thî, ab chal parî, phir kab milne kî âs ?"
Dolâ kaswâkar chal parâe lambe raste jâe.
Hansâ Râjâ chal parâe Jain Shahr ko jâe.
- 320 Tâpû men dere lag gae, Rânî kare jawâb :
"Ure baiṭhe kyâ karen ? chalo apne ghar bâs."
Itnî kahkar â gae Jain Shahr ke pâs :
Jâ apne rang mahil men karan lage do bāt.
Khushîân Shahr kar rahâ, "â gae hamâre bhartâr !
- 325 Ghane dinon men ghar âe ; kirpâ karî Kartâr !"

TRANSLATION.

The Story of Râjâ Chandarbhân and Rânî Chand Karan.

As beauty grew

Her father and mother became anxious :

"These five gold pieces and the cocoanut,

Take, Brâhman, in thy arms."*

* It is usual for rich or great people to send a Brâhman, as described, to arrange a marriage.

- 5 To the Three Quarters the Brâhman went
 And found no match for Chand Karan.
 Then the Brâhman sorrowfully
 Came back to the Râjâ.
 The Rânî was weeping her eyes out :
- 10 " What the pen (of fate) hath written for thee cannot
 be blotted out (my daughter) ! "
- " Why (then) didst thou bear me, mother ?
 He hath found no match for me ! "
- " The Creator hath endowed thee with beauty ;
 He hath (surely) created thy match (also) ! "
- 15 (The Râjâ ordered), " Build the Princess a palace.
 Give endless pearls and diamonds.
 Build her a palace on an island,*
 Put windows into it.
 Give her countless maids and attendants,
- 20 Under the orders of the Princess."

The breezes were blowing and the jasmines blooming,
 She was sitting in her palace very sorrowfully.
 A swan† flew up from the Eastern Land,
 And the clouds gathered for rain.

- 25 The swan flew to the palace.
 Then the Princess adorned herself
 And decked her hair with pearls.
 The wily swan sang to her,
 And said to the Princess :
- 30 " Is there any righteous one to do a good work ?
 And to give me a drink of water ? "
- The Princess heard these words,
 And filling a pitcher the Princess brought him water.
 And shot him a glance from the bow of her eyes.
- 35 The swan fell backwards to the earth.

* Probable reference to the islands in the lakes about several of the principal Râjput cities on which palaces were built.

† It is usual to render *hanṣa* by swan, but in reality it is a fabulous bird of indeterminate character.

- She took him up and clasped him to her breast :
 " Come, my swan, and eat of my pearls ; *
 I will pick blossoms (for thee) and make thee a bed."
 " Princess, I will not eat of thy food.
- 40 Seeing thy beauty, I depart no more.
 Such beauty has God given thee
 That it casts its glamour even over a bird.
 Princess, be not (too) proud of thy beauty,
 But fear the Creator that made it !
- 45 Princess, sixteen years is thy age :
 Whose fault is it that thou art not married ? "
 " Well done, thou wise swan of mine,
 Thou hast guessed the sorrow of my heart."
 " Princess, I bring thee thy match, beautiful as Kṛishṇa,
- 50 With body shining like untarnished gold.
 To say more is to say too much ;
 I am thy servant through all my life."
 The swan took an oath thrice ; †
 Thrice he gave an oath to the Princess :
- 55 " It is for thy sake, Princess, that I go across the
 ocean.
 If I live, I return to meet thee, else I will meet thee at
 the Day of Judgment." ‡

Then the swan flew off,
 And leaving the earth went up into the heavens.
 A mighty hunger seized him.

- 60 He thought of the Râjâ's darling (Princess) :
 " Were I now with the Princess,
 I should be eating diamonds and pearls !
 Where has my Princess gone in her separation ?
 I would eat food and drink water !"
 65 Cool was the lotus shade of the tree,
 Where the swan took up his abode.

* It is a common belief that swans live on pearls.

† See *ante*, Vol. I., Legend of Niwal Dai, *passim*.

‡ Note the Musalmân notions here.

- There came a snarer from the City of Ujjain.
 And spread his net.
 He placed the food and showed the water.
- 70 Hungry and thirsty the swan had no control over his
 mind.
 He dipped his beak once into the water.
 A second time he put his beak into the food.
 The third time he could not fill his beak.
 The snarer jerked the net and entrapped him :
- 75 " How was I to know thy tricks, thou scoundrel ?
 The noose is round my neck.
 O snarer, break not my wings :
 I will settle my price myself."
 " I will break thy legs, I will ruffle thy feathers.
- 80 Never will I release thee, my bird."
 " I am caught, thou snarer, in thy net.
 Look my way, O my Princess Chand (Karan)."
 The snarer dragged towards himself and dragged the
 swan to him.
 Said (the swan) " What hast thou done, O God, that
 thou hast turned day into night !
- 85 Is there any righteous one to do a good deed ?
 And save my life from this sinner ?"
 A gardener's wife heard this,
 And went to Râjâ as he was holding Court.
 She went up to Râjâ and said :
- 90 " There is a rascally scoundrel in thy city,
 Who is worrying the peacocks* of the forest."
 The Râjâ heard her.
 He mounted his horse and went to the forest,
 And said to the snarer.
- 95 " Snarer, I will order thee a goat from every house ;
 I will give thee authority in Ujjain City ;
 Take a *lâkh* of pieces of gold,
 But give me this bird."

* These being sacred.

- " Râja, why tempt me with golden coins ?
 100 This bird is for the food of my household."
 The Râjâ waxed furiously wrathful.
 He struck the snarer with his drawn sword
 And cut off both his hands.
 " Fly, thou dweller of the forest,*
 105 I have cut the noose from round thy neck."
 Hearing this the swan was astonished,
 And spake unto Râjâ Chatr(-mukaṭ) :
 " Other kings rule, but thou art a king beyond kings.†
 Thou hast released the bird : may thy life be long !
 110 Râjâ, I tell thee a pleasant thing.
 In my country is a Princess so (beautiful) that
 The deer have given up grazing and drinking (for love
 of her) !"
 Hearing this the Râjâ grieved,
 And said to the wily swan with his lips :
 115 " Swan, I have here sixteen hundred queens,
 Without gazing on whom (first) I cannot drink water."
 (Said the swan), " Show me those queens,
 I have no care for any rule or empire."
 The Râjâ sent an order to the palace,
 120 And called all the queens.
 Some danced, some showed their charms,
 But the wily swan's heart was not taken with any.
 " Women, like thy sixteen hundred queens,
 Are drawers of water for my Princess. "
 125 " Swan, show me thy Princess,
 I care no more for all my rule and empire."
 Moonlit was the night and the stars were shining.
 (Said he), " Take me now, my beloved swan."
 The wily swan spread his wings,
 130 And Chatr-mukaṭ rode upon them.
 Then the swan flew up,

* To the swan.

† Apparently a pun on the word *sahbâj* = *shâhbâz*, a hawk, and also *shâh bâj* as translated.

And leaving the earth soared to the heavens.

Three days passed in flight.

The waters and the lands appeared afar.

135 (But) when the Râjâ left the palace

A man and a quarter* of bracelets were broken in the
palace.†

They rested in the Princess' garden,

And the swan flew up into the palace.

Then the Princess adorned herself.

140 "Come, O my wise swan :

Where hast left my love, my darling ?"

"Princess, I searched the countries of all the earth,

And I found no match for thy beauty."

"I will stab myself, O swan, and die :

145 I will put an end to my wealth of youth :

Without my stranger I will not survive an hour !"

"Princess, I have brought thee a match, beautiful as
Kṛishṇa,

Whose body shines like unalloyed gold.

When two hours‡ of the night have passed

150 The Prince will come to thy palace.

Princess, don robes of every hue :

Throw a little scent over thy body :

Come to the wily swan (when he calls) :

Have three hundred and sixty beds laid in the palace :§

155 Light up all the candles,

And pray to the (gods of the) lamps, (saying),

'Hear, Golden Lamps, hear my prayer,

To-day I meet my love, burn (then) all the night !'"

Saying this the swan went away,

160 And told Chatr-mukāṭ: (said he):

"Moonlit is the night, shining are stars,

Take me now, my beloved swan."

* 100 lbs. weight.

† In grief.

‡ *Lit.*, 4 *gharīs* : *i.e.*, 96 minutes.

§ To make a fine show.

- The wily swan spread his wings,
And Chatr-mukaṭ rode upon them.
- 165 Then the swan took flight
And alighted in the Princess' lofty chamber.
The breezes were blowing and the jasmynes were
 blooming,
Only she was full of grief in the palace.
(Said the Prince), "Swan, is this the Princess thou
 didst praise?"
- 170 The beauty that is sleeping!
This is no Princess, it is some water-bearer;
This beauty, that is sleeping!*
- For this have I forsaken my sixteen hundred queens!
My ninety sons and my kingdom!"
- 175 Hearing this said the swan,
Adjuring Chatr-mukaṭ:
"O Râjâ, grieve not.
Open the veil of her face a little,
Touch her with gentle hand,
- 180 And draw the ring off the Princess' finger."
The swan committed a wily theft.
He gave the Prince's ring to the Princess,
And the Princess' ring he gave to the Prince!
The Râjâ mounted the swan and fled.
- 185 As he flew (the swan) made a proverb,
And spake to Princess Chand (Karan in a dream):
"It is better to look at butter than to eat oil:
It is better to look at the wise than to keep company
 with fools."
It was morning and the lovely (Princess) awoke.
- 190 She took up a pitcher to wash her face.
The maiden with her fell at her feet:
"I would speak to thee of a wonderful curious thing:
What man's ring is that?
He hath taken thy ring and given thee his ring!"

* The meaning is, a true princess would be awake to receive her lover.

- 195 All the maidens spake a false (charge) !
 " Princess, we slept before thee,
 What do we know of what passed in the night ? "
 (Said she), " Alas ! thou hast taken the bloom of my
 youth and given me sorrow.
 Thou hast destroyed my charms, and taken away the
 bloom of my beauty."
- 200 Meanwhile the swan returned,
 And spake to the Princess :
 " I praised thy beauty,
 And, thou fool, thou didst fall asleep.
 And for thy sake was I made a fool,
- 205 And thus have I lost the virtue of my life.
 If I find water in the forests
 I will drown myself and see thee no more."
 " My swan, I will cut my finger and rub in salt,
 And will remain awake the whole night,
- 210 And I will catch the thief (of my ring) myself.
 Every one beats the thief of his (goods, but)
 If I meet my thief I will sacrifice my life for him."
 Hearing this the swan went away,
 And spake to the Râjâ :
- 215 " Râjâ, thou didst so tear off the ring,
 That thou hast torn the Princess' finger ! "
 (Said he), " O swan, take me to the Princess :
 Why (thus) make my life miserable ?
 Moonlit is the night, shining are the stars !
- 220 Take me now, my beloved swan."
 The wily swan spread his wings,
 And Chatr-mukaṭ rode upon them.
 And (the swan) laid him at the Princess' bed.
 Gently he touched her with his hand,
- 225 " Thief, thief," (said) the Princess waking.
 " O thief, who art thou ?
 That thou touchest my body with thy hand ? "
 " I am no thief, but the lord of many thousands ! .

- For thy sake have forsaken home and family !
 230 I am the grandson of the warrior Vikramâditya !
 The son of (his daughter) Chatrang Daî, and my name
 is Chatr-mukaṭ.”
 Hearing this the Princess was astonished,
 And caressed the swan : (saying),
 “ Well done, my wise swan !
 235 Thou hast fathomed the wound in my heart.”
 She cooked some food at once,
 And gave Chatr-mukaṭ to eat.
 She made a chamber of her eyes, and opened her pupils ;
 She drew down the curtain of her lashes, and seated her
 love within.
- 240 And the Prince and Princess were happy in the palace.
- In the morning the gardener came,
 And brought flowers to the Princess,
 And began to weigh her against them,
 And the Princess outweighed the flowers.*
- 245 Finding this the gardener went
 And spake to (Râjâ) Chandarbhân :
 “ There is a thief in thy palace,
 That hath taken the Princess apart ! ”
 Hearing this the Râjâ was confounded
- 250 And spake to the gardener :
 “ What thief hath come into my palace ?
 I will not harm thee, † as God is my protector ! ”
 “ Comes in the night, goes in the night :
 It is a swan that is the (thief) Râjâ.
- 255 Râjâ, fix the Holî at the wrong time,
 Send bottles of pigment to the Princess,
 And you will catch the thief.” ‡

* Allusion to the well-known tale of Panjphûlârâni or Princess Five-flowers, who weighed only five flowers as long as she was chaste, but outweighed them at once on getting a lover. † If thou tell.

‡ At the Holî festival (*Phâg*) in the Spring the custom is for Hindus to throw a crimson powder over each other, hence if the Princess were to throw the Holî powder over the Prince at the wrong season his clothes would betray him at once.

- Said the Princess, "Hear, my Râjâ,
 My father is worshipping the Spring :
 260 He hath fixed the Holî at the wrong season,
 And hath sent me bottles of pigment."
 Hearing this the Prince was confounded,
 And said to the Princess :
 "It is a trick to catch me."
 265 Saying this the Prince turned away his face,
 But the Princess threw the powder over him.
 Bitterly wept the Prince,
 Raising a cry of weeping through all the palace :
 "Now is none my friend,
 270 Thou art the ruler of thy own palace."
 "Râjâ, I will call the washerman,
 And have thy clothes washed, and in the night shalt
 thou wear them."

- The washerman took the clothes and went home,
 Putting on the clothes* he went into the market.
 275 The spies seized him,
 And beat him with fists and clubs.
 In his fear the washerman betrayed the Prince,
 So they bound the Prince's hands and hanged him up
 (by them).
 Men and women came to see him,
 280 And abused his captors.
 They took the thief (Prince) to the Râjâ,
 And the Râjâ ordered :
 "Bring him not before me, (but)
 Hang this thief."
 285 Bitterly wept the Prince,
 And spake unto the swan :
 "Where are my sixteen hundred queens ? where my
 City of Ujjain ?
 O Chand Karan, for thy sake is my life thus lost !"

* Such borrowed plumes are very common in India among washermen.

- Hearing this the swan went,
 290 And spake unto the Princess :
 " Thy father hath done this wickedness,
 That he hath hanged thy Prince."
 The Princess hearing this
 Raised a cry in the palace ;
 295 And fell in her sorrow to the ground,
 Beating her head against her couch.
 The maids and attendants came to the Râjâ
 And spake unto the Râjâ ;
 " Râjâ, thy daughter is dying,
 300 And throwing away her life."
 When the Râjâ heard this
 He sent for the thief at once : (saying),
 " O thief, what art thou called ?
 That camest into my daughter's palace."
 305 Hearing this the Prince
 Spake unto Râjâ Chandarbhân :
 " Where are my sixteen hundred queens ? where my
 City of Ujjain ?
 For this Princess' sake have I lost my life."
 When he heard this, Râjâ Chandarbhân was pleased and
 called the Princess at once : (saying),
 310 " Thy Prince hath come and thy household rejoiceth.
 Send for the house priest and perform thy marriage."
 With rejoicings the Prince performed the marriage,
 Dwelt in the palace and began to rule.
 The Prince and Princess, the pair had their hearts'
 desire.
 315 (Said she), " Let us depart hence now and go to thy
 home."
 All the maids began to weep and all the palace wailed :
 " A Princess there was that hath fled now, when shall
 we meet her again ?"
 Preparing a palanquin they commenced the long road.
 The swan and the Râjâ went to Ujjain City.
 320 They dwelt in an island and the Princess said :

“What shall we do dwelling here? let us go to thy home.”

Saying this they went to Ujjain City,

And going into the palace they began dwelling together.

All the city rejoiced, saying, “Our lord hath come:

325 Coming home in these great days: for the Lord hath had mercy!”

No. XX.

TWO SONGS ABOUT NÂMDEV,

AS SUNG BY TWO BARDS FROM AMRITSAR.

[These are two well known songs about the celebrated Bhagat and Marâthî poet Nâmdev or Nâmâ. They are sung constantly in the Darbâr Sâhib or Golden Temple at Amrîtsar, and are known to every Sikh.]

[Nâmdev flourished in the time of the Emperor Bahlol Lodî, 1468-1512 A.D., and evidently vastly influenced the founder of the Sikh Religion, for we find whole poems of his incorporated into the *Âdi Granth*. These particular legends are not in the *Âdi Granth*, but in the *Granth* (as I am told) that Gurû Gobind Singh started in opposition to it. They are therefore very likely to be apocryphal.]

I.

TEXT.

Sat Gur Parshâd. Sabd Nâmâ, Rag Bhairoñ: Ghar Do.

- Sultân pûchhe, “Sun, be Nâmâ,
Dekhûn Râm, tumhâre kâmâ.”
Nâmâ Sultân ne bâdh lâ ;
“Dekhûn terâ Har bathîlâ.
5 Bismal goû deo jiwâe,
Nâ, tirû gardan mârûn thâe ?”
“Pâdshâh, aisî kyûn hoe ?
Bismal kîâ na jîve koe.
Merâ kîâ kuchh na hoe:
10 Kare Râm hoe hai soe.”
Pâdshâh chaṛhio hankâr.
“Gaj hastî dînûn chamkâr.”
Rudan kare Nâme kî mâ :
“Chhoḍ Râm ke, bhajan Khudâ.”
15 “Nâ hûn terâ pûnghrâ, nâ tû merî mâ :
Piṇḍ paṛe to Har gun gâ.”
Kare Gajend sûṇḍ kî chot :

- Nâmâ ubre Har kî ot.
 Qâzî mullân kare salâm :
- 20 “ In Hindû merâ maliyâ mân.
 Pâdshâh, bentî sunîyo,
 Nâmâ sar bhar sonâ leîyo.”
 “ Mâl leûn tâ Dozakh parhûn.
 Dîn chhod duniyâ kon bharûn ? ”
- 25 Pâwoñ berî, hâthon tâl ;
 Nâmâ gâve guu Gopâl.
 “ Gang Jaman jo ultî bahe,
 Tâ Nâmâ ‘ Har Har’ kardâ rahe.”
 Sât gharî jab bitî sunî :
- 30 Aj hûn na âio Tîrbhawan Dhanî.
 Pâ kanthan, bâj bajâelâ,
 Garuṛ charhe Govind âelâ,
 Apne bhagat par kî prit-pâl.
 Garuṛ charhe âe Gopâl :
- 35 “ Kaheñ, tâ Dharan akodî karûn !
 Kaheñ, tâ le kar ûpar dharûn !
 Kaheñ, tâ mûî goû detû jiwâe,
 Sab koî dekhe patiyâî !”
 Nâmâ parnâve sil masail :
- 40 Goû duhâî, bachhrâ mel.
 Dûdh-doh jab maṭkî bharî,
 Le, Pâdshâh ke âge dharî.
 Pâdshâh mahil meñ jâe :
 Aughaṭ kî ghaṭ lâgî âe.
- 45 Qâzî Mullân bentî farmâî :
 “ Bakhsh, Hindû, main terî gâî !
 Nâmâ kahe, “ suno, Pâdshâhe !
 Eho kuchh patiyâ mujhe dikhâî.
 Is patiyâ rahe parwân,
 Sâch sil châlo, Sultân !”
- 50 Nâmdev sab rahiâ samâe.
 Mil Hindû Nâme pe jâe :
 “ Jo ab kî bâr na jîve gâî.
 Tâ Nâmdev kâ patiyâ jâe.”

55

Nâme kî kîrat rahe sansâr,
 Bhagat janân le udhâre Apâr.
 Sagal kalîs nindak bahiâ khed.
 Nâme Nârâyan nahîn bhed!

II.

TEXT.

Tuk.

“Rukhrî na khâiyo, Swâmî merâ ! Rukhrî na khâiyo !
 Hâth hamare ghîrat kaṭorâ, apnâ bânṭâ lekar jâiyo.
 Ḍaure ḍaure jât, Swâmî, roṭ lie mukh mâhîn.
 Tum bhâge, ham pahunch na sâke, mel leiyo, Gosâîn !
 Ghaṭ ghaṭ ke Prabh antar-jâmî !” Pal men rūp baṭâyâ.
 Kûkar se Ṭhâkur ban baiṭhe : Nâmdev darshan pâyâ.

I.

TRANSLATION.

By the favor of the Holy Gurû : The Song of Nâmâ, in the
 Râg Bhairon : Part Two.†*

Said the Sultân,‡ “Hear, O Nâmâ,
 I would see (this) Râm,§ thy servant.”
 The Sultan bound Râmâ.
 Saying, “I would see Hari,§ thy patron.
 5 Raise this dead cow to life,
 Or I will cut off thy head !”
 “King, why should this be ?
 None hath ever raised the dead to life.
 My deed will perform nothing :
 10 It is as Râm (God) wills.”
 The king waxed wrathful, (saying)
 “I will rouse my elephant to fury.”
 Nâmâ’s mother began to weep :

* Gobind Singh.

† Allusion to the part of Gurû Gobind Singh’s *Granth* in which the text is said to be found.

‡ Probably Bahlol Lodî.

§ God according to the *Hindûs*.

- (And said),* “Leave Râm’s praises for God’s (Khudâ).”†
- 15 (Said he), “I am no son of thine, thou no mother to me :
If my body perish (still) will I sing of Hari.”
The chief of the elephants thrust at him with his trunk,
But Nâmâ was safe by Hari’s protection.
The Qâzîs and Mulla’s saluted (the king, saying),
- 20 “This Hindû hath slighted our (Musalmân) faith.
O king, hear our prayer :
Take our gold and give us Nâmâ’s head.”
“If I take the gold I shall go to Hell.
Who will enjoy the earth, if he give up his faith ?”
- 25 (He put) shackles on his feet and fetters on his feet,
But Nâmâ sang the praises of Gopâl.‡
“Gangâ and Jamnâ may flow backwards,
But Nâmâ still sings, ‘Hari, Hari.’”
Seven hours passed away,
- 30 But still the Lord of the Three Worlds§ came not.
Wearing a (holy) necklace and with songs and rejoicings,
Govind|| came mounted upon Garuḍ,¶
The protector of his own votary.
Mounted on Garuḍ came Gopâl, (and said)
- 35 “Say, and I will upset the world !
Say, and I will raise it on my hand !
Say, and I will raise the dead cow to life,
That all may see the miracle ! ”
Nâmâ prostrated himself
- 40 And made the cow suckle her calf.
He then milked and filled a pail,
And took and laid it before the king.
The king went into his palace
And his heart was very sore.
- 45 The Qâzîs and Mullas besought (Nâmâ) :

* To her son.

† God according to the *Musalmâns*.

‡ = Kṛishṇa = God.

§ God.

|| = Kṛishṇa = God.

¶ Garuḍa, the miraculous bird and vehicle of Kṛishṇa.

- “ Hindû, forgive us; we are thy cow’s ! ”*
 Said Nâmâ, “ Hear, O King!
 Thus much miracle have I performed.
 Let the miracle remain proved.
 50 Do thou dwell in truth and virtue, O King ! ”
 Nâmdev’s honor was greatly increased.
 All the Hindûs went to Nâmâ :
 (Saying), “ Had he not restored her this time,
 The virtue of Nâmdev had gone.”
 55 Nâmâ’s glory shall remain in the world.
 God ever protecteth his saints.
 May the backbiters suffer all troubles.
 There is no secret (difference) betwixt Nâmâ and
 Nârâyan ! †

II.

TRANSLATION.

Refrain.

“ Eat not dry bread, my Master ! eat not dry bread !
 The plate of butter is in my hand, take thy share.
 Running away, my Master, with the bread in thy
 mouth.
 Thou runnest, and I cannot reach thee, I would meet
 thee, my Holy One !
 Thou art the Lord that knowest the heart ! ” In a
 moment the body changed.
 The dog became the Lord, and Nâmdev beheld him. ‡

* Conventional phrase: the cow being the most sacred of all things in the Hindû’s eyes, to be treated as his cows is to be well treated by him.

† God.

‡ The point of this is that a dog ran away with Nâmdev’s food, and instead of beating him the saint addressed him as above. Thereon the dog turned into God and so Nâmdev beheld God. The moral is obvious.

No. XXI.

SAKHÎ SARWAR AND JÂTÎ,

AS RECORDED BY A MUNSHI IN THE LÂHOR DISTRICT
FOR MRS. F. A. STEEL.

[This story relates a miracle performed by Sakhî Sarwar for a Brâhman follower in the Gujrânwâlâ District. The scene is laid at Emanâbâd near the town of Gujrânwâlâ, and in the tale the Brâhman, Pherû, the son of Jâtî, is made governor of that place in the time of Akbar (1556-1605 A.D.)]

[Emanâbâd is an old town in the district, said to have been a hunting ground of Śâlivahâṇa. The present town was founded by one Emanâ, a nurse of the Emperor Firoz Shâh Khiljî (1282-1296 A.D.) Under the Musalmân rulers and before the Sikh times (say up to 1750 A.D.) it was a very important place and the headquarters of a *mahâl*. The legend here recorded may possibly relate the temporary possession of power by some local Brâhman, whose name has not been preserved in general history.]

[The prose portions of the legend being in ordinary Urdu have not been given in the original.]

Sakhî Sarwar and Jâtî.

Sâtî Sachhe ! yâ Rabb !

*Terî dhano pârjâ !**

Jat thal Maullâ tûî hai !

Rabb, tero nâm dhiâtîye !

5 *Kiâ kiâ qudrtân thâpdâ ?*

Berangî Sâhib jâpdâ !

Sâje Dhartî te âsmân !

Bâjh thamân kalâ tikâie !

Dhartî dá kâtâ jor hai,

10 *Unwajâ lâkh karor hai.*

Aṭhârâ bhawan banâs, jî,

Rabb qudrat bâgh banâie !

Bhawan te bishrâmî,

Râm Chand, Kishn jawânî.

* For upârjâ.

- 15 *Nawân Budh laṭakdâ,*
 Phir dase autâr khiḍâie.
Bhagat pare to pare, jî!
Terâ nâm jape so tare, jî!
- 20 *Kughrâ painḍâ bhagat dâ,*
 Gur bardîân ho vikâṭye!
Pîr Bâi nûn gâwandâ,
Nit eho kâr kamâwandâ.
 Dâyam dîve bâldâ,
 Nit ghare salâm karâie.
- 25 *Jâtî kardâ seo, jî;*
 “ Sarwar, miṭṭhâ meo deo, jî!
 Miṭṭhâ meo deo, jî!”
 Mûnh mangiâ dân diwâie!
- 30 *Jâtî de ghar jamdâ,*
Pherû, bahote karm-jaram dâ;
Sayyidpurâ saloia,
Jithe Pherû paidâ hoiâ,
 Châkar Bâi Lanj dâ,
 Nit ghare salâm karâie!
- O True Lord! O God!
 Blessed be thy creation!
 Thou art Lord of the land and sea!
 O God, let us meditate on thy Name!
- 5 What wonders hast thou performed?
 O Lord, appearing in many forms!
 Thou hast ordered the Earth and Sky,
 Upraising the sky* without pillars!
 He hath reckoned up (all) the Earth,
- 10 Forty-nine *lâkhs* of *karors* (of miles in area) †
 The eighteen loads of herbage
 Made God into a garden of his power!
 The dwellers in ease in heaven,
 Râma Chandra and Kṛishṇa the youth,

* *Lit.*, the machine.

† 49 billions.

- 15 And the nine *Buddhas* flourished,
 And then He made the ten incarnations.*
 The saintship is unfathomable, Sir ! †
 (Only) he that worships Thy Name shall be saved, Sir !
 Steep is the path of the saintship,
- 20 Let us become servants to our teachers.
 (Jâtî) sang of the Saint and Bâî, ‡
 This duty did he perform,
 Keeping the lamps§ ever lighted,
 Ever worshipping them at home.
- 25 Jâtî did service : (saying)
 “ Sarwar, grant me sweet fruit|| (of my prayer),
 Sweet fruit grant me ! ”
 (Sarwar) gave him his desire in charity.
 In Jâtî's house is born
- 30 Pherû, the most fortunate.
 In beautiful Sayyidpurâ, ¶
 Where Pherû was born,
 . The servants of Bâî and Lanjâ (Sarwar),
 Worship them every hour !

When Jâtî was at the point of death he admonished his son Pherû, saying, “ My son, you were born to me solely through the favor of Sakhî Sarwar, therefore it is incumbent on you to ever worship at his shrine.” So Pherû in obedience to his father's behest attended regularly at Sakhî Sarwar's shrine and worshipped him, and although at one time he became very poor he never failed in his devotion. One day he said to himself that if Sakhî Sarwar give me the government of Emanâbâd I will build him a splendid shrine, whereupon the holy Bhairon** was ordered by Sakhî Sarwar to appear to the Emperor Akbar in a dream and frighten him. Bhairon accord-

* The modern Brahmanical mythology is referred to here !

† Addressing the audience.

‡ Sarwar and his wife : see *ante*, Vol. I., p. 96.

§ *i.e.*, of the shrine.

|| The invariable form of prayer for a son.

¶ Sayyidpurâ Salonâ is the old name of Emanâbâd.

** See Vol. I., p. 75.

ingly did so and Akbar asked him what he wanted. Bhairon replied, "Make my freind Pherû governor of Emanâbâd to-morrow, or I will worry you." To this Akbar agreed, and in order to refresh his memory he made a knot in his coat. Accordingly, next day, when sitting in his Court, the knot reminded him of his promise, and he issued orders through his minister appointing Pherû the Brâhman governor of Emanâbâd.

A horseman was therefore sent with the order and suitable robes who arrived in due time at Emanâbâd and made enquiries after Pherû. But he, fearing that the man had come about the recovery of certain debts of his father, hid himself in the house of one Mâtî, an old woman. At last, however, thinking it over in his mind that there is no escape from the will of gods or of kings, and that if he escaped for to-day the horseman would catch him to-morrow, he gave himself up. To his astonishment the horseman (according to orders) treated him with the greatest respect, bathed him, dressed him up in the robes of honor and gave him the letters patent (*parwânâ*) investing him with the power of a governor of Emanâbâd. After which the horseman went away.

35 *Jo kuchh Pherû lor dâ ;*
Lâkh miliâ mulk karor dâ,
Pattâ, ra'iyat, parganâ :
Mur ghare salâm karâie.

40 *Ghore charhke chaldâ,*
Pherû jâ Kachahrî maldâ.
Qâbû pâve hukm dâ
Phir iksî mat dahâie.
Hâkim nâl chabûtre
Pherû bahke majlis lâie.

45 *Lashkar katak barâmî,*
Naqqâre nâl nishânî.

35 Whatsoever Pherû desired
 He obtained, a land of boundless wealth,*
 Title-deeds, tenants and lands :

* *Lit.*, worth of a billion of rupees.

Going home he gave thanks (to Sarwar).

Riding on his horse

40 Pherû went frequently to Court.

Taking the opportunity of power

He made (every one) of his faith.

With nobles in his Palace.

Pherû sat and held his Court.

45 Splendid his cavalcade and retinue

With drums and standards.

Now since Pherû was a Brâhman and Sakhî Sarwar was a Muhammadan the people of Emanâbâd were much displeased at his following Sarwar, and once it so happened that one of his own caste brethren refused to permit him to attend at a marriage, because of his being Sarwar's disciple. Finding at last that it was a question of losing the fellowship of his caste or of giving up Sakhî Sarwar, he deserted the latter and joined his caste.

"Aîr chele ditîâ,

Phîr chele hoe mitthîâ!

Gurân Pîrân to mukarê

50 *Sîdh âpî âp sadânye!"*

"I gave my disciple a flock,

And my disciple hath become faithless!

Denying his Saint and Teacher,

50 He hath made himself into a saint!"

(Spake Sarwar) and was very much enraged against Pherû, for whose punishment he sent the holy Bhairon.*

Bhairon gamchî mûrdâ,

Brâhman nûn jhuthîârdâ!

Oh dî dehî rang wi!âîâ,

Adh vichon hî la!kâie!

55 *Dard kalîjâ pharkdâ*

Pherû tangân bâhwân khar!kdâ.

Chhâle bhîme pai gae,

Dehî dâ rang witâie:

Kul qabîlâ tarkdâ,

* See Legends about Sarwar, ante, passim.

- 60 *" Ih nūn thāoñ diwāo faraq dā.
 Jis dā sidqa bhog de,
 Mur use to sukhāye."*
*Rang mahlānwāliā,
 Phir kakkhāñ vich sowā liā.*
- 65 *Phir jhuñgī vich bahā liā,
 Phir istar heḥh vichhāie.
 Pūndā dudh piālāñ,
 Phir pāñ tīṇḍ sawāliāñ,
 Chattī bhojan jīwandā.*
- 70 *Phir tukṛe nūn tarsāie.*

Bhairon struck him with his club,
 Calling the Brāhman a liar.

He changed the color of his body.*

And hanged him by his waist (to the roof).†

- 55 Pain tore his heart,
 Pherū (hanging) kicked about his arms and legs.
 Great blotches came over his body.
 And the color of his body changed.

(Said) his family trembling,

- 60 " Let us give him a place apart ;
 Whose favor he enjoyed
 Let him again relieve him."

From a gorgeous palace

They made him sleep in a hut.

- 65 They made him dwell in the hut,
 And spread a bed of straw beneath him.

He that drank milk from (brass) cups,

Drank water from earthen cups.

The liver on sumptuous food

- 70 Craved for crumbs.

When Pherū the Brāhman got leprosy and his brethren gave him a detached hut to live in, one day everybody forgot him except an old female servant, who recollected that no one had

* *i.e.*, made him a leper.

† *i.e.*, severely punished him: allusion to a favorite Sikh punishment.

sent him any food since the previous day, and thinking that if he was neglected much longer he would soon die, she made up her mind to supply him daily with four loaves out of her own allowance of food. That very day she went to Pherû with the bread and an ewer of water, who ate two of the loaves and gave the remainder to the birds. Finding that he only ate two loaves she restricted his allowance to that number and kept the rest for herself. She went to him daily before eating any food herself, because she was obliged to bathe after coming in contact with a leper and also, by the custom of the Hindûs, before breaking her fast. In this way some time passed.

Now Sakhî Sarwar had made Pherû a leper in order to force his relatives to desert him, so that when he felt the pangs of hunger he might return to his old allegiance. But finding that that the old woman kept him well fed, he ordered Bhairon to prevent her. Accordingly, next day Bhairon met her on the road to Pherû's hut and asked her who she was and where she was going. She replied "For the grace of God and out of pity for my old master I give him daily two out of my allowance of four loaves and I am taking them to him now." "But," said Bhairon, "when your master is so bad with leprosy that none of his own relatives will go near him, why do you go? Suppose you got the disease: who would look after you, when even so great a man as Pherû is totally neglected? If you must look after your master take my advice and tie the bread to the end of a bamboo and throw it to him from a distance." Next day the woman took his advice, and when Pherû saw what she was doing he was vexed and told her that she had served him well enough so far, but that if she meant to treat him like this in future she had better cease bringing him food. Being thus rebuffed the woman stopped bringing him food.

So Pherû began to starve and in the misery of his heart he remembered Sakhî Sarwar and said:

*"Sab jag bhulanhâr : bhuliân Sitâ jehiân Râniân, Sultânâ,
Bhûle Râm te Lachhman Deote, Sultânâ.*

*Main tere dîve bâlsân,
Main tere nâm chitârsân.*

75

*Bahare, Sarwar Aulā,
Dukh merā dard gawāīye!*"

"All the world errs: even as the Queen Sitā erred, O Sultān (Sarwar),

Erred also Rām and Lachhman, O Sultān.*

I will light thy lamps,

I will call on thy name.

75

Come, O Saintly Sarwar,

Relieve me of my agony and pain."

When Pherū began to cry out and acknowledged his guilt Sakhī Sarwar had pity on him. So mounting his mare and taking Bhairon with him he went to Pherū's hut and asked the road to Kābul. "What do you want in Kābul?" said Pherū. "We are physicians from Dehlī," said they, "sent to teach the king of Kābul medicine." "If you will but treat me," said the leper, "I will remember you all my days." "But if we treat you, what will you give us?" said the physicians. "Alas!" said he, "I have nothing to give!" "Something we must have," returned the physicians, "at any rate a pound of flour for our horses." Pherū promised anything in his power if they would only cure him. Whereupon

Chashmā† kadḍh nikāliā,

Pherū Bāhman nūn ghol piā liā.

"Sītal jhole, Sāhibā,

80

Dehī nūn ṭhaṇḍ pawāīye!"

They took out some of the holy soil,

And mixing it (in a cup of water) they gave it to Pherū the Brāhman.

(Said Pherū), "O Lord, as a breath of cool air,

80

Hast thou cooled my (burning) body!"

As soon as Pherū had drunk up the dissolved earth he was cured at once. The rapid cure made him doubt the real character of the physician, and so he laid hold of Sarwar's

* Allusion to the well known story in the *Rāmāyana* of Sitā's disobedience of Rāma's instructions not to go out of the charmed circle (*kār*), while their error was in leaving her alone.

† Sacred soil from Makkā, but here from Nigāhā, the shrine of Sakhī Sarwar.

mare and said, "You are concealing yourselves, you are not physicians. You are Sakhî Sarwar and Bhairon, the holy."

"We are indeed physicians," replied they, "it is your will to call us Sarwar and Bhairon. However, bring us the grain you agreed to give us."

"I will not move a yard" replied he, "for you may gallop off, while I go for the grain."

At last finding that he would not leave them they dropped their whips and asked him to pick them up, and as he stooped to do so, they galloped off, leaving him staring after them.]

Changâ karke ghaliâ,

Pherû Bâhman ghar nûn chaliâ.

Bahutâ sukh ânand nâl,

Ghar sukhî sândî jâte.

85 *Pahilân ware muqâm, jî :*

Phir niû-niû kare salâm, jî :

Hatthîn bûhâ kholke

Jâ andar pairî pâte.

Roshan hûe chirâgh, jî.

90 *Bâhman de waddê bhâg, jî.*

Pairîn paindî Lachhmî,

Man andar khushî wadhâte.

Having cured him they sent him away,
And Pherû, the Brâhman set out for home.

With great rejoicings

He reached home safe and sound.

85 First he went to the shrine, sir :

And made his lowly salutations, sir :

Opening the door with his own hands

And prostrating himself within.

There was a lighting of the lamps, sir.

90 Very fortunate was the Brâhman, sir.

Lachhmî* fell at his feet,

Happy in her heart.

Returning home Pherû went on to serve Sakhî Sarwar as heretofore. After a while it occurred to him that he should

* His wife.

go to Nigâhâ and be fed from the hands of the revered Bâi* and obtain some boon from Sarwar. So he went towards Nigâhâ and getting as far as the Trimmû† ferry he sat down by the banks of the Râvî. Here Bhairon appeared to him in the form of a groom and asked Pherû why he was there. Pherû replied that he was going to Nigâhâ.

“But who goes to Nigâhâ at this season,” said the groom, “when the river is so swollen? It is no easy matter to cross at this season. Better go back and come again with the regular company of pilgrims (*sang*).”

“I will never go back,” replied Pherû, “I have made my vow and go I will.”

On this the groom was very pleased and said, “Very well, if you must go across, sit on this grass mat and shut your eyes.”

Pherû did so and immediately found himself across the river, but neither the mat or its owner could he see anywhere.

When he reached the Satluj, Bhairon the holy visited him in the form of a shepherd and told him that if he wanted to cross he could take him over on a reed mat. Pherû sat on it and was taken across in a moment, but the shepherd disappeared. Then Pherû knew that it was the same man that had helped him over the Râvî.

At length he reached Nigâhâ and there Sakhî Sarwar visited him assuming the form of an Aroîâ and asked him to take food in his house, saying that there were no Brâhmaus in the village. He offered him eleven gold pieces in return for the honour. Pherû could not resist the temptation, saying to himself that he would visit the shrine afterwards. So he accompanied the sham Aroîâ to his house.

Lîbî Bâi rang vitâîâ ;

Kar chauîkâ bhânḍâ pâîâ ;

95 *Kar bhojan bhalâ jîmâîâ.*

Pîrân dittî lakhnâ,

Jyûn dharm sahâie.

* Sakhî Sarwar's wife.

† Towards Multân.

The Lady Bâi changed her form,*
 She made a cooking place and placed the vessels,
 95 Preparing the food in plenty.

The Saint gave him his (Brâhman's) fee,
 As though bound by religion.

After Pherû had been fed by Bâi, whom he supposed to be the wife of the Aroṛâ, and had received the customary present from the sham Aroṛâ, he returned to the shrine, buried the remainder of the food and sat down expecting that Bâi would give him bread with her own hands and Sakhî Sarwar himself the usual present. Knowing this Sakhî Sarwar appeared to the shrine attendant, Chhattâ, in a dream and told him to ask Pherû why he was sitting there, for that what he wanted had been accomplished. "If he says he has received nothing, then tell him that the supposed Aroṛâ was Sakhî Sarwar, and that the food he had eaten was prepared by Bâi. If he does not believe you then tell him to put his little finger to his chest and the food that he ate will come out of his mouth and the food that he buried in golden utensils will be found to be in brass ones, and that the gold pieces he had as a present will be turned into brass also. So Chhattâ, the shrine attendant, went to Pherû and said, "Why don't you go home since you have got what you came for?" But Pherû rejoined, "I have got nothing as yet." On this the attendant told him that the food he had eaten had been prepared by Bâi and that the present he had received was from the hands of Sarwar himself. But the Brâhman would not believe him. So then the attendant prayed that the gold pieces presented him might turn to brass, that the golden utensils might also become brass, and that the food he had eaten might come out of his mouth. All this came literally to pass. On seeing this the Brâhman was very much ashamed and cried out to Sakhî Sarwar, "I cannot return home disgraced in this wise." Then a voice called out, "Let the vessels and gold pieces become golden," and behold! it was so, and the Brâhman took them home.

* *i.e.*, became an Aroṛâ's wife.

- Changâ karke ghalliâ;*
Pherû Bâhman ghar nûn chaliâ,
 100 *Bahutâ sukh ânand nâl*
 Ghar sukhî sandî jáie.
Majlis tambû tânadâ,
Phir oh khushiân mânadâ.
 105 *Jedâ agge tul sî, mur*
 Osî tul charháie.
 Curing him they sent him (home);
 Pherû the Brâhman went home,
 100 With great rejoicings
 Reaching his home safe and sound.
 They pitched his camp in the Court,
 And then rejoiced.
 Even as he was before, again
 105 They placed him in his former state.
-

No. XXII.

THE MARRIAGE OF SAKHÍ SARWAR, AS RECORDED BY A MUNSHI OF THE LAHORE DISTRICT FOR MRS. F. A. STEEL.

[This legend gives in detail what has been already alluded to in previous ones about Sakhí Sarwar. It is valuable as showing his thoroughly Indian character and descent. The purely Hindú cast given to all the ceremonies connected with the marriage is remarkable.]

[It should be noted that the governor of Multán marries his daughter to an ordinary *faqír*. Though there is no evidence, as far as I know, to show that there ever was such a governor as that mentioned in this legend, such marriages were by no means unknown in former days: e.g., the marriage of the daughter of the Emperor Bahlól Lodí, in 1452 A.D., to Shekh Sadar Jahân of Kotlá-Máler.]

[The prose parts, being in ordinary Urdú, have not been given in original.]

Jal thal ik Alláh, jî !

Rabb qudrat dá Bâdsháh, jî !

Terâ, Alláh, Nabbî gawâh, jî !

Lenâ nám Rasûl dá,

5 *Phir ummat de Sarband dá.*

Dhol Dharti dhârdâ ;

Rabb Chaudân Tabaq sawârdâ ;

Pânî pave jhalâr dá ;

Ashtam târe latakle ;

10 *Chânan bâle chand dá.*

Ádam Hawwâ paindá,

Rabb duniyâ sishť wadhaindá,*

Rabb sir sir dhande lainlá.

Jo jo hukm, Nihâliâ,

15 *Karo kamâo dhand dá.*

Sat Jugî Multânî ;

Koí Shahr bhalâ pîrânî ;

Shahr 'ajab sohnâ ; mân

Sakhí, 'Álam Nau Khanđ dá.

* For *sarishť*, creation.

- 20 *Piû Zainu'l-'âbadîn nit nâm*
Lâiye khair wand dâ.
Ghar Sayyidân de jammiân,
Sultânâ, pûr karamiân,
Diwânâ ubbhiân lammiân.
- 25 *Dhan jane Mâi 'Aeshân,*
Wadhâwâ waje anand dâ.
Sarwar, 'ajab jâwânî,
Nâl bhâi Dhoḍâ Khânî,
Piû Zainu 'l-'âbadîn, nit nâm
- 30 *Lâiye khair wand dâ.*
 One God of the land and sea!
 God is the king of power!
 The Prophet (Muḥammad) is thy witness, O God!
 First call on the name of the Prophet,
- 5 Then on the Leader of the Sect.*
 Dhavala† supports the earth;
 God has created the Fourteen Regions,‡
 Water He gives to the wells;
 The stars He hangs in the sky; §
- 10 He lights up the glory of the moon.
 He produced Adam and Ḥawwâ (Eve);
 God gave increase to the creatures of the world;
 Appointed his place unto each.
 O Nihâlâ,|| whatever be His order,
- 15 Do thou perform thy duty.
 Multân belongs to the Golden Age,¶
 A city blessed by the Saints,**

* *i.e.*, Sakhî Sarwar.

† Explained to be a cow: but was there ever any such Hindu notion?

‡ Musalmân notion.

§ *Ashtam*, apparently a pure misapprehension of the word *âsmân* or *akâs*.

|| The composer of the poem.

¶ *i.e.*, is a very old city.

** Allusion to the descendants of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jilânî, Shams Tabrez and other very celebrated saints, still found in large numbers in Multân.

A city very beautiful ; believe

In Sakhî (Sarwar), Lord of the Nine Quarters.*

20 Ever the name of his father Zainu'l-âbadîn,

Full of virtue, take.

Born in the house of Sayyids,

Was Sultân (Sarwar), full of good fortune,

Lord of the East and West :

25 Happily did Mother 'Aeshân† bring forth,

When the drums of rejoicing were sounded.

Sarwar, the glorious youth,

With his brother Dhoḍâ Khân,

And Zainu'l-âbadîn ; ever their names,

30 Full of virtue, take !

Now Sakhî Sarwar while grazing goats in the pastures had read the Qurân from his childhood. He had four brothers, of whom three were the sons of Rustam Khâtun, ‡ his stepmother, viz., Sayyid Dâûd, Sayyid Maḥmûd and Sayyid Sahrâ. His father Zainu'l-âbadîn dwelt at Garh Kot§ about twelve miles from Multân, and after Rustam Khâtun's death he married 'Aeshân|| there. She bore him two sons, Sayyid Aḥmad (Sakhî Sarwar) and Khân Jatî or Dhoḍâ Khân. The saint's grandmother's name was Sâhibzâdî, who had a sister married to one Râibâ of the Rihânâ Tribe, by whom she had five sons, viz., Âbû, Dûdhâ, Sahan, Makkû, and Abu'l-khair. But the saint had no maternal uncle.¶

When his mother's father died his brethren came and wanted him to divide the land owned by the grandfather among themselves, to which partition Sakhî Sarwar agreed, but they took all the good land and gave him only the bad. However, as he had paid no attention to agriculture, he was none the wiser, and taking his share proceeded to cultivate it. So he

* *Hindû* belief.

† Mother of Sarwar.

‡ Observe the Mughal form of the name.

§ Shâhkoṭ, 12 miles from Multân according to the usual account.

|| She was a Khokhar.

¶ To perform the marriage for him. *Hindû* custom.

sowed it with seed and prayed to God, and by the blessing of the Almighty his fields flourished and were ten-fold better than his brethren's, and they, being astonished, took counsel among themselves. So they went to him and told him there must have been a mistake in the partition and wanted to set up the pillars afresh. "Never mind about altering the pillars," said he, "you collect the whole harvest and give me my share." So the brethren collected the harvest and winnowed the grain, and when it was ready for distribution, they sent round to all the beggars of the neighbourhood to beg alms of grain from Sarwar so as to ruin him, and gave them instructions that if he refused them in any way they were to give him a bad name in all the villages round. Accordingly, when the division commenced, they all crowded round Sakhî Sarwar and begged grain of him in the name of God. Before long he had given all his own grain and commenced distributing that of the fields adjoining. His brethren, however, were quite pleased, "for," said they, "now that he has given away all his grain how will he pay the land revenue? As soon as the tax collector comes he will run away and we shall be rid of him and get all the land." With these notions in their heads they suggested his accompanying them to the Governor to pay the revenue, and his father, too, asked him to go in his place, as he was getting too old to walk. So all the brothers went off to Ghanû, the Pathân,* the ruler of Multân. On the road, being entirely innocent of such matters, the saint asked what land revenue was and they explained it to him. "But," said he, "I have nothing to pay with." "You must take your chance," said they, "the Governor may remit, or he may punish." Sakhî Sarwar felt very frightened on hearing this, for who could tell what the Governor would do to him, and so he determined to show him a miracle.

No sooner had he determined on this, when behold he was joined by a huge multitude which filled Multân, till there was hardly standing space. Seeing this vast concourse the Pathân

* A name apparently not known to history.

asked his minister to go and enquire about them. The minister came and saw that it was a saint on a mare that had come. So he reported that it was only a *faqîr* and no enemy that had come, and that the concourse had been created by him merely for his own amusement. This made the Governor feel very uneasy. But to try the saint's powers he sent him an empty tray and a pitcher, to see if he had miraculous power enough to fill them, and asked for food and water. The servant, who carried them, however, became afraid that if the saint should find them empty he would think that he himself had done it for a joke and would be wrath with him. So on the road he prayed to God not to disgrace him in the eyes of the saint, and God heard the prayer and filled the tray with rice and milk and the pitcher with water. Now Sakhî Sarwar knew by his miraculous knowledge what had happened, and said to his friend Faqîr Hussain Ghâî,* "look, the Governor wants me to show him a miracle." So when the servant came they both partook of some of the food and drink, but left some in the vessels to show the Governor that food had been put miraculously into them. When the Governor saw this, he became sure of the miraculous power of Sakhî Sarwar and, being afraid of what he had done, made up his mind to apologize. But Faqîr Hussain Ghâî told him that there was no need to do that, as he was justified in testing the power of a saint, and that Sakhî Sarwar would pardon him if he would behave himself in future!

The Governor, in his gratitude, gave Sakhî Sarwar a fine horse, a dress of honor and a *lâkh* and a quarter of rupees† but he imprisoned his five brethren for having forced him to come to Multân. Sakhî Sarwar took his presents and went straight to the Jail. On seeing him there the Governor of the Jail asked him why he came there, and Sarwar replied he was there because of his brethren, who were imprisoned. The Governor of the Jail asked him which among the prisoners

* *Ghâî*, apparently a tribal name: but habitat and origin unknown.

† Rupees 1,25,000.

were his brethren. "Every man in the Jail is my brother, and I have no intention of moving until they are all released," replied the saint. So the poor Governor went to Ghanû, the Paṭhân, who had perforce to release all the prisoners.

After this Sakhî Sarwar spent his *lâkh* and quarter of rupees in shaving and dressing decently all the beggars in Multân, for the large numbers of which the place has always been famous, and then he proceeded on his way home to Garh Kot riding on his horse in his new clothes. On the road he met 360 *faqîrs* who begged for food, as they had been starving for twelve years. So the saint, having nothing else, gave them his horse and his clothes to buy food with in Multân. But no one would buy either horse or clothes for fear of incurring Ghanû's displeasure. The *faqîrs*, therefore, returned disappointed to Sakhî Sarwar. The saint asked them which they really wanted, money or food. "Food is all we want," said the *faqîrs*. "Then slaughter the horse and eat it," said Sarwar, "and make up the clothes into breeches and necessary clothing." So the *faqîrs* did accordingly.

Now the saint's brethren still nourished great enmity against him, and when they saw this they rejoiced greatly, as they thought that when the Governor of Multân heard of it he would surely punish the saint. So they filled pitchers with the blood of the horse and took them to Ghanû, the Paṭhân.

Khorân dî pakkî wââ!

Khor jâ karan faryâdî;

Khale kûkan Bâdshâh te :

"*Kyûn nahîn niyân karandâ ?*"

It is always the way of the wicked !

The wicked went and complained ;

And stood crying out to the Governor :

"Why dost thou not do justice ?"

When Sakhî Sarwar's brethren showed the pitchers full of blood and explained how the present had been treated, Ghanû, the Paṭhân, became furiously angry and ordered his messengers to demand the horse and clothes from the saint. With great

fear and trembling the order was carried out. The messengers went to Garh Kot and sat down in Sakhî Sarwar's house, but said never a word. At last Zainu'l-'âbadîn asked them what they wanted, to whom they replied that they were very perplexed; the order they had received was a very shameful one, but as it was the Governor's they felt obliged to carry it out. "The fact is," said they, "the Governor wants back the horse and clothes he presented to Sakhî Sarwar, and has sent us for it." Sakhî Sarwar and his friends heard of this and said naturally, "If the Governor be an honest man, how can he possibly want back what he has given away?" However, they went off to where the bones of the horse lay to see if God would help them by a miracle out of their dilemma. There were the Governor's messengers and some fifty other persons present. On reaching the bones Sakhî Sarwar desired the messengers to stand aside, as the miracle to be performed was one of God's mysteries and not fit for vulgar eyes. So they went aside and then Sarwar's friends and the *faqîrs* present threw a sheet over the bones and prayed—

35 *Ralke Sayyid karan pukârâ ;*
"Suneñ, Muhammad, Châre Yârâ !
Kamm sawâreñ, Parwardigârâ !
Oho ghorâ âve sârâ !"

* 'Ibrîl ne ândî jindrî,
 40 *Sâbit ghorâ turiâ.*
Sarwar âkhe, "wâh, wâh, Sainiâ !
Ghanû Pathân kare aniâiân !"

35 Together the Sayyids prayed ;
 "Hear us O Muhammad and the Four Companions.†
 Perform our desire, O Cherisher of the Poor (God) !
 May the horse become whole !"

Jibrâîl brought him to life,
 40 And the horse stood up whole.
 Said Sarwar : "Hail, hail, Lord !
 Ghanû the Pathân hath done injustice !"

* For Jibrâîl = Gabriel.

† These are Abu Bakr, 'Umar, 'Usmân and 'Ali.

When the horse was restored to life and the clothes resuscitated Sarwar proceeded with them to the Governor. Ghanû saw him coming from his window and was much astonished and fully convinced that Sakhî Sarwar was a great saint. It followed that he himself was a very foolish man and a great sinner, as he had thwarted and worried Sarwar, so he became very much afraid of what he had done. Seeing that Sarwar was fast approaching he took his minister aside, explained to him all that had happened and asked his advice. The minister suggested that the best way out of the difficulty was to offer the saint a daughter in marriage. To this the Governor agreed, and when Sarwar came into the presence, Ghanû, the Pathân, very humbly begged forgiveness for his roughness and disbelief, and offered him his daughter as an atonement. Sakhî Sarwar replied that it was a very wicked act to annoy *faqîrs*, but that as far as he himself was concerned he would overlook everything, except that he would not now accept either the horse or the clothes. As for the girl he himself thought he ought not to marry her, being only a poor *faqîr*, while her father was a great Governor, but he would be guided by his own father's wishes entirely. And so Sakhî Sarwar went away home.

In a few days Ghanû, the Pathân, sent a Brâhman, a Dom, and a Barber in the regular (Hindû!) fashion to Zainu'l-'âbadîn with a proposal for Sakhî Sarwar's betrothal to his daughter and many apologies for his conduct.

Bhânâ hoiâ Rabb dâ

Ghore de sabab dâ!

45

Bîbî Bâî, Ghanû dî dhî,

Bâdshâh Pirân thîn mangdâ.

Glory was to God

On account of the horse!

45

The Lady Bâî, Ghanû's daughter,

The Governor betrothed to the saint.

When the three messengers told Zainu'l-'âbadîn what the Governor proposed, he replied that it was not a correct thing for a *faqîr* to marry a Governor's daughter, but that as the

proposal had been made it could not be well refused. So the proposal was accepted and Zainu'l-'âbadîn sent back by the hands of the servants a magnificent present of pearls, a horse and splendid robes to the Governor, such as he could accept. He found no difficulty about this, as the great Saint Sakhî Sarwar always found whatever he wanted on his praying carpet (*musallâ*).

Ralke gandhî pâwande,
Pîrân nûn pîr sadâwande.

50 *Ae Pîr samâule,*
Dîwânâ, khûsh rang dâ.

Gandhî leke chaliâ wadhâwâ,
*Ghar Sayyidân waje wadhâwâ.**
Mele âwan Pîr Farîdâ,
Tere utte karam Nabbi dâ !

55 *Pîr Bannoî diên dhô,*
Pîr Sunnâmon charhiâ.

Degî khâne pakde
Masâle ajab mahkde :

60 *Langriân te chhanîân*
Pîrjî thâl bharandâ.

Nafar khâ uṭhâlon,
Sab hove kamm anand dâ.

Neîn de moharân paindiân
Zar, sonâ, anand dâ !

65 *Satrân andar sawâniân*
Ral gâwan bibiân rânian :
Tâiân, phuphiân, mâsiân,
Sab hove kamm anand dâ.

70 *Sarwar Sayyid nahâwandâ ;*
Awwal tahmat chaukî âwandâ.
(Nihâlâ bahâr ban gâwandâ,
Kahinâ kahe Rasûl dâ.)

Kappar wal pahindâ.
Dhodâ Khân nahwâlie,

* There is a pun here—*wadhâwâ* is a hanger on, a servant, and also a drum.

- 75 *Pahin, bāghān vich bahālie.*
 Donoñ bhāī baīthde
 Sarbālā takht buland dā,
Zainu'l-'ābadīn nahāwandā ;
 Kappar rang sahāwandā,
 80 *Bahishtī joṛā pahinke,*
 Ā beṭiān kol bahandā.
 Janj charhī Sultān dī :
 Kul joṛ zamān asmān dī.
 Ziārat kare jahān, jī ;
 85 *Viyāh si adambar rang ba-rang dā.*
 Bhairon Devī nāl hai,
 Nāl mohar nuqārā bamb dā.
 Together they tied the marriage knots,
 Saints calling Saints.
 Glorious Saints came there,
 50 Careless and happy.
 The servants took the marriage knots,
 And drums were beaten in the Sayyid's house.
 Shekh Farīd* joined the marriage party.
 The blessing of the prophet is on thy (Sarwar's) head ! †
 55 Pīr Bannoī gave thee protection,
 Coming from Sunnām. ‡
 Food was cooked in the caldrons,
 With savoury spices ;
 With small cups and saucers
 60 The Saint filled a platter.
 The servants ate it up
 And were all pleased.
 (The Saint) obtained the marriage presents ;
 The golden coins of delight !
 65 Behind the curtain were the matrons
 Singing with the ladies and maidens :

* The celebrated Saint of Pākpatṭan.

† That such great men should be present.

‡ A well known Saint from Sunnām, near Paṭiālā.

Aunts and cousins

All rejoiced.

Sarwar the Sayyid was bathed ;

70 First they brought him towel and stool.

(Nihâlâ sings it beautifully,

Giving the praise to the Prophet.)

They clothed him splendidly.

Dhoda Khân bathed (Sarwar) ;

75 Dressed and seated him in a garden ;

Both brothers were sitting

On a lofty throne.

Zainu'l-'âbadîn (also) bathed (Sarwar) ;

Clothes of beautiful colours

80 And heavenly raiment wearing,

He sat down beside his sons.

Sultân's (Sarwar's) marriage procession started,

And the earth and heavens were lighted up.

The whole world came to see, sir ;

85 For the marriage was a scene of beautiful
colours.

Bhairon and Devî were present

With drums beaten before them.*

A *lâkh* and a quarter of visible and a *lâkh* and a quarter of invisible *faqîrs* attended Sakhî Sarwar's wedding procession. The Governor was afraid that, as he was marrying his daughter to a *faqîr*, the bridegroom's procession would consist of ragged beggars, and would be a source of permanent annoyance to him, so he sent his minister out to see what kind of procession it really was, that he might have time, if necessary, to arrange something suitable. Expecting to see something very mean the minister was astonished at finding a most magnificent procession approaching, attracting enormous crowds to itself, and so he went and reported that the procession was so large that there would be no finding food and drink for them. When it

* These verses apparently refer to the well known *Hindû* sacred song (*râg*) of the marriage of Śiva and Pârvatî, in which Bhairon and Sanichar are made to play a prominent part in this manner.

arrived it had to be accommodated outside the city, and when all the tents and canopies were pitched the space covered was found to measure twelve *kos* (miles) round the town.

Now the Governor had ordered the confectioners not to charge anything for their supplies, which he engaged to pay for on the completion of the marriage. Bhairon the Holy and Devî, who had accompanied the procession, had a mind to view the city. As they were wandering about they saw a confectioner giving a farmer a large quantity of sweets for nothing and asked him why he did so. He replied that it was the Governor's orders to supply whatever the procession wanted without payment. When they heard this they were very pleased.

It so happened that the Governor's invitation to the marriage feast fell on the day that was a fast both to Hindûs and Musalmâns, so the Hindû Gods and Muhammadan Saints refused to attend.* Consequently there was a very large quantity of food wasted; however, as Bhairon the Holy and Hanwant (Hanumân) the Holy were mere children† and not affected by the fast, they were requested to eat some of the food. So they began and very soon ate it all up and asked for more! Thus it turned out to be quite true as the minister had said, the procession was so great that there would not be enough food and drink for them. The Governor asked the gods to forgive him, as it was not his fault that there was not sufficient food. On this Bhairon the Holy and Hanwant the Holy took their departure.

Now the Governor erected a long bamboo on the top of which he placed six more and the top of all he put a brass cup (*kaṭorâ*) and asked Sakhî Sarwar to see if he could hit it with an arrow, saying that it was a necessary ceremony in his family, before giving away a daughter.

* The marriage feast fell on the fast of Ramzân which also happened to be an *ekâdshî*, or turn of the moon, occurring every 15 days and is a fast with Hindûs.

† A mythological point probably worth following up.

- Ghanû kuppî uḍwâwandâ,*
Sultân Sayyid azmâwandâ :
 90 *Pahlâ wâr Paṭhân dá*
 Tîr jándâ pás ghâmdâ.
Pher wâr áiá Pírân dá :
Joṛ Kakkí, azmat khân dá,
Pír mâre tîr kumân dá ;
 95 *Soñ katorí jhar páe ;*
 Pír pahlí chot urandâ.
Sayyidân lá maidánâ :
Shakr hoiá nûránî :
 Pír havelí utare,
 100 *Pachkára kare anand dá.*
Qázî Ghanû sadâwandâ ;
Rât Juma' dí áwandâ :
 Bîbî Báí nûn samjháíá,
 Paṛhiá 'aman to bi'llah' khush rang dá.
 105 *Qázî paṛhe níkáh, jí,*
Kol saddio vakíl gaváh, jí :
 Sabhí shartân kítíáñ :
 Paṛhiá 'aman to bi'llah' khush rang dá.
Zainat Khátun boldî
 110 *Sandák lakkhân de kholdî :*
 Lîbî Báí nûn pahnâwandî,
 Kappar man pasand dá.
Pippal patrewáliáñ,
Phál karíáñ te ḍaṇḍíáñ,
 115 *Chhalle, mundre, úrsí,*
 Vich phumman bázúband dá.
Lál samundaron áíá,
Hírá chaunk puráíá,
 Joṛí jaṛe jawáhiráñ,
 120 *Koí lál matthe dhalkdá.*
Pahín nath sohág dí,
Putreṭí waḍḍhí bhág dí ;
 Do motí vich lábrí
 Pásí sone tand dá.
 125 *Sarwar le salámiáñ*
 Sauhre thín widiá mang dá.

- Niyat khair parhan jawán, jî,*
Khás Musalmán, jî,
Wája wajje nihálid,
 130 *Pír dharan moháná pínd dá,*
Mái 'Aesháin pání pherdí,
Kítá nûh sas piyár chum dá.
Lassí mandrí páwaná,
Sarwar te Bái khadwáuná
 135 *Donon barábar khaddé,*
Kiá sar pásá panch rang dá.
Dám jo áe chalke,
Darwázú bahande malke :
"Deín, Sarwar Sayyidá,
 140 *Pher jî asáda mang dá."*
Kanak jawár ubáldé,
Bái te Lang sambháldé :
Ghughhenáin thandélke
Chádar pallú pawandé.
 145 *Dhádi mangon doá, jî ;*
"Pílún kure Khudá, jî."
Pílúin áin, Nihálid,
Kiá sawád ik rang dá.
Pher jo áiá chalke,
 150 *Darwázú bahandá malke,*
"Deín, Sarwar Sayyidá,
Jí asáda mang dá"
"Is khiyál ná páo, jî,
Jore ghore le jáo, jî."
 155 *"Bharde thaili asáin dí"*
Jehrá láid kingdá.
Wan hoe hariáule,
Chhadá kalián ae báule,
Wan tan píluin lagián ;
 160 *Chun khá padánon pand dá.*
Gít hai ajab khiyál dá,
Híre, motí, lál dá.
Mere Rabb, namáne Páldá,
Terián túi jáuná hai,
 165 *Terá pár na wára, páidá.*

Ghanû made (him) shoot down the cup,
To test Sultân the Sayyid :

90 First (Ghanû) the Pathân's
 Arrow flew past it.

Next came the Saint's turn ;
Placing Kakkî,* the Lord of power,
The Saint shot an arrow from his bow ;

95 The golden cup fell down ;
 The Saint shot it down at the first shot.

The Sayyid won the field :

The City was lighted up :

The Saints went to his (Ghanû's) home

100 And alighted with joy.

The Qâzî sent for Ghanû ;

Friday night came †

They taught the Lady Bâî,

And she repeated ' God's peace on thee ‡
with joy.

105 The Qâzî performed the marriage,

And summoned the representatives and witnesses:

Made all the settlements :

And they repeated : ' God's peace on thee'
with joy.

Zainat Khâtun §

110 Opened the chest of a *lâkh's* worth (of clothes),

And put on the Lady Bâî

Garments that she desired.

Earrings like *pîpal* leaves,

Flower-like rings and earrings,

115 Rings and mirrored rings,

And tasseled armlets,

Rubies from the sea, ||

Diamonds set for the hair,

Jewelled bracelets,

* His mare. † The marriage day amongst Mussalmâns.

‡ The completion of the marriage. § Bâî's mother.

|| The superstition is that rubies spring from the sea.

- 120 And put the red spot on the forehead.*
Put on the nose-ring of wifehood
On the lucky girl;
 And two pearls
 Suspended by a golden thread (from her nose).
- 125 Sarwar received the presents
 And took leave of his father-in-law.
Having repeated the blessings the young man (Sarwar),
A true Musalman (Sir),
 With music of rejoicing,
130 Set out for his home.
Mother Aeshân drank the water.†
 The mother kissed her son's wife lovingly.
Putting the ring into milk and water,‡
Both Sarwar and Bâî drew the augury,§
- 135 Both tried together
 As though they were playing at chess.||
The bards came
And sat together at the door :
 (Saying), " Give us, Sarwar Sayyid,
140 What our hearts desire."
They boiled the wheat and millet,
And gave it to Bâî and Lanjâ (Sarwar) :
 Cooling the millet
 They put it into their kerchiefs.¶
- 145 The bards prayed,
That God would give them *pîlû* fruit.**
 Pure *pîlûs*, O Nihâlâ,
 They desired immediately.
Again they came

* *Hindû* sign of wifehood.

† *Hindû* ceremony of circling a cup of water round the heads of the newly wedded pair and drinking it.

‡ *Hindû* custom. § Of which was to be the better in life.

|| Eagerly to see which would draw out the ring first.

¶ Purely *Hindû* custom.

** See Vol. I., pp. 96-7. These verses explain a miracle. Sarwar is said to have made the *pîlû* to fruit out of season to please his bards.

- 150 And sat together at the door
 " Give us, Sarwar Sayyid,
 What our hearts desire."
 " Desire not thus, sirs ;
 Take clothes and horses from me, sirs."
 155 " (No) fill up our wallets (with *pîlûs*),"
 Said they obstinately.
 The forest became green,
 And the *pîlû* trees blossomed,
 And *pîlûs* came on to the branches,
 160 And the bards picked them up and ate eagerly.
 This song is truly wondrous,
 Full of diamonds, pearls and rubies.
 O God, the cherisher of orphans,
 Thou only knowest Thyself ;
 165 None can fathom Thee.
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No. XXIII.

THE BALLAD OF CHŪHAR SINGH,

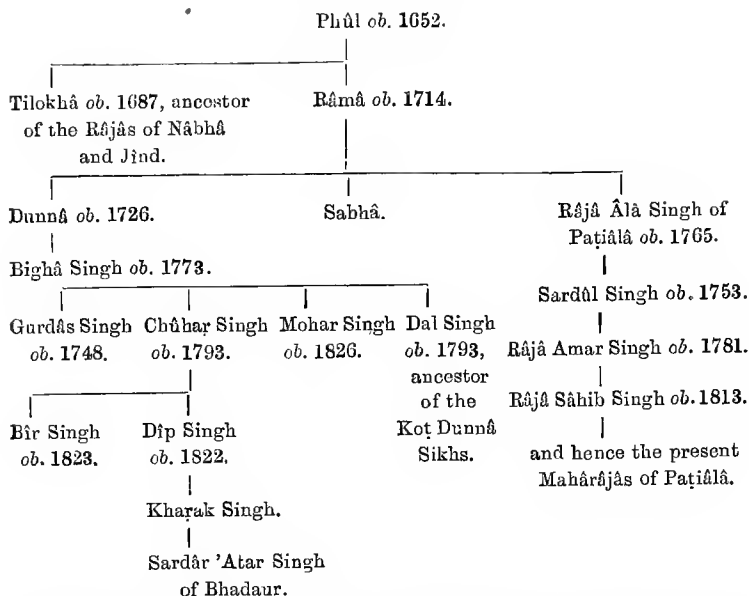
AS KNOWN TO THE SIDDHŪ AND BARĀR JAṬṬS AND AS RECORDED
IN A GURMUKHĪ MS. COMMUNICATED BY SARDĀR 'ATAR SINGH
OF BHADAUR.

[The Vār (or Bār), or Ballad, of Chūhar Singh is one of the most famous popular poems of the Sikh Districts of the Panjāb. It relates a well known historical fact which occurred in 1793 A.D., viz., the treacherous burning to death of Chūhar Singh and Dal Singh, his brother, in a small *burj* or tower, into which they had been invited for the night by Sajjan, a Barār Jaṭṭ. Sajjan himself was soon after killed by Bīr Singh and Dīp Singh, the sons of Chūhar Singh, in revenge, with the help of the Paṭiālā troops under Albel Singh Kālekā and Bakhshī (Commandant) Saide Khān Dogar. See Griffin's *Rājās of the Panjāb*, pp. 257-8.]

[The most important tribe in the Panjāb are the Jaṭṭs, and the most important branch of these are the Siddhūs. At the present day the chief families of these Siddhūs are those called Phūlkīān or descendants of Phūl, a Chaudhrī, or Revenue Collector, and also chief local magnate, under the Emperor Shāhjahān. Phūl died in 1652 A.D., and from him are descended the Mahārājā of Paṭiālā, the Rājās of Jind and Nābhā, the Sardārs of Bhadaur and many minor families.]

[The Barārs or Siddhū-Barārs broke off from the main line of the Siddhūs apparently about 1350 A.D., and are represented now by the Rājā of Faridkot.]

[Chūhar Singh of Bhadaur was the great-grandson of Rāmā, the second son of Phūl, and the first great chief of the house of Bhadaur. Dal Singh was his youngest brother and was the ancestor of the Koṭ Dunnā Sikhs. The present chief of Bhadaur is the great-grandson of Chūhar Singh through Dīp Singh, the younger of the two sons who avenged his death. Rājā Sāhib Singh of Paṭiālā, mentioned as having helped in the vengeance exacted for the death of Chūhar Singh, was the great-grandson of Rājā Ālā Singh, the third son of Rāmā, from whose eldest son, Dunnā, the Sardārs of Bhadaur are descended. The following genealogy will show the relationship of the various actors in the tale.]



[Bararakkî or the Land of the Barârs consists of the parts about Mâri, Marâj, Mukatsar, Mudki, Buchon, Bhadaur, Sultân Khân and Faridkot, and patches in Pañiâlâ, Nâbhâ and Malaudh, *i.e.*, the greater part of the Ferozpûr District, parts of the Lodiânâ District and of the Pañiâlâ and Nâbhâ States and the whole of the Faridkot State.]

TEXT.

*Bâr Chûhar Singhjî kî, jis ko Bararakkî
meñ am log gâte haiñ.*

Vichh Bhadaur de Chûhar Singh Bhîm Sain sadâve !
Baddhî te râlî kise de pasand mûl na lâve.

Likhke chitthî Dunne de Kot nûn chalâve :

“Tain charh ânwanâ, Dal Singhâ, râj Bararakkî dâ
thiâve ;

5 Ajj diân khattiân bahke putt potâ vichh Bhadaur de
khâve.

Bigar gae rijjat* Ghanayye Bâje dî, ghar baithe nûn
Sajjan râj âpân diwâve.”

* For ra'iyat.

- Vekhke parwānān sikhār dupahre Dal Singh chaḥh āve.
 Bhrā dā sadyā juttī mūl nān pāve.
 Chaḥhde Dal Singh nūn sūnūn ho gaiā mandā : ik chūh-
 10 1ā lakṛān dā bharī laiḥe darbajje nūn mohre āve.
 Vichh Barnāle de Dal Singh patte Chūhar Singh nūn
 bulāve :
 “ Kī mahimm paī, Chūhar Singhā, tainūn ? kāh dī khātar
 Dal Singh nūn sadāve ? ”
 Chūhar Singh Dal Singh chaḥh Bhadaṇṇ nūn āe.
 Donān bhirāwān matā matāke sabh phauj Ghanayye
 Bāje nūn chaḥhāyā.
- 15 Pahile ḍerā vichh Bhāi-ke-Dyālpure lāyā ;
 Panjāh rupaie dā karāh parsād Māi Rajjī de chulhīn bartāyā.
 Dusrā ḍerā chak ke vichh Ghanayye Bāje de lāyā.
 Bolyā Sajjanān “ tūn kaḍḍh layāvīn maṭṭīān, Raushanā
 Kalālā, jehrīān sajdiān tund diān tund kaḍḥāīān.”
 Akk te dhatūrā jahar diān gaṇḍīān vichh dārū ke
 Sajjan neṅ rālāīān.
 Iknān ne bukkīn, iknān ne ukkīn, iknān ne chakk gaṇvīān
 muṅh nūn lāīān.
- 20 Jinhān de piū dāde dārū akkhīn nān ḍiṭṭhī, unhān ne
 chakk maṭṭīān muṅh nūn lāīān.
 Din chhipde nāl phaujān ho gaiān khīvīān ; auro aur de
 nāl Sajjan neṅ dholkī bajāī.
 Mārke kambal diān jhumbān bāhar Baraṇakkī dī āī.
 Dhoke rohī* diān khittīān bār chubāre dī banwāī.
 Udoṅ boliā Chūhar Singh, “ Sajjanān, dholkī kehī
 bajwāī ? ”
- 25 Kahandā, “ Jatt dā gamāch gai dhāṇḍī ; tūn paīke sanū
 rahu, Phūl ke,
 Ānkul ke diviān, man vichh gam rakkhīn nān kāī ! ”
 Machāke pāthī use vele agg chubāre nūn lāī.
 Jān mach uṭṭhī murde-khānī bolyā Chūhar Singh, “ Saj-
 janān, masāl kāh nūn machāī ? ”

* Rohī = bār, the uplands, deserts.

- “Tûn païke sauñ rahu, Chûhar Singhâ, man vichch gam rakkhîn nan kâi !”
- 30 Ghorâ te dusâlâ lai ke rijjat Bararakkî dî milan âi.
 Jân mach utthî agg murde-khânî kuchhak ñig paîân chubâre diân karîân; agg Chûhar Singh de bambe dâhre aur mohanî gogâr nûn âi.
 Chûhar Singh boliâ, “Dal Singhâ, upar chaḥ chubâre de, kuchh mardângî dikhâfe !
 Marnân tân ab sir pur â giâ, lâj kul nûn kâh nûn lâie ?”
 Âp dî jân dî nân banî, bharke retî dî dhâl Dal Singh de pairân nûn dâhlî.
- 35 Mardâ hoyâ bolyâ, “Dal Singhâ, jamme the bâro bârî, maut katthiân nûn âi !
 Phûl Marâj dâ pichhâ sâdâ, honîn hatth Jattân de âi.”
 Bolyâ Chûhar Singh, “Dal Singhâ, gharîk dî der thâu rakkh laiñ, sânuñ der na kâi.”
 Bolyâ Chûhar Singh Nainâ Singh Jhanjar ke nûn, “eh belâ hai, mardângî dikhâi.”
 Batheriân chalâiân Nainâ Singh Jhanjar ke neñ pes chalî, nahîn kâi.
- 40 Tâñ bolyâ Sajjan, “tûñ pharâ de hathiâr, Chûhar Singhâ, tainûñ mârde nahî.”
 “Âke phar lai hathiâr, Sajjanân, nahîn bhej de Pardhânâ bhâi.”
 Mâr dittî Pardhâne nûñ Sajjan neñ, Chûhar Singh de chubâre nûñ chaḥ lâyâ Pardhânâ; bagrâke tîrân dî kânî Chûhar Singh neñ Pardhâne de mukhe nûñ lâi.
 Tîmî Sajjan dî bharke chhannân duddh dâ liât:
 “Main sadke, we Chûhar Singhâ te Dal Singhâ; mere deuro, jândî wâr dâ duddh dâ chhannâ hatthon merio chhakke jânî !
- 45 Tusîñ âdî Barâr mudhân de dhohe, basâhu karnâ nâñhi.”
 Itne mar gayâ Chûhar Singh: mare Chûhar Singh diâu khabarân vichch Gurû-de-Koṭhe âiân.
 Likh lai chitthî Mâi Rajjî neñ vichch Bhadaur de âiân.
 Vâch lai chitthiân muharân munsîân: kehîâu kahar diân âiân !

Saddke Lahaurî Dām nūn chittīān palle Lahaurî de āīān.

50 Torke chittīān Paṭiāle nūn Māi Rājkur ne khoh siṭṭiān
mīdīān sajdīān saj gudāīān.

Mar gae Chūhar Singh te Dal Singh unbān diān khabarān āīān.

Thabbiān de thabbe gahne lāh vichch paṭāre de pāīān.

Rondī Māi Rājkoṅwar Chūhar Singh nūn kahke sir de sāiīān.

Turīān chittīān vichch Paṭiāle de āīān.

55 Vichch Paṭiāle Saide Khān Dogar Albelā Singh Kālekā,
jinhān ne sabh nūn chittīān dikhlīān.

Charhdīān phaujān Sabhar Dogar ne haṭāīān;

“Garmīn dā mahīnā phaujān marangīān tihāīān.”

Kaḍḍke kālīān pīlīān akkhān gussā khāeke Albel Singh
Kāleke nūn phaujān Ghanīe Bāje nūn charhāīān.

Phaujān Ghanīe Bāje nūn āīān.

60 Pahilā derā vichch Kuraḥchāpe, dūjā derā vichch Bhāi-ke-
Dyālpure, jitthe degān kunkte diān bartāīān.

Bolyā Bīr Singh Jalāl kā, “merā te bairī dā tākrā, Devīe,
tūn karāī.”

Satīn sawārān nāl khedḍā sikār Sajjan, Phūlkiān de
dhauṅsiān diān ṭakorān sunke, ghoṛe dī bāg pachh-
āhān nūn bharnāī.

Ūh Chūhar Singh dā garaḍ ghoṛā, hatth de utte bāj kare
hawāī.

Dekhke Phūlkiān diān phauj nūn ghoṛe te bāj ronde,
thamden nānhī.

65 Bolyā Sajjan, “lah laū pagriān, Barāḥ bachyo, Sunām te
Paṭiāle diān boliān chirīān ghar baiṭhyān nūn Rabb
neṅ phasāīān.”

Khā gayā gussā Bīr Singh Jalāl ke nūn: “deh hukam,
Rājā Sāhib Singhā, Jaṭṭ nūn jān dindā nānhī.”

De diṭṭā hukam Rājā Sāhib Singh neṅ, ghoṛī magar Jaṭṭ
de lagāī.

Rūṛī chāḥde nūn mil gayā Bīr Singh barchī Sajjan de lā.
Bāhī dī sāng vichch dhartī de raḥ kāl.

- 70 Kolon tapp gayâ Lahauri Dâm wadhke sir Sajjan dâ agg
dahrî nûn lâi.
Mâr lâi Sajjan Ghaniân sunk basûgâ nânhi.
Â gaî andherî kise kahar dî, Jattân dî jân Rabb neñ
bachâi.
Ûdon dâ ujârîâ Ghanîâ Bâjâ, uthe mur basiâ nânhi.
Murî phauj Patîâlê nûn jândî vichch Bhadaur de âi.
- 75 Sabhnân bhâfân katthâ karke Râjâ Sâhib Singh neñ
majlas bathâi :
“ Dhâi gaî hadd ajj Bararakkî dî, dhohî Barâr tikañge
nânhi.
Takre hoke raho, bhirâvo, âpo apnî thâñi.
Jo bhânâ bartâyâ Gurû neñ, so murdâ nânhi, Mâi.
Eh velâ kise de moran dâ nânhi, bâh chaldî nahîñ âi.”

TRANSLATION.

*The Ballad of Chûhar Singh as sung by the common
people in the Barâr Country.*

In Bhadaur they called Chûhar Singh Bhim Sain.*

He gave no heed to any one's opinion or advice.

He sent a letter to Kot Dunnâ,†

“ Come along, O Dal Singh, and rule the land of the
Barârs;

- 5 That our sons and grandsous may enjoy the gains of
to-day in Bhadaur.

The people of Ghanayyâ Bâjâ‡ are in revolt, and Sajjan
offers the rule to us at home.”

When he saw the letter Dal Singh came on at noon-day:
(On receiving) his brother's message he did not (even)
put on his shoes (in his haste).

As Dal Singh advanced an evil omen befel him : a sca-
veuger carrying a head-load of wood met him at
his gate.

* That is Bhîma, the Pânḍava, the personification of strength and power.

† In the Patîâlâ State.

‡ In the Firozpur district, now in possession of the Bhadaur family.

- 10 Encompassed by the messengers (of death) his death-drum was beaten.
 In Barnâlâ* Dal Singh exchanged compliments with Chûhar Singh:
 "What difficulty has befallen thee, O Chûhar Singh?
 Why hast thou called Dal Singh?"
 Chûhar Singh and Dal Singh went on to Bhadaur,
 And the two brothers consulting advanced their whole force to Ghanayya Bâjâ.
- 15 Their first camp was at Dyâlpurâ of the Bhâîs,†
 Where they distributed fifty rupees in sweets in honor of Mâî Râjjî.‡
 The next camp was in Ghanayyâ Bâjâ.
 Said Sajjan, "Do thou get out the flagons, O Raushan Kalâl,§ of which (the wine) is fresh and very strong."
 Sajjan mixed the poisonous seeds of the asclepias and datura with the wine.
 Some in both hands, some in one hand, and some drank it off in cups.
- 20 They whose fathers and grandfathers had never set eyes on wine, brought flagons to their lips.
 At nightfall the army were drunken, and when it was dark Sajjan beat the drums.
 Making masks of their blankets the men of the Barâr country came in.
 Collecting the thorns of the deserts they made a fence round the house.
 Then spake Chûhar Singh, "O Sajjan, why didst thou beat the drums?"
- 25 Saith he, "Some husbandman hath lost his cow; go thou to sleep, thou son of Phûl.

* In Patiâlâ State.

† Dyâlpura is in Patiâlâ State. The Bhâîs or Bhaikiân family are Siddhû Jatîs claiming senior descent to the Phûlkiân families, with whom they are intimately connected.

‡ Wife of Chûhar Singh.

§ The Kalâlîs are the caste that make and sell spirituous liquors.

O thou light of thy race, have no fear in thy heart."

Lighting cowdung (fuel) he set fire to the house.

When the corpse-destroying flame arose said Chûhar Singh, "O Sajjan, what torch hast thou lit?"

"Do thou sleep, O Chûhar Singh, and have no fear in thy heart."

- 30 The people of the Barâj country took a horse and a shawl and came to meet (the conqueror Sajjan).

When the corpse-devouring flames arose some of the beams of the roof fell down, and the fire reached the handsome navel and the fine beard of Chûhar Singh.

Said Chûhar Singh, "O Dal Singh, go up on to the roof of the house and show them some spirit!

Since death hath come upon our heads, why should we disgrace our family?"

He cared nothing for his life, and threw his shield full of sand on the feet of Dal Singh.*

- 35 Dying he said, "O Dal Singh, born at different times, our death has come to us together!

Phûl and Marâj are our homes† and we meet our death at the hands of Jatts."

Said Chûhar Singh, "O Dal Singh, keep thy life a moment, I will make no delay (in dying with thee)."

Said Chûhar Singh, "O Nainâ Singh, thou Jhanjar,‡ this is the time to show thy spirit."

Many an effort did Nainâ Singh, the Jhanjar, make, but none availed.

- 40 Then said Sajjan, "Give up thy arms, O Chûhar Singh, and we will not kill thee."

"Come and take the arms, O Sajjan, or send thy brother Pardhânâ."

* To protect them.

† Phûl in the Nâbhâ State and Marâj in the Ferozpûr district are the original homes of the Phûlkiân and Mahârâjkiân Sikhs.

‡ A police officer or *thânâdâr* under Chûhar Singh.

Sajjan signed to Pardhânâ, and Pardhânâ went up into the house to Chûhar Singh, and Chûhar Singh threw a burning arrow in Pardhânâ's face.

The wife of Sajjan filled a cup with milk and brought it.

“I am your sacrifice, O Chûhar Singh and Dal Singh.

O my kinsfolk, drink this cup of milk at the time of your death from my hands and go.

- 45 Ye real Barârs were treacherous from the beginning : there is no trust in you.”

And then Chûhar Singh died, and the news of Chûhar Singh's death reached Gurû's Koṭha.*

The Lady Rajjî wrote letters and sent them to Bhadaur.

The clerks and officials read the letters: and how terrible was the news !

They sent for Lahaurî the Bard and the letters† were given to Lahaurî.

- 50 Sending the letter to Paṭiâlâ the Lady Râjkur tore the locks that she had (but) lately dressed.

The news that Chûhar Singh and Dal Singh were dead reached.

Heaps of jewels were taken off and put away into boxes.

Weeping the Lady Râjkoṅwar‡ called out, “O Chûhar Singh, O my Lord !”

The letters journeyed and reached Paṭiâlâ.

- 55 In Paṭiâlâ were Saide Khân Ḍogar§ and Albelâ Singh Kâlekâ|| who showed the letter to all.

Sabhar the Ḍogar¶ kept back his force from advancing; (saying)

“The army will die of thirst in this month of heat.”

* In the Farîdkoṭ State. † Bards were the postmen of the old days.

‡ *i.e.*, Râjji the wife of Chûhar Singh.

§ He was the Commandant of the Paṭiâlâ troops. The Ḍogars are Musalmâns that claim Râjpût descent in the Firozpûr district.

|| Sardâr Albelâ Singh Kâlekâ was the Minister of the Paṭiâlâ state under Sâhib Singh and a powerful man at the time. His sister was married to Chûhar Singh.

¶ Another Commandant of Paṭiâlâ troops.

- With eyes black and red from anger Albel Singh Kâlekâ advanced his force to Ghanîâ Bâjâ.
The army reached Ghanîâ Bâjâ.
- 60 The first camp was at Kurarchhâpâ,* the second at Dyâlpurâ of the Bhâîs, where caldrons full of sweets were distributed.
Said Bîr Singh of Jalâl,† “O Devî, do thou confront me with my enemy.”
Sajjan was hunting with seven horsemen, and hearing the drums of the men of Phûl, he turned his horse. He had with him the grey horse of Chûhar Singh and his hawk on his hand.
Seeing the army of the men of Phûl the horse and the hawk began crying out, and ceased not.
- 65 Said Sajjan, “bring me three turbans, O sons of Barâr. These are but chattering birds of Sunâm‡ and Pañiâlâ, God hath brought them to us at our homes.”
Said Bîr Singh of Jalâl in great wrath, “give me the command, O Râjâ Sâhib Singh, and I will not let the Jatt go alive.”
Râjâ Sâhib Singh gave the order and he set his mare after the Jatt.
As he was passing the dunghill§ Bîr Singh’s spear reached Sajjan,
And he struck the straight spear (through him) into the ground.
- 70 And when Lahaurî the bard passed by him he cut off the head of Sajjan and set fire to his beard.
Now that Sajjan is dead, Ghaniâ Bâjâ cannot live in peace.
A storm came over it in great violence, and (only) God can spare the lives of the Jatts (now).
Ghaniâ Bâjâ has been deserted from that day and no inhabitant has gone back again.

* In the Pañiâlâ State. † The son of Chûhar Singh.

‡ A large, ancient and well known town near Pañiâlâ itself.

§ *i.e.*, just as he was entering the village.

- The army returned to Patiâlâ going by way of Bhadaur.
- 75 Râjâ Sâhib Singh collected all the brotherhood together and held a council :
- “The honor of the Barâr country has died to-day and the Barârs will not let go their revenge.
- Have a care, O my brethren, each in his own place.
- What fate the Gurû (Nânak) hath ordained cannot be avoided, O my Lady (Rajjî).
- Such a time cannot be avoided, for strength avails not.”
-

No. XXIV.

SANSÂR CHAND OF KÂNGRÂ AND FATTEH
PARKÂSH OF SARMOR.

AS SUNG BY TWO *MÎRÂSÎS* FROM JAMMUN.

[This song purports to relate a war between the famous Râjâ Sansâr Chand, the Kaŕoch of Kângrâ, and Râjâ Fatteḥ Parkâsh of Sarmor, and is interesting as showing how rapidly facts become distorted into mere tradition in India. According to the song Râjâ Fatteḥ Parkâsh married Râjâ Sansâr Chand's sister and the war between them, ending in the death of the former, was caused by a foolish quarrel between Râjâ Fatteḥ Parkâsh and his wife.]

[Sansâr Chand died as a very old man in 1824 A.D., while Fatteḥ Parkâsh was not born till 1805, and was placed on the throne of Sarmor by the British Government in 1815, and died after a prosperous and well spent life in 1850. According to a MS. history in Uṛdû I have of the Sarmor Râjâs, Fatteḥ Parkâsh's uncle, Râjâ Dharm Parkâsh, was killed in 1793 in a personal encounter with Râjâ Sansâr Chand in this way. Sansâr Chand *more suo* had attacked Râjâ Mahân Chand of Kunhiâr on the Satluj, who, in his extremity, implored the aid of Dharm Parkâsh, agreeing to pay a *lâkh* of rupees as indemnity. Dharm Parkâsh, with his barons and Râjâ Râm Singh of Hindûr or Nâlagarh, awaited Sansâr Chand at Jarârtokâ, where he was killed in the battle that ensued by Sansâr Chand himself. Neither this MS., nor a similar one I have about the Kaŕoch family, says a word about Sansâr Chand's sister. Dharm Parkâsh left no issue and was succeeded by the incompetent Karm Parkâsh, his brother, and father of Fatteḥ Parkâsh.]

[The prose portion of the narrative being in Uṛdû has not been given in original.]

Râjâ Sansâr Chand of Kângrâ and Râjâ Fatteḥ Parkâsh of Sarmor, *alias* Nâhan, were related through the sister of Râjâ Sansâr Chand, who had married Râjâ Fatteḥ Parkâsh. One day Râjâ Fatteḥ Parkâsh went to his wife and told her to play at chess with him, the stake to be her brother's head. Said he, "if you lose I will go and bring Sansâr Chand's head here." "Very well" said the Rânî, "and if you lose my brother will come and fetch your head." On this the Râjâ became very angry and threw the pieces in the Rânî's face and said, "How will your brother take my head? I have a large army

and many allies, and your brother is but a dancing boy. How should he wield the sword?" "My brother's slaves are as many as your whole army," said the Râûî, and wrote the whole story to her brother Râjâ Sansâr Chand. Whereon he attacked Sarmor and slew Râjâ Fatteh Parkâsh and took his sister back with him to Kângrâ.

JANG RÂJÂ SANSÂR CHAND, WÂLÎ KÂNGRÂ.

Achal Sansâr Chand, Râm Râjâ, karat ashnân, ot dhyân pûrâ, jape Nâm Nârâyan se dhyân lagî.

Dharoî Dhyân Singh Jai Singh ke mân pâr, "pakar kâbû, karo bāt sârî."

Geñdâ Dhadwâl jab uñhâ sambhâlke japhî jawân kî lagî bhârî. Chhuñî jab kard Dhyân Singh ke hâth se lagî Dhadwâl ke ghâûkârî.

5 *Bhuj balûtân sapûran Kaṭoch kâ sis son pakrâ jab kesdhârî.*

Karî maslihat Khushhâl Chand Sansâr Chand tegh bîre dhare pân darbâr,

Lâû jab bîrâ Fatteh Chand Mahâráj ne sâya Sarmor par bândhî talwâr:

Buith darbârâ Bhûp Mahâráj ne sârî jang kâ lã ikhtiyâr.

Milî Suket, Kahlûr, Kolâ milâ, milî Goler sab karî ik târ.

10 *Hûâ aswâr Tegh Chand ke chakarwe sâya Sarmor ke hil gae dhâr.*

Bhût baitâl kul khet rîsen, kharç Kállâ kalak Rânî judh lâyâ.

Bhajeñ jambû, aur garj ujhal karen, bigas Nârad ran rág gáyâ.

Baje bandûk aur tîr tartar chalen, garj bâlar bareñ Indar puhâr.

Pilâ sipâh, nakîb binjârdâ, házirî bherdâ sâr sarsâr.

15 *Dûsrî taraf Dayyâ Râm lalkârdâ, mohar padmon phiren karen hathiyâr.*

Jîtâ hai jang Mahâráj, Mahâráj Sansâr Chand ne jang ko jil bájî badhâi.

Mârá Sarmor, aur Rânî se mel kââ, jang Satluj ko sudhâi. Pitâ Tegh Chand sapût sujhal kie; aṭal Mahâráj Bhûp bhae!

THE WAR OF RÂJÂ SANSÂR CHAND, LORD OF KÂNGRÂ.

The powerful Sansâr Chand, (like) the Lord Râma, was bathing, and was absorbed in meditation, and turned his to the worship of the name of Nârâyan.*

A bitter complaint (arose) against Dhyân Singh, (who was) under the protection of Jai Singh, "seize him so that he escape not."

Then up gat Gendâ the Dhadwâl† and seized him in his arms.

When Dhyân Singh used his dagger he inflicted a severe wound on the Dhadwâl.

- 5 (Then) the whole of the strong men of the Katoches seize the long-haired one‡ by his hair.§

Khushhâl Chand and Sansâr Chand held a consultation and placed the sword and the betel-leaves in the assembly.||

And Fatteh Chand,¶ the great, took up the betel leaves and girded on his sword for the land of Sarmor.

Sitting in the assembly the mighty monarch (Sansâr Chand) mustered his forces.

Suket, and Kahlâr, and Kolâ and Goler all joined together and stood in a line.**

* Vishnu.

† The Kotwâl of Kângrâ. Dhadwâls are Râjpûts.

‡ *i.e.*, Dhyân Singh, in allusion to his uncut hair as a Sikh.

§ These five lines have no connection with the rest of the story and evidently refer to quite another matter, probably belonging to another song. In 1774 Saif'n'llah (or Saif 'Ali) Khân, the Muhammadan Governor, under the Delhi Emperors, of Kângrâ Fort died, and Sansâr Chand invoked the aid of Sirdâr Jai Singh Kanhayyâ in recovering it for himself. Jai Singh sent his son Gurbakhsh Singh who procured the surrender, not for Sansâr Chand, but for his father. Afterwards in 1784-5 Sansâr Chand joined Mahân Singh Sukarchakiâ in defeating Jai Singh at Batâlâ and so recovered Kângrâ. The Dhyân Singh of the song was probably an official sent to govern the fort for Jai Singh.

|| See Vol. I., pp. 43, 479, etc.

¶ Brother to Sansâr Chand.

** Various hill states in the Kângrâ and Simlâ districts.

- 10 All the followers of Tegh Chand* mounted and made the hills of the land of Sarmor to shake.
 The ghosts and devils were rampant over all the field, and Queen Kâlkâ† raged furiously.
 The jackals ran about and kites wheeled (overhead), and Nârada sang songs of joy.‡
 The guns went off and the arrows flew incessantly, the air resounded as when Indra sends down heavy rain.
 Yellow (dressed) were the soldiers and the herald was shouting, and the men were fighting with crossed swords.
- 15 On the other side was Dayyâ Râm taunting, the warriors in front were crossing swords.
 The great king won the fight, the great king Sansâr Chand winning the fight finished his work (game).
 Killing Sarmor and meeting the Queen, he took back his army to the Satluj.
 The dutiful son of Tegh Chand distinguished himself; may the great king remain (ever) a monarch!

* The father of Sansâr Chand.

† *i.e.*, Durgâ, the goddess of death and murder.

‡ The Indian Orpheus, and also the "maker of strife."

No. XXV.

RAJĀ JAGAT SINGH OF NŪRPŪR,

AS RECITED BY TWO MĪRĀSĪS FROM JAMMŪN.

[The facts related here are meant to be historical, and the story is valuable as showing how the mountaineers of Kāngrā and the neighbouring tracts have kept the tradition of the doings of this illustrious leader, whose deeds are recorded in sober history and have excited the admiration of real historians.]

[It need hardly be said that the hards have got most of the history and all the geography wrong. The real facts seem to have been as follows: taking advantage of internal troubles Shāhjahān made an attempt to recover Balkh and Badakhshān and sent the famous 'Ali Mardān Khān to conquer them in 1644 A.D., but he was not as successful as the Emperor had hoped, and so in 1645 Rājā Jagat Singh was sent with 14,000 Rājapūts, who performed great things, but did not apparently reduce the country, as that was accomplished afterwards by 'Ali Mardān Khān working under the nominal guidance of the Imperial Prince Muhammad Murād Baksh. The whole affair ended tamely in 1647 by the relinquishment of the country to its original owners.]

[The story being recorded in Uṛdū has been given here in translation only.]

*The Story of Rājā Jagat Singh, Pathānī, Lord of Nūrpūr
in the Kāngrā District.*

Rājā Jagat Singh, Pathānī Rājapūt, of Nūrpūr in the Kāngrā District, took service under the Emperor Akbar* of Dehlī, who had granted him territories yielding a revenue of six *lākhs*.† One day Akbar laid the betel leaves and naked sword of challenge‡ for an expedition to Kābul, but though there were two and twenty Rājās in the Court at the time no one would take up the challenge. So at last the Emperor turned to Rājā Jagat Singh who accepted the challenge. The Emperor was

* Really under Shāhjahān.

† Rs. 600,000.

‡ See Vol. I., p. 43, etc.

so pleased at this that he told him to demand whatever he pleased, and all that the Rājā asked for was an army. As he had 30,000 men* of his own the Emperor doubled them, but pressed him further as to his wants; whereon the Rājā replied that he, who had an army, wanted for nothing, neither in treasure nor territory. In the end the Emperor gave him 40,000 men with whom he started for Kābul. With him were the Nawābs 'Izzat Khān and Parzat Khān and the Dīwāns Kāsī Nāth and Toḍar Mall.†

On the road to Kābul there is a fort called Shahr Shafa' built by Nawāb Shaff' Shāh,‡ who had been harrassing the Emperor's territory, burning down his hunting-boxes and imprisoning his officials. Rājā Jagat Singh therefore attacked him with 30,000 men, but did no more than surround the place. It was a habit of Nawāb Shaff' Shāh to leave his fort at night and go hunting. On one of these expeditions he was caught, and Rājā Jagat Singh, putting silver fetters on his feet, sent him to Dehlī, where he was tortured to death by being hanged at the palace gate and having nails driven into him.

After this Rājā Jagat Singh enquired of the people of Shahr Shafa' where the other marauders were to be found, and they showed the way to where nine *lākhs* (900,000!) of spears of the Yūsafzai Pāthāns§ were congregated. This force belonged to Hamīd Khān,|| king of Khurāsān, and was commanded by Nawābs Saifu'llah Khān, Raḥmatu'llah Khān, 'Abdu'llah Khān and Aḥmad Khān. A great battle ensued, lasting eight days, during which all the commanders, except Nawāb Aḥmad Khān, were killed. On the last day the Nawāb and Rājā Jagat Singh met each other in battle and the Nawāb managed to wound

* Really 14,000.

† Toḍar Mall died in 1589, so it is clear that he was not present. Who the others are meant for I cannot say.

‡ Probably meant for Shāh Safī, 8th Safvī king of Persia, *ob.* 1642, to avoid whose tyranny 'Alī Mardān Khān, then governor of Kandahār for Persia, seceded to Shāhjahān in 1637.

§ These belong to the Peshāwar valley.

|| The persons, who really opposed Shāhjahān's forces, were Nazar Muḥammad Khān of Balkh and his son 'Abdu'l-'azīz Khān.

Jagat Singh in the face over his shield, which made Jagat Singh so furious that he struck the Nawâb with such force as to cut him in half down through the saddle and wound the horse under him. After this the Râjâ occupied the territory and posted the Imperial garrisons over it.

The people then pointed out to him the fort occupied by Nawâb 'Ali Mardân Khân* still further in the territory of Khurâsân, whom the Râjâ found to be a most powerful man. However the Râjâ proceeded onwards and sent his messenger (*vakîl*) to declare war. "He had better go his way," said 'Ali Mardân Khân, "or I will drown him in the fords of Aṭak and Nilâb."† Finding him very strong the Râjâ resolved on treachery. He caused 500 *mans*‡ of poisoned sweetmeats to be prepared, as he ascertained that such things were much valued in those parts, and loaded them on 500 bullocks, which he had driven past the fort at night with torches tied to their tails. The Paṭhâns in the fort at once concluded that they were being attacked and rushed out and finding only a quantity of bullocks laden with sweets seized them as booty. The poison, however, soon killed them off either on the spot or in their houses. Jagat Singh thereon attacked the remainder of 'Ali Mardân Khân's forces and after eight days routed them. 'Ali Mardân Khân then fled for refuge to the Chief of the Bangash (Paṭhâns§), who imprisoned him.

The Chief of the Bangash sent Raḥmat Khân with 18,000 men against Râjâ Jagat Singh, but the Râjâ overcame him and entered the Bangash territories. On this the Chief collected all his forces, 40,000 men, and faced Jagat Singh, but in 28 days he was killed and his territories annexed.

The Râjâ next proceeded to Kâbul, where 'Ali Mardân Khân was king,|| and opposed him. But the Paṭhâns had only daggers

* The whole of this is of course all nonsense historically.

† Both over the Indus near Aṭak. The hopelessness of the geography is becoming apparent.

‡ Over 20 tons.

§ Near Balkh and Bukhârâ says the bard! really this tribe lives in the Kohât District of the Panjâb.

|| The bard is now utterly regardless of sequence, *more suo*.

and Jagat Singh's men had guns, and so after many days the king of Kâbul was killed and the Imperial authority was established.

Then the Râjâ went on to Khurâsân and was opposed by the Wazîr Sâus Khân with 18,000 men of his own and 40,000 men of the king. A tremendous battle ensued in which the Râjâ lost 10,000 men, but one of the Râjâ's men speared Sâus Khân. After which the battle lasted 76 days till the king fled and the Râjâ overcame his leaderless army. Having got possession of the kingdom, he placed his right foot on the throne and wrote news of the victory to the Emperor at Dehlî.

On his return to Dehli the Emperor Akbar rewarded him with territories yielding two *lâkhs* of rupees, which with his previous income of six *lâkhs*, gave him a total revenue of eight *lâkhs*.*

KABIT.

*Jab dayyâ kar, bulâve târe jal sâgar ko. Dârad ko dâr kare ;
yeh hî tero kâr hai.*

*Nâmhoñ kî lajjâ tû pâle qaul apne ko, sangat ko niwâre ; Har,
tû hî rachpâl hai.*

*Bhukhe ko bhare, sùkhe ko hure kare, dâbe ko târe ; terî qud-
rat âpâr hai.*

*Chaudah hî tabaq meñ sab base jiv jete jape nâm terâ ik ; tû
hî nirankâr hai.*

*Bâjnî ke jâe báj, lûj nâ lukâe lûkeñ ; murghî ke jâe báj hot nâ
ghajâeke.*

*Mânnî ke jâe madh mâte matwâre phireñ ; singhnî ke jâe sher
mâs ke khilâe se.*

*Guñ kâ bachhá achhá dhore lipṭânâ hot, gadhá bhî na hot
bachhá Gang ke nhalâe se.*

*Kahit Kabî Gang, " Suno, Dindiyâl, baglá na hot hans motî
ke chugâe se.*

* Say £80,000.

VERSES.

By thy kindness (O Hari) we can cross the ocean. Thou art the remover of pains: this is thy doing.

For thy name's sake thou dost perform thy word, and relievest us of pain; Hari, thou art our protector.

Thou dost feed the hungry, and makest green the dry (places), and savest the drowning; unfathomable is thy power.

In the fourteen quarters of the world all the people worship only thy name; and thou art without form.

The falcon bears the falcon, he cannot hide his dignity if he try; the chick of the hen becomes not a falcon by teaching.

The son of the great wanders drunken with his pride and glory; the whelp of the lioness is fed with prey.

The calf of the cow is born from a fine bull, but an ass cannot become a calf by washing with Ganges water.

Saith the poet Gang, "Hear, Cherisher of the Poor,* the heron doth not become a swan by eating pearls."†

* The king.

† Refers to the common legend that the swan (*hansa*) lives on pearls only.

No. XXVI.

A HYMN TO 'ABDU'L-QÂDIR JILÂNÎ, AS SUNG BY A BARD FROM THE MONTGOMERY DISTRICT.

[This very spirited song relates a miracle attributed to Ghausu'l-'Âzam or 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jilânî, who may be called the greatest Muḥammadan Saint in India. But it is much more likely that the story was originally told of his descendant Shekh Muḥammad Ghaus Jilânî of Ūchh in the Multân district.]

[Pîrân-i-Pîr, Pir-i-Dastagîr, Ghausu'l-'Âzam, Ghausu-'s-Samdâni, Maḥbûb-i-Subhânî, Mîrân Muḥayyu'ddîn, Sayyid (or Shekh) 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jilânî, Ḥasanu-'l-Ḥussainî, the founder of the Qâdiriâ order of mendicants, was born in Gilân or Jilân, but properly Kil-o-Kilân, a western district of Persia in A.H. 471 or A.D. 1078, and died at Baghdâd in A.D. 1166, where his tomb is still held in great reverence. He had two sons Sayyid 'Alî Muḥammad and Shekh 'Abdu'l-Waḥḥâb. Ninth in descent from the latter was Shekh Ḥâmid Jabân Bakhsh, better known as Ḥazrat Shekh Muḥammad Ghaus Jilânî, who settled at Ūchh in the Multân district about 1394 A.D. in the time of Taimûr (1336-1405 A.D.), and is still the patron saint of the Dâûdputras of the Bahâwalpûr State. His descendant, Pir Mûsâ Pâk Shahîd, a saint of great renown, was buried at Multân in 1593 A.D., and from him are descended the Makbdûms of Multân. The descendants of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir's eldest son also settled later in the Sarâi Siddhû *tahsil* of the Multân district. These facts are sufficient to account for the celebrity of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir in the Panjâb and India. Sayyid Muḥammad Qâsim of Dânapûr published a work in 1855 called '*Ajâz Ghausiâ* in Ūrdû, giving full details about 'Abdu'l-Qâdir.]

TEXT.

MADAḤ ḤAZRAT 'ABDU'L-QÂDIR 'URF PÎRÂN PÎR.

Tûn pîr tamâmî pîrân dâ !

Tûn sarwar kul amîrân dâ !

Gham dûr karo dilgîrân dâ !

Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jilânî !

5 Tûn döst pâk Ilâhî dâ !

Tûn vich Ḥazûrî châbîdâ !

Sar-chhat julandâ Shâhî dâ !

- Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 Terâ waḍâ buland sitârâ, jî !*
- 10 Tujhe seven 'âlam sârâ, jî !
 Terâ kul chaukoḥ nuḡârâ, jî !
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 Tûn Shâh Mardân dâ potâ haiñ ! †
 Tûn Nabbî Sâhib dâ dohtâ haiñ !
- 15 Vich nûr Ilâhî de dhotân haiñ !
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 Tûn Sayyid pâk Gflânî haiñ !
 Tûn zâhirâ qutub Rabbânî haiñ !
 Tûn roshan dohen jahânî haiñ !
- 20 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 Jag hûe bahut azârî, jî :
 Je châ parhen madaḥ tumhârî, jî :
 Oh dî bhî turt kar denâ kârî, jî !
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
- 25 Jag hûe handîwân, pîrâ,
 Oh de mnshkil kare âsân, pîrâ !
 Oh nûn bah waḥ har maidân, pîrâ !
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 Ik jo buḍhî mâî, jî,
- 30 Us terî yârî chât, jî,
 Tûn oh dî murâd pahunchâî, jî †
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî.
 Us buḍhî ghar farzand hûâ :
 Sûrat wâgoñ chand hûâ :
- 35 Oh sohanî qad buland hûâ !
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 Buḍhî kuḡam te ghar sadâî, jî :
 Woho sâun din ṭakâî, jî :
 Woho maulî gaḍh pawâî, jî :
- 40 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !

* Jî, sîr : addressed to the audience, left out in the translation : see Vol. I., p. 421.

† These are mere figures of speech, but the saint was descended on the father's side from Ḥasan, and the mother's from Ḥussain, hence his title of Ḥasanu'l-Ḥussainî.

Budhî nîngar turt maugâiâ, jî;
 Oh de gânâ dast bandhâiâ, jî:
 Sâyân mil mil khûb nahâiâ, jî,
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!

45

Oh de âge thâl takâiâ, jî:
 Ohnân nânak dâdak âiâ, jî:
 Oh nûn neudrâ sab ugharâiâ, jî.
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!

50

Larke nûn mehndî turt lagâi, jî:
 Oh nûn chaḥhâ rang Ilâhî, jî!
 Oh de shukar kare hai mâi, jî!
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!

55

Budhî ne ghorî turt mangâi, jî:
 Oh de mukh lagâm diwâi, jî:
 Sab velân dinde bhâi, jî.
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!

60

Larke pair rikâbe pâiâ, jî,
 Un barse nûr sawâyâyâ, jî.
 Jo kuchh likhâ hai so pâiâ, jî.
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
 Unhîn bahin jo pakare wâg, jî,
 De bahinân dâ lûg, jî:
 "Tainûn Allah lâiâ bhâg, jî!"

65

Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
 Us ditta sî ûcherâ, jî:
 Us ûṭh, ghorâ, wichherâ, jî:
 Us gâin, mahîn lawerâ, jî.
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!

70

Larkâ jaṇḍî jâ namdâr hûâ:
 Oh bhâiân nâl tayyâr hûâ:
 Sab sâun te shagun vichâr hûâ!
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!

75

Tâ janj pattan te âi, jî:
 Un berî turt mangâi, jî:
 Sab mâl matta' bharâi, jî:
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî!
 Râtî jâ namdâr hue:

- Sab sânn te shagun vichâr hue !
 Sab 'âlam nâl takrâr hûe !
- 80 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 Oh aglâ âhâ fardâ, jî :
 Oh bhûkâ mâl nâ zar dâ, jî :
 Us jo kuchh dittâ sardâ, jî :
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
- 85 Janj kartî eh salâhân, jî :
 Wanj pakarê ân mallâhân, jî :
 Berâ turke hûf agâhân, jî.
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
- 90 Uthe ghulî minh hanerî, jî :
 Uthe bhul gai terî merî, jî :
 Uthe pesh na jâe dilerî, jî.
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
- 95 Vichon to larîkî boli, jî :
 " Mainûn kâh nûn pâiâ dolî, jî ?
 Sad shagun to merî jholî, jî : "
- Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 " Rabbâ, mainûn kâh nûn paidâ kîtâ, ai ?
 Mere kanth kharâ chip kîtâ, ai !
 Sas wâr nâ pânî pîtâ, ai ! "
- 100 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 Uthe ghullân te chawâiâ, jî !
 Dariyâ lahar vich âiâ, jî !
 Us berâ chak ultâiâ, jî !
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
- 105 Berâ latthâ jâe dughâtî, jî :
 Janjî gharq hûe jâ pânî, jî :
 To hukm Ilâhî Wâlî, jî !
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
- 110 Tân budhî aisî khushî vich âi, jî :
 Agge khabar dittî jâ râhî, jî,
 Jo wartî khol sunâi, jî :
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 Oh budhî hurî nit vichhâ dhare :
 Oh nûh dekhan dâ châh kare :

- 115 Oh qudrat Oh dĩ nûn wâh kare !
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 Buđhî â kharî dariyâe te ;
 Jithe berî buđhî so jâe te :
 Us badhâ lakkh do'âe se.
- 120 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 Buđhî nâ kuchh pî khâî, jî :
 Oh dam dam pîr manâî, jî :
 Oh din rât kurlâî, jî.
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
- 125 Ik roz pîr shikâr âe :
 Oh pâro lang urwâr âe :
 " Kyûn ronî hâl wanjân, Mâî ?"
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 " Maithe iko pût vichârî dâ :
 Oh bûđh mûâ hatiârî dâ :
 Koî aur nâ augun hârî dâ."
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 Uthe do'â to mângî pîr, jî :
 Us nadî kâ wagge nîr, jî :
- 135 Berâ kadđhâ tor zanjîr, jî :
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 " Abû Sâlih ke tum bans bahâdar !
 Jodhâ barâ sipâhan nar !"
 Mîrân qudrat eh dikhâî nîngar dolî 'âm bhar !
- 140 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !
 Dholak tân tambûrî waj kar,
 Shâdî ho gâî vich shahar ;
 Mîrân qudrat eh dikhâî, nigar dolî 'âm bhar !
 Yâ Ghausu'l-'Âzam Jîlânî !

TRANSLATION.

A HYMN TO THE HOLY 'ABDU'L-QÂDIR, KNOWN AS PIRÂN PÎR.

Thou saint of all the saints !

Thou head of all the holy ones !

Put away the sorrows of the sorrowful !

O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !

- 5 Thou friend of the Holy God !
 Thou beloved of the Court (of God) !
 The royal canopy is waved (over thee) !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân.
 Thy star is exalted on high !
- 10 The whole world follows thee !
 The drums (of thy fame) are beaten in all the four
 quarters (of the earth) !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
 Thou art the grandson of Shâh Mardân ('Ali) !
 Thou art the grandson of the Holy Prophet !
- 15 Bathed in the light of God !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
 Thou art the Holy Sayyid of Gîlân !
 Thou art the visible pillar of God !
 Thou art the light of both worlds !
- 20 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
 Who is much afflicted in the world,
 If he sing thy praises,
 Thou dost relieve him early !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
- 25 Who hath become a prisoner, O Saint,
 His distress dost thou relieve, O Saint.
 To him thou dost appear in any place, O Saint !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
 There was an old woman,
- 30 She vowed to observe thy feast.*
 And thou didst fulfil her desire !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
 In the old woman's house a son was born,
 In beauty as the moon.
- 35 Tall and beautiful was he !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
 The old woman invited her kith and kin,

* The *yârhî* or *yâhrî* is the *gyârvîn*, or chief feast in honor of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir Jîlânî, held on the 11th (*gyârvîn*) of Rabi'û's-sânî, a full description of which is to be found in Herklots' *Qanoon-e-Islam*, p. 155 ff.

- And fixed an auspicious day,
And put on the marriage knots.
- 40 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
The old woman sent for her son quickly,
And (wound) the marriage bracelet round his wrist,
And the matrons bathed him well.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
- 45 The platter (of presents) was placed before him :
His father's and mother's kindred came,
And he received all their gifts.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
- 50 The *mehndî** was quickly put on the boy,
The dye was put on him (in the name) of God !
And his mother gave thanks.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
- The old woman at once procured a mare,
And put the bit into its mouth.
- 55 The kindred made the sacrifice. †
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
- The boy put his foot into the stirrup,
And the light (of God) was shed upon him,
And he obtained what was written in his fate.
- 60 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
His sister held the reins,
And he gave her her dues. †
(Said she), " God grant thee fortune !
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !"
- 65 He gave her a camel ;
He (gave) a camel, a horse, and a colt ;
He (gave) a cow and a milch buffalo.
O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !

* *Mehndî* or *hindâ* is myrtle powder for colouring red the nails, etc., of bride and bridegroom.

† *Belân denâ*, is to wave a *takâ*, copper coin, over the bride and bridegroom's heads by their respective relatives as a sacrifice, and to give it to the bards. It is a Hindû custom.

‡ This present is obligatory in Hindû marriages.

- The boy went to the *janđi* trec,*
 70 And his brethren went with him,
 And all the propitious omens were observed!
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
 Then the procession went to the ferry,
 And demanded a boat at once,
 75 And loaded up their goods and chattels.
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
 At night they reached (the bride's house),
 And all the propitious omens were observed!
 And all the world collected there!
 80 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
 Her father was well-to-do,
 He had no lack of goods and money,
 And he gave according his wealth.
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
 85 The procession were enjoying themselves,
 And the boatmen seized the poles,
 And the boat went forward.
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
 A storm of rain came on,
 90 And they could not recognize each other,
 And no resource was of any avail.
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
 From within said the bride,
 "Why didst thou put me in the *đolî*, (O God),
 95 The marriage sheet is in my wallet."†
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân!
 "O God, why was I born!
 My bridegroom stands silent!
 His mother has not yet waved the water‡ (over me)!"

* *Acacia leucophlœa*—The bridegroom in Hindû marriages must cut off a branch himself.

† The marriage sheet is that by which the bride and bridegroom are tied together at the wedding and is kept by the bride as long as she is a virgin; hence reference in the tale. The child-brides of India are of course virgins for years after their marriage.

‡ A ceremony, the bridegroom's mother has to wave water over the bride's head, and then drink it.

- 100 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
 (Then) the whirlwinds blew there,
 The river broke into waves
 And the boat upset.
- O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
- 105 And the boat sank deeply ;
 And the procession was drowned in the water :
 It was the order of God !
- O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
- 110 Meanwhile the old woman was very happy,
 Until a stranger came and told her
 And explained what had passed.
- O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
- The old woman had kept her mat spread,*
 As she was very anxious to see her son's wife.
- 115 And she cried out at the power of God !
- O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
- The old woman came to the river :
 The old woman went to where the boat had sunk,
 And vowed a thousand vows !
- 120 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
- The old woman could neither eat nor drink,
 And invoked the saint with every breath,
 And wept and wailed day and night.
- O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
- 125 One day the saint went a-hunting
 And came across the river (to her) :
 " Why weepest so bitterly, mother ? "
- O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
- " I am the helpless (mother) of an only son ;
- 130 The miserable (mother) whose (son) hath been drown-
 ed,
 The sinful (mother) that hath no other "
- O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
- She prayed then to the saint :

* For the bride and bridegroom to sit on when they return.

- And the waters of the river became disturbed,
 135 And the boat burst its chains !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
 "Thou son of the great house of Abû Sâlih,*
 Valiant and brave warrior !"
 And the saint showed his power by bringing forth
 the bride and bridegroom !
 140 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !
 Sounding the drums and timbrels,
 There was rejoicing in the city.
 For the saint had showed his power, by bringing
 forth the bride and bridegroom !
 O Ghausu'l-'Âzam of Jîlân !

* Said to have been the name of 'Abdu'l-Qâdir's father.

No. XXVII.

JALĀLĪ, THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER, AS SUNG BY A BARD OF THE AMBĀLĀ DISTRICT.

[This is a most popular tale all over the country, and is known not only to the bards, but also to the women who live entirely at home. I have, however, been able to ascertain nothing satisfactory about it.]

[The story of Jalālī is that she was a Blacksmith's daughter, (Lohārī,) seized upon by a local king from whom Roḍe Shāh or Roḍā spirited her away. Her home is given variously as Paṭnā (in a chap-book entitled *Qissa Roḍā Jalālī*), and somewhere in the Karnāl or Multān Districts. About Roḍe Shāh all I have been able to gather is that there is a tomb or shrine to him near Lāhor on the Amritsar Road, otherwise he is said to come from Multān, as a follower of 'Abdu'l-Qādir Jīlānī, in which case we must place him about 15th century at the earliest. All the legends agree in saying he came from Makkā, just as this one says the Lohārī was from Baghdād, but this must be sheer nonsense, as his name, Roḍe Shāh, the Shaven Mendicant, is purely Indian, just as is that of her 'caste.' The great feat and miracle attributed to Roḍe Shāh is that of making the invaluable *dāb* grass of India green and sweet for ever!]

[The language in which the legend is here given is well worth examination.]

TEXT.

LOHĀRĪ JALĀLĪ KĀ SĀKH.

Lohārī Jalālī Shahr Baghdād meñ paidā hūī, aur Roḍe Shāh Faqīr Makkā meñ paidā hūā. Roḍe Shāh Faqīr ko Lohārī Jalālī khwāb meñ nazar paṛī, aur Roḍe Shāh Faqīr ko usī waqt 'ishq paidā ho gayā. Aur Lohārī Jalālī ko Roḍe Shāh Faqīr khwāb meñ Shahr Baghdād meñ nazar paṛā.

Itñi dekh Roḍe Shāh Faqīr ne Duldul lie sañwār ;
Hāth kujāh, gal tasbīh, baghalon bīch Qurān.
B'ismi'llah karke Duldul chher dīc : raste meñ mile
Chāron Yār.
Chāron Yār bolde Roḍe Shāh se, karen sawāl :

- 5 “Kaunse mulk se âwanâ ? kaunsi vilâyat ko jân ?”
 “Makkâ Sharîf se âwanâ ; Shahr Baghdâd ko jân.”
 Itne kahke chal parê, aur raste mein ho gai rain.
 Rain ko dekhke Rode Shâh hûe be-chain.
 Rode Shâh Faqîr ne jangal kî ghâs ukthî karî ; ghâson
 se karen sawâl :
- 10 “Sawâ hathî deo bistarâ, phakar nûn parhnî namâz.”
 Itnî sunkar ghâs boldî phakar se karen sawâl :
 “Hamâre par bistarâ nahîn, dekho koî thaur.”
 Itnî sun Rode Shâh Faqîr dil hûe udâs.
 Gandî ghâs boldî, Rode Shâh se karen jawâb :
- 15 “Dhâi bhâr, Hasrat, badh lo, bistar lo jamâe.”
 Itnî sun Rode Shâh Faqîr ne ghason se karen sawâl :
 “Aur ghâs sab jal jâenge, tere se mâregî khushbû.
 Gawwân chugen, dûdh denge, aur duniyâ mein rahegâ
 terâ nâm.
 Aisâ nanhê ho chalîye bande, jaisî nanhî dûb !
- 20 Aur ghâs sab jal jâegî, harî rahegî dûb !”
 Itnî kahke Rode Shâh Faqîr chal parâ, âyâ mallâh ke
 pâr :
 “Larke re mallâh ke, sun merî ardâs.
 Ik beî Allah nâm kî phakar ko lakhâ de pâr.”
 Itnî sun mallâh boldâ ; “sun, phakar, merî bât ;
- 25 Hukm hûê Lohârî Jalâlî kâ : tumhein kaise lakhâve
 pâr ?”
 Itnî sun phakar boldâ ; “sun, mallâh, merî bât :
 Auroñ se lendâ paishâ, phakar se le le do châr :
 Ik beî Allah nâm kî phakar ko lakhâ de pâr.”
 “Je tum phakar auliâ âpon se langh jâo pâr.”
- 30 Itnî sun Rode Shâh Faqîr ke tan mein lag gai âg.
 Kishtî kî beî banâe, soî kî balî lagâo :
 B’ismi’llah karke phakar baiṭh gae, langh gae parle pâr.
 Apne dil mein mallâh sochtâ, “phakar nahîn, koî
 darvesh.”
 Jâkar qadam darvesh ke pakar lie, shâhî se karen sawâl :
- 35 “Main nâ jânoñ tum aise auliâ, chashnoñ par lendâ bithâe.
 Koî aisi do’â mangîyo merâ beî kar jâyo pâr.”

Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh boldâ, mallâh se karen jawâb :

“Bahutâ khatîyo, bahutâ kamâîyo, thâre khatē meñ
barkat ho liyo nâh !”

Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh Faqîr kî mallâh huâ udâs.

40 Itnî kah Roḍe Shâh châl paṛe Shahr Baghdâd ko jân :

Lohârî Jalâlî ke bâr meñ detâ ‘ âlakh ’ jagâe.

Itnî sun Lohârî Jalâlî ne Kamâlî bahin lie boldî :

“Jâîye, bahin lâḍlî, bhichhâ de pâo.”

Lekar bhichhâ chal paṛî, âî phakar ke pâs :

45 “O phakar, bhichhâ lo, kharî Kamâlî tere pâs.”

Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh Faqîr ne Kamâlî se karen jawâb :

“Ham ne bhichhâ kyâ karnî ? Jalâlî kâ len dîdâr.”

Itnî sun Kamâlî chal paṛî, âî Jalâlî ke pâs :

“Kâlâ kâlâ bhunḍ sâ, paṛ rabâ sâḍe khiyâl.

50 Motiõn kî bhichhâ nahîn lendâ leñge terâ dîdâr !”

Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh Faqîr Lohârî se karen jawâb :

“Kâlâ kâlâ kis ko batâutî ? kâlâ hai burî bulâo.

Kâlâ sir ke bâl haiñ : yeh mardoñ ke singâr.

Kâlî ânkhon kî pûtlî, mohe kul sansâr.

55 Kâlâ Pachham kî bâdalî, barse kul sansâr.

Itue kâlõn ko mârke, phir phakar se karîyo jawâb !”

Itnî sun Jalâlî Kamâlî se kare jawâb :

“Jis phakar se mainḍarun, wahî âyâ sâḍe pâs !”

Hâth joṛ Jalâlî boldî, “sun, Kamâlî bahin, merî bāt :

60 Bâbal mere se kah de, ‘yeh phakar nahîn, koî bad-
ma’âsh.’”

Itnî sunkar chal paṛî, âî bâbal de pâs :

Hâth joṛ kah rahî, “sun, Bâbal, merî bāt ;

Phakar nahîn koî maskhrâ, mange terî beṭî kâ dîdâr !”

Itnî sunkar chal paṛâ, âyâ beṭî ke pâs :

65 “Ḥukm, beṭî, de de, jo châhe, so hove.”

“Is phakar ko nikâl do, dhake do do châr.”

“Jâîye, phakar, haṭ jâ : yeh hai Lohârî kâ farmân.”

Itnî sun boldâ phakar, kare sawâl :

“Turton Makkâ se â giâ, dekhan terâ dîdâr.”

70 Itnî sunkar ghussâ ho gaî woh chanchal sî nâr.

Ghar ke jallâd lie bulwâo, mangwâe apne pâs :

“ Is phakar ko pakar lo, mashkân deo âj.

Yâ tû kah do phakar ko ‘ haṭ jâ,’ aur nahîn, ṭukre kar do châr.”

Itnî sun phakar boldâ, aur Lohârî se kare jawâb :

75 “ In baton se nâ ḍarun̄ ; lûngâ terâ dîdâr ! ”

Itnî sun Lohârî Jalâlî ne ḥukm dîâ, chaḥhâo :

“ Jaldî maskan bandh lo, ṭukre kar do châr.

Itnî ṭukre banâe do, aur kambal ke bândho piṇḍ.”

Itnî sun jallâd ne bahâ dîe talwâr,

80 Phakar bhî na boldâ, ḥukm hûâ Dargâh.

Châr châr ungal ke ṭukre kar dîe, lîe samundar ko jân.

Jâkar samundar ger dîâ aur machhliôn ne badh lîâ mâs.

“ Sârâ mâs tum khâe lo, do nain deîyo chhoṛ.

Mujh ko piyâ milan kî âs.” Ḥukm hûâ Dargâh se

Khwâj Khizar darmiyân :

85 “ Is phakar kî deh sampûran kar do: is ko piyâ milau kî âs.”

Ḥukm hûâ Dargâh se sampûran ho gaī deh.

Jalâdon se pahile chal paṛâ, âyâ Lohârî ke bâr :

“ Lohârî Jalâlî, Allah kî piyârî, phakar nûn deîyo didâr ! ”

Bolî Jalâlî, “ kyâ kahe ? sun, Kamâlî, bât !

90 Kaisâ phakar boldâ is deodhî darmiyân ? ”

Dekh Kamâlî ro paṛî, âî bahin ke pâs :

“ Bahin, phakar nahîn, koî auliâ, aur phakar bure bulâe

Jis phakar nûn tû mâriâ, oh phakar khaṛâ tere darbâr ! ”

Itnî sun ghusse hûi aur nain lîe bhartâr :

95 “ Ai phakar, tû na haṭâ, tere ṭukre kar dîngî châr ! ”

“ In baton se nâ ḍarun̄, lûngâ terâ didâr ! ”

“ Sunkar â gayâ, Jalâlî, terâ bâp.”

“ Bâp, tain is phakar ko mâr do ; nahîn, marun̄ kaṭârâ khâe.”

Itnî sunkar boldâ jhaṭ us kâ bâp :

100 “ Jo kahî so karun̄ is ghaṛî woh bât.”

Lohe kâ tandûr gaṛwâ de, aur lakron̄ kî kar dî ânch.

Bandh mashkân, ger de us tandûr darmiyân.

Tandûr jhaṭ gaṛwâ dîâ aur lakron̄ kî kar dî ânch.

Surkh tandûr ho gayâ aur phakar se kare sawâl :

- 105 “Jâ, be phakar, haṭ jā : nahîn, jal bal ho jāegâ râkh !”
 “Dhur Makkâ se â gayâ len terâ dîdâr.”
 Itnî sunkar jal gaî, tan man lag gaî âg.
 Bandh mashkân ger dîâ us tandûr darmiyân.
 Sârâ shahr ro rahâ, Lohârî se kare sawâl :
- 110 “Ai, Lohârî, tain kyâ karâ, phakar dîâ marwâe ?”
 Hukm hûâ Dargâh se dhûen ko waṭ dîe chaṛhâe.
 Kajlî Ban men so rahe Roḍe Shâh Faqîr.
 Lohârî Jalâlî boltî, “Sun, Bâbal, merî bāt ;
 Is sârî râkh ko samundar men deîyo bahâo.”
- 115 Ab is phakar kî chuk lîe kaise legâ dîdâr ?”
 Itnî sun kûṇḍî soṇṭâ boldî Lohârî se kîe jawâb :
 “Tû kaisî nahîn kar rahî ? phakar legâ dîdâr.”
 Itnî sunke boldî Lohârî karî jawâb :
 “Râkh thî bahâ dî, ab tîjâ dûn karwâe.”
- 120 Usî waqt Lohârî ne degân de chaṛhwâe.
 Shahr men dhaṇḍhora de dîâ, aur faqîr lîe bulwâe.
 Satraujîân bichhâ dîe, faqîr baithe âe.
 Kûṇḍî soṇṭâ sochde rahe, na âe Roḍe Shâh Faqîr.
 Hukm hûâ Dargâh se, Roḍe Shâh ke khul gae ânkh :
- 125 “Tum, phakar, kyâ so rahe ? thârâ tîjâ ho rahâ âj !”
 Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh chal paṛe, âe Lohârî ke pâs.
 Majlis lag rahî darbâr men : â Roḍe Shâh kare sawâl :
 “De dîyo, Lohârî Jalâlî, Allah kî piyârî, phakar nûn de
 dîdâr !”
 Itnî sunkar Lohârî Jalâlî kare sawâl :
- 130 “Dekhîyo, phakar nahîn, koî auliâ : phakar bure bulîe.
 Merâ singâr le jā, aur phakar nûn de dîdâr.”
 Pabîn singâr Kamâlî nikal paṛî, âî phakar ke pâs :
 “Â, phakar, dîdâr le, kharî Jalâlî tere pâs.”
 Itnî sunkar phakar boldâ Jalâlî se kare sawâl :
- 135 “Je tû Mâî Jalâlî hai, to tere chhere par barsîyo nûr :
 Je tû phakar nûn ṭhag rahî, terî ho jā rûh se be-rûh.”
 Hukm hûâ Dargâh se, ho gaî rûh se be-rûh.
 Rondî pâṭdî âwandî, âî Jalâlî ke pâs :
 “Bhalî châhîye dîdâr de : aur nahîn, ho jāegî rûh
 be-rûh.”

- 140 Dekh sûrat Jalâlî ro paṛî, naṭh bhajke â gaî us phakar
ke pās:
“Â, be phakar, dîdâr le le, kharî Jalâlî tere pās.”
“Yûn to dîdâr nâ leûn ; yeh hai phakar kâ jawâb.
Mahil par apne chaṛh jâ, aur sir se sâhî târ.
Denâ dîdâr, Bibî, aur sifat karûn terâ jag mân.”
- 145 Itnî sunkar ro paṛî, kare phakar kâ sawâl:
“Aisî baten mat kaho ; rakho paṛdâ tum âp.”
“In bâton se na haṭûn : ye phakar kâ sawâl :
Chhaje ûpar kharî ho, dekhe kul sansâr.”
Itnî sunkar chaṛh gaî woh châtâr sî nâr.
- 150 Roḍe Shâh boldâ, “suno, Shahr ke log,
Jalâlî chaṛh gaî mahil par, sir se sâhî diâ târ.”
Duniyâ ke log dekhde, Roḍe Duldul lîe singâr.
Jhaṭ sawâr us Duldul par âp :
“Sûrat terî bahut hai aur tû châtâr sî nâr :
- 155 Ham chale Makkâ Sharîf ko, tû rahe âbâd !”
Itnî sun Lohârî ne ûpar se unârî chhâl ;
Jhaṭde se Duldul pakaṛ lîe, aur phakar kare sawâl :
“Yâ tû mujh ko le chal ; nahîn, khâkar marûn kaṭâr.”
Itnî sun Roḍe Shâh Faqîr Lohârî se kare sawâl :
- 160 “Ham phakar darvesh hain, terâ hamârâ kyâ sâth ?”
“Chîṭak, Phakar, lâ chalâ, ab jîne kî kyâ âs ?
Yâ chalûn tere sâth ; nahîn, khâkar marûn kaṭâr.”
Itnî sun phakar ne jhaṭ le lî apne sâth.
Lekar phakar chal paṛe, paṛî lambî râh.
- 165 Râh meñ phakar jangal â gae, ðere ðie lagâe.
Is jangal ke bîch meñ baiṭhe dono â.
Jalâlî ke le âe Makkâ ke darmiyân.

TRANSLATION.

THE TALE OF JALÂLÎ, THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter, was born in the City of Baghdâd, and Roḍe Shâh the Faqîr in Makkâ. Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter, appeared to Roḍe Shâh the Faqîr

in a dream and Rode Shâh Faqîr fell in love with her at once. Likewise Rode Shâh the Faqîr appeared to Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter, in the City of Baghdâd.

Seeing this (dream) Rode Shâh the Faqîr mounted his
(mule) Duldul,*

His gourd in his hand, his beads round his neck, his
Qurân under his arm.

Saying "Bismillah"† he spurred on Duldul: on the
road he met the Four Friends.‡

Said the Four Friends to Rode Shâh :

5 "From what country comest thou? To what land goest
thou? "

"I am come from the Makkâ the Holy and I go to
Baghdâd."

So saying he went on, and the night came upon him on
the road.

Seeing the night Rode Shâh became miserable.

Rode Shâh the Faqîr took up the grass of the wilderness
and said to the grass:

10 "Make me a bed of a span in length,§ for the *faqîr* must
pray."

Hearing this the grass said to the *faqîr* ;

"Thou canst not make thy bed on me, seek some other
place."

Hearing this Rode Shâh the Faqîr was grieved.

Then said the *dûb* grass|| to Rode Shâh the Faqîr :

15 "Take two and a half (mule) loads of me and spread
thy bed."

* Really the name of the mule of 'Ali : here merely a fine mule.

† "In the Name of God:" the Musalmân invocation on commencing anything.

‡ Abû Bakar, 'Umar, 'Usmân and 'Ali: the "four friends" of Muhammad.

§ A half bed used as a penance by *faqîrs* on account of its extreme discomfort.

|| *Kusa*, the *cynodon dactylon* or sacred grass of the Hindûs: it has a fresh sweet smell.

- Hearing this Rode Shâh the Faqîr said to the grasses :
 "The other grasses shall be burnt up, but thou shalt
 give forth a sweet smell :
 And the cows shall eat thee and give milk and thy name
 shall live in the world.
 Let the servants (of God) be humble as the lowly *dûb* ! *
 20 The other grasses shall be burnt up, but green shall
 remain the *dûb* !"
 Saying this Rode Shâh the Faqîr went on and came to
 a boatman :
 "O son of the boatmen, hear my prayer.
 See the *faqîr* across (the river) in a boat in the name
 of God."
 Hearing this said the boatman ; " Faqîr, hear my words.
 25 I have the orders of Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter :
 I cannot see thee over."
 Hearing this said the *faqîr* ; " Boatman, hear my words :
 From others thou hast one *paisâ*, † take two or three
 from the *faqîr*,
 And see the *faqîr* over in a boat in the name of God."
 " If thou be a (true) *faqîr* and saint take thyself
 across."
 30 Hearing this Rode Shâh the Faqîr's body was aflame
 (with wrath).
 Making a boat of his gourd and an oar of his staff,
 And saying " *Bi'smi'llah* " the *faqîr* sat in it and went
 across.
 Thought the boatman in his mind, " He is no *faqîr*, he
 is a saint ? "
 He went and fell at the saint's feet and besought the
 saint : ‡
 35 " I knew not that thou wert so great a saint, or I would
 have served thee well. §

* Allusion to its low spreading character.

† One-third anna or a half penny nearly.

‡ *Shâhji* is one of the extravagant titles assumed by *fakîrs*.

§ *Lit.*, sat thee on my eyes.

So pray for me that my boat may safely cross over
(into the next world)."

Hearing this said Rode Shâh to the boatman :

"Labour much and earn much, but let not thy labour
prosper thee !"

Hearing these words of Rode Shâh the Faqîr the boat-
man became sorrowful.

- 40 Saying this Rode Shâh went on to the city of Baghdâd :
And called ' *âlakh* ' at the door of Jalâlî the Blacksmith's
daughter.

Hearing him Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter said to
her sister Kamâlî :

"Go, sweet sister, and give him alms."

She went with the alms to the *faqîr* :

- 45 "O Faqîr, take the alms, Kamâlî stands beside thee."

Hearing this said Rode Shâh the Faqîr to Kamâlî :

"I came not for alms. I came to see Jalâlî.*"

Hearing this Kamâlî went to Jalâlî :

"Black, black as a beetle, hath fallen in love with thee.

- 50 He will not take the alms of pearls, he would see thee !"

Hearing this Rode Shâh the Faqîr shouted to the Black-
smith's daughter :

"Who is she calling black ? blackness is a deep stain.

Black is the hair of the head, the adornment of man.

Black are the pupils of the eyes, beloved of the whole
world.

- 55 Black are the clouds of the West, that water the whole
earth.

Destroy these black things ere thou answer the *faqîr* !"

Hearing this Jalâlî said to Kamâlî :

"The *faqîr* I dreaded has come to us !"

With joined hands said Jalâlî, "Sister Kamâlî, hear my
words :

- 60 Go and tell my father, this is no *faqîr*, but some scoun-
drel."

* To say that he had come to see a *paydânishîn* woman was, of course, to insult her grossly.

Hearing this she went to her father ;
 And said with joined hands ; “ Father, hear my words.
 He is no *faqîr*, but some jester and would see thy
 daughter !”

Hearing this he went to his daughter :

65 “ Give thy commands, my daughter: it shall be as
 thou wilt.”

“ Turn out this *faqîr*, thrust him away.”

“ Go, thou *faqîr*, go away: this is the command of the
 Blacksmith’s daughter.”

Hearing this said the *faqîr* :

“ I came walking from Makkâ to see her (face).”

70 Hearing this the silly woman became angry.

She called the household executioner !

(And said) ; “ Sieze this *faqîr* and bind his arms behind
 him at once.

Either induce the *faqîr* to go away, or cut him to
 pieces.”

Hearing this said the *faqîr* to the Blacksmith’s daughter :

75 “ I fear not thy words ; I will (assuredly) see thee !”

Hearing this Jalâlî the Blacksmith’s daughter gave orders
 to proceed :

“ Quickly bind his arms behind him and cut him to
 pieces.

Cut him into many pieces and tie up his body in a
 blanket.”

Hearing this the executioner flourished his sword,

80 But the *faqîr* said never a word, (as) it was an order
 from the Court (of God).

He cut him into little bits and took them to the
 river.*

Going to the river he threw them in and the fishes
 divided the flesh.

(Said the *faqîr*) “ eat up all the flesh, but leave the two
 eyes ;

* Hindû custom.

I would meet my beloved." An order went from the Court (of God) to Khwâjâ Khizar : *

85 "Make whole the body of this *faqîr*, (for) he would see his beloved."

The order went from the Court (of God) and the body became whole.

He went on before the executioners and came to the door of the Blacksmith's daughter :

"O Jalâlî, thou Blacksmith's daughter, beloved of God, show thyself to the *faqîr* !"

Said Jalâlî, "what saith he ? Kamâlî, hear my words !

90 What *faqîr* is he that is talking in the doorway ?"

Kamâlî went to see and came weeping to her sister :

"Sister he is no *faqîr*, but some saint, and (that too) a powerful saint.

The *faqîr* that thou didst slay is the *faqîr* (now) standing at thy door !"

Hearing this she was wroth and her eyes grew stern :

95 "O *faqîr*, if thou dost not go, I will cut thee in pieces."

"I fear not these words, (but) I will see thy (face) !"

"Hearing this, Jalâlî, hath thy father come." †

"Father, slay this *faqîr*, or I will stab myself to death with a dagger."

Hearing this her father said quickly :

100 "I will do as thou sayest this moment."

He made an iron oven and lighted wood within it.

Binding his arms behind him he threw (the *faqîr*) into it.

Quickly he made the oven and lighted the wood.

The oven became red-hot and the (Blacksmith's daughter) said to the *faqîr* :

105 "Go, O *Faqîr*, go away or be burnt to ashes !"

"I came from far Makkâ to see thy (face)."

Hearing this she was aflame (with wrath), and the fire (of wrath) caught her body and soul.

* See Vol. I., p. 416, &c.

† Jalâlî's father says this.

Binding his arms behind him they threw him into the oven.
All the city wept and said to the Blacksmith's daughter :

- 110 " O thou Blacksmith's daughter, what art thou doing,
slaying this *faqîr* ? "

It was the order of the Court (of God) and the smoke
went up in circles.*

And Rode Shâh the *Faqîr* slept in the Kajalî forest.†
Said Jalâlî, the Blacksmith's daughter ; " Father, hear
my words :

Throw all these ashes into the river.‡

- 115 Now that we have finished this *faqîr* how shall he see
(my face) ? "

Hearing this his pestle and mortar§ said to the Black-
smith's daughter :

" How wilt thou deny (thy face) to the *faqîr* ? "

Hearing this said the Blacksmith's daughter :

" The ashes have been sent afloat, now will I hold the
funeral ceremonies."||

- 120 And that very moment the Blacksmith's daughter put
the cauldrons on (the fire).

She sent a cryer through the City and called all the *faqîrs*.
She spread carpets and the *faqîrs* came and sat on them.
The pestle and mortar began to grieve because Rode
Shâh *Faqîr* came not.

It was the order of the Court (of God) and Rode Shâh
opened his eyes.

- 125 " Why art thou sleeping, *faqîr* ? They are holding thy
funeral ceremonies to-day ! "

Hearing this Rode Shâh went to the Blacksmith's
daughter.

The company were all assembled when Rode Shâh came
and said :

* Through which Rode Shâh escaped.

† Brought in merely as a famous name : see Vol. I., p. 520.

‡ *Hindû* custom.

§ Kept by *faqîrs* for making *bhâng*.

|| *Têjâ* or *soyam*, the ceremonies on the third day after death held
by Musalmâns.

“ Show (thy face), Jalâlî, thou Blacksmith's daughter,
beloved of God, to the *faqîr* !”

Hearing this said Jalâlî the Blacksmith's daughter :*

130 “ Behold, this is no *faqîr*, but some saint : and (that too)
a powerful saint.

Put on my clothes and show thyself to the *faqîr*.”

Putting on the clothes Kamâlî went out to the *faqîr* :

“ Come *faqîr*, behold me, Jalâlî standeth beside thee.”

Hearing this the *faqîr* said to Jalâlî :

135 “ If thou be the Lady Jalâlî, then let thy face glow with
light :

But if thou art deceiving the *faqîr* may thy beauty
vanish.”

It was the order of the Court (of God) and her beauty
vanished.

Weeping and wailing she went to Jalâlî :

“ If thou seek thy good show thyself (to him), or thy
beauty will vanish.

140 Seeing her Jalâlî wept and ran quickly to the *faqîr* :

“ Come, *Faqîr*, behold me, Jalâlî standeth by thee.”

“ I will not see thee thus : this is thy *faqîr*'s reply.

Go upon the palace roof, take the veil from off thy
head.

Show thyself, Lady, and let the world praise thee.”

145 Hearing this she wept and said to the *faqîr* :

“ Say not such words ; keep my honor !”

“ I will not go back upon my words : this is the *faqîr*'s
request :

Stand on the roof and let the whole world see thee.”

Hearing this the wise woman went up (on to the roof).

150 Said Rode Shâh, “ hear, ye people of the City,
Jalâlî hath gone up on to the roof of her palace, and
taken the veil from off her head.”

All the world was looking (at her) while Rode (Shâh)
saddled his (mule) Duldul.

* To her sister.

Quickly he mounted him :

(Said he) "great is thy beauty and thou art a wise woman :

155 I go to Makkâ the Holy, do thou dwell (here) !"

Hearing this the Blacksmith's daughter leapt down from above ;

And quickly she seized Duldul and said to the *faqîr* :

"Either take me with thee, or I stab myself to death with a dagger."

Hearing this Rode Shâh Faqîr said to the Blacksmith's daughter :

160 "I am a *faqîr* and a saint, what connection can there be twixt me and thee?"

"Thou hast enchanted me, O Faqîr, and how can I live now (away from thee) ?

Either I go with thee or stab myself to death with a dagger."

Hearing this the *faqîr* took her at once with him.

The *faqîr* took her, and they went a long road.

165 On the road they arrived at a desert and made a halt.

They both settled in that desert.

And he (at last) took Jalâlî to Makkâ.

No. XXVIII.

THE LEGEND OF 'ABDU'LLÂH SHÂH OF SÂMIN,

AS TAKEN DOWN IN THE BALOCHÎ LANGUAGE FROM THE
NARRATIVE OF GHULÂM MUHAMMAD BALACHÂNÎ MAZÂRÎ,
AND TRANSLATED BY M. LONGWORTH DAMES, ESQ.

['Abdu'llâh Shâh belonged to a Sayyid family living at Samin, a village some miles south of Derâ Ghâzî Khân. He enjoyed a great reputation for sanctity, which is maintained by his family, now represented by a grandson of the original 'Abdu'llâh Shâh. The story is chiefly remarkable for the introduction of the heroes of the very favorite Panjâbî tale of Hir and Rânjhâ in the after-world. Rânjhâ is represented as still following his original occupation of a buffalo-herdsman, and as supplying milk to the Prophet.]

[The story of Hir and Rânjhâ is of world-wide celebrity in the Panjâb, and will be given in full later on in these volumes. Hir was the daughter of Chûchak, a Syâl of Rangpûr, in the Muzaffargarh District. Rânjhâ's true name was Dîdho; he was by caste a Râujhâ Jaṭṭ, and is known almost exclusively by his caste name, which also takes the diminutive forms Ranjhuâ, Rânjhetâ, and Ranjhetrâ. His father Manjû was a Chaudhrî or Revenue Collector, and local magnate at Takht Hazâra, in the Gujrânwâlâ District].

[The Syâls are of Râjpût origin, and claim higher rank than the surrounding Jaṭṭ tribes, to whom they will not give their daughters in marriage, although they may marry Jaṭṭ women. Thus, though Hir and Rânjhâ were both Muhammadans, their love was illicit, and ended disastrously. The pride of the Syâls is illustrated by another celebrated love story, "Sâhibân and Mîrzâ," which will also be given in full later on, the scene of which is at Khîwâ near Jhang. It is even now an insult to a Syâl to mention either Hir or Sâhibân, and no Syâl will remain present, while either of these stories is being recited. They are, however, celebrated in the Panjâb as the types of constant lovers, much in the same way as Abelard and Héloïse in Modern Europe, or as Lailî and Majnûn in Arabic, and Farhâd and Shirîn in Persian story. Hir's tomb is about half a mile from the civil station of Jhang, and is marked on the survey map as "Mookurba Heer," which stands for "Maqbara-i-Hîr," or Hir's monument. It is a brick building, resembling in style the ordinary Masalmân tomb of the 16th century, with the exception that instead of being covered by a dome it is open to the sky. There are niches or windows on the four sides. That on the west is closed, while the other three are open, the reason assigned

being that the wind should blow on Hîr from every direction except that of her home Rangpâr, where she had been murdered. The tomb stands close to an old beô of the Chenâb, and it is related that at the time of Hîr's death the river was still flowing in this old bed, and that Hîr appeared in a vision to a merchant who was travelling past in a boat, telling him to build her tomb in this place, and to build it so that the rain of heaven should always fall on it. This was done after Hîr's body had been placed in the tomb, but before it was closed Rânjhâ appeared, and, entering the tomb alive, was buried with her. This is not in accordance with the poem, but is the account given by Bhuttâ Vais, an old Jatt in charge of the tomb. A *melâ* or fair, of some local celebrity, is held at the tomb in the month of Mâgh (February). Hîr and Rânjhâ are commonly said to have flourished 700 or 800 years ago, but others assign them to Akbar's time (16th century A.D.), and the architecture of the tomb is in accordance with this supposition].

[The first poem in their honour is said to have been composed by Namodar Patwâri, of Jhang, but the most celebrated is the poem of Wâris Shâh, a native of Takht Hazâra in Gujrânwâlâ, Rânjhâ's native place. It even now forms a favourite subject for local bards. Wâris Shâh is supposed to have flourished 150 to 200 years ago].

[It should be remembered that the letters printed in the following text as *ṭh* and *q̣h* are pronounced in Balochi as the *th* respectively in 'breath' and 'breathe'].

TEXT.

'Abdu'llâh Shâh Saiḍḥ nishtaghâ Samînâ. Ravân bîṭha hajjâ, shuṭho jahâzâ chaṛiṭha. Ravâna ravâna shuṭha, jahâz oshtâṭha bîṭha. Jahâz mardân hîlâ khuṭha, jahâz na bokhta.

Samundar kharghâ murgh-gale nishtagheṭh. Guḍâ jahâz-wâzhâ gwashta. "Banda en chosheṇ bî, ki wâstâ Hudhâîâ waṭhî sarâ dâṭh, azh jahâzâ er-khafîṭh, baroṭh, hawân murghân bâl dâṭh? Murgh bâl girant, guḍâ jahâzâ gwâṭh mân-khâiṭh, jahâz ṭilhîṭh." 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ gwashta, "Mân deân waṭhî sarâ wâstâ Hudhâîâ." Er-khaptaî azh jahâzâ, shuṭho hawân murgh bâl dâṭhaghant, murgh bâl giptaghant; gwâṭh mân-âkhta, jahâz ṭilhîṭha.

'Abdu'llâh Shâh Samundar pahnâḍhâ dighârâ rawân bîṭha. Jâhe ki âkhta, gindî gwâmeshânî rand en. Zurtha-î hawân rand, zîrâna zîrana shuṭha; baroṭh gindî duhoṇe dukhagheṇ, gwâmeshânî jhok en hamoḍhâ. Suhr-sareṇ zâle nishtiyeṇ. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh ki nazî âkhta, phâḍh-âkhto hawân zâl, gwash-

ta-î, "B'ismi'llâh 'Abdu'llâh Shâh Samînewâlâ, biyâit̄he!" Phol-khuṭṭâ ki, "Mâi, tha khai e?" Zâlâ gwashta ki, "Mañ Mâi Hîr ân; Mîân Rânjhâ go mêhîân en. Makhta tho khush bî nind, begahâ Mîân Rânjhâ dî khâit̄h." Begahâ gwâmesh âkhta pha jhokâ, suhr-rîsheñ marde phedhâgheñ. Phol-khuṭṭâ 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ ki, "Hawen mard khai en ki phedhâgheñ gwameshânî randâ?" Mâi Hîrâ gwashta ki, "E Mîân Rânjhâ en." An ki âkhta 'Abdu'llâh, Shâh phâdh-âkhta. An mardâ gwashta, "B'ismi'llâh, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh, biyâ durr sh'âkhtaghe!" 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ gwashta, "Mahairâ, Mîân Rânjhâ." Mîân Rânjhâ ch'eshiyâ hâl gipta. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh waṭṭî hâl thewagheñ dâṭṭaghant. Mîân Rânjhâ gwashta, "Thaî hajj azh dargâhâ qabûl en, mañ begahâ shîre barân phujainân ma Huzûrâ."

Guḍâ maṭî shîrâ phur khuṭṭo sar chakhâ zurtho, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh dastâ gipt-î, gwashta-î, "Waṭṭî chhamân bûṭ." Chhamân bûṭṭaghantî. Guḍâ gwashta Mîân Rânjhâ, "Nî chhamân phaṭ" Nî ki chhamân phaṭṭaghantî dîṭṭa-î ki Rusûlu'llâh nishtagheñ waṭṭî takht sarâ. Rusûlu'llâh salâm dâṭṭa-î, hajj qabûl bîṭṭa-î.

Gindî ki ya kumbhâr Samîn-nindokheñ, ânhi chakhâ chyâr-gîst rūpîâ chaṭîâ khapto bastha-ish. Guḍâ Rusûlu'llâh phar-maintha ki, "Mîân Rânjhâ tharâ hukm en ki 'Abdu'llâh Shâh waṭṭî shahrâ rasain dai." Dar-khapto âkhtagant jhokâ. Mîân Rânjhâ gwashta ki, "Do rosh nind hamedhâ, shîrâ bawar gwâmeshânî, guḍâ tharâ waṭṭî handâ rasainân." Do rosh nishta hamodhâ; saimî roshâ Mîân Rânjhâ gwashta ki, "Nî dastâ manân dai, guḍâ chhamân bûṭ." Dast dâṭṭo chham bûṭṭaghant-î. Guḍâ Mîân Rânjhâ gwashta, "Nî main dastâ bil dai, chhamân phaṭ." Chhamâu phaṭî gindî ki mañ Samîn Shahr lâfâ oshtâṭṭaghân. Jihânâ dîṭṭa ki 'Abdu'llâh Shâh âkhta. Kumbhâr âkhtâ greâna gwar 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ ki, "Philân handâ Drâkâne logh duzân bhorenta, rand ârtho mañ logh pahnâdhâ gwâzentaish; 'Nî Sarkâr gushit̄h ki chyârgîst rūpîâ chaṭî phur khan dai.' Mañ be-gunâh ân. Hudhâî wâstâ manân chorain." 'Abdu'llâh Shâhâ gwashta ki "E chaṭî mañ chorainagh nen," ki huzûr dîmânâ thaî chakhâ basthiyen. Baro phur khan dai."

TRANSLATION.

'Abdu'llâh Shâh Sayyid lived at Samîn. He started on a pilgrimage [to Mecca,] and went on board a ship. Going on he proceeded, when the ship stopped. The crew exerted themselves, but the ship did not move.

A flock of birds were sitting on the seashore. The ship's master said: "Is there any such man here, who, for the sake of God, will risk his life* and alight from the ship, and go and make those birds fly away? If the birds fly away the wind will reach the ship, and the ship will go on." 'Abdu'llâh Shâh said, "I will risk my life for God's sake." He alighted from the ship, and went and made the birds fly away, the wind reached the ship and the ship went on.

'Abdu'llâh Shâh (left alone) on the edge of the sea started off along the land. He came to a certain place, and there he saw tracks of buffaloes. He took up these tracks, and following and following them he went on and saw a smoke rising.† There was a buffaloes' grazing station (*jhok*) there. A red-headed woman was seated there. When 'Abdu'llâh Shâh approached the woman rose and said, "In the name of God, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh of Samîn, you are welcome!" He asked her, saying, "Mother, who art thou?" The woman said, "I am Hîr; Miân Rânjhâ is with his buffaloes. For the present sit down and rest. In the evening Miân Rânjhâ also will come." In the evening the buffaloes returned to the station, and a red-bearded man came with them. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh asked (of Hîr) "Who is this man that is coming in the track of the buffaloes?" Hîr replied, "This is Miân Rânjhâ." When he came 'Abdu'llâh Shâh rose. The man said, "In the name of God, 'Abdu'llâh Shâh, you are welcome!" 'Abdu'llâh Shâh said, "All is well, Miân Rânjhâ." Rânjhâ asked him for his news. 'Abdu'llâh Shâh told him all that had happened to him. Rânjhâ said, "Thy pilgrimage is accepted at the (divine) threshold. In the evening I shall take some milk, and bring you into the presence (of the Prophet)."

* *Lit.*, give his head.

† *Lit.*, a smoke smoking.

Then having filled an earthen pot with milk and lifted it on to his head, he took 'Abdu'llâh Shâh by the hand, and said "Shut your eyes." He shut his eyes. Then Rânjhâ said, "Now, open your eyes." When he opened his eyes he saw the Apostle of God sitting on his throne. The Prophet saluted him, and his pilgrimage was accepted.

There he saw a certain Kumhâr (potter), an inhabitant of Samîn, on whom (the Prophet's court) imposed a fine of eighty rupees. After this the Prophet gave this command: "Mîân Rânjhâ, thou art ordered to conduct 'Abdu'llâh Shâh back to his own town." They went out and returned to the station. Mîân Rânjhâ said, "Stay here for two days, and drink my buffaloes' milk. Then I will take thee to thy own place." For two days he stayed there: the third day Rânjhâ said, "Now give me your hand and then shut your eyes." He gave him his hand and shut his eyes. Then Rânjhâ said, "Now let go my hand, and open your eyes." He opened his eyes and found himself standing in the town of Samîn. The whole world saw how 'Abdu'llâh Shâh came. The Kumhâr came weeping to 'Abdu'llâh Shâh saying, "At such and such a place thieves have broken into the house of a certain carpenter. They brought the track and made it pass by the side of my house, and now the Government says, 'Pay up a fine of eighty rupees.' I am innocent, for God's sake get me off." 'Abdu'llâh Shâh said, "It is not for me to get this fine remitted, for it was imposed upon thee in the court of the Prophet's Majesty. Go and pay it."

No. XXIX.

THE STORY OF RÂJÂ JAGDEO,

AS TOLD BY A BARD OF THE MONTGOMERY DISTRICT.

[It is probably hopeless to find out who Râjâ Jagdeo the Puñwâr was in the flesh, as the ancient Râjpût tribe of the Pramara, Puñwâr or Pañwâr, have so long lost all vestiges of royalty that nothing but vague tradition remains of their former grandeur. There is not a name in the legend among the several mentioned of Jagdeo's family that gives any clue to his identity. Dhârânagarî or Dhârâ, his home, is meant by the bard to be Pâkpaṭṭan, but, I think, it is more probably a confused recollection of the real Dhârânagar of the old Pramaras in the Vindhya mountains. The scene of his exploits with the demon is laid at Dipâlpûr, once an important place, but now an obscure village in the Montgomery District, and affords no clue to chronology. The scene of his second exploit is laid in the modern city of Jaipûr and referred to modern times.]

[The legend is pure folklore of the ordinary sort, and what history crops up is, of course, confused and contradictory. The story of Jagdeo's birth is referred to the time of the Emperor Salîm Shâh Sûr, who flourished 1545-1554 A.D., and one of his exploits to the days of the great Jai Singh Sawâi, founder of Jaipûr, who died in 1743 A.D.]

[I have not thought it worth while to give the prose portion of the legend in original, but much of the language of the verses is archaic.]

THE STORY OF RÂJÂ JAGDEO PANWÂR OF DHÂRÂNAGARÎ.

There was once a Râjâ of the Dwâpar Jug* whose name was Udâdît and who was a Pañwâr by caste. From him was descended Râjâ Karan, the Pañwâr.

Now Râjâ Udâdît had no son, and one day, as he was out hunting, he chanced upon a *faqîr* sitting in the wilds. The Râjâ got off his horse and paid his respects to the holy man and made all his followers do the same. The *faqîr* was much pleased at this and also at the Râjâ's humility in standing in his presence while he himself remained sitting, so he asked him what he wanted, and the Râjâ replied that he had no son. On this the *faqîr* stretched out his hand and gave him two

* A random statement to give an air of antiquity to the legend.

apples which he told him to give his wives, who would then bear him two sons, and the Râjâ did accordingly.

About five months after this Salim, the Emperor of Dehlî, demanded tribute to the extent of two and a half *lâkhs* of rupees (250,000), but as the Râjâ could only pay one and a quarter *lâkh* he was detained in Dehlî. When he had been there four months a bard was sent to congratulate him on the birth of Jagdeo, his eldest son, and four days after a Brâhman was started off to congratulate him on the birth of a younger son, Randhaur. The Brâhman outwalked the bard and reached Dehli first, so the news of Randhaur's birth reached before that of Jagdeo's and Randhaur was recorded as the successor of Udâdît by the Emperor. When the true facts were explained to the Emperor he refused to alter the succession and so it came about that Raudhaur was treated as the elder son.

Now the Emperor had refused to receive the one and a quarter *lâkh* offered by Udâdît, as it was only half his demand, so the Râjâ still had this sum with him, and when he explained to the bard why it was he was detained in Dehlî the bard explained to him that he had better spend what he had on an entertainment in honor of the birth of his two sons and see what would happen. Whereupon the Râjâ ordered an entertainment to the public on a scale never before seen even in Dehlî and made all the people very happy. The Emperor and his wife, of course, heard of it and she persuaded her husband to forgive the Râjâ who had spent his all in delighting the Emperor's subjects. Next day when the Emperor was seated in his hall of audience he sent for Râjâ Udâdît and he not only remitted all the revenue due from him, but gave him a dress of honor (*khi'at*) and let him go home free.

Afterwards when the boys grew up Randhaur was appointed successor to the throne and all the people went to pay their respects, but when Jagdeo went to the audience he thrust his spear into the ground and went away, saying in his heart that he himself was the lawful heir. The ministers and courtiers observed this and told Râjâ Udâdît that Jagdeo was a strong

man and had envy in his heart and would some day slay the Râjâ Randhaur. Râjâ Udâdît informed Jagdeo of what the people said, and Jagdeo, thereupon, resolved to leave his country and started off to seek his fortune with his horse and one servant.

As he wandered on he came to the country of Râjâ Kankhâr and put up at a Brâhman woman's house, who lived with her son next door to Râjâ Kankhâr's palace. She was a widow and the Râjâ paid her five gold pieces* for accommodation for the night only.

At that place a demon (*deo*) had been in the habit of coming at night and killing and eating three or four of the people, so the Râjâ had built a fort of a mile square for him to live in and into it he sent as a sop to the demon twelve loaves and some meat from his own table and one human victim from the city daily. This demon's name was Marhâ,† and his city of Marhâ still stands near Dipâlpâr‡ about 30 miles from Mungamrî (Montgomery). While Râjâ Jagdeo was staying with the old woman the chief constable came to her to say that it was her son's turn to go as the victim next day, whereon she fell to weeping and said :—

*"Je mujh ko hotî sâr chhor nagarî ut̄h jâtî ;
Kisî dharm vilâyat baiñh jâ, mushqat kar khâtî.*

*Yehân baiñhan jî dahâio ;
Jarmû pût sapût, nîr nânî bhar âio.*

*Ab kî rát kañân afsos karân :
Is rát kâ is nagarî meñ kyân rahân ?"*

"Had I my will I would leave this city,
And go to some more favored land and earn my living.
Here I bewail my life ;
I have a duteous son, for whom my eyes are filled with
tears.

* Five *mohars*, = 80 rupees.

† In Panjâbî, a corpse.

‡ An ancient site in the Montgomery District and in former times an important city second only to Lâhor and Multân as late as the 16th Century. It is not far from Pâkpañtan.

I pass this night in sorrow :

Ab, why do I stay this night in this city ?

And while she was still weeping the chief constable went his way, and seeing her in great distress Jagdeo's heart was moved with compassion, as he was a pure, chaste, earnest, austere and generous-hearted* man, and he said to her :—

“Ná ro, máganhár : † sís main apná desáñ.

Desáñ Nám Khudáe ke, sobhá do jag meñ lesáñ.

Tumhárá pút chhoráusáñ ; Rajpút bát sáchí kare !

Sís desáñ main apná, jo pút tumhárá ná mare.”

“Weep not, Bráhmañ : I will give my head.

I will give it in the Name of God and secure a good name in both worlds.

I will release thy son ; and Râjpúts speak the truth !

I will give my head that thy son may not die.”

Saying this he lay down to sleep and the old woman was content with the pledge. Meanwhile the chief constable came and said, “Give your son, mother.” When Râjâ Jagdeo heard this he bethought him of his pledge and taking his sword in his hand went up to the chief constable and asked where the demon dwelt. The chief constable began thinking to himself who he could be, as he did not look like a Bráhmañ or a servant, so he said to him :

“Kis des ká dhaní ? kaun hai gáñ jo thára ?

Kis báp ká pút ? kaun hai ism tumhárá ?

Kis des tum chale ? suno ik 'araz hamára !

Áj kál thára dise. Woh áfát balwant hai, jé : lákh khún ká use.”

“What lord's son art thou ? where is thy house ?

What father's son ? what is thy name ?

Whither goest thou ? Hear a word from me !

Thou hast met thy fate to-day. The monster is very strong and has slain thousands.”

* *Jatí, satí, hatí, pattí, sakhí.*

† *Máganhár, lit. beggar, used towards Bráhmañ women when addressed.*

Replied Râjâ Jagdeo :

"Kahe Râo Jagdeo, kul sab fânî hosî.

Maidân parâ Râjpût sîth de kadhî nâ desî.

Kyûnî bāt jhūî kaho?"

Jagdeo kahe Koṭwāl ko, "tum hî lok thir hî raho?"

"Saith Râjâ Jagdeo, all are mortal.

Once on the field of battle the Râjpût never turns his back.

Why dost speak terrifying (false) words?"

Saith Jagdeo to the chief constable, "will you people remain where you are?"*

Said the chief constable, "I will take him to the demon as he is willing to be destroyed, but as the people will accuse me of offering up a stranger I will take witnesses with me."

Lâ sâth Jagdeo, pânch sât aur bulâe.

Gae Rûsak† ke pûs, já khulâ darwâza lâe.

Bare dhanî Pañwâr, "Râm Râm" mukh se kare.

Soch piâ us log ko, Râjpût nâhîn hargiz ðare.

He took Jagdeo with him, calling four or five (others).

He took him to the demon and opened the door.

The brave lord, the Pañwâr, said adieu‡ with his lips.

Thought the lookers on, a Râjpût will never fear.

Then the chief constable went to Râjâ Kankhâr and told him the news.

Gîâ pûs Kankhâr koṭwāl ik bāt bakhânî:

"Ik dekhâ Râjpût, jân us kî thî fânî.

Us tumhâre nagar meñ achraj bāt dekhî thî.

Is Dwâpar Jug meñ Râjpût dekhâ sakhî."

Sunî bāt Kankhâr ânkhon se nîr palatîe,

Gîâ hos farmosh bâl pât pât saṭîe.

Kankhâr kahe koṭwāl ko, "tumhânî bāt ðge kyûnî na kare?"

Rakh leo Râjpût ko, jo pût Brâhman kâ mare."

The chief constable went to Râjâ Kankhâr and told the story :

* *i. e.*, will you not die too?

† For *Râkshasa*, and so all through this legend with the allied words *Râkas*, *Râkchas*, &c.

‡ *Râm Râm* : the usual salutation on coming and going.

“I have seen a Râjpût, who puts no value on his life.
I have seen a wondrous thing in thy city.
I have seen a (truly) generous Râjpût in this Dwâpar-
Jug.”

Hearing this Râjâ Kankhâr's eyes dropped tears,
And being disturbed in his mind he tore off his hair.
Said Râjâ Kankhâr to the chief constable, “Why didst
thou not say this before?”

Spare the Râjpût and let the Brâhman's son die.”

Said the chief constable :

*“Ham barjo lakh wâr bāt, us ik na mânâ.
Us shâsh dîâ Rabb* Nâm; mard kî yeh hî nishânâ.
Solân kalân shapût hai, chaudah bidyâ nidhân.
Sûrat sairat us kî, jo sundar 'aqal jawân.”*

“I tried a thousand persuasions, he would not listen
to one.

He gave his head in the Name of God ; this is the sign
of a true man.

He has the sixteen (good) qualities and knows the
fourteen sciences.

Beauteous is his form and beauteous his mind.”

And the chief constable said to the Râjâ, “he was not out
of his senses and fully understood the risk he was running,
but he said he had given his pledge in the name of God and
would not draw back.”

Meanwhile, Râjâ Jagdeo was sitting inside the closed door,
and said to himself, it was well that he had given his head in
the name of God.

*Kîâ soch Jagdeo daur darwâzâ âyâ :
Dîe háth kî jhoshê tor darwâzâ dhâyâ.
Eáhar âyâ ko! ton jo wâng sher bádal gajên.
Deve fatah Khudâwand, shabâsh log mastak sajên.*

Jagdeo thought over it and ran towards the door :

He pushed it with his hand and tore down the
door.

He came out of the Fort as doth a roaring lion.

* Observe the Muhammadan words for God all through this legend.

God gave him the victory, and the people bent their heads in admiration.

And coming suddenly out of the door the Râjâ awaited the coming of the demon.

Gai gharî do râit thî, woh Râkshas âyâ.

Chalâ âgâo ho Râo Jagdeo bulâyâ :

"Pâjî pair Pañwâr ke do hâth hamre chhakeñ.

Lagne hâth Pañwâr ke, tû tadân nám hamrâ japeñ."

When two watches of the night had passed the demon came.

When he came in front of him Râjâ Jagdeo called out to him :

"Try the strength of thy hands and feet with the Pañwâr,

When the hands of the Pañwâr touch thee, thou wilt take his name."*

When the demon heard this he said :

Bole Râkchas, "bale shâbâsh ! Rajpût piûre !

Jâ, bakhshî thârî jûn ; jáo tum apne dwâre.

Aise jodhe balî, kyûn kañhan maidân meñ gaho ?

Ham kahâ ; tum samajh já ; jo bâr bâr phir na kaho."

Said the demon, "bravo, friend Râjpût !

Go, save thy life ; go to thy own house.

Why should so brave a warrior face this fatal field ?

I have said it: do thou hearken ; I will not say it again and again."

Replied Râjâ Jadeo :

Bole dhanî Pañwâr, mukhoñ ik sakhn â lãe :

"Ik mâi ke pût, ike tum golî jûe ?"

Komâr bandh ran bare, oh Râkchas, oh Jagde ;

Doveñ sher jodhe lareñ.

Then out spake the bold Pañwâr with his lips :

"Art thou thy mother's son or the child of some slave-girl ?" †

* *i.e.*, acknowledge his superiority.

† The taunt here is in the insinuation that he is illegitimate.

Jagdeo and the demon girded their loins and entered
the field of battle,
As two lion-like warriors fight.

And as they fought God gave the victory to Râjâ Jagdeo.

Balî prâku bân zor bhuj doheñ lûe.

Pakar pachhârû deo dunt dharnâ dhar dûe.

Lîo Nâm Narangkâr kâ to kînî deo pukâr.

Nim rât páchhe rahe to pâe fatuḥ Pañwâr.

The brave hero used the might of both his arms.

He seized the demon and dashed him to the trembling
earth.

The demon called out to him in the name of God.*

It was after midnight that the Pañwâr obtained the
victory.

When Râjâ Jagdeo overthrew the demon and sat on his breast, the demon began praising the Râjâ and said to him: "I was born in Lankâ† (Ceylon) and I noticed that my parents always prayed that I should be protected from a virtuous man. I used to laugh at them, as mankind is our food, and I could not understand why we should fear a man. When I grew up I left Lankâ and have lived on human beings for the last fifteen years. Even at very sight of me they die and I devour them at leisure, but nevertheless my parents' fear of mankind has never left them."

"Jo sunâ hai kannî, asâñ aḡ ankhîñ dekhâ.

Desâñ tudh soghât jo sangramî uṭhâ.

Bakhsh merî jân, Jagde, Lank chho? Brij wasâwân;

Jît Khag Amî Singh doven terî nagar padkâwân."

"What I had heard with my ears I have to-day seen with
my eyes.

I will give thee presents if I escape from fighting thee.

Grant me my life, Jagdeo, and I will leave Lankâ and
live in Brij,‡

* To spare his life.

† The fabled home of the demons.

‡ A holy land of the Hindûs and, of course, the very opposite of Lankâ.

And bring before thee both Jît Khag and Amî Singh."*

And the demon said that Jît Khag had been given to his father by Sulaimân (Solomon) the Holy and that he had the power of scaring off the seventy hundred evils. "And in addition to this I will give you Amî Singh Bîr, and if you will spare my life, I will leave Lankâ and go to Phalankâ† and never come here again." But Râjâ Jagdeo refused to spare his life.

Kîâ âfat ko zer, háth shamsher uñháe.

Mukh se japke Nám, tegh Bâsak ko wâe.

Âfat kâ sir kâtâ, do jahân shâbâsh lakhâ.

Dhârân dhanâ Pañwâr hai, kar balî mard Jagdeo sakhâ.

Putting the demon under him, he took his sword in his hand.

Taking the (Holy) Name he brandished his sword over the demon.

Cutting off the demon's head he won glory in both worlds. The bold Pañwâr of Dhârâ, the high-spirited Jagdeo, hath put on the garland of manhood.

When Râjâ Jagdeo had cut off the demon's head he determined to go back to his bed in the city, but Râjâ Kankhâr had placed 15 soldiers and 5 guns at each gate from which a continuous fire was kept up to keep off the demon. However Râjâ Jagdeo went on.

Âfat kâ sir kât, zor Jagdeo dikhâe.

Lîâ háth ke bîch dast sajje se châe.

Âfat kâ sir kañke jiwâe dar par khayâ :

"Bûâ khol kiwâr kâ, ham ghar Bâhman ke chalâ."

Jagdeo showed his prowess and cut off the demon's head.

He took it in his right hand.

He cut off the head of the demon and stood at the city gate,

* The allusion here is to the very little understood subject of the *Bîrs* or warrior godlings, who seem in India to correspond to the *Pahl-wâns* of Persian fable. Their name is legion and they are worshipped as gods, the cult of any particular *Bîr* being strictly local.

† Explained as another and a distant Lankâ.

(And said) "Open the leaves of the gate, I would go to the Brāhman's house."

And the Rājā said to the door-keepers :

*Chár chíz achhí nahín hotí, háthíwán, sárwán, gúríwán,
darwán. Wán ká lafs achhá nahín hotá.*

Four things are evil, elephant-driver, camel-driver, cart-driver, doorkeeper. *Wán* is a bad ending to a man's name.*

And then the Rājā said to the door-keepers :

*"Ai mánas darwán, tumheñ dar kuluf utáro!
Ai mánas darwán, kyá hai chálá tháro?
Hamrá kahá mán le, jo yeh bhaloñ kí rít:
Ham to khás Rájput haiñ, jo tum se rakhúñ prít!"*

"O friend door-keepers, open the locks of the gate.

O friend door-keepers, what is your intention?

Hear my words, as good men should :

I am a real Rájput that is your friend."

"Open the doors and I will repay you the obligation." But said the door-keepers :

*"Ham kyá jáneñ prít? Kaun hai mánas bandá?
Us te áio bhág, kam tú kíá mandá?
Bhágáñ se túñ Rásakoñ, ná shísh apná dít.
Achraj húa is Shahr meñ, jo burá kám tum ne kíá!"*

"What know we of friendship? Who art thou?

Hast run away (from the demon), and done an evil thing?

Thou hast run from the demon and not given him thy head.

It is astonishing to this city that *thou* shouldest do evil!"

And said the door-keepers, "it is against our orders that we should take you in." Then thought the Rājā in his mind that

* This is a well-known *bon-mót* thrown in for effect. The play is on the termination *bán* and there is properly an answer—" *Hán, miharbán* : Just so, kind sir." *Miharbán*, kind sir, having also this objectionable termination *bán* (or *wán*).

he had better tell them of his success, as their fear of the demon was so great. So he said to them :

*"Jis áfat ká kharuf tunhen, hamen woh áfat mári.
Us se láá khos sang kinkhán do dhári.
Áfat ká sir kátke, jo áyd dar par khará.
Búú khol kiwár ká, ham ghar Báhman ke chalá."*

"I have slain the demon whom ye fear.

I have taken his two-edged sword that he had.

I have cut off the demon's head, that stand at your gates.

Open the leaves of the gate, I would go to the Bráhma-man's house."

Said the door-keepers :

*"Khole wohi kiwár jo balkári hove :
Yá kholwási kiwár, jorá topán dhove.
Áfat ká sir kátiá, to balí tarán apná karo.
Búú khol kiwár ká, to bhí án andar waro."*

"Let him open the gates that is mighty :

Or let him open the gates that hath the guns with him.

If thou hast cut off the demon's head, show now thy strength.

Open the leaves of the gates (thymself) and enter."

Râjâ Jagdeo perceived that they were mocking him, and being furiously angry and a man of miraculous power, he pushed open the door and overthrew the fifteen soldiers and the five guns together.

*Bahan phor, jo tajeñ so ráti uthe :
Toṛe qufal zanjír, jo darbáne káphí.
Darwáze dñe tor mor, kar phhiche dháre.
Jitne báns patí ke pát, utne Pañwár ke akhára.
Dekhe log saráe ke, "na jút pát púcho bhalo :
Dhárá dhaná Pañwár hai, jo Maṛhá jhúg Jugde chalo."*

Throwing down all that were passing the night there,
He broke the bolts and bars and slew the door-keepers.
He broke open the gates and strewed about the pieces.
The Pañwár's battlefields were as many as the leaves of the bamboo.

The people saw and said in admiration, "ask nor clan nor caste :

He is Jagdeo the bold Pañwâr of Dhârâ that hath slain the Demon."

And all the people cried out that the demon had broken loose and burst into the city, so they took to flight. And the news reached Râjâ Kankhâr who collected his forces, mounted all the guns on the Fort and entered it. But Râjâ Jagdeo went to the Brâhman's house and lay down to sleep. Meanwhile Râjâ Kankhâr's soldiers found the rampart of the Fort broken down and the demon lying dead with his head severed from the trunk and they told him of it. Admiring the bravery of the hero who could slay such a demon the Râjâ returned home.

Pâe fateh Pañwâr pichhân haṭ dere dîo.

Sunî bát Kankhâr, usî ko turt mangáio.

Kul amîr bhaje sabhe, Kankhâr kahe wazîr ko, "Wahî jawân abhî láio."

The Pañwâr gained the victory and went home.

As soon as Kankhâr heard of it he sent for him.

He sent all his nobles and Kankhâr said to his minister, "Bring the young man here at once."

When Râjâ Kankhâr's officials came to Râjâ Jagdeo and told him that the king had sent for him, he angrily cried out, "I am not your servant. I will go to the king when it suits me, and that is to-morrow morning. Even then I will merely make over the demon's head and go back to my home." So then the Râjâ sent his minister to Jagdeo who said :

"Áqil bare amîr Râjî Kankhâr buláe :

'Áqil bare amîr melkar kul ko lée."

"The wise and noble Râjâ Kankhâr calls thee :

He hath sent all the wise and noble (of his people) together (to thee)."

And then he asked him his name and home :

"Kis des ká dhanî? Kharî bát tum hí kaho."

Wazîr kahe Jagdeo ko, "Tumheñ sher itho raho."

"Of what land art Lord? Tell me truly."

Said the minister to Jagdeo, "So lion-like a man must remain here."

So Râjâ Jagdeo bathed himself, put on golden sandals, took the demon's head in his hand and accompanied the minister to the Râjâ's palace. On the way the minister asked him to explain fully who he was to the Râjâ. Presently they reached the king's presence and Râjâ Jagdeo said to him :

"Udâdît kâ pût hân, Pirthî kâ Râjâ.

Pânchoñ phar hathiyâr, nahîn main râti bhâjâ."

Bîch kachahrî âeke sab salâm majlis kare :

Kankhâr Jagdeo ko jo âp hâth mâth dhare.

"I am the son of Udâdît, the Lord of the Earth.

Wearing the five arms I did not run away in the night."

As he came into the assembly all saluted him :

Even Kankhâr himself put his hand to his forehead for Jagdeo.

Then Râjâ Jagdeo sat beside Râjâ Kankhâr on the throne with the demon's head before him.

Now Râjâ Kankhâr had long ago promised that whoever should kill the demon should have half his kingdom and his daughter Phûlmâde to wife, whatever his caste might be. So the king said to his minister that, as he had made the promise, and as the person who had fulfilled the conditions was a Râjpût of high descent, a Hindû, and pious, devout, earnest and austere, there was nothing left to him but to carry it out at once.

Khushî hûe Kankhâr, khufia ik bât sunâi :

"Tainûn dolâ dewân." *Shitâb Râje kinê kurmât,*

Hukm hâsil sâre dâe. Kankhâr kahe wazîr ko : "Jo nek kâm Sâhib kîe!"

Pleased was Kankhâr and said privately :

"I will give thee my daughter." Quickly the Râjâ made the betrothal.

And gave all the necessary orders. Kankhâr said to his minister : "How well hath God done !"

So Râjâ Kankhâr married his daughter to Râjâ Jagdeo.

About a month afterwards Râjâ Jagdeo acquainted his wife with his intention of making a journey, and on her entreating him to take her with him he started off with her, taking also his servants, her maid, and the necessary following.

*Ik mahîne ba'd Râjâ ne kî aswârî,
Ik Rânî Phulmâde, nâl ghulâm piârî.
Majlî majlî pahunchhe ant âe nagarî barî,
Mahîlie Jagdeo ne kiwâr khol andur bare.*

After a month the Râjâ started forth
With Rânî Phulmâde and a trusty servant.
At the end of each stage they came to a great city,
And Jagdeo opening the gates of a palace went
within.

At Jaipûr the Râjâ rented a house and rested there. After four days had passed the maid said that there was no more oil left for the lamps, so the Râjâ ordered her to go and buy some in the *bâzâr*. The maid went accordingly, but was refused at every shop, so she had to return without any oil, and when the Râjâ told her to light the lamp she said :

*"Hukm nahîn is des matâ koî dîwâ bâle.
Sunî bāt Jai Singh usê ko pakur mangâ le:
Ghar nîlâm us kâ kare," ghulâm kahe Jagdeo ko, "jo dîwâ
mandar bâle."*

"It is against the laws of this land that any man light a lamp.
As soon as Jai Singh hears of it he seizes (the delinquent)
And sells his house," said the servant to Jagdeo, "who lights a lamp in his house."

The fact was that Râjâ Jai Singh had strictly forbidden any one to keep a light in his house and allowed no lamp except in his own palace in all his territories. All that the people could tell Râjâ Jagdeo about it was that it was the Râjâ's order. So Râjâ Jagdeo gave his servant five gold pieces (*mohars*) and

told him to get some oilman to give him oil in return on the ground that they were travellers.

Kahe Ráo Jagdeo nafar ko, "tel le óo :

Jo koî kare gumán usî ko pakar mangáo."

Nafar khol mihrán dhare, nám leve jab tel ká, to woh kalám telî kare.

Said Rájâ Jagdeo to his servant, "bring oil:

If any refuse, seize and bring him here."

The servant brought out the gold pieces, but when he mentioned the name of oil the oilman spake as before.*

Being refused the oil the servant went back, and when Rájâ Jagdeo demanded the oil he said, "hear what the oilman said:

Kaun terá Jagdeo, jisî ne tel mangáyá ?

Aisá kare gumán kyûn Jai Singh te áyá ?

Is Rájâ Jai Singh ke jo lákh khâe tukrá gâe !

Jáye kaheñ Jagdeo ko jo yeh kalám telî kahe."

Thoyî áî bát nafar ne kúá pasará :

Telî kare kalám, "kaun Jagdeo tumhára ?"

Phar katár Jagdeo gúá telî, telî márke sabhâ tel Jagdeo líá.

"Who is thy Jagdeo that desires oil?

Who is it that has come thus to mock Jai Singh?

This Rájâ Jai Singh whose gifts thousands enjoy!

Go and tell Jagdeo what the oilman saith."

The servant magnified a small matter:

The oilman had (really) said, "who is thy Jagdeo?"

Jagdeo took his dagger and went to the oilman, and slew him and took all his oil.

When Rájâ Jagdeo reached the oilman's house the latter remarked that a short time before a stupid fool had been at his house, and now that he had come in a rage, whereon the Rájâ slew him at once with his dagger, and as his wife began making a disturbance, he slew her too. He then took all the oil there was in the shop and lit up his house.

Rájâ Jai Singh heard in the morning that a man, calling himself Rájâ Jagdeo, had killed an oilman and his wife and had lit

* *i.e.*, refused to give it.

up his house with their oil contrary to orders, but he took no notice of it at the time.

Now Râjâ Jai Singh had a moon of his own* which he hung up in the sky to give light to his people and, of course, when Râjâ Jagdeo was in the city it was lighted up as usual, and this made him ask about it, and he learnt that it was an artificial moon made by Râjâ Jai Singh. As soon as he learnt this he determined to play a practical joke, and found out where the moon-makers lived, and sent his servant to fetch them in order to make him a moon like Jai Singh's. The moon-makers had heard of what had happened to the oilman for refusing oil, so they were afraid to refuse also, and accompanied the servant to Râjâ Jagdeo's house. When they arrived he asked them how much they wanted for a moon. They replied, whatever he wished to pay, so he gave them 500 golden pieces and ordered a moon like Jai Singh's.

Kahe Râo Jagdeo kârîgar turt mangûe,

Binâ tel ke chând Râjâ pharnalak charhâe.

Sabhê Shahr ghaughâ kare.

Jai Singh kahe wazîr ko, "isî waqt Sûrij charhe!"

Calling them quickly spake Râjâ Jagdeo to the moon-makers,

And had a Moon put up in the heavens (that burnt) without oil.

All the City cried out at it,

And Jai Singh said to his minister, "the Sun hath risen!"

As soon as the moon-makers had raised up a second moon Râjâ Jai Singh heard of it and asked who had done such a thing. His officials told him that it was by the order of the man who had killed the oilman. "Very well," said Râjâ Jai Singh, "tomorrow morning we will test his strength," and he began collecting his army. Meanwhile Râjâ Jagdeo reflected that he was a mere traveller and had better pay his respects to Râjâ

* This story is a most curious reference to the astronomical proclivities of Jai Singh Sawâî, his scientific feats having in 150 years given rise to such pure folklore as this!

Jai Singh and depart. So next morning after bathing he put on his golden sandals and splendid raiment and went off to see Râjâ Jai Singh. It was the day of the Salonâ festival,* and before Râjâ Jagdeo arrived at Jai Singh's palace, Kankâlî, the bard's wife,† had been to Râjâ Jai Singh to congratulate him on the day and receive her customary present.

Sûrij dittî châsh Râjâ ne kî Kachahrî :

Pânchoñ phar hathiyâr Râjâ âyâ hankârî.

Bîch Kachahrî âeke sab salâm majlis kare :

Jai Singh Râjâ Jagdeo ko jo âp hâth mâth dhare.

When the sun rose the Râjâ held his Court,

Wearing his five arms bold Râjâ (Jagdeo) came there.

He came into the assembly and all saluted him :

Even Jai Singh put his hand to his forehead for Râjâ Jagdeo.

Then Râjâ Jagdeo went and sat beside Râjâ Jai Singh on the throne and all the nobles of the Court were silenced for awe of him and none durst ask him who he was or whence he came. Then up came Kankâlî,‡ the bard's wife and said.

“ Jab jâgo parbhât pirtham Thâkur ke âveñ ;

Karke mât dañdâwat bhat charnî chit lâveñ ;

Gaunî kare ashnân dhyân pûjâ kâr râkheñ ;

Kathâ bártâ hot paṭ gîtâ gun bâcheñ.

‘ Jithâ sakat ko dún hai, ’ Bed pát Pandit parheñ.

Pûran sukab kab lāj ko, achal rāj jug jug hî kareñ.”

“ When ye wake at dawn first go to the God (Thâkur) ;

Making the circuit, bend your hearts to prostration and obeisance ;

Sing your hymns, bathe, meditate and worship ;

Read your religious books and sing your hymns.

‘ Give of your ability, ’ teach the Doctors from the Scriptures,

* This account of the proceedings at the Râkhî festival of the Râjpûts is worth noting. Salonâ is the last day of Sâwan and falls about the 15th of August.

† *Bhâtnî* : this is the regular custom.

‡ Kankâlî or Kankâlînî, means a witch or sorceress.

It is the prayer of the perfect poet that ye may rule for age upon age."

Then Kankâlî, the bard's wife, went up to the Râjâ to bind on the *râkhi** and put a veil over her face. First she raised her right hand and put the *ṭikā*† on the forehead of Râjâ Jagdeo and then with her left hand she put it on the forehead of Râjâ Jai Singh. After this Kankâlî, the bard's wife, went away and so did Râjâ Jagdeo.

When he had gone the nobles said to Râjâ Jai Singh "he seems to be some great Râjâ, but we do not know who he is. We are, however, much struck with the doings of the bard's wife. First she acted improperly in reciting the verses veiled, and then in putting the *ṭikā* on the stranger's forehead with her right hand and on your Majesty's with the left." "When she comes again," said Râjâ Jai Singh, "we will ask her what she meant."

In the afternoon, when the Râjâ again held an audience, Kankâlî, the bard's wife, came again to recite verses, but the Râjâ stopped her and demanded of her who it was on whose forehead she had placed the *ṭikā* first in the morning so improperly. To which she replied:—

*"Dhanî Dhârân kâ dhanî, des pirthî jag jāne :
Dhanî Dhârân kâ dhanî, des pirthî an māne.
Main Kankâlî kandalî, sāf bāt mukh se kahūn :
Main Kankâlî kandalî, dhāp sās gale kahūn."*

"Lord of the lordly Dhârâ, all the earth knows him :
Lord of the lordly Dhârâ, all the earth acknowledges him.
I, Kankâlî, am true and speak truth with my lips :
I, Kankâlî, am true and veiled my face and spake."

The Râjâ then asked her why she had veiled her face and marked the stranger first with the *ṭikā* with her right hand and then himself with the left. "I veiled myself before him," she replied, "because in him I saw a true man." Then said

* A bracelet bound on the wrist to avert the evil-eye at this festival. Tod, *Rajasthan*, orig. ed., Vol. I., pp. 242 and 457, gives elaborate accounts of the ceremony.

† The mark of royalty.

the nobles, "she never veiled before us, so if she veiled before him because he is a true man she must take us all for women." Said Râjâ Jai Singh to her, "what are the signs of a true man?" Replied she, "purity, chastity, earnestness, austerity, generosity,* all these I saw in him." Then said the Râjâ, "you say you saw generosity in him, let us then test this first. Go and ask him for a present, and whatever you get I will give you eleven-fold hereafter." "Swear this with an oath of the Hindûs," said she. Then said the Râjâ:—

"Indar bāt baram bāch bāton̄ ḡale nīchar gale!"

"By Indra I say, that if I go back on my word may I rot in the nether world!"

In the old days this oath was so powerful that he who fore-swore it was annihilated in the next world. So next morning Kankâlî, the bard's wife, went to Râjâ Jagdeo's house to beg. Said Rânî Phûlmâde, "he is not at home, you will find him at the bathing place." Kankâlî went there and found Râjâ Jagdeo returning from bathing with his towel in his hand and his *lotâ†* and telling his beads. Kankâlî went up to him and said:—

"Ganpat Ganesh mangal kare!"

Râjâ Jagdeo ne kahâ, "hukm, mānganhâr?"

"May Gaṇeṣa, Lord of Hosts, bless thee."

Said Râjâ Jagdeo, "thy will, thou beggar (of alms)?"

Said Kankâlî, "I am (the Angel of) Death and slay by chance or by disease."

"Ik khaḡ chaḡh mareṅ, ik sote nahīn jageṅ.

Ik āg dah mareṅ, ik dang bhū bhajeṅ.

Ik pānī dum mareṅ, ik sāun ghun ghajeṅ.

Har bidh marnâ jāio nâ; suno, Râjâ, mâtâ yūn kahe,

Sis kūt de bhaḡ ko jo kīrat jag men rahe."

"One dieth in his bed, one sleepeth and waketh not.

One dieth in the fire, one falleth by a serpent's bite.

* See *ante*, p. 185.

† A brass cup or pot used for drinking and bathing purposes by Hindûs.

One is drowned in the water, one dieth bold and roaring.
All must die in some way; hear, Râjâ, thus saith the
mother;

Give thy head to the bard's wife, if thou wouldst have
a good name in the world."

Said Kankâlî, "Râjâ, thy head is the boon I crave." Said he,
"My head is His that gave it me: thou cravest it—here it is."

Jus jâwan, ajas mûran hai, jus ke kîjye kâm.

Kahe Baitâl, "sun, Bikarmâ, jo suful bāt hai dān."*

Goodness is life, evil is death, so do good works.

Saith Baitâl, "hear, Bikarmâ, charity is the deed that
prosper."

Then said the Râjâ to the bard's wife, "cut off my head."
But said she, "I am no murderess that I should cut off thy head
in the *bâzâr*. Go to thy house and cover thy head with jewels
that all may know it to be a Râjâ's and not a goat's head.
Then take a platter in thy left hand and with thy right hand
strike off thy head into it with thy dagger and then shall I
know thee for a truly generous man. I take only freely given
alms. I am no oppressor." The Râjâ went home and told his
wife Rânî Phûlmâde of what the bard's wife had asked and
what he had promised. Then said Rânî Phûlmâde:—

"Main to torî dās hûn, woh mātā bhagwān.

Jo kuchh mātā pitā kahe, soī gal parwān."

"I am thy slave, she thy blessed mother.

What thy father and mother say is incumbent on thee."

Said the Râjâ, "the head is His who gave it, not father's nor
mother's." Then the Rânî covered his head with jewels weep-
ing, and when she had finished, the Râjâ called out to Kankâlî:
"Here, thou beggar-woman, come and take thy alms," and
Kankâlî presented herself. Whereon the Râjâ taking the platter
in his left hand and his dagger in his right struck off his head

* This is a characteristically confused allusion to the variant of this
very legend by which Bikarmâ (Vikramâditya) becomes possessed of
Ujjayinî from the demon or ogre Agwâ Baitâl. The story is told at
length in Mrs. Postans' *Cutch*, 1839, pp. 20-22, and is alluded to in *Panjâb
Notes and Queries*, Vol. I., note 832.

and his body fell to the ground. Then spake Kankâlî to Phûlmâde :—

*“Main Kankâlî kandalî Des Dakhan se dî.
Sîs deio Rabb Nâm, mard kî phirî dohâî.
Main, Kankâlî kandalî, sâf bāt mukh se kahnân.
Tum, Rânî Phûlmâde, suhâg tumhârâ sufal rahân.”*

“I am the true Kankâlî from the Southern Land.
His giving his head in the Name of God is the deed of
a true man.

I, Kankâlî, am true, I speak truth with my lips.
Rânî Phûlmâde, thou shalt live in prosperous wedlock.”

“Now let us pray to God (*Khudâ*), for He will mysteriously restore thee to wedlock, and have a care that no fly touches his body.”

In the morning Kankâlî took the head in the platter and went with it to Râjâ Jai Singh, to his hall of audience and demanded eleven such heads. The head, however, was so covered with jewels that the Râjâ thought it was merely a platter of jewels and offered her fifteen such, but Kankâlî took out the head in the hall of audience and said :—

*“Jas kâran Jagdeo jûn dhar jag men âio :
Jas kâran Harî Chand hañh pur jâe vikâio :
Jas kâran Bal Bain jîb kâ lobh na kîno :
Jas kâran Jagdeo sîs Kankâlî ko dîno.”*

“For honor came Jagdeo thus upon the earth :
For honor Harî Chand sold himself (as a slave) :
For honor Bal Bain* gave up worldly lusts :
For honor Jagdeo gave his head to Kankâlî.”†

When he heard this, Râjâ Jai Singh asked Kankâlî to wait awhile and went to his nine queens and asked them for their heads, but they refused, saying, “we came into the world to enjoy ourselves, not to give up our heads.” Then he went to his seven sons who also refused, saying, “if this is what

* Reference to the well-known classical legends of Hariśchandra and Bali.

† *i.e.*, for a good name.

you want we will pack ourselves off at once." Then said Kankâlî:

"Dharg hai Râjâ Jai Singh, jis dharm wanjâio !

Dharg hai Râjâ Jai Singh, jis nãm gawâio !

Dharg hai tore karan ko bîch nâs jab hot ! "

"Cursed be Râjâ Jai Singh, that went back on his word !

Cursed be Râjâ Jai Singh, that lost his (good) name !

Cursed be thou to be destroyed by thy own act ! "

Saying this Kankâlî returned to Râjâ Jagdeo's house, where she joined the head to the body, and then she said to Rânî Phûlmâde : " my daughter let us pray to God (*Khudâ*) together, and if it be His will that you again enjoy wedlock the Râjâ will live." For she said :

"Jab Khudâ kî Kachahrî kâ velâ hotâ hai, jab sawâlî ke sawâl kâ velâ hotâ hai, aur us Kachahrî mein un kî do'â mustajât hoe."

"When it is the hour for God to hold his Court, then is the hour for the prayer of the suppliant, for then his prayer prevaieth in the Court (of God)."

In the morning Kankâlî told Rânî Phûlmâde to see if God had heard their prayer, and when the Rânî went to awaken the Râjâ he sat up and spake. And Rânî Phûlmâde gave heart-felt thanks to God.

No. XXX.

RĀJĀ NĀL,

AS PLAYED ANNUALLY AT JAGĀDHRĪ IN THE AMBĀLĀ DISTRICT.

[This poem is a *swāng* of the same description as those previously given, and is performed or sung in precisely the same way.]

[The tale of Nala and Damayantī has been so often edited and translated from the Saṅskṛit that it needs no special explanation here, except to point out that the present version closely follows—but in a vastly inferior fashion—the legend as related in the *Mahābhārata* up to the point where Nala and Damayantī are driven into the forests. After this the bard wanders off into other stories and ends lamely and abruptly.]

[The part played here by the gods as superior heroes under an abstract God—mentioned under various names—just as ordinary mortals could be, points to the vast difference that really exists between the popular Hinduism of modern days and the religion of the authors of the *Mahābhārata*, &c.]

[According to the bards Rangāchār the Brāhman relates the tale as Vṛihadaśva does in the *Mahābhārata*. This Rangāchār has already turned up as the narrator in previous *swāngs*.]

[There is a common modern story current in chap-books and very popular in the Panjāb called *Nal Daman*, based on the *Mahābhārata* legend. These versions of *Nal Daman* are translations or renderings of a Persian work of the same name, which in its turn is an adaptation of a Saṅskṛit variant of the tale. An abstract of this tale will be useful here to be read with the Saṅskṛit and modern bardic versions.]

[The *Nal Daman* story is as follows. Rājā Nal sees Daman in a dream and falls in love with her, and a similar dream comes to Daman. Her nurse, or duenna, attempts to dissuade her from falling in love with Nal, and so does her father the King of Badar (Vidarbha) when he hears of it. A swan then carries the correspondence which ensues between Nal and Daman, and at last her father, finding it useless to separate them, has them married at his house. Nal takes her to his country and gambles away his property to his younger brother, who turns them both out into the deserts. In the deserts Nal loses his last covering in attempt to catch a bird for food, and is also unsuccessful in attempting to catch some fish. After this he loses Daman, and being driven mad by the bite of a serpent, wanders to the country of Raibaran (Rituparṇa of Ayodhya). Upon this there is a diligent search made by Brāhmins, and Nal and Daman are finally united.]

TEXT.

Swāng Rājā Nal kâ.

Jagat jot Jwâlâmukhî, dharte terâ dhyân !
Kirpâ apnî kījīyo ; karo chhand kâ gyân !

- Bhawânî, man ichhâ bar pân !
Karo budh pargâsh, simarke Nal kâ swāng banâûn.
5 Hath jor âdhîn hovegî, charnon sîs niwâûn.
Main tumharî âdhîn, Mâtjî ; man ichhâ bhar pân.

He Mâtâ rî, main mûrakh hûn, mand 'aqal mujh ko hai
thorî.
Karo kirpâ jag, Mât, saran main lenî torî.

TRANSLATION.

The Legend of Rājā Nal.

O Jwâlâmukhî,* light of the Earth, let me worship thee !
Grant me thy grace ; give me knowledge of verse !

- O Bhawânî† fulfil my heart's desire !
Give me the light of wisdom, that worshipping thee I may
sing the legend of Nal.
5 With joined hands will I honor thee, laying my head
at thy feet.
I am thy worshipper, O Mother ; fulfil my heart's desire.

O mother, I am but a fool and little wisdom have I.
Have mercy on me in the world, Mother, for I am thy
servant.

* Any fire coming from the earth, or a volcano, supposed to represent the fire in which Satî the wife of Śiva burnt herself. Here meant in a general way for Devî and brought in because of the celebrated shrine to Jwâlâmukhî in the Kāngrā District.

† Meant for Devî as above.

- Maini liâ hûn saran, bhûjâ tum pakaro morî.
10 Kahte Balmukand, hâth tumharî hai ðori !

Muktâl.

Arî Sârad Mahârânî,
Tû hai Châr Jûg meñ jânî,
Jis ke baiðhî kanth
Bahisht kî us se nishânî.

Gurû.

- 15 “ Man kî dugdhâ tyâg de ; suno hamârî bât.
Is chintâ ko dûr kar : kyâ soche din râ ?
Dukhî maini jag meñ dekhî sârî.
Nal Râjâ par bipat parî ; maini tujh se sunâûn, piyârî ?
Haini sâth ghorâ aur hâthî, ho garî sab se tayyârî.

- I am thy servant, do thou lead me by the arm.
10 Saith Bâlmukand,* my honor† is in thy hand !

Refrain.

O Queen Sârad,‡
Known throughout the Four Ages !
To whose throat thou comest
Hath the signs of Heaven.

Gurû.§

- 15 “ Put away the sorrows of thy heart ; hear my words.
Put away these griefs afar : why dost grieve day and
night ?
Throughout this world have I seen grief.
On Râjâ Nal there fell great sorrow, as I will tell thee,
friend.
Horses and elephants had he and gave up all, but

* Bâlmukand is evidently here the Gurû or spiritual adviser of Judishṭar and represents the sage Vṛihadaśva, who repeats the story of Nala to Yudhisṭhira to soothe his grief in the orthodox legend of the *Mahâbhârata*. † *Lit.*, rope.

‡ The Goddess of Learning : see Vol. I., p. 122.

§ Bâlmukand, or Vṛihadaśva, now addresses the grief-stricken monarch Judishṭar, or Yudhisṭhira.

- 20 Tere sang to châr bîr, jinhen Jarâsandh se mâre.
 Ai Râjâjî, Nal Râjâ Mahârâj dharm kâ karnehârâ.
 Lîâ jûe men jît, râj se bâhar nikâlâ :
 Giâ banon ke bîch, tyâgke sab parwârâ.
 Damwantî thî sâth, hûâ phir us se niyârâ ! ”

Judishtar.

- 25 “ Suno Bipr Gurdeojî, main sab lîâ bichâr.
 Kaho bât Nal Bhûp kî, muñh se karo bistâr.”

Gurû.

“ Suno, man ab chit lâke.
 Kahûn Nal Râjâ kî bithâ, dukhî hûâ ban men jâke.
 Damwantî thî sang, kahûn tum ko chit lâke.

- 20 Thou hast four brothers* that slew such men as Jarâ-
 sandh.†
 O Râjâ, the great lord Râjâ Nal obeyed the law.
 He was beaten in a gambling match and driven from his
 kingdom,
 And went into the forests away from his household.
 Damwantî was with him and then he was separated
 from her ! ”

Judishtar.

- 25 “ Hear, O Brâhman Gurû, I have considered all they say.
 Tell the story of King Nal, giving the details with thy
 lips.”

Gurû.

“ Hearken with heart and soul.
 I tell the sad story of Râjâ Nal and the sorrow he suffered
 in the forests.
 Damwantî was with him as I tell thee with all my
 heart.

* viz., Arjuna, Bhîma, Nakula, and Sahadeva, who with Yudhish-
 thira are the heroes of the *Mahâbhârata*.

† Killed in combat by Bhîma according to the well-known legend.

- 30 Kyûn socho din rât ? kahûn tum ko samjhâke.
 Khelo chaupur sar sat kî bâjî lâke.
 Yeh chaupur kâ khel, dâr pânsâ chit lâke."

Pahilî Sakhî.

- "Nikhâd Des ke bîch men Bîr Sen ik bhûp.
 Tâ ke ghar Nal putr hai kâmdeo kâ rûp :
 35 Kâmdeo kâ rûp birâje, adh-budh sobhâ pâe.
 Chaupur khel bahot se jâne, rath bidhyâ charâî.
 Sobhâ kahûn kahân tak ? mû par kahî na jâe.
 Nal Râjâ sâ hûâ, na hogâ, Tîn Lok ke mâhîn !"
 Ai Râjâjî, sau Râjâ ke bîch mâno koî chand-râje :

- 30 Why dost grieve day and night ? I tell thee, admonish-
 ing thee.
 Play at *chaupur** with a pure heart.
 This is the way to play *chaupur*, throwing the dice
 with care."

First Maid.†

- "In the country of Nikhâd‡ one Bîr Sen§ is king.
 In his house is a son Nal as beautiful as Kâmdeo :||
 35 Adorned with the beauty of Kâmdeo and innumerable
 charms.
 Very great is his skill at *chaupur*¶ and in the art of war.
 How far shall I speak of his virtues ? They cannot be
 fully told.
 A Râjâ like Nal has never been, nor will be, in the Three
 Worlds !
 O Râjâ, he was like a majestic moon among a hundred
 Râjâs :

* See Vol. I., pp. 243-245. This is advice to Yudhishtîra. Both he and Nala came by all their sorrows through inordinate gambling.

† These maids are attendants on Yudhishtîra.

‡ *i.e.*, Nishadha, probably the modern Bhîl country.

§ Vîra Sena, the father of Nala.

|| *i.e.*, Kâma, the God of Love.

¶ His skill in gambling is always reckoned among Nala's virtues !

- 40 Sâr-bîr, balwant, sher jûn ran men gâje.
 Parhâ Bed Purân, sat kê pâsanhârâ :
 Râjâ Indar samân Sabhâ ke bîch nihârâ.”

Dûsrî Sakhî.

- “ Kis Râjâ ke bâgh men ho rahî 'ajab bahâr ?
 Âm, anjîr, angûr, sab nimbû, seû, anâr,
 45 Bâgh men khil rahî khûb chambelî !
 Marwâ mohan, Madan phûl, aur khil rahî 'ajab chambelî.
 Hans roz chugne âve tabân mil mil dârâ keli :
 Roz bâgh men sair kare Rânî aur sang sahelî.
 Kis bâgh men hans chugne ko âe ?
 50 Lîe Râo ne dekh turt pakaṛan ko dhâve.
 Dene motî ger hans jab chugne lâge,
 Lîâ hans ik pakaṛ, aur hans sab bhâge.”

- 40 A hero and a warrior, roaring as a lion in the field of
 battle.
 He had read the *Vedas* and *Purânas* and was an
 encourager of virtue :
 Looking like Râjâ Indar in the midst of his Court.”*

Second Maid.

- “ What Râjâ's is the garden that blooms so beautifully ?
 Mangoes, grapes, figs, limes, apples, pomegranates,
 45 And jasmines are in full bloom in the garden.
 Sweet marjoram and Cupid's flower and lovely jasmines
 are blooming.
 Swans come daily in flocks together, where
 Daily the Rânî wanders in it with her maids.
 Whose is the garden where the swans have come to feed ?
 50 The Râjâ has seen them and ordered their immediate
 capture.
 The pearls are thrown before the swans and they have
 begun to feed, †
 (Lo !) one swan is caught and the rest have flown away.”

* Indar Sabhâ, or Indra's Court, is the conventional expression for
 all that is beautiful and lovely.

† See Vol. II., pp. 88-89.

Hans.

- “ Râjâ, nâ mâriye, hans hamârâ nâm.
 Dekhat main chhoṭe lageñ, bare sañwâr le kâm.
 55 Bare sañwâr le kâm, aur, Jî, sâch bât batlâûñ.
 Damwantî ik Rânî; kahîye, tum ko us se milâûñ.
 Jaldî mujh ko chhoṛo, Râjâ, us Rânî pe jâûñ.
 Tujh bin nahîñ aur ko byâhe, aisî bât sunâûñ.
 Ai Râjâjî, Tîn Lok ke bîch nahîñ koî aisî Rânî.
 60 Chale hans kî châl; kahe mukh imrat bânî;
 Mirg nainî; madh bharî; chandar mân mukh kî jotî;
 Nâ Indrâsan bîch Nâg kanyân kî jotî !”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Main tujh ko mârûñ nahîñ, man meñ dhar le dhîr.
 Sun, re hansâ bâware; kyûñ hotâ dilgîr ?

*Swan.**

- “ O Râjâ, slay me not, for swan is my name.
 In form I am small, but I can do thee great service.
 55 Great service can I do, and, Sir, I will tell thee a true
 thing.
 There is a Rânî Damwanti; say, and I will join you
 together.
 Quickly let me go, Râjâ, that I may go to the Rânî.
 I will tell her to marry none but thee.
 O Râjâ, within the Three Worlds there is no such Rânî.
 60 Her gait as a swan's, sweet words speaks she with her
 lips;
 Eyes as an antelope's, her youth in its prime; her face
 bright as the moon;
 No Nâg's daughter in Indra's Court bright as she !”†

Râjâ Nal.

“ I will not slay thee, take courage in thy heart.
 Hear, foolish swan; why art sad ?

* The story of Nala now begins by the captured swan addressing him after being caught, as related by the maid.

† A confused allusion here to the Apsarases or nymphs of Indra's heaven. Indrâsan = Indar-sabhâ: *c.f.* line 42 and for a note on the Nâgs or Nâgas see Vol. I., p. 414, &c.

- 65 Kyûn hotâ dilgîr, piyâre ? Us kâ bhed batâ de.
 Jis Râje kâ hai woh beṭî, us kâ darshan dikhâ de.
 Sobhâ kare baṛî mukh setî ; us kâ nâm batâ de.
 Bhûlûn nahîn ahsân, hans re, jo tû mujhe milâ de.
 Hans re, jâ piyârî ke pâs, merâ sab hâl sunâo.
- 70 Damwantî ke pâs âj ham ko le jâo.
 Taiñ sab barnan karâ, sunat jîûrâ ghabarâyâ.
 Dîjîye darshan dikhâe ; tujhe yeh hî samjhâyâ.”

Hans.

- “Râjâ Deo Nikâdh meñ Bhîm nâm bakhiyât :
 Sûrbîr, dharmâtmâ, Damwantî kâ tât.
- 75 Bât main kab lag karûn bakhiyânî ?
 Us piyârî ke badan bîch meñ bharkar toli jawânî.

- 65 Why art sad, my friend ? Tell me the reason.
 Show me that Râjâ's daughter.
 Thou hast praised her greatly with thy lips ; tell me her
 name.
 I will not forget thy kindness, O swan, if thou bring
 me to her.
 O swan, go to my love and tell her of me.
- 70 Take me to-day to Damwantî.
 Thou hast told me all, and hearing it my life has be-
 come restless.
 Show her to me : thus I conjure thee.*”

Swan.

- “ In the land of Nikâdh† there is a Râjâ named Bhîm,‡
 Hero and sage is he and father of Damwantî.
- 75 How long shall I sing her praises in words ?
 In that loveling's body doth youth blaze forth.

* The inconsequence of this speech is carried on throughout the poem and is characteristic of it ; due, no doubt, to the story being so well known to the audience.

† Should be Vidarbha, the modern Birâr.

‡ Bhîma of Vidarbha, father of Damayantî ; not to be confounded with Bhîma the Pândava.

- Us ko châhe rakhe deotâ, dharmrâje gyânî !
 Chand kiran se jotî, Rânî aisî rūp dîwânî.
 Râjâjî, sundar mûrat, banî bîch mahilon ke sohî,
 80 Hans gun, mukh chand, rikhî jan man ko mohî :
 Deo, dait, bhûpâl, nahîn ghar aisî nârî !
 Nâ main kânôn sunî, nâ dûjî main nihârî.”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Are hans, wahân le chalo, jahân hai sundar nâr.
 Uṛkar chhin men jâ milûn, nahîn pankh dîe Kartâr !”

Râgnî.

- 85 Hans, uṛke abhî jâo,
 Khabar piyârî ke tum lâo.

It is meet that some god wise as Dharmrâj* should
 wed her !

The beauty of the Princess is bright as the beams of
 the moon.

Sir Râjâ, beautiful of form she has become the orna-
 ment of the palace.

- 80 Qualities of the swan, face as the moon, charms to
 conquer sages !

In no home of god, or Titan, or king is such a maid !

Nor have mine ears heard, nor mine eyes seen a second
 to her.”

Râjâ Nal.

“ O swan, take me whither is this beauteous maid.

Had God† given me wings I would fly to her in a
 moment.”

Song.

- 85 Swan, fly off at once
 And bring me news of my love.

* *i.e.*, Yama.

† Observe the vast difference made here throughout between ‘God’ as represented by such words as *Kartâr*, *Kartâ*, &c., in this poem and the ‘gods’ of mythology as represented by *deo*, *deotâ*, &c., and how the two expressions are used concurrently. This poem is a valuable lesson in the actual religion of the every day Hindû.

- Zarâ mât der ab lâo ;
 Us se jâke yeh samjhâo :
 Woh sundar mujh se, piyârî,
 90 Basar gaî sudh sab mârf.
 Piyâlâ zahar kâ pîûn :
 Binâ piyârî nahîn jîûn.

Hans.

- “ Us piyârî ke rûp kâ kab lag karen bakhânî ?
 Rikhî, munî aur deotâ dekh ðigî hain dhyânî !
 95 Kañwal mukh chandar birâje ;
 Sab sakhîon ke bîch nâr betî wahî sâje ;
 Gal motîon ke mâl ; nâk nâk besar sohe ;
 Shîsh phûl sab dekh, sab man ko mohe ;
 Bhichhwe aur pâzeb jâno rânbandî gahnâ ;
 100 Dekhat sab base hue ; bane jûn mirg ke nainâ !”

- Make no delay
 And go and tell her this :
 That I love her beauty
 90 And have lost my wits (for her).
 I will drink a cup of poison
 Rather than live without my love.

Swan.

- “ How long shall I praise the loveling's beauty ?
 Prophets, sages and gods have looked on it and lost
 their (power of) devotion !
 95 Her lotus* face glorious as the moon :
 An ornament amidst all her maids :
 Garland of pearls round her neck ; lovely rings in each
 nostril ;
 Flowers on her head captivating the hearts of all who
 see her ;
 Anklets and toe-rings and jewels on her forehead ;
 100 All who see her are ravished ; eyes as of antelopes !”

* Conventional metaphor for beauty and auspiciousness applied to feet, eyes, face, &c.

Râjâ Nal.

- “ Are hans, jâo, tumhen main to diâ uâe.
 Hâth joṛ tum se kahûn, milo đâr meñ jâe.
 Abhî Bedarbhain-nagar meñ jâo :
 Us piyârî ke pâs jâeke merâ hâl batâo,
 105 Hâe-hâe-kar prân tajûn ; nahîñ mat na der lagâo.
 Jo tumharâ bas chale, hans re, pâs mere le âo.”

Muktâl.

- Hans ne lêe udârî :
 Giâ jahân haigî piyârî.
 “ Nâ nindrâ, nahîñ bhûkh,
 110 Soch mujh ko hai bhârî.”

Hans.

“ Sun, Rânî, is jagat meñ hor na tum sî nârî :
 Mulk mulk meñ ham phireñ sab dekhâ sansâr.”

Râjâ Nal.

- “ O swan, go, for I let thee fly.
 With joined hands I tell thee to join thy flock.
 Go now to the City of Bedarbhain*
 And go to my love and tell her of me.
 105 My life goes out in sighs ; make thou no delay.
 If it be in thy power, O swan, bring her to me.”

Refrain.

- The swan flew away
 And went to where the loveling was.
 “ Without sleep and without food,” (said he)
 110 “ Great is my anxiety.”

Swan.†

“ Hear, Rânî, there is no maid like thee in the world :
 And I have wandered from land to land and seen all the
 world.”

* *i.e.*, Vidarbha.

† To Damayantî.

Jagat men aur nahîn Rânî aisî.

Indar Lok kî nâr Urbasî so nahîn hai terî jaisî !

- 115 Chand Kiran Râjâ kî sûrat nâ man meñ bhâî.
 Nal Râjâ sâ rûp kisî se main jag meñ dekhâ nâhîn.
 Ai Rânîjî, is duniyâ ke bich sabhî pe joban âyâ ;
 Aur kisî kâ rûp mere man ko nahîn bhâyâ.
 Terâ jaisâ rûp âj Nal ûpar chhâyâ :
- 120 Us ko le to biyâhe, tumheñ main yeh bar sunâyâ.”

Rânî Damwantî.

“ Sun Râjâ ke rûp ko dil to gîâ le âe ;
 Birâ agin ut pat hûî man mere ke mâhîn,
 Hans, ab sunke bachau tumhâre.
 Kaun des kâ Râjâ Nal hai ? Sachî bât batâ, re !

There is no such Rânî in the world (as thou),
 Not even Urbasî* in Indra's land is such as thou !

- 115 Râjâ Chand Kiran's† beauty did not please me,
 But I have seen no beauty in the world like Râjâ Nal's.
 O Rânî, all have youth in this world,
 But no other's beauty hath pleased my heart.
 Nal's beauty is as thine,
- 120 So do thou marry him, I tell thee.”

Rânî Damwantî.

“ Hearing of the Râjâ's beauty my heart is ravished ;
 The fire of separation (from my love) is ablaze in my
 heart,
 O swan, from hearing thy words.
 In what land is Râjâ Nal ? O tell me true words !

* Urvasî, a celebrated nymph at Indra's Court, here called by its classical name of Indraloka.

† Confused allusion to the legend of Râjâ Chandarbhan, (see *ante*, p. 78ff.) and perhaps to that of Satyabhâmâ, wife of Kṛishna and mother of Chandrabhâna, who accompanied her husband to the Indraloka on the occasion of his stealing the *pārijāta* tree.

- 125 Taiñ ne âj birâ kî phânsî dîe gale men, piyâre !
 Ab to der kare mat, hansâ, Nal Râjâ pe jâ, re !
 Hans re, us Râjâ pe jâiye, 'araz kahîye yeh merî :
 Janam janam yeh bât kabhî bhûlûn nahîñ terî.
 Yeh hî bât tum kaho pâs Râjâ ke jâe :
 130 'Tujhe suembar bîch baregî Râñî âî.'''

Hans.

- "Sundar des Nikâdh hai ; Bîr Sen nirp nâm :
 Sûrbîr bal mâhîñ sab ke sâre kâm :
 Sab ke sâre kâm ; putr us kê Nal Râjâ.
 Sundar râj samâj ; bajen chhattîs bâjâ.
 135 Sir par mukat birâj, gale motîñ kî mâlâ :

- 125 Thou hast placed the noose of separation round my neck
 to-day, O my beloved (swan) !
 Make no delay now, my swan, and oh, go to Râjâ Nal !
 O swan, go to the Râjâ and tell him this my say.
 And I will never forget the obligation to thee through
 all my births.*
 Do thou go to the Râjâ and tell him this :
 130 'The Râñî will choose† thee in the midst of her
swyamvara.'''‡

Swan.

- "Lovely is the land of Nikâdh ; Bîr Sen is the king's
 name :
 A warrior whose might is at the service of all :
 At the service of all ; Râjâ Nal is his son.
 Lovely is his kingdom where the 36 kinds of music are
 played.§
 135 A glorious crown on his head, a garland of pearls round
 his neck :

* Allusion to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

† *Lit.*, wed.

‡ The ancient custom of public choice of a husband constantly alluded to in legends.

§ Conventional expression : see Vol. I., p. 176.

Âbhûkhan singâr, sîs par surkh dushâlâ.
 Kâmrûp autâr, kahân lag upmâ gâûn ?
 Nâ aisâ koî bhûp, tujhe, Rânî, samjhâûn."

Rânî Damwantî.

140 "Are hans, jaldî jâo, zarâ na lâo der.
 Nal Râjâ kâ nâm sun lîe, birâ ne gher."

Ragnî.

145 "Gher birâ ne lîe, piyâre.
 Khabar jaldî se jâ lâ, re !
 Barûn Nal Râo ko, hansâ :
 Nahîn is meñ kuchh sansâ !
 Sunî ta'rîf main, piyârî,
 Milan amblâkh hai mârî !"

Jewels and ornaments and red kerchief over his head :
 An incarnation of Kâmrûp* is he : how far shall I sing
 his praises ?
 There is no such king (elsewhere) I tell thee, Rânî."

Rânî Damwantî.

140 "O swan, go quickly and delay not at all.
 The hearing of Râjâ Nal's name hath surrounded me
 with (the pain of) separation."

Song.

145 "Separation hath encompassed me, O my beloved (swan).
 Go and tell me (of him) quickly !
 I will wed Râjâ Nal, O swan :
 There is no doubt in this !
 Hearing his praises, O my beloved (swan),
 Hath smitten me with a desire to meet him !"

* The Indian Cupid:

Sakhî.

“ Din din pîlî ho gaî, sunîye, Râjkanwâr.

Kyâ tere tan soch hai ? Kaho mukh bachan uchâr.

Kaho mukh bachan uchâr ; kann dukh ne tû gherî ?

150 Nit uñ rahe udâs, zarâ dhartî nahîn serî.

Kyâ upjâ man khiyâl ? Hâl to kah de sârâ.

Kah de man kî bât : kahâ yeh mân hamârá.”

Rânî Damwantî.

“ Arî sakhî, main kyâ kahûn apnî kî bât ?

Nâ jânûn mujh se kyâ hûâ ; soch rahî din rát.

155 Sakhî, merî bhûkh piyâs ur gaî sârî :

Din nahîn chain ; nain nahîn nindrâ ; soch mujhe thî
bhârî ;

Sûkat badan ; agin tan biyâpî ; hos nahîn âtî mujh ko ;

Hâl be-hâl hûâ, sajhñî ; main kyâ samjhâungî tujh ko ?”

Maid.

“ Day by day dost thou turn pale, Princess.

What is the care in thy heart ? Tell me with thy lips.

Tell me with thy lips : what grief hath encompassed
thee ?

150 Sorrow remaineth ever and thou hast no ease at all.

What idea is in thy mind ? Tell me all the story.

Tell me the desire of thy heart, I say to thee.”

Rânî Damwantî.

“ My maid, how shall I tell thee of myself ?

I cannot tell what has befallen me ; I grieve day and
night.

155 My maid, hunger and thirst have left me altogether ;

No joy by day ; no sleep to my eyes ; heavy is my
anxiety ;

My body dries up ; fire is in my soul ; my wits come not
to me ;

I am miserable, my maid ; how shall I tell it thee ?”

Sakhî.

- “ Mahârâj, tumharî sutyâ nit ut̃ rahat udâs :
 160 Ham se kuchh bolî nahîn, nâ jîwan kî âs.
 Bahut behâl hai Kaiwârî.
 Pûchho us ko jâe ; ‘araz yeh bât hamârî.
 Bhojan dînâ tiyâg, rahe nahîn jal kî piyâsâ.
 Phir us kî, Mahârâj, kaun jîwan kî âsâ ?”

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

- 165 “ Sun, bândî, tumhare bachan ham ne lie bichâr ;
 Âj suembar main rachûn : Râm utâre pâr !
 Kbushî hogî Damwantî mahârî !”

Yeh hî bachan sunke bâudî, sab khushî hûe nar nârî.

*Maid.**

- “ My Lord, thy daughter is ever in sorrow :
 160 She will say nothing to me, and there is no hope of her
 life.
 Very miserable is the Princess.
 Go and ask her why ; this is my prayer.
 She hath given up her food and thirsts not for water.
 So, my Lord, what hope is there of her life ?”

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

- 165 “ Hear, my maid, I have heard thy words.
 To-day will I prepare for her *swyamvara* : God† pros-
 per it !
 And my Damwantî shall be happy !”

Hearing this the maid and all the attendants were
 pleased.

* Addressing Bhîma, Damayantî's father.

† Râm cannot mean Râma Chandra here in any way except as God in the abstract, as Nala could never have looked him as ‘God,’ being either his ancestor or his immediate descendant.

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

“Kal ko dût bhejke, sârî kar dûn abhî tayyârî.

170 Hor kâm so pîchhe karnâ, kahûn khushî yek hî mahârî.”

“A, Châran, jaldî jâo patrî lekar hâth :

Sab Râjoñ se jâeke, yeh hî kaho tum bāt.

Jâeke patrî khol dikhânâ.

Damwantî kâ rachâ suembar, sab se yeh kah ânâ.

175 Pûrab, Pachham o Dakhan, Utar, châr dasâ phirânâ.

Rachâ suembar sab Râjoñ kâ kul ko yehân se ânâ.

Châran, jaldî jânâ,

Zarâ nahîn der lagânâ.

Sab Râjoñ ko sang

180 Apne leke ânâ.”

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

“I will send out the messengers* to-morrow and make
all the preparations.

170 Other things I will do later, this is my desire, I tell thee.”

“O Châran†, go with the writing in thy hand :

Go to all the Râjâs and tell them of this.

Go open the scroll and show it them.

Go and tell them all that Damwantî's *swyamvara* is
being prepared.

175 Go to the East and West and South and North and the
four quarters.

The *swyamvara* is prepared and all the Râjâs must
come.

Châran, go quickly

And make no delay.

And all the Râjâs

180 Bring back with thee.”

* To call the guests for the *swyamvara*.

† The family bard, who would, according to modern custom, carry the message.

Châran Bhât.

“Hukm dîa soî karûn, jâunâ parbhât.

Châr dasâ ke bîch main pahunchûn râton rât :

Sabhî Râjoñ ko jâe sunâûn.

Damwantî kâ rachâ suembar patrî khol dikhâûn.

- 185 Pûrab, Pachham, Dakhan, Utar, châr dasâ phirâûn.
Karke khabar sabhî Râjoñ ko pâs tumhâre âûn.”

Mahfloñ se Nal chal paṛe, sune dût ke bain,

Piyârî ke dekhe binâ nek paṛe nahîn chain.

Iudar bât Nârad ko samjhâve.

Indar.

- 190 “Tum ho âp dayyâ ke sâgar, berâ pār lainghâve.

Châran, the Bard.

“Thou hast given the order and I obey, going at dawn,

I will reach each of the four quarters night by night,

And tell all the Râjâs.

I will show the writing, that Damwantî's *swayamvara* is prepared.

- 185 East, West, South, North, in the four quarters will I
wander,

And giving the news to all the Râjâs will I return to
thee.”

When Râjâ Nal heard the messenger's words

Happiness left him because of not seeing his love.

Then Indar said to Nârad,*

Indar.

- 190 “Thou art the ocean of grace, make me to succeed.†

* This is one of the many confusing passages in this poem. The scene abruptly changes, and the messenger of Bhîma has now reached Nala. In the *Mahâbhârata* when the gods hear of the *swayamvara* they determine to attend as suitors, and make Nala act as their go-between to secure Damayanti's favour for one of them. Line 189 introduces this scene here.

† *Lit.*, take my boat across : a conventional phrase in this sense.

Man ichhâ pûran ho ; merî jî yeh bhed batâve.
 Ai Râjâ, sab kahân chale ? Man kî sunâ merâ miṭâve.”

Nârad.

“ Bidar nagar ke bîch meñ Bhîm Sen bikhât.
 Barâ balî woh Râo hai, Damwantî kâ tât.
 195 Damwantî kâ tât hai, us kî saj rahî aswârî.
 Barë barë jodhâ âe haiñ, faujân niyârî niyârî.
 Suno, Indar Mahârâj, kahe main tumheñ hisas sârî :
 Bîr gaî bâghoñ ke andar, sundar sajî sawâri.”

Indar.

“ Damwantî ke wâste sab âe yeh bhûp !
 200 Ab us kâ barnan karo ham se adhik sarûp :
 Ham se adhik sarûp karo tum barnan sâre !

That the desire of my heart be fulfilled ; tell her the
 meaning of this.

O Râjâ,* where are all these† going ? Remove the
 doubts in my mind.”

Nârad.‡

“ In the land of Bidar§ is the celebrated Bhîm Sen.
 A powerful Râjâ is he and father of Damwantî.
 195 He is the father of Damwantî and this is his cavalcade.
 Great warriors have come and many are following.
 Hear, my Lord Indar, for I tell thee all the story :
 The crowd hath gone within the garden, and beauteous
 is the cavalcade.”

Indar.

“ All these kings come for Damwantî's sake !
 200 Tell me now of her wondrous beauty :
 Tell me all the tale of her wondrous beauty !

* The gods are always addressed as Râjâ throughout.

† *i.e.*, the guests to the *swayañwara*.

‡ The introduction thus of Nârada, the messenger and adviser of the
 gods, is strictly in accordance with the classical legend.

§ *i.e.*, Vidarbha.

Yeh sune kî bât, yeh hî abhlâkh hamâre.
 Tum, Nârad, rikhe râi, sabhî ghat ghat kî jâno :
 Hâth joḱkar kahûn, hamen sab bât bakhâno.”

Nârad.

- 205 “ Damwantî ke rûp kâ hotâ nahîn bakhân :
 Chandar kalâ mukh, nain mîrg, râj-sutiyâ ko jân.
 Nahîn upmâ ham se kahî jâe.
 Us piyârî ke bich suembar chalo âp hamrâi.
 Nâ koî tere surg-lok meñ aisî nâr banâi !
- 210 Baḱe bhâg jag meñ us ke, jo us ko le biyâhî !”

Indar.

“ Sunkar tumharî bât ko abhî chalûn tat-kâl.
 Sunkar tumharî bât ko ho giâ hâl be-hâl.
 Kâm ab mere tan meñ chhâyâ.
 Jâke darsan karûn jo us ke, jab sîl ho kâyâ.

Hearing of this, this is my desire now.
 Thou Nârad, chief of the sages, knowest the secrets
 of all :
 With joined hands I say, tell me all the story.”

Nârad.

- 205 “ Damwantî's beauty cannot be told :
 Face as the moon, eyes as the antelope's, know her for a
 king's daughter.
 I cannot tell her praises.
 Go thou thyself to the loveling's *swayamvara*.
 Not in thy heavens is there such a maid !
- 210 Happy his fortune in the world that weds her !”

Indar.

“ Hearing thy words I go now at once.
 Hearing thy words I am become restless.
 Love hath entered into my body.
 I will go and see her that my body may have rest.

- 215 Dharmrâj, Agnî pe jáûn, dil meñ nṭhâûn mâyâ;
Sâth Baran ko leke apnî karûngâ man kê châyâ.”

“ Ik kâm merâ karo, suno, Râo Nal Bhûp.

Châr deotâ âte balî, jog kalâ dhar rûp.

Râo, tum Damwantî pe jâo :

- 220 Hamre dût bano, Mahârâjâ, us ko jâ samjhâo ;
Indar, Dharm, Jal, Agnî kê tum jâke nâm batâo.
Koî deotâ bar le in meñ se, aisî jâe sunâo.

Râo, tum jâldî jâo,

Usî Rânî se kaho :

- 225 Apnâ maqsad chhor,
Dharm apne pe raho.”

- 215 I will go to Dharmrâj and Agnî and tell them what is
in my mind ;
I will take Baran with me and fulfil the desire of my
heart.”*

“ Hear, O Râjâ Nal,† and do me a service.

Four powerful gods are coming to the *swayamvara*,
changing their forms by (virtue of) contemplation.‡

Râjâ, go thou to Damwantî,

- 220 Become our messenger, Mahârâjâ, and go and tell her,
And mention Indar, Dharmrâj, Jal,§ and Agnî (as
suitors).

Tell her to select a husband from among the gods.

Râjâ, go quickly,

And tell the Princess

- 225 To give up her own desire
And be true to the right.”

* Dharmarâjâ = Yama. The presence here of the gods Indra, Yama, Agni, and Varuṇa is in strict accord with the classical legend.

† Indra now goes to Nala to ask for help in the matter of procuring Damayantî as his bride.

‡ Adverting to the classical notions of the power of penance and contemplation.

§ For Jalapati, Lord of the Waters, an epithet of Varuṇa.

Râjâ Nal.

“ Ap kah, soî karûn : suno, Indar Mahârâj :
Tum ho chàron deotâ, karo shakl kê kâj !”

Râgnî.

230

“ Tum hîn Jagdîs, jug dhyânî,
Tumharî bât main mânî.
Mahil kis tarah main jâûn ?
Baṛan wahân kaun bidh pâûn ?
Raheñ deorhî pe rakhwâlî ;
Jâeñ bidh kaun se, piyârî ?”

Indar.

235 “ Kirpâ hamârî se tujhe koî na dekhe nar nâr,
Jâo mahil ke bîch meñ, ai Nal Râjkañwâr,
Mahil meñ nâ koî tumheñ pahchâne.
Dekheñ nahîn aur koî wahân se, ik Damwantî jânî.
Ab nâ der kare, Râjâjî, bachan hamârâ mâne,

Râjâ Nal.

“ Thou hast said and so will I do : hear, oh Indar
Mahârâjâ :

Ye four are gods, do ye (good) service to all !”

Song.

“ Thou art a Lord of the Earth, contemplative
for ever,

230

I obey thy word.
How shall I go into the palace ?
How shall I find a way of entrance there ?
There are guards upon the doorway ;
How shall I go in, my friend ?”

Indar.

235 “ By my grace nor man nor woman shall see thee.
Go into the palace, O Prince Nal.
No one in the palace shall recognize thee.
None shall see thee then, but Damwantî shall know thee.
Make no delay, Sir Râjâ, and obey my word.

240 Châr deo ham raheñ Surg meñ châron Bed bakhâne.”

Râjâ âe mahil meñ Nârad ke darbân.
Khabar kisî ko nâ hûî, kirpa karî Bhagwân.
Dekhkar Damwantî jhat âî;
Kahe Damwantî :

Rânî Damwantî.

“Kaun tû haigâ ? de ham ko batlâe !
245 Kahân se âyâ ? kahân jâegâ ? hosh tujhe nâhîn ?
Mere mahil meñ ân, dîwâne, nahaqq jân gañwâe !”

Râjâ Nal.

“Rânîjî, sun lîjîye, patî birtâ tû hai nâm !
Main deoton kâ dût hûn, Nal Râjâ hai nâm.”

Râgnî.

“Nâm Nal Râj hai merâ,
250 Kîâ main mahil meñ pherâ.

240 We four gods remain in heaven studying the four
Vedas.”

The Râjâ entered the palace as Nârad's messenger.
No one knew of it by the grace of God.
Seeing him Damwantî came at once ;
And spake Damwantî :

Rânî Damwantî.

“Who art thou ? tell me !
245 Whence camest thou ? whither goest ? Hast no sense ?
That thou comest, fool, into my palace to lose thy life
for nothing !”

Râjâ Nal.

“O Rânî, hear ; thy name is virtue !
I am the messenger of the gods and Râjâ Nal is my
name.”

Song.

“My name is Râjâ Nal,
250 And I have wandered over the palace.

255 Dharmrājā, Baran, Agnī,
 Jo chauthā Indar hai, Rānī,
 Mujhe bhejā tumhāre pās.
 Kahūn main bāt, un mānī,
 Unhoñ ne jo kahā mujh ko.
 Yeh sunkar, chit meñ dhar le :
 Un hīn charoñ ke mān se
 Ik to deotā bar le !”

Rānī Damwantī.

260 “ Main to tumharī nār hūn, tum hamrī bhartār !
 Merā to *yehi* nem hai, barwan Nal Rajkañwār !”

Rāgnī.

“ Nem mañ mān yeh hī dhārī !
 Tum hīn prān kī piyārī.
 Tujhe jo tiyāgke jāūn,—
 Bachan sat ke main samjhāūn,—

255 Dharmrāj, Baran, Agnī,
 And the fourth (of these) Indar, O Rānī,
 Have sent me to thee.
 I tell thee, and do thou hear,
 What they said to me.
 Hear this and ponder it in thy heart :
 From out of these four
 Do thou wed a god !”

Rānī Damwantī.

260 “ But I am thy wife and thou my husband !
 And *this* is my hope, to wed the Prince Nal !”

Song.

“ This is the hope of my heart !
 Thou art the love of my life !
 If I be separated from thee,—
 And I tell thee true words,—

- 265 Nahîn Indar ko barûn jâke.
 Marûngî zahar bis khâke.
 Na jîûngî, suno, Sâîn ;
 Prân chhin men tajûn mâhîn."

Râjâ Nal.

- "Surg lok ke deotâ padmî Indar samân !
 270 Kyûn un ko bartî nahîn ? tû ho gaî nâdân !
 Tû ho gaî bâorî, Baran sarîkhâ nahîn dûjâ !
 Indar samân nahîn koî Râjâ, sab karen un ko pûjâ !
 Dharmrâj, Agnî ko bar le ; châron deotâ hai bhârî !
 Maiñ to nir manukh zât hûn : kyûn tû bhûl gaî, piyârî ?"

Rânî Damwantî.

- 275 "Patî birtâ jo nâr hai, mâne kul kî ân.
 Maiñ to tumharî dâs hûn, tum mere Bhagwân !
 Tum mere Bhagwân, piyâ ; maiñ patî birtâ hûn nârî,

- 265 I will not go and wed Indar.
 I will take poison and die.
 I will not go, listen, my Lord ;
 I will give up my life in a moment."

Râjâ Nal.

- "A glorious god of heaven like Indar !
 270 Why will thou not wed him ? thou art gone mad !
 Thou art become foolish, there is no second to Baran !
 There is no Râjâ like Indar, whom all worship !
 Wed Dharmrâj or Agnî ; all the four are great gods !
 I am but one of mankind : why hast forgotten thyself,
 my love ?"

Rânî Damwantî.

- 275 "I am a virtuous woman and care for my family
 honor.
 I am thy slave and thou my God !
 Thou art my God, my love ; and I a virtuous wife.

Dharm gîâ, kyâ rah gîâ ? Râjâ, ho jug meñ un kî hârî.
 Jab se bât kahî hainsâ ne, jab se prît lagî mârî,
 280 Jo mujh ko tum nah baro, to prân tajûn chhin meñ
 piyârî.”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Woh châron hain deotâ, Tin Lok ke nâth.
 Tum un ko bar lo ; abhi mân hamârî bât.
 Mân hamârî bât, piyârî ; yeh hai prem kahânî.
 Indar Râjâ biyâh karwâo to hogî Indrânî.
 285 Aisâ Râo aur nahîn dûjâ ; tain mau mân kyâ jâne ?
 Tû us ko bar le, Rânî, ho jâgî paṭ-rânî.”

Rânî Damwantî.

“ Paṭ-rânî to ho gaî ik piyâ se prem !
 Pati birtâ jo hâr hai, un kê yeh hai nem.
 Un ke yeh hai nem, piyârî, sat dharm main nâ hârûn.

If duty go what remains ? Râjâ, such are ruined in the
 world.

From the time the swan spake hath love conquered me.
 280 If thou wed me not I will give up my love in a moment,
 my love.”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Those four are gods, lords of the Three Worlds.
 Wed thou (one of) them ; hear now my words.
 Hearken to my words, my love, for they be words of love.
 If thou marry Indar thou wilt then be Indrânî.*
 285 There is no Râjâ second to him ; what hast thou in thy
 mind ?

Marry thou him, Rânî, and be his chief-queen.”

Rânî Damwantî.

“ A chief-queen am I from the love of one husband !
 This is the hope of virtuous women.
 This is their hope, my love, and I will not go back from
 my duty.

* The name of Indra's wife ; she is not otherwise of any importance as a goddess.

- 290 Bîch suembar âj tumhârî phûl-mâl gale meñ ðârûñ.
Ik bachan tum se hûâ merâ, ab dûjâ kyâ purakh barûñ ?
Jo tum tiyâg jâoge mujh ko, khâe katârâ âj marûñ."

Râjâ Nal.

"Surg lok kâ bâs ho, man meñ karo bichâr.
Tum man meñ yeh soch lo, sundar Râjkanwâr.

- 295 Sundar Râjkanwâr, tumheñ ho chitr sugar, sun le, nârî.
Indar Râj se biyâh karwâo, yeh hî bêt mâno hamârî.
Sundar rûp banâ hai us kâ, gal sûhâ, motî mâlâ.
Yeh hî bêt tum karo, piyârî, piyo prem ras kâ piyâlâ."

Rânî Damwantî.

"Prem nem un kâ rahe, jin kî dhur se pît.

- 300 Prem kahânî kañhan hai, koñ birlâ jâne rît."

- 290 To-day at the *swayamvara* will I throw the flower-garland round thy neck.*
I gave thee my word once, how can I now wed another ?
If thou desert me I will stab myself with a dagger and die."

Râjâ Nal.

"Thou wilt become a dweller in Heaven, ponder it in thy mind.

Think of this in thy mind, my beauteous Princess.

- 295 Beautiful Princess, be sagacious and wise, and hear, my girl.

Marry Râjâ Indar, and hear these words of mine.

Beautiful is his form, red kerchief round his neck, and necklace of pearls.

Do thou this, my love, and drink of the cup of love."

Rânî Damwantî.

"The hope of love is their's whose love is from the beginning.

- 300 The tale of love is difficult, and few know its ways."

* In token of accepting thee as my husband.

Râgnî.

“ Rît birlâ koî jâne.”

Bachan Râjâ nahîn mâne.

“ Sîl gun rûp mainî nârî,

Dharm ko nâ tajûn, piyârî.

305

Tum hîn Mahârâj ho mahârî !

Bachan mainî ne sahe thâre.

Suno, mainî dâs hûn thârî,

Ik pal nâ rahûn niyârî !”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Rânî, tum chatar bano, mat nâ bano nâdân.

310 Châr deo ko tum baro, kahâ hamârâ mân.

Kahâ hamârâ mân, tujhe mainî bahut bâr samjhâe.

Merâ kahâ mâno tum, Rânî, achhî bêt sunâî.

Sun, Rânî, gyân hamârî ik samajh nahîn âî.

Dil kâ soch dûr kar, piyârî ; 'aql kahân gainwâî ?”

Song.

“ Few know its ways.”

The Râjâ would not listen to her words.

“ I am a woman of virtue and uprightness,

And I will not give up my duty, my beloved.

305

Be thou my Lord !

I have listened to all thy words.

Hear me, I am thy slave.

And not a moment will I remain away from
thee !”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Rânî, be wise and be not foolish.

310 Wed one of the four gods and mind my words.

Mind my words as I have often conjured thee.

Hear my words, Rânî, for I have spoken well.

Hear me, Rânî, my wisdom hath not entered thy under-
standing.

Put thy fears afar, my love ; where hast lost thy sense ?”

Rânî Damwantî.

- 315 “ Barûn na tum bin aur ko ; marûn àj âp ghât !
 Satî hûn, sâl rachûn : chalûn tumhâre sâth !
 Chalûn tumhâre sâth, prân chhin meñ kho dârûn !
 Jo ab ke yeh kaho, katârf tan meñ mârûn.
 Tum hoke gunmân, bât yeh kaun sunâî ?
- 320 Main to tum bar lie, jân ke kanth guñsâñ.”

Râjâ Nal.

- “ Hâth joṛ bintî karûn ; suno, Indar Mahârâj.
 Damwantî pe main giâ àj âp ke kâj.
 Giâ âp ke kâj àj ; yeh suno hamârî bâñf.
 Bahut bâr us ko samjhâe, nahûn mântî Rânî.
- 325 Wâ to kahe, ‘ barûngî Nal ko,’ ho rahî ‘ishq dîwânî.
 Samajh bichâr, suno, Mahârâjâ, yeh tú sach jânî.”

Rânî Damwantî.

- 315 “ I will wed none but thee ; I will die at once !
 I will be *satî*, I will prepare my pyre (rather than not)
 go with thee !
 I go with thee, (or) I destroy my life at once !
 If thou speakest again as now I will strike a dagger
 into my body.
 Being wise, how canst say such things as these ?
- 320 I have accepted thee as my husband, the lord and hus-
 band of my life.”

*Râjâ Nal.**

- “ With joined hands I beseech thee ; hear, my Lord
 Indar.
 I went to Damwantî to-day on thy behalf.
 I went on thy behalf ; hear these my words.
 Often did I conjure her, but the Princess would not listen.
- 325 Said she, ‘ I will wed Nal,’ and remained mad with love.
 Think of it and hear, my Lord, knowing this for the
 truth.”

* Returning to Indra.

Indar.

“ Sab deotâ, yeh hî karo : dhâro Nal kê rûp.
 Phir Rânî kis ko bare hamrâ dekh sarûp ?
 Hamrâ dekh sarûp !”

- Sabhî ne yeh man bîch bichâre :
- 330 ‘ Chalo suembar bîch jahân haigi Damwantî piyârî,
 Bahut bâr Nal ne samjhâe, nâ mânî woh nârî.
 Us kê sat digâe challenge.’ Yeh hî bêt man dhârî.
 Jab Râjâ Bhîm ne denî sabhâ lagâe,
 Sakhî bejhkar mahil meñ Damwantî lê bulâe.
- 335 Damwantî lê bulâe, lê phir phûl-mâl karâe.
 Sab dewat Nal rûp dekhke, jab man meñ ghabarâi.
-

*Indar.**

“ All ye gods, do this: put on the form of Nal.
 And then which of us shall the Princess wed, seeing us
 all (alike) ?
 Seeing us all alike !”

- They all pondered this in their hearts :
- 330 ‘ Let us go to the *swayamvara* where is the lovely Dam-
 wantî.
 Often has Nal conjured her, but the maiden would not
 listen.
 Let us go and destroy her honor.’ This they had in their
 minds.
 When Râjâ Bhîm began to collect the assembly,
 He sent a maid into the palace and called Damwantî.
- 335 He called Damwantî and made a flower garland.
 When (the maiden) saw all the gods in the form of Nal
 she was confused in her mind.
-

* To the other gods.

Bîch suembar phire dekhtî : ‘ Mahmân kahîn jâe ?
Dekhâ sabhâ kê rang nâr ne dîe Harî bulâe.

Rânî Damwantî.

“ Ai, Prabhû Dînânâth, ab suniye merî pukâr.
340 Is sanghat meñ sukh karo, Tin Lok Kartâr.”

Râgnî.

“ Prabhûjî, sidh lîjîye merî,
Terî main charan kî cherî.
Deo Nal rûp sab dhârâ :
Merâ sat râkh, Kartârâ !
345 Barûn Nal Bhûp ko, Sâmi ;
Merâ sat râkh tum, Sâiû !
Tajûn main prân mahilon meñ !
Merâ sat sîl ho pûrâ !”

Wandering about the *swyamvara* looking (for him she said to herself): ‘ Where has *the* guest gone ?’
Seeing what had passed in the assembly the maiden called on Harî.*

Rânî Damwantî.

“ O God, the Lord of thy Servants, hear now my prayer.
340 Give me thy blessing in this trouble, thou Creator of the
Three Worlds.”

Song.

“ O Lord, give me relief, for
I am a worshipper at thy feet.
All the gods have put on the form of Nal.
Preserve thou my honor, O God !
345 I would wed the King Nal, O Lord :
Preserve thou my honor, O Lord !
I will give up my life in the palace !
Keep whole my virtue and honor !”

* *i.e.*, Vishnu = God.

Dharmrâj.

“ Soch kare mat, bâwarî, kahâ hamârâ mân.

- 350 Jâ, tujh ko yeh bar diâ, mile bhûp surgyân.
 Mile bhûp surgyân, nâm Nal se tum bachan uchâro.
 Us Râjâ ke gale bîch tum phûl-mal ab dâro.
 Sadâ sîl terâ rahe jag meñ, sat kabhî nahîn hâro.
 Man ânand karo tum, piyârî; man meñ yeh hî bichâro.”

Rânî Damwantî.

- 355 “ Suuke tumharî bât ko mâlâ lie utthâî.
 Ab dâlîn gal bîch meñ Nal Râjâ ke jâe !”

Râgnî.

- “ Piyâ gal mâl main dârûn,
 Jo tan man âj sab wârûn !”
 Gale meñ dârke mâlâ,
 360 Khushî hoke piâ piyâî.

*Dharmrâj.**

- “ Be not anxious, foolish (maid), and here my words.
 350 Go, I have granted thee this boon, that thou find this
 wise king.
 Find this wise king and call out the name of Nal.
 Put the flower garland on the Râjâ's neck.
 May thy virtue remain for ever in the world and thy
 honor be never injured.
 Keep thy heart happy, my lovely (maid); and ponder
 this in thy heart.”

Rânî Damwantî.

- 355 “ Hearing thy words I take up the garland.
 And I go and place it round the neck of Râjâ Nal !”

Song.

- “ I place the garland on my love's neck,
 And I sacrifice my body and soul to him !”
 Putting the garland round his neck
 360 She drank of the cup of happiness.

* Some confusion here. Damayantî prays to God in the abstract, and yet is answered by Varuṇa as in the classical legend.

Lage bâje jabhî bajne,
 Lage chintâ sagal tajne.
 " Bulâo bîpr, tum Râjâ,
 Hûe man ke pûran kâjâ."

Râjâ Nal.

365 " Ham ko rukhsat dîjîye, Bhîm Sen Mahârâj.
 Sab kâran Har ne kare ; rabe hamârî lâj !"

Râgnî.

" Lâj Har ne râkh lie mahârî !
 Kareñ ham nagar kî tayyârî.
 Der kîje nahîn, Râjâ :
 370 Karo hamrâ yeh hî kâjâ."
 Suembar sab hûâ sundar,
 Bane jahân bhûp ke mandar.

And the music began to play,
 And all her sorrow to depart.
 " Râjâ, send for the Brâhman,*
 For the desire of my heart is fulfilled."

Râjâ Nal.†

365 " Now let us depart, O Mahârâjâ Bhîm Sen.
 God hath done all there was to do ; may my honor be
 preserved !"

Song.

" God hath preserved my honor !
 Let us make ready for my city .
 Make no delay, Râjâ :
 370 Do this service for me."
 Beautiful was the *swayamvara*,
 Held at the royal palace.

* To marry us.

† The marriage is now over.

“ Bidâ dîjo hameñ Râjâ ;
Kare Har ne merî kâjâ.”

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

- 475 “ Khûb bât tum ne kahî, hameñ kâ parwân.
Ab tumharî tayyârî karûn, he nirp chitr sujân.
He nirp chitr sujân, karo tum abhî chalan kî tayyârî.
Jo kuchh bât kahî hai tum ne, mân lîe mainî thârî.
Singârûn faujân, rath, hâthî ; sang karûngâ thârî.
380 Yeh rath âj singâr, kâ mainî khâtir siraf tumhârî.”

Rânî Damwantî.

“ Mâtâ, mujhe na bhûlîye, lîjîye beg bulâe.
Woh din kab phir hovegâ, milûn tumheñ mainî âe ?”

Râgnî.

“ Milan merâ kaun bidh hove ?
Nain bhar bhar sakhî rove.

“ Bid us farewell, Râjâ,
For God hath done our desire.”

Râjâ Bhîm Sen.

- 375 “ Well hast thou spoken, I accept thy words.
I will make preparation for thee, O wise and intelligent
prince.
O wise and intelligent prince, make thee ready to go at
once.
I have obeyed all that thou hast said.
I will prepare thy cavalcade and chariots and elephants.
380 This chariot have I adorned for thee alone to-day.”

Rânî Damwantî.

“ Mother, forget me not and quickly call me home.*
When will the day come that I meet thee again ?”

Song.

“ How shall I meet thee again ?
My maidens' eyes are full of tears.

* These speeches between mother and daughter are conventional.

- 385 Milûngî phir kab, Mâi ?
Lîjîye beg bulwâe.
Phir tumheñ kahân milûñ, Bahinâ ?
Merâ jal se bharâ nainâ.”

Mâtâ Rânî Damwantî kî.

- “ Suno, Kanwar, merî lâdlî, tujhe bin mahil andher.
390 Jaldî bulwâûñ tujhe, nâ karne kî der.
Ik ’araz maiñ karûñ, bachan merâ sun lîje.
Sâs susar kî tahil, patî kî agyâ kîje ;
Rakhîye kul kî lâj ; tujhe yeh hî samjhâûñ.
Jâo sâs ghar, la’l, terê pe wârî jâûñ.
395 Baiṭho rath ke bîch, matî nâ der lagâo.
Kushal khem soñ, la’l, sâs ghar apne jâo.”
Kûnch kî Râjâ chale, dîñâ rath hakwâe.

- 385 When shall I meet thee, Mother ?
Call me quickly home.
Sister, when I shall meet you ?*
My eyes are full of tears.”

Damwantî’s Mother.

- “ Hear, Princess, my darling, without thee is the palace
dark.
390 Quickly will I call thee and make no delay.
One word have I to say, hear it.
Serve thy husband’s parents and obey thy husband ;
Preserve the honor of thy family ; thus do I conjure
thee.
Go to thy husband’s house, my beauty ; I am thy sacri-
fice.
395 Sit thee in the chariot and make no delay.
With joy and delight, my beauty, go to thy husband’s
house.”

The Râjâ commenced his march and drove off in his
chariot.

* Classically Damayantî was an *only* daughter.

- Mahil Râjâ chale, âe nagar ke mâhîn :
 Âe nagar ke mâhîn ; nagar meñ ghar ghar paṛî badhâî.
 400 Mandar se sab nârî milkar sâj artâ le âî.
 Râjâ âe mahil bîch meñ sundar sej bichhâî.
 Gaupat kirpâ kare ; ânke râj kare chit lâe.

Kâljug.

- “ Kirpâ, Nâth Nârad, rakhîye ; kahân gae the âj ?
 Sab ham se barnan karo, ai gunî sand samâj.
 405 Ai gunî sand samâj, hamen kaho sâch mukh bânî.
 Châr deotâ milke tum to kahân gae the, gyânî ?
 Ye ichhâ pûchhan kî merî ; kaho, bât un mânî.
 Hâth joṛke main pûchhûn hûn, mukh se kaho bakhânî.”

Stage by stage the Râjâ entered his own city :
 Entered his own city and congratulations came from
 every house in the city.

- 400 All the women of the palace brought *artâ** for the
 bridegroom.
 The Râjâ entered the palace and made the marriage bed.
 Ganpat† was propitious ; so (the Râjâ) ruled with joy.

Kâljug.‡

- “ Grant me thy grace, Lord Nârad ; whither wentest thou
 to-day ?
 O sage of the assembly,§ tell me the whole tale.
 405 O sage of the assembly, tell me the truth with thy lips.
 Whither went all you four gods together, my wise one ?
 I ask thee the wish of my heart : tell and I will hear
 thy words.
 With joined hands I ask thee, tell me with thy lips.”

* The ceremony of carrying a tray of powdered rice to meet the bridegroom at the bride's house. It is introduced here as having been performed at the bridegroom's house by poetical license.

† *i.e.*, Gaṇeśa, the God of all beginnings.

‡ Kali, as the personification of the Kali-yuga, the present wicked age. Here Kali is employed as a god just as are Indra, Agni, &c. There is a complete change of scene here, and Kali is addressing Nârada asking him what has happened at the *swayanivara*. The legend still follows the classical story.

§ Nârada is the Nestor of the Indian Classics, as well as the messenger of the gods.

Indar.

- “ Bhîm Sen Mâhârâj ne rachâ suembar ân :
 410 Damwantî ke wâste kîe bare samân.
 Kîe bare samân, ajî, ham usî dekhke âe.
 Châron deo gae wahân se, tujh ko bachan sunâi.
 Nal Râjâ biyâh le gae, us ko sundar bhawan banâe.
 Bahut dân Râjâ ne dînâ, birham bhoj karwâe.”

Kâljug.

- 415 “ Char deotâ chhoṛke purakh barâ jo nâr,
 Us ko चाहिये दाढ़ ; kuchh hamen liye bichâr.
 Hame ne liye bichâr, unhen kuchh दाढ़ ki karûn tayyârî.
 Khotâ kâm kîa nârî ne, man men nahîn bichârî.
 Barâ dukh dîngâ main un ko, yeh ablâkh hamârî.
 420 Nal Râjâ se biyâh karâ, jin bât na bhûjî thârî.”

*Indar.**

- “ Bhîm Sen, the Mahârâjâ held a *swayamvara* :
 410 And made great preparation for Damwantî's sake,
 Made great preparation, sir; I have just come from
 seeing it.
 The four gods went there, I tell thee.
 Râjâ Nal took her away in marriage, as beautiful was he
 as a god.
 Great gifts gave the Râjâ (Bhîm Sen) and great quan-
 tities of food.”

Kâljug.

- 415 “ Throwing over four gods, the woman that married a
 man
 Must be punished ; I have an idea.
 I have an idea, and will prepare a punishment for her.
 An evil thing did that woman, keeping no thought (of
 grace) in her heart.
 Great trouble will I bring upon her, this is my desire.
 420 She has married Râjâ Nal, who disregarded thee.”

* Answering for Nârada.

Indar.

“Jab ham ne agyâ dîe, tab ðârî gal mâl.

Dîn Râjâ dharmak haiñ, bolo bachan sambhâl.

Bolo bachan sambhâl, unheñ kuchh ðaᅇᅇ nahîñ denâ bhâñ.

We Râjâ gunmân baᅇ haiñ, yeh tum ko maiñ samjhâñ.

425 Jab us ko ham se dîe agyâ, jab Râjâ Nal râj bare.

Un ko ðaᅇᅇ kabhî nahîñ hogâ ; nahîñ bachan hamâre
bujh kare.”

Jab Kâljug wahân se chale, âyâ Dwâpar pâs.

Kâljug.

“Ik kâam merâ karo, yeh hî mujh se biswâs.’

Yeh hî mujh se biswâs ; chalo tum Nal Râjâ nagarî mâhîñ.

Indar.

“When I besought her she put the garland round his
neck.

The Râjâ (Nal) is faithful to his duty, think over thy
words.

Think over thy words, he is not worthy of any punish-
ment.

The Râjâ is very virtuous, I tell thee.

425 When I besought her she married Râjâ Nal.

She should never be punished ; she valued not my
word.”

Then Kaljug went away thence and came to Dwâpar.*

Kaljug.

(And said) : “Do me a favour, this is my request.

This is my request ; go thou to Râjâ Nal’s city.

* The Dwâpara-yuga is the Third Age of the world in which righteousness is diminished by half. Dwâpara is here, as in the classical legend, personified as a god of evil like Kali.

- 430 Us kâ nâm bakâhat Nal kâ hai. Yeh hî bat main samjhâi :
Tum Puskar ke baro peṭ meṅ; main Nal pe jāûn, Bhâi.”

Dwâpar gâṭ peṭ meṅ us ke; na mâyâ Prabhû kî pâi !
Sîl, dharm aur gyân tajâ nâ, nâ Kâljug par jor parâ.
Bârân baras Kâljug ko ho gae, bahut apnâ jor karâ.

- 435 Ik din Râjâ baiṭh palang pe, dhoe pair soche nâhîn.
Dâû lagâ us din Kâljug kâ, bâs ûdar kînâ jâe.
Barat sâr jab peṭ ke andar, turt Râo ki bidh harî.
Chaupur sâr mangâyâ Râo ne; jab khelan kî tayyârî karî.

Râjâ Nal.

“ Ai bhâi Puskar, mere man meṅ uthe bichâr.

- 440 Ye hî bāt tum se kahûn, khelo chaupur sâr.

- 430 His name of Nal is well known. This is my say :
Do thou go into Puskar* and I will go into Nal,
Brother.”

Dwâpar entered (Puskar's) belly; unfathomable are
God's works !

(Nal) never forgot his honor and duty and religion, and
no chance befell Kaljug.

Twelve years passed over Kaljug, and greatly did he try.

- [435 One day the Râjâ sat on his bed and forgot to wash his
feet (first). †

That day was Kaljug's opportunity and he entered his
belly.

As soon as he had entered into his belly the Râjâ forgot
his (religious) wisdom at once.

The Râjâ sent at once for the *chaupur* board and began
to make ready to gamble.

Râjâ Nal.

“ O brother Puskar, I have an idea.

- 440 This do I say to thee, play at *chaupur* with me.

* Pushkara, brother of Nala.

† Forgot a ceremony and thus gave Kali, as the god of evil, a chance
of entering him.

Khelo chaupur sâr, piyârî; yeh hî bât man bhaî.
 Jît hâr kî bâjî rakh do, chaupurân bichhâe.
 Yeh solâh haiñ dâû hamâre; tujh ko dîâ dikhâî.
 Chaupur khel der nahîû kîje, yeh hî bât samjhâî.”

Pushkar.

- 445 “Tum to hamare bharât ho, jânân pitâ samân.
 Âp bachan mujh ko kîâ, soî karûñ parwân.
 Soî karûñ parwân, hâth pâshâ* main thâyâ.
 Lekar Gurû kâ nám, zamîn par âp tharâyâ!
 Satrâh aṭhârâh bîch jît lîe bâjî thârî!
 450 Lag bâjî pe dârî jît ab howan hâr hamârî!”

Râjâ Nal.

“Dûjî bâjî pe lagâ mâl khizânâ âj.
 Phir gero phânsâ hâth se, phir lagûngâ râj.”

Play at *chaupur* with me, my beloved (brother); this is
 in my heart.

Put down the stakes and spread the *chaupur*† board.
 This is my throw, sixteen; I show it thee.
 Don't delay in this game of *chaupur* I tell thee.”

Pushkar.

- 445 “Thou art my brother and I hold thee as father.
 As thou hast spoken, so must I obey.
 So must I obey and lift up the dice in my hand.
 In the name of the Gurû‡ I throw them on the ground!
 I win the game from thee with seventeen and eighteen!
 450 Winning the stake by a throw is in my fate!”

Râjâ Nal.

“On the next game I stake my hoards and property.
 Then I will throw the dice with my kingdom for stake.”

* For *phânsâ*.

† For the technicalities of *chaupur*, see Vol. I., pp. 243 ff.

‡ Allusion to the now almost universal belief in the supernatural powers of the Gurûs, or mythical spiritual guides, chiefly represented by Gurû Gorakhnâth.

Phir lagûngâ râj, khizânâ lagûn mâl kê, Bhâî.

Sab lag dûngâ râj, piyârî, der karûn kuchh nâhîn.

455 Lag dûngâ tambû sab ñerâ, yeh mere man bhâî.

Jît hâr yeh hî bâjî khelûn man chit lâe.

Dekh pare satrâh athârâh, bâjî jît uṭhâî !

Honhâr ke yeh hî bas meñ, nâ kuchh pâr basâî !”

Puskar.

“ Jît hamârî ho gaî is pânsâ meñ âj.

460 Aur nahîn bâqî rahî, yeh hîn sakal de râj-

Yeh hîn sakal de râj, piyârî, kyûn mujh ko samjhâve ?

Jis kê phânsâ pare jît kê, so bâjî le jâve.

Karanhâr Kartâr wahî hai phânsâ jî jîtâve.

Jis par mihar kare ughrâî, so bâjî ko pâve.

465 Yeh sâns man bîch, piyârî, kyûn ghabarâve ?

Honhâr haṭe na, piyârî, jo kuchh âñkh likhâve.”

Then will I stake my kingdom, (now) I stake my hoards
and property, Brother.

I will stake all my kingdom, my beloved (brother), I
will make no delay.

455 I will stake my camp and tents, this is in my mind.

I am bent on losing or winning this game.

See the seventeen and eighteen, thou hast (again) won
the game !

This was in the power of fate, no power (of ours) avails !”

Puskar.

“ I have won (again) to-day at this game.

460 Nothing is now left thee but thy kingdom.

Nothing but thy kingdom, my beloved (brother); why
say more to me ?

Whose dice win wins the game.

It is whom the Lord favors that wins the game.

On whom His kindness falls, will win the game.

465 Why art thus confused in thy mind, my beloved
(brother) ?

What fate hath written cannot be blotted out, my beloved
(brother).”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Râj pâr sârâ lagâ is bâjî ke bîch.
Khûb tarah jânâ hameñ, yeh phânsâ hai nîch !”

Râgnî.

470 “ Râjâ, main diâ sârâ !
Bachau mâno yeh hî mahârâ :
Uṭhâiyo hâth se phânsâ ;
Dâû pûrâ âyâ khâsâ.
Yeh hî samjhâutâ tum ko,
Sat hârûn nahîn mujh ko.
475 Der kîje nahîn, bhâî,
Jo bâjî jîtke âi !”

Puskar.

“ Râj, mâl, faujân, sabhî taiñ ne diê lagâe ;
Jît hamârî ho gaî aur lago kuchh âj.
Aur lago kuchh âj, Râojî, jîtâ râj tumhârâ.

Râjâ Nal.

“ All my rule and kingdom is on this game.
Well do I know that this gambling is a low thing !”

Song.

470 “ Râjâ (Puskar), I have staked it all !
Hear these my words :
Take up the dice in thy hands ;
Thou shalt have full opportunity for a throw.
Thus do I tell thee,
I will not go back on my word.
475 Make no delay, brother,
To win the game !”

Puskar.

“ Thou hast staked thy kingdom, wealth and armies
and all :
And I have won them, stake something more to-day.
Stake something more to-day, Râjâ, for I have won thy
kingdom.

- 480 Râj pāt ki bâjī, Râjā, ab ke ham se hārā.
 Sab kī hai yeh bāt jūe meñ, taiñ ne nahīñ bichārā ?
 Ab kyā mahil bīch meñ, Râjā, āj rahā hai thārā ? ”

Râjā Nal.

- “ Tab tan ke bistar lage aur amīrī thāth !
 Bâjī se haṭā nahīñ, yeh hī hamēñ hai āñth.
 485 Yeh hī hamēñ hai āñth, āj yeh hār singār lagā sārā.
 Nā pīchhe rakhnā kuchh mujh ko, yeh hī nem man par
 dhārā.
 Jo ab kī bâjī tum jīto, hor hamēñ ho jā hārī,
 Aur bāt main kyā kahūñ tum se ? Main adhīñ rahā
 thārī ! ”

Puskar.

- “ Tere pe kuchh nā rahā, sab taiñ dīā harāe.
 490 Khel hamārā ho chukā, kahī tujhe samjhāe.
 Ik bāqī rahī jāñ tumhārī.
 Kuchh na rahā aur ab tum pe, tum bare kbilārī.

- 480 Kingdom and rule, Râjā, thou hast lost to-day to me.
 It is always thus in gambling, hast thou not thought it ?
 What has now remained to thee in the palace, Râjā ? ”

Râjā Nal.

- “ Then I stake the garments on my body and my lordly
 jewels !
 Let the game be not stayed, this is my desire.
 485 This is my desire, to-day I stake my necklace and jewels.
 I will keep nothing back, this is the desire of my heart.
 If thou win the game to-day and I lose,
 What more shall I say thee ? I am at thy mercy ! ”

Puskar.

- “ Thou hast nothing left, thou hast lost thy all.
 490 The game is over, I tell thee.
 Nothing but thy life remains.
 Nothing else remains to thee, and thou hast earned the
 name of a great gambler.

- Yeh to bâth lâth Sâhib ke : jît raho, châhe hârî.
 Ab kî bâjî meñ, Râjâ, to lag Damwantî nârî.
 495 Ai Râjâjî, sab baithe ho hâr, ik bâqî rahî nârî :
 Aur dûjî, Mahârâj, rahe yeh deh tumbârî.
 Nahîn râj se kâm âp chaupur men hârâ.
 Ab is nagarî bîch nahîn rahâ kuchh tumbârâ.”

Râjâ Nal.

- “ Sunkar tumharî bâth ko, tan meñ uth galî âg, bhâî.
 500 Khainch dudhârâ hâth meñ, deûn jhaṭ shîsh urâî.
 Deûn jhaṭ shîsh urâî, are, main na chhorûngâ, bhâî !
 Tere prân chhin meñ kho dûngâ, aisî bâth sunâî.
 Taiñ ne âj karî hai aisî samajh mûrakh man, bhâî.
 Ik din kâl karhâ siṛ ûpar ; yâ mere man, bhâî.”

- Winning or losing is in the hands of God.*
 In the present game, Râjâ, stake thy wife Damwantî.
 495 O Râjâ, thou hast lost all, only thy wife remains :
 And, too, remains, Râjâ, this thy body.
 Thou hast nothing to do with rule, having lost at
chaupur.
 No longer canst thou remain in this city.”

Râjâ Nal.

- “ Hearing thy words my body is aflame (with wrath),
 brother.
 500 I take the dagger in my hand to strike off thy head at
 once.
 I will strike off thy head at once, and O ! I will not leave
 thee (alive), brother !
 I will take thy life in a moment, thus do I say.
 Thou hast acted to-day as a man of little sense, brother.
 Death will hover over thy head some day ; this is in my
 mind, brother.”

* Observe the Musalmân word here.

Rânî Damwantî.

- 505 “ Hâth joṛ bintî karûn, Nal Râjâ, Mahârâj.
 Jo tum mâroge aise tumharâ hot akâj.
 Tumharâ hot akâj, aise mat mariyo, Râjâ.
 Shakal bigṛe terâ kâjâ ”

Râgnî.

- “ Jagat mân pât ho bhârî.
 510 ’Aqal kahân galî, piyâ thârî ?
 Tumhen samjhâutî bârî.
 Bât mâno yeh hî mahârî :
 Jûâ mat kheliye, Sâin !
 Zarâ lajjâ nahîn âî,
 515 Dharm apne se na hâro.
 Aise mat jân se mâro ! ”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Tu ne kahî, so main sunî, yeh papî chandâl !
 Main us ko chhorûn nahîn, â gîâ us kâ kâl.

Rânî Damwantî.

- 505 “ With joined hands I pray, O Râjâ Nal, my Lord.
 It will be evil for thee to strike him thus.
 It will be evil for thee, strike him not thus, Râjâ.
 All tny (good) works will be of no avail. ”

Song.

- “ It will be a sinful thing in the world.
 510 Whither have thy wits gone ?
 Often did I conjure thee !
 Hear my words :
 Play no more, my Lord !
 Thou hast felt no shame :
 515 Destroy not thy good works.
 Slay him not thus ! ”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Thou hast said, I have heard, this is a wicked sinner !
 I will not leave him (alive, the time of) his death hath
 come.

- Â gîâ us kê kâl, piyârî, lâkh bâr samjhâyâ.
 520 Aise bachan kaṭhor boltâ, nahîn larzî hai kâyâ !
 Nahîn kuchh is meñ merâ, sir par kêl ghumâyâ.
 Nâ jiwat chhoṛûngâ is ko, dil meñ yeh hî ṭharâyâ.”

Rânî Damwantî.

- “ Yeh to tumharâ putr sam, tum us ke ho tât !
 Man meñ soch bicharîye, tumheñ nâ châhîye bât.
 525 Tumheñ nâ châhîye yeh bât, Râojî, âp gunî kul meñ
 dâñâ.
 Got ghât karnâ nahîn, Râjâ ; jagat yeh tânâ.
 Jo tû us ko mâr gañwâo, bahutâ dukh jag meñ pâo.
 Yeh hî mâno, piyâ mere, hâth matî us ke lâo ?”

Râjâ Nal.

- “ Us ne mukh khoṭî kahî, gañ jigar ko khâe.
 530 Maiñ us ko chhoṛûñ nahîn, sun, Rânî, chit lâe.

His death hath come, a thousand times have I besought
 him.

- 520 Such evil words doth he say and his body trembleth not !
 It is no (fault) of mine, he hath brought death on his
 own head.
 I will not leave him alive, this have I determined.”

Rânî Damwantî.

- “ This is as thy son, thou art as his father.
 Ponder it in thy mind, this should not come from thee.
 525 This should not come from thee, thou that art the wisest
 of thy race.
 Slay not a kinsman, Râjâ, that the world jeer at thee.
 If thou slay him great will be thy grief in the world.
 Harken to this, my love, lay not thy hand upon him !”

Râjâ Nal.

- “ His evil words have eaten into my heart.
 530 I will not leave him (alive), hear, Rânî, with thy heart.

Sun, Rânî, chit lâe hamârî kasab kâ is ne bhârî.
 Barâ dast yeh hai, âb mânî, sabhî bât khoî mahârî.
 Aisâ bachan kahâ mukh setî, samajh nahîn âî us ko.
 Mahâ kapaṭ kî khân birhâ hai, tû bâlak kahtî jis ko.”

Rânî Damwantî.

535 “Hâth joṛ bintî karûn, piyâ, man chit lâe :
 Is kâ kyâ hai mârnâ, krodh kare mar jâe ?”

Râgnî.

“ Dharm aur sat mat hâro !
 Matî, Râjâ, is se mâro !
 Tumhen main bahut samjhâyâ,
 540 'Aqal terî nahîn âyâ !
 Mâl aur râj ik nârî.
 Khushî hoke tumhen hârî !
 Kîâ kyûn krodh phir, Râjâ ?
 Samajhke kîjîye kâjâ !”

Hear, Rânî, with thy heart, he hath done me a great
 wrong.

Very wicked is he, and hear, he hath disgraced me utterly.
 Such words hath he said with his lips as thou canst not
 understand.

He is a very pit of the greatest deceit, whom thou callest
 a child !”

Rânî Damwantî.

535 “With joined hands I pray, my love, with all my heart.
 What good is it to slay him, and die of thy anger ?”

Song.

“ Destroy not thy religion and thy honor !
 Slay him not Râjâ !
 Often do I conjure thee,
 540 And sense cometh not to thee !
 Wealth and kingdom and eke a wife
 Hast thou lost joyfully !
 Why art angry after that, Râjâ ?
 Be wise and do thy duty !”

Puskar.

- 545 " Rāj bīch rahnâ nahîn, rahâ na tumharâ kâm.
 Mere rāj meñ ab tumheñ khânâ nimak harâm ;
 Khânâ nimak harâm : are, tum dwârpâl, ab jâo.
 Sabhî rāj meñ abhî dañdhoiâ jaldî se patwâo.
 Mere rāj meñ mat nâ rakhîyo, jabân châhe wahân jâo.
- 550 Itnâ kâm karo tum jâke, mat nâ der lagâo !"

Râñî Damwantî.

- " Bâbal mere ke jâo, sun, re tũ rathwân.
 Ghore rath wahân le jâo, kahâ merâ yeh mân.
 Kahâ merâ le mân, karo jaldî se tayyârî.
 Ik kaniyân, ik sût, soch mujh ko hai bhârî.
- 555 In ko tum le jâo mât merî ke tâñ.
 Ham ko to banon bäs likhâ karmon ke mâhîn.
 Kahîyo shakal aḥwâl mât merî pe jâke,
 Maiñ kahtî, kar joḥ âj tum ko shamjhâke."

Puskar.

- 545 " Thou canst not stay in this kingdom, thou hast no
 more business here.
 Thou canst no longer with right stay in *my* kingdom ;
 It is no longer right to stay : go and be a doorkeeper.
 Go and be a crier throughout the kingdom.
 Stay not in my kingdom, go whither thou wilt.
- 550 Go and do this without any delay !"

*Râñî Damwantî.**

- " Hear, thou charioteer, go to my father.
 Hear my words, take the chariot and horses there.
 Hear my words and be ready quickly.
 I am in great anxiety for my daughter and my son.
- 555 Do thou take them to my mother.
 As for me it is written in my fate that I wander in the
 forests.
 Go and tell all the story to my mother,
 I beseech thee to-day with joined hands."

* Damayantî now sends her children to her parents for safety.

Rathwân.

- “ Âp kahâ so hí karûn, main jâûn tath-kâl.
 560 Ab yehañ se tayyârî karûn, mat nâ ho be-ḥâl.
 Mat nâ ho be-ḥâl, piyârî, yeh hí tujhe samjhâûn.
 Bâlak rath ke bich biḥâ, main terî mâtâ pe jâûn,
 Tere tan kê main ḥâl terî mâtâ ko jâe sunâûn.
 Man meñ dhîr dharo tum, Rânî, sârî khabarân lâûn.”
- 565 Rath ko big jotâeke kîâ kûnch makân.
 Pahunchâ nagar meñ Bhîm kê, jahân Rânî surgyân.
 Jahân Rânî surgyân, jâeke sârî bhitâ sunâi.
 Sut kaniyân donoñ wahân chhore, Nal kî bât batâi.
 Suranpâl ik Râo bajâ thâ us pe pahunche jâe.
- 570 Rath ghore donoñ hîn chhore Râo chale ban mâin.

Charioteer.

- “ As thou hast said so will I do and I will go at once.
 560 I will go hence now, so be not grieved.
 Be not grieved, friend, I tell thee.
 I will put the children into the chariot and go to thy
 mother,
 And will tell thy mother what hath befallen thee.
 Have patience in thy heart, Rânî, and I will tell thee all
 that happens.”
- 565 Quickly preparing the chariot he went homewards.
 He reached the city of (Râjâ) Bhîm, where dwelt the
 wise Rânî.*
 Where dwelt the wise Rânî: he went and told her all the
 trouble.
 Leaving the boy and maid there he told the story of Nal.
 He went to the great Râjâ Suranpâl.
- 570 Leaving the chariot and horses the Râjâ went into the
 forest.†

* Damwantî's mother.

† (?) A confused reference to Rituparna of Ayodhya, whose service Vârshneya the charioteer entered after seeing Damwantî's children home, according to the *Mahâbhârata* story.

Rânî Damwantî.

- “ Suno, piyâ, kyâ sochte, râj dîa sab hâr ?
 Chalo kisî ban khand meñ, ham ho gae lâchâr.
 Ham ho gae lâchâr, yeh hî 'araz sun lo mahârî.
 Soch kaî se kyâ hotâ hai ? Âp karo ban kî tayyârî.
 575 Itne din kâ râj likhâ thâ, so tum bhog lâ, sâin.
 Abhî es râj bîch nahîn rahnâ, main kahtî tumhare tâin.”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Sach bāt tum ne kahî, lie yeh hî mân.
 Ab yehân rahnâ nahîn, karam rekh parwân.”

Ragnî.

- 580 “ Nahîn dukh meñ koî sâthî,
 'Aqal merî rahî jâtî !

*Rânî Damwantî.**

- “ Hear, my love, why grieve at losing all thy kingdom ?
 Let us go to some forest land, for we are helpless.
 Hear my prayer, for we are become helpless.
 What is the use of grieving ? Make ready for the forest
 at once.
 575 Thou hast enjoyed all the days of royalty written in
 thy fate.
 Thou canst not now remain in this kingdom, I tell
 thee.”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Thou sayest truly and I obey.
 We cannot now remain here, the lines of fate are
 powerful.”

Song.

- 580 “ I have no friend in my woe,
 And my senses leave me !

* Speaking to her husband again.

Karam gat yeh hove, Râni,
 Nahîñ yeh bâñ main jâñî !
 Râj chhorâ âe ban meñ :
 Bhûkh byâpî mere tan meñ.
 585 Tîñ din ho gæe chalton.
 An jal na karâ ham ko !”

Râñî Damwantî.

“ Is peṛe pe kadam ke baiṭhî ik kapûṭ.*
 Isî mâr bhachhan karo, aur upâo nahîñ hot.
 Ai Râjâjî, nâ kuchh banat upâe tarkhânî ân batâe.
 590 Tan beâkul ho gîâ, bhûkh ne prân ganwâe.
 Ab hamare tan bîch chalan kî tâqat nâhîñ.
 Mâro yeh hî kapûṭ, karen bhojan ham khâe.”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Râñî, jabhî tumharâ bachan hameñ kîâ parwân.
 Mârûñ turt kapûṭ ko nische le jân.

This must be the work of fate, my Râñî.
 I did not know at all that this could be !
 Leaving my kingdom and wandering in the forest
 I feel the pangs of hunger in my body.
 585 Three days have passed in walking,
 And we have had nor water nor food !”

Râñî Damwantî.

“ I see a pigeon under this *kadam*† tree.
 Let us kill and eat it, there is no other plan.
 O, Râjâ, there is no other plan ;
 590 My body has become restless, hunger is slaying me.
 I have no power to walk within my body.
 So kill this pigeon and let us eat it.”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Râñî, I have approved of thy words.
 I will strike the pigeon and take its life.

* For *kabûṭar*.

† *Qadam* according to the *Munshîs*. It is the *kadamba*, or *nauclea cadamba*, a favorite tree with fragrant blossoms.

- 595 Yâ nische le jân, piyârî, aur sistar kuchh hai nâhîn :
 Dhotî ger usî ke âpar main pakarûn us ko jâe.
 Ger dîâ dhotî main, lekar ur gîâ woh, piyârî !
 Ab soche ! Kuchh ban meñ nahîn âtâ, jab tak ho hamarî
 hârî !”

Rânî Damwantî.

- “Bipat kâl biptâ hamen kyûn dînî, Raghu Râi ?
 600 Yâ to hamare prân lô, yâ tum karo, Jî, suhâi.”

Râgnî.

- “Bipat meñ nâ koî sangî !
 Piyâ kâyâ hûî nangî !
 Prabhû, sidh lîjo merî !
 Bipat ne in kî gherî !
 605 Saran ham ne lie thârî !
 Chalî ab jân yehân mahârî !

- 595 Know this for certain, my love, I have no other arms ;
 So I will throw my loin-cloth over it and take its life.*
 I threw my loin-cloth over it and it flew away with it,
 my love !
 Now think ! I can get nothing in the forest, and am
 undone until I do !”†

Rânî Damwantî.

- “Why hast added trouble in a troublous time, O God ?‡
 600 Either take our lives, or save us, Lord.”

Song.

- “We have no companion in our misery !
 My husband’s body hath become naked !
 Lord, help me !
 Thou hast encompassed him with grief !
 605 I seek thy aid !
 My life will depart from me here !

* There is a break here and Râjâ Nal has tried to catch the pigeon before he speaks again.

† Because he was now stark naked.

‡ Raghû Râi = Râm = God.

Thâre bin na koî, Sâmi!
Karo rachhyâ Garuḥ-gâmî.”

Râjâ Nal.

- “ Rânî, nagar Bidarbh kâ yeh mârg le jân.
610 Jahân tere pitmât haiñ, kare âp pahchân.
Kare âp pahchân, piyârî, yeh mârg sundar khâsâ.
Garjat singh, hîâ merâ larze, yeh hî kahûñ tumhare
pâsâ :
Ban kâ rahuâ bahut kathhan, hai is meñ dukh, sun le,
Rânî.
Kaun karam meñ rekh lekh hai ? Nâ mâyâ Prabhû kî
jânî !”

Rânî Damwantî.

- 615 “ Yeh ham ne jâne piyâ, kis ke mân aur bâp ?
Hameñ chhorke ban bikhe raho akeli âp.”

I have none but thee, Lord !
O rider on Garuḥ* help us !”

Râjâ Nal.

- “ Rânî, this is the way to the city of Bidarbh. †
610 Where are thy parents, do thou recognise it.
Recognise it, my love, this beautiful road.
The lions roar and my heart trembles (for thee) and I
tell thee this :
Dwelling in the forests is hard and full of troubles,
hear thou this, Rânî.
What lines are written in our fate ? The mysteries of
the Lord are not to be known !”

Rânî Damwantî.

- 615 “ What do I know, my love, of father and mother ?
Leave me and I will dwell alone in the forests.”

* The fabulous bird Garuḍa and vehicle of Vishṇu of whom Râma was an *avatâra* or incarnation.

† Vidarbha is, however, Birâr, a country and not a town.

Râgnî.

620 “ Piyâjî, hameñ tiyâg na jâÿyo.
Sang hamare piyâ rahÿyo.
Piyâjî, nâdân mat mahârî,
Mujhe karÿyo matî niyârî.
Akelî main jîûn ban meñ,
Prân apnî tajûn chhin meñ.”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Rânî aisî nâ kaho mukh se bachan kaÿhor.
Main tujh ko kaise tajûn ? Prîtî chand chakor.”

Râgnî.

625 “ Prît ab lag nahîn jânî,
Tajûn kaise tujhe, Rânî ?
Tu hî prânôn se hai piyârî,
Karûn kaise tujhe niyârî ?

Song.

620 “ O husband, desert me not.
Live with me, my love.
O husband, I am a simple woman,
So desert me not.
If I dwell alone in the forest,
I shall give up my life in a moment.”

Râjâ Nal.

“ O Rânî, say not such harsh words with thy lips.
How could I leave thee ? Our love is as the moon's and
the partridge's.”*

Song.

625 “ My love for thee is not yet satiated,
How could I desert thee, Rânî ?
Thou art the love of my life,
How could I desert thee ?

* It is commonly said that the *chakor* or Indian red-legged partridge is violently in love with the moon.

630 Tere bin kyâ merâ jînâ ?
 Baiâ dukh yeh hamen dînâ !”

Rânî Damwantî.

“ Prân piyâ bin na bacheñ, paṛ gaī prem zanjîr.
 Bât tumharî sunat hî chale nain se nîr.
 Tere bin kaun sahe dukh sukh mahârâ ?
 Prân tajûn chhin meñ, pîtam, jo tû ho jâ ham se niyârî.
 635 Kand, mûl, phal, phûl torke main tumhare khâtir lae !
 Bhojan kar, Mahârâj hamâre, yâ tum ko châhiye, Sâin !”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Rânî ghabarao matî, man meñ bândho dhîr.
 Sab sahâi hamarî kareñ, sadâ bhajo Raghbîr.”

Râgnî.

640 “ Bhajo Raghbîr ko, piyârî.
 Kabhî hove nahîn hârî.

630 How could I live without thee ?
 Great is the trouble given me !”

Rânî Damwantî.

“ I cannot live without my husband, the chain of love
 hath bound me.
 At thy very words the tears flow from my eyes.
 Who shall bear my joys and sorrows but thee ?
 I should die in a moment, love, if thou desertest me.
 635 Branches and roots and flowers and fruits I bring for
 thee !
 Eat, my Lord, as doth beseem thee, Husband !”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Rânî, be not distressed and be patient in thy heart.
 Ever call on Raghbîr, * for he will always help us.”

Song.

640 “ Call on Raghbîr, my love,
 And thou shalt never be undone.

* i.e. Râm = God.

Râm jag ko hai Kartârâ,
 Dhyân un kê hamen dhârâ.
 Bipat men sukh kare woh hî,
 Aur dâjâ nahîn koî?"

- 645 Râjâ us ban men phire âe mitr ke pâs.
 Bahot âdar us ne kê, Râjâ bhac ndâs.
 Dekhkar udâs kê âdar bhârî.
 Das pânch rât mahilon ke bîch guzârî.
 Khûntî pe hâr dharê Rânî jâe.
- 650 Woh nigal gai khûntî, nahîn mâyâ pâi!
 Jab Rânî gai rus parî, mahilon jâe,
 Râjâ ne ân âp Rânî uthâi.

Râm is the Lord of the world
 And I have worshipped him.
 He will bring joy in the midst of trouble,
 And there is none other!"*

- 645 The Râjâ wandering in the forests came upon a friend.
 He showed him great kindness and the Râjâ was sorrowful.
 Seeing his sorrow he showed great kindness.
 Eight or ten nights passed in the (friend's) palace.
 The Queen's necklace had been placed upon its peg.
- 650 The peg swallowed up the necklace and the mystery was not solved.
 The Queen went angrily into the friend's palace,
 And the Râjâ (friend) came and mocked the Rânî (Dawantî).

* The bard, having so far followed the classical legend with fair success, finishes off his legend in his own way and very tamely.

Rânî.

“Tumharâ yeh yâr sang us kî nârî,
Lînâ in hâr, bât tum se bichârî !”

655 Nal ne jo bât sunî hâr kî âke.

Râjâ Nal.

“ Bhâve ne karm-rekh kyâ likhî jâke ?”

Sunke yeh bât, râh ban ke lînâ.
Pingal ke des gaman phirkar kînâ.

Râjâ Nal.

“ Bipat kâl biptâ hamen kyâ dîe Dînâ Nâth ?
660 Isî dusotî bîch men nâ koî hamare sâth.”

The Queen.

“ This your friend hath a wife with him,
That hath stolen my necklace, be thou certain !”

655 When (Râjâ) Nal heard of the matter of the necklace,
(he said):

Râjâ Nal.

“ What hath Fate written in our lines ?”

Hearing of this he went into the forest,
And wandered into the country of Râjâ Pingal.*

Râjâ Nal.

“ O Lord of the World, what misery is this that thou
hast added to our trouble ?
660 In the midst of our troubles there is none for us !”

* This story is also told of Hariśchandra and his wife when in similar trouble. For a note on Pingal see Introduction to the next legend.

Rājñī.

- “ Bipat meñ nâ koî sâth !
 Taje gajpâl se hâth,
 Hûâ banon bâs main rahnâ !
 Hamâre karm kâ lahnâ.
 665 Hamârî khabar le, Sâmi,
 Hamen bhojan kî hai hânî !
 Nahîn tan pe basham mahâre !
 Râj ho taj chalan niyârî !”

Rânî Damwantî.

- “ Suno, piyâ, tum se kahûñ, yeh hî bāt samjhâe,
 670 Karam rekh miṭṭe nahîn, kîje lâkh upâe ;
 Kîje lâkh upâe ; karam yeh likhî hai hamârî.
 Is dusoṭî bîch Râm hamare rakhwâlî.

Song.

- “ In our trouble there is none for us !
 I have deserted my elephant,*
 And am a dweller in the woods !
 It is the decree of my fate.
 665 Have remembrance of me, O Lord,
 For I have need of food !
 I have not even clothes to my body !
 Leaving my kingdom I am become a lonely wan-
 derer !”

Rânî Damwantî.

- “ Hear, my love, I speak to thee, this do I tell thee.
 670 The lines of Fate are not to be blotted out, try thou a
 thousand plans ;
 Try thou a thousand plans : this was written in our fate.
 God is our protector in these troubles.

* On which Rājās always ride.

- Karo gyân, sat, sang ; jagat jhûṭî hai mâyâ.
 Sat mat chhoṛo âp tumheñ yeh le samjhâyâ.
 675 Jo sat doge chhoṛ, dharm kî ho jâ hânî.
 Dukh sukh ik hî rūp mânte haiñ munî gyânî.”

Rājâ Nal.

“ Gyân dusṭ ânâ kaṭhan, suno, patî nirp nâr.
 Kaun pâp pîchhe kîe, jo yâ biptâ dîe dâr ?”

Râgnî.

- “ Bipat ham pe paṛî bhârî.
 680 Khabar lo ân, Girdhârî !
 Suno, tum prân kî piyârî,
 Bipat kî bâṭ hai niyârî.
 Kahûñ tum se sabhî sârî.
 Surt meñ bâṛî hamen hârî :

Have wisdom and virtue and good company : this
 world is a false illusion.

Give not up thy virtue, I tell thee.

- 675 Give up thy virtue and thy good deeds will suffer.
 The wise sages have known that pain and pleasure have
 but one form.”

Rājâ Nal.

“ Knowledge is difficult and cometh hardly, hear, my
 wise and virtuous wife.

What sin can I have committed before* that I am given
 this trouble ? ”

Song.

- “ Great is the trouble upon me.
 680 Have remembrance of me, O Girdhârî ! †
 Listen, thou beloved of my life,
 The story of my sorrow is a strange one.
 I tell it thee all.
 In my folly I lost the gambling match :

* *i.e.*, in a former life.

† *i.e.*, Kṛishṇa = God.

- 685 Phir sat Indar ne līnā.
 Barkhā ne dukh baṛā dīnā.
 Bāt kahtā nahīn jhūṭī ;
 Nigal gaī hār ko khūṇṭī ;
 Bunī tītar urī mahārī :
 690 Rekh ṭalte nahīn ṭārī !”

Rānī Damwantī.

- “ Jo honī so ho līe, dūr karo afsos.
 Likhā Karam so hī bhognā, kis ko dīje dosh ?
 Kis ko dīje dosh ; piyājī ? Ūchhā Karam hamarā, sān.
 Rāj chhutā banoī bās diwāyā ; nā mājā Prabhū kī pāī.
 695 Karnī main kuchh chūk paṛī hai, dukh dīā bālepan meñ.
 Ik tarah merā bhāg balī hai, Prabhū, donoī sang rahe
 ban meñ !

- 685 And then Indar tested my virtue.*
 Greatly hath his rain afflicted me.
 I say nothing false ;
 The peg swallowed up the necklace ;
 My roasted partridge† flew away ;
 690 The lines (of Fate) move not for putting away !”

Rānī Damwantī.

- “ What was to be has been, put away thy sorrows afar.
 What Fate hath written must be endured, and who is
 to be blamed ?
 Who is to be blamed, my husband ? An evil fate is
 ours, husband.
 The Lord made us give up our rule and dwell in the
 forests ; His mysteries are unfathomable.
 695 I have forgotten some (religious) duty and He gave
 me trouble in my youth.
 In one way my fate is happy, O Lord, that we are both
 together in the forest !

* Apparently by making the weather wet.

† He must mean pigeon, see line 587 ff.

Jo tum se kabhî bichhṛan hotâ, bahutâ dukh phirtî, sâîn.
Ab merâ patî bharat-bhang nahîn ; din rât parwan
tumhare tâîn.

- 700 Chalo, piyâ, kisî nagar meñ, chhoṛo ban kâ bäs.
Yehân ab chit lagtâ nâhîn, ham nit raheñ udäs.
Ham nit raheñ udäs, bäs nagarî meñ kîje.
Aisâ kâran karo, dharm hamarâ nahîn chhîje.
Mân yeh hî updes ; kirpâ kar châllo, jî, âgârî.
Tum hamare bhartâr, chalûn main sang tumhâre.”

Râjâ Nal.

- 705 “ Rânjî, sun lîjîye, yeh Pingal kâ des.
Mâl râj Mahârâj hai yehân ke Awadh nires.
Yehân ke Awadh nires, piyârî, mahâ balî hai Râjâ.
Âṭh pahar din rât nagar meñ bâje chhattîs bâjâ.

Had I been ever separated from thee, in great grief
should I have wandered, my husband.

Now is my virtue secure, as I live day and night with
thee.

Let us go, love, into some city and give up dwelling in
the forests.

- 700 I am no longer happy here and always in sorrow.
I am always in sorrow, so let us dwell in the city.
Act so that our (religious) duty be not affected.
This is the desire of my heart: be kind, love, and go on
(to the city).
Thou art my husband and I go with thee.”

Râjâ Nal.

- 705 “ O Rânî, hear me, this is the land of Pingal,*
The great lord of this land and wealthy is the lord of
Awadh :
The lord of this (land of) Awadh, my love, is a mighty
Râjâ.
Day and night continuously the thirty-six kinds of
music are played.†

* See above line 658.

† See above line 134.

'Ām khās meñ lagī Kachahrī, jis kâ barâ samâjâ.

710 Sab pûran partâl Râo ke, chhatar mukaṭ sir râjâ."

Râni Damwantī.

"Khûb bāt tum ne kahī, hirde gaī samâe.

Jo biptâ Prabhû ne dîe, so ham bhoge âe.

So bhoge ab âe, piyâjî, sunīyo 'araz yeh hī mahârî.

Aur kâm ham se nahîn bautâ, yeh biptâ Prabhû ne dârf.

715 Tum telī ghar jâe pāt par baiṭh, karo simran bhârî.

Main to âp Râo ke mahilon jâe banegī panhârî."

Râjâ telī pe rahâ, Râni râjdwâr :

Sabhī nagar us ko kaheñ Râjâ kī panhâr.

He holds a Court in public and private (audience),
which is very grand.

710 Very glorious is this Râjâ, with diadem and umbrella*
over his head."

Râni Damwantī.

"Well hast thou said, it is gone into my heart.

We have gone through all the trouble that the Lord
hath given us.

We have gone through it all, my love, hear this prayer
of mine.

No other plan have I in this trouble that the Lord hath
put upon us.

715 Go thou into an oilman's, turn his mill (for him)† and
do heavy work.

I will go into the Râjâ's palace and become a water-
bearer."

The Râjâ went to the oilman, the Râni to the palace :

And all the city knew her for the Râjâ's water-carrier.

* The oriental sign of royalty.

† *Lit.*, sit on the driving-rod (behind the oxen to drive them).

- Râjâ kî panhâr kaheñ, sab bât nagarî meñ nar nârî.
 720 Râo pâṭ hânke telî ke, soch rahî man meñ bhârî.
 Tin dinân Râjâ ko ho gae, an khâyâ na jal pîâ.
 Na telî ne pûchhâ us ko, “kaun kâm tû ne yeh kîâ?”
 Chauthâ din hûâ dalî ik khal kî ṭhâke mukh pâî ;
 Mâre lâṭ telî râjâ ke, nikal bâhir mukh se âî.

Râjâ Pingal.

- 725 “Yeh bhojan kis ne kîâ, ai Rânî surgyân ?
 Such batâ ham se abhî, gyân-rashk, gun khân :
 Gyân-rashk, gun khân, hamen yeh kaho sach mukh bânî.
 Mere mahil ke bîch adhik hai tû sundar, Paṭ Rânî.

They knew her for the Râjâ's water-carrier ; all the men
 and women in the city knew it.

- 720 The Râjâ drove the oilman's mill, and had heavy grief
 in his heart.

Three days passed over the Râjâ and he nor ate corn nor
 drank water.

Never asked (of him) the oilman, “what work hast thou
 done?”

The fourth day the Râjâ put a grain of oil-cake* to his
 mouth ;

When the oilman kicked him and knocked it out of his
 mouth.

Râjâ Pingal.†

- 725 “Who cooked this dinner, O wise Queen ?
 Tell me the truth now, O pit of wisdom and virtue :
 O pit of wisdom and virtue, tell me the truth with thy lips.
 Thou art the greatest beauty of my palace, thou First-
 Queen.

* Very coarse food, fit only for cattle.

† Change of scene: Damayantî has now become the water-bearer of
 the palace and the Râjâ of it is addressing his Queen.

- Tere hâth kâ yeh nahîñ bhojan, sun le 'ishq dîwânî.
 730 Main pûchhiñ hûñ bāt, sach sab ham se kaho bakhânî.”

Râñî.

- “ Mujh ko fursat nâ hûi, hûâ mahil meñ kâr.
 Yeh bhojan us ne kîâ, jo tumharî hai panhâr.
 Jo tumharî hai panhâr, Râojî, suno haqîqat sârî.
 Us piyârî ne mahil bîch, bhojan kî karî tayyârî.
 735 Mere tan meñ hûî mândagî, main ho gaî lâchârî.
 Yeh bhojan us kîâ nârî ne, main yeh bāt bichârî.”

Râjâ Pingal.

- “ Râjâ Nal ke mahil meñ hai Damwantî nâr.
 Us ne hamare wâste bhojan kîâ tayyâr.
 Bhojân kîâ tayyâr, sawâd aisâ ham ne wahân pâyâ.
 740 Aisâ hî bhojan is piyârî ne, aisâ âj banâyâ.

This dinner is not of thy cooking, hear me, thou mad
 with love (of me).

- 730 I ask it of thee and tell me all the truth.”

The Queen.

- “ I had no time as I had work in the palace.
 And it was thy water-carrier that cooked this dinner.
 It was thy water-carrier, Râjâ, hear the whole truth.
 It was that loveling that cooked the dinner in the palace :
 735 As my body was wearied and I became helpless,
 The (water-carrier) woman cooked this dinner, I tell
 thee.”

Râjâ Pingal.

- “ There is the Lady Damwantî in the palace of Râjâ Nal.
 (Once) she prepared a dinner for me.
 She prepared a dinner for me and its taste was like this.
 740 Such a dinner hath this loveling made to-day.

Yâ hai koî Râjâ kî nârî, tumheñ bhed na pâyâ :
Bîpat kâl meñ hûf, piyârî, tujh ko yeh hî sunâyâ.”

- “ Ai sundar, tû kaun hai ? Kaho hamen sach bât.
Yeh ham pûchhat haiñ tumheñ ; kaun tumhârî zât ?
745 Kaun tumharî zât ? hamen tu bâl sunâ de, piyârî !
Dekh tum ko râj-sutiya, tû nâ haigî panhârî.
Apne man kî bât kholke, kaho haqiqat sârî.
Yeh ham se tû sach batâ de ; kaun zât hai thârî ?”

Rânî Damwantî.

- “ Bîpat kâl kî bât hai, kyâ kahûñ tumhare sang ?
750 Narwargarh ke Râo kî main hongî adharang.
Ai Râjâjî, main hongî adharang, bât yeh suno, Jî, hamârî.
Dîâ hai dusotâ Râm bîpat ham pe yeh dârî,

This is some Râjâ's wife, thou didst not understand :
She hath fallen into some trouble, my love, this do I
proclaim to thee.”

- “ My beauty,* who art thou ? Tell me the truth.
This do I ask thee ; what is thy caste ?
745 What is thy caste ? Tell me thy story, my dear !
Thy appearance is of a king's daughter, thou art no
water-carrier.
Tell me the secret of thy heart, and tell me the whole
truth.
Tell me the truth ; what is they caste ? ”

Rânî Damwantî.

- “ My story is of trouble and death, how shall I tell it
thee ?
750 I am the wife of the Râjâ of Narwargarh.†
O Râjâ, I am his wife, hear my tale.
God hath thrown into this exile and trouble

* Addressing Damwantî.

† Narwâr, now a town in the Gwâlior state and much decayed, represents the ancient Nishadha.

- Nal Râjâ Mahârâj, jinheñ kî main hûñ nârî.
 Peṭ bharan ke kâj rahî tumharî panihârî !
 755 Damwantî merâ nâm, patî sang ban men âñ.
 Sab biptâ kî bâṭ tumheñ main ân sunâi.”

Râjâ Pingal.

- “ Kahân tumhârâ Râo hai ? dîje sach batâe.
 Rânîjî, Mahârâj ko ham lâveñ ab jâe.
 Ham lâveñ ab jâe, piyârî, us kâ bhed batâo.
 760 Hamen soch ho gaî bhârî, zarâ der mat lâo.
 Pichhlî bâṭ hamen sab, Rânî, bâr bâr samjhâo :
 Hâl aḥwâl hamen sab, Rânî, sâr ḥâl sunâo.”

Rânî Damwantî.

- “ Hamen ban men se ânke, yeh hî kîâ bichâr.
 Râjâ telî ke rahe, main tumharî panhâr.
 765 Main tumharî panhâr rahe mahilon men âe.
 Bipat kâl kî bâṭ, tumheñ main ân sunâi.”

- The Lord Râjâ Nal, whose wife I am.
 To fill my belly am I become thy water-carrier !
 755 My name is Damwantî and I came into the forests with
 my husband.
 And now have I told thee all the tale of my sorrow.”

Râjâ Pingal.

- “ Where is thy Râjâ ? Tell me the truth.
 O Rânî, take me at once to the Mahârâjâ.
 Take me at once, my dear, tell me where he is hidden.
 760 I am very anxious and so delay not at all.
 The remainder of thy story, Rânî, tell me by degrees :
 And thus tell me, Rânî, all thy tale.”

Rânî Damwantî.

- “ Coming out of the forest this is what we determined.
 The Râjâ went to the oilman's and I became thy water-
 carrier.
 765 I became thy water-carrier and came into the palace.
 I have told thee the story of my trouble.

Jo Prabhû ne dukh dîâ, soî ham bhongen sârâ,
Yeh Kartâ kâ ânkh nahîn tartâ hai târâ.”

Râjâ Pingal.

770 “ Hâth joṛ bintî karûn, Nal Râjâ Mahârâj,
Chalo nagar ke bîch meñ, kîje shakal samâj :
Kîje shakal samâj âp ke, main hûn agyâ-kârî.
Hâth joṛ kah karûn bintî chalîyo sang hamâre.
Baithe râj karo gadî pe, ham hâzir haiñ thârî.
Ân rahe telî ke ghar meñ, yeh kyâ bât bichârî ?”

Râjâ Nal.

775 “ Ai Rânî, tum se kahûn bichhṛan sanjog.
Jo Brahmâ ne likh dîâ, soî bhogne bhog !”

Râgnî.

“ Likhî taltî nahîn târî !
Suno, Rânî, ’araz hamârî.

The trouble the Lord gave me, I have borne it all.
The fate of the Lord delays not for putting off.”

*Râjâ Pingal.**

770 “ With joined hands I say, my Lord Râjâ Nal,
Come into the city, make all thy preparation :
Make all thy preparation, I am thy servant.
With joined hands I beseech thee come with me.
Sit on the throne, I am thy servant.†
In coming into the oilman’s house what was thy intention ?”

Râjâ Nal.

775 “ O Rânî (Damwantî), I tell thee that the separation and
communion,
Which God wrote down for us, we have borne !”

Song.

“ What is written delays not for putting away !
Rânî, hear my words.

* Having gone now to Râjâ Nal.

† Observe the use of *hâzir* : see Vol. I., p. 370.

- 780 Dusotâ par gîâ bhârî,
So hî ham ne sahî sârî.
Bipat Râjâ koî detâ,
So hî main shîsh par dhartâ.
Kareñ faryâd kisî setî ?
Soch din rât yeh rahtî ;
785 Likhâ jo Karam kê bharnâ :
Hameñ phir râj kyâ karnâ ?”

Râjâ Pingal.

“ Jo janamâ is jagat meñ dukh sukh us ke sâth.
Chaudah baras ban meñ phire Bhâve bas Raghu Nâth.”

Râgnî.

- 790 “ Phire ban bîch Raghu Râî.
Dîâ dukh Kevakî Mâî:
Bipat Raghû pe parî bhârî.
Kare banoñ bâs kê tayyârî.

- 780 The hard exile that fell upon us,
We have borne it all.
Even had some Râjâ given me this trouble,
That (too) would I have borne.
With whom shall we quarrel ?
Day and night this is my thought :
785 The decree of Fate must be borne :
And what again have I to do with empire ?”

Râjâ Pingal.

“ Who is born into the world hath joy and pleasure
with him.

For fourteen years did Fate cause Raghû Nâth* to wan-
der in the forests.”

Song.

- 790 “ Did Raghû Râî wander in the forests.
Mother Kevakî gave him that trouble :
And heavy grief fell upon Raghû,
And he went to dwell in the forests.

* i.e., Râma ; allusion to the well-known tale in the *Râmâyaṇa*.

795 Bipat Pahlâd ko hûî,
 Jis se jānen haiñ sab koî.
 Bipat sir pe paṛî, Râjâ,
 Karo yeh dûr sab sânsâ.”

Rajâ Nal.

“ Ai Rânî, tum pe kahûñ yeh biptâ kî bain.
 Bhâve bas ban meñ âe, nek paṛî nahîñ chain.”

Râgnî.

800 “ Chain paṛî nahîñ, Rânî.
 Chale biptâ meñ zindagâñî.
 Koṭ Narwar taje bhârî.
 Ghaṛî dukh kî sahî sârî.
 Bât woh hâth nâ âtî.
 Bipat meñ kaun hai sâthî ?
 805 Amar jag meñ nahîñ koî.
 Dîâ dukh main sahâ soî.”

795 Trouble fell upon Pahlâd,
 As every one knows.*
 Trouble (too) hath fallen on thy head, Râjâ ;
 So put away all thy sorrows afar.”

Râjâ Nal.

“ O Rânî, I say to thee words of sorrow.
 It was Fate drove us to the forest, this joy seemeth not
 well to me !”

Song.

800 “ Rânî, I am not at ease.
 My life departeth in sorrow.
 I have given up great Narwar Fort.
 Every moment have I suffered grief.
 I cannot recall my word.†
 Who is a companion in sorrow ?
 805 No one is immortal in the world.
 The trouble given me have I borne.”

* The story of Prahlâda is explained in Vol. II., p. 5.

† In the gambling match to his brother Pushkara.

Râjâ Pingal.

- “ Is meñ kis kâ dosh hai ? nahaqq karo biyog.
 Dukh sukh tan ke sâth haiñ ; kîe Karam kî bhog.
 Kîe Karam kî bhog, Râojî, yeh biptâ sab par hoî.
 810 Râm Chandar kî Sîtâ nârî tiyâg diê ban meñ soî.
 Bûkh piyâs ke tarâs se jin jâe rahe Bâlmîk rikh ke pâsâ.
 Baiṭhe râj karo, Mahârâj, pûran Râm karen âsâ.”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Man kî man mân rakhîye, nâ kuchh chalâ upâo ;
 Bhâve ne ban meñ ân diâ tarâo.”

Râgnî.

- 815 “ Kahân merî nâr Damwantî ?
 Binâ us bêt nahîn bantî ;
 Bipat meñ sang rahî mahârî.
 Bachan us ne nahîn hârî :

Râjâ Pingal.

“ What blame is there in this ? Thou sorrowest without
 cause.

Pain and grief are with all ; it is the decree of Fate.
 It is the decree of Fate, Râjâ, all have this sorrow.

- 810 Sîtâ, Râm Chandar's wife, was deserted in the forests.*
 In the misery of hunger and thirst she lived with Bâlmîk
 the saint.†
 Enjoy thy kingdom, Mahârâjâ, and God fulfil thy hope.”

Râjâ Nal.

“ Let us keep our desires to ourselves, no plans avail ;
 Fate hath given us trouble in the forests.”

Song.

- 815 “ Where is my wife Damwantî ?
 Without her I can do nothing,
 That accompanied me in my troubles.
 She disregarded not my words,

* Allusion to the tale of Sîtâ's exile in the *Râmâyana*.

† Vâlmiki, the author of the *Râmâyana*, who received the banished Sîtâ at his house at Chitrakûta.

- 820 Patî birt nâr hai merî.
 Rahî merî charan kî cherî.
 Bichhar gai prân kî piyârî.
 Mere se ho gai niyârî :
 Jagat men dharg merâ jînâ :
 Nahîn yehân an jal pinâ !”

Râjâ Pingal.

- 825 “ Damwantî hai mahil men, chalo us ke pâs.
 Râj karo sukh chain men, mat na hot udâs.
 Mat nâ ho udâs, Râo, main do kar jo kahûn sârî.
 Dûr karo ab soch dilon kî ; sang chalo, Râjâ, mahâre,
 Karan-hâr Kartâ wahî hai, yeh hî bât main samjhâûn.
 830 Ab nâ der karo, Mahârâjâ, sang chalo, main le jâûn.”

Râjâ âe mahil men, sab kê hûâ milâp.
 Dekh apnî nâr ko Râjâ karat bilâp.
 Râjâ karat bilâp, Râo Pingal mukh bol kahî bânî.

- 820 That is my virtuous wife.
 She was ever my slave.
 And the beloved of my life is separated from me.
 She is parted from me :
 It is useless for me to live in the world :
 I can neither eat nor drink (more) here !”

Râjâ Pingal.

- 825 “ Damwantî is in the palace, go thou to her.
 Rule at ease and pleasure, and be not sorrowful.
 Be not sorrowful, Râjâ, I tell thee all (the story) with
 both hands joined.
 Put away the sorrow of thy heart afar, Râjâ, and come
 with me.
 The Lord is the Doer, this do I tell thee.
 830 Make no delay, Mahârâjâ, let me take thee with me.”

The Râjâ went into the palace and met them all.
 And the Râjâ shed tears to see his wife.
 The Râjâ shed tears and Râjâ Pingal spake with his mouth.

Rājā Pingal.

- 835 “ Garh-matī haiñ nār dūī kī ; yeh lejo, nische jāñī,—
 Jo merī ho jāgī kaniyāñ, tumhare sūt hogā, Rājā,
 Us sang biyāh karūñ, kaniyāñ kâ sakal karen hamarī
 kājā.”

Kirpā hūī Jāgatamb kī, dharūñ tumhārā dhyāñ.

Joṛī āñ milā dīe haṭke Śrī Bhagwāñ :

Jagat meñ kīje merī sahāī.

- 840 Damwantī aur Rājā Nal haiñ haṭke dīe milāe.
 Jaisī chand chakor kiran kī prīt banī chhab chāhī,
 Sur munī jan sun kād kane, terī mâyā kīñī na pāī.
 Sāng sampūran karke, Mâtâ, pīchhe bhanet banāī.
 Kahte Bansī Lâl, kul, Mât, tū Châr Jugoñ meñ dohāī.

Rājā Pingal.

- 835 “ Both our wives are pregnant : know this for certain :
 If mine be a girl and thine a prince, Rājā,
 I will marry her to him, and the girl shall fulfil our
 desires.”

Earth-mother, thou hast been gracious and I worship
 thee.

The Holy God hath rejoined the pair :

Be Thou (also) my saviour in the world !

- 840 Damwantī and Rājā are again joined together.
 As the partridge desires the glory of the moon's rays,
 So heroes and saints delight in Thee, but have not
 fathomed Thy mysteries !
 I finish this my lay, Mother, and then I worship thee.
 Saith Bansī Lâl,* Mother, thou art worshipped through-
 out the Four Ages.

* The author of the poem, see Vol. I., pp. 122, 209, 366 ; Vol. II., p. 2.

No. XXXI.

THE LEGEND OF RÂJÂ DHOL,
AS SUNG BY TWO SCAVENGERS FROM BIBIYÁL
VILLAGE, NEAR AMBÁLÂ.

[This legend has not, as far as I know, any foundation in the classics like the preceding one, though Dhol is always described as the son of Nala. Nala's son classically was Indrasena, and Dhola is a very unlikely form to occur in a Saṅskṛit work.]

[It describes the love of Dhol and Mârwan, the daughter of Râjâ Pingal of Pingalgarh, situated in Sangaldîp. These names do not help us much. Pingala is a classical name connected with the Nâgas or Serpent Race, and if Sangaldîp is for Śâkala-dvîpa (or Śâka-dvîpa), the kingdom of Pingala is placed in the Northern Panjâb, an appropriate situation for the kingdom of a Nâga monarch. Dhol comes from Narwargarh, or Nalkoṭ, the modern Narwâr, as seen in the preceding legend, in the Gwâlîor State, and a place always connected with the legend of Nala. The holders of Narwâr were for ages Kachhwâhâ Râjapûts, a fact brought out in this story by making Dhol's wife to be Sammî Kachhwâhî.]

[The language of this poem is much more filled with Persian words—all by the way in a corrupted form—than is usual in such productions.]

TEXT.

Râg Râjâ Dhol beṭâ Râjâ Nal kâ.

Simar Bhawânî Sârdâ ; ghat meñ pûre gyân !

Tîn sau sâṭh suhelân le lain apne sâṭh,

Sarwar tâlân nûn âwandî Rânî Mârwan.

Châdar mauzâ kholke dhar diâ sarwar tâl :

TRANSLATION.

The Song of Râjâ Dhol, Son of Râjâ Nal.

“I worship Bhawânî and Sârdâ,* may they fulfil me
knowledge in my heart !”

Taking 360 maidens with her

Princess Mârwan came to the lake.

She took off her veil and clothes and placed them beside
the tank ;

* In vague imitation of the real bards. Sâradâ is Saraswatî, the Goddess of Learning, and Bhawânî is Devi.

- 5 Mâr mâr chhâlân jaisî bar̄ gaî sarwar tâl meñ :
 Tardî Rânî yeh phirî sarwar ke tâl meñ.
 Bol suhelân ; kyâ kahn ? “ Rânîjî Mârwan,
 Araz suno meri bintî, araz sun man lâe.
 Chhoṭî chhoṭî biyâhî tere bâbal ke nagar meñ ;
- 10 Barî muklâwâ jāen.
 Kyâ terâ bâbal nirdhanâ ? kyâ dhan kî ūchh ?”
 Aisâ tânâ mârâ chubhî kalîjâ phâns.
 Ho dilgîr mahilon âwatî, chal mâtâ ke pâs.
 Is ne kahâ, “ chhoṭî chhoṭî biyâhî, barî muklâwâ jāen.
- 15 Kyâ merâ bâp nirdhanâ ? kyâ dhan kî ūchh ?”
 Mâtâ kahe, “ nâ terâ bâp nirdhanâ, nâ dhan kî ūchh.”
 Rânî kahe, “ kahân biyâhî ? kahân mângî ? mere bar ko
 deo batlâe !”

- 5 And springing up she entered it,
 And the Princess began to swim about in it.
 Said the maidens ; what said they ? “ O Princess
 Mârwan,
 Hear our petition and harken to our prayer.
 When we were little we were married in thy father’s city :
- 10 When we grow up we shall go to our husbands.
 Is thy father poor ? Is there any lack of wealth ?”
 Their reproaches sank into her heart.
 Sorrowfully she entered the palace and went to her
 mother.
 Said she, “ When they were little, they were married,
 and when they grow up they will go to their
 husbands.
- 15 Is my father poor ? Is there any lack of wealth ?”
 Said her mother, “ Neither is thy father poor, neither is
 there lack of wealth.”
 Said the Princess, “ Where was I married ? where was
 I betrothed ? show me my husband !”

* That he hath not arranged thy marriage.

- Mâtâ kahe, "sât dinân kî tû thî, nau din kâ Dhol :
Thâlî katorâ biyâh karâ, Narwargarh ke mân."
- 20 Rânî kahe, "kin galion Dhol base ? Kyûnkar hogâ mel ?"
Dhore Târwan kharî Mârwan se kare jawâb :
"Bat barî mukh chhotâ, kahtî âve lâj."
Ratrâ palang bichhâke phûlon sej bekhar ;
Tân dupatâ so rahon Rânîjî Mârwan, jî.
- 25 Râjâ Dhol ko yâd karon Râjâ kî beṭî Mârwan.
Supne meñ Dhol mile Râjâ kî beṭî Mârwan.
Chalî mahil ko âwandî Rânî Mârwan.
Sânj parî, din dhul gai, Rânîjî Mârwan
Soî mahil ke mân, jî.
- 30 Adhî râṭ naukandh gaî, Thâkurjî Prabhûjî !

- Said her mother, "Seven days old wast thou, nine days
old was Dhol :
- Ye were married in a platter and a cup at Narwargarh."
- 20 Said the Princess, "In what street doth Dhol dwell ?
Where shall I meet him ?"
Târwan* standing beside spake to Mârwan :
"Great words from a little mouth† bring shame to the
speaker."
- Making a red bed and covering it with flowers,
And spreading shawls on it Princess Mârwan lay asleep.
- 25 And Mârwan the king's daughter remembered Râjâ
Dhol.
In her dreams Mârwan the king's daughter met with
Dhol.
Princess Mârwan went into the palace.‡
The evening fell and the day closed in, and the Princess
Mârwan§
Slept within the palace.
- 30 It was dead of night at midnight, O my God, my Lord !

* Sister to Mârwan.

† This is a proverb.

‡ This and the next five lines are rather confused.

§ Jî, sir, at the end of the lines is not repeated in the rendering.

- “Supne meñ Dholâ mile, sâjan sâjan merâ.
Mujhe milâ supne ke mân, jî.”
Pahar rât rah gaî Pingal kî betî nûn :
Kunjân ne pâyâ kharât, jî :
- 35 Rânî kî ânkḥ khul gaî, jî.
Uṭhke baiṭhî ho gaî Mârwan,
Dil se kare jawâb, jî :
“Rain kâ supnâ mujhe bhâ gayâ, Ṭhâkurjî merâ !”
Kunjân ne pâyâ kharât, jî.
- 40 Baṛî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ !
“Araz suno merâ, bintî merî, mâtâ piyârî :
Merî sun dil kî bâṭ, jî.
Rain kâ supnâ bhâ gayâ, merî mâtâ piyân.
In kunjân ne pâyâ kharat, jî.
- 45 In kunjân ko marwâe de, merî mâtâ piyârî :
Sarwar tâlân ko de puṛwâe, jî.”

- (Said Mârwan), “In a dream I met Dhol, my love, my love.
I met him in a dream !”
A watch of the night remained to Pingal’s daughter,
When the cranes* made a noise,
35 And the Princess opened her eyes.
Mârwan sat up
And said in her heart :
“The dream of the night hath taken hold of me, O my
God !”
The cranes made a noise.
- 40 The light of the early morn came upon her, O my God,
my God ! (Said she) :
“Hear my prayer and my petition, mother dear.
Hear the desire of my heart.
The dream of the night took hold of me, my mother dear,
And the cranes made a noise.
- 45 Slay these cranes, my mother dear,
And fill up the lake.”

* Properly wild geese ; but here I think the well bred bird *Kulang* is meant, which is a species of crane, the *Ardea Sibirica*.

- Bolî Târwan, "kyâ kahe merî bahin Mârwan ?
 Yeh kunjân haiñ dusor kî, merî Mârwan,
 Yeh jâneñ Narwargarh ko roz, jî."
- 50 In tâlân se sobhâ ghanî ; merî suntî kyûñ nahîñ bāt ?
 Likhke chitṭhî bhej do kunjân ke pankh par,
 Jâke degen Dhol ko de, jî.
 Baṛî fajar paharâ nûr kâ Rânî Mârwan
 Suheliân lî bulâe, jî.
- 55 Tîn sau sâṭh suheliân aur Rânî Mârwan
 Sarwar tâlân ko jâeñ, jî :
 "Araz suno merî bintî, mere kunjân piyâre !"
 Sat Jug sachâ pahrâ birt dâ, jî.
 Kunjân karen jawâb, jî :
- 60 "Man ke bhed batâ de, rukká de likhâ, jî. "
 Bolî Mârwan, kyâ kaheñ ? "mere kunjân piyâre, jî,
 Meri chitṭhî tum lejâo Râjâ Dhol pe, jî."

- Said Târwan, "What saith my sister Mârwan ?
 These cranes are strangers, my Mârwan !
 And they go daily to Narwargarh.
- 50 The lake beautifieth the place : why dost thou not hear
 my words ?
 Write a letter and send it on the wings of the cranes,
 And they will go and give it to Dhol."
- In the early morn at the hour of dawn the Princess
 Mârwan
 Called her maids.
- 55 Princess Mârwan with 360 maidens
 Went to the lake. (Said she) :
 "Hear my prayer, my beloved cranes !"
 It was the Golden Age of virtue,*
 And the cranes spake :
- 60 "Tell (him) the secrets of thy heart and write a letter."
 Said Mârwan, what said she ? "My beloved cranes,
 Take my letter to Râjâ Dhol."

* When animals could talk.

- Bole kunjân, "merî araz suno, Rânî Mârwan ;
Tum suno hamâri bât.
- 65 Likh likh chitthîân sârî kî bândh do,
Hamâre pankhân ke bândh, jî."
Likh likh chitthîân dîe pankhân ke bândh, jî.
Dharke dâri lagâute kunjân pâr.
Narwargarh ko âute kunjân dusore.
- 70 Sarwar tâlân bar gae kunjân piyâre :
Budhî kunjân pîchhe rah gaî, jî ;
Baithî sarwar ke pâl par, jî.
Pâchhe budhî kunj sab kunjân se !
"Woh Râjâ Dhol ko chitthî dikhâ dîe, jî."
- 75 Itnî sunke bâhir âwateñ kunjân piyâre :
Hâth joṛ karen bintî budhî kunj se :
"Tere nau par lagte pair, jî ;
Hamâri chitthî to gal gaî, bahin hamâri, jî !
Hamâri jân bachâ de ; sun, kunj, merî bât, jî !
-

- Said the cranes, "Hear our prayer, Princess Mârwan,
And hearken to our words.
- 65 Write thy letters and tie them,
Tie them to our wings."
She wrote the letters and tied them to their wings,
And the cranes flapped their wings and flew away :
The strange cranes flew to Narwargarh.
- 70 The kindly cranes entered the lake ;
But an old crane remained behind,
And sat on the banks of the lake.
Said the old crane to all the cranes :
"Show the letters to Râjâ Dhol."
- 75 Hearing this the kindly cranes came out,
And with joined hands (!) besought the old crane :
"We lay our heads nine times at the feet.
Our letters have been wetted, sister !
Save our lives ; O crane, hear our words !

- 80 Râjâ ko tû apnî chitthî de dikhâe, jî."
 Uṛî kunj chalke âve mahil ke mân, jî.
 Â munḍerî baiṭhî, baiṭhî munḍerî jâe jî.
 Râjâ Dhol wa Rânî chaupur khelte jî.
 Dekh kunj ko Dhol mahil men bar gîâ, jî.
- 85 Tîr kumân jaise lâutâ Râjâ Dhol, jî,
 Kunj ne chitthî de ger, jî.
 Sammî Kachhwâhî ne uṭhâ lîe, jî.
 Sarsar chitthî bânchî, jî:
 Rânî Mârwan kî likhî haiñ aslok, jî.
- 90 Itnî men Râjâ Dhol âyâ, jî.
 Rânî ne us ko dekhke chitthî phûnk de, jî.
 Jaltî chitthî dekhkar Rânî se kare jawâb, jî:
 " Yeh to kyâ chitthî tû ne phûnk de, Sammîjî Kachhwâ-
 hî ?
 Yeh to de thî kunj ne ger, jî."

- 80 Show thy letter to the Râjâ."
 The crane flew up and entered the palace,
 And sat on the parapet, sat on the parapet.
 Râjâ Dhol was playing *chaupur* with his Queen,*
 And seeing the crane Dhol entered the palace.
- 85 As Râjâ Dhol was fetching his bow and arrows
 The crane dropped the letter.
 Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, † took it up,
 And quickly read the letter, (and knew that)
 Princess Mârwan had written the verses.
- 90 Meanwhile Râjâ Dhol came up,
 And the Princess seeing him burnt up the letter.
 Seeing the letter burning he said to the Queen:
 " What letter is this that thou art burning, O Sammî,
 thou Kachhwâhâ ?
 The crane let it drop."

* This is evidently the sole occupation of a Râjâ in the villagers' estimation. See below in this legend. See Vol. I., p. 242 ff.

† Dhol's wife. The allusion is to the Kachhwâhâs, a well-known tribe of Râjputâs, who, for many centuries, held Narwargarh or Narwâr.

- 95 Bolî Rânî : kyâ kahe ? “ Râjâ Dholâ, jî,
 Us gaon men koî lâgî nâhîn, jî.
 Likhke chitthî de die, jî, Rânî Marwan ne
 Bhejî kunjân ke hâth, jî !
 Kâgân hâth sanerî, chirîân hâth salâm !”
- 100 Itnî sunke Dhol hûâ man men dilgîr, jî.
- Rânî Mârwan dekhe hî bêt, jî.
 Ghar kâ Brâhman bulâ lâ Rânî Mârwan, jî.
 Â Brâhman ne die kalyân, jî :
 “ Terî kalyân, terî kul kî kalyân, jî !”
- 105 “ Merî chitthî tû le jâe, Dâdâjî Brâhman :
 Tum le jâiyo Dhol ke pâs, jî.
 Narwargarh ko tum jâiyo sâjan pe, jî.
 Dhol sâjan ko do milâe, jî.”
 Pânc asharfî us ko de die buddhe Brâhman.
- 110 Chalâ ghar ko âutâ buddhâjî, Brâhman, jî :

- 95 Said the Queen, what said she ? “ O Râjâ Dhol,
 There is no messenger in her village,
 (And so) Princess Mârwan wrote a letter and gave it
 To a crane !
 (It is) a message by a crow, a salutation by a bird !”*
- 100 Hearing this Dhol became sad at heart.

The Princess Mârwan waited.

The Princess Mârwan sent for the household Brâhman.

The Brâhman came and made salutation :

“ Prosperity to thee, prosperity to thy race !”

- 105 “ Take thou my letter, Father Brâhman :
 Take it to Dhol.

Go thou to Narwargarh to my love,

And make a meeting with Dhol my love.”

Five gold pieces gave she to the old Brâhman.

- 110 The old Brâhman went home

* A well-known proverb ; it means that such are never delivered.

- Pâñch asharfî de dîe apnî Brâhmanî ko, jî :
 “ Tum is se karo guzârâ, jî.”
 Majilon majilon chal parâ buddhâjî Brâhman :
 Woh to Narwargarh ko jâe, jî.
- 115 Chalâ mahil ko âwandâ Râjâ Dhol pe, jî :
 Khaskhas ke bangalon meñ âutâ Dhol ke pâs, jî.
 Âke kalyân dîe Râjâ Dhol ko.
 “ Kis desân se terâ âunâ, Dâdâjî Brâhman ?”
 “ Pingal des se ânâ Narwargarh ke mân, jî.”
- 120 Dastâvez to de dîe Râjâ Dhol ko.
 Sarsar us ko bâñchtâ Râjâ Dhol,
 Apne man meñ khushî ho jâe, jî.
 Brâhman lekar chale apne mâhil meñ, jî.
 Thamak thamak âwandâ mahil meñ, jî ;
- 125 Rânî se kartâ jawâb, jî :
 “ Pingalgarh se ânâ Dâdâjî Misar kâ :
 Is kâ ratrâ palang bichhâ do, jî.”

- And gave the five gold pieces to his wife, (and said) :
 “ Do thou live upon these.”
 Stage by stage went the old Brâhman,
 Going to Narwargarh
- 115 He went to the palace of Râjâ Dhol,
 He went to Dhol in the thatched house,
 And saluted Râjâ Dhol.
 “ From what land art thou come, Father Brâhman ?”
 “ I am come from Pingal to Narwargarh.”
- 120 He gave the letter to Râjâ Dhol.
 Râjâ Dhol quickly read it,
 And was pleased in his heart.
 Taking the Brâhman with him he went into the palace.
 Jauntily went he into the palace
- 125 And spake to the Queen.
 “ Father Brâhman hath come from Pingalgarh,
 Make a red bed for him.”

- Itñî kahke Râjâ chal parâ, jî.
 Kache sût kê palang bichhâ dâ bhaiwarî kî mân :
- 130 Chittî châdar tân de palang par, jî.
 Phir usî Brâhman ko bulâ lâ Rânî ne, jî:
 “ Merî araz suno, Mahârâj, jî.”
 Jab Brâhman â gîâ mahil ke mân, jî,
 Bolî Rânî, “ tujh ko âkhde, buđdhe se Brâhman,
- 135 Âo, tum jâo palang par baith, jî.”
 Jab woh palang par baithâ buđdhâ sâ Brâhman,
 Woh to gir parâ bhaiwarî ke mân, jî.
 Wahân se palang uthâ lâ Rânî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî, jî.
 Âke Dhol Râjâ, Rânî se kare jawâb :
- 140 “ Mujhe deo Brâhman ko batâe, jî.”
 Bolî Rânî ; kyâ kahe ? “ Râjâjî Dholâ jî,
 Woh bhâg gîâ Brâhman mahil se, jî.”
 Râjâ Dhol ko sunke us kê lagâ farâk, jî.

- Saying this the Râjâ went away,
 She made him a bed of unwoven thread over the well,
- 130 And spread a white sheet over it.
 Then the Queen called the Brâhman (and said) :
 “ Hear my petition, Mahârâj,* (and come).”
 When the Brâhman came into the palace,
 Said the Queen, “ I say to thee, old Brâhman,
- 135 Come and sit on thy bed.”
 When the old Brâhman sat on the bed
 He fell into the well.
 Queen Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, took away the bed.
 Came Râjâ Dhol and said to the Queen :
- 140 “ Let me see the Brâhman.”
 Said the Queen ; what said she ? “ O Râjâ Dhol,
 The Brâhman hath fled the palace.”
 Hearing this Râjâ Dhol became sorrowful.

* Common form of address to Brâhmanas.

- Wahân Rânî Mârwan Brâhman kî dekh bâṭ, jî.
 145 “ Khabar sâr mujhe nâ dîe, jî, buḍḍhe Brâhman.
 Tîn sau sâth kos se Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ.
 Kaun jāne Brâhman mar gîâ ?” Mîrâsî lâ bulâe, jî.
 Jai jawâhir bâṭ kare woh Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ.
 “ Garj dîwânî main phirûn, mere bâbal kâ Mîrâsî :
 150 Mere garjân pûro, jî.
 Tîn sau sâth kos base Nal Râjâ kâ Dhol.
 Mere Dhol sâjan ko milâ de, jî.”
 “ Terâ bhijâ jāûngâ, Pingal kî beṭî Mârwan :
 Mere laṛkoñ kâ kaun ahwâl, jî ?”
 155 “ Le jâ pānch asharfî, tere wârî jāwân, Mîrâsî :
 De jâ mîrâsan ke hâth, jî.
 Sanjam se laṛkoñ ko, sanjam se kare guzârân.”
 Leke pānch asharfî jāio Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ :
 Rangale dutârî meñ pâutâ, jî,

- Princess Mârwan awaited the Brâhman.
 145 “ The old Brâhman hath brought me no news.
 It is 360 *kos* from Dhol the son of Nal :
 Who knows but that the Brâhman be dead ?” She sent
 for her Minstrel.
 The Minstrel made his salutation.
 “ I am in great straights, O Minstrel of my father ;
 150 Do thou help me.
 At 360 *kos* hence dwelleth Dhol the son of Nal.
 Make me to meet with Dhol my love.”
 “ I will go whither thou sendest O Mârwan, daughter of
 Pingal :
 But what will happen to my children ?”
 155 “ Take five gold pieces, as I am thy sacrifice, Minstrel,
 And give them to thy wife,
 That she may carefully, carefully feed her children.”
 The Minstrel took the five gold pieces
 And put them into his painted fiddle,

- 160 Sânwaliâ Mîrâsî, jî.
 Woh ÷ukre mângne gîâ bhûl :
 ÷ukre kâ kânsâ mârâtâ Sânwaliâ Mîrâsî.
 Chalâ apne ghar ko âve, jî.
 Pânchoñ sâtoñ lar̄koñ ko le rahe mîrâsan, jî.
- 165 ÷ukroñ kî dekhî bâṭ, jî.
 Dûr se âwate ko dekhke Mîrâsî ko,
 Us ne teorî lî chaṛhâe ;
 Mathe meñ pâpî bâl, jî :
 “ Kis dûtî ne bharmâ lîâ ÷ukre dîe jo chhor ?
- 170 Âj ke ÷ukre kahâû gañwâ de, sun sâjan merâ ?
 In lar̄kon kâ kaun ahwâl ?”
 “ ÷ukre meñ se tujhe kyâ khânâ, sun mîrâsan merâ ?
 Tû to nân pulâo urâo, jî !”
 “ Ukhtî kamâî mujhe dikhâ de, sun sâjan merâ.”
- 175 Rangalâ dutârî jhâṛdâ, woh Mîrâsî kâ lar̄kâ :

- 160 Did Sânwaliâ, the Minstrel.
 He gave up begging
 And tossed away his begging-bowl, did Sânwaliâ the
 Minstrel.
 He went to his own house,
 His wife was playing with her half-dozen sons,
- 165 And waiting for the scraps.
 She saw the Minstrel coming from afar,
 She frowned heavily,
 And her countenance was wrathful (and she said) :
 “ What witch hath charmed thee that hast given up
 begging ?
- 170 Where hast lost to-day’s scraps, my husband ?
 What will become of these boys ?”
 “ What have scraps to do with thee, my wife ?”
 “ Do thou cook bread and stews !”
 “ Show me thy earnings, O my husband.”
- 175 The Minstrel shook out his painted fiddle :

- Ghar men ho gaî dekhke mât, jî !
 Apne man men sochtâ Mîrâsî kâ lar-kâ, jî, mîrâsan se bole :
 " Rânî Mârwan bhejî hai Dhol ke pâs.
 Tere kyâ man bhautâ ? Tu to mîrâsan haigî merî :
- 180 Mujhe man ke bhed batâ, jî."
 Jab mîrâsan samjhâtî apne khâvînd ko :
 " Sun merî bāt, jî.
 Gharî men jâtâ, pal men jâîyo, jî.
 Rânî kî sandesâ pûro, jî."
- 185 Man men apne sochtî, man men kare bichâr ;
 " Gharî men kadhtâ pal men kadh :
 Pîchhe man bhautî khâwan."
 Jab sunke Mîrâsî mîrâsan se kare jawâb :
 " Sher, baghîre, chîte kâ râstâ ;
- 190 Woh to jâenge mujh ko khâe, jî.
 Apne hâthon kî do rotîân, jî,

And the household were pleased at what they saw.
 Thinking in his mind the Minstrel spake to his wife and
 said :

- " Princess Mârwan hath sent me to Dhol.
 What thinkest thou ? Thou art my wife.
- 180 Tell me the secret (thought) of thy heart (as to
 this)."
- Then said his wife to her lord :
 " Hear my words.
 If thou hadst to go in an hour, go in a moment,
 And fulfil the Princess' message."
- 185 She thought in her heart and pondered in her soul :
 " If I had to send him in an hour I would send him in
 a moment,
 That I might enjoy myself to my heart's content."
 When he heard his wife said the Minstrel :
- " The way is of tigers and wolves and leopards ;
- 190 They may eat me on the way.
 Give me two loaves with thy hands,

Mujhe ziâfat de jimâe, jî."

" Bhûn pakâ dûn tujhe khichrî, sun sâjan sâjan merâ ;
Tujhe jholke detn jimâe."

- 195 " Khichrî khichrî kyâ kahe ? Khichrî barî bakhân !
Kab pakâoge ? kab bhawanâ ? kab jîmke Narwargarh
ko jâûn ?

Apne hâthon kî do rotân, sun, mîrâsan merî,
Hâzir kâ melâ jimâiye jî.

Ser dhâi âtâ chholân kâ lâiye, jî :

- 200 Sawâ sawâ ser ke do rot, jî.
Chutkâ kalar nûn kâ, pânch châr ghathe lâiye, jî.
Chûle se niche sarkâ deiye, jî."

Ṭukre ṭorke mukh meñ pâ lâi Mîrâsî ke beṭe ne :
Ghatâ lâi thâ dabâe, jî.

- 205 Ṭukrâ to mukh meñ phûl gîâ Mîrâsî ke beṭe ke :
Ghathe meñ se chhuṭ gaî ânkhe meñ chhiṅṭ, jî !

And let me eat them in safety."

" I will cook thee a dish of rice and pulse, O my love,
my love :

I will give thee food in plenty."

- 195 " Rice and milk, rice and milk, what sayest thou ? Rice
and milk is lofty fare !

When will it be cooked ? when will it be put in the
oven ? when shall I eat it and go to Narwargarh ?

A couple of loaves from thy own hands, hear, my wife,
That are ready, give me to eat.

Bring two and a half *sers* of pulse,

- 200 And make me loaves of one and a quarter each.
Sprinkle a little salt on them and bring one or two
onions :

And give me a loaf from off the hearth."

The Minstrel broke off a piece and put it in his mouth,
Mixing the onions with it.

- 205 The bread swelled in the Minstrel's mouth,
And the onion spirted into his eyes !

- Ghathe kâ khânâ to pahîle ronâ, jî, Ṭhâkur, Ṭhâkur merâ !
 Palkân se chaltâ nîr, jî.
 Jab mîrâsan boltî Mîrâsî ke beṭe ko :
- 210 “ Bhojan pâve yâ ro rahâ, sun sâjan merâ, jî ? ”
 “ Bhojan hî Bhagwân hai, sun mîrâsan merî :
 Mujh ko laṛkoñ kâ â gîâ daregh, jî.
 Kûṇḍâ soṇṭâ lâ de, sun mîrâsan merî :
 Sûkhe mirchân lâe de, jî.”
- 215 Devî Surastî manâ lie Mîrâsî ke beṭe ne ;
 Awalân kar lî yâd, jî.
 Dharke ragṛâ lagâ dîâ, jî,
 Bhang lie banâe, jî.
 Aur dafâ patlâ pûlâ pîve thâ, jî ;
- 220 Gârhâ sûkhâ lîâ banâe, jî.
 Pâñch châr piyâlâ pîtâ Mîrâsî kâ laṛkâ.
 “ Hukkâ tâjâ karke lâ de, mîrâsan merî :

- To eat onions is to weep,* O my God, my God !
 The water ran from his eyes.
 Then said his wife to the Minstrel :
- 210 “ Art eating or weeping, O my husband ? ”
 “ Food is indeed God, † hear, my wife ;
 I was (sorrowful for) the separation from my sons.
 Bring me pestle and mortar, hear, my wife :
 And bring me some dry pepper.”
- 215 The Minstrel called on Devî and Saraswatî, ‡
 Thinking first of them.
 He began to pound.
 And prepared some *bhang*. §
 Before he used to take it thin,
- 220 Now he made it thick and strong.
 The Minstrel drank off four or five cups. (Said he) :
 “ Make ready my pipe, my wife,

* This is a proverb.

† This is a proverb.

‡ See first line.

§ The intoxicant *bhang* is made by grinding hemp leaves to a fine powder and mixing with water.

- Mujhe kone meñ khindrâ bichhâ de, jî.”
 Hukke kâ pînâ amal charh gîâ Mîrâsî ke bete ko.
 225 Kone meñ gîâ kaṭhâ ho jî.
 Pânchoñ sâtoñ larke ko le chalî mîrâsan us kî :
 Chalî bazâr kî sair ko, jî.
 Ghûmtî ghûmtî âi halwâi ke dūkân ko.
 Sharfî dhar dî halwâi kî bāt, jî :
 230 “ Changî changî shîrnîñ mujhe dilâiye, jî.”
 Changî changî shîrnîñ le lie halwâi ke larke se.
 Thoṛâ thoṛâ larkeñ ke hâth meñ rakh dîâ, jî :
 Aur sab chât lî âp, jî.
 Dusrî pherî chalke âutî bhaṭiâre ke dūkân pe :
 235 “ Bhojan dâut mujh ko de de, merî nagarî kî Bhaṭiârî.”
 “ Jo tere man bhâve le le, merî Mîrâsan.”
 Asharfî rakh dî us kî tandûr par, jî :
 “ Nân pulâo mujhe de de koṭta, merî Bhaṭiârî :
 Zardâ pulâo change change de de, jî.”
-

- And let me sleep in a corner on a mat.”
 As he smoked the pipe the Minstrel was overcome,
 225 And became insensible in the corner.
 His wife took her half-dozen sons ;
 And went for a walk in the market.
 Wandering about she came to a confectioner's shop.
 She put down a gold piece in the confectioner's shop,
 230 (Saying) : “ Give me the best of sweetmeats.”
 The confectioner gave her the best of sweetmeats ;
 A few she gave into her children's hands,
 And all the rest she ate up herself.
 Next she came to an eating-house, (saying) :
 235 “ Give me of the best food, my Cook's wife of the town.”
 “ Take to thy heart's desire, my Minstrel's wife.”
 She put down a gold piece at the eating-house, (saying) :
 “ Give me bread and stew and roast, my Cook's wife :
 Give me an excellent stew.”

- 240 Thoṛâ thoṛâ laṛkoṅ ke hâth meṅ rakh dîâ, jî :
 Bâkî sab chât liâ âp, jî.
 Ghûmtî ghûmtî chalî gharân ko jâe, jî.
 Rangalâ charkhâ to âke dhâ liâ, jî.
 Ghûngaṭ liâ nikâl, jî.
- 245 Lambâ ghûngaṭ ḍâlke dohrâ de sunâe :
 “ Terâ suhâg se main raṇḍî rahûn, jî.
 Katne katke khâûn, jî :
 Apnâ laṛkoṅ ko tû sâm le, jî.”
 Hâth nâ dhoe, kulî nâ kare, jî :
- 250 Mîrâsî man meṅ kare bichâr, jî :
 “ Pânchoṅ sâtoṅ laṛkoṅ ko rahî sâm, jî ;
 Ghar ko rahî thî sâm, jî.”
 Rangalâ dutârâ khûṇḍe se utâr liâ Mîrâsî ke laṛke ne :
 Chalâ shahr ko jâe, jî.
- 255 “ Rânî Mârwan ne mujhe bhej dîâ Narwargarh ko,
 Us se kyâ ḍungâ jâwâb, jî ?”

- 240 A little she gave into her children's hands,
 And all the remainder she ate up herself.
 Wandering along she returned home.
 She got out her painted spinning wheel,
 And she got out a veil.
- 245 Putting on a long veil spake she (to her husband) :
 “ I had rather be a widow than married to thee.
 Spinning will I support myself :
 And do thou support thy own sons.”
 He washed not his hands, he rinsed not his mouth ;
- 250 The Minstrel thought in his heart :
 “ She always supported the half-dozen sons :
 She always supported the household.”
 The Minstrel took his painted fiddle from off the peg,
 And went to the city, (saying to himself) :
- 255 “ Princess Mârwan sent me to Nawargarh,
 What shall I answer her now ?”

- Apne sochtâ Mîrâsî ke lar̄ke kâ,
 Âp kahte kahe bât, jî :
 “ Nîche kar lûn sârangî kî târ, jî :
 260 Nîche gâungâ âwâz, jî.”
 Bârâh muṭhî kî târ char̄hâ lîe, jî ;
 Wahân pe pahunchî âwâz, jî.
 Jab man meñ sochtâ Mîrâsî kâ lar̄kâ ;
 Man meñ soch bichâr :
 265 “ Do mahînâ to bâniyon meñ guzâr dûn, Ṭhâkur Prabhû
 mere !
 Do mahînâ guzâr dûn Sayyidân ke.
 Main do mahînâ guzâr dûn Shekhon meñ, jî.
 Chhab mahînâ batît karûn, sun, Ṭhâkurjî mere :
 Jo Rânî Mârwan pûchhûngî, Pingal kî beṭî,
 270 Us se jaisâ kaisâ dûngâ jawâb, jî.”
 Uṛd bazâr meñ âve Sañwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ ;
 Woh to mâre prem kî târ, jî.

- Thought the Minstrel to himself,
 Consulting with himself:
 “ I will tune my fiddle low,
 260 And I will sing with a low voice.”
 He strung a string of twelve ells,
 And tuned his voice thereto.
 Then thought the Minstrel to himself,
 Thinking in his heart :
 265 “ Two months will I spend with the merchants, O my
 God, my Lord !
 Two months will I spend with the Sayyids,
 And two months will I spend with the Shekhs.
 Six months will I sing, hear me, O my God,
 And when Princess Mârwan, Pingal's daughter, asks me
 questions
 270 I will give her a suitable answer.”
 So Sañwaliâ the Minstrel went into the crowded market,
 And he sang a song of love.

- Charhî mahil ûpar ke dekhtî Rânî Mârwan ;
 Kharî sukhâwan kesh, jî.
- 275 Kân bulel baṛ gaî Mîrâsî beṭe kî :
 Paṛ gaî kân bulel, jî.
 Apnî bândî ko bulâkar bândî se karî jawâb :
 “ Nau târ kâ koṛaṛâ tû le dast ke bîch, jî ;
 Do châr koṛaṛâ mârke Mîrâsî ke beṭe ko.
- 280 Tum lâo mahil ke bîch, jî.”
 Nau târ kâ koṛaṛâ bândî ne le lîe hâth menî :
 Woh to jâe Mîrâsî ke pâs, jî :
 “ Mahilon Rânî bulântî tujh ko, Mîrâsî ke laṛke !
 Tujhe Rânî ne kar lîa yâd, jî ! ”
- 285 Chupkâ chupkâ âge ho lîa chalâ mahil ko jâe, jî ;
 Kartâ Rânî se jawâhir, jî.
 “ Bâven hâth tere kyâ paṛâ, Mîrâsî ke laṛke ?
 Hâth dahine kyâ paṛâ, jî ?

- Mounting her palace (roof) Princess Mârwan was
 looking (about her),
 Standing drying her hair.
- 275 The song of the Minstrel caught her ear ;
 His song caught her ear.
 She called her maid and said to her :
 “ Take a whip of nine thongs in thy hand,
 And give the Minstrel three or four blows with it,
- 280 And bring him into the palace.”
 The maid took a whip of nine thongs in her hand,
 And went to the Minstrel, (and said) :
 “ The Princess calls thee within the palace, Minstrel !
 The Princess hath remembered thee ! ”
- 285 Silently and quietly he entered the palace
 And saluted the Princess. (Said she) :
 “ What lies at thy left hand, Minstrel ?
 What lies at thy right hand ?

- Bâven hâth Lâl Khân lakrî paṛá, jî !
 290 Dahine hâth sârâ, jî !
 Lâl Khân lâkrî men pair de de, jî,
 Tere piṇḍe par phirungî sâr.”
 “ Lâl Khân lakrî main pair nâ dún, Rânî Mârwan.
 Mere piṇḍe par na sâr.”
 295 “ Main to jânân thâ ádhî tiâhî pahunch giâ, jî.
 Tú ne merî jîûrî ko lâyâ daregh, jî !”
 Bole Mîrâsî, “ Dastâvez mujhe likhâ de, jî.
 Main to Dhol dúngâ dikhâe, jî.”
 Korâ sâ kâghaz mangâ liâ, jî :
 300 Baiṭh chaubâre ke chhâûn meñ, jî,
 Likh dí dastâvez, jî.

Dastâvez.

“ Chaṛhtâ joban yûn chaṛhâ, jûn Sânúñ kí lor :

- At thy left hand lie the stocks !*
 290 At thy right hand a whip !
 I will put thy feet into the stocks,
 And flourish the whip over thy body.”
 “ I will not let my feet into the stocks, Princess Mârwan,
 Nor the whip upon my body.”
 295 “ I thought that thou hadst reached a half or a third of
 the way.
 Thou hast brought sorrow into my life !”
 Said the Minstrel, “ Write me a letter,
 That I may show it to Dhol.”
 She sent for fair paper,
 300 And sitting in the shade of the balcony,
 She wrote a letter.

Letter.

“ My youth was flourishing as flourish the clouds in
 July.†

* The stocks in India are always called “ Lâl Khân's rods.” I do not know why.

† The wettest month of the rains in India.

- Charhtâ joban main to gherâ, jûn gherâ mâli bâgh.
 Dhultâ joban merâ yûn, jûn bâlû kâ rît.
- 305 Angan sùkhe bâjrâ, sun, Râjâ Dholâ :
 Bhû meñ sùkhe jawâr, jî.
 Rânî sùkhe piû ke Dholâ sajan kî nâr !
 Amb pakke, ras chû gaî, chûsanwâle dûr !
 Sùkhî gehûn kuḥ gaî, silâ baṭoro ân !
- 310 Chhân purânî ho gaî, khurkan lâge bâns.
 Hâth na dhoî, kuli na karî, tere ghar meñ zât kuzât :
 Peṭ gharâ, sir dâlar, sângar ṭoran jâeñ !
 Nau ṭânk kî padmanî Rânîjî Mârwan :
 Tolî phûlân de bhâr !
- 315 Patlî patlî kâmnî main Mârwan,
 Khâñ dhâi chhânûn, jî ! ”

Blooming youth encompassed me as a garden encom-
 passeth the gardener.

Now my youth is declining as a wall of sand.

- 305 The millet is drying up in the yard ; hear, Râjâ Dhol,
 The millet is drying up in the earth,
 The Princess is pining for her love, the wife of Dhol
 her husband !
 The mango is ripe, its juice drips and the gatherer is
 far !
 The wheat has ripened, come and take the gleanings !
- 310 The thatch is growing old, the bamboos creak.
 She washeth not her hands, she rinseth not her mouth,
 that low woman in thy house :
 Belly like a pitcher, head like a basket, she gathereth
 strange fruit !
 (But) a peerless beauty is Princess Mârwan,
 Weighed beside flowers !
- 315 A slim and slender maid am I, thy Mârwan,
 Eating but two and a half (grains of) rice ! ”

- Mârwan ne pâti likhî, " Sâjan sâjan merâ ! "
- Woh to de de Mîrâsî ke hâth, jî.
- Âgârî âgârî kar liâ Sânwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ ;
- 320 Chalî shahr se jâe, jî.
- Chal bâghon men âutâ Sânwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ.
- Woh to chalâ chalâ jâe, jî ;
- Âge to mil gaî Rewâ Mâlî kî.
- Sâun ko bichârdâ Sânwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ.
- 325 Sir par khârî rakh dî Mâlî kî larîkî :
- Khârî men pâ rahî tarkârî.
- Âsâ us ko lag rahî, jî.
- Bharî abkonî mil gaî Rewâ Mâlî kî.
- " Jekar Rewâ mil gaî mujh ko Mâlî kî,
- 330 Main lâûn Dhol ko sâth, jî ! "
- Âgârî âgârî jaisâ âutâ Sânwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ ;

Mârwan wrote the letter, (saying), " O my love, my love ! "

- She gave it into the Minstrel's hands,
And sent Sânwaliâ, the Minstrel, forward on his road ;
- 320 Going (back herself) from the city.
Sânwaliâ, the Minstrel, went into the garden.
Going on the road
He met Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter.*
And Sânwaliâ, the Minstrel, bethought him of the omen.
- 325 The Gardener's daughter had her basket on her head,
And the basket was full of garden fruits.
Then had he hope.
Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter, was (also) pregnant.
(Said he) ; " Since I have met with Rewâ, the Gardener's
daughter,
- 330 I will bring Dhol with me ! "
- As Sânwaliâ, the Minstrel, was going onwards,

* The bard is here anticipating in the confusing way common to his class. Rewâ was the chief of Mârwan's maids. See below line 1043.

Âgârî to ghorewâlâ mil gîâ ghore kâ sawâr :

Woh to ðolâ le rahâ sâth, jî.

“Thâkur, mujh ko ghorewâlâ mil gîâ, jî :

335 Main to lâûn Dhol ko sâth, jî.”

Majilon majilon chal parâ Sânwaliâ Mîrâsî kâ ;

Narwargarh ko jâe, jî.

Sawâ sau kos pakke par â gîâ âve chaukî ke pâs, jî.

Bole chaukîdâr ; kyâ kahe ? “Sun, râste kâ musâfir,

340 Kahân se âyâ ? kahân ko chalâ ? Sun, râste kâ musâfir.”

“Pingalgarh se â gîâ, sun, chauki ke sipâhî :

Main Narwargarh ko jâûn, jî.

Sânwaliâ merâ nâm hai, sun chauki ke sipâhî.”

Bole sipâhî, “tujhe kyâ kahân ? Sun, Sânwaliâ Mîrâsî :

345 Hamârî nagarî meû nâ baṛo, sun, Sânwaliâ Dâḍhî ke,

He met in the way a horseman on a horse,

Taking a bride's palanquin with him.

(Said he) : “ O God, since I have met a horseman (thus),

335 I will bring Dhol with me !”

Stage by stage Sânwaliâ, the Minstrel, went on,

And went to Narwargarh.

Going 125 kos on the metalled road* he came to a guard.

Said the guard ; what said he ? “ Hear, traveller on the road,

340 Whence comest thou ? Whither goest ? Hear, traveller on the road.”

“ I am come from Pingalgarh, hear, keeper of the guard, And I go to Narwargarh.

Sânwaliâ is my name, hear, keeper of the guard.”

Said the guard, “ What shall I tell thee ? Hear, thou Minstrel Sânwaliâ :

345 Enter not into our city ; hear, thou Minstrel Sânwaliâ,

* Observe this *very* modern expression.

- Nagar meñ nâ barîye mûl, jî.”
 Devî Sârdâ manâ lie Sâñwaliâ Mîrâsî ne :
 Is ne ablâ kar lî sâr, jî.
 Dharke ragrâ lagâ dîâ Sâñwaliâ Mîrâsî ne ;
 350 Sûkhâ dîâ banâe, jî.
 “ Mardân ke, piyâlâ pî lo, jî :
 Thoṛî thoṛî chuskarî le lo, jî.”
 Woh sipâhî labar goṭe râste ke basnewâlê :
 Bhar bhar piyâlâ pilâ dîe Sâñwaliâ Dâḍhî ne.
 355 Charas kâ sulfâ pilâ dîâ Sâñwaliâ Dâḍhî ne.
 Sulfâ kâ pînâ amal ho gîâ sipâhî ko :
 Nashe meñ ho gae chor, jî.
 Chhâtî pe pair rakhke lakh gîâ Sâñwaliâ Dâḍhî ne,
 Narwargarh ke mân, jî.
 360 Narwargarh meñ bar gîâ Sâñwaliâ Dâḍhî kâ.
 Sâñj parî, din ḍhul gîâ, dhan kâ lagâ bhîr, jî.

- Go not into the city at all !”
 Sâñwaliâ, the Minstrel, called on Devî and Sârdâ :
 This did he first.
 Then ground he (the *bhang*), did Sâñwaliâ, the Minstrel.
 350 And he made it thick (and said) :
 “ My braves, drink a cup :
 Take each a little sip.”
 The guard were stout swaggerers on the high road,
 And Sâñwaliâ, the Minstrel, gave them a full cup each.
 355 Sâñwaliâ, the Minstrel, gave them each a cup of *bhang*.
 Drinking of the cup overcame the guard,
 And they were shamefully drunk.
 Putting his feet on their breasts Sâñwaliâ, the Minstrel,
 went on
 Into Narwargarh.
 360 Sâñwaliâ, the Minstrel, entered Narwargarh.
 It was evening as the day declined and the cattle began
 to collect,

- Chalke Siryâ Kumhârî ke bâr meñ â gîâ, jî.
 “ Âj kî rain bisrâm de, nagar kî rî Kumhârî :
 Bhulke ko ðere kûnch, jî.”
- 365 “ Par jâ gadhân kî dahlez meñ, terî wârî jâwân, musâfir.”
 Âsârñ Jeth ke samân hûî. “ Merî nagar kî Kumhârî,
 Tale se bharsâ mâre, mere Thâkurjî ;
 Ûpar se khâegî kharsâ, jî.
 Changî jagâ batâ de, nagar kî Kumhârî.”
- 370 “ Charñ jâ is purşâl par, wârî jâwân, musâfir.”
 Charñ gîâ purşâl par Sâñwaliâ Dâðhî kâ :
 Sahîh sâñj rahâ so, jî.
 Adhî râť garhtâl bajî Râjâ Dhol kî ;
 Chalâ bâhir jangal ke shikâr, jî.
- 375 Rangalâ dutârâ sañwâtâ Sâñwaliâ Dâðhî kâ.
 Bole Mirâsî ; kyâ kahe ?

And going on he came to the door of Siryâ, the Potter's wife, (and said) :

“ Give me a night's rest, O Potter's wife of the city,
 In the morning I make a march.”

- 365 “ Lie down in the asses' stall, I am thy sacrifice, O wayfarer.”

It was the season of May and June* (and he said) : “ My Potter's wife of the city,

The smell arises from beneath, by my God !

And the heat destroys me from above.

Show me some better place, O Potter's wife of the city.”

- 370 “ Come up these stairs, I am thy sacrifice, O wayfarer.”

Sâñwaliâ, the Minstrel, went up the stairs,

And slept (there) the early evening.

At midnight were sounded the gongs of Râjâ Dhol,

As he went without for sport in the forests.

- 375 Sâñwaliâ, the Minstrel, took out his painted fiddle.
 Sang the Minstrel : what sang he ?

* The hottest time of the year.

Râgnî.

- “ Sun Govind, Govind merâ !
 Is Mârwan ne pâti likhî, sun, Nal Râjâ ke Dhol,
 Baiṭh chaubâre kî chhâûn, jî.
 380 Ânsû gerf mor sî, dhar mashtak par hâth :
 ‘ Âwan âwan kar rahâ lâ dîe bârah mâs !’
 Chhân purâni ho gaî, khurkan lâge bâns !
 Kyâ tere kâghaz gal gae ? kyâ siyâhî kî ūchh ?
 Rânî ko bharosâ tere nâm kâ, tere nâm kî oṭ !
 385 Mârwan mâran jog, kâṭan jog karîr :
 Bayân chûrî jog haiñ, pahine jog sarîr !
 Angan sūkhe bâjrâ : bhûin sūkhe jawâr !
 Rânî sūkhe pîû ke, Dhol sâjan kî nâr !
 Hâth nâ dhoe, kulî na karî, jî,

Song.

- “ Hear me, O my God, my God !
 Mârwan hath written a letter, hear me, Dhol, son of Râjâ
 Nal,
 Sitting in the shade of the balcony.
 380 The peacock-formed shed tears and put her hand to her
 head (saying) :
 ‘ He both been twelve months in coming, coming !’
 The thatch hath waxed old, and bamboos are cracking !
 Hath thy paper rotted ? Hast thou lack of ink ?
 The Princess hath faith in thee, hath confidence in thy
 name.
 385 Mârwan is losing her beauty, suffering as the acacia.*
 Her bracelets become her arms, her body becomes the
 keeper !
 The millet is drying up in the yard, the millet is drying
 up in the earth !
 The Princess pineth for her love, the wife of Dhol her
 husband !
 She washeth not her hands, she rinseth not her mouth,

* This particular tree grows in the deserts only, as a rule. See line 632 below.

390 Ghar mein zât kuzât !

Motî pinî, zâng bal, sâlgar toran jâin !”

Itnî bāt jab sun le Rânî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî,

Dil mein soch bichâre, jî :

“ Jis Mîrâsî kî sifat sunon thî,

395 Prabhû, Prabhû merâ, jî !

Woh to â gîâ nagar ke mân, jî !”

Zanânâ bhes utârtî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî,

Kar lâ mardânâ bhes, jî.

Nau târ kê korâra lâ hâth ke bîch :

400 Chal Siryâ Kumhârî ke âve, jî.

“ Rât ke chor batâ de, jis ne râton ko pâyâ kharât :

Kûnch kî sûlî de dîngî, jî !

Râton pâyâ kharât Râjâ Dhol ke ânk na lage, jî !”

“ Sânj ke wakt mujh ko yeh to namânâ dekhe thâ, jî.

390 That low woman in thy house !

Stout of belly, fat of thigh, the gatherer of wild fruit !”

When Queen Sammî the Kachhwâhâ heard these words,
She thought in her heart :

“ The Minstrel whose praises I had heard,

395 O my God, my God !

Hath come into the city !”

Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, put off her women’s clothes,
And put on men’s clothes.

She took a whip of nine thongs in her hand

400 And went to Siryâ, the Potter’s wife, (and said) :

“ That thief of the night, who made a noise in the night,
I will have him hanged (at once) !

Owing to the noise in the night Râjâ Dhol never closed
his eyes !”

(Said the Potter’s wife) ; “ In the evening he seemed to
me to be quiet enough.

- 405 Chaḥ jā us puṣāl par nagar dalichâ* lînâ dekh.
 Kân bûchke paṛ rahâ Mîrâsî kâ, jî."
 Woh to sipâhî ūpar chaḥ giâ, jî :
 Thokar mârke uṭhâ dîâ sote musâfir ko.
 " Râtoñ tû ne shor machâyâ, musâfir chitrâ, jî :
- 410 Râjâ Dhol ke ânkḥ nâ lage, jî.
 Kûnch kî sûlî tayyâr kare, musâfir chitrâ, jî :
 Tû to ho le mere sâth, jî."
 " Aisî taisî meñ gaî Mârwan, jî,
 Ūpar se gayâ Râjâ Dhol, jî !
- 415 Merî jân bachâ le, sipâhî sâjan, jî :
 Mujḥ ko denâ chhor, jî."
 Jab sipâhî boltâ, " tû sun, musâfir, bāt, jî,
 Mujhe gāṭh-girâ dîkhâ de, musâfir jî :
 Mujhe paisâ dhelâ denâ, de, jî."
- 420 Do asharfî nikâltâ Mîrâsî, jî ;
 Woh de dîe sipâhî ko, jî.

- 405 Go up the ladder and take a look over the city lanes,
 And see where the Minstrel is squatting."
 The (sham) soldier went up
 And kicked up the sleeping traveller, (and said) :
 " Thou didst make a noise in the night, my fine traveller,
- 410 And Râjâ Dhol never closed his eyes.
 He is getting ready a halter (for thee), my fine traveller :
 Follow thou me."
 (Said the Minstrel) : " Perdition fall on Princess Mârwan,
 And after her on Râjâ Dhol !
- 415 Save thou my life, friendly soldier,
 And let me go."
 Then said the (sham) soldier, " Traveller, hear my words,
 Show me thy pocket :
 And thou must give me some cash."
- 420 The Minstrel took out two gold pieces
 And gave them to the (sham) soldier.

Do asharfî le leñ musâfir se, jî,
 Dîâ darwâzâ se nikâl, jî.
 Bole sipâhî, " musâfir, jî,
 425 Tû sun bhâî bintî, jî,
 Yehân se tû bhâg jâ, jî :
 Pichhâ phirke mat dekhnâ, mere sâjan, jî."

Âgârî âgârî chal parâ Mîrâsî :
 Devî lî thî manâe, jî.
 430 " Mere chitrâ, mere sâjan ho, jî :
 Rangalâ dutârâ utârtâ, mere chitrâ, jî."
 Woh to Rangalâ dutârâ bajâe, jî :
 " Âyâ thâ âsâ karke is nagar men, jî ;
 Ab chalâ nirâsâ ho, jî !"
 435 Râjâ Dhol chalâ âve thâ, jî.
 Us kî âwâz Dhol ne sun lî, jî.
 " Jaunsî bāt tū to gātâ âve thâ, jî,

Taking two gold pieces from the traveller
 He put him out of the gate.
 Said the (sham) soldier, " Traveller,
 425 Hear thou my words.
 Run thou away from here,
 Without even looking back, my friend."

The Minstrel went onwards,
 And invoked Devî.
 430 (Said she) :* " My wise one, my beloved one,
 Take out the painted fiddle, my wise one."
 He played on his painted fiddle, (and sang) :
 " With hope came I into this city,
 Without hope do I leave it !"
 435 Râjâ Dhol was passing
 And he heard his song. (Said he) :
 " What thou wast singing on thy way

* *i.e.*, the Goddess.

- Wahî mujhe gâke sunâ de, jî.
 Tujhe parâî kyâ parî, mere chitrâ, jî ?”
- 440 “ Ghorewâlâ, tujhe apne kâam se kâam, jî.”
 “ Terâ dohrâ mere man basâ, mujhe dohrâ deîye sunâe,
 jî.”
 “ Âyâ thâ âsâ karke is nagar mân, jî :
 Chalâ mainî nirâsâ ho, jî.”
 Bahân pakaṛke piche biṭhlâ lîâ, ab chalâ mahil ko jâe, jî.
- 445 Dekh Mîrâsî ko Rânî man meñ sochî, jî.
 Ghorâ bândh Râjâ gurşâl meñ chalâ mahil ko jâe :
 Chalâ mahil ko âve : chalâ mahil ko jâe, jî.
 Bole Râjâ Dhol, “ Merî Rânî, jî,
 Is ko palang denâ bichhâe, jî.
- 450 Change bhojan jimâ deîyo, merî Rânî ho.
 Is ko khûb karwâo ashnân, jî.”
 Sunke Rânî ne palang toshak lî bichhâe, jî :

Do thou sing to me.

Why sing for another, my wise one ?”

- 440 “ Horseman, mind thine own affairs.”
 “ Thy song hath sunk into my heart, do thou sing to
 me.”
 “ With hope came I into this city,
 Without hope do I leave it !”
 (The horseman) seized him by the arm, sat him behind
 him and took him to the palace.
- 445 Seeing the Minstrel the Queen thought in her heart.
 The Râjâ fastened the horse in the stable and went into
 the palace :
 Went into the palace : went into the palace.
 Said Râjâ Dhol : “ My Queen,
 Make a bed for him ;
- 450 And give him good fare, my Queen,
 And bathe him well.”
 Hearing this the Queen prepared a bed,

- Chandan chaukî bichhâ dfe, jî :
 Dahî phulel mangâyâ ho, jî.
 455 Ang mal mal nahâutâ woh Mîrâsî ;
 Le Allah kê nâm, jî.
 Rânî Mârwan kî poshâk thî, jî,
 Woh to pahinî Mîrâsî ne, jî.
 Dhât ser âtâ chhole kê Rânî ne gundûr lâ :
 460 Sawâ sawâ ser kî do rotî pakwâî, jî.
 Chutkâ dhar kalar nûn kê, do ghathe pyâz ke, jî :
 Chauke ke nîche khaskâ dîâ, jî.
 Rânî ne Mîrâsî se kare jawâb, jî :
 " Bhojan lâûn to jîm le, jî."
 465 Torke tukrâ mukh meû pâyâ, jî.
 Mukh meû gê phûl, jî : ghathe kî par gâî chhînt, jî.
 Ghathâ khânâ ronâ : palkoû se bahe nîr, jî.
 Sammî Kachhwâhî bolî, " Bhojan pâve kyûn rove hai, jî ?"

- And placed a sandal-wood stool,
 And sent for curds and cosmetics.
 455 The Minstrel anointed his body and bathed.
 And called on God !*
 The robes that were Princess Mârwan's
 The Minstrel put on.
 The Queen kneaded two and a half *sers* of flour
 460 And made loaves of one and a quarter *sers* each.
 She sprinkled salt over them and put in two onions,
 And took them out of the hearth.
 Said the Queen to the Minstrel :
 " I bring the food, eat it."
 465 He broke a piece and put it into his mouth.
 It swelled in his mouth and the onion spirted.
 To eat onions is to weep : the tears flowed from his eyes.
 Said Sammî the Kachhwâhâ, " Having got thy food
 why weepest ?"

* He is described as a Hindû up to this, and now we have *Allah* for God !

- Man ke bhed batâ de, jî!"
- 470 Mîrâsî kâ betâ bole, " Rânî, jî,
 Bhojan hî Bhagwân hai, merî Rânî, jî.
 Bhojan ko nahî rotâ, sun, jî chitrâ merî.
 Main to rotâ Mârwan ke bhâg ko, jî.
 Sangaldîp kî padmanî merî Rânî, toî phûlân ki bhâr, jî.
- 475 Patlî patlî kâmnî khâve dhâi chônwal, jî.
 Bârâh Khân kâ Râjâ Dhol hai, pake bârâh khân.
 Main bârâh khân kî sifat sunôn thâ, dekhî ik hî khân.
 Rânî Mârwan se nâ jimâ jâe, Thâkur, Thâkur merâ :
 Yeh to bhojan âve jîmâ na jâe, jî!"
- 480 Pânc hâr tukre tortâ Mîrâsî kâ,
 Khesh men lie pâe, jî.
 Khaskhas ke bangalâ men âutâ woh to chitrâ, jî :
-

- Tell me the secrets of thy heart?"
- 470 Said the Minstrel, " O Queen,
 Food is indeed God,* my Queen.
 I weep not over my food ; hear, my wise lady,
 I weep for Mârwan's fate.
 My Princess, the beauty of Sangaldîp is weighed
 against flowers.
- 475 A slim and slender maiden she, eating two and a half
 (grains of) rice.
 Râjâ Dhol, (the Lord) of twelve Lords, is eating twelve
 (kinds of) food.
 I heard the praises of these twelve kinds of food, and I
 see but one.
 Princess Mârwan will never eat this, my God, my God :
 She will never eat *this* food!"
- 480 The Minstrel broke off four or five pieces,
 And put them into his dress.
 The wise one went into the thatched house,
-

* See above line 210.

- Râjâ se jâkar kare jawâhir, jî :
 Godê se godâ milâ diâ, jî.
 485 Kshesh men hâth pâ liâ Mîrâsî :
 Woh tukre kâdhke Râjâ ke sâmhne rakh dîe, jî :
 " Sûtak kî padmanî Rânî Mârwan, jî :
 Woh to tole phûlân kî bhâr, jî.
 Patlî patlî Rânî Mârwan merî châtâr ho :
 490 Woh khâve dhât chânwal, jî.
 Bârâh Khân kâ Râjâ Dhol thâ, jî ;
 Pakke bârâh khân, jî.
 Main to sifat sunon thâ, jî :
 Main to dekh ik hî khân, jî !
 495 Yeh bhojan Rânî Mârwan se, jî :
 Us se jimâ na jâe, jî !"
 Dastâvez de dîe Mîrâsî ke larke ne.
 Dastâvez dekhke sar̄sar̄ bânchtâ, jî.
 Ho dilgîr mahilon̄ ko chal parâ, jî.

- And saluted the Râjâ,
 And sat down beside him.
 485 The Minstrel put his hand into his dress
 And taking out the pieces laid them before the Râjâ,
 (and said) :
 " Princess Mârwan is a peerless beauty,
 Weighed against flowers.
 A slim and slender (maid) is my wise Princess Mârwan,
 490 Eating but two and a half (grains of) rice.
 Râjâ Dhol (is Lord) of twelve Lords,
 And eats twelve kinds of food.
 I heard their praises,
 But I see only one !
 495 This food the Princess Mârwan
 Will never eat !"
 The Minstrel gave him the letter.
 He read the letter rapidly
 And being sorrowful he went into the palace.

- 500 Ave mahil ke mân, jî :
 Âke palang par let, jî : rahâ palang par let, jî.
 Sammî Kachhwâhî boltî, " Sun Râjâ Dholâ, jî,
 Boltâ kyûn nahîn hai, jî ?
 Kyûn tâ dî hai pîṭh, jî ?
- 505 Kyûn nashtar khode bhînt, jî ?
 Kaunsî Rânî tere chit basî ? Kaunsî dî utâr, jî ?"
 " Nâ main detî pîṭhî, merî Rânî ho :
 Nâ main nashtar khod, jî.
 Rânî Mârwan chit basî, Sammî dî basâr, jî."
- 510 Boli Sammî : kyâ kahe ? " Mere Râjâ chitrâ ho,
 Kuen meñ kankar dahî, rang meñ dahî majîṭ, jî !
 Sej chaṛhâ bâlam dahî, mere chitrâ ho ;
 De de sove pîṭh, jî."
 Bole Dhol Râjâ, " Sun, Rânî merî,

- 500 He went into the palace,
 And laid him on his bed ; laid him on his bed.
 Said Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, " Hear, Râjâ Dhol,
 Why speakest not ?
 Why turnest thy back on me ?
- 505 Why makest scratches with thy nails ?*
 What lady hath entered thy heart ? Whom dost thou
 discharge ?"
 " I am not turning my back on thee, my Queen,
 And I am not scratching with my nails.
 Princess Mârwan hath entered my heart and Sammî do
 I discharge."
- 510 Said Sammî : what said she ? " My wise Râjâ,
 Stones are thrown into the well and madder into the
 paint.
 Thou dost enjoy thy bed, O my wise (husband),
 Turn thy back and sleep."
 Said Râjâ Dhol, " Hear, my Queen,

* To lie on an old bed and scratch the ground with the nails is a common Panjâbî way of showing great sorrow.

- 515 Hath nâ dhoe, kulî nâ kari, merî Sammijî Kachhwâhî !
 Mere ghar men hai zât kuzât !
 Motî pinî tere zâng par; Sammî, hai, Kachhwâhî :
 Tere tak mandherî ho jâe, jî !
 Nau tâng kî padmanî woh to Râni haigî Mârwan :
- 520 Tole phûlân ke bhâr, jî.
 Patlî patlî kâmnî khâve dhâi chânuwal, jî.
 [Lambî badhî kyâ hove ? Lambî badhî khajûr, jî :
 Charhe jo meve châkh le, gir jâe chiknâ-chûr :
 Pâuchhî chhâûn nâ baithî, phal lagte haiñ dûr.]
- 525 Peṭ garhâ, sir dâlî, merî sâjan ho !
 Sâgar toran jâeñ, jî !”
- Barî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ, jî :
 Chal hâthiôn pe âve, jî.

- 515 Thou dost not wash thy hands, nor rinse thy mouth, my
 Sammî, thou Kachhwâhâ !
 My wife is a low woman !
 Fat is thy belly above thy thighs, O Sammî, thou
 Kachhwâhâ.
 And thy stature is short !
 Princess Mârwan is a peerless beauty,
- 520 Weighed against flowers.
 A slim and slender maid, eating two and a half grains of
 rice.
 [What is a tall thing ? A tall thing is the date palm :
 Who climbs will eat the fruit, who falls will become as
 dust.
 Birds sit not in its shade, and its fruit is up on high.]*
- 525 Thy belly is a pitcher, thy head a basket, my dear !
 Thou gatherest strange fruit !”
- It was early morn at the hour of dawn,
 When (Râjâ Dhol) went to his elephants.

* This is evidently some well-known saying. It has no connection with the text and is in a different metre.

- Sat Jug sachâ parâ birt dâ, mere Thâkur, jî !
 530 Tan man karen jawâb, jî.
 "Tîn sau sâth kos se Pingal ke beṭî Mârwan :
 Mujhe Rânî milan kâ jog, jî."
 Hâthî the Balkh Bukhâre ke khare râtab khâven.
 Dholâ dhanî amâe, "Mujhe Rânî milan kâ jog."
 535 "Kas-kas bândho ambârân, Râjâ Dholâ, jî.
 Mâthâ bandî sândhûr ke, Râjâ ke Dhol.
 Garh koṭ denge tor, jî."
 Bole Dhol, "Tum kyâ kaho, hâthîon ke mahâuto ?
 Langar bere in ke kâṭ do, jî :
 540 Bahir khokre bajâo bâns, jî :
 Tavele se un ko kâḍh do, jî.
 In merâ kahnâ na mânâ, jî."

- It was in the days of the Golden Age, my God,
 530 When body and soul could speak.
 (Said he to them), "Mârwan Pingal's daughter is 360
 kos hence,
 Take me to the Princess."
 The elephants were of Balkh and Bukhâra* and were
 eating their food.
 Said the comely Dhol, "I long to meet the Princess."
 535 (Said their driver) : "Put on the saddles, O Râjâ Dhol,
 And the vermilion spot on their foreheads, Râjâ Dhol.
 And we will break down thy forts."†
 Said Dhol, "What are ye saying ? O drivers of the ele-
 phants,
 Take off their chains and fetters
 540 And sounding hollow bamboos behind them,
 Turn them out of the stable.
 They have not obeyed my words."

* A vague figure of speech, meaning valuable. Elephants, of course, do *not* come from these places.

† *i.e.*, they refused to go.

- Dûsrî pherî phirke âutâ Nal Râjâ kê betâ :
 Woh âve karhân ke pâs, jî.
- 545 " Araz suno merî bintî, bhâî karhâ piyâro,
 Tum kharî râî khâen, jî.
 Pingalgarh men Rânî Mârwan Râjâ Pingal kî betî :
 Mujhe Rânî milan kê jog, jî.
 Tîn sau sâth kos base Rânî Mârwan :
- 550 Mujhe Rânî do milâe, jî."
 Bole karhâ, " Tujhe kyâ kaheî Nal Râjâ ke Dholâ ?
 Kas-kas band lo pûtalân, jî.
 Salâtâ do ladâe, jî.
 Gin gin de do muhâriân chaleuge sâre tîn kos, jî."
- 555 " Morî yakkâ tum kâdh lo, ûnton ke sarwânôn :
 In ke bajâ do kokhre bâns :
 Thân se bâhir in ko kâdh do, jî."
 Ho dilgîr chalke âwandâ Râjâ Nal kê betâ :

- Next the son of Râjâ Nal
 Came to the camels.
- 545 " Hear my prayer, my beloved camels,
 Ye spend an easy time.
 In Pingalgarh is Princess Mârwan, daughter of Râjâ
 Pingal ;
 I long to meet the Princess.
 Princess Mârwan dwells 360 kos hence ;
- 550 Take me to the Princess."
 Said the camels, " What shall we say to thee, Dhol,
 thou son of Nal ?
 Fasten on our saddles,
 And put on the saddle-cloths :
 Give us two cakes each and we will go 3½ kos."
- 555 " O camel-riders, take off their headstalls,
 And beat hollow bamboos at them
 And turn them out of the paddock."
 Sorrowfully the son of Râjâ Nal went on,

- Raste meñ karhâ karhâ thâ Mârwan ke ghar kâ.
 560 Râjâ se kare jawâb, jî :
 “ Ghûngrû kyûn lîe haiñ hâth, jî ?
 Kyûn lî hâthoñ lâj jî ?”
 “ Kis gal bândhûn ghûngrû, meri Bhabûlî karhâ ?
 Kis gal bândhûn lâj, jî ?”
 565 “ Mere gal bândho ghûngrû, jî :
 Mere gal bândho lâj, jî.”
 “ Tîn tângoñ kâ pûngrâ kyûnkar pahunchûn jâe ?”
 “ Tîn tângân mat jâñye charoñ deñ milâe !”
 Bole Dhol, “ Sun, Bhabûlî karhâ, jî,
 570 Nishânî pattâ mujhe lâke de dikhâe, jî.”
 “ Pahilâ pahrâ rain kâ mainî Pingalgarh kî karûn sair :
 Dûjâ pahrâ rain kâ char lûn nâgar-bel, jî :

- And on the road was a camel belonging to Princess
 Mârwan,
 560 That spake to Râjâ (Dhol) :
 “ Why hast bells in thy hand ?
 Why hast thou a string ?”
 “ On whose neck shall I bind the bells, my camel
 Bhabûlî ?
 On whose neck shall I bind the string ?”
 565 “ Bind the bells on my neck,
 And bind the string on me.”
 “ But how can I reach her on one that is lame on three
 legs ?”
 “ Hold them not to be three legs, they are as good as
 four !”
 Said Dhol, “ Hear, thou camel Bhabûlî,
 570 Go and bring me the proofs of her.”
 (Said the camel), “ In the first watch of the night
 I wander over Pingalgarh ;
 In the second watch of the night I will graze on the
 betel bed :

- Tîjâ pahrâ rain kê pî lûn sarwar nîr, jî :
 Chauthâ pahrâ rain kê kar lûn Narwargarh kî sair.”
- 575 Bole Dhol, “ Bhabûlî karhâ, jî,
 Mujhe nishâni pattâ de lâe, jî.”
 Sunke Râjâ kî bât ko karhâ kare jawâb :
 “ Bândh kajâwe tîṇḍî lâd do, jî : ”
 Bândh kajâwe tîṇḍî lâd de, andhâ diâ biṭhâe.
- 580 Pahlîlâ pahrâ rain kê Pingalgarh kar lî sair :
 Dûjâ pahrâ rain kê bâghon char lî nâgar-bel.
 Bole karhâ, “ Sun, bhâi andhe hâfiz,
 Tû sût le nâgar-bel, jî :
 Sût kajâwe pûr le, bhâi andhe hâfiz.”
- 585 Tîjâ pahrâ rain kê pî liâ sarwar nîr, jî.

In the third watch of the night I will drink of the lake :
 In the fourth watch of the night I will wander over
 Narwargarh.”

- 575 Said Dhol, “ Bhabûlî, thou camel,
 Bring me the proofs of her.”
 Hearing the words of the Râjâ, said the camel :
 “ Fasten on the boxes, load up the pots.”*
 He fastened on the boxes and loaded up the pots and
 sat a blind man (on the camel's back).
- 580 In the first watch of the night (the camel) wandered over
 Pingalgarh :
 In the second watch of the night he grazed on the betel
 bed.
 Said the camel, “ Hear, friend blind-man,
 Take slips of the betel plant :
 Fill the boxes with slips of the betel plant, friend blind-
 man.”
- 585 In the third watch of the night he drank of the lake.

* *i.e.*, for the betel plants and the water he would bring to prove he had been to Pingalgarh.

Dharke ghotâ lagâ diâ, us ko kudrat dîe dikhâe, jî.
 Jab hâfiz se samjhâutâ woh Bhabûli karhâ :
 “Tujhe kudrat di dikhâe ! Dikhâyâ Pingal kâ des!”
 Bole hâfiz, kyâ kahe ? “Tû ne mujhe râton kîâ kharâb !
 590 Ulte-pulte ghotâ mârke tîḍḍân le pûr, jî !”
 Hâfiz waise andhâ ho giâ, châtâr jî !
 Chauthâ pahrâ rain kâ, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ,
 Â giâ Narwargarh ke mân, jî.

Barî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ Râjâ âyâ karhâ ke pâs :
 595 Man apne men sochtâ Râjâ Nal kâ Dholâ.
 Jahân karhe ko chhor giâ thâ, dekhâ us hî ṭhaur.
 Chalke karhâ pâs âwandâ Râjâ kâ beṭâ ;

He dipped into the water and showed his (miraculous)
 power,

Then said Bhabûli the camel to the blind man.

“I show thee my power and show thee the land of
 Pingal !”*

Said the blind man ; what said he ? “Thou hast spoilt
 my night !

590 Dipping into the water thou hast filled the pots !”
 The blind man at once went as blind as before, my
 friend.†

In the fourth watch of the night, my God, my God,
 He came to Narwargarh.

In the early morn at the hour of dawn came Râjâ
 (Dhol) to the camel,

595 Thinking in his heart was Dhol the son of Nal,
 He went to see the place where the camel had been
 fastened.

The Râjâ (Dhol) went up to the camel ;

* Reference to the common superstition that a dip in sacred water
 will cure blindness.

† For his ingratitude.

- Âve karhâ ke pâs, jî.
 " Nishânî pattâ dikhâe de, mere Bhabûlî karhâ :
 600 Mujhe pattâ nishânî de dikhâe !"
 Bole Bhabûlî karhâ, " Sun, Râjâ, merî bât,
 Hâfiz andhe ko le pûchh, jî."
 Bole hâfiz, " is ne kîâ mujhe râton ko kharâb,
 Is Bhabûlî karhâ ne, jî."
 605 Baiṭh nishânî Râjâ ko dikhâutâ Bhabûlî karhâ.
 Nâgar-bel dekh lî Râjâ Dholâ ne, aur dekh lââ nîr.
 Bole Râjâ Dhol, karhâ se kare jawâb :
 " Narwargarḥ se Pingalgarḥ kî tayyârî kar lo, jî."
 Bole karhâ, kyâ kahe, jî ? " Sun, Râjâ Nal ke beṭe,
 610 Merî sun le tû bât, jî ;
 Hârâ thakâ mainî â gîâ, jî, sun Râjâ Dholâ,
 Merâ hâr deîyo utâr, jî.
 Apnâ ilâj mainî âp batâ dūn, jî.
-

- Went up to the camel (and said) :
 " Show me the proofs, Bhabûlî, my camel,
 600 Show me the proofs !"
 Said Bhabûlî the camel, " Râjâ, hear my words :
 Ask the blind man."
 Said the blind man, " he spoilt my night,
 Did this camel Bhabûlî."
 605 Bhabûlî the camel sat down and showed the Râjâ the
 proofs.
 Râjâ Dhol saw the betel plants and he saw the water.
 Spake Râjâ Dhol to the camel :
 " Get ready (to go) to Pingalgarḥ from Narwargarḥ."
 Said the camel, what said he ? " Hear, son of Râjâ
 Nal,
 610 Hear my words,
 Sore and tired have I come, hear me, Râjâ Dhol.
 Take off my halter.
 I tell the way to cure me myself.

- Haldî dâdh mujhe pilâ dîye, khând de de ghol.
 615 Sarwar tâl meñ nhalâ deÿyo mujhe, Nal Râjâ kâ beṭe :
 Mujhe nhalâ deÿyo pandrâh din, jî.
 Sachî motioñ kî jhûl bane, jî, mere chitrâ, jî.
 Morî yakkâ banwâÿe, jî, mere sâjan, jî.”
 Karhâ kî banât banâ dîe, jî :
 620 Kar dîe solâh singâr, jî.
 Hîre pane sakht pûnchhar ke lage, jî :
 [Lâlôn jarî kumân, jî.]
 Dâdh pilâ de, khilâven châsnî, jî.
 Karhâ râtab khâe, jî.
 625 Rânî Sammî par khabar hûf, mere chitrâ :
 “ Karhâ kî hûf tayyârî, jî.
 Râjâ jâvegâ Pingal des, jî.”
 Battîs abran sârtî woh to Sammîjî Kachhwâhî :
 Lagâ dîe solâh singâr, jî.

- Give me turmeric and milk mixed with sugar :
 615 And bathe me in the lake, thou son of Râjâ Nal.
 Bathe me for fifteen days.
 Make me a cloth of real pearls, my wise one,
 And a strong head-stall, my friend.”
 He made the camel's clothing
 620 And he covered him with the 16 ornaments.*
 He set diamonds and gems on his crupper.
 [And the bow was set with jewels].†
 He gave him milk and the finest bread,
 And the camel ate his food.
 625 Queen Sammî had news, my wise one,
 That the camel was being got ready,
 For the Râjâ to go to Pingal land.
 Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, decked herself in the 32 kinds
 of jewels,‡
 And the 16 ornaments.

* See Vol. I., p. 443.

† A well-known line brought in for show merely.

‡ See line 620.

- 630 Mâng bharî thî sindhûr kî, bâl bâl motî pawe, jî.
 Sâlû pahine Dakhanî, chalî karhâ ke pâs, jî.
 “ Chhâûn meñ bândhûn karer kî ; chârûn nâgar-bel ko.”
 “ Nâgar-bel terî âj charûn, jî :
 Merâ wahî roz kâ jaṇḍ karer :
- 635 Pâni pîûn gândlâ, jî :
 Chhîkarh dâ karh khâûn, jî.”
 “ Hath joṛ bintî karûn, mere Bhabûlî karhâ :
 Tere naubar lâgûn pair, jî.
 Jis wakt Dhol ko châhe, mere karhâ, jî :
- 640 Us wakt de de jawâb, jî.”
 “ Bachan Dhol ko main dîe, sun, Sammî rî Kachhwâhî :
 Main to us ko le jâûn sâth jî.”
 “ Hâth joṛ kare bintî, tû to Kanth Kanth kar le :

- 630 She put on the vermilion spot,* and put pearls into her hair.
 She put on Dakhanî kerchief, and went to the camel,
 (and said) :
 “ I will tie thee under the shade of the acacia† ; I will graze thee in the betel bed.”
 “ I graze thy betel bed daily,
 Daily (I stand under) the acacia.
- 635 Filthy is the water I get,
 And refuse is my food.”
 “ I join my hands, Bhabûlî, my camel,
 And lay my head at thy feet.
 When Dhol desireth thee, my camel,
- 640 Do thou refuse him.”
 “ I gave my word to Dhol, O Sammî, thou Kachhwâhâ,
 And I will take him with me.”
 “ With joined hands I pray thee, I make thee my Lord,
 my Lord :

* The sign of a married woman.

† This tree is much valued for its shade in wild tracts. The *karer* or *jaṇḍ* is the *acacia leucophlœa*.

- Tû to de deîye jawâb, jî !”
- 645 “ Jo jawâb main de dûn Nal Râjâ ke beṭe ko,
Woh to degâ mujh ko dâgh, jî.”
Bole Sammî, phir kahe, karhâ se kare jawâb :
“ Dâghon kî nahanî sulâîân ghârûngî mîṭhe tel.”
Chalke mahilon ko â gaî Sammîjî Kachhwâhî.
- 650 Adhî râṭ naukandh gai Râjâ Dhol kî khul gaî ânkh.
Mohrî yakkâ le liâ Nal Râjâ ke beṭc ne :
Woh to âve karhâ ke pâs, jî.
Umbar âyâ Râjâ ko dekhke Bhabûlî karhâ :
Ṭuk langrâ ban jāe, jî.
- 655 Bol karhâ ko Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ,
Karhâ se kare jawâb, jî :
“ Achhe achhe ko chhor giâ main, Bhabûlî karhâ.”
“ Ghabharâke jab main uṭhâ, jî,
Ṭâng utar gaî kolî se, jî!”

- Do thou refuse him.”
- 645 “ If I refuse the son of Râjâ Nal,
He will put scars on me.”
Then said Sammî, speaking again to the camel ;
“ With sweet oil will I bathe and blot out his trifling
scars.”
Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, went to her palace.
- 650 At midnight at the dead of night Râjâ Dhol opened his
eyes,
His strong head-stall took the son of Râjâ Nal,
And came to the camel.
Seeing the Râjâ, Bhabûlî the camel cried out,
And became a little lame.
- 655 Said Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal,
Speaking to the camel ;
“ I left thee quite well, thou camel Bhabûlî.
When I got up suddenly
Thy thigh went out of joint!”

- 660 Jab Mîrâsî kahe Sânwaliâ, jî :
 “ Râjâ mere, suntâ kyûn hai bāt, jî ?
 Do châr phâlîân lo mangâe, jî :
 Gîñthâ* barâ sâ lo sulgâe, jî.”
 Dharke gîñthe to lagâe dîe, jî :
- 665 Us men phâlîân de takâe, jî.
 Jis wakt karhâ ne dekh lî pâ dîâ bahut karât.
 Sammî ne jaisâ sun pâyâ, T̄hâkur T̄hâkur merâ,
 Chalî karhâ pe jâe, jî :
 Chalke karhâ pe âutî Sammîji Kachhwâhî ;
- 670 Râjâ Dhol se karî hai jawâb, jî :
 “ Rukkâ raulâ kyûn pawâ dîâ, jî ?
 Mujhe man ke bhed batâe, jî.”
 “ Achhe-bhachhe ko chhor gîâ thâ main Bhabûlî karhâ,
 Chûle se tût gai tâng, jî !
- 675 Us ko main dîngâ dâgh, jî :

- 660 Then said Sânwaliâ, the Minstrel :
 “ My Râjâ, why listen to him ?
 Send for two or three irons
 And heat them in a large fire.”
 He made a fire
- 665 And put the irons into it.
 When the camel saw this he made a great noise.
 As soon as Sammî heard it, my God, my God,
 She went to the camel ;
 And Sammî, the Kachhwâhâ, reached the camel,
- 670 And spake to Râjâ Dhol :
 “ Why hast thou raised all this disturbance ?
 Tell me the secret of thy heart.”
 “ I left Bhabûlî the camel sound and well,
 And he has broken his leg at the thigh !
- 675 I am going to fire him :

- Main karhá ko dũngá dâgh, jî.”
 Sammî kahe, “ Sun, Râjâ merâ Dholâ,
 Merî araz suno man lâe, jî.
 Tĩn sau sâth karhá mere bâp ke, jî :
 680 Gadhe ko deŷyo kumhâr kâ dâgh, jî :
 Karhá tek legâ tâng jî.”
 Sunke Râjâ ne gadhâ mangâ lâ, jî :
 Mĩrâsĩ pakarke ger dĩâ, jĩ :
 Dâgh gadhe kĩ tâng, jĩ :
 685 Karhá tek de tâng, jĩ.
 Chalke Râjâ mahilonĩ ko âutâ, jĩ.
 Jab jâke Rânĩ samjhâutĩ, jĩ.
 Rânĩ ne pahrâ dĩâ lagâe, jĩ.
 Din kâ pahrâ lagâ dĩâ, jĩ :
 690 Rât ko kamar se bândh le, jĩ.
 Din meñ Dhol samjhâutâ Sâuwaliâ Dâdhĩ ko :
 “ Rât ko patkâ bândhke rahĩ so, jĩ :

- I will fire the camel.”
 Said Sammî, “ Hear, my Râjâ Dhol,
 Hear my words with thy heart.
 The 360 camels are my father’s (present) :
 680 Fire a potter’s ass,
 And let the camel put his thigh on it.”
 Hearing this the Râjâ sent for a (potter’s) ass ;
 And the Minstrel seized it and threw it,
 And they fired the ass’s thigh
 685 And put the camel’s thigh on it.*
 The Râjâ went into the palace,
 And the Queen conjured him.
 She set a watch on him.
 A watch she set in the day,
 690 And she tied him to her waist at night.
 Next day said Dhol to Sâuwaliâ, the Minstrel :
 “ She ties me at night to her kerchief when she sleeps :

* And so cured it!

- Ādhî rât mujhe jagâ denâ Sâñwaliâ Dâdhî ke,
Tayyârî lenge kâr, jî.”
- 695 Sahîh shâm paṛke so rahâ Mirâsî kâ:
Bhulke ho jâe sawer, jî.
Baṛî fajar chalke âutâ Râjâ Dholâ pe.
“ Sahîh shâm paṛke so rahâ, jî, main Mirâsî kâ.”
Agle roz jaisâ so rahâ Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ,
- 700 Sahîh shâm chalke âutâ Sâñwaliâ Dâdhî kâ.
Jaisî Rânî paṛî sotî Nal ke beṭe kî,
Woh to paṭkâ rahî thî bândh, jî.
Pesh-kabz jaisâ kâdhtâ Sâñwaliâ Dâdhî kâ,
Paṭkâ diâ thâ kâṭ, jî.
- 705 Rangale dutâre kî khûñṭî kâdhtâ, jî:
Rânî ke mûñh so angustânâ nikâlke khûñṭî dîe, jî, pâe.
Râjâ Dhol ko jagâe ke Sâñwaliâ Dâdhî kâ,

(But) wake me at midnight, thou Minstrel Sâñwaliâ,
And make ready to go.”

- 695 In the early evening the Minstrel laid him down to
sleep,
And when it was early morning,
In the early morn he went to Râjâ Dhol.
(And said), “ I the Minstrel, slept the early evening.”*
Next day as Dhol the son of Râjâ Nal was sleeping,
- [700 In the early evening went to him Sâñwaliâ, the Minstrel.
As the Queen of the son of Nal was sleeping,
Her kerchief was bound to him.
Sâñwaliâ the Minstrel drew his dagger
And cut the kerchief.
- 705 He took out the key† of his painted fiddle,
And taking the (Râjâ's) signet-ring from the Queen's
mouth he put in the key.
Then Sâñwaliâ the Minstrel awakened Râjâ Dhol,

* But he means apparently to say that he overslept himself.

† Screw for tightening the strings.

- Woh to chale karhe ke pâs, jî.
 Mohrî pakkî banâ dîâ karhâ Bhabûlî kâ :
- 710 Karhâ se banât banâ dîe, jî.
 Karhâ par Dhol baiṭhâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ.
 Narwargarh se chal rahâ Râjâ Dholâ,
 Pingalgarh ko jâe, jî.
 Pahilâ pahrâ rain kâ, Thâkur Thâkur merâ,
- 715 Chal berîân pe âve, jî.
 Kachî kachî ko jhaṭhâ Râjâ kâ betâ :
 Pakkon ko leve khâe, jî.
 Dharke karhâ ḍaptâ dîâ Râjâ Dhole ne.
- Adhî râṭ naukaṇḍh gai Râjâ Dholâ ko ;
- 720 Woh to Pingalgarh ko jâe, jî.
 Sarwar tâlân meṅ âwandâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ.
 Sarwar tâlân meṅ jâe, jî :
 Âke pânî pilâ dîâ karhâ ko Sarwar tâlân meṅ :
 Pânî dîâ thâ pilâe, jî.

- And he went to the camel.
 He made a strong headstall for Bhabûlî the camel,
- 710 And he made him a cloth.
 Dhol the son of Nal sat upon the camel,
 And Râjâ Dhol started from Narwargarh,
 And went to Pingalgarh.
 In the first watch of the night, O my God, my God,
- 715 He came to the (Queen's) plum trees.
 The unripe ones he threw aside,
 And he ate the ripe ones.
 And then Râjâ Dhol spurred on his camel.
- At midnight at the dead of night Râjâ Dhol
- 720 Reached Pingalgarh.
 He went to the lake, did the son of Râjâ Nal,
 He went to the lake,
 And watered his camel at the lake,
 He watered his camel.

- 725 Pahar bhar rain rah gae, sun, Thâkur Thâkur merâ,
Woh to Pingalgarh men âe, jî.
Barî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ, Prabhû Prabhû merâ ;
Woh to Pingalgarh ko âe, jî.
Chalke bâghon men jâ bare Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ.
- 730 Nanwâ Dhobî kapre dho rahâ Rânî Mârwan ke,
Bole Nanwâ, to kyâ kahe ? “ Karhâ ke aswârâ,
Karhâ ko rokke chalâo, jî.
Rânî Mârwan poshâk sùkhe, karhâ ke aswârâ.”
Sunke Râjâ usî kartâ jawâb, jî :
- 735 Sone kâ takâ de diâ Nanwâ Dhobî ko :
“ Mujhe dikhâ de poshâk, jî.”
Pallâ uṭhâke dikhâ diâ Nanwâ Dhobî kâ :
Woh to pallâ diâ dikhâe, jî.
Bolâ Râjâ, “ Sun, Nanwe Dhobî ke,

- 725 There was a watch of the night left, O my God, my God,
When he went into Pingalgarh.
In the early morn at the hour of dawn, O my God, my
God,
He went into Pingalgarh.
Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, went into the garden.
- 730 Nanwâ the Washerman was washing the clothes of the
Princess Mârwan.
Said Nanwâ ; what said he ? “ O camel-rider,
Stay thy camel and go,
That I may dry the Princess Mârwan’s clothes, O camel-
rider.”
Hearing this spake the Râjâ,
- 735 Giving a piece of gold to Nanwâ the Washerman :—
“ Show me her clothes.”
Nanwâ the Washerman lifted up his sheet and showed
the clothes.
He showed the clothes.
Said the Râjâ, “ Hear, Nanwâ Washerman,

- 740 Mujhe Rânî de de dikhâe, jî."
 Bole Nanwâ, to kyâ kahe ? " Karhâ ke aswârâ,
 Mujhe kyâ kuchh degâ inâm, jî ?"
 " Rânî Mârwan ko milâ de, Dhobî ke,
 Mûnh mângâ le le inâm, jî."
 745 " Apnâ karhâ tû de deîye, karhâ ke aswârâ,
 Tujhe Rânî ko dîngâ milâe, jî."

Sat Jug sachâ pahrâ birt dâ, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ,
 Tan man kare jawâb, jî.

- Barî fajar jaisî ho gai, Ṭhâkur Ṭhâkur merâ ;
 750 Wahân Sammî Kachhwâhî kî khul gai ânkehî jî.
 " Ik to bairî purwâ bâl thî, Prabhû mere :
 Dûje bairî ho gai nînd, jî :
 Tîje bairî Dom kâ Sânwaliâ, jî ;
 Mere khûṭṭî de gîâ mûnh ke bâr, jî."

- 740 Show me the Princess."
 Said Nanwâ ; what said he ? " O camel-driver,
 Give me some reward."
 " Show me the Princess Mârwan, Washerman,
 And take what reward thou wilt."
 745 " Give me thy camel, O camel-rider,
 And I will bring thee to the Princess."

It was the true time of the Golden Age, O my God, my
 God,

When body and soul could speak.

It was early morn, my God, my God,

- 750 When Sammî the Kachhwâhî opened her eyes.
 (Said she) " My first enemy was the eastern breeze,
 my God,
 And my second enemy was sleep :
 My third enemy was Sânwaliâ the Minstrel,
 That put the key into my mouth."

- 755 Chalke woh âutî Sammîji Kachhwâhi ;
 Woh to âve beriân ke pâs, jî.
 “ Yehân ko Râjâ Dhol giâ, merî berio piyârî ?
 Mujhe dîjo batâe, jî.”
 “ Pakke pakke khâ giâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ :
- 760 Woh to kachon ke lâ giâ dher, jî !”
 Sarwar tâlân men âutî Sammîji Kachhwâhî :
 “ Yehân ko Râjâ Dhol giâ, bhâi sarwar tâlo ?”
 Bole sarwar tâl, kyâ kahe ? “ Sammîji Kachhwâhî,
 Woh to pahunch âe Pingal des.”
- 765 “ Karhâ ko mâr jâ bijli, karhâ ke aswârâ !
 Khâ jâe kâlâ nâg, jî !
 Dil nahîn lagtâ merâ, kharî bâghon men dolûn.
 Dhol giâ pardes, âj kis se bolûn ?”
 Rotî rotî ehali âutî Sammîji Kachhwâhî :
- 770 Woh to âi mahil ke mân jî.,

- 755 Sammî the Kachhwâhâ went
 And reached her plum trees, (and said) :
 “ Came Râjâ Dhol hither, my beloved plums ?
 Do ye tell me.”
 “ The ripe ones ate the son of Nal
- 760 And threw down the unripe ones into a heap !”
 Sammî the Kachhwâhâ went to the lake (and said) :
 “ Came Râjâ Dhol hither, friendly lake ?”
 Said the lake : what said it ? “ O Sammî, thou Kachh-
 wâhâ,
 He hath gone to Pingal land.”
- 765 “ Lightning strike the camel and the camel-rider !
 May the black snake bite them !
 Unhappy is my heart, I weep in the midst of the gardens.
 Dhol hath gone abroad, to whom shall I tell it to-day ?”
 Weeping went Sammî the Kachhwâhâ,
- 770 Going into her palace.

- Wahân pakarke karhe ko le chalâ Nanwâ Dhobî kâ,
 Apne ghar ko âutâ, jî :
 Lâke charkhe se bândh diâ Nanwâ Dhobî ne !
 Dhoban kare jawâb, jî :
- 775 “ Aisâ bhondâ jânwar âyâ, sâjan sâjan merâ,
 Jis ko dekhke main dar jâân, jî.”
 Itnî bāt sunke ghusse ho gîâ Bhabûlî karhâ ko :
 Woh to charkhâ leke chal parâ, jî.
 Chalke bâghon men âutâ Râjâ Dhole pe ;
- 780 Râjâ se kare jawâb, jî :
 Puchhe, “ Dhol, tujhe kyâ kahâ Bhabûlî karhâ ?
 Mujhe man ke bhed batâiye, jî.
 Barî barî bâten woh kahî Nanwe Dhobî kî.
 Charkhâ leke chalâ âyâ main tere pās, jî.”
- 785 Zinposh utârke Bhabûlî karhâ kâ,
 Râjâ niche leve bichhâe, jî.

- Taking the camel behind him Nanwâ the Washerman
 Went to his own house,
 And fastened it to his spinning-wheel ! did Nanwâ the
 Washerman.
 Said his wife :
- 775 “ Such a dreadful creature hath come, my love, my
 love,
 The sight of which doth frighten me.”
 Hearing this Bhabûlî the camel became wroth,
 And taking the spinning-wheel he went off.
 He went into the garden to Râjâ Dhol
- 780 And said to the Râjâ :
 What saith Bhabûlî the camel ? “ Dhol,
 Tell me the secrets of thy heart.
 Dreadful words said that Washerman Nanwâ,
 And taking his spinning-wheel I am come to thee.”
- 785 Taking off the saddle-cloth from Bhabûlî the camel,
 The Râjâ spread it beneath him.

- Chalke pânî ko âutî Rewâ Mâlî kî,
 Chalî kûen pe jâe, jî.
 “Kyâ tere dâman ghâlîâ ? kyâ gal gâle zanjîr ?
 790 Dâkh lakherî chhorke khâve jaṇḍ karer ?”
 “Dâkh lakherî terî nâ charûn, sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî ;
 Merâ roz kâ khâ jâ jaṇḍ karer.”
 “Kahân se âyâ ? kahân jâegâ, karhe ke aswârâ ?
 Mujhe dijîye sâch batâe jî.”
 795 “Narwargarh merâ âunâ, sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî ;
 Merâ Pingalgarh ko âunâ, jî.
 Râjâ Dhol merâ nâm hai, sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî.”
 “Yehân se karhâ nikâl luñ, karhâ ke aswârâ !
 Merâ bâgh kiâ thâ pâemâl, jî !
 800 Birwâ bûtâ sârâ khâ liâ, jî !

- Came Rewâ the gardener's daughter* for water,
 Coming to the well. (Said she to the camel) :
 “Is thy skirt caught ? Are there chains about thy
 neck ?
 790 That leaving the ripe grapes, thou eatest the acacia ?”
 “I eat not thy ripe grapes, hear Rewâ, thou gardener's
 daughter,
 Daily I eat of the acacia.”
 (Said she), “Whence comest thou ? Whither goest, thou
 camel-rider ?
 Tell me the truth.”
 795 “I come from Narwargarh, hear, Rewâ, thou gardener's
 daughter,
 And I go to Pingalgarh.
 My name is Râjâ Dhol, hear, Rewâ, thou gardener's
 daughter.”
 “I will send thy camel hence, thou camel-rider !
 He hath ruined my garden !
 800 He hath eaten all the shrubs and trees !

* The chief of Mârwan's maids : see above line 323.

- Bâgh kiâ barbâd, jî !”
 Bole Dhol, to kyâ kahe ? “ Rewâ Mâlî kî,
 Merî sun lo tû bât, jî :
 Terî Mâlî kî zât hai, sun Rewâ Mâlî kî :
- 805 Mandî bol na bol, jî ;
 Maiñ Râjâ Dhol hûñ ; sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî,
 Terî mâr utâr dîn khâl, jî.”
 Sunke Rewâ kare jawâb, jî :
 “ Hâth joḡ karûñ bintî, karhâ ke aswârâ ;
- 810 Terî naubar lâgûñ pair, jî.
 Ham Râjâ ke rakhwâlfe ; sun, Râjâ Dholâ,
 Hamâre kahne kâ burâ na mân, jî.”
 Pâchhe Dhol, “ Sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî,
 Tû mujhe apne bhed aur mahil batâiye, jî.”
- 815 Apne mahil batâutî woh Rewâ Mâlî kî :

- He hath destroyed my garden !”
 Said Dhol ; what said he ? “ Rewâ, thou gardener’s
 daughter,
 Hear my words :
 Thou art a gardener,* thou gardener’s daughter, Rewâ,
 805 Speak not harsh words.
 I am Râjâ Dhol ; hear, Rewâ, thou gardener’s daughter,
 I will beat thee till thy skin is torn.”
 Hearing this said Rewâ :
 “ With joined hands I beseech thee, camel-rider ;
 810 I lay my head at thy feet.
 I am the Râjâ’s guard (over the garden) ; hear, Râjâ
 Dhol,
 And take not my words ill.”
 Said Dhol, “ Hear, Rewâ, thou gardener’s daughter ;
 Tell me the secrets of thy palace.”
- 815 Rewâ the gardener’s daughter showed all the secrets,

* *i.e.*, low-caste compared to a Râjpût like Dhol.

Diê makân kî nishânî batlâe, jî.
 "Sîdhî galî pe âiyo, karhâ ke aswârâ,
 Wahân haigâ nîm kê per, jî."

- Sânjh parî, din ðhul gîâ, jî ;
 820 Dhan kê lagâ bhîr, jî.
 Chalke nagar ko âutâ Nal Râjâ kê betâ.
 Wahân galî men kûñtên dhân, jî,
 Dhân kûñtî tag neve, "Mûsal kî nihârôn.
 Mujhe Rewâ kî galî do batâe, jî."
 825 "Dhân kûñtî hamârâ tag neve, sun, karhâ ke aswârâ,
 Ham hain mûsal kî nihâr, jî.
 Nîb kê per us kê mahil hai, karhâ ke aswârâ :
 Tû jâke lenâ dekh, jî.
 Rahe to rîdhoñ khichî, jâe to ras bhar khîr."

And the way to recognise the house : (saying),
 "Go straight down the lane, camel-rider,
 There is a *nîm* tree there."

- It was evening and the day declined,
 820 And the crowd of cattle began.
 The son of Râjâ Nal went into the city.
 In the lane he found (women) husking rice.
 They were husking the rice and bending their heads.
 "O slaves, huskers of the pestle,"
 (Said he to them), "show me Rewâ's lane."
 825 "Husking the rice we bend our heads, O camel-rider :
 We are slaves of the pestle.
 Her house is by the *nîm* tree, O camel-rider.
 Go and see.
 (But) stay and we will give thee rice and pulse, go and
 she will give thee rice and milk to thy desire."

- 830 " Bhîrî galî, khoṛ ghar, nahîn milan kâ jog."
 " Nainâ meñ ras bânḍh lo, jhak mârengē log."
 Chaṛh karhâ ko âutâ Râjâ Nal kâ betâ.
 Karhâ ko biṭhâundâ Râjâ Nal kâ Ḍholâ ;
 Karhâ se nîche âve, jî.
- 835 Nîb ke pere se bândhtâ Bhabûlî karhâ ko :
 Woh to deve nîb se bânḍh, jî.
 Safâ dalân andar koṭhî, jî :
 Rewâ ne palang dîâ thâ bichhâe, jî.
 " Jam jam, Ḍhol, tum â jâo, Nal Râjâ ke betâ :
- 840 Tum jâo palang par baiṭh, jî."
 Rewâ kâ Mâlî wahân âwandâ,
 Woh kar rahî garam pânî, jî.
 Chandan chaukî bichhâ dîe us Rewâ Malî ne.
 Dahî phulel liâ mangâe, jî.

- 830 " Narrow is your street, dirty your houses, I have no
 wish to know you."
 " Then go and feast thy eyes (on her) and let the
 people jeer !"
 Riding his camel the son of Râjâ Nal went on.
 Making his camel sit, Ḍhol the son of Râjâ Nal
 Came from off it.
- 835 He fastened Bhabûlî the camel to the *nîm* tree,
 Fastened it to the *nîm* tree.
 Clean was her house and yard
 And Rewâ placed him a couch.
 " Come, Ḍhol, son of Râjâ Nal, for thou art welcome,
 welcome.
- 840 Come and sit upon this couch."
 The gardener, Rewâ's husband, came up,
 And she* made him some warm water.
 Rewâ, the gardener's daughter, placed him a sandal-
 wood stool,
 And sent for curds and cosmetics,

* Promptly putting Ḍhol into a hiding place.

- 845 Bândhke dhâr ûpar gertî thî Rewâ Mâlî kî.
 “ Kit karwâ ? Kit bakerû, jî ?
 Kit sarwar ? Kit nîr, jî ?
 Tû nain kahân rahî lagâe jî ?”
 “ It karwâ ; it bakerû ;
- 850 It sarwar ; it nîr, jî.
 Baisar uljî hâr men nainon rahî suljâe, jî.”
 Nhâyâ dhoyâ chal âutâ woh Mâlî kâ lakâ, jî :
 Lîe rasol jîm, jî :
 Chal bâghon men âutâ Mâlî kâ lakâ :
- 855 Chalke Dhol pe âutî Rewâ Mâlî kî ;
 Sâri rât chaupur kheltî lakî Mâlî kî.

Ho gal bhulke sawer, jî.
 Bolî Rewâ ; “ Sun, Râjâ, merî bât, jî,

- 845 And she poured a stream of water over him, did Rewâ
 the gardener's daughter.
 (Said he*), “ Where is thy ewer ? and where thy pitcher ?
 Where is the lake ? Where is thy water ?
 Whither are thine eyes straying ?”
 “ Here is my ewer : here my pitcher :
- 850 Here is the lake : here the water.
 My nose-ring was entangled in my necklace and my
 eyes turned to it.”
 So the gardener bathed and washed and came,
 And had his food.
 Then the gardener went into his garden,
 855 And Rewâ the gardener's daughter went to Dhol
 And played at *chaupur* with him all night.

It was early morning,
 And said Rewâ ; “ Râjâ, hear my words,

* Catching her eyes straying towards Dhol.

- Rânî Mârwan ko lâungi, tum chalo Nau-lakkhe Bâgh.”
- 860 Sunke karhâ par chahî giâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ :
Woh chalâ bâgh ko jāe, jî.
Chal mahilonî ko âutî Rewâ Mâlî kî :
Chal mahil ko jāe, jî :
Mârwan se kare jawâb, jî :
- 865 “ Narwargah se â giâ Râjâ Nal kâ Dholâ :
Woh to âyâ Nau-lakkhe Bâgh, jî.
Apuî bândî ko bhej de sahelî ke pâs, jî.”
Us ne li sahelî bulâe,
Tin sau sâth sahelîân Mârwan kî
- 870 Chale mahilonî ko âven, jî.
Bolî Mârwan, “ Suno mere sang kî, jî, sahelî,
Merî suntî kyûn nahîi bât, jî ?
Tum karo ik rūp, ik singâr :
Tum karo bâgh meñ sairî sâth, jî.”

I will bring the Princess Mârwan, go thou to the Nine-
lâkh Garden.*”

- 860 Hearing this the son of Râjâ Nal mounted his camel
And went into the garden.
Rewâ the gardener's daughter went into the palace.
She went into the palace,
And spake to Mârwan !
- 865 “ Dhol, the son of Nal, hath come from Narwargah,
And into the Nine-*lâkh* Garden.
Send thy handmaid for thy maidens.”
She called her maidens.
The 360 maidens of Mârwan
- 870 Came into the palace.
Said Mârwan, “ Hear, my maidens ;
Why hear ye not my words ?
Put ye on the same form and the same jewels,
And go ye and wander in the gardens.”

* See Vol. I., p. 488.

- 875 Chal bâghon men âutî Rânî Mârwan :
 Woh chalî bâgh men jâe, jî.
 Bolî Rewâ, “ Sun, karhâ ke aswârâ,
 Tû suntâ kyûn nahîn bat, jî ?
 Kin desân se terâ âunâ, karhâ ke aswârâ ?
- 880 Mujhe man ke bhed batâiye, jî.”
 “ Narwargah se main â gîâ, sun, hâr-hamelî-wâlî :
 Nal Râjâ kâ main Dhol hûn, âyâ Mârwan ke pâs, jî.
 Kis Râjâ ke bâgh hai, hâr-hamelî-wâlî ?”
 Bolî, “ Pingal Râjâ kâ shahr hai, Rânî Mârwan kâ bâgh,
 jî.
- 885 Yehân karhâ nikâl le, karhâ ke aswârâ :
 Hamârâ bâgh kîâ barbâd, jî.
 Tere barge Dhol bahot se âe, jî ;
 Sun, karhâ ke aswârâ, jî !”
 “ Mere bargâ Dhol koî nahîn âyâ, sun, Mâlî kî larkî :

- 875 Princess Mârwan went into the garden ;
 Went into the garden.
 Said Rewâ, “ Hear, O camel-rider,
 Why hearest thou not my words ?
 Whence comest thou, O camel-rider ?
- 880 Tell me the secrets of thy heart.”
 “ I am come from Narwargah, hear, thou wearer of
 necklaces :
 I am Dhol the son of Nal come for the Princess Mârwan.
 What king’s garden is this, thou wearer of necklaces ?”
 Said she, “ This is Râjâ Pingal’s city and Princess
 Mârwan’s garden.
- 885 Take thy camel hence, thou camel-rider :
 He hath destroyed my garden.
 Lots of Dhols like thee have come,
 Hear, thou camel-rider !”
 “ No Dhol like me hath come, hear, thou gardener’s
 daughter ;

- 890 Main Nalkoṭân kâ Râjâ hûn, jî."
 Bole Dhol, to kyâ kahe ? "Sang kî rî sahelî,
 Terî mâr urâ dûn khâl, jî !
 Âṭh kûnen, nau bâolî, solâh sau panihâr !
 Betâ pûchhe Râo kâ, kin chhelân kî nâr ?"
- 895 " Âṭh kûnen, nau baolî, sun, karhâ ke aswârâ,
 Ham hai solâh sau panihâr, jî.
 Un chhelân kî gorîyân, karhâ ke aswârâ,
 Tere barge un ke charvedâr, jî !"
 " Kâhe kâ terâ gharâ, jî ?
- 900 Kâhe kâ terâ ḍol, jî ?
 Kâhe kâ lejû iṇḍvî, pâni ke bharnewâlî ?
 Kyâ, Râni, terâ mol, jî ?"
 " Sone kâ merâ gharâ, sun, karhâ ke aswârâ :
 Rûpe kâ merâ ḍol, jî.

- 890 I am the Râjâ of Nalkoṭ"*
 Said Dhol ; what said he ? " O company of maidens,
 I will beat you till your skins crack !
 Eight wells, nine cisterns and 1,600 water-bearers ! †
 The son of Râjâ (Nal) asks, whose wives are ye ?"
- 895 " Eight wells, nine cisterns there are, hear camel-rider,
 And we are 1,600 water-bearers,
 We are the loves of those, camel-rider,
 Who have servants like thee."
 " Of what are your pitchers ?
- 900 Of what your buckets ?
 Of what your ropes and pads, ‡ ye bearers of water ?
 What is thy value, Lady ?"
 " Golden is my pitcher, hear, camel-rider :
 Silver is my bucket.

* *i.e.*, Narwargarh.

† The badinage that follows is quite *de rigueur* between the bride-groom and the bride's companions.

‡ See Vol. I., p. 542.

- 905 Ratan jatan kî inḍvî, sun, karhâ ke aswârâ :
 Resham kî ḍor, jî :
 Lâkh ṭake mahârâ mol, jî !”
 “ Miṭhî kâ tumhârâ garhâ, sun, pânî bharnewâlî :
 Saṛî chamṛî kâ tumhârâ ḍol, jî :
- 910 Ghâs phûs kî inḍvî, pânî kî bharnewâlî.
 Thârâ kânî kaurî mol, jî !”
 Sunke bâṭ Rewâ Mâlî kî kare jawâb :
 “ Bâwên pair terâ pâenchâ bhîjtâ, karhâ ke aswârâ :
 Apnâ pâejâ* lenâ sambhâl, jî.”
- 915 Apnâ pâejâ Râjâ ne liâ uṭhâe :
 Sab ko gîâ padam to dekh, jî.
 Bolî Rewâ kyâ ? “ Suno, Râjâ, merî bâṭ :
 Sahelîon meṅ se Mârwan le pahchân, jî.”
 Bole Ḍhol, “ Tum suno, pânî kî bharnewâlî ;
- 920 Tum sun lo merî bâṭ, jî.

- 905 Jewelled my pad, hear, camel-rider :
 Siiken is my rope :
 A hundred thousand pieces my value !”
 “ Earthen is thy pitcher, hear, water-carrier :
 Rotten leather thy bucket.
- 910 Grass thy pad, water-carrier :
 A *kaurî* thy value !”
 Hearing this said Rewâ the gardener's daughter :
 “ Thy left leg is wet, camel-rider,
 Look to thy drawers.”
- 915 The Râjâ pulled up his drawers
 And they all saw the lotus (mark †).
 What said Rewâ ? “ Hear, my words, Râjâ.
 Choose out Mârwan from among her companions.”
 Said Ḍhol ! “ Hear, thou water-bearer,
- 920 Hear my words.

* For *pâe-jâma*.

† Evidently one of the “ signs” of this hero.

- Karhâ chaḥke main baithûn, sun, pânî bharnewâlî,
 Mere sâmhne ko sab lakh jâo, jî.
 Main lûngâ, Mârwan ko lûngâ, pabchân, jî.”
 Chaḥke karhâ, pâr kaḥâ ho gîâ Nal Râjâ kâ beḥâ.
- 925 Tîn sau sâth sahelîân Mârwan kî,
 Woh lakhen karhâ ke pâr, jî.
 Jab âî Rânî Mârwan, âî karhâ ke pâs,
 Karhâ ne ger diê jhâg, jî.
 Bole Râjâ Dhol, “ Tîn sau sâth sahelî, jî,
- 930 Tum suno merî bāt, jî.
 Aglî se picchhlî Mârwan nâr, jî !”
 Boleñ sahelîân, “ Sun, Râjâjî, bāt :
 Kîtne kâ terâ karhâ hai, jî ?
 Kitnî kî terî jân, jî ?”
- 935 Bole Dhol, “ Tum kyâ kaho, solâh sau panihârî ?
 Main araz karûn, suno man lâe, jî.
 Nau lâkh kâ yeh karhâ, suno, tum sârî sahelî,

- I will mount my camel, hear water-bearer,
 And do you all pass before me,
 And I will choose, I will choose out Mârwan.”
 So the son of Râjâ Nal mounted his camel and stood,
- 925 While the 360 maids of Mârwan
 Went past the camel.
 When Princess Mârwan came, came to the camel,
 It bowed down.
 Said Râjâ Dhol, “ Ye 360 maidens,
- 930 Hear ye my words,
 The maid before the last is Mârwan !”
 Said the maids, “ Hear our words, Sir Râjâ,
 What is thy camel worth ?
 What thy life ?”
- 935 Said Dhol, “ What are you saying, ye 1,600 water-
 bearers ?
 I answer you, listen carefully :
 Nine *lâkhs* for my camel, hear, all ye maids,

- Athârâh lâkh kî jân, jî !”
 Bolî sahelîân, “ Sun, karhâ ke aswârâ,
 940 Hamârí suntâ kyûn nahîn bât, jî ?”
 “ Do kauṛî kâ terâ karhâ, sun, karhâ ke aswârâ,
 Terî tîn kauṛî kî jân, jî !”
 “ Terî Mâlî kî zât hai, sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî,
 Tû to kaṛe kare jawâb, jî !”
 945 Bole Rewâ, “ Râjâ, tû kyâ kahe ‘ Mâlî’ Mâlî kî ?
 Mere se kaise kaṛe jawâb, jî ?
 Karhâ ko leke jâîyo Pingal kî Kachahrî, jî:
 Mârke tîr kaṭorî ko utâr lo, jî :
 Kachahrî ko âîyo jît, jî.
 950 Us Kachahrî ko jîtke Kâlî Bâghon meñ jâe ;
 Wahân jâîyo nâg ko mâr, jî.
 Khaskhas ke bangalâ meñ jâîyo baith, jî.”
-

- Eighteen *lâkhs* for my life !”
 Said the maids, “ Hear camel-rider,
 940 Why hearest thou not our words ?
 Two *kauṛîs* for thy camel, hear camel-rider,
 Three *kauṛîs* for thy life !”
 “ Thou art but a gardener, hear, Rewâ, thou Gardener’s
 daughter,
 And thou givest sharp answers !”
 945 Said Rewâ, “ Râjâ, why sayest ‘ Gardener’ to the Gar-
 dener’s daughter ?
 How is my answer sharp ?
 Go take thy camel to Pingal’s Court
 And shoot down the three cups with they arrow,*
 And go and win before the Court.
 950 Winning before the Court go into the Black Garden,
 And slay the serpent there,
 And go and stay in the thatched house.”
-

* A favorite ordeal on these occasions.

- Charhke karhâ ko chal paîâ Nal Râjâ kâ kañwar, jî :
Chalâ Kachahrî ko jâe, jî.
- 955 Tarkash kanî nikâlke, jî pare takâe, jî :
Jorke kanî kaṭorî ke dîtâ mâr, jî.
Girke kaṭorî nîche âve Kachahrî ke mân, jî.
Nâ koî doâ salâm kare Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ :
Kaṭhâ Kachahrî ke bâr, jî.
- 960 Bole Pingal, “ Sun, karhâ ke aswârâ, jî,
Cherhke karhâ ko jáîye Kâlî Bâghoñ meñ.
Tere barge Dhol bahot âve, karhâ ke aswârâ,
Dhaske karhâ cherhtâ Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ,
Woh to Kâlî Bâghoñ meñ jâe, jî.
- 965 Kâlî Bâghoñ meñ âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ,
Âve darwâzâ ke mân, jî.
Wahâñ derâ lagâ dîâ Nal Râjâ ke bete ne.
Âdhî rât naukañḍh gaî, Thâkur Thâkur merâ,
Nikalâ wahâñ se sâmp, jî.
-

Mounting his camel the son of Râjâ Nal
Went in the Court.

- 955 Taking an arrow out of his quiver, he took aim,
Letting fly the arrow he hit the cups.
Down fell the cups into the midst of the Court.
The son of Râjâ Nal would salute no one,
Standing at the door of the Court.
- 960 Said Pingal, “ Hear, thou camel-rider,
Spur on thy camel into the Black Garden.
Many Dhols like thee have come, thou camel-rider.
Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, spurred on his camel,
And went into the Black Garden.
- 965 The son of Râjâ Nal went into the Black Garden,
And entered the gate.
The son of Râjâ Nal took up his abode there.
At midnight at the dead of night, O my God, my God,
Out came the serpent.

- 970 Râjâ Dhol ke ânkḥ khul gae, jî.
 Khaṇḍâ sûtke pânoḥ châr tukṛe banâ dfe, jî :
 Dhâl ke nîchhe dabântâ Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ.
 Barî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ, sun, Gobind, Gobind merâ,
 Dhol chalâ khaskhas ke bangalâ ko jâe, jî.
- 975 Khaskhas bangalâ ko âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ :
 Woh to chalâ bâghon meṇ jâe.
 Paṛke rahâ, jî, soe, jî.
 Shâm paṛî, din dhul giâ, Prabhû, Prabhû merâ ;
 Chal kûneṇ pe âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ.
- 980 Nhâve dhoe tilak lagâve, Karte ko shîsh niwâve, jî,
 Baithâ palothî mâr, jî.
 Pahar bhar rain bît gaî Nal Râjâ ke beṭe ko :
 Pinjṛâ kî kul khol dî sherbân ne, jî.
 Sher khaskhas ke bangalâ ko âve, jî.
- 985 Paidâ Kartâ manâ liâ Nal Râjâ ke beṭe ne.

- 970 Râjâ Dhol opened his eyes,
 Taking out his sword he cut it into four or five pieces.
 And Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, hid it under his shield.
 In the early morn at the hour of dawn, hear, my God,
 my God,
 Dhol went into the thatched house.
- 975 Coming out of the thatched house Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal,
 Went into the Garden.
 He lay down and slept.
 It was evening and the day declined, O my God,
 my God,
 And Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, went to the well,
- 980 Washed and bathed, put on his (sectarial) marks and
 bowed his head to the Creator,
 And sat him at his ease.
 A watch of the night passed over the son of Râjâ Nal,
 When the keepers opened the locks of the (tiger's) cage.
 The tiger went to the thatched house.
- 985 He worshipped his Creator, did the son of Râjâ Nal ;

- Pahilâ hâth lagâutâ Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ,
 Sher ke tukre kar dîe do, jî.
 Parke woh so rahâ, jî, Nal Râjâ ka betâ, jî.
 Pahar bhar rain rah gaî, Prabhû mere Thâkur ;
- 990 Chale shernî jâe, jî.
 Baiṭhî mahiloñ meñ dekhtî Rânî Mârwan.
 Bolî sahelî, “ Rânijî Mârwan, jî,
 Râjâ Dhol ko yeh mâr de shernî khud âke :
 Woh to sote ko deve mâr, jî.
- 995 Is shernî ko de mâr, jî, Râui Mârwan.”
 Ger kamand nîche utar gaî Rânî Mârwan :
 Woh to âve bâghoñ ke mân, jî.
 Sûtke khaṇḍâ le lâ Rânî Mârwan :
 Us ne hâth meñ le lî dhâl.
- 1000 Paidâ Kartâ manâ lâ Rânijî Mârwan ;
 Sûtke khaṇḍâ jaisî mârṭî Rânî Mârwan,
 Shernî kar dîe tukre do, jî.

- And Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, at his first blow
 Cut the tiger in two.
 Then the son of Râjâ Nal laid him down to sleep.
 A watch of the night passed, O my God, my God,
- 990 When the tigress came.
 Sitting in her palace Princess Mârwan saw her.
 Said a maid, “ O Princess Mârwan,
 This tigress will herself slay Râjâ Dhol ;
 As he is sleeping she will slay him.
- 995 Do thou slay this tigress, Princess Mârwan.”
 Throwing down a (scaling) ladder Princess Mârwan
 went down,
 And went into the Garden.
 Princess Mârwan drew her sword,
 And took a shield in her hand.
- 1000 Princess Mârwan called on her Creator,
 And as Princess Mârwan struck with her sword
 The tigress fell in two pieces.

Pakaṛ kamand chaṛh gaî Rânî Mârwan ;
Chalî mahil ko jâe jî.

- 1005 Barî fajar, pahrâ nûr kê, jî.
Bolî saheli, " Sun, Rânî Mârwan,
Is Dhole ko jagâe mahil men lâun, jî."
Chalî saheliân bâgh men ;
Boleñ saheliân, " Nal Râjâ ke Dholâ,
1010 Tû suntâ kyûn nahîn bât, jî ?
Bahot soyâ, uṭh jâg, jî :
Karhâ apnâ tayyâr karo, Nal Râjâ ke Dholâ.
Râjâ, chalo Kachahrî ke mân, jî,
Pingal Râjâ pe jâyo, karo us se do bât, jî."
1015 Apnâ karhâ singârtâ Nal Râjâ kê Dholâ :
Jotish-rûp* manâeke hûâ karhâ pe aswâr, jî.
Chaṛh karhâ ko âutâ Nal Râjâ kê kaiwar, jî,

Seizing the (scaling) ladder Princess Mârwan went
up it,
And entered the palace.

- 1005 It was early morn at the hour of dawn.
Said a maiden, " Hear, Princess Mârwan,
I will awaken Dhol and bring him to the palace."
The maidens went into the Garden
And said the maidens, " Dhol, son of Râjâ Nal,
1010 Why hearest not our words ?
Thou hast slept much, now wake up,
And make ready thy camel, Dhol, son of Râjâ Nal.
Go, Râjâ, into the Court,
Go to Râjâ Pingal and speak to him."
1015 Getting ready his camel, Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal,
Called on God and mounted his camel.
Mounting his camel went the son of Râjâ Nal

- Usî Kachahrî ke mân, jî.
 Jai jawâhir kare Râjâ Dholâ,
 1020 Bole Pingal, " Sun, Mahârâjâ Dholâ,
 Kis desân se ânû ? Kya hai terâ nâm ?"
 " Narwargarh se â gîâ ; Râjâ Dholâ merâ nâm.
 Sangaldîp ko â gîâ, sun, Râjâ Pingal,
 Mujhe Rânî milan kâ jog, jî.
 1025 Sârî chaukiân sarkârî, sun, Râjâ Pingal,
 Chaukiân ko âyâ mâr, jî.
 Terâ hukm sab birt rahâ, Râjâ Pingal,
 Mujhe kyâ kuchh degâ jawâb, jî."
 " Apnâ pâûn kâ kaprâ ùthâ le, Nal Râjâ ke bete ;
 1030 Main lûn nishânî dekh, jî."
 Apnâ kaprâ ùthâ liâ, Nal Râjâ ke bete ne :
 Pair padam us kâ dekhtâ Râjâ Pingal,
 Mâthe meñ chandar mân, jî.
 Bole Pingal, " Râjâ Dholâ, jâo mahil ke bîch, jî."

Into the Court

- When Râjâ Dhol made his salute
 1020 Said Pingal, " Hear, Râjâ Dhol
 Whence comest thou ? What is thy name ?"
 " I am come from Narwargarh ; Râjâ Dhol is my name.
 I am come to Sangaldîp, hear, Râjâ Pingal,
 I am desirous of meeting the Princess.
 1025 All thy guards, hear, Râjâ Pingal,
 I have defeated and am come.
 I have obeyed thy commands,* Râjâ Pingal,
 Make me an answer."
 " Draw up the clothes of thy leg, thou son of Râjâ Nal,
 1030 I will then see the signs."
 He drew up his clothes, did the son of Râjâ Nal,
 And Râjâ Pingal saw the lotus on his feet
 And the moon on his forehead.
 Said Pingal, " Râjâ Dhol go into the palace."

* To come here.

- 1035 Chalke mahilon ko âutâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ ;
 Karhâ ko dîâ bâghoi men chhor, jî !
 Nhâve dhoe, tilak lagâutâ Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ ;
 Karte ko shîsh niwâ, jî.
 Pânchoñ lâve bastar Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ ;
- 1040 Pânchoñ lâve hathiyâr, jî.
 Khilwat-khânâ men jâ barâ Nal Râjâ kâ Dholâ ;
 Woh to khilwat-khânâ men jâe, jî.
- Barî jo thî sahelî Hirâ Mâlî kî,
 Us kâ thâ Rewâ nâm, jî !
- 1045 Battîs abran sârtî Rewâ Mâlî kî :
 Râjâ Dhol pe Mârwan banke jâe, jî.
 Sej par jaisâ baiṭhâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ,

- 1035 The son of Râjâ Nal went into the palace,
 And left his camel standing in the garden.
 He bathed and washed and put on his (sectarial) mark,
 did Dhol the son of Râjâ Nal,
 And bowed his head to the Creator.
 Putting on the five garments,* Dhol, the son of Râjâ
 Nal,
- 1040 Put on the five arms.†
 And Dhol, the son of Râjâ Nal, went into the private
 apartments ;
 He went into the private apartments.

The chief (of Mârwan's) maidens was the daughter of
 Hirâ, the Gardener,

Her name was Rewâ.

- 1045 Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter, put on the 32 ornaments
 And went to Râjâ Dhol as Mârwan.
 The son of Râjâ Nal sat on the couch

* *i.e.*, full-dress.

† *i.e.*, fully armed.

- Patel-soz jaisî bâltî Rewâ Mâlî kî.
 Chalî Râjâ ke pâs, jî,
 1050 Sewâ meñ ânkar phirî âs pâs, jî.
 Pâen ko kharî hove Rewâ Mâlî kî,
 Râjâ sirhâne ko phire mûnh, jî.
 Hâth joṛ kare bintî Râjâ se :
 " Main kar rahî terî âs, jî."
- 1055 " Main Râjâ kâ betâ ; sun, Rewâ Mâlî kî,
 Mujhe râjâon-wâlî karnî rît, jî !"
 Itnî bâṭ Ḍhol ne kahe, sun Rewâ Mâlî kî,
 Apne man meñ hûî udâs, jî.
 Chalke Mârwan pe âutî Rewâ Mâlî kî,
 1060 Rânî se kare jawâb, jî :
 " Bârâh Khân ke yeh Ḍhol hai, jî :
 Kîsî kî nahîn suntâ bâṭ, jî !"
 " Battîs abran sârke, larkî Sunâr kî,

- And Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter, lit the torch.
 She went to the Râjâ
 1050 And wandered about him, doing him service.
 Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter, stood at the foot of the
 couch
 And the Râjâ turned his face towards the head.
 With joined hands she besought the Râjâ:
 " I remain in hopes of thee."
 1055 " I am a King's son ; hear, Rewâ, thou Gardener's
 daughter,
 I can but love the daughters of kings !"
 Hearing these words of Ḍhol, Rewâ, the Gardener's
 daughter,
 Was abashed in her heart.
 Rewâ, the Gardener's daughter, went to Mârwan,
 1060 And spake to the Princess:
 " Ḍhol is lord of twelve lords,
 And listeneth to none !"
 (Said Mârwan), " Thou Goldsmith's daughter, put on
 the 32 jewels,

- Tum jâo Dhol ke pâs, jî.”
- 1065 Battîs abran sârke Sunâr kî larķî,
 Âve Dhol ke pâs, jî.
 Chal sejân pe âve Sunâr kî larķî ;
 Dekh sûrat ko boltâ Nal Râjâ kâ betâ :
 “ Bhalâ châhe, tû jâo, tum Rânî kî sahelî,
- 1070 Tum jâo mahil se bâhir, jî.”
 Mâre sharam âutî larkî Sunâr kî,
 Woh to âve Rânî ke bâr, jî.
 “ Betâ hai Râjpût kâ ; sun, Rânî Mârwan,
 Woh to kisî kî nahîn mânî bêt, jî.”
- 1075 Pahilâ pahrâ nûr kâ, sun, Thâkur Thâkur merâ,
 Woh Târwan kare jawâb, jî :
 Battîs abran sârke Rânî Târwan,
 Âve Dhol ke pâs, jî :
 Bolî Rânî Târwan, “ Nal Râjâ ke bete,
- 1080 Tû suntâ kyûn nahîn bêt, jî ?

- And go thou to Dhol.”
- 1065 The Goldsmith's daughter put on the 32 jewels
 And went to Dhol.
 The Goldsmith's daughter went up to his couch,
 Seeing what she was spake the son of Râjâ Nal :
 “ If thou seek thy good, go, thou maid of the Princess,
- 1070 Go thou without my palace.”
 The Goldsmith's daughter went away abashed,
 And went to the Princess's door, (and said),
 “ This is a Rajpût's son ; hear, Princess Mârwan,
 He listeneth to none.”
- 1075 At the first hour of dawn, hear, my God, my God,
 Spake Târwan :
 She put on the 32 jewels, did the Princess Târwan,
 And went to Dhol :
 Spake the Princess Târwan, “ O son of Râjâ Nal,
- 1080 Why hearest not my words ?

- Tin dafâ main â chukî, Nal Râjâ ke bete,
 Âi tere pâs, jî.”
 “ Sangaldîp kî padmanî tum sab sahelî.
 Tumharî sab kî ik hî nihâr, jî.
 1085 Jo chitthî mujh ko likhkar bhejî thî, jî,
 Us kâ hâl sunâ de, jab main jânûn Mârwan.”
 Bolî Târwan, “ Sun, Râjâ Dholâ,”—
 Râjâ se kare jawâb, jî,—
 “ Ham Rajpûtân kî betîân, jî.
 1090 Ham nahîn kartî pardâ fâsh, jî.
 Motâ chalan tere des kâ, jî :
 Motî dekhî châl, jî :
 Aur Rajpûtân kî betîân, jî,
 Kyûn aven tere pâs, jî,”
 1095 “ Koî dohrâ apnâ likhâ sunâ dêiye, jî,
 Jab main jânûn Mârwan, jî !
 Jab mere dil ko âve karâr, jî !”

- Three times have I come, thou son of Râjâ Nal,
 Have I come to thee.” (Said he),
 “ Ye are all the maidens of the beauty of Sangaldîp.
 Ye all bear the same form ;
 1085 The letter that was sent to me,
 Who can tell it me, will I know to be Mârwan.”
 Said Târwan, “ Hear, Râjâ Dhol,”—
 Spake she to the Râjâ,—
 “ We are Râjpût’s daughters,
 1090 We observe the rule of seclusion.
 Unmannerly are the ways of thy land,
 Unmannerly is thy gait.
 And other Râjpût’s daughters :—
 Would they come to thee ?”
 1095 “ Sing me some verses of thine own,
 And I will know thee for Mârwan !
 And my heart will be satisfied !”

- Ho dilgîr chal paṛî Rânî Târwan, jî.
 Bolî Târwan, "Suno, sab sahelîo, jî ;
 1100 Nâ chûke talwâr se Râjâ kâ beṭâ ;
 Nâ chûke tîr se, jî :
 Woh to degâ ik hî rastâ kâḍh, jî.
 Battîs abran sâr le, Bahin Mârwan ;
 Solâh solâh le singâr, jî."
- 1105 Patel-soz balke Rânî Mârwan
 Âve Râjâ Dhol ke pâs, jî.
 Rânî Mârwan jûn dekhâ jûn koṛâ kûneñ ke bâr :
 Angan sūkhe bâjrâ, bhû meñ sūkhe jawâr :
 Rânî sūkhe pîû kî, baṛe mard kî nâr.
- 1110 Basar rahî, basâr die, basâr, basâr !
 Rânî sej charhî dekhî, jî,
 Jûn kûneñ pe dekhê panihâr !
 "Mujhe ṭakmâ tere nâm kâ, rakhîye nâm kî ṭek !

- Princess Târwan went away abashed.
 Spake Târwan, "Hear, O ye maids:
 1100 "This king's son failed not with the sword,
 Nor failed with the arrow.
 He will treat us all alike.*
 So put on the 32 jewels, Sister Mârwan ;
 Put on the 16 ornaments."
- 1105 Lighting the torch, the Princess Mârwan
 Went up to Râjâ Dhol.
 Princess Mârwan gazed at him, like a thirsty woman
 at a well.
 The millet dried in the yard, the millet dried in the field ;
 The Princess pined for her love, the great warrior's wife.
- 1110 Forgotten was she, forgotten, forgotten, forgotten !
 The Princess sat on the couch, and looked
 As a water-bearer looks at a well !
 (Said she), "My hope is in thy name, my trust is in thy
 name !

* i.e., punish us.

- Tîn sau sâth Dhol banke â gae, jî :
- 1115 Dîe bâgh se nikâl, jî.”
Pakar kalijâ baiṭh gaî Râjâ ke pâs :
Woh to gaî sejân pe baiṭh, jî ;
Dîe chaupur bichhâe, jî.
- Khilwat-khânâ meñ baiṭhâ Nal Râjâ kâ beṭâ ;
- 1120 Woh khilwat-khânâ meñ jâeñ, jî.
Bole Dhol, “ Sun, Rânî, merî bâṭ,
Narwargarh ko chal paṛo, suno hamârî bâṭ.”
Baṛî fajar pahrâ nûr kâ mâṭâ se aur sahelôn se kare
jawâb :
Bolî mâṭâ, “ Dâñ jahez le lo, jâiyo Dhol ke sâth.”
- 1125 Râjâ Dhol karhâ pe hûe sawâr :
Chalke âe Narwargarh ke mân,
Tore nukâre bajeñ Narwargarh ke mân,
Wahân ho rahe mangalchâr !
-

- Sham Dhols 360 have come
- 1115 And I turned them out of my garden.”
Taking him by the waist the Princess sat beside him :
Sat beside him on his couch,
And they laid the *chaupur*-board,
- Dwelling in the private apartments, the son of Râjâ Nal,
- 1120 Went into the private apartments.
Said Dhol (to Mârwan), “ My Queen, hear my words,
Let us go to Narwargarh, hear my words.”
In the early morn at the hour of dawn she spake to her
mother and her maids.
Answered her mother, “ Take thy dowry and go with
Dhol.”
- 1125 Râjâ Dhol mounted his camel
And went to Narwargarh.
The drums sounded in Narwargarh
And there were rejoicings !

No. XXXII.

RĀJĀ RATTAN SAIN OF CHITTAUR,

AS TOLD BY A BARD FROM THE KAPURTHALĀ STATE.

[This story is a very garbled version of the well known Rājput legend of the sack of Chittaur by 'Alāu'ddīn Khiljī in 1303 A.D. The accepted version is given at length by Tod, *Rajasthān*, Vol. I., pp 202 ff, in his usual magniloquent fashion.]

[The story shortly is this. During the reign of Rānā Lākam Sain, Chittaur was attacked by 'Alāu'ddīn under the following circumstances:—Bhīm Sain, the uncle of the Rānā, had married Padmanī, the daughter of Hamīr Singh Sisodīā, of whose beauty 'Alāu'ddīn had heard, and whom he determined to possess. He accordingly entrapped Bhīm Sain into his camp and made his release conditional on the surrender of Padmanī. It was then agreed that Padmanī should be sent accompanied by her maidens, but they were to go in their *ḍolās* or covered palanquins. Seven hundred *ḍolās* were sent, but they contained armed men, and the bearers also were armed men. Bhīm Sain was given half an hour to bid farewell to Padmanī, of which he took advantage to escape to Chittaur, while a fierce fight took place between the Rājputs under Gaurā and Bādāl, Padmanī's relatives, and the troops of 'Alāu'ddīn, after which 'Alāu'ddīn had to raise the siege. This is said to have taken place in 1275 A.D., an impossible date, as 'Alāu'ddīn did not begin to reign till 1295 A.D., and took Chittaur in 1303.]

[This expedient of using the *ḍolās* of a marriage procession to conceal an armed force was successfully performed by Nawāb Mūsā Khān Baloch of Farrukhnagar, in recovering his principality from the officials of Rājā Ranjīt Singh of Bharatpūr (1768-1806 A.D.) He filled the *ḍolās* of a large marriage procession with armed men and reached a fort called Shāhjahān-āhād, about 8 kos from Farrukhnagar, and full of Ranjīt Singh's troops. They all came out unarmed to look on at the sham procession and were therefore easily overpowered, and having possession of the fort, the Nawāb recovered Farrukhnagar and held it till his death.]

[The story of Padmanī, or Padmāwatī as she is also called, has given rise to much popular literature. There is a *Qissa-i-Padmāwat* in Persian verse by Hussain Ghaznavī and in Hindī verse by Malik Muḥammad Jēsi, and a *Tuhfatul-Qulāb* in Persian prose by Rāi Gobind, dated 1652 A.D., translated into Urdū verse in 1796 by Mīr Zīā'u'ddīn 'Ibrat and Ghulām 'Alī 'Ishrat.]

QISSA RÂJÂ RATTAN SAIN, PISAR RÂJÂ CHITWAN
SAIN, WÂLÎ CHITTAURGARH.

Bayân kîâ giâ hai, ki Shâh Ghorî ke 'ahid men Râjâ Rattan Sain hukumrân thâ, chunânche mâbâin donon ke Chittaurgarh men Râvî Nadî par jang hûî, jis men Ghorî Shâh ne Râjâ Rattan Sain ko maghlûb kîâ, aur qila' Chittaurgarh par qâbiz hûâ. Is waqû'a ko 'arsa takhmînan châr sau baras kâ hûâ.

Shimrûn Sâhib apnâ; dhan Âd* Kanwârî !

Oṛh dushâlâ Rattan Sain gadî kî tayyârî.

Lâkhe Shâh† Dîwân ne jhuk nazar guzârî.

“Lâ padmâwat Padmanî woh nâr hamârî !”

5 Itnî sunke Rattan Sain tan lagi kaṭârî.

“Haṭ, re Baniye ! pare ho ! kare rîs hamârî !

Kaun kaun Bâman Bâniye biyâh lâe sab nârî ?

Ab chalûngâ Sangaldîp ko tujhe lâ dîn Baniyânî.”

Garh se nîche utar giâ Dîwân hazârî :

10 Garh nîche utarke soch bichârî.

Lâkhe Shâh Dîwân Bhûre pe âyâ.

Hâth joṛ mujrâ kîâ, jhuk sîs niwâyâ.

“Tû beṭâ Râjâ Shâm kâ : tû bage siwâyâ !

Râjâ ghar janamke kyûn lâhnâ lâyâ ?

15 Sangaldîp kî Padmanî Râjâ biyâh kar lâyâ.

Hor ghanî se kyâ likhûn ? Pânî kyûn na pâyâ ?”

Itnî sun Bhûre ne jhaṭ 'araz lagâî :

“Ham bhâî ik haiñ, hamârî qismat niyârî :

Jo Padmâwat khûs len jâ lâj hamârî.”

20 Garh se nîche diâ utâr Dîwân hazârî.

Dîwân ne bhagwe rang lie, kapṛe alfî dârî.

Aṭak langh, Kâbul gae Dîwân hazârî.

* For Aditi: observe the mixture of Hindû and Musalmân expressions here.

† For Sâh.

- Âge baiṭhe Ghorî Bâdshâh Kachahrî sârî :
Lâkhe Shâh Diwân ne jhuk nazar guzârî.
- 25 “ Charḥ, jo Ghorî Bâdshâh, thârî kalâ sawârî !”
Itnî sun Ghorî Shâh ne jhat âraj* lagâî :
“ Kitnâ qilâ’ Chittaur kâ ? kitnâ bastâr ?”
“ Bâdshâh, bârâh kos meñ dhare niyo hissâr.
Tîn lâkh Chittaur meñ bândhe talwâr !
- 30 Chaudah sai charkhe qila’ par kare mârô mâr.
Basen mahâjan, bâniye, bare sâhûkâr :
Motî, mohar, jawâhir kâ karen baranj beopâr.”
Itnî sunke Bâdshâh dil meñ ghabarâe.
“ Mere Allah-dîn Alâu’ddîn,
- 35 Nâr begâne dekhke na khoö dîn !”
“ Hain Râjâ Chittaur ke bare mard shauqîn :
Hamâre mard ghoṛe ko kâṭ ke bhar denge zîn :”
Kahte Ghorî Bâdshâh mere Allah-dîn.
Itnî sun Lâkhe Shâh ne jhaṭ araj† lagâî :
- 40 “ Charḥ jâo tum Chittaur par thârî kalâ sawâî.”
Itnî sunke Bâdshâh thumak bajwâî.
Sât lâkh charḥ gîâ Mughal sipâhî :
Manzilon manzilon chalke Chittauron âe.
- Jabhî to Ghorî Bâdshâh parwânâ likhwâe :
- 45 Sharfû Qâzî khat likhe kar ’aqal shaḥûr.
“ Tum sun, Kâbul ke Bâdshâh, kyûn ban rahâ hosh ?”
“ Bîch meñ,” likhe, “ Gangê jalî, ûpar,” likhe, “ Qurân :
Main âtâ terî mulâqât, tere darshan pân.
Mujhe Sangaldîp kâ bhed de, main charḥkar jâûn :
- 50 Sangaldîp ke bhûp sardâr ko pakarḥkar lâûn.”
Itnî sunke Rattan Sain phardî mangwâî :
Khat likh Rattan Sain kar ’aqal shaḥûr.
Khat likh Rattan Sain kar ’aqal shaḥûr :
“ Tû sun, Kabul ke Bâdshâh, kyûnkas rahâ behosh ?
- 55 Tere kanion lag rahe chughalkhor, Dillî ke dût.
Bhale châhiye, tû Bâdshâh, dere ko kar jâ kûch.’”

* For ’araz.

† See above line 26.

- Itñî sunke Bâdshâh mârî jhat phâk.
 “ Milnâ hai to mil jâ, nahîñ dere ko kar jâ kûch.”
- 60 Itñî sunke Rattan Sain tâjan purwâe,
 Ghorî Bâdshâh ke dalân meñ chalkar âe.
 Âge baiṭhe Ghorî Bâdshâh, jhuk sîs niwâe.
 Hânske bole Bâdshâh, lie pâs biṭhâe.
 Chaupur sâr mangâeke shatranj khilâe.
 Bâñh pakaṛke le bare tambû ke mâhîñ.
- 65 Pairon meñ pâe berîân, gal tauq parâhe.
- Abhe Râm Dîwân ko dhake dilwâe.
 Abhe Râm Dîwân garh andar âe :
 Mâtâ Rattan Sain kî kiwâron âî.
 “ Kit gae Râjâ Rattan Sain hamâre, bhâî ?”
- 70 Itñî sunke Abhe Râm ne kûk machâî.
 “ Ham donon rokar bichaṛe, Bâdshâh ghar shâdî !
 Thârâ Râjâ pakaṛâ, Bâdshâh ne naubat bâjî !”
 Mâtâ Rattan Sain kî kiwâron lâgî.
 “ Kit Sanglâ ? kit Sangaldîp ? kit biyâhî ?”
- 75 Âwandî na sobhâ lâ niṛbhâgan âî !
 Ab jidhar nûñ teri khushî châhe chalî jâe !”
 Itñî sunke Padmanî bhar âusû roî.
 Dolf andar baiṭh gaî jhâmaṛ girwâe.
 Hâthon meñ lie paplî kamarân bandhwâî.
- 80 Manzilon manzilon chal parî Sibhî pe âî :
 Sibhî ke bachan lî chalî dewar pe âî.
 Hâth jor mujrâ kîâ, jhuk sîs niwâe.
 “ Dewar, nâ godî, nâ ungalî, merâ piyâ dûr.
 Mere Râjâ ke band chhurâ lâ, tû dîkhe sharm huzûr !”
- 85 Itñî sun Bhûre ne dil hûe gharûr.
 “ Jâ, bhâwaj, tû chale jâ nere yâ dûr.
 Mere bâp kâ sir dîâ kâṭ, chîlân ne khâe.
 Tum ko bhî de milûñ Ghorî Shâh ke tâñ.”
 Itñî sun Mâtâ Bhure kî Bhure pe âî.
- 90 “ Patṭâ terî ’umar kâ likhwâkar nâ lâe.
 Nau mahîne rakhâ udard meñ, jîñ kar bachâî :
 Tainûñ ghuṭî dî na zahar kî tûñ bachdâ nâhî !”

- “ Mâtâ, woh hî gharî kyûn gai bhûl kar raṇḍ biṭhâi ?
 Mere bap kâ sir kaṭ chilân ko pae ?
 95 Mere bairî phais gîâ dâû meṇ, tu dîe hai chhurwâe !”
 “ Bachchâ, augun ûpar gun karo, jag meṇ bhalâi.”
 Itnî sun Bhûrâ Mâtâ se kahe, “ Sun, mâi, bāt.
 Jehî Râjâ ko pakarâe dîn Bâdshâh ke pās.”
 Itnî sun Bhûre kî Rânî Bhûre pe âi.
 100 Hâth joṛ mujrâ kîâ, jhuk sîs niwâe.
 “ Râjâ, tum charkhâ le lo rangalâ, pîṛhâ le lo lâl.
 Charkhe mere baiṭh jâo, gharwâ le nâth,
 Tum pahino merî chûriâin, main nûn le âo hathiyâr !
 Main takṛî hoke jâ laṛûn Ghorî Bâdshâh ke sâth !
 105 Haude se haudâ bheṛ dîn, sir papeṇ ajât judâ !
 Charṇnâ hai to charṇ jâ, nahiṇ de do sâf jawâb !”
 Itnî sunke Bhûre ke tan bolî khâi.

- Bhûre Bâdal ne chauk meṇ kachahrî lâi :
 Badnî â gae Badan Singh kachahrî chhâe.
 110 Shâh* Maṇḍan â gae saḥûkâr sampûran bare bhâgî.
 “ Mere bawan dhajâen mâl ke, main sabhî tyâgî !
 Mere Râjâ ke band chhurâ lâ, sab pûran lâge !”
 Itnî sun Bhûrâ Shâh Maṇḍan pe âyâ.
 Hâth joṛ mujrâ kîâ, jhuk sîs niwâyâ.
 115 Bhûre se Maṇḍan kahe, “ Koî hikmat kîjo.
 Solâh sai ḍolâ liâ, singâr hâth guptî dîjo.
 Ḍolâ andar deo biṭhâe : kisî bhed na dîjo.
 Mânî Pûni lohâr ko sâth le lîjo.
 Mânâ Pûnâ bharen bhes terâ chândî sonâ :
 120 Jin kî chhaṭêṇ ûpar dhare anâr lîmû se gahnâ :
 Jin kî zuluf laṭakke bhare mâng motîṇ kî lachhî.”

Solâh sai ḍolâ liâ singâr, sîn Sibh kî khâi.

“ Yehîṇ se haṭ jâiyo gharân nûn, jis se nâr piyârî !

Hamâre gail so charṇhe bandhî dudhârî !”

- 125 Itnî sun sūrme de rahe kalkâr :

- Ghorî Shâh ke dalân meñ par gañ shor pukâr.
 Jab hî Sharfû Qâzî ne jhaṭ mashlat joṛî :
 “ Tûm dîn duniyâ ke Bâdshâh chhûṭe Khudâe !
 Dole meñ padmâwat hai nahîn padmanî bharâe !
 130 Doloñ ke bâns saṛkde, kahâr hoñkde âe !”
 Itnî sunke Bâdshâh ne araj lagâi.
 “ Doloñ kî talâsh de de mere tâñ.”
 Itnî sunke Bhûre ne jhaṭ araj lagâe.
 “ Padmâwat* roî dolî meñ bhar âñsû âi.
 135 Rattan Sain ko dekhtî kâman madâ mâi.
 Rattan Sain ko bhej de dolân ke mâhîn.”
 Itnî sunke Bâdshâh Râjâ pe âe :
 Jandâ ṭor mahil kâ Râjâ khulwâe.
 Râjâ chhuṭâ mahil se jaisâ chalâ kebrî.
 140 Dekh Râjâ dolân ko bhar âñsû rove.
 “ Mere jîwande dolâ kyûñ dende lāj gainwâe ?
 Badlâ ab yeh bâp kâ tain lîâ sajâe !”
 Itnî sunke Bhûre ne jhaṭ araj lagâi :
 “ Mânân Pûnân laḍlî terî ab lân gorî.
 145 Dolân âññ baiṭhke donân kî joṛî.”
 Itnî sunke Rattan Sain dil âñ hoshiyar.
 Dolâ andar jâ paṛa jhâmar girwâe.
 Mânân Pûnân lohâr se beṛî kaṭwâi.
 Jab hî Sharfû Qâzî ik mashlat joṛî.
 150 “ Dolâ meñ ṭhak ṭhak ho rahî, ghan bâje hathoṛî.
 Berî kaṭî Rajpûṭ kî ! Âñ honî torî.”
- Itnî sunke Rattan Sain kî turt â gâñ ghoṛî.
 Hanwe hâth, pair rikâb, jhat jabar gañ ghoṛî.
 Saṛsaṛ mârî koṛaṛî daurâ dî ghoṛî.
 155 Wâjâû wâjân dî rahî tâ bâgân moṛî.
 Gaṛh andar â baṛâ Rajpûṭ hazârî.
 Itnî sunke Bhûre ne jhaṭ ghoṛî pherî,
 Ghorî Shâh ke dalân jâ bâgân moṛî.
 Doloñ se kûde sûrme deke kalkâr.

- 160 Ghorî Shâh ke dalân meñ pây dhand ghubâr.
 Golf chalî karakar, paṛe rahe sankâr,
 Jaisî mârî pawan kî kinârî kâhî.
 Pâñch hazâr paṛâ khet, giutî na pây,
 Akelâ Bhurâ kyâ kare lashkar ke darmiyân ?
- 165 Lekar ghorî jâ paṛâ lashkar ke darmiyân :
 " Tum meñ naushâ kaun dal kâ singâr ?"
 Allâhdîn 'Alâu'ddîn karde do pahâr :
 Haude se niche dîe ger, dâkê tar-kasâr.
 Itnî sun Ghorî Bâdshâh ne pakare kumân.
- 170 Bhaṛbhaṛ marî giâsiyân Arjun se bân.
 Tîr mârâ Bhûre Kanwar ko langhâ dîâ pār.
 Ghorî se niche dîâ ger, kar tîrkahî sâr.
- Râjâ royâ Rattan Sain deke kalkâr.
 Faujân andar ân barî deke lalkâr.
- 175 Ghorî Shâh ne dîe bâng namâz guzârî !
 Karoṛ deotâ gîâ naṭ iko bârî !
 Ghorî Shâh ke hûe fatah kachahrî sârî.
 Itnî sun Padmâwat ne tan barchhî mârî :
 Nârî thîñ, sab mar gañ Chittaurôn mâhîn !
- 180 Ghorî Shâh dekhâ koî nazar na âñ !
 " Jhuthâ re, Lâkhe Shâh Dîwân ! Padmâwat koî na pây !"
 Lâke jandâ chal paṛe Chittaurôn mâhîn :
 Chhat Banûr meñ âke dere dîe lagâe.
 Bâdshâh wahân mar gîâ, makân lie pâe.

TRANSLATION.

THE STORY OF RÂJÂ RATTAN SAIN, THE SON OF RÂJÂ CHITWAN
 SAIN, LORD OF CHITTAURGAH.

It is said that in the days of the Ghorî* kings Râjâ Rattan Sain was an independent prince, and there was war between them on the Râvî River at Chittaurgaḥ, in which the Ghorî king conquered Râjâ Rattan Sain, and took Chittaurgaḥ. This happened about 400 years ago.†

* For Ghorî read Khiljî throughout.

† 600 would be nearer the mark.

I worship my Lord and the Infinite Goddess !

Clothed in shawls Rattan Sain sat on his throne.

Lâkhe Shâh, the Minister, bowed and made his (customary) gift, (and said) :

“ I would have the beautiful Padmanî to wife !”

5 Hearing this Rattan Sain was very wrathful (and said) :

“ Off, thou Merchant.* Be off ! Thou makest me angry.

Shall Brâhmans and Merchants marry all the women ?

I will go to Sangaldîp† and get thee a Merchant’s daughter.”

The great Minister went down from the fort,

10 And going down he pondered (within himself).

Lâkhe Shâh, the Minister, came to Bhûrâ,‡

With joined hands he prayed forgiveness§ and bowed his head.

(Said he), “ Thou art the son of Râjâ Shâm and the best of all.

Born in the king’s house why art thou disgraced ?

15 The Râjâ (Rattan Sain) hath wedded Padmanî of Sangaldîp !

And what shall I say of his wealth ? Why hast thou not received thy share ?”

Hearing this spake Bhûrâ quickly :

“ We brothers are the same, but our fate is separate :

If I take away Padmanî, the shame will be mine.”

20 And he sent down the great Minister from the fort.

The Minister dyed his clothes of a red hue, and put on a mendicant’s dress.||

* This means that Lâkhe Shâh was a Baniyâ, (merchant) by caste.

† See *ante*, p. 276.

‡ Rattan Sain’s brother.

§ For speaking : Oriental custom.

|| *Alfi* is a sleeveless shirt worn by mendicants as a distinguishing mark.

Crossing the Aṭak (Indus) the great Minister went to Kâbul.

The Ghorî king was holding his Court:

Lâkhe Shâh, the Minister, bowed and made his gift.

25 (Said he), "Start thy army, O Ghorî king, (to Chittaurgarh)."

Hearing this said the Ghorî king quickly:

"How large is Chittaur fort? What is its population?"

"O king, it is a large fort covering twelve kos.

Three *lâkhs** of swords are there in Chittaur.

30 And fourteen hundred guns blaze forth.

Bankers and traders and great merchants dwell there,
And deal largely in pearls and coins and jewels."

Hearing this the king was astonished in his heart.

(Said the Court), "O Allah-dîn 'Alâ'uddîn,†

35 Lose not thy virtue over a strange woman."

(Said he), "The Râjâs of Chittaur are men of luxury,
And my men shall fill their horses' saddles."

Thus spake the Ghorî king 'Alâ'uddîn,

And hearing said Lâkhe Shâh quickly:

40 "Go thou with thy army to Chittaur."

Hearing this the king had the (war) drums beaten.

Seven *lâkhs*‡ of Mughal soldiers advanced,

And stage by stage they reached Chittaur.

Then the Ghorî king sent a letter,

45 And Sharfû, the Qâzî, wrote the letter with discretion.

(And said) "Why be uneasy, thou King of Kâbul?"§

And he wrote, "The Ganges is between us, and above
us is the Qurân ;||

I have come to visit thee and see thee (only),

50 That thou mayest tell me of Sangaldîp, whither I would
advance."

* *i.e.*, 300,000!

† Meant for 'Alâ'uddîn Khiljî.

‡ *i.e.*, 700,000!

§ This must be a blunder of the bard: the "King of Kâbul" is writing the letter.

|| Apparently an oath.

- When Rattan Sain heard this he sent for paper,
 And Rattan Sain wrote a letter with discretion.
 Rattan Sain wrote a letter with discretion, (and said),
 "Hear, thou King of Kâbul, why art thou uneasy?
 55 Beside thee are the tale-bearers, the spies of Dehlî,
 If thou wishest thy welfare march thou back."
 Hearing this the king forthwith exclaimed,
 "If thou wilt meet me meet me, or I will march back."
 Hearing this Rattan Sain got ready his mare
 60 And went to the Court of the Ghorî king.
 The Ghorî king was sitting there and he bowed his head.
 Smiling spake the king and sat him down beside him.
 Sending for a *chaupur* board they played at chess (!)*
 Then seizing (the Râjâ) by the arms they took him into
 the great tent.
 65 They put fetters on his feet and an iron ring about his
 neck.

- Abhe Râm, the Minister, † was pushed away.
 And Abhe Râm, the Minister, went back into the fort,
 And went to the door of Rattan Sain's mother.
 (Said she), "Where went my Râjâ Rattan Sain, friend?"
 70 Hearing this Abhe Râm raised a cry (and said):
 "We two were separated weeping while the king's
 household rejoiced!
 The king hath seized thy Râjâ and is beating his drums
 (over it)!"
 The mother of Rattan Sain leant against the door, (and
 said):
 "Where is the Maid of Sangal? ‡ where is Sangaldîp?
 whence came the bride?"
 75 Unfortunate§ art thou, that thy coming brought no
 happiness.

* For the bardic notion on such things see Vol. II., p. 282.

† Who had accompanied him. ‡ *i.e.*, Padmanî.

§ This term implies a reproach.

- Go now whither thou mayest desire !”
 Hearing this Padmanî wept bitterly.
 She sat in her covered palanquin.
 She took a dagger in her hand and girded her loins.
- 80 Going stage by stage she reached (a temple of) Sîva,
 And taking an oracle from Sîva she went to her husband’s younger brother.
 With joined hands she asked forgiveness and bowed her head (and said):
 “ Brother, nor chick nor child (is mine) and my husband is afar.
 Release the Râjâ, for thou seemest an honourable man !”
- 85 Hearing this Bhûrâ hardened his heart (and said) :
 “ Go, sister, go where thou wilt.
 He cut off my father’s head and the kites ate it.
 I will send thee too to the Ghorî king.”*
- Hearing this came his mother to Bhûrâ (and said) :
 90 “ I have no written prophecy as to thy length of life.
 I bore thee nine months in my womb, and saved thee alive.
 Would that I had poisoned thee, that thou hadst not lived !”
 “ Mother, hast thou forgotten that hour when thou wast made a widow ?
 When he cut off my father’s head and gave it to the kites ?
- 95 My enemy is in trouble and thou wouldst have me save him !”
 “ My son, do good for evil, that it may be well with thee in the world.”
 Hearing this said Bhûrâ to his mother, “ Mother, hear me,
 I will let the king keep the Râjâ his captive.”
 Hearing this came Bhûrâ’s wife to Bhûrâ ;

* And so dishonour thee.

100 With joined hands she craved his pardon and bowed her head (and said) :

“ Râjâ, take my painted spinning wheel, and take my red stool.

Sit down to my wheel and make thee a nose ring.

Take thou my bracelets and I will take thy arms !

I will be strong and fight the Ghorî king !

105 Elephant shall meet elephant and heads shall fly about !

If thou be going, go, or deny outright !”

Hearing this, her words sank into Bhûrâ's heart.

Bhûrâ and Bâdal held an assembly in the market-place.

Badnî and Badan Singh attended the assembly.

110 Shâh Maṇḍan, the richest of all the merchants, also came (and said) :

“ I give up (for thee) my 52 bags of riches !

Expend them all to release my Râjâ !”

Hearing this came Bhûrâ to Shâh Maṇḍan.

With joined hands he asked pardon, and bowed his head.

115 Said Shâh Maṇḍan to Bhûrâ : “ Make this plan.

Take 1,600 palanquins (with you) and take secret arms in your hands.

Seat yourselves within the palanquins and tell the secret to none.

Take Mânâ and Pânâ, the iron-smiths, (as women) with you ;*

And cover Mânâ and Pânâ with thy vesture of silver and gold ;

120 And put limes and pomegranates on their breasts for ornaments :

And fill their hanging locks with coral and pearls.”

They adorned 1,600 palanquins and took an oracle from Śiva, (and said) :

“ Go hence to your homes, all ye that love your wives !

* *i.e.*, dressed up as women : observe the force of putting the names of these *men* into *female* forms in the text.

- They that go with us must fasten on swords!"*
- 125 Hearing this the warriors raised a shout,
And the noise of it reached the Ghorî king's Court.
Whereon Sharfû, the Qâzî, quickly made remark :
" God hath made thee king of the world and the faith !
They are no fair maids and girls that fill the palanquins !
- 130 The poles of the palanquins creak and the bearers
breathe heavily !"
Hearing this spake the king :
" Search the palanquins for me."
Hearing this spake Bhûrâ quickly :
" Padmanî is weeping bitterly in her palanquin,
135 And when she sees Rattan Sain she will be filled with joy.
Send Rattan Sain into her palanquin."
Hearing this the king came to the Râjâ,
And breaking open the lock of the prison took the Râjâ out.
The Râjâ came like a lion out of his prison,
140 And seeing the palanquins his eyes filled with tears, (and
he said to Bhûrâ) :
" Why sent ye her in marriage here, whilst I was alive
to shame me ?
Thou hast taken full vengeance for thy father !"
Hearing this said Bhûrâ quickly :
" I have brought Mânâ and Pûnâ,† thy beautiful darlings,
145 Sit down in the palanquin and meet them."
Hearing this Rattan Sain understood,
And went into the palanquin and put down the blinds.
Mânâ and Pûnâ, the iron-smiths, cut off his fetters.
Then Sharfû, the Qâzî, made remark :
150 " There is a noise of hammering and clanking within the
palanquin !
The Râjpût's fetters are being cut ! Thy fate hath come,
(O king) !"

Hearing this Rattan Sain quickly came to his mare.

* As the enterprise is very dangerous.

† The names are still *female* in the text.

Hand on saddle, foot in stirrup, quickly he mounted his mare.

Striking her quickly with his whip he galloped off the mare.

155 They shouted out to him to turn back.

The great Râjpût entered his fort.

Hearing this* Bhûrâ quickly turned his mare,

And turned on the Ghorî king's camp.

The warriors leapt from the palanquins and gave a shout.

160 And there was a great slaughter in the Ghorî king's camp.

The guns thundered forth and there was a great disturbance.

As when the wind blows the scum (of a pond) to the bank.

Five thousand fell on the field beyond counting,

But what did Bhûrâ alone in the midst of an army ?

165 He took his mare into the midst of the camp, (saying) :

“ Who is the jewel † of the army among you ? ”

And he cut Allahdîn 'Alâu'ddîn ‡ into two halves,

And cast him down from his elephant with a stroke of his sword.

Hearing this the Ghorî king seized his bow,

170 And shot arrows forth like Arjuna. §

An arrow struck the Prince Bhûrâ and went through him.

And the blows, arrows, and swords threw him down from his mare.

The Râjâ Rattan Sain wept and cried out.

And the (king's) army entered the fort shouting ;

175 And the Ghorî king made the (Muhammadan) call to prayer !||

* Something probably omitted here.

† *Lit.*, bridegroom.

‡ The bard seems to think 'Alâu'ddîn to have been a personage apart from the “ Ghorî ” king, whereas they were really the same.

§ The Pânduva ; allusion to the story of the *Mahâbhârata*.

|| A dreadful thing to happen in a Râjpût fort.

And all at once the millions of (guardian) goddesses fled !
 The Ghorî king gained the victory over the whole Court.
 Hearing this Padmanî ran a spear through her body,
 And all the women that were in Chittaur died !*

180 And the Ghorî king could find not one (and said) :
 "Lâkhe Shâh, the Minister, was a liar ! I have found
 no Padmanî !"

Putting his lock on Chittaur he set out,
 And rested at Chhat-Banûr,
 Where the king died and had a tomb erected to him.†

* Allusion to the well-known Râjpût ceremony of the *sakâ*, or *janhar*, or immolation of the women, before making the final sally, when it was no longer possible to save a place from destruction. The Râjpûts claim that a *janhar* was performed on this occasion, and again at the second sack of Chittaur by Akbar in 1533.

† This place is probably meant for the Chach or Indus riverain tract of the Râwal Pindî District, just as the bard has placed Chittaur on the River Râvî. 'Alâu'ddîn, as a matter of fact, was buried at Dehlî in 1316 A.D.

No. XXXIII.

THREE VERSIONS OF SARWAN AND FARÎJAN, AS TOLD IN THE DEHLÎ AND KARNÂL DISTRICTS.

[Sarwan and Farfjan is the usual name of a well known ballad widely sung in the Dehlî, Gurgâon, Karnâl, Hissâr and Rohtak Districts. It is specially interesting as being a pure myth concocted within the last fifty years for what may be called political reasons, and because it bids fair to become a permanent legend among the people.]

[Farîjan, Farîdan, Farîjar and Pharîjan are vulgar forms of the name of Mr. William Fraser, formerly Political Resident at the Court of the Mughal Emperors of Dehlî, who was murdered from personal spite at the instigation of Nawâb Shamsu'ddîn Khân of Lohârû on the 22nd March 1835. The murder formed the subject of a judicial enquiry and the Nawâb was executed on the evidence on 3rd October 1835. He was a man of very dissolute character, and the people who best remembered him, were the courtezans of Dehlî that lived on his gifts. These women for some time afterwards were in the habit of singing songs in his praise and are, no doubt, responsible for the concoction of the purely mythical story of Mr. Fraser's intrigue with Sarwan, a *zamîndâr's* or farmer's wife, at the hands of her outraged husband. Sir William Sleeman, who, in his *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official*, 1844, Vol. II., p. 210ff, gives a complete account of the murder of Mr. Fraser, says that songs in honor of Wazîr 'Alî the murderer of Mr. Cherry and others at Banâras in 1798 A.D. were sung by courtezans there twenty years after the massacre for the same reason.]

[The true story is that Mr. Fraser had practically brought up the Nawâb Shamsu'ddîn Khân, and was so disgusted at his debauched and licentious proceedings when he grew to man's estate, that he at last refused to admit him to his house at Dehlî, of which the Nawâb had previously had free use. This so exasperated him that he employed Karîm Khân and Uniyâ, an associate and an old servant, to assassinate him. The opportunity offered on the night of the 22nd March 1835, when Mr. Fraser was returning from a party given by the Râjâ of Kishangarh, and Karîm Khân shot him dead about eleven o'clock at night. Uniyâ got wind of attempts that were to be made on his own life by the Nawâb to destroy proofs of the affair and with some difficulty escaped from his clutches. He afterwards confessed his share in the crime to Mr. Simon Fraser and explained the whole of the circumstances at the trial held by Mr. Colvin, the judge. The result was the execution of Karîm Khân and the Nawâb.]

[In an Urdū work called *Tārikh Makhzan Panjāb* by Muftī Ghulām Sarwar Qureshī of Lāhor, 1877, at p. 26, the following account is given of Mr. Fraser's murder:—"Nawāb Shamsu'ddīn Khān succeeded Nawāb Aḥmad Bakhsh Khān of Lohārū. He had two brothers, Amīnu'ddīn Khān and Ziā'n'ddīn Khān, who claimed shares in the estate under their father's will. The case was laid before Mr. William Fraser, the Agent at Dehlī, who reported to Government that according to the will all three brothers ought to have shares in the property. In revenge for this in October 1835 Nawāb Shamsu'ddīn Khān had him murdered by his people. After an enquiry, which lasted a year, he was convicted and hanged and his estate at Firozpur confiscated and added to the Gurgāon District." Sir William Sleeman, however, is of opinion that the Government proceedings as to the partition of the estate had very little to do with the murder.]

I.

THE STORY OF THE MURDER OF MR. FARĪJAR.

Mān Singh, a farmer of the village of Nagdhū, in the District of Karnāl, told the following story on the 22nd February 1884.

A very handsome youth, named Amī Chand, a farmer of the village of Ghughīānā, in the Karnāl District,* got into trouble and became a convict, working on the Canals being made through the District.† One day it so happened that Mr. Farījar went out to examine the works and remarked Amī Chand and said to a convict warder,‡ "what a pity it is that so handsome a youth should be employed as a convict on excavation works!" He was so struck with the beauty of the youth that he mentioned it again and again§ till at last the warder said, "his beauty is nothing to his sister's." Upon this Mr. Farījar strongly desired to see her, and that same evening he sent for Amī Chand and promised to release and reward him if he would bring his sister to him. He consented and was released by Mr. Farījar, who supplied him with a horse and a servant, and sent him off to his village.

When Amī Chand reached home his friends were much surprised to see him, as they knew his time had not expired,

* It is really in the Dehlī District.

† They were taken in hand by Lord Hastings and completed between 1817 and 1830.

‡ *Met qaidī* was the expression used, *met* being the English word *mate*.

§ This is a purely oriental notion and quite foreign to English habits, of course.

but he put them off with a story of services he had rendered so as to cause his premature release, and concealed the real facts.

He then went to his mother's house, but did not find his sister at home, for she had gone to her husband's house, and so he went there and told her that their mother was very ill, in fact dying, and wanted to see her. Her husband, however, declined to let her go home, and Amî Chand then told her privately that unless she could get away somehow that very day she would never see her mother alive again; so it was arranged between them that she should go to a certain well to draw water that evening, where he should meet her, and that they should go off together.

They met accordingly and he took her up behind him on his horse, but, instead of taking her to their mother, he took her straight to Mr. Farîjar's tent, as he was then encamped upon the works.

As soon as her husband missed her he guessed that Amî Chand had taken her off and went at once to his mother-in-law, and found her quite well, and that she had seen neither her son nor her daughter. After a while he ascertained that Amî Chand had carried her off to Mr. Farîjar.

This drove him quite wild, and going home to his village, he collected three or four friends and went with them to Mr. Farîjar's tent, and found his wife Sarwan there, as he had been told. He addressed a petition to Mr. Farîjar about the injustice of his acts, but got no answer and was turned out of the camp. So he went home and, watching his opportunity, murdered Mr. Farîjar in revenge for the abduction of his wife.*

II.

THE SONG OF SARWAN AND FARĪDAN.

From a version procured from Dehlî.

TEXT.

Dhur Kalkatte se chalâ Farîdan, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

Lândâ ghora buđhâ Farîdan Sarwan dhûñdan jâe.

Pâñch muqâm Dehlî meñ bole, chhattâ Ghûngânâ gâñû.

* There was nothing in the language of the story as taken down to make it worth while printing it in original.

- Dhaule kûneñ par tambû tan gae, mekheñ de garwâe.
- 5 Galí galí chuprâsí ðoleñ, Sarwan lajhdî nâhîñ.
 Bachhre chugâwandâ Amî Chand pakarâ mushkîñ de
 bandwâe.
 “Mushkîñ merî chhor de, Farîdan ; Sarwan dûñ batlâe.
 Bare bagar se Sarwan nikasî, chhoṭe bagar nûñ jâe
 Sarwan bâjre mân.”
- Bâjrâ kaṭṭî Sarwan pakarî, dântî dhûngî mân.
- 10 Sir par pîrhâ, baghal meñ charkhâ, pûñî laṭaktî jâe :
 Hâth meñ belâ, bele meñ kanghî dauṛî nâñ ke jâe.
 “Uṭṭî sultî meñḍhîñ gandhtî, ṭhâḍâ lewan jâe.
 Âo, rî bahino, mil lo, suhelî : phir milâ nahîñ jâe.”
 Ungalî pakarke, ponchhâ pakarâ, haude lî biṭhlâe.
- 15 Hâthî ke haude baiṭhî, Sarwan ṭap ṭap rondî jâe.
 “Shahr Ghungânâ, jam jam basiyo ! Amî Chand basiyo
 nâhîñ !”
 Addhî râṭ pahar kâ tarâ târe gindî jâe.
 Pâñch Pîr kâ malîda sukhâ faujon meñ batâ jâe.
 “Lahnge kâ pahinâ chhor de, merî Sarwan, sâya sínâ
 lagâe.
- 20 Sûp kâ pahinâ chhor, merî Sarwan, ṭopî se naihâ lagâe.
 Angî kâ pahinâ chhor de, merî Sarwan, peṭṭikoṭ se naihâ
 lagâe.
 Pîrhî kâ baiṭhnâ chhor, merî Sarwan, kursî se naihâ
 lagâe.”
 “Ṭopî kâ pahinâ chhor jâe, rûî ke, pagiâ bandhan le.
 Patlûn kâ pahinâ chhor jâe, rûî ke, dhotî kâ bandhan le.
- 25 Koṭ kâ pahinâ chhor jâe, rûî ke, mirjâe kâ pahinâ le.
 Bûṭ kâ pahinâ chhor jâe, rûî ke, jûṭî se naihâ lagâe.
 Giṭ-piṭ bolî chhor de, Farîdan, sîdhî bolî le.”

Translation.

Farîdan came all the way from Kalkattâ, worshipping
 the Five Saints.*

Old Farîdan on his bob-tailed nag was searching for
 Sarwan.

* See next version.

Five days he stayed at Dehlī, the sixth at Ghûngânâ village.

The tents were pitched at the white well and the pegs driven in.

- 5 The messengers searched in all the lanes and found not Sarwan.

Amī Chand was seized grazing the cattle and his arms were tied behind him.

“Loose my arms, Farīdan, and I will show thee Sarwan. Sarwan went out of the great street through the little street into the millet-field.”

Sarwan was caught cutting the millet with her sickle at her side.

- 10 Her stool upon her head, her wheel under her arm, and the skein hanging down :

Her cup in her hand and her comb in her cup she ran to the barber's wife.

“Braid up my tangled locks, the oppressor hath taken me.

O my sisters and my companions, come and see me ; we shall not meet again.”

He caught her hand and seized her by the waist and sat her in the (elephant) litter.

- 15 Sitting in the elephant litter, Sarwan dropped tears.

“Be happy, Ghûngânâ ! But be not happy, Amī Chand !”

All night long till dawn she counted the stars.*

The sweets that had been vowed were distributed in the name of the Five Saints (by Farīdan).

“Leave off wearing thy (native) skirt, my Sarwan, and put on a (European) skirt.

- 20 Leave off thy (kerchief), my Sarwan, and wear a hat.

Leave off thy (native) petticoat, my Sarwan, and wear a petticoat.

Leave off sitting on a stool, my Sarwan, and sit on a chair.”

* Idiom : to be very unhappy.

“ Leave off wearing thy hat, thou doomed one, and fasten on a turban.

Leave off wearing trowsers, thou doomed one, and wear a loin-cloth.

25 Leave off wearing a coat, thou doomed one, and wear a quilt.

Leave off wearing boots, thou doomed one, and wear (native) slippers.

Leave off thy jargon, Farîdan, and take to plain speech.”

III.

THE BALLAD OF SARWAN AND PHARÎJAN.

This version is from a beautifully written manuscript in the Persian character sent to Mr. Delmerick in 1872 by the late Nawâb 'Alâu'ddîn Ahmad Khân of Lohâru, nephew of Nawâb Shamsu'ddîn Khân. It is in his own handwriting, with some 26 notes in English also written by him, for he was a man of considerable literary attainments.

TEXT.

Châma-i-Sarwan.

I.

Dhur Kalkatte se chalâ Pharîjan, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

Pânch muqâm Dehlî ke bole, chhattâ Gungânâ gâne.

Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

II.

Dhanlî kûnîn par tammû garâe, mekheñ dî garwâe.

Huqqâ kîtâ Mîn Chand pakaîâ, berî dî ðhukwâe.

Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

III.

“ Ik chîz terî, kahe, Amîn Chand, dûsrî kahû kî nâe.”

“ Merî ho, to de dûñ, Pharîjan ; dusrî kî de na jâe.”

Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

IV.

“ Sarwan kâ jo bhed batâ de, hâthî dûñ in'âm.”

Ghar ke bhedî bhed batâyâ, “ Sarwan bâjrâ mâe.”

Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

V.

Dhalâ ghorâ bhûrâ Pharĭjan bâjrâ kûndtâ jâe.
 Bâjrâ kattî Sarwan pâkarî, drântî ðhûngî mâe.
 Allah jâne, rî, Pânchon Pîr manâe.

VI.

Hâth pakarkar ghorê biṭhâ le, ṭis ṭis ânsû jâe.
 Pânch pîr bâjrâ kâtâ, chhaṭṭâ na kâtâ jâe !
 Allah jâne, rî, Pânchon Pîr manâe.

VII.

“ Bâp ko tere Chaudhrî kar dûn, bhâi Thânedâr.”
 “ Châchî tân sab â mil len, Mîn Chand milnâ nâe !”
 Allah jâne, rî, Pânchon Pîr manâe.

VIII.

“ Milnâ ho, to mil le, Mîn Chand ; phir milne kî nâe.”
 Hâth meñ bilwâ, bilwe meñ kângî, nâi ke ghar jâe.
 Allah jâne, rî, Pânchon Pîr manâe.

IX.

“ Ultî sultî meṇḍhî gundhe, nâi ki : gundhan phir nâe.”
 Hâth pakarkar haude biṭhâ lî, hirnî kî jûn ðakar âe.
 Allah jâne, rî, Pânchon Pîr manâe.

X.

Âdhî râṭ pahar kâ tarḱâ târe ginte jâe.
 “ Pîrhî baiṭhnâ chhor de, Sarwan ; kursî baiṭhnâ sîkh.”
 Allah jâne, rî, Pânchon Pîr manâe.

XI.

“ Lahngâ pharnâ chhor de, Sarwan, sâya pharnâ sîkh.”
 Âge sunâr kî, pîchhe munihâr kî, bîch meñ Sarwan,
 jâe (1) Allah jâne, rî, Pânchon Pîr manâe.

XII.

“ Pânch mohar kâ tîkâ gharâ dûn ; mâthâ damaktâ jâe.
 Assî mohar kî nath gharwâ dûn, totâ pharaktâ jâe.”
 Allah jâne, rî, Pânchon Pîr manâe.

XIII.

“ Assî gaz ka lahngâ silâ dûn parû pharaktâ jâe.”
 “ Pânch bhâi ke pâg utâre, phir bândhan ke nâe !”
 Allah jâne, rî, Pânchon Pîr manâe.

XIV.

Bare bhâi ne dene kahe the, chhoṭâ detâ nâe.
 Pânch gâñû kar lê bas meñ, Mîn Chand bas meñ nâe.
 Allah jâne, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

XV.

Chhoṭî bagar se Sarwan nikasî bare bagar ko jâe.
 Galî galî chuprâsî phir gae, ghar ghar thânedâr.
 Allah jâue, rî, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

Dhur Kalkatte se chalâ Pharîjan, Pânchoñ Pîr manâe.

TRANSLATION.

THE BALLAD OF SARWAN.

I.

Pharîjan came all the way from Calcutta, worshipping
 the Five Saints.*

Five days he halted in Delhî, and on the sixth he went
 to Gungânâ village.†

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

II.

He pitched his tents at the white well, and drove in the
 pegs.

Mîn Chand was seized smoking his pipe and fetters were
 fastened on him.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

III.

“One thing hast thou, they say, Amîn Chand, that
 none else possesseth.”

“If it be mine, I give it, Pharîjan : another’s I cannot
 give.”

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

* The *Panj Pîr* are really any five saints the author may remember or worship. The Nawâb says that here they mean (1) Khwâjâ Qutbu'ddîn Bakhtiâr Kâkî Ūshî of Dehlî, *ob.*, 1235 A.D.; (2) Khwâjâ Mu'ainu'd-dîn Chishtî, of Ajmer, *ob.*, 1236 A.D.; (3) Shekh Nizâmu'ddîn Auliâ, of Dehlî, *ob.*, 1325 A.D.; (4) Nasîru'ddîn 'Abû'l-khair Abdu'llah Ibn 'Umar Al-Baizavî, *ob.*, 1286; and (5) Sultân Nasîru'ddîn Mahmûd, Emperor of Dehlî, *ob.*, 1266. The origin of the *Panj Pîr* is in the Five Holy Personages, *viz.*, Muḥammad, 'Alî, Fâtima, Hasan and Husain.

† The Nawâb says it is in the Sumpaṭ sub-division of the Dehlî District.

IV.

“Tell me where Sarwan is hid, and I give thee an elephant in reward.”

The house-spy told the secret, “Sarwan is in the millet-field.”

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

V.

Brown PharĪjan on his white horse destroyed the millet-field.

Sarwan he caught cutting the millet, with her sickle by her side.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

VI.

Seizing her hands he sat her on the horse, dropping tears.

Five sheaves of millet she had cut, but could not cut the sixth.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

VII.

“I will make thy father a Chaudhrī, thy brother a Police Officer.”*

“Let me go and see my aunts, Mīn Chand I will not see.”

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

VIII.

“Mīn Chand, if thou wouldst see her, see her now : thou shalt not see her more.”

A cup was in her hand, a comb was in the cup, and she went to the barber's house.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

IX.

“Braid up my tangled locks, O barber's wife : thou shalt not bind them again.”

He took her hand and seated her on the (elephant) litter, weeping like a doe.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

* A Chaudhrī is a local country magnate, and the country Police Officer is the embodiment of power in the villagers' ideas.

X.

All night till the dawn she counted the stars.*

“Give up sitting on a stool, Sarwan, learn to sit on a chair.”

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

XI.

“Give up thy (native) skirt, Sarwan, and learn to wear a (European) skirt.”

Sarwan went off in the midst of goldsmiths' and jewellers' maids.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

XII.

“I will make thee an ornament of five gold pieces to shine on thy forehead.

I will make thee a nose-ring of eighty gold pieces and of glittering jewels.”

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

XIII.

“I will make thee a skirt of eighty yards to become thy loins.”

“Thou has pulled off the turbans† of my five brethren, not to be fastened on again!”

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

XIV.

The elder brothers agreed to give her up, not so the younger.‡

Five villages were in their power, but not Mân Chand.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

XV.

Sarwan escaped from the little street into the great street. The messengers searched every lane and the police every house for her.

God knows, dear, he worshipped the Five Saints.

All the way from Calcutta came Pharîjan, worshipping the Five Saints.

* Idiom, for being very unhappy. † Idiom, for utterly disgraced.
‡ i.e., Amin Chand.

No. XXXIV.

PŪRAN BHAGAT,

AS SUNG BY SOME JATTS FROM THE PAṬIĀLĀ STATE.

[This forms the first *mahal* or division of the legends about Rasālû, and purports to relate the events previous to the stories told in the first legend given in these volumes, the Adventures of Râjâ Rasālû. It will be seen, however, on a comparison of the two legends, that as a matter of fact the stories told in the Panjâb about Śâlivâhana of Siâlkoṭ and his legendary sons, Rasālû and Pûran Bhagat, are all mixed up together, and evidently, to some extent, form a cycle of tales, of which any one of these worthies is made the hero at each individual bard's pleasure. The close resemblance of many of them to the cycle represented by the *Story of Sindibâd* is again apparent in the following poem].

[It is still probably too early to fix the date of Rasālû with anything like certainty, but yet I think it may be fairly hazarded now that he represents in Hindû Legend the king who so successfully fought the first Muhammadan invaders of India about 700 A.D., and is known to Muhammadan historians as Ranbal, Reteil, Zenbil, etc. The facts bearing on this identification will be found in my paper on Râjâ Rasālû in the *Calcutta Review* for 1884, p. 390 ff.].

TEXT.

Râg Pûran Bhagat dâ Pîsar Râjâ Salwân Sakna Siâlkoṭ.
Tillôn Gorakh chaṛhiâ, chaṛhiâ nâdh bâjâe.
Bâwan sai chele guptiâ, bâwan sai chele nâl.
Baṭwe lie bhabût de lainde ang ramâe :
Chhâh chûṭiân mirgâniân bhawande bîch akâs.

TRANSLATION.

The Song of Pûran Bhagat, the son of Râjâ Salwân of Siâlkoṭ.
Gorakh set out from Tillâ* sounding his conch.
Fifty-two hundred invisible and fifty-two hundred
(visible) disciples were with him.
Ashes had they in their wallets for rubbing on their
bodies,
And their deer skins hurtled through the heavens.

* In the Gujrânwâlâ District.

- 5 Siâlkoṭ Râje Sankh dâ jogî bâge lathe â.
 Sûkhe ban hariâule pânî pie talâo ;
 Bah gae chaplî mânke dhûnî dende lâe.
 Bhagtî kamâunde kahir de charne dhyân lagâe.
 Raunak lagâ dî Râm ne ditte bâzâr lagâe :
- 10 Khalkat mâthâ tekde, kyâ râjâ, kyâ râe.

Râjâ mahilân se ṭuriâ, man bich Râm dhyâe :
 Hatth bândh kardâ bintî charnoñ sîs niwâe :
 “ Jagat nûn târan â gîâ, mainûn târke jâ.
 Kanne Gurû sun lâ, ânkhân vekhan â.”

- 15 Gorakh âge boliâ ; “ tainûn sachîân deân sunâe.
 Terî aulâd kothâîn haiñ aukhâ bikhra ṭhâûn.

- 5 They halted at Siâlkoṭ in the garden of Râjâ Sankh.*
 The groves became green for them and the lakes full of
 water.
 And they sat cross-legged, lighting their sacred fires.
 Performing austere penance they turned to the (Gurû's)
 feet.
 Râm (God) prospered them and made there a town for
 them.
- 10 And all the people did homage, high and low.

The Râjâ set out from his palace meditating on God in
 his heart.

With joined hands he spake, bowing his head at the
 (Gurû's) feet :

“ Thou art come to save the world, save thou me also.
 I had heard of the Gurû with my ears, now have I seen
 him with my eyes.”

- 15 Then spake Gorakh : “ I tell thee truth.
 The way for thy offspring shall be rugged and steep.

* ? Meant for Śâka; according to the bards he is the father of Śâlivâhaya. This is important.

Uđânagarî Shahr hai Râje dâ Chaudhâl nâûn.
Us dî beṭî Achhrân lâveñ byâhke, tân hove aulâd.”

Koṭoñ Râjâ chaliâ, chaliâ sat îmân.

- 20 Faujân bâhir kaḍhâ lân, lâke bahe dîwân.
Gawwân dân Brahmanân, sonâ kardâ dân.
Uđânagarî nûn dhyânnâ ; pat rakhe Bhagwân !
Râjâ chaupaṭ mândhiâ rohî bich maidân :
Chauñ Bîrân nâl kheldâ sundâ dîn îmân.
- 25 Bârân mange tân chhe pie ; chhe mange tân châr :
Chauñ Bîrân se bâjî jît lê, âe Bîrân nûn hâr.

There is a city Uđânagarî* and its Râjâ's name is Chaudhâl.

If thou marry his daughter Achhrân, thou shalt have posterity.”

The Râjâ set out from his fort with a righteous intent.

- 20 He took with him his following and held an assembly.
He gave alms of cows and gold to the Brâhmans.
He set out for Uđânagarî : God preserve his honour !
The Râjâ played at *chaupur*† in the midst of the desert plains :
With the Four Saints‡ he played, celebrated for righteousness and faith.
- 25 When they cried twelve it fell six, and when they cried six it fell four.
He won the game from the Four Saints, and the Saints lost.

* An undefined locality and a name claimed by many old cities in the Northern Panjâb.

† See Vol. I., p. 243, and Vol. II., p. 282.

‡ *Bîr* is a Hindû word, but I think it is clear that the *Châr Pîr* are meant here. The *Châr Pîr* or Four Saints are the reputed founders of all the sects of Musalmân *faqîrs*. They were (1) 'Ali himself ; (2) Khwâjâ Hasan Basrî, 642-728 A.D., who is buried at Basra ; (3) Khwâjâ Habîb 'Ajamî or the Persian, who died in 738 A.D. ; (4) 'Abdu'l-Wâhid bin Zaid Kûfi. 'Ali is said to have invested Khwâjâ Hasan Basrî with the *khilâfat* or deputyship to himself, and the last two were the followers of Khwâjâ Hasan.

- “ Nfle-tâzîwâliâ, nigâh asân bal pae :
 Je tû Salwân pârsawâr the, hare jândân nûn banne lâe.
 Aithon sânnûn rakh le, tere bhale sawârânge kâj.
- 30 Mere ÷abar kabîle raul giâ, rauliân nûn banne lâe.”
 Râje ne kîre kaðh lîe, kâðhe nadi se pâr.
 Râje nûn kîrâ bolîâ : “ Suno merâ jawâb.
 Je tûn Ûdânagarî nûn chaliâ merâ mûnch dâ le jâ bâl :
 Jithe bhârî banoge, sânnûn karen yâd.”
- 35 Pahilî chaukî â gae, til chânwâl ditte khenðâe.
 Râje nûn soch pí gae, kardâ kîrân nûn yâd.
 Chhin mâtar men â gae, âe Râje de pâs :
 “ Tainûn kî aukhî ban gai ? terî turt sanwârîe kâj.
 Ik ik dâná til chânwâl kâ â giâ mâshâ ghatîâ nâ.”

- “ O Grey-horsed warrior,* cast thy eyes on me.
 If thou be the kindly Salwân, thou wilt save the drown-
 ing.
 Save me from this and I will be of service in thy business.
- 30 My family is in difficulty, save the helpless.”
 The Râjâ rescued the drowning cricket from the river.
 Said the cricket to the Râjâ : “ Hear my say.
 If thou art going to Ûdânagarî take one of my feelers
 with thee :
 And when difficulty falls on thee remember me.”
- 35 He came to the first post where the sesamum seed and
 rice had been mixed.†
 And being in trouble the Râjâ remembered the crickets.
 In a moment they came to the Râjâ (and said) :
 “ What is thy difficulty ? We will soon manage thy
 business for thee.”
 All the sesamum seeds and rice were separated and not
 a grain remained.

* See Vol. I., p. 43, etc. Change of scene here : the allusion now is to the story of the cricket. See Vol. I., p. 41.

† Confused allusion to the matter mentioned at p. 44, Vol. I.

40 Rāje chunkî jitke agge darwâzâ lathâ jâ :
Rāje dhag bajâ lie khabar hûi darbâr
Bhaje sipâhî â gae shakron bâhirwâr.

“ Achhrân kâman istrî, sandal bhinne kesh.

Râjâ mâre Malikarmaut* de chhad chhad â gae des ;

45 Unhân de sir badh lie, dhar chun lie, le le pairân de hetth :
Je bhali châhunâ jân dî, jâ bar apne des.”

“ Nâ ro, natâne mundio, karo Rabb de agge ardâs.

Ike main Rânî byâh lâwân, nahîn, rallân tumhâre sâth.

Je main Rânî byâh lie bich tuhâde pâwan sâs.

50 Hatth bândh kardâ bintî, sachî dhyân sunâe.”

40 Overcoming the post the Râjâ went on to the gate,
And the Râjâ sounded the drums and the Court heard
the news of his arrival, †
And the guard came outside the City.

“ Achhrân is a lovely woman, with sandal-wood she
scents her hair. ‡

Râjâs encompassed by the angel of death have left their
homes and come (for her),

45 And she cut off their heads and threw their bodies
beneath her feet :

If thou seek safety for thy life go to thy home.”

“ Weep not, severed heads, § but make your prayer to
God.

Either I will marry the Princess, or be joined to you.

If I marry the Princess I will restore you to life.

50 With joined hands I pray you to tell me the truth.”

* For Malikul-Maut, see *Indian Antiquary*, Vol. X., p. 239.

† See Vol. I., p. 44.

‡ Allusion now to the matter mentioned at p. 40, Vol. I.

§ This is Sâlivâhana's reply.

- Pahile pahre rain de : “ Tûn sun, Dîwe jâr ;*
 Rânî nahîn bolnâ, tû hîn karen jawâb.
 Dûron â gae chalke, sunke tere sû :
 Utlî dwâkhî tun base, tere nâûn Pilsoz.”
- 55 “ Jad main Dhartî Mâtâ sí, gawwân chugdîân ghâ :
 Paîre piâ kumhâr de, main nûn rakhiâ bahut sañwâr,
 Jadoñ Basantar Gur mile merî umar bañî ho jâe.
 Shâbas kaho us kumhâr nûn jin dittâ Gur milâe.
 Je tûn Râjâ chitr hain, râ byâhan Achhrân nâr.
- 60 Râjân de dîwe ghî de, mainûn rakhde til de nâl!”
- Dûje pahre rain de. “ Tûn sun, Gaḍwe yâr ;

- It was the first watch of the night (said Salwân) : “ Hear,
 friend Lamp†.
- The Princess speaketh not, so do thou speak.
 From afar have I come hearing of thy repute,
 That dwellest in the upper shelf and art called Torch.”
- 55 “ Once I was (part of) mother Earth and the cows
 grazed upon me :
 And then I fell into the potter’s hands, who beautified
 me.
 From the day I met my Gurû Basantar‡ my life pros-
 pered.
 Hail to the potter that made me meet my Gurû.
 If thou art a wise Râjâ thou wilt not marry the maid
 Achhrân.
- 60 Râjâs give *ghî*§ to their lamps, I am kept on oil!”

It was the second watch of the night ; (said Râjâ Salwân) :
 “ Hear, friend Pitcher ;

* For *yâr*.

† The bard has now wandered off into part of the story of Rasâlû and Silâ Dai : See Vol. I., p. 270.

‡ *Basandar* is the sacred fire of the Hindûs, and hence its use here in a personified form.

§ Butter boiled and clarified.

- Rânî ne hai nahîn bolnâ, tûn haiñ kare jawâb.
 Rât kaṭīye sukh dī, din chaṛhde nûn lenâ mâr.
 Hatth bândh kardâ bintî, Rânî nûn deo bulâe.”
- 65 Agge gaḍwâ boliâ, “ Dâḍhî karân pukâr ;
 Suner* Parbat men basân, mainûn kaḍḍhiâ retâ ḍâl.
 Mainûn kârîgar ghaṛh lâ, bûṭâ rakhe chaukîdâr,
 Kabhî nahîn mainûu mânjîâ ; Rânî baṛî badkâr.
 Je tûn Râjâ chitr haiñ, byâhan na Achhrân nâr.
 70 Hatth bândh kardâ bintî ; merâ yeh hî hai araj jawâb.”
- Tīje pahre rain de. “ Tûn sun, gal de Hâr :
 Rânî ne hai nahîn bolnâ ; tûn kareñ jawâhir.”

- The Princess speaketh not, do thou speak for her.
 Let us spend the night in delight and at sunrise let us
 be slain.
 With joined hands I say to thee, bring me to the
 Princess.”
- 65 Then spake the pitcher : “ Great is my complaint ;
 I dwelt on (the holy) Mount Meru† and was taken out
 of the (golden) sand.
 A workman fashioned me and placed (upon me the
 figure of) a tree to guard me.‡
 Never have I been cleaned : the Princess is a very bad
 woman.
 If thou be a wise Râjâ thou wilt not marry the maid
 Achhrân.
- 70 With joined hands I beseech thee : this is my answer.”
- It was the third watch of the night ; (said Râjâ Salwân) :
 “ Hear, thou Garland of her neck :
 The Princess speaketh not, do thou salute me (for her).”

* For Sumer = Mount Meru.

† The sacred mount of the Hindûs in the centre of the Himâlayas.

‡ It appears to mean however merely that the pitcher was chased.

Hâr suhâwâ boliâ : “ Dâḍhî karân pukâr.

Solah jojan unchâ bagân, jyân dîde pahâr dî dhâr.

- 75 Jauhrî bachâ parakhde, bah kaḍhe ustâdkâr.
Nâ byâhan Rânî Achhrân, adam-khânî nâr.”

Chauthe pahre rain de. “ Tûn sun, Palang yâr :
Rânî ne hai nahîn bolnâ, tûn karen jawâhir.”

“ Chandan bich samundar de banjâ sâhûkâr ;

- 80 Kârîgarân ne gharh lââ, buniâ paṭ niwâr.
Gadhoñ mângoñ leṭḍî, bhâr dîe man châr.
Je tûn Râjâ sugaṛ hai, byâhan na Achhrân nâr.”

The lovely necklace spake : “ Great is my complaint.
Sixteen *yojanas** have I fallen, as a waterfall of the
hills.

- 75 A jeweller tested and a workman made me.
Thou shouldest not marry the Princess Achhrân, the
destroyer of men.”

It was the fourth watch of the night; (said Râjâ Salwân) :
“ Hear, friend Couch.

The Princess speaketh not, do thou salute me (for her).”

“ A merchant bought the sandal-wood from across the
seas ;

- 80 Workmen made me and the carder stretched the tapes. †
As heavy as an ass she lies (upon me) weighing four
mans. ‡
If thou art a wise Râjâ thou wilt not marry the maid
Achhrân.”

* *i.e.*, 128 miles !

† The Indian bed consists of a wooden frame on legs across which
tapes are stretched.

‡ *i.e.*, 328 *lbs.* or 23½ stone !

- Bâhman bedân gadiân, parhde gotrâchâr.
 Mangal gâven suhelîân batnâ dittâ lâe.
 85 Rânî Achhrân byâh lîe, hoiâ shahron bâhr.

- “ Hatth bândh kardâ bintî ; merâ Rabb, pahunchâe âs !
 Hor Râjâ murghâbîân, tûn, Râjâ, sarbâz !
 Sâdiân band diân bândhân chhuîâiân : terî umar drâz !
 Jab lag rahânge jîwande terâ japânge nâûn.
 90 Hatth bândh karde bintî, sânún Birân se deo chhuîâe.”

Charhiâ Sûrij Deotâ mastag lagiâ âe ;
 Rânî ne nahâwan rachiâ Pipwâle talâo.

Brâhmans fixed the marriage posts* and sang the songs
 of the clans.†

- Maidens sang songs of rejoicing and the fire was lighted.
 85 (Salwân) married Achhrân and left the city.

“ With joined hands we pray ; † may God fulfil our hope !
 Other Râjâs are wild fowls, thou, Râjâ, art a hawk !
 Release the bonds of the bound and may thy life be long !
 As long as we live will we remember thy name.

- 90 With joined hands we pray, save us from the Saints.”§

The Sun rose in their faces,
 And the Queen (Achhrân) desired to bathe in Pîpâ's||
 tank.

* The canopy under which a Hindû marriage is performed is always improvised for the occasion.

† *i.e.* the genealogies of the bride and bridegroom, so that the exogamic law of the Râjpûts might not be infringed.

‡ These verses are merely thrown in for effect : compare Vol. I., p. 50.

§ See above, line 24.

|| Pîpâ is a recognized *bhagat*. In the *Bhaktamâlâ* he is called a disciple of Râmânand (*A.D.* 1,400 *circa*) and Râjâ of Garh Gangaraun. At Pipnâkh in the Gujranwâlâ District is a legend that he was the Râjâ of that place and father of Lûnân, whom Sâlivâhana forcibly abducted from him after destroying his town. Pîpâ is there described as a Chamiâri Râjpût, whence probably the notion expressed here and elsewhere that Lûnân his daughter was a Chammâr by caste.

Jadoñ dâ sūrij vekhiâ Pûran garab baithâ âe.

“Mainûn mihar Gurân de ho gae; Rabb pahunchâe
âs !

95 Tâl bharân jag motiân, upar pâwân ghi.

Saddiân paṇḍit pândhiân banddâ merâ jî.

Kholeñ, Pâdhâ, patrî, merâ man nahû bandhdâ
dhîr !

Dasoñ pushtak bâchke; mere ghar laikâ jame ke
dhî ? ”

Aggiõ Brâhman boliâ, mukh se japke Râm ;

100 Patrî Brâhman kholdâ, karke Devî dâ dhyân :

“Tere aisâ beṭâ, jame Anjani de Hanumân :

Aisâ beṭâ jati jame, jaise Jasrat de Râm :

Aisâ beṭâ jarmanâ Harnâkas de Palâd :

As soon as the Sun saw her Pûran entered her
womb.

(Said she): “The Gurû hath been merciful to me! God
hath fulfilled my hope!

95 I will fill a platter with pearls and over them will I spread
butter.

Send for priests and doctors that I may distribute them
among them.

Open thy book, Doctor, for my heart is impatient.

See in thy book; shall I bear a boy or a girl?”

Then spake the Brâhman, reverencing God with his
lips:

100 The Brâhman opened the book and worshipped the
Goddess (and said):

“Such a son shall be born to thee, as was Hanumân
to Anjanî:

Such a holy son shall be born to thee, as was Râm to
Jasrat:

Such a son shall be born to thee, as was Palâd to
Harnâkas:

- Aisâ beṭâ jarmanâ bich Lankâ de Râwan.
- 105 Jatî sadâve, jodhâ, barâ jawân.
 Chauhîn Khuṇṭi phiro, rakheñ dharam îmân.
 Jamde nûn bhannrî pâ deo, dâi deo nâl.
 Nahîn, tân âp marogâ : nahîn, mât pât leo mâr.”
- Pûran paidâ ho giâ, muṛde bagân nâl.
- 110 Naubat-khâne baj giâ, shâdî hoî Darbâr.
 Gawwân pun Brahmanân piṇḍân de kardâ dân :
 Khalkat badhân de rahe Râjâ Salwân.

Such a son shall be born to thee, as was Râwan in
 Lankâ.*

- 105 He shall be called holy, and a warrior and a great hero.
 He shall wander through the Four Quarters (of the
 Earth) and keep his faith holy.
 As soon as he is born put him into a pit and give him
 a nurse :
 Else will he die himself : else will he slay father and
 mother†.”

Pûran was born as the cattle were returning (in the
 evening).

- 110 The drums were sounded and happy was the Court.
 Brâhmans were given cows and villages as alms ;
 And the people congratulated Râjâ Salwân.

* These are classical allusions. Hanumân, the Monkey God, was the ally of Râma Chandra in the war the latter waged to recover Sitâ from her abductor Râvana : he was the son of Vâyu, the God of the Wind, by Anjanâ. Râma Chandra was the son of Daśaratha. Prahlâda was the son of Hiranyakaśipu and his story is alluded to at p. 5, Vol. II. Râvana, the abductor of Râma Chandra's wife Sitâ and his opponent, was king of Lankâ. All the above are celebrated heroes, either as saints or warriors.

† This is mixing up the stories of Râsâlû and Pûran.

- “Prichhat Râjâ balî sî kheḍan gîâ shikâr.
 Mûe sarp nûn chakke tapasie de gal dâl.
 115 Astîk Rikhî de bachan te, Râjâ, tainûn liâ sarp ne mâr.
 Hatth bândh kardâ bintî, yeh hai merâ jawâhir.
 Jalmejâ jag rajhiâ ṭhârâ* chhûnâ dittî gâl.
 Ik Tâchhak rah gîâ, liâ Damwantar mâr.
 Bâgh lagâ de Pûran Bhagat dâ ; mushk surg nûn jâe :
 120 Jag rambhî, Râjâ, koî bhûkâ Brâhman deo srâp.”

Pûran bhawaronî kadhiâ khabarân hoî sansâr.

“Râjâ Prichhat was a hero and went a hunting. †
 He found a dead serpent and placed it on the neck of a
 sage.

- 115 The curse of Astîk the sage ‡ caused the serpent to
 slay the Râjâ.

With joined hands, this is my say :

Jalmejâ made a sacrifice (of serpents), destroying eighteen
 armies.

Tâchhak § escaped and slew Damwantar.

Make a garden for Pûran Bhagat, that its odour may
 reach to heaven :

- 120 If thou give a feast to (all) the world, Râjâ, some hungry
 Brâhman may curse thee.” ||

Pûran was taken out of the pit and all the world knew
 of it.

* For *athârâ*.

† This speech is apparently said by Pipâ. The whole story of Parik-
 shit, and the others mentioned below will be found in the legend of
 Niwal Daî, Vol. I., pp. 418ff.

‡ The story of Âstika is also to be found in the *Âdiparva* of the
Mahâbhârata.

§ This is all most confused and is probably inserted simply because
 the verses are well known. Tâchhak stands for Takshaka.

|| Being by accident uninvited.

Naubat-khâne baj gîâ, bajiâ hub de nâl !
 Megh ađambar barsiâ, Pûran kare ashnân.
 Tothî Devî Jalpâ, khushî hoiâ Bhagwân.

- 125 Panje lão kaprâ, moņđe sabz kumân :
 Ghorâ lão pîrke, sane kâthi lagam.
 Gîâ Kachahrî báp dî neúke kare salâm.
 Lakkh rupae bânđde, karde piņđân de dân.

“ Kî hain parî, paristâ* ? kî hain mahân balâe ?

- 130 Adhî rât nân kúkân mârđî ; kin nân dukh dindî hain
 sunâe ?
 Kis Râjâ dâ kanwar hai ? kis bhartâ dî nâr ?
 Eh bâgh hai Pûran Bhagat dâ, urîâ pakherû na jânâ pâe.

And all the drums were beaten with a will !
 And the rain fell when Pûran bathed :
 Jalpâ Devî† was propitious and God was pleased.

- 125 He had on the five garments‡, and green bow on his
 shoulder :
 He had his horse saddled and bridled.
 He went to his father's Court and bowed his head and
 saluted.
 Lâkhs of rupees were distributed and villages were
 given in alms (to Brâhmans).

“ Art thou a fairy ? Art thou a great horror ?§

- 130 Crying out at midnight : to whom art thou making thy
 complaints ?
 What king's daughter art thou ? what husband's wife.
 This is Pûran Bhagat's garden, into which birds
 cannot fly.

* For *farishta*.

† *i.e.* Jwâlâmukhî : See Vol. II., p. 205.

‡ He was fully clothed.

§ The whole scene suddenly changes. Pipâ is now addressing Lânân whom he finds in his garden. The poem begins in earnest now.

- Sachîân bâtôn das de, main le chalân tainûn nâl.
 Man de bhed das de, terâ deân dukh niwâr.”
- 135 “ Nâ main parî paristâ : nâ main mahân balâe.
 Indar Râjâ dî main pachhrân, Lonâ merâ nâûn.
 Ik din pariân nahâwan â gîân Pîpe de talâo.
 Dharmî bâgh liwâ liâ, pâpî baigan dittâ lâ ;
 Merâ lar baigan nûn chhû gîâ, dehî phar gaî bhâr.
- 140 Sab pariân ur gaîân mere se urâ na jâe.
 Pîpâ, potrî banâ le dharm dî, le chal apne nâl.
 Mere se ubgîâ ho gaî, merâ rakh len dharm î mân.”
 Agge Pîpâ boldâ ; “ sachî deân sunâe.
 Mere ghar kalihârî istrî, haigî burî balâe.
- 145 Potrî dâ sâk na jândî, saukan lîo banâe.

Tell me the truth and I will take thee with me.
 Tell me the secrets of thy heart and I will relieve thy
 pain.”

- 135 “ I am no fairy, nor am I a great horror.
 I am a maid of Râjâ Indar* and my name is Lonâ.
 One day we fairies came to bathe in Pîpâ's lake.
 The holy planted the garden, but the wicked put an
 egg-plant in it ;
 My clothes touched the egg-plant and my body became
 heavy. †
- 140 All the fairies flew away, but I could not fly.
 O Pîpâ, make me thy foster-daughter and take me with
 thee.
 I have committed a fault, and preserve thou my
 honour.”
- Then spake Pîpâ : “ I tell thee truth :
 I have a jealous wife at home that is very wicked.
- 145 She will not know thee for a daughter, but will make
 thee into a wife.

* Indra's Court is the abode of beauty according to Indian notions.

† It is often thought to be unlucky to eat the *baigan* or egg-plant (*aubergine*): hence its introduction here.

Je bhalâ châhe apnî jîû dâ, pichhâ murke râh."

Agge Nûnâ bolî : " tainûn dewân sunâe,
Nâl dî parîân uṛ gaîân, mere se uṛâ na jâe."
Pîpe nûn taras â gaî, leke ṭur piâ nâl.

- 150 Oh de ghar sî do Chamarfân sau sau kaddhan gâl.
" Pîpa, Pîpâ baj gîâ, terâ kinne na pâiâ bhed !
Râkhi kardâ bâgh dî, kardâ bhajan hamesh.
Dhyân lagânî darb dâ, mâre jinhân de lek.
Khabar ho jâ Râjâ Salwân nûn, bhândâ deogâ chhek.
- 155 Jidhar lâiâ kâdhke, chhaḍiâ us des :
Nahîn, rakh lakûke, nahîn khalkat lîo dekh."
Pîpe châdar tânî châren palle chhâp :
" Eh potrî hai dharm dî, mainî lagdâ is dâ bâp :

If thou wishest well of thy life, go thou back again."

Then spake Nûnâ : " I tell thee,

The fairies with me flew away and I cannot fly."

Then came pity unto Pîpâ, and he took her with him.

- 150 There were two Chammâr women in his house, who
abused him a hundred times.
" Pîpâ, Pîpâ art thou called and none hath fathomed
thy secrets !
Thou guardest this garden and art ever singing hymns.
Thou castest thine eyes on the goods of them that are
unfortunate.
When the news reaches Râjâ Salwân, he will discharge
thee forthwith.
- 155 Take her back to the place whence thou broughtest
her :
Or hide her so that the people see her not."
Pîpâ spread out a sheet at the four ends,* (and said) :
" This is my adopted daughter, I am her father :

* The ceremony of adopting a daughter is to seat the girl under a coloured sheet spread over her and then to announce that henceforth she is adopted.

Mandî nigâh jo dekhiân chîkar nûn lage âg.

160 Hatth bândh kardâ bintî, merâ dharm bich bhang na pâe."

Pîpe ne mandar pawâ lîe Nûnâ de nâûn.

Kalî mandarân bich rahindi, chit ohî dâ lagdâ nân.

" Nâ koî itthe piṇḍ hai, kuchh shahar, grân :

Nâ koî mahârî bhain hai, nâ koî mahârî mân."

165 Chandan ghar Chamâr de, nit uṭh kardâ kâm.

" Indarpurî tain chhad lî kone lagâ ân ?

Mushk mâîâ konân te âutâ chîre kache châm.

Kah, Chandânân, kaisî banî ? kyûnkar bhûle Bhagwân ?

Main tainûn pûchhdî, Chandânân, kidhar pâîâ dhyân ?

170 Indarpurî tû chhadke ân bâsiâ gâûn ?"

If I look on her with lascivious eye may fire burn the dust.*

160 With joined hands I pray thee injure not my righteousness."

And Pîpâ built a house for Nûnâ.

Alone she dwelt in her house and her heart was sad.

(Said she), " There is here no village, nor city, nor town : I have no sister here, nor mother."

165 In the Chammâr's house was a sandal tree by which they always worked.

(Said she to the tree) " Why didst thou leave Indarpurî† to stand by the tanner's vat ?

From the tanner's vat comes the foul smell of hides.

Say, Sandal tree, how art thou faring ? Why hast forgotten God ?

I ask thee, Sandal tree, what is thy intent ?

170 Leaving Indarpurî that hast come to dwell in this village ?"

* *i.e.*, my body

† Or Indrâvatî, the city of Indra.

Chandan aggoñ boldâ ; “ tainûn deân sunâe :
 Lagî Kachahrî Râjâ Indar dî, sab deotâ baiṭhe âe.
 Pîpâ heṭ mere mâlâ phardâ mainûn lâ bharmâe :
 ‘Mere ghar meñ Gaugâ bagdî, tainûn uthe chhorûn lâe.’

- 175 Khabar nâ kare Chamârân nûn, baḍhke phalorî lie banâe.
 Dekheñ khabar kardî, pardâ nâ setî gâe.
 Terî sâḍî adâlat karo âp Khudâe.
 Asî kî Rabb dâ pîrhiâ laṭṭhe nîch de âe ?”

Nûnâ pâñî nûn nikalî, âi khûh de bâr.

- 180 Pânchoñ pahine kapre, pânchoñ lâe hathiâr,
 Kotoñ Râjâ ṭur piâ, khelan charhâ shikâr.
 Khachrân lâdiân daulatiân khûh te baiṭhe ân.
 “ Ginman laj lagâundîe, jîman tere bîr :

Said the Sandal tree : “ I tell thee.

Râjâ Indar held his Court and all the gods sat in it.

Pîpâ told his beads beneath me and deceived me, say-
 ing :

‘The Ganges floweth through my house, I would take
 thee there.’

- 175 Let not the Chammârs (tanners) hear of this or they
 will make vats of me.

Let them not hear and keep my secret.

God himself will judge for me and thee.

What harm have we done to God that he hath sent us
 to (dwell with) the low ?”

Nûnâ went to fetch water from the well.

- 180 Wearing the five garments and armed with the five
 arms,

Came Râjâ (Salwân) from the fort, going a hunting.

With the mules laden with riches he came and sat at
 the wall (and said :)

“ O thou that lightly droppeth thy rope (into the
 well), long may thy brothers live :

- Asî piâse jal de, bharke pilâ de nîr.”
- 185 “ Nîle tâzî-wâliâ, nîle dâ aswâr ;
Tarkash jarîâ motîân, hîre jarî kumân ;
Maiñ chamkotân dî beṭrî, nîch hai sâdî zât,
Cbhattîs dharm gawâunâ apne kul nûñ lâunâ lâj.”
- Agge woh Râjâ boliâ : “ sun le merî sûñ,
- 190 Kanchan hoe kîch meñ, bhikmat amrit ho,
Bidiyâ nârî nîch pe ; tinne lie kho.
Dûron â gae chalke, sunke terî sû :
Akhe mere lag jâ, Râjâ dî Rânî ho.
Râj kamâwîñ bahke, tere tûl nâ ko.
- 195 Sûhâ sumbhal señven sabhâ gawâñ budh ;

- I am athirst, give me water to drink.”
- 185 “ O grey-horsed warrior, riding the grey horse,
With thy quiver set with pearls and the bow with
diamonds.
I am a daughter of the tanners and lowly is my caste,
It will lose thee thy thirty-six (races) and disgrace thy
family.”*
- Then spake the Râjâ : “ Hear my say,
190 Gold from the earth, nectar from the poison,
A wise woman from the low ; these three things should
be taken.†
- I have come from afar hearing of thy praises :
Do thou take me and be a Râjâ's Queen.
Thou shalt enjoy royalty and there shall be none equal
to thee.
- 195 Thou hast cherished the red cotton flower‡ and lost all
thy sense ;

* If I give thee water to drink. Allusion here to the 36 “ royal races” of the Râjpûts.

† This is a proverb.

‡ The cotton-tree or *sumbhal* has nothing valuable about it but its red flower.

Phul nūn vekhke ram rahâ, phal dî na le sudh.”

“ Indar Akhâre dî pachhân, tainūn hai nahîn budh !

Asîn jo â gaf bhulke dûbe Châron Jug.

Ankhen ditthâ ghî bhakâ, nâ pilâe tel.

200 Tujhe bagânî kyâ banî ? Ithon ghorē nūn chhor !”

“ Kî Dhol dî Mârwan ? Kî Râm gawâi Sî ?

Kî haiñ betî Jânak dî ? Kîs Râjâ dî dhî ?”

“ Nâ Dhol dî Mârwan : nâ Râm gawâi Sî !

Nâ main betî Jânak dî : nâ Râjâ dî dhî !

205 Zât Chameli sunî dî, Pipe Bhagat dî dhî.

Iudar Akhâre bich main rahân, jîkar Râwan de Sî.”

“ Râjâ â gae chalke, âiân de rakhe mân.

Thou hast been taken with the flower and thought
nothing of the fruit.”

“ I am a maid from Indar’s Court, and thou knowest
me not !

I came here by mistake and am ruined for the Four
Ages.*

Thou dost show butter to the eyes and givest but oil to
drink.

200 Why dost meddle with others’ affairs ? Spur thy horse
hence !”

“ Art thou Dhol’s Mârwan ? Art thou Râm’s lost Sîtâ ?

Art thou Jânak’s daughter ? † What Râjâ’s daughter art
thou ?”

“ I am not Dhol’s Mârwan : I am not Râm’s lost Sîtâ :

I am not Jânak’s daughter : I am not a Râjâ’s child.

205 I am told I am a Chammâr and daughter of Pipâ Bhagat.

I dwelt in Indar’s Court, as Sîtâ in Râwan’s (house).”

“ The Râjâ hath come to thee, ‡ honour thou thy guest.

* *i.e.*, for ever.

† *i.e.*, Sîtâ. These names are brought in as those of well known
legendary heroines. The story of Dhol and Mârwan is given at length
at p. 276 ff. *ante*.

‡ Sâlivâhana’s messengers to Pipâ.

- Ae mîn kahîye baiṭhnâ, manjâ dîe dâh.
 Potrî dâ ḍolâ chakde mange Râjâ Salwân."
 210 "Potrî dâ ḍolâ nâ deân, hove tânon tân."
 Râje purzâ likh lâ, âiâ Pîpe pâs.
 Pîpe purzâ vekhiâ, vekhke siṭṭâ phâr.
 "Faujân lâen chaṛhke, ṭopân le âen sâth,
 Je tân jang hai karnâ karke mere nâl."
 215 Pîpe ârân kaṭhiân kîtiân, kîtiân kae hazâr.
 "Potrî dâ ḍolâ nâ deân, hove tânon tân."
 Agge Nûnân boldî; "Sun lie merâ jawab.
 Kâh nûn kaḍḍhdâ taddiân? Kâh nûn hotâ khwâr?
 Ḍolâ merâ de Râje Salwân nûn; nahîn, koî byâhke le
 jâ Chamâr."
 220 Agge Pîpâ boliâ: "Betî, âpe ho gaî tayyâr!"
 Pîpe Bâhman saddiâ bedân lô gaḍâe.

- Ask thy guest to sit and give him a couch.
 Râjâ Salwân asketh thy daughter in marriage."
 210 "I will not give my daughter in marriage, do what ye
 may."
 The Râjâ wrote a letter and it came to Pîpâ.
 Pîpâ saw the letter and tore it up. (Said he):
 "Bring thy armies and bring thy guns (!) with thee,
 If thou have a mind to fight with me."
 215 Pîpâ collected many thousand of his (tanning) needles,
 (saying):
 "I will not give my daughter in marriage, do what ye
 may."
 Then said Nûnân: "Hear my say:
 Why art offering battle? why art troubled?
 Give me in marriage to Râjâ Salwan, else some Cham-
 mâr will marry me."
 220 Then said Pîpâ: "What, art ready thyself, my daugh-
 ter?"
 And Pîpâ called the Brâhmans and fixed the marriage
 posts (and said):

“ Saddo Rājā Salwān nūn, pherā dīo diwāe.”

Pipā bedān gaḍiān, Rājā līo bulāe ;

Bāhman Bedān parhde, ditte got ralāe.

225 Rājā ne Rānī byāh līe, līe ratte ḍolā pāe.

Kuṛiān mangal gāunīān, pherā de de chār.

Rājā byāhke ḍolā le gīā, pai gīā apne Shahar dī rāh.

Pipā ne jāndā ḍolā vekhke, māri sabar dī dāh.

Rājā gīā bich ujār de, faujān hoīān sāth.

230 Ganjā pālī boldā ḍāḍī kardā pukār :

Sajje tiliar boliā, kubbhe kālā kâūn :

“ Jeh nūn le chalā byāhke rakhoṅgā chhittrān de thān.

“ Call Rājā Salwān, for I will give her in marriage.”

Pipā fixed the marriage posts and called the Rājā.

Brāhmans read the *Vedas* and mingled their families.*

225 The Rājā married the Rānī, and put her into a red palanquin.

Girls sang songs of rejoicing and they went four times round (the fire).†

The Rājā married and took her away in the palanquin to his own City.

And when Pipā saw the palanquin going, he cried out impatiently.

The Rājā went along the wilds with his cavalcade.

230 Ganjā the neatherd cried and made a loud complaint :

On the right a partridge called and on the left a black crow :‡

“ Whom thou art taking in marriage will treat thee as a shoe.

* See above, line 83.

† Final ceremony of the marriage : should be seven times.

‡ Bad omens.

Jâd main main de udar thâ, khusre nâche bûhe bâr.
Latton langhân tân rahâ, sir nâ jame bâl.

- 235 Je main sâbit jamdâ sukh nâ bastâ sansâr !
Jinhoñ le chalâ byâhke, ose pâ jâ râh."

Nûnâ bândî nûñ boldî : "Tûñ jhabdî Shahaṛ nûñ jâ ;
Mere bargâ admî tûñ chhetî bhâlke lâ.

Râjâ Salwân budḍhâ hai, mere kam dâ nâ."

- 240 Hîrâ bândî tur pie, barî Shahaṛ meñ â ;
Jab mukh Pûran dâ vekhiâ ḍiggî sî ghash khâe.
Chhetî uthoñ uthke âi Nûnân de pâe.
"Pûran taithoñ bhî sohanâ, joṛî bândî tere nâl ;
Pût hai terî saukan dâ, sûrat aprâpâl."

When I was in my mother's womb eunuchs danced at
the door,*

And so I am lame and have no hair on my head !

- 235 Had I been born whole the world would not have
dwelt in ease !

Whom thou hast taken in marriage take back again."

Said Nûnâ to her Maid : † "Go quickly to the City,
And bring me quickly a man fit for me.

Râjâ Salwân is old and of no use to me."

- 240 Hîrâ the maid went off into the City,
And when she saw Pûran she fell down in a swoon.
Rising quickly thence she went to Nûnâ, (and said) :
"Pûran is more beautiful than thou and a fit pair for
thee :

He is the son of thy co-wife ‡ and very beautiful."

* It is customary for the class of eunuch mendicants to sing songs,
&c., at births for fees.

† She has now reached her new home.

‡ i. e., of Achhrân and so Lûnân's stepson.

- 245 Athon bele pai rahî, mahil andherâ pâe.
 “ Kî â gai sunâunî Pîpe Bhagat de ? Kaun margiâ bîr
 bharâû ?
 Kis ne mandâ boliâ ? Kis ne kaḍḍhî gâl ?
 Jis ne kîti ungalî, ungalî dewân katwâe.
 Jis ne mandâ boliâ phâe dewân chaḥḥdâ.
- 250 Dil de bedil das de, sachî âkh sunâe.”
 Nûnâ Râjâ nûn boldî : “ Sachî deân sunâe.
 Achhrân lânde byâhke, rattî ḍolâ pâe.
 Main Rânî dharîl hân kaḍḍhî mahilân se bâr !
 Pûran sabhuân nûn matthâ tek giâ, main ditti mân o bisâr !
- 255 Matthâ teke to bachungî ; nahîn, marûn katârî khâe.”
 Râjâ Nûnân nûn âkhdâ, “ Tûn uṭhke surat sambhâl !
 Palang bichhâen rangalâ, phûlân dî sej khaḍḍâe.

- 245 She lay down in the evening and the palace became
 dark.*
 (Said Salwân) : “ What hast heard about Pîpâ Bhagat ?
 Which of thy brethren is dead ?
 Hath any one spoken harshly to thee ? Hath any one
 abused thee ?
 If any finger hath been laid on thee I will cut it off.
 Who hath spoken thee evil I will have him hanged.
- 250 Tell me the sorrow of thy heart and speak the truth.”
 Spake Nûnân to the Râjâ : “ I tell thee truth.
 Thou didst marry Achhrân putting her into the red
 palanquin.
 I am but a mean woman turned out of the palace !
 Pûran hath made his obeisance to all, but hath neglected
 me !
- 255 Let him make his obeisance to me and I am saved, else
 will I stab myself with a dagger.”
 Said the Râjâ to Nûnân : “ Get up and be at thy ease.
 Lay the painted bed and spread the flowers on it.

* Signs of sorrow. Natives do not usually go to bed in the evening, and here also the sense is, she did not light up the palace.

- Rât kaṭṭye sukh dî, banke bhartâ nâr.
 Pichhon Kachahrî karûngâ, jad Pûran nûn leûn bulâe.
 260 Din chaḥde nûn matthâ ṭekogâ tainûn banâke dharam
 kî mân.”
 Râjâ lâgî bhejke Pûran lie mangwâe.
 “Unche dhaular terî mîtie de jâke sis niwâe.”
 Mâtâ nûn matthâ ṭekdâ, piû nûn kahe ‘jagdîs.’
 “Uche dhaular mâtâ Nûnân de jâke niwânwân sîs.”
 265 “Nau darwâzâ Shahâr de, dasveñ mûl na jâ.
 Dasveñ dhaular Nûnân matîe de, tere nâl rakhdî khâr.
 Change bhale nûn dekhke, chânak siṭde mâr.
 Kal le ânde byâhke, mailî nahîn hoî râh.
 Kesh malî, mal nhâutî, sârâ kaprâ lâ :
 270 Indar Akhâre dî pachhrân, haigî burî balâe.

- Let us pass the night in delight as husband and wife,
 Then will I hold my Court and send for Pûran.
 260 At daybreak shall he salute thee as his foster-mother.”
 The Râjâ sent messengers and called Pûran, (and said) :
 “Go to the lofty palace of the stepmother and bow thy
 head to her.”
 He bowed his head to his mother and called his father
 ‘lord.’
 “I go to the lofty palace of mother Nûnân to bow my
 head.”*
 265 “There are nine gates to the City, go not to the tenth.
 The tenth is the palace of thy stepmother, Nûnân, who
 hath enmity with thee.
 When she sees thy beauty she will at once slay thee.
 It was but yesterday he married and brought her here,
 the very road has not become dirty yet.
 She decks her hair and bathes and wears many gar-
 ments :
 270 She is a maid of Indra’s Court and a great horror,

* Pûran to his mother Achhrân.

Pât dà sâk nahîn jândî, tainûn bhartâ llo banâe.

Mânas deb durlamb, hot na bâr-o-bâr."

Jânde Pûran Bhagat nûn nannâ mûl na pâe.

"Je mâmâ ðainâ hondiân len nâ pûtân nûn khâe.

275 Je mân âve khân nûn agge deân sîs niwâe.

Mâmâ kol putrân jândiân sharam na âve kâe.

Tûn merî Mâtâ janam dî, Nûnân lagî dharam di Mân.

Hatth bandh kardâ bintî, mâtâ kol jânde nûn moṛâ na
pâe."

Jânde Pûran Bhagat nûn dekhke boliâ kâlâ kâg.

280 "Âkhen merâ lag jâ agge na dharen pân.

Oh gal chit vich rakhe jehṛî kahindî sî Achhrân mân.

Marîdâ mar jâegâ, terâ kinnî nahîn karnâ niwâûn."

She will not know thee for a son and will make thee
into a husband.

The body of a man is a precious thing, and comes not
again and again."*

Pûran Bhagat would not be dissuaded at all from going.

"If a mother be a witch she will not destroy her son.

275 If my mother desire to destroy me, even then I will
bow my head.

There is no shame in a son going to visit his own
mother.

Thou art my Mother by the body, Nûnân is my Mother
by faith.

With joined hands I pray stay me not from going to
my mother."

Seeing Pûran Bhagat going spake a black crow to him :

280 "Harken to my say and put not thy foot forward.

Let the words of thy mother Achhrân sink into thy heart :

(Or) thou wilt be slain and none will do thee justice."

* Allusion to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Don't
risk your man's body now, as you may not get one in the next life :
some believe that a man's body comes but once to a being.

“ Kâgâ kâlî dhâr dâ, mere sir par tur na pber.

Tujhe bagânî kî pie ? Apnî âp niber.

- 285 Mâtâ ne neundâ deke sadd lââ, chaliâ rasoî jîmeñ.
 Hatth bândhke karân bintî; tûn kyûn boliâ, kâlâ kâûn ?”

Pûran âkhe, ‘ Râm Râm,’ mukh se kahe jawâhir :

“ Hatth bañh kardâ bintî, merî Pûran dî ardâs.

‘ Mâtâ’ na kahe, hânou hân pahchân.

- 290 Nekî badî âshikân bahke sejân mân.
 Sej bichhâwân rangalî, bahute phûl khañdâe.
 Deke kashîshân mân le, tillî chaḥî kumân.”
 Boliâ Pûran, “ Sej te chaḥe, jal marân jalke bhashm ho
 jâeñ.

Piâ ne lândî byâhke, tû lagî merî dharam dî mân.

“ O crow of the black hills circle not round my head.

What hast thou to do with others ? Mind thine own
 affairs.

- 285 My mother hath invited me and I go to feast with her.
 With joined hands I beseech thee ; why speakest thou,
 thou black crow ?”

Pûran made his ‘salute,* and spake his greeting with
 his lips, (saying) :

“ Hear the prayer I Pûran make with joined hands.

Say not ‘ Mother’ to me, know us for a well-matched
 pair.

- 290 Let us know the joys and grief of lovers sitting on this
 couch.

I will lay the coloured bed and cover it with many
 flowers.

Enjoy thyself, for the bow is ready for use.”

Said Pûran, “ If I mount thy bed I shall be burnt,
 burnt to ashes.

My father hath brought thee in marriage and thou art
 my mother by faith.

- 295 Achhrân mâtâ pâp dî, tûn haiñ dharam dî màn.
Mâtâ putrân neh lagî, dhartî nigar já.”
“ Kad main tainûn kokh napaniâ ? Kad lâ god khilâe ?
Battîs dhârân na tain chungiân, kis bidh saddâ ‘ mân’ ?
Tûn bhartâ, main istrî; donoñ ik hî bân.
- 300 Jholî âdñ kharî dar tere haiñ; sâre khair pâ.”
“ Pâp dâ garwâ dohal de, garwâ dharam meñ nhâo.
Chapîân de muđh tobî, piñdân de muđh grân:
Shâh bâj pat nahîñ, Gurû bâj gat nahîñ, putrân bâj
nahîñ rahinde nân.
Hatth bañh kardâ bintî, mere bich bhang na pâe.”
- 305 “ Bhalî hoî tûn á gîâ; jâge sâde bhâg.
Ghi de dîwe much gae, jad tûñ mahilon bapîâ âe :

- 295 Achhrân is my mother by sin,* thou art my mother by
faith.
If mother and son commit sin the earth will sink be-
neath me.”
“ When did I bear thee in my womb ? when did I feed
thee in my lap ?
Thou didst never take thy 32 teeth (full of milk from
me) and how canst thou call me ‘ mother’ ?
Thou art husband, I wife; we are a pair.
- 300 I stand suppliant at thy door, give me of thy alms.”
“ Throw aside the river of sin, and bathe from the
river of faith.
Ponds are near lakes, villages near towns :
There is no honor without a king, no salvation without
a Gurû, no name without a son.†
With joined hands I pray thee, do no wrong to my
virtue.”
- 305 “ Well was it that thou camest; propitious is my fate.
Lamps of *ghî†* have been lighted, since thou didst enter
the palace :

* *i.e.*, my carnal mother.

† Two well-known lines thrown in for effect.

‡ See above, line 60.

- Jaisî lâṭ tandûr dî rahî, bujhiâ na bujhâe.
 Je dar rakhdâ Salwân dâ, dine charhde nûn siṭṭân mâr.
 Mohrâ de dûn tere bap nûn, dewân jân gañwâe.
- 310 Jinne pattan ânte berîân, tere dâman chhadḍân lâe.
 Chhotî umar diâ Pûranân, thore sîs niwâe :
 Sej bichhâûn rangali, bahle phûl khaṇḍâe.
 Kyûn nâ sej kabûldâ, ho jâ Surg tayyâr.
 Hatth bañh kardî bintî, merî jorî bhang na pâe.”
- 315 “ Mâtâ, kyûn jaṛ paṭḍî dharam dî ? Hathîn pâp na bîj.
 Jat jattiân de rahin de, tainûn kujh nahîn chij.”
 “ Jat jattiân nahîn chhadue, karke bhajâ patîj.”
 “ Jadân jat Pûran dâ tûṭ jâo, sukh jâo Gangâ mândâ nîr.
 Jat Pûran dâ tûṭ jâo, duniyâ ghatke jâo bhîr.

Like as the blaze of the (public) oven, which cannot be
 put out.

If thou dost fear Salwân I will have him slain in the
 morning.

I will give thy father poison and destroy his life.

- 310 I will put all the boats at the ferries under thy
 power.

My youthful Pûran, bow not thy head so low :

I will lay thee the painted bed and cover it with flowers.

Why not agree to my bed and be in Heaven ?

With joined hands I pray thee destroy not the match
 (made for me).”

- 315 “ Mother, why destroy the roots of faith ? The seeds of
 sin prosper not.

Let the virtue of the virtuous remain, it concerns not
 thee.”

“ I will not let the virtue of the virtuous remain : be
 certain of this.”

“ When the virtue of Pûran is destroyed, the water
 of Ganges shall be dried up.

When the virtue of Pûran is destroyed, the earth shall
 perish.

- 320 Main chelâ Gorakh Nâth dâ, jamdâ sâdh fakîr,
Mainûn tere jânde nûn dâbdî, merî jât nûn lâwandî lik.
Hatth banh kardâ bintî, Mâtâ, eh santân dâ rît."
" Neundâ deke saddiâ, mahilen barîâ âe.
Je mere mahilen â gîâ, chhîj âute charh jâ âp.
- 325 Iko jediân mildiân bich Darge hai nahîn pâp.
Nahîn tân chhîj kabûl le ; nahîn, kar lân terâ nâs."
" Mâtâ, neundâ deke sadd liâ, main bhî rakhiâ dhyân.
Nâ rûwân, nâ dhûân, kithe hai nahîn rasoî dâ thân.
Kithe gaî jagâ rasoî-wâlî ? kithe pakan pakwân ?
- 330 Suniân mandîân mârîân mainûn deodîân barbar khâen.
Arson paindiân golîân kidhar nahîn dendîân jân.
Jehri gall Achhrân bachan bol, oh de bâk nâ bharte jâu."
" Pairen pawwe pâke barâ mahilen âe.
Main Indar Râjâ di pachhrân, hângî burî balâe.

- 320 I am a disciple of Gorakh Nâth, and a saint from my
birth.
Thou wouldst destroy me with thyself, casting a stain on
my virtue.
With joined hands I pray thee, mother, this is the way
of saints."
" I did invite thee and thou camest to my palace.
As thou hast come to my palace do thou mount my bed.
- 325 In the meeting of match (with match) there is no sin
before the Court (of God).
Either agree to my bed, or I will destroy thee."
" Mother, thou didst invite me, I obeyed thee.
I see nor fire, nor smoke, nor any place for a feast.
Where is the feasting place ? where is the feast ?
- 330 Seeing the palace and hall thus empty I am afraid.
Thunderbolts from the heavens spare not life.
What Achhrân spake hath come very true."
" Thou camest into my palace with shoes on thy feet.
I am a maid of Râjâ Indar and a great horror.

- 335 Hatth pair tere bāndhke dewān khūb siṭṭāe.
 Kyūn nahīn kahnā mandā ? dewān jān gañwāe.”
 “ Hatth bañh kardā, Mâtā, bintī ; tainūn sachīān deān
 sunāe.
 Rāwan nāl kihān guzriān, ditte sone dī Lankā luṭāe ?
 Singh Rikhjī gher līe bich banwās de, dittī babhūt
 bhulāe.
- 340 Shams Tabrez mārā bich Multān de, khal dittī bhuīs
 bharāe.
 Kī khūā ? kī jal ghare ? kī ṭobhā ? kī bān ?
 Sabh dā pānī ik hai ; tain dhariā chit kuthān.

- 335 I will bind thy hands and feet and throw thee into a well.
 Why hearest not my prayer ? I will destroy thy life.”
 “ With joined hands I beseech, Mother ; and I tell thee
 truth.
 What trouble did Rāwan suffer when his gold Lankā
 was destroyed ?*
 Singh, the Sage, † was encompassed (by fair women) in
 the wilds and forgot his saintship.
- 340 Shams Tabrez ‡ was slain in Multān and his skin filled
 with chaff.
 What is the well ? what is the water-pot ? the pond ?
 the pit ?
 The water in all is the same ; thou hast misplaced thy
 heart.

* By Rāma Chandra for the abduction of his wife, Sītā. The allusion is to the story in the *Rāmāyana*.

† Probably meant for Viśvāmītra in allusion to the story of his seduction by the nymph Menakā : the Sanskrit form is Śringa.

‡ This carries us into Muhammadan legend. Shamsu'd-dīn Muḥammad Tabrezī, better known as Shams Tabrez, was the celebrated Sūfī master of Maulānā Jalālu'ddīn Rūmī, founder of the Sūfī *durveshes* of Qunia (Iconium). His son, 'Alāu'ddīn Maḥmūd, killed Shams Tabrez by throwing him down a well at Qunia in 1247 A.D. There is a story that he was also flayed alive, and wandered about for four days afterwards with his skin in his hand. His descendants, a Shī'a family of Multān, in 1787 A.D. raised a tomb to him there. This explains the allusion in the text.

- Gaũ te gadhã charhde, bich Darge na milo thãn.
 Donoũ pař mil jãenge, Dhartĩ te Āsmãn.”
- 345 “Tãn sãdã bulãĩ nahĩn boldã, bhajke kahĩn bal jãeĩ ?
 Bhaje nũn jãn na dũngĩ, bhañwarke leũn mangãe.
 Tere barge ghabrũ ditte pũr khapãe.
 Ākheĩ mere lag jã, nahĩn bađhke dewãn țangãe.”
 Pũran đãhãn mãriãn, mukh se japke Rãm :
- 350 “Mãtã, chalnã Kachahrĩ Rabb đĩ, othe dohãn mãmlã pãn.
 Sachĩãn jhũte Surg de, jhũte kumbhe Narak nũn jãeũ.
 Kannã đĩ gur istrĩ, lobhĩ de gur dãm,
 Kabĩr de gur sant haiĩ, santãn de gur Rãm.
 Mãtã, hatth bañh kardã bintĩ, merã rahin de sidak ĩmãn.”

By mounting the ass on the cow thou wilt gain no
 place in the Court (of God).

Both spheres will meet, the Heaven and the Earth.”

- 345 “Thou dost not listen to my say, and whither wilt thou
 flee ?

I will not let thee flee, I will have thee brought and
 bound.

I have destroyed many youths like thee.

Agree to my say, or I will cut off (thy head) and hang
 it up.”

Pũran cried out and called on God with his lips :

- 350 “Mother, we must go to God’s Court, and there be
 judged for our deeds.

The true will enjoy themselves* in Heaven, and the
 false go to Hell.

The teacher of the lustful is woman, the teacher of the
 greedy is gain,

The teacher of Kabĩr a saint, and the teacher of the
 saints is God.†

Mother, with joined hands I pray thee, let me keep
 my honor and faith.”

* *Lit.*, swing in.

† An aphorism of Kabĩr, the religious reformer of 15th century, dragged in for effect.

- 355 “ Uṭhîn, Hîrâ bândî, jandî de charhâe.
Sâre darwâje mârke, kithe Pûran na jânâ pâe.
Sir Pûran dâ badhnâ, kisî bhanwar denâ siṭṭâe.
Kahnâ nahîn ch mandâ, jîundâ chhadnâ nâe.”
- Pûran Râm dhyâke charhiâ pauriân jâe.
- 360 Pûran chhâlân mâriân paioñ pawwâ le gae khaskâe.
Kâmpiâ singâsan Indar kâ, bich pûriân pic hakâe.
Ḍigdâ Pûran dekhiâ, âp Rabb ne dittâ kambh aṛâe.
Takhte zamîn de rakhiâ, jûn mâlan deve phul ṭakâe.
Pat Pûran dî rakh lî, rakhî ap Khudâe.
- 365 Mâtâ Achhrân boldî : “ Tû kyûn mândâ lambî ḍhâh ?
Kis ne mandâ boliâ ? kis ne kaḍḍhî gâl ?
-

- 355 “ Up, Hîrâ, my maid,* and lock all the doors.
Close all the gates that Pûran escape not.
Cut off Pûran’s head and throw it into a well.
He would not listen to my say and I will not let him
live.”

- Pûran praying to God went to the stairs.
- 360 When Pûran leapt his shoes slipped from his feet.
Indar’s throne trembled and a cry arose through the
cities (of heaven).
God himself delivered Pûran as he leapt (from the
palace),
And placed him upon the earth as a gardener layeth
down a flower.
God himself preserved the honor of Pûran.
- 365 Said his mother Achhrân : “ Why weepest thou so loudly ?
Who spake harshly to thee ? who hath abused thee ?
-

* Lânân is speaking.

Tûn betâ Râje Salwân dâ, jedâ Châhûn Pâse râj :
Jis ne tainûn mâriâ phânsî deân cha:hâe.”

“ Mâtâ Nûnân ne lâfân sîlîân khole hâr singâr.

- 370 Kamar kaṭârâ kholiâ, jeiâ main baliâ le lak de nâl.
Dhakâ deke mahilân se siṭṭiâ, mainûn rakhiâ Parbatgâr.*
Âe mere pitâ nûn Mâtâ Nûnân ne dînâ sikhâl.”
“ Bachâ, tainûn le dūngî sîlîân ṭopîân, hor le dūn hâr
singhâr :

Kamar kaṭârân le deân, bañh le lak de nâl.

- 375 Chandrî de mahileñ kyûn gîâ ? âiân jân bachâe.
Nûnân matîe terî lagdî, âde dîo pâe.”

Salwân Nûnân nûn boldâ ; “ Sun len merâ jabâb :

Mandî shagunî main ṭur âke : bagî kokhî bâ.

Tûn Indar Râje dî pachhrân, Rânî, sabhnân dî sardâr.

Thou art the son of Râjâ Salwân, who rules in the Four
Quarters :

If any one hath beaten thee I will have him hanged.”

“ Mother Nûnân hath taken my necklace and my jewels.

- 370 She hath taken the dagger from my waist, that was upon
my waist.

She thrust me out of the palace and God preserved me.

And Mother Nûnân will deceive my father, when he
comes to her.”

“ My son, I will give thee necklace and cap and jewels :
I will fasten another dagger round thy waist.

- 375 Why wentest thou into the harlot's palace ? Thou hast
but saved thy life.
Thy step-mother Nûnân will yet do thee an injury.”

Spake Salwân to Nûnân : “ Hear my say :

Evil omens came to me on the way : a violent wind was
blowing.

Thou art a maid of Râjâ Indar, my Queen, the chief of all.

- 380 Tere mahilen âke Rânân sabhnân dittî basâr.
Kî lât liân kisî chor ne ? kidhron pai gâf̄dhâr ?
Sachîân bâtân das de, kî guzre tere nâl ?”
“Ithon bakhat* dhudhol dâ Pûran mereñ mahilen bharâiâ.
Main tere bhulâve bhul gâf̄, rakhî chhîj bichhâe.
- 385 Pûran ne pairân se jorâ kholiâ, chaṛhiâ chhîj par âe.
Kaṛkaṛ bhanne gîâ haḍiân, mâs burkiân khâe.
Sih de mohre bakrî, jiûn bhâve tiûn khâe.
Main palî hoî gâû dî makhan dî, main rakhî hai jân
bachae.
- Kurtî phâr gîâ, beganî tukre kar dîâ châr.
- 390 Dukhau kanân dî bâlîân, dukhde sir de bâl.
Terâ bohal sonâ dâ luṭ lîâ, bâkî kujh chhorâ nân.”
Âkhe ; “ Pûran nûn mâr de ; nahîn, main mar jâûn kaṭâre
khâe.”
Râjâ Salwân Nûnân nûn âkhdâ ; “ Eh gall hoî nahîn
kisî jug.

- 380 I have deserted all the Queens to come to thy palace.
Hath any thief robbed thee ? Hath any entered in ?
Tell me truth, what hath happened to thee ?”
“ It was dusk when Pûran entered my palace.
I mistook him for thee and laid thy bed.
- 385 Pûran took off his shoes and mounted thy bed.
My bones crackled and my flesh was crushed under him.
If a goat be before a lion, he can eat her when he please.
I have been bred on cow's butter and I but saved my life.
He tore the coat from my breast into four pieces.
- 390 My earrings pain me and so doth the hair of my head.
Thy golden farm hath been robbed and nothing re-
mains of it.”
Said she, “ Slay Pûran, or I will stab myself with a dag-
ger and die.”
Said Râjâ Salwân to Nûnân : “ Such a thing could not
be in any age.

- Tân Indar Râje dî padmanî bârî sunî dî dhaj.
 395 Jat Pûran dâ rahin de, nâ lâo jatî de pag.
 Pûran merâ jatî hai ; kyûn lâunâ chîkar nûn ag ?
 Taiñ chab le til châulî, tere hoṭen rahinde lag.
 Pûran dî sûrat vekhke bhul gaî, kar diñ haiñ bhere
 sabâb.”
- “ Râjâ, Dhartî dâ maṇḍal Mengalâ, parjâ dâ maṇḍal
 bhûp,
 400 Ghar dâ maṇḍal istrî, kul dâ maṇḍâl pût.
 Ag lage tere maṇḍat, mârîen balke digan satût !
 Tere muñh dahrî, sir pag ; kyûn baliâ sirak-sût ?
 Le âiân mainûn âp biyâhke, chhijân mâne Pûran pût !”
 Âkhe ; “ Pûran nûn mâr de ; nahîn, main ðere kar
 jâûn kûch.”

Thou art a beauty of Râjâ Indar's (Court) and high
 is thy repute.

- 395 Preserve the honor of Pûran, put no stain on his virtue.
 My Pûran is honest : why dost thou put fire to the
 mud ?*

Thou hast eaten sesamum and rice,* for they are on thy
 lips.

Seeing Pûran's beauty, thou art captivated and doest
 this evil.”

“ Râjâ, the ornament of the Earth is Heaven, the orna-
 ment of the nation is the king.

- 400 The ornament of the house is a wife, the ornament of
 the family is a son.†

Fire burn thy house, and may the rafters fall !

There is a beard on thy face, and a turban on thy head,
 and why didst thou bind it on ?

Thou didst bring me here in marriage and Pûran thy
 son hath enjoyed my bed.”

Said she : “ Slay thou Pûran or I will go home.”

* Both idioms : to tell a lie.

† This is a proverbial saying.

- 405 Râjâ Chûhîâ saddiâ, liâ Kachahrî mangâe :
 “ Hattheñ kardân pharô, sârdî leo sân charhâe.
 Sir Pûran dâ badhio, kisî khûh bich âio pâe.
 Apnî mâtâ de chhîjân mân gîâ, kul nûn lâ gîâ lâj.”
 Wazîr dâ larîkâ Râje nûn boldâ ; “ Araz sune man lâe ;
- 410 Khamân barân nûn hot hai, chhotân nûn utpât.
 Nârân zahar diân gandlân, rakhîye saiwâr saiwâr :
 Je bich satrân de rakhîe, to khedan bich ujâr,
 Mandâ changâ nâ dekhdiân, dekheñ piû dâdâ dî nâ lâj.
 Âkhe Nûnân de lagdân : kî kardâ kul dâ nâs ?”
- 415 Aggion Rânî boldî : “ Sun, Râjâ, merî bât :
 Jhutîân gallân Wazîr âkhdâ ; eh hai Pûran dî junđî dâ yâr.”
 “ Sunfo, lagto badhio, leo dam ginâe.

- 405 The Râjâ sent for the Scavenger* from his Court, (and said to him) :
 “ Take thy knives and have them sharpened on the whetstone.
 Strike off Pûran’s head and throw it into a well.
 He hath enjoyed his mother’s bed and shamed his family.”
- Then spake the Minister to the Râjâ : “ Hear my petition ;
- 410 Elders should pardon the faults of the young.
 Women are poisonous pests, however carefully they be kept :
 Keep them in seclusion and they will play in the wilds.
 They regard not right and wrong, they regard not the honour of their families.
 The words of Nûnâ are approved of thee : why dost destroy thy race ?”
- 415 Then spake the Rânî (Nûnân) : “ Râjâ, hear my words :
 Falsely saith the Minister ; he is the friend of Pûran’s party.”
 (Said the Râjâ) : “ Hear, ye slaves and minions, take your wages and count them.

* The common scavenger is always the executioner in Hindû India.

- Pûran de bâhen rassi pâ, leo karare bat charhâe,
 Sir Pûran dâ badhke, sohane karo kabâb.
- 420 Putr apnâ main marnâ, phir koî nâ pawe is râh."
 "Bhat pie terî naukari, mahîne apne aisî taisî bich pae !
 Pûran bargî sûratân koî balî jâve nâr.
 Jis kûndh Pûran jâ raho baiṭho râj diwâe.
 Naukarî terî chhadânge sâthe, Pûran na mârâ jâe."
- 425 " Bhaje â gae, Pûran, tere bap de, kar lân piû ne yâd.
 Jal bich nhautâ, Pûranâ, ho jâ jal se bâhar.
 Jal bich nhândâ kî bane, man bich rahinde pâp ?
 Tere gal mâlâ rudhrâs* dî baiṭhâ Râm dhyâe.
 Din nûn mâlâ phirdâ, râṭ nûn mâre pâr.
- 430 Sûlî gaddî tere bap ne, sidhâ hoke sûlî jhâk."

Fasten Pûran's arms with ropes: bind them tightly
 with cords.

Cut off Pûran's head and make a fine roast of it.

- 420 I slay my son that none may follow his ways."
 (Said the Scavengers): "A curse on thy service, and
 may thy wages go as they will !
 It is a rare woman that bears the like of Pûran.
 Wherever Pûran may go there will he rule.
 We had rather leave thy service than slay Pûran."

- 425 " Pûran, †thy father hath sent us for he hath remem-
 bered thee. †
 Thou art bathing in the waters, Pûran, come out of them.
 What boots it to bathe in the waters, when the heart is
 evil ?
 With thy beads around thy neck thou dost worship Râm.
 By day thou dost tell thy beads, by night thou breakest
 into houses.
- 430 Thy father hath erected the gallows, bear the gallows
 courageously."

* For *rudrâksha*, mendicant's beads. † The executioners to Pûran.
 † i.e., found thee out and will punish thee.

Pûran Chûhrân nân pûchhdâ: "Mere se keṛe bigar gaṛ kâj ?

Dohî tainân Rabb dî, mainân le chalo pitâ de pâs."

"Daṇḍie ghaṭ mangwâ lâ, pitâjî, main â gîâ tere pâs.
Kareñ niyâû merâ sodhke, dieñ dukh niwâr.

435 Âkhe na Nûnân de lageñ, merâ dahî nâ kharch karâe.
Chand-putr nahîn thyâunâ, kâh nûn ghaṭe ralâwandâ
lâl ?"

"Bachâ, jatfân bichon jat gîâ, tapfân bichon tap.

Jad nân lâ tere biyâh dâ doheñ kane dhar gîâ hatth.

Shahreñ khabarân ho gaîân, bich desân de pai gaî sath.

440 Kal Nûnân de mahileñ jâke kî dhan âiâ khaṭ ?"

Said Pûran to the Scavengers: "What evil have I
done ?

In the name of God* take me to my father."

"Thou hast sent for the executioners, father, and I
have come to thee.

Do me justice according to my desert and relieve my
pain.

435 Listen not to the words of Nûnân and destroy not my
body.

Sons are not (always) begotten, so why throw thy ruby
in the dust ?"

"My son, virtue hath left the virtuous, and righteous-
ness the righteous.

When I mentioned marriage to thee thou didst stop
both thy ears.

It is noised abroad in the City, it hath gone into all
the land.

440 Yesterday thou wentest into Nûnân's palace and what
didst thou gain ?"

* Observe the use of *Rabb* here by a *Hindû Bhagat* !

- “ Pitâjî, akk di nâ khâiye kakṛî ; sap dâ nâ khâiye mās ;
Istrî nâ karîye lâḍlî, jad kad kare binâs.
Anhe nûn chânan kî kare, diwe balan pachâs ?
Bole nûn kharîkâ nâ sune, ṭamak baje pâs.
445 Gadhe nûn mahîlâ kî kare, rūṛî jis dâ bâs ?
Nârân Bhoj pur prabal ho gaîân, nak bich pâwan nath :
Aḍe mâr nachâundiân mâṛe mard nârî de bas.
Jat sat merâ dekhke, tân siṭṭen bhânven mâr.”
“ Pûran, Pûran âkhîe, terâ kinne na pâiâ bhed.
450 Kal do pahre luṭ gîân, sînâ dekhke khet.
Hariân belân muchh gîâ, khâke kar gîâ dher.

- “ Father, eat not the fruit of the *âk* ;* eat not the flesh
of snakes ;
Make not thy wife a darling, or some day she will ruin
thee.
What will the brightness benefit the blind, if thou
light a hundred lamps ?
The deaf hears no sound, though thou sound a drum
beside him.
445 What will a palace benefit the ass that dwelleth on the
dunghill ?
Women have conquered (Râjâ) Bhoj† and put a ring
in his nose.
And spurring him the women make the conquered man
dance.
Test my virtue ere thou dost destroy me.”
“ Pûran, Pûran we call thee, but none hath fathomed
thy secret (heart).
450 Yesterday at noon didst thou rob it, seeing my field
unguarded.
My tender creepers were destroyed and thrown into a
heap when eaten.

* *Asclepias gigantea*, a poisonous plant.

† Probably this merely means a great king : Bhoja-deva of Dhâra,
Ob. circa 1002 A.D., is a name of household fame in India.

Budhe pile baj rahe, râkhâ nahîn suchet.

Kal lâiâ Nûnân nûn biyâhke ; merî dhaulî kanî dekh.

Tainân mulk bahoterâ khâne nûn, basdâ sârâ des :

455 Kâm bigâ, â bap dâ, sonâ ralâ gîâ ret.

Mandir Nûnân de luṭ lie, kîtâ â gîâ tere pesh."

" Pitâ, ankhen vekhke sach karen, kanne sunke na mâr.

Châṛh karâhâ tel dâ, khunḍân dî ag machâe.

Jadon kaṛâhâ tap jâo, merâ sajjâ dast ḍubâo,

460 Chîchî ungalî je sare, phâhen dîe charhâe.

Mere sir par ârâ rakhke bichâlen sîtṭî chirwâo.

Sûrat vekhke bhul gaî, main mukh kahindâ rahâ

' Mân' !"

Nûnân karâhâ chârḥ dîâ, dittî ag jalâe.

Jadon tel karâhâ tap gîâ, Pûran lâi mangwâe.

The old man sewed the field and the keeper was not alert.

Yesterday I married Nûnân, and, see, my hair is grey.

Many lands are thine to take, for thou hast all the country :

455 But thou hast speilt thy father's work and mixed gold with the sand.

Thou hast robbed Nûnân's house and now (the consequences of) thy deeds are before thee."

" Father, see the truth with thine eyes, slay not for what thy ears have heard.

Light a fire of logs and place a caldron of oil thereon.

When the oil is hot plunge in my right hand.

460 If my little finger (even) be burnt hang thou me up there.

Put a saw to my head and have it sawn into halves.

She saw my beauty and forgot herself, but I only called her ' Mother' !"

Nûnân lit the fire and put on the caldron.

When the oil was hot she sent for Pûran.

- 465 Jad te ne jhālān chhāḍiān Pūran dittā karāhe pāe.
 Un seven Devī Jālpā, Gorakh nūn līā dhyāe.
 Sawā pahar karāhe bich rahā, phir dhūke kaddhā bāhar.
 Jat sat Pūran dā kām si, nā lagī tattī bāl.
 Aggion Rājā boliā : “ Suno, Chūhro, jawāb :
- 470 Līrā littā lāke, Nūnān nūn chhabānā tīrān de nāl.”
- “ Pitā karāhā bañh līā, put ne bāndhā tel.
 Main parī thī Baḡe Bahisht dī, bich parīān kardī sel :
 Pūran apnā rakh līā, karke akal dā khel.
 Aisī sundar istrī phir kadhī nahīn honā mel.
- 475 Bhulbhūlekhī main bhul gaī, mere akal thikānā nāe.
 Nūnān sach boldī, Pūran sachā nāe.”

- 465 When the oil bubbled up Pūran was put into the
 caldron.
 He worshipped the Goddess Jālpā,* and meditated on
 Gorakh.
 A watch and a quarter he remained in the oil and was
 taken out by force.
 Pūran's virtue was proved, not a hair of him was
 injured.
 Then said the Rājā : “ My Scavengers, hear me :
- 470 Strip the clothes off Nūnān and pierce her with arrows.”
- “ The father stayed the caldron and the son stayed the
 oil (by magic).
 I was a fairy in the Great Heaven, wandering amidst
 the fairies,
 And Pūran hath proved himself by a skilful trick.
 Never again shalt thou meet so beautiful a woman.
- 475 I have been deceived by impositions and my (poor)
 skill availed me not.
 Nūnān saith truth that Pūran is not true.”

* See above, line 124.

“ Jâke Pûran nûn marîo, jithe an pânî bhî nâe.
Aise putr dâ marnâ, mere râj nûn âwandî hân.”

Agge Chûhrâ boliâ, rondâ dâhân mâr :

480 “ Mere hatth nahîn Pûran par nahîn bagde, hatthen
apne mâr.

Sâde sir ulte manje rakhde shahron de ujâr :

Ithoñ kulî paṭke, hor te pâwânge jâe.

Bhagat Pûran nûn mârke, Nûnân, kere sanwâregî kâj ?

Mere chârôn bete mârke Pûran nûn lieñ bachâe.”

485 Nûnân Râje nûn âkhdî: “ Itnî der na lâe ;

Chorân yârân nâl dostî kadhî bhî bantî nâe.

Eh dâ mârñâ hakk hai, eh dî nîtar lieñ kaḍhâe.

Hatth pair is de bañhke, siṭṭan khûh de bâr.”

“ Pûranâ, tere hatth bândhke sankonfân, chale goḍân
de bhâr.

“ Go and slay Pûran,* where is nor water nor corn.
Such a son should be slain, that hath ruined my kingdom.”
Then spake the Scavenger weeping aloud :

480 “ My hands rise not against Pûran, slay him with thine
own hands.

I will put my bed on my head and leave the city. !

I will pull down my hut and raise it up elsewhere.

What dost thou gain, Nûnân, by slaying Pûran, the
Bhagat ?

Better slay my son and save Pûran.”

485 Said Nûnân to the Râjâ: “ Delay not thus ;

It is useless to be friends with a thief.

He should be slain that hath destroyed (the apple of)
thine eyes.

Bind him hand and foot and throw him into a well.”

(Said Lûnân): “ Pûran, thy hands are bound behind thee
and thou goest upon thy knees.

* Salwân says this, giving into Lûnân.

- 490 Âjân bhî kahâ mân le, hun le âwân chhurâe.
 Jerî badî tainûn lag gaf hor pâse dînân tâl.
 Eh gall merî mân le, ban já bhartâ, main terî nâr."
 "Mâtâ, chhîjî terî agg balî, maithon charhâ na jâe.
 Heṭh Dharti Mâtâ dekhđî, utte Parbatgâr.*
- 495 Dohân se chorî main karân, parân Nark meñ jâe.
 Hatth bañh kardâ bintî, tú lagî dharuñ dî mân."
 "Sunîye, tûñ Khiḍḍû Chûhrâ, sun le merâ jawâb.
 Hatth le âîyo Pûran de badhke rakhân sirhâne nâl.
 Netrî le ân kaḍḍhke, surmân lawân banâe !
- 500 Us di rat le ânî kaḍḍhke lâwân hâr singâr !
 Je Pûran jîundâ rakhiâ, terâ deñ kabîlâ gâl.
 In kahnâ merâ nahîn mâniâ ; siṭṭiyo khûh de bâr."

- 490 Hear my say to-day and even now will I release thee.
 What evil hath been charged against thee will I pass
 on to another.
 Only hear my say that thou be my husband and I thy
 wife."
 "Mother, fire burns thy bed, I cannot ascend it.
 Beneath Mother Earth is looking on and above is God :
- 495 If I steal from both I shall go into Hell.
 With joined hands I beseech thee, be my mother
 by faith."
- "Hear† thou Scavenger Khiḍḍû, hear my say.
 Cut off Pûran's hands and place them beneath my pillow.
 Take out his eyes that I may make eye-salve of them !
- 500 Bring me his blood, that I may put it to my jewels and
 clothes !
 If thou let Pûran live I will destroy thy family.
 He listened not to my words ; throw him into a well."

* For *Parwardigâr* see above, line 371.

† Lânân says this.

“ Satiâ dî bhalî jhomprî, bhût kostî dâ gâûn.

Ag lage pitâ, terî maṇḍat, mârteñ bich hai nahîñ Har
da nâññ !

- 505 Râj nûñ bijlî mâr jâ ! Nûññ nûñ laṛ jâ kâlâ nâg !
Terâ shahr gharak ho jâe, gawwân nâ chugdîñ ghâ !
Be-gunâh mâriâ, merâ kus nahîñ kitâ niwâûñ.
Hatth bañh kardâ bintî, milî nâ Achhrân mân.”

“ Sâdhû tainûñ boldâ ; suniye, Pûran, jabâb.

- 510 Pichhle janam bich asîñ donoñ sî sake bhrâe :
Tûñ jamiâ ghar Râje de, main lîe phakirî pâe.
Tûñ merî gadî par baiṭh jâ, main mardân tere thân.”
Pûran aggîon âkhdâ : “ Tainûñ deân sunâe :
Honî bîtî pagambarân, main kih dâ pânîhâr ?

“ Better the hut of the virtuous than the village of the
sinful.

Fire burn thy palace, father, wherein God's name is not
feared !

- 505 Lightning destroy thy kingdom ! May the black serpent
destroy Nûññ !
May thy city sink and cows not graze thy grass !
Slaying me without fault thou hast done me no justice !
With joined hands I pray thee : I have not (even) met
my mother Achhrân.”

“ The holy man telleth ;* Pûran, hear his say.

- 510 In the last birth we were own brothers :
And now thou art born in a Râjâ's house and I have
become a *faqîr*.
Sit thou in my place and let me die for thee.”
Then said Pûran : “ I say to thee :
Fate hath happened to the prophets ; I am but a water-
bearer.†

* Pûran is now consoled by a saint.

† *i. e.*, a humble person compared to them.

- 515 Bhalî hoî mâpe mârde, mere prân Surg nûn jân.
Ik achhnabâ ho gîâ, Mâtâ Achhrân ho birân."

Chûhrâ hirnâ dâ bak mâriâ, rat lî channe hich pâe.

Donoñ nîtar mirg de kaḍḍhke banat banâe :

"Je Nûnân kahâ mân gai, tân Pûran nûn deânge bachâe.

- 520 Je honî Pûran dî jâg pie, tân muḷke deânge mâr."

Hirnî ḍâhân mâriâ, kîti Rabb agge faryâd :

"Hirnî main sâmân thâr dî, chaḥke âe utâr,

Ḍardî chher, bhagîlieñ, chitioñ, dittâ bak ujâr !

Nâ meriân sâkhân chungîân ; nâ chugiâ hariâ ghâ ;

- 525 Nâ chhâlân mâriân ; nâ ṭuriâ mere sâth ;

Nâ than chungé rajke, merâ pâṭ hamâme jâe.

Be-badosî dâ bak mâriâ, nâ lagî duniyâ dî bâ !

Jih de khâtir mâriâ, so Pûran bhî mârâ jâe !"

- 515 It is well that my parents slay me, for I go to Heaven.
But there is one evil, that my mother Achhrân is ruined."

The Scavenger slew a fawn and put its blood into a cup :

Both eyes of the fawn he took out, and made a plan :

"If Nûnân listen to me, then will I save Pûran.

- 520 But if Pûran's fate be awake* I will come back and
slay him."

The doe cried out and complained to God (and said) :

"I was a doe on the lower grounds and climbed up hither,
For fear the lion, the wolf, and the leopard, and I have
(now) lost my fawn.

It sucked not my teats ; it ate not the green grass ;

- 525 It bounded not ; nor wandered beside me ;

It sucked not my teats to surfeit, for they are full to
bursting ;

My harmless fawn hath been slain, ere yet it hath
breathed the air of this world !

May Pûran for whose sake it hath died be also slain !"

* Be against him.

- Chûhriâ akhdâ : "Pâran nûn main lâiâ mâr.
 530 Eh le, Nûnân, rat Pûran dî lâ le hâr singâr."
 "Uthiye, Hîrâ bândî, motî kaddhke rat bich pào :
 Je rat Pûran dî ho, tân motî milange us dî nâl."
 Motî chhanne siṭṭ ditte, jân ratî nahîn lagâ nâl.
 "Dâde mugâune Chûhriâ, kî lâiân banat banâe ?
 535 Main nahîn Jaṭṭî Panjâb dî, jinhon lawen bharmâe.
 Jithe Pûran mâriâ, woh dikhâve thâe."
 Chûhriâ akhdâ : "Dâdâ hage khasam dâ, jin mahilên
 bâre chhâd !
 Tere andar dî ag tân bhñje, terî taprî pawe bâzâr !"
 "Kî karân Râje Salwân nûn, chhadê kamîn bigâr ?

- Said the Scavenger (to Lûnân) : "I have slain Pûran.
 530 Take this blood of Pûran, Nûnân ; take it to the jewels
 and clothes."
 "Up, my maid Hîrâ, and put a pearl into the blood :
 If the blood be Pûran's the pearl will be stained
 by it."
 The pearl was thrown into the cup and blood stained
 it not.
 "Thou accursed Scavenger, what trick hast thou play-
 ed me ?
 535 I am no Jaṭṭ's wife of the Panjâb, that thou canst
 deceive me.
 Show me the place where thou hast slain Pûran."
 Said the Scavenger : "Cursed be thy husband, that let
 thee enter the palace !
 The lust within thee will only be appeased, when thou
 hast raised thy hut in the market !"*
 "What shall I do to Râjâ Salwân for spoiling his
 menials ?

* *i.e.*, by becoming a prostitute.

- 540 Je bas pai jân mere, tainûn lambî ghallân bagâr :
 Tainûn bagârî ghallke tere tabbar deâu ujâr.
 Sâmhnâ sânûn boldâ, tainûn phâe deân jân.”
 “Sânûn changî bagâr, bagâr hai sâde kâr.
 Dâne âvenî bagâr de tabbar kare bahâr.
- 545 Je tûn iskh kamâunân kanjri banke jâ :
 Taprî pào bâzâr bich, bahke ishk kamâo.
 Pûran barge gabrû bhâleî is bâzâr.
 Je bas pai jân Chûhrîân donon khâkân sitte phâr !”
 Nûnân uthon muṛ pie, mahilon bare âî :
- 550 “Lago Kachahri Râje Salwân dî, tainûn banhke leo
 mangwâe.”

Chûhrâ dardâ bhaj gîâ, gîâ Pûran de pàs :

“Honi ne gherâ pâ lâ, tere bachan nûn nahin chhadâ
 râh.

- 540 If I have the chance I will send thee on a far service?
 And when thou art gone on service I will destroy thy
 family.
 Thou that speakest against me, I will have thee
 hanged.”
 “Service is well for me, service is my duty.
 On the fruits of service doth my family rejoice.
- 545 If thou wouldst indulge thy lusts go and be a prostitute.
 Pitch thy hut in the market and indulge thy passions.
 Meet some gallant like Pûran in the market :
 And if thou fall under the power of the Scavenger he
 will slit both thy lips !”
 Nûnân went back into her palace (saying) :
- 550 “I will go into the Court of Râjâ Salwân and have thee
 brought there bound.”

Fear entered the Scavenger and he went to Pûran (and
 said) :

“Thy fate hath encompassed thee and there is no way
 to save thee.

Hatth pair mainûn baḍh len de, le jâwân Râje de pas.
Mâriâ tainûn tere bâp ne, sâde kujh nahiñ chaldi gharî-
bân dî wâh."

- 555 Pûran âkhdâ ; " Chûhriô, suno merâ jabâb.
Bhaje â gae ho bâp de, â gâe mere pâs.
Hatth pair mere baḍhke kâm banâio râs.
Godiân te lattân baḍh lo, askân koloñ hâth.
Nitar deke nahanîân kaḍh lo ðonghe deke châk.
- 560 Utte giljân jhurmuṭ maliâ, bahindiân gherâ pâe :
Gîdar chângân mâriân mangde merâ mâs :
Sherân bhûbhân mâriân, koî hai nahiñ Pûran de pâs !
Loth merî nûn chak leo, le chalo khûh de pâs.
Ik anherâ khûh dâ, dûjâ kâlî râ !
- 565 Jâke kah do merî mân nûn : ' roke nain na leo gainwâe ;
Dil nûn deve sabar diân tâkiân, chit nâ kare udâs.'

Let me cut off thy hands and feet to take to the Râjâ.
It is thy father that slays thee ; I, a poor man, have no
power."

- 555 Said Pûran : " Scavenger, hear me.
Sent by my father have ye come to me.
Cut off my hands and feet and do your duty.
Cut off my legs from below the knees and my arms from
below the elbows.
With nail-parers take out both my eyes.
- 560 Above the kites are gathered and circle round me :
And jackals howl for my flesh :
And lions roar and none is near (me) Pûran !
Cut off my hands and take my body to the well.*
Dark is the well and dark is the dark night !
- 565 Go and tell my mother not to lose her eyes for weeping :
To close the doors of patience on her heart and to
sorrow not in her mind.

* See Vol. I., p. 2.

Bârân baras te â milûn, mere ure nâ rakhe âs.
 Hatth banh kardâ bintî, merî mâtâ âge ardâs."

Jâke Râjâ dâ Chûhrâ kûkdâ Achhrân dî bâr :

- 570 " Rattî pîrhî baithîe, sun le merâ jawâb.
 Nak te besar khot de ; chûriân bhunne mahilân de nâl!
 Putr jinhân de mar gae, unhân de man vich kaise châe ?
 Pûran terâ mâriâ, mâriâ Nûnân kamzât !
 Hatth baḍḍhke sankoniân, ankeñ liân kaḍḍhwâe !
- 575 Bharke chhannân rat dâ Nûnân lâve hâr singâr.
 Akheñ chalke vekh le, sittîâ khûh dî bâr !"
 Achhrân piṭṭe nikalî hoke bahut hirân.
 " Bhâiân bâz nî jorîân, putrân bâj nahîñ rahindî nân.

In twelve years will I meet her, there is no hope before
 that.

With joined hands I pray, (take) my petition to my
 mother."

The Râjâ's Scavenger went and cried out at Achhrân's
 door :

- 570 " O sitter on the red couch, hear my say.
 Take off thy nose-ring, break thy bracelets against the
 palace (walls) !
 How shall they have case of mind whose sons are dead ?
 Pûran thy son is dead, slain by the shameful Nûnân !
 His hands and feet have been cut off and his eyes taken
 out !
- 575 Filling a cup with his blood Nûnân hath put it to her
 jewels and clothes.
 Go and see with your own eyes that he is thrown into
 a well !"
 Achhrân weeping went out aghast (and said) :
 " There is no pair without a brother, there is no name
 to live without a son.

- Dukhen bûtâ main pâliâ, chulhen pâni pâe :
 580 Jad chhân hoî jhûlmî, bagî kahir dî bâl.
 Maut jawânân nûn kahir, jîûn daryân dî dhâî.
 Terî maut ne gallîân milîân, Houî ne rokke râh.
 Jis din kalimân likhiân je main hondî pâs,
 Arjân kardî dâdhî Rabb dî, tere kalam likhâwandî râs !”
 585 Jitthe Pûran mâriâ, chalke woh vekhiâ we thâûn.
 “ Pûran merâ mar gêâ, main marnâ oh de nâl.
 Ambâ dî bûtî barhdâû, akkân nûn kardân bâr.
 Putrân de khâtir mâpe khûhen te tobe pâunde jâl.
 Sâde battîân talî ik phal, so bhî sittîân tûn mâr.
 590 Tainûn chand-putr nahîn thiâunâ ; nâ jammûn dûjî wâr !”

- With care I cherished the tree and watered it with my
 hands ;
 580 And when its shade grew thick a violent wind hath
 overturned it.
 Death taketh youth as a river-flood.
 Death met him in the street and Fate stopped the way
 (for flight.)
 When thy fate was written had I been by,
 I would have made a great cry to God and had it
 written favorably !”
 585 She went and saw the place where Pûran was wounded
 (and said) :
 “ My Pûran hath been slain and I will die with him.
 They have destroyed the mango (Pûran) and sheltered
 the *âk* (Lûnân).*
 For the sake of sons parents cast nets into the wells and
 ponds.†
 Among my thirty-two trees but one bore fruit and that
 thou hast destroyed.
 590 Thou shalt have no son : a second shall not be born
 to thee !”

* See above, line 441.

† Allusion to the habit of native women of worshipping at wells and ponds in the hope of obtaining sons.

“ Sunîo, lagîo badhîo, dhakke de do châr :

Kachahrî te eh nûn kaḍḍh deo, kaḍḍh deo shahr dî bâr.

Hatth vich de do soṭâ, kâg urâṭî jâe.

Murke mahilân nâ bare, koî Pûran barge na jâve kamzât.

595 Bikhat pai gae Râjiân, siren uthâ le bhâr.

Bhaṭ jhukhedîân Rânîân, dhakke den gainwâr.”

Achhrân khûh nûn tur pie, kardî kûk pukâr :

“ Mâwân putrân de mele kadhî karo âp Khudâe ?”

Kah dî: “ Bachâ, tere sir pe naubat baj rahî, man âî
bhog.

600 Je tain naubat bhognî, terî lagân kâyâ nûn rog.

Main jâke agge Gorakh de kûkdi, ‘ Bal jâe terî jog !’

Kaun saumbhe tere mâl khizânâ? kaun karo râj dî
bhog?”

(Said Salwân) : “ Hear, ye slaves and minions, give
(Achhrân) three or four blows,

And turn her out of the palace and out of the city.

Put a stick into her hands to drive away the crows.*

Let her not enter the palace again that no more wretches
like Pûran be born.

595 Heavy troubles have Râjâs suffered, carrying burdens
on their heads :

And Rânîs have fed the oven, pushed about by churls.”

Achhrân went to the well and cried out :

“ Will God be even pleased to let mother and son meet
again ?”

Said she : “ My son, thy turn (for sorrow) hath come
upon thy head, suffer it with (a brave) heart.

600 And as thou bearest thy trouble thy body will be af-
flicted.

I will go to Gorakh and cry, ‘ Cursed be thy saintship !’
Who will guard thy treasures ? Who will enjoy thy
royalty ?”

* See Vol. I., p. 292.

- Pâran khûh vich boldâ, mukh se japke Râm :
 "Hâthîñ mere chhaḍ de mâtâ, Kajalî Ban men jân.
 605 Mere ghoṛe tavele khol do : ghâs ṭur ṭur khâeñ.
 Bâz sikre chhaḍ deo, kisî râj-dwâr nûn jâeñ.
 Kuttîân dîân rassîân baḍḍh deo, kutte mangde ṭukre khân.
 Rone-bhone khizâne luṭâ deo, kar deo pun te dân.
 Jîunde rahe, tân milânge ; Gorakh rakhe imân.
 610 Hatth bañh kardâ bintî Rabb rakhe terâ imân."
- Larke ḍâhân mâriân, khûh de utte âe :
 "Asîñ munḍe haiñ terî fauj de, tû sâḍâ sardâr.
 Kallâ karke mâriâ ; je asî honde tere nâl,
 Tâñ mârde Râuî Nûnân nûn, nahîñ, mar jâunde âp."
 615 "Hañso khelo, munḍe Shahr dîo ; Rabb agge faryâḍ.

Said Pâran from within the well, worshipping God with his lips :

- "Let loose my elephant, mother, to go to the Kajalî Forest.*
 605 Let loose my horse from the stable to graze the grass at will.
 Let loose my falcons and hawks to go to some palace.
 Let loose my dogs' ropes and let them beg their food.
 Let my treasures be thrown away and given away as alms.
 If I live I will meet thee again ; Gorakh will keep my faith.
 610 With joined hands I pray to God to keep my faith."

His playmates cried, coming to the well :

- "We boys were of thy following and thou wast our leader.
 Thou wast alone when they slew thee ; had we been with thee,
 We would have slain Râuî Nûnân, or died ourselves."
 615 "Laugh and play, my boys of the City : my complaint is before God.

* See Vol. I., p. 520.

Bhāl̄ hoi m̄ape m̄arde, s̄ans Surg n̄un j̄ae.
 M̄as̄a ghaṭe n̄a tal badhe, j̄ūn likhe Kart̄ar.
 R̄aj̄i hoke bhichaṛo ; bane P̄uran de n̄al."

- R̄an̄i kh̄uh de ṭur pie, pie piṇḍ d̄i r̄ah.
 620 " Chand̄a, ter̄i ch̄and̄ui soti s̄i chhej bichh̄ae.
 Ch̄are p̄awe palang de row̄anḡi gal l̄ae.
 Putr n̄un vidȳa kar chali, k̄i vekh̄iān m̄an̄ ghar j̄ae ?
 Beṝa k̄ale n̄aḡ d̄a, lahren de de kh̄ae.
 Akh̄an te anhi ho gāi, main̄ūn kan̄an se sund̄a n̄ae.
 625 Achhr̄an̄ mahil̄an̄ se kaḍḍh ditt̄i, phird̄i bich baz̄ar.
 Ik bichh̄oṝa put d̄a, d̄uj̄i bhukh kaleje n̄un kh̄ae.

My parents did well to slay me, for my life goes now to
 Heaven.

What the Creator hath written changeth not at all.
 Part with P̄uran without murmur ; suffering is for
 P̄uran."

The R̄an̄i (Achhr̄an̄) left the well and went towards the
 village.

- 620 (Said she) : " O moon, I have slept on my bed in thy
 light.

I embrace the feet of my bed (now) and weep.
 Bidding adieu to her son what will a mother find in her
 house ?

It is the boat of the black snake,*the waves frighten me.
 Mine eyes are blind and I hear not with my ears.

- 625 I, Achhr̄an̄, have been turned out of the palace to wander
 in the streets.

Firstly, I am separated from my son ; and, secondly,
 hunger eateth into my heart.

* Metaphor : a very unhappy home.

Kal banî hoî thî paṭ-rânî, ajj bhatî jhonkdî âe !”
Un Rabb par rakhdi dorî ; kyûnkar umar bhâe ?

Indar diân pariân uṭiân khûh bich latthân âe.

630 Bârân barsân Pûran nûn guzriân, dharam ne pahrâ liâ
pâe.

Mukh te pariân boliân: “ Tainûn dîe sunâe :

Tûn kî hai paristâ ? nahîn, mahâ balâe ?”

Pûran agge boliâ leke Gorakh dâ nâûn :

“ Nâ main parî paristâ ; nâ main mahâ balâe.

635 Betâ Râjâ Salwân dâ ; Pûran merâ nâûn.

Je tusîn pariân sach diân jâke kûkiyo Gorakh de pâs :

‘ Chelâ terâ mâriâ badhke sitṭâ khûh de bâr :

Je tûn Gurû hai sat dâ, de duniyâ de bâl.’”

Yesterday was I a chief queen, to-day do I serve the
oven !”

Her hope was in God, but how was her life to pass ?

Indar's fairies came flying into the well.*

630 Twelve years had passed over Pûran in the performance
of religious duties.

Said the fairies with their lips : “ We speak to thee :

Art thou a fairy ? or art thou a great horror ?”

Then said Pûran, taking Gorakh's name :

“ I am no fairy : I am no great horror.

635 I am the son of Râjâ Salwân ; Pûran is my name.

If ye are true fairies go to Gorakh and cry out to
him (and say) :

‘ Thy disciple is wounded and thrown into a well :

If thou be a true Gurû let him breathe the air of the
world.’”

* The poem breaks off here ; Pûran has now been twelve years in
the well.

- Khûh te pariâu urîân Gorakh latthân jâe.
 640 Gurû baiṭhân âsan lâke sohanî samâdh lagâe.
 “Chele tere dî araz hai, tûn sune man chit lâke.
 Oh baḍḍhke khûh bich siṭṭiâ, Pûran us dâ nânûn.”
 Gorakh nâdh bajâ liâ man bich Âlakh dhyâe.
 Jinne chele Nâth de sabhî lêe bulâe :
- 645 “Mere Pûran par bhârî pai gaî, us nûn leo chhurâe.”
 Ṭilloñ Jogî chaḥ pie Siâlkoṭ latthe âe.
 Aggion Gorakh boldâ : “Suno, Jogio, bāt :
 Itthe Pûran Bhagat hai kisî khûh de bâr.
 Oh nûn sar-bhar tolnâ, kaḍḍhnâ khûh se bâr.”
- 650 Us nûn bârân baras guzre, bahutî pâl sazâe.”
 Jogî Nâr Singh boldâ : “Gurûjî, merî sun le araj man lâe,
 Jogî tihâin jal de, koî khûe deo batâe.”

The fairies flew from the well and went to Gorakh.

- 640 The Gurû was sitting at his seat in a beautiful reverie.
 (Said the fairies :) “Thy disciples speak, hear them with
 heart and soul.

He is maimed and thrown into a well that is named Pûran.”
 Gorakh sounded his conch and thought on the Invisible
 in his heart.

He called together all his followers (and said) :

- 645 “My Pûran is in trouble, do ye release him.”

The Jogîs* came from Ṭillâ to Siâlkoṭ.

Then spake Gorakh : “Hear ye my words, ye Jogîs :
 Pûran Bhagat is here in a well.

Search him out and take him out of the well.

- 650 He hath passed twelve years (there), and great hath
 been his trouble.”

Then spake the Jogî Nâr Singh† : “Sir Gurû, listen to
 my words with thy heart.

The Jogîs are athirst for water, show them a well.”

* His disciples.

† I suspect Nâr Singh or Nâhar Singh, the Jogî, is meant for the Narasinha, Man-lion, *avatâra* of Vishnû. He is also called Anâr Singh and Nar Singh, and is frequently invoked in *mantras* and charms. See *Indian Antiquary*, Vol. XII., p. 39.

Gorakh Jogiân nûn boldâ : “ Tuhâ nûn sachîân deân
sunâe :

Nagarî bai Râjâ Salwân, kûâ haigâ bich ujâr.

655 Utton jal bhar lo, bachon, suno kûk pukâr.”

Jogî utthon tur pie, khûh par painde âe.

Nâûn leke Gorakh Nâth dâ tumbe ditte khûh bich
phirâe.

Jadon pâni khâṛakdâ, suniâ Pûran, Gorakh liâ dhyâe.

Tûṇḍân nâl tumbe phar lîe ; Jogî nath gae bhau khâe.

660 Jâke Gorakh nûn âkhde, gae Gorakh de pâs :

“ Tumbe sâde kho lîe ; kûe bich hai mahân balâe.

Akhen chalke vekh le, tumbe rahe khûh de bâr.”

Derion Gorakh chaliâ, man bich Âlakh dhyâe ;

Utte khûh de âke bah gae âsan lâe.

Said Gorakh to the Jogîs : “ I tell you the truth :

The city is Râjâ Salwân's and the well is in the wilds.

655 Take water thence, my children, and hear if (Pûran)
cry out.”

The Jogîs went thence toward the well.

Taking the name of Gorakh Nâth they cast their bow
into the well.

When the water resounded Pûran heard it and meditated
on Gorakh.

He seized the bowls with the stumps (of his arms) and
the Jogîs became afraid.

660 And they went and said to Gorakh :

“ Our bowls have been lost ; there is a great horror in
the well.

Go and see with thine own eyes, our bowls have
remained in the well.”

Gorakh went from his place, meditating on the Invisi-
ble in his heart ;

He went to the well and took his seat there.

- 665 Bulâwandâ : “ Bachâ, kî haiñ pari paristâ ? kî haiñ mahân balâe ?
Mârân pawâ gajab dâ, khûh nûn siṭṭân bich Patâl !
Je bhalî châhunâ jân dî, ho jâ khûh te bâhr.
Main chelâ Machhandar Nâth dâ, siddh hân barâ parkâr.”
- Agion Pûran boliâ : “ Gurûji, araj karân, sun lâe.
- 670 Nâ sî main parî paristâ ; nâ sî mahân balâe ;
Beṭâ Râjâ Salwân dâ ; Achhrân hai merî mân ;
Chelâ bannâ hai main Gorakh Nâth dâ ; Pûran merâ nâûn.
Lekhe dî likhe nâ miṭe, baḍḍbke khûh bich dittâ pâe.
Je tûn Gurû hai sach dâ mainûn de duniyâ de bâe.”
- 675 Gorakh nûn Jogî âkhde : “ Tûn chhetî nâ hoen diyâl.

- 665 He called out : “ My son, art thou a fairy ? Art thou a great horror ?
I will strike the well with my (magic) sandals and sink the well into Hell !
If thou desirest thy life, come out of the well.
I am a disciple of Machhandar Nâth and a mighty saint.”
- Then said Pûran : “ Sir Gurû, I speak, hear me.
- 670 I was no fairy : I was no great horror.
I was the son of Râjâ Salwân, Achhrân was my mother.
I would be a disciple of Gorakh Nâth ; Pûran is my name.
The lines of fate are not to be blotted out, they wounded and threw me into the well.
If thou be a true Gurû let me breathe the air of the world.”
- 675 Spake a Jogî to Gorakh : “ Be not over-quick to pity him.

Je Pûran Bhagat hai tân kaḍḍhe kache tâge nâl."

Gorakh Jogî boldâ : "Tusîn chhetî tâgâ le ao :

Le âiyo kuârî kanyân dâ, byâhî hoî nân."

Jogî uthoñ ur pie, Kârû des tathe jâe.

680 Tayyan kuṛiân dâ vekhke tâgâ mangiâ jâe.

Sau baras dî buḍhiâ boldî : "Tuhâ nûn sachîân deân
sunâe.

Sat Jug charkhâ gharîâ ; Trete battî mâl ;

Dwâpar tand khichiâ ; tand chaḥ giâ akâs !

Je ho chele kisî Nâth de, tûn tand nûn leo utâr !"

685 Aggion Jogî bolde man bich ghusse khâe :

"Sat Jug Gurû sâḍe Kishn thâ, lajiâ Kansh de nâl ;

If he be Pûran Bhagat he will be drawn out by a single
thread of yarn."*

Said Gorakh to the Jogî : "Go quickly and get me a
thread :

And get it from an unmarried virgin."

The Jogîs flew thence and went straight to the land of
Kârû.†

680 Seeing the virgins spinning they demanded a thread.

Spake a beldame of a hundred years : "I tell you truth.

The spinning wheel was made in the Golden Age ; the
skein and ropes in the Silver Age ;

The thread was drawn in the Third Age and went up
into heaven !

If ye be the disciples of a Saint, bring down the thread !"

685 Then were the Jogîs angered in their hearts (and said) :

"In the Golden Age our Gurû was Kṛishṇa that fought
with Kansa ;‡

* Compare Vol. I., p. 39. This would be a sheer impossibility.

† ? Mâlwa.

‡ The story of the destruction of Kansa, the king of Mathurâ, by
Kṛishṇa, is well known, and is told in the *Bhâgavata Purâna*.

Lariâ Kansh de nâl, Kansh lâ mâr :

Phir Gurû Ram Chand hai, Râwan kaddhiâ Lankâ se
bâhr :

Hun Gurû sâda Gorakh Nâth, hai utariâ bich ujâr.

690 Bhalî châhnî tâgâ rakh de ; nahiñ, nagarî deânge gâl.”

Dardî tâgâ de diâ, Jogîân de charne lagî ân.

Uthon Jogî tur pie, Gorakh pe latthe ân.

Gorakh tâgâ sittiâ, leke Machhandar dâ nâân ;

“ Je terâ jat sat kâim, charhiâ kache tânge nâl.”

695 Pûran dâ jat sat kâim hai, sî nikalâ khûh de bâr !

Charne Gorakh de lag gîâ ; “ Mainûn de bâ.”

Gorakh mânî chaukrî, giâ bich Dargâh :

That fought with Kansa and slew him :

Then our Gurû was Râma Chandra that turned Râvânâ
out of Lankâ :*

Now our Gurû is Gorakh Nâth, who is dwelling in the
wilds.

690 If thou desirest thy good give the thread, else will we
destroy thy city.”

Being afraid she gave the thread and fell at the Jogî's
feet.

The Jogîs went thence and came back to Gorakh.

Gorakh threw down the thread in the name of Mach-
handar (and said) :

“ If thy virtue be steadfast come up by this single
thread.”

695 Pûran's virtue had been steadfast and he came out of
the well !

He fell at the feet of Gorakh (and said) : “ Give me air.”

Gorakh sitting cross-legged went to the Court (of God).

* See above, line 104.

Jâke Indar nûn kûkdâ charne sîs niwâe :

“Asîñ Pûran nûn sâbit karnâ, sâñûñ nîtar de pha:âe.”

700 Gorakh nîtar le lie, âiâ Pûran de pâe.

Chittî amrit phalde de, lie sâbit ditta banâe.

Pûran sâbit ho gîâ, Gorakh de charnoñ lagâ â.

Jogî jhande paṭ lie, man bich Âlakh jagâe.

Chale Kârû des nûn karke sabhî salâh ;

705 Jogî bolde: “Pûranâ, tûñ ithe aṭak jâ.”

Pûran kahnâ maniân, dittâ chaukî lîe :

“Je Gurû bakhshe ṭhangrî, mainûñ ṭhangrî hai parwân.

Main kahnâ nahîñ Gurûñ dâ moṛdâ, lage dharam dî hân.”

Pûran nûn raste chhad gae, Karû des latthe jâe.

Going to Indar he cried out, bowing his head at his feet :

“I would make Pûran whole, give me his eyes.”

700 Gorakh took the eyes and came to Pûran.

He sprinkled pure *amṛita** over him and made him whole.

Pûran being (now) whole fell at Gorakh's feet.

The Jogîs raised the standard and meditated on the Invisible in their hearts.

They all made a plan to go to the land of Kârû ;

705 And the Jogîs said: “O Pûran, do thou stay here.”

Pûran obeyed their command and sat him down cross-legged (and said):

“If the Gurû will grant me a (Jogî's) hut I shall be content.

I will never disobey the Gurû's word, lest my virtue be injured.”†

Leaving Pûran on the road they went to the land of Kârû.

* *i.e.*, holy water.

† From here to line 773 the poem breaks off into a story about the doings of Gorakh Nâth in Kârû Des.

- 710 Jhaṇḍe gaḍe Jogîân, ditiân dhunîân lâe :
 Bhagt kamâunde, Nâth dî sau samâdh lagâe.
 Jad bakhat bhaṇḍârî dâ ho giâ Jogî nagari̇ baḍe jâe,
 Dudh bhâṇḍâ dâ chak lâe, lâe chipîân vich pâe.
 Nagari̇ vich dhûi̇ pai̇ gaî, “Kanphâte kidharon latthe âe?”
- 715 Sûkhî aurat boldî, sabhnân suhelîân nûn litî bulâe :
 “Aise Jogî â gae kadhî bhî ditthe nâe ;
 Kane ehnân dî mundrân ; jodhe baḍe jawân ;
 Bin puchhiâ dudh le giâ, sâḍâ kus nahî rakhî mân !”
 Sûkhî sarson palajke mârde leke apne Gurân da nâûn.
- 720 Jitne the chele Nâth de sabhnân de ditte akal bhulâe.
 Jogîân de dhaṇḍe ban gae, singî rassî ditti pâe.
 Apo apne gharân nûn le giân, bhanne khorliân jâe.

- 710 The Jogîs set up their standards and lit their fires,
 And did penance meditating on (Gorakh) Nâth.
 When it was time for food the Jogîs went into the city,
 And taking the milk for their food (by force) put it
 into their bowls.
 And a cry arose in the city: “Whence have these
 Jogîs come ?”*
- 715 Spake the woman Sûkhî calling all her companions :
 “Such Jogîs have come as have never been seen ;
 Earrings have they in their ears and are stout warriors,
 They take their milk without asking and care nothing
 for me !”
 Sûkhî charmed some mustard seed and threw it over
 (the Jogîs) in the name of her Gurû.
- 720 All the disciples of (Gorakh) Nâth lost their senses.
 The Jogîs were changed into bullocks and were fastened
 with stout ropes !
 Each man took them to his stalls and put them in his
 mangers.

* The *Kanphatîs*, or Ear-bored Jogîs, are the followers of the Nâths,
 as these were.

- Ik Jogî Gorakh nûn âkhdâ, " Gurûjî, sun le jabâb.
 Shambhû Nâth Jogî le gîa sambhân nûn nâl.
- 725 Karû des vich jâeke unheñ dittî dhum machâe.
 Tâno-tânî ðudh chakke kisî nûn puchhiâ nâe.
 Karû des dî tîvîân ne sâre lie bald banâe !
 Je, Gurû, agiâ tuhâde ho jâve, tân unhân lie chhudâe !"
 Gorakh tumbâ jhâriâ, man bich Âlakh dhyâe ;
- 730 Batwâ lâ bhabût dâ, mantarke dittâ akâs charhâe.
 Jitne chele the Nâth de â gae bald Gorakh de pâs.
 Jad Gorakh thâpî dittâ, sab âdmî lie banâe !
- Gorakh hoiâ kahirmân, man bich ghussâ khâe :
 Jitne khûh Kârû des de sahî ditte sukhâe.
- 735 Jerâ khûh Gorakh de muðh sî sab pânî lâ oh de bich
 pâe !

- Spake a Jogî to Gorakh, " Sir Gurû, hear me.
 Shambhû Nâth,* the Jogî, took the-disciples with him.
- 725 Going into the land of Kârû they created a disturbance.
 They took their milk by force without asking any one
 (for it).
 The women of the land of Kârû have turned them all
 into bullocks !
 If it be thy will, Gurû, they can be released !"
 Gorakh emptied his bowl, meditating on the Invisible
 in his heart ;
- 730 And taking his wallet of ashes he charmed them and
 tossed them in the air.
 All the disciple-bullocks of Gorakh Nâth came to him.
 Then Gorakh patted them and turned them into men !
- Gorakh was wroth and there was anger in his heart :
 And he dried up all the wells in the land of Kârû.
- 735 Gorakh drew all the water there was in them into the
 well beside him !

* One of the nine Nâths of the Kanphatâ Jogîs. The name is a title also of Gorakh Nâth himself.

Satiâ Gorakh dī ho gaī, Nâth thâ baḥâ parkâr.

Oh tîvîân pâñî nûñ â gaī, âiân Gorakh de pâs :

“ Gurûjî, pâñî sâñûñ bhar lain de, pâñî bahutî bhâlî lagî piâs.”

Gorakh tîvîân nûñ âkhdâ : “ Chhotîân badîân sabhî nûñ jâlyo âe :

740 Phir pâñî nahîñ is khûh bich rahnâ, tusñ bhar lo ik bar.”

Kârû des dhaḇḇorâ phir gîâ, sab ranân hoī tayyâr.

Chhotîân, badîân, budhîân, sab gaīân Gorakh de pâs.

Jadoñ pâñî bharan lag gaīân, ditte gaḥwe pharâe.

Ik bhardîân, ik âundîân, ik khûh par kharîân ae.

745 Gorakh ghusse hoke, chikkî dbûñ dī swhîâ ;

Leke nûñ Machhandar dâ khûh par dindâ khaḇḇâe.

Ranân te gadhîân ban gaīân, koī muḥke âe nâe !

And Gorakh Nâth by his virtue worked a great miracle.

The women came to Gorakh for water, (and said) :

“ Sir Gurû, let us draw water, for we are greatly athirst for water.”

Said Gorakh to the women : “ Come ye all, great and small :

740 For there will no more be water in this well, do ye draw at once.”

There went out a cry through the land of Kârû and all the women came.

Great and small and old, all came to Gorakh.

Then they threw in their pitchers to draw the water.

Some were drawing, some were coming, and some were standing by the well.

745 Gorakh was angry and took up some of the ashes from the (Jogî's sacred) fire,

And taking the name of Machhandar (Nâth) threw them on the well.

The women were changed into asses and none of them returned home !

Kan lambe, khur baṭhle, rūṛiân chugdîân jâe !

Hal bâhunde Jatt̃ â gae, jande lage wâr !

750 Sune ghar râh gae tîvîân dî, koî nahîn dindâ khabar
sâr !

San baras dî buḍḍhî âkhdî : “ Sachî deân sunâe.

Jere bald kal bâh lîe Jogî the baḍe parkâr ;

Oî Jogî unhân nûn le gae, dittiân gadhiân banâe !

Charne Gorakh de lagîyo, tuhâḍe deve bahe basâe.

755 Nagarî Kârû des dî â gaî Gorakh de pâs :

“ Gurûjî, hatth bañh karde bintî, tere charne dhyân
lagâe ;

Je tûn Gorakh hoiâ miharwân, sâḍe buhe basâe.

Ehnân laṇḍiân tîvîân dâ pîriâ sânûn bakhsh gunâhe.”

Long ears, small hoofs (had they, and) grazed on the
dung heaps !

When the Jatt̃s returned from their ploughing all the
doors were locked !

750 The houses were empty of women and there was none
to give them news !

Spake an old beldam of 100 years : “ I tell you truth.

All the bullocks of yesterday were powerful Jogis ;

And they have taken away (your women) and turned
them into asses !

Fall ye at the feet of Gorakh, that he may people your
houses again.”

755 The whole city of the land of Kârû came to Gorakh, (and
said) :

“ Sir Gurû, with joined hands we pray thee, falling at
thy feet ;

If thou, Gorakh, wilt be merciful, our homes will be
peopled again.

Forgive the sin of these our miserable women.”

- Gorakh hoiâ miharwân, Gorakh hoiâ diâl.
 760 Gađiâ jhaᅇđâ Nâth ne, karke Dargâh wal nigâhe :
 “ Jitnâñ tuhâđiân buđhiân jhaᅇde de muđh deo langhâe.”
 Satiâ barti Nâth di gadhiân te ranân ditti banâe !
 Sab âpo apni leke pai gae Kârû de râh.
 Ik gadhi kharî rah gai chardi bich kapâh.
 765 Nodhâ jodhâ kûkdo Gurû Gorakh de pàs :
 “ Sabhnân tivân thiâ gaiân, sâđi Sûkhî thiâwandî nân.
 Marpaᅇ di biyâh karwâiâ sí, sâññ koi nahû jhal dâ
 thân !
 Gurûji, sâđi tivîn tur de, sâđâ jag vich rah jâ nân.”
 Gorakh unhân nûñ âkhiâ : “ Bhâ lo jâe kapâe. ”
 770 Kapâ bich gadhi thiâ gai, lâwande Gorakh de pàs.
 Gadhi te tivîn ban gai ; ditti Rabb ne unhân de âs
 pahunchâe.
-

Gorakh was merciful, Gorakh was compassionate.

- 760 The Nâth fixed his standard and gazed at the Court
 (of God, and said) :
 “ Send all your old women past the standard.”
 The virtue of the Nâth prevailed and the asses were
 turned into women !
 And each took his woman towards the land of Kârû.
 But one she-ass remained grazing among the cotton.
 765 Nodhâ, the warrior, came crying out to Gurû Gorakh :
 “ All the women have been restored, but not my Sûkhî.
 With much pains I married her, and now I have no
 place to go to !
 Sir Gurû, let go my wife, that thy name may go through
 all the world.”
 Said Gorakh to him : “ Go and catch her in the cotton.”
 770 He caught the ass in the cotton and brought her to
 Gorakh.
 The ass was turned into a woman ; and God granted
 him his desires.

Kârû des Gorakh ne jit lâ, sab lâ sewân banâe !

Gorakh jhandâ patiâ patiâ 'Âlakh' jagâe.

Kânîpâ chelâ Nâhar Singh turde Gorakh de nâl.

775 Majilon majilon chalde bâhareñ kohen latthe âe.

Bahe gae âsan lâeke barmî kare pukâr.

Gorakh Nâth âkhdâ : " Is barmî bich kî hai bulâe ?

Barmî nûn paṭke vekh lo, dhartî nûn kar do sâf."

Aggion Pûran boldâ, dâdê kare pukâr :

780 " Maithon Pûran Bhagat hân, mainûn rakh le charne lâ."

Gorakh chelâu nûn âkhdâ : " Pûrân kaḍḍho barmî te bâr.

Eh nûn chhattîs baras guzar gae, bahutî pâi sazâe !

Thus Gorakh conquered the land of Kârû and made them all his followers !

Gorakh struck the standard and called 'Âlakh.*

Kânîpâ† his disciple and Nâhar Singh‡ went with Gorakh ;

775 Stage by stage thy went twelve kos§ and halted.

They were sitting on their seats when a cry came from a hole.

Said Gorakh Nâth : " What is this sound from this hole ?

Open the hole and see and clear away the earth (round it)."

Then spake Pûran (from the hole||) making a loud cry ;

780 " I am Pûran Bhagat, let me fall at thy feet."

Said Gorakh to the disciples : " Take Pûran out of the hole.

Six and thirty years he has spent in it and suffered much pain !

* See Vol. I., p. 32.

† See Vol. II., p. 16, where he is the opponent of Gorakh Nâth.

‡ See *ante*, line 651.

§ A kos is about 2 miles.

|| He had been doing penance in it.

Eh dī jhabde pào mundrân, Jogî leo banâe.
Chelâ kar do Gorakh Nâth dâ, siddh barâ parkâr.”

- 785 Jad Jogî banâwan lag pie Ṭhîkar Nâth ne kîṭī phunkâr :
“ Gurûjī, ik merī garīb dī araj hai, eh dâ ajân nâ
mundrâ pào.
Sangaldîp vich Rânî Sundrân utte Pûran te bichhiâ lo
mangâe.
Bichhiâ Sundrân se le âve, Jogî leo banâe.”
Gorakh Pûran nûn âkhdâ : “ Bachâ, tûn Sundrân de
mahilân jâe :
- 790 Bichhiâ le avenî mângke, Jogîân nûn bhaṇḍârâ banâe.
Bichhiâ le âen Sundrân de hatth de, hor kisī bândī de
hatth de lâīyo nâe.
Phir tainûn chelâ banâ lûn, kisī Jogî dī manûn nâe.”

Put the rings into his ears at once and make a Jogî of
him.
Make him a follower of Gorakh, for he is a great saint.”

- 785 When they commenced to make him a Jogî, Ṭhîkar
Nâth cried out :
“ Sir Gurû, hear my humble petition, put not in the
earrings without trial.
In Sangaldîp* is Rânî Sundrân, † (send) Pûran to beg
alms from her.
When he returns with alms from Sundrân make him
into a Jogî.”
Said Gorakh to Pûrân : “ My son, go to Sundrân’s palace,
790 And ask alms, that the Jogîs may cook their food.
Take the alms from Sundrân’s hand, not from any of
her slaves.
Then will I make thee a disciple and listen to none of
the Jogîs.”

* See Vol. II., p. 276.

† Vol. I., p. 3.

- Pûran ðeorîân nûn ÷ur piâ, man bich Alakh dhyâe :
 Moᅇde jholî pâ lie, lie bhabût ramâi.
- 795 Bich nagarî de jâke ditte 'Alakh' jagâe.
 Unche dhaurar Rânî Sundrân de jâ kharotâ bûhe de bâr.
 'Alakh' Pûran de sunke, Rânî ne bichhiâ bhajî bândî
 de hâth.
- Jad bichhiâ leke â gaî ðig gaî ghash khâe.
 Pûran ns nûn âkhdâ: "Sun le gall asân dî.
- 800 Sach das, tûn Rânî hai? yâ golî hai kisân dî?"
 Golî jâke boldî: "Sun, Rânî, merâ jabâb.
 Ik aisâ Jogî â gîâ, akkhân Jogî de lâl!
 Bârân baras dî umar hai, sîrat aprâpâr.
 Maite bichhâ nâ leve, tûn hattheñ apne pâe.
- 805 Oh dî sîrat dekhke main ðig paî, kujh rahî nahîñ sudh
 sambhâl.

Pûran went to (Sundrân's) gate, meditating on the In-
 visible in his heart:

His wallet over his shoulder and ashes on his body.

- 795 Going into the city he called out '*Alakh*.'
 He went and stood at the door of the Rânî Sundrân's
 lofty palace.
- Hearing Pûran's '*Alakh*,' the Rânî sent out alms by the
 hand of her maid.
- When she came with the alms she fell down in a swoon.
 Said Pûran to her: "Hear my words.
- 800 Say truly, art thou a Rânî? or art thou some one's
 maid?"
- The maid went (back) and said: * "Hear, Rânî, my say.
 A Jogî hath come whose eyes are red!
 Twelve years is his age† and beautiful his form.
 He will not take alms from me, give him with thine
 own hands.
- 805 When I saw his beauty I fell down and lost my senses.

* *i.e.*, going back to Sundrân.

† But see lines 650 and 782.

Main chhad jāwān terī naukarī, jāwān Jogī de nāl.”

Rānī mandirān te utarī bharke motīān dā thāl ;

Kharā Jogī vekhke, ditte jholī vich dāl.

“ Tain kī līnā jog te ? Tūn rahe pao sādē pās !

810 Ithe kae karōēn dhan hai, lashkar be shumār.

Kyūnkar jive terī ambārī, jin līā shīr chhangāe ?

Kyūnkar jive terī bahinar, jin līān god khilāe ?

Main marān un phakīr nūn, jin dittī bhabūt ramāe !

Tain kī līnā jog te ? Ban jā bhartā, main terī nār ! ”

815 Pūran muṛke ā giā, āiā Gorakh de pās,

Kaddhe bichhiā rakh dī, rakheñ motī jawāhir.

Gorakh agge boliā ; “ Bachā, āṭe dī bichhiā lā ;

Eh motī nahīn mere kam dī, udhar diēn khilār !

I will leave thy service and join the Jogī.”

The Rānī went down from the palace with a platter
filled with pearls ;

And seeing the Jogī standing put them into his wallet
(and said) :

“ Why should'st thou take the saintship ? Come and live
with me !

810 I have many *lākhs* in wealth here and a countless
following.

How doth thy mother live (now), whose breasts thou
didst suck ?

How doth thy sister live, who fed thee in her lap ?

I would slay that *faqīr* that rubbed the ashes on thee !

Why should'st thou take the saintship ? Be thou my
husband and I thy wife ! ”

815 Pūran returned and went to Gorakh,

And taking out the alms he put down the pearls and
jewels.

Then said Gorakh : “ My son, bring alms of flour ;

These pearls are useless to me and I cannot eat them ! ”

Je tûn jog dhârnâ an dî bichhiâ lâe.”

- 820 Aggiâ ho gaî Gorakh Nâth dî, Pûran muḁke ho giâ usî râh.
Mahilon Sundrân vich jâke dûjî wâr ditte ‘ Âlakh’ jagâe.
Pûran boldâ, Rânî ne sun liâ, utarî bûhâ wâe.
Bâhon Pûran phar liâ, mahilen liâ châr.
“ Dhan bhâg mere ; tûn â giâ, bahke râj kamâe !”
- 825 Pûran us nûn âkhdâ : “ Sachîân deân sunâe :
Aggiâ man mere Gurû dî bhaḁdârâ dien chhakâe.”
Aggiôn Rânî boldî : “ Keḁî keḁî chij dî hai chhâe ?
Laḁḁû, jalebî, kachaurîân aur chauthâ karhâe ?”
Châre khâne banâke gaḁḁî lie laḁâe :
- 830 “ Jithe terâ Gurû hai, le chalân us de pâs.”
Pûran bichhiâ leke muḁ piâ, âiâ Gurân de pâs ;
Hatth bañh kardâ bintî, chârne dhyân lagâe :

If thou would'st take on the saintship bring alms of
corn.”

- 820 Receiving the order of Gorakh Nâth Pûran went back
by the same road.
Going back to Sundrân's palace he called out ‘ *Alakh*,’ a
second time.
Hearing Pûran the Rânî came down to the gate.
She caught Pûran by the arms and went up into her
palace (and said) :
“ Happy is my fate, that thou hast come to rule (with
me) !”
- 825 Said Pûran to her : “ I tell thee the truth :
(Better) obey the order of the Gurû to give him food.”
Then said the Rânî : “ What things doth he require ?
Sweets and savouries and cakes and confections ?”
She made the four kinds of food and put them into a
cart (and said) :
- 830 “ Take them whither thy Gurû is.”
Pûran returned with the alms to the Gurû,
And with joined hands he spake, bowing at his feet:

- “ Eh bhandârâ merâ bhagat dâ, chhak lo man chit lâe.
 Kan phârke mundrân pâ deo, deo bhabût ramâe.”
- 835 Chele sabhî tayyâr ho gae, dittâ nâdh bajâe.
 Jadon nâdh baj gîâ chele âe kae hazâr.
 Kae hazâr man an khâ gae, ajân rahindâ be-shumâr !
 Aggîâ Gorakh dî ho gai, Pûran nûn lendâ muṇḍh biṭhâe.
 “ Kin kin mangiâ, bachâ, mehgîân ? kin kin mangî
 dhup ?
- 840 Kin kin mangiâ bolnâ ? kin kin mangî chup ?”
 “ Gurûjî, mâliân ne mangâ mehgâ ; dhobiân ne mangî
 dhup ;
 Bhattân ne mangiâ bolnâ ; santân ne mangî chup.”
 Gorakh jholî jhârke mundrân liân banâe.

“ This is the food (gotten) of my alms, eat to thy heart's
 desire.

Bore my ears and put in the rings and rub the ashes
 on my body.”

- 835 All the disciples were called and the conch was sounded.
 When the conch was sounded they came in many thou-
 sands.

They ate up many thousand *mans** of corn and there
 remained a countless store !

The order was given by Gorakh and they sat Pûran
 beside him (said he) : †

“ Who want rain, my son ? who want sunshine ?

- 840 Who want speech ? and who want silence ?”

“ Sir Gurû, gardeners want rain and washermen want
 sunshine ;

Bards want speech and saints want silence.”

Then Gorakh shook out his wallet and made the
 earrings ‡ (and said) :

* A *man* is 82 lbs.

† Asking riddles : compare Vol. I., p. 42, etc.

‡ *i.e.*, miraculously.

“ Kânîpâ chelâ, kan Pûran de phâr le, deân mundrân pâe.”

- 845 Siliân te murgânîân dittî, bhabût charhâe.
Aggiâ hoî Gorakh Nâth dî, siddhoñ dittâ ralâe !

Sundrân Gorakh pe kûkdî : “ Maithoñ ki ho giâ gunâe ?
Mâl khizânâ luṭâ ditte, koî bâki rah giâ nâe.

Pûran de khâtir dere â gai, taini liâ Jogî banâe !

- 850 Je tûn Gurû haiñ sach dâ mainûn khair Pûran dâ pâe.”
Pûran nûn Gorakh âkhâ : “ Bachâ, tûn jâ Sundrân de
nâl.

Merâ bachan Gorakh dâ ho giâ, tûn jâke râj kamâo.”

Sundrân Pûran nûn le gai, le gai mahilân te bâr.

“ Sâm le maṇḍat ambâriân, phûlân dî chhej samâl.”

“ Kânîpâ,* my disciple, bore Pûran's ears and put in the
rings.”

- 845 They gave him wallet and necklace and rubbed ashes
on him.
By the order of Gorakh Nâth he was counted with the
saints !

Sundrân came crying to Gorakh : “ What sin have I
committed ?

I have squandered my goods and money (on thee) and
nothing remains.

For Pûran's sake am I come to thee and thou hast made
him a Jogî !

- 850 If thou be a true Gurû, give me alms of Pûran.”
Said Gorakh to Pûran : “ My son, go with Sundrân.
It is the order of me, Gorakh, that thou go and rule.”
Sundrân took Pûran to her palace (and said) :
“ Take over the palace and the (elephant) litters, and the
bed of flowers.

* See above, line 774.

- 855 "Tûn bhartâ, mainî istrî, jog bal nazar na pâe.
Tûn kî lenâ jog se ? mainî le âen Gorakh te bakhshâe."
Pûran châr gharîân mahilân rahâ sî, phir pai gae usî râh.
"Mainî jangal chaliân ujâr bich, âtûn sawâ pahar te båd."
Sawâ pahar golî ðekdî phir murke âwandî Rânî de pâs :
- 860 "Pûran terâ bhaj gîâ, ralâ Jogîân bich jâe !"
Sundrân pharke kalîjâ tur pie âwandî Gorakh de pâs.
"Jerâ chelâ mainûn bakhshâ sî, hun Jogîân lâ lukâe.
Akhe tû Pûran de deo ; na, mardî mainî kaṭârî khâe :
Akhe tû chelî banâe apnî, mainî rahûngî Pûran de nâl."
- 865 Gorakh aggiôn boliâ sâf karke chit :
"Rânî, bhagwe jinbân de kapre, ujal jinhân de chit,
Jangal gae nâ bâwape. Jogî kis de mit ?

- 855 Be thou husband and I wife and think not of the
saintship.
Why shouldst thou take the saintship, when I have
thee as alms from Gorakh ?"
Pûran remained four hours in the palace and then went
back along the same road (saying) :
"I am going into the wilds and will return in a watch
and a quarter."
The maid waited a watch and a quarter and came back
to the Rânî (and said) :
- 860 "Thy Pûran has run off and joined the Jogîs !"
Sundrân with a broken heart went to Gorakh (and said) :
"The disciple thou gavest me has run off to the Jogîs.
Either give me Puran, else will I stab myself with a
dagger :
Or make me into a disciple, that I may remain with
Puran."
- 865 Then said Gorakh with a clear conscience :
"Rânî, whose clothes are red,* and whose minds are
clear,
Return not from the wilds. Is a Jogî any one's friend ?

* *i.e.*, Jogîs.

- Ajân bhî jâke bhâl le, Pûran honâ mahilân de vich.”
 Pûran nûn mahilân âke vekhdî, kithe tihâwandâ nâe.
 870 Khânâ pînâ bhul giâ, hoî bahut hirânî.
 Jad mahilân utte chaḥke vekhdî, vekhiâ sârâ madân ;
 Kithe Pûran nazar nahîn âutâ ; Rânî ne mahilân te ḍigke
 gañwâ lî jân !

- Gorakh jhaṇḍâ paṭiâ, Ṭille latthâ âe.
 Sab Jogî utar pie, dhûn lende apne sâm.
 875 Pûran nûn Gorakh âkhdâ : “ Tûn Siâlkoṭ nûn jâe.
 Jâke mâtâ nûn matthâ ṭek, pitâ nûn sis niwâe.”
 Kahnâ Gorakh dâ maniân, châr Jogî lendâ nâl,
 Ṭilloñ Pûran tur piâ, Siâlkoṭ latthâ âe.
 Jadoñ bâgh Pûran ne apnâ vekhiâ, hoîâ bâghkhwâr ;
 880 Phaḥke tumbâ jal dâ, dittâ bûṭiân de muḍh pâ e.

Go back and see, Pûran is (probably) in thy palace.”
 She went to her palace and looked for Pûran and found
 him nowhere.

- 870 She could not eat nor drink and was very wretched.
 Then she went up on to her palace (roof) and looked
 over all the plain.
 Nowhere could she see Pûran ; and the Rânî threw her-
 self down and destroyed her life.

- Gorakh struck his standard and went to Ṭillâ.
 All the Jogîs came and lit the (sacred) fires.
 875 Said Gorakh to Pûran : “ Go thou to Siâlkoṭ,
 And make obeisance and bow thy head to thy father
 and mother.”
 Obeying Gorakh’s command and taking four Jogîs with
 him,
 Pûran left Ṭillâ and went to Siâlkoṭ,
 When Pûran saw his garden he was filled with joy,
 880 And taking his bowl of water he sprinkled the shrubs.

Sùkhe bàgh hariâule, pânî bharne talâe!
Brichân nûn mewe lag gae, khiṛ gae amb anâr.

Mâlî jâke kûkdâ Râjâ Salwân de pâs :

“ Bâgh Pûran dâ hariâ ho gîâ, pânî bhariâ talâe.”

- 885 Râjâ Salwân mâlî nûn âkhdâ, “ Eh sun, tûn, merî bāt.
Gajke na bariâ meghlân, bage na pânî de khâl.
Jhûtiân bātân tûn kare : tainûn kî âe khwâb ?
Jis din dâ Pûran mar gîâ, us din dâ ujaṛ gîâ merâ bâgh.”
Mâlî hatth banh kardâ bintî : “ Tainûn sachîân deân
sunâe.

- 890 Dardâ sach nahîn dasdâ ; bakhshen merâ gunâhe.
Pûran wargâ Jogî bich bâgh de utarâ âe.
Kane mundrân sundariân, baithâ pinjân Jogîân de nâl.

The dried up garden became green and the lakes filled
with water !

The trees began to bear fruit, and pomegranates and
mangoes to blossom !

The gardener went and called out to Râjâ Salwân :

“ Pûran’s garden hath become green, and the lakes
filled with water.”

- 885 Spake Râjâ Salwân to the gardener : “ Hear my words.
The clouds have not thundered nor dropped water.
Thy words are false : art thou dreaming ?
From the day Pûran died, from that day hath my garden
been neglected.”

The gardener with joined hands spake : “ It is truth
that I said.

- 890 The frightened speak not truth ; forgive my fault.
A Jogî (that looks) like Pûran hath come into the
garden.

He hath beautiful rings in his ears and sitteth with hand-
some Jogîs.

Akkhen chalke vekh lo, betâ terâ Rabb ne dittâ milâe.
Mere jimme* koî gunâh nâ kaḍḍhe; mere leven jân
bachâe.”

- 895 Râjâ mandirân te ṭur piâ, bich bâgh de utare âe.
Jogîân nûn matthâ ṭekdâ, charne dhyân lagâe :
“ Mere mahilen neundâ chal chhako, merî nagarî pâo
pâûn.
Ik hor mere man chhabnâ hai; mere putr warge
pahchân !”
Jogî aggion boliâ: “ Tainûn sachîân deân sunâe.
900 Âsan chhadnâ charj hai; mahilen jânâ Jogîân nûn lâj.
Ik jhaṭ ithe kaṭnâ, phir painâ apnî râh.
Mûe kadhî nahîn bâware, jande nahîn dâjî wâr.
Je tere man bharam hai, Rânîân nûn bhajeñ mere pâs :
Kis tarah dâ unhân dâ betâ sî, apnî akhîn lain siân.”

Go and see with thine own eyes, if God hath brought
thy son.

I have committed no fault: spare my life.”

- 895 The Râjâ left his palace and came into the garden.
He made his obeisance to the Jogîs and fell at their feet
(and said) :
“ Come and eat your food in the palace and place your
(blessed) feet in my city.
Another thing is in my mind also; (one of) you is like
my son !”
Then said the Jogî (Pûran) : “ I tell thee truth.
900 We cannot leave our seats; it is shameful for a Jogî to
go into a palace.
We will halt here awhile and then go on our road :
The dead cannot return, nor be born a second time.
If thou hast a doubt in thy mind send thy Rânîs to me,
And let them see with their own eyes what their son is
like.”

* For *zimme*.

- 905 Râjâ bâghoñ muṛke âiâ Lûnân de pâs :
 “ Pûran wargâ Jogî latthâ bâgh bich âe.”
 Râjâ te Lûnân ṭur pie, karde Achhrân dî bhâl.
 Sârî nagarî ṭulke das, bhattî par paindî âe.
 Rânî Achhrân nûn Râjâ âkhdâ: “ Sun, Rânî, merî bāt.
- 910 Tere Pûran bargâ Jogî â giâ, ṭur pio mere sâth.”
 Aggion Achhrân boldî, dâḍhî kare phunkâr :
 “ Merâ Pûran Nûnân ne mâriâ, gae jâg viâhe.
 Hun muṛke phat jagâune ho, nawe jagâune ghâ.
 Pûran mainân tad mile, jo mele âp Khudâe.”
- 915 Nûnân Achhrân nûn âkhdî: “ Tuñ ṭur pio mere sath.
 Bich bâgh de Jogî â gae ; jekar Rabb pahunchâve âs !”

Kahnâ Nûnân dâ mânke Achhrân pie nâl :
 Jad bich bâgh de â gai roven dâhân mâr.

- 905 The Râjâ went back from the garden to Lûnân (and
 said) :
 “ A Jogî (that looks) like Pûran hath come into the
 garden.”
 And then the Râjâ and Lûnân went out to seek Achhrân.
 They searched the whole city and found her at the oven.
 Said the Râjâ to Rânî Achhrân: “ Rânî, hear my words.
- 910 A Jogî (that looks) like thy Pûran hath come, come thou
 with me.”
 Then spake Achhrân, making a great cry :
 “ Lûnân slew my Pûran ages ago.
 And again thou dost open the wound, opening afresh
 the (old) wound.
 I will meet my Pûran, when God himself joins us.”
- 915 Said Lûnân to Achhrân: “ Come thou with me.
 A Jogî hath come into the garden, and may God fulfil
 our hopes !”

Obeying Lûnân's word Achhrân went with them,
 And when she came into the garden she cried out :

- “Tûn bâgh hiwâwan-wâliâ, ik bâr mainûn bulâe.
 920 Je Pûran haiñ tân bol pio, mainûn akkheñ dikhdâ nâe.”
 Pûran Jogî boldâ, man bich Âlakh dhyâe :
 “Mata, kere Pûran nûn bhâldî ? kî nûn mâre hâk ?
 Maiñ nahîñ Pûran nûn jândâ ; maiñ rahindâ Gorakh de
 pas.
 Us nûn jâke puchh lain, jis ne siṭṭiâ mâr !
 925 Mâtâ, Pûran nûn kah dî mar gîâ, hun tûn chaṛhî hai us
 dî bhâl !
 Mûe kadhî nahîñ bâware, peṭ nûn le le sabar dî bâr.”
 Achhrân dâhân mâriân, Pûran dâ liâ bol siân :
 “Maiñ apne Pûran nûn bhâldî ; oh de kardî pukâr.
 Bâgh hariâ ho gîâ ; eh kîṭâ âp Khudâe.
 930 Isî tarhân Pûran mainûn mil pawe, nahîñ chalî jân
 âjâheñ.”

- “O thou that hast renewed the garden, speak to me
 once.
 920 If thou be Pûran then speak, for my eyes cannot see !”
 Said Pûran, the Jogî, meditating on the Invisible in his
 heart :
 “Mother, what Pûran seekest thou ? To whom art thou
 crying out ?
 I know no Pûran ; I live with Gorakh.
 Go and ask her that slew him !
 925 Mother, thou hast said that Pûran is dead and yet thou
 dost seek him !
 The dead return not, have patience in thy heart.”
 Achhrân cried out recognizing Pûran’s voice :
 “I seek my own Pûran ; I cry to him.
 The garden hath become green : it is God himself hath
 done this.
 930 Thus hath my Pûran met me, that my life might not
 depart.”

* She had wept herself blind. See Vol. I., p. 2.

Jogî Nâhar Singh parnâ sittîâ Mâtâ Achhrân de pâs.

“ Mâtâ, chakke parnâ mukh lâ le, phir lien Jogî nûn siân.”

Achhrân ne parnâ phariâ, man bich Râm dhyâe ;

Nîtar Achhrân de khul gae ; Karam ne dittâ paharâ pâe.

935 Mâtâ putrân de mele ho gae ; kîta âp Khudâe.

Pûran pairen mâtâ dî pai giâ : “ Mâtâ, bakhshen sab
gunâh.”

Mâtâ Achhrân Pûran nûn âkhdî : “ Tun bahke râj kumâo.

Râjâ Salwân buddhâ ho giâ, gâhân gaddî turogî nân.

Nâ koî terâ châchâ nâtiâ ; nâ koî sakâ bhrâo ;

940 Na koî beṭâ Nûnân de : kaun karogâ râj ?”

Pûran hatth banh Râjâ nûn kardâ bintî : “ Pitâ, merî araj
sune man lâe.

Achhrân merî mâtâ hai pâp dî, Nûnân dharam dî mâ.

Nâhar Singh, the Jogî, threw his kerchief to Achhrân
(and said) :

“ Mother, put this kerchief over thy face and then
recognize the Jogî.”

Achhrân took the kerchief in her hand and called on
Râm :

And Achhrân's eyes were opened and Fate was kind
to her.

935 Mother and son met together : God himself worked this.

Pûran fell at his mother's feet (and said) : “ Mother,
forgive all my faults.”

Said Mother Achhrân to Pûran : “ Do thou become a
king.

Râjâ Salwân is old and the throne will descend to thee.

Neither hast thou a cousin (for heir), nor hast thou a
brother :

940 Neither hath Lûnân a son, and who will be king ?”

Pûran with joined hands spake to the Râjâ : “ Father,
hear my prayer with thy heart.

Achhrân is my mother by sin and Lûnân by faith.*

* See above, line 295.

Bas Nûnân dî kus nahîû, eh milnî thî mainûû sazâe.

Merî lekî dî likîhî ugarî, Nûnân dos na kâe.

- 945 Jis batthî par Achhrân rahî sî, unhoû bandhke diên râj.
Jeçe muḡḡe mere nâl de, unhân nûn mashabdâr* banâe.
Panj piḡḡ diên Khiddû Chûhre nûn; un kîtâ nimak
halâl.

Dukh nâ nagari nûn diên, terâ sukh basogâ râj.”

Nûnân Achhrân âkhdîân : “ Sune, Pûranân, merî bāt.

- 950 Eh gaddî hai Râjâ Salwân dî, dharam dâ hai badâ râj.
Agge laḡkâ koî hai nâhîû, nâ tû rahnâ sâḡe pâs.
Je satiâ Gorakh Nâth dî, jag bich sânj ralâe.”
Pûrau aggion boliâ : “ Nâr Singhiâ, tumbâ jholî le âo.”
Jadoû Pûran tumbâ jhârîâ, nikalî dhâk te châwal :

It was not Lûnân's fault ; I had to suffer these pains.

My fate was recorded evil, and it was no fault of Lûnân.

- 945 At whose oven Achhrân served, halve the kingdom
with him.

Make nobles of all the boys that (played) with me.

Give five villages to Khiddû, the Scavenger, that was
true to his salt.

Give no trouble to thy city, that thy kingdom flourish.”

Said Lûnân and Achhrân, “ O Puran, hear our words.

- 950 This is Râjâ Salwân's throne, and a very righteous
kingdom (it is).

We have no son to follow us, nor wilt thou remain to
us.

If the virtue of Gorakh Nâth be (in thee), thou wilt
link us with the world ”

Then said Puran : “ O Nâr Singh, bring thy bowl and
wallet.”

Then Pûran shook out his wallet and there fell out
grapes and rice.

* For mansabdâr.

- 955 “ Le, Mâtâ Nûnân, sâbit le langâh ; tere ghar jamwan
betâ, jamwan kajâi bâr.
Jamde nûn bhaurî pâ dîo, nâ lage duniyâ de bâl.
Âdh dâ jatî sadâo, sir jatîân sardâr.
Chauhîn Khûñtî phirogâ, kadhî na âve bâr.
Chele banoñ Gorakh Nâth dâ, ho badâ parkâr,
960 Jaisî Achhrân nâl ho gaî, aisî honâ Nûnân de nâl.
Rânân biâho balâit* diân, agge nâ ho aulâd.
Machhandar Nâth dî putrî Sîlwantî nâr :
Jat sat Rasâlû dâ ÷oro, jeñî rahindî Lankâ dî bâr.
Oh de ans Gadhîle honge ; eh Pûran dâ srâp !”

- 955 (Said he) : “ Take, Mother Lûnân, swallow them whole ;
and a son† shall be born to thee, (but) in an inaus-
picious hour.
When he is born put him into a pit, that the air of the
world reach him not.
He will be holy from the beginning and the chief of the
holy.
He will wander through the Four Quarters, and never
come to harm.
He will become a disciple of Gorakh Nâth and a great saint.
960 As it hath happened to Achhrân, so shall it happen to
Lûnân.
He shall marry Queens in many lands, but shall have no
posterity.
Sîlwantî is the daughter of Machhandar Nâth.‡
She will destroy the virtue of Rasâlû that dwells in
Lankâ.§
Their posterity shall be Gadhîlâs|| : this is Pûran’s
curse !”

* For *vilâyat*.

† *i.e.*, Rasâlû.

‡ But see Vol. I., p. 296 ff, in the legend of Silâ Daî.

§ For the doings of Machhandar Nâth at Lankâ, see Vol. II., p. 19ff.

|| The Gadhîlâs are a wretched criminal tribe, of the lowest de-
scription belonging chiefly to the Montgomery District, with a tradition
that they were once a people of some standing : hence probably the
allusion here. Compare with this the legend at p. 65, Vol. I.

- 965 Pûran bâgh te tûr piâ, mâtâ pitâ nûn sîs niwâe :
 “ Sukh wasse eh nagarî, sukh base Sansâr !”
 Pûran Tille â giâ, âiâ Gorakh de pâs ;
 Charne lagâ Gorakh Nâth de ; baiṭhâ samâdh lagâe.

Eh kishiâ Pûran Bhagat dâ kitâ Qadaryâr.

- 970 Kaî parhde baitân ; kaî gâven ḍanḍhân sârangtân nâl.

- 965 Pûran left the garden and bowed his head to his father
 and mother (and said) :
 “ Happy be this city : happy be the World !”
 Pûran went to Tillâ to Gorakh,
 And sat at Gorakh’s feet and did penance.

This is the lay of Pûran Bhagat as made by Qadaryâr.

- 970 Some sing it in verse ; some sing it to drums and fiddles.

* The author.

No. XXXV.

THE ADVENTURES OF MİR CHÂKUR,

AS TAKEN DOWN IN THE BALOCHÎ LANGUAGE CHIEFLY FROM THE NARRATIVE OF GHULÂM MUHAMMAD BÂLÂCHÂNÎ MAZÂRÎ, AND TRANSLATED BY M. LONGWORTH DAMES, ESQ.

[The Adventures of Mîr Châkur form the subject of a great number of ballads and tales among the Rind Baloches of the Derâ Ghâzi Khân District, the adjoining hills, and Kachî in Balochistân. Two ballads on the subject have already been published with translations in Mr. Dames's *Sketch of the Northern Balochî Language*, (Extra No. *Journal As. Soc. Bengal*, 1831, pp. 137 and 148). The present prose narrative is from the recital of Ghulâm Muḥammad Bâlâchânî Mazârî of Rojhân, and the ballads interspersed have been obtained partly from him, and partly from others].

[There can be no doubt that the legend of Mîr Châkur is a genuine tradition unaffected by any literary influence, and handed down by word of mouth among a people entirely ignorant of reading and writing, for nearly four hundred years. Mîr Châkur himself is in all likelihood a real personage, and should probably be identified with the "Meer Jakur Zund," of Briggs's *Farishta*, (IV. 396) who obtained a *jâgîr* at Ūchh in the time of Maḥmûd Shâh Langâh of Multân, (1502-1524 A.D.). In Persian characters the words Mîr Châkur Rind might also, if the diacritical points were not clear, be read Mîr Jâkar Zand. The only copy of *Farishta's* text (lithographed at Nawal Kishor's Press, Lucknow, p. 329) available for these notes gives an entirely different name, *viz.*, Mîr 'Imâd Karwîzî. The place he came from (called by Briggs Solypoor) is in this text of *Farishta* Sivlî, and is probably intended for Sivî (Sibî)].

[Jâm Nindâ is also an historical personage. He was king of Sindh from A.D. 1485 to 1492, and the fort of Sivlî (Sibî) was taken from him by the troops of Shâh Beg Arghûn (Briggs, IV., 427, *Farishta's Text*, p. 320). Shâh Beg represented his father Zû'-n-nû Beg, Governor of Qandahâr, who established independence at about that time (see *Erskine's Lives of Bâbar and Humâyun*, I., pp. 347-353). Zû'-n-nû Beg is probably the

Zunû of the present narrative, and his mother, Mâi Begam, may be the Mâh Begam, who was married to Shâh Beg after her first husband's death].

[Another historical character mentioned in the legend is Sohrâb Khân Dodâi, who is represented by Farishta, as having come from Kech-Makrân with his sons Ismâ'il Khân and Fatteḥ Khân, and having obtained from Shâh Hussain Langâh the country between Koṭ Karnr and Dhankoṭ (*Farishta's Text*, p. 326, l. 26. *et infra*). Briggs transliterates Duvally for Dodâi (Vol. IV., 388). There was evidently a rivalry between Sohrâb Khân Dodâi and Mîr Châkur (*Farishta*, p. 329; Briggs, IV., 396.) Farishta calls Sohrâb Khân in one place a Rohelâ or mountaineer, and in another a Baloch. The legend represents the Dodâis to be descendants of one Dodâ, a Somrâ, who was adopted by the Baloch fraternity after marrying the daughter of Sâhle, a Rind. The sons of Malik Sohrâb, Ismâ'il Khân and Fatteḥ Khân are the reputed founders of the towns of Ḍerâ Ismâ'il Khân and Ḍerâ Fatteḥ Khân, notwithstanding the fact that the rulers of Ḍerâ Ismâ'il Khân were Hot Baloches and not Dodâis. Ḍerâ Ghâzi Khân was held by the Mîrḡânîs, a branch of the Dodâis, till comparatively modern times].

[The above identifications fix Mîr Châkur's date, as the beginning of the 16th century A.D., with sufficient accuracy. It seems probable that the Baloches joined the banner of the Turks or Mughals, and were with them when Jâm Nindâ was expelled from Sibî. Thence they gradually spread over the Southern Panjâb, and Northern Sindh, sometimes assisting the Mughals, and sometimes fighting against them. Mîr Châkur would seem himself to have obtained a *jâgîr* in Uchh on the Satluj, shortly before Bâbar's invasion. The legend represents him as accompanying Humâyûn to Dehlî, and afterwards returning to Satgarhâ, in the Montgomery District. His tomb is still shown in the neighbourhood, and is marked in the map of the Multân Division (Survey, 1854-56), as lying between the high road from Lâhor to Multân and the bank of the Râvî opposite Sayyidwâlâ, under the name of 'Tukeya Nuwab Chakur ke' (Takia Nawâb Châkur kâ).]

[The characters in this legend are household names among Baloches. Next in celebrity to Mîr Châkur comes Noḍḥbandagh, who holds among the Baloches a similar position to that held by Hâtim Tâi among the Arabs as the conventional hero of generosity. Poems on the exploits of these heroes are frequently recited, and they are used in modern ballads as models for imitation].

TEXT.

Ân wakhtâ ki Balochân Kachî gipta azh kull aulâd Mîr Jalâlâneghâ Rind Lashârî mastbar aṭhant. Lashârîâ do brâṭh Nodḥbandagh o Bakar mazain aṭhant. Nodḥbandagh bachh Gwaharâm nâm bîṭha, Bakar bachh Râmen nâm bîṭha. Rindâ Mîr Ishâk sardâr aṭh. Eshî do bachh Mîr Hasan Mîr Shaihak bîṭhaghant. Mîr Hasan phanch bachh bîṭhaghant, pheshî Rehân, gudâ Jîand, Muhammad, Brâhim, Mîr Hân. Mîr Shaihak bachh Mîr Châkur aṭh, ki kull Rindânî Sardâr bîṭha.

Baloch Kech-Makrân theghî laḍiṭho shuṭhaghant, âkhta mañ Hurâsânâ. Kilâtâ, Mustungâ, Shâlâ, hawen deh gipta-ish. Ya sâle hamodhâ khuṭha-ish, gudâ chârî shastâṭhaghant-ish Kachî gindaghâ, ki 'hamedhâ gwahar khafî, zawistânâ na

TRANSLATION.

At the time that the Baloches took possession of Kachî the Rinds and Lashârîs were the greatest of all the descendants of Mîr Jalâl Khân.* The chief of the Lashârîs were the two brothers, Nodḥbandagh and Bakar. Nodḥbandagh had a son named Gwaharâm, and Bakar had a son named Râmen. Among the Rinds Mîr Ishâk was the chief. He begot two sons, Mîr Hasan and Mîr Shaihak. Mîr Hasan begot five sons, first Rehân, then Jîand, Muḥammad, Brâhim, and Mîr Hân. Mîr Shaihak's son was Mîr Châkur, who became Chief over all the Rinds.

All the Baloches arose and marched from Kech-Makrân, and moved into Khurâsân. They took possession of Kilât, Mustang, Shâl (Quetta), and all that land. There they passed one year, and then they sent spies to see the land of Kachî, for, said they,

* An ancestral leader of the Baloches.

gwazainûn.' Chârîyân âkhtaghant, Sevî, Dhâdar, Gandâva, Milah, Jhal e dighar châ.itho âkhto hâl dathaish. Rind Lashârî gudâ ladiitho hawân deh gipta-ish. Rind sarâ Mîr Châkur aṭh, Lashârîa Gwaharâm. Lashârî er-khapta Milahâ, Rind ma Bolân Rindâ âkhta Sohrân, Sevî, Dhâdar. Sevîa Jâm Nindâ hâkim aṭh. Mîr Châkur ki âkhta Jâm Nindâ salâmâ, âkhto khuthai, gudâ Châkur zorâ go ânhiyâ phajyâ takht ohakhâ nishta.

Gudâ pholâ khuṭha Mîr Chakurâ, ki 'Hawen thaî dighar paidâwârî chî en.' Jâm Nindâ dasiṭha ki paidâwârî ikhtar en. Gudâ thî roshcâ Jâm Nindâ salâmâ ki âkhtai, Jâm Nindâ phadâṭho shutṭha. Gudâ Rind Lashârî ân deh wathî khuṭha, sai sâl hamedhâ nishtaghant. Rindâ gipta Sevî, Dhâdar, Shorân; Lashârîa gipta Milah, Jhal, Gandâva. Zamistânâ Kachîa bîṭhaghant, Âharâ shutṭhaghant Hurâsânâ.

'The cold is great here, we cannot pass the winter here.' The spies came and spied out Sevî (Sibi), Dhâdar, Gandâva, the Mullâh Pass, Jhal, and all that land, and then returned and made their report. Then the Rinds and Lashârîs marched and took possession of that land, Mîr Châkur being at the head of the Rinds, and Gwaharâm of the Lashârîs. The Lashârîs came down by the Mullâh Pass, the Rinds by the Bolân. The Rinds arrived at Sohrân, Sevî, and Dhâdar. Jâm Nindâ was the ruler over Sevî. When Mîr Châkur came to do obeisance to Jâm Nindâ, having come in he made his salutation, and then seated himself by force beside Jâm Nindâ on the throne.

Then Mîr Châkur asked of him, 'What is the income of this thy land?' Jâm Nindâ explained to him that the income was such and such an amount. The next day when he came again to do obeisance Jâm Nindâ fled away. Then the Rinds and Lashârîs made that country their own, and abode there for three years. The Rinds took Sevî, Dhâdar, and Shorân, and the Lashârîs took the Mullâh Pass, Jhal, and Gandâva. They passed the winter in Kachî, and in the summer they went up to Khurâsân.

Rosheâ Râmen Lashârîâkhta Mîr Châkur shahrâ, Rehânâ gwar er-khapta-î. Râmen o Rehân pha-waṭhân aḍaṭhaghant mâḍhinânî sarâ; Rehânâ gwashta, ki 'Maîn mâḍhin shâghar en'; Râmenâ gwashta, 'Maîn mâḍhin shâghar en.' Guḍâ shart jaṭha-ish. Gô philân mochiâ gurânde aṭh, rangâ boreñ, sakîâ lîndaveñ. Gwashta-ish, 'Mâḍhinân thâshûn; hawân mâḍhin ki guzî gurândâ bâṭh, zarân phaḍhi phur khanth.' Guḍâ shafâ Râmen mâḍhin Rindâ ochan bokhto phirenta: shafâ mâḍhinâr gwabar bîṭha. Bânghavâ sanj khuṭhaghant-ish, galagh thâkhta-ish: guḍâ Râmen mâḍhin gwastha. Rindâ gawâhî dâṭha, ki Rehân mâḍhin gwastha, drogh bastha-ish. Râmenâ zahr gipta, guḍâ shodhâ chariṭho shuṭhâ.

An wakhtâ Gohar jatanî, Lashârîâ azh Mîlahâ khashtagheṭh. Gohar go waṭhî bagâ âkhto bâut bîṭha go Mîr Châkurâ. Mîr Châkurâ ânhiyâr ma Kacharak nyâstha.

Râmen galagh-thâshî phaḍhâ shodhâ chariṭho, thî Lashârî

One day Râmen Lashârî came to Mîr Châkur's town, and alighted at the abode of Rehân. Râmen and Rehân disputed regarding their mares; Rehân saying, 'My mare is the swiftest,' and Râmen, 'Mine is the swiftest.' Upon this they made a bet. A certain tanner had a ram, red in colour and very fat. They said, 'We will race our mares; the mare that comes in first shall win the ram, and the hindmost shall pay its price.' But at night the Rinds untied and threw off the horsecloth from Râmen's mare, so that the mare felt the cold in the night. In the morning they saddled and raced their mares, and Râmen's mare came in first. The Rinds bore witness that Rehân's mare had won, but they lied. Then Râmen was very angry, and mounted and departed thence.

At that time a woman named Gohar, a camel-owner, had been turned out by the Lashârîs from the Mullâh Pass. She came with her herds of camels as a refugee to Mîr Châkur. Mîr Châkur settled her in Kacharak.

Râmen after the horse-racing rode off and assembled other

much khuṭho, Gohar hir guḍaṭhaghantī. Mīr Châkur o Gwaharâm har do pha Goharâ'âshiq aṭhant, geshtar Châkur neghâ zor aṭh-î. Guḍâ hirân guḍiṭho phadhâ ya rosheâ Châkur âkhto er-khapta Gohar merhâ. Begahâ ḍâchî ki âkhtaghant, gar-raghatṭant; guḍâ Châkurâ azh Goharâ phol khuṭha, 'Ḍâchî phache garraghtant?' Goharâ waṭh hâl na dâṭha-ish. Jateâ gwashtâ, ki 'Râmen Lashârîâ phairî rosha hir guḍaṭhaghant.' Guḍâ Châkurâr zahr mân-âkhta; shuṭha waṭhî handâ; har-gureâ avzâr shastâṭhaghant-î. Rind kull much khuṭhaghant-î, ki 'Mîṭûn go Lashârîâ.' Lashârîâ ḍâhî shuṭha ki Rind much biṭhaghant. Laḍiṭha Lashârîâ, shuṭha go Omar Nuhânî. Gwaharâmâ gwashtâ, ki 'Rind go mâ miṭiṭh; manṭhaî bâutân, tho manî phushtâ khan': ki Nuhânî Rind aṭh. Omarâ gwashta, ki 'Châkur sakeñ marden, mañî dâraghe neñ; sathe khanânî; kaizân hairâ kxanth.' Omarâ Kahîrî shastâṭhaghant-

Lashârîs, and they killed some of Gohar's young camels. Mīr Châkur and Gwaharâm both loved Gohar, but her affection for Châkur was strongest. One day after the slaughter of the young camels Châkur came and alighted at Gohar's encampment. In the evening when the female camels came in they were lowing; then Châkur asked of Gohar, 'Why are your female camels lowing?' Gohar herself would not tell him the reason. But a camel-herd said, 'The day before yesterday Râmen Lashârî slaughtered their young ones.' Then rage took possession of Châkur; he returned to his home and sent out riders in every direction. He assembled the whole of the Rinds, saying, 'Let us fight with the Lashârîs.' The alarm went out among the Lashârîs that the Rinds were assembling. Then the Lashârîs marched away to Omar Nuhânî. Gwaharâm said, 'The Rinds will attack us; we are thy refugees; do thou extend thy protection unto us,' for the Nuhânîs were Rinds. Omar said, 'Châkur is a mighty man, and not to be held back by me, I will send him a deputation, perchance he may make peace.' Omar sent the Kahîrîs to him, saying,

î, ki “ Châkurâr gwash, ‘Ma miṛeṭḥ go mâ; mâ dî Baloch ûn, tho dî Baloch e; miṛagh jawain neñ.’” Châkurâ gwashta, ‘Mañ nelân-î; mirân.’ Hawen jawâb daṭṭa-î sathâr. Guḍâ Omarâ gwashta, ‘Nî maṛ bi; miṛûn-î.’ Ânmar Nalî Khaur-dafâ basthaghant-ish, saken jange bîṭṭa oḍḥâ; bhorenṭṭa-î Rind. Rind phrushta, havd-saḍḥ maṛ khushta; Mîr Hân dî khushta: Mîr Châkur barâvaren mardaṭḥ. Dombêâ hâl ârṭṭa loghâ, ki ‘Rindâ phadâṭṭa.’ Shaihakâ phol khuṭṭa, ki ‘Mîr khushta ki dar-shuṭṭa?’ Dombâ gwashta, ki ‘Mîr dar-shuṭṭa; Mîr Hân khushta.’ Shaihakâ gwashta, “ ‘Mîr’ mañ Mîr Hânâr gushaghetḥân.”

Châkur pha shikârâ rapta,

Bagâen tharâe wârṭṭa-î.

Lahze pha sawâdâ nishte:

Dâchî âkhtaghan’ danzâna,

5 Shîr pha mâighân shanzâna.

“ Say to Mîr Châkur, ‘Do not fight with us; we are Baloches, and thou also art a Baloch; it is not good that we should fight.’” But Châkur said, ‘I will not allow it; I will fight.’ And he gave this answer to the envoy. Then Omar said, ‘Now be men; let us fight with him.’ They entrenched themselves at the mouth of the Nalî Torrent, and there was a great fight there; they defeated the Rinds. The Rinds gave way, and seven hundred of them were killed, Mîr Hân among them, who was a man equal to Mîr Châkur himself. A Dom (minstrel) brought home the news that the Rinds had fled. Shaihak* asked, “Is the Mîr killed or has he escaped?” The Dom said, “The Mîr has escaped, but Mîr Hân is killed.” Then Shaihak said, “When I said ‘the Mîr’ I spoke of Mîr Hân.”

Châkur went forth to hunt, and he

Ate at the return of the camels.

For a little while he sat down to look round:

The female camels came, stirring up the dust,

5 The milk dripping from their udders.

* Father of Mîr Châkur, and uncle of Mîr Hân.

- Gwashta Châkurâ Mîrenâ,
 Wa'pha Goharâ hîrenâ :
 "Thaî dâchî,phache kâre danzant ?
 Shîr pha mâighân shanzant ?"
- 10 Gwashta Goharâ durrenâ,
 Wa'pha Châkurâ Khanenâ :
 "Maîn hirân wârṭṭaghant zahren sol ;
 Maîn hirân waḍḥ-miren go khapten."
 Guḍâ bag-jat Melaven gâl-âkhte :
- 15 "Phairî âkhtagant Lashârî ;
 Shikko saiē bor thâshî ;
 Hir azh maîn khushtagant jukhtîâ ;
 Shingo garṭṭaghant mastîâ."
 Châkur mañ dilâ grân bîṭṭa.
- 20 Rinde hapt hazâr loṭâc :
 "Mâ chyâr sadḥ ya-tharen warnâ bûn ;

- Then spake Châkur the Mîr,
 Himself to Gohar the fair :
 "Why do thy female camels stir up the dust ?
 Why does the milk drip from their udders ?"
- 10 Then spake Gohar the beautiful,
 Herself to Châkur the Khân :
 "My young camels ate poisonous shrubs ;*
 My young camels fell down through self-slaughter."
 Then spake out the camel-herd Melo :
- 15 "The day before yesterday the Lashârîs came ;
 They raced their chestnut (mares) with great delight ;
 They slaughtered a pair of our young camels
 Hence they returned in their madness."
 Châkur became heavy at heart.
- 20 He called together seven thousand Rinds (and said) :
 "Let us form a band of four hundred youths, equal one
 to the other.

* *Sol*, i.e., the *prosopis spicigera* or *jand*.

- Dâne dar-shafûi syâralî ;
 Barîvagh Khân phadhâ dragâna."
 Wâge giptaghant sardâre :
 25 " Châkur khenaghân khame khan ;
 Nuhâni hazâr mardân bî ;
 Lâlo khushtaghan' Lâshârî !"
 Gudâ gwashta sar-batâkî mardân,
 Jâro, jareñ Rehânâ :
 30 " Barîvagh gondalân sâhmenthe :
 Hindîân ma ; thars ser-dâthe :
 Rekh zahraneñ whardân !"
 Gudâ Domb langavân shâkârom :
 " Barîvagh Khân thârâ dîr nyâdhûn :
 35 Mâkh-on zahm-janeñ Lâshârî :
 Âfo banaî mânah-ûn.
 Hoshagh phiñj khanûn âptiyâ,
 Nind o gind khai sîh bî ?

- Let us issue forth cunningly from the low hills ;
 Hastening after Barîvagh Khân."
 They caught hold of the chief's bridle (and said) :
 25 " Châkur, abate your rage a little,
 The Nuhânîs are a thousand men.
 They have slain the Lashârîs' brethren !"
 Then spake out the headstrong men,
 Jâro and fiery Rehân :
 30 " You are afraid of Barîvagh's arrows.
 Fear not the weapons, you shall have your fill of them :
 Sand is a bitter food !"
 Then said the Domb herald :
 " We will settle Barîvagh Khân far from you.
 35 We are sword-wielding Lashârîs,
 We are posted in the water-embankments.
 If we thrash out the ears between us,
 Stay and see whose will be the advantage :

- Mûlân pha khai devalî ?
 40 Sîṭha pha khaiâ gon khâi ?”
 Go hawen gwashtanân taukheghâ ;
 Wâg ishtaghan’ Sardâre.
 Chârî khashtaghan’ chârânî ;
 Bol basthaghant pahrânî.
 45 Chârî âkhtaghant golânî ;
 Sadh logh jidarâyâ dîṭhen.
 Odhâ ma Nalî gatâ,
 Shahr chârîṭha Gâjâne.
 Bag jukṭhiyen Gwaharâme.
 50 Bâghavâ khuṭhen phâsâne ;
 Pha Gâjân kifât demâ.
 Bag gudîṭhen Gwaharâme ;
 Dastâ burîṭha Sâfâne :
 Matân Goharâ hirâvî,
 55 Hawen zâlî shûmat o shirrânî.
 Mel kûch khuṭha Lâshârâ.

- Whose leaders will be victorious ?
 40 And to whom will the profit belong ?”
 With the utterance of these words,
 They let go the Chief’s bridle.
 And spies they sent forth to spy ;
 And they fixed a word for the watch.
 45 The spies came spying out the country ;
 They saw a hundred separate dwelling places.
 There in the Nalî defile,
 They spied out the town of Gâjân.
 A herd of Gwaharâm’s camels was sleeping there.
 50 In the morning they made an attack
 On the face of the fort of Gâjân.
 They slaughtered the herd of Gwaharâm’s camels ;
 And cut off the hand of Sâfân (the herd),
 In exchange for Gohar’s young camels,
 55 On account of this woman’s disgrace and quarrel.
 The assembly of the Lashârîs marched away.

Rosh othâne burz bîṭhe,

Lashârî khurâ gon-dâtṭhe.

Rinda lashkara bhâj bîṭhe ;

60 Mîr Hân ma-phîrâ phirenthe ;

Go havd saḍḍ ya-thareñ warnâ.

Guḍâ Châkur ghamzamîâ gartha,

Pha Mîr Hân ghamâ lahmenân,

Pha humbo chotaveñ Mîrenân :

65 Lahri khaur gawârân gipte.

Guḍâ Châkur ḍâhîn bîṭho shuṭṭha Turkân gwar : Turkânû sardâr Zunû nâm aṭṭ. Bâṅghavâ Lashârî shuṭṭha go Turkân ; labainṭha-ish, ki 'Châkurâ khush.' Châkurâ Turkân gwân'-jaṭṭha bâṅghavâ. Phallî nâme motabareñ Amîr aṭṭ Turkeghâ. Phalliyâ Châkurâr hâl dâtṭha, ki 'Lashârî âkhta, labainṭha-ish Turk.' Guḍâ Châkarâ Turkân gwân'-jaṭṭha ; Turkân gwashta Châkurâr :

By the time the sun was well risen they were high up
the hill side,

They followed on the Lashârîs' track and overtook them.

The army of the Rinds was put to flight ;

60 Mir Hân was left dead on the spot,

With seven hundred youths each equal to the other.

Then Châkur returned in sorrow,

Weeping for the loss of Mîr Hân,

For the beautiful hair of Mîr :

65 Fasting he took his way to the Lahri Pass.

After this Châkur went as a suppliant to the Turks,* whose leader's name was Zunû. In the morning the Lashârîs came to the Turks, and bribed them, saying, 'Slay Châkur.' In the morning the Turks sent for Châkur. There was a trustworthy Amîr among the Turks, whose name was Phallî. Phallî told Châkur that the Lashârîs had come and bribed the Turks. Then the Turk sent for Châkur and said to him :

* *i.e.*, the Mughals.

“Mard evakhâ ki bî,
 Hathyâr ki ma bant-î,
 Ânhiyâr duzhman valainant,
 Gudâ ânhi thufâkh chachon bant ?”

Châkurâ jawâb dâṭha, ki
 “Dast dil waṭhî ambrâh bant ;
 Ânhiyâ thufâkh hechî nen.”

Gudâ hathyâr giptaghand-ish Châkurâ, mokal dâṭha-î, ki
 ‘Tho baro waṭhî handâ.’ Hâthî khûnî gudâ Châkur sarâ ishto
 dâṭha-ish, ‘Bilânî Châkur khushîṭh.’ Gudâ hâthî akhto Châ-
 kurâ nazî bîṭha.

Kshike khaptagheṭh bâzârâ :
 Tângâ gipta-î Châkurâ.
 Gudâ jaṭha-î hâthiyârâ.
 Bîng ki chamburṭha hâthiyâr.
 Hâthî phadâṭho shuṭhâ.

Châkur dar-shuṭho shodhâ ; Turkân gwân'-jaṭha-î, phârainṭho,
 mokal dâṭha-î.

“If a man alone be left,
 If of arms he be bereft,
 When his bitter foes surround him,
 Say what help will then be found him ?”

Châkur answered thus :

“Hand and heart will help themselves ;
 What need then of other help ?”

Then they took his weapons from Châkur and let him go
 saying, ‘Go to your home.’ Then they let loose a furious ele-
 phant on Châkur saying, ‘Let Châkur kill it.’ Then the
 elephant came towards Châkur.

There lay a dog in the bazar,
 Châkur seized it by the leg,
 And threw it at the elephant.
 When the dog struck the elephant,
 The elephant turned and fled.

So Châkur escaped thence ; and the Turks sent for him,
 rewarded him and let him go.

Thî-bare Lashârî Turkân go âkhtaghant, zar bâz dâṭha-ish. Guḍâ Phalliyâ Châkurâr gwashta, ki 'Aghadî Lashâriâ Turk labainṭha.' Turk gwân'-jaṭhaghant Châkurâr dohmî roshâ, ki 'Tho sakeñ mard e mañ Balochân; eḍhâ mazâre asteñ; go mazârâ miṭ.' Mazâr ishto dâṭha; siḍhâ biṭhaî Châkur sarâ. Jaṭha Châkurâ mazâr go zahmâ. Aghadî Turkân phârainṭha Châkur.

Sohmî roshâ Lashârî âkhta; labainṭha-ish Turkân; Phalliyâ dî hâl dâṭha Châkurâr. Agha Châkur gwân'-janainṭha Turkâ sohmî dhakâ. Turkân khûh phaṭṭainṭhaghant; khûhâ sarâ kakh phirentṭhaghant. Naryân khûnî ârṭha-ish; Châkurâr gwashta-ish, ki 'Hawen naryânâ, chaṛ drikain.' Havd bâravân Châkurâ naryân drikainṭha thâkhta, ma khûhâ na khapta-î, darshuṭha-î. Aghadî Turkân Châkur pharainṭha.

Guḍâ Zunû mâṭhâr Mâfû Begumâr hâl sar-biṭha. Gwashta-î, ki 'Châkur zât Baloch Sardâren, dukhân ma dai, Zunûâr

Another time the Lashârîs came to the Turks and gave them a large sum of money. Then Phallî told Châkur, 'Again the Lashârîs have bribed the Turks.' The next day the Turks sent for Châkur, saying, 'Thou art the mightiest man among the Baloches; here is a tiger; fight with it.' They let loose the tiger and it came straight at Châkur. Châkur killed the tiger with a blow of his sword. Again the Turks rewarded Châkur.

A third time the Lashârîs came and bribed the Turks and Phallî informed Châkur thereof. Again a third time the Turks sent for Châkur. The Turks had a well dug, and over the mouth of the well they strewed reeds. Then they brought forth a savage stallion and said to Châkur, 'Mount this horse, and leap him over this place.' Seven times did Châkur leap and gallop the stallion, but he did not fall into the pit, and escaped alive. Again the Turks rewarded Châkur.

Afterwards tidings of these things were brought to Mâfû Begam, Zunû's mother. Then said she to the Turks, 'Châkur is the true Lord of the Baloches, do not afflict him more, but

mokal dai ki urd bâṛṭh Châkur saren-bandî khandh.' Zunû wathî fauj burṭha, go Lashârîâ mirṭha. Lashârîâ phadâṭha. Châkur ânḥîn randa shuṭha, Râmen khushta-î. Phanch-saḍḍ mar Lashârî go Râmenâ khushta.

Lashârî guḍâ darainṭho shuṭha Gujarâtâ. Jang Gujarâtâ hawer'gâ bîṭha: ki Bangul nâme Lashârî aṭh. Warnâe Gujarâteghâ kawândî baragheṭh, loghâ zurthî âragheṭh. Bangulâ gwashta hawân mardârâ ki, 'Kâhan biyâr manî mâḍḥinâr dai.' Ânmaîâ gwashta, 'Kâhan niyeṅ, kawâudant; tharâ na deâu-ish.' Guḍâ jaṭha Bangulâ jâbahâ thîre, ânmar murṭho khapta. Ânḥi phith brâṭh kull 'âlam dâḥîn shuṭhaghant go bādshâhâ, ki 'Hawer'ga kaum âkhta Baloch, ki mardum dî khushaghant; kawândân dî charainaghant; dehâ phullaghaut.' Badshâhâ phaujâr hukm dâṭha, ki 'Mirṭh go Balochâ.' Guḍâ Bakarâ, (Râmen phith ki astâṭh) Lashârî much khuṭha:

rather give Zunû leave that he lead forth his army to Châkur's assistance.' On this Zunû led forth his army and fought with the Lashârîs. The Lashârîs took to flight. Châkur followed on their tracks, and he slew Râmen. With Râmen five hundred Lashârîs were killed.

On this the Lashârîs set forth for Gujrât. And their war in Gujrât was on this wise: there was a certain Lashârî named Bangul. A youth of Gujrât was taking away his sugarcane, carrying and bringing it to his house. Bangul said to him, 'Bring those reeds and give them to my mare.' He replied, 'They are not reeds, they are sugarcane; I will not give them to you.' On this Bangul took an arrow from his quiver, and shot him, and he fell dead. His father and brother and a multitude of men went and complained to the king, saying, 'A tribe called Baloch has come here, and they are such manner of men that they slay men, and graze their horses on sugarcane, and spoil the country.' Hereupon the king gave orders to his army to fight with the Baloches. Then Bakarâ, Râmen's father, gathered the Lashârîs together,

jang dâṭḥa-ish; bâdshâh phauj bhorainṭḥa-ish. Guḍâ gwân'-janainṭḥa bâdshâhâ Bakarâr, phârainṭḥa-î. Phanjâh naryân bashkâṭḥa-î; phanjâh khawâh âbreshamî dî dâṭḥa-î; phanjâh thangavenkâtâr dâṭḥa-î. Gwashta-î, 'Etharâ bashkân, Gandâvagh Mithav deh dî thâi jâgir en, ki tho sakeñ mard e.' Guḍâ Lashârî âkhto nishta Gaudâvaghâ, Mithavâ, Jhalâ. Dâîn Lashârî hamodḥâ nishta; Maghassî thî bâz kaum âñhî shâkh ant.

Rind nishta Sevî Dhâḍarâ. Guḍâ Zunû bând khuṭḥa go Lashârîâ. Ya rosheâ Zunûâr Châkurâ gwashta, ki 'Chatî mañ tharâ deân, bând bozh.' Lak rūpiâ dâṭḥa-î. Bând bokhta-î Lashariëghâ.

Wakhtâ ki Châkurâ Lashârî bând azh Mughalâi bokhta, shafâ janân chakhâ pahrâ dâṭḥa-ish. Guḍâ yashafâ khase go mâiân gandagh khuṭḥa. Bânghavâ mâiân gwashta, ki 'Hawen mard Baloch nayant, Leghâr ant.' Shân wakht âñhî nâm Leghârî biṭḥa, ki kaum Leghârî ch'eshiyâ biṭḥa. Dohmî shafâ

and gave them battle; and they defeated the king's army. Then the king sent for Bakar and rewarded him. He made him a gift of fifty horses, fifty silken scarves and fifty golden daggers. He said to him, 'These I give to you, and the land of Gandâva and Mithav shall be your *jâgir*, for you are a mighty man.' Then came the Lashârîs back and settled in Gandâva, Mithav and Jhal. Till the present day the Lashârîs have dwelt there, and the Maghassîs and many other tribes are branches of them.

But the Rinds dwelt in Sevî and Dhâḍar. And Zunû took women as hostages from the Lashârîs. One day Châkur said to Zunû, 'I will pay the ransom, let the hostages go.' And he paid him a *lâkh* of rupees. Then Zunû released the Lashârî women.

When Châkur released the Lashârî women who were hostages from the Mughals, at night he set a guard over the women. One night some one of the guard acted evilly towards the women. In the morning the women said, 'This man is not a Baloch, he is a Leghâr (foul).' From that time he was known as Leghârî, and the Leghârî tribe is descended from him. The

pahrâ bîṭha Drîshake. Shafâ haurâ gwarṭha. Guḍâ hawâû Drîshak tambû zurtho oshtâṭṭhaghant, khafaghâ nishta-ish mâiân chakhâ. Banghavâ mâiân Châkurâ phol khuṭha, 'Doshî chacho en pahrâ bîṭha shawâ chakhâ?' Gwashta-ish, 'Doshî Thangaven Rind aṭṭant.' 'Shân roshâ Drîshak, 'Thangaven Drîshak' khanantî.

Guḍâ aghadî Châkurâ miṭaṭha go Zunû. Zunû waṭh Châkurâ khushta, urd bhorainṭha-î.

Wakhtâ ki Rind Lashârî jang phawathân khanaghaṭṭant, rosheâ Châkur akhto khapta Gohar halkâ ya-avzariyâ. Guḍâ Gwaharâm sadḥ avzârânî go âkhtâ. Goharâ gwashta Mîrâr, 'Maroshî Gwaharâm go tho miṭṭh; tho chaṭ baro.' Châkur chariṭha, guḍâ ghoṛo rikhta pha dimâ Gwaharâmeghâ. Sarâ ki bîṭha gon-khaptaghantî. Rosh er-khapto shuṭha. Guḍâ Dilmalikh Rindâ gwar âkhto Gwaharâm mihmân bîṭha. Dilmalikh sakyâ bhâgyen marde aṭh. Sadḥ gurând khushta-î mehmânî khuṭha-î. Sadḥ gwâlagh dân ârtho phirentṭha-î.

next night Drîshak was on guard. In the night rain fell. Then that Drîshak stood holding up the tent and did not let it fall on the women. In the morning Châkur asked of the women, 'Last night what sort of guard was there over you?' They said, 'Last night there was a Golden Rind.' Since that day they call the Drîshaks 'Golden Drîshaks.'

After this again there was war between Châkur and Zunû. Zunû himself was slain by Châkur, and his army defeated.

While the Rinds were at war with the Lashâris, one day Châkur happened to come to Gohar's village, riding alone. Then came Gwaharâm with a hundred horsemen. Gohar said to the Mir, 'Gwaharâm will fight with you to-day; ride away.' Then Châkur rode off and the band of Gwaharâm's horsemen pursued him. He was ahead but they came up to him. Just then the sun set. Then Gwaharâm went and became a guest with Dilmalikh Rind. Dilmalikh was a very wealthy man. He slew a hundred sheep and entertained them. He brought a hundred sacks of corn and threw them down there. Then when

Guḍâ gozhd ki grâstha-î, sadḥ thâlî lâfâ hawân sadḥen gurân-dâni dumbagh yakhe yakhe mân-khuṭha-î. Sadḥ chûrî sweth-ganen har yakhe dumbagh chakhâ tumbiṭho ishta-î. Guḍâ Gwaharâmâ gwashta, 'Gind, Lashâriân, Rindânî kirrân.' Lashâriân jawâb tharentha, ki 'sadḥen gwâlaghân dî mâ phujûn, sadḥ gurând dî mâ khushûn, ya handâ sadḥ swe'-ganen chûrîazh mâ paidâ na bî.' Guḍâ Dilmalikh âkhta pha Gwaharâm ninda-ghâ. Gwaharâmâ gwashta, ki 'Dilmalikh, tho sadḥ chûrî ashkoh ârtha?' Gwashta-î, 'Lohâre maû birâḍḥar en. Shazh mâhâ manân phanjâh chûrî khârîṭṭh dâṭh, maû leṛave ânhiyâr bandân deân. Hawân phanjâh Rindân bahr-khanân deân. Olî shazhmâhî er-khuṭhaghîyath, bahr na khuṭhaghân, dohmi phanjâh dî âkhta, guḍâ sadḥ phawânkâ bîṭhaghant.'

Guḍâ Dilmalikh Rindâ zurṭha shart, mâl theghâ barainṭhî; guḍâ bîṭha horgḥen. Roshe âkhta Rinde halkâ mihmân bîṭha. Halk-wâzhâ edhâ niyath; logh-bânukhâ thaghard dâṭha.

he had boiled the meat, he served up the tails of the hundred sheep on a hundred dishes one by one. And he brought a hundred white-handled knives and left one sticking in each sheep's tail. Then said Gwaharâm, 'Behold, O Lashâris, the dwellings of the Rinds.' The Lashâris answered and said, 'We can produce a hundred sacks of corn, and we can kill a hundred sheep, but we cannot show in one place a hundred white-handled knives.' Afterwards Dilmalikh came to visit Gwaharâm. Gwaharâm said, 'Dilmalikh, whence did you get those hundred knives?' He answered, 'I have a sworn-brother who is a blacksmith. Every six months he brings me fifty knives, and I give him a camel in exchange. The fifty knives I distribute among the Rinds. The last six months' knives were still lying by me, I had not distributed them when the next fifty came in, thus I had a hundred altogether.'

After this Dilmalikh Rind gambled, and lost all his wealth, and became empty. One day he came and put up at the village of a certain Rind. The master of the village was away, and the good wife gave him a mat to sleep on. The owner's

Guḍâ mâḍhin halk-wâzhâe basthageth. Mâiâ Dilmalikhâr gwashta, ki 'Dâsâ bar, mâḍhin sângâ rem bur biyâr, ki shuḍhî en mâḍhin.' Rem ki buriṭho ârṭha-î dast bîthaghant-î hon; rem dî hon bîṭha. Bânghavâ Dilmalikh shuṭha. Mâi gindi ki rem khapta. Mâḍhinâ na wârṭha, ki remâ hon mân-âkhtaghant. Halk-wâzhâ ki âkhta mâiâ hâl dâṭha-î ki rem hon bîṭha. Halk-wâzhâ gwashta, ki 'E mar Dilmalikh en ki doshî mihmân bîṭho rem buriṭha!'

Guḍâ Dilmalikh hawen sha'ar jaṭha.

Shartân malûkhen Dilmalikh

Azh khenagh o kivarân burtha

Brâṭhî payâfen meravân,

Dîmân Rindî deravân.

5 Rinde jane 'Nâkho' khanant.

Dâsân ma dastân deant,

Remâ malûkhen Dilmalikh

mare was tied up there. The good wife said to Dilmalikh, 'The mare is hungry, take this sickle and cut some grass and bring it for her.' When he had cut and fetched the grass his hands were bleeding, and the blood came off upon the grass. Next morning Dilmalikh departed. The good wife saw the grass lying there. The mare would not eat it, for there was blood on the grass. When the master came home the good wife told him how there was blood on the grass. Then he said, 'It was Dilmalikh who was last night the guest and cut the grass!'

Then Dilmalikh made this song :

By gambling famous Dilmalikh

Through malice and spite has been driven

From the encampments of his noble brethren,

From the assemblies and abodes of the Rinds.

5 The Rind women call him 'Uncle.'

They put sickles into his hands,

And famous Dilmalikh goes forth

Burî pha resheñ daddavân.

Nî bilân manî phâḍh-mozhaghî,

10 Thâseñ rikef o doravî ;

Ma phîsheñ sawâsân zom girant.

Manân kadro kumethânî nayath ;

Mâ dâḥhân pha sunyeñ pheshaghân.

Bhedî rangoî bayân !

Guḍâ Gwaharâmâ gwashta Dilmalikhârâ, ‘Biyâ, Lashârî bî, tharâ zarân mâlâ bâz deân.’ Dilmalikhâ phaso dâḥḥa, ki

“Rindâ Hudḥâ Lashâr na khant.

Musalmân Hindû na bî ;

Trag na zirî Kâfirî.”

Yabare Haivtân, Jâro, Noḥḥbandagh, Mîr Hân nishto kalâm khuḥḥa e’r’gâ, ki Haivtânâ gwashta, ki ‘Khase ḍâchî go maîñ bagâ âwâr bî mañ khasâr tharâna na deân-î.’ Jâro-â kalâm

To cut grass for galled jades.

Now I give up my long boots

10 And my brazen stirrups,

And the sandals of dwarf-palm leaves make my feet
swell.

My understanding was not worthy of the bay (mares) ;

I have given them in exchange for a barren amusement.

Their story is in the coloured ankle-bones !*

Then said Gwaharâm to Dilmalikh, ‘Come now, become a Lashârî, and I will give you much money and cattle.’ Dilmalikh retorted thus :

“God does not make a Rind into a Lashârî.

A Musalmân cannot a Hindû become,

Nor wear the cord of Heathendom !”

Once upon a time Haivtân, Jâro, Noḥḥbandagh and Mîr Hân were sitting together, and each made a vow thus : (and) Haivtân said, ‘If any one’s camel gets mixed up with my herd I will not give it back.’ Jâro’s vow was this, ‘I will kill any

* *i.e.*, the ankle or knuckle-bones used for gambling.

khuṭṭha, ki 'Ân ki mañ rîshâ dast lâf, khushân-î; ân ki Haddehâr khushîṭṭh, ânhi dî khushân': ki Haddeh birâdar aṭṭh-î. Nodḥbandaghâ kalâm khuṭṭha, ki "Zarân mañ dast na lân; suwâlî khâi chîe loṭî, deân-î, 'Na' na khanân." Mîr-Hânâ kalâm khuṭṭha, 'Ân ki Rindeñ zâlâ mañ go mashkâ geñdân, ânhiyâr mañ molide bashkân.'

Ya roshe go Hudḥâ bîṭṭha lerave Châkuregh Haivtân bagâ go âwâr bîṭṭha. Haivtânâ sogav khuṭṭha, gwashta-î, 'Tharâna na deân-î.' Rind much bîṭṭhaghant, ki 'Mâ miṛûñ go Haivtânâ; Châkur leṛo na daûn-î.' Châkurâ gwashta, ki 'Er'geñ leṛo chandî bhorainṭhaghan mazârân; er'geñ suwâlîân burṭhaghant. Mâ na miṛûñ; bilân bârth-î.' Guḍâ thî roshe bîṭṭha Lashâriâ âkhto bag jaṭṭha Châkure. Châkur khunî bîṭṭha bag dîmâ, burtho gon-dâṭṭha-î. Rind o Lashâri mañ-waṭṭhân miṛaṭṭhaghant; phrushta Rind. Rind ki tharṭṭha, Haivtân khunî bîṭṭha Châkurâ

one who touches my beard with his hand, and whoever slays Haddeh him also will I slay : ' for Haddeh was his sworn-brother. And Nodḥbandagh's vow was this, "I will never touch money; and if a petitioner comes and asks anything of me, I will give it to him, I will not say 'No.' " Mîr Hân's vow was this, 'If I see any Rind woman carrying a water-skin I will present her with a slave-girl.'

One day, as God willed, a camel of Mîr Châkur's got mixed with Haivtân's herd. Haivtân kept it and said, 'I will not give it back.' The Rinds gathered together saying, 'Let us fight with Haivtân; let us not give him Châkur's camel.' But Châkur said, 'Many such camels have been killed by tigers; many such have been given to those who asked for them. Let us not fight, let him take it.' Again another day it happened that the Lashâris came and carried away a herd of Châkur's camels. Châkur pursued after the herd and overtook them. The Rinds and Lashâris fought together, and the Rinds were beaten. When the Rinds returned after Châkur, Haivtân set out in pursuit: he over-

phadhâ, gon-dâṭha-î: go Lashâriâ mirâṭha, bhoreṇṭha-î Lashâri, bag ziṭha-î, burṭha-î waṭḥi loghâ. Rind sambarṭha, ki 'E bag Châkureghen, mâ na daûn Haivtânâr.' Agha Châkurâ gwashta, 'E hawân bagen, doiman baraghaṭḥant-î. Nî ki Haivtânâ zîṭhaghant, bilân Haivtânâ gwar bant. Roshe harbâo maîn kârâ lâfâ ravant. Azh doimanâ maîn brâṭhân gwar jawânthar ant.'

Jâro hâl hamesh en, ki Châkur dî Jâro dî rosheâ nishtagant kachehriâ. Châkurâ dâiâr gwashta, ki 'Jâro bachhâ zîr biyâr.' Dâi Jâro bachh ârṭha. Châkurâ gwashta dâiâr, ki 'Zîr dai Jaroâr kutâ.' Jâroâ gwashta, 'Dâi! maîn neghâ mayâr-î.' Châkurâ gwashta, 'Na, dâi, bar dai.' Guḍâ ârtho dâṭha dâiâ Jâroâr mañ kutâ. Guḍâ chhorav levâ khanâna dast Jâroâ rîshâ mân-âkhta-î. Jâroâ bânzrâ gipta bachheghâ kâtâr khashto, jaṭha-î bachhâ mañ sarenâ, khushta-î. Gwashta 'Biyâ, dâi, nî bar-î, Châkur bilân khush bî.'

took the Lashâris, fought with them, defeated them, took away the herd from them and brought it back to his home. Then the Rinds prepared to fight, saying, 'This is Châkur's herd, let us not give it to Haivtân.' But again Châkur said, 'This is the same herd that my enemies were carrying off. Now that Haivtân has recovered it, let him keep it. Some day no doubt it will be of use to me. It is better that my brethren should have it than my enemies.'

This is the story of Jâro, that one day Châkur and Jâro were sitting in the assembly. Châkur said to the nurse, 'Bring Jâro's son here.' The nurse brought Jâro's son. Then Châkur said to the nurse, 'Put him in Jâro's lap.' Jâro said, 'Nurse, do not bring him near me.' But Châkur said, 'No, nurse, bring him.' So the nurse brought him and set him on Jâro's knee. Then while the boy was playing his hand touched Jâro's beard. Jâro seized the child's arm, drew his dagger and plunged it into his loins and killed him. Then he said, 'Come now, nurse, take him away; let Châkur be happy.'

Aghadi Châkurâ gwashta Haddehârâ, ki 'Tho Jâroâ rîshâ dastâ lâ; tharâ kî khushîth, gudâ wathâr dî khushîth, kalâm drogh bîth-î, râst bîth-î.' Roshe Jâroâ Haddeh mâdhin thâkh-tagbant. Haddeh mâdhin gwastha, gwasthîyâ dast lâitha-ish Jâro rîshâ. Sai chyâr mâh gwasthaghant; gudâ Jâro Haddeh dî gon-gikhta, Shâho dî gon-gikhta, (ki wathî gohârâkht-ath). Shuthaghant galagh bastho, drashke bunâ waptaghant. Nî ki Haddeh whâv shutha, gudâ Jâroâ gwashta Shâhoârâ, ki 'Jane zahmâ Haddehârâ.' Jaṭha Shâhoâ zahm, Haddeh khushta-î. Jâroâ gwashta, 'Nî khadâ phatṭe, phûrûn-î.' Gudâ gwashta-î, 'Nî do mardî khade bî ki Haddeh manân dost aṭh.' Nî ki Shâhoâ khad phatṭha, gudâ Jâro jaṭha zahm Shâhoârâ, khushta-î. Hardo phûrithaghantî, tharṭha wathî handâ. Haddeh ki tharṭho niyâkhta Châkurâ gwashta, 'Haddeh ki gâreñ mañ sha'ar shaghân janân-î.'

Châkur Shaihak gushî; Jâro rîshânî giragh rosh gushî; Haddeh khosh gushi :

Again, Châkur said to Haddeh, 'Touch Jâro's beard with your hand. If he kills you he must kill himself also; we will see whether he breaks his vow or keeps it?' One day Jâro and Haddeh were racing their mares. Haddeh's mare won, and in passing he touched Jâro's beard with his hand. Three or four months passed, and then Jâro took with him Haddeh and Shâho, (who was his own sister's son). They went out and tied up their horses, and lay down under a tree. As soon as Haddeh went to sleep Jâro said to Shâho, 'Slay Haddeh with your sword.' Then Shâho struck Haddeh a blow of his sword and killed him. Then Jâro said, 'Now dig a hole and we will bury him.' He also said, 'Let it be a hole large enough for two men, for Haddeh was my friend.' As soon as Shâho had dug the hole Jâro struck him with his sword and killed him. He buried them both and returned to his home. When Haddeh did not return with him Châkur said, 'I will make a song taunting him because Haddeh is missing.'

Châkur son of Shaihak sings, about the day of touching Jâro's beard, of the slaughter of Haddeh he sings:

- O Mughal sanj khan naryânâ,
 Âhûâ sher gûmbazenâ.
 Zen trunden Ârabîyâ,
 Thank nazîkheñ biginâr ;
 5 Dàn mañ khârân hiyâle.
 Rind manî khoheñ kilâtant,
 Khushtagheñ Rindân galo nest :
 Hardo demâ jân dârî.
 Lev chitoi kharoân
 10 Jâro dí kârçh kâtâr jukhtaghîyâ.
 Go nyân-bandân jaḥhîyâ,
 Brinjaneñ rîsh giptaghîyâ,
 Haddehâ pha zor gipta.
 Guḍâ Jâro Jalamb gushî : Châkur phasave dàḥḥ gushî :
 Gozh de, o khandeñ Mazîdo,
 O Mazîdo, bange hâleñ ;
 Bange hâl o bâz khiyâleñ.

- O Mughal, saddle your steed,
 As swift as deer or tiger.
 Saddle your fiery Arab,
 And bring him close to me ;
 5 That I may tell you my thoughts.
 The Rinds are my hills and forts,
 But for a slain Rind there is no way open :
 On both sides his life is shut in.
 Because he stood up in sport
 10 Jâro slew him with his companion.
 With knife and dagger he slew them both,
 Because his curled beard was touched,
 Because Haddeh seized it roughly.
 Then Jâro son of Jalamb sang ; in reply to Châkur he
 sang :
 Listen, O smiling Mazîds,
 Listen to this strange tale ;
 This strange tale in many words.

- Drogh ma bant, Châkur Nawâven ;
 5 Drogh ma bant, ki drozhi na bai ;
 Drogh azh dathânâ darrâ bî.
 Azh zawânâ bai sharrenâ.
 Râsten, o Mîr mangehâni.
 Râsten, o Châkur Nawâven.
 10 Mañ brinjanen rish giptaghîyâ.
 Azh mâ p'hawen sâhe giptan,
 Azh wathî gudî miyârân,
 Azh khenaghiâni shaghânâ,
 Roshe Haddeh o Shâho bidîṭha
 15 Dîr loghan mañ dighâren.
 Gon aṭhî sânden khamâne,
 Jâbahe phur azh thanga,
 Thegh nokh sâj barâkh aṭh,
 Kârch kâtâr jukhtaghîyâ ;
 20 Go nyân-bandâ jathiyâ.
-

- Speak not falsely, O Châkur Nawâb ;
 5 Speak not falsely, that you be not held a liar.
 Let falsehood be outside your teeth.
 Be noble with your tongue.
 Be true, O exalted Mîr.
 Be true, O Châkur Nawâb.
 10 My curled beard was seized.
 By this my life was taken from me,
 For my own double shame,
 For this malicious insult,
 One day saw both Haddeh and Shâho
 15 In their homes away in the earth.
 He had with him his bow,
 His quiver filled with gold,
 His sword with new scabbard.
 He was slain with his companion ;
 20 Both of them with knife and dagger.

25 Pha dil kāmâ khuṭḥ o khisht.
 Haddeh ṭilhâna niyākhta,
 Phophul o hîrân warâna,
 Gwar janân chyâr-kullaghenâ,
 Gwar Châkur durreñ gohârâ,
 Gwar Banarîâ nek-zanenâ,
 Thankhen amzâne na nishta.
 Haddehâ phol ma dighârâ :
 Haddeh dighârâ du marden.

Nodḥbandagh Lashârî kissav chhoñ bîṭha. Nodḥbandagh Châkurâ gwân'-jatho hurjîn zare phurkhuṭho dâṭha-î. Hurjînâ sherî phalawâ ṭung khuṭḥaghand, ki zar darkhaffiṭh, Nodḥbandagh dast lâiṭh-ish. Charîṭho Nodḥbandagh rawân bîṭha, mâdḥin chakhâ hurjîn dâṭha. Shuṭḥa-î juzâna, zar raptaghand rishâna : dast na lâiṭh-î, zar thewaghâ rikḥto shuṭḥaghand. Demâ jangale sâkûre chinagheṭh. Nodḥbandaghâr loṭṭha-ish, "Nodḥ-

For their hearts' pleasure they were killed and left there.
 Haddeh never came home returning
 Eating betel and cardamoms,
 To the women in their four-sided huts,
 25 To Châkur's fair sister,*
 To Banarî, best of women,
 Nor sat with her in close embrace.
 Seek for Haddeh in the ground :
 Haddeh is in the ground in a double grave.

The story of Nodḥbandagh Lashârî is as follows. Châkur once sent for Nodḥbandagh and gave a pair of saddle-bags full of money. In the bottom of the bags he made a hole, so that the money might drop out and Nodḥbandagh might touch it. Nodḥbandagh threw the bags across his mare's back and rode away. As he went on, the money kept dropping out, but he did not touch it, and the whole of the money dropped out. In front of him was a band of women gathering tamarisk-galls. They said to Nodḥbandagh, 'O Nodḥbandagh, your name

* Haddeh was married to Banarî, sister of Mîr Châkur.

bandagh, thaî nâm nî Zar-zuwâl bîth ; mâr chie dai." Nodhbandaghâ gwashta, " Shâ maîn mâdhin randâ zurthiyâ baraweth, har chî shâr phakar bî, zîreth, bareth." Mâîân zurtho much khuthaghant-î, burthâ-ish. Shedh-demâ Nodhbandagh nâm Zar-zuwâl bîthâ. Gudâ Nodhbandagh brâthân ânhi sarâ zahr gipta, gwashta-ish, " Nodhbandagh, tho wathî thewagheî mâl bahr-khane ; chîe bil dai, nawân go tho mâl chî na bî." Gudâ Nodhbandaghâ phasawe hawen sha'ar jathâ.

Kungurân, o kungurân !

Kungur jareî brâhondaghân !

Gâle gazîrân âvurthâ :

Aiv pharâ haisî sarâ.

5 Choshâ maî gindân zâhirâ,

Zulm pharâ be-dâdhihâ.

Drust dafâ rîsh âvurthâ ;

Nâmard rîsh jahl khuthâ,

Khond o khuriyân gwâh-khuthâ,

is now Gold-scatterer ; give something to us.' Nodhbandagh said, ' Follow in my mare's track, and pick it up, and take away whatever you need.' The good women picked up and collected the money and carried it off. Thereafter Nodhbandagh bore the name of Gold-scatterer. Then Nodhbandagh's brethren were very angry, and they said to him, ' Nodhbandagh, you will divide the whole of your property ; leave something, or you will become quite destitute.' Then Nodhbandagh answered them, and made this song :

O mankind, mankind !

Foolish generation of men !

The misers have uttered a speech :

They have laid an offence upon my head.

5 So I see manifestly,

They have injured an innocent man.

All men wear beards on their faces ;

But the unmanly wear their beards below,

They show them on their knees and heels

- 10 Chunge avur gawkh phadhâ.
 Mardâ hawen vâs na khuṭṭh,
 Beronagheñ mar gwar janân,
 Chosheñ ki chûrî kukkuren
 Jant-î nasoâ ma sarâ.
- 15 Nindîṭṭh grehî phagurâ,
 Âhân ki khashî phar dafâ.
 Go mâ sakhîeñ meraveñ,
 Go mâ bakhîleñ jheraveñ,
 Jherant hanchosh gushant,
- 20 Sutâ karîrâ res-deant.
 “ Mâl na bî pha Nodḥbandaghâ !
 Phul na zâi ma mausimâ !
 Shazh mâho phureñ noḳḳ sarâ
 Zâiṭṭh niyârî khuraghân.”
- 25 Nî nâdhân aṭṭant jauren badḥân.
 Zî pha shaghânâ na khafân.

- 10 And some on the nape of their necks.
 No man has ever undergone such disgrace,
 As a man dishonoured among the women,
 Striking them as a hen does her chickens
 When she strikes them on the head with her beak.
- 15 But a man sits near a woman, and weeps,
 And brings forth deep sighs from his mouth.
 With me the generous assemble,
 With me the violent quarrel
 They quarrel, and thus they say,
- 20 Turning away their faces from me,
 “ Nothing will be left with Nodḥbandagh !
 Phul* will not bring forth in due season !
 In six months at full moon
 She will not bring forth, nor bear a foal.”
- 25 Now foolish were my bitter foes !
 Nor am I liable to the taunts of yesterday.

* Phul is the name of Nodḥbandagh's mare.

- Agh mâ phaso phostî khuṭheñ,
 Mâl cho mughemâ melatḥeñ ?
 Cho munkirâ yak-jâh khuṭḥa ?
 30 Mâl Muhammade zir-aṭḥ,
 Haft-saḍḥ hasht-saḍḥ goramâ,
 Bag girdagheñ be-shon aṭḥant.
 Shartân na dâṭḥa hizhbare,
 Bhedî rangoî bâyan.
 35 Azh mâ na zîṭḥa kâtulân :
 Bungâh o grâneñ lashkarân.
 Dâṭḥa bi nâme Kâdirâ,
 Bi momin o whânindaghân,
 Barâ asileñ dârgurâ.
 40 Sohvâ larîsân warân ;
 Biyâyant ghâzî whazh-dilâ,
 Whazh-dil manî nâm girant.
-

- If I were skinning my sheep and goats,
 How many of the greedy would there assemble ?
 Of the stingy how many would be gathered together ?
 30 I possessed the wealth of Muḥammad.*
 Seven or eight hundred herds of cattle
 And herds of camels without number were grazing
 round about.
 I have never gambled at any time,
 Nor is their story in the coloured ankle-bones.
 35 Cheats did not take them from me,
 Nor the assembly of mighty armies.
 But I gave them away in the Creator's name.
 I gave them to pious men and reciters of the Qurân,
 And to the poor dwelling in the wilderness.
 40 At morning-tide they eat their fill,
 The warriors of the faith come with glad hearts,
 With glad hearts they take my name.
-

* *i.e.*, enormous wealth.

- Dâdĥ na lekhân châdĥarâ,
 Khes go khawâh o jâbahâ,
 45 Mirsî mazain thape lurâ :
 Eshâna Ghâzî barant.
 Sârî kafochî sai-sadhî,
 Phar yak shafâ osâraghâ,
 Sohvi bi swâlî ân-burĥa ;
 50 Domb gushokheñ langavân.
 Jawâneñ sarî Rabbâ lavân,
 Shughrâ hame gâl khanân.
 Chosheñ suwâlîe miyâîĥ ;
 Biyâîĥ o ma loĥî amrishâ,
 55 Ki “ baufâ go hâĥîne khasha.”
 E dâdanî chîe niyâî !
 Khaule manân cho Omarâ,
 Cho Omarâ khaule manân.
 Man bashkaghe band na bân :

- In giving I take no count of sheets,
 Of scarves, silken overcoats or quivers,
 45 Or of my wide-wounding sword Mirsî :
 These the Ghâzîs carry away.
 A striped shawl worth three hundred (rupees),
 Worn for but one night,
 In the morning is taken away by the asker,
 50 By a Domb, a singing minstrel.
 Good men praise God,
 And render thanks to him for this.
 But let not such a petitioner come to me ;
 Let no one come and ask me for my wife,
 55 And say, ‘ Bring forth pillows and a lady fair.’
 For of such gifts there are none to be had !
 A promise is to me as to Omar,*
 As to Omar is a promise to me.
 I will not be stopped from giving :

* ‘ Umar, the companion of Muĥammad.

- 60 Band bîaghe marde niyân.
Har chi ki khâi azh Kâđhirâ,
Sadh ganj be-aiv darâ,
Zîrân pha râsten Chambavâ,
Barân avo karch sarâ,
- 65 Nî bahr khanân go hâđhirâ.
Nelân khanân pha phadđhâ ;
Gudâ manî brâth bingaveñ,
Brâzâkht o brâth mângenvân,
Kahar bant âptiyâ girant,
- 70 Mîrât milk johaghâ,
Nodđbandaghâ mâl sarâ !

Phadđhî roshâ Châkurâ Dombe shastâthâ-î, ki "Baro Nodđbandaghâr sha'ar khan ; gudâ Nodđbandagh azh tho pholâ khant, 'Tho chî loṭe ?' Tho haweñ suwâlâ khane, ki 'Jar harchî thâ-îjinde, thâi zâle, thâi loghâ, kullâ manân dai.'"

Dombâ shutho sha'ar khutha Nodđbandaghârâ ; Nodđbandaghâ

- 60 I am not a man to be stopped.
Whatever comes to me from the Creator,
A hundred treasures without blemish,
I will take with my right hand,
I will cut with my knife,
- 65 I will deal out with my whole heart.
I will let nothing be kept back ;
For then my young brothers,
My nephews and my grieving brethren,
Would quarrel among themselves,
- 70 As to the partition of my inheritance and wealth,
And regarding the property of Nodđbandagh !

Next day Châkur sent a Dôm, saying, "Go to Nodđbandagh and recite a poem to him ; then he will ask you what you want. Upon this make this request, 'Give me all your own clothes, and all your wife's clothes and all the clothes that are in your house.'"

The Dôm went and recited a poem to Nodđbandagh, and

pholkhuṭḥa-î, 'Domb ! tho chî loṭe ?' Dombâ gwashta, 'Wâzhâ ! Maîu suwâl hamesh en, ki jar ki thaî jindegh-ant, thaî zâleg-ant thaî logh-ant, kullâ manân dai.' Nodḥbandaghâ gwashta, ki 'Tho waṭḥî phushtî manân dai, mañ waṭḥî jarañ kullân tharâ deân.' Domb phushtî gipto khotagh khuṭḥa-î ; neme waṭḥ jânâr khuṭḥa-î, neme zâlâr dâṭḥa-î ; kullân jarañ ki loghâ aṭḥant Dombâr dâṭḥa-î : logh azh jarañ horg biṭḥa. Shafâ waptaghant loghâ hardô. Nemshaf biṭḥa leṛave âkhto Nodḥbandagh logḥ demâ jhukitha go bârâ phajyâ. Zâlâ gwashta, ki 'Lerave mañ logh galiâ jhukithagheñ, bâr dî chakh en-î.' Nodḥbandaghâ gwashta, 'Tho dafâ baro, bo gir-î. Bo thauzh khâiṭḥ-î, kharo khan, bil-î ; kutûrî bo-en-î, gudâ manân gwân' jan, mañ bâr bozhân-î, ki Huzûrâ dâṭḥa-î.' Bo ki gipta zâlâ, katûrîegh-en-î. Gudâ Nodḥbandaghâ bâr bokhta dîṭḥa-î theghî jarañ dokhtiyâ ṭhâiṭḥiyâ bâr lâfâ mân ant, mardegheñ zâlegheñ. Waṭḥ dî khuṭḥa-ish, zâlâr dî dâṭḥa-ish. Bângḥavâ kachehriâ âkhta

Nodḥbandagh said, 'Dom, do you want anything?' The Dom said, 'My lord, my petition is this: give me all your own clothes, and all your wife's and all that are in your house.' Nodḥbandagh said, 'Give me your sheet, and I will give you all my clothes.' He took the Dom's sheet and divided it. With half he clothed himself, and half he gave to his wife: then he gave all the clothes that were in the house to the Dom, so that there were none left in the house. It was empty. At night they both lay down in the house to sleep. At midnight a camel came and sat down before Nodḥbandagh's house with its load. The good wife said, 'A camel has stopped at our door, and there is a load upon it.' Nodḥbandagh said, 'Go to its mouth and smell it. If it has a sour smell, make it rise and let it go: if it has a sweet smell, then call me to take off its load, for Heaven has sent it.' The good wife smelt it, and it had the smell of musk. Then Nodḥbandagh opened the bales, and saw that they contained garments of every sort for men and women, all sewn and made up. So he clothed himself and gave of them to his wife. In the morning he came to

Châkuregh. Châkurâ gwashta, ki 'Noḍḥbandagh, tho be-shakk Zar-zuwâl e.'

Mîr Hân kalâm kissav hame-r'gâ en. Zâl dîḥaghantî go mashkân, havd-gist molid bashkâṭṭha-î. Ya roshe Rindân gwashta, 'Tho havd-gist molid bashkâṭṭha-î; demâ khase ki ginde go mashkâ kharâ gîr de, molidâ ma bashk.' Sheḍḥ-demâ guḍâ khar bashkâṭṭhaghant-i: kharânî shumâr nenî chikhtar bashkâṭṭhaghant.

Châkurâ sî sâlâ go Lashârîâ jang khuṭṭha. Guḍâ pha-waṭṭhân Rind Lashârî hair khuṭṭha. Châkur shahr Sevî aṭṭh, hamodha kilât joritha-î. Sîsâl phaḍḍâ zahr gipto Sevî ishta-î, laḍiṭha Sindh phalwâ. Ân rosh ki Sevî khishta, haweñ sha'ar Gwaha-râmâr phasave dâṭho gwashta-î.

Bilân mar-lawâsheñ Sevî

Gauren sadhânî margâvî !

Jâme Nindavâ bhaṭṭiyâ.

Sai roshân Baharâm neghâ.

Châkur's assembly. Châkur said, 'Noḍḥbandagh thou art without doubt the Gold-scatterer.'

And the story of Mîr Hân is on this wise. He saw the Rind women carrying water-skins, and gave them seven-score of female slaves. One day the Rinds said to him, 'You have now given one hundred and forty slave girls: henceforth when you see any woman carrying a water-skin give her a donkey and not a slave-girl.' So from this time forth he gave them donkeys, and there is no counting the number of donkeys he gave.

Châkur's war with the Lashârîs lasted for thirty years. After this the Rinds and Lashârîs made peace together. Châkur's town was Sevî, and he built a fort there. After the thirty years had passed in his wrath he left Sevî, and marched towards the Indus. On the day he left Sevî he made this song in answer to Gwaha-râm.

I will leave man devouring Sevî !

Curses on my infidel foes !

For three days shall Jâm Nindâ from his oven

(Distribute bread) in honour of Bahrâm (slain).

- 5 Sîsâl uvt o uzhmârâ
 Jân-jebhavân jangiyâ :
 Thegh azh balgavâ honenâ ;
 Chotân cho kamândî boghân,
 Jukhtân na nashant lârenâ.
- 10 Warnâyâu du-mandîlenâ
 Lađ ma đeravân na rusthant :
 Ârîfen phiđhî sar-sâyân :
 Misk ma barûtân na mushtant :
 Whard dumbaghân meshân :
- 15 Karwâlî sharâb sharr joshant !
 Shâhân pha nishân yakhe nest !
 Drustân wârthaghân hindiyân :
 Theghân pharâhân ziverenân :
 Shartân dâthaghân shîmenân :
- 20 Bachakî lawar lânziyâ !
 Gwaharâm muzheñ Gandâvagh :

- 5 For thirty years, for ever, shall there be war
 With the men of giant size :
 Nor shall my sword be clean from blood-stains ;
 I will bend it like jointed sugarcane,
 So that through crookedness it will not go into the
 sheath.
- 10 The youths wearing two turbans
 Do not rise up from their dwellings to sport :
 They dwell in the shadows of their fathers :
 They rub no musk on their moustaches :
 Their food is fat-tailed sheep :
- 15 They boil strong liquor in their stills !
 There is not one bearing the marks of a ruler !
 They have all eaten their weapons :
 The broad swords are bitter to them :
 They have gambled away their heads.
- 20 They have childrens' sticks in their hands !
 Let Gwaharâm stay in dusty Gandâva :

- Singhe ma zirih phireñṭha !
 Mâchîya lawashta lanjâiṭh ;
 Alî o Wali druh-dârân,
 25 Bag girdagheñ be shoneñ ;
 Yâkî kilâta beroneñ,
 Hâgh kâvalî Turkânân,
 Rind bâragheñ borânân.
 Gwahârâm azh dude hande bî ;
 30 Ne gor bî ne Gandâvagh.

Châkur ki Seviâ dar khapta Sangsîla Syahâf dagâ rawân bîtha. Sangsîla nazikhâ khohe sarâ otak khuṭha-î, shoḍhâ Sevi phalawâ diṭha-î. Dañ maroshî Châkur-mârî nâm-en-î. Guḍâ laḍiṭha Châkurâ shamodhâ, Haivtân tharṭho shuṭhâ, nishta Lînîâ. Rind gwastha demâ: guḍâ Haivtânâ jang khuṭha go Rindâ. Rind ki Multânâ âkhta, guḍâ Mîr Châkurâ gwashta, 'Khase eñ ki tharî ro jang jhandâ zîrîṭh Haivtânâ ?' Khasâ waldî na dâṭha-î. Guḍâ Mazârî Sardâr Bâḍhêlâ gwashta, 'Mâ

A stone thrown into a well !

Mâchî has drunk blood ;

Ali and Wali are traitors.

- 25 The camel herds wander unclaimed ;
 The rebels' fort is deserted,
 Reduced to earth by tyrannous Turks,
 And Rinds on high bred mares.
 Gwaharâm will be driven forth from both places ;

- 30 He will own neither grave nor Gandâva !

When Châkur went forth from Sevi he travelled by way of Sangsîla and Syahâf. Near Sangsîla he halted on a certain mountain, and thence looked towards Sevi. Until the present day this mountain is called Châkur-mârî (Châkur's palace). Thence Châkur marched onwards, but Haivtân left him and returned and settled at Lînî. The Rinds passed on, and Haivtân made war upon them. When the Rinds arrived at Multân Mîr Châkur said, 'Is there anyone who will return and raise the standard of war against Haivtân ?' But no one replied. At last Bâḍhel, Chief of the Mazârîs, said, 'I will

zîrân jang jhandâ.' Mazârî azh Tulumbâ thartho âkhta, gwashtho shuṭha Gorîâ Chaupânâ: Mazârîâ jang khuṭha hamodhâ go Haivtânâ.

Mîr Châkur Shaihak nâme bachb aṭh. Châkurâ Bijar gwân-janainṭha, Shaihak dî gon-dâṭha-î, ki 'Baroeth, Shaihakâ Sirkhane, biyâeth.' Guḍâ emar shuṭho bokhtagant Haivtân halk nazikhâ. Haivtân hîrenṭho hardo Bijar dî Shaihak dî khushta-ish. Bijare mazain rîsh aṭh. Rîsh buriṭho Bijare chaunrî khuṭhaghant-î Haivtânâ. Shaihak pahlî sîhân jaṭho sajjî khuṭhaghant-î. Guḍâ Haivtânâ waṭhî rîsh sâinṭhaghant, ki 'Cho ma vî ki maîn rîsh burant chaunrî dî khanant-î.'

Mîr Châkur ân wakhtâ nishtagheṭh Satgharâ. Bâḍhelâ avzâr shastâṭhghant phamodhâ, hal dâṭhaghant-î Châkurâr, ki 'Tho lashkarâ biyâr, Haivtân Linîâ nishtagheñ.' Guḍâ Châkur o Mîroâ lashkar khuṭho âkhta Multânâ. Guḍâ Bâḍhel thî avzâre shastâṭha. Sîtpurâ tretthagant; Châkurâr hâl dâṭha-î ki Haivtâna Linîa nishtagheñ. Guḍâ chikṭha-ish lashkarâ,

raise the standard.' Then the Mazârîs returned from Tulumbâ, and passed on to Gorî and Chaupân, and there they made war upon Haivtân.

Mîr Châkur had a son named Shaihak. Châkur called Bijâi to him, and sent Shaihak with him saying, 'Go and arrange a marriage for Shaihak, and return.' So they went, and encamped near Haivtân's village. Haivtân attacked and defeated them and slew both Bijar and Shaihak. Bijar had a very long beard. Haivtân cut it off and made himself a swish (for flies) of it. And Shaihak's ribs he stuck on spits and made roast meat of them. Then Haivtân shaved off his own beard, 'Lest,' he said, 'they cut off my beard also, and make a swish of it.'

At that time Mîr Châkur had settled at Satgharâ. Bâḍhel sent a horseman there and gave the news to Châkur saying, 'Haivtân is at Linî, bring up your army.' Then Châkur and Mîro collected their army and came to Multân. Then Bâḍhel sent another horseman. He met them at Sîtpur and told Châkur that Haivtân was still at Linî. Then they led up the

mân rikhta-ish ; Haivtân jindâ phadâṭha, bâzeñ mard khushta-î, shahr lutṭha-î. Haivtân dîmâ ghoṛo rikhta. Guḍâ Haiytân drikh-dâṭha ma gaṛ lâfâ, ki nâm Gogaṛ aṭhî ; hamoḍhâ khapto murṭha. Gwârân Sargânî er-khapto shuṭha gaṛ lâfâ ; Haivtân saghar buritho ârṭha-î, Châkurâr dâṭha-î. Khopar buritho mazhg khashto, guḍâ khopar nughra marhainto Châkurâ bhangav pyâlo ṭhainṭha-î. Guḍâ Bijar o Shaihak hon gipto tharṭho âkhta Châkur Satgharâ. Bâz Rind tharṭho âkhta Derav dehâ, demâ na shuṭha. Deravâ Dodâî nishta, ki asul azh Doda Sâtha-Somrâ biṭha-î. Dodâ hâl hamesh aṭh, ki Sâhle Rindâ ânhiyâr waṭhî jinkh sirâ dâṭha : shânhiyâ Dodâî biṭha.

Akhtaghâ Dodâ 'sh-ângurâ pâhrâ,
 Sukhtaghiyâ go dakhtagheñ rahnâ :
 Sâhleâ dast ma chotavâ shipta,

army and took the place by storm. Haivtân himself fled, and many men were killed, and they plundered the town. The horsemen pursued after Haivtân. The Haivtân leapt into a chasm, the name of which is Gogaṛ, and there he fell and died. Gwârân Sargânî went down into the chasm, and cut off Haivtân's head and brought it and gave it to Châkur. Châkur cut the skull and took out the brains, and then had the skull mounted in silver, and made a *bhāng-cup** of it. Then, having avenged the blood of Bijar and Shaihak, Châkur turned again to Satgharâ. Many Rinds returned to the land of Derâ (Ghâzî Khân) and would go no further. At Derâ lived the Dodâîs, who were sprung from Doda of the Sâtha-Somrâ tribe. Dodâ's story was this. Sâhle Rind gave him his daughter in marriage, and from him the Dodâîs were descended.

Dodâ came from the other side,
 All burnt up with patched rags on him :
 Sâhle laid his hand upon his hair

* See Vol. II., p. 290.

Phusagh azîze nighâh dâshta.
 Sâhleâ dramânî Muḍho dâṭha,
 Pha jan sângâ maṛ Baloch bîṭha ;
 Daur Muḍhoâ gwar Dodavâ dîṭha.

Mîr Châkur wakhtâ Dodâi Sardâr Sohrâv aṭh. Châkurâ ânhiyâr gwashta, ki 'Ânmar ki tharî khâi tho go anhiyâ mir.' Guḍa Dodâi go tharagheñ Rindâ miraṭha. Ân Rind ki dema shuṭha go Châkurâ bahr bahr bîṭhaghant, ân Jaghdal bîṭhaghant, ânki tharṭho âkhtagant Baloch bîṭhaghant. Châkur gwastha demâ, Dilliâ shuṭha Hamâû Bâdshâh go, ânwakhtâ ki Dillî jaṭho gipta-ish. Guḍâ Mîr Châkur azh Dilliâ tharṭho, nishta Satgharâ ; hamoḍhâ murṭha. Ziârat dîdân hamoḍhâ ant-î.

And saw in him an excellent son.

Sâhle gave him the fair Muḍho

And for the woman's sake the man became a Baloch ;

And with Muḍho Dodâ obtained wealth also.

In Mîr Châkur's time Sohrâv was the Chief of the Dodâis. Châkur said to him, 'If any men come back, fight with them.' So the Dodâis made war on the Rinds who returned. Those Rinds who went on with Mîr Châkur have become divided and are now Jaṭts ; but those who returned remained Baloches. Châkur went on to Dillî (Dehlî) with King Humâyûn, when he marched down and took Dillî. After that Mîr Châkur returned from Dillî, and settled at Satgharâ, and died there. His tomb is still there.

No. XXXVI.

ISMÂ'IL KHÂN'S GRANDMOTHER,

AS RELATED BY A BARD FROM JĀLANDHAR.

[According to the bards this tradition is familiar to all the people of Jhang and the neighbouring modern town of Maghiānā.]

[The story given here bears a close relationship to that given at pp. 177-181 of this volume, and is evidently meant to account for the care taken of the tomb of Hîr and Rānjhā near Jhang by the grandmother of the present Siyāl Rāis (Chief) Muḥammad Ismā'il Khān of Jhang, an act against the traditions of her tribe. The story of Hîr and Rānjhā is explained at p. 177 *ante*, and needs no further comment here.]

[Hakim Jān Muḥammad, to whom the bards attribute the story, has been found to be still living. He says that it was Ismā'il Khān's mother, and not grandmother, to whom the stranger appeared, and that this occurred shortly before the commencement of the British rule in the Panjāb (1849 A.D.). He says also that he was present on the occasion and was then 18 years of age.]

[The family of the Siyāl Chiefs of Jhang is an old and illustrious one, but it first comes into prominence with the 13th Chief Walīdād Khān, who consolidated its fortunes. He died in 1747 A.D. and was succeeded by his nephew 'Ināyatu'llah Khān, a man as able as himself, but overshadowed by the then rising Sikh power. He died in 1787 and was succeeded successively by his two sons Sultān Maḥmūd Khān and Sāhib Khān. They both came to an untimely end before 1790, when their relative Kabîr Khān, who had married the widow of Sāhib Khān, and daughter of 'Umar Khān Siyāl, succeeded. He came of the line of Jahān Khān whose children had been ousted by Ghāzî Khān, grandfather of Walīdād Khān, in the 17th century. This Chief was a man of mild character, and in 1801 abdicated in favour of his son Aḥmad Khān, who was succeeded successively by his sons 'Ināyat Khān in 1820 and the present Muḥammad Ismā'il Khān in 1838. After the days of 'Ināyatu'llah Khān the fortunes of the family sank to a very low point, from which they have been partially recovered by the loyalty of Muḥammad Ismā'il Khān to the British Crown.]

[The grandmother then of the present Chief was the wife of Kabîr Khān and daughter of 'Umar Khān, and is the heroine, so to speak, of this legend.]

TEXT.

Shahr Jhang vichh Jān Muḥammad Hakîm baṛā hai nāmī,
Is peshe de kâran us dî izzat karen tamāmī.
Darveshon se eh raghbat rakhtâ, haigâ sîdhâ sâdâ.
Ik riwâiat baiân kare, jo kahî sî is de dâdâ.

- 5 Ik musâfir ethe âiâ, dasdâ nek' o kâr ;
 Kise se bin pûchhe-gachhe pahunchâ Khân de ghâr.
 Samâil Khân di dâdî, yâro, is wakt si jîundî.
 Dar par â âwâz karî, oh âi nîundî nîundî :
 Bolâ : “ Main hân hâjî, Mâi, haj te hun main âiâ :
 10 Tere pâs snehâ sunke Hîr Rânjhâ dâ lâiâ.
 Châr wariân dâ arsâ guzrâ main sâ haj nûn giâ.
 Ik tûfân jo âiâ dâdhâ, jahâz sâdâ phat pîâ.
 Aur Allâh de fazal wa karam te eh sabab ban giâ :
 Ik takhtâ de utte bandâ baithâ hî rah giâ.
 15 Do roze de, Mâi, kaḇḇâ takhtâ pahunchâ.
 Bâhir âke sâns le â, na âgâ pichhâ sonchâ.
 Jânde jânde mainûn, Mâi, ik jhuggî nazar âi :
 Jeh de vichh bâbû dekhiâ, na dekhî koî mâi.
 Khair, pichhe ik buḇḇhî âi, mamtâ vichh oh mâtâ
 20 Kahne lâgî : ‘ Jam jam âiâ, karam kitâ, tûn dâtâ.’
 Dûdh pilâiâ, khidmat kitî, puchhiâ sârâ hâl.
 Chir de pichhe buḇḇhâ âiâ, mahiân dâ rakhwâl ;
 Oh nûn sârâ hâl sunâkar, phir bolî oh nârî ;
 ‘ Eh hî merâ hî khasam Rânjhiâ, main hân Hîr bichâri.’
 25 Kuchh dinân main othe rahiâ, ârâm bahut sâ kitâ.
 Dûdh dahî dî kamî nâ, kaî main âiâ châ pîtâ.
 Haj dihaḇe neḇe âe, main hoiâ udâsî :
 Rânjhâ mainûn puchhan lâgâ : ‘ Tahil nûn hoî khâsî ?’
 Main kahiâ : ‘ Lâhauwalâ !* kyâ zikar es dâ, wâlî ?
 30 Haj te mahrûm hân rahiâ ; eh merî bur hâlî.’
 Bolâ : ‘ Tûn vî rakh tasalli, main vi haj hai karnâ.
 Donon kaṭṭhe haj karânge, âheñ kyûn hai bharnâ ?’
 Panjvîñ othon ṭurke donon jâ pahunche Arfâtân.
 Haj kitâ ikatthâ, donon phir â gae apne hâtân.
 35 Chand roz de bâd, jo mainûn hub-i-watan dokh dînâ.
 Yûsaf jehî nûn watan ṇa bhûliâ, main hân kaun kamînâ ?
 Khushî nâl un donôn uthon mainûn rukhsat kariâ.
 Rânjhe merâ hatth pakar, chhanâ kandhe lâ dhariâ.

* An abbreviation of ‘ *Lâ haula wa lâ kûwata illâ b’illah*, there is no strength or power but in God :’ an expression denoting horror.

- Chalte vele Hîrâ eh bolî : ‘ Jhang Shahr vichh jânâ :
 40 Merâ eh snehân jâke Khânân ghar pahunchânâ.
 Asî tuhâdâ kî ganwâiâ, sâdio bhâfo pîo ?
 Roze tuhâdî barkat paisî, sâdî badî chhaḍ dîo.
 Har Jumerât chirâgh jalâo sâde rozâ jâke :
 Bârân nidhân nau sidhân hosan tuhâḍe ghar din râte.’”
- 45 Buddhî Mâi us hâjî nûn jo kuchh baniâ dînâ ;
 Chirâgh jalâne us ne, yâro, zimme apne lînâ.
 Thorê der na guzrân, pâi jagîr milî bahuterî.
 Ya roḡî dî nâfat se, yâ izzat hoî changerî.*

TRANSLATION.

- In the City of Jhang there is a well known Physician
 (called) Jân Muḥammad,
 Whom all respect for his profession.
 He cherishes religious mendicants and is a simple and
 straightforward man.
 He tells a tale that he heard from his grandfather.
- 5 Once a traveller came here, who seemed an honest man ;
 Without asking (his way) of any one he went straight
 to the Khân's (Chief's) house.
 At that time Samâil Khân's† grandmother was alive, my
 friends.‡
 He made a cry at the gate and she came and bowed
 her head.
 And he said : “ I am a pilgrim, Mother, and have return-
 ed from the pilgrimage (to Makkâ),

* The bard here wound up his poem with eight lines devoted to personal abuse of the present Chief Muḥammad Ismâ'il Khân of Jhang, apparently because the Chief had not treated him with the consideration he thought fitting on some occasion. The lines are therefore omitted. It is a common practice for bards to vent personal spite in this way, and it is their power of doing so that has made them so powerful a body in Indian life.

† That is, the present Chief Muḥammad Ismâ'il Khân.

‡ Addressed to the audience.

- 10 Bringing thee a message from Hîr and Rânjhâ.
 Four years ago I went on the pilgrimage (to Makkâ).
 A violent storm arose and my vessel was wrecked.
 By the grace and mercy of God I found this means
 (of escape) :
 I sat on a plank and was saved.
- 15 In two days, Mother, the plank reached the shore.
 I came out (of the sea) and took breath and had no
 hope (in the world).
 As I was walking along, Mother, I saw a hut :
 In which I saw a good-man, but saw no good-wife (with
 him).
 But presently an old woman came, and respectfully the
 good-wife
- 20 Said : ' Welcome, welcome, thou hast done us a kindness,
 kind sir,'
 She gave me milk and did me service and asked after me.
 Presently an old man came, a keeper of buffaloes,
 She told him all my story, and then she said :
 ' This is my husband Rânjhâ and I am poor Hîr.'
- 25 Some days I spent there in great comfort.
 There was no lack of milk and curds and I had my fill.
 As the opportunity for the pilgrimage was passing away
 I became sorrowful ;
 Whereon Rânjhâ asked me if he lacked anything in his
 service.
 Said I : ' God forbid ! who said so, my lord ?
- 30 I have missed the pilgrimage ; this is my trouble.'
 Said he : ' Be at ease, I too must make the pilgrimage.
 We two will make the pilgrimage together, so why
 . heave sighs ?'
 On the fifth day, we went thence and reached mount
 'Arafât.*
 Doing the pilgrimage together we two returned to our
 own country.

* The sacred hill near Makkâ.

- 35 After some days I had a desire to visit my home.
 Yûsaf* did not forget his home and I am but a poor mortal!
 With kind courtesy they both gave me leave to depart thence,
 Rânjhâ seized my hand and placed a cup beside me.
 And when I was going Hîr said to me : "Go to the City of Jhang,
- 40 And carry this message for me to the house of the Khân, † (and say) :
 'What harm we have done you, our brethren and parents? Daily will your prosperity increase, if you will give up abusing us.
 Do you light lamps every Thursday at our shrine, And the twelve riches and the nine blessings ‡ will be yours day and and night.' "
- 45 The old Lady § gave the pilgrim all she could afford ;
 And took upon herself to light the lamps, my friends. ||
 Before many days had passed (the family) obtained a great feof.
 From a lack of bread they obtained great wealth. ¶

* Allusion to the Biblical (which is also the Musalmân) story of Joseph.

† *i.e.*, to Kabîr Khân, grandfather of Muḥammad Ismâ'il Khân.

‡ A *Hindû* notion.

§ *i.e.*, The Nawâb's grandmother above mentioned.

|| See line 7 above.

¶ The reference is to the great poverty of Ismâ'il Khân's family in the latter days of the Sikh rule and its acquisition of wealth soon after the advent of the British.

No. XXXVII.

THE BRACELET-MAKER OF JHANG, AS RELATED BY A BARD FROM JĀLANDHAR.

[The object of this is, like the last story, to glorify the shrine of Hîr and Rânjhâ near Jhang. The writer professes to tell the "true tale" of Hîr and Rânjhâ and passes adverse criticisms on those of his predecessors, giving a valuable, though by no means a complete, list of them. It is, however, evident that his version is not by any means the "true tale," and there are signs of his mixing up the story of Hîr and Rânjhâ with the equally famous, if not more important, Siyâl tale of Mirzâ and Sâhibân].

TEXT.

*Qissa Hîr Rânjhâ Musannifa Hâfiz Ahmad
Mutawattan-i-Jhang.*

Allâh Pâk dî hamd karûn, jo dhadâ hai Sattâr:
Fazal karam se apne bhijiâ Nabbî, karîm mukhtâr.
Darûd bhajûn phir Hazrat utte, nâle Chârân Yâr.
Âl suhâbân pe rahmat bhajûn : berâ ho jâe pâr.

- 5 Hamd nîyat de bād, muhibbo, matlab wal hun âwân.
Hîr Rânjhe dâ kissâ kahkar, man vichh khushî manâwân.
Makbil ne ik Hîr banâî, aisâ zor lagâî,
Jâhil Rânjhe mûrakh Jaṭṭ nûn âlim âkh dikhâî !
Wâris Shâh dî Hîr jo vekhî, aisî pâî phâî !
- 10 Hîr Jaṭṭî dî sifat karî, in jaisî ho shahjâî.
Hîr Rânjhe dâ kissâ, yâro, haigâ bahut mashhûr,
Par oh de banâwan kâran log rahe mâzûr.
Roshan Shâh ne Hîr banâî, ishk hajar dâ jehrâ :
Mân beṭî dâ jhagrâ hai, kuchh kissâ nahîn achherâ.
- 15 Asal hâl hai in kâ, yâro, main bayân hân kardâ,
Sabhî gallân chhod-chhâd-ke, asal mutâlib phardâ.

- Takht Hazârion Rânjhâ turîâ, Khîwon chalî Hîr.
Dariyâ Chinâ te mel ho gîâ, ban gae shakar shîr.
Ghar vichh apne sâth le âî, mân nûn bolî : " Mân,
20 Mâhînân dâ charwâhâ le âî ; is vichh shak na kâî."
Mân bechârî anguhârî Chûchak nûn kah dîtâ :

- “ Eh nûn tusî hun kâmân rakh lo, muft Rabb kamm kîtâ.”
 Chand dinân dé bād, sahî yâro, eh phûl sâ khiliâ.
 Hîr Rânjhâ dâ mel bhî, logo, bahut achhâ hai miliâ.
- 25 Rotî de parwâ na rakhdâ, khâve dûdh malfdâ.
 Dîl diân khushîân mânan lagâ, khil gae haiñ dîdâ.
 Rânjhâ bhî hun chaubar hoiâ, Hîr hoî muñiâr.
 Belâ vichh oh maujân karde, koî na rokânhâr.
 Dîdû ne phir chughalî mârî : “ Ai Chûchak dî nâr,
- 30 Rânjhe nûn tûn nafar na jâneñ, terî dhî dâ yâr !”
 Mân piû bhrâwân châchiân sochiâ eh ilâj ;
 “ Hor na chârâ koî bandâ kariye eh dâ kâj.
 Kheriân vichh, jo bhâî os de, unhân vichh hai Shîdâ :
 Oh de nâl sagâî karke khoe rog niñî dâ.”
- 35 Shîde nâl biyâhî Hîr, to Rânjhâ harân hoiâ :
 Bâlâ Nâth dâ chelâ banke mundre kan paroiâ.
 Shahtî de wasîle kâran Kheriôn Hîr nikâlî ;
 Sândal Bâr vichh lendâ phiriâ, Ganjâ Bâr vichh ðâlî.
 Uthe hî ik sher babar châ, Rânjhe par ghurâiâ :
- 40 Rânjhe ne tad jân hîlke, oh nûn mâr mukâiâ.
 Hîr eh dî mardî vekhke hor vî sidke hoî.
 Dil o jân te wârî jândî, kadhî kallî na hoî.
 Chherwe pichhe Shîdâ lâiâ Kâbulâ mel châ hoe.
 Hâkim de Darbâre jâkar Kherâ bahutâ roe.
- 45 “ Sâdî zâl nasâ le âiâ ; badâ sakhat hai zâlim.
 Sâdî nâr diwâ de sânuñ, Allâh kîtâ Hâkim.”
 Hâkim ne insâf de rû se Shîde Hîr dilâi.
 Rânjhe nûn châ kaidî kîtâ, pairân berî pâf.
 Lagî âg Kâbule tâñ, jal gîâ âdhâ shahr.
- 50 Lokân jâ fariyâdî hoe : “ Barâ kîtâ tajñ kahr :
 Fakîr dî aurat Jatt nûn ditti ; aisâ kahr machâiâ,
 Jis de kâran Âdalî Shahr nûn khagistar karwâiâ !”
 Hâkim ne fariyâd eh sunke Shîde se ran chhîñî ;
 Rânjhe nûn phir kaidon chhadke Hîr eh nûn de dîñî.
- 55 Hîr Rânjhe tâñ khushîân karde, des apne nûn ÷urde ;
 Kherë mâre ranj gham de ho gae jaise murde.
 Shîde ne is hasrat hî meñ âpne âp ganwâiâ :
 ‘ Hîr Hîr’ hî kahdâ, yâro, asal des nûn dhâiâ.

- Eh donoñ jad pahunche Jhang vichh, Siyâlân matâ matâiâ :
- 60 “ In donoñ ne kul sâde nûn dâgh bahut hî lâiâ,”
 Rânjhe nûn phir kihâ âkar : “ Takdron nahî chârâ.
 Je tû jang le âveñ watanon nikâh parhâve, yârâ.”
 Rânjhe eh bishârat sunkar taraf Hazâra chaliâ.
 Hîr nimânî dâkam Siyâlân kitâ âtâ daliâ :
- 65 Hîr Jattî to asar zahar se jân ba Hakk ho gaî,
 Rânjhe ne hatth utthâkar bahut bintî kî:
 “ Yâ eh nûn Tû zindâ karde, yâ mainûn de mâr !
 Tainûn sab âsân hai, Rabbâ ; tûn kâdir ghaffâr.”
 Kahde haiñ ki kabar phat gaî, Rânjhâ is meñ wariâ ;
- 70 Jis tarâh Hazrat Yânis shikam machhî vichh wariâ.

- Rozâ in kê haigâ, yâro, Maghiâne de pâs.
 Mâghe de din melâ hondâ ; dekheñ âm o khâs.
 Tîn darwâze is roze de khulle hainge, yâro ;
 Kheriân wal dâ band darwâza hukum hoiâ Darbâro !
- 75 In donân nûn walî jânke, log niâzân mande.
 Jumerât nûn jâveñ utthe kaî log ban ban de.

- Ik kissâ hai, maiñ ne apne kanne suniâ, yâro ;
 Tuhâde âge âkh sunâwân, khali az inkâro.
 Ik shakhs sâ, bandâ Rabb dâ, Chûrîgar mashhûr.
- 80 Maghiâne vichh rahindâ sâ, par lâ waldion ranjûr.
 Har Jumerât nûn jândâ, rozâ kardâ bahut pukârâ :
 “ Allâh, mainûn betâ dîeñ, barkat in sachiârâ !”
 Châr pânch Jumerât jo us ne in bintî kî,
 Hâtif ghaib ne do larakon dî : eh bishârat dî.
- 85 “ Chhoṭe dâ nân Alî Muhammad, baḍe dâ Rânjhâ
 rakheñ.
 Âlim âmil donoñ honghe, raushanî karenge akheñ.”
 Fazal karm se Allâh Kâdir donoñ putr hoe.
 Âlim fâzil lâsânî se, sattân pânî dhoe.
 Baṛâ bhâî to mar chukâ hai, chhoṭâ hai maujûd.
- 90 Âlim âmil pâiâ us nûn, khalak rakhe mahmûd.
 Buddhâ haigâ nawwe sâlâ ; chehrâ bahutâ chamke
 Allâh dî ibâdat kâran, jaisâ kundan chamke !

TRANSLATION.

The Story of Hîr and Rânjhâ by Hâfiz Ahmad of Jhang.

I praise the Holy God, the great Forgiver,
That of His mercy and compassion sent His Prophet, His
gracious agent.

Next I salute the Prophet and the Four Friends.*

I pray for peace upon all his descendants ; may they
obtain salvation.

- 5 After praise and salutation, my friends, † I come to my
story :

By reciting the tale of Hîr and Rânjhâ I shall be happy
in my mind.

Makbil wrote a (story of) Hîr of such a violent kind,
That he turned that ignorant and boorish Jatt Rânjhâ
into a learned man !

When I saw Wâris Shâh's Hîr, such a muddle I found
it !

- 10 He praised Hîr so that he made the Jattî Hîr ‡ into
a princess.

The story of Hîr and Rânjhâ is well known, my friends,
Yet people have been unable to write it.

Roshan Shâh has made a (song of) Hîr, full of love :

But it is a (mere) quarrel between mother and daughter
and no proper tale.

- 15 Their true story is as I tell it, my friends,
Leaving out all the embellishments and sticking to the
real facts. §

* The 'Four Friends' of Muḥammad are 'Ali, 'Abû Bakar, 'Usman, and 'Umar.

† *i.e.*, the audience.

‡ This is wrong ; Hîr was a Siyâl : see p. 177 *ante*.

§ The author here enumerates the various favourite rescensions of the story of Hîr and Rânjhâ. That of Wâris Shâh, (see page 187 *ante*), I was told by a Mân Jatt gentleman of standing, is considered to be one of the purest Panjâbî works extant : or to use his words 'no one—not even a Panjâbî—can say he understands Panjâbî until he has read Wâris Shâh.'

Rânjhâ left Takht Hazârâ and Hîr came from Khiwâ.*
They met on Chinâb's banks and mingled as sugar and
milk.

She took him to her house and said to her mother :

“ Mother,

- 20 It is (only) a buffalo-herd that I have brought : have
no doubt of this.”

Her wretched sinning mother said to Chûchak : †

“ Take this man as thy servant, God hath done our
work (for us) for nothing.”

After some time, my good friends, he blossomed as a
flower.

The meeting of Hîr and Rânjhâ, friends, was a happy
meeting.

- 25 He gave up bread and took to milk and sweets.

His eyes were gladdened with the gladness of his heart.

Rânjhâ now became lusty and Hîr a ripe maiden.

They enjoyed each other in the wilds and there was
none to stay them.

Then Dîdû ‡ told tales (and said) : “ O wife of Chûchak,

- 30 Don't think that Rânjhâ is a servant, he is thy daughter's
lover !”

Then mother and father and uncle thought of a remedy
(and said) :

“ There is no other means of stopping this business.

Among the Kherâs, § her brethren, there is one Shîdâ :

Betroth the girl to him and her pain will go.”

- 35 Hîr was married to Shîdâ and Rânjhâ became troubled,
And becoming a follower of Bâlâ Nâth he put rings
into his ears. ||

* Takht Hazârâ, Rânjhâ's home, is in the Gujrânwâlâ district. Khiwâ near Jhang is connected with the other Siyâl tale of Mirzâ and Sâhibân and is here introduced by mistake.

† Her husband and Hîr's father.

‡ Hîr's uncle according to the bard, but see p. 177 *ante*.

§ The Kherâs are a section of the Siyâls at Rangpûr in the Muzaffargarh district.

|| *i.e.*, he became a Kanphaṭṭâ Jogî and a follower of Gorakh Nâth. See *ante*, p. 435ff.

- With the help of Shahtî* he took Hîr away from the
Kherâs,
And wandering across the Sândal Bâr† he put her into
the Ganjâ Bâr.‡
- There a tiger growled savagely at Rânjhâ,
40 And Rânjhâ keeping his presence of mind slew him.
Hîr, seeing his prowess, became all the more enamoured
of him.
- She loved him heart and soul and could never be separated from him.
- Shîdâ followed up the runaway and overtook him at
Kâbulâ.§
- The Kherâ (Shîdâ) went and wept in the Court of the
Rulers (of Kâbulâ, saying) :
- 45 " He hath come (here) with my wife, the great oppressor.
Give me back my wife, for God hath made thee a Ruler."
The Ruler did him justice and gave back Hîr to Shîdâ.
Rânjhâ he made a prisoner and put fetters on his feet.
Kâbulâ caught fire and half the city was burnt.
- 50 The people went (to the Ruler) and complained (saying) :
" Thou hast committed a great injustice,
In giving the *faqîr's* wife to the Jatt ; || and hast committed
such injustice,
That the City of Âdalî¶ is in flames !"
When the Ruler heard this complaint he took the woman
from Shîdâ,
And releasing Rânjhâ from prison he gave him Hîr.
- 55 Then Hîr and Rânjhâ with gladness went to their home.
But the Kherâ (Shîdâ) in his grief and misery became
as a corpse.

* Shîdâ's sister.

† This is a table-land in the Jhang district.

‡ In the Montgomery district.

§ This appears to be meant for Koṭ Kamâliâ in the Montgomery district.

|| Shîdâ was however a Siyâl.

¶ This also appears to be meant for Koṭ Kamâliâ in the Montgomery district, but may mean Koṭ Addû in the Muzaffargarh district. See the next story, *passim*.

Shîdâ was (like unto) dying of his grief,
And calling out 'Hîr Hîr,' my friends, he returned to
his home.

When the pair reached Jhang the Siyâls made a plan,
(saying):

60 "These two have put a great stain on our family."

So they went again to Rânjhâ and said: "There is
no remedy against Fate,

And if thou wilt bring a procession from thy house we
will perform a marriage, friend."

When Rânjhâ heard this good news he went to (Takht)
Hazâra.*

And the Siyâls (as it were) ground the wretched Hîr
to flour:

65 And Hîr the Jâtî† from poison gave her life to God.

Rânjhâ lifting up his hand, prayed much (to God and
said):

"Either do Thou bring her to life, or slay me!

All things are easy to thee, O God, mighty and
merciful."

It is said that the grave (of Hîr) opened and Rânjhâ
went in,‡

70 As Yûnis entered into the whale's belly.§

Their shrine is near Maghiânâ, my friends.

The fair (in its honour) takes place in February; high
and low attend it.

There are three doors to the shrine which are open, my
friends;

But the fourth towards the Kherâs|| is shut by the order
of the Court (of God)!

* His home in the Gujrânwâlâ district.

† See above, line 10.

‡ See p. 178 *ante*.

§ This is the story of Jonah in the whale's belly, common to
Christians, Jews, and Musalmâns.

|| Compare p. 178 *ante*.

75 Holding these two as saints the people make vows to them.

The people of many forests go there on Thursdays.

A tale have I heard with my own ears, my friends,
Which I tell to you, as it is not to be gainsaid.

There was a man, a servant of God, known as a Maker
of Bracelets.

80 He dwelt in sorrow in Maghiânâ, as he had no offspring.
Every Thursday he went to the shrine and cried aloud :
“ O God, grant me a son, by the blessing of these
holy ones !”

Four or five Thursdays he had prayed thus,

When the invisible angel (within) gave him happy
news of two sons (to be born to him and said) :

85 “ Call the younger 'Ali Muḥammad and the elder Rânjhâ.
They will be pure and holy and the light of thine eyes.”
By the grace and mercy of Almighty God two sons
were born.

Exceeding pure and holy, washed seven times with the
water (of grace).

The elder brother is dead, but the younger is still alive.*

90 Pure and holy they find him and so the people praise
him.

He is an old man of ninety years with a bright face,
shining

By the grace of God, as gold doth shine !

* 'Ali Muḥammad is still living in Maghiânâ and has erected a mosque there. He has a great reputation for learning and holiness. His brother Rânjhâ is said to have lost his intellect from over-study of the *Hâfiz-i-Jamâl*.

No. XXXVIII.

THE MARRIAGE OF HİR AND RÂNJHÂ,

AS RELATED BY SOME JATTS FROM THE PAṬIÁLĀ STATE.

[This song relates only half the story of HİR and RÂnjhâ, carrying us to the point where RÂnjhâ gets possession of HİR, and omitting the latter half relating to the murder of HİR, though this is the most important part of it, and is the portion which has given it such fame.]

[There is nothing to add to the notes already given at page 177 of this volume to generally explain this story. The object throughout is to give a factitious value to RÂnjhâ by making him out to be a wonder-working *faqīr* of the type of the greater saints, and rendering the record of his doings as fabulous as possible. The existence of a shrine to HİR and RÂnjhâ at Jhang probably accounts for this.]

[The story being well known to the audience the allusions in it are obscure, and the dialogues most abruptly introduced; which last characteristic has made it—without reference to the rough dialect in which it is composed—a difficult one to render without a guide.]

TEXT.

Râg HİR RÂnjhâ.

Abba! Nâûn Allâh dâ lenâ : dūjâ dos Muhammad Mīrân :
Tījâ nâûn mat pitâ dâ lenâ, unhân dâ chungâ dūdh
sarīrân :
Chauthâ nâûn an pânî dâ lenâ, jis khâve man banhe
dhīrân :

TRANSLATION.

The Song of HİR and RÂnjhâ.

Firstly, I take the name of God; secondly, of the Great
Muhammad, the friend (of God):

Thirdly, I take the name of father and mother, on
whose milk my body throve:

Fourthly, I take the name of bread and water, from
eating which my heart is gladdened:

Panjmân nâûn Dharti Mâtâ dâ lenâ, jis par kadam takî-
mân :

- 5 Chhewân nâûn Khwâjâ Pîr dâ lenâ, jhul pilâve t̄hande
nîrân :

Satwân nâûn Gurû Gorakh dâ lenâ, patal pûje bhojan
khîrân :

Aṭhwân nâûn Lâlânwâlê dâ lenâ, bande bandân de t̄ore
tabaq janjîrân.

Ghar Maujû de Rânjhâ jamiâ ; ghar Chûchak jamî Hîrân.
Ral mil pagambarî matâ matâiâ, sâhâ joṛâ Panjân Pîrân.

- 10 Panj Pîr ; chhewân Miyân Rânjhâ ; satwân Hazrat Miyân
Mîrân.

Fifthly, I take the name of Mother Earth, on whom
I place my feet :

- 5 Sixthly, I take the name of Khwâjâ (Khizar), the Saint,*
that gives me cold water to drink :

Seventhly, I take the name of Gurû Gorakh (Nâth),
whom I worship with a platter of milk and rice.

Eighthly, I take the name of Lâlânwâlâ,† that breaketh
the bonds and the chains of the captives.‡

Rânjhâ was born in Maujû's house and Hîr in Chûchak's.
The prophets took counsel together and the Panj Pîr§
were rejoiced.

- 10 There are the Five (great) Saints ; the sixth is Miyân
Rânjhâ ; the seventh is the Holy Miyân Mîr.||

* See *ante*, *passim*.

† A title of Sakhî Sarwar.

‡ The extraordinary mixture of Hindû and Musalmân belief in the
above verses is characteristic of the poem, and is kept up throughout it.

§ See *ante*, Vol. II., p. 373.

|| Shekh Muḥammad, better known by his titles of Shâh Mîr and
Miyân Mîr, flourished as a saint at Lâhor between 1550 and 1635 A.D.
His fame principally arises from the fact of one of his disciples, Mullah
Shâh, having been the spiritual adviser of Dârâ Shikoh, the able son
of the Emperor Shâh Jahân (flourished 1615-1670). Miyân Mîr has
given the name to the now well-known Military Cantonment near
Lâhor.

Rânjhâ jame, te sâdî ho gaî sarse sab parwârî.
 Phaṛke chhanân, bhâjî pherî, khul gaî rasat bazârî.
 Kam kâr Maule kujh nahîn likhiâ : mahî nâl bihârî.

- Dhur Kashmîron Mugaletē â gae, â gae ba rû Khudâe.
 15 Nau hath dâ gaṭṭhâ tre hath chhubbî Miyân Rânjhe
 jimî* khichâî.
 Hornân nûn jimîn naluân âân, Rânjhe nûn dab te kâhi.
 Kahe : “ Khuârî, dâtî, rambâ ditte, Nikkû, Lohâr de sâi;
 Din chaṛhde nûn merâ khurpâ ghaṛ de, terî mihinat
 rakhdâ nân.”
 Kahe : “ Bagâwân, bûtî mârân, jimîn banâwân niân.”
 20 “ Chal, manâ, chal karîye, phakîrî sâḍâ rahan, malokân
 dâ nâhîn.”

Rânjhâ was born and all the household rejoiced.
 Taking the cups the presents were made with the
 market-full of food.
 God wrote no labour (in his fate) : he was to be happy
 with (tending) buffaloes.

The Mughals came from far Kashmîr by the order of
 God.

- 15 Land was given to Miyân Rânjhâ, nine links and three
 chains.
 Others got good land, Rânjhâ got tares and weeds.
 Said (Rânjhâ) : “ O Nikkû, thou chief of Blacksmiths,
 make me an axe, a sickle and a hoe.
 Let me have the hoe by daybreak and there will be no
 delay about thy wages.”
 Said he, “ I will ply (the hoe), clear the weeds and
 make the land arable.”
 20 (Said Rânjhâ) : “ Come, my heart, I will go and be-
 come a *faqîr*, I am not happy here.”

* For *zamîn*.

- Baithe Rânjhe nûn garmî ho gai, Lâlî bhâbî holî mârî.
 Takht Hazârâ Rânjhâ tûriâ, pahilî rât kukhî.
 Ghar tân khânde dûdh malâiân, tûk nâ lajde beh.
 Dharke sonde lef sirânân, âj bâsâ âiâ bich keh.
 25 Dâde Rabb kol ujar nâ koî, Lekh likhâî eh !

- Adhî rât Pîrân dâ belâ. "Tûn keṛe bakht* dâ râhî ?
 Lambî dâhrî, khunḍiân monchân, baghal heṭh bichhâî.
 Bhâlî châhe ithoñ âsan chak le, dhaulân khâke na jâîñ."
 "Tainûn, Kâjî," boliâ Rânjhâ, "Sachî âkh sunâî."
 30 Dharm-sâlâ masîlân, Kâjîâ, baniân dharm dâ bânân ;
 Âe sâdh nûn rahan nâ deve, kâphirâ be-îmânân.

As Rânjhâ sat (at his work in the field) he became hot,
 and Lâlî, his brother's wife, laughed at him.

Rânjhâ left Takht Hazârâ, and the first night he found
 trying.

At home he had cream and milk, now he could not
 even get stale leavings.

He had had a bed and pillows to sleep on, now he dwelt
 on the sand.

- 25 He could make no complaint to the Great God, for Fate
 had written it so !

It was midnight at the time for the Saints.† "Why
 art travelling at this hour of the night ?‡

Long thy beard and long thy moustaches and thy
 bedding under thy arm.

If thou seek thy good go hence, or be pushed out."

"O Qâzî," said Rânjhâ, "I tell thee truth.

- 30 Inns and mosques, O Qâzî, are built for religious use ;
 And thou wouldst turn away a saint, thou infidel and
 without faith !

* For *waqt*.

† *i.e.*, ghosts : but see above, line 9.

‡ This is a conversation between Rânjhâ and some Qâzî on his way
 from Takht Hazârâ.

Rakhîn roje, parhîn namâjân, ʔangdâ alaf Kurânâ ;
 Âe sadh nûn rahan na deve, kaphirâ be-îmânân !
 Takht Hazârâ main bâbal dâ chhadî ; mân chhadî sab
 rîtî :

- 35 Sukh vasse eh nagar, kehîâ rain phakîrân nûn bitî !”
 Gabrûân ne ʔukre ânde, ʔhañdî lassî pîtî :
 “ Jug jug jî, tusîn gabrû, ithe rain phakîrân nûn bitî !”

- “ Sajje jandiâ, khabbe ho jâ, sajje pair na pâû :
 Ithe kubbhe bhainke chher* mahî dâ, sajje pain balâîn.
 40 Âpe khañtân, âpe kamâwân, ghar tûn baheke khâîn.
 Rattâ palang, saped nihâlî, shauk de nâl bañdâîn.”

Thou keepest fasts and sayest prayers and knowest the
 words of the Qurân ;

And thou wouldst turn away a saint, thou infidel and
 without faith !

I have left Takht Hazârâ of my fathers ; I have left
 my mother and all my customs :

- 35 May the city prosper where stayed the *faqîr* for the
 night !”

The youths brought him bread and cold butter-milk :
 (Said he) : “ Live for ever, ye youths, with whom the
faqîr stayed for the night !”

“ O thou wanderer to the right, † go to the left, put not
 thy feet towards the right :

For hither to the left the lions roar and to the right are
 horrors.

- 40 I live upon my own earnings, do thou come in and eat
 with me.

My red bed and my white bedding do I gladly share
 with thee.”

* For *sher*.

† This next conversation on the road to Jhang is between Rânjhâ and
 Lûnân, the heroine of the tale of Pûran Bhagat ; for which see *ante*,
 Vol. II., p. 387ff. She is only introduced here as a well-known personage.

- “Takht Hazârâ main bâbal dâ chhadîâ, bîr chhadê
kukainde.
Kisî aghete, kisî pichhete, bikhat sâre nûn painde.”
“Ik gall âkhân, âkh sunâwân, sach dî âkh sunâî.”
- 45 Dhîân merîân dhûndîn bhattâ, putr karan kamâî.
Do dhîân ghar kuâr putrâ, dohân nâl biyâh karâîn.
Tainûn kasam Kurân de, merî jorî bhang na pânû.”
“Ik gall âkhân, âkh sunâwân, sach dî âkh sunâî.
Puttân teriân se khûh na liwâwân, tobâ paṭâunân nânû.
50 Bhalî châhunân, pichhâ nûn muṛ jâ, dhaulâ khâke na jânû.
Eh to Rânjhâ Jhang Siyâl nûn jâungâ, tere rakhan dâ
nânû.”
“Jal bichh Lûnân, main thal bichh Lûnân, main Lûnân
taliân sâre:
Jithe Lûnân maiû pair dhardî, dhartî mardî bhâre.
Âj dî rain sâde kat jâ, nagarî bas jâ sârî.

- “I have left Takht Hazârâ of my fathers, and have left
my weeping brethren.
Sooner or later troubles fall upon us all.”
“One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.
45 My sons are earning well and my daughters take them
their food to the fields.
I have two virgin daughters in the house and I will
marry them both to thee.
I adjure thee by the Qurân not to spoil this match.”
“One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.
Thy sons shall dig me nor wells nor ponds.
50 If thou seek thy good go back, or I will push thee away.
I am Rânjhâ and am going to Jhang Siyâl and thou
shalt not stay me.”
“On water I am Lûnân, on land I am Lûnân, I am
Lûnân the haughty:
Where I Lûnân place my feet the earth trembles.
Spend the night with me that the city may prosper.

- 55 Tere khâtir maii ithe â gaî, kadhî mandiron nikaltî nâin."
 "Ik gall âkhân, âkh suuâwân, sach dî âkh sunâi.
 Sawâ man kache maini ðode, pîndâ bhang dâ orâk nâin.
 Sawâ ser fahîm* dâ, ikko mâwâ dârâ dî pîndâ sarhâi.
 Burî mahî dâ dâdh maini pîndâ, chûrî khândâ ghî khand-
 wâlî."
- 60 "Gadîân-wâlio, lad lo gadî, ûtân-wâlio bhâi:
 Banghîân-wâlio tund sharâb de mere pe jâo dhaular dî
 râhîi.
 Ik lakkh lage, tân maini do lakkh de deân; mihinat
 kisî dî rakhdî nâhîn.
 Nagari merî Rânjhâ â gîâ, â gîâ pârâ sâin."
 "Takht Hazâron maini, Râujhâ, tur piâ, Maujâ Jatt dâ
 jâiâ.

- 55 For thy sake have I come here, that never (before) left
 my palace."
 "One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.
 I take a *man* and a quarter of poppy juice (daily) and
 drink an endless quantity of *bhâng*.†
 I take a *ser* and a quarter of opium‡ and a whole cup
 of wine at a draught.
 I drink the milk of brown buffaloes (only) and eat
 cakes of sugar and butter."§
- 60 "O carters and camel-drivers, take up your loads:
 O porters, take cups of wine to my palace.
 If your wages be one *lâkh* (of rupees) I will pay two
lâkhs: I will keep nothing back.
 Rânjhâ hath come to my city: a holy saint hath come."
 "I, Rânjhâ, am come from Takht Hazârâ, the son of
 Maujâ the Jatt.

* For *afîm*, opium.

† See Vol. II., page 290. A *man* and a quarter would be over a hundredweight; of course a fabulous amount.

‡ *i.e.*, 2½ lbs, enough to last a confirmed opium-eater six months.

§ All this is meant to show that he would be a very expensive guest.

- 65 Jad main Rânjhâ, paujân baras dâ hoiâ magar manjhî de lâiâ.

Bârân baras manjhân chârîân, sir bâpe de râj kamâiâ.

Mar gae pitâ, tân pai gae kajîe, bhâiân dagâ kamâiâ.

Main toñ, Rânjhâ, Jhang Siyâle nûn jaogâ, nahîn haṭḍâ terâ haṭḍiâ.

Pichhe ranân bâhiân chhadiân, Lâlî nûn bahut piârâ."

- 70 "Mârân dângân, ghaṭṭân asî, turat uṭhâ deân phâf.

Ik lakkh mângiâ, main do lâkkh lâiâ ; mihinat kisî dî rakhî uân.

Nâl sukhan de jhûṭâ kîṭâ, umar sârî chhaḍḍî nân.

Tere khâtir main ithe â gai, mahilân bâhir nikaldî nân."

"Bhajjan dângân, ṭṭan rassî ; phakîr nahîn phâf chah-âdî."

- 65 When I, Rânjhâ, was five years old I was put to mind buffaloes.

Tending the buffaloes for twelve years, I live upon my father like a king.

When my father died I fell into trouble and my brethren cheated me.

I, Rânjhâ, will go to Jhang Siyâl and will not be stayed by thee.

I have left many women behind me and Lâlî* loved me much."

- 70 "I will beat thee, I will bind thee, I will hang thee up at once.

They asked one *lâkh* (of rupees) and I gave them two *lâkhs* ; the labour of none (of them) was unpaid for.

Thou hast gone back on thy word and all thy life I will not let thee go.

For thy sake did I come here, that never (before) left my palace."

"Thy sticks will break and thy ropes will snap ; thou caust not hang the *fâqir*."

* See above, line 21.

- 75 " Hâsî bahâne men tatthâ kîtà ; tân lad le âî, yârî."
 " Bhajji phirdî bichh masânîân, ultî jhagrê bâudî.
 Pichhân muḥke, vekh le ; terî dhaular jaldî jândî !"
- " Ik gall âkhân, âkh sunâwân, sach dî âkh sunâî.
 Pîrân bhijîâ, chalke â gîâ, â gîâ tere tâîn.
- 80 Panj ser dûdh dî loḥ ban gaî, main wâfar mangdâ nâîn."
 " Panj ser dûdh bhet Pîrân de denâ, âvîn gawânâ
 nahîn."
- Aggion Rânjhâ boldâ : " Tainûn âkh sunâî :
 Bakriân terîân pai jâ pethâ, bher nâ rah jâe kaî.
 Bichh bâḥân de mar jân lele, ghar mar jâ buddhî mâî.
- 85 Ran mar jâe, tûn raḥdâ ho jâe, nigar-sigarî âe !"

- 75 " It was in laughter and fun that I upbraided thee ; so
 load up thy bags, my friend."
 " Thou art like a mad-woman wandering in the burning-
 grounds and quarrelling foolishly.
 Turn thy head and see : thy palace is on fire !"
- " One thing I say to thee and I tell thee truth.*
 The Saints have sent me and I have come to thee.
- 80 I want five *ser*† of milk and nothing more."
 " I have to offer the five *ser*s to the Saints and have
 no more to waste."
 Then said Rânjhâ : " I tell thee :
 Thy goats shall die and none of thy sheep shall escape.
 Thy lambs shall die in the fields, and thy old mother
 at home.
- 85 Thy wife shall die and thou shalt be a widower and
 shalt be ruined !"

* This conversation is between Rânjhâ and a householder on the way to Jhang.

† In India liquids are measured by *weight* : a *ser* is about a quart.

- Panj Pîr, chhewân Rânjhâ, kallar goshat lâlî :
 Kâlî kambal mohgân-wâlî Pîrân het bichhâî.
 Baheke Rânjhâ banjalî bajâwandâ, Darge kûk sunâf.
 Âp Indar ne sun lî banjalî, bhûrî mahî arson âî.
- 90 Sabr sabûrî de, bare ghat lîe, bhûrî pasmei âî.
 Pahilî dhâr Rânjhe ne Dhartî Mâtâ nân de, lîe dújî
 kânsî pâî.
 Bhar bhar chipiân dindâ Pîrân nân, Pîr pí pí dîn doâin :
 "Jân, Rânjhâ, tainûn Hîr bakhshî Makke Madîne
 tâin."
- Takht Hazârâ Rânjhâ ÷uriâ, hoke ÷uriâ nit ânâ :
 95 "Na koî ân siân mere, nâ koî shahr ÷hikânâ!"

- The Five Saints and the sixth Rânjhâ took counsel
 (together) in the wilds :
 And beneath the Saints was spread a black blanket
 full of holes.
 Rânjhâ sat and played on the flute and the sound of it
 reached to the Court (of God).
 Indra heard the flute and sent a brown buffalo from
 heaven.
- 90 He had patience and took a large piteber and the
 buffalo gave milk.*
 The first spirt Rânjhâ gave to Mother Earth, and the
 second went into his cup.
 He filled cups and gave to the Saints and the Saints
 drank and gave their blessings, (saying) :
 "Go, Rânjhâ, Hîr hath been given thee from Makkâ
 and Madînâ."†
- Rânjhâ left Takht Hazârâ in low spirits ;
 95 (And said) : "I have no friends now, nor do I know of
 any (friendly) town!"

* Which he had failed to get from the householder.
 † i.e., by the Prophet Muhammad.

Pattan rât Rânjhe nûn a gaî; laṛdâ dang nidânâ :

“ Ba râ Khudâe de beṛe pâ de, Luḍanâ, main Jhang
Siyâlân nûn jânâ.”

“ Adhî rât, Pîrân dâ velâ : tûn kere bakht dâ râhî ?

Eh dâ halkî kâlî bagdî, lendî dîr himâîn :

100 Gausân kutbân dî akal gañwândî, terî tâkas laghan dî
nâîn.

Haṭke jhâr muṇḍâ lambâ pai jâ, sawere lakhke jâîn.”

Chhattîs bâje sur jad kîte, bieh birûn dâ bâjâ bajâîâ :

Biche turiân, biche bharkân, biche nâch karâîâ.

Biche uthe bolan kokṛâ, biche mor bulâîâ :

105 “ Ba râ Khudâe de beṛe ḍho de, Luḍanâ; koî gaush kutb
chaṛh âîâ.”

“ Gansh kutb dâ velâ eh nahîn, chor uchakke phirde.

Night overtook Rânjhâ at the ferry* and the sting of
sorrow entered him : (said he) :

“ For God’s sake, O (ferryman) Luḍan, give me a boat,
for I have to go to Jhang Siyâl.”

“ It is midnight and the hour for the Saints : † why art
travelling at such an hour ?

This river runneth violently and runneth afar :

100 It frighteneth holy men and saints and thou shalt never
cross it (now).

Better stay now and lie down under a bush, and cross
in the morning.”

(Rânjhâ) played the 36 tunes‡ and played in the wilds :

On pipes and then on drums and then he made the
(creatures) dance.

And then the cock crowed and the peacock screamed :

105 “ For God’s sake, Luḍan, give him a boat ; he is some
holy man or saint.”

(Said Luḍan) : “ This is no time for saints and holy
men, but for thieves and pick-pockets to roam.

* Over the Chinâb : he is now fairly started on his road.

† See above, line 26.

‡ See Vol. I., p. 176.

Biche machh, biche murgâbiân, biche nâkâ ghûrde :
Gaush kutb je hondâ Makke dâ, inhoi bere painde dhur
de.

Inhân jihîân maṛoṛewâle main bâhle dekhe tharḍe.”

- 110 Sube sâr fajâr dâ belâ : “Tûn kidharon â giâ natḥâ ?
Hatth vichh kuṇḥî, muṇḥe bhorâ, sir baliâ dupatḥâ.
Hornân nadîân bahan changerî, Chândal dâ bahan
ubatḥâ :

Kachiân kandân nûn gârat kardî, pakkiân deke siḍḍî
dhakkâ.

Maclhâ kachhâ oṛak hai nahîn, bich sansâr dâ chhatḥâ.

- 115 Tere khâtir berî dho lîe ; kyûn ḍubtâ, gâfiliâ Jattâ ?”
“Ghar mâ-piân de lâṛ laḍkiân, sâde palle Luḍan pâiâ !
Ghar mûrakh de bâsâ ho giâ, ro ro janam gaûwâin.

Large fish and water-fowl and crocodiles roam (the
river) :

If he were saint or holy man of Makkâ* he would find
a boat for himself.

I have seen many a vain fellow like him.”

- 110 It was the hour of early morn ; (said Luḍan) : “ Whence
art come alone ?

A staff is in thy hand, a blanket over thy shoulder, and
a kerchief on thy head.

Other rivers flow gently, but the Chândal† boils along,
Sweeping away the mud walls and throwing down the
brick ones.

There are endless fish and tortoises in the world.

- 115 I have a boat ready for thee ; but why drown, O heed-
less Jatt ?”

(Said Rânjhâ) : “ I that have been loved and petted at
home have (now) Luḍan for my lord !

I am dwelling in the house of a fool and am throwing
away my life in tears.

* *i.e.*, a real one.

† The Chinâb.

Mâ-piân merâu de kus bas nahîn, nâîân Bâhmanân dagâ
kamâîâ.

Khuṇḍ jâ beṛe, phaṭ jâ chappâ! Sânuân Khwâjâ vichhoî
lâl pâîâ."

120 " Bhajâ bhajâ main, Luḍan, â gîâ, â gîâ unchî kerî.

Kahe : kisi de chharîân mûugân ? Kahe : magre lag gîâ
herî ?

Gunnî mârke achhî le jâ, uchhal dherî terî.

Ik le jâ, ik chhad jâ, dhakke de rahande Luḍan de
ḍere."

" Bhajâ bhajâ â gîâ, Luḍanân, â gîâ unchî kerîn.

125 Nâ kisi chharîân mûugân : nâ magre lag gîâ herî.

Je tûn putr mallâh dâ, Luḍanân, bhajke phar le beṛî.

Dovîu rahan mubârik tainûn, ehnân se jân chhurâ le merî.

It was no fault of my parents, but the barbers and
Brâhmans deceived me.*

May thy boat sink and thy oars break ! I have found
a ruby from Khwâjâ (Khizar)."†

120 " I, Luḍan, have come quickly, have come to the lofty
bank.

Say : hast stolen any one's cattle ? Say : is any one
pursuing thee closely ?

Make thy choice (of the boats) and take the good one
according to thy desire.

Take one and leave onc, that Luḍan's house may not be
ruined."

" Quickly hast thou come, O Luḍan, hast come to the
lofty bank.

125 Neither have I stolen any one's cattle, nor is any one
close behind me.

If thou be a (true) boatman's son, Luḍan, quickly get
the boat.

Mayest thou be happy in both (worlds), that savest my
life in this one.

* *i.e.*, into hopes of a wife in Hîr.

† *i.e.*, out of the river.

Rattâ palang, saped nihâlî;—kis nmrâ dî berî ?
Zarrâ ik Luḍanân, mainûn so lain de, rah jâ jân sukhâlî
merî.”

- 130 Baḍḍî deke Rânjhâ so gîâ, banke dharam de bhâî.
“ Unche dhanlar Siyâlân-wâlie koliâ Mandî kherî:
Rattâ palang, saped nihâlî, Hîr Siyâl dî berî.
Dhî Chûchak dî, bahin Paṭhân dî, ran phirdî ishk dî
gherî.

Chhej utte panchhî langh jâ, Jattî jân gañwâ de merî !”

- 135 Deke baḍḍî Rânjhâ so gîâ, Luḍan nûn bhang piyâ lî.

Suttî paî nûn supnâ â gîâ, kinne pândî ne chhej luṭâve.
“ Âkhân sachî, âkh sunâî, eh gall nâ mere man bhâve.

The bed is red, the bedding white ;—what noble's boat
is this ?

Let me rest a moment here, O Luḍan, that I may be
at ease.”

- 130 Rânjhâ gave him a bribe, and, becoming his sworn
brother, went to sleep (on the bed).

(Said Luḍan): “ There is a lofty palace of the Siyâl's
near the Kherâ's* Quarter.

The red bed and the white bedding and the boat are
Hîr's, the Siyâl (lady).

Daughter (she) of Chûchak, sister of Paṭhân, a very
maiden of love. .

If a bird fly over her bed (Hîr) the Jattî woman will take
away my life !”

- 135 But Rânjhâ gave a bribe and went to sleep, and made
Luḍan drunken with *bhang*.

As (Hîr) lay asleep she had a dream that some one
had ruined (lain down on) her bed (in the boat).

(Said she): “ I tell thee truth, I tell thee that this will
not leave my mind.

* A division of the Siyâl Tribe.

Râtîn mainûn supnâ â giâ, kâlâ nâg darâve.”

Âkhe tân : “Mainân Rânjhâ milân ; nahîn, tân kabar chatârî.

140 Kholke patrî das de, Tulsîâ, jo terî patrî bich likhiâ âve.”

“Patrî kholân, khol sunâwân, sach dî âkh sunâwân :
Chhejî terî sahû terâ son giâ ; jhûṭh kadhî na lâwân.”

Ral mil saîân mattâ matâiâ, Phattî ṭâlî charhâî.

“Son Bîrân de ; kasam Kurân de ; jhûṭh boldî nâîû.

145 Chhejî terî sahû terâ so giâ ; main sach dî âkh sunâî.
Tûn chalke phar lo Luḍan mallâh nûn ; waddî leke, chhej
luṭâî.”

Dil dariyâ samundaron ḍungâ : kaun dilân dî jâne ?

I had a dream in the night ; a black snake* came and frightened me.”

Then said she : “I must meet Rânjhâ, or I shall go into the grave.

140 Open thy books, O Tulsî,† and see what is written in thy books.”

“I open my books and I tell thee truth :

Thy lover hath slept on thy bed ; I will tell thee no lies.”

The maids met together and consulted, and sent Fattî‡ up a tree.

(Said she) : “I swear by the Saints ;§ I swear by the Qurân ; I tell no lies.

145 Thy lover hath slept on thy bed ; I tell thee truth.
Go and seize thou Luḍan the boatman, that hath taken a bribe and destroyed (the honour of) thy bed.”

The heart is deeper than seas and rivers : who knoweth the heart ?

* *i.e.*, something evil.

† The family Brâhman of these Muhammadans ! It is not uncommon however for Panjâbî Muhammadan tribes to consult Brâhman in this manner.

‡ One of themselves.

§ See Vol. II., p. 377.

- Biche berî, biche chappâ, biche banjh muhâne !
 Chaudân Tabak bande bich bas gae, tambû wângo tâne !
 150 Je koî thâth dilân dî bujhe, har dam khushîâu mâne !
- “Nange piṇḍe choṭân mâriân, merî hundi nain nimânî.
 Jihîân choṭân tan mere lâîân, tere ik lage tân jâne !
 Lanḍiân, lamiân, chhail jawânân, soñ gae chhej cham-
 belî.
 Suttâ hî, tân jâg pio, chugalân phal chamelî.”
- 155 Âiâ Sâwan, Hîr de dil parchâwan, pannî chhadiân sîkhân.
 Kannân maṇḍâ balohe sondhe, jholî ântî hakîkân.
 “Kî ho gîâ jhaṭ main chhej so gîân? Kî lag gaî lâj
 sarîkân ?

- It hath boats and oars and boatmen within it !
 The Fourteen Quarters* (of the World) are in it, stretch-
 ed like a canopy !
 150 Who knoweth the dictates of the heart will be happy
 every moment !
- “Thou strikest a naked† body and my eyes are weary.
 If one such blow as thou givest me were to reach thee
 thou wouldst understand !
 O wicked, tall and handsome youth, thou hast lain on a
 jasmine bed.
 As thou hast lain, awake now and pluck the jasmine
 flower.”
- 155 Sâwan had come and Hîr's heart inclined (to love) and
 the herbs began to spring.‡
 Beautiful were the rings in her ears and bracelets on her
 arms.
 (Said Rânjhâ) : “What if I lay on thy bed awhile ? Dost
 fear shame from thy family ?

* Muhammadan notion.

† *i.e.*, a defenceless body : this conversation is between Hîr and Rânjhâ.

‡ The rainy month of July-August and the season of love to Northern Indian ideas.

Terî sâđî mundân dî yârî, dastân sandiâ lîkân.”

Jhang Siyâle ârû pakke, bâgîn mitṭhiân dâkhân.

160 Hîr kahindî : “ Rânjhâ, tûn sach âkh : kî sâk lagdiân
âpân ?”

“ Jadon, Rânjhâ, main ghar Indar de sîgâ, tûn pâtar
banke âî.

Jadon main, Rânjhâ, Nâmânand ban gîâ, tân main
Gorkhân parnâî.

Jadon main, Rânjhâ, Radhe Kishn sîgâ, tû Brikhbhân
dî jâî.

Phir tân, Rânjhâ, main Takht Hazârâ jamiâ, tû Chûchak
Mihar dî jâî.”

Like the lines on the palm (of the hands) thou and I
have been lovers from the beginning.”

The peaches were ripe in Jhang Siyâl and the sweet
grapes in the gardens.

160 Said Hîr : “ Rânjhâ, tell me truly : what is the relation-
ship between us ?”

(Said he) : “ When I, Rânjhâ, was in the house of Indar,
thou wast a maiden there.

When I, Rânjhâ, was Nâmânand,* thou wast my wife
Gorkhân.

When I, Rânjhâ, was Râdhâ Kishn,† thou wast Brikh-
bân's daughter.

And then when I, Rânjhâ, was born in Takht Hazârâ,
thou wast born to Mihar Chûchak.”‡

* *i.e.*, Râmânand, the mediæval reformer of the 15th century, and
the founder of the Bhagats or Hindû freethinkers.

† Râdhâ was the wife or mistress of Kṛishṇa, and Vṛishabhânû was
her father. Râdhâ Kishn joined together as in the text is a common
modern synonym for Kṛishṇa, as Gaurî Śankar is for Śiva. This
pairing of the deities, male and female, is carried to a climax in the
Hari-hara or half-male and female god sometimes depicted in Vaish-
ṇava temples.

‡ All these are allusions to their respective former births under the
doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

- 165 "Dâhrî â gaî, paṭṭe rakhâ lîe, kis bidh rahâ kawârâ ?
Ike nânak hînân, ike tûn dâdak terâ hînân, ike tûn bhâîân
nûn nahîn piârâ :
Ike tû mân kujhajî ne janiâ ; nahîn, tûn lâl kharîdanwâlâ.
Inhîn gallân bichoñ augun tainûn, tûn tâtoñ rah giâ
kawârâ."
"Muñh dahrî, sir paṭṭe rakhâ lîe, nahîn main phirdâ
kawârâ.
- 170 Nânak unchâ, merâ dâdak unchâ, unchâ Takht Hazârâ.
Nâ mân kuchajî ne janiâ, bhâîân nûn bahut piârâ.
Sat bharjâîân, ghar kaṭak ranân dâ ; main lâl kharîdan-
wâlâ.
Ghar Chûchak dî Hîr sun lî, main oh dâ baran-wâlâ.
Mandî changî dâ lîgû nahîn, Lâlî nûn bahut piârâ."

- 165 "Thou hast a beard and thy hair is grown, how art thou
still a bachelor ?
Either thy mother's or father's relatives are low people
or thy brethren love thee not.
Either thou art born of an inferior mother, or thou art
a dealer in rubies.*
In some way there must be a fault in thee that thou art
a bachelor."
"There is a beard on my face and hair on my head, but
I am no bachelor.
- 170 My mother was well born and my father well born and
lordly is Takht Hazârâ.
I am not born of an inferior mother and am much loved
of my brethren.
I have seven sisters-in-law and many women at home ;
I am a dealer in rubies.
I have heard of Hîr in Chûchak's house and her will I
marry.
I set not my heart on good or bad (women) and am
much loved by Lâlî."†

* *i.e.*, a rich man.

† His sister-in-law : see above.

- 175 Chand sūrij charhoñ rah gae, lû târân di âi.
 Chhaparân bichoñ pânî sūkh gae, bele sūkh gae ghâi.
 Âp Muhammad janj charhiâ, Brahmâ bedî gadâi.
 Ralke hûrân mangal gâviân, pariân mehndî lâi.
 Panjân Pîrân ne kalime parh lê, Khâjâ bhare ogâhî.
- 180 Hîr Rânjhâ dâ melâ ho giâ, phiriân Rabb rajâi.

“Ik, Bâbal, main mâhî ândâ, Jatt manjhî châr le âve.
 Jis manjhî nûn khoḇḇâ lândâ, kattâ mûl na jâve.
 Agge mâhî ikkî charhde, eh kallâ châr le âve.
 Sûrat mâhî di chandar bargî, us di tâb jhallî na jâve.

- 175 The sun and moon ceased to rise and the stars to shine
 forth.
 The water dried in the ponds and the grass dried up in
 the wilds.
 Muhammad formed the marriage procession and Brah-
 mâ (!) set up the posts (of the marriage canopy).
 The maids of heaven sang songs of rejoicing and fairies
 brought the henna.*
 The Panj Pîr performed the ceremony and Khwâjâ
 (Khizar) was witness.†
- 180 Hîr and Rânjhâ met together and God was favorable to
 them.

(Said Hîr): “Father, I have brought a neatherd, a Jatt,
 to graze the buffaloes.

Whichever of them he touches with his staff will surely
 bear a (cow-) calf.

Hitherto thou hast sent out 21 neatherds; this one will
 graze them alone.

The beauty of the neatherd is like the moon and his
 habits shall not depart.

* For staining the bride's hands.

† These lines are meant merely to convey a general idea of magni-
 ficence.

- 185 Ik mâhî dî tâb burî hai, bhaṭṭâ Hîr se ḍhuwawe.
 Âpe chûve, âpe riṭke, âpe dûdh jamâve.”
 “Jehrâ, Hîre, tain mâhî ândâ; majjî kere sahre dî
 châre ?
 Addî Rânjhe dî râj karaindî, khûṇḍe dî maṭak bharî.
 Tin pâû ghî paṭṭhiân nûn maldâ, choke jimîn nûn
 jâve.
- 190 Dand Rânjhâ dî sone dî mekhân : kîdiân majjî châre ?
 Jinnî ghariân phir gîâ laṛ, dû basde bûhe ujâre.
 Ehân de paṭṭe kadhî nâ basde, phirde dwâre dwâre.
 Adhî râton merâ mûngâ chaṛhdâ, inhon sote nûn rain
 bhâve.
 Bhalî châhe laṛ chhor de châk dâ : sânûn agle mâhî piâre.”
-

- 185 The neatherd hath one bad habit, that Hîr must take
 him his food (to the fields).
 He will himself draw, curdle and set the milk.”
 “O Hîr, the neatherd thou hast brought: will he
 graze any one's buffaloes ?*
 Rânjhâ's heel hath the signs of royalty† (on it) and he
 hath a mighty staff.
 Three-fourths of a *ser* of *ghî* he puts on his locks, which
 fall to the ground.
- 190 Rânjhâ's teeth are pegs of gold: whose buffaloes shall
 he graze ?
 The houses that this youth shall visit will be ruined.
 His work shall never prosper, but he shall wander
 (begging) from door to door.
 My cattle graze at midnight, but he passes the night in
 sleep.
 If thou wishest thy good let the youthful servant go:
 I am pleased with my former neatherds.”
-

* Being too noble for such work.

† This is the “lotus mark” mentioned at p. 336, Vol. II.

- 195 "Ghar baiṭhe sardârî kariye, ṭurke banne nakâre.
Kukhoñ haule kîñî, Hîre, parbat jeḍe bhârî.
Râthon de put châk sadâ le; châk honde kaun bichâre?
Bîr Paṭhân tainûñ ghusse honde, tere piû ne mihine mâre.
Chhaḍ de pallâ, muṛ jâe ghar nûñ, asî urîye hans bichârî.
- 200 Râjî hoke mainûñ ṭor de, jâke raliye bhâichâre."
"Ik gall tainûñ âkhân, Rânjhe, sachî âkh sunâi.
Je tû rahe, tâñ rahûngî; nâ, jâûñ tere tâñ."

Chûchak kahindâ âkhdâ, sachî akh sunâi:

"Sûn le, Rânjhe bhâi, is bâron merî mahîân hank le,
dûjî hank le gâñ."

- 205 Sattar Khân, bahattar umre, Hîr Chûchak ne Rânjhe nûñ
phaṛâi.

- 195 (Said Rânjhâ): "At home I was a nobleman, but going
abroad I am become of no account.
O Hîr, thou hast made me lighter than a straw, that was
as heavy as a mountain.
The son of noblemen is called a servant; and how
helpless is a servant.
Thy brother Paṭhân is wroth with thee, and thy father
doth reproach thee.
Let go my robes that I may go back home, and let me,
the helpless swan, fly away.
- 200 Let me go of thy own free will, that I may mingle with
my brethren."
"I tell thee one thing, Rânjhâ, and I tell thee truth.
If thou remain I will remain, or I will go with thee."

Saith Chûchak and he speaketh truth:

"Hear, friend Rânjhâ, drive the buffaloes from this pad-
dock and the cows from the other."

- 205 Before 70 Khâis* and 72 nobles Chûchak betrothed
Hîr to Rânjhâ (saying):

* *i. e.*, leaders of the Siyâls.

“Jab lag jîve, mâl hai mâhî dâ; tain te mar gae nâbar
nâîn.

Je te te koî Hîr khoî toṛe, bich Dargâh deân ogâhî.*
Jadoñ Rânjhe nûn eh gall âkhî, hak lîân majjî te gâîn.

“Bâbal tere, Hîre, oh dhan dindâ, jerâ chariâ loṛdâ
râtî.

210 Paṭ diân kîlî, toṛâ diân rassî; majjî hai baḍî kamzâtî.

Sappâû nâl hai majlis merî, sherâû nâl jamâtî.

Tûn toñ soî rang mahil bich, sânûn nibar deân nahû
râtî.”

“Hatth bañhke karâû bintî, tainûn sachî âkh sunâi.

Ik pâse merâ Chûchak bâbal, ik pâse Tullî mâi.

“As long as thou shalt live she is thine, and when thou
art dead she will not deny it.

If any one tear Hîr from thee I will bear witness
(against him) in the Court (of God).”

When Rânjhâ was told this he drove off the buffaloes
and the cows.

(Said Rânjhâ): “Thy father hath given me, O Hîr, cattle
that will only graze at night.

210 They pull out their pegs and they break their ropes;
these buffaloes are very vicious.

My company is with the serpents and my friendship
with the lions.

Thou sleepest in the painted palace and I cannot pass
the night.”

“With joined hands I beseech thee and I tell thee
truth.

On one side of me (sleepeth) my father Chûchak and on
the other side my mother Tullî.

* For *gawâhî*.

- 215 Ik pâse bîr Paṭhân sondâ, kol sondî Koḍî bharjâi.
Chheṛ majjî chal béle nûn, main̄ dîn charhde nûn âi.”
- “Manjhî âiân, merâ châk nahîn âiâ, kehre rangân bich
rattâ ?
Nâ main̄ katiâ, nâ kaddhâ kasîdâ, deke â gai Rânjhe
nûn bhâtâ.
Muṭhân bharke jad dekhâ sî, mere Rânjhe dâ piṇḍâ tattâ.
220 Nau mahîân sukh Sultân dî deân, daswân chhadân kattâ :
Teron̄ lâke lungî deân, sir dâ dewân sâf dupattâ :
Innî baksân* us nûn, jerâ koî Rânjhe nûn kar de achhâ.
Jerâ koî Rânjhe nûn raje kar de, asîn hâjî o Makkâ.
Hîr Siyâl, main̄ tohen̄ ḍub gai, jadoñ de lââ berî nûn
dhakkâ.

- 215 On one side sleepeth my brother Paṭhân and near him
his wife Koḍî.
Drive the buffaloes to the forests, I will join thee at day-
break.”
- “The buffaloes have come, but my servant hath not
come ; in what pleasures is he jaying ? †
Neither have I spun, nor have I plied the needle, but I
am come with food for Rânjhâ.
When I shampooed my Rânjhâ I found his body hot.
220 Nine buffaloes do I vow to (Sakhî Sarwar) Sultân, and
the tenth shall be a (cow-) calf.
I will give him my skirt and the kerchief from my head :
To him will I present them that shall make my Rânjhâ
well.
For him that shall make my Rânjhâ happy, will I be a
pilgrim to Makkâ.
I, Hîr of the Siyâls, was ruined for thee, when thou
(Rânjhâ) didst push off thy boat.

* For *bakhshâv*.

† From here to line 264 is a lament by Hîr.

- 225 Manjhî âiân, châk nahîn âiâ, bele bich kharî palammân.
Taliân jhassôn, dast maṛorân, merâ nij bhâiân kammân.
Jândî joban, bahinde pâñî kinnî nahîn ghatiâ bannân.
Bâhar jâven bâbal Chûchak jhirke, ghar âven Tullî am-
mân.
Jâven masîte Phattû Kâjî jhirke, dar bich châchâ Kaidû,
langân.
- 230 Tanjan bich kurîân jhirakdîân, bich vi galî de ranân.
Dhulke merâ joban bich râhîñ pai gîâ, mainûñ disdâ
obhâ kammân.
Je jânân mainûñ kajiâ painge, to nij Siyâle jammân !
Manjhî âiân, châk nahîn âiâ, manjhî nûñ kis bidh talle ?
Âj Rânjhe ghar Hir de nahîn âiâ, khabar nahîn bich
bele.

- 225 The buffaloes have come, but my servant hath not come,
and I search for him in the forests.
I will rub his feet and knead his hands, that is my
favorite.
My youth is fleeting and none can stay the flowing
waters.
When I go abroad my father Chûchak scoldeth, when I
return home my mother Jullî.
When I go the mosque Fattû the Qâzî scoldeth and at
home my uncle Kaidû, the cripple.
- 230 The maids jeer at me in the spinning place and the
women even in the lanes.
My youth declining hath gone far away and seemeth
afar off.
Had I known that I would fall into such trouble I would
never have been born among the Siyâls !
The buffaloes have come, but my servant hath not come :
how have the buffaloes come ?
To-day Rânjhâ hath not come to Hir's house and there
is no news of him in the forests.

- 235 Dûdhân-wâle dûdh sambhâle, Gurûn ne sambhâle chele.
 Hîr hathnî, muhâwat Miyân Rânjhâ ; mainûn jûn bhâve
 tûn palle.
 Yâr yârôn kolon bidhiâ mangde, jûn Gurûn se chele.
 Chârôn nain kaṭṭâ-baddâ ho gae, dhâlôn soñ sele.
 Bele bich phirdî dî lungî pâṭ gaî, bhaj gaî sûhî tele.
- 240 Ab de bichhre kadî milenge, hovenge sababon de
 mele !
 Suniye, Khwâjiâ Bâbâ, jandiâ merâ châk tere sâmbhe.
 Sap na lare, sher nâ bhenke, chor nâ chahhe lâmbhe !
 Âiâ Sâwan, dil parchâwan, Dharti chhadîân sîrân.
 Nadhiân nûn bar mâpe de lîe, tainûn Hîr nûn Panjân
 Pîrân.

- 235 Milkmen watch their milk and Gurûs watch their dis-
 ciples.
 (I) Hîr am an elephant, and Miyân Rânjhâ is my driver :
 thou canst use me as thou wilt.
 Friends take leave of friends, as Gurûs do of their dis-
 ciples.
 Our four eyes met, as spear against shield.
 Wandering in the forests my kerchief is torn, and ripped
 up is my red scarf.
- 240 If the separated meet again, happy will be the meeting !
 Hear, O saintly Khwâjâ,* my errant servant is under
 thy care.
 Let no snake bite him, no lion frighten him, no thief
 trouble him !
 The rains† have come and my heart rejoices and the
 Earth brings forth.
 Parents shall find husbands for their maids and the
 Panj Pîr for Hîr.

* Shekh Farîdu'ddîn Shakarganj, the great saint of Pâk Paṭṭan and patron saint of the Siyâls ; commonly also called Bâbâ Farîd.

† The season of rejoicing to Indian women.

- 245 Sunîye, we nâliân, ðathiâ bhâliâ : kyûn bûte patdâ kâhîn ?
 Shahr dariyâwân dî risân kardâ, tûn tul chhapre de nân ?
 Aisî pattan manjî langiân, aisî pattan gâîn.
 Aisî pattan Miyân Rânjhâ langh giâ, merâ Hir nadhî dâ
 sâîn.
 Je phakaronî dî-doâ lag jâe, tainûn phir bagegâ nâhîn.
- 250 Sarpar Hîr ne Rânjhe nûn milnâ, bhâven jân jâve ajâîn.
 Rain andherî ; galiân chîkar ; bijlî lasak ðarâve.
 Dhartî Mâtâ mainûn bel nahîn dindî ; maithon ambar
 charhâ nahîn jâe.
 Khabbe jâven sher bahakdâ, sajje basîr khâve :
 Sarpar Hîr ne Rânjhe nûn milnâ, jûn Kâjir* nûn bhâve.
- 255 Mulk Rabbânâ paike so giâ, mainûn lâiân tattî nûn
 sânghân.

- 245 Hear, O thou stream, I know thee well: why dost thou
 throw down the trees ?
 Dost rival the great rivers, that art not even equal to
 the ponds ?
 Such a ford can buffaloes cross, such a passage can cows.
 Such a ford can Miyân Rânjhâ cross, the lord of Hir, the
 maid.
 If a *faqîr* curse thee thou shalt no longer flow.
- 250 Hîr shall surely meet Rânjhâ, though she lose her life.
 The night is dark and the lanes muddy and the light-
 ning frighteneth me.
 Mother Earth giveth me no cover and I cannot climb
 to the heavens.
 If I go to the left lions frighten me, if I go to the right
 serpents bite me :
 But Hîr shall surely meet Rânjhâ, if God be favourable.
- 255 God's earth doth sleep, but I the wretched am pierced
 with the arrows (of grief).

* For *Qâdir*.

Dûdhoiwâla dûdh sambhâle, Shahren miliân bângân.

Milnâ hai tû mil paṛ, Rânjhîâ ; nahîn, merî jân nikal chaliân chângân.

Sap shî mainûn khân nûn âwande, pânî diân chaṛh giân kângân.

Manjhî manjhî sab koî âdhâ, manjhî han hûrân parîân.

260 Sing manjhî de balbal khûṇḍe, paṛ par sawândiân thaliân.

Dûdh manjhî de sharbat mîṭhe, ghiû misrî dî ḍaliân.

Bâhir jân jî sahâwan, ghar âwan to galiân.

Â, Miyân Rânjhâ, chaupaṛ khele, khasmon nûn khâdiân kheṛiân.

Âshak te mâshûkân diân gallân bich jag de ṭurîân.”

The milkmen have collected the milk and the cry
(to prayer) resounds through the city.*

If thou wilt meet me, Rânjhâ, meet me, or my life will
depart in tears.

Serpents and lions come to destroy me and the waters
have risen on high.

All call them buffaloes, but the buffaloes are spirits
and fairies.

260 The buffaloes' horns are beautifully curved and their
buttocks fat.

The buffaloes' milk is sweet as sugar and the butter as
sugar-candy.

Going out they beautify the fields, coming home the
lanes.

Come, my Lord Rânjhâ, let us play at *chaupur*,† and
let the buffaloes go home.

The story of lover and beloved is known throughout
the world.”

* *i.e.*, it is morning.

† See Vol. I., p. 243; and Vol. II., p. 282.

- 265 " Mârif jon zât chākân dī, bad boi mandī âve.
 Ki tûn kisi dī gāndhī lûtī, âkhe tûn Hire kulâve ?
 Bukal kholke dikhâ, Rânjhâ, tainûn mushk chandan dâ
 âve."
 Bukal Rânjhe de bich Hîr sî, je Rabb pardâ pâve.
 " Mârif jât sâdī banâudâ, tainûn sharam na âve !
- 270 Nâ main kisi dī gāndhī lûtī, nâ hai merī Hîr kulâve.
 Chandan rukh Kashmîron dūb piâ, bahan piâ harâve :
 Kheke manjhî chandan nâl, langhdîân mushk manjhî te
 âve."
 Jad bukal kholke dikhâ lî Rânjhâ, pichoñ Hîr nazar na
 âve !
 Rânjhâ jatî Maujû dâ betâ, Rabb oh dī sharam rakhâve !
-

- 265 Said Pathân : " A low set are servants and bad to the
 smell.*
 Hast thou stolen some sweet perfume, or is Hîr em-
 bracing thee ?
 Raise up thy arm, Rânjhâ, for thou dost smell of
 sandal-wood."†
 Hîr was under Rânjhâ's arm, but God hid her.
 (Said Rânjhâ) : " Thou dost call me a low man and hast
 no shame !
- 270 I have stolen no sweet perfume, nor is Hîr embracing
 me.
 A sandal-tree had been cut in Kashmîr and floated
 down the river :
 The buffaloes (in crossing it) ran against the sandal-
 tree and the scent stuck to the buffaloes."
 Then Rânjhâ raised up his arms and there was no sign
 of Hîr !
 And God preserved the virtuous Rânjhâ, the son of
 Maujû, from shame !
-

* The story progresses, and Pathân, Hîr's brother, tries to catch Rânjhâ with Hîr and fails.

† *i.e.*, sweetly.

- 275 " Akhâi sachî, âkh sunâwân, tainûn sachî âkh sunâf :
 Eh le apnâ bhugal bhûrâ, eh kharîân han manjhî dî
 gâîn.
 Tuhâ nûn daulatmandân nûn châk bahutere, sânnûn
 châkarân nûn bahutere thâîn.
 Uḍe hans, uḍe nahîn bhande, uḍke jân surgân de tâîn.
 Pânân dî bâfî nûn râkhe bahutere, bhawarân de phûlân
 de tâîn.
- 280 Bîr Pathân mainûn mihine mâren, merâ rahinâ mubârik
 nâîn.
 Hîr, oh dî yârî lâwan, sher jagâwan, nâg jagâwan kâlî.
 Siroñ dharoñ dî bâjî lag gaî, tûn chal nahîn jândâ châlî."
 Paṭ paṭ siḍdî nûḍfân, kes makhan dî pâî.
 "Iko lag gaî, tû chhodî jândân, kache mâhî, bâbal Chûchak
 bâlî!"

- 275 (Said Rânjhâ to Hîr): "I speak the truth and I tell
 thee truth :
 Take thy brown blanket and the cow-buffaloes that are
 standing (waiting).
 Ye rich can find many servants, and we servants many
 a place.
 The flying swans cannot be stayed, and fly to the
 heavens.
 The betel-fields have many a keeper and flowers many
 a bee.
- 280 Thy brother Pathân doth threaten me and it is not well
 that I remain.
 O Hîr, to fall in love with thee is to awaken lions and
 black snakes.
 It is a stake of heads and bodies and thou dost not know
 how to play."
 She tore the hair of her head and her locks nurtured on
 butter (and Hîr said) :
 "Thou wretched neatherd, thou wouldst desert the
 daughter of Chûchak at the first reproach!"

- 285 "Kaidû eh dâ âkhân, sachî âkh sunâwân, tainûn âkh sunâi.
Makkoñ turke hâjî â giâ; â giâ, Rânjhe, tere tâin.
Tîn din mainûn bhûke nûn ho gae, kite roṭî hath na âi.
Waste Rabb de roṭî mainûn châk de, tûn jîve jagân tâin.
Makkion turke hâjî, Kaidû, â giâ Rânjheñ tâin."
- 290 "Bich ujâr de langar bhâldâ? Ithe kin ne deg charhâi?
Aṭṭhon pahron mainûn roṭî âwandi, hân Chûchak Mihar dâ mâhî.
Je tûn bhutṭa bhûkâ, pai jâ Siyâlân dî râhî."
"Adhî nâlon chappâ de de, pinnî nâlon bhorâ.
Awal pun sârî dâ kar de, agle jug dâ dohrâ."
- 295 Jad Rânjhe sawâl Kaidû dâ suniâ, palle Kaidû de chûrî pâi.

- 285 Saith Kaidû,* "I speak truth and speak it to thee.
I am come a pilgrim from Makkâ, O Rânjhâ, to thee.
Three days have I been hungry and had no bread at all.
Give me bread for God's sake, thou servant, and mayest thou live for ever.
I, Kaidû, am come a pilgrim from Makkâ to Rânjhâ."
- 290 "Who can light a hearth in the wilds? Who can put a cauldron (on the fire) here?
I am the neatherd of Mihar Chûchak and get my bread once in the eight watches.
If thou art very hungry take thy way to the Siyâls."
"Give me half of half a piece or a quarter of a piece (of sweetmeat).
Give me first all the bread, that thou mayest win double in the next world."
- 295 When Rânjhâ heard Kaidû's speech, he put some cakes into Kaidû's wallet.

* Hîr's uncle.

Leke chûrî Kaidû tur piâ, âke Siyâle vich dinde dhâi :

“ Hîr tân Rânjhâ main bich bele de dekhâ, jhût boldâ nâhîn.

Hîr leke Rânjhâ chalâ jâo, lâj Siyâlân nûn lâîn.”

Eh gall jadoñ Siyâle ne sun lî, Hîr Kâji de parhne pâi.

300 “ Eh karam bich Siyâlân de nâhîn ; tû pai jâ mâpiân de râhîn.

Samajh siyânâ ban jâ, Hîre, pai jâ Kheron de râhîn.

Kherë tainûn biyâhke le jâwange, rassî pâwange bâhîn.

Jeṛe Rânjhe dâ mân kârdî hai, oh châk nahîn kisî tâhîn.”

Phattû Kâji Hîr nûn samjhâtâ : “ Bich tû Bahishton Dozakh nûn na jâîn.”

305 “ Sun, we Kâji pâk namâjî ; taiuñ kahinde haiñ,
‘ Miyân ! Miyân !’

Taking the cakes Kaidû went and cried out amid the Siyâls :

“ I have seen Hîr and Rânjhâ in the forests, and I tell no lies.

Rânjhâ will take away Hîr, and there will be shame to the Siyâls.”

When the Siyâls heard this, they sent Hîr to be taught by the Qâzî.

300 (Said the Qâzî to Hîr) : “ This is not like the Siyâls : follow thou the way of thy parents.

Be wise, O Hîr, and go the way of the Kherâs.

The Kherâs will take thee away in marriage and will bind thine arms with a rope.

The Rânjhâ on whom thine heart is set is but a worthless neatherd.”

Said Fattû, the Qâzî, to Hîr : “ Go not from Heaven to Hell.”

305 (Said Hîr) : “ Hear, O holy Qâzî ; men call thee, ‘ Lord, Lord !’

'Miyân' khalkat Rabb Sache nûn kahindî, jerâ rizak
dindâ sab jiyân !

Hîr, mainî Dhartî; merâ hal Miyân Rânjhâ, nit 'nṭh
mârdâ sîmân.

Post hoke, merî haddî rawan gîâ, oh de pîte bâj na jîwân.
Khoke Rânjhe te Kheriân nûn dindâ terâ kyûnkar bagdâ
hîân ?

310 Je tainûn Kherê bahut piâre, Kâjîâ, dolî bich pâ de apnî
dhîân !"

"Samajh siyânî chhad de takabbar, pakar halemî ban
jâ Kheriôn dî bândî.

Sombî rûpâ nâl lâvin jarânâ, Kherê chhadî korî chândî.

Sir ton nangî, pairon se nangî, hâl fakîrân de jândî.

Terî ṭṭî jṭî, pâṭî lungî, pairân dî gard sir nûn jândî.

315 Unche dhaular Sîde de sunharî chhajî, uthe pawan
hulârî khândî.

And men call the True God 'Lord', that giveth sus-
tenance to all !

I, Hîr, am the Earth, and Miyân Rânjhâ is my plough
that ever plougheth.

Like opium he hath entered my bones, and I cannot live
without drinking (him).

How can thy heart brook that thou take me from
Rânjha and give me to the Kherâs ?

310 O Qâzî, if thou so lovest the Kherâs, give them thy own
daughter in marriage !"

"Be wise and give up thy pride, and be humble, and
be the maid of the Kherâs.

Thou dost attach thyself to false silver and leavest the
true silver of the Kherâs.

Thou wilt become as a *faqîr* with bare head and naked
feet.

Thy shoes will be worn out and thy skirt tattered and
the dust of thy feet will fly to thy head.

315 In the lattices of the lofty palace of Sîdâ the cool air plays.

Chhadke Kherân nûn pallâ Rânjhe dâ phardî haiñ, Bahish-
ton Dozakh nûn jândî.”

“ Sun, we Kâjî pâk namâjî, kâgaj likhdâ bagge :

Ag lag jâe terâ ghar, jal jâe balan kitâbân sabbhe !

Put mar jâe, nûh randî bah jâe, tere âve jâlân de agge !

320 Hakk Rânjhe dâ Kheron dindâ ; tere bhâ kabaran nûn
lagge !”

“ Âkhân sachî, akh sunâwân, main dewân, Kâjî, dohâi.

Hîr mere te parhdî nâhîn, oh mere parhândî nâhîn.”

Panje Kherê katthe ho gae, takiâ majlis lâi.

Ik kahinde haiñ : “ Hîr dâ sâkhâ Mabbû Sunâre nûn de
do ; oh dî daulat kammî nâ kâi.”

325 Ik kahinde haiñ : “ Hîr dâ sâkhâ Adalî Râjâ nûn de do ;
oh dî hai bađi bådshâhî.”

To leave the Kherâs and to seize the skirt of Rânjhâ is to
go from Heaven to Hell.”

“ Hear, O holy Qâzî, that writest on the white papers :

Fire seize thy house and burn all thy books !

May thy son die and his wife be a widow and thy
daughter suffer !

320 Thou givest Rânjhâ's right to the Kherâs : fire burn
thy grave !”

(Said the Qâzî to the Siyâls) : “ I tell you truth, and
I, the Qâzî, claim your protection.

Hîr listeneth not to me, nor can be made to listen.”

The heads of the Kherâs gathered together and held
a meeting.

Said one : “ Give Hîr in marriage to Mabbû, the Gold-
smith, that hath no lack of wealth.”

325 Said another : “ Give Hîr in marriage to Râjâ Adalî,*
that hath a great empire.”

* See below in this poem line 607 ff.

Chûchak kahiudâ: "Hîr dâ sâkhâ Rânjhe nûn de do,
jerâ ghar sâde dâ mâhî."

Kaidû kahindâ: "Hîr Kherion de do; main sachî âkh
sunâi."

Itnî gall majlis bich ho gaî, Hîr dî kîti Sîde Kherê
nûn kurmâhî.

"Charhdîân nadiân paindîân lashkân, merîân ankhîân
Rânjhe diân dukhîân.

330 Jûn jûn manjhî de magaron phirdâ, dukhdî dîn sawâtîân.
Pardesiân de dukh kann bande, bâz apnî mâîân ?

Nâ main liân rok rupae, na ginke liân chhamâtîân.

Siyâlân vichh âke kî dhan katthîân? Lakh badîân sarâtîân !

Taintn biyâhke le jâo Sîdâ, main kyûnkar ralân bhâtîân ?

335 Kin tere hatth gâná bandhâ? Kin terî mehndî lâi ?

Said Chûchak: "Give Hîr in marriage to Rânjhâ, the
neatherd of my house."

Said Kaidû: "Give Hîr to the Kherâs; it is truth that
I say."

When this had been said at the meeting, Hîr was
betrothed to Sîdâ, the Kherâ.

(Said Rânjhâ): "The strong currents of the rivers have
risen and the eyes of me, Rânjhâ, are troubled.

330 They are greatly troubled, as I wander after the
buffaloes.

Who shall know the trouble of a stranger, but his own
mother ?

Neither did I take any money, nor did I receive any
pay.

Have I gathered any wealth by coming to the Siyâls ?
But I have endured a thousand reproaches !

When Sîdâ takes thee away as a bride, how shall I meet
my brethren ?"

335 (Said Hîr) "Who shall bind on the marriage bracelets ?
Who shall stain thee with henna ?

Kîdeghar tainûn biyâhan jânâ ? Kîdâ banwangâ jamâî ?”

“ Mohanâ Bâhman mere gâná bândhâ : Phattî Nâin ne mehndî lâî.

Ralke kurîân ne butnâ lâîâ, het Rânjhe de chaurî dhâî.

Ghar Chûchak de biyâhan jânâ ; main banân Siyâlân dâ jamâî.

340 Bârân baras unhân dî manjhî chârîân, main ginke nahîn
lî chhamâî.

Lagî sî kachahri Chûchak Mihar dî, jad mainûn Hîr pharâî.

Hun koî Hîr khoe lure, tân bich Dargâh de dîen dohâî.”

Sâth subelhân katthîân hoîân, janj dekhan Sîde dâ âî.

Tîn tîn tangalî kanne Sîdâ, sir lungî balî malâhî.

345 Ankhon kânâ, sir te ganjâ, jorî bandî nâhîn.

“ Main tân mâl Rânjhe dâ, jerâ sâde ghar dâ mâhî.”

Into whose house shalt thou marry ? Who shall make thee a son-in-law ?”

“ Mohan, the Brâhman, shall bind on the bracelet ; Fattî, the Barber's wife, shall bring the henna.

The maidens shall anoint me with oil and place the (marriage) throne beneath Rânjhâ.

I will marry into the house of Chûchak ; I will be the son-in-law of the Siyâls.

340 Twelve years have I grazed their buffaloes and have taken no pay.

It was in the assembly of Mihar Chûchak that Hîr was given me.

If any one take her away now I will complain to the Court (of God).

Sixty maidens collected to see the marriage procession of Sîdâ.

Sîdâ had three rings in his ears and a large turban like a boatman.

345 He was one-eyed and bald-headed and no match for (Hîr).” (Said Hîr) : “ I belong to Rânjhâ, the neatherd of our house !”

“ Sir par tamak paṭâr Kheriân rakh lîâ terî prît de mâre.
Takht Hazârâ bâbal dâ chhorâ, chhode bîr piâre.

Lâlî bhâbhî rondî chhadî, jin uṛde panchhî mâre.

350 Us Lâlî nûn parbat rondî, asî mânas kaun bichâre?

Putr paṭhân de asî châk sadâle, châk honde kaun bichâre?

De jawâb, mûṛ jâ gharon nûn, jâke râlîye bhâichâre.”

“ Pairân bâj nâ sonde thamân, hathân wâj nahîn karîân.

Putrân wâj mâwân nahîn sondiân, daulat diân bharîân.

355 Bhâtân bâj bahinân nahîn sondiân, paṇḍ uḍeken kharîân.

Kanthân bâj nârân nahîn sondiân, bhâwân hondîân hîrân
parîân.

Rânjhe bâj main Hîr nahîn sondî, bhâwân lakh Kheriân
dî faujân charhîân.

(Said Rânjhâ): “ For thy sake I put the drum and the
goods of the Kherâs on my head.

I left Takht Hazârâ of my fathers, and my beloved
brethren.

I left my brother's wife Lâlî, that kills the flying birds
(with her glances).

350 The (stony) hills would weep for Lâlî, and what am I
that am a man?

I, the son of nobles, am called a servant, and who careth
for a servant?

Dismiss me that I may go home and mingle with my
brethren.”

(Said Hîr): “ Without feet anklets are useless, and brace-
lets without arms.

Mothers are useless without sons, though covered with
wealth.

355 Sisters are useless without brothers, that wait beside
the roads.

Women are useless without husbands, be they spirits or
fairies.

I, Hîr, am useless without Rânjhâ, though thousands of
Kherâs surround me.

Je mukh mûrâ Rânjhe yâr, ton hâliâ Dozakh bich
sarîân."

"Reṛû rukh bich gun nâ koî, phirde bhawar piâse.

360 Barân baras tain manjhî charâân, hun deke dher
dilâse!

Takht Hazârâ bâp dâ chhorâ, ronde chhaḍe mâpe.

Bhâi bîr piâre chhaḍe, chhaḍe tâi châche.

Rânjhâ, hans Allah dâ, galiân bich ruldâ, Sîdâ kâg nûn
bahâvegi pâse.

Jin hatteñ ghio khaḇ khilâ, kinne chhâb nahîn deni
bich kânsî ?

365 Oh din chete kar, jis din bele bich âwandî si âpe.

Tû charh gaî Sîde Kherê dî dolî : asî jinâ kede parwâr
se ?"

Hîr âkhdî Rânjhe nûn : "Tûn sâḍe sir dâ sâîn.

If Rânjhâ turn away his face I suffer as in the midst of
Hell."

(Said Rânjhâ): "There is no good thing in the *reṛû**
tree, and the bees roam about it thirsty.

360 For twelve years thou madest me graze buffaloes and
now thou givest promises!

I left Takht Hazârâ of my fathers and my weeping
parents.

I left my dear brethren and my uncles.

Rânjhâ, the swan of God, is wandering in the lanes,
while Sîdâ, the crow, is called to thy side.

The days were when thou didst feed me with sugar and
ghî and put no curds into my cup;

365 Remember, too, the day when thou didst come of thyself
into the forests.

When thou goest in marriage to Sîdâ, the Kherâ, with
whom shall I dwell in solace?"

Said Hîr to Rânjhâ : "Thou art the lord of my head.

* The *acacia leucophlœa*.

Ohî jâke manjhîân châre ; ohî châre gâîn.

Bârâ mahîne Khere kat̄ lain de, tervîn mahîne tere khol âî.

370 Mainûn kasam Kurân de ; main dharam dolândî nahîn."

Hîr nûn toṛke Rânjhâ muṛ piâ, Siyâlân vich murî bajâî.

Jadoñ Rânjhe de bajî murî, katthî ho gaî kul lukâî.

" Agge taiñ bajâî Hîr kamî bhûl gaî, hun bhûlnâ kisî ne nâîn.

Khâlî kyûn pûr bajâwandâ, bâlakiâ ? Takht Hazâre nûn jâîn !"

375 Siyâlân ton ṭur piâ Rânjhâ, lagâ Takht Hazârâ dî râhîn.

Lâlî kahindî, " Chalo, suhelio, ral dekhen chaliye sâḍe debar ne bahuttî ândî.

Khûh de utte liâ utârâ, piṇḍ na barî sarmândî.

Go and graze the same buffaloes ; go and graze the same cows.

Let me spend twelve months with the Kherâs and in the thirteenth month I will come to thee.

370 Let me take an oath on the Qurân : I go not back on my word."

Leaving Hîr Rânjhâ returned and played his flute among the Siyâls.

When Rânjhâ played his flute all the people collected, (And said) : " Before, when thou didst play (on thy flute) thou didst deceive the foolish Hîr, now thou dost deceive no one.

Why dost play the flute, boy ? Better go back to Takht Hazârâ !"

375 Rânjhâ left the Siyâls and took the road to Takht Hazârâ. Said Lâlî : " Come, my maids, let us go together to see the bride my brother-in-law hath brought.

She must have stayed at the well, too shy to enter the village :

- Kânî jaisî patlî, nau nau jhhoṭî khândî !
 Akkân vichh mewe bhâldî, ṭor ṭor phale khândî.
 380 Dhî Chûchak dî, bahin Paṭhân dî, Jattî kawârî ṭorke
 âudî.”
- “ Hîr khusî te kajjî pai gai, Lâlo ; tain kyûn bolî lâi ?
 Sîne sâng lagî phalâdon* hathen âp dî lâi.
 Chhadke Hîr nûn murke âiâ tere tân.
 Chelâ ho jâwân Gorakh Nâth dâ, Takht Hazâre murke
 âwân nâhîn.”
- 385 “ Nain nigârâ lâlân bich rang mahil de bharde.
 Hoṭh chhâre, dand badânâ, riwâre jabâ de phirde.
 Atiân-jatiân maṛoṛân-wâle main bahle dekh le tharde.
 Je terâ chit kardâ Takht Hazâre, â jâ ; nahîn, moṛe
 murde.”
- “ Pattâ mâr, phakîrî karîye, Allâh de log sadâe.

One-eyed and so slender, that she bends down nine
 times !

She finds fruit in the *ak*† plant and plucks and eats it.

- 380 The daughter of Chûchak and sister of Paṭhân, the Jatt
 maiden is brought here.”

(Said Rânjhâ) : “ Lâlo, Hîr hath been torn from me,
 why dost thou tease me ?

Thou dost thrust a spear of steel into my breast.

Leaving Hîr I am come back to thee.

I will become a follower of Gorakh Nâth and come back
 to Takht Hazârâ no more.”

- 385 “ The glory of thine eyes hath entered the palace.

Thy lips are dates, and thy teeth pomegranate seeds,
 and thy speech sweetmeats.

I have seen many proud men like thee brought to ruin.
 If thou dost regard Takht Hazârâ come or go back.”

“ We should slay our pride and become saints and be
 called the people of God.

* For *faulâd*.

† The *ak* is a poisonous plant, *asclepias gigantea* : these two lines are
 ironical.

- 390 Utte dhîraj de âsan karke kis nûn hâl sunâe ?
 Lâlri waudî lâl nahîn bandî, bhâven sattar âb chaphâe.
 Lâlân dî lâlî kadhî nahîn jândî, bhâwân sattar bhasham
 ralâe.
 Be-aslân de asal nahîn bande, bhânwen sattar ilam
 parhâe.
 Hansân de bache kâg nahîn bande, bhawân rîrî lâ bahâe.
- 395 Tâzî dî aswârî karke, terâ tâtû dâ kî sarâhî ?
 Be-kadaron dî yârî kolon je tû tû jâe, tân lakh pâe.”

Sûbeh sâr phajar dâ velâ Rânjhe Tille dâ râh pachhâiâ.
 Jûn jûn Tilla nere âwandâ dîdâ don sawâiâ !
 Bhenkan sher, chanîn na oh nûn dehdâ ; Rânjhâ boldâ
 nahîn bulâiâ.

- 390 Sitting on the seat of patience we should not complain ?
 Carats* will never be rubies, though washed in 70
 waters :
 The redness of the ruby will never depart, though
 rubbed in 70 ashes.
 The base will never be noble, though thou try 70 plans.
 The cygnet will never be a crow, though it stands
 upon a dunghill.
- 395 He that rides an Arab horse, will he admire thy pony ?
 When unrequitted love is gone a *lâkh* (of rupees) is
 gained.”

It was the hour of early morn when Rânjhâ found the
 road to (Gorakh Nâth's) Tilla. †
 As he approached the Tilla its glory increased !
 The lions roared and he could not see the hill, nor
 spake Rânjhâ when called. ‡

* The *lâlri* is a small red seed used in weighing precious stones.

† In the Gujrânwâlâ District.

‡ As he was so frightened.

400 Aukhî ghâtî, bakrâ paindâ; Rânjhe sambhâlke pair
takâiâ.

Astâ Mastâ Jogî baiṭhe; Rânjhe ne dohân nûn sîs
nivâiâ.

Panj rupae, tân pânân dâ berâ, pahilî bhaint charhâiâ.

“ Maujû dâ put, main Matte dâ potâ, jog lain nûn chalke
âiâ.

Kan phârke mundrân pâ deo, mainûn charh jâ rûp
sawâiâ.”

405 “ Mâpiân jhirki kî ? Tûn rizak bhonâ, Jogîân di koli
lag kharoven ?

Chaubî hazâr sâns hî tainûn hâsil koî nâ hoven.

Jis banjâre nûn ghâtâ â gîâ, so banjârâ roven.

Chelâ ban chalâu Gorakh Nâth dâ, Chaudhar Takht
Hazâre di khoven.”

Ṭille utte Gorakh baiṭhâ, Gorakh baḍâ asânî.*

400 The way was difficult and the road was steep and
Rânjhâ walked with care.

Astâ and Mastâ, the Jogîs,† were sitting there, and
Rânjhâ bowed his head to them.

He offered them five rupees and betel leaves‡ (and said) :
“ I, the son of Maujû and grandson of Mattâ, am come to
take the saintship.

Bore my ears and put in the rings, that my beauty may
increase.”

405 (Said they) : “ Have thy parents scolded ? Is thy living
hard, that thou art standing by the Jogîs ?

Of 24,000 (departed) breaths thou canst not recall one.

If a merchant suffer loss that merchant weeps.

If thou become a disciple of Gorakh Nâth thou wilt lose
the Chiefship of Takht Hazârá.”

Gorakh sitting at his Ṭillâ was very gracious.

* For *ahsânî*.

† Followers of Gorakh Nâth.

‡ A customary present.

- 410 “ Kan phârke mere mundrân pâ de, silî de mîrgânî.
Nagarî sârî chîtke le âwân, ghat dewân dhûân te pânî.
Hor chele sab urle parle, main, Rânjhâ, châk madâmî.”
“ Kanak bharoli, ghio ghar, ghar mânî duniyâ dî bhog.
Dekh bagânân tarimtân, had bihâ jadân rog.
- 415 Jadân, bâlakiâ, karegâ phakîrî, ab mukhrâ nâ hog.
Âkh Gorakh dâ mân le, aukhâ kathân hai jog.”
“ Takht Hazâron main chalke â gîâ, sun le, Gorakh
Sân.
Maujû dâ put, main Matte dâ potâ, mainûn ruliâ hoîâ
bhale nâhîn.
Jog dâ khilat gal mere pâ de, sir munke sor banân.
420 Hatth banhke kardâ bintî, mainûn charnân apne lâhî.”

- 410 (Said Rânjhâ) : “ Bore my ears and put in the rings and
give me the deer-skin cloak.
I will beg through the whole city for thee and tend thy
fire and water.
Thy other followers are here and there, I, Rânjhâ, will
ever be thy servant.”
(Said Gorakh) : “ There is gold and *ghî* in thy house,
and thou dost enjoy at home the pleasures of the
world.
Gazing on strange women thou art bringing misery on
thyself.
- 415 My son, when thou hast become a *faqîr*, thy face will
not be as now.
Hear the words of Gorakh, the saintship is a difficult
thing.”
“ Hear, my Lord Gorakh, I am come from Takht Hazârâ :
I am the son of Maujû and the grandson of Mattâ, think
me no wanderer.
Put the garment of the saintship round my neck and
shave my head.
- 420 With joined hands I pray and place my head at thy
feet.”

“ Ajmat* nâon kahar dâ dhakkâ, aukhî hai ghât
phakîrî.

Rorân tekriân bich bâsâ sâdâ ; sâ te kehe mangdân Gur-
pîrî ?

Kan phârke mundrân pâ deân lahû dî bag jâe tatîrî.

Kâliâu keshân bich bhasham ralâ deân, terî chhadungâ
nâ garmîrî.

425 Mâmâ ne pakiân, putân ne khâñiân ; koî nahîn shahr
jagîrî.

Bhûnîn sonâ te dhûnîn tapnâ ; nahîn koî palang pal-
ghanîrî.”

Tille utton Rânjhâ utarîâ, Gorakh dâ nâdh churâiâ.

Nawân Nâthân de akkh bachâe, Rânjhâ Naî Chandal nûn
dhâiâ.

Bich baretî de nâdh dabiâ, oh de utte âsan bichhâiâ.

“ The name of greatness bringeth blows, and the saint-
ship is a difficult path.

I live among the stones and potsherd :—is this the
Saintship thou dost want from me ?

If I bore thy ears and put in the rings, the drops of
blood will fall.

If I rub ashes into thy black locks, I shall destroy the
pride.

425 Mothers cook and sons eat, but I have no cities and lands
(to give thee).

I sleep on the ground and warm myself at the fire :
I have no bed and covering.”

Rânjhâ descended the Tîllâ and stole Gorakh Nâth's
conch.

Escaping the eyes of the Nine Nâths Rânjhâ went to the
Chândal (Chinâb) River.

He buried the conch in the sand and made his seat
above it.

- 430 Dhartî Mâtâ dî sompâ kîtî, Khwâjâ Pir dhyâiâ.
 "Eh tân nâdh tusîn kisî nûn denâ nâhîn, je koî Jogî
 âiâ."
 Nâdh dubke Rânjhâ murîâ Gorakh dî dhûn nûn âiâ.
 Gorakh âkhdâ : "Bachâ, yârân chorân dî mat na jândî,
 bhawân satar hoî siânâ.
 Pakkâ dhâm merâ thaṇḍâ ho gîâ, bîte bakhat biâhnâ.
- 435 Nausai chappî paî kharke, bhûkân Jogî mar gîâ kamlânâ.
 Ithoñ nâdh pharâîn, bâlakiâ, je koî tukrâ khânâ."
 "Choriân te badnâmiân dindâ ! Tere akhal thikâne nâhîn.
 Takht Hazâre dâ Chaudharî, koî mainûn evîn kamîn
 jâne nâhîn."
 Kânipâ chelâ âkhdâ : "Sunen, Gorakh Sâhî,
- 440 Nâdh terâ Rânjhe Jatt ne churâiâ, kinî sadh ne churâiâ
 nâhîn.

- 430 He gave it into the care of Mother Earth and meditated
 on the Saint Khwâjâ (Khizar and said) :
 "Give not up this conch to any one, if a Jogî come for it."
 Burying the conch Rânjhâ returned to Gorakh's fire.
 Said Gorakh : "My son, the plans of libertines and thieves
 withstand not, however wise they be.
 The cooked food is becoming cold and the time for
 eating is passing away.
- 435 Waiting with 900 bowls the helpless Jogîs will die of
 hunger.
 Bring the conch* here, my son, that they may eat their
 food."
 "Calling me a thief and bad names ! Thou hast lost
 thy senses !
 I am the Head of Takht Hazârâ, think me no low man."
 Said Kânipâ, the follower : † "Hear, my Lord Gorakh,
- 440 Rânjhâ, the Jatt, hath stolen thy conch : no one else
 hath stolen it.

* By which to call them.

† But see Vol. II., p. 16 ff.

Nâdh tere nûn baretî khândî, bahindî manjhîn gâîn.

Dhartî Mâtâ dî sompâ rakhdî, kol Khwâjâ Pîr kîta ogâhî.

Hun tân nâdh tainûn kadhî nahîn thiâunâ, Jatt ne kaṛaṛî
dhâr bagâî.

Eh Jatt hai barkat-wâlîâ, inhân nâdh tainûn kadhî vî
denâ nâîn.”

445 “Tille utte main Gorakh baithâ; Gorakh hân badâ
khiḍârî.

Bârân chhakke de nard pherân, tere Rânjhâ bâjî jit
lewân sârî.

Je bal karân sattar pîr dâ, bhâj jânge ithe, rahnân kisî
nûn nâhîn.

Mârân pawwâ Dhartî nûn, gârat kar deân, Khwâjâ dâ
sukhâ deân pâni.

Bhali châhe tânnâdh phaṛâ; nahîn, kar deân Lankâ Wâlî.

The sand hath eaten thy conch, and cows and buffaloes
rest upon it.

He gave it to the care of Mother Earth and made the
Saint Khwâjâ (Khizar) witness.

Thou shalt never recover thy conch, for the Jatt hath
buried it deep.

This Jatt is a wizard and will never give thee thy conch.”

445 “I, Gorakh, am sitting on my Tîllâ; I, Gorakh, am a
great magician.

I can throw the twelve and move the men (accordingly)*
and will win the game from thee, Rânjhâ.

If I use my strength against the 70 Saints they will all
fly hence and none will remain.

I will strike the Earth with my shoe and make her sink,
and will dry up the waters of Khwâjâ (Khizar†).

If thou desire thy good, then give up the conch, or I
will use thee as the Lord of Lankâ.‡

* See Vol. I., p. 244, &c.

† As Lord of the Flood.

‡ Allusion to the tale in the *Râmâyana*. Râvaṇa, Lord of Lankâ,
carried off Sîtâ, wife of Râma Chandra, and was slain in revenge,

- 450 Eh gall merî mân le, Rânjhiâ, tainûn sáchî âkh sunât."
 Rânjhâ aggion âkhdâ: "Gorakh, mainûn jhûtîân
 tohmatân na lâin.
 Put main Maujû dâ, Matte dâ potâ, lakkhân pagân dâ
 sâin.
 Je gidar-wâlî chungrâhî mârân, tân mere sab âwange
 bhâî :
- Ehnân Jogîân ne bhaj jânâ, ethe rahnâ kisî ne nân !
- 455 Bhalî châhe Gorakh âsan chak le ; nahîn, dholân khâke
 jân.
 Hon bhûn zor sârâ lâ le, nâdh bajâî bin dindâ nân,"
- Sajje Rânjhâ nâdh bajâîâ, kabhe murlî bâhî.
 Biche tûriân bhîrkân, kus bâjî dâ orakh nân.
 Sunke bâjî Devî Mâtâ bhajî, karke sherân dî aswârî.

- 450 Listen to my words, Rânjhâ, for I tell thee truth."
 Then said Rânjhâ: "Gorakh, bring no false charges
 against me.
 I am the son of Maujû, the grandson of Mattâ, and lord
 of 100 heads.
 If I make a call as a jackal* then all my brethren will
 come :
 And all thy Jogîs will fly hence and none remain !
- 455 If thou seek thy good, Gorakh, go hence, or thou wilt be
 thrust away.
 Bring the whole force of the world, and yet I will not
 give up the conch until I have sounded it."†
- On the right Rânjhâ sounded the conch, on the left he
 played the flute.
 There was no end to the music in the conch.
 Hearing the music came the Mother Goddess riding on
 her lion.‡

* The tribal cry of the Rânjhâ Jatts to collect the tribe in time of danger. This custom still exists in the Panjâb.

† *i.e.*, made himself as great as Gorakh.

‡ *i.e.*, Durgâ!

- 460 Paunc sai chappe Machhandar Nâth de sabhî chaḥke âe.
Sunke bâji Adalî Râjâ bhajâ âke, bahindâ Kachahrî lâîn.
Sunke bâji chele Gorakh Nâth de khush hoe, sabhnân
ne bhalî manâi.
Sunke bâji Gorakh khush hoiâ, kan phâre dî sartî dhâi.
Sajje Rânjhe de pakkî mundrâ, kabhe kachî pâi.
- 465 “ Chhoṭî nûn kahnâ ‘ bibî,’ bhanân, badî nûn kahnâ ‘ mâi.’
Nagarî sârî chîtke lâîn, mere bhikh nûn lâj na lâîn.”
“ Rosiân bhajân de kan phârdân, terî akal thikâne
nâhîn.
Kan banânde mundrâ le le, main Jogî banân nân.
Jede khâtir main Jogî ban gîâ, oh nûn kyûnkar âkhân
‘ mâi’ ?

- 460 Three quarters of a hundred followers of Machhandar
Nâth* came together.
Hearing the music came Râjâ Adalî† with his Court.
Hearing the music the followers of Gorakh Nâth were
happy and the saints were happy.
Hearing the music Gorakh Nâth was pleased and made
ready to bore (Rânjhâ’s) ears.
Into Rânjhâ’s right ear he put a *pakkâ* ring, and into his
left ear a *kachâ* one.‡
- 465 (Said Gorakh Nâth to Rânjhâ): “ My Saint, call the
young women ‘ sister’ and the old women ‘ mother.’
Beg throughout the whole city and bring no shame to
my (profession of) begging.”
(Said Rânjhâ): “ Hast lost thy senses that thou borest
the ears of runaways and fugitives.
Make whole my ears and take thy rings, I will be no
Jogî.
How shall I call her ‘ mother,’ for whose sake I would
be a Jogî ?

* See Legend of Gopî Chand, *ante, passim*. † See below line 607.

‡ *Kachâ* and *pakkâ* mean respectively unbaked and baked pottery, of which material the rings were made.

- 470 Jogî banân, mihinân lâj sâdî kul nûn lâi."
 "Sun, Rânjhiâ, main tainûn âkhdâ, Gorakh Sâin :
 Jeriân gallân tusân te bakhshâunâ, eh sâde karam
 phakîrân de nân.
 Jâ, Rânjhiâ, tainûn Hîr bakhshî Makke Madîne tâin.
 Hîr terî, tûn Hîr dâ, kitte hor pâse jhânke nân."
- 475 Jog Rânjhâ ne le lâ, Hîr bhûldî us nûn nân.
 "Gurûjî, bhajke kâlâ kâg Hîr dî khabar de mangâin."
 Gorakh kâg nûn âkhdâ, "Tûn Kheriân nûn ud jâin.
 Uthe Hîr hai Rânjhe dî, oh dî jâke khabar le âin."
 Tillion kâg ur gîâ, Kherê bardâ jâe.
- 480 Ghar ghar phirdâ bhâldâ, unhoñ Hîr thiâwandî nân.
 Ghar Sîde de jâke kâg lendâ Rânjhe dâ nân.

- 470 If I become a Jogî my family will be disgraced."
 "Hear, Ranjhâ, I, the Lord Gorakh, speak to thee :
 The thing thou dost desire cannot be granted by a
faqîr.
 Go, Rânjhâ, Hîr is granted thee from Makkâ and
 Madînâ.*
 Hîr is thine and thou Hîr's, and look thou not on
 another."
- 475 Rânjhâ took on the Saintship, but forgot not Hîr.
 (Said he) : "Sir Gurû (Gorakh Nâth), send thy black
 crow to bring news of Hîr."
 Said Gorakh to his crow : "Fly thou to the Kherâs,
 Where is Rânjhâ's Hîr, and bring news of her."
 The crow flew from the Tîllâ and entered Kherâ.
- 480 He looked into every house, but found not Hîr.
 The crow went to the house of Sîdâ, and called out
 Rânjhâ's name, (and said) :

- “ Rânjhe mainûn bhajîâ, Hîre, â giâ tere pâs,
 Je dharam terâ kâim hai, tân tur pio sâde nâl.
 Oh tân Jogî ho giâ, nit lendâ hai terâ nân.”
- 485 “ Âvîn, kâg rasîliâ, âvîn mere pâs.
 Sau sau salâm tainûn main karân, tân Rânjhe de dâs.
 Chûrî kûtân phul khand dî, bhattâ ghî ralâi,
 Je Rânjhâ mainûn mil pawe, tân eh khâne khâe.”
 “ Akhân sachî, âkh sunâwân, main jhûth boldâ nân.
- 490 Rânjhe mûe nûn tin din ho gae, utte Tille de kabar banâi.
 Main tân Rânjhâ chele ban ikke Nâth de, donon ban
 gur-bhâi.
 Oh dî tân aurat lagdî, meri lagdî bhujâi,”
 Jad eh gall sunî Hîr ne sabar dî mârdî dhân : “ Ithon
 ur jâ tân, kâliâ kâwân !
 Je Rânjhâ mar giâ, tân main katârân khâwân.”

- “ Rânjhâ hath sent me, O Hîr, and I am come to thee.
 If thou art still faithful, then come with me.
 He hath become a Jogî and is ever calling on thy
 name.”
- 485 “ Come, friendly crow, come to me, (said Hîr) :
 I make thee a hundred salutations, thou servant of
 Rânjhâ.
 I will make thee cakes of fine sugar and mix butter
 with thy food.
 If thou bring Rânjhâ to me this shall be thy food.”
 “ I say to thee truth and I tell no lies.
- 490 Rânjhâ hath been dead there three days and his grave is
 on (Gorakh Nâth's) Tillâ.
 I and Rânjhâ were disciples together, the brother-
 followers of one Nâth.
 Thou art his wife and my sister-in-law.”
 When Hîr heard these words she could keep no patience
 (and said) : “ Fly hence, thou black crow !
 For if Rânjhâ be dead, then will I stab myself with a
 dagger.”

- 495 "Eh gall hai jhûthî, Hîre, main tainûn evîñ sunâf.
 Rânjhâ ho giâ Jogî, ang babhût charhâe.
 Gorakh boiâ khush utte Rânjhe, oh ne tûñ bakhshâf.
 Main udnâ ithon; de snehâ Rânjhe tâñ."
 "Udîñ, kâwân kâg rasiliâ, nû jâ, kâliâ kâwân.
- 500 Ik snehâ main Tulî ammâñ nûñ denâ, oh dî main kokh
 vichh samâwân.
 Dûjâ snehâ mere Chûchak bâp nûñ kahnâ, oh de main
 mastak charhke âwân.
 Tîjâ snehâ piñd de panchân nûñ kahnâ, jinben ditiân
 Rânjhe nâl lâwân.
 Chauthâ snehâ Fatti Nâin nûñ kahnâ, jis te main sohnâ
 sîs gudhâwân.
 Panjwân snehâ Fattû Kâji nûñ kahnâ, jih dî mahjit*
 parbne jâwân.

- 495 "It was not truth, O Hîr, that I said to thee just
 now.
 Rânjhâ hath become a Jogî and rubbed ashes on his
 body.
 Gorakh hath been pleased with Rânjhâ and given thee
 to him.
 Let me fly hence with a message for Rânjhâ."
 "Fly, O friendly crow, fly, O black crow.
- 500 My first message is for my mother Tulî, that bore me
 in her womb.
 My second message is for my father Chûchak, from
 whose head I was born.†
 My third message is for the village elders, that gave me
 in marriage to Rânjhâ.
 My fourth message is for Fattî, the Barber's wife, that
 used to dress my hair so well.
 My fifth message is for Fattû, the Qâzi, that taught me
 in the mosque.

* For *masjid*.

† Natives believe that the seat of procreation is the forehead.

505 Ik snehâ merâ chhatrî tâlî nûn kahnâ, jithe taiñ baithke
lâwân.

Ik snehâ khandî pîpal nûn denâ, jit Sâwan dî pîgiân
pâwân.

Ik snehâ merâ Luḍan mallâh nûn kahnâ, oh dî berî bich
chhej bichâwân.

Sârâ snehâ Rânjhe yâr nûn denâ, main jis dî Hîr sadâ-
wâû."

Kheriân te kâg uḗ piâ Tilli Gorakh de âiâ.

510 Pâs Rânjhe de bahke, sârâ Hîr dâ hâl sunâiâ.

"Hîr tân sukh kî kânâ ho gai, main âkheñ vekhke âiâ.

Chhetî, Rânjhiâ, jâñ kheriân nûn": kâg ne Rânjhe nûn
âkh sunâiâ.

Tillon Rânjhâ utariâ, utariâ nâdh bajâe.

Majilon majilon â giâ, bâg Kheriân de lathâ âe.

505 A message from me is for the spreading tree, beneath
which I was married.

A message from me is for the sweet *pîpal* tree, where
I used to swing in the rains.*

A message from me is for Luḍan the boatman, that
spread my bed in his boat.

Give all my message to my lover Rânjhâ, whose Hîr I
call myself."

The crow flew away from Kherâ and came to Gorakh's
Tillâ.

510 It sat down beside Rânjhâ and told him all the story of
Hîr (saying):

"Hîr hath become as a dry reed, I have seen her with
my own eyes.

Go quickly, Rânjhâ, to Kherâ:" said the crow to Rânjhâ.

Rânjhâ came down from the Tillâ sounding his conch.

Stage by stage he came and entered the Kherâ's garden.

* Swinging under *pîpal* tree in the month of Sâwan for luck is a
universal custom in Northern India among the young.

- 515 Subeh sâr fajar dâ belâ, Râujhâ Kheren baṛiâ bichhâ
nûn jâe.
Kotjâ Rânjhe chûrmân, lîâ jholî bich pâe :
Jad piṇḍ de yâne katthe ho gae, tân sabhnân nûn bartâiâ.
Rânjhe 'âlakh' jagâ dittâ bûhe Bhûge Jaṭṭ Kherē de jâe :
Rânjhe bichhâ mangdâ dar Bhûge de nâdh bajâiâ.
- 520 Bachiân yâne ne rassî torâ lfe, tân gâiân ne ârâ pâiâ.
Phuṭiân dudh diân kûriân, sârâ dudh saṛâiâ.
Kherē kahde : " Eh kî raulâ ho giâ ? Eh sabhrathâ Jogî
kidharon âiâ ?"
Rânjhâ Hîr dî saunrî jâ baṛâ, bhukke bāj mângon pich-
hon tâwandâ.
Agge rangale palang utte Hîr baithî, jholî siṭṭke ho giâ
bâwarâ.

- 515 It was early morn when Rânjhâ went to the Kherâs to
beg alms.
Rânjhâ made cakes and put them into his wallet,
And when the village children collected, he distributed
them amongst them.
Rânjhâ called 'âlakh'* before the door of Bhûgâ the
Kherâ Jaṭṭ : †
And sounding his conch he demanded alms of Bhûgâ.
- 520 The young calves tore at their ropes and the cows
lowed. ‡
They upset the milk-pails and spoilt all the milk.
Said the Kherâs : " What is this disturbance ? Whence
hath come this wizard Jogî ?"
Rânjhâ entered the home of Hîr's father-in-law, sorrow-
ing like a hungry falcon.
Hîr was sitting before him on a painted couch, and
throwing down his wallet he became frantic.

* See Vol. I., p 32, etc.

† Should be Siyâl: the father-in-law of Hîr.

‡ i. e., on hearing the conch.

- 525 Jad Rânjhe nâdh bajâi Sîtî khair chîne dâ pâiâ.
 "Kidharon â giâ, Jogîâ ? Taiñ kîshâ makar banâiâ ?
 Leke bichhâ muṛ jâ ; tân kihâ jhagrâ pâiâ ?
 Eh ghar hai Sîde Kherê dâ : tûñ ithe kâs nûñ âiâ ?"
 "Gorakh Tille te Jogî utarâ, Jogî badâ nakîñâ !
- 530 Âke Kheron 'âlakh' jagâi, milke baiṭhâ Sîde dâ basî mân.
 Âṭe dî bichhâ mainûñ koî nahîñ pâwandî, jo koî pâune
 Nâth nûñ chinâ !
 Âṭe hove sâdh madhû-garî pakâve ; terâ bhaṭh nahîñ
 bhujdâ, Sîtî, chinân."
 "Jamiâ mar jâ, gharîâ bhaj jâ ; eh bandâ hai utalî
 Parbatgâr* dâ.
 Sâhûkârân de mâl khizâne luṭ gae ; phatṭe kânse nûñ
 kâh nûñ chatârdâ ?

- 525 When Rânjhâ sounded his conch Sîtî brought him some
 millet as alms (and said) :
 "Whence comest thou, Jogî? and what is thy story ?
 Take thy alms and go ; why create a disturbance ?
 This is Sîdâ's house : why hast thou come ?"
 (Said Rânjhâ) : "A Jogî comes from Gorakh's Tîllâ,
 and a comely Jogî too !
- 530 Coming to Kherâ he calls out 'âlakh' and sits at Sîdâ's
 threshold.
 No (wheaten) flour is given him in alms, but what is
 given to the Nâth is millet !
 Were it (wheaten) flour the saint could cook it: thy
 millet, Sîtî, will not even parch in an oven."
 "What is born will die, † what is made will be broken :
 man is a creature of God.
 Merchants are robbed of their wealth and goods : why
 art thou grieving over a broken bowl ?

* For *Parwardigâr*. See *ante*, p. 407.

† Sîtî says this : something seems to have been omitted before this speech.

- 535 Je tain kânsâ maṭṭî dâ lenâ, bûhâ milain kisî kumhâr dâ.
 Je tain kânsâ lakṛî dâ lenâ, bûhâ milain kisî tarkhân dâ.
 Je kânsâ chândî sone dâ lenâ, bûhâ milain bare sâhûkâr dâ.
 Kânsâ nâlon tainûn gaṛwâ le deân, bharke de deân, Nâth,
 kanak te jawâr dâ.
 Mâre—mûṭe dâ eh ghar nahiñ, eh ghar hai Sîde Sardâr dâ.
- 540 Â jâe Sîdâ, tere akal gañwâve, phir phirengâ Hîr nûn
 bhâldâ ?”

Jadoñ Rânjhe wal Hîr ne dekhâ, uthke bah gaî bichârî :
 Jad âshikân nûn mâshûk mil pie, sukhî hari hoî tarkarî.
 Wâste Rânjhe de milan nûn Hîr tâñ Sîti ne banat banâî.
 Sajje hatth dî ungalî badḍî, sar sarap dî lâlî.

- 535 If thou dost want an earthen bowl, go to some potter's
 house.
 If thou dost want a wooden bowl, go to some carpenter.
 If thou dost want a bowl of silver or gold, go to some
 great merchant.
 I will get thee a bowl made and fill it, Nâth, with
 wheat and millet.
 This house belongs to no low man, but to the Lord
 Sidâ.
- 540 When Sidâ comes thou wilt be frightened and then where
 shalt thou find Hîr ?”

When Hîr looked towards Rânjhâ she got up and sat
 down, and was restless :
 When lover meets beloved the flesh grows moist and
 (then) dry.*
 Then Hîr and Sîti made a plan for (Hîr's) meeting with
 Rânjhâ.
 (Hîr) cut a finger of her right hand (and said) a snake
 had bitten it.

* *i.e.*, they become restless.

- 545 " Bhâbâ nî, ik Jogî vekhiâ, Jogî anj khiâlî.
 Sûkhân banân nûn Jogî hare kardâ, pat pat lâwandâ dâlî.
 Âke Kheren 'âlakh' jagâ gîâ ; taiñ kyûn kaḍhiâ khâlî ?
 Akhe tûn Jogî nûn Kheren basâo ; nahîn, main, Sîtî,
 chalnewâlî."
 " Kherio, Hîr nag ne dângî, dângî nâg ne yâni.
- 550 Ghatak lammân, rang dâ sunehrî, kar gîâ mandî bhânî.
 Sajje hath dî chíchî par lariâ, bis chaḥhdî hai zor
 dhagânî.
 Utten dhâb de ik Jogî sunî dâ ; oh sar sappân dî jânî."
 Sîdâ chalke kol Jogî de â gîâ, hor Sîtî bhî nâl âi.
 Hatth bañhke Sîdâ kardâ arjân : " Sun le, Jogîâ Sîn,
- 555 Ikkî Kherë bich Chaudharî kahâwân ; ghar daulat dî
 kammî nânî.

- 545 (Said Hîr to Sîtî) : " O sister, I have seen a Jogî, a
 Jogî beyond belief.
 A Jogî that can make green the dried forest and bring
 leaves on every branch.
 He hath come to the Kherâ's and called ' âlakh' ; why
 dost send him away empty ?
 Do thou make the Jogî a dweller in Kherâ, or, Sîtî,
 I shall run away."
 (Said Sîtî) : " O Kherâs, a snake hath bitten Hîr, a
 young snake hath bitten her.
- 550 A finger long it was and of golden hue, and it hath
 put her in sore trouble.
 It hath bitten the little finger of her right hand and
 the poison is strong.
 There is a wise Jogî on the hill that knoweth about
 serpents."
 Sîdâ went to the Jogî and Sîtî went with him.
 Said Sîdâ with joined hands : " Hear, my Lord Jogî,
- 555 They call me Chief of the 21 Kherâ (clans) and there is
 no lack of wealth in my house.

- Râtîn Hîr nûn sap lar gîâ, bachdî dikhdî nâîn.”
 “ Âkhân sachî, âkh sunâwân, merâ jânâ bandâ nâîn.
 Sânnûn âsan chhadnâ charaj hai, sâdî satiâ rahindî nâîn.
 Je tuhâ nûn dard badherî hai, tân lão sâde pãs.
- 560 Je shap dã mârâ mar jãve, mainî âpe pâ dewân sãns.”
 Sîtî te Rânjhâ mil gae, ikko kîtî salâh.
 Sîdâ mundâ baithâ rah gîâ, unhân kus khabar na sâr.
 Dhûin te râkh chakke, dindâ Sîtî de hatth pharâî.
 “ Unhân dhûnî gûgal dî de deo, râjî kare Khudâe.”
- 565 Murke Sîdâ â gîâ, â bahindâ Hîr de pãs :
 Jo kus Jogî ne dasiâ, oh kîtâ ilâj :
 Hîr aggon ví aukhî ho gai, bhattî kardî kûk pukâr :
 “ Nâ ik gharî nûn mar jãwângî, le chalo Jogî de pãs.”
 Dolî vichh Hîr pâ lie, leke ture kahâr.

- In the night a snake bit (my wife) Hîr and she will not
 be saved.”
- “ I tell thee truth I cannot go there.
 I cannot leave my seat without losing my virtue.
 If thou art in great trouble bring her to me.
- 560 Even if she be dead of the snake-bite I myself will
 give her breath.”
- Sîtî and Rânjhâ together made a plan.
 Sîdâ sitting beside them had no knowledge of it.
 (Rânjhâ) took some ashes from his fire and gave them
 into Sîtî's hand (and said) :
- “ Give her incense of my smoke and God will make her
 well.”
- 565 Sîdâ went back and sat beside Hîr,
 And did all that the Jogî had said.
 Hîr then became in great trouble and cried out with a
 loud voice :
- “ If thou wouldst not that I die in an hour take me
 to the Jogî.”
- They put her into a litter and bearers carried her.

- 570 Nâl chimtî de Jogî jhârdâ, dittî bis utâr.
 Mele bichhrân de ho gae, yârân nûn mildî yâr.
 Yârân chorân âshikân dî pat rakhe Kartâr !
 Dhâb utton Jogî tur piâ, turîâ Sîde de nâl.
 Ghar Sîde dâ âke âsan dittâ, chaubâre bich lâe.
- 575 Dindâ khalkat nûn bûtîân te golîân, kardâ jinn bhût de
 ilâj.

Jad bahle din rahinde nûn ho gae, tad Hîr de kâdhan
 di kîfî salâh.

Aggion Sîtî boldî : "Tainûn sachîân deân sunâe :
 Jaisî hai tuhâdî dohân dî dostî, aisî hai merî Murâd de
 nâl.

Je tûn kalî Hîr nûn le giâ, main dewân dohâî pâe.

- 580 Dohâî tainûn Gorakh Nâth dî merâ yâr milâe."
 Rânjhâ nâdh bajâîâ, Gorakh nûn lendâ dhyâe.

- 570 The Jogî charmed her with his (fire) tongs and took out
 the poison.
 The separated met and the lover met his lass.
 (For) God preserves the honour of lovers and thieves !
 The Jogî came down from the hill and went with Sîdâ.
 And going to Sîdâ's house took up his abode in the
 upper story.
- 575 Giving the people herbs and medicines he cured (those
 possessed of) goblins and sprites.

When many days had passed (Rânjhâ) made a plan to
 carry off Hîr.

Then said Sîtî : " I tell thee truth :

As ye two love, so do I love Murâd.

If thou take off Hîr alone, I will demand redress.

- 580 I adjure thee by Gorakh Nâth to bring me to my
 love."
 Rânjhâ sounded his conch and meditated on Gorakh.

Nâdh bich Makke de sun piâ, Murâd Baloch nûn ânâ khwâb.

“Tere âshik yâd kardî chhetî mile Sîtî nûn jâe.”

Jaisâ Sassî nûn Punnûn mil piâ, aisâ Sîtî nûn mile Murâd.

585 Jethî râd Itwâr dî, Rânjhe lie Hîr nûn churâe.

Leke Hîr nûn jhal vichh bar gîâ, Kheriân nûn khabar na sâr.

Sîtî ajân bhî, nahin pîchhâ ehaddî, bâttî ghar dî jâe.

“Tainûn kasam hai Gorakh Nâth de, mainûn chhad jâ Murâd de pâs.”

Rânjhâ Murâd sadiâ, chhin mâtar bich gîâ âe.

590 Sîtî utte dâchî de châph lie, hoîâ Chinâûn pâr.

The sound of the conch reached to Makkâ* and Murâd, the Baloch, had a dream :

(That) his love remembered him and that he should go quickly to Sîtî.

As Punnûn went to Sassî, † so Murâd went to Sîtî.

585 It was on a Sunday night in June that Rânjhâ carried off Hîr.

He took Hîr off into the wilds and the Kherâs knew nothing of it.

Nor Sîtî knew, but she followed them and caught them up on the road home (and said) :

“I adjure you by Gorakh Nâth leave me with Murâd.”

Rânjhâ called Murâd, who came in the twinkling of an eye.

590 He mounted Sîtî on a camel and was across the Chinâb.

* *i.e.*, a very long way.

† The hero and heroine of a very old and famous Baloch love tale, found all over the Panjâb in many a form.

Magar khabar, Kherân nûn ho gai, ditti das Chhattî ne
pâe.

“Tuhâdi Hîr nûn Rânjhâ le gîâ, Sîtî nûn le gîâ Murâd.”
Jadoñ mahileñ warke Hîr nûn na dekhde, ghorî lende
phakarân pâe.

“Chalo Jogi nûn chalke mariye, dâg gîâ kul nûn lâe”—

595 “Sun, be châkâ, chhâ piâkâ, tainûn mat na kâî.

Tukre khândâ beh subeh, phirdân jû phirâîn.

Kattî bachî châranwâliâ, pâ lâ tain Kheriân dî Hîr churâe.

Jinhân Siyâlân dîân majjî chârdân, magare dhâr Siyâlân
dî âi.

Panj sai ghorî Sîde dî gararî chambî ghatte urdî Kheriân
dî râhîn!”

600 “Nâ main charh gai kâlî parbat, nâ Chândan Nahâ tapâi:

Afterwards Chhattî* gave news to the Kherâs, (saying):
“Rânjhâ hath carried off thy Hîr and Murâd hath
taken Sîtî.”

When they entered the palace and found not Hîr, they
saddled their mares,

(And said): “Come, let us slay the Jogi that hath
disgraced the family.”

595 (Said they): “Hear, O servant, drinker of skimmed
milk, thou hast no sense.

Thou dost wander about eating stale bread, wandering
in the wilds.

Thou herdsman of young buffaloes, thou hast stolen
Hîr of the Kherâs.

The Siyâls whose buffaloes thou dost graze are after
thee.”

“The five hundred bay and grey mares of Sîdâ raise the
dust along the path of the Kherâs!”

600 (Said Hîr to Rânjhâ): “I have not ascended the dark
mountain, nor crossed the Chândan (Chinâb)
River:

* One of Hîr's maids.

Nâ dekhiâ Tillâ Gorakh Nâth dâ, nâ Takht Hazârâ âî.
Nâ dekhiâ Adalî Shahr suhânâ, jithe bahindâ Kachahrî
nâl lâî.

Deke bađî Adalî Râje nûn mil pawo, apnî dohân dî jân
bachâîn.

Tainûn mârânge, mainûn bañhke le jânge : sâđî maut
ikatthân dî âî.”

605 Charhke Kheriân ne Rânjhâ phar lâî; kalle dî bâh na
chaldî kâî.

Ik kahinde: “ Hîr te Rânjhe nûn chhađ deo; Hîr sâđe
kamm dî nâîn.”

Ik kahinde: “ Adalî Râje kol chalo; inhân use chhađo
nâîn.”

Bañhke Rânjhe nûn Râje Adalî de le gae; unheñ surat
Gorakh wal takâî.

Nor have I seen Gorakh Nâth's Tillâ, nor reached
Takht Hazârâ :

Nor have I seen the beautiful City of Râjâ Adali, where
he sitteth in his Court.

Let us give Râjâ Adalî a bribe and save both our lives.

They will slay thee and take me away bound, and we
shall both die together.”

605 The Kherâs came up and caught Rânjhâ, for one man's
power availeth naught.

Said one : “ Let Hîr and Rânjhâ go; Hîr is of no use
to us.”

Said another : “ Let us go to Râjâ Adalî* : release them
not here.”

They bound Rânjhâ and took him to Râjâ Adali, while
he meditated on Gorakh (Nâth).

* This worthy seems to have been ruling at the time in the neigh-
bourhood of the Kherâs' holdings, (?) at Kot Addû in the Muzaffar-
garh District.

- Adali Râjâ Kheriân nûn âkhdâ : “ Eh kaisâ jhagrâ pâiâ ?
 610 Kî tuhâdiân ghoṛiân kaḍhîân ? Kî khizânâ churâiâ ?”
 “ Âkhân sachîân, âkh sunâwân, Adali nûn sachî âkh
 sunâi :
 Kalûâ te Tulsîâ Chhiyâlân* te ṭur pie, kar gae Rangpûr
 Kheriân nûn dhâi.
 Bharî kachahrî vichh Sîdâ Kherâ bahe giâ : oh de muñh
 nûn gur dî reoṛî lâi.
 Bañhke jan† Sîdâ Siyâlân vichh dhank piâ ; agge ghar
 hai Rânjhâ Chûchak de mâhî.
 615 Fattû Kâjî kahine paṛh lie, Hîr sharâh de nâl biyâhîn.
 Lakh rupae vichh Siyâlân de baṇḍiâ, daulat banân de
 vichh khadâi.
 Sir Rânjhe de ṭamak de lâi, âwandâ piṇḍe piṇḍ bajâññ.

- Said Râjâ Adalî to the Kherâs : “ What is this quarrel ?
 610 Hath he stolen your mares, or money ?”
 “ We say to thee truth, O Adalî :
 Kalûâ and Tulsîâ‡ set out from the Siyâls and came to
 Rangpûr of the Kherâs.
 Before the whole assembly they sat Sîdâ the Kherâ and
 put the sweets into his mouth.§
 Making a marriage procession Sîdâ went to the Siyâls
 and there found that Rânjhâ was Chûchak’s neat-
 herd.
 615 Fattû, the Qâzî, performed the ceremony and Hîr was
 married according to the law.
 A *lâkh* of rupees was given to the Siyâls and money
 was scattered in the forests.
 The drum was placed on Rânjhâ’s head and he played
 it in every village.

* For *Siyâlân*.† For *janj*.

‡ The Brâhman messengers to arrange a marriage. This settles the position of the Kherâs at Rangpûr in the Muzaffargarh District.

§ *i.e.*, betrothed him to Hîr.

- Jadoñ Rânjhâ Rangpûr Kheriân vichh â gîâ, sohanî mohanî banjali bajâi.
 Sunke banjali shahr ikatthâ ho gîâ, inhân parjâ vekhen âe.
- 620 Biyahîân kurîân murke sohre nahîn jândiân, kawârî koî biyâh karwâ den nâhîn.
 Mârke dhakke Rânjhe nûn bâhar kaddhiâ, kar gîâ Gorakh de Tille nûn dhâi.
 Jáke sidhân dâ nádh choriâ, inhân kan vichh mundarân pâi.
 Dhâke Bangâle Jogî parhke â gîâ, sikhiâ dí lai bâl gudâi.
 Uthon turke Rangpûr Kheren â gîâ, âke bâg vichh dhûnî lái.
- 625 Sûkhâ bâg hariâ kitâ, pat pat dâlf nûn lái.

When Rânjhâ reached Rangpûr of the Kheriâs beautifully and ravishingly he played the flute.

Hearing the flute the city collected and all the people came to see.

- 620 The married girls would go not to their husbands and maidens would not wed.

So we thrust Rânjhâ away and he went to Gorakh (Nâth's) Tillâ.

There he stole the saint's conch and (obliged him to) put the ring in his ears.*

The (new) Jogî went to Dhâkâ and Bangâl† and studied and learnt the ways of holiness.

Returning thence he came to Rangpûr Kheriâ and made his (Jogî's) fire in the garden.

- 625 He made the dried up garden green and brought leaves on every branch.

* *i. e.*, to make him a follower.

† Vague terms, meaning a long way off.

Âthon vele Jatt gaje nûn charhdâ, jâke Kheriân vichh
'âlakh' jagâi.

Dah ghar chorhdâ, do ghar mangdâ, phirdâchorân mang
takâi.

Luhrâ mârâ Sîtî kamlî ne Rânjhe nûn khair chîne dâ lâf.
Hitoñ chhaḍke kânsâ bhaniâ, bah giâ bere bich bheûnâ
pâi :

630 Nâl nihân de chîne nûn chugdâ, maidâ sabar dî dohâin :
'Dâlâ ann meñ chhaḍke na jânâ ; eh sikkhâ mainûn
Gorakh ne samjhâi.'

Sappân thoñ dî phendî bandhdâ, Hîr Sîtî kolon bâg
vich mangâi.

Leke Hîr nûn râwal Jogî uṭh giâ, Sîtî khabar nahîn kere
khâte pae.

Bhale châhunâ, Adalîâ, inhân phâi châk le, eh lâik
chhadan de nâin."

During the 8 watches the Jatt went a-begging and
called out 'âlakh' at the Kherâ's houses.

Passing over ten houses he begged at two, wandering
and begging like a thief.

The simple Sîtî did wrong in giving millet as alms to
Rânjhâ.

So that he let drop his begging bowl and took a firm
seat in the courtyard :

630 And picked up the millet with his nails, praising (the
virtues of) patience, (saying) :

'Never leave the scattered corn ; thus did Gorakh teach
me.'

He could take the stings from snakes and scorpions, and
called Hîr to Sîtî in the garden.

The wily Jogî carried off Hîr and none knoweth what
hath happened to Sîtî.

If thou dost desire thy good, O Adalî, thou shouldst
hang him up, as he ought not to live."

635 Bich Kachahrî de Adalî âkhdâ Rânjhe nûn, âkhke sunâi :
 "Naukarî lenî, roz dâ rupâe le le ; orak nûn do likhâîn.
 Dolâ lenâ, tân golî bândî dâ le le ; tainûn Hîr thiâwandî
 nâhîn.

Mahînân lenân, tân adhî band le ; tainûn sârîân thiâ-
 wandîân nâhîn.

Naukar lenâ, tân merâ tãhilwâ le jâ ; jâke apnî ghar
 dîân mahîn charâîn.

640 Bhalî châhe, tân Kachahrîân nikal jâ ; nahîn dhaulân
 khâke jâîn."

Itne chir nûn Rânjhâ boliâ, boliâ Adalî de tâîn :

"Maujû dâ put, main Matte dâ potâ, lakkhân pagân dâ
 Sâîn.

Tere nâlon mere kol râj badherî ; mainûn ruliâ bhâle
 nâhîn.

Naukarî denî, sattân bådshâhîân dâ lâl de de ; itne kâm
 rupâe de nâhîn.

635 In the midst of the Court said Adalî to Rânjhâ :

"If thou wouldst have service take a rupee a day ;
 take as far as two (rupees).

If thou wouldst marry take slaves and maids ; thou
 canst not keep Hîr.

If thou wouldst buffaloes, take half (nine) ; thou canst
 not take all.

If thou wouldst servants, take mine to tend the buffaloes
 of thy house.

640 If thou wouldst thy good, leave the Court, lest thou be
 thrust out."

Then spake Rânjhâ and said to Adalî :

"I am son of Maujû and grandson of Mattâ and Lord
 of a *lâkh* of heads.

I have a greater empire than thou ; think me no (mere)
 wauderer.

If thou wouldst give me service pay me with the ruby of
 seven kings ; I have no need for rupees.

- 645 Mahînân dene, sâre de de; kujh chhadke jândâ nahîn.
 Golî bândî kisî garîb nûn de de; sâde kâm piṇḍawâliân
 de nâhîn.
 Je sâk Kheriân dâ le denâ, tûn Chhattî Sîtî dâ sâk diwâîn.
 Abbal tûn apnî dhî Niwâzân de de, merî châk dî jholî
 bich pâîn.
 Wâste Allah de, wâste Nabbî de, Hîr de de mainûn
 bhagli-wâle nûn; merî joṛî vichh bhang na pâîn.
- 650 Je Hîr tûn mere se khoî lorîn, tainûn, Dargeh milângî
 sazâîn.”
 Vichh kachahri de Kaidû kûkdâ: “Sachî âkh sunâi.
 Bâp de ghar asî tin beṭe, tinnî sage bhâi.
 Chûchak de lekh Chandhar likhî: Mîhrû dî Padchhâhî.*
 Merî Kaidû dî lekh likhî Fakirî: Dâde ne kalam bagâi.

- 645 If thou wouldst give buffaloes give all and leave none.
 Give slave-girls and maids to some poor man; slave-
 girls are of no use to me.
 If thou wouldst wed me amongst the Kherâs, give me
 Sîtî and Chhattî.
 First of all give me thy own daughter Niwâzân, to put
 into my wallet.†
 For the sake of God and (Muḥammad) the Prophet
 give Hîr to me, the wearer of the blanket;‡ spoil
 not the match between us.
- 650 If thou wilt take Hîr from me, thou shalt be ruined and
 disgraced.”
 Kaidû§ called out in the Court: “I say truth.
 We were three brothers in our father’s house: three
 own brothers.
 Chiefship was written in Chûchak’s fate, and Lordship
 in Mîhrû’s:
 In my, Kaidû’s, fate was written Saintsship: it was the
 writing of God.

* For *bâdshâhat*.† *i.e.*, a *faqîr*.† *i.e.*, as charity.

§ Hîr’s uncle.

- 655 Jis dîn dâ chāk Chhiyâlân vichh barîâ, tin sai kurî biyâhwan
dittî nâîn.
Bhâlî châhunâ, inhân phâe de de ; lâik chhadan de nâhîn.”
Adalî Râjâ Chûchak nûn âkhdâ : “Tân sachî sach sunâîn.
Jeh nûn Hîr dittî hai, oh nûn das de ; evîn jhûṭh na
lâîn.”
Vichh Kachahrî de Chûchak âkhdâ : “Main jhûṭh boldâ
nâîn.
- 660 Sattar Khân, bahattar umre, Hîr main Rânjhe de hatth
pharâî.
Bârân barsân Rânjhe meriân manjhî chârîân, maithe
kaudî nahîn lî ehhamâî.
Bhâîchâre ne dhakkâ kitâ, Hîr chakke Kheriân ḍolî bich
pâî.
Ehdhoñ jhûṭh hai, tân Hîr nûn pûchh le : terf vichh
Kachahrî de Hîr âî.
Ehdhoñ galloñ jo jhûṭh nikale, tân bich Dargeh main
bharân sazâî.”

- 655 Since this servant (Rânjhâ) came to the Siyâls 360
maidens have refused to marry.
If thou wouldst thy good, (O Adalî,) hang him ; he is
not fit to live.”
Said Râjâ Adalî to Chûchak, “Tell me the truth.
Show me to whom thou hast given Hîr : tell me no lie
in this.”
In the Court said Chûchak : “I tell no lies.
- 660 Before 70 Khâns* and 72 nobles I gave Hîr to Rânjhâ.
Rânjhâ grazed my buffaloes for 12 years and took no
pay at all from me.
My brethren thrust him away, and seizing Hîr married
her to the Kherâs.
If there be a lie in this ask Hîr : she is in thy Court.
If there be a lie in this may I be punished in the Court
(of God).”

* Chiefs of the Siyâls.

- 665 Ûbî tanî Hîr pair piâde chalke Kachahrî vichh âî.
 “ Bikhat painde râjâ râniân ; main bhî bikhat pai te âî.
 Pahilân bikhat piâ Râm Chand nûn, oh dî Sîtâ dah-sir
 ne churâî.
 Phir bikhat utte dah-sir nûn pai gîâ, us de sone dî
 Lankâ lutâî.
 Phir bikhat piâ utte Mansûr de, jeh de khâtir Dâde ne
 sûlî gadâî.
- 670 Phir bikhat piâ Samâsmarez nûn, jo pûthî khâl le âî.
 Hun bikhat mainûn Hîr nûn pai gîâ, Adaliâ, bich
 Kachahrî de main âî.
 Leke badî gall Kheriân kardâ ; merâ dûr-andeshân dâ
 kallâ mâhî !

- 665 Without a veil and on foot came Hîr into the Court.
 (Said she): “ Kings and queens have suffered ill : I too
 am fallen into trouble.
 First trouble fell upon Râm Chandar, whose Sîtâ the
 ten-headed (Râvana) stole.
 Then the ten-headed came to trouble, whose golden
 Lankâ was stolen.*
 Afterwards trouble fell upon Mansûr, for whom God
 allowed gallows to be erected.
- 670 And then trouble fell upon Shams Tabrez, whose skin
 was flayed.†
 Now hath trouble come upon Hîr, O Adali, that she
 should come into thy Court.
 Taking bribes thou dost side with the Kherâs, and my
 uncared-for neatherd is all alone !

* See above *passim*.

† Shekh Hussain Hallâj Baizî, more commonly and wrongly called Mansûr Hallâj, or shortly Mansûr, and Maulânâ Shamsu'ddin Muḥammad Tabrezî, better known as Shams Tabrez, are two of the great martyrs of the Sâfi sect of the Muhammadans. Mansûr was put to death at Baghdâd by Al-Muqtâdir B'illah, the 18th Abbaside Khalîfa of Baghdâd, about 919-922 A.D. Shams Tabrez was murdered at Qunia (Iconium) in 1274 A. D.—the flaying alive is a legend—by an opposition party of Sûfis, headed by 'Alâu'ddin Maḥmûd, nephew of his own celebrated pupil Maulânâ Jalâlu'ddin Rûmî, better known as the Maulavi Rûmî, founder of the Sâfi *durveshes* of Qunia. See *ante*, p. 404.

Daulat leke Sîde nûn muḍh bahâwanâ ; kaudî joṛke
khizâne vichh pâi !

Uṛdâ chhâpâ mainûn Sîdâ lag gîâ, korî kâghaz nûn lagî
siâhî.

- 675 Rânjhâ merâ phul gulâbî ; main hân us de jal dî murgâbî.
Gîlîn khambîn maite uṛdâ na jândâ ; mainûn lâj ishk ne
lâi !

Jaisî terî ghar dhî Niwâzân, Adaliâ, aisi main Chûchak
Mihar dî jâi.

Hakk hân main Rânjhe dâ, oh nûn de de : merî joṛî bich
bhang na pâi."

Itnî gall jad Adalî ne sunî, Hîr sadke pâs biṭhâi.

- 680 Jad muñh Hîr dâ Adalî ne dekhiâ, tân sudh budh rah
na kâf.

Hîr mahilen apnî charhâ lie, bahîr Kheriân de uṭhâe.

Rânjhe nûn kahindâ Adalî : "Tûn bhî jhûṭân hai ; pahilân
kîṭî thî Hîr dî *merî* kurṃmâi !"

For wealth thou dost side with Sîdâ ; to collect pence
to put into thy treasury !

Sîdâ clings to me like a stray thorn, like ink to clean
paper.

- 675 Rânjhâ is a rose flower to me : I am to him as a water-
fowl on the water.

My wings are wet and I cannot fly : I am not ashamed
of my love !

As Niwâzân is a daughter to thee, O Adalî, so am I
daughter of Mihar Chûchak.

I am Rânjhâ's by right, give me to him, and spoil not
the match."

When Adalî heard these words he called Hîr and sat
her beside him.

- 680 When Adalî saw Hîr's face he lost his wits and wisdom.
He sent Hîr to his own palace and put away the Kherâs.
Said Adalî to Rânjhâ : "Thou too art a liar : Hîr was
first of all betrothed to *me* !"

Dhakkâ kîta Adalî Râje, Hîr dâ palang chaubâre bich
dhâiâ.

Jad hoiâ sânj da belâ Adalî palang Hîr de nûn âiâ.

- 685 “ Adalî Râjiâ, tain adal nâ kamâiâ, damân de munhtâje !
Kalar terî khandî lag jâ, Adaliâ, bhâ lage darwâje.
Mar jâin, Adaliâ, tainûn roin ranân, tere Kâjî parhen
janâje.

Shahr tere it it ho jâ, utte lohe dî phiran sohâgî.

Pakkè haud pânî de bhar le, kâm âwange tuhâde.

- 690 Gorakh muniân mainûn tâhiân jânûn, bachan birthe nahûn
jânûn sâde.”

Âthon bakhat dhadholiâ, Adalî kol Hîr de âiâ.

Adalî Râjâ adal nâ kîta : pair Hîr de palang utte pâiâ.

Jadon Adalî pair dhariâ, Hîr ne Rabb dhyâiâ.

Âtish agg Adalî dî deh nûn lagî, utte pânî chhi:kâiâ.

Râjâ Adalî committed sin and had Hîr's bed placed on
the upper-story.

When it was evening, Adalî came to Hîr's bed.

- 685 (Said she) : “ O Râjâ Adalî, thou didst not justice, and
turned astray thy face for money !

May rot destroy thy walls, O Adalî, and fire thy gates.

Mayest thou die, O Adalî, and thy queens bewail thee,
and the Qâzî perform thy funeral service.

May thy City become a heap of bricks and may iron
harrows be dragged over it.

Better fill thy brick reservoirs, for they will be of service
to thee.

- 690 Know me for a (true) disciple of Gorakh, when my words
fail not.”

It was the hour of dusk when Adalî came to Hîr.

Râjâ Adalî did not justice and put his foot on Hîr's
bed.

When Adalî lifted his foot Hîr thought on God.

Fire seized Adalî's body and he threw water over it.

695 Ghorâ tãttû mardân jândâ ; parton Hîr Rânjhe ne láîâ !
Jad Hîr ne bintî kîttî, Gorakh ne pherâ pâîâ.

Dagâ kamâîâ Adalî Râje, khoke Hîr chaubâre chârîhî.
Mârke dhakkâ Rânjhe nûn kaddhiâ Kachahrî ; rondâ
jândâ albelâ mâhî.

Jâke bâg de vichh dhûnî lâ lie, sohanî mohanî banjalî
bajâî.

700 Bajâîân banjalîân bich Makke de sunîân, sattarân pirân
dî porî chârîhke âî.

Bajâîân banjalîân bich sunîân Multân de, Panjân Pîrân ne
azmat lâî.

Bajâîân banjalîân sunîân Devî Mâtâ ne, sherân par
chârîhke Rânjhe kol âî.

Bajâîân banjalîân sunîân Sarwar Jodhe, utte Kakkî de
pâkhar pâe.

695 Horses and ponies began to die ; Hîr and Rânjhâ per-
formed this miracle !
When Hîr besought him, Gorakh came (to help).

Râjâ Adalî committed sin and seizing Hîr took her into
the upper-chamber.

He thrust Rânjhâ from the Court : the beautiful neat-
herd went away weeping.

He lighted a (sacred) fire in the garden and played on
his beautiful and ravishing flute.

700 The sound of the flute reached to Makkâ and a company
of 70 saints came up.

The sound of the flute reached to Multân and the Five
Saints came in majesty.

The sound of the flute brought the Mother, the Goddess
(Durgâ), on her lion to Rânjhâ.*

At the sound of the flute came (Sakhî) Sarwar the
Warrior, caracoling on (his mare) Kakkî.†

* See *ante*, p. 373.

† See Vol. I., p. 96.

Bajâân banjalâân suniân Hanumân ne, senâ-wâlî phauj
charhâi.

- 705 Bâgân Adalî de pat sût le, senâ ne koî bûṭâ chhaḍâ nân.
Sabhî auliâ kaṭṭhe ho gae, puchhde Rânjhe tân :
“ Sach kah, bâliâ, tainûn bhîr kâh dî pai gai ? Sanûn
sachî âkh sunân.”

Boliâ Rânjhâ : “ Tuhâde hondiân Hir kho lê Adalî ne,
châkke chaubâre charhâi.”

Phare muâte âg de shahr Adalî nûn âg lâi.

- 710 Jaldâ baldâ Adalî haudân vichh ḍigiâ, jândâ logân
koloñ pânî chhirkâe.
Jûn jûn aggon utte pânî paindâ, agg bharḍî dîn sawâi !

Kahe Wazîr Râje Adalî nûn : “ Eh Rânjhe neñ ḍhar
bagâin.

At the sound of the flute came Hanumân,* the leader,
with his army.

- 705 The army cut down the garden of Adalî and left not a
tree remaining.

All the saints collected asked of Rânjhâ :

“ Say truly, thou youth, what evil hath befallen thee ?
Tell us the truth.”

Said Rânjhâ : “ Before you all Adalî hath seized Hir
and taken her to the upper-chamber.”

They took burning logs and set fire to Adalî's city.

- 710 Burning went Adalî into the reservoirs and water was
thrown over the people.

And when the water reached the fire it blazed forth
twofold !

Said his Minister to Râjâ Adalî : “ Rânjhâ hath used his
power.

* The monkey God, Hanumân, was one of Râma Chandra's chief
Generals and is constantly called in to help in legends.

Je tain bachnâ, Hir nûn chhad de lar Rânjhe de lân."'

Eh gall sunî Adalî ne Hir mudh mangât.

- 715 Jun jûn Hir mudh Adalî de âwandî, Maule ne thanḍâ
âp bartâe.

Bhaje chobdâr bhâlan Rânjhâ; kitte thiâwandâ nâhîn.

Bhâldiân bhâldiân nûn bâg vichh thiâ giâ, baithâ sohanîân
dhûnîân lâi.

"Chalo, Nâthjî, tainûn Adalî yâd kardâ, kol baithî hai
Siyâlân di jâi."

Rânjhâ âkhdâ: "Bhan marâwandâ tuhâdâ Adalî Râjâ!
Main kî jandâ Siyâlân di jâi?"

- 720 "Oh nahîn âwandâ, badîkhwâriâ Adalî, tûn âp jâke
lân."

Nangî pairîn Adalî â giâ, â giâ Rânjhe de tâin.

"Jaisî, Rânjhiâ, edî karâmât tere vichh, tain mainûn
zâhirî karâmât dikhâin.

If thou wouldest be saved give up Hir to the youth
Rânjhâ."

When he heard this Adalî called Hir to him.

- 715 When Hir approached Adalî God himself cooled him.
Messengers ran to search out Rânjhâ, but nowhere could
they find him.

Searching they found him in the garden beside a beauti-
ful fire.

(Said they): "Come, Sir Nâth, Adalî calls thee and by
him sitteth the daughter of the Siyâls."

Said Rânjhâ: "A curse upon your Raja Adalî! What
know I of the daughter of the Siyâls?"

- 720 (Said the messenger): "He cometh not, O bribe-taking
Adalî, thou shouldst go to him."

On his bare feet went Adalî to Rânjhâ, (and said):

"O Rânjhâ, thou hast shown me the miraculous power
that is in thee.

Jaisî edî kârâmât tere vichh, kyûn chhaḍî Takht Hazâre
dî badchhâhî?*

Jaisî edî karâmât tere vichh, kyûn Gorakhwâlîdhûnî tapâî?
725 Jaisî edî karâmât tere vichh, kyûn lagâ Chûchak dâ mâhî?
Hîr dâ tere nâl nikâh paḥâvîn"! Eh gall Adalî ne âkh
sunâî :

"Je tere man bharam hai, Rânjhiâ, tûn Hîr main ne
banâî hai dharam dî jâî."

Jadoñ Adalî eh gall âkhe Rânjhe nûn, Rânjhe ne karî
Kachahrî nûn dhâî.

"Jug jug jîvîn, Adalî Râjâ, tain merî adâlat hakk
pahunchâî!"

730 Jadoñ Rânjhâ nâdh bajâîâ Indar ne barkhâ pâî;
Shahr Adalî dâ sukh bas giâ kul lukâî.
Rânjhe dâ Hîr dâ melâ ho giâ; phaḥiân Rabb rajhâîn.
Adalî Râjê ne adal kamâîâ, dammân de munhtâje.

With such miraculous power in thee, why gavest thou
up the rule of Takht Hazârá?

With such miraculous power in thee, why didst tend the
fire of Gorakh?

725 With such miraculous power in thee, why wast thou
Chûchak's neatherd?

I will marry thee to Hîr!" Then thus spake Adalî:

"If thou doubt this in thy mind, O Rânjhâ, I make Hîr
my daughter by the law."

When Adalî spake thus to Rânjhâ, Rânjhâ went to the
Court, (and said):

"Live for ever, O Râjâ Adalî, thou hast preserved my
honour and my rights!"

730 When Rânjhâ sounded his conch, Indra caused rain;
And all the people in Adalî's city lived in happiness.
Rânjhâ and Hîr came together, for God favoured them.
Râjâ Adalî did justice and turned away his face from
bribes.

* For *bâdshâhat*.

“ Kaudhe tere channan lage, mushk lage darwâje !”

735 Adalî Râje Adâlat kitî: Hîr de biyâh dî kitî tayyârî.
Shahr sârâ katthâ ho gîâ, râiat katthî kar lî sârî.

“ Rânjhe nûn Hîr main dene lagân: eh potrî lagdî
mahârî !

Dekho, je koi Hîr nûn mandâ bole, nagarî garak jâe
sârî !”

Agge Hîr ditte Chûchak ne Rânjhe nûn; hun asal Adalî
ne biyâhî.

740 Leke Hîr nûn tur piâ Rânjhe, leke Makke dî râhîn.

Rânjhâ Takht Hazâre dâ, Jhang Siyâlân dî Hîr,

Unhân dohân dî dostî madad Panj Pîr.

Katthiâ Luḍan Mallâh ne karke baḍî tadbîr.

Jaṭṭ gâwande nâl ḍhaḍhân sârangiân de, dar dar ṭukre
mangeñ fakîr.

(Said the people): “ May sandal-wood cleave to thy
walls and a sweet scent to thy gates !”

735 Râjâ Adalî held his Court and prepared for Hîr’s
marriage.

All the city and the dependants collected together.

(Said Adalî): “ I give Hîr to Rânjhâ; she is now my
granddaughter !

Behold, if any speak evil of Hîr, his whole city shall be
buried !”

First Chûchak gave Hîr to Rânjhâ and now Adalî properly
married her (to him).

740 Rânjhâ took Hîr and took the road to Makkâ.

Rânjhâ of Takht Hazârâ and Hîr of Jhang Siyâl

Were helped in their loves by the Five Saints.

Luḍan, the boatman, made this lay with much ability.

The Jaṭṭ sings it to the drum and the fiddle, and the
*faqîr** begs from door to door.

* *i.e.*, the bard who actually sings it.

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NO. XXIV. JULY 1885.

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THE ORIENTALIST;

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

OF

ORIENTAL LITERATURE, ARTS AND SCIENCE, FOLKLORE,
&c., &c., &c.

EDITED BY WILLIAM GOONETILLEKE.

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PRESS, BYCULLA, BOMBAY.

KANDY, CEYLON.

Annual Subscription in Advance, exclusive of Postage, Rs. 6, or 12s.

. All communications to be addressed to the EDITOR,
Trincomalie Street, Kandy, Ceylon.

