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WELCOME

TO

THE RULER OF INDIA

Viceroy of the great Emperor

Upon whose dominions the eastern sky and coloured like the
heavenly flower Parijat is, by heaven's
blessing, for ever rising

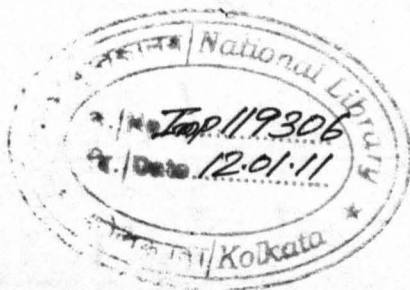
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BY

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Literally translated into English by Monmohan Ghose,
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I

Welcome ! thrice welcome ! thou, whom wisest men
Their wiser know, Bharat her ornament !
Lord of Bharat ! her emperor's vice ^{is} good.
With what gift shall poor Utkal please to-day ?
What shall it say to greet thee and to hail ?

Utkal, though poor, a thousand histories
Lovingly fosters in her worn-out frame :
Let Jajathi be witness, Maghad's King,
And he of Karnat, lord of Ganga's line,
Anantavarma ; kingly fames, great deeds,
Saved from the grasp of all-destroying time.

These, these, calm soul and wise ! fam'd even as thou
For righteousness, and by the bards of old
Praised, the commanding spirits of their time,
Ruled mightily this little land of ours ;
Governing no small empire : for it stretched
From Gour as far as Godavari's bank.

Utkal, though small, in this imperial realm
Of Bharat, yet the concentrated spirit
Of Piety deep in Niladri keeps.
The inhering soul of evil it drives thence,
And the great light within guards carefully.
Ah ! in that glorious light how ocean bathes !
From Comorin, behold ! to Manush-lake
In what unwonted splendour it hath spread !
'Tis Utkal's valiant conqueror, 'tis he,
Our Odhra-land's own Indra at whose feet
Kings vanquish'd laid, glittering, their jewell'd crowns
With such deep reverence as if there they placed
The lights of evening-worship,—that bright sun
Of Ganga's line, 'tis Cholaganga's self,

II

Whose everlasting glory dazzles here,
In skill magnificent of Temples built
Deep in Niladri, and that mystic wheel
High emblem ! that surmounts the solemn fane
And brightly, like the pure aspiring flame
Of the old creed it symbols, shines for aye.

The light of Vishnu's worship in full blaze
Streams over Utkal. To the traveller's eye
When eastward toward Ekamrakanon turn'd
It towers, o'er the far landscape visible
In glorious works of deed Gangeya kings ;
'Tis weapon'd to his soul's religious awe
In that high bow, that tops the temple's spire
And 'gainst the crimson forehead of the sun
Shows to him like three lines of Sandal-paste
What time the sun-god in his golden car
Over Ekamrakanon peeping comes.

Under that shade, most noble ! now may'st thou
Wander at thine own will ; and evermore
Well-omen'd be the holy shade to thee !
For thee it hath burst ope,—the gate of morn,
Tinged as with crimson flower-dust for thy sake.
It is as though, against thy great approach,
Indra's own messenger had caused to bloom
Upon the golden jar, for welcome placed,
A spray of Parijath, the flower of heaven,
In sign of joyous welcome ! O what joy
Hath fallen to the lot of Utkala
Today ! today at thy auspicious sight
It is as though a newborn shoot of hope
Had sprouted up in joyous Utkala.

III

No more in Utkal now is heard the voice
Of Upendra, sun amongst her bards :
No Radhanath, no Madhusudan lives,
Who then shall in sweet cadence, man of men,
Sing, in the Muse's tongue, thy noble deeds ?
O soon shall the dark hour of Utkal pass,
Since thou thyself, like its own moon, art risen ;
Since thou in Utkal's sky art visible.
Yes, thou amongst her princes like the moon
Show'st brilliant ; they her stars, thou lord of stars.
The conch-shell, hark ! deep in Niladri sounds,
And that sweet smell ! 'tis morning incense sweet
From the early temple worship wafted up ;
With which the bland invigorating breeze
Comes mingling, moist with the fresh ocean-sprays.
May health and vigour on that breeze be blown
To greet thy happy visit, thou calm spirit
And self-possess'd ! See, Mahanadi's heart
Is brimming o'er with joy, as on she flows
Murmuring and blessing thee. Through Utkal's crowds
Thy welcome-song shall go resounding now :
For Utkal's women of the long dark hair,
In true Troylongo style their brilliant locks
Have plaited, with Bengala's goldsmith-work
Deck'd, and are placing each at her own door,
To welcome thee, as old tradition bids,
The brimming jar. As she were Utkal's door
See, Cuttack town hath all bedeck'd herself !
The men of Utkala in multitudes
Gentle and simple, throng together now
The streets of Biranasi,—proudly named .
From that defeat which Rochthobahu met

IV

When his invading sword was broken here.
 The moment and the scene brings back to mind
 The glory of the great Gangeya kings
 When at their feet, princes of Utkal worked
 And gladly served as in their emperor's house.
 That glory, that anointed majesty
 Is vested now in Britain's emperor ;
 Whose representative thee I acclaim
 His great vicegerent. And for thee today
 Thy workers, noble Sir, shall gladly serve.

Cast thy look, too, but once on Moitrabon
 The piled up glorious work of Narasingh.
 There, to make ope in bloom the lotus-flower,
 His sacred emblem on the temple's crest,
 The Sun-god's ray first touches ;—he who makes
 With his fresh thousand rays at morning ope
 Wildernesses of lotuses a-bloom.
 There doth the bygone genius of that race
 The dynasty of Ganga, Utkal's sun,
 Speak, dumbly eloquent, and testify
 To greatness passed in the tower'd work sublime
 Of architects, proud temples of the sun
 Whose feet with awful reverence, as beseems
 The worship of the sungod, day by day
 The sea, that is the king of waters, laves.

From that effulgent sun may'st thou obtain,
 Sage ruler, in the rule of this wide realm
 The choicest of his blessings ! Full of grace
 Be this thy welcome visit, full of good !

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