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## FOR CONSULTATION ONLY

THE LEGEND OF RAJĀ GOPĪ CHAND.

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*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

- "He beṭi, jākar kahō, main samjhān̄ toe.  
 510 Mukh se 'putr' kahāke bhīk diwā de moe.  
 Bhīk diwā de moe, rī, mukh se 'putr' kahāe.  
 Mahil qīla rahne ke chhore ban khand surt lagāe.  
 Der hūi, Gur ham ko māre, ablag bhīk nāi.  
 'Putr' kahke bhīk diwā de, jog suphal ho jāi.  
 515 Main hūn jogī kā chelā.  
 Girhist se rahūn akelā.  
 Rāj pāt dī chhor,  
 Banā faqīr albelā."

*Rāj Kanwārī.*

- "He mātā, bintī karūn gall bich pallū dār.  
 520 Honbār so ho gāi, ab man karo bichār.  
 Ab man karo bichār : pitā ne taj dī sab umrāi.

*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.

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## LEGENDS OF THE PANJÂB.

Kân pháḥke mundraḥ dālī, ang babbhūt ramāi.  
Jo un kâ tum jog chhurāo, degā jagat burāi.  
'Putr' kahke bhīk dāl do, jog suphal ho jāi!"

*Rānī Pātām Dai.*

- 525 "He beṭī, kaisī kahūn main hūn sīl satīs?  
Mukh 'putr' kaisī kahūn, we haiṇ, prān patīs?  
We haiṇ prān patīs, rī beṭī; kyūn sar pap charḥāve?  
Kaun jagat 'putr' kahe? Ham to bhar bhar chhātī āve!  
Bhog kyā jāke sang soī, ab kyūn pāp lagāve?  
530 Nark kūṇḍh ko jā, haṭiyārī, khoṭī bāt sunāve."

*Rāj Kanwārī.*

"He mātā, man samjhe; bhalī karen Jāgdīs.  
Jitnī tumhare pās haiṇ charḥo hamāre sīs.

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."

*Rānī Pātām Dai.*

- 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.

\* Jagdis, the Lord of the world, i.e., Śiva, God.





- Charho hamâre sis, rî mâtâ, jitrî prâchhit bhârî.  
Burâ bhalâ sab ham ko kahe, nis din dîjo gârî.  
535 Ab tum ko to yeh hî suphal hai jitrî ho tum nârî :  
Mukh se 'putr' kaho pitâ ko : mâno bāt hamârî."

Putrî ke mâne bachân, hûâ chit behâl.  
Châr padârath pûrke liâ hâth men thâl.  
Liâ hâth men thâl.

*Rânî Pâtam Dai.*

- "Râo, main tere sâmhne âi.  
540 Bhichhâ lijo ; kanth hamâre, châr padârath lîi.  
Yeh hî hamrî asîs, piyâjî, suphal terî sidh âi !  
Ik bar kahtî, lakh bar kah dûn, 'tû putr, main mâi !'"

- 
- 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 Dai.*

- "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 parë ; bhalî karî Jagdîs !

Gur apne pe ânke charan niwâio sîs.

545 Charan niwâio sîs.

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

“ Gurûjî, tunharâ hukm bajâyâ.

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

Bîrân baras kî sutâ kânwârî 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 kâ nâm japo birde 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 kâ yeh hî mazâ, Baikunth dahâm ko jâo."

*Rânî Pâṭam Daī.*

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

*Rânî Mainâwantî.*

"Ai rî. Pâṭam Daī 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 Pâṭam Daī.\**

- 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 Pâṭam Daī, 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, kiâ Gopî Chand jogî.  
 Kâyâ un kî amar ant parlo mân hogî.  
 He bahû rî nirmal, dekh sarûp karan kanchan sî kâyâ.  
 Nirkhat suphal so, bahû, kañwar ko jog diwâyâ?  
 Apnâ suwâd bigâr kiâ putr nistârâ.
- 570 Kyûn socho din rain, rudan kartî har bârâ?  
 Udar pasâre pair, pîr mujh ko hai bhârî!  
*Tum kyûn hot udâs sâth pheroñ kî nârî?"*

*Rânî Pâtam Daî.*

- "Sâs hamâri, kyûn kiâ putr ko yeh faqîr?  
 Tû sukhiyâ ab nâ rahe, ham ko dâran pîr!  
 575 Ham ko dâran pîr, dhîr man kaise lâven?  
 Mahilon parâ andher, chît 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.  
 Destroying my own desires I gave benefits to my son.
- 570 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?"

*Rânî 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 bîdh utareñ pâr, kathan bîrhe kî dhârâ ?  
 Ai sasurjî, hirdiyâ kîâ kather : pîr tujh ko nahîn âî !  
 580 Putr kân chirâe, hamen kârâ rañd bîthâî !”

*Rânî Mainâwantî.*

- “ Ai rî Pâtam Daî bahû, kyûn man kîâ udâs ?  
 Bhajan karo us Râm kâ, ho Surgoñ men bäs !  
 He bahû rî, ho Surgoñ men bäs, bart pî kâran kîjo.  
 Râm bhajan ke het apnâ man tan dîjo.  
 585 He bahû rî, karo dîn aur pun, mukat apnî kar lîjo.  
 Main kahtî har bâr, dharm apnâ mat chhîjo !”
- “ Bithâ merî sun lîjo, betâ Gopî Chand,  
 Sukh âsan ko chhorke parê 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 Pâtam 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 âi.  
 Ab pâni par let, putr; main kurlâi.  
 He betâ re, mahil qilâ aur sukh chhorke rain katâi.  
 Kit gaio palang niwâr, sej phûlon kî chhâe?  
 595 He betâ re, kit gai sagarî nâr, jinhen tû par pawan  
 jhulâe?  
 Yeh dukh rahâ bhog, kahe Mainâ Dai mâi!”

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- “He mâtâ, jangal to rahe hamre mahil atâr.  
 Bhûn mein sej komal banî, taj diê palang niwâr.  
 He mâtâ rî, taj diê palang niwâr, khâk mein 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 mâta rî, râj, pâta, dhan, mâl, bojh maini sar se târâ : \*  
Ab soûn sukh chain prîtham, sab se lî niyârâ."

*Rânî Mainâwantî.*

"He betâ, sun lîjo mujh jananî kî bâta.

Is dukh mein, betâ mere, kyunkar kâte rât ?

605 He betâ, kyûnkar kâte rât ? Bara komal tan terâ.

Dekh zamîn par bâs, putr jî, larze merâ.

He betâ re, mahfal ke singâr âp karo the chitrâi.

Ab kidhu saber,† Mantrî yâd karâi.

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

610 Mân hamârâ kahâ ; deh ko kyân tarsâo ?"

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

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

Phir khor ke bich mein 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."

*Rânî 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 Hearken 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 *utard*.

† For *sawer*.





- Kaise parves ho jâe ? Kahûn, Mâtâ, sun lîe.  
 Nikas bhaiwar ur jâe, ang phir kaise chhîje ?  
 615 Parî rahe hai khor, nahîn mamtâ kare koî.  
 Tûn kyûn hûi hai nâdân ? 'aqal tumhare kyûn khoî ?  
 Chhor diâ sab rûj, sarb solâh sau Rânî.  
 Ab aisî mat kaho : bol mukh imrat bânî !”

*Rânî Mainâwantî.*

- “Châr Khunt ramte phiro, karo 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 râp terâ bhagwâ, jî, bânâ,  
 Bahinâ taj degî prân ; hûâ kis bidh ânâ ?  
 625 Chandan rukh chhor, matî lâo, jî, berî.  
 Bigare 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, âvenge samjhâe, dhîr man meñ dharegî.

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

*Rânî Mainâwantî.*

"Tu, betâ bholâ phire, mainî samjhâñ toe.

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

635 Na ghar ghar dolat hoe, turt prân gaiwâve.

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 tasyîr, mujhe phir nahîn pâve.  
Baitho ghar, râj karô, putr piyâre.

640 Main kahtî kar joṛ, bachan mân hamâre."

*Rājâ Gopî Chand.*

"Ham jogî abdhût haiñ, karen des kî sail.  
Mâtâ chhoṛî bilaktî, karen Gaur Bangâlû sail."

*Râgnî.*

645 "Sail hamen mulk kî karnî,  
Kahûñ kar joṛke, janani.  
Des chal bahin ke âe,  
Dhyân Gurû charan se lâe.  
Bâgh bistar diâ lâe.  
Gagan men bādālî chhâî.  
Mîg barsan lage bhârî.  
650 Bhûl sidh budh gîâ 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!"

*Rājâ 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.*

645 "I will wander the earth,  
I tell thee my mother with joined hands."  
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\* gai sârî.

Prabhû, tain kyâ bipat dâri?"

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

"Târe gin gin kâdhe main âj kî rain.

Utare, jî, kar bandagî Rabb thâre ke bain !

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

Ab Râjâ ke mahil jâeke 'â lakh' jagâûn."

Khapar le lâ hâth, Gurû kâ dhyân lagâyâ.

Jâ deorhî ke bîch nâth ne 'â lakh' jagâyâ.

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

"De bhichhâ mohe ân, der itnî kyûn lâi ?

660 Sun, bândî kamzât, der itnî kyûn lâi?"

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 Dai.*

- “Bhichhâ lekar jâyo, nâth khare darbâr.  
 Partî hai dhûp, kharâ ang pastje.  
 Bhar motion kâ thâl beg jogî ko dîje.  
 665 Jo bhojan kî kâj takê 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 châlî Râjâ ke darbâr ;  
 670 Deorhî pahunchî, âuke bolî bachan sambhâr.  
 Bolî bachan sambhâr.

*Bândî.*

“Bhîk main tum se lâe.  
 Le, jogî ke lâl.”

Dâr se ’araz lagâe.

*Rânî Champâ Dai.*

- “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 janamên, Nâth, terî kyâ jîve mâi?"

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- 675 "He bândî, tum se kahûn, sun lîjo man lâc.  
Tû bândî ranwâs kî, merâ jog akârat jâc;  
Jog akârat jâc; tere nahîn bhichhâ leûn.  
Hamên Gurû ke ân bhîk tum se nâ leûn.  
He bândî rî, bole bachan 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 dîn 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 chār, jog men kaisi bānī bole ?  
 Tū jogī be-īmān hūā hai ghar ghar māngat dōle.  
 685 Aise kare jawāb, kharrā deorhī mahārī bolī !  
 Mārūngī main bāns tere sir dharan par dōlī !”

Nainon bhar bhar rote sun bāndī kī bāt.

*Rājā Gopī Chand.*

- “Ik lie hai mol tū, rākhī jī kī sāth.  
 Rākhī jī kī sāth ; āj main lie hī faqīrī.  
 690 Ai bāndī rī, tū māre mere bāns, huī dil kī dilgīrī.  
 Rāj pāt diā chhor, tajā main takht amīrī :  
 Yeh samjho man bīch : likhī mere karam faqīrī.”

- I will give thee two or three slaps : what is thy saint-  
 ship saying ?  
 Thou art a scoundrel of a *jogī* 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 dôle sair;  
 695 Kartâ dôle sair, chhîn le nâr parâi.  
 Yeh chhal kî bāt ang men bhasham ramâi.  
 He jogî re, kab tain lîni mol? Hamen, bândî, batlâi!  
 Jholî lûngî chhîn, kare tû bahot burâi!”

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- “Dhârânagar asthân hai, kahîn tumhâre pās.  
 700 Gangâjî kâ nahân hai; Gurû pûran kîjo âs!  
 Pûran kîjo âs, Gurûjî; yeh kumbh kâ hai melâ!  
 Sab parwâr chhorkar 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 suniye man lâe, tujhe kah de sârî:  
 'Champâ Daî bahin mujhe jo mil jâe;  
 Yeh kahtâ hûn âp kharâ, mujhe dije 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 Râni Champâ Daî.



*Rānī Champā Dāī.*

“Ab darshan karūn, kaisā hai darvesh ?  
Kaisā woh darvesh ?”

Jab hī chalke deorhī pe āī.

*Rānī Champā Dāī.*

- “Lījo bhichhā, Nāth, ab kyūn itnī der lagāī ?  
Kaun des se bhī āunā ? ham ko de batlāe.  
720 Main pūchhūn hūn, Nāth : hamen ko dijo sach batlāe.  
Karke bhagwe kapre bhar jogī kâ bhekh.  
Yo jogī kâ rūp hai ! aise phiren anek.  
Phirte hai anek rūp dharke mohen :  
Koi marhion ke bich āp baithe soen.  
725 Yeh duniyā sansār phire matlab garjī ?  
Kyā bolī mukh ān ? nahīn chhāthī larzī !  
Sun, bāndī kamzāt ; kahūn tumharī tām.  
De motīn kâ thāl ; jāo bhichhā pāī !”  
Le bhichhā bāndī chalī bhar motīn kâ thāl.

*Rānī Champā Dāī.*

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

She went to the gate at once.

*Rānī Champā Dāī.*

- “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 diâ 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 "In motîn ke bhîk ke nahîn mujhe darkâr.  
Kankar pathar sab taje chhor âyâ 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 thâñî."  
  
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 bār.  
 750 Jo dekhî hai ânke khayê Nâth darbâr.  
 Khayê Nâth darbâr ; ânke charnôn sîs niwâyâ.  
 Lînâ 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 Dâi.*

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

Itnî kahke pañî dharan par, nahîn bol mukh âyâ.

755 Hâl behâl nahîn sūjî bisiyar dang lagâyâ.

*Rânî Champâ Dâi.*

“Kaun kare Kartâr ân sukh mân dukh pâyâ ?”

*Râjâ Gopl Chand.*

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

Kyûn man rudan lagântî ? 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 banon bâs sidhârâ.

Ai bahinâ rî, kyûn hûi nâdân, rudan kartî din râî ?

Sun sun tere bain merî bharâve chhâtî !”

*Rânî Champâ Dâi.*

“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 Dâi.*

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

*Râjâ Gopl 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 Dai.*

- 765 "Ai bhâî, sun lîjîye, hûâ chit umang,  
Nahîn hosh tan kî rahî, urâ rûp aur rang.  
Urâ 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, dekھ surt mar jâtî."

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

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

*Rânî Champâ Dai.*

- 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 Daî.*

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

Itñî kahke mukh Rânî kâ nikasâ bhanîwar sîlânî.  
Âp gaî Baîkunth dhâm ko ‘Râm, Râm,’ kahe bânî.

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

- 785 Gopî Chand Râjâ kahe, jor âgarî hâth.  
Kâghaz ho jo metê dûñ, 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 Daî.*

- “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 behâl parî hai ; jag men ân daboe.  
 Jis din se lâ jog hamen nain nahîn nând bhar soe!  
 790 Ai Prabhû, kyâ karî âuke ? kûk mâr mukh roe!"

Kân bhinak Gur ke parî, kânwar kare udâs,  
 Ohhâr gophâ jogî chale, ân khare hûe pâs.  
 Ân khare hûe pâs.

*Jalandhar Nâth.*

- "Kânwar, tujh ko barje thi Mâi,  
 Kyûn thâre dilgîr hue ho ? Har châhe, so hûi.  
 795 Chalo marhî ke pâs, ai bachchâ ; ab kyûn der lagâi !  
 Yeh jhûthâ sansâr, jagat men nahîn koî kisî kâ, bhâi!"

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

"Tum Gurû dîn diyâl, ho, lajjâ tumhare bâth.

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 at srâp, nahîn jag meñ merâ jînâ !”

Haiske bachan sunâte ân Kañwar ke pās.

*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 bachhâ ; mat dil meñ ghabarâo.”

*Rājâ 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.”

*Rājâ 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 Dâi kî prân phir ghat bhîtar ân bâsâo.”

‘Râm Râm’ karke ñhî donoñ bhûjâ pasâr.

*Rânî Champâ Dâi.*

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

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

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

---

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

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

*Rânî Champâ Dâi.*

- 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 Dâî.*

" 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.

Tumhen dîa updes : merî nâ Mainâwantî mâi !

Ghar solâh sau nâr taje haiñ, rudan karen haiñ sâri.

Nek na rakhâ mohe, bîran ; taiñ mujh bahinar âj bisârî."

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

825 " Bin Sâhib kî bandagî terî gat nahiñ hove.

Ab yehân se thairî nahiñ, phir milne nahiñ hove.

Milan nahiñ hove, bahin : mâno bachan hamârâ.

Jun Gopî Chand milâ, bahin, miliyo jag sansâra.

Bahin setî bhâî milâ hai bahot kîa hit piyârâ."

*Rânî Champâ Dâî.*

" 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 thou 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 kîâ sab tan kê, jab mahilon se pag dhârâ.

*Râjâ Gopî Chand.*

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

*Jalandhar Nâth.*

- “Â bachchâ, yehân se chaleñ, 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 karenge : jaldî karo tayyârî.  
Gyân tat kî self leke wahî tere gal dârî.  
Chalo bhekh kê darshan kar lo : ho kâyâ amar tumbârî !”

- 
- 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 Chatrmukâṭ of Ujjayini, the grandson of the great Vikramāditya, 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 Vikramāditya.]

[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 Chatrmukâṭ 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.*

Jân jân châtâr hûi siyânî,  
Mâi bâp ko chintâ thâñî :  
"Pânch mohar, nâryal kâ golâ !  
Le Bâhman terê godî meñ dâlâ."

5 Tîn Kûñth Bâhman phirâe,  
Chand Karan kâ bar na pâe.  
Phir we Bâhman hûe udâs,  
Hat Râjâ ke âe pâs.  
Nain bhare-bhar Rânî roi :

10 "Tere bag gai qalam na mete koî !"  
"Kyûñ janî thî, hamrî mâi ?  
Hamrâ bar paidâ nâ lâe !"  
"Jis Kartâ ne rūp dîâ thâ,  
Tumharâ bar paidâ kîâ thâ !"

15 "Is Rânî kî mahil banâo.





- Hîrâ motî abaj\* lagâo.  
 Is tâpû meñ mahil chunâo.  
 Bîch bîch murîân rakhwâo.  
 Laundî 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 pânî pilâve ?"  
 Itnî bât Rânî sun pâve :  
 Bhar gadwâ Rânî jal kâ lâve.  
 Dhanak bâl nainon kâ mâre.  
 35 Ultkar hañs jimmî† par âve.  
 Jhâr jhapat chhâṭî se lâve.  
 "Tum âo, hañs, merî motî khâo.  
 Main chun chun kalîyân chhej bichhâûn."  
 "Rânî, chog chûn terâ kuchh nâ khâûn."  
 40 Terî dekh sûrat uth kahîn na jāûn.  
 Aisâ rūp diâ Kartâ ne,  
 Urdî panchhî mar uthârî.  
 Rânî, aise rūp kâ garab na karîye :  
 Tû karanhî‡ Kartâ se darîye !  
 45 Rânî, solh baras kî 'umar tumhârî :  
 Kis augan meñ rahî kañwârî ?"  
 "Syâbas,† re mere hañsâ gyânî,  
 Tain mere chot jigar kî jānî."  
 "Rânî, bar lâûn terâ Siyâm salonâ,

\* For 'ajab.

† For zamîn.

‡ For shâbasâ.





- 50 Kâyâ dage jaisâ nirmal sonâ :  
 Hor bâṭ kahne kî bahoterî ;  
 Main janam janam kē naukar tere.”  
 Tîn bachan haṁsâ ne lîe ;  
 Tîn bachan Rânî ko dîe :
- 55 “ Tere kâran, Rânî, chalâ samundar pār.  
 Jîwandâ rahâ â milûn, nahîn, Narwar\* koṭ jawâr.”
- Tab haṁsâ ne lîe udârî,  
 Dhartî chhor agâs sambhâlî.  
 Bhûkh lagî parbat se bhârî.
- 60 Yâd kare Mahârâj dîlârî,  
 “ Isî waqt Rânî pe hotâ,  
 Hirâ motî sab chug khâtâ !  
 Kahân gai merî birho Rânî ?  
 Chugâve chog, pilâve pânî ! ”
- 65 Sital ped padam kî chhâyâ,  
 Jahân haṁsâ ne derâ lâyâ.  
 Jain† Shahr se phandî âyâ,  
 Us phandî ne phand chalâyâ.  
 Dônâ dhar pânî dikhlayâ.
- 70 Bhûkhe piyâse haṁs kâ dil lalhâyâ.  
 Ik chûnch pânî kî pîve.  
 Dûsrî chûnch chogî kî khâve.  
 Tîsrî chûnch bharnî nâ pâve,  
 Jhatak jâl haṁsâ lîe dabâve :
- 75 “ Main kyâ jânûn, kaptî, terî haṁsî ?  
 An parē mere gal meṁ phânsî.  
 Ai phandî, par merâ na tûte.  
 Hamrâ mûl hamēn se chûke.”  
 “ Main tangrî torûn, pânkh marorûn.
- 80 Tujh panchhî ko kadî na chhorûn.”  
 “ Main phâns gîâ, phandî, terî jâlî.  
 Mere bâṭ dekh de, Chand Kaṁwârî.”  
 Phandî khainchî âp ko, aur haṁsâ 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 ?"  
 Itnî bât mâlan sun pâve ;  
 Bhari Kachahri Râjâ pe âve.  
 Â Râjâ pe araj lagâve :  
 90 "Tere Shahr mein kaptî chorâ.  
 Us ne satâe jangal ke morâ."  
 Itnî bât Râjâ sun pâve :  
 Charh ghorâ ban khand ko lâve :  
 A phandî se araj lagâve :  
 95 "Phandî, ghar ghar terâ bakrâ bandhâûn ;  
 Jain Shahr mein hukûmat biñhâûn ;  
 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 giâ bhârî.  
 Sût talwâr phandî kî mârî :  
 Donon hath qalam kar diê :  
 "Uj jâ, re jangal ke bâse.  
 105 Main kâñ deî tere gal kî phâñsî."  
 Itnî sun hansâ ghabarâe ;  
 Chatr Râjâ ko dohrâ sunâi :  
 "Hor Râjâ sab râj karen, tu Râjâ sahbâj.  
 Panchhî kî band chhurâ dê ; terî hoîyo 'umar drâj !  
 110 Râj, kabûn bât tumhen lagî piyârî.  
 Mere mulk mein aisî Rânî,  
 Mirgâne taj dî ghâns aur pâñî !"  
 Itnî sun Râjâ ðole,  
 Chatr hansâ se mukh se bole :  
 115 "Hansâ, merî yehân haiñ solah sai Rânî,  
 Jin kî dekh sûrat jal piññ pâñî."  
 "Un Rânîñ hameñ dikhlâe,  
 Râj mulk sabhî chhurâve."  
 Apne mahil mein Râjâ hukm pahunchwâve ;  
 120 Sabhî Rânîñ ko Râjâ bulwâve.





- Koî nâche, koî bhû batlâve :  
Chatr hañsâ ke man koî na bhâve :  
“ Jaisî terî solah sai Rânî  
Merî Rânî kî bhase panihârî.”  
125 “ Hañsâ, apnî Rânî ko hamen dikhlâe :  
Râjâ mulk merâ sabhî chhudâe.”  
Chândnî râî, tilak rahî târî.  
“ Ab le chal, mere hañsâ pyâre.”  
Chatr hañs ne pankh pasârî:  
130 Chatr-mukaṭ ho lîe sawârî.  
Tab hañsâ ne lî udârî,  
Dharnî chhor agâs sambhâlî.  
Tîn roz urdî ko bîte.  
Jal aur thal nere na dîse.  
135 Jis waqt Râjâ mahil se chhûte,  
Sawâ man kanch mahil men phûte.
- Â Rânî ke bâgh meñ baithe,  
Urkar hañs mahil par âe.  
Tab Rânî ne sangâr lagâe :  
140 “ Â jâ, re mere hañsâ gyânî:  
Kahân chhore piyâ, mere jânî ? ”  
“ Rânî, des mulk dhuñdâ jag sârâ,  
Tujh chandri kâ bar na pâyâ.”  
“ Khâ katâr, hañsâ, 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 hañse ke âge ko âo :  
Tîn sai sâth palang mahil meñ bichâo :  
155 Patilsoz tum sabhî jalâo ;  
Dive setî araj lagâo :





- ‘Sun, Swarran ke Dîve, sun merî ardâs :  
Âj milâwâ mere piyâ kâ, jalîyo samag-rât !’”  
Itnî sunâ hânsâ chal âe ;
- 160 Chatr-mukat se araj lagâî :  
“Chândnî rât jhamak rahe târe ;  
Ab le chal, tû hânsâ piyâre.”  
Chatr hâns ne pankh pasâri ;  
Chatr-mukat ho lie sawârî.
- 165 Tab hânsâ ne lie udârî.  
Â baithe Rânî kî atârî.  
Chalat pawan, khil rahî chambelî.  
Mandar men dukh bhar rahî akelî.  
“Hânsâ, is Rânî kî tû kare badâî ?
- 170 Jis kâman ko nindrâ bhaî !  
Rânî nahîn, koî hai panhârî !  
Jis kâman ko nindrâ bhaî !  
Main yûnhîn chhoḍî solâh sai Rânî !  
Mere navve kaṁwar, mere râj-dhârî !”
- 175 Itnî sun hânsâ farmâven,  
Chatr-mukat 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 hânsâ karwâve :  
Râjâ kî gūṁṭhî Rânî ko diwâve :  
Rânî kî chhallâ Râjâ ko diwâve !  
Baith hâns par Râjâ bhâge.
- 185 Bhâgat bhâgat dohrâ banâve,  
Chand Rânî ko kah samjhâve.  
“Ankhon dekhâ ghî bhalâ, khâyâ bhalâ na tel :  
Chatrâ se rû se bhale aur bhât mukh kâ mel.”  
Bhavar bhaî jab birhan jâgî.
- 190 Le gadwâ mukh dhowan lâgî.  
Sang kî sahelî sab charnon lâgîn :  
“Bât kahûn ik abaj anothî,  
Kis mard ke hâth kî gūṁṭhî ?





- Le gayâ chhallî, de gayâ gûnthî !”
- 195 Sab sakhiyon ne kar gayâ jhûntî !  
“ Rânî, tere se pahile, ham par soîn,  
Ham kyâ jâneî rât kyâ hoî ? ”  
“ Hâî, jawânî rang lî, jâ tûn dî gaî pît,  
Rang rang merâ pi gayâ, galiyon rul gaî pîk.”
- 200 Itnî meî haîsâ chal âe ;  
Â Rânî se araj lagâî :  
“ Main tujh kâ man kî karûn badâî.  
Tujh chandrî ko nindrâ âî.  
Main tere kâran mûrakh kahâyâ.
- 205 Main hîrâ janam apnâ yûnhî gaîwâyâ.  
Jo jungal meî pânî pâûn.  
Dûb marûn, muh na dikhlaûn.”  
“ Haîsâ, unglî tarâchhûn, namak rachâûn ;  
Sârî rât main jâg rahûngî ;
- 210 Apne chor ko pakar rahûngî.  
Apne apne chor ko sab koî dâre mâr :  
Hamrâ chor ham ko mile, jo main tan man wârûn jân.”  
Itnî sun haîsâ chal âe.  
Â Râjâ se araj lagâî :
- 215 “ Râjâ, aise chhallî tum ne kaḍḍhî,  
Rânî kî bâth meî chîre âî ! ”  
“ Ai haîsâ, us Rânî ko milâo :  
Hamrâ jîûrâ kyûn tarpâo ?  
Chândnî rât tilak rahe târe !
- 220 Ab le chal, mere haîsâ piyâre.”  
Châtr haîsâ ne pankh pasârî :  
Châtr-mukaṭ ho lîe sawârî.  
Â Rânî kî chhej utârî.  
Hîliyon hîliyon bâth lagâe.
- 225 “ Chor chor ” kar Rânî jâgî :  
“ Ai chorâ, tum kaun hai ?  
Merî badan ke bâth lagâo ? ”  
“ Chor nahîn, main chand hazârâ !  
Tere kâran ghar bâr bisârâ !





- 230 Main Bîr Bikarmânjît kâ potâ !  
 Chatrang Dai kâ betâ, Chatr-mukat hai nam lamârâ."  
 Itnî sun Rânî ghabarâi ;  
 Chatr hans kî jamphî pâi :  
 "Syâbas, re mere hansâ gyânî !
- 235 Taiñ merî chot jigar kî jânî."  
 Usî waqt khânâ pakâve :  
 Chatr-mukat ko khânâ khilâve.  
 Ânkhoñ kî karî koñhrî ; patlî dî bichhâi ;  
 Palkân kî chik gerke ; sâjan lîe bithâe.
- 240 Râjâ Rânî khushî karen is mahilon ke mañh.

Bhavar 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 :  
 Chandarbhan se araj lagâyâ :  
 "Ik chor tumbârî 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 dohâi !"  
 "Rât ko âve, rât ko jâve :  
 Ik hans Râjâ ko le âve.
- 255 Râjâ, gair samon dâ Phâg banâo,  
 Rang ke botalân\* Rânî pe pahunchâo,  
 Usî chor ko pakar mangâo."

- Bolî Rânî, "sun, mere Râjâ,  
 Mere pitâ ne Basant manâyâ :  
 260 Gair samon kâ Phâg rachâyâ :  
 Rang ke botalân\* mere pe pahunchwâi."  
 Itnî sun Râjâ ghabarâyâ ;

\* The English word 'bottle' : very remarkable here.





- Us Rânî se araj lagâyâ :  
 " Mere pakarne kî hikmat lâyâ."  
 265 Itnî kah Râjâ ne mukhîâ morâ ;  
 Us Rânî ne rang Râjâ par dârâ ;  
 Jâr-jârkar Râjâ royâ :  
 Mahâ mabil men rudan machâyâ :  
 " Is waqt na koî hamrâ,  
 270 Apne mabil men tû kar rahî dâwâ."  
 " Râjâ, dhobî ko bulâûn ;  
 Kapre dhulwâûn, rât rât tere gal men pawâûn."
- Le kapre dhobî ghar ko âyâ,  
 Pahir kapre dhobî bajâr men âyâ.  
 275 Nazarbâj ne pakar mangâyâ :  
 Lath mukkâ dhobî par chalâyâ.  
 Darde dhobî ne Râjâ batâyâ.  
 Hâth bândh Râjâ latkâyâ.  
 Dekhan âve nar nârî :  
 280 Pakaranhâre ko deñ sab gârî.  
 Pakar 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 hans ko dohrâ sunâyâ :  
 " Kit merî solâh sai Rânî ? kit merâ Shahr Ujjain ?  
 Chandar-karan, tere kârne yûnhîn gauwât jân !"  
 Itnî sun hansâ chal âe.  
 290 Â Rânî se araj lagâî :  
 " Terâ bâp yeh zulm kamâve :  
 Us Râjâ ko phânsî diwâve."  
 Itnî bāt Rânî sun pâve.  
 Woh mahilon men rudan rachâve :  
 295 Ho dilgîr zamîn par âve :  
 Apnâ sîs palang se mâre.  
 Laundî bândî Râjâ pe âve ;  
 Us Râjâ se araj lagâve :



- 300 "Râjâ, tumharî putrî maran lagî hai.  
Apnî jindî khowan lagî hai."  
Itnî bâr Râjâ sun pâve ;  
Usî chor ko turt bulwâve :  
"Ai chorâ, tum kaun kahâo ?  
Merî betî ke mahilon âo ?"
- 305 Itnî bâr Râjâ sun pâve :  
Râjâ Chandarbhân se faryâd lagâve :  
"Kit merî solâh sai Rânîyân ? kit merâ Shahr Ujjain ?  
Is Rânî ke kâran yûnhî gañwâi jân."  
Itnî sun Râjâ khûsh hûe ; Rânî lî bulwâe :
- 310 "Râjâ tumharâ â gayâ, aur khushî hûâ parwâe :  
Ghar kâ Brâhman bulwâe lo aur phere deo diwâe."  
Khushîân Râjâ kar rahe phere diwâe :  
Mahilon meñ rahine lag gae, hukm diwâe.  
Râjâ Rânî do jane kar rahe man kî bâr :
- 315 "Ab ure se chal paro, 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 pare lambe raste jâe.  
Hansâ Râjâ chal pare Jain Shahr ko jâe.
- 320 Tâpû meñ dere lag gae, Rânî kare jawâb :  
"Ure baithe kyâ karen ? chalo apne ghar bâs."  
Itnî kahkar â gae Jain Shahr ke pâs :  
Jâ apne rang mahil meñ karan lage do bâr.  
Khushîân Shahr kar rahâ, "â gae hamâre bhartâr !
- 325 Ghane dinon meñ 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 Râni 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 Râjpût cities on which palaces were built.

† It is usual to render *hamsa* 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 Krishna,  
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.

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

† See *ante*, Vol. I., Legend of Niwal Dâi, *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 Râja 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 Râja Chatr(-mukaṭ):  
“Other kings rule, but thou art a king beyond kings.†  
Thou hast released the bird: may thy life be long!  
110 Râja, 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 Râja 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 Râja 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* = *shâh-bâz*, 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 Rājā 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  
Krishna,

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-mukut: (said he:)

"Moonlit is the night, shining are stars,

Take me now, my beloved swan."

\* 100 lbs. weight.

† In grief.

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

§ To make a fine show.





- The wily swan spread his wings,  
And Chatr-mukat rode upon them.
- 165 Then the swan took flight  
And alighted in the Princess' lofty chamber.  
The breezes were blowing and the jasmines 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-mukat:  
"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-mukat 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 Vikramāditya !  
The son of (his daughter) Chatrang Daî, and my name  
is Chatr-mukat.”  
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-mukat 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 Holi 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 Holi festival (*Phôg*) in the Spring the custom is for Hindus to throw a crimson powder over each other, hence if the Princess were to throw the Holi 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 Holi 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.





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CAPTAIN R. C. TEMPLE,

BENGAL NAVAL FORCE.

FRANK, AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE EAST INDIA SOCIETY, OF THE SOCIETY OF  
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- No. XXXI. Rājā Ratan Sain of Chitsaurghāḥ.

The order in which the remaining Legends will appear will be advertised later.





- 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<sup>o</sup>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 !”

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THE PROPERTY OF THE  
HOME DEPT.  
No. XX. THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

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 Amritsar, 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 Bhairon: Ghar Do.*

- Sultân pûchhe, "Sun, be Nâmâ,  
Dekhûn Râm, tumhâre kâmâ."  
Nâmâ Sultân ne bâdh lâ;  
"Dekhûn terâ Har bathîlâ.  
5 Bismal goû deo jivâe,  
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 chahîo hankâr.  
"Gaj hastî dînûn chamkâr."  
Rudan kare Nâme kî mã:  
"Chhod Râm ke, bhajan Khudâ."  
15 "Nâ hûn terâ pûnghrâ, nâ tû merî mã:  
Piñd pare to Har gun gâ."  
Kare Gajend sūñd 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 Pâwon berî, hâthoû tâl ;  
 Nâmâ gâve gun Gopâl.  
 " Gang Jaman jo ultî bahe,  
 Tâ Nâmâ ' Har Har ' kardâ rahe."  
 Sât gharî jab bitî sunî :  
 30 Aj hân na âio Tirbhawan Dhanî.  
 Pâ kanthan, bâj bajâelâ,  
 Garur charhe Govind âelâ,  
 Apne bhagat par kî prit-pâl.  
 Garur charhe âe Gopâl :  
 35 " Kheû, tâ Dharan akodî karûn !  
 Kheû, tâ le kar ûpar dharûn !  
 Kheû, tâ mûî goû deûn jiwâe,  
 Sab koî dekhe patiyâi ! "  
 Nâmâ parnâve sîl masail :  
 40 Goû duhâî, bachhrâ mel.  
 Dûdh-doh jab maṭkî bharî,  
 Le, Pâdshâh ke âge dharî.  
 Pâdshâh mahil meû jâe :  
 Aughat kî ghat 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,  
 50 Sâch sîl châlô, Sultân ! "  
 Nâmdev sab rahiâ samâe.  
 Mil Hindû Nâmê 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 bahîâ khed.  
 Nâme Nârâyan nahîu bhed!

## II.

## TEXT.

*Tuk.*

“Rukhrî na khâiyo, Swâmî merâ ! Rukhrî na khâiyo !  
 Hâth hamare ghirat katorâ, apnâ bantâ lekar jâiyo.  
 Daure daure jât, Swâmî, rot lie mukh mâhîn.  
 Tum bhâge, ham pahunch na sâke, mel leiyo, Gosâin !  
 Ghat ghat ke Prabh antar-jâmî !” Pal meñ rûp batâyâ.  
 Kûkar se Thâkur ban baithe : 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)."<sup>†</sup>
- 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.<sup>‡</sup>  
"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,<sup>¶</sup>  
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.