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Vidyapati (or, Bidyapati, Bengali style) wrote in Maithili, a dialect of Hindi, prevalent in North Bihar, very closely akin to Bengali. His songs relating to the divine love of Krishna and Radha became very popular, and through Sri Chaitanya, who adored them, they gained a high status and wide circulation, especially in Bengal. Indeed, the Bengalis adopted Vidyapati as their own poet and have since considered him as one of the twin creators of Bengali poetry. His language developed into a special style for the expression of that particular kind of attitude and emotion which Vaishnavism represents. Even Tagore continued the tradition and has a good number of poems to his credit in this style.

The translations included in this volume were made from a very old Bengali version which is given here in Devanagari script. This is an early work of Sri Aurobindo, done most probably soon after his return from England.
Why fell her face upon my sight,
That is a bascher moon in light,
Since but for one poor moment she
With her sweet eyes emparadized me.
Surely it was to slay my soul
That under her long lashes stole
The cruel grace of that transient look.
Desire laid hands upon her breasts
And there my poor heart clinging rests:
Lose new-born its office took.
My ears yet wait upon her words;
Her mutmum dwell like caged birds.
I strive to part; my feet refuse.
The net of sweet desires is loose,
Yet hence my body will not move,
Faint with the sudden hands of love.

Sri Aurobindo
पदावली

१
शेषव योगन दुःःंभि भेल।
श्वणक पव दुःःं लोचन भेल।१।१।
चचनक चातुरि लघु लघु हास।
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शेषव योगन दुःःं एक भेल।६।६।
विखलक कहु दुःःं अपेयानि।
दुःःं एकयोग इहुके कहे नेयानि।७।७।
SONGS OF VIDYAPATI

I

CHILDHOOD and youth each other are nearing;
Her two eyes their office yield to the hearing.
Her speech has learned sweet maiden craft
And low not as of old she laughed,
Her laughter murmurs. A moon on earth
Is dawning into perfect birth.
Mirror in hand she apparels her now
And asks of her sweet girl-comrades to show
What love is and what love does
And all shamed delight that sweet love owes.
And often she sits by herself and sees
Smiling with bliss her breasts’ increase,
Her own milk-breasts that, plums at first,
Now into golden oranges burst.
Day by day Love’s vernal dreams
Expand her lovely blossoming limbs.
Madhav, I saw a marvellous flower
Of girls; childhood and youth one power,
One presence grown in one body fair.
Foolish maiden, not thus declare
The oneness of these contraries.
Rather the two were yoked, say the wise.
SONGS OF VIDYAPATI

दिने दिने प्योर भें गेल पीन।
बाड़ुल नितंब माक माक भेल श्रीण।॥१॥
अबहि मदन बाड़्याल बीठ।
श्रीमान सकल चमकि विल पीठ॥२॥
पहिल बढ़ि कुच प्याल नबरंग।
दिने दिने बाढ़ये पीड़ये अंदंग।॥३॥
सो पुन में गेल बीजक पोर।
अब कुछ बाड़ुल श्रीफल जोर।॥४॥
माधव पेलनु रमणी संधान।
शारदहि भेंटनु करत सिनान।॥५॥
तनु शुक वसन तनु हिय लागि।
जो पुरुष वेषत ताकर भाग।॥६॥
उदहि विलोलित चांचर केष।
चामरे हरपल जनु कणक-महरि।॥७॥
भणये विद्यापति श्रुह मुरारि।
सुपुरुष विलास जो सोवरारि॥८॥

4
DAY by day her milk-breasts drew splendour.
    Wider her hips grew, her middle more slender.
Love has enlarged her childlike gaze.
Yea, all grace of childhood and childhood's ways
Fall from their thrones and take sweet flight.
Her breasts before were plums of light,
Golden oranges next and then
As bodiless Love made bloom with pain
Of increase her body day by day,
Pomegranate seed-cities were they.
Their fair maturities now begin,
Now are they fruits-of-opulence twin.
Madhav, I sought thy lovely lady,
Bathing I found her in woodland shady.
Coiled on her heart but not to drape
Her thin dress clung to her lovely shape.
Blest were his eyes who had seen her thus
And his whole life made felicitous.
Over her bosom her great hair floods
With curls divine two golden gods.
True love must his be, O youth, who would play,
Her darling and joy, with this beautiful may.
खेने खेने नयन कोण अनुसरइ।
खेने खेने बसनन्धूलि तनु भरइ।।
खेने खेने दणान छटाछटि हास।
खेने खेने अघर आगे कह बास।।
चौफे चलये खेने खेने चलु मंद।
मनमानु-पाठ पक्षि अनुबंध।।
हुदयज मुकुलित हेरि हेरि थोर।
खेने आंचर बेठ खेने हये तोर।।
बाला सासेरे ताहण भेट।
लखइ ना पारिये जेठ कलेठ।।
विद्यापति कहे शुन बरकान।
तरणिम श्रीमच विहड ना जान।।
NOW and again a sidelong look
Along her lashes its shy curve took.
Now and again her thin white dress
O'erlies like dust all her loveliness.
Now she laughs divine and clear
And her pearly teeth like stars appear,
And now to hide in her robe make shift.
For a little her startled feet run swift
But soon that bounding gait subsides
And she in maiden gravity glides.
Love's scholar she and newly set
To his first lesson and alphabet.
Where her bosom's buds are hardly seen
Now she draws fast her robe to screen,
Now careless leaves. In her limbs divine
Child and woman meet and twine.
Nor mark I yet whether older she
Of girlhood or younger of infancy.
Beautiful Krishna, youth in her
Its childhood begins, these signs declare.
शेषाव योवन वर्षन भेल।
वुईं दल बले धनि बन्न पड़ै गेल॥१॥
कबहुं बांधये कच कबहुं वियारि।
कबहुं श्रांपये अंग कबहुं उधारि॥२॥
घर नयान अघर कछू भेल।
उरज-उदय-थल लालिम वेल॥३॥
चंचल घरण चित चंचल भान।
जागल मनसिज मुदित नयान॥४॥
बिद्रापति कहे धुन बरकान।
घेरज धरहूं मिलायब आन॥५॥
SONGS OF VIDYAPATI

IV

CHILDHOOD and youth, maiden, are met
And strife twixt their arméd powers is set.
Now her ordered locks she dresses,
Now scattering loosens a storm of tresses.¹
Sometimes she covers her body fair,
Sometimes the golden limbs are bare
In childhood’s naked innocence.
And childhood’s steadfast eyes with a sense
Of girlhood a little waver now
And her bosom is stained where the flowers grow.
Her light uncertain feet now tell
The uncertain heart and variable.
Love is awake but his eyes are shut.
O Krishna, flower of lovers, put
In thy heart patience, for surely she
Shall be brought at last and given to thee.

¹ falls a cascade.
SONGS OF VIDYAPATI

5

खेलत ना खेलत लोक वेदिक लाज।
हेरत ना हेरत सहचरी मार।॥१॥
शुन शुन माघव तोहारि दोहाण।
बड़ा अपर्याप्त आज पेखलु राई॥२॥
मुखरचि मनोहर अघर भुरंग।
फुटल बान्धुली कमलक संग॥३॥
लोचन जनु धर भूंग आकार।
मधु मातल किये उड़ई न पार॥४॥
सांगुक भंगिम थोरि जनु।
काजरे साजल मदन भुनु॥५॥
भनये विद्यापति दोटिक बरने।
विकसल अंग ना जावत धरने॥६॥
PLAYING she plays not, so newly shy,
She may not brook the passing eye.
Looking she looks not lest surmise
Laugh from her own girl-comrades' eyes.
Hearken, O hearken, Madhav, to me.
Just is the case I bring to thee.
Radha today these eyes beheld;
A maid she is unparalleled.
O her face and its lovely lights!
O looks that ravish, O charm that invites!
Flower of ruby with lotus grows
In her vermeil lips that exceed the rose;
And with honey have snared her large twin eyes
Two shapes of bees that may not rise;
And her brow's arch is as tho' left slack
Love's own bow in hue were black.
Saith the envoy girl whose words I teach
"The bloom of her limbs surpasseth speech."
6

खनकर ना रहें गुलजत माझे।
बेकल अंग ना झापये लाजे॥१॥
बाला जन संगे जब रहूँ।
तवण माङ वहरघ तहि करइ॥२॥
माधव दुया लागि मेटलु रमण।
को कहे बाला को कहे तवण॥३॥
केलि रमस्स जब शूने।
आनत हेरि ततहे बेह काने॥४॥
इने यव कोई कर परिचार।
कावन माखि हृति बेह गारि॥५॥
बुधवा विद्यापति भागे।
बालाचारित रसिकजन जाने॥६॥
VI

In elder's eyes' she brooks not stay,
   Half-clad no more her body but alway
She covers her beauty\(^1\) most maidenly.
Yet with young girls when stayeth\(^2\) she
Knowing her ripened child and budding may
They plague her with sweet mockery.
   Madhav, for thee I wooed the sight
Of this fair flower; whom some delight
Child to call, but most agree
That woman's morning bloom has she.
When of Love's rites she hears and lovers' play
She turns her downcast eyes another way.
   O but her ears drink greedily.
Should with more words one tease her shame,
With tears and angry smiles she utters blame.
   Who is wise in love alone knoweth
The way of a girl, the poet sayeth.

\(^{1}\) limbs  \(^{2}\) bideth
किछु किछु उत्पति अंकुर भेल।
बरण-चपल-गति लोचन नेल॥ ॥
अब सब खण रहूं आंचरे हात।
लाजे सखीगणे ना पुछणे बात॥ ॥
को कहब मापब बयस कि संधि।
हेरठे मनसिज मन रघु बंधि॥ ॥
तह ओ दाम हुविने अनुपास।
रोयल घट उचल करि ठाम॥ ॥
शूनिने रसेर कथा थापपे चित।
जहिसे कुरंगिण शुनह संगीत॥ ॥
श्राव थोलन उपजल बाद।
कोई न मानह जय अबसाव॥ ॥
बिद्यापति कौतक बलिहारि।
श्राव सो तछ छोडि नाहि पारि॥ ॥
SONGS OF VIDYAPATI

VII

A LITTLE and a little now
   See the bright bud half open blow.
Her swift and wilful feet grown wise
Yield their rudderless gait to the eyes.
Ever her hand to her bosom’s dress
Cling to control its waywardness.
Afraid to utter her shy hushed thought
Her comrade-girls she questions not.
Madhav, how shall faltering word
Her sweet and twilight age record?
Love, even Love, beholding her
In his own bonds her captive were.
Nay but the lord of all desire
Her heart’s precincts raising higher
Has set for passion’s sacred duty
Altars of surpassing beauty.
Love’s speech her listening heart doth stop
As the hunter’s song the antelope.
Two powers dispute this beauteous prize.
Nought one deems gained while aught there is
To gain, nor the other failure owns
While yet he holds to his golden thrones.
Still with sweet violence she clings
To her loved childhood’s parting wings.
SONGS OF VIDYAPATI

8

आवल यौवन श्रीशाब गेल।
वरण चपलता लोचन नेल॥१॥
कह तुझे लोचन भूतक काज।
हृस गोपत भेल उपजल लाज॥२॥
अब अनुल्लण वेह आंचरे हात।
सगर बचन कह नत कह माथ॥३॥
कठिक गौरव पालव नितम्भ।
बल्लैते सहचरो कर अवलम्ब॥४॥
हाम अवधारलु शुन बरकान।
शुननह अब तुझे करइ विधान॥५॥
विधापति कवि इहु रस जाने।
राजा शिवसिंह लछिमा परमाण॥६॥
VIII

CHILDHOOD is fled and youth in its seat;
Not light as of old her wandering feet,
Yet are Love's glorious envoys two
Seeing her eyes her errands do.
In secret dawns each lovely smile
And laughter low with maiden guile.
Her hand each moment plucks her dress
Its fluttering treasons to repress.
And all the low speech of her lips
From a modest head and drooping slips.
Her heavy hips have now replaced
The old lost pride of her rounded waist.

Thus I decide her doubtful state
Conclusion sweet of sweet debate.
Thine is this fair decision's fruit
Judgment to give and execute.
I, Bidyapati, love's lights bring
To lady Lachhima and the King.
9

माधव कि कहब सुन्वरी रूपे।
कलेक जलने बिंधि आजिस समारल
बेखलु नयन सवरुपे॥१॥

पल्लव-राज चरण-युग शोभित
गति गजराजक भाने।
कणक-कवलीपर सिंह समारल
tापर मेहु समाने॥२॥

मेहु उपर दुःक कमल फुटायल
नाल दिना यांच पाइ।

मणिमय हार धार बढ़ु मुसररि
tह नहि कमल शुकाइ॥३॥

अधर बिभ्व सम, दशान बाहिरब बीज
रबि तासी उगाइक पाजे।

राखू दुर बस निकट न आबाहि
tइ नहि करारि गराले॥४॥

सारंग नयन बचन धून सारंग
tारंग ततु समाने।

सारंग उपर उघल बड़ तारंग
केलि कराहि मथुपाने॥५॥

भणहि विधापति धून वर यौबति
पहुं जगत नहि आने
राजा शिवसिंह रूप नारायण
लक्ष्मा वेई पति भाने॥६॥
IX

Ah how shall I her lovely body express?
Fair things how many Nature in her blended,
Mine own eyes saw ere my lips praise.

Her twin fair feet were lordly leaves of summer,
Her gait vied with the forest’s best.
Upon two golden trees a lion slender,
Thereover the hills of heaven were placed.

And on the hills two lotuses were budding
That stemless kept their gracious hours.
In shape of pearl-drops strung heaven’s stream descended,
Therefore not withered those sweet flowers.

Her teeth pomegranate-seeds on lips of ruby,
The sun and moon on either side,
Her hair eclipse, but coming never nearer
Hid not at all their golden pride.

The cuckoo’s speech, the antelope’s eyes has Radha,
And Love has in her glances thrones—
Upon two lotuses two bees that hover
And sip their honey: these she owns

The spring’s five children. O delicious maiden,
Not the wide worlds her second know,
To Shiva Singha Roupnaraian my music
And lady Lachhima doth show.
सुधामुख्य के बिन्हि निरमित बाल।।
अपहृप पूप ननोभव-मंगल
श्रीभुवन विजयो माला॥१॥
मुन्दर बदन चार अघ लोचन
काजरे रंजित भेला॥२॥
कनक-कमल मासे काल भुज्जिगनि
श्रीयुत खंजन खेला॥३॥
नाभि-विवर संगे लोम-लतावलि
भुजगि निदवास मियासा।।
नाला खणपलि- चंचु भरम-भये
कुच गिरि सांधि निवासा॥४॥
तिन वाणे बदन जितल तिन भुवने
अवधि रहत दउ वाणे।।
बिहि बड़ वाण विधि पंसक जन
सोपल तोहारि नवाने॥५॥
भणि विद्यापति शुन बर यौयति
इह रस कोपये जाने।।
राजा विरासह रूप नारायण
लछिमा देवि परमाणे॥६॥
A

H, who has built this girl of nectarous face?
   Ah, who this matchless, beauteous dove?
   An omen and a bounteous boon of Love,
   A garland of triumphant grace!

O glorious countenance and O shaded deep
   Delicious eyes for purple extolled,
   You dark-winged flutterers in that lily of gold
   The splendour of the snake who keep!

Thy tendrilled down’s a snake, to drink cool winds
   That from thy harbouring navel stirred,
   But by the fancied bill of emperor bird
   Cowed to thy breast’s hill-cavern winds.

The strong five-missiled Love with arrows three
   The three worlds conquered; two remained
   Which to thine eyes some cruel Fate did lend
   To slay poor lovers’ hearts with thee.

A well of love is he who knoweth, O girl,
   Her beauty I the poet sing
   To Shiva Singha Rupnaraian the King
   And Lachhima, his bosom’s pearl.
फि कहब रे सखि कानुक रूप
को पतियादब स्वपन स्वरूप ॥१॥
अभिनव जलधर सुन्चर वेहः
पीत-वसन-पर तींदामिनी सेहः ॥२॥
शाम शामर कुटलहि केश
किये शशिमंडल शिखंड संबेश ॥३॥
जातकी केलकी कुलुम सुवासे
फुलपार मनोपत तेजल तरासे ॥४॥
विज्यापति कहि फि बोलब आर
शून्य करल विहि मधन-मांडार ॥५॥
HOW shall I tell of Caanou's beauty bright?
Men will believe it a vision of the night.

As lightning was his saffron garment blown
Over the beautiful cloud-limbs half shown.

His coal-black curls assumed with regal grace
A peacock's plume above that moonlike face.

And such a fragrance fierce the mad wind wafts
Love wakes and trembles for his flowery shafts.

Yea, what shall words do, friend? Love's whole estate
Exhausted was that wonder to create.
कानु हेरब छिल मने साध।
कानु हेरहते एवे भेल परवाद।
तबवधि अबोधि मुगध हम नारी।
कि कहि कि बलि कछु बुझइ ना पारि।

साजन धन सम भरु बुनयान।
अविरत शक्ति करभे पराण।
काहे लागि सजनि वरशन भेल।
रमसे आपन जीव पर हाले बेला।

ना जानिये कि कह मोहि चोर।
हेरहते प्राण हरि लड़ गेड़ मोर।
एत सब आवर गेड़ वरशाई।
जल विसरिये तत विसर ना जाइ।
बियारति कहें घुंट वरनारि।
घरज धर चिते मिलब मुरारि।
CAANOU to see I had desire;
Caanou seen, my life grew fire.
Thenceforth deep down, ah, foolish I,
In a great sea of love I lie.
Hardly I know, a girl and weak,
What these words mean my heart would speak.
Only my tears for ever rain,
Only my soul burns in its pain.
O wherefore, friend, did mine eyes see,
Friend of my bosom, thoughtlessly?
When a little mirth was all I planned,
I have given my life into another's hand.

I know not what this lovely thief
Did to me in that moment brief.
Surely such craft none yet possessed!
He robbed my heart out of its nest
Only with seeing, and gone is he
Taking my poor heart far from me
And ah! his eyes did then express
Such tenderness, such tenderness,
The more I labour to forget
My very soul remembers it.
Mourn not, sweet girl, for thy heart's sake;
Who took thy heart, thyself at last shall take.
ए सति कि पेघनू एक अपहर्य
श्नूतले मानवो स्वपन स्वहर्य।॥१॥
कमलयुगल पर चाँद कि माल।
तापर उपजल तथ्य तमाल॥॥
तापर बेढ़ल पिपुरि लता।
कालिन्दी तौर धीर चलि जाता॥॥
शाखा जिल्लर मुखकर पाति।
ताहें नब पलब अरणक भाति॥॥
विमल विमलफल युगल विकावा।
तापर कीर धिर कह बसवास॥॥
तापर चंचल लंजन जोड़।
तापर सांपनी बेढ़ल मोड़॥॥
ए सति रंगिनी कह निवास।
पुन वेरइते कहें हरल गेयान॥॥
भण्य विभापति इह रस भाष।
मुखकं सरम तुझे भाल जान॥॥
SWEET and strange as 'twere a dream,
I have seen a vision gleam.
Lotus flowers were his feet,
Bearing moons a carcanet.
Rounded thighs and ankles smooth
Towered of the glories of youth,
And continual lightnigs drape,
So I dreamed, that faultless shape.
Dark Calindie, by thy stream
Slowly went he in my dream.
And I dreamed of boughs that shone
With a row of moons thereon,
Fingers fair like young leaves born
With a rosy light of morn.
Flower-of-coral bloom his lips,
Over which Love's parrot peeps,
And his eyes like wild birds wake
And each curl's a little snake
Stung me. Twice I looked and then
With a sweet and sudden pain
Maddened. Ah, what power is this
For a look can slay with bliss?
Even so leaps, O my dove,
Into the heart made for him, Love.
कि कहब रे सखि इस कुछ ओर। 
बांजी निसास गरते तनु ओर।।۱॥ 
हठ झंगे पठिये भवणक मासे। 
तैवने विगलित तनु मन लाजे॥۲॥ 
विपुल पुलके परिपूररये देह। 
नयने ना हेरि हेरये जनि केह॥۳॥ 
गुरुजन समुखाइ भाव तरंग। 
जतनहि बसने झांचि सब अंग॥۴॥ 
लहू लहू चरणे चलिये गृह मास। 
देवे से विहि आजु राखल लाज॥۵॥ 
तनु मन विवश लसये नोबिबंध। 
कि कहब विद्यापति रघु धन्य॥۶॥
FRIEND, my friend, has pain a farther bound
Which sounds can utter, for which words are found?

Fiercely the flute’s breath through me ran and thrilled,
My body with sweet dreadful sound was filled.

By violence that brooks not of control
The cruel music enters all my soul.

Then every limb enamoured swoons with shame
And every thought is wrapped in utter flame.

Yea, all my labouring body mightily
Was filled and panted with sweet agony.

I dared not lift my eyes. My elders spoke
Around me when that wave of passion broke,

And such a langour through my being crept,
My very robe no more its office kept.

With slow feet on their careful steps intent
Panting into the inner house I went.

Even yet I tremble from the peril past,
So fierce a charm the flute upon me cast.
सन्ग ओविदतापति

१५

गैल कामनी गज़हु गामनि
बहसि पालि तेहारि।
इस मोल सायक
कुहैक बेलि बरतारि॥

जोरे भुजयुग मोरि बेठल
tतलहि बयान मुखार्॥

दाम चम्पके काम पुजल
जैस शारवं चंद॥

उरहि अंचल शांपड़ चंचल
आध परोधर हूँ॥

पवन पराभये शारव धन जनु
बेकल करल सुमेह॥

पुनहि दर्राने जीवन जुड़ताव
टटब विरुतक ओर।

चरणे जाक जूवय पावक
बहूँ सब अंग मोर॥

भणये विदापति शुनह यूवति
चित विद नहि होय।

से जे रमणी परम गुणमणि
पुनं कि मिलबं मोह॥

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SONGS OF VIDYAPATI

XV

A S the swan sails, so moved she
Then when her face was lost to me.
As she went, O she turned, she looked, she smiled.
Ah arrows made of Love's own flower,
O sweet magician! faery power!
No mortal maid but an enchanteress wild.

Her arms, those sweet twin lovelinesses,
Clasped, bent in languorous self-caresses,
Enhaloed had the lustres of her face.
Her fingers slim for Champaks taking,
Love to delicious worship waking,
A moon of autumn with such flowers did bless.

Her careless breasts (O happy lover!)
Their rich defences but half discover
Because of haste when the light robe was worn.
As tho' by winds that overpower
Clouds in the season of storm and shower,
The hills of heaven thro' a dim veil made morn.

Vision delightful! shall again
I ease with you my life's deep pain!
Ah! shall again division's boundaries break?
The henna that her feet enrosèd
Was fire wherein my heart enclosed
Did burn and all my limbs to burn did make.

O lovely maiden, hear the speech
These numbers murmur each to each.
My soul since then no ease, no quiet knows.
Ah! shall I ever, fortune, meet her,
The woman than all women sweeter,
The jewel of all beauties that earth owes?
कबरी भये चामरी गिरि-कंदरे
मुख-भये चांद आकाशे।
हरिणि नयन-भये स्वर-पये कोकिल
gति-भये गज बनवासे॥१॥
सुनवर काहे मोहे सम्भाषि ना जासि।
तुया डरे इह सब दूरहि पलायत
तुहूँ पुन काहे डरासि॥२॥
कुञ्ज-भये कमल-कोरक जले मुदि रघु
घट परवे हुताशे।
बारिष्ठ भोलफल गगने बास कह
शंभु गरल कह प्रासे॥३॥
भुज-भये कणक-मृणाल पंके रघु
कर-भये सिसलय कापे।
विश्‌पति कह कल कल ऐंसन
कहहब मवन-परतापे॥४॥
XVI

The manèd steeds in the mountain glen\(^1\) for fear

   Of these thy locks, O maiden, hide.

The moon at thy face from the high heaven doth peer,

   And thy voice alarms the cuckoo's pride.

Thy gait hath driven the swan to the forest-mere,

   And the wild deer flee thy large eyes' light.

Ah beautiful girl! why mute then to my love?

Lo! fear of thee all these to flight doth move,—

   Whom dost thou fear then, maiden bright?

The lotus-buds in the water closed reside

   Thy paps being lovelier and the flame

Absorbs the pitcher and in air abide

   The pomegranate and quince at thy breasts' sweet name.

Yea, Shiv doth swallow poison and in ooze

   The golden lotus-stalk, lo! shuns

   Thine arm and the new leaves shake these hands to see.

But ah! my weary lips refuse

   O'erstrained with honey-sweet comparisons

   All images to tell Love taught to me.

---

\(^1\) Glens
SONGS OF VIDYAPATI

17

कीये मधु दीठि पड़िल तस्स-बयना ।
निमिन्त नेहारि रहि ना भुखन नयना ॥१॥
बारना कंक विलोकन थोर ।
काल होइ किये उपजल मोर ॥२॥
मानस रहि पयोधर लागि ।
अंतरे रहि मनोभाव जागि ॥३॥
अभयन रहि ऐसे शुनइं रावे ।
चलइं चाहि चरण नाहि जावे ॥४॥
आशा-पाश ना तेजइ अंग ।
विद्वापति कहु भ्रेम-संरंग ॥५॥
WHY fell her face upon my sight,
That is a lovelier moon in light,
Since but for one poor moment she
With her sweet eyes emparadised me?
Surely it was to slay my soul
That under her long lashes stole
The cruel grace of that transient look.
Desire laid hands upon her breasts
And there my poor heart clinging rests:
Love new-born its office took.
My ears yet wait upon her words;
Her murmurs dwell like caged birds.
I strive to part; my feet refuse.
The net of sweet desires is loose,
Yet thence my body will not move,
This is the very sea of love.  

1 Faint with the sudden hands of Love.
शुन्वर बबने लिथुर बिन्दु
साइर लिथुर भार।
जनु रवि शशी संगकः उयल
पिछे करि आधियार॥१॥
रामा हे अभिक चन्द्रम भेल
कत ना जतने कत अवभूत
विह्व बहु तोहे देख॥२॥
उरज-अंकुर चिँदेहा शांपियसि
बोर थोर वरछाय।
कतना जतने कतना गोपसि
हिसे गिरि ना खुकाय॥३॥
चंचल लोचने बंक नेहारनि
अंजन शोभन ताय।
जनु इचहर पवने पेलल
अलि भरे उलटाय॥४॥
भण बिद्यापति शुनहु युवात
ए-सब रूप जात।
राय शिवातसि० रूप नारायण
लछिमा देवी परमाण॥५॥
IN her beautiful face did use
   A star of the red ceruse,
As tho’ the moon with the sun to aid
Were arisen and darkness hung afraid
Behind in her burden of great, dark hair.
O woman of moonlight rarer than nature’s,
O delicate body, wonderful features,
Whence did Fate build you with effort made fair?
The buds of her flowerlike breasts between
Her robe’s white folds were a little seen.
The snows may cover the high bright hill,
Hidden it is not, strive as you will.
From her darkened eyes, her shy look roving
On lids love-troubled tenderly burned,
Like the purple lilies winds were moving
By the weight of a bee overturned.
Hearken, O girl, to Bidyapati
And the lyre made sweet in the year’s sweet end,
To Lachhima, lady of Mithila city,
And Shiva Singha the King, his friend.
SONGS OF VIDYAPATI

19

नेनुया-वनो धनी वचन कहति हरि
अभिया लरखे जनु शरद पूनिम शायि। ॥१॥
अपूर्ण रूप रमण-भणि।
जाई रे खेललु गजराज गमन धनि॥२॥
सिह जिनि माक्षा बिनि
तनु अति कोमलनि।
कुच भीफल-भरे भागिया फड़े जनि॥३॥
काजेरे रंजित बलि धवल-नयन-बर।
भ्रमर भुलि जनु विमल कमल-पर॥४॥
भण्ये विष्णुपति सो बर-नागर।
रसिष रूप हेरि गर गर अंतर॥५॥
A SHINING grace the damsel’s face to her laughter and
speech doth lend,
As tho’ the sweet full moon of autumn heaven’s
nectar rained.
A jewel of women with beauty more than human,
I saw her gait of lion state ungraced nought nor common.
Her middle than the lion’s slender is,
Her body soft as lotuses;
It seemed a branch with weight breaking of her breasts
pomegranate.
Yea and her lovely eyes being with blackness dressed
Were unstained lotuses enamoured bees invest.
The lover beautiful seeing sweet Radha’s grace
Breaketh his longing heart with passionate distress.
SONGS OF VIDYAPATI

odega baal kar pekhan na bele.
medhalal sang tejita-jatun
hubaye shol deh gola II.11
aacha aanchal khasi aath badane harshi
aarya naayan-saran.
aa-urja heer aach-aaunchh bhar
tav bhar badhe anang II.21

eke tenu goora kanch katora
aachtu kaancha upama.
hare haral man jatun dasha aasen
fons pataval kama III.31

dhun mukuta-pant aap dhilayat
mudu mugu kagita bhaya.
vidyapati kahe aapne se dukh rah
heer heer na pural aasha III.41

40
I saw not to the heart's desire.
Beautiful friend! that sight was fire
Of lightning and like lightning went:
My heart with the bright bolt was rent.
Her dim white robe like the hoar-frost thin
Half from the shoulder had fallen in.
Her beautiful mouth half-smiled and half
A glance from under her lids did laugh.
Half-naked shone her breasts' sweet globes
And half lay shadowy in her robes.
O then this bitter love and new!
Her body was of honey hue,
Her breasts, those cups of wondrous gold,
Love like a bodice did enfold.
The bodiless Love with subtle plan
To seize and hold the heart of man
With flowery cords his beauteous net
In the guise of a girl's breasts had set.
Her teeth, a row of pearls, did meet
Her moving lips and sweet, O sweet
As liquid honey her delicate speech.
Within me burned a pain like fire;
My eyes dwelt with her, yet could not reach
Gazing, the bottom of desire.
जाइते पेखलुं नाहिल गोरि।
कति झंगे रूप घनि आनिव चोरिर।।
केश निगारिते बहे जलधारा।
चामरे गलवे जनु मोतिम-हारा।।
अलकद्वि तीतल ताहूं अति शोभा।
अलकद्वि कमले बेड़ल मधुलोभा।।
नीरे निरंजन लोचन राता।
सिदुः मंदित पंकज पात।।
सजल चोर पयोधर-सीमा।
कणक बेले जनु पड़ि गेंड़ो हीमा।।
ओ नुक्क करतहि चाहे किय देहा।
अबहि छोड़िबि मोहे तेजां लेहा।।
ऐसे फेरि रस ना पाओब आर।
इसे लागि रोड़ गलवे जलधार।।
विद्यापति कहे शुप्र वरारि।
बसनेर भाव ओ रूप नेहरि।।
XXI

THE moonwhite maiden from her bath
Passing I saw on a woodland path.
Moonwhite beauty from all sweet things
Had stolen beauty fit for kings.
The tresses that her small hands wrung
A rain of glittering water flung
As carcanets of loveliest pearl
Did from a fan imperial whirl.
Her wet curls wearing wondrous grace
Like bees besieged her lotus face
For all that honey wild with lust.
The water from her sweet eyes thrust
Yet left them reddened, as in the ooze
Petals of lotus with ceruse.
Heavy with water her thin robe
Defined each bright and milky globe;
Like golden apples gleamed her breasts
On which the happy hoar-frost rests.
So the robe clung as if it said
"Soon will she leave me and love be dead,
Nor ever once shall I attain
Such exquisite delight again."
So the robe thought, as well appears,
And therefore sorrowed, showering tears.
कामिनी करइ सिनान।
हेरइते हृदये हानल पांच बाण॥१॥
बिकुरे गलये जलघर।
मूल-शालि भये किये रोये आंधियार॥२॥
तितल बसन तनु लाग।
मुनिहक मानस मनमय जाग।॥३॥
कुचबुग चाह चकेवा।
निजकुल आनि मिलायल देवा॥४॥
तेन्व्र शंका भुज-पारे।
बांधि धयल जनु उड़ब तरासे॥५॥
कवि विद्यापति गावे।
गुणवति नारि रसिक जन पावे॥६॥
XXII

BEAUTY stood bathing in the river
When I beheld her—Love's whole quiver
Pierced my heart with fivefold fire.
Her curls flung back from the face of my desire
Rained great tears as tho' the night
Stood by and wept in fear of the moon's light.
To every limb her wet robe kissed and clung.
Had even the sage been there
His heart had burned, even his grown young
Seeing through her dress her marvellous limbs made bare.
Her fair twin breasts were river-birds
Whose language is three amorous words.
It seemed that pitying heaven had to one shore
Brought the sweet lovers thence to part no more.
Yet she I deem in such alarm
Held them fast bound within one golden arm,
As if some noise should startle the sweet pair
And they take flight from her.
O amorous boy, be not afraid—
For youth like thee heaven gave this wondrous maid.
आजु मशु सुभविन भेला।
कामिनी पेखलु सिनानक बेला॥१॥
चिकुरे गलये जलधारा।
मेह बरिखे जनु मोतिम-हारा॥२॥
बबल मोछल परबुर।
माज धयल जनु कणक मकूर॥३॥
ते उदासल कुच जोरा।
फलटि बैठायल कणक कठोरा॥४॥
नीबिंबंध करल उदेस।
विद्वापति कहू मनोरथ श्रेष॥५॥
XXIII

O HAPPY day that to mine eyes betrayed
Bathing the beautiful maid!
A cloud of beauty was her hair
Dripping with jewels marvellous rare.
Her lifted hands did harshly press
The lingering water from her face,
As tho' a golden mirror were made clean;
Therewith her robe fell to her lovely feet
And naked breasts revealed their beauties twin
Like golden cups that seemed reversely set;
The lapse her robe's one bond undid
And naked made what yet lay hid.
O Mithil lyre!
This is the apex of desire.
नाहि उठल तिरे राज कमल मुखः
समुखें हृर्दृ वरकानः।
गुजजन संगे लाजे धनि नतमुखः
कैसैंहे हृरः भयानः॥१॥
संखि हे अप्रह्य चातुरि गोरि
समजन तेजि आघु सरि ढुकरइ
आइः भवन तंहि फैरि॥२॥
तंहि पुनि सोति हार टुटि पेलि
कहूँ हार टुटि गेलः।
समजन एक एक चुनि संघर
श्याम बरशा धनी केल॥३॥
नयन-चकोर कानु-मुख-शिववर
कमल अमिया रस पान।
ढ़ि बोहा वरहने रसहुं पसारल
विधापति भाले जान॥४॥
BEAUTIFUL Rāi, the flower-like maid
Risen from the river where she played,
Saw under downcast lids and shy
The lovely boy, dark Krishna named.
A high-born child with face afraid
Before her elders and eyes ashamed
She might not gaze as she went by.
O subtle is that beautiful girl!
She left the gracious troop behind;
With half-turned face and half-declined
From far in front fell sweet her call.
She broke her carcanet of pearl
And let the precious seedlings fall.
"O friends, my broken carcanet."
Each girl her lovely hand did set
Stooping to find the scattered grain.
Meanwhile the damsel’s eyes full fain,
Like birds that on white moonbeams feed,
Of Krishna’s shape took amorous heed.
Divine the nectar that she drained,
O Krishna, from thy cheeks of light.
Yea, each of each had honied sight.
Thus gazing girl and boy extend
Love’s boundaries seen by none but me
The poet, sweet Bidyapati.
SONGS OF VIDYAPATI

२५

अलखिते हामे हेरिव विहळसिल थोरि ॥
जनु रजनी भेल चांब उजोरि ॥१॥
कुटिर कटाल छटा पड़ि गेल ।
मधुकर-दग्ढर अम्बरे भेल ॥२॥
काहार रमनी ओहे के उह जान ।
आकुल करि मैंो हामारि पराण ॥३॥
लोल-कमले भमरा फिये बारि ।
चमकि चललि धनो चकित नेहारि ॥४॥
तै भेल बेकत पयोघर शोभा ।
कनक-कमल नाहि कहे मनोलोभा ॥५॥
आघ लुकायलि आघ उदास ।
कुठुकम्भ कहि मेंो आपनक आज ॥६॥
विद्यापति कहं नव अनुराग ।
गोपत मदन-शार कहें ना लाग ॥७॥
XXV

SHE looked on me a little, then
   A little smile her lips o'erran
As though a moonbeam making bright
The darkness of the blessed night;
And from her eyes a lustrous glance
Fell shy and tenderly askance,
As though blue heaven's infinities
Were grown a sudden swarm of bees.
I know not whose she is, being fair:
I know she hath my soul with her.
With a sweet fear as to deny
Her virgin soul to the honey-fly
That in the lotus' womb did play,
With startled feet and hurried look,
The beauteous damsel went her way.
The sweet and hasty motion shook
The robe from her warm breasts of gold
Like lotus-flowers the heart to hold.
Half-hid, yet naked half, they seemed
To speak aloud the bliss they dreamed.
O sweet, O young desire! the dart
Of secret love omits\(^1\) no heart.

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\(^1\) leaves out
कष्टक माह फुसुम-परकाश।
भ्रमर विकल नाहि पावये वास॥१॥
रसबती मालती पुन पुन बेख।
पिवडते चाहे मधु जीव उपेख॥२॥
उह मधुजीव तुंहु मधु रास।
संचि घर मधु अबहुं न लजास।॥३॥
भ्रमर विकल कतिहु नाहि धाम।
तुमा बिनु मालती नाहि सिरराम॥४॥
आपन मने घरि बुझह अबगाहे।
भ्रमर-वच पाप लागत कहे॥५॥
भणहि विद्यापति पायब जीवे।
अघर मुघरस यवि बोह पीवे॥६॥
UPON a thorn when the flowers bloom,
   Poor bee athirst for the rich perfume,
Cruel thy thirst, yet thou mayst not drink.
Upon the jasmine's honied brink
Lo! the bee hovers and will have
Heart's pleasure nor cares his life to save.
O Radha, flower of honey, have pity
And grant thy lover's sweet entreaty,
Pilgrim of honey thy lover—no more
In virgin shame\(^1\) thy nectarous store
Deny. Alas! in thy rich bloom
The thirsty bee finds never a room.
O jasmine, save thy honey breast
He hath forsworn all other rest.
On thee the sin, beautiful Rai,
Of the poor bee's death shall surely lie.
O from thy lips the dear boon give
Of heaven's honey and he will live.

\(^1\) maiden pride


SONGS OF VIDYAPATI


tāṁhī tāṁhī kumal parkāra

jaḥūṁ jaḥūṁ ladhu ḫaṭā ṣaṅcār

tāṁhī taṁhī bhava trika

jaḥūṁ jaḥūṁ prabhū bhāma trika

jaḥūṁ jaḥūṁ putil khatā

jaṁhī bhad-hār ḡaṅk ||6||

hērāte sō ḍhānī ḍhāre

ām tilūn bhāmā ṛjāgor ||7||

pun kī ṛjāgor paṁb ||

tāṁhī taṁhī ḫukh jāva ||8||

vīdāpātī kah jānī
tūṁ gūṇe vēmāvād aṁnī ||9||
WHEREVER her twin fair feet found room
There the flowers of the water bloom;
Wherever her golden body shone,
There have the waves of lightning gone.
Wonderful beauty, golden-sweet,
How in my heart hast thou set thy feet!
Wherever her eyes have opened bright,
The bloom of the lotus burns its light;
Wherever her musical laugh has flown
Need of the nectar is not known;
Wherever her shy curved glances rove,
There are ten thousand arrows of love;
Eyes, for a little your orbs did see!
In the three worlds now there is none but she.
O shall I see her ever again
To heal my heart of its piteous pain?
Soon, O lover, soon will she rest
Drawn by thy passion on thy breast.²

¹ ease
² O! on my bosom once to hold
Her boundless beauty and manifold.
अपनि पेलं रामा।
क्रष्णकला अवलंबने अयल
हरिण होन हिमधाम।१॥
नयन-नलिनी दो अंजले रंजल
भोंइ विभंग विलास।
विकित चकोर जोर विधि बांधल
केवल काजर पासा।२॥
गिरिवर गंधा पयोंघर परिशित
गिमे गजमोतिम हारा।
काम कंबु भरि कन्या शंभु परि
बारत सुरूषूनि धारा।३॥
परति पयाणे याग शल यागइ
सो पावे बहु भागी:
विद्वापति कहू गोकुल नायक
गोपीजन अनुरागी॥४॥
XXVIII

I HAVE seen a girl no words can measure,
    On golden tendrils proudly borne a face,
A spotless moon, a snowy treasure.
Her eyes two lotuses with unguent shaded,
    Were play-grounds of sweet loving thought,
Or fluttering, captive birds in a net embedded
    Of that dark unguent solely wrought.
Her heavy hills of milk a necklace richer
    Of elephant pearls did touch and gleam—
Love sprinkling from her throat, that brimful pitcher,
    On golden images heaven's stream.
Fortunate were he who by Prayaga's waters
    Long sacrificing might avail
At last to win her. Lover of Gocul's daughters!
    Darling of Gocul! true thy tale.
SONGS OF VIDYAPATI


c

gोघुलि पेखल बाला
जब मंविर बाहर भेला।
नव जलघर बिजुरि-रेहा
द्वादश पसारिय गेला।

धनी अलप बयसी बाला
जिन गांभिल पुष्प कि माला।
थोरि बरवाने आता न पूरल
रहुल मदन ज्वाला॥

थोरि कलेवर न्यूना
जिन आंबरे उजोर सोना।
केशरी जिनि माति क्षणि
ढुलह लोमन कोणा॥

ईश्वत हासनि सने
मुझे हानल नयन ताणे।

विरजीबोर रहु पंच गोरेरवर
कवि विश्वापति भाणे॥
WHEN the hour of twilight its period kept
The damsel out from her dwelling stepped,
Like flashes in a new-born cloud that battling crept,
Golden, a beauty dire.

A high-born maiden, a little child,
Woven of flowers and fragrance she smiled.
How with a little sight should hope be reconciled?
Love but increased his fire.

Her small sweet body of pale gold made
That shining gold thro’ her robe displayed,
The forest lion yields to her slender middle; swayed
Glances much love must earn.

A soft smile burned in her lips and she
With a smile and a look did murder me.
Lord of the five Bengals, may longer life with thee
Starlike eternal burn.
जीवन चाहिए योवन बड़ा रंग।
तबे योवन जब सुपुख़ घंग।
सुपुख़ प्रेमिक कबड़ नाहिं छाड़ि।
बिने बिने चांद कला सम बाड़ि।
तुहु जैसे रसबति कानु रसकंद।
बड़ पुण्ये रसबति भिले रसबंत।
तुहु यव कहति करिये अनुसंग।
चौरि-चांदति होय लाखगुण रंग।
सुपुख़ ऐसन नाहिं जगमाझ।
आर ताहें अनुरत बरज समाज।
बिद्यापति कहे इहें नाहिं लाज।
हप-गुणवितका इह बड़ा काज।
Life is sweet but youth more bright.
O life, it is youth and youth is delight.
And what is youth if it be not this,
Love, true love, and lover’s long kiss.
Love that the noble heart conceives
Will leave thee never till life leaves.
Every day the moons increase,
Every day love greater is.
Of all girl-lovers thou art crown,
Caanou of youth the sole renown.
When hardest holiest deeds accrue,
Meet in this world lovers true.
Stolen love, how sweet it is!
Two brief words its only keys;
Murmur but these and thou shalt hold
Secret delights a thousand-fold.
So true a lover all wide earth
To another such gave never birth,
And Braja’s hearts with love are wild
Of the noble gracious child.
Haste to thy king, sweet, pay him duty
Of thy loving heart and beauty.
ए धनि कमलिनि शुन हितवानी।
प्रेम करबि अब सुपुरुङ्ख जानि॥१॥
सुननक प्रेम हेम समतुल।
वाहििते कनक द्रियूण हय मूल॥२॥
दुःखििते नाहि दुःखे प्रेम अद्भूत।
जैसने बाड़ित मृणालक सूत॥३॥
सबह मतििजे मोििति नाहि मानि।
सकल कठे नाहि कोपिल-वानी॥४॥
सकल समय नहे खृजु बसंत।
सकल पुष्य-नारि नहे गुणवंत॥५॥
भणिे विचारििति शुनि वरनारि।
प्रेमििक रीि अब बुधि विचारि॥६॥
LOTUS bosom, lotus feet,
   Justify, I charge thee, sweet!
Knowing the true love thou hast won
Will thou not love back, lovely one?
Love in true hearts gold surpasses.
To the fire golden masses
Double price and beauty owe.
Loves by trial greater grow.
Love, my sweet,’s a wondrous thing
Imperishable in suffering.
Break it, but it will not break.
Love, like fibres of the lake,
Thrives on torture; beaten, grows;
Bleeding, thrills to sweeter rose.
Not from every elephant
Pearl-drops ooze iridescent,
Not from all lips accents fall
Melodious as the cuckoo’s call.
Every season is not spring,
Every man love’s perfect king,
Nor all women the world through
Always lovely, always true.
This is love, as sweet as rare;
Wilt thou spurn it, vainly fair?
SONGS OF VIDYAPATI

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नव अनुरागिनि राधा।
किछू नाहि मानये बाधा॥१॥
एकलि कपलि पयान।
पय विपय नाहि मान॥२॥
तेजल मणिमय हार।
उच कुच मानये सार॥३॥
कर संगे करण सुंदर।
पल्पाृति तेजलि समर।॥४॥
मणिमय मंजर पाय।
बूराहि तेजि चलि जाय॥५॥
यांनि सन-अंधियार।
मनमय हिृये विजयार॥६॥
विलंघि विखारत वाट।
प्रेमक आयुधे काट॥७॥
विद्यापति मति जान।
ऐसे ना हेरिये आन॥८॥

64
WHEN the young warm Love her heart doth fill
Where is the let stays woman’s will?
Alone to set forth lightly she dares,
Path or pathless not Radha who cares.
She has left her pearlèd carcanet
Her breast’s high towers that hamperèd.
The bracelets fair on her wrists that shone
All by the path has the young girl thrown.
Anklets gemmed on her feet did glow
She has thrown them far the lighter to go.
The gloom is thick and heavy the night,
But Love to her eyes makes darkness light.
Her every step new perils doth prove,
She has pierced thro’ all with the sword of Love.
Her passionate heart the poet knows.
Another like her not the wide world shows.
SONGS OF VIDYAPATI

रजनि छोटे अति भींज रमनी।
कति खने आउब कुंजर गमनी॥१॥
भीम भुजागम सरणा।
कत संकट ताहे कोमल-चरणा॥२॥
बिहि पाये करों परिहार।
अविधिने मुन्दरि कहु अभिसार॥३॥
गगन सचि महि बका।
बिधिनि विधािति उपजये शंका॥४॥
दश विश धन आंधियारा।
बलइते बलइ लखइ नाहि पारा॥५॥
सबजनि पालिट भूलिन।
आजत मानवि भाल त लोलि॥६॥
बिधािति कवि कहइ।
प्रेमहि कुलवधु पराभव सहइ॥७॥
XXXIII

"TIS night and very timid my little love.
How long ere I see her hither swanlike move!
Dread serpents fill with fear the way;
What perils those soft beloved feet waylay.
Providence, I lay her at thy feet;
Scatheless keep she the tryst my own, my sweet.
The sky is thick and mired the earth,
Perils wide strewn: ah me, what fears have birth.
Thick darkness are the quarters ten.
The feet stumble, nought clear the eyes may gain.
She comes! with timid backward glances
Every creature's heart now she entrances!
A girl she is of human grace,
Yet wears all heaven stolen in her face."
For high-born women to be o'erborne
By love endure; all other check they scorn.
आंचरे बदन झांपह गोरि।
राजा शुनहि चांदक चोरि॥१॥
घरे घरे पहरि छोड़ि गेल जोय।
अबहि वेशब धनि नागरि तोय॥२॥
हासि सुधामुखि ना कर विजोरि।
बानोक द्वानि धनि बोलबि थोरि॥३॥
अधरक सीम दरान कह जोरि।
सिदुरक सीम बसायलि मोति॥४॥
शुन शुन सुनवरि हित उपदेश।
स्वपने होय जनि विपरक लेख॥५॥
चांदक आछये भेद कलंक।
ओं जे कलंकी तुहुं निष्कलंक॥६॥

SONGS OF VIDYAPATI
XXXIV

HIDE now thy face, O darling white,
   Hide it well with thy robe's delight.
For the King has heard that one the moon
Has stolen and his sentinels soon
At each house stationed and each again,
Damsel beloved, will thee detain.
Laugh not thy lightning, O nectarous face!
Low and few from their sweet home press
The accents of those lyric lips.¹
Thy teeth make starlight, through eclipse,²
And on the brow of the high-born girl
A vermeil drop and a shimmering pearl.
Hearken, good counsel, beautiful maid;
Even in a dream be not afraid,
Spots hath the moon, no beauty clear.
Stainèd is she, thou stainless, dear.

¹ voice
² maiden choice
अबर्तुं राजपथे पुरजन जागि।
बांद खिड़क जगमंडले लागि॥१॥
रहिते सोयाथ नाहि नौतुन लेह।
हेरि हेरि मुंदरी पड़िल संवह॥२॥
कामिति कायल कतये परकार।
पुरुषक बघें कायल अभिसार॥३॥
धामिलि लोक शुट कारि बंध।
पहरल बसन आन हि कारि छन्द॥४॥
बंबेरे कुच नाहि सम्बंध गेल।
बाजन-भंदुं हुवधे कारि नेल॥५॥
ऐसने मोलल कुंजक माश।
हेरि ना चिह्नह नागर राज॥६॥
हेरये माधव गड़लहि धन।
परमित भांगल हुवधक वन॥७॥
विष्णुपति कह तर किये भेल।
उपजल कत कत मनमय केल॥८॥
XXXV

STILL in the highways wake nor dream
    The citizens and with beam on beam
Moonlight clings to the universe.
New is her love, not to coerce
Nor lull, and yet with tremors she
The luminous wakeful night doth see.
What shifts will love on maids impose!
In a boy's dress to the tryst she goes.
She has loosened showering her ordered hair
New-fastened in a crest to wear;
The cloth of her body she doth treasure
About her in another measure
And since her bounteous breasts disdain
Her robe's coercion,¹ she has ta'en
Over her heart an instrument.
In such guise to the grove she went
And in such guise met in the grove:
Her when he saw, the flower of love
Knew not tho' seen his darling bright,—
He doubted in his heart's despite.
Only when those dear limbs he touches
Her sweet identity he vouches.
What then befell? Sweet Love the rather
How many mirthful things did father!

¹ light government
आपूर्ति राज बसत।
धाराल अलकुल माधवो पनः।।11।।
दिनकर्-किरण भेल पोंगड।
केशर-कुमुम धरल हेम बंड।।12।।
नूप-आसन नव पीठल पात।
कांजन-कुमुम छत्र घर माय।।13।।
शीलि रसाल-मुकुल भेल ताय।
समुखजि कोकल पंचम गाय।।14।।
शिलकुल नाचत अलकुल यंत्र।
आन वज्रकुल पढ़ आशिस मंत्र।।15।।
चंद्रशंप उड़े कुमुम पराण।
मलय-पवन सह भेल अनुराग।।16।।
कुंद बल्ल तर धरल निराम।
पाटल तूण अशोक-बल बाण।।17।।
किङ्कुल लवंग-लता एक संग।
हरिर शिशिर रिपु आगे बिल भंग।।18।।
संत्य शाजल मघु-संकिंक कुल।
शिशिरक समुहं करल निरघूळ।।19।।
उपारल सरसिङ पाशोल प्राण।
निज नवदेवे कह आसन दान।।20।।
नव बुद्धावन राजवे विहार।
विद्यापति कह समयक सार।।21।।
XXXVI

The best of the year has come, the Spring,
   Of the six seasons one season King;
And now with all his tribes the bee
Runs to the creeper spring-honey.
The sun's rays come of boyish age,
The day-describing sun, his page,
A sceptre of gold the saffron-bloom
And the young leaves a crowning-room.
Gold-flowers of Chompuk o'er him stand,
The umbrellaed symbol of command;
The cary-buds a crown do set
And before him sings a court-poet
The Indian cuckoo to whom is given
The sweetest note of all the seven.
Peacocks dance and for instrument
Murmur of bees, while sacrament
Of blessing and all priestly words
Brahmins recite, the twice-born birds.
Pollen, the flying dust of flowers,
His canopy above him towers.
His favourite the southern breeze,
Jasmine of youth and Tuscan-trees
His battle-flag. The season of dew,
Seeing sweet blossoms-of-bliss renew,
Seven-leaf and boughs that fragrance loves
And Kingshook and the climbing cloves,
Seven things of bloom together, flees
Nor waits the perfumed shock of these.
Spring's army too the chill-estate
Of the dew-season annihilate—
Invading honey-bees—and make
Secure the lilies of the lake.
And these being saved yield them a home
In their own soft, new-petalled bloom.
In Brindaban anew is mirth
For the restorèd bloom of earth.
These are the season's sweet and these
The essence of the spring's increase.
नय बुद्धावन नयोन तरगण
नय नव विकसित फूल।
नयोन बसंत नयिन मलयानिल
मातल नव अलिकुल।।
बिहरद नवल किशोर।
कालिन्दी गुलिन कुज नव शोभान
नव नव प्रेम-विभोर।।
नयोन रसाल- मकुल-मधु मातिया
नव कोकिल-कुल गाय।
नय युवतीगण चित उमतायह
नव रसे कानने धाय।।
नव युवराज नयोन नव नागरिन
मिलवे नव नव भांति।
निर्ति ऐसन नव नव खेलन
विद्यापति-नाति माति।।
A NEW Brindaban I see
   And renewed each barren tree;
New flowers are blooming,
And another Spring is; new
Southern breezes chase the dew
   With new bees roaming.
And the sweet Boy of Gocool strays
In new and freshly blossoming ways.
   The groves upon Kalindi’s shore
      With his tender beauty bloom
   While fresh-disturbèd heart brims o’er
      By the new-born love o’ercome.

And the new, sweet cary-buds
Are wild with honey in the woods;
   New birds are singing;
And the young girls wild with love
Run delightèd to the grove
   New hearts bringing.
For young the heir of Gocul is
And young his passionate mistresses.
   Meetings new and fresh love-rites
      And lights of ever-fresh desire,
   Sports ever-new and new delights
      Set Bidyapati’s heart on fire.
SONGS OF VIDYAPATI

३८

मधु रसतु मधुकर-पांति
मधुर-कुभुम-मधुमाति॥१॥
मधुर बृजावन मास।
मधुर मधुर रसराज॥२॥
मधुर युबलिग्य संग।
मधुर मधुर रसरंग॥३॥
मधुर यंत्र रसाल।
मधुर मधुर करताल॥४॥
मधुर नटन गतिभंग।
मधुर नटिन नट रंग॥५॥
मधुर मधुर रसगान।
मधुर विद्वापति भाण॥६॥
XXXVIII

SEASON of honey when sweets combine,
   Honey-bees line upon line,
From sweet blossoms honeyed feet
Honied blossoms and honey sweet.
O sweet is Brindaban today
And sweeter than these our Lord of May;
His maiden-train the sweets of earth,
Honey-girls with laughter and mirth,
Sports of love and dear delight,
When instruments honey-sweet unite
Their sounds soul-moving, and sweet, O sweet
The smitten hands and the pacing feet.
Sweet the swaying dancer whirls,
Honied the movement of dancing girls,
And sweet as honey the love-song rings.
Sweet Bidyapati honey sings.
39

बाजत दिगि दिगि औदिर्मी दिमिया।
नटसि कलावति श्याम संगे माँगि
करै कह ताल प्रबंधक धवनिया ॥१॥

इग मग इम्फ दिमिक दिमिमावल
रनु रनु मंजिर बोल।
रिकिणि रणरणि कलया कन्यामणि
निघुबने रास तुमुल उतरोल ॥२॥

बीणा रबाब सुरज सरमंडल
सा रिग ग म प थ नि सा बघुविध भाव।

घेरिता घेरिता घेरि मूंबंग गरजनि
चंबल सर मंडल कह राज ॥३॥

थम भरे गलित लुलित कबरी युत
मालती माल वियारल मोति।
समय बसंत रास-रस वर्णने
विद्यापतिमति शोभित होति ॥५॥
XXXIX

HARK how round you the instruments sound!
   With the sweet love wild
   Of Gocul's child
She danceth mistress of the fair arts sixty-four.
   And her hands rhyme keeping time
Her smitten hands that still the fall restore.

And the tabors keep melody deep
   And the heavy thrum
   Of the measured drum
And anklets' running cry their own slim music loving.
   The waist bells sprinkle their silver tinkle
   And bracelets gold that gems do hold;
Loud is the instruments' din to madness moving.

And harps begin and the violin
   And the five vessels
   Where melody swells
Thro' all the gamut move and various moods express.
   And over and under the twydrums thunder,
   With whose noise the vessels five mix and embrace.

From loosened tresses that toil undresses
   And floating whirls
   On the shoulders of girls
The jasmine garlands' buds sprinkle the vernal night.
   Ah revels of Spring! with powerless wing
These verses grieve, not reaching your delight.
SONGS OF VIDYAPATI

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ऋषुपति-राति रसिकवर राज।
रसमय राल रसरस माझ।॥१॥
रसबति रमनीरतन धनी राहि।
रास-रसिक सह रस अवगाहि॥२॥
रंगिणीहँ सब रंगाहि नटइ।
रणरणि कंकण किकिणि रटइ॥३॥
राहि राहि राग रचये रसबत।
रतिरत रागिनी रमण बसंत।॥४॥
रटति रबाब महत्ती कपिनाल।
राधारमण कह मुरली विलाश॥५॥
रसमय विद्यापति कवि भाण।
हृदयारायण भूपति जान॥६॥
XL

IN the spring moonlight the Lord of love
    Thro' the amorous revel's maze doth move;
The crown of Love love's raptures proves;
For Radha his amorous darling moves,
Radha, the ruby of ravishing girls
With him bathed in love's moonlight whirls.
And all the merry maidens with rapture
Dancing together the light winds capture.
And the bracelets speak with a ravishing cry.
And the murmur of waist-bells rises high—
Meanwhile rapture-waking string
Ripest of strains the sonata of Spring
That lover and lord of love-languid notes
With tired delight in throbbing throats.
And rumours of violin and bow
And the mighty Queen's-harp mingle and flow;
And Radha's ravisher makes sweet measure
With the flute, that musical voice of pleasure.
Bidyapati's genius richly wove
For King Roupnaraian this rhythm of love.
ए धनि मातिनि कर्म संजात।
तुमा कुछ हेम-घट हर भुजंगिनि
ताक उपरे धरि हात॥१॥
तोहे छाडि हाम यवि परशब कोय।
तुमा हार-नागिनि कादब्र मोय॥२॥
हामारि बचने यवि नहि परतीत।
बुमिया कर्म शाति जे हय उचित॥३॥
भुज-पाशे बांधि जपन पर ताढ़ि।
पयोधर-पायर हिये बेहं भारि॥४॥
उर कारणारे बांधि राख विन राति।
विद्यापति कहू उचित हुह शाति॥५॥
ANGRY beauty, be not loth!
I will swear a holy oath.
On thy garland's serpent fold,
On thy sacred breasts of gold
Here I lay my yearning hand.

If I leave thee, if I touch
Other lady of delight,
Let this snake my bosom bite.
If thou deem my error such,
Be thy malice on me spent
In many an amorous punishment.
Bind my body with thine arms,
Scourge my limbs with pretty harms,
Press my panting heart with weight
Of thy sweet breasts passionate,
In thy labouring bosom deep
Night and day thy prisoner keep.
Punishments like these demand
Love's sweet sins from love's sweet hand.
A LITTLE and a little now
See the sweet bud half-open blow!
The light and wilful feet grow wise
And yield their rudderless gait to the eyes,
Each moment see her hand repress
Upon her bosom her fluttering dress¹
Nor questions she her comrades now
Too shy her secret thought to show.
Madhav, how shall faltering word
Her sweet and twilight age record.
The very Love had he beheld
Within her lovely chains were held.
Ah yet the god of yearning eyes
Just where her heart's high² waves arise
Made for himself a sacred ground
Where two unrivalled towers are found.
Love's speech her listening heart doth stop
As the hunter's song the antelope.
Two powers dispute this beauteous prize,
Nought one deems gained while aught there lies
To gain, nor the other failure owns
While yet he holds his golden thrones.
Still with sweet violence she clings
To her loved childhood's parting wings.

(Poem VII)

¹ The wilful flutterings of her dress
² wild
CHILDHOOD is flown, youth arrived.
The swift, light spirit in her feet that lived
Has fled to its new home in her eyes.
Yet are Love’s glorious envoys two
Seeing her eyes her errands do.
Now every other moment flies
Her hand to seize her raiment’s border
And to rebuke its sweet disorder.
She clothèd now in bashfulness
Her lovely laughter must suppress.
All her musical words she speaks
With bent head and shamèd cheeks.
Her heavy hips usurped the pride
Have, was once to her waist allied.
And she her faltering steps sustained
Walks clinging to some girl’s light hand
In her companion train. Thus grown
Ripe for thee is Radha known.
Hear, Madhav, this conclusion true
And hearing, what Love wills that do.

(Poem VIII)
LOW on her radiant forehead shone
A star of the bright vermilion.
O marvellous face! O shining maid!
Moonlight and sunlight drawn together
Met in a heaven of golden weather,
While the massèd midnight hangs afraid
Behind in her burden of great dark hair.
O woman of moonlight rarer than Nature’s!
O delicate body! O wonderful features!
Whence did Fate build you with effort made fair?
The buds of her flower-like breasts between
Her robe’s white folds were a little seen.
The snows may cover the high bright hill—
Hidden it is not, strive as you will.

From her darkened eyes her shy look roving
On lids love-troubled tenderly burned
Like the purple lilies winds were moving
By the weight of a bee overturned.
Hearken, O girl, to Bidyapati
And the lyre made sweet in the year’s sweet end.
To Lachhima, lady of Mithila city,
And Shiva Singha the King, his friend.

(Poem XVIII)
O HAPPY day that to mine eyes betrayed
Bathing the beautiful maid!
The water dripped from her dark curls
As if a cloud was to rain pearls;
And while her hands were busy making
Her face a golden glow,
Her robe therefore advantage taking
Her golden cups did show.
Her girdle knot its bonds undid
And naked made what there lay hid.
O Mithil lyre,
This is the apex of desire.

(Poem XXIII)