

Chapter 3

Texts and Translations

Hardās

I. *Pad* (*rāg* Gauṛī)

अवधू बैठां का गति नाही ॥
भजन बिमुष मति जाणै छूटै, पसरि सोवै घर मांहीं ॥ टेक ॥
चली जमाति साथ की आगै, तूं क्यूं पाछै धीरा ।
बिन रघुनाथ नहीं को तेरै, और सहाई भीरा ॥१॥
जिन स्यूं प्रीति करै माधौ तजि, तिन मैं कहि को तेरा ।
जोगी बेटा कदे न ऊंघै, जा का बाट बसेरा ॥२॥
जब लग सुष चाहै देही कौं, तब लग सातों काची ।
आइस ऊठि न देषै घर मैं, रामचरण निधि साची ॥३॥
नौ घर मांगि कुरकुटी धायौ, याही मैं रुचि मानीब ।
कहै हरदास चलै जे दसवैं, तौ सति महिमां जांणी ॥४॥

Sitting still, oh Avadhū, you cannot find your destiny.

You turn away from worship—but don't think you can find release in comfortable sleep at home. (refrain)

Your band of companions have all marched ahead, how can you stay back then, so calm?

You have no one but Raghunāth, no helper for you in the crowd. (1)

Of those you love instead of Mādhau, who is really yours?

A yogi's disciple, travelling the path, may find a place to rest, but he'll never give in to sleep. (2)

You keep trying to make your body happy, but meanwhile its seven components¹ decay.

The guru commands: Get up! At home you won't see the feet of Rām, the true treasure. (3)

When the nine-doored house² demanded, you ran for dry crumbs—all there was that interested you.

Hardās says: If you reach the tenth door, you will recognize the truth in its greatness. (4)

¹) According to ayurvedic notions, the physical body consists of seven components. — ²) The body with its nine orifices.

2. *Pad (rāg Gauṛī)*

संतौ परजापति गुर कीजै ॥
 चरण कंवल की जे निधि चाहौ, तौ चाक तलै षणि लीजै ॥टेक ॥
 कांड़ कुभार कसी स्युं षोदै, कांड़ कुदाली बाहै ।
 ता सुष काजि सुधा रस काढै, दुहु मै एक त्रिबाहै ॥१ ॥
 आंगुल धूलि तलै धन नेडौ, क्रमहीन क्यू पावै ।
 छाड़ि बिषै रस नांव निरूपै, तौ गुर बेगि बतावै ॥२ ॥
 जो या लहै कहैगा सोई, कब लग छांनीं राषै ।
 तब हरदास चवै चिंतामणि, प्राण तजै ता पाषै ॥३ ॥

Sants, let the potter¹ be your guru!

If you seek the treasure that's the Lord's lotus feet, you must dig below the potter's wheel. (refrain)

The potter digs out some clay with a pickaxe, he works through some more with a hoe,

For the happiness it gives, he extracts the elixir; from duality he crafts the One. (1)
 Close by lies the treasure, at a finger's breadth's length in the dust. How can he find it if he does not act?

Give up the senses' pleasures and explore the name of Rām, then the guru will say quickly where it is. (2)

He who finds it can't help telling of it. How long can he keep it hidden?

He then speaks of the supreme good, says Hardās, even if he dies thereafter. (3)

¹⁾ Prajāpati is the name of the ancient god of creation and the surname of the potter caste.

3. *Pad (rāg Rāmgarī)*

तब जाइ होइ जनेऊ पांडे ।
 पहली प्रगटि पांच बसि¹ गाढ़ा, तौ पांछैं बड गोई ॥टेक ॥
 सोई सूत शुद्रां घरि पीन्या, सोई कर बिचि कात्या ।
 ता सूत का ताड़ा तोड़ा, ताहि पहरि का मातौ ॥१ ॥
 जा पोषर मै सुद्र संवार्या, सोई नीर भरि ल्याया ।
 ता पोषर कै लगतैं पांडे, उतिम कदे न आया ॥२ ॥
 राजस तांस सातिग तो मै, ए तीन्यू जे मारै ।
 तौ चौथी सरि तो थे नेड़ी, जे तू षोज बिचारै ॥३ ॥
 जे तू ब्रह्मा की बांणी बांचै, तौ तू ब्रह्म पिछांणै ।
 नौसरि मेल्हि पूठि कै पाछे, दसई² कू मन ताणै ॥४ ॥
 एक अचंभा ऐसा देष्या, जग सब यूंही भूला ।
 कहै हरदास कृपा केशौ की, गुर मिलि संसा पूला ॥५ ॥

¹⁾ *pragaṭi pānca basi*] MS Sharma 3190 *pragata śānci baṛa gāḍhā*. — ²⁾ *dasai*] MS Sharma 3190 *dasasari*, unless a scribal mistake, this could mean 'the lake at (door number) ten', that is, the lake of the void, identified with the Mānasarovar of the esoteric body.

When made like this, oh Pande,¹ the sacred cord will turn out well:

First fully control the five manifest senses, you'll then be known as great. (refrain)

The cord's threads were carded in the house of a Shudra, who spun them with his
Shudra hands,

This cord of beaten, broken threads—why such pride in wearing it? (1)

The tank from which you draw your water was built by me, the Shudra.

With all your cares about the tank, oh Pande, you never came across the highest
good. (2)

In you are *sattva, rajas, tamas*: these three strands you must kill.

A fourth strand will then be close in reach, which you must try to comprehend. (3)

When reciting words about Lord Brahmā, you need to know yourself as *brahma*,
the highest good,

Cast the nine-stranded cord behind, and pull your mind up to the tenth door! (4)

You'll then see something so amazing you'll forget the whole world just like that.

Says Hardās, by Keśav's mercy you've found the guru, and all doubt is gone. (5)

¹) Pāṇḍe, a sub-caste of Brahmans.

4. *Pad (rāg Bilāval)*

सुणि लै कोई कान्ह गावै ।

आपणै आंनंदि मन रिझावै ॥टेक ॥

नाहीं मूरली नाहीं बांसी, नाहीं बेन रु ताला ।

एकाएकी बीर बमेकी, सब घटि रांम निराला ॥१ ॥

नाहीं भांमां स्यूं कोइ कांमां, नाहीं राधे रांणी ।

संगि सहेली ना को षेली, सो गति जाइ न जानीं ॥२ ॥

नाहीं रुकमनि आपै सुषमनि, आवै देषि अभेषा ।

जे हरदास इसौ प्रभू छाडै, ते सब भूले लेषा ॥३ ॥

Listen, a Kānha sings

Enthralling his mind with his own bliss. (refrain)

No bamboo flute of any kind is there, nor musical beat,

Alone there is the discriminating hero—Rām in all bodies while still distinct. (1)

He desires no Satyabhāmā or Rādhā Rānī,

No play with groups of girls: no one knows his state. (2)

There is no Rukmiṇī, he himself's the Suṣumnā—he sees the Lord without any
trappings at last.

Those who abandon this kind of Lord, says Hardās, have forgotten all scriptures. (3)

5. *Pad (rāg Dhanāśrī)*

जन का जीव की रे भाई रीति रहस मैं, अधंम गुदारत हासै ।

पसरि पसरि जब पडि पडि ऊठै, तब मन रहै तमासै ॥ टेक ॥

मूरिष मैला मन ऊपर ली, पापी बैसत पासै ।
 सेवा सुमिरन संत करै जब, ऊठि अगलौ जाइ न्हासै ॥१॥
 हरि की कथा अवसि जे चालै, अति ऊँघै षर षासै ।
 जदपी जागि सुणै जे श्रवणा, अंतरि औगुण भ्यासै ॥२॥
 धू प्रहिलाद कबीर नांमदेव, इहिं पथि चलत उल्हासै ।
 तू हरदास परम तत परहरि, भूलि न दूजी भासै ॥३॥

‘The right way to live is for enjoyment, brother’, the crude man says and laughs while wasting his life.

Pushing forward, he keeps falling and then stands up again, but his mind stays absorbed in the show. (refrain)

The fool sits with the sinner and has covered his mind with dirt.

Then a Sant worships God by remembering his names—and the fool, getting up, moves on to his ruin. (1)

He’ll certainly go to hear tales of Lord Hari—but then dozes off, a belching donkey.

Though he may be awake with ears that hear, faults are present in his heart. (2)

Dhruv, Prahlād, Kabīr and Nāmdev travelled the path to joy:

Says Hardās, don’t get lost in appearances, rejecting the supreme truth! (3)

6. *Pad (rāg Dhanāśrī)*

Āratī

किहिं बिधि राम की आरति गाऊं । पारब्रह्म को पार न पाऊं ॥टेक॥
 राम कहै तौ आरति साची । आप न समझै तौ सब काची ॥१॥
 लोक दिषाई जीव न धीजै । भोग लगाइ र पाछौ लीजै ॥२॥
 बाहरि जोति धाम उजियालौ । अंतरि आंधा क्यूं पग टालौ ॥३॥
 कहै हरदास किसी परिपाटी । दीवा वाती कूकर चाटी ॥४॥

¹⁾ *bātī*] MS Sharma 3190 *bādī*, HV *vātī*.

How can I sing the *āratī* for Rām? I cannot find the supreme self’s farthest end. (refrain)

If you speak the name of Rām, the *āratī* is right; if you don’t understand yourself, the *āratī*’s all wrong. (1)

An *āratī* put on for show can’t be believed in—with food first offered to a deity eaten up by others. (2)

Outside a house is lit by light. How can someone blind inside trace footsteps? (3)

Whatever the arrangement of the *āratī*, says Harḍās—a dog laps up the oil lamps. (4)

7. *Bārāhpādī* (rāg Mārū)

एक मूंग किया दोड़ फाड़ी । देषि तमासौ टेकी जाड़ी ॥
 बिचि अंकूर बिरह का फांसा । साजन दौड़्या ले ले कांसा ॥
 जीवण बैठा वोला-वोली । भात परोस्यौ पोला-पोली ॥
 दे दे चौका बात चलाई । मति को काहूँ भीटै भाई ॥
 भेदि भजै तौ हरिकथा, नहिंतर माया गीत ।
 सूता था सुनि जागिया, मन जु भया भैभीत ॥१ ॥
 भीट्यां भाव रहै नहीं आगै । बाद बिरोध बिषै दुष लागै ॥
 मूंड हलायां सहपति जाई । अणहूँती अलबधि घर में आई ॥
 लाजां ले करि माषी षाजै । बरग बिगूचै अरु बंस लाजै ॥
 जे षाइ तौ जूवा हारै । ऊठि जाइ तौ पणि झष मारै ॥
 यहु गुन बांभण बाणिया, जाणै उतिम लोग ।
 रामसनेही क्यूँ रहै, रटै जु राम बिवोग ॥२ ॥
 जब लग जाति न छांडै केड़ी । याही धाड़ि पहंतौ पेड़ी ॥
 गांठि टटोली झोली चूथी । नांव कपूरी पाषां षूथी ॥
 मन छूटन कौं भारी लोचै । गाफिल पड़ियौ जो लै पोचै ॥
 सूरा होइ तौ षड़ग संभालै । पड़तौ आभ भुजा दे टालै ॥
 बूडा गुन में देह धरि, पायौ नहीं निधान ।
 मूंडि चढायां मोटली, ऊंचां यहु अभिमान ॥३ ॥
 ऊंचां नीचा जब लग कहिये । तूटै तारि जोग नहीं लहिये ॥
 जब लग जोग न आवै गहनी । तब लग फिरि फिरि फोकट कहणीं ॥
 फोकट नाचै फोकट गावै । फोकट देस दुनी संमझावै ॥
 समझावणिसी जा पै होई । तिहिं क्यूँ कुल की गांठि न षोई ॥
 कुल की डगर बुहारतां, कांठै रहि गयो राम ।
 ते बसि सहसी बापड़ा, जंम की धूमांधाम ॥४ ॥
 मार सही मूठार निमांणा । साच न सूझै सुष स्यूं कांणा ।
 वार बिचालै रोही रोहा । न्यांइ पुकारै हरि सूं द्रोहा ॥
 चोर मिहालू का कहि रोवै । नैण भरै अरु पाछौ जोवै ।
 पेट सवारथ गलका षाधा । मुणस पराया घर मैं बाधा ॥
 बोलण नैं ठाहर नहीं, साध हूण नैं साषि ।
 पांणी बहि मुलतांणि गयो, नीच न जाण्यौ राषि ॥५ ॥
 आंणि अपूठौ बांधै पारौ । नीर बिनां नहीं निस्तारौ ॥
 हरषि हिलोलि पसी भरि पीवै । प्रेम बिना क्यूं जोगी जीवै ॥
 तिरंण बूडण की यहु मति षोटी । काल मरै क्यूं लाठी छोटी ॥
 फोर फार बिन चोट न फावै । मुगध न पूजै मुरड़ी चावै ॥
 जाकै ह्दिदै भै भ्रंम, द्रुमति दीरघ रोग ।
 रामसनेही बाहिरा, बादि बिगूचै लोग ॥६ ॥
 जे को जाणि बीगूचै कोई । निहिचै राम कहैगा सोई ॥
 निहिचा पाषै आघौ पाछौ । बिन बिसवासि स्वांग मति काछौ ॥

तुम्ह जिनि जांगौ ऐह धोधा । फीटा आप काहि परमोधा ॥
 सीषी साषि सुणांवेँ पोथा । भीतरि भेद नहीं सर थोथा ॥
 लालचहीं कीया दुनी, लालचहीं का पेल ।
 पूरणगति पासै रही, आंधा याही हेल ॥७ ॥
 रीता रूंड घघू सैं गहिला । बाहरि ऊजल भीतरि मैला ॥
 जे को पग की पासि काटै । जाणि बूझि फकटौ क्यूं ठाटै ॥
 जे नर जनम जनम का ऊंणां । षाड् अभोभा तिणसा सूणां ॥
 ग्यान उजाला जिन कौं सूधा । तिनि बिष स्यूं करि लीधा दूधा ॥
 माधौ मिसरी मेल्हि करि, बिष स्यूं लावै हेत ।
 सार लहैला लाटता, ज्याह का निरफल षेत ॥८ ॥
 जे को चित दे कृषि कमावै । नेड़ौ छाडि दूरि कत धावै ॥
 दूरि जाहिं ते दीसैं भूला । अजहूं नींद नेत नहीं शूला ॥
 यहु ऊंघण का नाहीं पहिरा । सक हुत हारि जाहुगे सहिरा ॥
 अबकैं जे कण हाथि न पड़िया । बिरधि गई अंकुर पणि झड़िया ॥
 नेपै नाई बीज गौ, हाली नैं यहु हांणि ।
 छाडि कपट सेव्यो नहीं, सकतौ सारंगप्रांणि ॥९ ॥
 सोच पोच स्यूं सेव काचा । सतगुर मिलै न बसि ह्वै बाचा ॥
 जे बाणी वसि कीयौ चाहै । तौ प्रेम प्रीति ले पंजर गाहै ॥
 नैणनि हाव तिढांवणि फेरै । सीस नवाइ सु गही करि घेरै ॥
 इहि आकारि बिचारैं आपौ । जैठै रासि तहीठै थापौ ॥
 गाडै मेढ्य गला सवी, बारा घालै बाथ ।
 माथा फड़कौ रालि दे, धोरी थांभै हाथ ॥१० ॥
 करि सुरातन साधै षेती । धन धीरज की भांनै छेती ॥
 जो करतार¹ परंम हितकारी । सो निज नांड तजै क्यूं नारी ॥
 सषी सुहाग स्याम कौ लोड़ै । तौ² जग मरजाद तिणै ज्यूं तोड़ै ॥
 यहु संसार रैणि का सुपिना । बिन व्रजनाथ³ नहीं को अपना ॥
 निसबासुरि पिव पिव करै, चात्रिग की सी चाड ।
 वर बादल दांमणी बधू, तब या लहसी लाड ॥११ ॥
 इहि घटि घटा कृपा करि बूठौ । तन की ताप गई ते तूठौ ॥
 आंनंद मैं आसू वोल्हरिया । स्वाति सुधा डर डाबर भरिया ॥
 ध्यान धार छूटी आकासा । वोरडी बूंद बराबरि प्यासा ॥
 बाव बिकार न बाजै गाडौ । इहि पदि अरथ अनूपम काडौ ॥
 आरति स्यूं आठूं पहर, सदिकै करूं सरिर ।
 अब हरदास न बीसरै, रसनां राघौबीर ॥१२ ॥

¹) MS. Sharma 3190 *bharabhāra*. — ²) Hypermetrical. — ³) Hardās 2007 *bhagavāṃta*.

One moong bean, split in two; they take it as a curiosity and gape.
 Caught between those two is the sprout of separation:¹ The notables come rushing
 with their bowls.
 Close packed, they settle for the meal. They are served lots of rice and puffed-up
 chapatis.

They shout across the dining place, ‘Serve me! Serve me!’, and ‘Brother, avoid any polluting touch!’

‘*Harikathā*² is when you worship minding caste, otherwise, it’s just singing for fun.’

All who were sleeping woke up hearing this, their minds were filled with fear. (1)

How the pollution will go away now becomes a topic of painful controversy.

They shake their heads: ‘Our reputation is at risk. Our house is hit by a blow that should never have come.’

‘If we scheme, harming our honour, our caste will be blamed and our lineage shamed.

‘If you eat, you’ve lost the game; if you walk away you act like a fool.’

These are the virtues of Brahmans and Baniyas, high-born people know such things.

What does a lover of Rām care, repeating His name amid pangs of separation? (2)

As long as you don’t do away with caste, the gang of robbers will intrude on your body.

They search the bundle, pilfer the bag; your name may shine, but around the waist’s a moneybelt.

Though your mind longs badly for release, as long as you’re weak you will carelessly fail.

A hero draws his sword; the sky may fall, but he’ll push it aside with his arm.

Since your birth you have been immersed in qualities, but you have not found the treasure.

On your head you carry a bundle of arrogance: pride in your high rank. (3)

As long as you talk in terms of ‘high’ and ‘low’, you cannot join the broken thread together.

As long as you don’t know what ‘joining together’ means, idle talk will go on and on.

One dances idly, sings idly, and idly advises people near and far.

If he can give advice, why can’t he disentangle himself from family prestige?

As he swept the path of family prestige, somewhere Rām got lost.

In the grip of family prestige, a poor wretch must suffer the uproar of Death. (4)

He suffered hard blows helplessly but cannot see the truth, for happiness impaired his sight.

Inside and out there are obstacles; he calls for justice but is hostile to Hari:

The thief’s wife laments, reminding him tearfully:

‘You were selfish and ate treats, thinking of your belly, and held a strange man captive in the house!’ Inside and out there are obstacles; he calls for justice but is hostile to Hari.

The thief’s wife laments, reminding him tearfully:

‘You were selfish and ate treats, thinking of your belly, and held a strange man captive in the house!’

There is no place for him to speak, no witness for his being righteous.
 The water has flown off to Multan. Because he was unworthy, he could not retain
 it. (5)³
 Bring the water back and dam it up; if there is no water, you can't be saved.
 Immersed in the waves of exuberance, you drink your full. But how will a yogi live
 without love?⁴
 Ideas of salvation or drowning in the worldly sea are wrong. The snake of Time
 must die, and a short stick's not enough.
 Without striking hard, no blow can be dealt. Fool, you don't worship, and yet you
 want respect.
 One whose heart is full of fear and error remains ill with false ideas.
 People like that suffer in vain. The lover of Rām is beyond them. (6)
 If someone aware of this falls into despair, he'll certainly speak the name of Rām.
 He is with you everywhere for sure. If you have no faith, don't dress up in religious
 robes!
 Don't believe in hollow words! How can someone false himself enlighten you?
 For proof they quote rote verses or read from thick books; they have hollow heads
 and no mystery within.
 The world produces greed alone, a play of greed alone it stays.
 Fulfilment is at hand, but carrying too great a load makes man blind. (7)
 A hollow torso, more foolish than an owl; shining outside, dirty inside.
 If someone cuts his fetters, why does the poor soul deliberately fasten them again?
 Men may have been failures in every existence, ruthless gluttons, hollow like a straw.
 But if the light of wisdom shines clearly for them, milk and poison are the same.
 If someone throws away the candy that is Mādhau and takes to poison instead,
 That Lord of the land will take back the essentials he owns, for that man's field
 produced no fruit. (8)
 If you till your field with due attention, why would you reject what's near at hand
 and run afar?
 Those running afar are lost. Even now your eyes haven't opened!
 This is not the hour for falling asleep; if you can't decide now, you'll have lost in the
 morning.
 If his mind is full of petty gossip, he ends up worshipping trash. He does not find
 the guru since he can't control his speech.
 Someone wanting control of his speech looks inside himself with love.
 He refrains from daring flirtatious glances, bows his head and restrains himself.
 In this way he reflects on himself and settles down in a place of plenty.
 When the post is planted in the centre of the threshing floor, the harvest is spread
 out, twelve men⁶ throw armloads of sheaths on it.
 When the headman has given each one his share, he waves his hand to stop. (10)

You will be brave and till with success; perseverance as your cattle will break the clods of difference.

How can a woman give up her creator's own name? He is her great benefactor⁷.

Oh friend, if you desire a happy married life with Śyām, you must break the worldly code of honour like a straw.

This world is a night's dream; apart from Brajnāth you have nothing.

If you cry 'piu, piu' day and night for your beloved, like a *cātak* bird for raindrops —With the cloud as the groom and the lightning, the bride—you'll experience his love. (11)

If the gracious cloud pours rain into this vessel, your body will stop suffering and you'll be content.

Tears of bliss burst forth, a stream of *svāti* rain⁸ filled lakes and ponds.

The stream of meditation was released in the sky; as the showers increased, so did the thirst.

Where the strong winds of change don't blow, there retrieve your wealth.

In an *āratī* lasting day and night I will sacrifice my body.

From now on, says Hardās, my tongue won't forget Rāghauvīr. (12)

¹⁾ The same simile is used by Rajjab in *Chappay* 6. For him, the sprout appearing between the two parts of the grain of legume is the symbol of unity of distinctions, for the fruit of the sprout is the attainment of gnosis. Cp. also GopS 44.6.8. — ²⁾ *Harikathā*, see p. 8. — ³⁾ This refers to the legend of which one version runs as follows: Gorakhnāth was in Banaras and went to see Raidās, the Chamar. Raidās's daughter offered him water, but he did not want to accept this from a Chamar. By the time he had realized the saintliness of Raidās and went to see him again, the daughter was no longer there to offer him water, for she had been married to Multan (HG, p. 78). Hardās embeds this legend in a yogic context, for the water he has in mind is the semen, as becomes clear in the next stanza. — ⁴⁾ The original has *prema*, the highest form of disinterested love. The phrase expresses the quintessence of Hardās's yoga-bhakti. — ⁵⁾ A name of Viṣṇu. — ⁶⁾ Twelve is a recurrent number in the origin mythology of Rajasthan (Lawrence A. Babb, 'Recasting the Caste: The Case of the Dadhich Brahmans', in *The Anthropologist and the Native: Essays for Gananath Obeyesekere*, ed. H.L. Seneviratne. Florence: Società Editrice Fiorentina, 2009, p. 110). — ⁷⁾ Manuscripts display the variant readings *bharabbāra*, 'responsibility', and *karatāra*. This suggests *bharatāra*, 'husband, rel.: supreme lord' somewhere down the line of scribal transmission. — ⁸⁾ The *cātak* bird craves only the rain falling towards the end of the rainy season, during the constellation named *svāti*.

8. *Tīspadī* (*rāg* Mārū)¹

उदिम संजै ज्यू आरसी, हाथि सदा जे होई रे ।
 वदन विलोकै आपणौ, काट न लागै कोई रे ॥ टेक ॥
 साजन सुनि रे सीष घौं, मनि लै साजी बातो रे ।
 जागि दिवांनां जीव जुलि, करि लै कासी जातो रे ॥१॥
 संमझि सयाणां समझी रे, सौज सकल लै बांधी रे ।
 हलवी चालै हेत स्यू, करतां सोही कांधी रे ॥२॥
 ग्यांन षरच गुर गांठि करि, हाजिर हो हुसियारो रे ।

परदेसी पड़ी सोइ मा, तसकर ताकै लारो रे ॥३॥
 चावल मैदा चूरिवां, षाई म षटरस भोगो रे ।
 चेतनि रहू चूकै रषै, जासी आयौ जोगो रे ॥४॥



Ill. 18: Communal dining in Naraina in 2007. © Y. Deutler.

कड़वा तूबा नालिकेलि, मनमंत चाषै मीत ।
 आगै वोषद का नहीं, जबरु पड़ैला पीत ॥५॥
 रस गोरस गोहूँ गिरी, दुनियां चरती चीजो रे ।
 कोरै आंबरि काटकी, पड़ि मारैली बीजो रे ॥६॥
 अगति जांहिलौ आंधला, साचै मारगि चालो रे ।
 भाजै करक भवा लगू, निकसि जांहि नटसालो रे ॥७॥
 साल सूल सब स्वाद का, सकल सरीर माहीं रे ।
 निस बासुरि नेड़ी धषै, भीतरि भ्रमै भाहे रे ॥८॥
 षानि षसेरी परजलै, पावक प्रगटी झालो रे ।
 मेरी करि करि जलि मुवां, बहसि बुलायौ कालो रे ॥९॥
 दौं दाधा दुष पूरिया, दोजगि दीन्हां आनि ।
 लाज नहीं अति लालच्य, तौ उस तोबह तांनि ॥१०॥
 मुक्ति षेत निधि मोतियां, स्यौपुर सागर सीपो रे ।
 ता परि प्रांणी पाव दे, परहरि दूजा दीपो रे ॥११॥
 सांचा सीसा सांडसी, सोहगी सरड़ा साको रे ।
 अवलि अबीधौ रह इहां, है हरि नीड़ा नाकौ रे ॥१२॥
 आंवन जानां उपरै, ऊंघण याही धूडौ रे ।

पारधी पास पसारियौ, कुरंग पड़ै मति कूड़ौ रे ॥१३॥
 जारी चोरी चाकरी, बेद बंणिंज व्यापारो रे ।
 व्याज बडाई कृषि क्रम, कुलि बोया संसारो रे ॥१४॥
 नैनष दीयां नर बहै, सगलै याही साषि ।
 सूई तागौ क्यूं सरै, पष बिण बीधौ पाषि ॥१५॥
 सूना पांसू सार की, मुगध न मानै सांको रे ।
 नीमांणां निहरौ रहै, त्रिषि निलाड़ी आंको रे ॥१६॥
 आपिर बोली पारसी, बांचि लै बांवन बीरो रे ।
 नाभ सरोवरि त्रिति जल, पीयां पैली तीरो रे ॥१७॥
 मति मसि कागद कांमता, देही दरिया दोतो रे ।
 लेषणि लोतर कर कवल, दिनकर दीदा जोत्यो रे । ॥१८॥
 रिण दे होई ऊजलौ, सहजि प्रकासै सूरो रे ।
 नभ स्थूं नाउ छेकतां, तिहि घरि बाजै तूरो रे ॥१९॥
 जुगि जुगि छांनां क्यूं रहै, जिनि जस जीत्यौ नीसांण ।
 साचै अंतरि सीलतां, त्यांह की साषि भरि लै भान ॥२०॥
 वाचा षूली बल लह्यौ, जन जाणै सब डावो रे ।
 आपै आतुर उघड्या, बैरागर बड घावो रे ॥२१॥
 व्याकुल मिणियां बाहि दे, चुणि हसि हीरा चोजो रे ।
 धारा नंगरी निकट धन, भेदी राजा भोजो रे ॥२२॥
 चौदह बिद्या चालवनि, गाहा गुनहं निधानो रे ।
 कौडी केलई लाष करि, दीजै दीरघ दांनो रे ॥२३॥
 सूवा कठिन कठांजरी, पूठी प्रबत राजो रे ।
 कुबधि बिलाई वोलषै, तौ सब पंष्यां सिरताजो रे ॥२४॥
 राती चंचा चोल रंग, चुवतां चोषी चास ।
 ररो ममो पढि रूसि मां, प्रीतम पंजरि बास ॥२५॥
 सत जुगि सोहा जे रहै, साधत म्रदत कांमो रे ।
 केवल कांटा बाहिरा, रती न जाणै रामो रे ॥२६॥
 भूला भूदू स्वाद सुषि, दिल दीन्ही मुकलाये रे ।
 परलै जासी पसरती, पाछीलै पछिताये रे ॥२७॥
 निगुसांवां नीठाह बिन, जड़ जो लै षर षेतो रे ।
 वोछी पधति पिंड पड़ै, बेगि बलै सिरि रेतो रे ॥२८॥
 मन माला मगहर मतौ, अडिग जु अजपा जापो रे ।
 सति सुमिरंण संगि सील व्रत, काटन कलि बिष पापो रे ॥२९॥
 दरसंण दीठौ देव कौ, पूगी पूरण भेट ।
 जगि हरदास न जनमई, जिनि पै भरि पीयौ पेट ॥३०॥

¹⁾ In HG the stanzas are numbered consecutively (refrain plus 30 stanzas). This has been followed here. MS Sharma 3190 counts a refrain followed by six paragraphs of five stanzas each which reflects the alternative perception that the text was composed of units hanging somewhat loosely together. This is also reflected, albeit with a variant, in Gopāldās's *Sarbaṅgi*, for which compare Appendix I. The title *Tispadi* may have been given to this rather loose sequence of verses after its consecutive arrangement had become commonly recognized.

Be as eager as if always reaching for a mirror
 To see if your face has some spot. (refrain)
 Listen, good man, I will teach you, take to heart these helpful words:
 Wake up your drunken soul and make a start! Go make your own Kāśī!¹ (1)
 Understand, be wise, walk ahead! Tie up all your belongings!
 Walking step by step with love, the Creator will kindly support you. (2)
 What you learned from your guru to keep you on your way, tie it up tight in your
 pouch! Be mindful, watch out!
 Having entered alien land, do not fall asleep!² A thief spies from behind. (3)
 Don't eat rice, white flour, crushed wheat cooked with jaggery—or sweets of any
 flavour³!
 Be alert! You go wrong! About to leave, your hour has come. (4)
 You gorge as you like, friend, on bitter gourds and coconuts.
 From now on there is no cure for you, what you crave bogs you down. (5)
 The world feasts on milk, wheat, and coconut pulp—and other things, besides.
 Then, out of the blue, a stroke of lightning kills the seed. (6)
 Go the right way, blind man; you're going nowhere now.
 A piercing pain will run up to your eyebrows, and then you'll exit the theatre. (7)
 Thorns and spears of all the tastes stick everywhere into your body.
 Day and night they're burning close by, while inside burns the fire of your error. (8)
 Hay has caught fire in the mine, bursting forth with flame.
 Crying 'mine, mine', you're all burnt up, inviting Death in your frenzy. (9)
 Burnt to ashes by the fire, full of pain, you're sent to hell,
 Once shameless with gigantic greed, now whining with repentance. (10)
 Liberation's the hoard of pearls buried in the field, Śivapura's⁴ the mother of pearl
 in the ocean.
 On *that* you set your foot, Man, stay away from duality island! (11)
 In valiant fights with nasty foes, he was just like raw gold, prepared in the mould
 with lead, tongs, and borax—
 And yet remains unwounded as before: Hari, the highest good, is near. (12)
 While menacing rebirth hovers over him, drowsiness is his ruin.
 The hunter has laid out the noose: let not the deer fall into the trap! (13)
 Theft and adultery, servitude, Veda, different sorts of trade,
 Prestige derived from farming or usury: these all sow the seeds of samsara. (14)
 Men totally given to those pursuits drift away, as all have witnessed.
 How can a needle and thread get through, without being pushed from one side to
 the other? (15)
 Bare dust or essence, the fool doesn't care.
 He is shamelessly brazen, while aware of the mark on his brow.⁵ (16)

Concealed in the alphabet you'll find the touchstone, hero. Read out all the fifty-two letters!⁶

At the lake of the navel is the water of dispassion; drink from it and get to the other shore! (17)

Let your mind be the ink and your body, the paper; the inkpot's a stream within you.

Divine knowledge is writing and your hand's the heart's lotus: with all this you'll see the light of the sun. (18)

Having fought the battle, the hero shines brightly in the state of union.⁷

When he moves from the sky to the Name, a trumpet is blown in his house. (19)

Can the conqueror of the flag of fame ever remain hidden?

The sun richly proves the virtue of his truthful heart. (20)

When speech unravels, he is empowered, everyone knows that the winning throw is his.

With a few heavy blows from the anxious seeker, the gem mine opened up by itself. (21)

At first confused, he shoved aside the ordinary gems, picked up the diamond, and was stunned with joy.

King Bhoja managed to access the wealth of the nearby city of Dhār.⁸ (22)

Having sifted through the fourteen sciences, he was a treasury of songs and of excellences,

Staking cowries, he won a fortune—and long kept spending it on gifts. (23)

Parrot, your cage constrains you, while behind you is the majestic mountain.

If you spot the cat of false ideas, you will be the leader of the birds. (24)

Your beak is red, your dress is bright, you suck the dripping sugarcane.

Don't resent reciting 'ra'-'ma': that beloved resides in the cage of your body. (25)

Those happy in the *satya* age⁹ may pursue or subdue desire,

Beyond that, though, there is only distress for those who know nothing of Rām. (26)

You've lost yourself in delights of taste, you fool, and you've let go of your heart.

You'll repent of the past when the great destruction comes. (27)

He has no master and no place, a stupid donkey in the field.

He follows useless precepts, then his body dies, burning fast till he's mixed with dust. (28)

His mind must be his rosary; his conviction, Magahar; he steadily offers silent mantras.

His virtues and vows lie in keeping remembrance of the truth alive, and he must remove sin, the poison of the Kali age. (29)

He sees the deity, and the encounter is fulfilled.

Those who drink the milk of the Lord to their heart's content, says Hardās, won't be born again in this world. (30)

¹⁾ Hardās refers to the legend commonly known by the Sants of the sixteenth and seventeenth century according to which Kabīr left his glorious hometown of Kāśī, that is, Banaras, to die in the depressingly insignificant town of Magahar, for which see the last stanzas. The moral of this is that the true Kāśī is in the interior wherever you may get stranded. — ²⁾ Hardās draws on the popular motif of the dangers of travelling to a ‘foreign land’, which can just be a foreign locality in the same region. For a warning against such an enterprise, see John D. Smith, *The Viśaḷadevarāsa: A Restoration of the Text*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press 1976, vv. 33–5, pp. 116–21. — ³⁾ Literally, ‘six flavours’, as they are taught in Āyurveda. — ⁴⁾ The city of god Śiva. — ⁵⁾ Man’s fate is thought to be written on his brow. — ⁶⁾ There is a pun about ‘fifty-two’. The alphabet has this number of letters. These are inscribed at various stations of the tantric body and finally accumulated at the topmost *cakra*. In this way, all that exists in the world by its particular name, a sequence of letters, is wound back into the unchangeable eternity. ‘Fifty-two’ is also a conventionalized high number. As an attribute to the word *bīra*, ‘hero’, it signifies ‘eminent’. — ⁷⁾ This is the *sabaj*, for which see p. 11. — ⁸⁾ The eleventh-century king Bhoja of Dhar was himself a renowned prolific poet and patron of the arts and sciences. His wealth, therefore, lay in himself and the experts he patronized. — ⁹⁾ The *satya* age is the best of the consecutively degrading four ages of the world. Longevity and luxury prevailing in this make its denizens forget that it is finite and that they have to seek salvation.

Dādū

9. *Pad* (*rāg* Gauṛī)

तू जिनि छाडै केसवा । ओर निबांहनहार हो ॥टेक ॥
 औगुण मेरे देषि करि । तू न करि मैला मन ।
 दीनां नांथ दयाल है । अपराधी सेवग जन हो ॥१ ॥
 हम अपराधी जन्म के । हो नष सिष भरे बिकार ।
 मेटि हमारे औगुनां । तू गरवा सिरजनहार हो ॥२ ॥
 मैं जन बहुत बिगारिया । इब तुम्ही लेह संवारि ।
 सम्रथ मेरा सांइयां । तू आपै आप उधारि हो ॥३ ॥
 तू न बिसारी केसवा, मैं जन भूला तोहि ।
 दादू ओर निबाहि ले । इब जिनि छाडै मोहि हो ॥४ ॥

Please don’t leave me, Keśav! Carry me through to the end. (refrain)

Though you’ve seen my faults, please don’t bear a grudge.

Protector of the desolate, you’re merciful; I’m your sinful servant. (1)

I’ve been a sinner life after life, through and through filled with corruption.

You’re the great creator of the world: please wipe away my faults. (2)

Though your servant, I’ve done much wrong, now please put me right.

My Lord you are most mighty, use your power to lift me up. (3)

Don’t forget me, Keśav, even though your servant forgot you.

Carry Dādū through to the end, please don’t leave me now! (4)

10. *Pad (rāg Gauṛī)*

पहले पहरै रैणि दै बंणिजारिया । तूं आया इहि संसार वे ।
 माया दा रस पीवण लागा । बिसर्या सिरजनहार वे ।
 सिरजनहार बिसर्या । किया पसारा । मात पिता कुल नारि वे ।
 झूठी माया आप बंधाया । चेतै नही गंवार वे ।
 गंवार न चेतै औगुण केते । बंध्या सब परिवार वे ।
 दादू दास कहै बंणिजारां । तूं आया इहि संसार वे ॥१॥
 दूजै पहरै रैणि दै बंणिजारिया । तूं रता तरणी नालि वे ।
 माया मोह फिरै मतिवाला । राम न सक्या संभालि वे ।
 राम न संभाले रता नाले । अंध न सूझै काल वे ।
 हरि नहि ध्याया जनम गंवाया । दह दिसि फूटा ताल वे ।
 दह दिसि फूटा नीर नषूटा । लेषा देवण सालु वे ।
 दादू दास कहै बंणिजारा । तूं रता तरनी नालि वे ॥२॥
 तीजै पहरै रैणि दै बंणिजारिया । तैं बहुत उठाया भार वे ।
 जो मनि भाया सो करि आया । नां कछु कीया बिचार वे ।
 बिचार न कीया नांव न लीया । क्यूं करि लंघै पार वे ।
 पार न पावै फिरि पछितावै । डुबन लगा धार वे ।
 डुबन लगा भेरा भगा । हाथि न आया सार वे ।
 दादू दास कहै बंणिजारा । तैं बहुत उठाया भार वे ॥३॥
 चौथे पहरै रैणि दै बंणिजारिया । तूं पका हुवा पीर वे ।
 जोबन गया जुर्हा बियापी । नांही सुधि सरीर वे ।
 सुधि न पाई रैणि गंवाई । नैनहुं आया नीर वे ।
 भौजल भेरा डुबण लगा । कोई न बंधै धीर वे ।
 कोई धीर न बंधै जंम के फंधै । क्यूं करि लंघै तीर वे ।
 दादू दास कहै बंणिजारा । तूं पका हुवा पीर वे ॥४॥

In the first watch of the night, oh Banjara, you came into this world.

You started to drink the juice of worldly appearance and forgot the Creator.

You forgot the Creator and stretched out into the world: with father and mother, relations and wife.

You bound yourself to false worldly appearance; fool, you did not think.

You didn't think about your countless faults, fool, and were bound to all your family.

The servant Dādū says: Banjara, you came into this world. (1)

In the second watch of the night, oh Banjara, you were in love with a woman.

You were drunk, spellbound by worldly appearance, unable to recollect Rām.

You didn't recollect Rām, for you were engrossed in the woman; blind, you did not notice Time.

You did not contemplate Hari and wasted your life. The tank was broken all around.

Broken all around, its water dispersed; you won't find it easy to settle accounts.

The servant Dādū says: You were in love with a woman. (2)

In the third watch of the night, Banjara, you shouldered a most heavy load,
 You acted as it pleased your mind, and didn't reflect at all.
 You didn't reflect or utter the name of God; how will you get across?
 You will not get across and will repent again while drowning in the floods.
 You're drowning and your boat is broken, you have no grip on the essential.
 The servant Dādū says: You shouldered a most heavy load. (3)
 In the fourth watch of the night, Banjara, you're a worn-out old man,
 Your youth is gone, old age holds sway, and you're clueless about your body.
 You're clueless; the night is wasted and you are in tears.
 The boat starts sinking in the water of being, no one can moor it.
 No one can moor it, it's in the noose of Death. How will you reach the shore?
 The servant Dādū says: Banjara, you're a worn-out old man. (4)

11. *Pad (rāg Gaurī)*

अवधू कामधेन गहि राषी ।
 बसि कीन्हीं तब अंग्रित सरवै । आगे चारि न नांषी ॥टेक ॥
 पोषंतां पहली उठि गरजे । पीछे हाथि न आवै ।
 भूषी भलै दूध नित दूणां । यूं यहु धेनु दुहावै ॥१ ॥
 ज्युं ज्युं षीण पडै त्युं दूझै । मुकती मेल्लहै मारै ।
 घाटा रोकि घेरि घरि आणै । बांधी कारिज सारै ॥२ ॥
 सहजै बांधी कदे न छूटै । करंम बंधन छूटि जाई ।
 काटै करम सहज सौं बांधै । सहजै मांहि संमाई ॥३ ॥
 छिन छिन मांहि मनोरथ पूरै । दिन दिन होइ अनंदा ।
 दादू सांई देषत पावै । कलि अजरांवर कंदा ॥४ ॥

Avadhū, capture the wish-granting cow!

She'll release the immortal elixir if subdued. Don't give her any more forage!
 (refrain)

Well fed, she will stir and bellow, and then she can't be handled.

Well starved, she always gives twice the milk. Milk this cow right! (1)

The more worn out she is, the more the milk she gives. Unleashed, she will kick
 you.

Block the ways down, fence her in, bring her home! Fetter her, and you'll
 succeed! (2)

If you tie her to *sahaj*, she'll never run away, and the ties of karma will fall off.

By cutting karmic ties you'll fetter her to *sahaj*, into which she'll merge. (3)

Every moment she'll fulfil all your wishes, every day will be bliss.

You'll find the Lord in plain view, says Dadu, the never-decaying root that cures the
 Kali age's ills. (4)

12. *Pad (rāg Gaurī)*

गुरुमुषि पाइयै रे । ऐसा ग्यांन विचार ।
 संमझि संमझि संमझाया नही, लागा रंग अपार ॥टेक॥
 जांणि जांणि जाण्यां नही, ऐसी उपजै आइ ।
 बूझि बूझि बूझ्या नही, ढौरि लागा जाइ ॥ १ ॥
 ले ले ले लीया नही, हौंस रही मन मांहि ।
 राषि राषि राष्या नही, मै रस पीया नांहि ॥२॥
 पाइ पाइ पाया नही, तेजें तेज संमाइ ।
 करि करि कुछ कीया नही, आतम अंगि लगाइ ॥३॥
 षेलि षेलि षेल्या नही, संनमुष सिरजनहार ।
 देषि देषि देष्या नही, दादू सेवग सार ॥४॥

True knowledge and reflection all come from the mouth of the guru.

For all my understanding, I've never understood him—him of countless colors.

(refrain)

For all of my knowledge, I've never really known him, this I've come to realize.

For all of my searching, I haven't searched him out—though roped to him, I move forward. (1)

For all that I've taken, I never could take *him*, despite the yearning of my mind.

For all that I've guarded, I didn't guard the elixir he showed me, nor did I drink it. (2)

For all that I've attained, I've never become splendour merged in splendour.

For all my many actions, none has made my soul embrace him. (3)

For all the games I've played, I've never played face to face with the Creator.

For all he ever saw, the servant Dādū has not seen the essence. (4)

13. *Pad (rāg Rāmgarī)*

आप निरंजन यूं कहै, कीरति करतार ।
 मैं जंन सेवग द्वै नही, एकै अंग सार ॥टेक॥
 मम कारणि सब परहरै, आपा अभिमान ।
 सदा अषंडित उरि धरै, बोलै भगवान ॥१॥
 अंतर पट जीवै नही, तब हीं मरि जाइ ।
 बिछुरें तलफै मीन ज्युं, जीवै जल आइ ॥२॥
 पीर नीर ज्युं मिलि रहै, जल जलहि संमान ।
 आतंम पांणीं लूण ज्युं, दूजा नही आंन ॥३॥
 मैं जंन सेवग द्वै नही, मेरा बिश्राम ।
 मेरा जंन मुंझ सरिषा, दादू कहि राम ॥४॥

This is how Nirāñjana himself praises the Creator:

I and my servant are not two, they're the essence in one body. (refrain)

For me he forsakes all pride of himself,

Forever, without stopping, he keeps me in his heart and speaks my name. (1)
 He cannot live with a curtain inside, but will die.
 Apart from me he pines like a fish that lives only in water. (2)
 As milk and water mix, as water enters water,
 His self is salt dissolved in water, there is no difference. (3)
 I and my servant are not two, I am his resting place.
 My servant is identical with me, says Dādū Rām. (4)

14. *Pad (rāg Rāmgarī)*

निरंजन नाम के रसि माते, केई परे प्राण्णी राते ॥टेक ॥
 सदा सनेही रांम के, सोई जंन साचे ।
 तुंम बिंन और न जाणंहीं, रंगि तेरे राचे ॥१ ॥
 आंन न भावै एक तू, सति साधू सोई ।
 प्रेम पियासे पीव के, ऐसा जंन कोई ॥२ ॥
 तुंम हीं जीवनि उरि रहे, आनंद अनरागी ।
 प्रेम मगंन पीव प्रीतडी, लै तुंम सौं लागी ॥३ ॥
 जे जंन तेरे रंगि रंगे, दूजा रंग नांही ।
 जनम सुफल करि लीजिये, दादू उन मांहीं ॥४ ॥

Rare are the supreme lovers, drunk in the bliss called Nirañjana. (refrain)
 Those who love Rām constantly—they are his true servants.
 They know of none besides you, coloured in your love. (1)
 Someone's a true sadhu who finds pleasure in no one but you.
 Rare is the servant who thirsts for the Beloved's love. (2)
 You alone are the life in the hearts of those steeped in bliss,
 They're attached to the Beloved and immersed in love, absorbed in you.
 Servants coloured in your love have no other colour.
 Dādū, fulfil your life among these! (4)

15. *Pad (rāg Āsāvārī)*

हरि केवल एक अधारा, सो तारंण तिरंण हंमारा ॥टेक ॥
 नां मैं पंडित पढि गुंनि जांनू, नां कुछ ग्यांन बिचारा ।
 नां मैं आगंम जोतिग जाणूं, नां मुझ रूप सिंगारा ॥१ ॥
 नां तप मेरे ईद्री निग्रह, ना कुछ तीरथ फिरणां ।
 देवल पूजा मेरे नहीं, ध्यान कछू नही धरणां ॥२ ॥
 जोग जुगति कछू नहीं मेरे, नां मैं साधन जाणूं ।
 वोषद मूली मेरे नांहीं, नां मैं देस बषांनू ॥३ ॥
 मैं तो और कछू नही जाणूं, कहौ और क्या कीजै ।
 दादू एक गलित गोव्यंद सू, इहिं बिधि प्रांण पतीजै ॥४ ॥

Hari is my one and sole support, those trying to cross he carries to the other side.

(refrain)

I am no pandit, I don't read and ponder, I have no knowledge and no thought.

I do not know the Veda or astronomy, I have no beauty and no finery. (1)

I do no austerities, don't dampen my senses, nor do I visit distant shrines.

I don't worship at temples, meditate, or try to fix an object in my mind. (2)

I have no method for yoga and know no religious practice.

I have no drugs or herbs, nor can I tell of faraway lands. (3)

I don't know of anything else, tell me what more I can do.

Dādū must melt into Govinda—it's the only method he trusts. (4)

16. *Pad (rāg Āsāvārī)*

थकित भयो मंन कह्यौ न जाई, सहज समाधि रह्यो ल्यौ लाई ॥टेक ॥

जे कुछ कहिये सोच बिचारा, ग्यांन अगोचर अगंम अपारा ॥१ ॥

साइर बूंद कैसें करि तोले, आप अबोल कहा कहि बोलै ॥२ ॥

अंनल पंषि परै पर दूरि, ऐसौ राम रह्यो भरपूरि ॥३ ॥

इब मंन मेरा ऐसैं रे भाई, दादू कहिबा कहंन न जाई ॥४ ॥

My mind is weary of speaking. It's absorbed itself into consciousness. (refrain)

While thinking and reason drive all that is spoken, true wisdom is beyond the senses, has no limits, and can't be approached. (1)

How can a drop try to measure the ocean? Can that which can't be spoken ever be expressed? (2)

Like the firebird soaring into the beyond, Rām fills all. (3)

Brother, this is how I'm thinking now: Dādū cannot speak of the unspeakable. (4)

17. *Pad (rāg Āsāvārī)*

अबिगति की गति को न लहै, सब अपणां उंनमांन कहै ॥टेक ॥

केते ब्रह्मा ब्रह्म बिचारै, केते पंडित पाठ पढ़ै ।

केते अंनभै आतंम षोर्जे, केते सुर नर नावं रढ़ै ॥१ ॥

केते ईसुर आसंणि बैठे, केते जोगी ध्यान धरै ।

केते मुंनियर मंन कौं मारै, केते ग्यांनी ग्यांन करै ॥२ ॥

केते पीर केते पैकंबर, केते पढ़ै कुरांणां ।

केते काजी केते मुलां, केते सेष सयांणां ॥३ ॥

केते पारिष अंत न पावै, वार पार कछू नाहीं ।

दादू कीमति कोई न जाने, केते आवै केते जाहीं ॥४ ॥

No one can grasp the Ungraspable, all have their own ideas. (refrain)

So many Brahmans ponder the ultimate, so many pandits read scriptures,

So many seek to experience the self, so many gods and men recite the Name. (1)

So many take the Śiva posture, so many yogis meditate,

So many sages torment their minds, so many wise men seek wisdom. (2)
 So many pirs, so many prophets, so many read the Quran,
 So many qazis, so many mullahs, so many wise shaikhs. (3)
 So many find no end to their probing, for their goal has no bounds.
 However many come and go, says Dadu, none of them knows its price. (4)

18. *Pad (rāg Āsāvārī)*

ए हूं बूझि रही पीव जैसा है, तैसा कोई न कहै रे ।
 अगंम अगाध अपार अगोचर, सुधि बुधि कोई न लहै रे ॥टेक ॥
 वार पार को अंत न पावै, आदि अंति मधि नाहीं रे ।
 षरे सयांगे भये दिवाने, कैसा कहां रहै रे ॥१ ॥
 ब्रह्मा बिस्म महेसर बूझे, केता कोई बतावै रे ।
 सेष मसाइक पीर पैकंबर, है कोई अगह गहै रे ॥२ ॥
 अंबर धरती सूर ससि बूझे, बाय बरंण सब सोधे रे ।
 दादू चक्रित है हैरांना, है कोई करंम दहै रे ॥३ ॥

I've asked what my beloved might be like, but no one can tell me.
 Unreachable, fathomless, boundless, he's way beyond the senses: the intellect
 cannot grasp him. (refrain)

Without beginning, middle, or end, no 'this side' or 'that side' are found.
 Seasoned wise men grew deranged thinking 'what's he like? where is he?' (1)
 Brahmā, Viṣṇu and Śiva asked the countless gods: 'Can one of you tell?'
 Can any shaikh or elder, pir or prophet grasp the one who can't be grasped? (2)
 Sky, earth, sun, and moon were asked, all winds and colours examined.
 Dādū is struck with amazement. Can someone burn his karma? (3)

19. *Pad (rāg Sindhūrau)*

हरि भजतां क्यूं भाजिये, भागां भल नाहीं ।
 भागां भल क्यूं पाइये, पछितावै मांहीं ॥टेक ॥
 सूरौ सो सहजै भिडे, सार उरि झेलै ।
 रिण रोक्यां भाजै नहीं, ते बाण न मेले ॥१ ॥
 सती सत साचा गहै, मरणें न डराई ।
 प्राण तजै जग देशतां, पियडौ उरि लाई ॥२ ॥
 प्राण पतंगा इम तजै, वो अंग न मोडै ।
 जोबन जालै जोति सू, नैणां भल जोडै ॥३ ॥
 सेवग सो स्वामी भजै, तजि तंन मन आसा ।
 दादू दरसंण ते लहै, सुष संगंम पासा ॥४ ॥

Why run away from Hari's worship? There's nothing to gain from running away.
 What good can you get from shunning Hari? For this you will repent. (refrain)
 A true hero fights with natural ardor, enduring a spear¹ in his chest.

He stands fast in battle and does not flee, nor does he throw down his arrow. (1)
 The sati holds on to the real truth², she can't be scared of dying.
 Seeing the world, she gives up her life, embracing her beloved. (2)
 She gives up her life like a moth, unable to turn its body from the flame,
 And burns her young life in the brilliant flame, on which her eyes are fixed. (3)
 A servant is someone who worships the Lord, abandoning trust in his body and
 mind.
 He alone gets the sight of the Lord, says Dadu, and has the joy of union. (4)

¹⁾ Comm. on *sāra*, (1) essence. (2) spear. — ²⁾ The sati is imagined to possess an innate power of truthfulness. This is called *sat*, 'that which truly is'. This is the self-combustible fire inherent in herself by which she ignites herself on the pyre of her husband.

20. *Pad (rāg Sāraṅg)*

तौ निबहै जंन सेवग तेरा, ऐसैं दया करि साहिब मेरा ॥टेक ॥
 ज्यूं हंम तौरैं त्यूं तू जोरै, हंम तौरैं पे तू नहीं तौरै ॥१ ॥
 हंम बिसरै पै तू न बिसरै, हंम बिगड़े पे तू न बिगड़े ॥२ ॥
 हंम भूलैं तू आंणि मिलावे, हंम बिछूरैं तू अंगि लगावे ॥३ ॥
 तुंम भावै सो हम पै नहीं, दादू दरसन देह गुसाई ॥४ ॥

As you have mercy on your servants, so will they prosper, my Lord! (refrain)
 As we break, so you join; we break, but you never do. (1)
 We are forgetful, but you don't forget; we do wrong, but you never do. (2)
 We go astray, but you take us in; we part, but you embrace us. (3)
 Although we have nothing that pleases you, let Dādū still have the sight of you, my
 Lord. (4)

21. *Pad (rāg Sorṭhī)*

कोली साल न छाडै रे, सब घाबर काढै रे ॥टेक ॥
 प्रेम पांण लगाई धागै, तत तेल निज दीया ।
 एक मंनाना इस आरंभि लागा, ग्यांन राछ भरि लीया ॥१ ॥
 नांव नली भरि बुंणकर लागा, अंतरगति रंगि राता ।
 तांणैं वाणी जीव जुलाहा, परंम तत स्यूं माता ॥२ ॥
 सकल सिरोमंणि बुंणे बिचारा, तांनाना सूत न तौरै ।
 सदा सचेत रहैं ल्यौ लागा, ज्यूं टूटै त्यूं जोरै ॥३ ॥
 ऐसैं तंणि बुंनि गहर गजीनां, साई के मंनि भावै ।
 दादू कोली करता कै संगि, बहुरि न इहि जगि आवै ॥४ ॥

The weaver does not leave his loom, and cleanses the yarn of impurities. (refrain)
 He applies the starch of love on the threads; the oil of the real serves as his lamp
 within.

Beginning his work with a focused mind, he's inserted the warp threads into wisdom's comb. (1)

He's filled the shuttle with the name of God, his heart coloured with love.

The weaver-soul then drives the shuttle through the warp, drunk in the highest real. (2)

He thoughtfully weaves the greatest of all goods, breaking no thread in the warp.

Always mindful, with deep concentration, he mends a thread the moment it breaks. (3)

In this way weaving a thick cotton fabric, he pleases his Lord.

The weaver Dādū is joined with the Creator, and won't come again to this world. (4)

22. *Pad (rāg Sorṭhī)*

भाइ रे बाजीगर नट षेला, ऐसैं आपै रहै अकेला ॥टेक ॥

यहु बाजी षेल पसारा, सब मोहे कौतिगहारा ।

यहु बाजी षेल दिषावा, बाजीगर किनहूं न पावा ॥१ ॥

इहिं बाजी जगत भुलांणां, बाजीगर किनहूं न जानां ।

कछू नाहीं सो पेसा, बाजीगर किनहूं न देषा ॥२ ॥

कुछ ऐसा चेटक कीन्हां, तंन मंन सब हरि लीन्हां ।

बाजीगर भुरकी बाही, काहू पै लषी न जाई ॥३ ॥

वाजीगर परकासा, यहु बाजी झुठ तंमासा ।

दादू पावा सोई, जो इहिं बाजी लिपति न होई ॥४ ॥

A trickster, brother, enacted a show in which he alone is left. (refrain)

He staged a trick that dazzled all who saw it.

But once the trick was shown, the trickster couldn't be found. (1)

This trick confused the world, and no one knows who the trickster is.

Something was seen that was not there, with no one perceiving the trickster. (2)

The kind of illusion he used laid total waste to body and mind.

Throwing magic dust, the trickster cast a spell that let him not be seen. (3)

The trickster's the light, and the trick is the false show here.

Only the one not enmeshed in this trick, says Dadu, will find him. (4)

23. *Pad (rāg Bhairū)*

ऐसी सुरति रांम ल्यौ लाइ, हरि ह्दिदै जिनि बीसरि जाइ ॥टेक ॥

छिन छिन मात संभाले पूत, ब्यंद राषे जोगी अवधूत ।

त्रिया करूप रूप कौं रहै, नटणी त्रिषि बंस ब्रत चढै ॥१ ॥

काछिब द्रिस्टै धरै धियांन, चात्रिग नीर प्रेम की बांनिं ।

कूंजी कुरलि संभालै सोइ, भ्रिंगी ध्यांन कीट कौं होइ ॥२ ॥

श्रवंणां सबद ज्यूं सुणै कुरंग, जोति पतंग न मोडै अंग ।

जल बिन मीन तलफि ज्यूं मरै, दादू सेवग ऐसैं करै ॥३ ॥

Become so deeply absorbed in Rām that your heart won't ever forget Hari. (refrain)
A mother cares each moment for her child; a yogi *avadhūta* guards his semen,
An ugly woman chants to conjure up beauty; a tightrope walker gazes at her pole.

(1)

The tortoise stares in meditation at her eggs, the *cātak* calls for the water of lovers' speech,

The demoiselle crane cries protecting its young, the worm can think of nothing but the wasp¹. (2)

Like the deer that pursues an alluring sound, like the moth who can't turn from the flame,

Like the floundering fish out of water about to die—in these ways, says Dādū, God's servant should act.

¹⁾ The trope is taken from the hatching wasp, of whom it was believed that it transformed worms, of which it is a parasite, into wasps.

24. *Pad (rāg Lalit)*

हिंदू तुरक न जाणूं दोइ ।
साई सबंनि का सोई है रे । और न दूजा देखूं कोइ ॥टेक ॥
कीट पतंग सबै जोनि मैं । जल थल संगि संमानां सोइ ।
पीर पैकंबर देवा दांणव । मीर मलिक मुनिजन कूं मोहि ॥१ ॥
करता है रे सोइ चिन्हौं । जिनि वै क्रोध करै रे कोइ ।
जैसैं आरसी मंजन कीजै । राम रहींम देही तन धोइ ॥२ ॥
साई केरी सेवा कीजै । पायौ धन काहे कौं षोइ ।
दादू रे जन हरि जपि लीजै । जनंमि जनंमि जे सुरजन होइ ॥३ ॥

Hindu and Muslim I don't know as two,

Alone that One exists, the Lord of all, I don't see any other. (refrain)

In worms and moths and in all creatures, in water and on land—he is there.

He bewilders pirs and prophets, gods and demons, nobles and the wise. (1)

I've identified the only Maker, and no one should get angry.

As one polishes a mirror, Rām-Rahīm will wash the body and the soul. (2)

Just serve the Lord: why throw away the wealth that you've now found?

Let the servant Dādū repeat the name of Hari, his friend in life after life. (3)

25. *Pad (rāg Lalit)*

को स्वामी को सेष कहै, इस धुनिये का मरंम न कोई लहै ॥टेक ॥
कोई राम कोई अलह सुनावै, अलह राम का भेद न पावै ॥१ ॥
कोई हींदू कोई तुरक करि मानै, पुनिं हींदू तुरक की षबरि न जानै ॥२ ॥
यह सब करंणी बेद कतेब, संमझि परी तब पाया भेद ॥३ ॥
दादू देषै आतंम एक, कहिबा सुनिबा अनंत अनेक ॥४ ॥

One calls him Svāmī, another calls him Shaikh,
 But no one understands the secret of the cotton-carder. (refrain)
 One proclaims Lord Rām, another proclaims Allah, but no one grasps Allah-Rām's
 mystery. (1)
 One sees himself as Hindu, another as a Muslim, but neither knows what being
 Hindu or a Muslim is about. (2)
 It's the Veda and the Books¹ that have led to all this: understand that and you've
 found the secret! (3)
 Dādū sees one Self alone, heard of and talked about in endless different ways. (4)

¹⁾ Torah, Psalms, Gospel, and Quran.

26. *Pad (rāg Bhairūṃ)*

डरिये रे डरिये, ता थैं रांम नांम चित धरिये ॥टेक ॥
 जिनि ए पंच पसारे रे, मारे रे ते मारे रे ॥१ ॥
 जिनि ए पंच समेटे रे, भेटे रे ते भेटे रे ॥२ ॥
 कछिब ज्यू करि लीये रे, जीये रे ते जीये रे ॥३ ॥
 भ्रिंगी कीट संमांनं रे, ध्यांनं रे यहु ध्यांनं रे ॥४ ॥
 अज्या सिंघ ज्यू रहिए रे, दादू दरसन लहिये रे ॥५ ॥

Be afraid, O, be afraid: that way you'll keep Rām's name in mind! (refrain)
 Those who let their five senses take over were killed, O, were killed. (1)
 Those who withdrew their five senses met the Lord, O, the Lord. (2)
 Those who, like a tortoise, retreated within, lived on, O, lived on. (3)
 When the worm is absorbed in the wasp, then there is true meditation, there is, O,
 there is. (4)
 Be like a goat caged among lions, says Dādū, and then you'll obtain the vision. (5)

27. *Pad (rāg Dhanāśrī)*

Āratī

Link: <https://heidicon.ub.uni-heidelberg.de/#/detail/1716652>
 बाबा इहिं बिधि आरती रांम की कीजै, आतंमां अंतरि वारणां लीजै ॥टेक ॥
 तंन मंन चंदन प्रेम की माला, अनहद घंटा दीन दयाला ॥१ ॥
 ग्यांन का दीपक पवंन की बाती, देव निरंजन पांचू पाती ॥२ ॥
 आनंद मंगल भाव की सेवा, मंनसा मंदिर आतंम देवा ॥३ ॥
 भगति निरंतरि मैं बलिहारी, दादू न जाणै सेवा तुंम्हारी ॥४ ॥

Baba,¹ do the *āratī* for Rām like this: Wave the light within your soul. (refrain)
 Let body and mind be the sandalwood incense, and love, the garland of flowers;
 then hear the unstruck sound as a bell for the caring Lord. (1)
 With wisdom as the lamp and breath as the wick, the leaves offered to Nirañjana
 become the five principles². (2)

Let bliss be the auspicious songs and emotion be the worship, with thought as the temple and the soul as the divinity. (3)

I make myself a sacrifice with bhakti that will never cease, says Dādū, but still don't know how to serve you! (4)

¹⁾ Reverential address of a venerable male elder. — ²⁾ The *tattvas*, correlated to each of which are five categories. See Introduction, p. 34.

28. *Pad* (*rāg* Dhanāśrī)

Āratī

आरती जगजीवन तेरी, चरण कंवल परि वारी फेरी ॥टेक ॥

चित चांवरि हेत हरि ढारै, दीपक ग्यांन जोति बचारै ॥१ ॥

घंटा सबद अनाहद बाजै, आंनंद आरती गगन गाजै ॥२ ॥

धूप ध्यांन हरि सेति कीजै, पहुप प्रीति हरि भांवरि लीजै ॥३ ॥

सेवा सार आतंम पूजा, देव निरंजन और न दूजा ॥४ ॥

भाव भगति स्युं आरती कीजै, इहिं बिधि दादू जुगि जुगि जीजै ॥५ ॥

O Life of the World, let your *āratī* be performed—and dedicated to your lotus feet.
(refrain)

Lovingly wave the flywhisk of awareness over Hari, while knowing the lamp as the light of wisdom. (1)

Ring the bell of unstruck sound, and let the bliss of *āratī* rumble in the sky.¹ (2)

Burn meditation's incense before Hari; circle flowers of love around him. (3)

The essence of service is worship within to Nirañjana, the only Lord. (4)

Perform his *āratī* with fervent bhakti, says Dādū, and you'll live from age to age. (5)

¹⁾ The ritual is accompanied by the beating of drums. Their rumbling is, however, the audible symbol of the rumbling of the unstruck sound in the perfected devotee's interior. Compare text no. 79, v. 38.

Bakhanām

29. *Sākhīs* 'Man kau aṅg' – Chapter of the Mind

29.1

मन मोटा मन पातला, मन पाणी मन लाइ ।

जैसी आवै मन महैं, मन तैसा हूँ जाइ ॥

The mind may be thick, the mind may be thin, the mind may be water or fire,
As objects come into the mind, so the mind takes shape.

29.2

मन मांगै परि देइ मत, दुषी करैगा षाइ ।

चूची पपाषै चेलका, यौं मन कौं बैलाइ ॥

The mind demands food, but don't feed it, for if it is fed it makes you suffer.
You must divert the mind like a mother giving the breast to her baby. (2)

29.3

बषनां मन का बहुत रंग, पल पल माहैं होइ ।
एक रंग मैं रहैगा, सो जन बिरला कोइ ॥

The mind has many colours, says Bakhanām, changing every moment.
A devotee whose mind remains one colour is rare.

29.4

सांकलि जड्यौ न सील कै, आंकुस नहीं अनंत ।
हाथी हरिहाई हिल्यौ, बषनां मन मैमंत ॥

If you don't shackle it with virtue and constantly goad it,
It turns into a reeling wild elephant—the intoxicated mind, says Bakhanām.

29.5

मनसा डाकणि मन जरष, दौड़ावै दिन राति ।
बषनां कदै न ऊतरै, सांझ जिसी परिभाति ॥

The demoness desire rides the hyena mind¹: day and night she spurs him hard.
Dusk or dawn, says Bakhanām, she'll never get down from him.

¹ The demoness has the hyena as her riding animal.

29.6

पैचौ तो आवै नहीं, जे छोड़ो तो जाइ ।
बषनां मन कै पूछड़ै प्राण टटिबा षाइ ॥

Pull it, and it won't follow; unleash it and it runs away.
Grab the tail of the mind-cow, says Bakhanām, and you'll remain caught in its
constant swirl.

29.7

पंच छिकारा मृग इक, मृगी लार पचीस ।
बषनां बाड़ी राषि लै, कै षाजै बिसवा बीस ॥

Five hunters, one deer, followed by twenty-five does.
Keep the deer fenced up, says Bakhanām, or else it will surely be eaten.

29.8

माहि रहैं माहैं चरैं, बिडार्यो नहीं जांहि ।
जोई कूपल ऊल्हहै, सोई कूपल षाहि ॥

They live inside, they graze inside, they cannot be destroyed.
Every single sprout they see—they eat it up.

29.9

मूलदुवारा रोक करि, नो सेरी रषवाली ।
धनक चढ़ाई ध्यान का, बषनां बाण संभालि ॥

Block the door at the base, keep guards at the nine passageways,
Stretch the bow of meditation, then point the arrow, says Bakhanām.

29.10

कुमति कसाइणी, परनिंघा चूहड़ी । अदया डेढणी, रोस चंडाल, या मंडली एकठी भई ।
बषनां सगली रसोई बिणसी, दया बांमणी दूरि गई ॥

The butcher woman Ill-will, the sweeper woman Slander, the flayer woman
Callousness, and the Chandali Anger together formed a little clique.

The entire feast was thus polluted, says Bakhanām, and the Brahman woman, called
Compassion, went off.

29.11

चौकौ दै अलगेरो आछे, यांह की मन मैं करै भरांति ।
बषनां सो बाम्हन का बेटा, जीमैं नहीं इसा की पांति ॥

He keeps well away from where they eat: that group unsettles his mind.

Sons of Brahmans, says Bakhanām, don't eat next to such people.

29.12

बषनां मन मैलौ रह्यौ, सुण्यौं नहीं उपदेस ।
धोइ धोइ तैं धोला कीया, पांणी माहैं केस ॥

You didn't hear the teaching so your mind stays dirty, says Bakhanām.

You washed and washed, but for all your washing only bleached your hair.

29.13

तैंही तौ धौला कीया, पांणी माहैं न्हाइ ।
अब काला क्यांहनैं करै, बषनां कलप लगाइ ॥

Bathing in water, you bleached your hair,

Why do you now dye it black? asks Bakhanām.

29.14

अजौं क्यूं आसा रही, फेरि संवार्यौं साज ।
अब काला क्यांह नैं करै, बहु धौलां की लाज ॥

What do you expect, at your age, from dressing up again?

Why do you dye your hair black? Are you ashamed it's so white?

29.15

अठसठि पांणी धोइये, अठसठि तीरथ न्हाइ ।
कहुं बषनां मन मच्छली, अजुं कौलांधि न जाइ ॥

Bathe at the sixty-eight pilgrimage sites and wash up in water of sixty-eight kinds:

Let Bakhanām, though, tell you this: the mind's a fish—its smell will never go away.

29.16

बषनां मैल बिचारि करि, धोयौ नही गवारि ।
पांणी पाप न ऊतरै, भावै सौ डूभी मारि ॥

Think it through, fool! says Bakhanām: you can't just rinse off the dirt!

Sin's not washed away in water, even if you wash yourself a hundred times.

30. *Pad (rāg Gauṛī)*

निहौरौ राम निहौरै रे, अब कै मानी मोरै रे ॥ टेक ॥
 धषै न धूवां नीसरै रे, जलत न देषै कोइ ।
 बरसि बुझावो रामजी, मेरा तौ तन सीतल होइ ॥१॥
 बिरह न बाहरि नीसरै रे, घुण ज्युं पंजर षाइ ।
 यौं मन मेरा बेधिया, अब हा हा दरस दिषाइ ॥२॥
 रैणि सबार्इ यौं रही रे, चितवत गई बिहाइ ।
 चरण दिषावो रामजी, मेरा जनम अविरथा जाइ ॥३॥
 तूं साधौं कै साधिलौ रे, भगति हेत कै भाइ ।
 मेरी बरिया रामजी, अब येती बिलम न लाइ ॥४॥
 पाइ लागूं विनती करूं रे, तूं मेरै घरि आव ।
 बहुतक दिन बिछुरें भये, अब बलि जाउं बेर न लाव ॥५॥
 राम निहोरौ मानिये रे, जन की करौ सहाइ ।
 दरसन दीजै दीन कौं, बषनां बलिहारी जाइ ॥६॥

Here's my plea, Rām, here's my plea. Please accept it this time! (refrain)

A fire rages, emitting no smoke, and no one can see it burning.

Rāmjī, put it out with your rain, so my body can cool down. (1)

The pain of separation never escapes from within me, consuming the cage of my body like weevils.

Just like that, my mind's been pierced. Please, please, grant me your sight! (2)

All I do is watch for you, while the whole night passes.

Rāmjī, let me see your feet, if not, my birth will be for nothing. (3)

The brother of those who strive for bhakti, you'll give perfection to good-hearted souls.

Now it's my turn, Rāmjī, don't wait any longer! (4)

I'll clasp your feet and plead with you to come into my house.

So many days we've been apart, but now I'll make myself a sacrifice. Please, no more delays! (5)

Rām, accept my plea and help your servant!

Grant poor Bakhanām your sight: he's sacrificing himself to you. (6)

31. *Pad (rāg Gauṛī)*

मेरा मन यौं डरै रे, ऐसा डरै न कोइ ।
 अबही तैं डरता रहौं, ज्युं डर बहुरि न होइ ॥ टेक ॥
 सुणौं नहीं संसार की रे, डरतां कोई बाइ ।
 कानि कथा हरि की करी, मति या बीसरि जाइ ॥१॥
 अब डरतां बोलौं नहीं, और नहीं डर कोइ ।
 रसना बाणी राम की, मति दूजी बाणी होइ ॥२॥
 पाणी पीवौं न अब डरौं रे, डर मेरा मन माहिं ।

हरि अघ्निर हिरदै लिप्या, मति वै धोया जाहिं ॥३॥
 इन बातनि थैं हूं डर्यो रे, सो तुम्ह करौ सहाइ ।
 सरणैं राषौ रामजी, ज्युं बषनां का डर जाए ॥४॥

I'm now filled with fear more than anyone!

And I'll be afraid of fear's return. (refrain)

I don't want to listen to the world, fearing all its words:

My ears have heard the lore of Hari, which I pray not to forget (1)

Like nothing else, I fear talking,

My tongue exists to talk of Rām and nothing more. (2)

I'm afraid of drinking water, a fear deep in my mind:

I think the letters *ba* and *ri* now written in my heart might be washed out. (3)

My fears are ones like these—please help me overcome them!

Keep protecting Bakhanām, O Rāmji, and make his fear go away. (4)

32. *Pad (rāg Gauṛī)*

दुनिया झांवर झोली अलूंझै, ताथैं साहिब राम न सूझै ॥ टेक ॥
 बीझासणि कौ झालरि पहर्यो, मुरिष राति जगाई ।
 दोस बराज कछू नहिं कीनो, बैचि काल मैं षाई ॥१॥
 तेल बाकुला भैरौ चाढै, बाकर को कान काटै ।
 पूजा चढै सु भोपी लेगी, रहती कूकर चाटै ॥२॥
 सिर पर मेल्हि अंगीठी बलती, देवी कै मंढि चाली ।
 षानि पानि सब सौं मिलि बैठी, नरक कुंड मैं घाली ॥३॥
 दई देवता का जे सेवग, दिया नरिक ले गाढै ।
 संकट चौथि संकड़ा की राणी, तो जाणौं जे काढै ॥४॥
 क्रिया बरत अहोई आठै, देवी दावणि बाधा ।
 हँसी सहीं सील का बाहण, के गदही के गाधा ॥५॥
 भोपी हुई उबासी मारै, दोस दुनी कौं करती ।
 पकड़ि नाक काट्यौ कूटणी कौ, सास न काढै डरती ॥६॥
 के गूगा का के गुस्साई का, के कांवड का हँसी ।
 बेस्वां के घरि बालक जायौ, पिता कवन सौं कहसी ॥७॥
 यक की नहीं घणां की हूई, दीसैं बहु भरतारी ।
 बषनां कहै कौण संगि बलसी, घण पुरिषां की नारी ॥८॥

Because the world's bewitched, it can't recognize Lord Rām. (refrain)

Around the fool's neck is a silver Bījhāsaṇī, a goddess for whom he holds regular vigils.

All this so, if angry, the goddess won't harm him—should famine strike, though, the silver can be sold for food. (1)

Offering oil and soaked wheat to Bhairav, he chops off a goat's ear for him, too.

The Bhopī will happily take all the offerings, with a dog lapping up what is left. (2)

Balancing a bowl with live coals on her head, a woman goes to the shrine of a Goddess,

But sitting to feast with everyone else, she's thrown into a pit of death. (3)

Those who worship the gods and goddesses, cling to a lamp that shines their way to hell.

I'd like to know who Śaṅkar-Rāṇī saves on Trouble Fourth!¹ (4)

Women fast on Smallpox Goddess Eighth², and string ritual threads on trees.

Does this mean they're agents of virtue or stupid asses instead? (5)

A woman may go into trance and act as a Bhopī,

But if you grab that swindler by the nose and cut it off, she'll be too scared to breathe. (6)

What's the use of Gogā, Gusāmī and portable shrines?

When a child is born in the house of a whore, how can you tell who's the father? (7)

Not to one did she belong, but to many; they say she's had plenty of husbands.

This woman of many men, asks Bakhanām, with which one will she burn herself?³ (8)

¹) Saṃkaṭ Cauthī is on the fourth lunar day of the waning phase of the month of Māgha, when the Goddess is worshipped as saviour of her son Gaṇeśa, inadvertently decapitated by his father Śiva, and of her devotees from hell. — ²) Ahoī Aṣṭamī is on the eighth lunar day of the waning phase of the month of Caitra, when the smallpox goddess is pacified. — ³) That is, immolate herself as a satī.

33. *Pad (rāg Rāmkalī)*

नेड़ौ ही रे राम ताकौ मारग भूला ।
 ऊगवणी केइ आथवणी, यौ ही भ्रमि भ्रमि डूला ॥ टेक ॥
 लोह पारस सदा लावै, पलट्यौ कांही रे ।
 जो वो लोह कौ लोह रह्यो, तौ यौ पारस नांही रे ॥१॥
 आपणा उनहारि भूल्या, भूला अजपाजाप रे ।
 सकती लोकां मारि कीयौ, सींदरी तैं साप रे ॥२॥
 तीनि गुण की ताप जदि की, जीव कौं लागी रे ।
 भ्रिगत्रिष्णा धाइ धाइ पीयौ, कांही प्यास न भागी रे ॥३॥
 मकड़ाणा षाटू बिचै, जग षोदिबा धायौ ।
 बषनां रे गुर ग्यान थै, धन घरही मैं पायौ ॥ ४ ॥

Rām is close by, but they have missed the way,

Some heading east and others, west, they roam about very confused. (refrain)

Rub iron on a touchstone forever, but will that iron ever turn into gold?

Iron remains iron, and no stone is ever a touchstone. (1)

Deluded by their own appearances, they've forgotten the names they should chant within.

They terrorize people and spread made-up stories. (2)

Tormented by the threefold pain¹,

They rushed to a mirage and drank but could never quench their thirst. (3)

People rushed to dig between Makrana and Khatu,

While through his guru's wisdom Bakhanām found wealth inside his house. (4)

¹) There are three kinds of suffering, namely, mental and physical, inflicted by gods, and inflicted by evil spirits.

34. Pad (rāg Rāmkalī)

तत बेली रे तत बेली रे ।

क्यारा पांच पचीसौं क्यारी, जतन क्रियां ऊगैली रे ॥ टेक ॥

एक कांकरी कुई षणैली, धुणी फूटी सेझै हैली ।

तहहां अरहट माल बहैली, तिहि धोरै नीर पिवैली ॥१॥

तहां पाणति प्राण करैली, जाकै कोमल कूपल हैली ।

सो तरवर जाइ चढैली, गुरि सींची सदा बधैली ॥२॥

चहुं दिसि पसरि रहैली, फल लागां फूलैली ।

यौं बेली बिरधि करैली, राषी जतन रहैली ॥३॥

तौ बाड़ी सुफल फलैली, गगन मांहि गरजैली ।

अमर नाम बषनां सो बेली, अविनासी फल देली ॥४॥

The creeper of true being, the creeper of true being:

It stands in a bed split up into five, and then into twenty-five; if you tend to it with effort, it will grow. (refrain)

First sink a well in the stony ground; broken open and built up, it's your water source.

Here you'll run a water wheel, with its chain of buckets letting the creeper drink from a channel. (1)

The life-breath will nourish the bed, and tender sprouts will appear.

Made fertile by the guru, the creeper will climb the tree and grow. (2)

It will spread in all directions, bearing fruit and blossoms.

If tended with effort, this is how the creeper will grow. (3)

Then the garden will bear rich fruit, and the sky will thunder.

This creeper is the deathless Name, says Bakhanām, yielding fruit that lasts forever.

(4)

35. Pad (rāg Āsāvārī)

उधर्यो जै चाहै तौ, तूं राम भजन करि ।

हरि का चरण कवल हिरदै धरि ॥टेक॥

न करसी आन सेवा, सबै झूठ जाणी ।

रीत्यां तलायां झूलै, तहां नहीं पाणी ॥१॥

सी कै पहाड़ि पैठा, वोट कैसे राषै ।

धूवरि धान न होई, ज्युं मेहा पाषै ॥२ ॥
 भेड़ के पूछड़ै लागा, समदि कैसे तारे ।
 बाण्यां की बहु बापड़ी, चौर नैं क्युं मारै ॥३ ॥
 छाली के गलि गलथणा, दूध न होई ।
 बषनां साध बिचारैगा कोई ॥४ ॥

If you seek salvation, you must worship Rām,
 Hold the lotus feet of Hari in your heart! (refrain)
 You'll find there's no other way to worship, once you know that all here is false.
 You frolic in an empty tank: there is no water there! (1)
 You've entered into a hill of mist—how can that give you shelter?
 Grain won't grow if there's smoke but never any clouds. (2)
 How will you cross the ocean clutching a sheep's tail?
 How can a trader's wife—poor thing—manage to kill a thief?¹ (3)
 Milking a goat by its dewlap won't get you any milk.
 Let some sadhu reflect on this, says Bakhanām. (4)

¹⁾ This refers to the popular prejudice that Jains are cowardish, not to speak of their women.

36. *Pad (rāg Āsāvārī)*

ऐसा बैद बेद कलि मांहीं । ताथै रोगी जीवै नांहीं ॥टेक ॥
 हरि गोपी कांधै करि लीन्हीं, ऐसा ग्यान दिढ़ावै ।
 जैसी सुणै ऊपजै तैसी, लहरि बिषै की आवै ॥१ ॥
 काम कलपना बिषै बुराई, यहु बेदन घट मांहीं ।
 बैद मिल्या परि पीड़ न भागी, ठौर ना टिका नांहीं ॥२ ॥
 करम बिथा काटण कै कारणि, सुनते थे सब लोई ।
 औषद और पीड़ कछु औरै, ताथै कुपछि पड्या सब कोई ॥३ ॥
 बीस बरस का पुरिष सुणै था, सोलह ब्रस की नारी ।
 बषनौं कहै भली समझाई, भूलै चोटि कटारी ॥४ ॥

No patient will survive the Veda of this doctor from our bad Kali age. (refrain)
 'Hari touched the cowherdresses' shoulders', this sort of wisdom is what he proclaims.

Listeners get aroused by it, flushed by a wave of lust. (1)
 Sexual daydreams and carnal corruption cause pain in their bodies.
 Although they have a doctor, there's no end to their pain and they find no way to rest. (2)
 They all had listened hoping to end the pain of karma,
 But the potion they got wasn't right for their pain, so none got a treatment that worked. (3)
 A man of twenty and a girl of sixteen were among all those listeners.

What they heard proved so persuasive, says Bakhanām, they didn't notice the wound from the dagger. (4)

37. Pad (rāg Sorath)

राम राइ मैं तरकसबंध तेरा ।
 अबकी बार मया करि लीजै, मियां महोला मेरा ॥टेक॥
 हुं आदि कदीम तुम्हारा चाकर, तैं राष्या तहां रहिया ।
 गिरता पड़ता साथि तुम्हारा, जहां तहां निरबहिया ॥१॥
 पांच हजारि को सात हजारी, हुकम तुम्हारे मांहीं ।
 आसामी एक हमारी होती, सो कागलि चढ़ी क नांहीं ॥२॥
 साढ़ी तीनि कोड़ि की कहिये, ऐसी सो आसामी ।
 मुह आगैं मुजरा कै कारणि, ऊभी अंतरजामी ॥३॥
 रिधी न मांगूं सिधी न मांगूं, मुकति न मांगन आऊं ।
 एकै भाव भगति कै ताई, तू कह तहां दगाऊं ॥४॥
 सील सनाह षिमां करि षेड़ी, सुमिरण सेल सयाणा ।
 बषनां एक तुम्हारै आगैं, इहि विधि सौं उलिगाणा ॥५॥

King Rām, I am your archer¹,

Have mercy on me this time, my lord, sir! (refrain)

A long time now I've been your servant, staying where you've posted me.

Though sometimes I stumbled, I stayed with you, fulfilling my duties wherever you sent me. (1)

You command nobles with ranks of five and seven thousand²

While my official rank is 'one', whether or not it's on the rolls. (2)

Or should I just be given the rank of three cowries and a half?

My inner Lord, I stand before you to make my submission. (3)

I do not ask for wealth or magic powers, nor have I come to ask for liberation.

I only ask for bhakti that feels for the sublime. I'll hurry wherever you send me. (4)

My armour is virtue from the steel of forgiveness, my lance is wise remembrance,

In this way Bakhanām stands before you, alone your mercenary soldier. (5)

¹) Lit. 'quiver bearer'. — ²) The rank of imperial military officeholders was expressed in numbers. Five thousand and 7000 would only be attained by the highest-ranking nobility. The digits correspond to the number of horses they had to supply to the imperial army.

38. Pad (rāg Sorath)

मन रे प्रीति कहैं सति सोई ।
 जाकै जीवतां सो मूवां पाछैं होई ॥ टेक ॥
 ज्यूं सूरै सूरतन कीयौ, तन मन त्याग्यौ लोई ।
 पहली थी सो पाछै रही, मारो मार रणौही ॥१॥
 देही गइ पणि नेह न भूली, जाली बाली काटी ।

अनलहक अनलहक कहि बोली, मुवां पाछै माटी ॥२॥
 सरीर गयौ पणि सुरति न भूली, प्रीति सोहि सति जाणी ।
 बषनां बिरहणि मरि करि पीयौ, बैरी के मुहि पाणी ॥३॥

O mind, they say that true love means

To remain as you were in life after you die. (refrain)

A hero who valiantly fell in battle gave up his body, mind, and community, too,
 Then went on acting as before, shouting 'kill them' on the battlefield. (1)

Mansur's soul left his body but he never left his Love, though he was burned and
 cut into pieces.

And after he died 'An'al-haqq, an'al-haqq' sounded from the earth.¹ (2)

Though his body was gone, he remembered the rapture—this is true love.

Says Bakhanām: After death, the pining fish drank from the water in the mouth of
 his foe.² (3)

¹) This refers to the legend surrounding the martyrdom of the Sufi Maṣṣūr al-Hallāj (d. 922), 'Maṣṣūr, the cotton-carder', who was executed for having cried out in the state of mystical annihilation 'I am the Truth'. The legend has it that from his tomb 'I am the Truth' continued to resound. The Indian Muslim cotton-carders refer themselves to Maṣṣūr. — ²) The line refers to the legend that Maṣṣūr's ashes were thrown into a river, where they continued chanting. From this river water was drawn for the king's table, and fish from the same river was served to him. Though dead, the fish—not expressly mentioned in the line—did not stop pining in separation from the water filled with the truth proclaimed by Maṣṣūr's ashes. When the king ate the fish and washed it down with the water from that river, the fish was reunited with it.

39. Pad (rāg Mārū)

बिचालै अंतरौ रे, हरि हम भागौ नाहिं ।
 को जाणै कदि भाजिसी, म्हारौ पछितावो मन माहिं ॥ टेक ॥
 आडा डुंगर बन घणां, नदियां बहै अनंत ।
 सो पंषड़ियां पंजर नहीं, हौं मिलि मिलि आऊं नित्त ॥१॥
 चरणां पाषैं चालिबौ रे, धरती पाषैं बाट ।
 परबत पाषैं लंघणां, बिषमी औघट घाट ॥२॥
 जातां जातां घौहड़ा, म्हारै मनि पछितावौ होइ ।
 जीवत मेलो हे सषी, मुवां न मिलसी कोइ ॥३॥
 हरि का दर्सन कारिण हे सषी, म्हारा नैन रह्या जल पूरि ।
 सो साजन अलगा हुवा, भवै भारी घर दूरि ॥४॥
 पाती प्यारा पीव की, हूं क्यूं बांचूं कर लेइ ।
 बिरह महाघण ऊमट्यौ, म्हारा नैण न बांचण देइ ॥५॥
 बटाऊ उहिं बाट का, म्हारौ संदेसौ तिहि हाथि ।
 आऊंली नाहीं रहूं, काहु साधु जन के साथि ॥६॥
 ज्युं बन कै कारणे हस्ती झूरै, चकवी पैली पार ।
 यौ बषनां झूरै नाम कौं, ज्युं उलिगाणा की नारि ॥७॥

¹⁾ This corresponds almost verbatim to *Dholā Mārū rā dūbhā*, v. 69; see Rāmsimh, Sūryakaraṇ Pārik, and Narottamās Svāmī (eds), *Dholā Mārū rā dūbhā: Rājasthāni kā ek suprasiddha prācīn lokgīt*, 2nd edn, Jodhpur: Rājasthāni Granthāgār, 2001.

The distance between Hari and me hasn't gone away.
 Who knows when it will disappear? These thoughts make my mind uneasy. (refrain)
 Many hills and forests block my way, countless rivers flow,
 My body has no wings to let me reach him any time. (1)
 Footless, I must walk my path and find no ground below,
 Without a mountain to be seen, I still must cross a threatening mountain pass. (2)
 Day by day I keep walking, with this anxious thought on my mind:
 Friend, let me meet him while I'm alive; dead, I can't meet anyone. (3)
 Because I long for Hari's sight, friend, my eyes stay full of tears.
 I've thus parted from my comrades and am far from home; fear weighs on me. (4)
 Should I even get a letter from my cherished husband, how will I read it?
 With clouds of separation gathered densely, my eyes no longer read. (5)
 A traveller moving on that way, my message in his hands:
 'I'm coming, I can bear no more.' Somebody honest will carry it. (6)
 As the elephant pines for the forest and the ruddy shelduck hen for the farther
 shore,¹
 Bakhanām pines for the Name, like the wife of a mercenary posted abroad. (7)

¹⁾ Where she will meet her mate.

40. *Pad (rāg Ṭodī)*

उपिलौ मारै न मांहिलौ तारै । पंडित होइ सु अरथ बिचारै ॥ टेक ॥
 स्यंघ कहैं पणि पोरिष नाहीं । बसै पंषेरुवा मुहड़ा मांहीं ॥१॥
 साध कहैं सो तौ यहु नाहीं । घड़िया बैठा घड़िया माहीं ॥२॥
 घर मैं करै काठ की गाइ । भाव फलै तौ लुषा क्यूं षाइ ॥३॥
 अलष निरंजन की करि आस । बषनां यांह कौ किसौ बिसास ॥४॥

Neither can a power from above do harm, nor one from within save. He who is a
 pandit may reflect on what this means! (refrain)
 Someone is called Mr. Singh, a Lion, but has no manliness; 'having wings to fly' is
 just a way of speaking of a bird. (1)
 Someone they call a sadhu is not one—he's just an invention among invented things.
 (2)
 Someone may craft a wooden cow for his house. But if his visions led to results,
 why is he eating dry crusts? (3)
 Place your hope in unseeable Nirañjana, says Bakhanām, how can you believe in
 what is of this world? (4)

41. *Pad (rāg Ṭorī)*

सरवरि मरजीवौ डुबकी देइ । राम रतन मंझा थैं लेइ ॥ टेक ॥
 डोरी लागौ आवै जाइ । सुषसागर मैं डूभी षाइ ॥१ ॥
 अघट सरोवर सुष सागरा । मुक्ता मोती रतनांवरा ॥२ ॥
 सुर नर हंसा केलि कराहिं । मुनि जन मंछा मांहि रहाहिं ॥३ ॥
 चित चकवा मनि आनंद होइ । उदै अस्त पष नाही कोइ ॥४ ॥
 बिगस्यौ कंवल कियौ परकास । भवर गुंजारै बीध्यौ बास ॥५ ॥
 नींची थाघ न ऊंचौ थाइ । सागर महिमा कही न जाइ ॥६ ॥
 बिलसै बस्त समद की आणि । बषनां सो मरजीवौ जाणि ॥७ ॥

The diver plunges into the sea and picks from it the jewel, Rām. (refrain)

Tied to a rope, he plunges into the sea of happiness, in and out.¹ (1)

The endless lake, the sea of happiness, the mine of pearls and precious stones: (2)

Gods, men, and geese frolic in it, the wise men sport among the fish. (3)

Thought's the ruddy shelduck, the mind is filled with bliss, no rise or setting of the sun, no phases of the moon. (4)

The lotus blooms, light has come, the buzzing bee is pierced by scent. (5)

One cannot gauge how deep it is or how high up it goes, the greatness of the sea's beyond description. (6)

He who picks the real thing from the sea, rejoicing in it—know him as the diver, says Bakhanām. (7)

¹⁾ The line evokes the yogic breath discipline.

42. *Pad (rāg Malār)*

बिछड्या रामसनेही रे । म्हारै मन पछतावो एही रे ॥ टेक ॥
 बीछुडियां बन दहिया रे, म्हारै हियडै करबत बहिया रे ।
 बिलषी सषी सहेली रे, ज्युं जल बिन नागर बेली रे ॥१ ॥
 वा मुलकनि की छबि छांही रे, म्हारै रहि गई हिरदै मांही रे ।
 कोइ उहि उणिहारै नांही रे, हौं दूंढि रही जग मांही रे ॥२ ॥
 अब फीकौ म्हारै भांई रे, मंडली कौ मंडण नांही रे ।
 कौण सभा मैं सोहै रे, जाकी निर्मल बाणी मोहै रे ॥३ ॥
 भरि भरि प्रेम पिलावै रे, कोइ दादू आणि मिलावै रे ।
 बषनां बहुत बिसूरै रे, दरसणि कै कारणि झूरै रे ॥४ ॥

The friend of Rām is gone, and my heart is full of grief. (Refrain)

In separation from him, the forest lies in ashes, a saw cuts into my heart.

All my companions lament, like betel creepers¹ with no water. (1)

The reflection of the brilliance of his smile lingers in my heart,

None like him exists, I've searched the world in vain. (2)

All seems stale to me, brothers, he who embellished our circle is gone,

Who will now beguile the assembly with his pure speech? (3)

He gives us so much love to drink. Could only someone bring me Dādū!
Bakhanām is deeply grieved, he pines for the sight of him. (4)

¹⁾ The betel creeper with its fragrant leaves is also reputed for finding support on the sandal tree. Either way, dependent on water or a support, the motif is suitable for the *bbakta*.

43. *Pad* (*rāg* Sāraṅg)

मिसर येक रूड़ी कथा कही ।
 ऊंघै थी र बिछायौ लाधौ ता परि सोइ रही ॥टेक ॥
 मुष की पीक नैन दिषलावै, अधरनि काजरि कारौ ।
 तैं ज कही सो मेरै होती, तिहि मन पुसी हमारौ ॥१ ॥
 कंकन पूठि करन की चूरी, हार बन्यौ बिन तागै ।
 जोर सुणै ताकै यहु उपजै, ध्यान तहीं ठै लागै ॥२ ॥
 मानि मनावौ राधा प्यारी, एतौ हठ क्युं कीजै ।
 तूं ब्रिषभान बड़े की बेटी, तेरे ज्यायें जीजै ॥३ ॥
 मन हठ छाड़ि हसौ चित सनमुष, दोउं घां अमृत पीजै ।
 जदपी बैर होइ हिरदा में, तौ बैरि कुं पीठि न दीजै ॥४ ॥
 कहै सहेली अहो जसोधा, बात सुणी कै नाहीं ।
 बंसीबट की छांही, गही हठि मेरी बांहीं ॥५ ॥
 हौं सकुचनि बोली नाहीं, बहु सषियन की भीर ।
 गहि अचला मोहि ले चलयौ, मानसरोवर तीर ॥६ ॥
 तेरै संग की ग्वालनी, मेरे संग के ग्वाल ।
 एक एक कौं घेरिहैं, तब ह्वै है कौंन हवाल ॥७ ॥
 जहां जहां पग तूं धरै, तहां तहां मन साथ ।
 आप रहे आधीन ह्वै, चित बित तेरें हाथ ॥८ ॥
 हठि बीरी मेरे मुषि दई, ग्रीबां मेल्ली बांह ।
 मिसही मिस मोहि ले चलयौ, गहि अंधियारा मांह ॥९ ॥
 याही ग्यान ध्यान भी याही, नर नारी कौं भावै ।
 बषनां देषि ब्यास की कथणी, साच न हिरदै आवै ॥१० ॥

The Miśra Brahman¹ told a charming story:

Feeling drowsy, Rādhā found an open bedroll, on which she went to sleep. (refrain)
Red juice from the betel she chewed had managed to stain her eyes, while kajal from her eyes had blackened her lips.

If I could only make your thoughts my own, she said to her friend, my mind would be content. (1)

I've thrown away my bracelets and my bangles—and wear a necklace with no string. But if you listen with attention, you can feel the same way I do. Just meditate to sense that state. (2)

Dear Rādhā, curb your pique, said her friend, why are you being so stubborn?

You're the daughter of great Vṛṣabhānu: keep him vital and he'll live a long time! (3)

Let your mind's willfulness go, be cheerful, and then turn to Kṛṣṇa for drinking the nectar that oozes from you both!

In your heart you may bear him rancor, but don't turn your back on an enemy. (4)

O Yaśodā, shouted the friend, did you or did you not hear me?

Then Rādhā spoke: In the shade of the banyan tree Kṛṣṇa gripped my arm. (5)

With so many girlfriends standing around, I was shy and said nothing.

Snatching the end of my garment he took me out to lake Mānsarovar's edge. (6)

The cowherds are on my side, he told me, and on yours are the cowherdresses.

They've rounded each other up—but to what end? (7)

Wherever you go, he said, my mind will follow.

I dedicate myself to you, my mind and wealth lie in your hands. (8)

He then forced the betel roll into my mouth, his arm around my neck.

He lured me away with ruses, grabbing me in the dark. (9)

Such is the wisdom and deep meditation appealing these days to women and men.

If you believe the *vyās*'s story, says Bakhanām, no truth will come into your heart. (10)

¹⁾ The reference is to the professional storyteller, the *vyās* (see v. 10), focusing on the Kṛṣṇa legends. Mīśra is the name of a Brahman community. The story is that of Rādhā's pique on Kṛṣṇa and his violent courtship of her. Rādhā's girlfriend admonishes her to give in to him.

44. *Pad (rāg Dhanāśrī)*

Āratī

करि आरती आतमा ऊजली । रामजी पधार्यो म्हारै पुरवन रली ॥ टेक ॥

तेतीस समाणा ऊपरि चाढी । चवर दुलावै इक पग ठाढी ॥१ ॥

पंच सबद घंटा निरबाणी । झालरि बाजै राम नाम बाणी ॥२ ॥

पांच तत्व कौ दीपक धार्यो । जोति सरूपी ऊपर बार्यो ॥३ ॥

दसवै द्वारै देव मुरारी । सन्मुष सुंदरि पूजणहारी ॥४ ॥

मन पंडौ तिहि सेवा मांहीं । बषनां बारै आवै नांहीं ॥५ ॥

Perform the *āratī*, my luminous soul! Rām has come to fulfil my longing. (refrain)

Like the thirty-three gods my soul's risen high; moored in the One, it waves the flywhisk. (1)

The five auspicious instruments¹ and bells are silent, while the cymbal of Rām's name resounds. (2)

The lamp of the five elements is raised, lit for the light in its true form. (3)

At the tenth door stands God Murāri, his bride is face-to-face with him in worship. (4)

The mind is the priest engrossed in service; Bakhanām won't return again. (5)

¹⁾ The strings, handclapping, cymbal, kettledrum and clarion. See for this standing phrase, John D. Smith, *The Viṣaḍadevarāsa: A Restoration of the Text*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press 1976, v. 14, pp. 78–9.

Rajab

45. *Savaiyā* Dedicated to Dādū

दादू जी मात बुलाइ पिता हरि, बालिक बाल सु गोद सौं डारे ।
सांई समीर लियो घन दादु, चहुं दिसि चात्रिग चित पुकारे ॥
आदित आप सरोवर दादूजी, शोषतही सफुरी शिष मारे ।
हो दादू कै गौनिं दुषी शिष रजब, प्रीति प्रचंड सु अंतरि जारे ॥

When Father Hari called Mother Dādū, Mother pushed all her children from her lap,

The wind-like Lord has blown away the Dādū-cloud, our cuckoo-minds cry for him everywhere.

The sun himself, by drying up the Dādū-lake, killed all the fish, his disciples.

The sad disciple Rajab grieves his guru's passing, alas, but blazing love for Dādū burns within him still.

46. *Savaiyā* Dedicated to Dādū

दीन दयालु दियौ दुष दीननिं, दादू सी दौलति हाथ सौं लीनीं ।
रोस अतीतन सौं जु कियौ हरि, रोजी जु रंकन की जगि छीनी ॥
गरीब निवाज गरीब हते सब, संतनिं सूल अतिगति दीनी ।
हो रजब रोइ कहे यहु काहि जु, त्राहि जु त्राहि कहा यहु कीनीं ॥

The Lord of Mercy for the Distressed has hurt distressed people badly, wrenching the Dādū-wealth from their hands.

Hari is angry with the sadhus: he's snatched the poor person's daily bread from the world.

The Saviour of the Poor has killed all the poor, inflicting sharp pain on the Sants.

'Why did this happen?' says Rajab in tears, 'Why did you do this? Save us!'

47. *Pad* (*rāg* Rāmkalī)

संतो भेष भरम कुछ नाहीं,
छह दरसन छयांनवै पाषंड, भूले परपंच मांहीं ॥टेक ॥
स्वांग सलिल संपूरण दीसैं, भ्रिगत्रिस्रां मन धावै ।
नांव नीर तां मै कुछ नाहीं, दौड़ि दौड़ि दुष पावै ॥१ ॥
सीतकोट मांहै छिप बैठे, कहो वोट क्या होई ।
तैसी बिधि दरसन मै पैठे, काल न छोड्या कोई ॥२ ॥
सकल चरित्र चिरमी की पावक, मन मरकट सब सेवैं ।
जन रजब जाड़ा नहीं उतरैं, उरि आंधे जीव देवैं ॥३ ॥

The garb is a deception, Sants, it's nothing,

The six religious views and ninety-six heresies¹ have lost themselves in a world of delusion. (refrain)

The thirsty mind runs after a mirage: but the water it seeks is just an appearance.

There's no water of the Name there, not any at all—and you'll suffer from all your running. (1)

If you're hiding in a fortress of mist, tell me please how you'll find shelter?

And all of those people heeding their views? Death spared none of them. (2)

All of life is only a straw fire: our monkey minds gather around it.

The servant Rajab says: it doesn't take away the cold, but the blind-hearted give it their lives. (3)

¹) Though enumerated by exegetes, these numbers signify the totality of false views. For an enumeration, see RV, p. 1044, commentary on *pad* 28.

48. *Pad* (*rāg* Rāmkalī)

दरसन साच जु सांई दीया, आदू आप उदर मै कीया ।
 पिछला सब पाषंड पसारा, ऐसै सतगुर कहै हमारा ॥टेक ॥
 सुनति झूट जु बाहरि काटी, कपट जनेऊ हाथौ बाटी ।
 मनमूष मुद्रा मिथ्या सींगी, भरम भगौहां धींगाधींगी ॥१ ॥
 असति कला जैनौं जगि ठाटी, फाड़ि कांन फोकट मुषि पाटी ।
 परपंच माला तिलक जु बांने, इहां हीं आनि देही परि ठानें ॥२ ॥
 षट दरसन षोटे कलि कीनें, अलियल आइ इला परि लीनें ।
 जन रजब सो मानें नाहीं, पैली छाप नहीं इन मांहीं ॥३ ॥

The right view that the Lord gave you, he conceived it by himself when the world began—and you were still in the womb.

Afterwards all the heresies spread: this is what my true guru says. (refrain)

Circumcision is false if the cut is outside, and the sacred thread dispensed by hands is a fraud.

Yogic earrings show willfulness, while the yogi's horn is futile; wearing ochre robes and getting into fights are both errors. (1)

In this world the Jains made falsehood a craft: wearing a mouthshield, like splitting your earlobes, is worthless.¹

Prayer beads and brow marks and special attire—they've all come from this world and were thrust on your body. (2)

Views of religion created in this awful age are false: headstrong people came and brought them here.

They don't bear the primeval seal², so the servant Rajab can't accept them. (3)

¹) The line mixes freely practices of the Jains (mouthshield) and Nāthyogīs (splitting the ear at full initiation). This is a stylistic device to express that religious folly is pervasive. — ²) This recalls the Sufi notion of the heart of the shaikh or of any completely dedicated devotee being the signet into which are carved the divine attributes and names (Schimmel, *Mystical Dimensions*, p. 271).

49. *Pad (rāg Rāmkalī)*

संतो प्राण पषाण न माने,
 परम पुरुष बिन पाषंड सारा, तहां न आसति जाने ॥टेक ॥
 सरिता शैल सगे सुत बंधू, सेये मुक्ति न द्यावें ।
 सो स्वामी संपुट में बांधे, घर घर मोल बिकावें ॥ १ ॥
 जाका इष्ट अवनि नहिं छाड़ै, सेवक स्वर्ग न जाई ।
 या में फेर सार कछु नाहिं, भरम न भूलो भाई ॥२ ॥
 कांधे कंठ हमारे चालै, जोष्यू पावक पाणी ।
 रजब घड़े सुनार सिलावट, सो सकलाई जाणी ॥३ ॥

Sants, my soul is not content with stones,

The highest Lord alone is real, and all the rest is heresy that shouldn't be trusted at all. (refrain)

Stones fished from rivers¹ give no liberation, nor do brothers, sons, or relations.

People close the Lord up in a box and peddle him from house to house. (1)

Those praying to a deity that can't rise above the earth, themselves can't go to heaven.

These ways will change and have no essence, so don't be taken in by them! (2)

A god that rides on shoulders or is tied around the neck runs the risk of fire and water.

I know the power of objects crafted by goldsmiths and sculptors, says Rajab. (3)

¹⁾ The ammonites, *śālagrāms*, taken as representations of Viṣṇu.

50. *Pad (rāg Rāmkalī)*

अवधू कपट कला इक भारी, यूँ सद्गुरु साषि विचारी ।
 षट दर्शन दीरघ ठग बैठे, काल रूप व्यापारी ॥टेक ॥
 स्वांगी सबै स्वांग दे लीन्हे, वय बिच नेजाधारी ।
 ऐसी शठि भई सब ऊपरि, सौँज शिरोमणि हारी ॥१ ॥
 बांध किये वश बैल बिचारे, तप तीरथ कैलारी ।
 ऐसे धर्या काल ह्वै बैठ्या, लांबी पाश पसारी ॥२ ॥
 कुल बांधे कृत्रिम सौँ कसि कसि, मन वच कर्म विचारी ।
 स्वर्ग नर्क अरु मध्य मही पर, यूँ ठग करी ठगारी ॥३ ॥
 सुर नर नाथ दिये गूण्यू तलि, पीठ्यों छई सहारी ।
 जन रजब जो इनसे मुकते, तिन ऊपरि बलिहारी ॥४ ॥

O Avadhū, the true guru gave proof, and I realized their singular craftiness:

The six views' inveterate thugs are the traders: they embody Death. (refrain)

They're fakes who catch their prey by dealing in fake wares— spear-bearers infesting life.

Their trickery lies on top of all, so even the best scales and measures don't work. (1)

They've broken the poor oxen to their will, with their cares about austerities and sacred journeys.

Embodying Time, they've caught their prey by spreading a wide net of nooses. (2)
They've put men in family ties, fastened by counterfeit goods that occupy minds, words, and deeds.

In heaven, hell, and on the earth, that's how the thugs work their thuggery. (3)
They've overcome leaders of gods and men, and supporting the earthly elite won them over as well.

The servant Rajab says: To any who could free themselves from these thugs, I make myself a sacrifice. (4)

51. *Pad (rāg Rāmkalī)*

हिन्दू तुरक सुनो रे भाई, काहू से मत होहु दुषदाई ।
बीज्या होहि उधारा देणा, किया न कांठे जाई ॥टेक ॥
मारहिं जीव सोच बिन सौदा, मन मुष मांस गरासै ।
लेषा लियूं लषोगे प्राणी, यहु न टलैगी हांसै ॥ १ ॥
पग की पीड़ अश्म करि उन्हा, दुष ऊपरि सु लगाया ।
संग पुकार सुनी साईं ने, हजरत दांत तुड़ाया ॥ २ ॥
जौ की रोटी भाजी सेती, मुहमद उमर गुजारी ।
आगें ज्वाब जबह का मांगै, यूं कर करद न धारी ॥३ ॥
ऋषि रहते जंगल जाय बैठे, झड़े पड़े फल षाये ।
जठर अग्नि जुगति सौं टाली, जीव न जगत सताये ॥४ ॥
हुये हमाय ओलिया साधू, बेअजार सुषदाई ।
जन रजब उनकी छाया में, महर दया तिन पाई ॥५ ॥

Listen, my Hindu and Muslim brothers! Don't inflict pain on any others!

Release from debt depends on how much you can grow. Whatever you've done is with you always. (refrain)

It's senseless to make a living by killing living beings; people who devour meat think only of themselves.

You'll have to pay up your accounts, friends, you can't just laugh them all off. (1)

The Prophet's foot was hurting, so as a cure he heated a stone to put on it. This hurt the stone.

The Lord, nearby, heard the stone's cry and knocked out the Prophet's teeth. (2)

After that, Muhammad lived out his life eating millet bread and vegetables,
And when asked to kill an animal wouldn't touch a knife. (3)

Seers went out to the jungle and stayed there, eating fruit that had fallen from trees.
Their stomachs burned with hunger, but they knew techniques to dampen their pain
and never harmed any living creatures. (4)

The auliyas and sadhus are Humā birds, causing no pain, while spreading happiness.¹

The servant Rajab says: In the shadow of their wings, one gets kindness and compassion. (5)

¹⁾ The Humā bird brings good luck and the shadow of its wings creates kings. Its origin lies in the Old Iranian Avesta, but this mythological bird has impacted the whole Muslim world. One of its most powerful appearances in India is in the eighth chapter of the 'Birds' Conversation', *Mantiq al-tayr*, of Farīd al-Dīn 'Aṭṭar of the thirteenth-century Panjab. See Carlo Saccone, 'Humā', in *Encyclopaedia of Islam, THREE*, ed. Kate Fleet et al. http://dx.doi.org/10.1163/1573-3912_ei3_COM_30551. First published: 2018. Consulted on 8 September 2021.

52. Pad (rāg Rāmkalī)

सुणि सुणि बातें बेद की, चषिचौंधी समांने ।
 दह दिसि दौड़ै दूरि कौं, उरि अठसठि ठानें ॥टेक ॥
 भागौत कहै भगवंत दस, भूले सुणि भोले ।
 सुरग नरक मधिलोक मैं, मतमानि सु डोले ॥१ ॥
 श्रगुण त्रिगुण एक हैं, नित निगम बतावैं ।
 यूं आतम उरझी उरैं, सो सुलझि न आवैं ॥२ ॥
 संसा सबल न भागई, ब्याकरन बिचारा ।
 जन रजब सतगुर बिनां, जीव होइ न पारा ॥३ ॥

Always listening to the Veda, people are bedazzled,

Set on the sixty-eight pilgrimage sites, they rush in all directions. (refrain)

With the tenth book of the *Bhāgavata*¹ taken as God himself, simple folk are misled,
 While thinking people keep swaying from heaven to hell and the world in between.

(1)

The Vedic scriptures have always taught that the formless divine and the world of form are one.

If that's so, the self, entangled in this world, won't be able to get itself out of it. (2)

Pondering grammar won't make strong doubts go away.²

The servant Rajab says: Without the true guru, the soul can't get to the other side.

(3)

¹⁾ The tenth book of the *Bhāgavatapurāna* tells the life of Kṛṣṇa, the corporeal cowherd-god. —

²⁾ A jibe on the commentatorial procedures of *Bhāgavata* exegetes.

53. Pad (rāg Ṭoḍī)

डर है रे मुझ डर है रे ।
 पल पल आव घटै तन छीजै, जम बैरी सिर परु है रे ॥टेक ॥
 बादल बिपति बीजुली मनसा, बिबधि बिघन का झरु है रे ।
 चौरासी लष जीव जवासे, तेरी केतुक जरु है रे ॥१ ॥
 आपा अगनि अनंत दौं लागी, पंच तत सब तरु है रे ।
 मिहरि मेघ बिन कौन बुझावै, तन मन तूतिनु परु है रे ॥२ ॥
 दीरघ दुष दीसैं दसहूँ दिस, मीच सु सचराचरु है रे ।
 काल कसाई प्रांन पसू ये, सब के सिर परि करु है रे ॥३ ॥

त्राहि त्राहि यहु त्रास देषि करि, हरि सुमिरन कौ हरु है रे ।
जन रजब जोष्यु टारन कौ, एक राम कौ बरु है रे ॥४॥

I'm afraid, oh, so afraid!

Life shrinks every moment and the body wears away, the enemy Death hovers over me. (refrain)

From clouds of misery, the lightening of false hope flashes, then torrents of all sorts of troubles pour down.

The eighty-four lakhs of creatures are short prickly grasses, your roots are so frail! (1) Pride's forest fires endlessly rage through the five *tattvas*' trees.

Who but the cloud of mercy will put them all out? Like worthless grass, body and mind just keep burning. (2)

The old anxiety shows itself everywhere: moving or still, there's nothing but death. Time is the butcher; the creatures, the animals—all their heads are in his grip. (3)

They cry 'Save me, save me!' and seeing their suffering, I desperately want to remember Lord Hari.

The servant Rajab says: Rām alone has the power to remove my anguish. (4)

54. *Pad (rāg Ṭorī)*

भै है रे मुझ भै है रे,
बाहरि भीतरि बैरी बैठे, जीव कहां है जै है रे ॥टेक॥
मनिषा जनम द्यौस सोई बीतौ, रैनि परी तम मैं है रे ।
जांमण मरण षांहिं जिव गोते, दूतर आडी नै है रे ॥१॥
जम सु लुहार जीव सोई लोहा, आपा अगनि सु तै है रे ।
घट घट आरण सुरति संडासी, गुण घण मार सु दै है रे ॥२॥
चौरासी चौपड़ि फिर आयौ, अब देबे कौ पै है रे ।
करनीं हीन होत सोई काची, चोट चहूं दिसि षै है रे ॥ ३ ॥
जुगि जुगि जीव काल कौ भषिन, जम धायौ नहीं धै है रे ।
जन रजब यौं समझि सयानें, छूटन कूं हरि लै है रे ॥४॥

I'm frightened, oh, I'm frightened,

The enemies are both inside and out, so where will the soul pass through? (refrain)

Human life, which lasts a day, is over; night has come and there's only darkness.

The soul is plunged into death and birth, and the hostile river is hard to cross. (1)

Death is the blacksmith and the soul is the iron, which he'll melt in the fire of your ego,

Each body is his anvil, and mystical consciousness, his tongs; he'll strike with the hammer of virtues. (2)

Once more does the soul play the game of the eighty-four types of existence;¹ who's going to win it this time?

Your evil deeds are the losing pieces, blows come from all sides. (3)

Aeon by aeon Time's eaten up your life, while Death remains always unsatisfied.

The servant Rajab says: Be wise, and understand that for release you need to take to

Hari! (4)

¹⁾ Multiplied by 100,000, this is the number of incarnations, out of which only one will be a human one.

55. *Pad* (*rāg* Dhanāśrī)

Āratī

आरति कहूँ कैसी बिधि होई ।

सौँज सिरोमणि सो सब षोई ॥टेक॥

प्रथम पाट उर बैठे और, परम पुरिष कौं नाहीं ठौर ॥१॥

बांमां बाइ बही बिचि आई, ग्यांन दीप दिल दीया बुझाई ॥२॥

स्वाद सिला परि घंटा फूटी, पवन चवर डांडी श्रुति छूटी ॥ ३ ॥

पाती प्रीति पहम परि डारी, फहम फूल की माल बिसारी ॥४॥

च्यंता चोरि लीयौ चित चंदन, क्युं कीजै अरचा प्रभू बंदन ॥५॥

ठाकुर षडे षोड़ि कौ षड़िया, षोस्यो षल षट पेड़ा पड़िया ॥६॥

रजब मांगै सौँज सु दीजै, अंतरजांमीं आरति कीजै ॥७॥

Tell me how to perform the *āratī*: the crucial objects used for it are nowhere to be found. (refrain)

First, others now sit on the throne in the heart. There's no room there for the highest Lord. (1)

In the heart's lamp the flame of knowledge has gone out as well—blown away by the wind of Woman. (2)

The bell has burst on the stone of taste; and on the flywhisk of the life-breath, the staff of uprightness has broken. (3)

Leaves of love are scattered about on the dirt, a garland made from wisdom's flowers lies forgotten. (4)

With reason's sandalwood stolen by worry, how can the Lord be worshipped and praised? (5)

It stands there: an icon smeared with chalk on its brow, a sweetmeat once offered now snatched by the six thieves¹. (6)

Rajab implores you for what he needs to offer the Innermost Lord as *āratī*. Please give it to him! (7)

¹⁾ The mind and the five senses.

56. ग्रंथ अकल लीला — Treatise on the Play of the Undifferentiated

One

सेवग पूछै साहिब रांमां, कौन प्रकारि कीया यहु कांमां ।
 कै मनसा करि मांड अधारी, कै गुण रहित भई यहु सारी ॥१॥
 इष्ट बिना यह सिष्टि न होई, झूठी बात कहै मति कोई ।
 बिन च्यंता चित्रांम उपाया, ज्यू तरवर संगि दीसै छाया ॥२॥
 ससि मैं सुरम सु दीसै नाहीं, कवल कलेस रहित पुलि जाहीं ।
 त्यू पर आतम सौं आत्म सारी, सम्रथ इंछ्या रहित संवारी ॥३॥
 चंदन चाहि सु च्यंतन बंधी, भार अठारा भई सुगंधी ।
 यूं क्रम रहित करता क्रम कीनां, ऐसी बिधि यहु प्रांन पतीनां ॥४॥
 चंबक कब चंचल मति साची, जाकै संगि सुई सब नाची ।
 ऐसैं अचल चलाए प्रांनां, समझै कोई संत सुजांनां ॥५॥
 बादल बिजुली बूंद र वाई, सुनि शरीर सु उपजै आई ।
 त्यू त्रिगुन तैं श्रगुन रूपा, अकल निरंजन अमल अनूपा ॥६॥
 समुद सुरति बिन जलचर जागे, राग दोष क्रीड़ा क्रित लागे ।
 पाप पुंनि पांणीं कौं नाहीं, ऐसैं ब्रह्म सकल घट मांहीं ॥७॥
 आंषि अनंत आदीत अधारा, देषैं बिबधि भांति ब्यौहारा ।
 भले बुरे मैं नाहीं भांण, तैसैं रांम नांम की आंण ॥८॥
 दीपक जोति जुवारी सारे, एक जीते एकौं धन हारे ।
 हरिष सोक मैं नांहि उजासा, त्यू परमेसुर प्रांणहु पासा ॥९॥
 नीद निवास मनोरथ आये, क्रम अक्रम सु षेल्य समाये ।
 संकट मुक्त समाधिहि दूरी, अहिं बिधि जीव ब्रह्म भरपूरी ॥१०॥
 बाइ बंध वपि बिश्र अनेकै, मारुत मांहिं न जानैं एकै ।
 त्यू सकल गुणहु त्रिगुण आधारा, बीचि बस्त नहीं लिपै बिकारा ॥११॥
 ज्यू सफल ब्रिछ षग स्यंन्या बासा, कांम क्रोध करि तिन का नाशा ।
 रूष रहित हत्या अरु हेतै, त्यू जगपति जग मांहीं सेतै ॥१२॥
 कवल कृतघन देषौ दीठी, जा मै उतपति ता जल पीठी ।
 बारि बिमुष मनि सोग उछाहा, यौं सुष सागर मैं जीव दाहा ॥१३॥
 सकल प्रांण पृथी परि मेला, नांनां बिधि के षेलै षेला ।
 धरनी न धारै तिनके रंगा, त्यू पर आत्म आत्म संग्गा ॥१४॥
 दरपन मैं दीसैं सब देसा, ताकौं भार नहीं दुष लेसा ।
 यूं गुण रहित सु अंतरजांमीं, ताही मैं षेलैं सब कांमीं ॥१५॥
 अगनि अठारह भार समीपा, स्वांदहु संगि स्वाद नहीं छीपा ।
 यूं अंजन मांहि निरंजन आपै, ता कूं परसै पुनि न पापै ॥१६॥
 मनिगन बहुत सूत मधि एकै, अरस परस अर भ्यंन बिमेकै ।
 ऐसी बिधि दीसै जगनाथा, सब तैं न्यारा सब कै साथा ॥१७॥
 मणि भुजंग ज्यू मांहैं रहई, उभै परसपर गुण नहीं गहई ।
 त्यू तन मन मांहैं तत सारा, गुरु परसादि सु कीया बिचारा ॥१८॥
 तुम्ह समांनि नाहीं उनमांनां, बिषम संधि क्यूं करौं बषांनां ।

अकह ठौर यह तुम्हौं कहाई, गुरु दादू प्रसादि सु पाई ॥१९॥
 सकल करै क्रम माहि न आवै, परम भेद पूरा जन पावै ।
 श्रबंगी संग्रथ गति न्यारी, जन रजब ता परि बलिहारी ॥२०॥

The servant asked the Lord: 'How was this work produced, O Rām?

Is the creation based on your will, or did it arise from that One with no qualities?'

(1)

'No creation without intention' is false, a statement none should ever make.

Creation is a picture displayed with no intention, just like the shadow of a tree. (2)

The moon does not contrive to be seen, and lotus flowers make no effort to unfold.

In this way every self emerges from the One Self, each fashioned competently—but unintentionally so. (3)

Since all trees think of the sandal tree with longing, they absorb its scent.

This is how the Maker who doesn't act, once acted. That's what I believe. (4)

When would a magnet think about making iron shards, when near it, burst into dance?

In this way, the one who does not move causes men to move. Rare's the wise Sant who understands this. (5)

Clouds, lightning, raindrops, and wind each arise embodied from the void.

In this way, what is qualified derives from the Unqualified. Matchless are the deeds of undifferentiated Nirāñjana. (6)

The ocean's not attached to the creatures alive in it, it's they who stage the play of love and hate.

The water doesn't know of sin and merit: in this way the highest Self is present in us all. (7)

Illuminated by the sun, innumerable eyes watch all kinds of behaviour,

But the sun plays no part in the good or bad acts those eyes see —taking the name of Rām I swear to this. (8)

The light of a lamp shines on all gamblers: some win and others lose.

But the light shines not to illuminate the joy or sorrow of either. Such is the Supreme Lord's relationship with humankind. (9)

Desires occur to a man asleep at home. The desires don't act, but instead are absorbed into a play of actions.

They're far from the deep meditation that brings release from worry. It's that through which the Highest Self pervades embodied souls. (10)

The stopping of bodily breath causes problems of all sorts, but the breath of the inner life knows none of them.

In the same way, every quality has its base in the Unqualified, while the real thing inside is hurt by nothing. (11)

Hosts of birds may live in a fruiting tree; some might be killed out of lust or anger.

The tree, though, neither kills nor cares; just so, the immanent Lord of the World is pure. (12)

Watch the ungrateful lotus, which turns its back on the water from where it sprang. Turned away from the water, its mind becomes pained by desire, like a soul on fire in a sea of happiness. (13)

All beings gather on the earth, playing at all sorts of games.

Just as the earth adopts none of their moods, the Highest Self adopts none either—even as he stays in touch with all the many selves. (14)

A whole country is reflected in a mirror, which has no cares at all for the country's troubles.

Just so, the Controller within has no qualities to show—even though everyone's at play in him, each in pursuit of their own desires. (15)

Fire is inherent in all trees, thus mixing with their various scents—while not reacting to them at all.

In this way, the Unstained One abides in every stain, while actions both sinful and worthy don't touch him. (16)

Through the many pearls runs just a single thread: the pearls are all different, although they touch each other.

The Lord of the World is like that thread, together with all but distinct from all. (17)

The jewel adorns the snake¹, but neither grasps the other's worth.

Likewise, the essence of being is found in the body and mind: I've come to know this through the guru's grace. (18)

No description matches you, how can I explain this perplexing coming together of everything and sameness?

You're called the place beyond description—which I have reached by Guru Dādū's grace. (19)

While doing all, he takes no part in any deed: a perfect devotee alone can grasp this deepest mystery.

Although he can do anything, his ways are his own: to this detached Lord, Rajab makes himself an offering. (20)

¹) The cobra is said to bear a jewel on its forehead.

57. प्राण पारिष — Examination of the Soul

प्राण पुरिष की पारिष पाई, जा गुनि मिलै ताहि समि भाई ।
 ज्यूं जल पैठि ईष गुड़ होई, पोस्त परस अफीमौं सोई ।
 अठारह भार मांहि जल पैठै, गुन समानं स्वाद ह्वै बैठै ।
 जैसी बिधि बहु रंगति नीरा, स्याम सेत कै राता पीरा ।
 ऐसी बिधि आत्मां पिछांनीं, ता समि तूलि जाहि गुन सांनीं ।
 सीत लागि जल हेमौं होई, अगनि प्रसंग उख पुनि सोई ।

ग्यांन द्रिष्टि करि देषिया, आत्म उदिक सरूप ।
 श्रगुण मिलि श्रगुण सही, त्रिगुण मिलि निज रूप ॥१॥
 आत्म भाव एक सोई ऐसा, जा गुण मिलै ताहि गुण तैसा ।
 एक भाव राग सब परसै, राग समानि भाव बिचि दरसै ।
 सोई भाव पढै बहु बांनीं, बेद कतेब भाव द्वै जानीं ।
 नांनां बिधि हूनर ह्वै भावै, गुन समानं ह्वै बीचि लषावै ॥२॥
 एकै भाव पंच रस भोगी, सोई भाव उलटि फुनि जोगी ।
 नांनां बिधि देही गुन भावै, यहु पारिष बिरला जन पावै ।
 जिनि अंगों प्राणीं पति मेला, ते सब अंग भाव के षेला ।
 आत्म परषी लगनि समि, जिस लागी तिस अंग ।
 जन रजब जीव फटक गति, धर्या अधर ह्वै रंग ॥३॥

I have examined the human soul: It takes on the qualities that happen to come its way.

Water that goes into the sugarcane plant becomes sweet, while poppies can turn water into opium.

As water finds its way into all the different trees, it takes on their distinctive tastes. Depending on which pigments are in it, water becomes black, white, red, or yellow. Exactly like this should the soul be perceived: it becomes like the qualities it soaks up.

In the cold, water turns into snow, but it becomes hot on a fire.

Viewed with a wise discerning eye, the soul resembles water:

When things it encounters have qualities, the soul takes them on, but when it meets anything free of them, the soul assumes its genuine form. (1)

A state of the soul is only this: it takes on the qualities that happen to come its way. A single state of mind is touched by infinite moods, and like those moods that state is felt within.

I've studied this inner state in many scriptures, which the Veda and other books know as having two types.

Whatever skill someone finds appealing, he'll find a quality like it within. (2)

For the seeker of pleasure, the inner state has five tastes; but there's only one taste for the yogi.

People find all kinds of qualities appealing, and few devotees are not tempted by them.

The shape in which you meet the Lord, springs from the inner state's play.

Examining the soul is like determining an auspicious moment: each person has its own.

The servant Rajab says: The soul behaves like a crystal: it takes on the colour of whatever supports it. (3)

Santdās

58. *Pad* (*rāg* Dhanāśrī)

चैन भई ले बैन रसीले साधनां, जीयरौ न रहाई हो ।
 साध सबद मन हरि लीयौ, शुंनि मंडल मैं आइ हो ॥टेक ॥
 मन मनसा मन ही मिले, सहजि मगन रस भीनां हो ।
 चित चहुं दिसि त्रिमल भयौ, तव अगम गवन गम कीन्हां हो ॥१ ॥
 जनम मरण संमिता भई, संसार विकार नसाया हो ।
 प्राण पुरिस परचौ भयौ, तव अगम भरोसा आया हो ॥२ ॥
 साध सबद शुष जिनि लह्यौ, ते सदा रहत अनरागी हो ।
 निरबंधन त्रिहुंलोक मैं, सतगुरि सबद निवाजे हो ॥३ ॥
 मन षोर्जें मन हीं रह्यौ, निज निरमल दरसायौ हो ।
 आपा आप पिछानियौ, तव अंतरि तिमर नसायौ हो ॥४ ॥
 अचल मिल्यौ चलतैं रह्यौ, अविनासी पद पायौ हो ।
 एकमेक ह्वै मिलि रह्यौ, तव परपंच परलै बहायौ हो ॥५ ॥
 तन मन प्राण विलै गये, अंमी समदि संमानौ हो ।
 संतदास त्रिगुण मिले, तव अकरंम करंम भुलानैं हो ॥६ ॥

I followed the words of my honeyed Lord and now I am at peace; my soul no longer has limits.

My mind was enthralled by the Sadhu's speech, and entered the realm of the void.
(refrain)

When your mind's desires are met in the mind itself, you're naturally drenched in the waters of love.

And when your mind is purified all over, you can access the Inaccessible. (1)

When birth and death have become as one, the world of change exists no more.

When the soul sees itself as the Primal one, it gains faith in the Inaccessible. (2)

Those who find bliss in the Sadhu's speech are steeped in love forever.

No longer bound by the triple worlds, they live in the grace of the true guru's word. (3)

After they search through their minds, they see that their minds remain pure and alone.

Through discovering the self, inner darkness ends. (4)

When you've found the Immovable, all you can do is stop moving—for you've reached the eternal place.

Someone who's united with the One sees the world he used to know as totally dissolved. (5)

If your body, mind and life-breath fuse, you're absorbed in the immortal sea.

When you meet the formless one, says Santdās, you forget all your actions, good and bad. (6)

59. *Pad (rāg Sorṭhi)*

काल गति औरैं ही भई ।
 बहसनि षिलनि मिलन सबहिन की, मानौं कहुं काढ़ि लई ॥टेक॥
 कहां वह रीति प्रीति पहल की, दिन दिन होत नई ।
 कहां भाव गति जुगति सत संगति, जहां की तहां रही ॥१॥
 अब है येक अधार नाव कौ, जे लेवा देइ दई ।
 संतदास संतनि उर निमसौं, हरि आनंदमई ॥२॥

Brother, the ways of Time are something else.

Laughing and having fun, mixing with everyone—it's as if all this is pulled away.

(refrain)

Where are our former affections and habits, which we renewed from day to day?

Where did our emotions go, our trust in disciplined ways and sense of community?

All this is gone. (1)

Now only the Name can support us—if destiny wills that we let it.

I'll enjoy the bliss of Hari, says Santdās, dwelling amongst the Sants. (2)

60. कड़षौ — War Song of the Type of *Karakau (rāg Sorṭhi)*

कहुं पवाड़ा प्रेम सू, कासी नगर मंझार ।
 गंगा जी परसन भया, कहौ दादू गुण सार ॥अ॥
 अड़ीषम बंका राजि दादू ।
 राचि रहौ हरि नांव लीया, पंथ पूर्व राजि आदू ॥टेक॥
 परापर परब्रह्म परमगुरु, पर आत्म प्रभेवा ।
 अकल अजन्मा गरभ न आवै, सो दादू का देवा ॥ब॥
 इला पुकारी आप सौं, भू परि चढियौ भार
 पाप फैलि चाल्यौ प्रथी परि, बात करौ बहार ॥१॥
 भू कौ भार उतारण म्हेल्यौ, कलियुग मांहीं केसौ ।
 दादू नांव निसाण बजावे, पाप पर्हा जाइ षेसौ ॥२॥
 के डावैं के जिव्यंगै, भेष सकल जन सूरा ।
 जहां विच दादू दीपिये, भजन किया भरपूरा ॥३॥
 दादू दूजा सौं कहैं, भगति करण रौ भेद ।
 सुमरण सख ल्यौ संतो, ज्यूं जम करि सकै न छेद ॥३अ॥
 हिन्दू तुरक सुलझाईया, ज्यां विच चलाया पंथ ।
 परपंच कोई न पतियारौ, स्वामी ऐसा समाया तंत ॥४॥
 घड्या घाट पूजे नहीं, पांहण सीस न नवावै ।
 निराकार निरलेप निरंजन, जा की कीरत्य गावै ॥७॥
 औतारां अटकै नही, लीयौं वेद कौ भेद ।
 सकल भरमनां भाजि करि, स्वांमीं ऐसा कीया निषेद ॥८॥
 सिष्य साषा सेवग घनां, कोई न भेष बनाया ।

सूर गही समसेर साच की, हिंदू तुरक नवाया ॥९॥
 माला मुद्र जटा अरु भगवा, भेष लीयां क्या होई ।
 परमेसुर नै प्यारा लागै, साहिब सुमरै सोई ॥१०॥
 काहे काजी पंडित बूझो, काहे बूझौ जोसी ॥
 करणहार सो करता करिसी, हूणहार सो होसी ॥११॥
 धरमी धरम करो बहुतेरा, बिन करणी को सीधा ।
 करणीं करै अलष गुण गावै, राम जिन्हां सू रीधा ॥१२॥
 अहंमदाबाद मैं औतर्या दादू, हिंदू तुरक जग जाणै ।
 पातिसाह नै प्रचा दीनौ, करि अस्थान नराणै ॥१३॥
 समंदां नाव डूबती काढी, हित करि हाथ पसार्या ।
 सांभरि में काजी संमझाया, कागद अंक संवार्या ॥१४॥
 सात देह धरि सात महोछा, सेवग नै सुष दीन्हां ।
 सेवग कहैं निवाज्या स्वामी, धनि म्हे दरसन कीन्हां ॥१६॥
 षादू मैं मैमंतौ हाथी, मस्तक आनि नवायौ ।
 करै सलांम सूझि सू चाढौ, धनि म्हे दरसन पायौ ॥१७॥
 पूरब पछिम उत्तर दक्षण, चारि कूट चौबारी ।
 करम तणां दल कांपिया, आई स्वामी दादू की असवारी ॥१८॥
 पाषर पहर्या प्रेम का, सज्या नांव नीसांण ।
 दे डंका दादू चढ्या, बहैं जुझा ऊ बांण ॥ १९ ॥
 टोप रंगावलि रहतिका, सज्या सील संजोग ।
 सुमिरण सख साजिया, जम घरि पड़्या विवोग ॥ २० ॥
 सोर सराबा होइ बहुतेरा, दल मैं बागौ डाकौ ।
 दादू चढ्या दूत दलबे कौं, पिसण पजांवण पाकौ ॥ २१ ॥
 सीस बिराजै सेहरौ, कटक केहरिया साथी ।
 जमराणा सौं मर्यौ मार कौं, जोगी लाया जमाती ॥ २१अ ॥
 रजब सरीषा राजई, ये मुषि आगली झूझैं ।
 सिष्य साषा में बांवन बलिवंत, और कटक कुंण बूझै ॥२२॥
 हलचल हुई हौकल्या हैवरा, पग पवंगां सिर मार्या ।
 गैवर गुडै रगत बहैं राता, दल दोष्यां रा षार्या ॥२३॥
 अनंत कोटि दल चढ्या दर्ईका, नवषंड वागा नादू ।
 सूरं वाग उपाड़ी सबही, अंणी आगिली दादू ॥२४॥
 एक चढ्या एक सू अधिका, पारब्रह्म को साथ ।
 मोहरै मैं दादू मडिया, षेत आवीयौ हाथ ॥२५॥
 वैला पैला दल आहुड्या, ऊण षंभा रुप्या बिचालै ।
 भारथ कीयौ वडां भुपालां, भगवंत सांमौं भालै ॥ २६ ॥
 सुरग लोग सादानां बागा, रह्या सिपाही साज ।
 माझी मर्या मार कै मौढे, कीया धणी का काज ॥२७॥
 हस्ती कै हौदै चढ्या, चवर ढलै लष च्यारि ।
 मेघाडंबर फाबीया, उभा माझी मारि ॥२८॥
 ऊण संग्राम मांडि जग जीत्या, कुसलां घरां पधार्या ।

धणी आपणों राजी कीन्हों, अधिका पटी वधार्या ॥२९॥
 करै अपछरा आरती, बंदै तीनों लोक ।
 मुजरै सकल मेदिनी आई, थिर राष्या सब थोक ॥ २९अ ॥
 दादू दास महौला कारण्य, फागुण मैं दल फेरै ।
 एक मास मुजरौ ले सब कौ, हित कर्या नैं हेरै ॥३०॥
 दादू का दरबार मैं, फालगुण बाड़ी फूली ।
 साधूजन सुमिरण करैं, जाणों सुरग किवाड़ी पुली ॥३१॥
 सुरग दिसा रिधि उतरै, केई भीतरि भर्या भंडारा ।
 मंडल महौछा होइ बहुतेरा, साधु बिलसणहारा ॥३२॥
 कथा कीरतन मंडल महौछा, पंडित पोथी बांचैं ।
 वाजै ताल मृदंग झंझ डफ, आगैं नटवा नाचैं ॥३३॥
 बोलुं तंबु समांनां, बिचि करि महल बिराजै ।
 सागर नीर भर्या मुष आगैं, राग छतीसुं बाजैं ॥३४॥
 जेज्या लम्यौ देहरुौ पड़्यौ, भेषन होई भेला ।
 कलिजुग मांहै कला प्रगटी, नगर नराणों मेला ॥३४अ॥
 एकादसी देहरा तीरथ, सब का मूल समाया ।
 दिल भीतरि दरसन करै, गुण गोव्यंद रा गाया ॥३९॥
 का अस्यपती गजपती कहा, सब परथी लागै पाइ ।
 दादू की निंदा करै, सौई रसातलि जाइ ॥४०॥
 षट दरसन अरु च्यारि संप्रदा, मार गए पणि हौता ।
 दादू पंथ लीया पूरबला, दरगह जाइ पहुंचता ॥४१॥
 अमल जमाया आकरा, भारी पीसण पजाया ।
 करता कहै पधारौ दादू, सूबा भला सझाया ॥४२॥
 धू प्रहलाद सुदांमां नांमा, जहां कबीर रैदासा ।
 भगति मौज पाई पट मैं, सुनि सिषर गढ बासा ॥४३॥
 मन सौं मन भारथ करै, तब मन रहै निराट ।
 दिल भीतर दरसन करै, ज्यू काई लगै न काट ॥४४॥
 कै मन भारथ सांभलै, कै गावै चित लाइ ।
 मन भारथ दादू कीया, क्युं आनंद लीया अघाइ ॥ ४५ ॥
 सिध साधिक सुणिज्यौ सबै, मुझि मारु की बांनी ।
 कीरति दादूदास की, गावै संतदास गलतांणीं ॥४६॥
 बांनीं अमृतवेलड़ी, बहुत कीया बिस्तार ।
 कीरति दादूदास की, चढी समंदा पार ॥४७॥

Out of love, let me sing you this ballad: In the city of Kāśī,

Gangāji asked me to set down the essence of Dādū's greatest distinctions. (a')

Dādū rules, strong and gallant,

He's absorbed in repeating the name of Hari, who began and rules the ancient *panth*.

(refrain)

Remote and near, the ultimate *brahman*, the greatest guru, and ultimate *ātma*, Hari's
beyond any difference at all;

Unborn and undivided, he's never taken birth—such is Dādū's God. (b)
 The earth herself had called out to Dādū, 'A burden oppresses the land:
 Sin holds sway all over the world. Get rid of it!' (1)
 In this terrible age, Dādū is Keśav—sent to remove the earth's burden of sin.
 Beating the Name's kettledrum, he forces sin to flee in retreat. (2)
 Why should one search around here and there: a heroic servant needs no religious
 trappings.
 The people among whom Dādū shines are fully engrossed in their worship. (3)
 The mystery of bhakti practice he also imparted to others:
 'Sants, take up the weapon of remembering the Lord: that way, Death can't slay
 you!'(3a)
 He undid the difference between Hindus and Muslims, for both of whom he
 launched the *panth*,
 And he did not believe in the world: such was our Svāmī, at one with the highest
 truth. (4)²
 At the popular ghats he did not worship, nor did he bow to stones.
 Instead, he sang the praise of Nirañjana, formless and immaculate. (7)
 He stayed away from the avatars, while knowing the Veda's mysteries.
 Thus able to quash all errors, the Svāmī refuted falsehoods. (8)
 His disciples formed many branches and his followers were vast; nobody flaunted
 religious emblems.
 Taking up the sword of truth, that warrior brought down Hindu-Muslim
 difference. (9)
 Rosaries, earrings, matted locks and ochre robes: What's the point of all these?
 The one who remembers the Lord is dear to God. (10)
 Why consult qazis or pandits, how can astrologers help?
 The actor can act only through action, and whatever's to happen will be. (11)
 Let the righteous be as righteous as they like, but no one is successful without action.
 Rām is happy with those who take action, while singing the Unseeable One's
 glory. (12)
 Dādū took his human form in Ahmedabad —something all Hindus and Muslims
 know.
 He granted the emperor a vision, and later on settled in Naraina. (13)
 A ship was about to sink and Dādū pulled it from the water; he then spread his hand
 benignly over it.
 He taught a qazi in Sambhar a lesson, changing a document's letters. (14/15)
 Taking on seven bodies, he graced seven feasts at once, making all his followers
 happy.
 His followers said, 'Our Svāmī's been merciful, we're blessed that we saw this.' (16)

A mad elephant proceeded toward Dādū in Khatu, then lowered his head before him,

And made homage with his trunk; we're blessed by the sight of him. (17)

In east, west, north and south, in all four directions and assembly halls everywhere, The forces of karma trembled, for Svāmī Dādū's horsemen had arrived. (18)

Equipped with the Name's kettledrum, Dādū put on the armour of love.

Beating the drum, he strode forth; and drawing his sword, he fought skilfully. (19)

He was neatly fit out with a helmet of virtue and discipline's harness.

Wielding the sword of remembrance, he made the House of Death despondent. (20)

Loud shouting and noise abounded; the drum was beaten among the troops.

Dādū strode forth to crush Death's messengers, deftly repelling the enemy. (21)

The hero's crown adorned his head, and with him were warriors staking their lives,

The one who had died to the world has brought his army of yogis to beat King

Death. (21 a)

Heroes like Rajab fought at the front of the very first line of battle.

In the disciples' branch, fifty-two stalwart fighters stood out, leading who knows how many more warrior armies. (22)

Excellent horses were frenzied, their hoofs kicking at heads.

Mighty elephants collapsed, steeped in blood, the forces of the enemy crushed. (23)

Countless troops were moving ahead, while the whole earth rang with the sound within.

The heroes rode their horses at full gallop, and in the front line stood Dādū. (24)

They all marched forth, each bolder than the next, together with the Supreme.

Dādū stood in the very first line and won the battle ground. (25)

The forces fought on every side, and he stood like a column among them.

Against great kings, he fought the epic war, his attention turned to God. (26)

Auspicious music resounded in heaven, the soldiers were ready to fight,

In the front line of battle soldiers fought and died, doing their master's work. (27)

Sitting in elephants' howdahs, they waved four *lakhs* of flywhisks.

They had engaged in battle from howdahs, canopied and decorated. (28)

Fighting this battle, they conquered the world, entering mansions of well-being.

They made their Master happy, and he gave them wonderful grants. (29)

Apsaras³ wave lights to honour them, and to them the three worlds bow.

All earth has come forth to pay homage: and every honour, they've received. (29a)

In the month of Phālgun, Dādū Dās directs his troops home for a festival.

For a month he receives the homage of everyone, looking after them with loving care. (30)

In Dādū's court, Phālgun is when the garden blossoms:

The monks are absorbed in remembering God's name, and it seems like the doors of heaven have opened. (31)

Inner wealth falls from the heavens, filling up countless storerooms within.

To entertain the monks, people organize different festivities: (32)

A festival of sermons and of groups singing praise, pandits reciting from books,
Handbells, mridangas, cymbals and tambourines—all these resound, with dancers
performing in front of them. (33)

Tents are pitched everywhere, and a temple shines forth in their midst.

In front of the temple's a lake filled with water: the thirty-six *rāgas* are played. (34)

A tax was levied and a temple came up, in a place where the monks wearing robes
get together.

In this sorry age, art comes to life at Naraina's religious fair. (34a)

Pilgrimage, temples, Ekādaśī-vows,⁴—someone absorbed in the root of all of these
Sees Govinda in his heart and sings his glory. (39)

What's a great commander, and what is a prince—when all the earth bows before
Dādū.

If someone slanders Dādū, he will go to hell. (40)

The Dādūpanth, true to its promise, defeated the six views and four *sampradāyas*,⁵

It thus fulfilled its destiny, gaining access to the court of the Lord. (41)

Because he had served without flinching and repelled a strong enemy,

The Creator said, 'Come, Dādū, you've been graced with an excellent land, (42)

Where Dhruv, Prahlād, Sudāmā, Kabīr, Nāmā, and Raidās

Were given the bliss of bhakti as their reward: a dwelling in the fortress on the peak
of the void.' (43)

Fight the mental Mahābhārata⁶ against your own mind, and your mind will be set
free,

Nothing can harm anyone who sees within their heart. (44)

Pursuing the mental Mahābhārata and engrossed in praise of the Name,

Dādū fought the mental war; his appetite for bliss was never fully satisfied. (45)

Perfected ones and seekers, all of you listen to these verses of Mārū:

Santdās Galtānī sings the praise of Dādū Dās. (46)

I've been very thorough in this composition, a creeper of immortality,

The praise of Dādū Dās reaches the farthest shore of life's ocean. (47)

¹) Verses added in a manuscript are marked by small letters of the alphabet, and so are verses unnumbered in a manuscript. — ²) Stanzas 5, 6, and 35–8 do not exist. This seems to be merely a mistake in numbering. — ³) Heavenly dancing-girls (myth.). — ⁴) Ekādaśī is the eleventh day of the half of the lunar month. This is observed by certain vows. — ⁵) The four established Vaishnava orders, who observed iconic worship. — ⁶) The war in which the eponymous epic culminates.

Sundardās

61. *Sākhī* from ‘Chapter of the Evaluation of Speech’

रचना करी अनेक बिधि भलौ बनायो धाम ।

सुन्दर मूरति बाहरी, देवल कौने काम ॥

Literature can be composed in many ways, like building an elegant dwelling,
But what is the use of a temple, says Sundar, if that houses no sacred image?

62. Savaiyā from ‘Chapter of the Divine Guru’

Link: <https://doi.org/10.11588/heidicon/1716663>



Ill. 19: Nirbhaynathji (1947—) at his ashram in Sesli, Pali District;
performance of texts 62 and 63 in reverse order. © D. Rajpurohit 2021.

मौज करी गुरुदेव दया करि शब्द सुनाइ कह्यौ हरि नेरौ ।
ज्यौं रवि कै प्रगट्ये निशि जात सु दूर कियौ भ्रम भानि अंधेरौ ।

काइक बाइक मानस हू करि है गुरुदेव हि बंदन मेरौ,
सुन्दरदास कहै कर जोरि जु दादूदयाल कौ हूं नित चेरौ ॥१॥

In his mercy the guru brought me delight: he made Hari's Name resound within me.
Like the night disappearing at sunrise, delusion's darkness faded away.
I worship my blessed Guru with my body, speech and mind.
Joining his hands in reverence, Sundardās says, 'I'm a servant of Dādū Dayāl forever.'

63. *Savaiyā* from 'Chapter of Reminder of Mortality'

ये मेरे देश बिलाइति हैं गज ये मेरे मंदिर या मेरी थाती ।
ये मेरे मात पिता पुनि बंधव ये मेरे पूत सु ये मेरे नाती ॥
ये मेरि कामिनी केलि करै नित ये मेरे सेवक हैं दिन राती ।
सुन्दर वैसैहिं छाडि गयौ सब तेल जयौं रु बुझी जब बाती ॥

Here are my territories, here are my elephants, and all this is my property,
Here are my parents, here are my brothers, and these are my sons and my grandsons.
Here are my women, always there to amuse me, and here are my servants, at hand
day and night.
They've simply abandoned you now, says Sundar—like a wick run out of oil, you've
been extinguished.

64. *Savaiyā* from 'Chapter of Opposites'

बैल उलटि नायक कौं लाद्यौ बस्तु मांहि भरि गौनि अपार ।
भली भांति कौ सौदा कियौ आइ दिसंतर या संसार ॥
नाइकनी पुनि हरषत डोलै मोहि मिल्यौ नीकौ भरतार ।
पूंजी जाइ साह कौं सौपी सुन्दर सरतैं उतर्या भार ॥

Reversing roles, the bullock packed the trader up—with endless loads of
unessentials heaped atop the real thing,
He came into this world, a foreign place, and his trade went briskly.
The trader's wife was overjoyed with her able husband.
Handing over his capital to the merchant-banker, Sundar's head was finally relieved
from its burden.

65. *Savaiyā* from 'Chapter of Opposites'

बनिक एक बनिजी कौं आयौ परैं तावरा भारी भैठि ।
भली बस्तु कछु लीनी दीनी भैचि गठिरिया बांधी ऐंठि ॥
सौदा कियौ चलयौ पुनि घर कौं लेषा कियौ बरीतर बैठि ।
सुन्दर साह षुसी अति हूवा बैल गया पूंजी मैं पैठि ॥

A merchant came for trade in fierce and scorching heat; bartering for some good stuff, he knotted it all in a pile and strapped it up firmly.

The trade accomplished, he went home again; seated under a banyan tree he drew up his accounts.

Sundar's merchant-banker was greatly pleased with these, for the bullock had been balanced by the capital.

66. *Kavitt* from 'Chapter of the Discrimination of the Types of Speech'

एक बांणी रूपवंत भूषन बसन अंग, अधिक बिराजमान कहियत ऐसी है ।
 एक बांणी फाटे टूटे अंबर उढ़ाये आनि, ताहू मांहि बिपरीति सुनियत तैसी है ।
 एक बांणी मृतकहि बहुत सिंगार किये, लोकनि कौ नीकी लगै संतनि को भै सी है ।
 सुन्दर कहत बांणी त्रिबिध जगत मांहि, जानै कोऊ चतुर प्रबीन जाकै जैसी है ॥

One kind of poetic speech is like a woman with beautiful clothes and pretty adornments: she's described as lustrously shining.

Another type's like a woman whose clothes are torn and tattered: listening to her poetic speech is repellent.

The third type is simply dead, like a woman smothered by too many ornaments: although she may appeal to some, Sants stay away from her.

Three types of poetic speech exist in the world, says Sundar, but distinguishing one from another needs cleverness and skill.

67. *Kavitt* from 'Chapter of the Discrimination of the Types of Speech'

बोलिये तौ तब जब बोलिबे की सुधि होइ, न तौ मुष मौन करि चुप होइ रहिये ।
 जोरिये ऊ तब जब जोरिबौ ऊ जानि परै, तुक छंद अरथ अनूप जामै लहिये ।
 गाइये ऊ तब जब गाइबे कौ कंठ होइ, श्रवण के सुनत ही मन जाइ गहिये ।
 तुकभंग छंदभंग अरथ न मिले कछु, सुन्दर कहत ऐसी बांणी नहिं कहिये ॥

Speak only if you know how to speak, otherwise keep your mouth closed and stay silent.

Compose poetry just if you know how to do so, with rhyme, metre and meaning that can't be matched.

Sing only if you've a fine singing voice, so that listening to it enraptures the heart.

Poetic speech that's meaningless, with broken rhyme or metre—this, says Sundar, should never be voiced!

68. *Kuṇḍaliyā* from 'Chapter of Slander of Women'

रसिक प्रिया रस मंजरी और सिंगारहि जानि ।
 चतुराई करि बहुत बिधि विषै बनाई आनि ।
 विषै बनाई आनि लगत विषयिन कौ प्यारी ।
 जागै मदन प्रचण्ड सराहैं नष शिष नारी ।
 ज्यौं रोगी मिष्ठान षाइ रोगहि बिस्तारै ।
 सुन्दर यह गति होइ जुतौ रसिक प्रिया धारै ॥

Rasikapriyā, Rasmañjarī, Śringār. informed by these books' ideas, clever writers show women in ways that please the senses.

Shown in ways pleasing the senses, a woman appeals to lecherous men.

Praising a woman's body from head to toe gives rise to the strongest desires.

Like a patient making his illness worse by eating heavy sweets,

Such are those lecherous people, says Sundar, engaging with *Rasikapriyā*.

69. *Chappay*

नष शिष शुद्ध कवित्त पढ़त अति नीकौ लग्गै ।
 अंग हीन जो पढ़ै सुनत कविजन उठि भग्गै ॥
 अक्षर घटि बढि होइ षुड़ावत नर ज्यौं चल्लै ।
 मात घटै बढि कोइ मनौ मतवारौ हल्लै ॥
 औढेर काण सो तुक अमिल, अर्थहीन अंधो यथा ।
 कहि सुन्दर हरिजस जीव है, हरिजस बिन मृत कहि तथा ॥

Reading poetry flawless from head to toe is really very nice.

If someone reads verses without enough limbs, though, poets take to flight.

If syllables are too many or missing, poetry limps like a lame man.

With too few or many morae, it staggers like a drunkard.

If the rhymes don't match, it's like a crooked person with only one eye; it's like a blind man when it's meaningless.

Says Sundar: The life of a poem's the praise of Hari; without the praise of Hari it's dead.

70. *Pad* (*rāg* Āsāvārī)

Link: <https://doi.org/10.11588/heidicon/1716665>



Ill. 20: Svami Lakshmandasji (ca. 1930–?) of the Udaipur Jamāt in Udaipurvati, Jhunjhunu District at performance in 2004. © IGNCA and South Asia Institute.

कोई पिवै राम रस प्यासा रे ।
 गगन मंडल मैं अमृत सरवै उनमनि कै घर बासा रे ॥टेक॥
 सीस उतारि धरै धरती पर करै न तन की आसा रे ।
 ऐसा महिंगा अमी बिकावै छह रिति बारह मासा रे ॥१॥
 मोल करै सो छकै दूर तैं तोलत छूटै बासा रे ।
 जो पीवै सो जुग जुग जीवै कबहुं न होइ बिनासा रे ॥२॥
 या रस काजि भये नृप जोगी छाडै भोग बिलासा रे ।
 सेज सिंघासन बैठै रहते भस्म लगाइ उदासा रे ॥३॥
 गोरषनाथ भरथरी रसिया सोई कबीर अभ्यासा रे ।
 गुरु दादू परसाद कछूइक पायौ सुन्दरदास रे ॥४॥

Many thirst for Rām's elixir, but only the rare person drinks it.

That nectar flows in the heavens, where he dwells in a house beyond the mind.
 (refrain)

Cutting off his head, he puts it on the earth and expects not a thing from his body,
 The nectar is always very expensive, throughout the six seasons and twelve
 months. (1)

Someone who prices it gets fulfilled, even from far away; because he holds it dear,
 he no longer lives in this world.

Any who drink it live through all the ages: they'll never be destroyed. (2)

For this elixir, kings have turned into yogis, giving up all their worldly pleasures,

Once sitting on cushioned thrones, they smeared their bodies with ashes and renounced. (3)

The nectar was prized by Bhartṛhari and Gorakhnāth, while Kabīr brought it into action.

And Sundardās was given just a little bit, through the grace of Guru Dādū. (4)

71. Pad (rāg Sāraṅg)

पहली हम होते छोहरा ।
 कौड़ी बेच पेट निठि भरते अबतौ हूए बोहरा ॥ टेक ॥
 दे इकोतरासई सबनि कौं ताही तैं भये सोहरा ।
 ऊंचौ महल रच्यौ अबिनाशी तज्यौ परायौ नौहरा ॥१॥
 हीरा लाल जवाहिर घर में मानिक मोती चौहरा ।
 कौन बात की कमी हमारै भरि भरि राषै भौहरा ॥२॥
 आगै बिपति सही बहुतेरी वै दिन काटे दोहरा ।
 सुन्दरदास आस सब पूगी मिलियौ राम मनोहरा ॥३॥

Earlier I was simple boy,

Making just a penny, I barely fed myself, while now I am a moneylender¹. (refrain)

Lending at one per cent to all, I flourished,

I left others' backyards and built a grand mansion, imposing and imperishable. (1)

I've got diamond and ruby jewelry at home, and four-stringed necklaces of rubies and pearls.

I lack nothing at all, and my cellar's completely full. (2)

Before, I endured many troubles and faced hard times,

After he met the enticing Rām, Sundardās's hopes were all fulfilled. (3)

¹) *Boharās* in Sundardās's time were generally Muslim money-lenders and merchants of Gujarat.

72. Pad (rāg Sāraṅg)

पहली हम होते छोकरा ।
 ब्रह्म विचार बनिज हम कीयौ ताही तैं भये डोकरा ॥ टेक ॥
 भली बस्तु संचय करि राषी लेनें आवै लोकरा ।
 यह उधारि कौं सौदा नाहीं दीजे लीजे रोकरा ॥१॥
 जो कोइ गाहक लेत प्यार सौं ताकौ भागै सोकरा ।
 सुन्दर बस्तु सत्य यह यौही और बात सब फोकरा ॥२॥

Earlier I was a simple boy,

I then made my trade reflecting on the Self and grew into a wise elder.

I've collected a wonderful thing that people come to buy from me.

Our business cannot be done on loan, you need to pay all up front.

If a customer draws on love for his purchase, he gets rid of his sorrows.

The thing that I sell is the truth alone, says Sundar, everything else is trash.

73. *Pad (rāg Sorath)*

हमारै साहु रमइया मौटा, हम ताके आहि बनौटा ॥टेक ॥
 यह हाट दर्ई जिनि काया, अपना करि जानि बैठाया ।
 पूंजी कौ अंत न पारा, हम बहुत करी भंडसारा ॥१ ॥
 लई बस्तु अमोलक सारी, सब छाड़ि बिषै षलि षारी ।
 भरि राष्यौ सबही भौना, कोई षाली रह्यौ न कौना ॥२ ॥
 जो गाहक लेनै आवै, मन मान्यौ सौदा पावै ।
 देषै भांति किरांन, उठि जाइ न और दुकांन ॥३ ॥
 सम्रथ की कोठी आये, तब कोठीवाल कहाये ।
 बनिजै हरि नांव निवासा, यह बनिया सुन्दरदासा ॥४ ॥

My merchant-banker Rām's a tycoon, I'm his petty grocer. (refrain)

He gave me this body—a market stall—and made me his own, settling me in.

My capital knows no end or limit, though I've worked a lot in the black market. (1)

But once I bought the priceless essential thing, I rejected pleasure's bitter oil-cakes.

My storeroom is all filled up—not a corner left empty. (2)

If a customer comes to buy, he'll get just what he wants.

Seeing all the different wares, he never goes to any other shop. (3)

Those who come to the Mighty One's storehouse, are called big moneylenders.

The one who trades in Hari's name at home, is the merchant Sundardās! (4)

74. *Pad (rāg Sorath)*

देषहु साह रमइया ऐसा, सो रहै अपरछन बैसा ॥टेक ॥
 यहु हाट कियौ संसारा, तामैं बिबिध भांति ब्यौपारा ।
 सब जीव सौदागर आया, जिनि बनज्या तैसा पाया ॥१ ॥
 किनहूं बनिजी षलि षारी, किनहूं लइ लौंग सुपारी ।
 किनहूं लिये मूंगा मोती, किनहूं लइ काच की पोती ॥२ ॥
 किनहूं लइ औषध मूरी, किनहूं केसर कस्तूरी ।
 किनहूं लियौ बहुत अनाजा, किनहूं लियौ ल्हसण प्याजा ॥३ ॥
 संतनि लीयौ हरि हीरा, तिनस्यौं कीयौ हम सीरा ।
 दुष दालिद्र निकट न आवै, यौ सुन्दर बनिया गावै ॥४ ॥

See what kind of merchant-banker Ramaiyā is, he is not hidden. (refrain)

He made the world a fleeting market, with all kinds of trade in it.

All souls joined it as traders, they earned on what they sold. (1)

Some bought bitter oil-cakes; some, cloves and betel-nuts.

Some bought gems and pearls, some bought glass beads. (2)

Some bought medicine and herbs, some, saffron and musk.

Some bought a lot of grain; some, just garlic and onions. (3)

The Sants purchased the Hari diamond, only with them do I mix.

Sorrow and poverty don't come near them, so sings the merchant Sundar. (4)

75. *Āratī*

आरती परब्रह्म की कीजै ।
 और ठौर मेरौ मन न पतीजै ॥ टेक ॥
 गगन मंडल मैं आरती साजी, शब्द अनाहद झालरि बाजी ॥१॥
 दीपक ज्ञान भया प्रकासा, सेवग ठाडे स्वामी पासा ॥२॥
 अति उछाह अति मंगलचारा, अति सुष बिलसै बारम्बारा ॥३॥
 सुन्दर आरती सुन्दर देवा, सुन्दरदास करै तहाँ सेवा ॥४॥

Let me offer the *āratī* to the Supreme Self,

My mind has no trust in any other place. (refrain)

In the circle of the heavens the *āratī*'s prepared, the unstruck-sound cymbals are played. (1)

Wisdom's lamp is lit, and the servants stand waiting upon the Lord. (2)

Auspicious songs are sung with great gusto, as someone revels in bliss without end. (3)

(Variant 1) Sundar is the *āratī*, Sundar is the god, to whom Sundardās pays service.¹ (4)

(Variant 2) Beautiful is the *āratī*, beautiful the god, to whom the servant of the Beautiful pays service.² (4)

¹) This is based on the ritual principle of *nyāsa*, 'depositing', by which the worshipper places the deity in his own body, that is, becomes the deity himself, and in this condition worships the deity, thus himself. — ²) God the Beautiful is a typically Muslim topic. The poet speaks of the various aspects of beauty partaking of each other.

76. अजब प्याल अष्टक – Octave of Amazement

दोहा

सिजदा सिरजनहार कौं, मुरसिद कौं ताजीम ।
 सुन्दर तालिब करत है, बन्दौं कौ तसलीम ॥१॥
 सुन्दर इस औजूद मौं, अजब चीज है वाद ।
 तब पावै इस भेद कौं, पूब मिलै उस्ताद ॥२॥

गीतक

उस्ताद सिर पर चुस्त दम कर, इश्क अल्लह लाइये ।
 गुजरान उसकी बंदगी मौं, इश्क बिन क्यों पाइये ॥
 यह दिल फकीरी दस्तगीरी, गस्त गुंज सिनाल है ।
 यौ कहत सुन्दर कब्ज दुन्दर, अजब ऐसा प्याल है ॥१॥

दोहा

सुन्दर रत्त एक सौं, दिल मौं दूजा नेश ।
 इश्क महब्बति बन्दगी, सो कहिये दुरवेश ॥३॥

छन्द

दुरवेश दर की षबर जानै दूर दिल की काफिरी ।

दर दरदबन्द षरा दरूनै उसी बीच मुसाफिरी ॥
 है बेतमा इसमाइ हर्दमपाक दिल दर हाल है ।
 यौ कहत सुन्दर कब्ज दुन्दर अजब ऐसा प्याल है ॥२ ॥

दोहा

सुन्दर सीनै बीच है, बन्दे का चौगांन ।
 पहुंचावै उस हाल कौं, इहै गोइ मैदान ॥४ ॥

छन्द

काब्दस्त इस मैदान में चौगांन षेलै षूब है ।
 असवार ऐसा तुरी वैसा प्यार उस महबूब है ॥
 इस गोइ कौं लै जाइ कै पहुंचाइ दे उस हाल है ।
 यौ कहत सुन्दर कब्ज दुन्दर अजब ऐसा प्याल है ॥३ ॥

दोहा

सुन्दर उसका नांव ले एक उसी की चाह ।
 रब्बु रहीम करीम वह वह कहिये अल्लाह ॥५ ॥

गीतक

अल्लाह षुदाइ करीम कादिर पाक प्रवर्दिगार है ।
 सुबिहान तूं सत्तार साहिब साफ सिरजनहार है ॥
 मुस्ताक तेरे नांव ऊपर षूब षूबां लाल है ।
 यौ कहत सुन्दर कब्ज दुन्दर अजब ऐसा प्याल है ॥४ ॥

दोहा

सुन्दर इस औजूद मौं, इश्क लगाई ऊक ।
 आशिक ठण्डा होइ तब, आइ मिलै माशूक ॥६ ॥

छन्द

माशूक मौला हक्क ताला तूं जिमी असमान मौं ।
 है आब आतश बाद म्यानै षबरदार जिहान मौं ॥
 मालिक मलूक मालूम जिस कौं दुरस दिल हर साल है ।
 यौ कहत सुन्दर कब्ज दुन्दर अजब ऐसा प्याल है ॥५ ॥

दोहा

सुन्दर जो गाफिल हुवा, तौ वह सांई दूर ।
 जो बन्दा हाजिर हुवा, तौ हाजरां हजूर ॥७ ॥

छन्द

हाजर हजूर कहैं गुसैया गाफिलों कौं दूर है ।
 निरसंध इकलस आप वोही तालिबां भरपूर है ॥
 बारीक सौं बारीक कहिये बड़ौं बड़ा बिसाल है ।
 यौ कहत सुन्दर कब्ज दुन्दर अजब ऐसा प्याल है ॥६ ॥

दोहा

सुन्दर सांई हक्क है, जहां तहां भरपूर ।
 एक उसी के नूर सौं, दीसै सारे नूर ॥८ ॥

छन्द

उस नूर तैं सब नूर दीसै तेज तैं सब तेज हैं ।

उस जोति सौं सब जोति चमकै हेज सौं सब हेज हैं ॥
 आप्ताब अरु महताब तारे हुकम उसके चाल है ।
 यौं कहत सुन्दर कब्ज दुन्दर अजब ऐसा प्याल है ॥७ ॥

दोहा

सुन्दर आलिम इलम सब, षूब पढ्या आंषुन ।
 परि उस कौं क्यौं कहि सकै, जो कहिये बेच्यून ॥९ ॥

छन्द

बेच्यून उसकौं कहत बुजरग बेनिमून उसै कहैं ।
 अरु औलिया अंबिया वैभी गोस कुतब षड़ै रहैं ॥
 को कहि सकै न कह्या न किनहूं सषुन परै निराल है ।
 यौं कहत सुन्दर कब्ज दुन्दर अजब ऐसा प्याल है ॥८ ॥

दोहा

प्याल अजब उस एक का, सुन्दर कह्या न जै ।
 सषुन तहां पहुचै नहीं, थक्या उरै ही आइ ॥१० ॥

Dohā:

Sundar falls at the Creator's feet and pays reverence to the master,

He bows as well to the servants of God. (1)

Sundar speaks of something amazing within the body.

To penetrate this mystery, you need a true master. (2)

Gītaka:

When you offer yourself to your master and discipline your breath, you'll bring forth
 the love of Allah.

Without love, how can you reach the state of a servant?

The heart's faqir will support you: a spear that pierces conceit.

Sundar proclaims: When duality's tamed, that's amazement! (1)

Dohā:

When you're in love with Him alone, says Sundar,¹ anything else in the heart is
 destroyed.

Someone with love, compassion, and humbleness is called a dervish. (3)

Chand:

A dervish knows how to reach the door, unbelief is far from his heart.

He suffers pain but is pure inside, and there alone makes his journey.

Free of greed, he utters God's name; his heart remains pure with every breath.

Sundar proclaims: When duality's tamed, that's amazement! (4)

Dohā:

The polo ground of the servant, says Sunder, is inside the heart,

Driving the ball on that field, he comes to a state of ecstasy. (4)

Chand:

Firmly gripping the mallet, he does well in the polo game on the field.

In love with the Beloved, with a horse as fine as the horseman himself,

He takes the ball, drives it into the goal, and enters that ecstatic state.

Sundar proclaims: When duality's tamed, that's amazement! (3)

Dohā:

Utter His name, says Sundar, desire only Him.

The Lord, the Compassionate, the Noble, He is the One called Allah. (5)

Gītaka:

You are Allah, God, the Noble, the Forceful, the Pure, and the Nourisher.

Praise be to You—the Concealer, the Lord, the Pure, and Creator.

Most Beloved of the Beloved, I long for your name.

Sundar proclaims: When duality's tamed, that's amazement! (4)

Dohā:

Inside this body, says Sundar, burns the fire of love.

When the lover is burnt down, he joins the Beloved. (6)

Chand:

Beloved Lord, praise be to the Holy Truth. You are on earth and in heaven.

You're water, fire, the wind within, you watch over the world.

King of Kings, You know the ones whose hearts are always pure.

Sundar proclaims: When duality's tamed, that's amazement! (5)

Dohā:

Says Sundar, the lazy are far from the Lord.

The servant who's there for Him is present in His Presence. (7)

Chand:

Someone present in His Presence is called a Gusāim, who keeps away from the careless.

Seamlessly one and the same, it is only He who pervades His disciples.

He's called finer than fine—in his vastness, greater than the greatest.

Sundar proclaims: When duality's tamed, that's amazement! (6)

Dohā:

The Lord's the Divine Truth, says Sundar, He pervades the whole world.

Only by His light are all other lights visible. (8)

Chand:

By His light all lights are visible, all brightness comes from His.

And every flame comes from His flame; from His love, all love comes.

The sun, moon, and stars all move on His command.

Sundar proclaims: When duality's tamed, that's amazement! (7)

Dohā:

The wise have long studied all sacred wisdom with care, says Sundar,

But how can they truly speak of that One who is called the Matchless? (9)

Chand:

They call Him matchless and great—incomparable they call Him,
Saints and even prophets, sacred scriptures and holy men— all stand before Him.
No one can speak of Him, and there are no words for Him at all. He's beyond and
distinct from everything.

Sundar proclaims: When duality's tamed, that's amazement! (8)

Dohā:

Amazement at the One, says Sundar, cannot be described.

Words do not reach Him, but come right back here, exhausted. (10)

¹⁾ As in the previous text, the word 'Sundar' in the *dohās* refers to the author and in all likeliness is associated with the idea of God the Beautiful.

77. पीर मुरीद अष्टक — Octave of Master and Disciple

दोहा

सुन्दर षोजत षोजते पाया मुरसिद पीर ।

कदम जाइ उसके गहे देष्या अति गम्भीर ॥१॥

चामर

औवलि कदम उस्ताद के मैं गहे दोऊ दस्त ।

उनि मिहर मुझ पर करी ऐसा ह्वै गया मैं मस्त ॥

जब सपुन करि मुझ कौं कह्या तू बन्दिगी करि पूब ।

इस राह सीधा जाइगा तब मिलैगा महबूब ॥१॥

अब उठि अरज उस्ताद सौं मैं करी ऐसी रौस ।

तुम मिहर मुझ पर करौ मुरसिद मैं तुम्हारी कौस ॥

वह बन्दिगी किस रौस करिये मुझै देहु बताइ ।

वह राह सीधा कौन है जिस राह बन्दा जाइ ॥२॥

तब कहै पीर मुरीद सौं तूं हिरसरा बुगुजार ।

यह बन्दिगी तब होइगी इस नप्स कौं गहि मार ॥

भी दुई दिल तैं दूर करिये और कुछ न चाह ।

यह राह तेरा तुझी भीतर चल्या तूं हीं जाइ ॥३॥

तब फिरि कह्या उस्ताद सौं मैं राह यह बारीक ।

क्यौं चलै बन्दा बिगरि देषैं सबौं सौं फारीक ॥

अब मिहिरि करि उस राह कौं दिषलाइ दीजै पीर ।

मुझ तलब है उस राह की ज्यौं पिवै प्यासा नीर ॥४॥

तब कहै पीर मुरीद सेती बन्दिगी है यह ।

इस राह पहुंचै चुस्तदम करि नांव उसका लेह ॥

तूं नांव उसका लेहगा तब जाइगा उस ठौर ।

जहां अरस ऊपर आप बैठा दूसरा नहिं और ॥५॥

तब कहै तालिब सुनौं मुरसिद जहां बैठा आप ।

वह होइ जैसा कहौ तैसा जिसै माइ न बाप ॥

बैठा उठा कहिये तिसै औजूद जिसके होइ ।
 बेचूँन उस कौ कहत हैं अरु बेनिमूनै सोइ ॥६ ॥
 जब कह्या तालिब सषुन ऐसा पीर पकरी मौन ।
 कौ कहेगा न कह्या न किनहूँ अब कहै कहि कौन ॥
 तब देषि बोर मुरीद की उन पीर मूँदे नैन ।
 जौ पूब तालिब होइगा तौ समझि लेगा सैन ॥७ ॥
 हैरान है हैरान है हैरान निकट न दूर ।
 भी सषुन क्यों करि कहै तिस कौँ सकल है भरपूर ॥
 सम्बाद पीर मुरीद का यह भेद पावै कोइ ।
 जो कहै सुन्दर सुनै सुन्दर उही सुन्दर होइ ॥८ ॥

Dohā:

Searching and searching, Sundar finally found his master,
 I went and clasped his feet, and saw something very profound. (1)

Cāmara:

First, with both my hands I pressed my master's feet,
 He showed kindness to me, which left me drunk with love,
 When at last he spoke to me, he said 'Practice intense obedience!
 If you take this straight path, you'll find the Beloved.' (1)
 Then I stood up and questioned the master like this:
 'Be kind to me, Master, I am your bow.'¹
 Tell me, please, how should I practice obedience?
 What's that straight path on which the servant walks?' (2)
 Then the master told the disciple: 'Let go of all desire!
 Obedience comes when your lower self's under control.
 Keep duality, too, away from your heart: let no wish remain,
 This is your path, you must walk it within, all alone.' (3)
 Again I asked the master: 'This path is subtle:
 If the disciple is cut off from all and can't see ahead, how can he walk it?
 Master, be kind and show me that path now.
 I long for that path like a thirsty man longs for water.' (4)
 At this the master told the disciple: 'This is obedience:
 You'll get to that path by controlling your breath and taking His name.
 If you keep remembering His name, you'll reach the place
 Where He himself sits on the throne, where no one else exists.'² (5)
 Then the disciple said: 'Master, listen—where He himself sits,
 That one without mother or father, tell me, please, what is he like?
 Only someone with a body can be said to sit or stand up.
 They say he's unmatched and like nothing else.' (6)
 When the disciple had spoken, the master fell silent.
 No one will ever or was ever told this, so what can someone say now?

The master looked deeply at his disciple and then closed his eyes.

A good disciple will understand this sign. (7)

A wonder, and a wonder, and a wonder! He is neither near nor far.

And how can one speak of the One who pervades all?

This dialogue of master and disciple—few will grasp its secret!

He who speaks is the Beautiful (Sundar), he who listens is the Beautiful, he alone becomes the Beautiful. (8)

¹⁾ The disciple is the bow operated by the master at will to bring about his enlightenment. Maybe the bow is also associated with God being just away two bow-widths from the devotee, for which see Quran 59.9. — ²⁾ This refers to the 'throne verse', *āyat al-kursi* (Quran 2.255). See p. 76.

78. गुरु उपदेश ज्ञान अष्टक¹ — Octave of the Wisdom Imparted by the Guru's Teaching

Link: <https://heidicon.ub.uni-heidelberg.de/#/detail/1716652>

(The recording starts at 00:04:04.)

उपदेश श्रवन सुनाइ अद्भुत हृदय ज्ञान प्रकाशियौ ।
 चिरकाल कौ अज्ञान पूरन सकल भ्रम तम नाशियौ ।
 आनंददायक पुनि सहायक करत जन निःकाम हैं ॥
 दादू दयाल प्रसिद्ध सदुरु ताहि मोर प्रनाम हैं ॥१ ॥
 जिनि बचन बान लगाइ उर मैं मृतक फेरि जिवाइया ।
 मुष द्वार होइ उचार करि निज सार अमृत पिवाइया ॥
 अत्यन्त करि आनन्द मैं हम रहत आठौं जाम हैं ।
 दादू दयाल प्रसिद्ध... ॥२ ॥
 जो आइ सरनैं होइ प्रापति ताप तिन की हरैं ।
 पुनि फेरि बदलैं घाट उनकौ जीवतैं ब्रह्महिं करैं ॥
 कछु ऊंच नीच न दृष्टि जिनकै सकल कौ विश्राम है ।
 दादू दयाल प्रसिद्ध... ॥३ ॥
 संसार सागर महा दुस्तर ताहि कहि अब कौ तरैं ।
 जो कोटि साधन करै कोऊ वृथा ही पचि पचि मरैं ॥
 जिनि बिना परिश्रम पार कीये प्रगट सुष के धाम हैं ।
 दादू दयाल प्रसिद्ध... ॥४ ॥
 यह स्वप्न तुल्य दिषाइये जे स्वर्ग नरक उभै कहैं ।
 सुष दुःष हर्ष विषाद पुनि मानापमान सबै गहैं ॥
 जिनि जाति कुल अरु बर्ण आश्रम कहे मिथ्या नाम हैं ।
 दादू दयाल प्रसिद्ध... ॥५ ॥
 उपज्यौ प्रपंच अनादि कौ यह महामाया विस्तरी ।
 नानात्व है करि जगत भास्यौ बुद्धि सबहिन की हरी ॥
 जिनि भ्रम मिटाइ दिषाइ दीनौ सर्व व्यापक राम है ।
 दादू दयाल प्रसिद्ध... ॥६ ॥

रज्जु मांहीं जैसेँ सर्प भासै सीप मैं रुपौ यथा ।
 मृगतृष्णिका जल बुद्धि दीषै विश्व मिथ्या है तथा ॥
 जिनि लह्यौ ब्रह्म अपंड पद अद्वैत सबही ठाम है ।
 दादू दयाल प्रसिद्ध... ॥७ ॥
 जौ पढै नित प्रति ज्ञान अष्टक मुक्त होइ सु सहज ही ।
 संशय न कोऊ रहै ताकै दास सुन्दर यह कही ॥
 जिनि ह्वै कृपाल अनेक तारे सकल विधि उद्दाम है ।
 दादू दयाल प्रसिद्ध... ॥८ ॥

¹⁾ This octave forms part of the Dādūpanthī liturgy. The full text is a sequence of *dohā* with *gītaka* verses. In the liturgy, only the *gītaka* verses are chanted. The *dohās* have therefore been skipped.

He kindled amazing wisdom in the hearts of all who heard his teaching,
 Completely destroying ages of ignorance and the darkness of all error.
 Offering bliss and support, he frees his servants from desire,
 To Dādū Dayāl, the famous True Guru, I bow. (1)
 When his speech's arrow strikes someone's heart, that person will die—but he
 revives them.
 His essence flows from his mouth when he speaks, and all may drink of that
 deathless nectar.
 We live in the endless bliss that he gives us, day and night.
 To Dādū Dayāl, the famous True Guru, I bow. (2)
 He removes all the suffering from those taking refuge with him.
 He turns them around and leads them, while living, to the Supreme Self.
 Someone who sees none as high or low brings rest to all.
 To Dādū Dayāl, the famous True Guru, I bow. (3)
 The ocean of being, so hard to traverse—how can we cross it this time around?
 Trying so many approaches in vain, so many people fail and die.
 He, though, can take you across with ease—he, the abode of happiness.
 To Dādū Dayāl, the famous True Guru, I bow. (4)
 What's called heaven and hell, he revealed as a dream.
 So, too, our feelings of sorrow and happiness, sadness and joy, disdain and
 respect—
 While all that's called clan and descent, life-stage and caste, turn out to be false ideas.
 To Dādū Dayāl, the famous True Guru, I bow. (5)
 The world sprang up from what has no beginning and spread as the great illusion.
 It also appears in many forms, making everyone lose their reason.
 The one who wiped out error then showed us Rām pervading all.
 To Dādū Dayāl, the famous True Guru, I bow. (6)
 As a snake may be seen as a rope and an oyster shell taken for silver,
 As a mirage just appears to be water—so the whole world is false.

To the one who's reached the state of the undivided non-dual Self, present everywhere,

To Dādū Dayāl, the famous True Guru, I bow. (7)

Someone reciting this Octave of Wisdom all of the time will be easily freed:

No doubt will remain in him—this his servant Sundar proclaims!

The one through whose mercy many were saved, who is free in every way,

To Dādū Dayāl, the famous True Guru, I bow. (8)

79. गजल (Gazal)

दूहा

सतगुर पाव परत हूं, मोह बतावो पंथ ।

तासुं सुंदर कहत है, रुच के उदबुद ग्रंथ ॥१॥

परआतम सुत आतमा, आतम सुत मन ।

मन के पांचै पुत्र हैं, पंचे भये कपुत्र ॥२॥

या सुन मन में भोभई, केहने' लागी औह ।

रे श्रवनां तुम कहां सुनी, [ऐह] पंथ बतावो मोह ॥३॥

[पिता] हमकुं तो सतगुर मिल्या, जिन ऐ आषी आह ।

तुम क्युं नंद्रा पड़त हौ, चीहूं दिस लगी लाह ॥४॥

नैन ठग्या सो रूप ठग, स्वेत रगत अर स्याम ।

हिरतप्रीत निरषत फिरत, बिन बिन निरषत वाम ॥५॥

नकवा ठग्या सुगंध ठग, नांनै जाकै फूल

चौवा चंदन अरगजा, सुंग सुंग नर भूल ॥६॥

जिभ्या षटरस ठग ठगी, मिष्ट अमल अर षार ।

त्रिगुन कटुक षाय कर, तासुं रहे लगाय ॥७॥

चरमी सबरस ठग ठग्या, कोमल अंग सुहाय ।

कोमल सेज्या पलंग पै, नारी सुं लपटाय ॥८॥

सतगुर का उपदेस सुन, सोइयो आप सरीर ।

जासुं पायो^२ परम तत्व, सो पीरां हंदा पीर ॥९॥

बंद गजल

तो कुदरत षोज कै कायाक, पूरन ब्रह्म ला पायाक ।

रमता रांम सुंरताक, मगनी मगन सुं मताक ॥१॥

प्याला पेम का पीयाक, तातैं युग युग जीयाक ।

बकै ग्यांन की बाकुंक, त्रष्णा तोही है ताकुंक ॥२॥

रगी रंग मुं रम देक, निरंजन नाथ कुं नम देक ।

जुग जेहान है जाकुंक, ओ अमराव है उचाकुंक ॥३॥

सचे सुर सिपाईक, लेहे रोज जडाईक ।

तातैं तप की तुरीक, पाषर प्रेम की पुरीक ॥४॥

जुगती जीन कर जानाक, लेलां लेत लगांमाक ।

चाबक चित की चुंपीक, ओपम अधक अनूंपीक ॥५॥

रसरंगावली राजेक, बगतर विगत को ब्राजेक ।
 सुष दे टोप सिर सोहैक, मोटां मालीयां मौहैक ॥६ ॥
 पेंटी प्रबता प्यारीक कीमत बांध कटारीक ।
 तं तरवार दे तेगोक, विध विध वाही दे वेगोक ॥७ ॥
 करणी षांचक बाणाक, तीरां सुरत का ताणाक ।
 ढाला ध्यान की ढलकेक, भाला भाव का भलकेक ॥८ ॥
 बुध बंदूक बिराजेक, अनभे व्हे अवाजेक ।
 थिर चित सुरत का थाणाक, नाली नीरत निसाणाक ॥९ ॥
 ऐसा आवधां आजेक, सीकत सील की साजेक ।
 घम घम चढ़े हैं घोड़ेक, दिल में दे दे दौड़ेक ॥१० ॥
 हिलां हांक लाहेसांक, धुन में वाहि दे धोसांक ।
 अनमी कंधइ युं ओपेक, रिण जंग रित पग रोपेक ॥११ ॥
 सत समसेर कुं साहेक, वेरी ऊपरां वाहेक ।
 मुदी तीन कुं मैटेक, वृमता वृम कुं भेटेक ॥१२ ॥
 भ्रमता भर्म की भुतीक, दुर्मत दुर कर दुतीक ।
 धीरज धारणा धारेक, मन मयमत कुं मारेक ॥१३ ॥
 ममता मोह अर मायाक, षंडे धार सुं षायाक ।
 क्रमता क्रोध कुं काटेक, दुरजण नाल सुं दाटेक ॥१४ ॥
 गोला ज्ञान गरजावेक, अरिदल मार उड़ावेक ।
 घेथट^३ जीप घमसाणाक, सुरीया वहि सादाणाक ॥१५ ॥
 लिवके लुंठ लै लाहाक, दिल में सोझहु वाहाक ।
 जोगी जंगमा जतीक, सुरे साध मुं सतीक ॥१६ ॥
 सन्यासी युं अर सेषुक, भांती भांत कुं भेषुक ।
 बड़ा पंथ भी उचारीक, नवि नाथ भी न्यारीक ॥१७ ॥
 चावा सिध चोरासीक, आदु मुनी अठ्यासीक ।
 पैकंबर अरु पीरूक, मरदां अवलियां मीरूंक ॥१८ ॥
 पडदा दुर कर पल माक, कहते जबांनी कलमाक ।
 रोजा उसकै रहनाक, दिल में देश देदांनाक ॥१९ ॥
 तन में तंत की तसबीक, रंगी रंग मुं रस बीक ।
 आषर तंत हे उचाकीक, जाकी फकीरी ताकीक^४ ॥२० ॥
 सुनियो कान दे सभीक, अलबत चैतियो अभीक ।
 मन में चेतनामुषीक, सद मतवालडे सुषीक ॥२१ ॥
 पंचै ध्यान के प्यारेक, नांही कीजिये न्यारेक ।
 व्यापक फूल में वासाक, रह दे ईष में रासाक ॥२२ ॥
 सिल-मिल दुध में घिरतीक, तेसे तन में ततकीक^५ ।
 आपे आपना आपेक, विध विध व्यापना व्यापेक ॥२३ ॥
 मरदो मांडियो मांहीक, नारी पुरस भी नांहिक ।
 फुटै नाहि नां फाटैक, षारै नांहि ना षाटैक ॥२४ ॥
 मीठे नांहि ना मोलैक, करड़े नांहि ना कौलेक ।
 उभै नांहि नां आड़ेक, जल-थल नांहि नां जाडेक ॥२५ ॥

ऐसी बात है अगमीक, नांहि जानीयै निगमीक ।
 ईनकुं जान दा ओहीक, है है है है है जो हेक ॥२६ ॥
 प्रेमी पोहच के पुरेक, सतगुर सबद कै सुरैक ।
 चकर मूल कु चापेक, पवना गीगन कु झापेक ॥२७ ॥
 लगी चकरबंध लावैक, उलटा बंद उलटावेक ।
 उलटा पवन दे पवनाक, गीगनी करत गेवांनाक ॥२८ ॥
 नाभी चक्र नीवासाक सोहूं सास उसासाक ।
 सुषम^६ वेद कुं साझैक, अजपा जाप आराधक ॥२९ ॥
 अनहद चक्र कु हेरेक, निरंजण नाथ कु नैरेक ।
 चकरकंठ की चोकीक, कोयला वांनीया कोहकीक ॥३० ॥
 वांनी वरष दै बांनीक, सालम सुरत सुं सांनीक ।
 वदलै प्रेम दे वरसैक, दहदिस दामिनी दरसैक ॥३१ ॥
 ईला पिंगला एसाक, जीमना गंग ज्युं जैसाक ।
 तीने मीलके त्रिगुटीक, भेली होत है भ्रगुटीक ॥३२ ॥
 तातैं कहत त्रिवेणीक, संगम होत सुष सेनीक ।
 गेहरी नांव है गंगाक, उजल होत है अंगाक ॥३३ ॥
 झीलमिल जोत सी झलकेक, पल मा देश कै पलकैक ।
 गेहर गगन भी गजेक, वाजा अनहद दी वजेक ॥३४ ॥
 तननन तानकी तनकेक, झीननन झालरी झनकेक ।
 घननन वाजती घंटाक, ठननन नांही सी ठंठाक ॥३५ ॥
 ढम ढम ढोलकी ढबकेक, झमझम झामरू झबकेक ।
 बरघु वाज दे वांणीक, झाझी झीक झीकांणीक ॥३६ ॥
 टीपे मुरलीययां टेरीक, भुं भुं करत है भेरीक ।
 बोल्या दादूका चेलाक, हूआ वृह्म सु मेलाक ॥३७ ॥
 कलस
 प्रथम भ्रमर गुंजार संष धुन दुतीय कहीजे ।
 त्रित्रीय ज वजे मृदंग चतुर स ताल सुनीजे ॥
 पंचम घंटा नाद षष्ट वैना धुन होई ।
 सपतं वाजे भेर अष्टम अभै दंदोई ॥
 नवमै गरज समंद की दसम मेघ गह कह सगुनै ।
 सुंदर कहे अनहद नाद कुं दस प्रकार जोगी सुनै ॥

¹⁾ *keban* is a phonetic rendring of *kabane*. This substitution of *-aha-* by *-eba-* is common. —

²⁾ *jāsum pāyo] tāsum pāvo*. — ³⁾ The word is unexplained. — ⁴⁾ *tākika] jākika*. — ⁵⁾ *tatakika] tanakika*. — ⁶⁾ *suṣama] surama*.

*Dohā:*¹

I fall at the feet of the true guru saying: 'Tell me the path!'

Accordingly, he reveals to Sundar this wonderful work. (1)

The Supreme Self's son is the self, and the son of the self is the mind,

The mind has five sonVs, all of whom turned out bad. (2)

At this the mind grew frightened and said:

‘O ears! Where is that path? Tell me what you’ve heard!’ (3)

‘O Father, we met the true guru, who said to us:

“Why do you fall asleep while flames are all around?” (4)

The eyes were deceived by the robber Form and his colors of white, red and black.

Enchanted by these, people keep roaming and looking around, but never detect the thief. (5)

The nose was deceived by the robber Scent with all his various flowers:

Sniffing around for perfumes and sandalwood, people go astray. (6)

The robber Six-Tastes deceived the tongue with sweet, sour, and salty flavours.

Then when the tongue tasted the three bitter flavours, he became addicted. (7)

The robber All-Emotions deceived the skin, delighting in soft bodies,

The skin was beguiled by a woman on a soft, attractive bed.’ (8)

I explored my own body when I heard the true guru’s teaching:

The master of all masters, through him the highest Principle’s found. (9)

Gazal stanzas:

Searching your body for divine power, you find the perfect Supreme Self.

Pondering the pervading Rām, you’re drunk through deep immersion in him. (1)

You drink from the cup of love and therefore live for all ages.

The more the voice of wisdom speaks, the more you thirst for it. (2)

Lazing in the colour of love, bow down to the spotless Lord!

This world is his, and he the noblest noble in it. (3)

Any day, these true and brave soldiers are ready to give their lives.

Austerities thus become their horses, fitted out with the armour of love. (4)

Reasoning is their saddle cloth, absorption their grip on the reins,

With energy of thought as their whips, they’re beyond any comparison, surpassing everyone. (5)

Their fervor is radiant; revelation is their shining armour.

Their heads are adorned with helmets of bliss, attractive like beautiful palaces. (6)

They wear coveted sashes of rulership, into which precious double-bladed knives² are tucked.

They take up sword and knife, and quickly wield them. (7)

The bow of action is drawn, with contemplation’s arrow pointed at the target.

Meditation’s shield is raised, and the lance of mystical awareness brandished. (8)

Reason is the shining matchlock; its noise, the state of fearlessness.

With steady contemplation and the firmest thought, absorption’s barrel seeks its target. (9)

These are weapons you can trust, as they’re forged in red-hot virtue.

The horses charge, running at full gallop in your heart. (10)

Spur the neighing horses, beat the drum to the inner sound’s rhythm!

The hero proves his worth as he digs his heels into the battleground. (11)

He draws the sword of truth, comes down with it on his foes,
 Joyfully slays the three enemies, and offers himself to the Ultimate Self. (12)
 He reduces to ashes the error that causes the swirl of existence, and sheds his false
 sense of duality.

Patently holding on, he slays the mad-elephant mind. (13)

Affection, illusion, bewilderment—all killed by the blade of his sword.

Karma and anger are also slain, and the wicked all shot dead. (14)

He makes Wisdom's cannonball thunder, and blows up the enemy.

The fierce war was won, with resounding drums of victory. (15)

Take absorption as your booty, how glorious it is! Find it in your heart.

There they all are: the yogis and jaṅgamas, yatis and heroes—with satis there, too—
 (16)

Samnyāsīs and shaikhs, all dressed in their different hues;

Great sects of distinction, the nine Nāths close by,³ (17)

The illustrious eighty-four Siddhas, the original eighty-eight sages,

The prophets and pirs, the mighty holy men, as well as all the nobles. (18)

Drawing away the veil, he recites the words of the kalima.

He sees now with the eyes of the heart—that's his continuous fast. (19)

The prayer-beads of truth lie now in his body, he's coloured with love, drenched in
 its juice.

Instead of written letters, he turns to the truth of the speech from on high, as true
 faqirs all do. (20)

Listen attentively, all of you, be especially mindful now:

Turn your mind to consciousness, then happily stay absorbed in it always. (21)

If the five are inclined to meditate, then let them without any restraint.

A flower's scent is pervasive, and in the sugarcane so much juice is hidden. (22)

Like ghee in the milk, the truth is hidden in the body.

You possess it in yourself, but it spreads out in many ways. (23)

The real person lies within and is neither man nor woman.

It does not break and can't be broken; it isn't bitter or sour, (24)

Nor is it sweet or bland, or stiff or soft.

It doesn't recline and doesn't stand up; it has no roots in water or firm ground. (25)

Such is the unfathomable: it cannot be known through the Vedas.

The one who realizes it, is, is, is, is—is that which is! (26)

The lovers have full grip of it: the heroes of the true guru's word.

They press the *cakra* at the base⁴, and their breath bounces up to the sky. (27)

They keep the *cakras* blocked and then reverse the blockages,

They make the breath flow in reverse so that it goes into the sky. (28)

The breath resides in the navel *cakra* and can inhale and exhale sacred sounds.

Just master the subtle Veda⁵, reciting the silent prayer: 'I am that' *so'ham*. (29)

As you reach the *cakra* of unstruck sound, the immaculate lord gets closer,
At the throat *cakra*'s platform, you hear the cuckoo's murmuring call. (30)

The sound is that of rain, mixed with total mystical awareness.

There's a shower from the rainclouds of love, while lightening flashes up
everywhere. (31)

Ilā and Piṅgalā are like Yamuna and Ganga:

They meet at the *trigutī*, the place between the brows. (32)

And so they're called 'the braid of three', the convergence that signifies bliss.

The Ganga is named the deep one: get purified when you dip your body in it. (33)

It shimmers like a twinkling flame, every moment you see it.

There's also a deep rumbling in the sky, and the unstruck sound plays its
instruments: (34)

The tambourine rings, there are twangs of stretched strings,

Bells jingle with sounds not intoned. (35)

Clashing anklets' rhythms match the beating of a drum

While trumpets resound, against cymbals' sharp sound. (36)

Flutes are played at high-pitch, as the kettledrum growls.

Says Dādū's disciple: 'The union with the Ultimate Self is achieved.' (37)

*Summary verse:*⁶

At the first stage, a black bee hums; at the second, the sound of the conch,

At the third stage, the beats of a double drum; at the fourth, you hear hands that are
clapping the beat.

At the fifth, the sound of the bell, at the sixth, the lute's melody,

At the seventh, the sound of a pipe, at the eighth, the kettledrum signals your
freedom from fear.

At the ninth, the ocean rumbles, at the tenth stage, the clouds thunder.

Says Sundar: 'The yogi hears the unstruck sound in ten different forms.' (38)

¹⁾ These nine *dohās* are either a sketch of or draw on Sundardās's *Adbbut updeś*, for which see SG, pp. 179–85. — ²⁾ The double-bladed dagger is the emblem of a Rajput ruler. — ³⁾ The established but fictitious number of the Nāthyogīs. — ⁴⁾ The bottommost centre of power situated at the perineum. — ⁵⁾ This is based on a conjectural reading. The 'subtle Veda' is, however, a current term for the yogic equivalent of the Vedic lore (Hajārīprasād Dvivedī, *Nāth sampradāy*, 1st edn 1966 in *Hajārīprasād Dvivedī granthāvalī*, ed. Mukund Dvivedī, vol. 6, 2nd edn, New Delhi: Rājkamal Prakāśan, 1998, 147). — ⁶⁾ This is identical with Sundardās's *Jñānsamudra* 3.67.

80. तर्क चितावनी – Memento Mori: Come to Reason



Ill. 21: Gumansinghji (1946–) at his home in village Sokra, Pali District. © D. Rajpurohit 2021.

Gumansinghji performing text 80, vv. 1–4, 4.

Link: <https://doi.org/10.11588/heidicon/1716667>

पूरण ब्रह्म निरंजन राया, तिनि यहु नष शिष साज बनाया ॥
 ता कहुं भूलि गये बिभचारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥१ ॥
 गर्भ मांहि कीनी प्रतिपाला, तहां बहुत होते बेहाला ॥
 जनमत ही वह ठौर बिसारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥२ ॥
 बालापन मंहि भये अचेता, मात पिता सौं बांध्यौ हेता ॥
 प्रथमहिं चूके सुधि न संभारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥३ ॥
 बहुरि कुमार अवस्था आई, ताहू मांहि नहीं सुधिकई ॥
 षाई षेल हंसि रोइ गुदारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥४ ॥
 भयौ किशोर काम जब जाग्यो, परदारा कौं निरषन लाग्यौ ॥
 ब्याह करन की मन मंहिं धारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥५ ॥
 मात पिता जोर्यौ सनमंधा, कै कछु आपुहि कीयो धंधा ॥
 लै करि पांस गरे मंहिं डारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥६ ॥
 भयौ गृहस्थ बहुत सुष पाया, पंच सषी मिलि मंगल गाया ॥
 करि संयोग बडी झष मारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥७ ॥

ता पीछे जोबन मदमाता, अति गति है बिषया सन राता ॥
 अपनी गनै न पर की नारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥८ ॥
 निलज काम बश शंक न आनै, साष सगाई कछू न मानै ॥
 लोक बेद मरजादा टारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥९ ॥
 गर्ब करे पुनि ऐंठ्यौ डौलै, मुष तें जो भावै सो बोल ।
 लाज कानि सब पटकि पछारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥१० ॥
 मुंछ मरौरै पाग संवारे, दर्पन लै करि वदन निहारै ॥
 पुशी होइ अति महा बिकारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥११ ॥
 आठहहुं पहर विषै रस भीनां, तन मन धन जुवती कौं दीनां ॥
 ऐसी बिषया लागी प्यारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥१२ ॥
 षान पांन बस्तर लै आवै, बिधि बिधि कै भूषन पहरावै ॥
 अति आधीन लेइ बलिहारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥१३ ॥
 कामिनि संग रह्यौ लपटाई, मानहुं इहै मोक्ष हम पाई ॥
 कबहुं नैक होइ जिनि न्यारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥१४ ॥
 जौ त्रिय कहै सु अति प्रिय लागे, निशि दिन कपि ज्यौं नाचत आगै ॥
 मारउ सहै सहै पुनि गारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥१५ ॥
 षेती करै बनिज करि ल्यावै, चाकर होइ दशौं दिश ध्यावै ॥
 आगैं आइ धरै भरि थारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥१६ ॥
 लकरी घास पोट पुनि ढोवै, लाज बडाई अपनी षोवै ॥
 तासौं करै आइ मनुहारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥१७ ॥
 औरउ कर्म करै बहुतेरा, जन जन कै आगै हुइ चेरा ॥
 चौरी करै करै बटपारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥१८ ॥
 ज्यौं त्यौं करि कछु घर मैं आनै, बनिता आगे दीन बषानै ॥
 हौं तेरौ नित आज्ञाकारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥१९ ॥
 यौं करते संतति हुइ आई, तब तौ फूल्यौ अंगि न माई ॥
 देत बधाई ता परि वारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥२० ॥
 मानै मोद बहुत सुष पावै, ता सुत कौं ले गोदि षिलावै ॥
 चिटकी देइ बजावै तारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥२१ ॥
 लरिका चारि पांचि हुई आये, तिनकू जूये घर करवाये ॥
 साल बोबरा महल अटारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥२२ ॥
 पुत्र पौत्र बंध्यौ परिवारा, मेरै मेरै कहैं गंवारा ॥
 करत बडाई सभा मंझारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥२३ ॥
 उद्दिम करि करि जोरी माया, के कछु भाग्य लिष्यौ सो पाया ॥
 अजहूं तृष्णा अधिक पसारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥२४ ॥
 जब दश बीस पचासक चाहै, सौ सहस्र लष कोरि उमाहै ॥
 अरब षरब तौहू अंधियारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥२५ ॥
 देश बिलाइति हाथी घोरे, ज्यौं ज्यौं बांधै त्यौं त्यौं थोरे ॥
 करि संतोष न बैठे हारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥२६ ॥
 ऐसे करत बुढापा आया, तब काठी करि पकरी माया ॥
 कौडी षरचत कसकै भारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥२७ ॥

मेरे बेटे पोते पैहैं, मेरी संची कोउ न लैहैं ॥
 ईश्वर की गति कछु न बिचारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥२८ ॥
 निपट वृद्ध जब भयौ शरीरा, नैननि आवन लाग्यौ नीरा ॥
 पौरी पर्यौ करै रषवारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥२९ ॥
 कानहुं सुनै न आंषिहुं सूझै, कहैं और की औरै बूझै ॥
 अब तौ भई बहुत बिधि प्चारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥३० ॥
 बेटा बहू नजीक न आवै, तू तौ मति चल कहि समझावै ॥
 दूक देहि ज्यौं स्वान बिलारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥३१ ॥
 बकतौ रहै जीभ नहिं मोरै, मरिहुंन जाइ षाटली तोरै ॥
 तैं षषारि सब ठौर बिगारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥३२ ॥
 षिजि करि उठे सुनै जब ऐसी, गारि देइ मुष भावै तैसी ॥
 भौंडी रांड करकसा दारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥३३ ॥
 उठि न सकै कंपै कर चरना, या जीवन तैं नीकौ मरना ॥
 तौहूं मन मैं अति अहंकारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥३४ ॥
 ताकौ कह्यौ करै नहिं कोई, परवश भयौ पुकारै सोई ॥
 मारी अपने पांव कुहारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥३५ ॥
 तासौं कछू होइ नहिं आवै, मन मैं बहुत भांति पछितावै ॥
 सीस धुनै अति होइ दुषारी, अइया मनुषहुं बुझि तुम्हारी ॥३६ ॥
 अब तौ निकट मौति चलि आई, रोक्छौ कण्ठ पित्त कफ बाई ॥
 जम दूतनि पासी विस्तारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥३७ ॥
 निकसत प्रान सैन समुझावै, नारायन कौ नाम न आवै ॥
 देषि सबनि कौं आंसू ढारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥३८ ॥
 हंस बटाऊ किया पयाना, मृतक देषि करि सबै डराना ॥
 घर महिं तैं लै जाहु निकारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥३९ ॥
 वै श्रवना नैना मुष नासा, एक नहीं जो चलती स्वासा ॥
 अब क्यौं यासौं प्रीति निवारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥४० ॥
 निशि दिन षवरि बाग की लेता, पलक पलक मैं पानी देता ॥
 माली गयौ जु सींचत क्यारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥४१ ॥
 लोग कुटम्ब सबै मिलि आये, आपुन रोये और रुलाये ॥
 लैकर चालै धाह उचारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥४२ ॥
 लै मसान मैं आये जब ही, कीये काठ एकठे सब ही ॥
 अग्रि लगाइ दियौ तन जारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥४३ ॥
 हितकारी सो रोवहिं गाढे, किरिया करैं जनं द्वै ठाढे ॥
 बेटा ठाकै मूण्ड कपारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥४४ ॥
 भस्म भयौ जब दीयौ दागा, प्रेत प्रेत कहि सब कोइ भागा ॥
 न्हाइ धोइ करि छोति उतारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥४५ ॥
 जारि बारि के घर कौं आये, बेटा बहू सबै समुझाये ॥
 अब जिनि रोवहु सौंह हमारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥४६ ॥
 सचि संचि करि राषी माया, औरहिं दिया न आपुन षाया ॥
 हाथ झारि ज्यौं चलयौ जुबारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥४७ ॥

सुकृत न कियो न राम संभार्यौ, ऐसौ जन्म अमोलिक हाय्यौ ॥
 क्यौ न मुक्ति की पौरि उघारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥४८॥
 कबहु न कियो साधु कौ संगी, जिनकै मिलै लगै हरि रंगा ॥
 कलाकन्द तजि बनजी पारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥४९॥
 प्रभु सौं सनमुष कबू न हूये, धन्धा ही मैं पचि पचि मूये ॥
 भजे न विश्वभर न बनवारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥५०॥
 किया कृत्य सो भुक्तन लागा, जन्म जन्म दुष सहै अभागा ॥
 राम बिना को लेइ उबारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥५१॥
 सूकर स्वान काग पे होई, कीट पतङ्ग गनै कहा कोई ॥
 औरौ जोनि भ्रमै हत्यारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥५२॥
 भूत पिशाच निशाचर जेते, राक्षस देह भयानक केते ॥
 सौ पुनि होइ जीव संसारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥५३॥
 भ्रमत भ्रमत जब आवे अन्ता, तब नर देह दैहि भगवन्ता ॥
 आपु मिलन की सौंज संवारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥५४॥
 सकल सिरोमनि है नर देहा, नारायन कौ निज घर येहा ॥
 जामहिं पइये देव मुरारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥५५॥
 चेति सकै सो चेतहु भाई, जिनि डहकावो राम दुहाई ॥
 सुन्दरदास कहै जु पुकारी, अइया मनुषहुं बूझि तुम्हारी ॥५६॥

King Nirañjana, the perfect Supreme Self, created this body from head to toe so carefully,

Why have you gone so astray?

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (1)

Who kept you safe in your mother's womb, a place of intense suffering?

Once born, you quickly forgot that place.¹

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (2)

As an infant you knew nothing, just attachment to your parents.

Since you first went wrong, you've never understood.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (3)

When you were a young boy, you had no place for thought,

Passing time with eating, playing, laughing, and tears.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (4)

On growing up into a youth, desires awoke: you stared at others' wives.

And thought of marriage.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (5)

Your parents arranged a match for you, or maybe you struck a deal yourself.

You thus put the noose around your own neck.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (6)

The householder's life gave you much satisfaction, as the five female friends² sang auspicious wedding songs to you.

With them you grew elated and foolish.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (7)
 Then you brimmed with youthful lust and wallowed in sensual pleasures,
 With your wife or with some other woman—no matter to you.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (8)
 Shameless in the grip of lust, you had no scruples nor cares for your kin.
 You brushed away good behaviour and honour.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (9)
 Puffed up with pride you strut about, saying whatever comes into your head,
 Casting aside all shame and modesty.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (10)
 You twirl your moustache, cock your turban, gaze at your face in the mirror.
 Complacent, you are utterly debased.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (11)
 Day and night, you're drenched in sensual essence, your body, mind and wealth
 made over to a woman:
 You remain in thrall to attractive flesh.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (12)
 You bring food, drink, and clothes to her, and dress her in fancy attire.
 To her you're completely submitted and have made yourself a sacrifice.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (13)
 You stay enmeshed with her, as if you think you've finally found salvation,
 Not ever do you want to be apart.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (14)
 Whatever your wife says, you agree with—and like a monkey dance before her day
 and night.
 You let her beat you and swear at you.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (15)
 You till the field, make money with some trade, run in all directions as her servant,
 And come to her with plates brimming over.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (16)
 Carrying wood, grass, and heavy bundles, you lose status and others' respect.
 This is how you try to please her?

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (17)
 You do odd jobs for others, and thus become everyone's servant.
 You steal and become a highway bandit.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (18)
 You bring home what you've scraped together, and say meekly to your wife:
 'Always your obedient servant.'

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (19)

While all this went on, your children were born. Then you became beside yourself
with joy.

The family gave you congratulations—something you would die for!

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (20)

With joy, you think this wonderful. You play with your son on your lap,

Snapping your fingers and clapping.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (21)

Four sons were born and maybe a fifth, for each you built a house,

Imposing mansions: pavilions and terraces on the roof and some very large halls.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (22)

You're shackled to a family that swells with sons and grandsons. You claim these as
your own, you fool,

And boast of them in public.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (23)

With constant effort you collected vain things; or maybe you're just a lucky heir.

And by now your thirst for things has been enormous.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (24)

Before you wanted just ten, twenty, or fifty, then thousands and millions,

And billions and trillions—how blind can you be!

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (25)

You've horses and elephants, near and far; the more you hoard, though, the less it
all seems.

Never satisfied, you keep getting more frustrated.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (26)

Living like that, you've grown old, and cling more closely to vacuous things.

It hurts you to spend a single cowrie.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (27)

'My sons and grandsons will enjoy this. No one else will get what I've earned.'

You never considered the ways of God.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (28)

When your body's completely decrepit, with perpetually watering eyes,

You lie in the courtyard and guard the door.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (29)

Your eyes don't see, your ears are bad: you often mistake what someone says.

So many ways now you've become distressed.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (30)

Your son and his wife will not come near you and tell you to stay away,

Throwing you morsels of food as if to a dog or a cat.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (31)

'He babbles and his tongue won't stop; he won't die and just wears out the bed.

And then he spits out mucus, spoiling everything.’

You’ve come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (32)

Hearing all this makes you angry, and all sorts of swear words flow from your mouth:

‘What a shrewish slut I have left myself with!’

You’ve come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (33)

You can stand up no longer, your hands and feet tremble, better to die than to live like this,

And yet you burst with ego.

You’ve come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (34).

A person who’s like that —no one will do his bidding: he’s dependent on others and cries out for help,

Striking an axe into his leg himself.

You’ve come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (35)

Now that he can do nothing at all, in his mind he repents in many ways,

And he’s so very sad, beating his head in grief.

You’ve come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (36)

Now death is close by as he chokes on gall, phlegm, and air.

Death’s messengers have spread out their noose.

You’ve come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (37)

Leaving his body, his life-breath continues to call, but Nārāyaṇa’s name doesn’t cross his mind.

Seeing all this, he begins to cry.

You’ve come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (38)

The traveling soul has set out on its journey, but the sight of the corpse frightens everyone:

‘Get him out of the house!’

You’ve come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (39)

The same ears, eyes, nose, and mouth remain, but no breath flows at all,

How could anyone love what’s left?

You’ve come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (40)

The one who continually tended the garden day and night, attentively giving it water, That gardener who drenched its ditches—is gone.

You’ve come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (41)

Friends and family all gathered together, the tears of some making others cry too,

They take him outside, wailing.

You’ve come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (42)

They take him to the cremation ground; they find firewood for the pyre.

They then set his body on fire—and let it burn.

You’ve come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (43)

His friends all stand there and cry, while two stout men conduct the cremation,
His son performs the skull-breaking ritual.³

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (44)
When he is burnt to ashes, they call him a ghost and run away,
Then take a bath to get purified.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (45)
After the cremation, they go home, consoling his sons and their wives:
'Don't cry anymore, we promise to stand by you.'

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (46)
He had stored away masses of trivial things, unused by himself and not given to
others.
But he left the world empty-handed, just like a ruined gambler.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (47)
He did no good deeds and had no thought of Rām, gambling away his priceless life,
Why didn't he open the door to salvation?

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (48)
Nor did he ever mix with devotees, and thus was never enveloped in Hari's colours.
Instead of sweets he bought bitter things.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (49)
Nor did he ever turn to the Lord, but wore himself out in worldly dealings.
He never worshipped Kṛṣṇa with his flower garlands, even though Kṛṣṇa is All-
Sustaining Viṣṇu.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (50)
Now he must reap the results of his deeds. Unlucky, he suffered in life after life.
Who else but Rām can save him?

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (51)
He was born as a pig, a dog, a crow, a worm, a moth, and other harmful creatures:
Who can count them all?

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (52)
An evil spirit, a dead man's ghost, a goblin, a demon, and more: only after becoming
these terrible things
Will his soul pass on to earth.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (53)
When his straying finally comes to an end, God will give him a human body:
He himself equipped you to meet him.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (54)
Existence is best in a human body: it's the house of God himself,
Where you can find the lord with the flute.

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (55)
Brother, reflect if you're able to do so, but don't just cry for help!

Sundardās calls out to you:

You've come into the human world, reflect now on your fate. (56)

¹⁾ Upside down in the womb, the foetus is exposed to the gastric fire and other perils. — ²⁾ The senses. — ³⁾ Towards the end of the cremation, the performer of the ritual, the nearest male relative of the deceased, knocks with a long stick against the skull of the dead body so that the soul be released from it.

81. देशाटन सवैया (इन्दव छन्द) – *Savaiyās* on Roaming the Regions (*indav* and *kiriṭ* metre)

Gumansinghji performing text 81, vv. 1, 5, 6, 9.

Link: <https://doi.org/10.11588/heidicon/1716676>

लोग मलीन षरे चरकीन दया करि हीन लै जीव संघारत,
ब्राह्मण क्षत्रिय वैश्य रु सूदर चारुहि वर्ण के मंछ बघारत ।
कारो है अंग सिंदूर की मांग सु संपनि रांड बुरे टग फारत,
ताहितें जानि कही जन सुन्दर पूरब देस न संत पधारत ॥१॥
दया नहि लेस रु लील के भेष रु ऊभसै केसन रांड कुलच्छ,
रांधत प्याज बिगारत नाज न आवत लाज करै सब भच्छन ।
बैठिये पास तौ आवत बास सु सुन्दरदास तजौ न ततच्छन,
लोग कठोर फिरैं जैसें ढोर सु संत सिधार करैं कहा दच्छन ॥२॥
बात तहां की सुनी श्रवनौं हम रीति पछांह की दूरितें जानी,
बोली बिकार लगै नहिं नीकी असाडे तुसाडे करैं षतरांनी ।
काहु की छौति न मानत कोउ जी भट्टदी रोटी रु षूहदा पानी,
सुन्दरदास करै कहा जाइकै संग तैं होइ जु बुद्धि की हानी ॥३॥
हिक्क लाहोर दा नीर भी उत्तम हिक्क लाहोर दा बाग सिराहे,
हिक्क लाहोर दा चीर भी उत्तम हिक्क लाहोर दा मेवा सिराहे ।
हिक्क लाहोर दे हैं बिरही जन हिक्क लाहोर दे सेवग भाये,
कितइक बात भली लाहोर दी ताहि तैं सुन्दर देषनैं आये ॥४॥
और तौ देस भले सब ही हम देषि भया गुजरातहू गांडी,
आभत छोट अतीत सौ कीजै बिलाई रु कूकर चाटत हांडी ।
बिवेक बिचार कछू नहिं दीसत डोलत जूथ जहां तहां रांडी,
सुन्दरदास चलौ अब छांडि कै और रहोगे तो होइगी भांडी ॥५॥
बृच्छ न नीर न उत्तम चीर सु देसन मैं गत देस है मारू,
पांव मैं गोषरू भुट गडै अरु आंषि मैं आइ परै उडि बारू ।
राबरि छाछि पिवै सब कोइ जु ताहि तैं षाज रतैधुर न्हारू,
सुन्दरदास रहौ जिन बैठि कै बैगि करौ चलिबे कौ बिचारू ॥६॥
भूमि पवित्र हु लोग विचित्र हु राग रु रंग उठत वहीं तैं,
उत्तम अन्न असन्न बसन्न प्रसन्न ह्वै मन्न ज षात तहीं तैं ।
बृच्छ अनंत रु नीर बहंत सु सुन्दर संत बिराजै जहीं तैं,
नित्य सुकाल पडै न दुकाल सु मालव देस भलौ सबहीं तैं ॥७॥
पूरब पच्छिम उत्तर दच्छिन देस बिदेस फिरे सब जाने,

केतक घौस फतेपुर मांहि सु केतक घौस रहे डिंडवाने ।
 केतक घौस रहे गुजरात उहांहुं कछू नहिं आयौ है ठाने,
 सोच बिचारि कै सुन्दरदास जु याहि तें आनि रहे कुरसाने ॥८ ॥
 सुच्चि अचार कछू न बिचारत मास छठै कबहूंक सन्हांहीं,
 मूंड षुजावत बार परैं गिर ते सब आटे मैं वोसनि जांहीं ।
 बेटी रु बेटन कौ मल धोवत वैसैंहिं हाथन सौं अनं षांहीं,
 सुन्दरदास उदास भयौ मन फूहड़ नारि फतेपुर मांहीं ॥९ ॥
 कंद रु मूल भले फल फूल सुरस्सरि कूल बने जु पवित्तर,
 आधि न ब्याधि उपाधि नहीं कछू तारि लगे तें टरै जु मनत्तर ।
 ज्ञान प्रकास सदाइ निवास सु सुन्दरदास तिरै भव दुस्तर,
 गोरषनाथ सराहि हैं जाहि जु जोग कै जोग भली दिस उत्तर ॥१० ॥

The people are dirty, they pee standing up, and kill animals with no pity.

Brahmans and Kshatriyas, Vaishyas and Shudras—all castes fry fish.

The women are dark, with a piercing gaze, and red powder where they part their hair. Also, they're all *śaṅkhinīs*!

Knowing all this, says Sundar, God's servant: a Sant doesn't go to the east. (1)

The women all dress in dark blue or black, they have dishevelled hair; they bear ill-omened signs and have no compassion at all.

They cook onions, they spoil the wheat, and eat anything with no shame.

Sit near them and you'll smell their stench. Says Sundardās: 'Leave at once!'

The people are cloddish, like wandering cattle. Why would a Sant go south? (2)

With my own ears I heard how they speak there and can make out their slang from far away.

Their dialect's gone bad and nothing sounds right: 'this of me', 'this of you' say the Khatri women,

Nobody thinks about getting polluted: they all take bread from the same clay oven and water from the same well,

Says Sundardās: 'What can you gain there? It's bad for your nerves.' (3)

Lahore has the very best water; Lahore's gardens alone are worthy of praise.

Lahore has the very best textiles; Lahore's dried fruit is the most praised of all.

In Lahore alone are those pining for God; Lahore's patrons alone make devotees content.

All that belongs to Lahore is the best, and so Sundardās went to see it. (4)

I've seen almost all of our regions, but Gujarat was especially disturbing.

People keep polluting ascetics, cats and dogs lap the pots,

Nobody thinks or sees differences; in all carefree crowds you see women.

Says Sundardās: 'Leave at once! If you stay on, you'll soon face disgrace.' (5)

With no trees, no water, no beautiful textiles, Marwar is the worst of all the regions.

Your feet get pricked by spiky seeds and thorny grass, and sand blows into your eyes,

Everyone drinks *nābarī*² and buttermilk, which scabs the children all over and makes them blind at night,

Sundardās says: ‘Don’t stay there, just find a way to get out fast!’ (6)

The soil is pure and the people extraordinary, music and colour emerge from there,

The choicest clothes, the very best food: eating there always pleases the mind.

Countless trees and flowing rivers, it’s a wonderful place for Sants to thrive.

The climate’s always nice; there’s never any drought—of all regions, Malwa’s the best. (7)

I came to know the regions, near and far, by roaming east, west, north and south,

Sundardās lived for a while in Fatehpur and then for a while in Didvana,

He stayed in Gujarat, too, for a while—but never settled there:

He made up his mind to go from there to Kursana. (8)

They have no sense of cleanliness, and maybe each six months take a bath,

When they scratch their head their hair falls out, and they knead it into the dough.

They eat with hands that a moment before had washed a child’s behind.

Sundardās was disheartened by the slovenly women of Fatehpur. (9)

The banks of the Ganga are sanctified by flowers, fruit, and healing plants,

There’s no sorrow, no sickness, and nothing that darkens your path; all this goes away when the mind starts to seek liberation.

Here you abide in the light of wisdom forever, here Sundardās crosses existence’s ocean—so difficult to pass.

Gorakhnāth offered praises: ‘Go to a place that’s fit for yoga, the wonderful northern region.’ (10)

¹) According to Indian rhetorics, the *śaṅkhiṇī* (conch-like) represents the third, coarsest and hence least attractive type of women. In his poetological treatise *Rasikpriyā* (Keśavdās, *Rasikpriyā*, ed. with Priyāprakāś commentary by Viśvanāthprasād Mīśra, 1st edn 2015, 2nd edn, Varanasi, Kalyāṇdās aṅḍ Braders, vs 2024, p. 73). In Chapter 3.8–9, Keśavdās defines this type as follows:

She is given to anger and fraud, her body is sweaty and hairy,

She wears red clothes, enjoys being scratched with the nails (while making love), she is shameless and impudent

When making love her perspiration smells salty, her vulva is hot.

This is how everyone describes the *śaṅkhiṇī*, who greatly indulges the love game.

²) Millet flour cooked with buttermilk.

Bājīd

82. सतीनामा – Account of the Sati (select verses)

Gumansinghji performing text 82, vv. 1 and 3.

Link: <https://doi.org/10.11588/heidicon/1716678>

82.1

बाजिद हरी जन ऐसा चाहीये सुर सती कै भाई ।

लोभ न कीया जीव का जरी नीसाण बजाई ॥ २ ॥

Hari's servant, says Bājīd, must have a hero or a sati's temper:

Even while he burns up to the sound of beating drums, he doesn't covet life. (2)

82.2

बाजीद ढोल ढीमका बाजीया सद सुण्यां सव लोई ।
जौ सल देषी सती भजै दैह पषी हा-सा होई ॥ ३ ॥

Kettledrums were beaten, says Bājīd, and everybody heard their sound.

Running away at the sight of the pyre, the sati gives in to her body.¹ (3)

¹) The reading of *daiba paṣibā-sā* should be *daiba paṣi hā-sā*, 'saying "yes" to her body'. We take *hā-sā* as the polite Marwari affirmative *hām-sā*.

82.3

बाजिद ढोल दमामे दुरवरी बाजे अनहत तूर ।
फीरी पीछै देषै नही साध सति अर सूर ॥५ ॥

When the drums are beaten, says Bājīd, and the trumpet of unstruck sound resounds

No sadhu, or sati, or hero ever looks back. (5)

82.4

बाजीद मरै तै पावै मुकति फल, जिवै त जुग महि सोभ ।
साध सती अर सूरिवा करै न जिय का लोभ ॥६ ॥

Someone who dies gains liberation, says Bājīd, and someone who lives gains glory in the world:

Sadhu, sati, and hero—they do not covet life. (6)

82.5

बाजीद जीव दिया जन पीव कौ सोई सुबुद्धी नारि ।
जग हटवाडा घौस द्वै देष्या सोचि विचारि ॥११ ॥

The servant who gave his life for his lord, says Bājīd, thought like a sharp-witted woman.

Reflecting, he saw that the world was a market open for just a couple of days. (11)

82.6

बाजीद जनम लगौ बीभचारनी मनं नं मानती संक ।
संग धनी कै धांवतै धोये पीछले अंक ॥१२ ॥

Even a woman unfaithful all her life, says Bājīd, without any sense of her guilt,

When hurrying to unite with her lord, she'll wash away her earlier faults. (12)

82.7

बाजीद कहां लै वरनीये नष सष भरी विकार ।
सब जग देषत जरि गैइ सती भैइ संसारी ॥१३ ॥

She's filled with corruption from head to toe, says Bājīd, how can I fully describe her?

A woman who burns herself up for all to admire is, indeed, a worldly sati. (13)

82.8

बाजीद सजन सारीषा कोउ न आवै दीठी ।
सती चली सल समही सव स्यौ दीनी पीठी ॥१५ ॥

No one compares to a truly righteous person, says Bājīd,
Turning away from everything, he's the sati who walks to the pyre. (15)

82.9

बाजीद पलक भई पीव सामही षलक रही मुष चाहि ।
चोवा चंदन कुमंकुमां पैहप चहै रत ताही ॥१६ ॥

Within a moment she stood before her husband, while the world looked on.
Flowers, red powder, sandalwood, scent— she needs none of this, says Bājīd. (16)

82.10

बाजीद सती रती न डर कीया कैसी तती आगि ।
सूती पाव पसारी कै साई कै गली लागि ॥१९ ॥

Says Bājīd, the sati had no fear at all; how could the fire scorch her?
Hugging her lord, she gently stretched herself out and went to sleep. (19)

82.11

बाजीद चूरी फोरी हत्य की तोरै नौसरहार ।
जीव तर्जा देही दहै सती कहै संसारि ॥२६ ॥

Says Bājīd, a woman who breaks all her bangles and pulls apart her nine-stringed
necklace,

Then gives up her life and burns up her body is called a worldly sati. (26)

83. सुमिरण कौ अंग – Chapter of Remembrance

83.1

और झोर सब छांडि धनी कूं धाइये, मुकति करै पल माझि न भौजल आइये ।
बैठि दास कै पासि हाथ ले जपनि, भूलत है किहि काम भिया निधि अपनि ॥१ ॥

Get rid of all entanglements and contemplate the Lord. You'll get release in just a
moment and won't plunge into the sea of existence.

Sit with the servants of God, reciting the name in silence. But brother, alas, you're
forgetting your treasure, why so? (1)

83.2

जनम जात है बादि, यादि करि पीव कूं, मुसकिल सब आसांन, होइगी जीव कूं ।
जा कै हिदै राम, रैणि दिन रहत हैं, परिहां मुक्ति हो मांझ नही फेर, साध सब कहत हैं ॥२ ॥

Now your life passes fruitlessly— just remember the Beloved! Then what once was
hard will be easy.

If Rām is in someone's heart day and night, he'll surely be released: all holy people
will tell you this. (2)

83.3

राम नाम की लूंटि, फबि है जीव कूं, निस बासुर बाजीद, सुमरि पुनि पीव कूं ।
यहू स बात परसिधि, कहत सब गांव रे, परिहां अधम अजामेल तिर्यो, नारांण नांव रे ॥३ ॥

Looting the name of Rām is good for the soul—so day and night, says Bājīd,
remember the Beloved.

This is a simple truth affirmed everywhere: Wasn't the dissolute Ajāmil¹ redeemed through Nārāyaṇ's name? (3)

¹⁾ The mythological figure Ajāmil was a Brahman who had become infatuated with a prostitute. This made him forget worship. He had a son by the name of Nārāyaṇ, which is a name of Viṣṇu. On his deathbed Ajāmil called for Nārāyaṇ whereby he happened to utter the name of God and was saved accordingly.

83.4

गाफ़िल रहे क्यूं बीर, कहौ क्यूं बनत है, या मानस के सांस सु जौरा गिनत है ।
जागि लागि हरि नांव, कहां लौ सोइहै, परिहां चाकी कै मुहि पर्यौ सु मैदा होइहै ॥४ ॥

Why are you so negligent, brave man? Tell me why you rely on the limited power of human breath.

Awake and take up Hari's name! How long will you sleep? What falls below the millstone, alas, is ground into flour. (4)

83.5

आजि सु तौ नही काल्हि कहत हौं तुझ कूं, भावै बैरी जानि जीव मैं मुझ कूं ।
देषत अपनी दिष्टि षता कहा षात है, परिहां लोहै को सो ताव चलयौ यहु जात है ॥५ ॥

I know you feel hostility towards me, but still I tell you this: What's here today is gone tomorrow.

Alas, it passes like heat from an iron. With your own eyes you see this but still seem somehow fooled. (5)

83.6

भूल्यौ माया मोह मौत नहि सूझई, सुत दारा धन धाम आपनौ बूझई ।
हरि कौ नांव अग्यांन हिरदै आंनई, परिहां दीवा सा बुझि जाइ भिया यहु मानई ॥६ ॥

Lost in confused illusion, you don't perceive death; you think that your sons, wife, wealth, and house are yours to keep.

In your heart you've no knowledge of Hari's name—but alas, like a lamp, you'll be extinguished. Brother, keep this in mind! (6)

83.7

रटौ द्यौस अर रैन आपन पीव कूं, माया मोह जंजार न मेलहू जीव कूं ।
कटुंब बंध घर धंध नही को तेर है, परिहां बादरि की सी छाह जात कहा बेर है ॥७ ॥

Repeat the name of your Beloved day and night, don't give up your soul to illusion's mad net!

Relations and family, house and trade—nothing is yours: won't these quickly vanish, alas, like the shadow of a cloud? (7)

83.8

घरि घरि घरियाल पुकारि कहत है, बहुत गई है आव अलपही रहत है ।
सोवै कहा अचेत जागि, जपि पीव रे, परिहां चलि है आजि क काल्हि बटाउ जीव रे ॥८ ॥

In every house the gong announces: your lifetime is mostly over, and very little remains.

Why do you sleep so mindlessly? Wake up and recite the Beloved's name! Today or tomorrow, alas, your wayfarer soul will pass on. (8)

83.9

जल अंजुरी कौ जात कहौ कहा बेर है, देषत सोचि बिचारि, बात यहि फेर है ।
मै ब कछौ बेर बीस षेल है घावरी, परिहां जीति भावै अब हारि रजा है रावरी ॥९॥

How long will it take the water to flow through your cupped hands? Look and reflect, the story is always the same:

I've told you so often that this is a fatal game. Ah, a win or a loss now depends on you. (9)

83.10

प्रतिषि देषै नैन श्रवनहु सुनत है, क्रसंन बोवै बीजक सोई लुनत है ।
चरन कंवल चित लाइ, देह नेह तजि और स्यौं, परिहां तौरैं बनै न बीर स्याम
सिरमोर स्यौं ॥१०॥

With your eyes and with your ears you can plainly perceive: a ploughman reaps as he sows.

Fix all your thoughts on God's lotus feet, let go of your body and everything else! But brave man, alas, there's nothing to gain if you break away from Śyām, the Supreme. (10)

83.11

तिन तैं हरि^२ का होइ कहा जग जीजिये, तजि ब सुरसुरि नीर कूप जल पीजिये ।
करि वाही कूं यादि आस तजि और की, परिहां जंन बाजीद बिचारि कही है ठौर की ॥११॥

How can those who are Hari's own bear to live in this world, forsaking the gods' river to drink water from a well?

They keep the Lord alone in their minds and hope for nothing else; indeed, the servant Bājīd speaks of the eternal abode most thoughtfully. (11)

83.12

डार छाडि गहि मूल मानि सिष मोर रे, बिना राम कै नांइ भलौ नहीं तोर रे ।
जो हम कूं न पत्यात बूझि किहि गांव मैं, परिहां जप तप तीरथ बरत सबै इक
नांव मैं ॥१२॥

Let go of the branch and seize the root, mind my teaching well! Nothing good will come to you without the name of Rām.

If you don't trust me, then ask any villager. Mantras, austerities, sacred sites and vows—all these, indeed, are in that one name. (12)

83.13

गीत कबित गुन छंद प्रबंध बषानिये, तिन महि हरि कौ नांव निरंतरि आनिये ।
जन बाजीद बिचित्र दुरावै कौन स्यौं, परिहां सब सालन कौ स्वाद लग्यौ एक
लौन स्यौं ॥१३॥

When preaching through songs and *kavittas*, short poems and long ones—constantly mention Hari's name!

How could the servant Bājīd be able to hide that Name from anyone? Surely, it's only the salt that adds spice to the gravy of every vegetable dish. (13)

83.14

अरध नांइ पाषाण तिरै हैं लोइ रे, रांम कहत कलि मांहि न बूडौ कोइ रे ।

करम सु किति यक बात बिलै है जांहिगे, परिहां हाथी के असवार न कूकर षांहिगे ॥१४ ॥

An idol of stone won't get you across, but just half of the Lord's name will. No one in this bad age who speaks the name of Rām has ever drowned.

All things crafted will be destroyed, but dogs can't eat someone riding an elephant.

(14)

83.15

ज्यूं ल्यूं कूर कपटहि गोबिंद गाइये, रांम नाम कै लेत पाप कहां पाइये ।

मन बच क्रम बाजीद कहै तूं लागि रे, परिहां पकरिहु जानि अजांनि जरावै आगि रे ॥१५ ॥

Even with fraud in your mind as you praise Govinda, you won't collect any sin—for you've spoken Rām's name.

Apply your mind, speech, and actions, says Bājīd, to this truth: fire surely burns the hand, whether or not you touch it on purpose. (15)

83.16

एकै नाव अनंत किहु जो लीजिये, जनम जनम के पाप चनोती कीजिये ।

रंचक चिनगि अग्नि आनि धरि अब रे, परिहां कोठी भरी कपास जाइ जरि सब रे ॥१६ ॥

Compress the innumerable names of God into a single name on your tongue, and you'll challenge the sins of all your lives.

This time, make a fire from a tiny spark! A house fully stored with cotton will surely burn down. (16)

84. सुकृत उपदेस कौ अंग – Chapter of Advice on Good Deeds

84.1

दे कुछ दांहिणै हाथ नाथ कै नांइ रे, बिलै न जैहै बीर रहैगौ ठांइ रे ।

सुफल होइ बाजीद समरर्ष्यौ पीव कूं, परिहां आडौ बांकी बेर आइ है जीव कूं ॥१ ॥

Give freely in the name of the Lord and your gift won't be gone, brave man: it will stay with you.

What you dedicate to the Beloved, says Bājīd, always bears fruit: when times are hard it will surely come back to you. (1)

84.2

पैर सरीषी षूब न दूजी बस्त है, मेल्लि बासनि माहि कहा मुंह कसत है ।

तूं जिनि जानै जाइ रहैगी ठांइ रे, परिहां माया दे बाजीद धणी के नांइ रे ॥२ ॥

No valuables can match benevolence. Why do you keep your wealth so tightly stored away?

Don't believe that it will stay with you, says Bājīd, so give it to others—in the Lord's name! (2)

84.3

सकल सौज घर मांझ जीव यहु बूझई, घोर धार अंधेर नैन नहि सूझई ।

लाभै लीजे कहा दूंढि फिरि आवई, परिहां जौ कर दीया होइ तो ब कछु पावई ॥३ ॥

Man searches through all that he has in his house, but in the pitch-black darkness can't see a thing.

How can anyone find anything by searching blindly? Someone with a lamp in his hand, though, will surely find what he needs. (3)

84.4

परमेशुर कै जीव प्रीति सू पूज रे, अतीत अभ्यागत देश न आंनी दूज रे ।
गरद मांझ है मरद फेर नहीं चुष रे, परिहां, अपनी सकति समांन मेल्हि कछु मुष रे ॥४ ॥

Worship with love the people of God, don't think of the sadhu who comes to you as different from yourself.

Some one you helped in distress will not abandon you later. Feed him as best you can! (4)

84.5

देइ दांहिनै हाथि लेइ सो लष मैं, तुम जिनि जानौ दूरि धर्यौ कांष मैं ।
साई अपनौ जानि सबनि कूं सींचिये, परिहां माया मुकति राषि हाथ कहा भिंचिये ॥५ ॥

He who gives freely gains by the thousands. Don't think you can hide all your wealth in your armpit!

Recognize your Lord and let the water flow for all; alas, thinking that money will be your salvation, how can you give with open hands? (5)

84.6

पवनहु लगै न ताहि तहां लै गोवई, रीते हाथनि जाय जगत सब जोवई ।
यहु माया बाजीद चलत कहा साथि रे, परिहां, बहते पांनी बीर पषारहु हाथ रे ॥६ ॥

He buried his wealth so deep that even the air couldn't reach it. Then everyone watched him leave empty-handed.

That wealth, says Bājīd, won't go with him. Wash your hands in running water, brave man! (6)

84.7

बाजीद अब कहत पुकारि सीष यहु सुनि रे, आडौ बांकी बेर आइ है पुंनि रे ।
अपनों हि पेट अग्यांन बड़ो क्यौं कीजिये, परिहां, सारी मैं तैं कौर औरहु दीजिये ॥७ ॥

Bājīd now calls you! Listen to my teaching: good deeds will help you in times of need.

Why do you thoughtlessly stuff your belly? Always give at least a morsel of your bread to someone else! (7)

84.8

धन सोई तूं जानि धनी कै अरथ है, बाकी माया बीर पाप को गरथ है ।
ज्यौं ब लगी त्यों तोरि भरइ जिनि भौंन रे, परिहां चढि पांहन की नाव पार गयो
कौंन रे ॥८ ॥

Know that wealth lies with the Lord alone, and sin sticks to all other riches.

Give these away as soon as they come to you: don't stuff your house with them.

Alas, how will you get across in a boat of stone? (8)

84.9

जो ब होइ कछु गाठि, षोई कैं दीजिये, सांई सब मैं आप नाहि क्यौं कीजिये ।
जा कौ ता कौ सौपि क्यूं न सुष सोइये, परिहां अंति लुनैं बाजीद षेत जो बोइये ॥९॥

Give away all that's tied up in your purse. Why don't you act? The Lord is in everything.

Why not surrender your wealth to its owner and enjoy some calm sleep? Of course in the end, says Bājīd, you reap as you sow. (9)

84.10

अरथ लगावहु रांम दांम तूं अपनै, बिछूरैं मिलन न होइ भया सुनि सपनै ।
माया चलती बेर कहौ किनि पकरी, परिहां षौषी हांडी हाथि भरौटौ लकरी ॥१०॥

Live to increase Rām's wealth! Listen, brother, don't even dream that money once gone will return.

Tell me, when someone's time has come, who ever clings to his wealth? Alas, at that time they carry an empty pot and a bundle of firewood for you. (10)

84.11

माया मुकती राषि संग्रहै कौन कौं, बाजीद मुठि यक धूरि लगी है पौन कौं ।
गहरे गाडे दांम कां किहि आइ है, परिहां लोक बटाऊ बीर षोदि कैं षाइ हैं ॥११॥

This wealth you amass that you think of as freedom, who is it for? It's just a handful of dust, says Bājīd, that's thrown to the winds.

What use is a deeply buried hoard of wealth? Travellers will dig it up, brave man, and fritter it away. (11)

84.12

पांहन जैसे दांम धरे जो गाडि कै, गरथ अरथ यहु लाइ जाइ है छाडि कै ।
अरब षरब बाजीद संचे किहि कांम के, परिहां प्रीति सहित पुनि पूजि सनेही रांम के ॥१२॥

Why bury your wealth like stones? Now it's entered in your account, but you'll have to part with it later.

Says Bājīd, what's the use of piling up billions and trillions? Instead, to gain merit lovingly worship the friends of Rām. (12)

84.13

बेगि करहु पुनि दांन बेर क्यूं बनत है, घौस घरी पल जांम सु जौरा गिनत है ।
मुष परि दैहै थाप सौज सब लूंटी है, परिहां जांम जालि मै बीर जीव नही छूटि है ॥१३॥

Quickly, give gifts that make merit! Why the delay? Death counts the days, the day's watches, the half hours, and the minutes.

He'll slap your face and snatch all your valuables. Hey brave man, don't leave your soul to Death's net! (13)

84.14

जौरा साधै तीर रैन दिन जीव कूं, धन सु धर्यो किहि कांम समरपौ पीव कूं ।
दै लै षरचि रषावह लोइ रे, परिहां तन मैं हि मन महिमांन आहि दिन दोई रे ॥१४॥

Day and night Death keeps his arrow pointed at mortal men. What's the use of hoarding your wealth? Give it to the Beloved instead!

Carry on with your everyday business and then help others! The mind's a guest in your body for just a couple of days. (14)

85. क्रिपन कौ अंग – Chapter of the Miser (Selected Verses)

85.1

मंगिन आवत देषि रहे मुंह गोइ रे, जदपि है बहू दांम कांम किहि लोइ रे ।
भूषे भोजन दयौ न नागै कपुरौ, परिहां, बिन बोये बाजीद लुनै कहा बपुरौ ॥

When seeing someone come to beg, he hides his face: for the people, his great wealth is useless.

He's never given food to the hungry or clothes to the naked, how will this weasel reap, says Bājīd, without ever having sown?

85.2

भलै बुरै कहू कोई न दंमरी देत है, माया जंन बाजीद क्रिपन को हेत है ।
पांहन कौ सो हियौ कियौ उहि जंन रे, परिहां गुनिजन गावहु कोरि न रीझत मंन रे ॥

On no account at all will he give anyone even a cent. Money, says the servant Bājīd, is the miser's ground of being.

His heart is made of stone, though singers praise him. Not even a billion singers will satisfy his mind!

85.3

किरपन अपनै हाथ कौडी केहूं जचै, पाइन घूंघरु बांधि बिधाता किन नचै ।
हाड गूद के मांझ न निकसै लोइ रे, परिहां दान पुनि बाजीद करै क्यौं कोइ रे ॥

A miser hates to let a single penny leave his hand, even if the Creator puts on ankle-bells and dances to persuade him.

Just as you can't squeeze blood from bones and marrow, says Bājīd, you'll never extract alms of any kind from a miser.

85.4

कहां लूं षौदै कोय निकट नहि दूरि है, या मानस कौ कांम सु तौ नहि मूरि है ।
बैठहु हीयौ हारि करहु जिनि आस रे, परिहां किरपन माया धरी जाहि जल पासि रे ॥

However deep you dig, you can't get any closer—it always stays far away: you cannot reach the root of this man's greed.

Resign yourself and hope for nothing, the miser keeps his wealth in the depths, where water flows.

85.5

मन राषत दिन रैन मुलक अर माल मैं, किरपन पर्यौ बाजीद काल के गाल मैं ।
फिरि फिरि गाठी गहै देषि तूं रंग रे, परिहां षालहु लैहैं षोसि न जैहै संगि रे ॥

The miser thinks day and night about growing his trade—and thus, says Bājīd, becomes Death's prey.

Look at his passion: again and again he ties up his purse. Alas, he'll be skinned: nothing at all will go with him.

85.6

चौकी पहरा देत द्यौस अर राति रे, जल अंजुरी कौं बीर जतन ही जात रे ।
हाडीमार कै हाथि न हीरा छूटई, परिहां चौर जाइ चमकाई कि राजा लूटई ॥

Day and night he may guard it, but however hard he tries to preserve it, it runs like water through his cupped hands.

Just as a sweeper can always spot a diamond, thieves or kings will surely rob a miser's wealth.

85.7

निस बासुर बाजीद संचै धंन बावरौ, सांझ परी जब बीर कहा अब तावरौ ।
कीड़ी कियौ कलेस बिर्था ही लोइ रे, परिहां तीतर तिल चुगि, गयौ कहत सब कोइ रे ॥

Day and night, says Bājīd, a madman amasses wealth. But where's the heat now, brave man, as the sun begins to set?

People are ants who toil away with a grain in vain, but—as everyone knows—the grain is gone when picked up by a partridge.

85.8

इहै बिचारहु बीर बात मन अपनै, क्रिपन कौं धंन माल जु देषौहु सुपिनै ।
बिकट ठौर की बस्त सु कोई लेत है, बिन मारे बाजीद तरु न फल देत है ॥१० ॥

If you dream of the miser's wealth, brave man, consider the plight of your mind.

Only a few can take hold of something that lies in a place beyond ready reach.

Without being hit, says Bājīd, a tree won't give away its fruit (10)

85.9

ज्यौं थी त्यौंही कही सति सुनि लोइ रे, मन गाढौ करि रहौ न मांगहु कोइ रे ।
क्रिपन अपनै हाथि न कौडी देइगौ, परिहां मणि माथै श्रप मारि कोऊ लेइगौ ॥

Listen people, I've told you how it is! Strengthen your mind and don't beg from a soul!

A miser will never hand you a cowrie. Surely, someone will kill the snake and take the jewel to be found on its head.

85.10

या कौ इहै अरथ जीय महि जानिये, बाजीद दूसरी बात ह्दिदै क्यौं आंनिये ।
मधमांषी ह्वै संच्यौ दे न हसि षेलि कै, परिहां लोग बटौऊ लेत धूरि मुष मेलि कै ॥

Know that this is what he lives for, says Bājīd, how could anything else come into his heart?

He's a bee collecting honey and won't, in fun, give any away. Surely, his heirs will take their shares and then throw dust on his face.

