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The Lady of the Jewel Necklace
and
The Lady who Shows her Love
by Harsha



Translated by
WENDY DONIGER

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ACT III
THE RENDEZVOUS

3.20 *tataḥ praviśati madan'âvasthām nāṭayann upaviṣṭo RĀJĀ.*

RĀJĀ: (*niḥśvasya*)

saṃtāpo, hṛdaya, Smar'ânalakṛtaḥ
saṃpraty ayaṃ sahyatām!
n' âsty ev' ôpaśamo 'sya, tām prati punaḥ
kiṃ tvaṃ mudhā tāmyasi?
yan mūḍhena mayā tadā katham api
prāpto gṛhītvā ciraṃ
vīnyastas tvayi sāndra|candana|rasa|
sparśo na tasyāḥ karaḥ. [1]

aho, mahad āścaryam!

manaś calaṃ prakṛty" âiva,
dur|lakṣyaṃ ca. tath" âpi me
Kāmen' âitat katham viddham
samaṃ sarvaiḥ śilī|mukhaiḥ? [2]

3.25 (*ūrdhvam avalokya*) Kusuma|dhanvan,

bāṇāḥ pañca mano|bhavasya, niyatās
teṣām a|saṃkhyo janaḥ
prāyo 'smad|vidha eva lakṣya iti yal
loke prasiddhiṃ gatam.
dṛṣṭaṃ tat tvayi vipratīpam adhunā
yasmād a|saṃkhyair ayaṃ
viddhaḥ kāmijanaḥ śarair a|śaraṇo
nītas tvayā pañcatām. [3]

Enter the KING, seated, miming love-sickness.

3.20

KING: (*sighing*)

Endure now, my heart, this fever kindled by the
fire of Memory.

There is absolutely no way to put it out.

Then why are you suffocating on her account,
all in vain?

What a fool I was, when I managed somehow
to grasp her hand,

whose touch was like rich sandalwood salve,
not to hold it to you for a long, long time.

And this is most amazing:

The heart is by nature a moving target, hard to hit.

And yet

Kama managed somehow to hit mine

with all of his stone-tipped arrows, all at once.

(*looking up*) O God whose bow is made of flowers,

3.25

The arrows of the god born in the heart are fixed
in number—five—

though countless people, most of them precisely
my type,

have been their targets. All of this has become
a popular cliché.

But now your ratio appears to be just the opposite,
for you pierced this helpless tribe of lovers with

innumerable arrows

and reduced them to the five elements.*

(*vicintya*) na tath” âham evaṃ|vidh’|âvastham âtmānam
 anucintayāmi yath” ântar|nigūḍha|kopa|saṃrambhāyā
 devyā locana|gocara|gatāṃ tapasvinīm Sāgarikām. tathā
 hi:

hriyā sarvasy’ âsau
 harati «vidit” âsm’ îti» vadanam.
 dvayor dr̥ṣṭv” âlāpam
 kalayati kathām âtma|viṣayām.
 sakhīṣu smerāsu
 prakāṣayati vailakṣyam adhikam.
 priyā prāyeṇ’ âste
 hṛdaya|nihit’|ātaṅka|vidhurā. [4]

tad|vārtt”|ânveṣaṇāyā gataḥ katham cirayati Vasantakah?

3.30 *tataḥ pravīṣati hr̥ṣṭo* VASANTAKAḤ.

VIDŪṢAKAḤ: (*sa|paritoṣam*) ṛhī hī, bhoḥ! Kausambī|rajja|lā-
 heṇ’ âvi ṇa tādiso pia|vaassassa paritosa āsi, jādiso ajja
 maha saāsādo pia|vaanam suṇia bhavissadi tti takke-
 mi. tā jāva gadua pia|vaassassa ṇivedāissam. (parikramy’
âvalokya ca) ṛkadham, eso pia|vaasso imam jjeva disam
 avalokaanto ciṭṭhadi, tahā takkemi mam evva paḍivāledi
 tti. tā uvasappāmi ṇam. (upasṛtya) ṛjaadu, jaadu pia|vaa-
 sso! bho vaassa, diṭṭhiā vaḍḍhasi samīhid’|abbhadhikāe
 kajja|siddhīe.

ACT III: RENDEZVOUS

(thinking) I'm not worried so much about myself, though I've been reduced to this sorry state, as about poor Sár-garika, if she comes within the queen's range of vision, for the queen is possessed by a rage that she has hidden deep inside her. Indeed:

She turns her face away from everyone,
embarrassed by the thought,
"They know about me." When she sees
two people talking together,
she reckons that they're talking about her.
And when her women friends smile, she becomes
even more uncomfortable.
My dear one suffers most of the time from a heart
oppressed by apprehension.*

I sent Vasántaka to get some news about her; why is he taking so long?

Enter VASÁNTAKA, rejoicing.

3.30

JESTER: *(with satisfaction)* Hurrah! Not even his acquisition of the kingdom of Kaushámbi gave my dear friend such satisfaction as I bet he'll have today when he hears the delightful news that I bring him. I'll go to my dear friend and report it to him. *(walking around and looking around)* Why, here is my dear friend looking in this very direction. I bet he's waiting just for me. I'll go up to him. *(approaching)* Victory, victory to my dear friend. Good fortune smiles on you, my friend, with this success in your undertaking, far beyond your expectations.

RĀJĀ: (*sa/harṣam*) vayasya, api kuśalaṃ priyāyāḥ?

VIDŪŠAKAḤ: (*sa/garvam*) ॠbho, a|cireṇa saṃ jjeva pekkhia
jāṇissasi.

RĀJĀ: (*sa/paritoṣam*) vayasya, darśanam api bhaviṣyati pri-
yāyāḥ?

3.35 VIDŪŠAKAḤ: (*s'/āhaṃkāram*) ॠbho, kīsa ṇa bhavissadi jassa
de uvahasida|Vihappadi|buddhi|vihavo ahaṃ amacco!

RĀJĀ: (*vihasya*) na khalu citram. kiṃ na saṃbhāvyate tvayi?
tat kathaya. vistarataḥ śrotum icchāmi.

VIDŪŠAKAḤ: (*karṇe*) ॠevaṃ evaṃ.

RĀJĀ: (*sa/harṣam*) sādhu, vayasya, sādhu! idaṃ te pāritoṣi-
kam. (*iti hastād apanīya kaṭakam dadāti.*)

VIDŪŠAKAḤ: (*kaṭakam paridhāy' ātmānaṃ nirvarṇya*) ॠbho,
imaṃ tāva suddha|suaṇṇa|kaḍaa|maṇḍia|hatthaṃ atta-
ṇo bamhaṇie gadua dāmsāissam.

3.40 RĀJĀ: (*haste grhītvā nivārayan*) sakhe, paścād darśayiṣyasi.
jñāyatāṃ tāvat kim avaśiṣṭam ahna iti.

VIDŪŠAKAḤ: (*vilokya*) ॠbho, pekkha pekkha! eso kkhu guru'
āṇurā'|ōkkhitta|hiao saṃjjhā|vadhū|diṇṇa|saṃkedo via
attha|giri|sihara|kāṇaṇaṃ aṇusaradi bhaavaṃ sahassa|ra-
ssi.

ACT III: RENDEZVOUS

KING: (*with joy*) My friend, is my dear one doing well?

JESTER: (*with pride*) Before long, you yourself can determine that, because you'll see her.

KING: (*with satisfaction*) My friend, will I actually get to see my dear one?

JESTER: (*with egotistical pride*) Why not? Since you have me 3.35
as your prime minister, and I make a laughing-stock of Brihas-pati's brain-power.*

KING: (*laughing*) I'm not at all surprised. Is there nothing you can't do? Now, tell me. I want to hear all the details.

JESTER: (*in his ear*) Like this, like that. . . .

KING: (*with joy*) Bravo, my friend, bravo! Here's a reward for you. (*He takes a gold bracelet from his hand and gives it to him.*)

JESTER: (*putting on the bracelet and admiring himself*) I'll go and show the Brahmin lady, my wife, how my hand looks with this pure gold bracelet adorning it.

KING: (*holding him back by the hand*) You'll show it to her 3.40
later, my friend. For now, find out how much remains of the day.

JESTER: (*observing*) Look, look! The Lord of a Thousand Rays is slipping away to the woods on the peak of the mountain where he goes home, as if he were keeping a rendezvous with his bride the sunset, with a heart carried away by heavy love for her.

RĀJĀ: (*vilokya, sa/haṣam*) sakhe, samyag upalakṣitam! par-
yavasitam ahaḥ. tathā hi:

«adhvānaṃ n' âika|cakraḥ prabhavati bhuvana|
bhrānti|dīrghaṃ vilaṅghya
prātaḥ prāptuṃ ratho me punar iti» manasi
nyasta|cint"âti|bhāraḥ
sandhy"âmṛṣṭ'âvaśiṣṭa|sva|kara|parikara|
spaṣṭa|hem'âra|pañkti
vyākṛṣy' âvasthito 'sta|kṣiti|bhṛti nayat' îv'
âiṣa dik|cakram arkaḥ. [5]

api ca,

3.45 «yāto 'smi, padma|nayane, *samayo* mam' âiṣa,
suptā may" âiva bhavatī pratibodhanīyā.»
pratyāyanām ayam it' îva *saro/ruhiṇyāḥ*
sūryo 'sta/mastaka|niviṣṭa|karaḥ karoti. [6]

tad uttiṣṭha, mādhavī|latā|maṇḍapaṃ gatvā priyatamā|saṃ-
ket'âvasaraṃ pratipālayāvah.

VIDŪSAKAḤ: 'bho, sohaṇaṃ bhaṇidaṃ. (*ity uttiṣṭhataḥ.*)

ACT III: RENDEZVOUS

KING: (*observing, with joy*) Rightly observed, my friend. The day has wound down. For:

The sun bears a heavy load of anxiety in his mind,
thinking,

“My one-wheeled chariot will not be able to
rise again, tomorrow morning,
after it has traversed the long road of wandering
over the whole earth.”

And so, as he settles down on the mountain
where he goes home,
and the sunset wipes out his rays,
a cluster of those that remain
form a wheel in the sky, with clearly outlined
spokes of golden rays,
and he seems to pull that down and lead it away.*

And

“I’ve gone, Lotus-eyes; my *time : rendezvous* 3.45
has come.

You’re asleep, and I’ll wake you.”

The sun : a lover says this to reassure the
day-lotus : woman holding a lotus,
placing his *rays : hands* on the top of
*the home mountain : her lowered head.**

So, stand up. Let’s go to the pavilion of *mádhavi* vines and
wait for the moment of my rendezvous with my dearest.

JESTER: How beautifully said. (*They stand up.*)

VIDŪṢAKAḤ: (*vilokya*) ॠbho vaassa, pekkha pekkha. eso kkhu
 bahalī|kida|virala|vaṇa|rāi|saṃniveso gahīda|ghaṇa|pa-
 nka|pīvara|vana|varāha|mahisa|kisiṇa|cchavī pasaradi
 puva|disaṃ pacchādaanto timira|saṃghāo.

RĀJĀ: (*samantād vilokya*) sakhe, sādhu dṛṣṭam. tathā hi:

3.50 puraḥ pūrvām eva
 sthagayati, tato 'nyām api dīsaṃ.
 kramāt krāmann adri|
 drumā|pura|vibhāgāṃs tirayati.
 upetaḥ pīnatvaṃ
 tad|anu bhuvanasy' ēkṣaṇa|phalaṃ
 tamaḥ|saṃghāto 'yaṃ
 harati Hara|kaṇṭha|dyuti|haraḥ. [7]

tad ādeśaya mārgam.

VIDŪṢAKAḤ: ॠedu, edu pia|vaasso.

parikrāmataḥ.

VIDŪṢAKAḤ: (*nirūpya*) ॠbho vaassa, edaṃ kkhu samāsaṇṇaṃ
 saṃsatta|bahala|patta|pāda|va|ladāhiṃ piṇḍī|kid'|ân-
 dha|āraṃ via Maarand'|ujjāṇam. tā kahaṃ ettha maggo
 lakkhīadi?

3.55 RĀJĀ: (*gandham āghrāya*) vayasya, gacch' āgrataḥ. nanu su|
 pariñāta ev' ātra mārگاḥ. tathā hi:

ACT III: RENDEZVOUS

JESTER: (*looking around*) Look, my friend, look. The mass of darkness is black as the hide of fat forest boars and buffalo covered with thick mud. As it moves on, covering the eastern quarter, it makes the spacing of the sparse rows of forest trees become dense.*

KING: (*looking all around*) Well observed, my friend. For:

The mass of darkness obscures first the east and 3.50
then the other quarters,
and then, moving on by gradual degrees,
hides the distinctions between hills, trees and
town buildings.
It steals the color of Shiva's neck and then,
becoming swollen,
steals the very faculty of sight of all the world.*

So, show me the path.

JESTER: Come, dear friend, come.

They walk around.

JESTER: (*observing closely*) My friend, we're near the Garden of Nectar, whose trees and vines with their entwined thick foliage seem to have rolled the darkness up into a ball. How can we spot the path here?

KING: (*smelling the perfume*) You go in front, my friend. 3.55
The path here is actually quite easy to make out. For

pāl” îyaṃ campakānāṃ niyatam, ayam asau
 sundaraḥ sinduvāraḥ.
 sāndrā vīthī tath” êyaṃ bakula|viṭapinām,
 pāṭalā|paṅktir eṣā.
 āghrāy’ āghrāya gandhaṃ vividham adhigataiḥ
 pāda|pair evam asmin
 vyaktiṃ panthāḥ prayāti dvi|guṇatara|tamo|
 nihnuto ’py eṣa cihnaiḥ. [8]

iti parikrāmataḥ.

VIDUṢAKAḤ: Ṛbho, edaṃ kkhu ṇivaḍanta|matta|mahu|araṃ
 kusum’|āmoda|vāsida|dasa|disaṃ masiṇa|maraada|maṇi|
 silā|kuṭṭima|suhāanta|calaṇa|saṃcāra|sūcidaṃ taṃ evva
 māhavī|ladā|maṇḍapaṃ saṃpatta mha. tā iha jjevva ci-
 tṭhadu bhavaṃ, jāva ahaṃ devī|vesa|dhāriṇaṃ Sāariaṃ
 geṇhia lahuṃ āacchāmi.]

RĀJĀ: vayasya, tena hi tvaryatāṃ tvaryatām.

3.60 VIDUṢAKAḤ: Ṛbho, mā uttamma. esa āgado mhi.] (*iti niṣkrā-
 ntaḥ.*)

RĀJĀ: yāvad aham apy asyāṃ marakata|śilā|vedikāyām upa-
 viśya priyāyāḥ saṃketa|samayaṃ pratipālayāmi. (*upavi-
 śya sa/cintam*) aho, ko ’pi kāmi|janasya sva|gṛhiṇī|samā-
 gama|paribhāvino janam abhinavaṃ prati pakṣa|pātaḥ.
 tathā hi:

ACT III: RENDEZVOUS

This is certainly the row of *châmpaka* trees, and
that is the beautiful *sinduvára*.
And this is the dense avenue of *bákula* trees,
and that the row of trumpet flowers.
Even though the path is veiled by twice as much
darkness in this garden,
you can clearly discern it by the signs of
the trees that you can identify
simply by smelling and smelling
each different perfume.

They walk around.

JESTER: Now we've reached the pavilion of *mádhavi* vines.
I can tell, because intoxicated bees swarm around it, the
fragrance of its flowers perfumes the air in all the quarters
of the sky, and its stone floors paved with smooth emeralds
feel so good when my feet walk on them. So wait
here, please, sir, while I get Ságarika, who'll be wearing
the queen's clothes, and come back right away.

KING: Hurry, please, my friend, hurry.

JESTER: Oh don't be so impatient! I'll be back. (*Exit.*) 3.60

KING: Meanwhile, I'll sit on this altar made of stone in-
laid with emeralds and wait for the moment of the ren-
dezvous with my dear one. (*sitting down and thinking*)
Strange that a lover, scorning the embrace of his own
wife, should be so partial to a new person. For:

praṇaya|viśadāṃ

dr̥ṣṭiṃ vaktre dadāti na śaṅkitā.

ghaṭayati ghaṇaṃ

kaṇṭh'āśleṣe rasān na payo|dharau.

vadati bahuśo

«gacchām' īti» prayatna|dhṛt" āpy, aho,

ramayatitarāṃ

saṃketa|sthā tath" āpi hi kāmīnī. [9]

aye, kathaṃ cirayati Vasantakaḥ? tat kiṃ nu khalu viditah
syād ayaṃ vṛtt'ānto devyā?

tataḥ praviśati VĀSAVADATTĀ KĀÑCANAMĀLĀ ca.

3.65 VĀSAVADATTĀ: 「hañje Kañcaṇamāle, saccaṃ jjevva maha ve-
saṃ kadua Sāariā ajja|uttaṃ ahisarissadi?」

KĀÑCANAMĀLĀ: 「kahaṃ aṇṇadhā bhaṭṭiṇīe ṇivedīadi? adha
vā citta|sāliā|duāre tṭhido Vasantao jjevva de paccaṃ
uppādaissadi.」

VĀSAVADATTĀ: 「teṇa hi tahiṃ jjevva gacchamha.」

KĀÑCANAMĀLĀ: 「edu, edu bhaṭṭinī.」 (*ubhe parikrāmataḥ.*)

tataḥ praviśati kṛt'āvaguṇṭhano VASANTAKAḤ.

3.70 VASANTAKAḤ: (*karṇaṃ dattvā*) 「jadhā citta|sāliā|duāre pada|
saddo suṇīadi, tadhā takkemi āgadā Sāaria tti.」

ACT III: RENDEZVOUS

She is too nervous to cast a cheerful, loving glance
upon his face.

When she embraces him with her arms
around his neck,
she doesn't press her breasts hard against him
in passion.

She keeps saying, "I must go," even though he
holds onto her with great effort.

And yet a lover at a rendezvous gives him
the most intense pleasure.

Oh, why is Vasántaka taking so long? Could the queen have
gotten wind of this affair?

Enter VÁSAVA-DATTA, with KÁNCHANA-MALA.

VÁSAVA-DATTA: Kánchana-mala, is it true that Ságarika is go- 3.65
ing to keep a tryst with my husband wearing my clothes?

KÁNCHANA-MALA: How could your highness have been given
a report of things other than they are? But Vasántaka
himself, standing at the door of the picture gallery, will
convince you.

VÁSAVA-DATTA: Then let's go there.

KÁNCHANA-MALA: Come, please, ma'am, come. (*They walk
around.*)

Enter VASÁNTAKA, veiled.

VASÁNTAKA: (*cocking an ear*) Since I heard the sound of 3.70
footsteps at the door of the picture gallery, I think Sá-
garika has arrived.

KĀÑCANAMĀLĀ: 'bhaṭṭini, iaṃ sā citta|sāliā. tā jāva Vasantaassa saṇṇaṃ karemi. (iti choṭikāṃ dadāti.)

VIDUṢAKAḤ: (sa/harṣam upasṛtya, sa/smitam) 'Susamaṅgade, suṭṭhu kkhu kido tue eso Kañcaṇamālāe veso. adha Sāariā dāṇiṃ kaḥiṃ?

KĀÑCANAMĀLĀ: (aṅgulyā darśayanti) 'ṇaṃ eṣā.

VIDUṢAKAḤ: (dṛṣtvā, sa/vismayam) 'eṣā phudaṃ evva devī Vāsavadattā!

3.75 VĀSAVADATTĀ: (ś/āśaṅkam, ātma|gatam) 'kadhaṃ, jāṇida mhi!

VIDUṢAKAḤ: (choṭikāṃ dadāti) 'bhodi Sāarie, ido āaccha. (VĀSAVADATTĀ vihasya KĀÑCANAMĀLĀM avalokayati.)

KĀÑCANAMĀLĀ: (apavāry' aṅgulyā tarjayanti) 'ha' |āsa, sumarissasi edaṃ attaṇo vaṇaṃ.

VIDUṢAKAḤ: 'turaadu, turaadu Sāariā. eso kkhu puva|disādo uggacchadi bhaavaṃ mia|lañchaṇo. (parikrāmati.)

RĀJĀ: aye! upasthita|priyā|samāgamasy' āpi kim idam aty|artham uttāmyati me cetaḥ? atha vā:

3.80 tīvraḥ Smara|saṃtāpo
na tath" ādau bād hate, yath" āsanne.
tapati prāvṛṣi nitarāṃ
abhyarṇa|jal'|āgamo divasaḥ. [10]

ACT III: RENDEZVOUS

KÁNCHANA·MALA: Your highness, here is the picture gallery.
I'll just give Vasántaka a signal. (*She snaps her fingers.*)

JESTER: (*approaching with joy, and smiling*) Susángata, you've
done a great job of disguising yourself as Kánchana·mala.
But where's Ságarika?

KÁNCHANA·MALA: (*pointing with her finger*) There she is.

JESTER: (*looking, with astonishment*) This really is Queen
Vásava·datta!

VÁSAVA·DATTA: (*worried, to herself*) Why, he's recognized 3.75
me!

JESTER: (*snapping his fingers*) My lady Ságarika, come this
way. (VÁSAVA·DATTA smiles and gives KÁNCHANA·MALA a
look.)

KÁNCHANA·MALA: (*aside, threatening with her finger*) You
damn fool, you'll have cause to remember these words
of yours.*

JESTER: Hurry up, Ságarika, please, ma'am, hurry up. Look,
the moon, the god with the mark of a hare, is rising in
the east.* (*He walks around.*)

KING: What is this extreme longing that my mind feels even
now that the meeting with my dear one is so close? Or
is it that:

The sharp heat of Memory is not so oppressive 3.80
in the beginning as when it draws near.
The days are hottest when the downpour
is about to come, in the monsoon.*

VIDŪŠAKAḤ: (*karṇaṃ dattvā*) ८bhodi Sāarie, eso khu pia|vaa-
sso tumam̐ jjeva uddisia ukkaṇṭha|ṇibbharaṃ mantedi.
tā ṇivedemi se tuh' āgamaṇam. ॥

VĀSAVADATTĀ: (*śiraḥ|samjñām dadāti.*)

VIDŪŠAKAḤ: (*rājānam upasṛtya*) ८bho vaassa, diṭṭhiā vaḍḍa-
si! eṣā kkhu mae ānīdā Sāariā. ॥

RĀJĀ: (*sa|harṣaṃ, sahas" ōtthāya*) vayasya, kv' āsau?

3.85 VIDŪŠAKAḤ: ८ṇam eṣā. ॥

RĀJĀ: (*upasṛtya*) priye Sāgarike,

śīt'āṃśur mukham, utpale tava dṛśau,
padm'ānukārau karau,
rambhā|garbha|ṇibhaṃ tath" ōru|yugalaṃ,
bāhū mṛṇāl'ōpamau
ity, āhlāda|kar'ākḥil'āṅgi, rabhasān
niḥ|śaṅkam āliṅgya mām
aṅgāni tvam Anaṅga|tāpa|vidhurāṇy
ehy, ehi, nirvāpaya! [11]

VĀSAVADATTĀ: (*sa|bāṣpam, apavārya*) ८Kañcaṇamāle, evvaṃ
pi mantia ajja|utto puṇo vi maṃ ālavissadi tti, aho, ac-
cariam̐! ॥

KĀÑCANAMĀLĀ: (*apavārya*) ८bhaṭṭiṇi, evvaṃ ṇnedam. kiṃ
uṇa sāhasiāṇaṃ puruṣāṇaṃ ṇa sambhāvīadi? ॥

ACT III: RENDEZVOUS

JESTER: (*cocking an ear*) My lady Ságarika, here is my dear friend speaking words laden with longing, and all about you. I'll tell him that you have arrived.

VÁSAVA-DATTA: (*gives a sign of assent by nodding her head.*)

JESTER: (*approaching the KING*) Good fortune smiles on you, my friend! I've brought Ságarika here.

KING: (*suddenly standing up, with joy*) My friend, where is she, where is she?

JESTER: Here she is.

3.85

KING: (*approaching*) My dear Ságarika,

Your face is the moon with its cool rays,
your eyes two blue lotuses,
your hands are like day-lotuses, your two thighs
like the inner surface of plantains,
and your arms are like lotus filaments.
All of your limbs are a source of delight.
But my limbs are wasting away in the fever
of the god who has no limbs.
So come, come, embrace me fiercely,
without hesitation, and soothe them.*

VÁSAVA-DATTA: (*in tears, aside*) Kánchana-mala, how amazing it is, that after talking like this, my husband will speak intimately with me again.

KÁNCHANA-MALA: (*aside*) Exactly so, your highness. Indeed, rash, violent men are capable of anything.



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