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LOVE LYRICS

BY ÁMARU &
BHARTRĪ·HARI

Translated by

GREG BAILEY



&

BY BÍLHANA

Edited and translated by

RICHARD GOMBRICH

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Ady' âpi tām kanaka|campaka|dāma|gaurīm
 phull'âravinda|vadanām tanu|roma|rājīm
 supt'ôttthitām madana|vihvala|s'âlas'ângīm
 vidyām pramāda|galitām iva cintayāmi.

Ady' âpi tām śasī|mukhīm nava|yauvan'âdhyām
 pīna|stanīm punar ahaṃ yadi gaura|kāntim
 paśyāmi manmatha|śar'ânalā|pīdit'ângīm
 gātrāṇi saṃprati karomi su|śītalāni.

Ady' âpi tām yadi punaḥ kamal'âyat'ākṣīm
 paśyāmi pīvara|payodhara|bhāra|khinnām
 saṃpīḍya bāhu|yugalena pibāmi vaktram
 unmattavan madhukaraḥ kamalaṃ yath" êṣtam.

Ady' âpi tām nidhuvana|klama|niḥ|sah'ângīm
 â|pāṇḍu|gaṇḍa|patit'âlaka|kuntal'ālim
 pracchanna|pāpa|kṛta|mantharam āvahantīm
 kaṇṭh'âvasakta|mṛḍu|bāhu|latām smarāmi.

Still I recall her, golden as a wreath
 Of *chāmpaka* flowers, her full-blown lotus face,
 Her slender line of down, her limbs confused
 By Passion, faint from passionate embrace;
 I recollect her as she rose from sleep
 Like knowledge carelessness has failed to keep.

Still when I see the richness of her youth,
 The moon her face, the swelling of her breast.
 Her beauty's pallor, and her every limb
 By Kama's fire-bearing darts distressed,
 Even today as I recall that sight
 My limbs grow cold and shiver with delight.

Still when her eyes, as lotus petals long,
 Like Fortune's, goddess lotus-born, I see,
 And see her wearied by her bosom's load,
 With both my arms clasping her close to me
 As honey-bee his darling lotus sips
 I would grow drunk on mead within her lips.

Still I remember how her body lay
 Exhausted by our love, her pale cheeks lined
 With tumbled locks of hair, and round my neck
 The tendrils of her arms she tightly twined;
 Held me so close as if she bore within
 Her heart concealed some secret deed of sin.

5 Ady' âpi tām surata|jāgara|ghūrnamāna|
 tiryagivala|tarala|tāraka|dīrgha|netrām
 śrṅgāra|sāra|kama|'ākara|rāja|haṃsīm
 vṛīdā|vinamra|vadanām uṣasi smarāmi.

Ady' âpi tām yadi punaḥ śravaṇ'āyat'ākṣīm
 paśyāmi dīrgha|viraha|jvarit'āṅga|yaṣṭim
 aṅgair ahaṃ samupaguhyā tato 'tigādhaṃ
 n' ōnmīlayāmi nayane na ca tām tyajāmi.

Ady' âpi tām surata|tāṇḍava|sūtra|dhārīm
 pūrṇ'ēndu|sundara|mukhīm mada|vihval'āṅgīm
 tanvīm viśāla|jaghana|stana|bhāra|namrām
 vyālola|kuntala|kalāpavatīm smarāmi.

Ady' âpi tām masṛṇa|candana|pañka|mīśra|
 kastūrikā|parimal'ōttha|visarpi|gandhām
 anyonya|cañcu|puṭa|cumbana|khañjarīṭa|
 yugm'ābhirāma|nayanām śayane smarāmi.

Still I remember sleepless nights we passed
 In pleasure; her long eyes at break of day,
 Tremulous roving stars, threw sidelong looks
 Towards me, as in shame she turned away.
 A swan princess into a lotus bed
 Upon a lake of love inclined her head.

5

Still, could I once again behold my love,
 Her eyes so long they seemed to touch her ears,
 Could I behold my darling's slender form,
 Long racked by parted lovers' tender fears,
 I'd clasp that body wasted by love's fever
 And close my eyes, and never more would leave her.

Still I recall that lovely full-moon face,
 The disarray of her dishevelled tresses,
 The weight of ample hips and bosom, which
 Her dainty, passion-weary limbs depresses;
 These attributes her leading role enhance
 In love's ecstatic, earth-dissolving dance.

Still I recall the grace of her repose
 As she reclined, with perfume all around
 Arising from the fragrant musk of deer
 Blended with smoothest sandal finely ground.
 Her eyes in lovely fluttering imitate
 A curve-beaked wagtail billing with his mate.

Ady' âpi tām nidhuvane madhu|pāna|raktām
līl" |âdharām kṛśa|tanuṃ capal' |āyat' |âkṣīm
kāsmīra|pañka|mṛga|nābhi|kṛt' |âṅga|rāgam
karpūra|pūga|paripūrṇa|mukhīm smarāmi.

10 Ady' âpi tat kanaka|gaura|kṛt' |âṅga|rāgam
prasveda|bindu|vitataṃ vadanam priyāyāḥ
ante smarāmi rati|kheda|vilola|netraṃ
Rāh' |ūparāga|parimuktam iv' êndu|bimbam.

Ady' âpi tan manasi saṃparivartate me
rātrau mayi kṣutavati kṣiti|pāla|putryā
«jīv' êti!» maṅgala|vacah parihr̥tya kopāt
karṇe kṛtaṃ kanaka|patram anālapantya.

Ady' âpi tām cala|cakora|vilola|netrām
sīt' |âṃśu|maṅḍala|mukhīm kuṭil' |âgra|keśām
matt' |êbha|kumbha|sadṛśa|stana|bhāra|namrām
bandhūka|puṣpa|sadṛś' |āuṣṭha|puṭām smarāmi.

Still I recall her flushed with love and wine,
Great eyes in which the darting pupils swim,
Her slender body and her sportive lips;
On a ground of Kashmir saffron every limb
With figures in black deer-musk ornamented;
Her mouth with camphor and with betel scented.

Still I remember my beloved's face
Gleaming with pearls of sweat and saffron's gold;
The abundant moisture and her wandering eyes
All the fatigue of love's fulfillment told.
No brighter does the full-faced moon appear
When from Eclipse's jaws she frees her sphere.

10

Still I remember how one night, offended,
The princess would not speak, and so refrained
When I had sneezed from the auspicious words
“Long life!,” by which such omens are restrained,
But wordlessly upon her ear reset
The golden leaf which was her amulet.

Still I remember, ringed with curls, her face,
A rotund moon on whose cool rays were fed
Two swift *chakóra* birds, her restless eyes;
Her lips as the *bandhūka* bloom were red;
She bowed with heavy breasts as prominent
As temples of a rutting elephant.

Ady' âpi tat|praṇaya|bhaṅgura|dr̥ṣṭi|pātamaṅ
 tasyāḥ smarāmi rati|vibhrama|gātra|bhaṅgam
 vastr'|āñcala|skhalata|cāru|payodhar'|āntamaṅ
 danta|cchadaṅ daśana|khaṇḍana|maṇḍanaṅ ca.

Ady' âpy aśoka|nava|pallava|rakta|hastāmaṅ
 muktā|phala|pracaya|cumbita|cūcuk'|āgrāmaṅ
 antaḥ smit'|ōcchvasita|pāṇḍura|gaṇḍa|bhittimaṅ
 tāmaṅ vallabhāmaṅ alasa|hamsa|gatimaṅ smarāmi.

15 Ady' âpi tat|kanaka|reṇu|ghan'|ōru|deśe
 nyastaṅ smarāmi nakhara|kṣata|lakṣma tasyāḥ
 ākr̥ṣṭa|hema|rucir'|āmbaram utthitāyā
 lajjā|vaśāt kara|dhṛtaṅ ca tato vrajantyāḥ.

Ady' âpi tāmaṅ vidhṛta|kajjala|cāru|netrāmaṅ
 protphulla|puṣpa|nikar'|ākula|keśa|pāsāmaṅ
 sindūra|saṃlulita|mauktika|hāra|dantāmaṅ
 ābaddha|hema|kaṭakāmaṅ rahasi smarāmi.

*Still I recall the graceful coquetry
 Of those curved limbs, the loving sidelong look,
 The golden earrings beating on her cheeks
 As sweat-pearl glistening her body shook.
 Her slipping garment showed her lovely breast;
 Her lip was dented where my teeth had pressed.

Still I recall my darling's hands, as red
 As when the *ashóka* tree new buds unfurls.
 Her gait was gentle, stately as a swan's;
 Her nipples kissed by necklaces of pearls.
 Her pallid cheeks my memory beguile:
 They blossomed into dimples with her smile.

Still I recall the gold-anointed thigh
 On which her gold-embroidered garment glinted.
 As she got up I tugged it to reveal
 The marks which my love-frenzied nails had printed.
 Then in embarrassment she would not stay
 But hid them with her hand and ran away.

Still I remember when I am alone
 The jet-black eyes collyrium had kissed;
 Her braided hair, one mass of full-blown flowers;
 And golden bangles dangling from each wrist.
 Sweet betel-juice had tinged her teeth with red—
 A string of pearls smeared with vermilion lead.

Ady' âpi tām galita|bandhana|keśa|pāsām
 srasta|srajaṃ smita|sudhā|madhur' |âdhar' |âuṣṭhīm
 pīn' |ōnnata|stana|yug' |ōpavicāra|cumban|
 mukt' |āvalīm rahasi lola|dṛṣam smarāmi.

Ady' âpi tām dhavala|veśmani ratna|dīpa|
 mālā|mayūkha|paṭalair dalit' |ândha|kāre
 svapn' |ōdyame rahasi saṃmukha|darśan' |ōtthām
 lajjā|bhay' |ārta|nayanām anucintayāmi.

Ady' âpi tām viraha|vahni|nipīdit' |âṅgīm
 tanvīm kuraṅga|nayanām surat' |âika|pātram
 nānā|vicitra|kṛta|maṇḍanam āvahanīm tām
 rāja|haṃsa|gamanām su|datīm smarāmi.

20 Ady' âpi tām vihasitām kuca|bhāra|namrām
 muktā|kalāpa|dhavalī|kṛta|kaṇṭha|deśām
 tat|keli|mandara|girau kusum' |āyudhasya
 kāntām smarāmi rucir' |ōjjvala|puṣpa|ketum.

Still when alone I recollect the smile
 Which tasted nectar-sweet upon her lip;
 I see the fastenings of her braided hair
 Slip from their place, and see the garlands slip;
 The wandering gaze, the string of pearls which rests
 Kissing a pair of full uplifted breasts.

Still I recall how wreaths of jewel lamps,
 Garlanded round us in that palace white,
 Fragmented darkness with their mass of rays;
 Her eyes were pained in modesty and fright
 When I surprised her bending over me
 To spy her sleeping lover secretly.

Still I remember in her slenderness
 The only vessel of my tender pleasure,
 Her limbs on fire with separation's flame,
 Her teeth as lovely as the various treasure
 Of ornaments with which her body shone;
 Eyes of a deer, and movements of a swan.

Still I recall my darling as she came,
 Bent by her bosom's weight, to pleasure's bower,
 House of the god who wounds with fiery darts,
 Herself a beautiful and full-blown flower.
 Her smile at me was radiance to bedeck
 The clustered pearls which gleamed upon her neck.

Ady' âpi cāṭu|śata|durlalit'|ôcit'|ârthaṃ
 tasyāḥ smarāmi surata|klama|vihvalāyāḥ
 avyakta|nisvanita|kātarā|kathyamāna|
 saṃkīrṇa|varṇa|ruciraṃ vacanaṃ priyāyāḥ.

Ady' âpi tām surata|ghūrṇa|nimīlit'|âkṣīṃ
 srast'|āṅga|yaṣṭi|galit'|āmśuka|keśa|pāsām
 śṅgāra|vāri|ruha|kānana|rāja|haṃsīṃ
 janm'ântare 'pi nidhane 'py anucintayāmi.

Ady' âpi tām praṇayinīm mṛga|śāvaka'|âkṣīṃ
 pīyūṣa|purna|kuca|kumbha|yugaṃ vahantīm
 paśyāmy ahaṃ yadi punar divas'āvasāne
 svarg'|āpavarga|nara|rāja|sukhaṃ tyajāmi.

Ady' âpi tām kṣiti|tale vara|kāmīnīnām
 sarv'|āṅga|sundaratayā pratham'|âika|rekhām
 śṅgāra|nāṭaka|ras'|ôttama|pāna|pātīṃ
 kāntām smarāmi kusum'|āyudha|bāṇa|khinnām.

Still I recall how my beloved spoke
 When weary with our play; her tongue, confused,
 Wished to assure me of her wild delight
 But stumbled on the flatteries she used.
 With timid murmurings and accents blurred
 How charmingly she jumbled every word.

Still in another life I shall recall
 What I recall at this my hour of dying:
 The slender body of my royal swan
 Amid love's lotus clusters languid lying;
 Her eyes were closed in pleasure as we revelled,
 Her garment loosened and her hair dishevelled.

Still could I see once more, as day declines
 My loving mistress of the fawn-like eyes,
 Carrying like two nectar-laden jars
 Her swelling breasts, I would for such a prize
 Renounce the joys of royalty on earth,
 Heavenly bliss, and freedom from rebirth.

Still I recall my darling, whom the shafts
 Of love, the flower-arrowed god, distress;
 Above the choicest beauties of the earth
 She shines with rays of flawless loveliness
 As the new moon, the cup from which I savor
 Where love is played the play's essential flavor.

25 Ady' âpi tām stimita|vastram iv' ânga|lagnām
 prauḍha|pratāpa|madan'ânala|tapta|dehām
 bālām anātha|śaraṇām anukampanīyām
 prāṇ'ādhikām kṣaṇam ahaṃ na hi vismarāmi.

Ady' âpi tām prathamato vara|sundarīṇām
 sneh'āika|pātra|ghaṭitām avan'īśa|putrīm
 tapo janā viraha|jaḥ sukumāra|gātryāḥ
 soḍhuṃ na śakyata iti praticintayāmi.

Ady' âpi vismaya|karīm tridaśān vihāya
 buddhir balāc calati me kim ahaṃ karomi
 jānann api pratimuhūrtam ih' ānta|kāle
 kānt" ēti vallabhatar" ēti mam' ēti dhīrā.

Ady' âpi tām gamanam ity uditam madīyam
 śrutv' āiva bhīru|hariṇīm iva cañcal'ākṣīm
 vācaḥ skhalad|vigalad|śru|jal'ākul'ākṣīm
 saṃcintayāmi guru|śoka|vinamra|vaktrām.

Still I recall her, clinging close to me
 As a wet garment, while the furious flame
 Of passion seared her body, a mere girl
 Who more to me than life itself became.
 No moment fails the piteous recollection
 Of her distress, who lacks her lord's protection.

Still when I think of those of lovely form
 My thoughts turn first of all to the princess
 Whose tender limbs were surely formed to be
 The sole recipients of my tenderness.
 My fellow men, this absence from my fair
 Burns me with fiercer flame than I can bear.

Still, though I know this is my final hour,
 O my bewilderer—what can I do?—
 My thoughts are ever and again constrained
 To leave the unaging gods and fly to you.
 My constant one, I think of you alone
 As dearest, as beloved, as my own.

Still I recall her in whose eyes I saw
 The shy mobility of a gazelle.
 When she had heard that I must go from her
 Her tongue would falter on the word "Farewell";
 From brimming eyes water of tears would flow,
 And with the weight of grief her head hung low.

Ady' âpi jātu nipuṇaṃ yatatā may" âpi
 dṛṣṭaṃ dṛṣā jagati jāti|vidhe vadhūnām
 saundarya|nirjita|rati|dvija|rāja|kānteh
 kānt"ānanasya sadrśām vadanaṃ guṇair na.

30 Ady' âpi tām kṣaṇa|viyoga|viṣ'ḥ|ōpameyāṃ
 saṅge punar bahutarām amṛt'ābhiṣekām
 majjīva|dhāraṇa|karīm madanāt sa|tandrām
 kiṃ Brahma|Keśava|Haraiḥ? su|datīm smarāmi.

Ady' âpi rāja|gṛhato mayi nīyamane
 durvāra|bhīṣaṇa|karair Yama|dūta|kalpaiḥ
 kiṃ kiṃ tayā bahuvīdhaṃ na kṛtaṃ mad|arthe
 vaktuṃ na pāryata iti vyathate mano me.

Ady' âpi me nīsi divā hṛdayaṃ dunoti
 pūrṇ'ēndu|sundara|mukhaṃ mama vallabhāyāḥ
 lāvanya|nirjita|rati|kṣata|kāma|darpaṃ
 bhūyaḥ puraḥ pratipadaṃ na vilokyate yat.

Still, though my eye may diligently search
 This world, which is so full of every kind
 Of comely woman, yet the counterpart
 Of my beloved's face I cannot find.
 She conquers by the beauty of that face
 Both Love's beloved and the moon in grace.

Still I recall the white-toothed girl, from whom
 It was poison for a moment to be parted;
 Then in renewed embrace anointing me
 With copious nectar, she new life imparted,
 Herself fatigued by love; if she is mine,
 Why do I need the trinity divine?

Still my mind flinches at the memory
 How from the royal palace I was led
 By fearsome men, who, ineluctable,
 Seemed envoys from the ruler of the dead.
 In grief I cannot tell how for my sake
 There was no effort that she did not make.

Still does it pain my heart by night and day
 That I before me may no longer see
 At every step I take my darling's face
 In full-moon beauty shining upon me.
 The god of love is wounded in his pride,
 For she is far more charming than his bride.

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This anthology of the LOVE LYRICS of three Indian poets from the fourth to the eleventh centuries CE conjures up an atmosphere of love both sensual and social, ever in tension with love's rejection or repression.

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