

Bhartr̥hari, Śatakatraya, in mandākrāntā meter:

Text based on the edition of D. D. Kosambi (Bombay, 1948); a pleasing translation of this version is found in *Bhartr̥hari: Poems*, translated by Barbara Stoler Miller (Columbia University Press, 1967). The alternate numbering below is based on the Chaukhamba Vidya Bhavan Sanskrit Granthamala editions by Sthirkrishnanamani Tripathi (1990; 1988; 1988).

cūḍottamsita-candra-cāru-kalikā-cañcac-chikhā-bhāsvaro
līlā-dagdha-vilola-kāma-śalabhaḥ śreyo-daśāgre sphuran |
antaḥ-sphūrjad-apāra-moha-timira-prāg-bhāram uccāṭayan
śvetah-sadmani yoginam vijayate jñāna-pradīpo haraḥ || 1.1 | 3.1 || śārdūlavikrīḍita

kṛśaḥ kāṇaḥ khañjaḥ śravaṇa-rahitaḥ puccha-vikalo
vraṇī pūya-klinaḥ kṛmi-kula-śatair āvr̥ta-tanuḥ |
kṣudhā kṣāmo jīrṇaḥ piṭharaka-kapālārpita-galaḥ
śunīm anveti śvā hatam api ca hanty eva madanaḥ || 1.2 | 2.78 || śikhariṇī

prāṇāghātān nivṛttiḥ para-dhana-haraṇe saṃyamaḥ satya-vākyam
kāle śaktyā pradānam yuvati-jana-kathā-mūka-bhāvaḥ pareṣām |
tṛṣṇā-sroto vibhaṅgo guruṣu ca vinayaḥ sarva-bhūtānukampā
sāmānyaḥ sarva-śāstreṣv anupahata-vidhiḥ śreyasām eṣa panthāḥ || 1.3 | 1.26 || sragdharā

boddhāro matsara-grastāḥ
prabhavaḥ smaya-dūṣitāḥ |
abodhopahatās cānye
jīrṇam aṅge subhāṣitam || 1.4 | 1.2 || śloka

yadā kiñcij-jño 'haṃ gaja iva madāndhaḥ samabhavaṃ
tadā sarvajño 'smīty abhavad avaliptam mama manaḥ
yadā kiñcit kiñcid budha-jana-sakāśād avagatam
tadā mūrkhō 'smīti jvara iva mado me vyapagataḥ || 1.5 | 1.8 || śikhariṇī

yadāsīd ajñānam smara-timira-sañcāra-janitam
tadā dr̥ṣṭa-nārī-mayam idam aśeṣam jagad iti |
idānīm asmākaṃ paṭutara-vivekāñjana-juṣām
samībhūtā dr̥ṣṭis tri-bhuvanam api brahma manute || 1.6 | 2.69 || śikhariṇī

śubhram sadma savibhramā yuvatayaḥ śvetātapatrojjvalā
lakṣmīr ity anubhūyate sthiram iva sphīte śubhe karmaṇi |
vicchinne nitarām anaṅga-kalaha-kṛīḍā-truṭat-tantukaṃ
muktā-jālam iva prayāti jhatiti bhraśyad diśo 'dr̥ṣyatām || 1.7 | omitted. || śārdūlavikrīḍita

vipadī dhairyam athābhyudaye kṣamā
sadasi vākya-paṭutā yudhi vikramah |
yaśasi cābhirucir vyasanam śrutau
prakṛti-siddham idaṃ hi mahātmanām || 1.14 | 1.63 || drutavilambita

manasi vacasi kāye puṇya-pīyūṣa-pūrṇās
tribhuvanam upakāra-śreṇibhiḥ prīṇayantah |
para-guṇa-paramāṇūn parvatīkṛtya nityam
nija-hṛdī vikasantah santa santah kiyantah || 1.19 | 1.79 || mālinī

mṛga-mīna-sajjanānām
tṛṇa-jala-santoṣa-vihita-vṛttinām |
lubdhaka-dhīvara-piśunā
niṣkāraṇa-vairiṇo jagati || 1.32 | 1.61 || āryā

vane raṇe śatru-jalāgni-madhye
mahārṇave parvata-mastake vā |
suptam pramattam viṣama-sthitam vā
rakṣanti puṇyāni purā-kṛtāni || 1.46 | 1.97 || upajāti

bhavanti namrās taravaḥ phalodgamair
navāmbubhir dūrāvalambino ghanāḥ |
anuddhatāḥ sat-puruṣāḥ samṛddhibhiḥ
svabhāva eṣa paropakāriṇām || 1.63 | 1.71 || upendravajrā

ājñā kīrtiḥ pālanam brāhmaṇānām
dānam bhogo mitra-samrakṣaṇam ca
yeṣām ete ṣaḍguṇā na pravṛttāḥ
ko 'rthas teṣām pārthivopāśrayeṇa || 1.66 | 1.48 || śālinī

smitena bhāvena ca lajjayā bhiyā
parāṇmukhair ardha-kaṭākṣa-vīkṣaṇaiḥ |
vacobhir īrṣyā-kalahena līlayā
samasta-bhāvaiḥ khalu bandhanam striyaḥ || 2.79 | 2.2 || vaṃśastha

satyam janā vacmi na pakṣa-pātāl
lokeṣu saptasv api tathyam etat |
nānyan manohāri nitambinībhyo
duḥkhaika-hetur na ca kaścid anyah || 2.81 | 2.40 || indravajrā

Kālidāsa, *Kumārasambhava*, in upajāti meter:

asty uttarasyāṃ diśi devatātmā himālayo nāma nagādhirājaḥ |
pūrvāparau toyanidhī vigāhya sthitaḥ pṛthivyā iva mānadaṇḍaḥ || 1.1 ||

yaṃ sarvaśailāḥ parikalpya vatsaṃ merau sthite dogdhari dohadakṣe |
bhāsvanti ratnāni mahauśadhīś ca pṛthūpadiṣṭāṃ duduhur dharitrīm || 1.2 ||

anantaratnaprabhavasya yasya himaṃ na saubhāgyavilopi jātam |
eko hi doṣo guṇasaṃnipāte nimajjatīndoh kiraṇeṣv ivāṅkaḥ || 1.3 ||

yaś cāpsarovibhramamaṇḍanānāṃ saṃpādayitrīm śikharair bibharti |
balāhakacchedavibhaktarāgāṃ akālasaṃdhyāṃ iva dhātumattām || 1.4 ||

āmekhalaṃ saṃcaratāṃ ghanānāṃ cchāyāṃ adhaḥsānugatāṃ niṣevya |
udvejitā vṛṣṭibhir āśrayante śṛṅgāni yasyātapavanti siddhāḥ || 1.5 ||

padaṃ tuṣārasrutidhautaraktāṃ yasminn adṛṣṭvāpi hatadvipānām |
vidanti mārgaṃ nakharandhramuktair muktāphalaih kesariṇāṃ kirātāḥ || 1.6 ||

nyastākṣarā dhāturasena yatra bhūrjatvacaḥ kuñjarabinduśoṇāḥ |
vrajanti vidyādharaṣundarīṇām anaṅgalekhakriyayopayogam || 1.7 ||

yaḥ pūrayan kīcakarandhrabhāgān darīmukhotthena samīraṇena |
udgāsyatām icchati kiṃnarāṇāṃ tānapradāyitvam ivopagantum || 1.8 ||

kapolakaṇḍūḥ karibhir vinetuṃ vighaṭṭitānāṃ saraladrumāṇām |
yatra srutakṣīratayā prasūtaḥ sānūni gandhaḥ surabhīkaroti || 1.9 ||

vanecarāṇāṃ vanitāsakhānāṃ darīgrhotsaṅganiṣaktabhāsaḥ |
bhavanti yatrauśadhayo rajanyām atailapūrāḥ suratapradīpāḥ || 1.10 ||

udvejaty aṅgulipārṣṇibhāgān mārge śilībhūtahime 'pi yatra |
na durvahaśroṇipayodharārtā bhindanti mandāṃ gatim aśvamukhyaḥ || 1.11 ||

divākarād rakṣati yo guhāsu līnaṃ divā bhītam ivāndhakāram |
kṣudre 'pi nūnaṃ śaraṇaṃ prapanne mamatvam uccaiḥśirasāṃ satīva || 1.12 ||

lāṅgūlavikṣepavisarpiśobhair itas tataś candramarīcigauraiḥ |
yasyārthayuktaṃ girirājaśabdaṃ kurvanti vālavyajanaīś camaryaḥ || 1.13 ||

yatrāṃśukākṣepavilajjitānāṃ yadṛcchayā kiṃpuruṣāṅganānāṃ |
darīgrhadvāravilambibimbās tiraskariṇyo jaladā bhavanti || 1.14 ||

bhāgīrathīnīrjharasīkarāṇāṃ voḍhā muhuḥ kampitadevadāruḥ |
yad vāyur anviṣtamṛgaiḥ kirātair āsevyate bhinnāsikhaṇḍibarhaḥ || 1.15 ||

saptarṣihastāvacitāvaśeṣāṇy adho vivasvān parivartamānaḥ |
padmāni yasyāgrasaroruhāṇi prabodhayaty ūrdhvamukhair mayūkhaiḥ || 1.16 ||

yajñāṅgayonitvam avekṣya yasya sāraṃ dharitrīdharaṇakṣamaṃ ca |
prajāpatiḥ kalpitayajñabhāgaṃ śailādhipatyam svayam anvatiṣṭhat || 1.17 ||

sa mānasīm merusakhaḥ pitṛṇām kanyām kulasya sthitaye sthitijñāḥ |
menām munīnām api mānanīyām ātmānurūpām vidhinopayeme || 1.18 ||

kālakrameṇātha tayoh pravṛtte svarūpayogye surataprasaṅge |
manoramaṃ yauvanam udvahantya garbho 'bhavad bhūddhararājapatnyāḥ || 1.19 ||

asūta sā nāgavadhūpabhogyam mainākam ambhonidhibaddhasakhyam |
kruddhe 'pi pakṣacchidi vṛtraśatrāv avedanājñam kulīśakṣatānām || 1.20 ||

Arthur W. Ryder's 1914 translation (from <http://www.sacred-texts.com/hin/sha/index.htm>):

First canto. The birth of Parvati.--The poem begins with a description of the great Himalaya mountain-range.

God of the distant north, the Snowy Range
O'er other mountains towers imperially;
Earth's measuring-rod, being great and free from change,
Sinks to the eastern and the western sea. [1]

Whose countless wealth of natural gems is not
Too deeply blemished by the cruel snow;
One fault for many virtues is forgot,
The moon's one stain for beams that endless flow. [2]

Where demigods enjoy the shade of clouds
Girding his lower crests, but often seek,
When startled by the sudden rain that shrouds
His waist, some loftier, ever sunlit peak. [3]

Where bark of birch-trees makes, when torn in strips
And streaked with mountain minerals that blend
To written words 'neath dainty finger-tips,
Such dear love-letters as the fairies send. p. 158

Whose organ-pipes are stems of bamboo, which
Are filled from cavern-winds that know no rest,
As if the mountain strove to set the pitch
For songs that angels sing upon his crest.

Where magic herbs that glitter in the night
Are lamps that need no oil within them, when
They fill cave-dwellings with their shimmering light
And shine upon the loves of mountain men.

Who offers roof and refuge in his caves
To timid darkness shrinking from the day;
A lofty soul is generous; he saves
Such honest cowards as for protection pray.

Who brings to birth the plants of sacrifice;
Who steadies earth, so strong is he and broad.
The great Creator, for this service' price,
Made him the king of mountains, and a god.

[paragraph continues] Himalaya marries a wife, to whom in course of time a daughter is born, as wealth is born when ambition pairs with character. The child is named Parvati, that is, daughter of the mountain. Her father takes infinite delight in her, as well he may; for

She brought him purity and beauty too,
As white flames to the lamp that burns at night;
Or Ganges to the path whereby the true
Reach heaven; or judgment to the erudite.

She passes through a happy childhood of sand-piles, balls, dolls, and little girl friends, when all at once young womanhood comes upon her.

As pictures waken to the painter's brush,
Or lilies open to the morning sun,
Her perfect beauty answered to the flush
Of womanhood when childish days were done. p. 159

Suppose a blossom on a leafy spray;
Suppose a pearl on spotless coral laid:
Such was the smile, pure, radiantly gay,
That round her red, red lips for ever played.

And when she spoke, the music of her tale
Was sweet, the music of her voice to suit,
Till listeners felt as if the nightingale
Had grown discordant like a jangled lute. [12]

Meghadūta (Kāle edition), in mandākrāntā meter:

kaś cit kāntāvirahaguruṇā svādhikārāt pramattaḥ
śāpenāstaṅgamitamahimā varṣabhogyeṇa bhartuḥ |
yakṣaś cakre janakatanayāsnānapuṇyodakeṣu
snigdhaḥchāyātaruṣu vasatiṃ rāmagiryāśrameṣu || 1 ||

tasminn adrau kati cid abalāviprayuktaḥ sa kāmī
nītvā māsān kanakavalayabhraṃśariktapraḥṣṭhaḥ |
āṣāḍhasya prathamadivase megham āśliṣṭasānuṃ
vapraḥkrīḍāpariṇatagajaprekṣaṇīyaṃ dadarśa || 2 ||

tasya sthitvā katham api puraḥ ketakādhānahetor
antarbāṣpaś ciram anucaro rājarājasya dadhyau |
meghāloke bhavati sukhino 'py anythāvṛtti cetāḥ
kaṇṭhāśleṣapraṇayini jane kiṃ punar dūrasamsthe || 3 ||

pratyāsanne nabhasi dayitājīvitāmbanārthī
jīmūtena svakuśalamayīṃ hārayiṣyan pravṛttim |
sa pratyagraiḥ kuṭajakusumaiḥ kalpitārghāya tasmai
prītaḥ prītipramukhavacanaṃ svāgataṃ vyājahāra || 4 ||

dhūmajyotiḥsalilamarutāṃ saṃnipātaḥ kva meghaḥ
saṃdeśārthāḥ kva paṭukaraṇaiḥ prāṇibhiḥ prāpaṇīyāḥ |
ity autsukyād aparigaṇayan guhyakas taṃ yayāce
kāmārtā hi prakṛtikṛpaṇāś cetanācetaneṣu || 5 ||

jātaṃ vaṃśe bhuvanavidite puṣkarāvartakānāṃ
jānāmi tvāṃ prakṛtipuruṣaṃ kāmārūpaṃ maghonaḥ |
tenārthitvaṃ tvayi vidhivaśād dūrabandhur gato 'haṃ
yācñā moghā varam adhiguṇe nādhome labdhakāmā || 6 ||

saṃtaptānāṃ tvam asi śaraṇaṃ tat payoda priyāyāḥ
saṃdeśaṃ me hara dhanapatikrodhaviśleṣitasya |
gantavyā te vasatir alakā nāma yakṣeśvarāṇāṃ
bāhyodyānasthitaharaśiraścandrikādhautaharmyā || 7 ||

Arthur W. Ryder's 1914 translation (from <http://www.sacred-texts.com/hin/sha/index.htm>):

I

A Yaksha, or divine attendant on Kubera, god of wealth, is exiled for a year from his home in the Himalayas. As he dwells on a peak in the Vindhya range, half India separates him from his young bride.

On Rama's shady peak where hermits roam,
Mid streams by Sita's bathing sanctified,
An erring Yaksha made his hapless home,
Doomed by his master humbly to abide,
And spend a long, long year of absence from his bride.

II

After eight months of growing emaciation, the first cloud warns him of the approach of the rainy season, when neglected brides are wont to pine and die.

Some months were gone; the lonely lover's pain
Had loosed his golden bracelet day by day
Ere he beheld the harbinger of rain,
A cloud that charged the peak in mimic fray,
As an elephant attacks a bank of earth in play.

III

Before this cause of lovers' hopes and fears
Long time Kubera's bondman sadly bowed
In meditation, choking down his tears--
Even happy hearts thrill strangely to the cloud;
To him, poor wretch, the loved embrace was disallowed.

IV

Unable to send tidings otherwise of his health and unchanging love, he resolves to make the cloud his messenger.

Longing to save his darling's life, unblest
With joyous tidings, through the rainy days,
He plucked fresh blossoms for his cloudy guest,
Such homage as a welcoming comrade pays,
And bravely spoke brave words of greeting and of praise.

V

Nor did it pass the lovelorn Yaksha's mind
How all unfitly might his message mate
With a cloud, mere fire and water, smoke and wind--
Ne'er yet was lover could discriminate
'Twixt life and lifeless things, in his love-blinded state.

VI

I know, he said, thy far-famed princely line,
Thy state, in heaven's imperial council chief,
Thy changing forms; to thee, such fate is mine,
I come a suppliant in my widowed grief--
Better thy lordly "no" than meaner souls' relief.

VII

O cloud, the parching spirit stirs thy pity;
My bride is far, through royal wrath and might;
Bring her my message to the Yaksha city,
Rich-gardened Alaka, where radiance bright
From Shiva's crescent bathes the palaces in light.

Raghuvamśa, in śloka meter:

vāgarthāv iva sampr̥ktau vāgarthapratipattaye |
jagataḥ pitarau vande p̄rvatīparameśvarau || 1.1 ||

kva sūryaprabhavo vaṃśaḥ kva cālpaṣayā matiḥ |
tit̄rṣur dustaraṃ mohād uḍupenāsmi sāgaram || 1.2 ||

mandaḥ kaviyaśaḥprārthī gamiṣyāmy upahāsyatām |
prāṃśu labhye phale lobhād udbāhur iva vāmanaḥ || 1.3 ||

athavā kṛtavāgdvāre vaṃśe 'smin pūrvasūribhiḥ |
maṇau vajrasamutkīrṇe sūtrasyeva asti me gatiḥ || 1.4 ||

so 'ham ājanmaśuddhānām āphalodayakarmaṇām |
āsamudrakṣitīśānām ānākarathavartmanām || 1.5 ||

yathāvidhihutāgnīnām yathākāmārcitārthinām |

yathāparādhadaṇḍānām yathākālaprabodhinām || 1.6 ||

tyāgāya saṁbhṛtārthānām satyāya mitabhāṣiṇām |
yaśase vijigīṣūnām prajāyai gṛhamedhinām || 1.7 ||

śaiśave 'bhyasthavidyānām yauvane viṣayaiṣiṇām |
vārdhake munivṛttinām yogenānte tanutyajām || 1.8 ||

raghūnām anvayam vakṣye tanuvāgvibhavo 'pi san |
tadguṇaiḥ kaṇam āgatya cāpalāya pracoditaḥ || 1.9 ||

taṁ santaḥ śrotum arhanti sadasadvaktihetavaḥ
hemnaḥ saṁlakṣyate hy agnau viśuddhiḥ śyāmikāpi vā || 1.10 ||

Arthur W. Ryder's 1914 translation (from <http://www.sacred-texts.com/hin/sha/index.htm>):

First canto. The journey to the hermitage.--The poem begins with the customary brief prayer for Shiva's favour:

God Shiva and his mountain bride,
Like word and meaning unified,
The world's great parents, I beseech
To join fit meaning to my speech.

[[paragraph continues](#)] Then follow nine stanzas in which Kalidasa speaks more directly of himself than elsewhere in his works:

How great is Raghu's solar line!
How feebly small are powers of mine!
As if upon the ocean's swell
I launched a puny cockle-shell. [p. 124](#)

The fool who seeks a poet's fame
Must look for ridicule and blame,
Like tiptoe dwarf who fain would try
To pluck the fruit for giants high.

Yet I may enter through the door
That mightier poets pierced of yore;
A thread may pierce a jewel, but
Must follow where the diamond cut.

Of kings who lived as saints from birth,
Who ruled to ocean-shore on earth,

Who toiled until success was given,
Whose chariots stormed the gates of heaven,

Whose pious offerings were blest,
Who gave his wish to every guest,
Whose punishments were as the crimes,
Who woke to guard the world betimes,

Who sought, that they might lavish, pelf,
Whose measured speech was truth itself,
Who fought victorious wars for fame,
Who loved in wives the mother's name,

Who studied all good arts as boys,
Who loved, in manhood, manhood's joys,
Whose age was free from worldly care,
Who breathed their lives away in prayer,

Of these I sing, of Raghu's line,
Though weak mine art, and wisdom mine.
Forgive these idle stammerings
And think: For virtue's sake he sings.

The good who hear me will be glad
To pluck the good from out the bad;
When ore is proved by fire, the loss
Is not of purest gold, but dross.