

Haridasas of Karnatak

Dasa Sahithya : Selected, Abridged Works – Part 2

- Prof. D.V Potdar

22.

All your devotees have
come to grief, Hari !*

The head of Tamradhwaja's pa
you had sawed, coolly,
you smashed the eye of sage Bhrigu,
made love to Tripura's wives,
quietly had Karna and the
Kauravas finished,
went to Bali as a mendicant and
dispatched him to the nether world,
killed Pootana, come to feed you,
demand your share in alms collected,
Bird-rider, Purandar vithal you are
difficult to understand,
even with your name on our lips,
we are denied charity !

--Purandar das

* vyajastuti alamkara

23.

Rangayya, why do they tom-tom*
your name ?
If you own a piece of land,
why do you live on the sea ?
If you have a bed,
why sleep on a serpent ?
If you have a mom,
why be fed by a cowherdess ?
If married, why make love to cowgirls ?
If you have a father, a guide,
why steal, be called a thief ?
If you have a vehicle,
why ride a bird ?
If wealthy, why be a doorkeeper,
stretch your hand for charity ?

Ruler of the three worlds,
why be a charioteer ?
A handsome guy,
why be enamored of a hunchback ?**

See, still they call our Purandar vithal
sovereign!

--Purandar das

* sing the praise ** Kubji

24. a

We keep ourselves busy,
to get a piece of bread, a yard of cloth!

We carry palanquins,
we wrestle in the ring,
flatter fellowmen,
rule kingdoms,
ride horses,
do evil deeds,
lift heavy loads,
shout at the top of our voices,
just for a piece of bread, a yard of cloth,

Halt this routine for a while,
Remember Purandar vithal,
be free!

-- Purandar das

24. b

We keep ourselves busy,
to get a piece of bread, a yard of cloth.

We pound paddy*, carry loads of bamboo,
we become, preachers, fortune tellers,
we forge cannons , balls,
sword and shield in hand, we butcher the enemy,
carry spears, ride warhorses
to kill or be killed.
break up sods, till land and work hard
on the farm,
or dress like hermits, beggars,
go forth and beg,

just for a piece of bread or a yard of cloth !**

-- Kanaka das

* for getting rice ** the theme is the same in both the
above poems, but notice the difference in the imagery,
for the former was a jeweller whereas the latter a warrior !

25.

You claim, “ I’m Shiva, I’m Hara”,
how can you, you fool ?

Our lord holds the Ganges in his locks,
with effort you lift a water pot.

Our lord swallows poison, holds it,
a scorpion bite makes you yell.

Our lord has a burning eye in his forehead,
scared, you keep away from fire.

Give up your folly, be humble,
Remember Purandar vithal,
be happy.

--Purandar das

26.

Fearing being defiled,
you keep hopping in the streets, you fool.
Before birth, faeces, urine surround you,
after birth you roll about in them.
birth or death both are times for mourning* .

Hope to cleanse your sins, by cleansing your skin?
no way,
to be pure in mind and body,
repeat His name always,
control passions,
on the tenth and twelfth days+
offer special worship,
reject food offered by others,
do not send away hungry Brahmins
come at lunch time,
while you have a hearty feed,
touch the feet of elders, teachers,

devotees, Purandar vithal,
with humility, that's real piety !

--Purandar das

* sutaka - the poet's word + Hindu calender

27.

Hari and Hara,
what a fine alliance (of gods),

To destroy the three towns,
Isha performed penance,
got the Narayana missile,

Shourie worshipped Gouri's husband,
and got the fine disc,

Pleased with emperor Bali,
Achyuta guards his door,

Hara blessed Banasura,
and became his doorkeeper,

Kaginele adi keshava
sleeps on the serpent,
puts it round his neck, weds Vak,
and creates, maintains and destroys the worlds.

---Kanak das

28.

We have come for lunch mother,
stop your games, cook for us.
We feel dizzy, our mouths are dry,
our legs gone limp.
Hurry, give us a morsel,
we can hardly breathe,
we sure'll collapse.
A plate of food served fetches as much merit as
the offer, of a heap of gold,
or a thousand maidens,
No comparison to a gift of food,
Purandar vithal knows.

--Purandar das

29.

Oh, the follies of the world,
Worshipping paltry gods,
not the supreme being, is a folly,
letting your wife live alone is a folly,
entrusting our property to others is a folly,
money-lending to relations, living with in-laws
is a folly,
hankering after too many things is a folly,
showing disrespect to the master,
teachers, elders is a folly,
mixing with the wicked is a folly,
maligning the benefactor is a folly,
listening to rumors, hurting others is a folly,
not singing the praise of the lotus-eyed
Purandar vithal is the greatest folly.

--Purandar das

30.

The frog dwells near the lotus,
but does not enjoy the perfume,
the flea clings to the udder,
but cant drink milk like the calf,
the onion grows near the tulsi plant,
but cant get rid of its own odour!
The donkey enjoys not the perfume of the
load of musk he carries,
and lice the fragrance of the string of flowers,*
death knows no regular hours,
the servant knows not the master's woes,
sweet or salt fish don't know,
the dumb cant describe their wonderful dreams.
the sick don't relish sweet dishes,
and monkeys don't know the worth of diamonds.

* worn by women

(a miscellany)

31.

The fruits of our deeds pursue us,
they cant be avoided.

The sun's chariot has one wheel,

is drawn by seven horses,
travels all the worlds,
but the poor charioteer is lame!

Hanuman built a bridge,
brought back Sita,
but has to be content with a loin-cloth!

Garuda, the humble servant,
carries his master, moves through the world,
but has a nose crooked!

--Vyasa raya

32.

“ No son, no good prospects” – old saying.

For those who contemplate Him always,
and keep away from worldly affairs,
son or no son does'nt matter.

Men and women are drawn together,
and a lump of flesh drops on the earth,
this son born, may be wicked, forget his duty,
slander teachers, holy men, and elders,
marry a woman of another caste,
and be ready for damnation.

Of what use such a son ?

But sticking to truth, peace of mind, like good sons
are of help.

So the old belief* is just worldly wisdom,
Those who repeat the name of Adi keshava,
sure lead happy lives.

--Kanak das

* quotation at the beginning

33.

Ranga played on the flute,
and there was happiness all around.

People listened, and began to muse,
breezes blew, bumble-bees, parrots,
koels became quiet,
birds and beasts began to doze,

cows forgot to feed calves,
even the gods were charmed,
and showered flowers,
rivers were in flood, clouds thundered,
fragrant flowers dropped at the feet of the lord,
the cowgirls were love lorn,
the sages, awakened from their trance,
pleaded, worshipped Prasanna venkata,
decorated with garlands and ornaments,
and sang his praise

--Prasanna venkat das

Om Tat Sat