

Haridasas of Karnataka

Shri Vijaya Das :
Works - Prose lyrics (confessional) (Part IV)

- Prof. D. V. Potdar

The devotee wishes to have a glimpse and reglimpse of the supreme being. But there are obstacles in the way, he is attracted by the wealth and possessions of others and wishes to make them his own. Passions distract him, and lead him away from god. But they may be sublimated, desire for filling his eyes with His form, and anger against His enemies. The ego is to be destroyed. Poverty, hunger dilute devotion. One must completely surrender oneself to god, and all activities should be in the spirit of worship. Prosperity turns one's head and makes one a fake. Our faith must be firm, and under no circumstances should we turn our backs on life. God always forgives and helps, only we have to keep repeating His name.

The Das wrote many panegyrics on Vishnu, the three incarnations of Vayu and the pioneer propounders of dualism Tikachrya, Vadiraja and of course his guru Purandar das.

1.

Born in this world, I suffer, curse,
You lord.

But if I say be short lived,
you're eternal,

If I say be thirsty,
the Ganges springs from your toes,

If I say be poor,
you're the spouse of the goddess of wealth,

If I say go naked,
you wear silk garments,
If I wish evil befall you,
you're the benefactor of Brahma and others,

If I say be without a bed,
you sleep on the serpent,

If I say be no more,
you've conquered death.

All these words are just praise,

and not slander, Vijay vithal reya

2.

A creeper entangled with the frame,
is difficult to tear apart,
so be my mind, tied to your feet,
Vijaya vithal reya.

3.

A man hides in an oil press,
to test its comforts ;
the owner fills it up with til,*
and starts it,
guess the fate of the man inside,
such is the course of joy in our life.

*sesamum

4.

My eyes weary at the sight of women,
my ears listening to scandal;
my nose is fed up with foul odours,
and my tongue with vile food;
my limbs droop clasping low women,
but my mind tires not!

5.

A princess, kept in a dark harem,
closely guarded,
escapes, meets her lovers;

In like manner.
my body's buzzing with gods,
--presiding deities of organs. watchful--
but still my mind strays.

6.

Like a drizzle on the sea,
like throwing a penny to a millionaire,
like calling a full* man to lunch,

are my efforts to call you,
Vijaya vithal.

*stomach full

7.

A hunter, hidden,
sends an arrow flying at a deer,
watches the fun;
Vijaya vithal, you rule the planets,
make them rule us,
and we fools, curse our stars!

8.

During harvest,
when the roller goes round and round,
on the heap, how can an ear* escape?

* of corn

9.

Like a kite circling over a snake,
to pick it up,
wait Yama's flunkeys,
to take away, and torture me,
Vijaya vithal, I pray,
send me your messengers,
quick!

10.

I wish, I were,
a lotus, to be compared to your face,
a turtle, to be compared to your cheeks,
a bumblebee, to be compared to your locks,
a champak, to be compared to your nose,
a bow, to be compared to your brow,
a conch, to be compared to your neck;
an elephant's trunk, to be compared to
your mighty arm,
but I'm just a human,
good for nothing!

11.

Winning Hari's grace,
a fellow dwells in the forest,
makes it hum with life,
fires raging around him,
become flowers;
But if a guy jeers at him,
flowers thrown at him turn
to flames,
consume him.

12.

People, spit on you, blame you,
pour their anger upon you,
call you names,
abuse, ridicule you,
and neglect you;
but remember it's Vijaya vithal reya,
who moves them!

13.

A guy bitten by a snake,
finds neem leaves sweet,
but if he covers himself and sleeps,
passes away;
thus a man born in this world,
death at his back,
indulges in pleasures,
but as time passes, finds them dull.

14.

A fellow lives with his wife,
begets kids, and then drives her away,
if she falls (morally),
who's to blame?

Vijaya vithal, you inspired me
to pen these lines,
who can find fault with them?

15.

The cloud floats on seas,
gathers water, pours it on the earth,
makes people happy;
Vijaya vithal, I shout your
name on this earth,
to rid people of sins,
if they turn away their faces,
I don't mind.

16.

Involved in worldly affairs,
I'm like a big fish in shallow waters,
I struggle,
but cant move or come out.

17.

To prayers, You wont listen,
contemplation doesn't help,
for gold, carriages You care not;
Ah, I'll make devotion the noose,
one end'll go round Your feet,
another round my neck,
Vijaya vithal

18.

Like a buffalo, dipping her nose
in the tub,
drinking smelly dishwater, with gusto,
I enjoy the pleasures of life.

19.

If the son is a dullard,
the father worries,
if the wife is stupid,
the husband worries,
worry for us in like manner,
Vijaya vithal reya

20.

Let, my head, bow to your devotee's feet,
my eyes watch their acts,
my ears listen to their stories,
my tongue taste their leftovers,
and my hands be employed
in their service.

21.

I'm like a jug, bright out side,
I paint caste marks on my body,
and invited to dinner, rush to the kitchen
and indulge in gossip,
never for a moment repeating your name,
Vijaya vithal reya.

Om Tat Sat