Sir James Mallinson translates and edits Sanskrit literature for the JJC Foundation, co-publishers (with NYU Press) of the Clay Sanskrit Library. He has also translated Volume One of The Ocean of the Rivers of Story, as well as The Emperor of the Sorcerers (in two volumes), and Messenger Poems.

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After the scene-setting of Volume One the main narrative is now in full flow. Here Nara-váhana datta, the hero, is born and reared to be king, while myths of the gods, famous legends, and comical stories feed as a flood of tributary tales into the ocean which is Soma deva’s literary compendium.

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The Clay Sanskrit Library translation of Volume Two (of seven) of Soma deva’s The Ocean of the Rivers of Story.

Soma deva wrote his vast book in Kashmir in the eleventh century CE, in order to amuse the troubled and pious Queen Súryavati in a time of upheaval.

The frame narrative is so swamped in the flood of stories that it is not until the second volume of the CSL edition, 3,000 verses in, that Nara-váhana datta, the protagonist, is born. Shiva has foretold his birth and said that he is a partial incarnation of the god of love and will become the emperor of the sorcerers.

From here on the main narrative and many of the tales pouring into it describe the exploits of sorcerers and lovers. The central part of this volume, the Attainment entitled ‘Four Girls,’ covers both: it is the story of how Shakti deva won the four daughters of a sorcerer king who then gave him his throne. The volume ends with the events preceding the birth of Mádana máñchuka, Nara-váhana datta’s first and greatest love.

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ATTAINMENT IV
THE BIRTH OF NARA·VÁHANA·DATTA
4.1.1 कार्ण|ताल|बाल’|ागहाता|सिमंतिता|कुल’|अकलाः
पंथनाम इव सिद्धिनाम दिशान जयति विघ्नाजित।
tato वात’|ेस्वरो राजा सा कौशाम्भयाम अवस्थितः
ek’|ातपात्राः बुभुजे जितम् उदयानो महिमः
vidhāya sa|रुमान्वत्के भारम् यागुर्धरायणे
vihār’|ाइका|रसा c’|ाभुद्व वासंतकाः|शक्हाः सुखः
svayaः sa वादयान् विनां देव्या वासवदत्तायाः
Padmāवत्या ca sahitaः saṃgītakam asevata.

4.1.5 devी|काकळी|गितास्या तद्|विना|निनादास्या ca
abhede vādan’|ांगुष्ठहां|कांपो ’भुद्भेदा|शुचकाहः
harmy’|ाग्रे निजा|किर्त्य’|eva जयोत्सनया धावाळे ca saḥ
dhārā|विगलिता|सिद्धु पापाव मादम इव dviśāम।
ājahruः स्वर्ण|कलासासिः तस्या वार्|ांगनाः राहाः
Smara|राज्य’|ाब्हिषेक’|ांभा इव rāg’|ोज्ज्वलः माद्वः
ārakta|सुरासा|सवच्छम अंताः|शपुरिता|तान|मुखम
upaninīye dvayor madhyaे sa sva|cittam iv’|āsavam।
िर्षया|रुशाम abhāve ’pi bhangura|bhruṇi rāgiṇi
da mukhe tat tayo rājñyos तद्ध्रितिः त्रिपत्की आययau।

4.1.10 sa|मधु|श्पातिक्ः|ान|ेका|साकाः तस्या पाना|भुहः
babhau bāl’|ातप’|ārakta|sital|padm”|eva पदमिनी।
May the conqueror of obstacles, who, with mighty blows from his flapping ears, makes a parting in the chief mountain ranges as if he were marking the way to success, be victorious!

Then Údayana, king of Vatsa, stayed in Kaushámbi and enjoyed the conquered earth, which was now under a single parasol. He placed the burdens of state on Yaugándharáyana and Rumánvat, and with Vasántaka as his companion he happily devoted himself to nothing but fun. Playing the lute himself, he enjoyed making music with Vásava-datta and Padmávati. In the absence of any difference between the sweet song of the queens and the sound of his lute, it was left to the flickering of his playing thumb to show that they were separate. And on the terrace of his palace, which the moonlight, as if it were his glory, made dazzling white, he drank wine flowing in torrents as if he were drinking the pride of his enemies. In private his courtesans brought brilliantly red wine ablaze with passion in golden pots as if it were water for consecrating him as the ruler of the kingdom of the god of love. As if it were his heart—impassioned, amorous and pure, their faces appearing within—he placed the drink—red, delicious and clear, their faces appearing within—between the two queens. Even though they were neither jealous nor angry, those queens’ faces were red with passion and had knitted brows: the king could not get enough of looking at them. There were many crystal glasses full of wine in the place where he drank and it glowed as if it were a bed of lotuses, its white flowers reddened by the morning sun.
antarā ca milad|vyādhaḥ palāśa|śyāma|kañcukaḥ
sa sa|bāṇāsano bheje sv'|ōpamaṁ mṛga|kānanam.
jaghaṇa paṇka|kaluśan varāha|nivahāṅ śaraṅ
timir'|āughān a|viralaṅ karair iva marīcimāṅ.
vitrasta|prasṛtās tasmin krṣṇa|sārāḥ pradhāvite
babhuḥ pūr'|ābhībhūtānāṁ kaṭākṣāḥ kakubhāṁ iva.
reje rakṛ'|āruṇā c' āsya mahī mahiśa|ghātinaḥ
sev'|āgat” ēva tac|chṛṅga|pāta|muktā van'|ābjinī.

vyātta|vaktra|patat|prāsa|proteṣv api mṛg'|āriṣu
s'|āntar|garjita|niśkrānta|jīviteṣu tutoṣa saḥ.
śvānaḥ śvabhre vane tasmiṁs tasya vartmasu vāgurāḥ
sā sv'|āyudh'|āika|siddhe ’bhūt prakriyā mrgayā|rāse.

evaṁ sukh'|ōpabhogeṣu vartamānaṁ tam ekadā
rājānam āsthāna|gataṁ Nārado munir abhyagāt.
nija|deha|prabhā|baddha|maṇḍalo maṇḍanaṁ divaḥ
kṛt’|āvatāras tejasvil|jāti|prīty” āṃśumān iva.

sa tena raci’|ātithyo muhuḥ prahveṇa bhū|bhṛtā
prītaḥ kṣaṇam iva sthitvā rājānaṁ tam abhāṣata.

«śṛṇu saṃkṣiptam etat te, Vats'|ēśvara, vadāmy aham
babhūva Pāṇḍur iti te rājā pūrva|pitāmahaḥ.
tav’ ēva tasya dve eva bhavye bhārye babhūvatuḥ
ekā Kuntī dvitiyā ca Mādṛī nāma mah”|âujasah.
Now and then he would get together with some hunters, take his bow and, wearing a jacket as dark green as a *palāsha* tree, enjoy himself in the game park, which he resembled. With his arrows he killed hordes of mud-besmirched boars, like the sun destroying with its dense rays the ranks of darkness. When he chased them, the spotted antelopes fled, terrified, looking like side-glances from the directions which had earlier been conquered.

And when he killed buffalo, the ground would shine red with blood, as if a bed of lotuses from the jungle, liberated from the goring of the buffaloes’ horns, had come to worship him. When the lions too were speared by his javelins falling in their gaping jaws, their life-breaths departing with a stifled roar, he was delighted. In his fondness for the chase, which he carried out using only his own weapons, his method was to have dogs down the holes in that forest and traps on the paths.

While the king was living thus, enjoying these pleasures, one day the sage Nárada came to him when he was in his hall of audience. He wore a halo formed by the glow from his body and it was as if the sun, the adornment of the sky, had come down to earth out of affection for a fellow luminary.

Showing him hospitality and bowing repeatedly, the king pleased Nárada, and after standing there for a moment or two, he said to the king, “Listen to this short tale that I am about to tell you, O king of Vatsa. You had an ancestor, a king called Pandu. Like you, that powerful king had just two lovely wives. One was called Kunti, the other Madri. Pandu conquered this earth with its girdle of oceans and
sa Pāṇḍuḥ pṛthivīm etāṃ jītvā jaladhīmekhalām
sukhi kadā|cit prayayau mṛgayāvyasanī vanam.
tatra Kindama|nāmānaṃ sa muniṃ mukta|sāyakaḥ
jaghaṇa mṛga|rūpeṇa sa|bhāryaṃ surata|sthitam.
sa munir mṛga|rūpaṃ tat tyaktvā kaṇṭha|vivartibhiḥ
prāṇaiḥ sāśāpa taṃ Pāṇḍuṃ viṣaṇṇaṃ mukta|kārmukam.

4.1.25
śvair|stho nirvimarśena hato ’haṃ yat tvayā tataḥ
bhāryaṃ|sāṃbhoga|kāle te madvan mṛtyur bhaviṣyati.
ity āpta|sāpas tad|bhītyā tyakta|bhoga|spr̥ho ’tha saḥ
patnībhyaṃ avitaḥ Pāṇḍus tathau śānte tapo|vane.
tatra|stho ’pi sa sāpena preritas tena c’ āikadā
ā|kasmāc cakame Mādriṃ priyāṃ prāpa ca paṇcatām.
tad evaṃ mṛgayā nāma pramādo, nṛpa, bhū|bhṛtāṃ
kṣapitā hy anay” ānye ’pi nṛpās te te mṛgā iva.
ghora|nād” āmiś’āik’āgrā rūkṣā dhūmr’ōrdhva|mūrdhaljā
kunta|danta kathaṃ kuryād rākṣas” iva hi sa śivam?
tasmād viphalam ayāsaṃ jaḥihi mṛgayā|rasam
vanya|vāhana|hantṛṇaṃ samānaḥ prāṇa|saṃśayaḥ.

tvaṃ ca tvat|pūrvalja|prītyā priyaḥ kalyāṇa|pātra me
putraś ca tava Kāṃ’āmśo yathā bhāvī tathā śṛṇu.
pur” ān|āṅg’āṅgasaṃbhūtyai Ratyā stutibhir arcitaḥ
tuṣṭo rahasi saṃkṣepam idāṃ tasyāḥ Śivo ’bhyadhāt.
<avatīrya nij’āṃśena bhūmāv ārādhya māṃ svayam
Gaurī puṭṛ’ārthiṇī Kāmaṃ janayiṣyaty asāv iti.>
ataś Caṇḍamahāsena|sutā devi, nar’ēndra, sā
one day the happy king, who was addicted to hunting, went to the forest. There he let fly an arrow and killed a sage called Kíndama who was making love with his wife in the form of a deer. The sage abandoned his form as a deer and as his life-breaths struggled in his throat he cursed Pandu, who was despondent and had cast aside his bow. ‘Because you willfully killed me without thinking while I was making love with my wife, your death shall be like mine.’

After receiving this curse, he was terrified by it and lost the desire for pleasure. Accompanied by his two wives, Pandu took up residence in a peaceful penance grove. But while he was there, one day, driven on by the curse, he suddenly made love to his beloved Madri and died. Thus, O king, that which is called the chase is a folly of kings, for other kings too have been destroyed by it, just like all those deer. The chase is like a demoness—she has a terrific roar, thinks only of flesh, is cruel, her hair stands on end like smoke and her teeth are spears. How could she bring good? So give up your love of hunting—it is a vain exertion. The danger to the lives of those who kill wild animals is universal.

And because of my affection for your ancestors, you, who are a worthy recipient of good fortune, are dear to me. Hear how your future son is to be a partial incarnation of the god of love. Long ago, when he had been worshipped with hymns of praise by Rati in order to restore the body of the bodiless god of love and was pleased, in private Shiva announced to her the following brief declaration: “Having partially incarnated herself, Párvati, desirous of a son, shall personally worship me on earth and she shall give birth to
jātā Vāsavadatt” ēyaṇa saṃpannā mahiṣi ca te.

tad eṣa Śaṃbhum ārādhya Kām’āṃśaṇa soṣyate sutam sarva|vidyā|dhararaṇaṃ yaś cakra|vartī bhaviṣyati.”

ity ukten’ āḍīta|vacā rājāṇaḥ pṛthvīṃ tad|arpitām pratyarpya tasmai sa yayau Nārada’|ṛṣir a|darśanam.
tasmin gate Vatsa|ṛajaḥ sa tad Vāsavadattayā jāta|putr’|ēcchaya śākaṃ ninye tac|cintayā dinam.

anyedyus taṃ sa Vats’|ēśam upety’ āsthāna|vartinam Nityodit’|ākhyaḥ pravaraḥ pratihāro vyajijñapat.

«śiṣuka|dvaya|saṃyuktā brāhmaṇī k” āpi durgata
dvāri sthitā, mahā|rāja, deva|darśana|kāņkśiṇī.”

tac chrutv” āiv’ ābhyanujñāte tat|praveṣe mahī|bhītā brāhmaṇī sā viveś’ ātra krśalpāṇḍura|dhūsara.
mānen’ ēva viśīrṇena vāsasā vidhūrī|kṛtā duḥkha|dainya|nibhāv anke vibhṛati bālakāv ubhau.

kṛt’|ōcita|prāṇāmā ca sā rājanaṃ vyajijñapat «brāhmaṇī kulaljā c’ āham īḍīṃ durgatiṃ gata.
daivād yugapad etau ca jātau dvau tanayau mama tad, deva, n’ āsti me stanyam etayor bhojanaṃ vinā.
ten’ ēha krpaṇā, nātha, śaraṇ’|āgata|vatsalam prāpt” āsmi devaṃ śaraṇaṃ pramāṇam adhunā prabhūḥ.”
the god of love.” And so, O king, the goddess has been born as Chanda·maha·sena’s daughter, Vásava·datta here, and has become your chief queen. So she, after worshipping Shiva, shall give birth to a son who is a partial incarnation of the god of love and will be the emperor of all the sorcerers.” When the king, whose words were respected, was told this, he offered Nárada the earth; the sage gave it back to him and vanished. After he had gone, the king of Vatsa and Vásava·datta, in whom the desire for a son had arisen, spent the day worrying about it.

The next day, when the king of Vatsa was in his hall of audience, the head chamberlain, Nityódita by name, went up and announced to him, “Sire, some poor brahmin lady is at the gate with two children and wants to have an audience with your highness.”

As soon as he heard this, the king gave his permission for her to enter and the brahmin lady came in. She was thin, pale and dusty. Made miserable by wearing clothes as tattered as her pride, she was carrying on her hips two children as if they were sorrow and poverty. After bowing appropriately before the king, she said to him, “I am a brahmin lady from a good family and this wretched state has befallen me. It happened that these two boys were born to me simultaneously, so, your highness, not having any food, I have no milk for them. Thus, my lord, in my state of wretchedness, I have come here to your highness, who is kind to those who come to him for protection, for help. Now it is up to your majesty.”
4.1.45 tac chrutvā sa|dayo rājā sa pratihāram ādiśat  
   «iyaṁ Vāsavadattāyai devyai nītv” ārpyatām iti.»  
   tatas ca karmanā svena śubhen’ ēv’ āgralājyāyinā  
   nīt” ābhūn nikaṭam devyāḥ pratihārena tena sā.  
   rājna visṛṣṭāṃ buddhvā tāṃ pratihārād upāgatām  
   devi Vāsavadattā sa brāhmaṇīṃ śraddadhe|tarām.  
   yugm’|āpatyāṃ ca paśyantī dinām etāṃ vyacintyat  
   «aho vām’|āika|vṛttitvam kim|apy etat Prajāpateḥ!  
   aho vastuni mātsaryam aho bhaktir a|vastuni!  
   n’ ādy’ āpy eko ’pi me jāto jātāu tv asyaṃ yamāv imau!»

4.1.50 evaṃ saṁcintayantī ca sā devi snānaḥ|kāṅkṣiṇī  
   brāhmaṇyāś ceṭikās tasyāḥ snapāṅ’ādau samādiśat.  
   snapitā dattaḥ|vastrā ca tābhiḥ svādu ca bhojitā  
   brāhmaṇī s” āmbu|sikta” ēva taptā bhūḥ samudaśvasat.  
   samāśvastā ca sā yuktyā kath”|ālāpaiḥ parikṣitum  
   kṣaṇ’|āntare nijagade devyā Vāsavadattāyai,  
   «bho brāhmaṇī kathā kā|cit tvayā naḥ kathyatām iti»  
   tac chrutvā sā «tath” ēty” uktyā kathāṃ vaktum pracakrame.  
   «pur” ābhūj Jayadatt’|ākhyāḥ sāmānyāḥ ko ’pi bhūḥ|patiḥ  
   Devadatt’|ābhidhānaḥ ca putras tasy’ ōdapadyata.

4.1.55 yauvana|sthasya tasy’ ātha vivāhaṃ tanayasya saḥ  
   vidhātum icchan nṛpatir matimān ity acintyat,  
   «veṣy” ēva balavad|bhogyā rāja|śrīr ati|caṅcalā  
   vaṇijyāṃ tu kula|str” īva sthirā lakṣmīr an|anya|gā.  
   tasmād vivāhaṃ putrasya karomi vaṇijyāṃ grhaḥ  
   rājye ’syā bahu|dāyade yena n’ āpad bhaviṣyati.»
When he heard this, the king took pity and instructed his chamberlain to take the woman to Vásava-datta and entrust her to her. At this, leading her on as if he were her own good karma, the chamberlain took her to the queen. When Queen Vásava-datta found out from the chamberlain that the brahmin woman who had arrived had been sent by the king, she had greater trust in her. Seeing that the poor woman had two children, she thought, “Oh! This is a piece of the creator’s unswerving perversity! How niggardly he is towards one who is worthy and how kind to one who is not! I still have not had even one son, but this woman has had twin boys!” While thinking this, the queen, who was wanting to take a bath, instructed her servant girls to attend to the brahmin woman’s toilet. After being bathed, clothed and fed delicious food by them, the brahmin lady was as refreshed as scorched earth on being sprinkled with water. And soon after she had been refreshed, Queen Vásava-datta contrived to find out about her in conversation and said to her, “O brahmin lady, please tell us some story.” On hearing this, she said yes and started to tell a tale.

“Long ago there lived some run-of-the-mill king called Jaya-datta and a son called Deva-datta was born to him. Then, when the boy had grown up and the king was wanting to arrange his marriage, being a wise man he thought to himself, ‘Like a courtesan, the prosperity of a king is extremely fickle and is to be enjoyed by he who has power, but the prosperity of merchants, like a woman from a respectable family, is assured and does not go elsewhere. Therefore I shall find my son a wife from a merchant household
iti niścitya putrasya kṛte vavre sa bhūpatiḥ
vaṁjjo Vasudattasya kanyāṁ Pāṭaliputarkāt.
Vasudatto ’pi sa dadau ślāghya|saṁbandha|vāńchayā
dūra|deś’|āntare ’py asmai rāja|putrāya tāṁ sutām.

4.1.60
pūrayām āsa ca tathā ratnair jāmātaraṁ sa tam
agalad bahumāno ’syā yathā sva|pitṛ|vaibhave.
avāpt’|ādhya|vaṇik|putrī|sahiten’ ātha tena saḥ
tanayena samaṇ tasmā tathau Jayadatta|nṛpaḥ sukham.

ekādā tatra c’ āgatyā s’|ōtkāḥ saṁbandhī|sadmanī
sa vaṇīg Vasudattas tāṁ nināya sva|gṛhaṁ sutām.
tato ’kasmāt sa nṛ|patir Jayadatto divaṁ yayau
udbhūya gotra|jais tasya tac ca rājyam adhiśhitam.
tad|bhītyā tasya tanayo jananyā nijayā niśī
devadattas tu nīto ’bhūd anya|desam a|lakṣitaḥ.

4.1.65
tatr’ āha rāja|putraṁ taṁ māṭā duḥkhitam|mānasā
«devo ’sti cakra|vartī naḥ prabhuḥ pūrva|dīgjīśvaraḥ
tat|pārśvaṁ vraja. rājyaṁ te sādhayiṣyati, vatsa, saḥ»
ity uktaḥ sa tadā māṭrā rāja|putro jagāda tāṁ,
«tatra māṁ nisparikaraṁ gataṁ ko bahu maṇsyate?»
tac chrutvā punar apy evaṁ sā māṭā tam abhāṣata,
«śvaśurasya gṛhaṁ gatvā tvaṁ hi prāpya tato dhanam
kṛtvā parikaraṁ gaccha nikaṭaṁ cakra|vartinaḥ.»
so that no disaster will befall his kingdom, to which there are many claimants.’

After deciding this, the king chose for his son the daughter of a merchant called Vasu·datta from Pátali·putra. And Vasu·datta, in his desire for a commendable alliance, betrothed his daughter to the prince, even though he was in a far-off land. He loaded his son-in-law with so many jewels that the boy’s respect for his father’s greatness dripped away. Then King Jaya·datta lived happily in the company of his son and the rich merchant’s daughter whom he had obtained.

One day the merchant Vasu·datta came expectantly to the house of his daughter’s in-laws and took her to his home. Then suddenly King Jaya·datta died and the kingdom was taken over by relatives of his who had risen up. In fear of them the king’s son Deva·datta was taken away by his mother at night, unseen, to another country. There his mother, her mind troubled, said to the prince, ‘Our lord is his highness, the emperor, the ruler of the east. Go to him. He will get the kingdom for you.’

When his mother said this to him, the prince replied, ‘If I go there without a retinue, no one will show me respect.’

When she heard this, his mother insisted, saying, ‘Go to your father-in-law’s house, take some money from him, get a retinue and go to the emperor.’
iti sa prerito mātrā sat|ajjo 'pi nṛp'|ātmajaḥ
kramāt prasthe sāyaṃ ca prāpa tacr|hvāśuraṃ gṛham.

4.1.70
pitṛ|hīno vinaṣṭa|āsir bāspa|pāt'|ābhiśaṅkayā
ākāle n' āsakac c' ātra praveṣṭum lajjayā niśi.
nikaṭe sattra|bāhye 'tha sthitaḥ śvaśura|mandirāt
naktaṃ rajjv” āvarohantim ākasmāt striyam aikṣata.
kṣaṇāc ca bhāryāṃ svām eva tāṇ ratna|dyuti|bhāsvarām
ulkām iv’ ābhra|patitāṃ pariṇāyā’ ābhayatapyata.
sā tu tāṃ dhūsara|kṣāmaṇaḥ dṛṣṭv” āpy a|parijānatī
ko 's' īty apṛcchat tac chruṭvā ʻpānto 'ham īti’ so ’bravīt.
tataḥ sā sattra|śāl”|āntaḥ pravivesa vaṇik|sutā
anvagād rāja|putro ’pi sa tāṃ guptam avehṣitum.

4.1.75
sā c’ ātra puruṣam kaṃ|cid upāgāt puruṣo ’pi tām
ʻtvaṃ ciren’ āgat” ās’ īti’ pādalghātair atādayat.
tataḥ sā dvi|guṇi|bhūta|rāgā pāpā prasādyam tam
puruṣam tena sahitā tatra tasthau yadvacchayā.
tad dṛṣṭvā tu sa su|praṇo rāja|putro vyacintayat
ʻkopasy’ āyaṃ na kālo me sādhyam anyadd hi vartate.
katham ca prasaratv etac chastraṃ kṛpaṇayor dvayoh
śatru|yogyaṃ striyāṃ asyāṃ asmin vā nṛpaśau mama?
kim etayā ku|vadhvā vā kṛtyam etadd hi durvidheḥ
mad|dhairy’|ālokana|krīḍā|naipūṇye duḥkhha|varṣiṇaḥ.

4.1.80
a|tulya|kula|saṃbandhaḥ s” āiśā kiṃ v” āparādhyaṭi
muktvā balī|bhujam kākī kokile ramate katham?

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Urged on thus by his mother, the prince, even though he was ashamed, set forth and eventually reached his father-in-law’s house in the evening. He had lost his father and his fortune, and shame and the fear of shedding tears made him unable to enter there at that untimely moment that night, so he stayed on the verandah of a nearby almshouse. During the night he suddenly noticed a woman climbing down a rope from his father-in-law’s house. A moment later he became very distressed when he recognized the woman as none other than his wife. Resplendent with the glitter of jewels, she resembled a shooting star fallen from a cloud. Even though she saw him, he was dusty and thin, and she did not recognize him. She asked him who he was and he replied that he was a traveler. Then the merchant’s daughter went into the hall of the almshouse and the prince followed, in order to watch her in secret. Once inside she went up to some man and the man, after telling her that she was late, kicked her repeatedly. Then the wicked girl, her passion redoubled, gratified him and willingly stayed there with the man. But on seeing this, the prince, who was very wise, said to himself, ‘Now is not the time for me to be angry for there is something else that I must see through. And how might this sword of mine, which is for worthy enemies, range against two wretches, this woman and this brute of a man? Anyway, there is no need to bother with my wicked wife, for this is the work of cruel fate, which, cleverly having fun by testing my fortitude, is raining down sorrows. It is the union of unequal families rather than this lady herself which is at fault. How is a lady crow to leave her husband, an eater of temple offerings, and sport with a koyal?’
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Sir James Mallinson translates and edits Sanskrit literature for the JJC Foundation, co-publishers (with NYU Press) of the Clay Sanskrit Library. He has also translated Volume One of The Ocean of the Rivers of Story, as well as The Emperor of the Sorcerers (in two volumes), and Messenger Poems.

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THE OCEAN OF THE RIVERS OF STORY

VOLUME TWO

SOMA-DEVA

MALLINSON

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