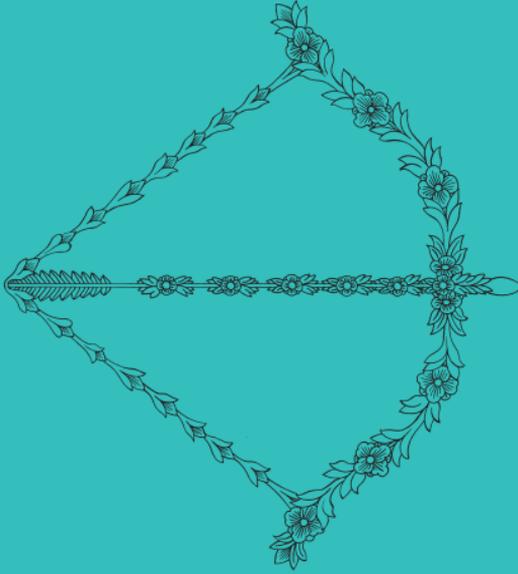


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Seven Hundred
Elegant Verses

by Go·várdhana



Translated by
FRIEDHELM HARDY

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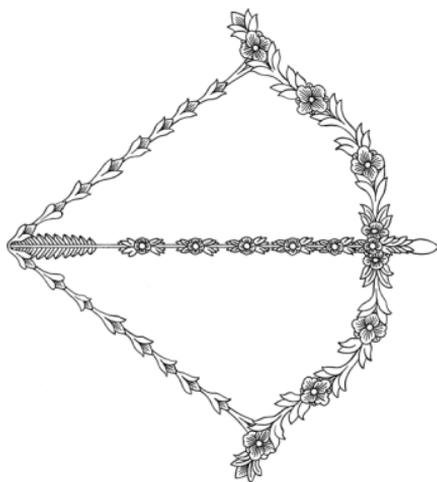
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CONTENTS

CSL Conventions	vii
Prefatory Note	xv
Introduction	xvii
SEVEN HUNDRED ELEGANT VERSES	
Prelude	3
Seven Hundred Elegant Verses	25
Notes	265

vāsita|madhuni vadhūnām
 avataṃse mauli|maṇḍane yūnām
 vilasati sā *pura/kusume*
 madhup” īva vana|prasūneṣu

vṛīḍā|prasaraḥ prathamam
 tad anu ca rasa|bhāva|puṣṭa|ceṣṭ” ēyam
 javanī|vinirgamād anu
 naṭ” īva dayitā mano harati

vāsasi haridray” ēva
 tvayi gaur’|āṅgyā niveśito rāgaḥ
 piśunena so ’panītaḥ
 sahsā patatā jalen’ ēva

540 viṣvag|vikāsi|saurabha|
 rāg’|āndha|vyādha|bādhanīyasya
 kva cid api kuraṅga bhavato
 nābhīm ādāya na sthānam

vaṭa|kuṭaja|śāla|śālmali|
 rasāla|bahuvāra|sindhuvārāṅam
 asti bhidā malay’|ācala|
 saṃbhava|saurabhya|sāmye ’pi

vinihita/kaparda/koṭim
 cāpala|doṣeṇa Śāṅkaram tyaktvā
 vaṭam *ekam* anusarantī
 Jahnavi *luṭhasi Prayāga/taṭe*

She is resplendent on the *city-flower* : *best man of the city*,
 used to scent wine, used as earrings by young women,
 used to adorn the heads of young men, as if she were a
 female bee among the forest flowers.

At first, a swelling of shyness: but after that, gestures of sentiments and love—like a dancing girl, having emerged from behind the curtain, my beloved enchants my mind.

Like a garment dyed with turmeric, the fair-limbed girl made you fall in love; but a slanderer instantly destroyed it, just as water, falling on it, washes away the turmeric coloring.

O deer! Taking the musk along with you, you will nowhere 540
 find a safe place and will be troubled by the hunters who are blinded by greed caused by its fragrance that is spreading out everywhere!*

Although the fig tree, mango tree, the *sal* tree, the silk-cotton tree, the *rasála*, the *bahu-vara*, and the *sindhu-vara* all have a fragrance similar to the sandalwood trees of the Málaya mountains, there are differences!*

By the fault of your fickleness, you abandoned Shiva *who had placed you next to the bun of his matted locks* : *him who gave you prosperity, offering you millions of cowry-shells* and, chasing after a *single fig tree* : *a single cowry*, Ganges, *you flow past Prayága* : *you make a fuss over an evil miser*.*

veda caturñāṃ kṣaṇa|dā
 praharāñāṃ saṅgamaṃ viyogaṃ ca
 carañānām iva kūrmi
 saṅkocam api prasāram api

vṛti|vivareṇa viśanti
 subhaga tvām īkṣituṃ sakhī|drṣṭiḥ
 harati yuva|hṛdaya|pañjara/
 madhya|sthā Manmath'|êṣur iva

545 vipaṇi|tulā|sāmānye
 mā gaṇay' āinaṃ nirūpaṇe nipuṇa
 dharma|ghaṭo 'sāv adharī|
 karoti laghum upari nayati gurum

vāsara|gamyam Anūror
 ambaram avanī ca Vāman'|āikapadam
 jaladhir api pota|laṅghyaḥ
 satāṃ manaḥ kena tulayāmaḥ

vitata|tamo|maṣi|lekhā|
 lakṣm'|ōtsaṅga|sphuṭāḥ kuraṅ'|ākṣi
 patr'|ākṣara|nikarā iva
 tārā nabhasi prakāśante

vividh'|āṅga|bhaṅgiṣu gurur
 nūtana|śiṣyāṃ Manobhav'|ācāryaḥ
 vetra|latay" ēva bālāṃ
 talpe nartayati rata|rītyā

The pleasure-granting “night” knows how to shorten and prolong its four watches, like a female tortoise knows how to contract and stretch out its four feet.

The glances of my friend, that like the arrows of Kama were kept inside the *wicker-basket* : *prison* that is the heart of young men, now come out through the hole in the fence in order to see you, lucky man, and want to attract you.*

Do not consider him to be like a balance of the market-⁵⁴⁵ place, you who are clever in ascertaining! He is the authoritative design: what is light he moves down, and up what is heavy.

The sky can be crossed in a single day by the Sun, and the Earth (was crossed) with one step by Vámana; also the ocean can be crossed by a ship—so what have we left to compare the minds of the good people to?*

O doe-eyed girl, the stars, clearly defined by their contrast with the ink-black stain of the spreading darkness, shine in the sky like the syllables of love-letters.

The teacher Kama, an expert in the many different postures of the body, makes the young wife, his pupil, dance on the bed with modes of making love, as if with a staff.*

viparītam api rataṃ te
 sroto nadyā iv' ânukūlam idam
 taṭa|tarum iva mama hṛdayaṃ
 sa|mūlam api vegato harati

550 *vaibhava/bhājām* dūṣaṇam
 api bhūṣaṇa|pakṣa eva nikṣiptam
 guṇam ātmanām a|dharmaṃ
 dveṣaṃ ca gṛṇanti Kāṇādāḥ

vakrāḥ kapaṭa/snigdḥā
 malināḥ karṇ'āntike prasajjantaḥ
 kaṃ vañcayanti na sakhe
 khalās ca gaṇikā|kaṭākṣās ca

vidyuj|jvālā/valayita/
 jaladhara|piṭhar'ôdarād viniryānti
 viśad'āudana|dyuti|muṣaḥ
 preyasi payasā samaṃ karakāḥ

vyajan'ādibhir upacāraiḥ
 kiṃ maru|pathikasya gṛhiṇi vihitair me
 tāpas tvad|ūru|kadalī|
 dvaya|madhye śāntim ayam eti

vaiguṇye 'pi hi mahatā
 vinirmitaṃ bhavati karma śobhāyai
 durvaha|nitamba|mantharam
 api harati nitambinī|nṛtyam

The way you make love delights me, though it is *perverse*:
in the inverse position, and it *captivates my heart forcefully*,
at its very root—like the stream of a river, *flooding its banks and then receding*, *impetuously uproots and carries away* a tree growing on its edge.*

Even the faults of those *who enjoy prosperity*: *that are pervasive* are included in the list of ornaments: for the teachers of the Vaishéshika proclaim that unrighteousness and hatred are *virtues*: *qualities* of the soul.* 550

My friend! Whom do they not deceive—the rogue and the glance of a prostitute! They are *crooked*: *sly, pretend to be affectionate*: *shed false tears, of filthy character*: *adorned by kohl*, and *whisper things into people's ears*: *stretch all the way to the ears*.

From the inside of the pitcher used to carry water, circular and bright like a flash of lightning: *the cloud garlanded by flashes of lightning* pours out hail even whiter than boiled rice, my dear one, as if it was milk.

What use are to me all these polite gestures, like fanning, etc., wife, that you perform for me! I am a “traveler in the desert,” and this heat that I am suffering will only be abated in the middle of the two banana trees—your thighs.*

The deed done by a great person will serve his splendor, even if it lacks inner merit: the dance of a corpulent woman delights the heart, even when it is slow on account of her heavy buttocks she finds difficult to carry.*

555 vikṣya satīnām gaṇane
 rekhām ekām tayā sva|nām'|ânkām
 santu yuvāno hasitum
 svayam ev' âpāri n' âvaritum

Vindhy'|ācala iva dehas
 tava vividh'/āvarta/narma/da/nitambah
 sthagayati gatiṃ muner api
 sambhāvita/ravi/ratha/stambbah

vṛti|bhañjana gañjana|saha
 nikāmam uddāma durnay'|ārāma
 para|vātī|śata|lampaṭa
 duṣṭa|vṛṣa smarasi geham api

vaṃś'/āvalambanaṃ yad
 yo vistāro guṇasya y" âvanatiḥ
 taj jālasya khalasya ca
 nij'/âñka/supta/prañāsāya

Vindhya|mahīdhara|śikhare
 mudira|śreṇī|kṛpāṇam ayam anilaḥ
 udyad|vidyuj|jyotiḥ
 pathika|vadhāy" âiva śātayati

560 vyālbambāna|veṇī|
 dhuta|dhūli prathamam āsrubhir dhautam
 āyātasya padaṃ mama
 gehinyā tad anu salilena

Seeing a line marked with her name when counting faithful women, it was alright for the young men to laugh, but even she could not refrain from it. 555

Your body, like the Vindhya mountain *from whose slope the Nármada of many whirlpools flows, who blocked the path of the sage Agástya and who was an impediment to the Sun's chariot: has loins and buttocks that, twisting in many ways, grant pleasures, bring to a halt even the progress of an ascetic, and surpass the wheel of the sun.**

You breaker of fences! Endurer of rejections! Libertine without restraint! Park of evil schemes! Desirous of breaking into the homes of a hundred other people! Wicked bull! Do you ever remember your own home?*

The person who *puts his trust in a rogue or is oblivious to a net, thinking that he comes from a good family: which is attached to bamboos, displays many attractive qualities: spreads out its string, and appears humble and hangs low will come to ruin.**

On the peaks of the Vindhya mountains that storm is sharpening its dagger—the line of clouds—with the flashing lightnings as the sparks flying off in all directions, for no other reason than to kill the travelers.

With her tears the wife first washed the feet of mine, who had returned home, and wiped off the dust with her dangling braid of hair, and then she did the same with water.* 560

vakṣaḥ|sthala|supte mama
 mukham upadhātuṃ na maulim ālabhase
 pīn' |ōttuṅga|stana|bhara|
 dūrī|bhūtaṃ rata|śrāntau

vadana/vyāpār'āntar/
bhāvād anuraktam ānayantī tvam
 dūti satī|nās' |ārthaṃ
 tasya *bhujāṅgasya* daṃṣṭr" āsi

Śrīr api bhujāṅga|bhoge
 mohana|vijñena śilitā yena
 so 'pi Hariḥ puruṣo yadi
 puruṣā itare 'pi kiṃ kurmaḥ

śaṅke yā sthairya|mayī
 ślathayati bāhū Manobhavy' āpi
 darpa|śilām iva bhavatīm
 kataras taruṇo vicālayati

565 *śārdūla/nakhara/bhaṅgura*
kaṭhora/tara/jāta/rūpa/racano 'pi
bālānām api bālā
sā yasyās tvam api hṛdi vasasi

śruta eva śruti/hāriṇi
rāg' |ōtkarṣeṇa kaṇṭham adhivasati
 gīta iva tvayi madhure
karoti n' ārtha/grahaṃ sutanuḥ

You have collapsed on my chest, exhausted from making love; but your face cannot reach my head to use it as a cushion, because the mass of your firm, large breasts keep it at a distance.

O go-between, *after insinuating yourself with your words you usher in an impassioned man* to wreak havoc among chaste women, you are the fang of the *libertine : serpent, drawing blood after you work your jaws.*

If that Vishnu—by whom, proficient in infatuating, even Lakshmi can be enjoyed on a serpent bed—is a man, then what can we other men do?*

I wonder which young man can make you move, who are like a boulder of pride and who cause exhaustion even to the powerful arms of Kama.

O crooked tiger-claw! She on whose heart even you dwell, 565
set in hard gold, is young even among children : You who are as crooked as the claws of a tiger! She in whose heart you live, you handsome villain, is young even among children.

Just as in the case of a lovely song, *that as soon as heard entrances the ears by its fine melody, and abides in one's throat, one does not pay attention to the meaning of its words,* in your case, *you who are attractive, who as soon as you are heard delight the ear, and who by the intensity of your passion abides near her neck,* the beautiful woman does not look for money.