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**THE STORY
of
MIRA BAI.**

Mira Singing to her Lord.

The Story of Mira Bai.

By

Bankey Behari, B. Sc., LL.B.

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BUCHUN asked me to write the story of Mira. I place it before the readers.

I do not claim for it a place as history. I delight to call it a story. Based on tradition, Macaulife and Todd have done valuable work on the subject. Our contemporaries have carried out researches on Mira, and are alleged to have exploded many established traditions assigned to her especially the one which ascribes the maltreatment of Mira Bai by her husband. The fact is, the persecutions began after the death of her husband, who was all love to her, and were met at the hands of the husband's brother at the instigation of his sister Udabai. With profit readers interested in the subject might refer to either class of writings.


To me Mira is the moth that burnt itself in the candle of love for Girdhar and for all times filled the Temple of Devotion with fragrance. Undaunted by fire or frown, unperturbed by persecutions, this devotee of Śrī Kṛṣṇa sang her songs of princely renunciation and self-surrender, that shall infuse courage in the aspirant on the Path of Love. Mira lived the message she preached, scoffed at cold intellectualism and boldly proclaimed the doctrine of absolute faith in, and devotion to the Lord.

Modern Science and Art might well mock at her poetic outbursts and call those emotional effusions as mere paroxysms of a maniac or the after-effects of an "overheated" brain; I, however, maintain that these charges are untenable. I hold it honestly and express it emphatically that the Path to Salvation lies through love and devotion, which transcend reason and intellect. Let them, who will, try it—Mira has given the lead and with a smile softly playing on her lips she beckons to us—let them who will follow.

Acknowledgments.

To Syt. Sri Krishna Prem Bhikhari for revising the Mss., and to Mr. R. C. Tandon for helping me in the translation of some of the songs to be found in this book, I express my sincerest thanks.

I am obliged to Syt. Hanumanprasad Poddar and Mr. C. L. Goswami of the Gita Press for bringing out this neat volume with promptitude.



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CHAPTER I.

THE DEVOTEES OF THE LORD.

LOOK at those eyes, those beautiful little orbs that seem to reflect the whole universe and point to the Unknown. The gospel of Love and Truth that they are preaching, the religion of tears that they are proclaiming, the joy of holiness that they are showering, all shed a glow at once resplendent and captivating. Their language is so mute, yet so expressive; they have no tongue, yet speak so vividly of the mighty experiences of the days of separation and recite the tale of pathos, of parting and of meeting, with a clarity that transcends the attempts of the artist's brush. On canvas I have witnessed many sights, but seldom has it been rendered so living as when I saw tears of gratitude in

the penitent's eye as he sat bathing under the showers of the Master's grace, or the pearly drops in the eyes of the devotee as he sat in meditation. Few realize, much less experience, the joys that fall to the lot of the Blessed. These are the children of God, nurtured on the bed of sorrow, on whose head was showered the ridicule of the world, whose food has been the crushings of their heart and whose drink has been the pangs of affliction. Some born in the manger*, others discovered forlorn by the tank†, and yet others forsaken to the fire and the winds, these are the heralds that announce the approach of a higher power that points to the great IDEAL. Their joy is in the distant meeting and their satisfaction lies in the gleaming hope that sheds lustre in the distance and whose prize is the CROWN OF ETERNAL BLISS. Such are the devotees of the Lord.

I lay in the lap of my mother, hearing the tale of one such child of the Lord,

* Lord Christ.

† Saint Kabir.

when the motherly caresses lulled me to sleep and lo ! in my dreams whom else should I meet but the child of my fancy, and I cried out.....

“These tear-bedimmed eyes, these dishvelled hair, this fragile constitution, wrapped in the divine ochre, is this the child of love whose tale you were just reciting to me, mother ? In the lanes of Brindaban how like a maniac this beautiful devotee sometimes rushes sideways, sometimes dances in ecstasy as she wildly goes to meet the Idol of her adoration with open arms ! The only words that come out of those beautiful thin lips and charm the passer-by are ‘Govind, Govind, Govind.’ Sweet is their melody and rhythmic is their metre. They seem to mock at the technical rules of prosody. So comprehensive in their significance are these words as they come out of the lips of a devotee that one stares in awe at their sanctity and marvels at their meaning. They seem to lay bare to the dreamer the pathos of ages, and teach him the lesson of the highest form of love that merges the finite in the Infinite

and ushers him into the mysteries of the Unexplored Region. However mystic the words, our holy mother was in her homely way teaching the greatest lessons in the simplest language, and that language none else but the language of love and that expression no other than that of emotion. And, as she passed along the street, some bowed in reverence and a few mocked her in the same old way that greeted the great benefactor of the world by the cross. But her thoughts were centred in some higher region, and little did she care to turn round and hear the applause and the sarcasms thus showered. But many a stranger, better disposed, inquired who that blessed lady was. And the old man standing at a distance with tears in his eyes said, my son, she is our blessed mother that has made the soil of this spot sacred, and has once more recalled the days of the *Rāsalilā* of ages past and is enacting in our midst once again in all its genuineness and glory the drama of our Lord Kṛṣṇa. And, as she dances in ecstasy, the Lord Himself appears and makes His presence felt by everybody

seated close to the feet of the holy mother, as she sits wrapt in meditation. Once a princess, now a beggar in the lanes of love, various are her pet names; but to me the only name with which the children of the cowherds accost her as they feed her with their cow's milk and ask her to sing to them the old forlorn songs of the Gopīs of Vraja appeals the most. While round the neck of the lovely docile figure they cling and call out to their comrades, ringing the air by their cries, come, friends, run, enjoy; for, once more has Mira come; and they rush and dance in the shades of the trees while Mira sings—

'Govind, Govind, Girdhar Govind.'
And, as she weeps and laughs, in her ecstasy, she swoons away to rest in the lap of her dear Lord. The children terrified begin to cry, and the Lord pitying them, rouses the fainted beauty again to pass her time among the innocent children. Thus pass the days of the holiest of the holy.



CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD AND MARRIAGE.

Hgot up from my reverie and, with tears in my eyes, entreated my mother once again to recite the tale of this saint and she began:—

Born in *Samvat* 1557 in far-off Marwar, in the village Kurkhi, this princess of Chitor, forsaking the pomp and glory of the palaces, started IN THE QUEST OF THE FLUTE-PLAYER bare-footed, to tread the path that led to the Abode of Eternal Bliss. In the forehead of the little child shone the signs of future greatness, as she rose up startled by the sound of the marriage procession that passed below the palace of her father, Rao Ratan Singh, and, peeping through the barred windows of the balcony

and seeing the child-bridegroom dressed artistically, this baby of five cried out, "Mother, and where is my bridegroom?" The mother smiled at the innocence of the child. She seemed to have read in her broad forehead the future greatness of her simple babe and replied (pointing to the little lovely idol of Lord Kṛṣṇa that stood in the temple and was so much loved by the child), "Girdhar Gopal is thy bridegroom." Since then Gopal became a subject of special fascination to her. All her discourses were about this beautiful image. All her time was spent in bathing and dressing it. She worshipped it. She slept with it on a deerskin. She danced about it. She sang to it lovely songs. Its joys were her joys, and, when a slight ray of gloom was witnessed by her on its bright forehead, that would make her weep for hours, till she again saw a clear smile on the face that would captivate her heart. To everybody it became known that this mad girl seemed to read the expression of this idol, and to hold conversation with the seemingly mute Kṛṣṇa.

Thus passed some years in patiently wooing her Beloved. From her childhood, therefore, she could know of no other love but that for her dear Kṛṣṇa. This could not be tolerated by the conservative, custom-ridden family, which like others would permit no such display of fancy and would scoff at those paroxysms of devotion, and sneer at the flow of tears. In their eyes these visionary dreams had no place in the practical life of the household. They mocked at it, as they saw things from a different angle. They soon thought of a way to take the maniac out of her madness for the Lord and relieve her of the divine intoxication. Therefore messengers were despatched and great pains taken to find out a husband suitable for the princess. The fateful day arrived when her daily worship was disturbed by the music of the drum, by feastings, feedings, and a variety of ceremonies; for, this was the bridal procession that had arrived at Ratan Singh's palace. Mira was married to the heir of the mighty State of Chitor—the cynosure of all Rajput eyes and a terror to the conquering

Moghuls. The husband was the valiant Bhojraj, the eldest son of Rana Sanga, whose name is writ large for all time to come in the annals of Rajasthan as the solitary figure that would own allegiance to nobody, but would rather experience all the hardships of life and would walk bare-footed on the burning sands of Rajputana, with his hungry princes at his side and the midday sun overhead, and would patiently watch even the last particle of loaf, prepared from the bark of a tree, being snatched away from the hands of the famished children. But he would not budge an inch from the traditions of the Rajputs, who could never recognize Muslim suzerainty. It is these people that bore the banner of Rajput chivalry. It was this blood that ran in the veins of the family into which Mira Bai was married. The son, Bhojraj, the husband of this little saint, had inherited all the martial qualities of his ancestors. Any general would be proud of the physical appearance he bore, the valiant qualities he possessed. The blood of these Rajputs has

been the pride of India. But martial qualities have no place in the sphere of love, where humility is the ideal, and the lowly alone can attain to the highest pedestal. Vanity has no place there and pride is an outcast. How could this marriage then prove to be a happy one! But blessed is Mira who left no stone unturned to please her husband and see that his mandates were obeyed. She tried to give him no occasion for offence. She stood out a sublime figure of a devoted wife, an ideal that could be the boast of any Hindu lady. But in her love for Lord Kṛṣṇa she could accept no compromise. To her that was supreme over all duties spiritual, moral or temporal. There she stood adamant in her virgin glory, guarding her rights with meticulous care. Beyond what was necessary she recognized no vagaries in life. After finishing her household work, she would feel that all the time was the Lord's, and then she would go to her temple—where sat the joy of her heart, the little image of Lord Kṛṣṇa—and start in the company of one or two devotees the

nightlong ecstatic dances before her Lord and sing songs to Him. In her ecstatic moments, witnessing this exuberance of the heart and complete effacement of the self, the Lord would Himself appear. The little lovely idol that sat mute would get up, clasp His devotee to the bosom, play the melodious tunes on the flute to her, and hold long discourses. This was Mira's joy. This was Mira's life. Mira was born for it. This was what Mira could not give up. But this frantic display of self-surrender and utter recklessness of form and formalities greatly irritated the mother-in-law and other ladies of her husband's family. The mother-in-law, after giving her the usual lectures on the code of married life, and telling her that the discharge of domestic duties alone could lead to domestic happiness as conceived by the wordly-minded, told the innocent bride to bow to the family idol of Durgā, the image of Gaurī, the goddess of Śakti. But the young consort was too imbued with love for her dear Kṛṣṇa to think of any other love. With tears in her eyes, in abject humility she fell at the feet of the lady and through sobs broke out—

“Mother, this head has already been dedicated to the lotus-feet of Sri Girdhar Gopal. Forgive, mother, it can bow before no other god or goddess now. Mother, do not press me any more. Your threats and coaxings leave me unmoved.” The mother found the daughter-in-law adamant in her resolve. Though in her heart of hearts she blessed the girl for her pious determination and fearless love for the Lord, yet, to keep up appearances and follow the trodden track of social rules she admonished the bride. This had no salutary effect on Mira. Then came the turn of Uda, the sister of Bhojraj, to come and plead with her sister-in-law to give up her obstinacy and yield. *Yield*—this is a horrible term to the devotees of the Lord. The strong reply that the little Mira gave to her sister’s scurrilous and offensive remarks soon aroused the wrath of Uda. She and her companions started a regular conspiracy against her to take her to task for her obstinacy and began to defame her. They went to Bhojraj and told him that his wife held discourses with her paramours

at dead of night in the temple. That they had themselves witnessed this tête-a-tête going on every night. That the Prince could convince himself by watching it for himself. That it was a matter for shame for the family and brought a great slur upon the fair name of Chitor that the wife of the heir-apparent should carry on such liaisons. The anger of the Prince knew no bounds, blood rushed to his cheeks, and, with a sword in his hand, he hurried into the apartments of his newly wedded wife to kill her and stop all these scandals. Mira fortunately was not in the room. The Prince was rushing like a maniac when some kinder soul came and pacified him, told him not to lose himself so soon, but should first satisfy himself of the truth of it, lest he may have cause to repent later on. He accepted the advice. He abandoned the idea for the time being and anxiously waited for the fateful hour of the night when he was to be called in to witness the love-scene.

At dead of night the girls came to call the Prince, and provoked him by saying,

“Shame on the family whose ladies carry on such love-intrigues. Go now and satisfy yourself of the daily nocturnal movements of your wife, who pretends to be a great lover of the Lord and who, in spite of the repeated requests of mother, would not bow to the goddess Śakti.” The Prince rushed to the temple unable to control his passion any longer and there he found Mira fully absorbed in making her confessions of love to her Divine Beloved and making complete surrenders. Before Mira could finish her sentences he broke open the door and rushed towards her; but he was completely stunned when he saw no one else but Mira seated in an ecstatic mood, completely unperturbed by the entrance of the intruder and absorbed in conversing with the little Idol that stood before her. But the eyes of the Prince could not discern the Lord behind the mask that He wore, screened as they were by the veil of *Māyā*. He saw nothing else but the Idol. He caught hold of Mira and asked her with whom she was conversing. Mira, strong in the strength of her Beloved

smiled, looked up to him and said, "See for yourself." He cried, "Show me thy lover. I am athirst for his blood." Pointing to the little image in the front, she said, "There He sits; shatter Him to pieces, if you can; there is the Eternal One who has always been stealing the butter of the Gopīs in Vraja, sometimes stealing their clothes as they went down to bathe. But more than all He has stolen my heart and gives it not back. But I do not complain of it; for, therein lies my solace. See how He smiles at His mischief! No, He again assumes the old grim face. Beloved! smile once more as You smiled of yore! Ah no, He feels I have given myself up to the Prince. No dear, no. Wait. Oh wait. Why are You parting so early? Pray, wait. W...a...i...t. W...a...i...t. W...a...i.....(and Mira fainted away)." This was a queer experience for the prince, who hurried away. The other girls who had followed him stood aghast, and began to see things in a different light altogether. It was an unusual experience to them. Uda ran to kiss her sister-in-law—the fainted Mira; but she was deterred from within;

for, it was she who was partly responsible for the accusations against this goddess of piety in human form. The girls could not read the mind of the Prince as he left the place.

Henceforward the Prince felt that his wife had gone mad, and so he did not for some time trouble himself with the affair. But the world saw this through the eyes of scandal, and rumour went round that Mira had started mixing freely with the Sadhus, and various were the motives assigned to the act by dame rumour. But Mira was careless of these ignoble talks that were the topic of the day; unaffected she would go on singing her old song:—

*“Now none else but Him can I claim
as my own.
I forsook my father and my mother and
all those that were dear to me.
In the company of the Sadhus I
sacrificed my world and my modesty.
I rushed to meet a saint when one
appeared, and wept when the worldly
crossed my path.*

*With tears I nourished the everlasting
creeper of love.*

*In my search I met the deliverers—
The Saint and the Holy Name.*
Thenceforward the Name within and the
Saint overhead have lighted my path.
To the Lord, the servant Mira has
consigned herself.
What cares she for the rumours that be
current all round !”†*

She continued to mix freely with the Sadhus. The Prince, seeing her resolve

* In the Chapter on the doctrine of *Sabda*, this term is explained.

† मेरे तो गिरधर गोपाल दूसरो न कोई ॥
माता छोडी पिता छोडे, छोडे सगा-सोई ।
साधँ सँग बैठ बैठ लोक-लाज खोई ॥
संत देख दौड़ि आई, जगत देख रोई ।
प्रेम आँसू डार डार अमर बेल बोई ॥
मारगमें तारण मिले संत नाम दोई ।
संत सदा सीसपर नाम हूँ होई ॥

as adamantine as ever, gave up his militant attitude, and got a temple especially constructed for her to carry on her devotional practices.

The news of the devotion of Mira for Kṛṣṇa spread far and wide, so much so that the Emperor Akbar and his chief musician Tansen were seized with the desire of seeing the wife of the heir-apparent of Mewar, whose songs, it was rumoured, were so full of genuine devotion for the Lord that He Himself appeared. They strongly yearned to hear the songs sung by Mira herself. But, fearing their lives were not secure in case they went in state, they disguised themselves as mendicants, and started incognito for Chitor. After a long journey, at last, they came to the temple of Mira, where her Idol sat mute and glorious, and bowed before the seat where Mira sat in devotion before her

अब तो बात फैल गई, जानै सब कोई ।
दासी मीरा लाल गिरधर होनी सो होई ॥

Lord. The new arrivals were transfixed at seeing the delicate, innocent and smiling face of the child of God, which seemed to welcome the new entrants and to shower her blessings upon them. Akbar would have rushed to prostrate himself at the feet of the devotee and disclosed his disguise; but he was kept back by Tansen, who told him it would mean death to them if strict secrecy was not maintained about their identity. The Emperor then sat silently. As the devotees sat round Mira, she started singing her songs. When the moment arrived, she jumped up and started her ecstatic dances. The scene was so much enlivened that for the time being everyone forgot himself and saw divine shafts of light shooting forth from the idol and encircling Mira in a halo. Fragrance spread throughout. Some lost their consciousness, seeing Mira at the height of her emotions fall flat on the ground, absorbed in divine consciousness. When Mira recovered and wanted to go away after the day's prayers were over, Akbar rose from his seat and, with folded hands, approached Mira and entreated her

to accept a little present of a necklace. Mira refused, saying that a servant of the Lord needs nothing and asks from nobody except the Lord Himself. But the Emperor humbly insisted, saying that it was an offering made at the lotus feet of the Lord Kṛṣṇa, whose image stood before him, and that she should not refuse it. The name of Kṛṣṇa—this was the strongest and the weakest point in Mira—made her thoughtful. When the thing came in the name of the Lord, she could say nothing but accept it. The necklace therefore lay at the feet of the idol. The Emperor, however, left the place with a heavy heart, steeped in reverence and love for the Lord. It was a great experience for the Emperor, and such occurrences were responsible for the tolerant nature and liberal views of the great Moghul. He was a great success in uniting the various factions; but, whatever the theologians may say, he failed in the domain of religion and spirituality. The reason is clear. He sought to reap by the sickle of knowledge the fruits of Devotion and wanted to experience with

his intellect the divine thrills which are the very life of a lover of God. No such experiences and interpretations could lighten his path. He remained the Emperor, no doubt, of the green fertile fields of India, that yielded fodder to the animals and nurtured the drosser element in man, the body. He could not reign over the human heart; for, its king sits on a subtler seat and obtains that position as the result of a different kind of training, which is the outcome of years of penance,—not the penance of body but that of desires. When humility becomes enthroned in the heart, then alone the goal is reached.

When the news spread that the strangers of yesterday were the Emperor Akbar and his musician, Tansen, and that the Emperor touched the feet of the blessed Mira, Prince Bhojraj could not restrain himself any longer. Burning with anger, the words shot forth from his mouth like fire: "Could a Muslim dare approach a Rajput lady, even to make an offering and leave the soil of Rajputana safe! Fie on Rajputs, who heard the news and did not

take revenge!" The Rana could not thenceforth tolerate her living in a separate temple. He was determined to remove her from the world. He therefore went to Mira and severely reprimanded her for having permitted a Muslim to enter the temple. "Drown thyself in some river", he exclaimed, "and henceforth never show thy face to the world. Thou hast brought the greatest blot on the fair name of Rajputana by allowing a Moghul to touch thy feet. Thou canst not deny the truth of it; for lo! there is the proof of it—the necklace."

Sufficient for the day was the tragedy thereof. The mischief was done. Rajasthan was to lose her glory for ever. The only divine being in it started on her pilgrimage of Love to the distant regions where diviner elements reigned, and for which holy mission the Creator had sent her a messenger. With the mandate of her lord she started, like a pilgrim bound on the errand of Love, which needed the sacrifice of her life.



CHAPTER III.

ON THE ERRAND OF LOVE.

SHROUDED in melancholy that day, the devotees watched with anxious eyes the parting of their beloved,—the soul that gave them joy and blessed them with the sight of the Lord,—now going with a divine message to meet the Lord from whom she had been living apart for so long. Born in the race of the Rajputs, whose women boasted of the custom of *Jauhar* and who had for their ideal unshaken fidelity to their husbands, she showed to the world that she would stand by the behests of her husband, implicitly obeying them, however terrible the consequences might be. This she felt was the ideal of a wife in Hindu society, and she wished to be no exception to it.

Prompted by the idea of obeying the mandates of the Rana, whose ignorance and hauteur were responsible for such a hasty and foolish order, the servant—for, so does every Hindu wife delight to call herself—made her way towards the river, which was to become holy by the last embraces of the Lord's devotee who had come to offer her holy frame to it. And, as she started on the pilgrimage, she bent low to her cherished idol, pressed it to her bosom, then individually caressed her companions, that had shared the joys and pangs of the nightlong vigils, waiting for the coming of the Divine Bridegroom, and borne ungrudgingly the ridicule of their masters. For the last time she sang those beautiful songs that had brought solace to many a bruised soul and pacified many a broken heart—the very songs that have been sung by many a pilgrim on the path that leads Home. The meeting over, the farewell approached, after which the pilgrim started. This time the beloved idol lay not in a temple made of brick and clay, not within the structure that could be

the boast of human agency, but in the temple of the heart, on a safer pedestal which the great Architect had prepared for Himself. Thus she started, with all her thoughts fixed on one object, that object being none else than the Lord Himself.

To-day the world's scaffold was again to be smeared by the sacred blood of the great devotee of the Lord. The martyr's tomb was again to be erected on the soil of this ungrateful world. The world's ingratitude was again to be painted on the canvas of the Universe. The lessons of their forefathers' sins were again to be taught to their descendants. Her tormentors—the blind knaves—did not realize that they were in sheer ignorance perpetrating once again the heinous crime that centuries before had been enacted by their brethren on a different stage and in a different clime on the Son of God.* The world seems to rejoice in such devilish acts of her sons. It seems to grow fat on the blood spilled of such pure souls,—else how to account for these

* The crucifixion of Lord Christ.

inquisitions and tortures that mark the advent of every holy saint ! These are the murderers who wish to stifle the spirit that seeks to emerge forth from below the covers of dirt and mud that it has taken over itself by ages' sleep, by drowning itself in the quagmire of sensuality. Little do these people realize that these manifestations of divine love in Bhaktas are not the expressions of a maniac, but are the dramas enacted by His own children on the unholy stage of the earth to purge it of its sins and serve as object-lessons to the many yearning devotees that pray to the Master for help. Their acts are not the hallucinations of a madman, but they are the vital sparks of eternal flame for ever ablaze. It is a queer tragedy of human life that the two—the Lord and the Satan—should exist side by side in the same castle. But it is a stern reality. Reality must play in the lap of unreality. The servant,* however rebellious, has by years of devotion to the Lord earned for himself the boon that he should be permitted to carry on his work

* Satan.

of mischief unbridled amongst the impostors. But when he exceeds the limits prescribed, the Lord Himself comes to the rescue.

In this burning ghat there is a temple, and therein sits my Lord. For what else should one call this world where the choicest jewels in man—love, beauty, chastity, dignity and fortitude—lie smothered at the hands of these fiends in the shape of hatred, anger, desire and pride. But there is the solace that, when untold misery becomes rampant, He comes:

“Whenever there is decay of righteousness, O Bhārata, and there is exaltation of unrighteousness, then I Myself come forth.

“For the protection of the good, for the destruction of evil-doers, for the sake of firmly establishing righteousness, I am born from age to age.”*

* यदा यदा हि धर्मस्य ग्लानिर्भवति भारत ।
 अभ्युत्थानमधर्मस्य तदात्मानं सृजाम्यहम् ॥
 परित्राणाय साधूनां विनाशाय च दुष्कृताम् ।
 धर्मसंस्थापनार्थाय संभवामि युगे युगे ॥
 (*Gītā IV. 7-8*)

The mischief of Satan is proverbial. Here it appeared in the form of wrath in the Rana, who denounced the beloved Mira and gave her the peremptory mandate—"drown thyself in the river and never henceforth show me thy face." How patiently she bore the verdict! Fully did she follow the divine lovers' practice to show forbearance under torture for the sake of their Beloved to a degree unsurpassed in human history. Complete surrender of the body and extreme recklessness about it and laying it down at the altar of love is considered as the highest form of sacrifice in the world. But the Lord's devotee has yet a higher ideal.

He considers the sacrifice of the body as the lowest order of offering the devotee can make to the Lord. The standard with which the actions of the two are to be judged is, therefore, different. In the sphere of the world it is apparent that the beloved must be convinced that the lover has genuine affection for her,

while she on her part must display rank carelessness in respect of her body and abhorrence for the rules of society. If such tests are applied in the base worldly love, what finer tests must not an aspirant in the region of divine love volunteer himself for; what fiery ordeal must he not pass through; what agonies must he not patiently bear before he can cross the threshold and get entrance into the portals of that more sublime region where love reigns supreme and the pleasures of which place know no surfeiting by excess. No mathematical calculation can give its idea; no formula can explain it. From her youth Mira had been equipping herself for this region. She had experienced that the meeting had drawn closer; and, as she wended her course towards the river, a beautiful smile played on her lips, and with the same old melody she sang old songs in her characteristic joyous tune, but this time with a greater vigour, as she was conscious that she had been freed from the physical bondage. In her ecstatic mood

she would jump high in the air and cry out "Govind, Govind, Govind," and sometimes she would weep and repeat "Govind, Govind, Govind." Thus she reached the river wherein she was to drown herself in compliance with her husband's wishes. There she stood on the banks of the river, a statue in meditation, resplendent in its virginity, enrapturing in its dignity and shining in its glory. All the elements seemed to stand in awe, while the bosom of the river heaved visibly, none could say why—whether in joy at the thought of her receiving a celestial being into her lap, or in sorrow at the ingratitude of the world, at its subjecting such a fair creature to physical pain. Mira stood in a contemplative mood, thinking of the distant regions. It was now evening and the sun shed its last rays to kiss the feet of the universal beloved and then went low, not to rise again for the day. In an instant the conch and bells started their music in the temple in the distance. At their sound Mira was reminded of her hour of worship. The thought of sitting for devotion irresistibly

came into her mind. She looked for a seat, and at once felt that the best place was the lap of the Lord Himself. There was no time to waste. With all the vigour at her command, she prepared to jump into the river, and, as the feet were just about to leave the ground, a hand from behind grasped her. Mira looked behind and whom else would she see but her beloved Śrī Kṛṣṇa, who stood smiling at her in His proverbially childish fashion. Mira fainted. She had found the lap of the Lord, as she had desired, wherein to pray, as the evening had approached and the hour of prayer had come.

Mira opened her eyes. The Lord smiled and said, "Your life with your mortal husband is over. Now you are Mine. Go now and henceforward seek Me in My kingdom—in the bowers of Vraja and in the lanes of Brindaban. A final clasp: a last embrace: now I go. Watch how I fly!"



CHAPTER IV.

IN QUEST OF THE FLUTE-PLAYER.

MIRA started for Brindaban, singing and dancing in the way as she passed. As she crossed the burning sands of Rajputana, her face did not betray any sign of physical pain or suffering. All the way nothing came to her lips but "Girdhar Gopal: He is my all, I have no one else to call my own."*

Whoever saw her was peculiarly moved, and everybody was drawn towards her. The heart of the poor was filled with sympathy for her, and they requested her

* मेरे तो गिरधर गोपाल दूसरो न कोई ॥

to share with them their unostentatious meals. The children took her to be their mother who had for long been away from them. She, on her part, clasped them; for, she saw in them so many Kṛṣṇas. Her touch was magical, and her look captivating. Everybody wanted her blessings, and returned overjoyed after seeing her with the Lord's name on her lips. It was apparent that the Lord, taking compassion on them, had sent them His own child as the messenger to deliver them His message—the secret of divine bliss. They would not let her part. But to her the Lord's mandates were supreme and she would waste no time in answering the Divine Call. She therefore went on and on for days and nights, cheerful and unfatigued, till she reached the suburbs of Brindaban. There, as if by intuition, the cowherds' children recognized her, ran to her and, forgetting all decorum and decency, kissed her, raised her up and cried out, "Come, friends, she has come." They had recognized the *Gopī* that had been absent from Vraja for so long. She

reciprocated those sentiments of love thus showered upon her; for, were they not the genuine outpourings of affection and the fragrant draughts of pastoral love? They forced her to dance, and, when they felt she must have been tired—little did they know that those feet knew no tiring—they gave her fresh milk to drink and the piece of the loaf that was lying in the cupboard. They brought her water and cleansed her feet, and in the midst of such exuberance of affection she lifted her head to see who it was that was playing those touching tunes that enraptured the heart and sent a quiver through it: and whom else would her eyes meet but the Lord Himself, seated on yonder tree, witnessing His own *Līlā*. As she ran to catch Him, He disappeared. Mira lay weeping, and the children started consoling her. After some time she recovered and started on her journey in spite of the children's vain entreaties to stay for some days more.

Her eyes could not be arrested by any other thing in the world except the purpose

in hand, and that purpose was none else but the love for the Lord, and that mission no other than the journey to His abode. Thus, nothing, not even the children's entreaties, howsoever feeling, could divert her from her purpose, which was to meet the Lord at Brindaban. At last the journey was over and she reached the place and there fell in a reverie. In her dreams she looked about herself and seemed to recognize the old place. She remembered the good old days when she had with other Gopīs played with the boy Kṛṣṇa, danced with Him and had been the butt of all His jokes. She remembered that she was Rādhā in her previous birth and had adorned the place and taught the woman-kind the ideal of selfless love for their consorts. She awoke from her reverie and found herself entirely amongst new surroundings. She tried to find the old places. They were all gone, and huge buildings stood in place of lovely bowers where His dramas were enacted by Lord Kṛṣṇa. She went about and rested in the temple dedicated to the Lord. As she passed through

the streets, people laughed at her. Careless of the caustic remarks, she went on intuitively. As evening approached, she went out to beg for food. Having got some, she took it to the banks of the Jamuna, offered it to Lord Kṛṣṇa and partook of it. During night she sat in prayers, her little Kṛṣṇa before her, and passed hours in devotion as usual, careless of the new surroundings. To her there was nothing new. It was a return home, and not a streak of care was visible in her face. There she sat all aglow with divine fervour. She had not long to stay. Like the moths that surround the lamp, devotees began to gather about her. The news spread all round that Mira had come. All seemed to recognize her. Her name seemed to be familiar to everybody. News spread far and wide that the Lord Himself visited Mira while she sat in devotion and danced in ecstasy. People started on the holy pilgrimage to visit her. This news also travelled to Chitor, and devotees arrived from there and begged Mira to return to her native place. Since her departure from there they had

suffered great troubles. The Rana himself realizing his folly repented, and dressed like a mendicant, came to Brindaban to seek her forgiveness. Clad in saffron, he approached Mira and asked her for alms.

Mira. What alms can you expect of a beggar!

Rana. You can give me whatever I want.

Mira. Then ask.

At this, the Rana removed his disguise, disclosed his identity and sought her forgiveness. Mira recognizing her husband, fell down at his feet. She acceded to his entreaties, and consented to accompany him back home.

On arrival in Chitor her time was passed in prayers in the temple. This continued for some time. Bhojraj died while Mira was only twenty-three, and only ten years had elapsed after her marriage. She now felt more at liberty to carry on her devotional practices. But

*The pain of Mira will leave her,
O Lord, when You play the physician.**

The persecution of Mira continued day and night and she was ridiculed for mixing freely with the tonsured mendicants and for dancing before the Lord's image. She was asked to give up this dancing and singing as it cast a shadow on the fair name of her family. Her characteristic reply is contained in her following lines:—

*Mine is Girdhar Gopal, none else.
He who wears the peacock crown is
Mira's Lord;
Father, mother, brother or kin, none
is mine.
I have flung the pride of my family:
what care I for any one !*

-
- * हे री मैं तो प्रेम दिवानी, मेरो दरद न जानै कोय ॥
सूली ऊपर सेज हमारी, किस बिध सोना होय ।
गगनमँडलपर सेज पियाकी, किस बिध मिलना होय ॥१॥
घायलकी गत घायल जानै, की जिन लागी होय ।
जौहरीकी गत जौहरी जानै, की जिन जौहरी होय ॥२॥
दरदकी मारी बन-बन डोढ़, वैद मिल्यो नहीं कोय ।
मीराँकी प्रभु पीर मिटै जब, वैद साँवलियो होय ॥३॥

*Living in the company of saints, I
bade good-bye to the world and its
opinions.*

*I tore aside my veil of many hues and
bedecked myself with coarse thread;*

*Pearl and corals I cast aside to weave
the garland of wild flowers.*

*With my tears for water, I nourished
the creeper of love;*

*Now that the creeper has spread, the
fruit shall be joy itself.*

*The milk-churn I twirled with deep
emotion,*

*And butter I gleaned: let him who
would, have the leavings.*

*I was born for devotion's sake, but
the sight of the world made my heart
captive.*

*Mira is Thy maid, O Lord Girdhar;
save me now.**

* मेरे तो गिरधर गोपाल, दूसरो न कोई ॥
जाके सिर मोरमुकुट, मेरो पति सोई ।
तात-मात, भ्रात-बंधु, आपनो न कोई ॥१॥



A Snake in a basket.

How could such a child be loved in this world ! All sneered at her, but she did not care. Her heart aimed at pleasing one and one alone, and that was the Lord Himself.

The Rana was always busy inventing a new form of torture for her. Once he sent a snake in a basket to her with a message that it contained a garland of flowers. Mira, after performing her ablutions, sat before it. On opening it she

छाँड दई कुलकी कान, का करिहै कोई ।
 संतन दिग वैठ वैठ, लोकलाज खोई ॥२॥
 चुनरीके किये टूक, ओढ़ लई लोई ।
 मोती-मूँगे उतार, बनमाला पोई ॥३॥
 अँसुवन जल सींच-सींच, प्रेमबेल बोई ।
 अब तो बेल फैल गई, आनँद फल होई ॥४॥
 दूधकी मथनियाँ, बड़े प्रेमसे बिलोई ।
 माखन जब काढ़ लियो, छाछ पियै कोई ॥५॥
 आई मैं भगति काज, जगत देख मोही ।
 दासी मीराँ, गिरधर प्रभु, तारो अब मोही ॥६॥

discovered a beautiful image of her Divine Beloved.

The Rana then tried another trick. This time he sent her a cup of poison, saying it was nectar. Mira, after performing her prayers, raised it to her lips and quaffed the deadly liquid, which was really transformed into nectar. She has described these incidents of her life in the following beautiful song:—

*Rana made a present of a basket of
serpent.*

*Mira performed her ablutions and put
her hands in it.*

*Lo ! it was turned into an image of
the Lord.*

*Rana sent a poisoned cup: having
performed her
prayers, Mira drank of it.*

It had changed into nectar.

*Rana sent a bed of nails for Mira to
sleep on.*

Evening fell and Mira slept on it.

*Lo ! it had transformed into a bed
of roses.*

*Mira's Lord, ever beneficent, keeps her
 ever out of all trouble.
 Mira has dedicated herself to Girdhar
 and roams about in ecstatic mood
 arising out of deep love.**

- * साँप पिटारो राणा भेज्यो,
 मीराँ हाथ दियो जाय ।
 न्हाय धोय जब देखण लागी,
 सालगराम गई पाय ॥ १ ॥
- जहरको प्यालो राणा भेज्यो,
 अमरित दियो बणाय ।
 न्हाय धोय जळ पीवण लागी,
 अमर हो गई जाय ॥ २ ॥
- सूळ सेज राणाने भेजी,
 दीजो मीराँ सुवाय ।
 साँझ भई मीराँ सोवण लागी,
 मानो फूल बिछाय ॥ ३ ॥
- मीराँके प्रभु सदा सहाई,
 राखो बिघन हटाय ।
 भक्ति भावसे मस्त डोलती,
 गिरधर पै बलि जाय ॥ ४ ॥

The mystery behind these miracles can only be explained by her love for the Lord.

Steeped in the wine of love, the lover sees nothing else but the wine all round. The whole panorama is dyed red. The very wine seems to pervade and fill the atmosphere by its fragrance. The whole consciousness is gone. Nay, the devotee himself becomes symbolic of it. Everything that he takes smells of that wine. His love is responsible for that conversion.

When she was thus tortured and troubled at her place, and when it became impossible for her to carry on her devotional practices, she sought the aid of one who could understand her condition. She addressed the following lines to a renowned contemporary saint, Tulasidas:—

*All the dear ones of my household
ever create trouble
Over my association with the Sadhus,
and in my devotion cause
me intense pain.*

*From my childhood have I made the
child Girdhar my friend.
The bonds of attachment have grown
too strong for me now to break.**

Tulasidas gauged her mental agony and physical pain and came to her rescue. He replied thus:—

*Those who do not hold Rāma and
Sītā dear,
Shun them as your dire enemies,
howsoever closely related.
Prahāda defied his father, Vibhīṣaṇa
deserted his brother and Bharata
forsook his mother.
Nay Bali disowned his preceptor
And the Gopīs left their husbands in
order to meet the Lord, and the
behaviour of them all was a source*

-
- * घरके स्वजन हमारे जेते, सबन उपाधि बढ़ाई ।
साधुसंग अरु भजन करत मोहि, देत कलेस अघाई ॥१॥
बालपनेसे मीराँ कीनी, गिरधरलाल मिताई ।
सो तो अब छूटै नहिं क्योंहू, लगी लगन बरियाई ॥२॥

*of happiness and a blessing to the
 world at large.
 It is in relation to God alone that
 all kith and kin are worthy of love.
 What is the good of the eye-salve
 that only serves to make one blind !
 Take up the hint: no more can I say.
 He is in every way a noble friend,
 worthy of your adoration and dearer
 to you than your very life,
 Who can generate affection for the
 Lord: such is the creed of Tulasidas*.*

* जाके प्रिय न राम वैदेही ।

तजिये ताहि कोटि बैरी सम, जद्यपि परम सनेही ॥
 तज्यो पिता प्रह्लाद, बिभीषण बंधु, भरत महतारी ।
 बलि गुरु तज्यो, कंत ब्रजबनितनि, भये मुद-मंगलकारी ॥ १ ॥
 नाते-नेह रामसों मनियत, सुहृद-सुसेव्य जहाँ लौं ।
 अंजन कहा आँखि जेहि फूटे, बहुतक कहाँ कहाँ लौं ॥ २ ॥
 तुलसी सो सब भाँति परम हित, पूज्य, प्रानते प्यारो ।
 जाते होय सनेह रामपद, एतो मतो हमारो ॥ ३ ॥

CHAPTER V.

THE GOSPEL OF LOVE.

THE wild tale of pathos shall ever remain writ large on the Temple of Love. She lived on tears and she slept on tears: this shall be the language of love in which Mira will go down to posterity. This child of the Lord, nursed in the best of worldly circumstances, feeling disgusted with the obstructions placed on her meeting freely her Divine Beloved, directed her course to those very regions where His kingdom lay, where the mad rayings of the world could not reach her and where the darts of Satan fell scotched like so many pieces of feather. She had started in search of a place where she could lie undisturbed in the thoughts of her Beloved. She was a child that did not look on Him with the dwarfed vision of the world's artist. While freedom was her creed and

liberty her watchword, the slaves of forms, formalities and dogmas could not understand her. Her bondage lay in her love for her Beloved, and the subtle chains of love that she put on herself were not visible to many eyes. She started on her way to Brindaban. Her journey over, she found herself ushered into the region of love, affection and beauty, where she could with freedom continue her search for the Beloved.

At Brindaban this messenger from the Lord preached the cult of *Bhakti*. Beautiful are the dramas she has enacted on this world's stage; lovely are the paintings she has painted on the canvas of life, and charming is the music of the poems she has given to posterity, steeped in mystic lore and perfect in their rhythm and symphony. The music of her songs thrills the heart. It is in concord with the soul. Peace dawns as if by the help of some miraculous power. To the dying and the broken heart they apply the balsam of life and give unction to the soul.

In the ruthless sea of life there are

many whirlpools, through which these devotees have steered clear, unscathed, and pointed the Way. But it is not a lesson that can be learnt by rote. It is the fortunate ones alone that are afforded the opportunity to learn. By her life Mira showed there is no reason for an aspirant to get disheartened when she, born in a noble and conservative family, could row her boat safely through the troubled waters and conventions of the world, unchilled and unruffled by adverse winds, regardless of the sarcasms of the world, and in the teeth of mighty persecutions. Her path was the simplest and yet the most difficult, which can be followed without going to the forests or practising penances. It can be acquired in a moment, for it comes as a gift and none can claim it as of right. An aspirant has only to find out one who knows the mystery, one who is dear to the Lord; for, he is the best interceder who can speak for us to Him. It was this search for the Master (*Guru*) that made her start on her errand and she was fortunate when she found her Teacher and

through him the Way Home. But, before she met Raidas, she had to undergo painful ordeals, both external and internal, in her noble cause—love.

Who understands what is love? It is inexplicable. It can be described only by those who have had an experience of it themselves. Its signs are various and varied. It is known by its effects. A blank face and a vacant eye may be an index of the burning heart within. The attributes of Love are the same everywhere. It is a perilous position in which the lover places himself, but one which he will not willingly give up at any cost. It is a grief in which one feels pleasure. When he recites the tale of separation, it is with a view to consoling himself. Although the sword of *Māyā* hangs overhead, yet he is unhurt. And where is sleep in love! Sleep is a condition of the tired mind. None knows when the Beloved might arrive. The vigil is long continued and the effort sustained. The eyes know no fatigue. The lover looks a maniac, the result of continued wakefulness and waiting. Mira describes this condition thus:

1

*O friend, all the world sleeps: I, the
separated one, sit awake.
There is one like me who, sitting in her
palace of pleasure, strings together a
necklace of pearl;
Of yet another I know who weaves a
garland of tears.
The whole night I pass counting the
stars; when shall the hour of joy arrive?
The Lord of Mira is Girdhar Nagar: it
is by meeting Him that from anguish
I shall be relieved.*

2

*Mine eyes ache for a sight of Thee;
Since Thou hast left me, my Lord,
never have I found rest.*

१

मैं बिरहिन बैठी जागूँ, जगत सब सोवै री आली ॥
बिरहिन बैठी रंगमहलमें मोतियनकी लड़ पोवे ।
एक बिरहिन हम ऐसी देखी, अँसुवन माला पोवे ॥१॥
तारा गिन-गिन रैन बिहानी, सुखकी घड़ी कब आवे ।
मीराँके प्रभु गिरधर नागर मिलके बिलुइ न जावे ॥२॥

२

दरस बिन दूखन लागे नैन ।
जबतें तुम बिल्लुरे पिव प्यारे, कबहुँ न पायो चैन ॥

*My bosom heaves at Thy Name,
 Thy Name sounds so sweet.
 I have fixed my sight on Thy path and
 await Thy return; the night seems a
 half-year.
 O, to whom shall I recite the tale of the
 pangs of separation !
 My friend, I feel as if the saw is being
 applied to my eyes.
 When wilt Thou meet me, O Lord of
 Mira, who art the bestower of joy and
 allayer of pain.*

3

*Friend, I have lost my sleep.
 The whole night I have passed in
 waiting for the Beloved.*

सन्द सुनत मेरी छतियाँ काँपै, मीठे लागें बैन ।
 एक टकटकी पंथ निहारूँ, भई छमासी रैन ॥ १ ॥
 बिरह-बिथा कासों कहुँ सजनी, बह गई करवत नैन ।
 मीराँके प्रभु कब हो मिलोगे, दुखमेटन सुखदैन ॥ २ ॥

३

सखी मेरी नींद नसानी हो ।
 पिबको पंथ निहारत सिगरी रैन बिहानी हो ॥
 सब सखियन मिल सीख दर्ई, मैं एक न मानी हो ।
 बिन देखे कल नहीं परत, जिय ऐसी ठानी हो ॥१॥

*My comrades offered me their counsel,
 but to none did my heart pay any heed;
 Without a sight of Thee my heart is
 restless, so stubborn is my heart.
 My body is emaciated; I am without
 peace, and the name of THE DEAR
 ONE is on my lips.
 The pain of separation burns my heart,
 yet He cares not for it.
 Like the Chatak crying out for the
 clouds, like the fish pining for the water,
 Mira lies restless in her separation from
 her Beloved—so lost to herself is she.*

Such is the state of the poor troubled soul at every moment. None likes to hear even the tale of these people. Nobody has time to listen to their effusions of emotion, unless he is similarly affected. When the restless soul wanders thus, troubled by the love current, and knows no rest, the Lord Himself comes to them, listens to their tale, rubs off their tears and clasps them to His bosom. But the panting and thirst should

अंग छीन न्याकुल भई, मुख पिव पिव बानी हो ।
 अंतर बेदन बिरहकी, वह पीर न जानी हो ॥२॥
 ज्यों चातक घनको रटै, मछरी जिमि पानी हो ।
 मीरौ न्याकुल बिरहणी, सुषुबुष बिसरानी हो ॥३॥

come first, and then alone the divine support will follow. When no peace comes, the lover wanders weary and thirsty. His condition is then like that of a fish out of water.

A victim of the shafts of love, Mira, hungry and thirsty passed days and nights in silence, waiting and crying for the Beloved:

*How could I live without Hari, O mother!
For the Dear One I have gone mad; it is
like the worm eating out the wood.
Medicines and herbs do not work on me,
it appears all madness to me.
As dwells the lotus in the waters, of
water born.
As loses the fish its life, when from
waters withdrawn.*

मैं हरि बिन क्यों जिऊँ री माई ।
पिव कारण बौरी भई, जिमि काठहि घुन खाइ ।
ओखद-मूल न संचरै, मोहि लाग्यो बौराइ ॥
कमठ-दादुर बसत जलमें, जलहि तैं उपजाइ ।
मीन जलके बीछुरैं तन तलफि करि मरि जाइ ॥
पिव ढूँढण बन-बन गई, कहुँ मुरली धुनि पाइ ।
मीराके प्रभु लाल गिरधर मिल गये सुखदाइ ॥

*In search of the Beloved from forest to
forest, to catch the music of the flute,
I roamed.*

*Mira, the Blessed one, her Lord
Girdhar, the comforter, obtained.*

When this climax was reached, she found her Lord, and in the following lines expressed her condition:—

*Rāma have I bought, O mother. Some
say it is in secret; some say, it is
by stealth.*

माई, मैं तो लियो रमैयो मोल ।
कोई कहै छानै, कोई कहै चवड़े,
लियो है बजंता ढोल ॥
कोई कहै कालो, कोई कहै गोरो,
लियो है मैं आँख्याँ खोल ।
कोई कहै हळको, कोई कहै भारी,
लियो है तराजू तोल ॥ १ ॥
तनका गहणा मैं सब कुछ दीनाँ,
दियो है बाजूबंद खोल ।
मीराँके प्रभु गिरधर नागर,
पूरब जनमको है कौल ॥ २ ॥

*No, I have taken it to the beating of
drums.*

*Some say He is black, some call Him
fair: with open eyes I have taken Him.
Some say He is light; and he is heavy,
say some.*

*All the ornaments of my body have I
given up even to the bracelet.*

*Mira's Lord is Girdhar, so it was
ordained in the previous birth.*

Here is the secret of all religions. This is the only secret path through which one can approach Him. It is not outward show nor the following of conventional rules that can bring about this condition. The path is through love. Every moment of separation is a pang of death to the lovers. The only words that come to their lips are "Lord, I am Thine and Thou art mine." Their lives are differently led. The decorum of society does not bind them. They live away from all forms and shows. The paraphernalia of priestcraft, the ceremonies in the temples and the formal prayers in the churches do not appeal to them. To all appearances they

do not sit in prayers, yet not a moment passes when they are not praying to their Lord. They sing with the Sufi:

*Father, I know not how to pray, nor
can I conform to the ceremonies.
I know only this much: to bow before
Thee when Thou blessest me with
Thy vision.*

Similar sentiments are embodied in what Mira said:—

*How I yearn for a vision of Thee:
when shall I see Thy face?
My perplexed heart knows no peace:
meet thou soon, O friend.
Mira's Lord is Girdhar Nagar: she is
burning in separation from Him.*

The condition of the devotees is the same at all times and in all climes. The agonies of the soul know no subsiding. Days and nights pass in torture. Sleep leaves the eyes and no craving is left for anything. Love for God is something different from that for human beings. The lover's passion is like thirst in its intensity. It is unique in its variety. Day and night,

the flame of love burns in the hearts of the fortunate few. It smoulders in the adepts, but the spark never dies out. It seems to gain energy from within. The solace comes in the flow of tears, and the creeper of love is nourished by the eyes. This is how the thirst is quenched. Their life is a queer paradox. They are supreme artists and very bad caricaturists. They paint things in their nudity. They belong to the Children's School of Art, all innocence and purity. They lose heart at the least obstruction. At the minutest apprehension of the removal of divine touch they run to the Lord and say, "Father, why hast Thou forsaken me?" They alone realize the value of the ethereal touch. They do not live. They linger in the world. They lead a life of supreme indifference. The knowledge of the world is not their creed and there is no fear in throwing off the shackles of forms and ceremonies. There is a rank carelessness about their actions. This is no immodesty in them, but complete surrender to the Lord. They know of only one union—that

with the Lord. It is sacrilegious for them to enthrone in their heart anyone else than Girdhar, or even to think of others. Such being the devotion, they meet the Beloved with open arms. The ties of flesh stand broken. So it was with Mira. With the Lord alone she recognized a relationship and in Him alone she found a friend. When she saw the Lord, she cast down her looks in modesty, in humble submission, and realized how long she had strayed away from Him. Her suppressed feelings gushed forth to do homage to Him. She fell at His feet, but He raised her to His bosom. She felt peace in the arms of her Lord. With the light of fidelity and singleness of purpose clear from her eyes, she started singing to Him:—

*I am true to my Lord;
Why should I feel abashed, O comrade,
now that I have danced in public.
All day I feel no hunger, nor find any
rest; at night my sleep is gone.
The secret arrow of love has pierced
my heart and passed to the other
side.*

*My family and kin have swarmed
round me like bees.
Mira is the servant of Girdhar, the
ridicule of the world has lost its sting
for her.**

At another place she expresses this state of fearlessness in the following lines:—

*In the presence of Girdhar will I dance.
Him I shall please by dancing, and
His lovers I shall solicit;
Love and affection shall be the trinkets
of my feet and Remembrance shall be
my dancing robe.
The world's regard and the family
dignity I shall all discard,
And I shall go and sleep on the bed of
the Beloved.*

* मैं अपने सैयाँ सँग साँची ।

अब काहेकी लाज सजनी, परगट हो नाची ॥
दिवस भूख नहिं चैन होय कबहूँ, नींद निसि नासी ।
बेध वारको पार हो गयो, ग्यान गुन गाँसी ॥ १ ॥
कुल कुटुंब सब ही आन बैठे, जैसे मधुमासी ।
दासी मीराँ लाल गिरधर, मिटी जग हाँसी ॥ २ ॥

*Mira shall dye herself in the colour
of her Hari.**

This is how Mira lived. All her attention was directed to pleasing her Lord. She lived in love. This everlasting spring of love gushes forth in her after years of silent waiting and devotion for the Lord. It therefore knew no drying up. Ceaselessly it gushed out. This was renunciation, the absolute denial of everything. No place was left for an alien thought in the mind. The only craving was never to part from Him; and how sweetly she cherished the new treasure, is apparent from what she says on the subject:—

*O dwell in my eyes, Thou darling of
Nanda!
Enchanting is Thy figure and dusky*

* श्रीगिरधर आगे नाचूँगी ।

नाच नाच पिव रसिक रिझाऊँ, प्रेमी जनको जाचूँगी ।

प्रेम-प्रीतके बाँध घूँघरू, सुरतकी कछनी काढूँगी ॥ १ ॥

लोक-लाज, कुलकी मरजादा, यामें एक न राखूँगी ।

पियाके पलंगा जा पौढूँगी, मीराँ हरिरँग राचूँगी ॥ २ ॥

*Thy complexion and big Thy eyes;
 And so beautiful looks the flute on Thy
 lips, its note sweet like nectar.
 On Thy bosom is the Vaijayanti
 wreath:
 There is a belt of little bells round
 Thy waist; and the trinkets in Thy feet
 sound sweet.
 Thou art the giver of joys to the saints,
 O Lord of Mira and the protector of
 Thy devotees !**

What else could Mira's eyes see but the Lord ? She gave herself up completely to Him. This was renunciation, the abandonment of all activities and desires. This is the only channel by which men can reach Him. Renunciation is the necessary outcome of love, and love does not consist

* बसो मेरे नैननमें नँदलाल ॥

मोहनी मूरत, साँवरी सूरत, नैना बने बिसाल ।

अधर सुधारस मुरली राजत, उर बैजंती माल ॥ १ ॥

छुद्रघंटिका कटितट सोभित, नूपुर सब्द रसाल ।

मीराँ प्रभु संतन सुखदाई भगतबछल गोपाल ॥ २ ॥

Girdhar Gopal.

Mira dancing in the presence of her Lord.

in bargaining and bartering. It does not ask for any gift or comfort in lieu thereof.

From the time the devotee sells himself to the Lord, he ceases to have anything to do with himself. All his property, wealth and pride, show and power, which he foolishly thought his, he offers to the Lord. He gives up all he has,—and, after all, what are these possessions worth, except Love! He goes to the temple, and, through the veil, seeing rays of glory shooting forth says, “Father, I have come to Thee, helpless and infirm, but with hopes fixed in Thee. In utter humility I lay myself before Thee. Do whatever Thou wishest. Volition is dead in me. I have ceased to be my old self. Nothing is mine. Everything belongs to Thee. I come, stand and knock at Thy door. I ask for alms. Turn away this beggar if Thou so desire: bestow on him Thy blessings if Thou so choose. Kick me if that is Thy wish. I am a sinner and have not the strength left in me to repent. Master, I beseech Thee: while the shadows lengthen and the hour comes to die,

take me out of the swamps of the dirt of this world. I have nothing with which to purchase this boon. The love that I have is not the arrogant love of the world, the result of pride. It is not that which has caused so many of Thy fair children to stray away from the right path and from Thee. It is not the love for the flesh and blood, the love for the beautiful eyes or the pretty face. It is the love which is the outcome of humility. When all my companions, wealth, power and fame forsook me, and their betrayal stood personified before me, I sought the protection of Thy feet; and, in the silence of night, when everybody slept, I tossed restlessly on my bed, drenching it with tears, crying in all bitterness and asking within myself, Is this love ?]

*If I knew, to love was to invite pain,
I would have proclaimed by beat of
drum let none love.**

* जो मैं ऐसा जानती, प्रेम किये दुख होय ।
नगर ढिंढोरा पीटती, प्रेम न कीजै कोय ॥

“And, as my body has been reduced to a skeleton and the reddish glow of my cheeks has turned pale, the falling breath has entreated Death to grant but one boon—the sight of the Lord, the glorious vision,—before life passes away:—

*O black vultures, eat away everything,
of this flesh, but discriminately,
Only leave these two eyes, for they still
hope to see the Lord.*

*O black vultures, pull out these eyes
as well and take them to His presence.
Only make an offering of them to Lord,
before you devour them.”**

“And this last hope has kept life enlivened. My hope has been in the distant meeting, as in solitude I lay musing in divine thoughts. In that pensive mood Your Grace has been my only hope. This has been the only softening element, mellowed by the fragrant memories of the passing years, when not a

-
- * कागा सब तन खाइयो, चुन-चुन खैयो मास ।
दो नयना मत खाइयो, पिय देखन की आस ॥
कागा नैन निकार के, ले जा पी के द्वार ।
पहले दरस दिखाइ के, पीछे लीजो खाय ॥

tear of anger has been shed at Thy seeming indifference, not a syllable has been uttered in complaint, not a gesture of revolt displayed. The hope of the distant meeting has given me as much food as the separation itself. The painful watching of the stars in the sky and the restless tossing on the bed have for their end the gleam of the glorious future. The prop has been the divine embrace. I have tried to suppress the feelings, but the body has betrayed me. The eyes have told the tale in the language of tears. They have betrayed the path I was following in silence and in that I have found myself helpless. I can boast of no wealth or power or strength. I have no offering to make, yet I have started to have You. When I saw You, I said I wanted to purchase You. But for what price? I gave myself up to You—body and soul. What was this giving and what was this article purchased, few will know. Suffice it to say, You sold Yourself to me and I purchased You. It was a bargain. I became Yourself and You were idolized in me—a mighty comedy and a majestic melting away into Infinity.”

Mira lost herself in the Lord as the colour loses itself in the water.



CHAPTER VI.

THE DOCTRINE OF SABDA.

IN the beginning was the soul merged in the Lord and with the Lord. But since then æons have passed and the soul has left its abode of peace, where it lay wrapped in bliss. The ignorance persisting for ages, and the association with the grosser elements of matter and ego have covered the subtler element to such an extent that the spirit has apparently become benumbed. In the innermost core it is still alive, but the covers that it has put on have made it insensible to the Call. It has lost its sensibilities, and has become insensate to the shafts of love. They cannot pierce the dense layers the soul has put on. But at times it so happens that, when they do

pierce, the experience, howsoever short-lived, gives a thrill; but this effect is soon masked by the external reactions. If this temporary selflessness is allowed to sustain itself a little longer, real love will spring forth. These temporary flashes are not of much value to a devotee, not very praiseworthy even. They cannot lead the pilgrim Home. The successful termination of the journey presumes sustained effort and consequent joy:—

*During the rains, even rivulets swell
into torrents;
'Bhakti' follows the constancy of the
rivers that do not dry even in summer.**

Once this *Bhakti* is aroused in this frame, it begins to respond to the Eternal; the soul then starts upwards to the real home.

* भगतिभाव भादों नदी सबै चली, बहराय ।
सरिता सोइ सराहिये, जो जेठमास ठहराय ॥

(*Kabir*)

The soul has since its departure from the eternal Home been enjoying itself with the mind and the body.* Like the proverbial spendthrift, it is sharing with these cheats the boon of its Home. Like an ignorant child, it has fallen into bad company and is every day descending lower and lower in search of new pleasures of a vulgar type, which makes its redemption impossible. But, before the final wreck comes, it makes amends to the Father, and is forgiven. It then begins its career afresh. It only takes time to rise to the old place once more. This often happens when it is reminded in its fallen condition of its glorious past and is assured of the forgiving nature of the Father. The innate goodness is then aroused in the child. Then it realizes that these thieves—the body and the mind—which were to all appearances its companions, were really enjoying at its cost, as the soul was the only life-giving element. The covers of depravity are removed, it repents and then the Lord appears and makes it conscious

* *Manas and Maya.*

of its fallen condition and of His mighty forgiving nature. This realization is bound to come, as the connection of the soul is yet unbroken with the Lord. When such a stage is reached, the *Guru* makes His appearance. The Guru knows the secrets of the Divine Path, and understands the malady of the aspirant. He ministers to the ailment of his new patient. To the aspirant he describes his fall and points out to him the path, following which he can reach Home. This path is nothing else but the current of divine love that leads the individual towards the Eternal Soul. If this route were not extant, the individual soul would never experience the thrills from the Universal. The soul, when it lay in the Ocean of Divinity, was lying silent, calm and unruffled; but, when it started its journey downward, the loss of energy in the motion resulted in its depletion, and this process of fall produced sound. This sound is technically termed *Śabda* in Vedānta and Yoga. At the various stages in its descent the soul adopted the form and the colour of the

centre through which it passed. In our world it assumed the form of 'Manas' and 'Māyā'. If now the soul wants to return Home, it has to retrace its path; it has once more to draw together all the energy it had diffused and then to proceed backwards. Just as in the wilderness in this world the traveller is guided by the sound at a distance, so also the soul on its pilgrimage is guided by the *Śabda*. It is the open sesame of the Divine Home. The soul moves on and on in reponse to it. As the sound grows clearer with the soul's advance in its upward march, the speed also increases. Like the snake that gets spell-bound itself when it hears the music of the charmer's flute, the soul drinks deep of the eternal music that issues forth from itself. This music of the soul is also called by the Yogīs as *Anāhata* and by the Sufis as *Saut-i-sarmadi*, the music without a beginning and an end, which never stops. When the music of this world appeals to one so much, one can easily imagine what must be the condition of the soul when it hears this divine music

all the time. This music the soul has brought with itself. It sustains it. It is under its influence that the devotee goes into trances. It is the password to reach Home. Mira called this *Śabda* 'NĀMA'. Without 'Nāma', she incessantly repeated, you cannot reach Him. It is, in fact, the realization by man of his divinity. But this, she repeated, could be possible only through the help of the Teacher. And the Teacher will come only when the aspirant lies ill, crying for the beatific vision. He gives the gift of 'NĀMA', and the path becomes accessible to the recipient.

*I obtained the gift of "Nāma";
The Satguru bestowed the invaluable
article,
And by His kindness made me His
own.**

The love for the *Guru* must be unadulterated, unselfish and spontaneous. The *Guru* is he who will open the gate

● पायो जी मैं तो नाम रतन धन पायो ।
बस्तु अमोलक दीनी मेरे सतगुरु, कर किरपा अपनायो ॥

that guards the entrance to the Divine Throne. There must be implicit faith in him. Divided affection is abhorred by him. An honest heart wins him over. How tenderly Mira loved her Guru and with what tenacity, is depicted by her in her beautiful lines, full of pathos and music and brimming with genuine feelings of affection and respect for the Teacher:—

*My mind cherishes the love of the
Teacher's feet;
I like nothing but them: the world to
me is but a dream.
The Ocean of metempsychosis is dried
up for me: no anxiety to cross it
ails me.
My Lord is Girdhar Nagar:
My eyes have turned inward to
obtain His vision.**

* मोहे लगी लटक गुरुचरननकी ।
चरन बिना मोहे कछू न भावे,
जग माया सब सपननकी ॥ १
भवसागर सब सूख गयो है,
फिकर नहीं मोहे तरननकी ।

How many are those honest people that have the stern faith and hope in the Teacher ? It is very nice to sit philosophizing that the world is a dream. But these are only pious thoughts. The poet is more honest (I say honest, not correct) when he says: 'Life is real' and 'not a dream'. Because he says what he sees. But the Teacher will open the devotee's eyes and show him the hypocrisy of the world and its transient nature. It will be only then that in disgust he will turn his back from the world and realize that it was a dream. This hollowness will be shown to him as a stern reality as God was shown to Vivekananda by his Teacher, Swami Ramakrishna Paramahansa, as a Being that *stood face to face with him and conversed with him*. But one who for ages has been enjoying the wine administered by the body and the mind can seldom get out of the stereotyped rut to breathe the pure fresh air.

मीराँके प्रभु गिरधर नागर,

उलट भई मेरे नयननकी ॥ २ ॥

The soul in this world has put on covers with which it enjoys when it dives deep into the quagmire of sensuality. It is difficult for it to shake them off. It is only after removing these covers of dirt that it can follow the path of love, so difficult and narrow:—

*This is the house of love, not a mere
joke;
Who removes his head and lays it on
the ground shall get entrance into it.**

Let the reader judge for himself and decide how many are prepared to follow this path with equilibrium and resolve maintained throughout. Although every one is ready with his gospel and is up to deliver a sermon on the virtues of a devotee's life and the glories of the Path:

*Everybody praises the Path: few reach
the Goal.†*

* यह तो घर है प्रेमका, खालका घर नाहिं ।

सीस उतारै, भुइँ धरै, तब पैठे घर माहिं ॥

† चलो, चलो, सब कोइ कहै, पहुँचा बिरला कोय ।

yet very few find the Teacher, still less obtain his favours. On whomsoever he showers his blessings, he takes him in his company, reveals to him the secrets of the Path and leads him Home. That is the beginning of real LOVE, the love that is synonymous with the Lord. The eye sees, with its senses intact, 'camels pass through the eye of the needle' and the 'seas drown in the boat'.*

'To meet the Lord is easy, to discover His lover is difficult.' This is not a truism, but a truth. When the soul proceeds with implicit faith in the Teacher,—this automatically happens when the Teacher shows to the devotee his real form,—then it reaches Home and merges itself in divinity. Everything it sees there is its own. It dances in ecstasy when it sees its Lord. On one side stands the Teacher and on the other it witnesses the Lord in

* This is a miracle that the devotee sees at a particular stage in his devotion. Mind is there represented by the needle. The soul like a boat absorbs the sea, viz., the Lord.

full effulgence. In a dilemma it finds itself:—

*On whose feet should I fall, now that
I see both the Lord and the Teacher
before me ?*

*All obeisance to the Teacher, who made
me reach the Lord !**

And it falls on the feet of its Teacher, unable to understand its own action and decision. The Lord smiles and clasps the soul to His bosom. It feels the warmth of the embrace. It revives from its slumber and tastes of the eternal life. This is life immortal which it now gets. The way is through the Teacher, who is to impart the knowledge of the *Śabda*. There is no other way in this *Kali* age. Prepare for His arrival; for, sooner or later, He is bound to come. You are to be equipped, not with the riches and the wealth of the world, but with a poor man's heart, a heart that will burst forth into tears of joy at His

• गुरु गोविंद दोनूँ मिले, काके लागूँ पाय ।

बलिहारी गुरु आपकी, जिन गोविंद दिया बताय ॥

name and in which the waves of love are constantly rising, leaving no space for any other love besides that for the Holy One:—

*Narrow is the lane of love: it cannot
contain two.*

*When enters the Lord, I cease to be:
where I am, the Lord enters not.**

When this stage is reached, it is the climax. It is complete absorption in Him.

The inception of love is the result of the ascent of the accumulated energy upwards. The way upwards is through the *Guru*:—

*Says Sahjo, even success in the world
without Guru is not possible:
Much less would the soul meet the Lord
without the help of Guru.†*

* जब मैं था तब हरि नहीं, अब हरि हैं, मैं नाहिं ।

प्रेम-गली अति साँकरी, तामें दो न समाहिं ॥

† सहजो कारज जगतके, गुरु बिन पूरें नाहिं ।

हरि तो गुरु बिन क्या मिलें, समझ देख मन माहिं ॥

Mira was imbued with similar feelings. She cried, "Take the torch of 'Guru-Jñāna' and steer clear through the abysmal darkness of the world." What she said will be understood only by those who have passed through the path traversed by that great devotee. The fidelity required in this domain is too taxing, nay, boring at times, for the soul that has started suddenly and with great vigour at the very outset. It staggers at the first shock it receives, as it is yet raw—raw in the sense of lacking in the support of the *Guru*. But, when the *Guru* is met, the watchword of the soul is—"Always with the *Guru*." This is the sign of emancipation, and, sooner or later, every soul must crave for the divine support. Then redemption is not far off. Else, like the many, it also finds a place in some abyss. The onlookers have watched with careless eyes the wrecking of many boats, but they have never cared to diagnose the cause. The phantom of death, as the dear ones have been carried on the bier, has haunted them only for a moment. The realization has been

short-lived. The attention is carried again to the wrangles of the world, and once again the soul is drowned in the sea of pain and pleasure, steeped in the desire of the world, in its joys and in its sorrows. The momentary flash does cross at least once everybody's life, and many a pious resolution is then arrived at, and solemn promise made thenceforth to follow a course that may lead Home. But their unstable position soon wrecks them on the rocks of worldliness. When once caught in its meshes, no amount of frowning or fawning will avail them. But even then, if he were to realize the greatness of the soul and follow its dictates to the last, there is every chance of redemption. The Teacher will give the devotee the strength to fight the blandishments and snares of *Māyā* and *Kāla* and ultimately tow his boat unperturbed through the gushing current. Few realize the boon the Teacher confers although everybody is familiar with the prevailing practice in big households. The entry there is regulated by permits. It is therefore not a matter for surprise that the divine preserves

should be protected by these saints, who act as the repositories of divine secrets, mysteries and knowledge. If the *Chela* is ready, he whispers the password, and with its help the aspirant reaches the unexplored region.

The *Guru* tells how the descent began and the agonies of the soul commenced. He knows it, as he has the experience of that region. When the ingress into the region of darkness has been through doors of pain, the way back must surely likewise be decked with wreaths of tears, not burning tears this time, but the soothing draughts that quench the thirst of the soul. Seeing the wilderness in front and the uncertainty in the result of the espoused cause, the tiro does not grip the opportunity offered to him, but allows himself to be washed with the downward current into the region of abysmal darkness. The proverbial laziness in man, coupled with his love for pleasure does not permit him to steer through and beyond the rushes of *Māyā*. He is afraid of being drowned and desires to come out unbruised. Thus, when a beginner finds

after some time that the path is too difficult for him, he abandons it immediately. Thereupon the sparks of renunciation convert themselves into strong chains of worldliness, thus preparing the way to Hell. The solitary stars shine in the firmament of time; while some have persevered and others have sneered, the devotees have worn expectant looks. They have sat helpless and penitent, awaiting the motherly touch to come and take them up. And *the mother* has come. Their hopes have not been frustrated. The Teachers have come and opened the portals for them. There drinks the soul the nectar of bliss, unable to find words in which to express gratitude to the Teacher. In no words can it pay tribute to him, the repository of the GREAT MYSTERY, who unlocks the mysteries that lie unfathomed in the recesses of the heart.

Burning aspiration and strivings for unselfishness appeal to the Teacher most, and the language of tears pleads with him most vigorously. As the devotee lies dumb and mute in utter dejection

and looks upon him as the sole liberator of his entangled soul, he descends from the celestial heights and takes up the repentant child to his bosom and decks him with the priceless jewel of Devotion and ushers him into the Unknown region. The soul then dances in ecstasy a dance more ecstatic than the dance of Śiva. It is a state far above the comprehension of the uninitiated. It knows no modesty, and yet it can by no stretch of imagination be called immodest. There is no compulsion or restraint, yet freedom clothes itself in the bonds of self-surrender and one finds oneself totally engrossed in the one thought of Him. When the eyes of the devotee fixedly gaze at the eyes of the Lord, the mind knows then of no other thoughts but thoughts divine. When one stands stupefied, amazed and absorbed in the Lord, He in his turn comes and stands face to face. Where is the place, then, for the decorum of society? It is to the Almighty that the Teacher leads the devotee and forever ushers him into the Abode of Peace.

Who is there who has not pointed out that the only way is through devotion and not through mere learning, which is the lot of the privileged few? Let the philosopher try to circumscribe the incircumscribable by mere tenets of various schools of thought, all is bound to turn into vain efforts and is sure to elude his grasp. The science of to-day, boast as it might of its present-day achievements, is defective and imperfect; for, many a theory of yesterday is being exploded to-day and those of to-day will likewise be exploded to-morrow. The castle these scientists have built for themselves has defective foundations. It may collapse any moment, however honest the savants may be in their convictions. They characterise divine problems and mystic theories as absurd, because they cannot be tested in their crucibles in the laboratory. Let them first discover the crucible of the heart, clean it with their tears, and then let the experimenter—the Teacher—try the experiment, and success is sure. Then will revelation come, and an

idea of the path that these devoted few have followed will dawn upon them. Then they will realize that it was no creation of mere fancy that made the devotee mad. It was no hallucination, but a stern reality. It was actual seeing. It was actual talking. But they will find that the eye that saw it was different, the tongue that tasted it was different, the hand that touched it was different, the lips that spoke were different. All these were not the scientist's senses. They were the senses of the *Bhakta*, that await the revelation in the innermost recesses of the heart. They were the instruments of the soul within. Genuine *Bhakti* starts at this stage, when the soul retraces its path to find its mate. The fully developed (*Premarūpā*) *Bhakti*, of which here we find the shadow, is then being approached silently yet steadily by the soul. It was for this divine meeting that Mira at one stroke kicked off the blessings of the world and sought for higher visions. The reckless ease with which she, the lover of God, looked at these fleeting joys sends a thrill through the body. All her thoughts

were fixed in the Almighty, the beams of renunciation cast a halo all round her wherever she sat. She talked about nothing but the Lord. The conversation generally started in sighs and ended in sobs. Her heart was full with His munificence and grandeur and she could express her gratitude in no other language but the most human one, the language of tears. Her abiding faith in the Lord was a revolt against the established canons of prevalent religion, the religion of books, of ceremonies and conventions. Few understood her, not many appreciated her and still less followed her, and it was this last group that benefited the most. She was a herald of a new age—the age of *Bhakti*. With great force she proclaimed the message in tears. She was of the brotherhood of saints—saints like Kabir and Surdas. She was the Rādhā of her Kṛṣṇa, the Cowherd-boy of Brindaban, the Thief who stole the heart of her innocent companions—the Gopīs of Brindaban.

Her efforts were rewarded. Her

*I threw dust on the head of the
world, then did I attain to my
Home.*

2

*I stand waiting to know the Path: none
knows the secret.*

*The Satguru administered a medicine,
every pore in my body found relief.*

*There is no physician like the
Satguru: you ask the Vedas and
Purānas.*

*Mira's Lord is Girdhar Nagar:
Dwells she for ever in the region
of Immortality.*

1 मीरा मनमानी सुरत सैल असमानी ।

जब जब सुरत लगी वा घरकी, पल पल नैनाँ पानी ।

रात दिवस मोहे नींद न आवत, भावे अन्न न पानी ॥

ऐसी पीर बिरह तन भीतर, जागत रैन बिहानी ।

कासों पीर कहुँ तनकी री, पीर में भरमूँ खानी ॥

खोजत फिरूँ वैद वा घरको, कोई ना करत बखानी ।

रैदास संत मिले मोहे सतगुरु, दीनी सुरत सहदानी ॥

मैं मिली जाय, पाए पिया अपने, तब मेरी पीर बुझानी ।

मीरा खाक खलक सिर डाली, मैं अपना घर जानी ॥

2 खड़ी खड़ी रे पंथ निहारूँ, मरम न कोई जाना ।

सतगुरु ओषध ऐसी दीनी, रोम रोम भयो चैना ॥

Guru Raidas showed her the way Home. She stuck to him and the mere thought that she was losing sight of him, would give her much pain and sorrow:—

Abandon me not, my Lord.

*I am a frail woman, my Lord, and
have no strength: you alone are my
Saviour.*

*I have no qualifications, my Lord,
you are competent in every way.*

*Where else can I go, since I am Yours?
Mira lays claim to no other master,
come to her, rescue this time.**

When such is the extent of helplessness, when the devotee can rest his hope in none else, then the Satguru appears. The great Indian epic tells us that when

सतगुरु जैसा वैद न कोई, पूछो बेद पुराना ।
मीराके प्रभु गिरधर नागर, अमर लोकमें रहना ॥

* छोड मत जाज्यो जी महाराज ।

मैं अबला, बल नाहिं, गुसाँई ! थे हो म्हारा सिरताज ।
मैं गुणहीन, गुण नाहिं, गुसाँई, थे सिमरथ, महाराज ॥
रावरी होयके किणरे जाऊँ, थे छो म्हारे हिवड़ेरो साज ।
मीराँके प्रभु और ना कोई, राखो अबकी लाज ॥

Draupadī saw that all her relations had forsaken her, that the point of shame had been reached and she observed no help was forthcoming, she burst into tears and turned to the Lord for rescue, and the Lord saved her honour:—

*Thou art the refuge of the afflicted,
O Lord.*

*Thou extended the garment of
Draupadī, to save her from dishonour.**

It was the same state of helplessness that Mira experienced, and she cried for help to the Lord. Mira knew that all the austerities and penances carried on even with the greatest piety and concentration could not arouse *Bhakti*. The path of *Bhakti* was different, and that was through the personal touch of the Lord's representative on earth, the intermediary between him and the Lord, the Teacher, and Raidas in the case of Mira. When her call was heard, she rejoiced and turned fearless and revelled in joy divine. She had found the Teacher:—

* हरि ! तुम हरौ जनकी भीर ।

द्रौपदीकी लाज राखी, तुम बढ़ायौ चीर ॥

*Neither do I recognize a father nor
a father-in-law, nor do my affections
rest in my husband;
Mira met her Guru Raidas and her
Lord Govind followed in the wake.**

The Lord does not permit direct meeting. The devotee must meet through his preceptor. Her call is for all times and is most emphatic:—

“Gird up your loins, ye devotees. And if this life is spent in search, continue the search in the next also. He is bound to come at the appointed time. Before that expect nothing. When he comes, the gospel of love will be propounded to you and he will interpret the mysteries of the unknown to you and usher you into the loving and enchanting presence of the Lord. Then there will be no birth and no death. It will be all eternal life. It will be your salvation.”

* नहीं मैं पीहर सासरे रे, नहीं पियाजोरे पास ।
मीराने गोबिंद मिलियारे, गुरु मिलिया रैदास ॥



CHAPTER VII.

THE WAY HOME.

HARK ye, my friends. Silence, O my comrades. I hear the call of the Flute. I see the assembly of the saints. How He smiles as I approach Him, accompanied and guided by the Teacher. The cries of the world below do not attract me. The music of the distance enthralls my soul. I go, I go...to the

Peacock-crowned Lord.

region of peace, to the abode of bliss—the hope of many, the satisfaction of a few. There in the distance the hand is raised. How like a beautiful little thing it beckons me Home. The journey over, the traveller retraces the way, heedless of the calls behind. Like one intoxicated by those thrilling notes, I go on and on. Years of separation and pain have been recompensed by the moment's glimpse. Now the joy of it is not going to be short-lived. It is a joy that will last for ever and ever. The return is to one's own Home, where the guardian angel is the Lord Himself. There is no need for anything. It is the only self-contained Home. The drop that had gradually tried to separate itself from the Ocean and which remained connected to the fountain by an invisible thread has now returned. It is the return of the prodigal and to-day she will feast with joy and drink deep on the Lord's table.

The temple is decorated in a different style. There is solemnity and yet grandeur. All seems covered with lovely hues. All is so captivating in this temple. She has

been to Vraja,—to Barsana and to Muttra,— and she has witnessed once again the dramas that were enacted centuries ago. She has waited at Dwarka and enjoyed the company of her Lord Girdhar. Now the night is drawing to a close. The dawn of her new life is slowly making its appearance. This dawn will sweep away the last remnants of the darkness of ignorance and usher in the sun of realization in all its glory. Mira must speed up. She has to perform her last rites. She has to clasp her little Image that has so often heard her supplications. She must draw near her old devotees that had wept with her as she sat reciting the tales of separation to them. They had given her hopes and soothed her in her woes of separation.

She assembles all her companions and begins her evening prayers; and, though now quite an aged lady, yet Mira dances before her Lord like a child. To-day she is all attention to everybody, and replies to every query. She sings as many songs as the devotees want. She is prepared to

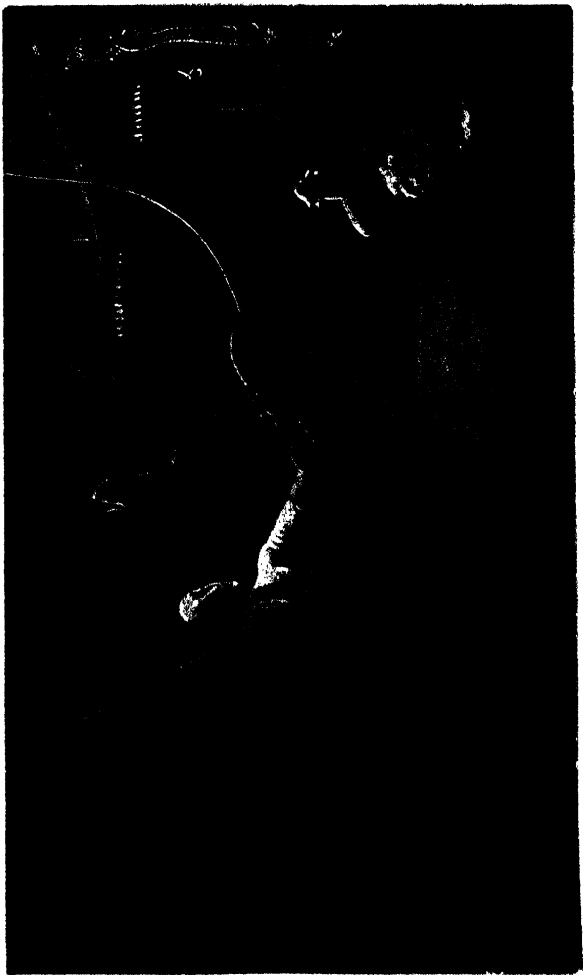
meet the Lord. All the dear devotees sit in rapt attention. To-day Mira appears so glorious. Sometimes they see Mira, at other times the Lord appearing in Mira, a unique phenomena. They rub their eyes just to make sure if they are not dreaming, and watch closely their holy mother. They kiss her feet as she stands insensible to all that is passing round her. She sings the songs that have come down to us, and will ever arouse thrills in the body of the devotee, and point to the fair haven—the realization of man's desire, the meaning of life. Hours pass like this. Mira is in ecstasy. All round is suddenly lit up with a halo. The Lord appears—the little image opens, and cheerfully Mira enters it, meets her Lord, and her human form for ever disappears from before the eyes of the devotees. The Mira who gave the message of *Bhakti* forever disappears. Her message is simple. "None by reason of birth, poverty, age or sex will be debarred from His divine presence. The way is but one,—that of *Bhakti*. The portals will open when

the Teacher will bless the devotee with his company and teach him the mysteries of the *Śabda*. Once He is reached, there is no further or future separation possible. Sooner or later everyone is to meet his Lord. Time is a great factor, and can be shortened by the intensity of one's affection for the Lord. Burn in the fire of separation from the Lord. But this is to come through practice of no Yogic exercises nor through mere learning. It is a gift and a boon from the Lord Himself." In fact, when once the Lord manifests Himself to the devotee, the Call becomes irresistible and the urge can no longer be held up, the devotee cannot contain himself. He proclaims with the mystic:—

"I go with a perpetual heartache. None can see God or Goddess and live."*



* From Coventry Patmore.



● God-intoxicated Mira.

SONGS OF MIRA BAI

7—M. B.



(१)

प्यारे दरसन दीज्यो आय,
तुम बिनु रख्यो न जाय ॥
जळ बिन कमल चंद बिन रजनी,
ऐसे तुम देख्यो बिन सजनी ।
आकुळ व्याकुळ फिरूँ रैन दिन,
बिरह कलेजो खाय ॥
दिवस न भूख नींद नहिं रैना,
मुखसे कथत न आवै बैना ।
कहा कहुँ कछु कहत न आवै,
मिलकर तपत बुझाय ॥
क्यूँ तरसावो अन्तरजामी,
आय मिलो किरपा कर स्वामी ।
मीरा दासी जनम जनमकी,
पड़ी तुम्हारे पाय ॥

(1)

Dear One come and bestow Thy vision
on me.

Without Thee, O Love ! I cannot be.

As the lotus without the water, as the night
without the moon,

So do I—Thy maid, feel without Thee,
Troubled and distracted, I move about night
and day long,

While the pangs of separation gnaw at the
heart.

The days pass without hunger, and the
nights go without sleep.

When the words do not come out of the
lips;

What can I then complain about, without
speech.

Except Ye, O Lord, what other hope can I
cherish.

Come, soothe this burning heart.

Come, be kind and meet me, O my Master.

Mira, Thy maid of ages,

In supplication falls at Thy feet.

—end—

(२)

अब तो निभायाँ सरेगी,
बाँह गहेकी लाज ॥
समरथ सरण तुम्हारी सइयाँ,
सख सुधारण काज ॥
भवसागर संसार अपरबल,
जामें तुम हो झयाज ॥
निरधारौँ आधार जगत-गुरु,
तुम बिन होय अकाज ॥
जुग जुग भीर हरी भगतनकी,
दीनी मोक्ष समाज ॥
मीरा सरण गही चरणनकी,
लाज रखो महाराज ॥



(३)

राम मिलण रो घणो उमावो
नित उठ जोऊँ बाटडियाँ ।
दरस बिना मोहि कछु न सुहावै
जक न पड़त है आँखडियाँ ॥

(2)

Now You have to protect me.
For You have accepted me as Thy bride.
The Powerful One, in You I seek my
refuge,
Pray let all my works be accomplished.
Vast is the ocean of the world, beyond
me to negotiate,
You alone are my ship, for me to cross o'er.
Of the supportless, You are the support,
O Teacher of the World,
And without Your aid every work of the
world is ill-performed.
Through ages the pain of Your devotees,
O Hari, You have allayed;
And on the world You have conferred
salvation;
Mira seeks shelter in Your lotus feet,
Protect her honour now, O Lord.

—◆◆—
(3)

Great is my desire to meet Rama.
In the early morn, I go out to seek Him.
Without a sight of Him nothing appeals
to me.
Nor do these eyes get sleep.

तड़फत-तड़फत बहु दिन बीते
 पड़ी बिरहकी फाँसड़ियाँ ।
 अब तो बेग दया कर प्यारा
 मैं छूँ थारी दासड़ियाँ ॥
 नैण दुखी दरसण कूँ तरसैँ
 नाभि न बैठे साँसड़ियाँ ।
 रात दिवस हिय आरत मेरो
 कब हरि राखै पासड़ियाँ ॥
 लगी लगन छूटणकी नाहीं
 अब क्यों कीजै आँटड़ियाँ ।
 मीराके प्रभु कब र मिलोगे
 पूरौ मनकी आसड़ियाँ ॥

(४)

गळी तो चारों बंद हुई,
 मैं हरिसे मिलूँ कैसे जाय ।
 उँची नीची राह लपटीली,
 पाँव नहीं ठहराय ।
 सोच सोच पग धरूँ जतनसे,
 बार बार डिग जाय ॥

Ages are past undergoing the pain of
separation;
While round my neck is cast the noose
of separation.

O Beloved One, be kind to me now;
I, who am your maid.
My eyes are aching for a sight of Thee,
While my breaths in regular course do
not flow.

Day and night sighs rule,
When will the Beloved One come ?
Now that the heart is entangled in Thee
Difficult for it is to come out.
Why then do Thou create new troubles in
my Path.

When will Mira's Lord meet her,
To satisfy her wishes.



(4)

Blocked are all the four pathways,
How can I then meet my Hari ?
Ups and downs cross this slippery Path,
On which the feet their hold cannot find.
Cautiously and thoughtfully I place my
foot and proceed on.
And at every step I tremble lest I fall.

ऊँचा नीचा महल पियाका,
 म्हासूँ चढ्यो न जाय ।
 पिया दूर पंथ म्हाँरो झीणो,
 सुरत झकोळा खाय ॥
 कोस कोसपर पहरा बैठ्या
 पैँड पैँड बटमार ।
 हे विधना कैसी रच दीनी
 दूर बसायो म्हाँरो गाँव ॥
 मीराके प्रभु गिरधर नागर
 सतगुरु दई बताय ।
 जुगन जुगनसे बिछड़ी मीरा
 घरमें लीनी लाय ॥



(५)

माई म्हारी हरिजी न बूझी बात ।
 पिँड मांसूँ प्राण पापी निकस क्यूँ नहीं जात ॥
 पट न खोल्या मुखौँ न बोल्या साँझ भई परभात ।
 अबोलणा जुग बीतण लागो तो काहेकी कुसलात ॥

सावण आवण होय रघ्यो रे नहिं आवणकी बात ।
 रैण अँधेरी बीज चमंकै तारा गिणत निसि जात ॥
 सुपनमें हरि दरस दीन्हों मैं न जाण्यँ हरि जात ।
 नैण म्हाराँ उघड आया रही मन पछतात ॥
 लेइ कटारी कंठ चीरूँ करूँगी अपघात ।
 मीरा व्याकुळ बिरहणी रे बाल ज्यँ बिललात ॥

(६)

षडी एक नहिं आवडे, तुम दरसण बिन मोय ।
 तुम हो मेरे प्राण जी, कासँ जीवन होय ॥
 धान न भावे नींद न आवै, बिरह सतावै मोय ।
 घायल-सी घूमत फिरूँ रे, मेरा दरद न जाणै कोय ॥
 दिवस तो खाय गमाइयो रे, रैण गमाई सोय ।
 प्राण गमाया झूरताँ रे, नैण गमाया रोय ॥

The month of Shrawan has approached,
yet no news is heard of his approach.
While dark is the night, and shines the
lightning, the nights in counting the
stars are passed.

When the Lord Hari in my dreams
appeared, little did I know He will pass off.
As opened I my eyes, the vision gone,
how luckless I felt at last.

Taking hold of the dagger, my heart I
shall tear and I will commit suicide.
Mira, the restless one, lies separated,
crying as a child.



(6)

Without a sight of Thee, even a moment's
rest

I know not.

Thou art my life, how can I then live.

The meals do not appeal to me, the eyes
know no sleep, the pangs of separation
trouble.

Like the wounded one, I roam about,
none is acquainted with my pain.

The day passed in eating, the night in
sleep is o'er.

The life is gone in agony of separation,
The sight I have lost through tears.

जो मैं ऐसा जाणती रे, प्रीति कियौँ दुख होय ।
 नगर ढँढोरौँ फेरती रे, प्रीति करो मत कोय ॥
 पंथ निहारूँ डगर बहारूँ, ऊमी मारग जोय ।
 मीराके प्रभु कब रे मिलोगे, तुम मिलियाँ सुख होय ॥

(७)

पिय बिन सूनो छै जी म्हारो देस ॥
 ऐसो है कोई पिवकुँ मिलावै
 तन मन करूँ सब पेस ।
 तेरे कारण बन बन डोलूँ
 कर जोगणको भेस ॥
 अवधि बदीती अजहुँ न आये
 पंडर हो गया केस ।
 मीराके प्रभु कब र मिलोगे
 तज दियो नगर नरेस ॥

Had I known that to love was to invite pain,
To the beat of drum in the city I would
 have proclaimed, let none love.
I stand waiting, watching Thy course,
 cleansing Thy path,
Mira's Lord when will you meet her ?
On meeting Thee she shall find peace.



(7)

Without the Dear One, my home is
 a void,
Does there dwell some one who would take
 me to my Lord ?
On such a one, my body and soul I
 shall bestow.
For His sake, I wander from forest to
 forest,
Adopting the Yogi's dress.
The date of meeting is past, even to-day
 you are not come.
The very hairs on my head are grown grey.
Mira's Lord, when will He meet her,
Now that the Lord of the town she has
 given up ?



(८)

कोइ कहियौ रे प्रभु आवनकी ।

आवनकी मनभावनकी ॥

आप न आवै लिख नहिं भेजै

बाण पड़ी ललचावनकी ।

ए दोउ नैण कछो नहिं मानै

नदियाँ बहै जैसे सावनकी ॥

कहा करूँ कछु नहिं बस मेरो

पाँख नहीं उड़ जावनकी ।

मीरा कहै प्रभु कब र मिलोगे

चेरी भइ हूँ तेरे दाँवनकी ॥

(९)

मैं जाण्यो नाहीँ प्रभु मिलण कैसे होय री ।

आये मेरे सजना फिर गये अँगना

मैं अभागण रही सोय री ॥

(8)

Pray, some one, convey to Him, my
message to come.
The glad tidings to come, the happy news
to come.
Neither comes He nor sendeth any news.
He hath acquired the habit to torment me.
Alack, howsoever I plead, these eyes care
not for my reproach.
Flow they as the streams in the rains.
What can I do, it is beyond me.
The wings I do not possess, wherewith to
fly o'er to Him.
Prays Miga, when will you meet her ?
Fallen a victim is she to Thy snares.



(9)

I know not, the manner in which the
Beloved to meet.
My Beloved came and from the courtyard
returned.
As I, the unlucky one, lay asleep.

फारूँगी चीर करूँ गळ कंथा
 रहुँगी बैरागण होय री ।
 चुड़ियाँ फोरूँ माँग बखेरूँ
 कजरा में डारूँ धोय री ॥
 निस बासर मोहि बिरह सतावै
 कल न परत पळ मोय री ।
 मीराके प्रभु हरि अबिनासी
 मिल बिछड़ो मत कोय री ॥

(१०)

बादळ देख डरी हो, स्याम ! मैं बादळ देख डरी ।
 काळी-पीळी घटा ऊमड़ी बरस्यो एक घरी ।
 जित जाऊँ तित पाणी पाणी हुई सब भूम हरी ॥
 जाका पिय परदेस बसत है भीजूँ बहार खरी ।
 मीराके प्रभु हरि अबिनासी कीजो प्रीत खरी ॥

Accursed I, my garments I shall tear, and
the russet don,
A mendicant shall I turn, seeking Him.
I shall the sign of my consorhood, my
bangles, break, and the partings of my
hair disturb.
And the collyrium of my eyes, I shall
wash away.
For every moment the agony of separation
troubles me,
Not for a second can I secure peace.
Of Mira, the Lord is the Protector,
Mind, once you meet Him, take care,
you do not leave Him.



(10)

Terrified am I at the sight of the dark clouds,
I am frightened seeing them.
How these black and yellow clouds rise
and rain !
Whithersoever I go, the place with water
is surrounded, the earth is all turned green.
She, whose Lord dwells in a foreign land,
stands, wet, waiting outside for her
Dear One.
Mira's Lord is Hari, the Indestructible,
with Whom she is in genuine love.



(११)

बरसै बदरिया सावनकी ,
सावनकी मनभावनकी ।
सावनमें उमग्यो मेरो मनवा
भनक सुनी हरि आवनकी ।
उमङ्ग-धुमङ्ग चहुँदिसिसे आयो
दामण दमके झर लावनकी ॥
नान्हीं-नान्हीं बूँदन मेहा बरसै
सीतल पवन सोहावनकी ।
मीराके प्रभु गिरधर नागर ,
आनंद मंगळ गावनकी ॥

(१२)

सुनी हो में हरि आवनकी अवाज ।
महल चढ़-चढ़ जोऊँ मेरी
सजनी ! कब आवै महाराज ॥
दादर मोर पपइया बोलै
कोयल मधुरे साज ।
उमँग्यो इंद्र चहुँदिसि बरसै,
दामणि छोडी लाज ॥
घरती रूप नवा-नवा धरिया
इंद्र मिलणकै काज ।

(11) .

Rain the clouds in the month of Shrawan,
Ah ! the clouds of Shrawan, the heart-
captivating clouds !

In Shrawan my heart heaves up,
As hears it the approach of Dear Hari.
Come the clouds gathering from all sides.
Shivers the lightning heralding the
approach of rain-bearing clouds.
In tiny drops falls the rain and blows the
fragrant breeze, cool and pleasant.
Mira's Lord, Girdhar Nagar,
The time is arrived for us to sing a glo-
rious welcome.



(12)

I hear the sound of the approach of Hari.
The heights I climb, O friend,
When shall the Dear One arrive.
The frog, the peacock, papiya,
And the Cuckoo strike melodious notes.
On all sides Indra rises, and as it rains,
The lightning gives up her modesty.
The earth has assumed ever new forms,
To meet Indra, its beloved.

मीराके प्रभु हरि अबिनासी
बेग मिलो सिरराज ॥

(१३)

डारि गयो मनमोहन पासी ।
आँवाकी डाळ कोयल इक बोलै
मेरो मरण अरु जग केरी हाँसी ॥
बिरहकी मारी मैं बन-बन डोलूँ
प्राण तजूँ करवत ल्यूँ कासी ।
मीराके प्रभु हरि अबिनासी
तुम मेरे ठाकुर मैं तेरी दासी ॥

(१४)

सोवत ही पलकामें मैं तो
पलक लगी पलमें पिव आये ।
मैं जु उठी प्रभु आदर देण कूँ,
जाग पड़ी पिव डूँढ न पाये ॥

Mira's Lord is Hari, the eternal.
Pray meet her soon.



(13)

The Lord, Manmohan, had His entangle-
ments cast.
The Cuckoo sings seated on the mango
branch.
To me it means death, to the earth a mere
joke.
Struck by the pangs of separation, from
forest to forest I roam;
To give up my life I retire to holy Kashi.
Mira's Lord is Hari, the Indestructible,
He is her Lord, and she is His maid.



(14)

On my bed as I closed my eyes in brief
reverie,
Just then appeared the Beloved, in the
twinkling of an eye.
And as I got up to offer my respects and
cordially receive Him,
I woke up only to find that the Dear One
had fled.

और सखी पिव सोइ गमाये
 मैं जु सखी पिव जागि गमाये ।
 मीराके प्रभु गिरधर नागर,
 सब सुख होयस्याम घर आये ॥

(१५)

राम मिलणके काज सखी,
 मेरे आरति उरमें जागी री ।
 तडफत-तडफत कळ न परत है,
 बिरहबाण उर लागी री ।
 निसदिन पंथ निहारूँ पिवको,
 पलक न पल भरी लागी री ॥
 पीव-पीव मैं रटूँ रात-दिन,
 दूजी सुध-बुध भागी री ।
 बिरहमुजँग मेरो डस्यो है कलेजो
 लहर हळाहळ जागी री ॥
 मेरी आरति मेटि गोसाईं,
 आय मिलौ मोहि सागी री ।
 मीरा न्याकुल अति उकळाणी,
 पियाकी उमँग अति लागी री ॥

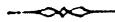
Other friends lost Him while asleep, I lost
Him wide awake.
Mira's Lord is Girdhar Nagar,
All are happy, the Lord has returned home.

(15)

To meet the Lord, O dear friend,
The desire within my heart is invoked.
Troubled am I, no rest do I know;
The arrow of separation has pierced my
heart.
Everyday the arrival of my Lord I await.
Not for a twinkle have these eyes known
sleep.
While the name of the Beloved night and
day I repeat.
All my other pains and pleasures have left
me.
The black cobra eats my heart.
And the deadly poison hath permeated the
body.
My desire, O Lord, fulfil;
Come Thou and meet me early;
Mira tormented, is much troubled,
The love for the Lord is affecting her.

(१६)

तुमरे कारण सब कुछ छोड्या
अब मोहि क्यूँ तरसावौ हौ ।
बिरह-बिथा लागी उर अंतर
सो तुम आय बुझावौ हौ ॥
अब छोड़त नहिं बणै प्रभूजी
हँसकर तुरत बुलावौ हौ ।
मीरा दासी जनम-जनमकी
अंगसे अंग लगावौ हौ ॥



(१७)

करुणा सुणो स्याम मेरी ।
मैं तो होय रही चेरी तेरी ॥
दरसण कारण भई बावरी बिरह-बिथा तन घेरी ।
तेरे कारण जोगण हूँगी दूँगी नग्न बिच फेरी ॥
कुँज-बन हेरी-हेरी ॥
अंग भभूत गळे मृगछाला यो तन भसम करूँरी ।
अजहुँ न मिल्या राम अबिनासी बन-बन बीच फिरूँरी ॥
रोऊँ नित टेरी-टेरी ॥

(16)

For Thy sake I gave up all comforts;
Why dost Thou now torment me ?

In my heart burns now the flame of
separation.

Come Thou and quench my thirst.

Now it is difficult, Thy meshes do not
leave me.

Smile Thou and call me in.

Mira is Thy maid from age to age.

Pray, clasp her to Thy bosom.

(17)

Hear Thou my plaint, O Shyām,
I am Thy disciple.

For the sake of Thy vision, I have a
mendicant turned, the pain of separation
consumes me.

For Thy sake turned I a Yogi, and
the town I perambulate.

The very forest and the bowers I move
about;

And the body with ashes besmear, while
round the neck the deer-skin I put on;
and to ashes I am burning myself.

Even now Ram, the indestructible, I
have not gained,

Though wander I in the forests,

And tears I shed most bitterly.

जन मीरा कूँ गिरधर मिलिया दुख मेटण सुख भेरी ।
रूम-रूम साता भइ उर में मिट गई फेराफेरी ॥
रहूँ चरननि तर चेरी ॥



(१८)

हो गये स्याम दूजके चंदा ।
मधुवन जाय रहे मधुवनिया,
हमपर डारो प्रेमको फंदा ।
मीराके प्रभु गिरधर नागर,
अब तो नेह परो कछु मंदा ॥



(१९)

पपइया रे पिवकी बाणि न बोल ।
सुणि पावेली बिरहणी रे थारी राळेळी पाँख मरोड ॥
चाँच कटाऊँ पपइया रे ऊपर काळो र लूण ।
पिव मेरा मैं पिवकी रे तू पिव कहै स कूण ॥

When met the Lord Girdhar, pain left
Mira, all round was comfort;
Every pore of the body gained peace
and came she out of the cycle of rebirths.
Turning a disciple she hath the ocean
crossed.

(18)

Shyām, you have become as scarce as
the new moon.
A dweller of Madhuban, once again to
the Madhuban you have retired;
While round our neck you have thrown
the noose of Love.
Mira's Lord, Girdhar Nagar;
Seems to have cooled down in His affections.

(19)

O Papiya, sing not thou, the notes of
the Beloved.
Only if the separated one thy laments
shall overhear, the tormented one shall
come and throttle thee,
And thy beak she shall cut off and put
salt on the wound.
The Dear one is mine, and I am His,
who art thou, to come in between.

थारा सबद सुहावणा रे जो पिव मेळा आज ।
 चाँच मँढाऊँ थारी सोवनी रे तू मेरे सिरताज ॥
 प्रीतम कूँ पतियाँ लिखूँ रे कागा तूँ ले जाय ।
 जाइ प्रीतमजीसूँ यूँ कहै रे थॉरि बिरहण धान न खाय ॥
 मीरा दासी ब्याकुळी रे पिव-पिव करत बिहाय ।
 बेगि मिलो प्रभु अंतरजामी तुम बिन रह्यौय न जाय ॥

(२०)

घर आँगण न सुहावे

पिया बिन मोहि न भावे ॥

दीपक जोय कहा करूँ सजनी !

पिय परदेस रहावे ।

सूनी सेज जहर ज्यूँ लागे,

सिसक-सिसक जिय जावे ॥

नैण निंदरा नहि आवे ॥

कद की ऊभी मैं मग जोऊँ,

निस दिन बिरह सतावे ।

कहा कहुँ कछु कहत न आवे,

हिवडो अति उकळावे ॥

हरी कब दरस दिखावे ॥

Yet sweet is thy note, and if perchance
 the Beloved I meet,
 I promise thee, O dear friend, thy beak
 with gold I shall ornate.
 Convey this message of mine, O crow,
 to my Beloved;
 And go tell Him, Thy dear one has
 given up even her meals.
 Mira, Thy maid, is in agony, and ever
 Thy name is on her lips.
 Meet Thou her soon, O Dear One,
 without Thee, she cannot live.

(20)

The world inside and out, nothing appeals
 to me,
 Without the Beloved all is so insipid.
 Where then am I to go, and light the lamp,
 O friend,
 When dwells my Beloved in alien lands,
 The vacant sleeping-couch to me looks
 like a poisoned bed.
 As passes my life falteringly.
 To the eyes sleep doth not come.
 I watch the road standing for what a
 length of time,
 All day and night long the pain of
 separation torments me;
 What can I say, when speech has left me.
 My heart is grown so restless and afflicted !

ऐसी है कोई परम सनेही,
 तुरत सनेसो लावे ।
 वा बिरियाँ कद होसी मुझको,
 हरि हँस कण्ठ लगावे ॥
 मीरा मिलि होरी गावे ॥

(२१)

बाला मैं बैरागण हूँगी ।
 जिन भेषाँ म्हारो साहिब रीझे,
 सोही भेष धरूँगी ॥
 सील सँतोष धरूँ घट भीतर,
 समता पकड़ रहूँगी ।
 जाको नाम निरंजन कहिये,
 ताको ध्यान धरूँगी ॥
 गुरुके ग्यान रँगू तन कपड़ा,
 मन मुद्रा पैरूँगी ।
 प्रेम-पीतयू हरि-गुण गाऊँ,
 चरणन लिपट रहूँगी ॥
 या तनकी मैं करूँ कींगरी,
 रसना नाम कहूँगी ।
 मीराके प्रभु गिरधर नागर,
 साधाँ संग रहूँगी ॥

Is there some one so sympathetic,
Who would a reply to my message bring ?
When will the blessed moment arrive ?
When will the Lord clasp me to His bosom ?
And Mira, dwelling in the lap of the
Beloved, shall songs of Holi sing.

(21)

O my friend, I shall turn a Vairāgī.
In whatever form my Lord is pleased,
That I shall adopt.
Charity and contentment, I shall cherish
within my heart,
And ever serene I shall remain.
He who is called Niranjana,
On Him I shall meditate.
In the Teacher's knowledge I shall my
clothes dye.
The mind on Him fix.
With love shall I sing songs to Him,
As I cling to the feet of the Lord.
Of this body I shall make an instrument,
On it the melodies of Thy Name I shall
chant.
Mira's Lord Girdhar Nagar,
With Him, I shall live night and day long.

(२२)

म्हारे जनम-मरणरा साथी थँने नहिं बिसरूँ दिन राती ।
थाँ देख्याँ बिन कल न पड़त है जाणत मेरी छाती ।
ऊँची चढ़-चढ़ पंथ निहारूँ रोय-रोय अँखियाँ राती ॥
यो संसार सकल जग झूठो, झूठा कुलरा न्याती ।
दोउ कर जोड्याँ अरज करूँ छूँ सुण लीजो मेरी बाती ॥
यो मन मेरो बड़ो हरामी ज्यों मदमातो हाथी ।
सतगुर हाथ धरयो सिर ऊपर अँकुस दै समझाती ॥
पल-पल पिवको रूप निहारूँ निरख-निरख सुख पाती ।
मीराके प्रभु गिरधर नागर हरिचरणाँ चित राती ॥

(२३)

मन रे परसि हरिके चरण ।
सुभग सीतल कँवल कोमल,
त्रिबिध ज्वाला हरण ।
जिण चरण प्रह्लाद परसे,
इंद्र पदवी धरण ॥

(22)

Thou, my companion of life and death,
Thee, I cannot in life forsake.
Without a sight of Thee, I am comfortless,
Ask, and my heart shall bear me out.
Higher and higher I climb for a sight of
Thee, and the nights in tears I pass.
This world and all is an illusion and is
false, false are all relations and connections.
My hands I fold, with respects I make this
request, would that Thou could'st lend ear.
This mind is grown corrupt like the mad
elephant,
When the Teacher his hands on me placed,
This mad elephant as with the goad
pricked, went to rest.
Every moment His form I see, by its sight
peace I get.
Mira's Lord is Girdhar Nagar, in His feet
dwells her mind.

(23)

Cling thou to the feet of the Lord, O mind.
The beautiful, cool, lotus-like, delicate feet,
That quench the fire of the three worlds.
The feet which Prahlād held,
And Indra stuck to.

जिण चरण ध्रुव अटल कीन्हें,
 राख अपनी सरण ।
 जिण चरण ब्रह्मांड भेंट्यो,
 नखसिखाँ सिरी धरण ॥
 जिण चरण प्रभु परसि लीने,
 तरी गोतम-धरण ।
 जिण चरण काळीनाग नाथ्यो,
 गोप-लीला-करण ॥
 जिण चरण गोबरधन धारयो
 गर्व मघवा हरण ।
 दासि मीरा लाल गिरधर,
 अगम तारण तरण ॥

(२४)

स्याम ! मने चाकर राखो जी,
 गिरधारीलाल ! चाकर राखो जी ।
 चाकर रहसूँ बाग लगासूँ, नित उठ दरसन पासूँ ।
 बिंद्राबनकी कुंज गलिनमें, तेरी लीला गासूँ ॥

चाकरीमें दरसण पाऊँ, सुभिरण पाऊँ खरची ।
 भाव भगति जागीरी पाऊँ, तीनूँ बाताँ सरसी ॥
 मोर मुगट पीतांबर सोहै, गल बैजंती माळा ।
 बिंद्राबनमें धेनु चरावे, मोहन मुरलीवाळा ॥
 हरे हरे नित बाग लगाऊँ, बिच-बिच राखूँ ब्यारी ।
 साँवरियाके दरसण पाऊँ, पहर कुसुम्मी सारी ॥
 जोगी आया जोग करण कूँ, तप करणे संन्यासी ।
 हरी भजनकूँ साध आया, बिंद्राबनके बासी ॥
 मीराके प्रभु गहिर गँभीरा, सदा रहो जी धीरा ।
 आधी रात प्रभु दरसन दिन्है, प्रेमनदीके तीरा ॥



आली ! साँवरेकी दृष्टि मानो,
प्रेम की कटारी है ॥
लागत बेहाल भई,
तनकी सुघ-बुघ गई ।
तन-मन सब व्यापो प्रेम,
मानो मतवारी है ॥
सखियाँ मिलि दोय-चारी,
बावरी-सी भई न्यारी ।
हौं तो वाको नीके जानौं,
कुंजको बिहारी है ॥
चंदको चकोर चाहै,
दीपक पतंग दाहै ।
जल बिना मीन जैसे,
तैसे प्रीत प्यारी है ॥
बिनती करूँ हे स्याम,
लागूँ मैं तुम्हारे पावँ ।
मीरा प्रभु ऐसी जानो,
दासी तुम्हारी है ॥

Believe me, friend, the glances of the Dear
One,

Are like the daggers of Love,
The moment they strike, to madness I am
turned.

And lost is all care for the mind and the
body.

As the mind and the body, all with love is
permeated.

And a mad one I turn.

Few friends who met the Beloved,
Turned they likewise mad.

I however know Him full well.

He is the Behari, that roams about the
woods.

To the Chakor as the moon is dear, and
the candle to the mote,

As the fish loves the water,

So to me is my love for the Beloved.

I pray to Thee, O dear Shyām,

As on Your feet I fall.

Know Mira, O Lord,

As Thy maid.




(२६)

ऐसे पियै जान न दीजै, हो ॥
चलो, री सखी ! मिलि राखिये,
नैननि रस पीजै, हो ।
स्याम सलोनो साँवरो
मुख देखत जीजै, हो ॥
जोइ जोइ भेष सों हरि मिलें,
सोइ सोइ कीजै, हो ।
मीराके प्रभु गिरधर नागर,
बड़भागन रीजै, हो ॥

(२७)

मैं गिरधरके घर जाऊँ ।
गिरधर म्हाँरो साँचो प्रीतम
देखत रूप लुभाऊँ ॥
रैण पढ़ै तबही उठि जाऊँ
भोर भये उठि आऊँ ॥
रैण दिना वाके संग खेलूँ
ज्युँ त्युँ ताहि रिझाऊँ ॥

जो पहिरावै सोई पहिरूँ
 जो दे सोई खाऊँ ॥
 मेरी उणकी प्रीत पुराणी
 उण बिन पल न रहाऊँ ॥
 जहाँ बैठावै तितही बैठूँ
 बेचै तो बिक जाऊँ ॥
 मीराके प्रभु गिरधर नागर
 बार बार बलि जाऊँ ॥

——
 (२८)

राम नाम रस पीजै,
 मनुआँ राम नाम रस पीजै ।
 तज कुसंग, सतसंग बैठ नित,
 हरि चरचा सुन लीजै ॥
 काम क्रोध मद लोभ मोह कूँ,
 बहा चित्तसे दीजै ।
 मीराके प्रभु गिरधर नागर,
 ताहिके रँगमें भीजै ॥

Whatever He puts on me, with it I
dress on.
And I eat that which He on me bestows.
We are old friends, old is our love.
Without Him, I cannot a moment pass.
Wherever he asks me to sit, there sit I,
And if He would sell me, willingly I
offer me for sale,
Mira's Lord is Girdhar Nagar,
A hundred times my obeisances I pay
to Him.



(28)

Drink thou, the nectar of the holy name
Ram.
O mind, drink thou the nectar of the
holy name.
Abandon thou evil company, associate
with the saints at all times.
And hear thou the discourses of the Lord.
From the mind turn thou all
Lust, anger and passions.
Mira's Lord is Girdhar Nagar,
In His dye is she dyed.



(२९)

मैं गोविंद गुण गाणा ।
राजा रूठै नगरी राखै
हरि रूठ्याँ कहँ जाणा ।
राणा भेज्या जहर पियाला
हमिरत करि पी जाणा ॥
डबियामें भेज्या ज भुजंगम
सालिगराम कर जाणा ।
मीरा तो अब प्रेम-दिवानी
साँवळिया बर पाणा ॥

(३०)

या ब्रजमें कछु देख्यो री टोना ॥
ले मटकी सिर चली गुजरिया
आगे मिले बाबा नंदजीके छोना ॥
दधिको नाम बिसरि गयो प्यारी
'ले लेहु री कोउ स्याम सलोना' ॥
बिंद्राबनकी कुंज गळिनमें
आँख लगाय गयो मनमोहना ।
मीराके प्रभु गिरधर नागर
सुंदर स्याम सुघर रस लोना ॥

(29)

I shall recite the praises of Govinda,
The ruler if displeased, may keep his
kingdom to himself;
But, if I fall into Hari's displeasure,
Where shall I go, forsaking His kingdom.
When the Rana sent me the cup of poison;
I took it to be nectar and quaffed it off.
When sent the Rana, in a packet a cobra,
I opened it to find the Śaligrām.
Mira is now love-mad,
And hath secured the Sanwalia for her
consort.



(30)

A peculiar sight, O friends, I witnessed
in Vraja
As went about a-selling, the Gujari,
with the curd on her head.
In the way met she the Darling of Nanda.
I tell you, forgot she the name of the curd,
And went about calling, "Who will
purchase Shyām, the Beloved?"
In the lanes and bowers of Brindraban,
Struck Mohan His glances of love.
Mira's Lord is Girdhar Nagar;
The beautiful Shyām, with eyes full of
love



(३१)

भज मन चरणकँवळ अबिनासी ।
जेताइ दीसे धरण गगन बिच,
तेताइ सब उठ जासी ।
कहा भयो तीरथ व्रत कीन्हे,
कहा लिये करवत कासी ॥
इण देहीका गरब न करणा,
माटीमें मिल जासी ।
यो संसार चहरकी बाजी,
साँझ पढ़याँ उठ जासी ॥
कहा भयो है भगवा पहरयाँ,
घर तज भये संन्यासी ।
जोगी होय जुगत नहीं जाणी,
उलट जनम फिर आसी ॥
अरज करूँ अबला कर जोड़े,
स्याम तुम्हारी दासी ।
मीराके प्रभु गिरधर नागर,
काटो जमकी फाँसी ॥

Meditate thou, on the lotus feet of the
Lord Indestructible.

All that lies in between the earth and sky,
Shall all pass away.

What availeth it to go on pilgrimages
and endure the fasts.

And what benefitteth it giving thy life at
Holy Kashi.

Be not vain of this body.

One day to dust it shall turn.

This world is a mere market-place,
That assembles, only in the evening to
pass away.

What availeth it donning the ochre dress,
And turning a mendicant, giving up the
family.

If becoming the Yogi, with the Yoga you
are not acquainted,

Of a certainty you will be reborn.

With folded hands pleads the troubled
helpless one,

Mira, your Maid.

Mira's Lord, Girdhar Nagar,

Sever You, the bonds of Yama round
my neck.

(३२)

री मेरे पार निकस गया सतगुरु मारया तीर ।
बिरह भाल लगी उर अंदर ब्याकुल भया सरीर ॥
इत उत चित्त चलै नहिं कबहूँ डारी प्रेम-जँजीर ।
कै जाणै मेरो प्रीतम प्यारो और न जाणै पीर ॥
कहा करूँ मेरो बस नहिं सजनी नैन झरत दोउ नीर ।
मीरा कहै प्रभु तुम मिलियाँ बिन प्राण धरत नहिं धीर ॥



The Satguru shot the arrow, it passed
me through.
The spear of separation, found its way
into my heart, the whole body is grown
restless.
The mind turned stable, doth not wander
hither and thither; in the noose of Love
it is enchained.
Who is there who is familiar with this
pain, except my Dear One ?
What should I do, I am helpless, from
my eyes flow the tears.
Says Mira, without meeting You, O Lord,
my heart shall know no rest.



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