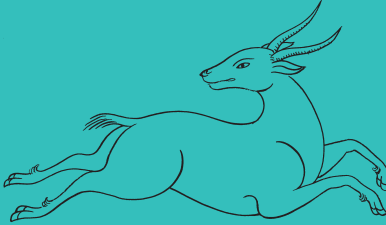


CLAY SANSKRIT LIBRARY

The Recognition of  
Shakúntala

by Kali·dasa



Edited and Translated by  
SOMADEVA VASUDEVA

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS & JJC FOUNDATION

THE CLAY SANSKRIT LIBRARY  
FOUNDED BY JOHN & JENNIFER CLAY

GENERAL EDITOR

RICHARD GOMBRICH

EDITED BY

ISABELLE ONIANS

SOMADEVA VASUDEVA

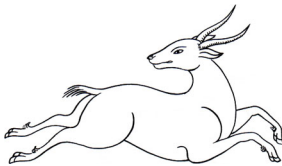


[WWW.CLAYSANSKRITLIBRARY.ORG](http://WWW.CLAYSANSKRITLIBRARY.ORG)  
[WWW.NYUPRESS.ORG](http://WWW.NYUPRESS.ORG)

*Artwork by Robert Beer.*  
*Printed and Bound in Great Britain by*  
*TJ International, Cornwall on acid free paper*

THE RECOGNITION  
OF SHAKÚNTALA  
BY KĀLIDĀSA

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY  
SOMADEVA VASUDEVA



NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS  
JJC FOUNDATION

2006

Copyright © 2006 by the CSL.  
All rights reserved.

First Edition 2006.

The Clay Sanskrit Library is co-published by  
New York University Press  
and the JJC Foundation.

Further information about this volume  
and the rest of the Clay Sanskrit Library  
is available on the following Websites:

**[www.claysanskritlibrary.org](http://www.claysanskritlibrary.org)**  
**[www.nyupress.org](http://www.nyupress.org)**

ISBN 978-8147-8815-8

**Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data**

Kālidāsa

[Śakuntalā. English & Sanskrit]

The recognition of Shakuntala / by Kalidasa ;  
edited and translated by Somadeva Vasudeva.  
p. cm. – (The Clay Sanskrit library)

Play.

In English and Sanskrit; includes translation from Sanskrit.  
Includes bibliographical references and index.

ISBN 978-0-8147-8815-8

I. Vasudeva, Somadeva. II. Title. III. Series.

PK3796.S4V37 2006

891'.22 2 22

2004029513

# CONTENTS

Sanskrit alphabetical order	7
CSL conventions	7
THE RECOGNITION OF ŚAKUNTALĀ	
Introduction	13
Dramatis Personæ	47
Prologue	50
Act One: THE CHASE	58
Act Two: THE SECRET	98
Act Three: THE PASSION	130
Act Four: THE FAREWELL	176
Act Five: THE TRAGEDY	218
Act Six: THE LONGING	258
Act Seven: THE ABSOLUTION	316
Paraphrase of Prakrit ( <i>chāyā</i> )	365
Notes	403
Index	411

ACT ONE:  
THE CHASE

*tataf praviśati ratha|yātakena mṛg'ânusārī cāpa|hasto*  
*Duṣyantaḥ Sūtaś ca.*

1.25 SŪTAḤ: (rājānaṃ mṛgaṃ c' âvalokya) āyuṣman!

kr̥ṣṇa|sāre dadac cakṣus tvayi c' âdhijya|kārmuke  
mṛg'ânusāriṇaṃ sākṣāt paśyām' îva Pinākinam.

RĀJĀ: sārathel! sudūram anena kr̥ṣṇa|sāreṇa vayam ākr̥ṣṭāḥ.  
ayam idānīm api,

grīv'|ābhaṅg'|ābhirāmaṃ muhur anupatati  
syandane datta|dr̥ṣṭiḥ  
paśc'|ârdhena praviṣṭaḥ śara|patana|bhayād  
bhūyasā pūrva|kāyam  
śaṣpair ardh'|âvalīḍhaiḥ śrama|vitata|mukha|  
bhraṃśibhiḥ kīrṇa|vartmā  
paśy' ôdagra|plutitvād viyati bahutaram  
stokam urvyāṃ prayāti.

katham? anupātina eva me prayatna|prekṣaṇīyaḥ saṃvṛttaḥ!

1.30 SŪTAḤ: āyuṣman! udghātīnī bhūmir iyaṃ mayā raśmi|saṃ-  
yamanād rathasya mandikṛto vegah. ten' âiṣa mṛgo vi-  
prakṣṭ'|ântaraḥ saṃvṛttaḥ. saṃprati tu sama|deśa|vartī  
na te durāsado bhaviṣyati.



*Enter King Dushyánta in a chariot, pursuing a deer, bow in hand, accompanied by his charioteer.*

CHARIOTEER: (*glancing at king and deer*) Your Majesty! 1.25

As I cast my eye upon the deer, and you  
with your bow strung,  
I seem to see before my very eyes  
the Bow-bearer Shiva chasing the Deer.\*

KING: Charioteer! We have been drawn far by this black antelope. Even now he,

Repeatedly darts a glance at the pursuing chariot,  
gracefully twisting his neck,  
with his haunches drawn acutely forward  
into his forebody  
out of fear of the arrow's strike,  
scattering the path with grass half-chewed,  
dropping from his mouth gaping  
with exhaustion.

Look! With his lofty leaps he moves  
more through the sky  
and hardly touches the ground.

How? Even though I am hard on his heels he has become hard to make out!

CHARIOTEER: Your Majesty! The terrain is uneven.\* By 1.30  
curbing in the reins I have reduced the chariot's speed.  
Thereby the antelope has made good some ground. But  
now the ground is level, you will have no trouble getting  
him.

RĀJĀ: mucyantām abhīśavaḥ.

SŪTAḤ: yad ājñāpayaty āyuṣmān. (*tathā kṛtvā veg'ântaraṃ  
nirūpayan*) āyuṣman! paśya paśya! ete

mukteṣu raśmiṣu nirāyata|pūrva|kāyā  
niṣkampa|cāmara|śikhā nibhṛt'|ōrdhva|karṇāḥ  
ātm'|ōddhatair api rajobhir alaṅghanīyā  
dhāvanty amī mṛga|jav'ākṣamay" ēva rathyāḥ.

RĀJĀ: satyam atītya Hari|harīn api harayo vartante. tathā hi

1.35 yad āloke sūkṣmaṃ  
vrajati sahasā tad vipulatām  
yad ardhe vicchinnaṃ  
bhavati kṛta|saṃdhānam iva tat  
prakṛtyā yad vakraṃ  
tad api sama|rekhaṃ nayanayoḥ  
na me dūre kiṃ cin  
na ca bhavati pārśve ratha|javāt.

SŪTAḤ: āyuṣman! asya khalu te bāṇa|patha|vartinaḥ kṛṣṇa|  
sārasya' ântare tapasvinaḥ.

RĀJĀ: (*sa/saṃbhramam*) tena hi nigṛhyantām vājināḥ!

SŪTAḤ: tathā karomi. (*ity uktvā rathaṃ sthāpayati.*)

*tataf praviśati ātmanā|ṛtīyas tapasvī.*

1.40 TAPASVĪ: (*sa/saṃbhramam hastam udyamya*) rājan! rājan! āś-  
rama|mṛgo 'yaṃ! āśrama|mṛgo 'yaṃ!

ACT ONE: THE CHASE

KING: Let loose the reins!

CHARIOTEER: As Your Majesty commands. (*does so; acts a change in speed*) Your Majesty! Look, look!

The reins being loosened, these chariot horses,  
their flanks fully extended,  
their yak-tail plumed crests unshaking,  
their ears stiff,  
unreachable even by the dust they themselves  
throw up,  
sprint as though unable to tolerate  
the speed of the antelope.

KING: Truly the horses are outstripping the horses of Indra.  
For,

What looked tiny to my eyes I.35  
suddenly becomes immense,  
what really is divided in half appears joined,  
what is inherently crooked appears straight.  
Because of the chariot's speed,  
nothing is far from me,  
and nothing remains at my side.

CHARIOTEER: Your Majesty! Ascetics have come between  
you and the black antelope your arrow is aimed at!

KING: (*alarmed*) Then restrain the horses!

CHARIOTEER: I'm doing so. (*So saying, he stops the chariot.*)

*Enter an ascetic with two companions.*

ASCETIC: (*raising up his hand agitatedly*) King! King! This is I.40  
a hermitage antelope. This is a hermitage antelope.

tat sādhu kṛta|saṃdhānaṃ pratisaṃhara sāyakam  
ārta|trāṇāya te śastraṃ na prahartum anāgasi.

RĀJĀ: eṣa pratisaṃhṛtaḥ. (*yath' ôktaṃ karoti.*)

TĀPASAḤ: (*sa|harṣam*) sādhu bhoḥ! sadṛśam etat Puru|vaṃśa|  
jātasya bhavataḥ. sarvathā cakra|vartinaṃ putram avāp-  
nuhi.

RĀJĀ: (*sa|praṇāmam*) pratigṛhītaṃ tapo|dhana|vacanam.

I.45 TĀPASAḤ: samid|āharaṇāya prasthitā vayam. eṣa c' āsmad|  
guroḥ Kāśyapasya saṃsakta|Himavat|sānur anu|Mālinī|  
tīram āśramo dṛśyate. na ced anya|kāry'ātipātas tadā tat  
pravīśy' ātra pratigṛhyatām atithi|satkāraḥ. api ca,

dhanyās tapo|dhanānāṃ  
pratihata|vighnāḥ kriyāḥ samālokyā  
jñāsyasi: «kiyad bhujō me  
rakṣati maurvī|kiṇ'āṅka iti!»

RĀJĀ: ayaṃ saṃnihito 'tra kula|patih?

TĀPASAḤ: ady' āiv' ānavadyāṃ duhitaraṃ Śakuntalām atithi|  
satkāryāya saṃdiśya pratikūlam asyā daivaṃ śamayitum  
Somatīrtha|Prabhāsaṃ gataḥ.

ACT ONE: THE CHASE

Therefore withdraw  
your well-aimed arrow.  
Your weapon is meant to protect the afflicted,  
not to strike the innocent.

KING: It is withdrawn. (*He does as said.*)

ASCETIC: (*rejoicing*) Well done, sir! This becomes you, scion  
of the lineage of Puru. Without fail, may you have a son  
who will be a universal emperor.

KING: (*bowing*) The words of the ascetic are welcome.

ASCETIC: We have set out to collect firewood. Yonder, along <sup>1.45</sup>  
the banks of the River Málini, clinging to the escarp-  
ments of the Himálaya, you can see the hermitage of  
our master Káshyapa. If it does not interfere with other  
duties, then enter it and receive the welcome due a guest.  
Moreover,

Watching the worthy sacrifices of ascetics  
rich in penance,  
carried out without obstructions,  
you will appreciate:  
“How much my bowstring-scarred arm protects!”

KING: Is the patriarch at home?

ASCETIC: This very day he bid his faultless daughter Shakún-  
tala provide hospitality and departed to Prabhása at the  
sacred Moon-ford to work a reprieve from her adverse  
fate.

RĀJĀ: (*ātma/gataṃ*) bhavatu. tām eva drakṣyāmi. sā māṃ  
vidita|bhaktiṃ maha”|rṣeḥ kariṣyati.

1.50 TĀPASAH: sādhayāmas tāvāt. (*iti sa/śiṣyo niṣkrāntaḥ.*)

RĀJĀ: Sūta! coday’ āsvān! puṇy’|āśrama|darśanena tāvād āt-  
mānaṃ punīmahe.

SŪTAH: yad ājñāpayaty āyusmān. (*parikramya ratha/yāta-  
kaṃ nirūpayati.*)

RĀJĀ: (*samantād vilokya*) Sūta! akathito ’pi jñāyata eva yath”  
āyam ābhogas tapo|vanasy’ ēti.

SŪTAH: katham iti?

1.55 RĀJĀ: kiṃ na paśyati bhavān? iha hi,

nīvārāḥ śuka|garbha|koṭara|mukha|  
bhraṣṭās tarūṇām adhaḥ  
prasnigdhāḥ kva cid īngudī|phala|bhidaḥ  
sūcyanta ev’ ōpalāḥ  
viśvās’|ōpagamād abhinna|gatayaḥ  
śabdaṃ sahante mrgāḥ  
toy’|ādhāra|pathās ca valkala|śikhā|  
niḥṣyanda|lekh’|ānkitāḥ.

SŪTAH: sarvam upapannam.

ACT ONE: THE CHASE

KING: (*aside*) So be it. It is her I shall see. She will make my devotion known to the great seer.

ASCETIC: We must go now. (*Exit with his disciples.*) 1.50

KING: Charioteer! Drive on the horses! First of all, we will purify ourselves by the sight of the sacred hermitage.

CHARIOTEER: As Your Majesty commands. (*Walks about, acts the steering of the chariot.*)

KING: (*looking around*) Charioteer! Even without being told, it is evident that these are the outskirts of a penance grove.

CHARIOTEER: How so?

KING: Can you not see? For here, 1.55

Beneath the trees are grains of wild rice  
dropped from tree hollows harboring parrots,  
elsewhere one sees stones,  
oily from crushing *ingudi* fruits;  
the fawns are so trusting  
they will tolerate speech without stopping  
in their tracks,  
the paths to the ponds are marked by lines  
of water drops from the corners  
of bark-garments.

CHARIOTEER: It all fits.

RĀJĀ: (*stokam antaraṃ gatvā*) api ca,

kuly'âmbhobhif prasṛta|capalaiḥ  
 śākhino dhauta|mūlā  
 bhinno rāgaḥ kisalaya|rucām  
 ājya|dhūm'ôdgamena  
 ete c' ârvāg|upavana|bhuvī  
 cchinna|darbh'âṅkurāyāṃ  
 naṣṭ'āśaṅkā harīṇa|śiśavo  
 manda|mandam caranti.

1.60 mā tapo|vana|nivāsinām uparodho bhūt! tad etāvaty eva  
 ratham sthāpaya yāvad avatarāmi.

SŪTAḤ: dhṛtāf pragrahāḥ. avataratv āyuṣmān.

RĀJĀ: (*avatīrya*) vinīta|veṣeṇa praveśyāni tapo|vanāni. tad  
 idam tāvat pragṛhyatām. (*iti sūtāy' ābharaṇam dattvā  
 dhanuś c' ôtsṛjya*) sūta! yāvad aham upāsya maha"rṣīn  
 upāvarte tāvad ārdra|pṛṣṭhāḥ kriyantām vājinaḥ.

SŪTAḤ: yad ājñāpayaty āyuṣmān. (*iti niṣkrāntaḥ.*)

RĀJĀ: (*parikramy' āvalokya ca*) idam āśrama|dvāraṃ yāvat  
 praviśāmi. (*praviśya, nimittam sūcayan vimṛṣati.*)

1.65 śāntam idam āśrama|padaṃ  
 sphurati ca bāhuḥ. kutaf phalam ih' āsya?  
 athavā bhavitavyānām  
 dvārāṇi bhavanti sarvatra.



ACT ONE: THE CHASE

KING: (*proceeds a bit*) Moreover,

Trees have their roots washed  
by turbulent canal streams,  
the gleam of their tendrils is mixed  
with the rising smoke  
from clarified butter offerings,  
and here fawns lazily graze without inhibition  
on the lawn before us where the shoots  
of *darbha* grass have been cut.

Let no disturbance hinder the hermitage inmates! Stop the chariot on this verge for me to descend. 1.60

CHARIOTEER: The reins are secure. Descend, Your Majesty.

KING: (*descends*) Hermitages should be entered in modest dress. Therefore take this now. (*with which he gives the charioteer his ornaments and lays aside his bow*) Charioteer! Until I return from paying homage to the great seers douse the horses' backs.

CHARIOTEER: As Your Majesty commands. (*Exit.*)

KING: (*walking around and observing*) I shall enter through this gateway to the hermitage. (*He enters, displays a portentous twitch and reflects.*)

Tranquil is the hermitage ground, 1.65  
yet my arm throbs.  
How can this happen here? Or rather,  
the gates to what must come to pass  
are everywhere.

NEPATHYE: 𑀓ido ido pia|sahī,𑀓

RĀJĀ: (*karnaṃ dattvā*) aye! dakṣiṇena kusuma|pādapa|vī-  
thīm ālāpa iva. yāvad atra gacchāmi. (*parikramy' āvalokya*  
*ca*) etās tapasvi|kanyakāḥ sva|pramāṇ' |ānurūpaiḥ secana|  
ghaṭakair bāla|pādapān siṅcantya ita ev' ābhivartante.  
(*nipuṇaṃ nirūpya*) aho mādḥurya|kāntaṃ khalu darśa-  
nam āsām. yāvad etāṃ chāyām āśritya pratipālayāmi.  
(*vilokayan sthitaḥ.*)

*tataf praviśati yath'* | ōkta|vyāpārā saha sakhībhyāṃ Śakunta-  
lā.

SAKHYAU: 𑀓halā Saūntale! tāitto vi kkhu tādā|Kassavassa assa-  
ma|rukkhaā pia tti takkemha jeṇa nomāliā|pelavā|vi tu-  
maṃ edassa ālavāla|pūraṇe ṇiuttā,𑀓

1.70 ŚAKUNTALĀ: 𑀓ṇa kevalaṃ tādā|nioo tti. bahu|māṇo jāva ma-  
m' āvi. sodarī|siṅeho edesu atthi yyeva,𑀓 (*vṛkṣa|sekam*  
*rūpayati.*)

UBHE: 𑀓halā Saūntale! udaaṃ lambhidā gimha|kāla|kusu-  
ma|dāiṇo gumaā. idāniṃ adikkanta|samae vi rukkhae  
siṅcamha. tasuṇo aṇahisandhida|puravo dhammo bha-  
vissadi,𑀓

ŚAKUNTALĀ: 𑀓ahiṇandaṇīaṃ mantedha,𑀓 (*nātyena siṅcati.*)

RĀJĀ: (*nirvarṇya sa|kautukam*) katham? iyaṃ sā Kaṇva|du-  
hitā? aho vismayah!

ACT ONE: THE CHASE

BEHIND THE SCENES: This way, this way, dear friends!

KING: (*listening*) Ah! There appears to be a conversation to the right of the flower-tree path.\* I will go there. (*walks around and looks*) It is the daughters of the ascetics, sprinkling the young trees with watering pots proportioned to themselves, coming this way. (*appraising them expertly*) Oho! How lovely they are to behold. I will take to this shade and wait. (*Keeps looking.*)

*Enter Shakúntala, engaged as described, accompanied by two friends.*

FRIENDS: Shakúntala, dear! We do believe that the hermitage trees are dearer to father Káshyapa than even you are, since you, as tender as the *nava-málíka* jasmine, have been appointed to fill their basins.

SHAKÚNTALA: This is not just an order from father, but my 1.70  
own respect; I truly do feel a sisterly affection toward them. (*Mimes sprinkling the trees.*)

BOTH: Shakúntala, dear! The copses of summer-blossoming trees are slaked with water. Now let's water the trees no longer in season. Then we can expect some unforeseen merit.

SHAKÚNTALA: What you say is commendable. (*Mimes sprinkling.*)

KING: (*watching, surprised*) What? This is the daughter of Kanva? How amazing!

śuddh'ānta|durlabham idaṃ  
 vapur āśrama|vāsino yadi janasya  
 dūrīkṛtāḥ khalu guṇair  
 udyāna|latā vana|latābhiḥ.

1.75 bhavatu. pādap'āntarita eva viśvasta|bhāvām enāṃ paśyā-  
 mi. (*tathā karoti.*)

ŚAKUNTALĀ: ᳚eso vād'ērida|pallav'āṅgulihim tuvarāvedi via  
 maṃ baṭila|rukkhao. jāva ṇaṃ sambhāvemi. (*rājñah  
 saṃnikarṣam āgacchati.*)

RĀJĀ: (*nirvarṇya*) a|sādhu|darśī tatra|bhavān Kāśyapo ya  
 imām āśrama|dharma|caraṇe niyunkte.

idaṃ kil' āvyāja|mano|haraṃ vapuḥ  
 tapaḥ|kṣamaṃ sādhayituṃ ya icchati  
 dhruvaṃ sa nīl'ōtpala|patra|dhārayā  
 samil|latāṃ chettum ṛṣir vyavasyati.

ŚAKUNTALĀ: ᳚halā Aṇasūe! ati|piṇaddheṇa Piaṃvadāe vak-  
 kalaṇa ṇiantida' mhi. seḍhilehi tā dāva ṇaṃ. (*Anasūyā  
 śithilayati.*)

1.80 PRIYAMVADĀ: (*sa/smitam*) ᳚ittha pao|hara|vitthāraittaṃ ap-  
 paṇo jovvaṇaṃ uvālaha.

RĀJĀ: kāmam, a|pratirūpam asya vayaso valkalaṃ na punar  
 alaṅkāra|śriyaṃ na puṣyati. kutaḥ?

ACT ONE: THE CHASE

If the figure of this person,  
scarcely to be found in royal apartments,  
is that of a hermitage-dweller, then indeed  
the garden vine is outclassed in virtues  
by the forest creeper.

Be that so. Concealed by this tree I will observe her freed 1.75  
from inhibition. (*Does so.*)

SHAKÚNTALA: This *bákula* tree seems to hasten me on with  
its wind-stirred tendril-fingers. I will attend to it. (*Comes  
close to the king.*)

KING: (*watching*) His honor Káshyapa must be blind, that  
he should employ her in hermitage duties.

The sage who tries to make  
this guilelessly appealing figure capable  
of enduring penance:  
surely he has set about cutting hard firewood  
with the edge of a blue water-lily petal.

SHAKÚNTALA: Anasúya, dear! I am pinioned by the bark-  
garment tightened by Priyam·vada. Please loosen it now.  
(*Anasúya loosens it.*)

PRIYAM·VADA: (*smiling*) For this you had better scold your 1.80  
own youth, which expands your breasts.

KING: Admitted, the bark-cloth is not apposite to her youth-  
ful prime, yet it does not fail to adorn her. How?

sarasijam anuviddham śevalen' âpi ramyaṃ  
 malinam api him'âṃśor lakṣma lakṣmīm tanoti.  
 iyam adhika|mano|jjñā valkalen' âpi tanvī:  
 kim iva hi madhurāṇāṃ maṇḍanaṃ n' âkr̥tīnām?

PRIYAṂVADĀ: Ṛhalā Saūntale! esā tāda|Kassabeṇa tumam via  
 saṃvaḍḍhidā alindae māhavī|ladā. pekkha ṇaṃ. kiṃ vi-  
 sumāridā de?

ŚAKUNTALĀ: Ṛatt" âbi visumarissadi. (iti tat/samīpaṃ gaccha-  
 ti.)

1.85 PRIYAṂVADĀ: Ṛhalā Saūntale! ciṭṭha idha yyeva muhuttaṃ  
 dāva baūla|rukka|samībe.

ŚAKUNTALĀ: Ṛkiṃ ti?

PRIYAṂVADĀ: Ṛtae samība|ṭṭhidāe ladā|saṇādhō via me baū-  
 la|rukkaḥo paḍibhādi.

ŚAKUNTALĀ: Ṛado kkhu Pīaṃvad' âsi.

RĀJĀ: priyam api tathyam āh' âiṣā. asyāḥ khalu

1.90 adharaḥ kisalaya|rāgaḥ  
 komala|viṭap'âṇukāriṇau bāhū  
 kusumam iva lobhanīyaṃ  
 yauvanam aṅgeṣu saṃnaddham.

ACT ONE: THE CHASE

A lotus entangled with *sháivala* weed is still  
attractive,  
the spot on the moon, though a blemish,  
sheds beauty,  
this slender maiden is most captivating even  
wearing a bark-cloth:  
For what could not serve as an adornment  
to sweet figures?

PRIYAM-VADA: Shakúntala, dear! Here in this natural verandah\* is the *mádhavi* vine raised by father Káshyapa as if it were you yourself. See to it. Or have you forgotten it?

SHAKÚNTALA: As likely as I might forget myself. (*With this she approaches it.*)

PRIYAM-VADA: Shakúntala, dear! Pause for a moment, right 1.85  
by the *bákula* tree.

SHAKÚNTALA: Why?

PRIYAM-VADA: With you standing beside it, the *bákula* tree  
seems to me as if it were embraced by a vine.

SHAKÚNTALA: That is why you are Priyam-vada (“Sweet-talker”).

KING: What she says is sweet but also true. For her

Lower lip has the hue of a sprouting tendril, 1.90  
her arms imitate tender branches.  
Youth, desirable like a flower, is primed  
in her physique.

ANASŪYĀ: ʿhalā Saūntale! iaṃ saam̐|vara|vahū saha|ārassa tae  
kida|ṇāma|heassa Vaṇa|dosiṇo ṇo|mālīā.ᵛ

ŚAKUNTALĀ: (*upagamy'āvalokya ca*) ʿhalā! ramaṇīe kāle imas-  
sa pādaba|mihuṇassa vadiaro saṃvutto. iaṃ ṇava|kusu-  
ma|jovvaṇā. aaṃ bi baddha|phaladāe uvabhoa|kkhamo  
saha|āro.ᵛ (*paśyanti tiṣṭhati.*)

PRIYAMVADĀ: ʿhalā Aṇasūe! jāṇāsi kiṃ|ṇimittam̐ Saūntalā  
Vaṇa|dosiṇam̐ adimettam̐ pekkhadi tti.ᵛ

ANASŪYĀ: ʿṇa kkhu vibhāvemi.ᵛ

1.95 PRIYAMVADĀ: ʿjadhā Vaṇa|dosiṇā aṇusadiseṇa pādabeṇa saṅ-  
gadā ṇo|mālīā, avi ṇāma evaṃ ahaṃ pi attaṇo aṇurūvaṃ  
varam̐ lahemī tti.ᵛ

ŚAKUNTALĀ: ʿeso ṇūṇam̐ de attaṇo citta|gado maṇo|radho!  
(*iti kalaśam āvarjayati.*)

RĀJĀ: api nāma kula|pater iyam a|sa|varṇa|kṣetra|sambhavā  
syāt? atha vā

asamśayaṃ kṣatra|parigraha|kṣamā  
yad evam asyām abhilāṣi me manaḥ  
satām hi saṃdeha|padeṣu vastuṣu  
pramāṇam antaḥ|karaṇa|pravṛttayah.

tath” āpi tattvata enām veditum icchāmi.

1.100 ŚAKUNTALĀ: (*bhramara|saṃpātam nāṭayati*) ʿammo! salila|  
sea|saṃbhanto ṇo|mālīam̐ ujjhia vaaṇam̐ me mahu|aro  
aṇuvaṭṭadi.ᵛ (*bhramara|bādhām̐ nirūpayati.*)



ACT ONE: THE CHASE

ANASÚYA: Shakúntala, dear! This is the *nava-málíka* jasmine, the bride who chose as her husband the mango tree named by you “Pleaser of the Forest.”

SHAKÚNTALA: (*approaching and looking*) My dear! The union of this pair of root-drinking plants has taken place at a happy time. She is youthful with fresh blossoms. The mango tree, bedecked with fruits, is ready to be enjoyed. (*Remains gazing.*)

PRIYAM-VADA: Anasúya, dear! Do you know why Shakúntala is staring at “Pleaser of the Forest” so ardently?

ANASÚYA: I cannot imagine.

PRIYAM-VADA: She’s thinking: “Just as the *nava-málíka* jasmine is united with ‘Pleaser of the Forest,’ a worthy tree, so may I too win a suitable bridegroom.” 1.95

SHAKÚNTALA: Surely that’s a wish in your own heart! (*empties her pot.*)

KING: Can it be that she is born in a caste different from the patriarch’s? Or, rather,

Doubtless she is fit to be wed by a warrior,  
since my heart desires her so.

For the good, the inclinations  
of their inner faculties  
are authoritative in matters of doubt.

Nevertheless, I wish to know the truth about her.

SHAKÚNTALA: (*acting the attack of a bee*) Ah! A bee confused 1.100  
by the sprinkling of water has left the jasmine and is now  
assailing my face. (*Mimes fending off the bee.*)

RĀJĀ: (*vilokya sa/sprham*)

cal'āpāṅgām dṛṣṭim  
 spr̥śasi bahuśo vepathumatīm  
 rahasy'ākhyāy" ūva  
 svanasi mṛdu karṇ'āntika|gataḥ  
 karau vyādhunvatyāḥ  
 pivasi rati|sarvasvam adharam  
 vayam devair maugdhyān  
 madhukara hatās tvaṃ khalu kṛtī.

ŚAKUNTALĀ: 「halā! parittāadha maṃ iminā kusuma|pāḍac-  
 careṇa ahibhūamāṇam!」

UBHE: (*vihasya*) 「ke vaam parittāṇe? Dussantaṃ ākanda! rāa|  
 rakkhidāim khu tavo|vaṇāim honti,」

1.105 RĀJĀ: avasaraḥ khalv ayaṃ mam' ātmānaṃ darśayitum.  
 (*upasṛtya*) na bhetaṃyam! na bhetaṃyam! (*ity ardh'ōkte*  
*'pavārya*) evaṃ rāj" āham iti pratijñātaṃ bhavati. bha-  
 vatu! atithi|samucit'ācāram avalambiṣye.

ŚAKUNTALĀ: (*sa/trāsam*) 「ṇa eso me purado aīdhaṭṭho vi-  
 ramadi. tā aṇṇado gamissaṃ. (*iti paṭ'āntareṇa sthitvā*  
*sa/dṛṣṭi|kṣepam*) haddhī! kadhaṃ ido bi maṃ aṇusaradi,」

RĀJĀ: (*sa/tvaram upetya*)

kaḥ Paurave vasumatīm  
 śāsati śāsitari durvinītānām  
 ayam ācaratya avinayaṃ  
 mugdhāsu tapasvi|kanyāsu?  
*sarvā rājānaṃ dṛṣṭvā kiñ cid iva sambhrāntāḥ.*

ACT ONE: THE CHASE

KING: (*gazing longingly*)

You repeatedly touch her darting eye,  
so that it quivers;  
approaching her ear you hum  
sweetly as if confiding a secret;  
and while she flails her hands you drink  
from her lower lip the treasure of love.  
I, perplexed, am foiled by the Gods,  
while you, bee, enjoy success.

SHAKÚNTALA: My friends! Protect me, I am assailed by this  
flower-bandit!

BOTH: (*laughing*) Who are we to protect you? Call for Du-  
shyánta! Penance groves are under the protection of the  
king.

KING: This is the opportunity to reveal myself. (*approach-* 1.105  
*ing*) Fear not! Fear not! (*stops in mid-sentence, aside*) Like  
this I will acknowledge that I am the king. Never mind.  
I will enjoy the welcome due a guest.

SHAKÚNTALA: (*trembling*) This bold villain will not leave me  
alone. I'll go elsewhere. (*stands behind a curtain, casting  
glances*)\* Oh, no! Why must he follow me even here?

KING: (*approaching hastily*)

Who dares harass innocent hermitage daughters,  
while the scion of Puru,  
chastiser of the wicked, rules the earth?

*Seeing the king, they are all somewhat taken aback.*



WWW.CLAYSANSKRITLIBRARY.COM

Kali-dasa's THE RECOGNITION OF SHAKÚNTALA is a play that scarcely needs introduction. Among the first works of Sanskrit literature translated into European languages, its skillful plot of thwarted love and eventual redemption has long charmed audiences around the world.

क्रे

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS  
Washington Square  
New York, NY 10003  
www.nyupress.org

ISBN 0-8147-8815-7



9 780814 788158