Background sound- ( The great ruler of India, Akbar, had nine gems in court. The nine gems were the greatest in their own fields. One of them was Tansen, a great musician. He played different types of musical notes for the king. He played raagas like, Malkaunsh, Dipak, Kedar, Malhar etc. Tansen made some innovations in Malhar Raag and created Miyamalhar Raag. One evening the king was in his court.)

Akbar:  Ustadji, play something new on your tanpura and make us happy.

Tansen: Yes, why not?

(taking his tanpura, starting the Raag Darbari. The court becomes calm and quiet.)

Akbar: (looking up, his eyes light with praise.) Wonderful! Superb! I listen to you Everyday, but this was the best.

Tansen: (bowed before the king)

Akbar: I think you have the most wonderful voice in the world!

Tansen: (with smile) Well, my lord, there is some one who sings better than I.

Akbar: Really? Then I must have him sing in my court. Can you arrange it?

Tansen: (shooking his head) I am afraid he will not come to the court.

Akbar: What! Even if he hears that king himself requests him?

Tansen: No, not even.
Akbar: Very well, Ustadji. (with a smile looking into Tansen’s eyes) If he does not come here, I shall go to him myself. Will you take me to him?

Tansen: Yes, but you do not go there as the king.

Akbar: I shall go as a humblemlover of music.

Tansen: Sant Haridas is the man. He is my guru. He lives a very simple life. He is devoted to music and to lord Krishna. He lives in Vrundavan, in a hut on the bank of river Yamuna. His disciples are Baijubawara and me.

(Tansen and Akbar reach the place, sant Haridas is busy with his daily routin.

He greets both. They request him to sing. He smiles and says.)

Sant Haridas: I am not a great musician, I sing as you sing. I left singing many days ago

So I can’t sing properly.

( Tansen tries to convince him but he could not persuade him to change his mind.)

Tansen: (starts to sing but he makes some mistakes again and again)

Sant Haridas: That’s not the right note, Tansen. What has happened to you?

( Tansen pretends not to understand. He makes the same mistakes again. Sant Haridas become angry. He takes the tanpura from Tansen’s hand. He goes on to the next and next.)

( The sweetness of his voice spreads all around. Both, the king and tansen become very happy.)

Akbar: I agree with you Tansen, sant Haridas is a greatest musician. No other musician is so great as him.
(They talk back)

Akbar: Why can’t you sing like him, Ustadji?

Tansen: (with smile) Shahenshah, I sing at your command- The command of the king of Hindustan. Guruji sings for the one who is the king of kings!