PART IV TEXTS
Central Bhili

1.  "Oloino ek raja eto/ tərə badsane pəle pərwar
ne məLə / badsae məmə wisar kəryo ke əlina
rajani sorine kəyritelawwi / badsae hui wisar
kəryo i kū he/sorani ak'ee awi jayli he
etre mara sorane ak'e b'olatu mət'i etre raja
k'əDane pəyNavine ini sorine məkli ale / dəəwaje
jayne jan pəDı / laDı pela k'əDahate pəyNı əne
wəw badsane ger awi əy / badsami bəjyer wisar
kəre ke apun ek kəLa kərjye / ek k'ailo
wat'rine ini əper godDano amlə kəryo / əsə1,
hunani sader əDaDine pela amlane huwaDı dico/
wəw ini kəne behay ne huway ni etre biji
mere re em kidu / awu im kərtə kərtə bar
məyna məkli jye/ Teke wənyanu ger etu / əne i
wənyane ek soroneto/ i wənyo ke ke badsane wəər
sore wəw kem kəre / dehdehnə lokəe wək uT'ayyo/
əlina rajane kaqəd əkyu ke badsane soron
mət'i / tərə raja wisar kərine ke ke maro
jəmay pəruNə t'ayne awe / ni əwatu wehe te
'ü now əDı p'oj line tə awyi / badsaho utor
əlayo mi / əlino raja səDyo / gajpəoj awi/
badsane rəNi wisar kəre ke apun awü hu
kərjye / bijano soronine b'əLaway mi / be
mənk'ə əb'ray jyə / peli amlawlı oyDi
There reigned a certain king in Delhi. 
Now the Badsah had no issue. It was the Badsah's problem as to how to bring home the daughter of the king of Delhi. Now I tell you what came to the mind of the Badsah. As his eyes are sore, my son has lost his sight for the while. So let the king marry his daughter to a sword and send her home. So he sent a sword.

The bride-groom's party pitched their tents at the gate. The bride was married to a sword. And so the daughter-in-law was now at the place of the Badsah.
The wife of the Badsah thought of a trick. She spread a mattress on a couch and gave a fold to it. She laid the fold to bed under a coverlet all of gold. "Dear daughter-in-law, you would not sit by or sleep with him, and so you better put up at some other place," so said the queen to the bride. Now it was twelve months past.

Nearby there was the house of a Bania. The Bania had a son. The Bania passed word among the gossips that the king, who has no son, has still a daughter-in-law going around the house. People from far and wide objected to this. People wrote to the king of Delhi that the Badsah has no son. The king, after some deliberation invited the son-in-law to be a guest of his. Or else, would I come with all my mighty troups. So the king dispatched a letter.

The Badsah could not give answer. The king of Delhi came marching. There descended his troups. Badsah and the queen, these two know not what to do. It would not be advisable to pass somebody else's son as their own. The two got nervous. The room with the fold happened to have been left open. The daughter-in-law kept wondering why her husband who was stretched on the bed, did not speak. Now how was she to open the room? She opened the cover. And ho?
from off the fold there arose a splendid God.
His beauty was beyond the view of mortal eyes.
At that very moment the daughter-in-law, on her own, went to her parents and said, "For sure, my husband has his sight lost, then why do you wrangle with my in-laws." So she said to her father. The father replied: 'Then bring him forth in my presence'. The bride immediately returned from there. Clasping the fold between her two hands, leaved it up her shoulder, came where her parents were and said, "Here see my husband." On seeing the beauty of the bridegroom, the king returned with his troops.

2

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ek pawagëDnu moTë raj etu / ina rajmë
rajane hoL ranyë eti / pawagëDna tëL
b'oyramë sor reta eta / ti roj gamDamë
malni sori këri lawta / hunë @ne rupu
@Nës sorine aNilë/ ek dëDo pasa sori
kërwa mëkLya / i rajana rajmë hoL raNyemëni
ek raNë bejiwi eti/ pela sar sori ne waTma
ek bëjy@r mëLi / i bëjy@rne sorëe hay paDi/
bëjy@r semki @y / @ne mëne kim g'iri im
pusë / tërë pela sor ke ke bon @më sor
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he / etre təne luTwa haru g'iri he / tərə
peli bəjiər ke ke ü te malikni pəri he /
rajane tə raNi b'ari he / ine soru t'awamu
he tina lek paDwa ju he / bay tū hu
ləkwani he / ite kəy məne kəbər nət'i /
tərə sor ke ke bəgwanni pərines kəbər
nət'i / ü te ju ne tə hudu dusyə kəre/
mat'ü nikoLtə OwLe at'e lek paDu / pəse
bəlu hu lək'ayu he impére / jay
etramə lək'i nakhe / kitriwa mimeType awi jahi /
@re gəy ke pasi awi / taJu tərə / @mo
əy behjye he / etre peli pəT gəy/
etrama sori t'ay / sori t'atamə jəwu
mat'ü nəklu ewi OwLe at'e lek lək'wa
məDi / lək'ine pasu b'alyu / bap pela
pəyNe pəse bijo pəyNe / ite təni salti
təy / pela soro kəne gəy / sor puswa madya
ke hū lək'i awi / peli pəri d'ire nəyne
boli ke bap pela pəyNe pəse bija hate
in'ü ləgən t'ay / im ketə ketə te peli
pəri olop t'ay gəy / pela sor tə beT'a
beT'a wisar kəre ke a wat k'oTi pəDe / potana
ba hate pəyNe / sorə e wisaryu ke rajani
sorine li jajye / sor səDya/ @ne rajani
sorine sori layya / sorine moTi kəri / moTi
jowon t'ay g'ay / a sor i per e oDe ewi
t'ay he / etre em kérjye ke hunu rupu
g@Nû he / nêwi rôkm'e kérjye etre
g@Nû / rat pôDi ne sar sor môkLyâ/ jya
semâ / lowarnû ger g'iryû / lowûne
hay pâDyo/ lowar ke ke bapji u buk'e
morto he / mari kône kôy mat'i / òmo
tone i'ûTwe. mat'i ayya / tarû kam
he etre tare awû pôDhe / tômo ko
te awû/ taro Kômda we etro li le/
d'ûmôN lidi / òt'oDi lidi / hâ Dhi
lidi / òne sipko lido / pôse sor pela
lowarne b'oyramô li jya/ tô jayne
kidû ke jetru t'ay etru a scrine
peraw / hôwa môyno g@Dt @ g@Dtô t'ayyô/
pôse ine loware kidû ke sorinû perwanû
t'ay jyu he/ pôse loware kidû ke awû
û rôja magû he / mare ger jawû he /
têrô sore kidû ke tû ja hunano
gâgôDô li ja/ mare hû kôrwû bapji /
dôDmun b'ar te he / b'ôyramô ne
b'ôyramô ryo etre gûm pôDô mat'i /
melwa swo te jôway / Kômda lido / pelô
sorôs lowmâône hunano gâgôDô tômdaDyo /
pose lowar ger jayne wisar kore he ke
bojorne perawu / rajma motu kator
padili / wany n6 hun rup sorTa sorine
li jayla / lowaren gareper perine kuwaiper
pani b'orwa gay / bojore wisar koryo,
ke @tru rupu kahu layyo wehe / raj
orbarma tahi kator ali / rajae lowarne
bolayyo / im pusyu ke @tru rupu kahu layyo /
loware rajane kidu me sor e g'adamu
aly u he / biju @ju gema pdyu he /
hwere peda te jya / jya etre pela
b'oyrem mashar sor ni mLe / sori eti/
godejye wat'ri loware sorine wataDi /
rajan men k'us tay jyu / raja melma
jato ryo / ta jayne ke ke marihate a
sori wiwani kore / apuN pusjye ter wat
tay / jayye ter kator pDe / jawa
tiyar t'aya / sor pun ger s mLi jya /
loware pusuyu me raja sori hate wiwa korwa
ke he / temaro hu wisar he / sor e kidu
ke apuN poyNawi dehu / wiwa kori dida /
jan awi gay / sorine tiyar kori / peru nui
okot t'ayu / etram piri jeb dine
awine te behi gay / pel sor ne pose
parini watm manwu pdyu /
This one is about the large state of Pawagadh. In the court, the king had sixteen wives. In a cellar within the province of Pawagadh, there lived four thieves. Everyday they set out and pillaged the neighbouring villages. Thus they had a large stock of gold and silver.

Once they were setting out on one of their raids. One of the sixteen wives of the king was with child. Those four thieves were met by a woman. The thieves waylaid her. The woman was upset and when she asked why they had waylaid her, the four thieves said, "Lady, we four are thieves, and so we have waylaid you only to rob you." Now the lady said, she was the fairy of God Almighty. The queen at the king's court is pregnant, is to bear a child, and I am on my way there. So that I may inscribe its fate. The thieves asked as to what it was she wants to write. She said she had little idea as to that. The thieves expressed surprise at the God's own fairy being incapable of this knowledge. The fairy said, 'the queen will be in labour till I reach there. Soon as the child showed its head, I will promptly write out the line of fate on it and only then could I see what is written there.
I will have it written with me by the time I reach there. The thieves said, "how much time will you take to return?" The fairy said, she would be back sooner than she went. The thieves told her, they would wait for her there only. And so she hastened to her destination, and as soon as she reached there, a child was born. And the moment the head of the girl showed itself, the fairy promptly set herself to write the fate on it. Having writ, she read: her father would be the first to marry this girl and only then will another one marry her. Promising to return, she set off and arrived where the thieves were waiting. The thieves were eager to know what she had written. The fairy nonchalantly said: "Her father would be the first to marry her, and only then will she marry her rightful groom." So saying, the fairy disappeared. The four thieves sat thinking that this was all a hoax. How on earth would her father be the first to marry. The thieves decided upon kidnapping the king's daughter herself. The thieves went forth and did likewise. They brought up the girl, she was now a maiden. When she was of an age where she would put on a woman's fineries, the thieves thought that there was enough of gold and silver. Let us have some ornaments made.
That would be enough. It was now nightfall, the four thieves went out into the city. They went to the house of the goldsmith. They got hold of the goldsmith. The gold-smith said he poor fellow was poor. He had little on him. The thieves said they were not out to rob him. We have some work for you and so you must come. The goldsmith agreed. The thieves wanted him to bring his kit along. The goldsmith took a pair of billows, hammer and a pair of tongs. The thieves took the goldsmith into their cellar. There they made him shape as many ornaments for the girl as he would. A month and a quarter was spent shaping the ornaments. At the end of it, the goldsmith told the thieves that now the ornaments were ready, he might be allowed to go.

"I would go home now." The thieves permitted him to go and to bear a slab of gold with him. The goldsmith wondered what he would do with all that gold. It weighed not less than one and half monds. "I don't know my way about, as I have been all the while been in the cellar." He gathered his kit and got the slab of gold packed up for him. On reaching home, the goldsmith thought it worth while to present his wife with ornaments. There was a big theft committed in the state. Thieves had made away with the gold and silver of the Bania.
The wife of the goldsmith decked with all the ornaments went to the well. The women-folk took to gossiping as how could he have earned all this gold? Word reached the royal court. The king had the goldsmith brought in his presence. He asked him how did goldsmith manage to get all this gold. The goldsmith returned that thieves had parted with it to him by way of wages. There was more at home. In the morning, they all went to that place. When they reached, none of the four thieves was in the cellar. The girl was there. The goldsmith seated them all, and showed the girl. The king was much pleased. He returned to his palace. He wanted to know whether the girl would be inclined to marry him. The goldsmith suggested they might inquire. It all depends. They were now ready to leave. The thieves were also in this time. The goldsmith put it to them that the king offered to marry the girl. What did they think of it? The thieves agreed to solemnize the marriage. The betrothal was announced. The party of the bride-groom arrived. The girl was readied. The marriage services started. At that moment, the fairy popped in and took her seat at the very spot. The thieves had but to believe in what the fairy said to have been writ.
ウィキウム キャラニ ソリエティ ラグ・ヤンエ キャラネ
キドウケソリネ ロブニーワ ドオ / タネ キョウ
バリム@ バリ キャラネ テロ 勝トン ヴアロ /
キャラウィクレム キドウケソリネ ユォ バジャフ カロウ /
ソリネ ラガシステム キドウケソリネ ソリエア ツァリ
バジャフ カロウ ヒュ ハウ ベリウト ハイ / タルウ
ソリヤン キドウケソリネ ワンデ キャラネ / マンブアピトゥータア
ラャパット ジョスウィリドウ ハイ / イノマバップ・アドゥ
ハイ / キュウウォイノニ サクリ カレハイ / マレテ
イン・ャン イチ / イン・ャン パヌヌ・ヒイ / ラジャ
ウィクレム ペリ ソリネ テロ イム キドウ ハイイ
キュウウォメ ムルワナ テ アト モヤナ キュウテハイ /
クワディ ウァルネ ターノ タ・ムリ ジャイヘ / イン
ジャーン ツウ ユ ムルワナ / テロ ペリ ソリ
ラガネ ケヘケユ ウフ テロ ジャーン ベルゥ ナ
イ・キム メティ・ムートア / ポセ ラジャ
ウィサール カレハイ ケ ブウレ テロ ソリネ
グミユイッ・ケ・ロウ / ソリポシ ペル・ソリン
ジャタ・ナウ / ドーハ ドーニ イラ・パル カレハイ /
アトモヤナ プラ ツオヤ / イダラマト・ペル
キュウウォ ムキュワディ ロヘネ / ラテ・クワディ キム
ハディ / ペリ ソリネ イトフルムジ グイ / イン パスユイ
ケ・カ・ジャヌイ ハイ / イュ・ヤ・アワ・イ / ペル
キドウ / ネタ・ヌヒ・アウェ / テロ・ペルリュ
kidū ke na mare awwū s he / etre tiye
hate g@y / lakDu kappa pelo jay he tewam@
pelane kuwaDi wagi / etre i b'ūy pDyo / ine
loy nikLe / pelo g@No t@p'De / gwan@
ekd@m b'ogwan ayya / peli sorjye kuworne
k'olam@ lidoto / etre i sorine b'ogwane
kidū ke kuworne k'olamaho jQT weglO K@D /
peli Kadti n@t'i / b'ogwane kidū tare
mā gwü we te māg / sorjye b'ogwan K@ne
majyū ke Doha Dohi ak'e b'alt@ t'ay jay /
ja'tay jahe / awu kadi nak / tahuD peli
sori kuworne k'olamaho K@D n@t'i / b'ogwane
ine pasū mag im kidū / b'ogwane ine kidū
ke tēNe rajpaT puN pasū alhe / tahuD peli
sori kuworne k'olamaho K@De s ni / tēN
sora alo bapji im majyū / tēr@ b'ogwane
kidū ke ja tēN sora alhe / tēr@ peli
sorjye b'ogwan ne kidū ke @re bapji tēmo
ine li j@ho ne m@ne rāDiline hi rite
sor@ t'ahē / p@se b'ogwane kidū ke ĵū
haryo ne ū jiti / jo @m@r t'øy jaho /
King Vikram had a princess. The Queen wanted the king to arrange for the marriage forthwith, and to secure the best among the kings for the match. King Vikram set about making inquiries. To his daughter, the king Vikram said, 'I am to set myself about making inquiries about your marriage. What do you have to say?' The girl said, 'I was on an outing on the hills. There did I see a prince. His parents have lost their sight. His kingdom has been usurped. And the prince takes great care of them. Fain would I marry him.' Well, then, king Vikram told the girl that the prince had only eight months more to live. He will be struck with an axe, and instantly he will die. What good will it do to you to marry him.' On this, the girl rejoined, 'I care not even if he died the moment I was in his presence.' The king thought: 'Let the girl please herself.' And then the girl married that youth. She too takes great care of the aged couple. And so the time flies. Eight months were over. The prince was sharpening his axe, quite before evening. The girl was intrigued as to why he had the axe with him. The girl immediately guessed aright. 'Where are you off?' She asked the prince. 'Let me go with you.' The young-man discarded her. But she insisted, on going with him. And so she went with him. She accompanied him as he went to cut the wood.
As he started cutting wood, the axe hit him. He sank to the ground. And blood streamed out. He was struggling for life. At the moment, God made himself manifest. The girl had the youth in her lap, and so God asked her to lay him off instantly. But she did not do likewise. God told her to ask any boon after her heat. The girl asked for the eyesight of the aged parents to be restored. It shall be so, said God. "Now set him free of your lap." And still the girl does not do as she is wanted to do. God told her to ask, once again, for the second time. God promised to restore his kingdom to him this time. And still she was not the one to comply. "Grant me three sons, O Lord," said she. On this, God said, 'I grant you three sons.' Now, the girl said, 'once you take him away from hence, how am I, a widow, to have three sons.' At this, God told her, He had to concede her victory and His defeat. Come, he shall live.

4.

m@hadew @ne gora parw@ti m@kly@ / madew waIm@ b'uk'a t@yya / madewe gora parw@tine kidu' ke 'u b'uk'o t@yo /
Mahadev and Parwati were taking a stroll. Mahadev got lost his way. Mahadev complained to Parwati that in truth he was hungry. At this, radiant Parwati told Mahadev, 'There is a field of bajra.' So Mahadev turned his steps towards that field full of...
stalks of bajra. He requested the farmer to part with a few stalks, for he was hungry. Now, the proprietor of that field said, 'I am not sweating so that you may fatten yourself. Get away from here. Or else you will earn a slap or two.' Mahadev turned his steps back. He told Parwati that he had been turned away. Parwati was lost in thought for a while, and then brought forth a horse. And then she came out with a sergeant who will ride it. And also a sepoy. And the Parwati enjoined Mahadev to set forth again. Now the whole of that party reached the field of that proprietor. And asked for a few stalks of bajra. The proprietor cooked a few stalks for them and made a parcel of them in a bag. Taking this with them, they returned to Parwati. On that occasion Parwati thought that it won't do to go without the police. Ever since, the police have come into existence.
@ne hādyū te awine b'elo tjay /
raja ayyo / tā pela madila somarne
jomDa lewa ayya / somarno jiw gb'r'ayo
etre raja g'agryo / ina t'oDak daDa
t'oya pøse raNina piyormaa homisar
ayya ke raNino ba maəo he / etre
rajani hahrimā k'@bɔr kaDwa awjo /
t'r̢ raja keidū ke sala / pela
raja @ne bia b'eda t@ raNina
bani k'@bɔr kerwa jya / tā rajana
hahrane jomDa lewa awila / pela
rajano jiw gb'r'ay / i rajano jiw
gb'rato b'aline pelo raja @hyo /
a peli raNi b'ali @y / t'r̢ rani
ke ke pelo somar mɔri jyo t'r̢
to təmo g'agrya @ne @y te təmo
@hya / inu hu karəN / i təmo məne
ke / t'r̢ raja raNine ke he ke
jo i təne u ki dü te ü tərət
mɔri jü / etre ü təne i kewano
ət'i / raNye jəkəD ḥadi / t'r̢ raja
wisar kerine pela raNine kidū ke apDe
ger jayne kehe / pøse ger jyö / rani
rajane ke ke peli wat ki do / t'r̢
ger puN pela raja ke raNine kidū ke i
wat  ü têne iy@ ni ku puN kasim®
têne ku / rajani b@di pøj kasim® jawaharu
m@kli / moT® dugor@m® sali saline jy@ /
t® wa1m® ek w@dlo ayyo / w@Danis®
äpor g@lyo / i w@dla nis® ek kuwo eto/
rajanı te h u niÁr awe / ite huto huto
b’aLe / bokDo ne bokDi be bit’il® / t®r®
t’odik warm® bokDi ut’i / pela kuwani
d’eDiper moTa moTa k’oDna wela t@tule/peli
bokDi ‘udi’ p@Dine i k’oDna wela lewa
g@y / t®r® bokDine t® p@Di jay ewu
lajyu / bokDi tähi pasi awine bokDane
ke he ke pela kuwani d’eDiper k’oDna
wela t@tule he i kaDi alo / t®r® bokDe
bokDine kid’u ke i te pelo w@dla nis® i
raja kasim@ m@rwaharu jay/ t’u m@ri jahe
te mare te tari tari jiwi g’@N
bok@djyè m@Lhe / puN a rajane raNino
kal p@dyo he / i hab@line pelo raja ke ke
wat te b@rub@r / t@t®t ini p@ojne ui@m
k@ryo / ut’o / peli raNi ke ke ká ja / ger
jajye / t@r i raNi ke ke t@mo te kasim®
jawu im ketata/ t®r® raNine raja ke
he ke kasim® jajye @neu m@ri j’u etre
mari p’oj mari w@E@r r@Dili t’ay / etre
ine wa1m® lüti le / etre i wat awu
têne ger jayne kehe / t®r® b@d® ger jy®/
There was a king. In his capital, there lived a shoemaker. The shoemaker was taken seriously ill one day. On his death-bed he thought to have his Majesty the king informed. After all these days, spent in making and mending shoes, he would do well to pay at least a royal visit. The
king approached. Here the messengers of Death had arrived to fetch the stricken shoemaker. The shoemaker was struggling for life. So the king was moved to tears. He came home. After some days there came word from the Queen's people that the father of the queen was seriously ill. So the king and queen might go visit him. The king immediately offered to set out. So the king and the queen all went to pay a visit to the queen's father. Here the messengers had just arrived to fetch the father-in-law of the king. The king was struggling for breath. Seeing him struggle for breath, the king smiled. Now the queen marked this. The queen contended that when the shoemaker died, you had shed tears, while here, I see you smiling. Tell me the wherefor of this. Now the king replied that if he were to tell her the truth, he would die that very instant. So I won't tell you. The queen insisted. So, after giving some thought to it, the king told the queen that he would tell once they were back home. Once again home, the queen pressed the king to come out with the truth. This time the king said he would tell the truth not there and then but only in Benares. The whole of the party of the king started for Benares. They went across mountains. On their way was a Banyan tree.
They were having their siesta under that tree. Near the tree was a well. The king stretched himself on the parapet of the well, beneath the banyan tree. Little was he disposed to sleep. As he lay there, he saw a goat and a she-goat resting there. After a while the she-goat took to her feet. Going to the edge of the well, she strained to bite at the long creepers there hanging down the well. And so she wanted to have a mouthful of it. She was afraid of tilting over into the well, and so she returned to where the he-goat was, and asked him to go and get for her some of those creepers suspended from the edge. The he-goat retorted that it was that her king now lying under the banyan tree was going to his death in Benares. He, the goat himself, was not one to die. If you (she-goat) died, he would not be short of her likes. It was the king's (and the queen's) days were numbered, not his. On hearing this, the king came to. Immediately, he alerted his troops. The queen questioned as to whither was he leaving for. The king said, "Home". The queen showed surprise for, in fact he was heading for Benares. The king said if he were to go to Benares and he died there, his troops would be widowed, and they would be overpowered on the way.
So I would tell you only after we are once again back home. So they returned. They reached home, refreshed themselves. And then the queen returned to the subject. Now the king said, 'wait, let us first have drinks served. I will tell you.' The king took drinks and asked the queen to stand forth in the middle of the court. The king had a mettlesome steed kept ready. Then he took a thorny whip in hand. He mounted the steed and flogged the queen in good measure. He whipped the queen so, there flowed streams of blood. And then the queen supplicated to the king, promising him never to return to that matter.

That is that then.

Bajri does take a good deal of thrashing and so does a woman.
মেসর মরি জ্যো / জংদা ইনে লাইন জাতা এতা
টর@ গ্যামন মেসার পাসু লাইন নাহে ব'ল্যু /
টর@ জংদা পুস্যু কে পাসু লাইন হু ব'লে
হে / টর@ পেলা গ্যামনা মেসার জংদানে কিযু
কে মারা সরানে মোমও দিও নিবা করেঁও জাতা এতাদে
লাইন নাহে পাস রুপ্যা দালিলা
টি রি জ্যা / ই মারিহু কেয়ায়ু নি / জংদা ইনে
কিযু কে কি দেউ এতু নে / ইনে জংদা ক'য়
পাসা জাতা ডে / জংদা কিযু কে পেন গিরুনু
ক'তর ছয় হে / ইমো তু কিম কিম সালে /
গ্যামনা মেসার ইনা ব'আঁজী স্মটানু দ'রেম
কোরিলু / ডারানু গ্রোন ত'যু টর@ / ই পেরী
নাল্যো / অনে তি গিরু বাজিয়া নে / জংদা কিযু কে
পেন এক রোদি ছয় হে / ই তু হু করেঁও উটরই /
গ্যামনা কিযু কে সাদ বাবু গ্রো টর@ রোদি ন্যানে
জয়নে কোপিলা দাহিনু দ'রেম কর'যুতু / ই কোপিলা
দাহিতে বোদিনি দ'ও আই / পুস্যু হায়নে বোদি
উত্রি জ্যো / পোস্তে জম কে হে কে পেন বোল্টো
ত'আম্বলো ছয় হে ইনে হাট দায় মোল্লু পার্টো /
ই ত'আম্বলো বার গ্যান হুদো তে হেক লাগে হে /
গ্যামনে
t'প্যাদু ওদাদিলু ই t'প্যাদু জে পার আইনে
pড্যু / a t'প্যাদু কোনু হে / গ্যামনা কিযু মারু
হে মে ব'আঁজী ওডাড্যু এতু / জংদা কিযু কে
কে কি কাডে মেলিনে ত'আম্বলনে হাট দায় হো
মোল / কাডে মেলিনে মোল্যো / ইনে ত্যা আম্বলো তাদোহিম
There was a Bhil of the Damor family.

He was a native of Vangat. His name was Gammo.
There was another chamar (dealer-in-hides) named Gamno again like him. He too lived in the same place. This Gamno chamar died. When this Gamno chamar was led by messengers of death he looked backward. The messengers told him what it was he was looking for. At this chamar replied that he left some rupees in a pot at the farm called Mormaudy in order to arrange for the marriage of his son. Now he had secreted some twenty-five rupees in an earth-pot for the purpose, and he had forgotten to hand them over. The messenger wished he had disposed of that.

In no case would the messengers of Death allow him to return. The Messenger asked him how he would cross the field full of brambles that lay before. Now Gamno chamar had parted with a pair of shoes by way of alms to his sister's son at the time of the sun-eclipse. He could set off with these on. So the brambles did not hurt him. The messenger asked him how he would cross the river that lay before. Gamno came out with the reply that he had parted with a cow on the bank of a river at the time of the lunar-eclipse. The same cow now was there and clinging to her tail he could safely cross the river. Then the messenger spoke of a burning pillar that lay ahead. One had to throw one's arms around it seven times.
Its heat could burn till twelve miles around. Garnno had parted with a dhoti for his sister's son. The dhoti dropped from off the branch of a tree. "Whose dhoti is it?" Was the Messenger's query. "It's mine for it was the one I had given to my sister's son," said Garnno. With that on, he embraced the burning-pillar seven times. The pillar was but cool, for him. He was then led to the Heavenly court. There he chanced to meet his uncle who had died. Garnno asked after his well-being. The uncle had a seythe in his hand. The uncle said that he was busy cutting sheaves. Another one came up and hurried away with the uncle. God then called for the roll, and inquired of the Messenger whether they fetched hither Garnno chamor or Damor? Indeed, this particular chamor had fifteen years more of life yet. Take him back hence. God asked chamor whether there was anything he wanted to have a look at. There were buckets full of ghee and milk with kids having their fill out of these. And there were thieves and even witches hanging heads down from branches of trees. God gave him beans of iron and ordered the Messengers to bring Damor forth-with. The Messengers wondered how they would be able to fetch him if in the meanwhile it were day break already.
God suggests that they should overwhelm him in the guise of serpents at the time he went to look after his poultry in the morning. The next day the other one got up as if it had all been only a dream. Here was he bedecked with all the fineries for indeed he was to have been taken away for cremation. Immediately he forbade them, told them the whole story, and rounded-off with the words, "Great are the blessings to be had from the giving of gifts to a sister's son".
This is a tale of the days of yore. There was an aged couple in a village. They were both blind. They had a son. His name was Sravana. The son took great care of them. But the aged parents had set their hearts on going on a pilgrimage. Sravana now thought of taking them on a pilgrimage. He prepared a wooden palanquin and had them seated in it. So he set off. He would beg from door to door, and so sustain them with food and drink, and stopped at even-fall in the village on the way. And so he proceeded further. They came to a river. His parents were very thirsty. He took a jar and set out to fetch water.
The king was there on a hunting-trip. He shot him with an arrow. The son died on the spot. His last words to the king were "My parents are blind. Please take some water to them".

The king brought water to the parents. And the parents, having been told of the whole story, cursed him, "Just as we are yearning for our son, so you too may die." Such indeed should be all sons.
Up in the mountains there lived a fox and a camel, both friends. The fox went off to look for his meals every-day. Back home, he would list for the camel all the fine things he had feasted on—beans, sugar cane and so on. Once the camel had a mind to have something for himself too. He accompanied the fox. They set off to go to the fields of sugar cane. They reached the fields on the opposite bank of the river. The fox and the camel started eating. The fox had the habit of barking aloud, whenever he feasted on anything. But the camel would not take to his heels. The owner of the fields would come on the scene to break every bone in the body.
The fox started barking and the owner beat up the camel black and blue. The fox escaped through the opening in the fence. Both met at the river bank. The river was in full spate. The fox would not step into it. The camel had it seated on its back. Right in the middle of the river, the camel said he had a mind to squat in the waters. The fox protested he should not or else he would be drowned. The camel said if he, the fox, could not help braying for sure he could not help squatting. The fox dropped off into the water and was drowned. As you will sow, so shall you reap.
ek raja @to / d'@n milkat mal g'@No /
k'@yk daDahu wisar k@re he ke hü k@rwü /
ine w@hemor k@y n@y / ina rajmē ek bamun 
@to / daDu daDu sewN@N uTe @ne bamunN@ jiw 
k'ay / teme b'ik magwa m@he j@ta / nan nan
sor@ n@y@ / hü k@waDi jiwDaN@ / ek daDo 
bamun wello uTjyo / be syar ger p@rjyo t@re
pali kodri t'ajyi / waTe awt@ awt@ h@pno
rap@o dekwan@ awjyo / tare bamuNe jaNy@u
ke hawani giDi he / hay ne k'ësy@ t@r h@p
r@kLy@ / bamuNe em wisar k@ri d@Dyo ke kotLaN@
gali l@y j@ / ti ger mel d@yn@ beme ger behi  
rahe / daD daDu t'@kwe he te kotLaN@ at galhe 
he h@p soThe te m@ri jhe / t@re maro pello
suT@ jay / %'@Dik war t'ajyi ne bëhirjye kotLaN@
jojyu / m@y hunani iT nïhirjyi / t@r peli bëhirjye
wisar k@ri d@Dyo ke aj te hunani iT lawj@ he /
ja ne soRa tar dadane hadywje / doDto doDto
soro hadwa g@jyo / dada hiDo me ay hade he / tu 
ja / m@ b'ag pine awuh@ / ek g'@NTo war
t'ajyi / te l@g@N ni awjyo / t@re w@N@ bëhirjye
wisar k@ri d@Dyo ke w@nya bamuN te kûne ne lye
There lived a king. His treasures were full. But he had no issue. Amongst his subjects, was a brahmin. Every morning, the Brahmin's wife plagues him to go and win some alms. Else what was there to feed the young-ones? One morning, the Brahmin got up early and begged for alms at a number of places. All that he could recure was a bowl of rice. On his way back he chanced upon a snake-pit.
The brahmin thought it was a toy-hammer (hockey) to play with. On pulling it out, it turned out to be a snake. The Brahmin had a mind to put it in a bag and to take it home with him. My wife, who keeps plaguing me day after day will place her hand in the bag only to be bitten by the snake. And that will be the end of it. He arrived home, doing accordingly. After a while, the woman rummaged the bag to find a brick of gold in it. What a wonder, she thought, he has brought back a brick of gold!

"Go, fetch your father," she told her son. "Pa, my mother wants you," so he conveyed. "Go ahead, let me have a puff and I came," said his father. When he did not appear for over an hour, the woman argued here thing is hardly meant for a Brahmin or Bania. Let me hurry straight to the king's place. The king will for sure reward me with a gift. She went to the king's place. Seeing a thing of gold, he said, "How came, you have this?" She said, "I do not know." The king said, "well, then who brought it?" The king said, "here, give it to me." The king wrapped it in a cloth twice over, and put it in a box. And told the woman, "For an hour from now on, my coffer is laid open for you. Carry away from hence as much as you can."
The Brahmini produced a basket from somewhere and did a turn or two. There, at home, there was now a veritable heap of money. She forthwith set herself cooking all the dainty delicacies she could. And, well, then she went and coaxed her husband to go home and dine. The Brahmin went home and was happy ever after.
Coru / sone parwati be meraat / awa k'awa ninerjy / wano im ke kejiw aw / jiw aw / parwatin ke sone padiy / parwati ke madewji meraat lokmo / jiw aw jiw aw kore ine jiw alwo / tor madewji ke ke jiwadi diy / im kete k'awat / wano jiw walyo / im korte korte be gonta pura tajya / tor tonmo huto ne syarimo utyo / tor pelo beto beto wisar kore he ke am syar jona / / to d'gli gadi gajyo / beme perawy / brick / tonmo jiw alyo / tor mu hü coru / tore mu atu kaslo perawi du / im korine kaslo perawa hidjyo lowarne ger / loware kaslo perawja / kaslo perawine paso awjyo / im korte korte ine be gonta pura tajya / hawermann syare jone bhiri bali / tor pelo ke ke mari bhiri / bemo ke mari bhiri / syare jone bari jegdo tajyo / syare jona nya korawna hidjya / ek watmadudu hidtu tu / tore wano syar jone em pusu ke enare jegdo posyo he ke a bhiri kin / tor pele pelkane pusu ke te hü kam kidu /
There were four brothers. It was now night-fall and still they were tramping. They sat beneath a tree. And fell to thinking, let one of us may awake and the other three sleep. The three went to sleep. The one who was up sat wondering how best to while away these two hours.
Let me do something. As he sat there he carved out a stone doll. This saw him at the end of his two hours' vigil, and so he took to bed. The next one got up. He too wondered to how best he would spend his time. Let me deck it with a dress. And so he did through the two hours time. So the second went to sleep, and the third one took over. The third one also wonders, how best to employ himself for the two hours. What shall I turn too? Let me gift it with speech. It so happened that Lord Shankar and Lady Parwati chased a stroll at very moment in the nether regions. There chatting aloud was that fellow: "come life, come life." The call was heard by Parwati. She said to Lord Shiv, "My Lord, the prayer for life of that man from the Mrityu-lok, must be assured with life for sure. So Mahadevji said, "well, then, let us grant the breath of life." Instantly life stirred in her. In the meanwhile this one's vigil was over. Now the third one went to bed and the fourth got up. The fourth one set thinking that we were four. Now the first one carved out a doll. The second one dressed her. The third one gave life to it. What is it I can do? Let me deck her with bangles on her wrists, so thinking he set off for the goldsmith's to fetch the bangles.
Having bestowed the bangles on her wrists, he returned. It was now two hours since. In the morning all the four saw the lady. Now the first one said, "this lady is mine." The second one said, "this lady is mine." Third one said, "this lady is mine," so the four fell to quarreling. All the four went out in search of an arbitrator. There was passing by a traveller. All the four put the question to him, "to whom does this lady belong?" So the traveller asked the first one, "what was it you did?" The first one replied, "I fashioned a doll." The second one when asked, said, He had clothed her. The third one when asked, said, he breathed life into her. The fourth one when asked said, "I took her to the goldsmith's and presented her with bangles." Now the traveller asked all the four, "Did you agree to what I say?" Now all the four say, "we will." Now the traveller said, "when you insist on it, I say this to you. The one presented her with bangles is indeed her husband." All the three said, "All right. We can not have any claims on this lady. We just spent the two hours." And so the lady was left to the fourth one and they were happy ever-after.
ek p@Tel @to / ene ek@s sorı @ti /
țøre ene manihü p@NNawi didi @ti / so
hat aT wørh© t'ajy© / țøre p@se p@Tele
wisar kido ke mari sorıne manihü p@NNawi
didi he / j@may kere m@he awto / ek daDano
Tem @to / D'ahmate ol s@Dawili ne k'etre
jyo / D'ah mate ol utarjyu @ne p@se
jot@rjyu / p@se akwa m@Djyo / țør ewo ek
ț@g sel s@blyo waTе jato @to / țør
sele@blye em kejyu ke p@Telbaba ram ram/
țøre p@Tele em kejyu ke ger jo ger /ț@mar
hahu hawti he / țør k@y l@y j@wanu he ke
ger / em pusyu / lyo țøre rah li jo / law
țøre rahne / i h@Djyo / h@Djyo țøre gammë
jyo / p@Telnu© ger ky© he / țøre ek j@Ne
b@Lyu / țøre w@No p@DaLe jayne beT'o/
germai hahu nen@rjyi / p@daro j@maya /
țøre j@may ke ke h@w / w@No j@may ke ke
mare hahre em kejyu he ke ț@mar hahujine
em kejo ke g@Du D'aha mal milkët @ne sorıne
l@yne @ban@bbër țım jata rejo / h@w țør
j@maya l@y jo / g@Du jotrıne mal milkët
l@yne sorıne behaDıne T'@g j@to r@jyo /
ț'dik war t'ajyı / golasuk daDо @to / p@Tel
ger gɔjiyo / tɔr e wɔNe em pusyu sori kyə he / tɔr e wɔN boli ke tɔme s te kejyu ətu te wɔNo sori əyne jəto rɔjiyo /
OROR / t e jəlal kər i dɔDJyi / Təg te apDane T'gine jəto rɔjiyo / pela pəTele g'ɔDo pɔlɔNyə / g'ɔDamate bəhine d'əməd'əmawjyo /
Tər wɔNe gəDu aktə ləbi p'et ejoju /
wɔNane k'ərər pəDi gəjyi / sorine ke ke taro ba g'ɔDo alwa awe he / le tıy gəDu əkje / mu g'ɔDo ləy awu / təre pelo rərə
samino weh əyne beTə ne ke ke jo ho /
pəTel ke ke T'əg mari sorine T'gine əy jay he / ene lewa jə u hu / tər təmarehə g'ɔDo aktə məne awe / təm əNa səNane rəkwale bihi ro / mu ləy awu / wɔNo g'ɔDo əyne jəto rɔjiyo / əyne ke ke jo taro ba əp g'ɔDo alwa awto ətə / t e mu ləy awjyo / t'əDik war t'ajyi ne pelo səNano gerd'əNi awjyo /
wɔNe pusyu ke kem beTə ho / k'etər te maru he / pəTele kejyu ke k'etərno gerd'əNi mari sorine lewa jyo he / wɔNe kədu jata ro jata ro / T'əg te T'gine jəto rɔjiyo / pəTele kədu ke OROR jəlal t'ajyi / pəTel at məNLine ger əjyo / pelo T'əg ger jayne bələyo ke ayya μu te bəhiri lawjyo / əsəl biTa əsəl /
pəse təN jəNe k'adu pido ne raj kədu /
There was one Patel—a proprietor. He had an only daughter. He got her married when she was hardly seven or eight years old. It occurred to this Patel that although his daughter has been married so young, the day has never dawned when the son-in-law had visited his place. And so it came to pass, that one day he left for his farm, having learmed his oxen with the plough. He took the plough from off the back of the ox and set himself to till the field. A thug dressed a la mode, happened to be passing by at that moment. He greeted patel, "Ram Ram". Now Patel took him to be none else but his son-in-law. He said to the thug, "come, hurry-home. Your mother-in-law is indeed expecting you." That one inquired whether there was anything he could carry to his place with him. Patel had a rope for him to carry. He, the thug, set forth with the rope. He reached the place and asked to be shown to Patel's house. Some one pointed it to him. He went in and sat in the parlour. The mother-in-law appeared from inside the house. She too mistook him for her son-in-law." Welcome, my son-in-law," she said. "well, here I am," he replied. "My father-in-law has wanted me to bid you allow me to start-off with the cart, and the oxen and all the belongings and the daughter the moment I reached here."
"Well then, go off with it all," was the mother-in-law's reply. So having tied the cart, putting all the belongings on to it, and, indeed having seated the daughter on top of it, the thug went his way. At evenfall the Patel returned home. "Where has gone my daughter?" he asked. Her reply was, "It was at your word that the fellow had made off with the daughter and the rest." The Patel realized all in a mess. The thug has indeed been true to his name. He has cheated us and made away with it. The Patel jumped to the horse. He galloped all the way. Now the thug with his long-sight could see him approaching. He got wind. He so put it to the daughter, "Here is your father came to leave the steed with us too. Come, hold the reins, while I go relieve him of his steed." He had himself posted there in the guise of a mendicant or saint. As the Patel was passing along, he engaged him with the question "where to are you going?" "My daughter has been kidnapped by the thug and I am off to bring her back," said the Patel. At this, the thug suggested it was not for him to run around after thugs and such like, better leave it to him, i.e. to the thug. You please wait here looking after this field of beans. While I will go bring her back all safe and sound." And so the thug made away with the steed too. To the daughter, he said,
"Look, here was your father putting himself to trouble bringing the steed all the way for us. I took it off his hands and brought it here instead. " After a while it was the turn of the real owner of the beans-field to appear. " Patel, what should make you set up your vigil here of all places? " The piece of land is certainly mine. " The owner of this piece of land has betook himself to go looking for my daughter, was the only answer Patel had to offer. At this, the other fellow asked him that certainly he was cheated by a thug. " Oh Lord. It's all a mess again, " Patel realized in a flash. There he was, poor fellow, but wringing his hands. The thug on the other hand, went home to greet his mother with good news. " Mama. I have won a wife, " were his very first words. " Well done, my son, well done, " said mother. And the three were happy ever after.

4

ek soro @to/ ine ek ay @ti/ soro p@rdes k@mawa jyo/ @ne ay s@Nana k'et@m'e r@kwali k@re/ hat aT m@yne awjyo/ soro ke ay tarehü duk he/ mare
g'omu duk he / mū səNane rəkwale jəu
tə'y te syar wədəra məy peda pəDi jəyə
he / təN wədəra hay re qne ek k'ay /
maru i duk he / etre soro wisar kərine
ke ke ay təmarə ləbrə məne alo /
qne marə sətərə təm lo / ek daDo soro
səku ləyne k'etərmə gəjyo / wədəra sorane
hawa jya / etre soro ek wədəro daDjyo
kapi lido / etre syar wədəre wisar kido
ke Dohino soro məri jay te apDe her her
gina laDga mađewne səDawa jəhə / sorane
k'əbər pəDyi ke wədəre manta lidi he /
etre Dohine kəy gəjyo ke ayya tu tələwe
jilwa roti roti jaje / maro soro məri
gəjyo im hərti kərti jaje / wədəro ne k'ətər
pəDi gəjyi ke Dohino soro məri gəjyo /
təre həDo b'ayya / apDe həgələ jayye /
laDga səDawa jə / təre s manta puri
təy / tərə həDo mađewe jə / pəsi Dohino
soro wisar kərine əT ləyne həgələne kuTwə
gəjyo / wədəra laDgahaDga səb tiyar kərine
awi gəjya / mađewji qne awine həgələ b'ay
wisar kəre ke ek b'ay kəDo he / i pehi
ne həke / kəDı murti baNNe meli didi
ne təN murti laDga səDawa məy gəjyi / tər

//
There lived a boy. He had a mother.
The boy went to foreign lands to earn and the mother stayed at home to look after beans-field. After seven or eight months the boy returned. Seeing the mother so thin and lean, he asked "What ails you, mother?" "There is so much ails me. When I go to look after the beans field I find them infested with four monkeys. Three of them bind me fast while the fourth one eats up everything. This is what makes me miserable." The boy gave thought to it for awhile and said, "Mother, let us exchange our dresses." One day the boy left for the field with a knife. As the monkeys offer to hold him fast the boy cut off the tail of one of them. So the four monkeys thought, if the old dame's son were to die in sooth we would go and offer sweet-balls to Mahadev each of a pound of ghee. The boy came to know that the monkeys had a so sworn.
So he left word with the mother for her to go to the pond for a bath all weeping, wailing: "My son is dead." The monkeys came to know that the old dame's son had dies, "come then brethren let us go and offer sweet-balls. Only then will our oath be fullfilled. So let us go to the Mahadev's temple. There after the old dame's son set out with a stick to beat them all. The monkeys arrived with the sweet-balls ready. Having reached there all the brethren were of the mind that as one of them was mutilated he could not enter. Having left the tail-less one outside, the three went in to offer the sweet-balls. Now the son of the old dame had himself hide inside with the stick. The monkeys did not know it. As the three made to offer the sweet-balls, that boy fell to with the stick. The one who was left outside for he had no tail, well, he started laughing. The tail-less one is dancing outside while in the temple itself there is hustle and bustle.
kəri alje / peljye welli uTine syar
ladga kəri alya / sor uTjyo ne hiiDjyo /
tər ek kuwo awjyo / kuwamate bihine ke
he ke ek k'əu ke be k'əu ke təN
k'əu ke syar k'əu / tər eəNa kuwmə
syar b'ut retətə / te həbLi jyə /
te ke ke e b'ay / om k'a rəke / təy
ek eəN ałə / təne ek bakri ałə
hə / ger ləy jəyne garhar kərəine pəse
kər kər bakri huneki liDi em keje
ətre hunani liDi t'ahi / i wesi wesine
tu k'aje / wəNo bakrine ləyne paso awjyo/
wəTe awto kəlalne ger wəLyo / wyə hərano
t'eko əto / puse kəhü awe he b'ay / ke
b'ute məy bakri ali he / te hü kejyu
he / ger jayne garhar kərəine kər kər
bakri hunani liDi em b'ute kejyu he /
lo tər təmne roTo alu / k'ayne huy jo /
pəse huwaDi dəyne kəlalNe garhar kərəine
kər kər bakri hunani liDi em kejyu /
bakri liDi kərwa məDi / ek hüDlo
liDi t'ay pəDjyi / eəltənkə pelo b'ilb'ay
uTjyo tər bakri ləyne hiiDwa məDjyo / ger
ləy jəyne bəhirine ke ke aj to k'əru
s lawjyo hü / bəhirjye kejyu ke təm s.
te lawho ne / rose pele garhar k'rine
wosowos ubi rakine kejyu k'er k'er bakri
hunani lidi / m'mor hol w@t k'ay
dijyu / lidi k'ay na t'ajyi / rose
b@hiri ke he ke t@m h@da d@du bakru
lawo ho / k'ay lawta s m'he / tu welli
ulje / m'ay syar l@dga bija k'ri alje /
beme daDa syar l@dga b@dine g@jyo /
@na s kuwamate jayne ke ke ek k'@u
ke be k'@u ke t@N k'@u ke syare
k'@u / @Tl@m'e pelo b'u bolyo / ke e
b'ay / @me k'a r@ke / le t@ya toDi
al@ / kini ger w@le r@ke / ger jayne
em k'@rje ke garhar k'rine toDi udi
paDine hunerupeke l@dga b@N jaw em
keje / t@r hunarupana l@dga t'ay j@he/
em k'rine toDi l@yne paso p'@rjyo / t@re
waTe awte w@Na s k@lalne ger w@lyo /
keh'u awe b'ilb'ay / keh'u y ne / aj te
toDi aljyi he te hü hü kejyu he /
pelo ke ke keni ger w@le r@ke / te
p@N hü hü kejyu he / gar har k'rine
toDi udi paDine hunarupaka l@dga
b@N jaw / to hunarupana l@dga t'ay
j@ne im kejyu he / te h@w lyc t@re
t@mone roTo @ne b'aji alu te k'ayne huy jo / roTo b'aji k'@waDine pelo huwaDi dido / t°Dikwar t'ajyi ne peljye garhar k@rine toDi üdi paDine Ùse kejyu ke hunarupana t@Dga b@N jaw / t@Dga t'ay jya / b@si jewo b'il uTjyo tewo toDi l@yne hDwa m@Djyo / ger jayne ke he ke aj to b@hiri t@Dga t'ay ewu m@wu lawjyo hü / t@r b@hiri ke he t@m s te lawho ne / pelae gar k@rine toDi üdi paDine Ùse kejyu ke hunarupana t@Dga b@N jaw / k@y t@Dga hadga t'ajya n@y / pele toDi hoDi p'oDi nakjyi / Ùse ke aj to b@hiri we'lli uTjye/ syar t@Dga k@ri a@lje / t@r w@Na s kuwamate jayne ke he ke ek k@û ke be k@û ke t@N k@û ke syare k@û / e b'ay / tu daDu daDu @m@ne k'ay 1 te b@Ne s n@y / t@y el@N al@ h@ / tu kene ger w@le r@ke / wy@hu h@Djyo / w@Na s k@lalne ger awjyo / kehû awe b'ilb'ay / aj te a t'âli alyi he / te hû kejyû he / ger jayne gar k@rine t'âli meline g@N Nu D'âkine b@si em keje tetri b'o@n @ne b@tri haNN@ b@Ni jo/
em ketem t'ay j@he / em kejyu he /
t@ ke h@w lyo t@re t@me roTo alu /
k'ayne daruharu pine huy ro/ p@se pelo
huto / p@si peli k@laleNe gar k@rine
@NNu D'akine kejyu / tetri b'o@jon
@etri haNN@ t'ay jo / em ketam@ t'ay
ji@ / p@se peli k@laleNe biji t'ali
kadine b'ilne kejyu ke lyo b'ilb'ay
t@mari t'ali / b'il uTjyo / l@yne h@Nwa
m@DJyo / ger jayne p@se ke he ke
@hiri apDe kerey k'awanu k@mmu s n@he
p@De / t@re b@hirjye kejyu ke t@m s
te k'@ho ne / p@se gar k@rine t'ali
meline @NNu D'akine p@se kejyu ke
@etri b'o@jon tetri haNN@ t'ay jo /
k'@y t'ajyu n@y / t@r pele eni b@hirine
kejyu ke aj to m@y syar laDga j@rur
k@ri al / p@si syar laDga k@ri alya / wello
h@DJyo / w@Na s kuwamate jayne ke he ke ek
k'@u ke be k'@u ke t@N k'@u ke
syare k'@u / e b'ilb'ay / @me t@re ke k'a/
aj to t@y k'@ru s el@N al@ / alo t@re /
el@N l@yne h@DJyo h@DJyo t@ri w@Ni s
k@laleNe ger w@Lyo / keh@ w@o b'ilb'ay /
aj h@ alyu he / aj te k@y n@y alyu /
g'eN alyo he / h@ h@ kejyu he / em kejyu

./.
he ke jene mënë bye ke jene 
guno kido uge ene pëD / lyo təy a roTo 
ne b'aji alu / te k'ayne huy ro / t'odikwar 
t'ajyi One poše peli këlaleN Dohjye 
kejyu ke jene guno kido uge ene pëDje/ 
te gëTo uTjyo / Dohina munKamë ne 
munKamë lajyö / e b'ilb'ay uT / tari 
bakri lëy ja / tari toDi lëy ja / tari 
t'ali lëy ja / ne taro gëTo këmbaLje / 
b'ilb'aye uTine kejyu ke ewe bënd t'ay 
ja / poše wyëhë hiDjyo / gëTo gëjyo / 
pëse toDina laDga t'awana ota im 
t'ajya / salë lëDi kërti t'ay gëy / 
t'aliMë bëtri b'oën tetri naNNë t'awa 
mëDjyë / poše wëNe mel mëDwanu hëru 
kërjyu / mëjurjyane ale lëDi One këNyane 
ale laDgo / em kërine t'odak mëynë puTe 
mel tyar t'ay gëjyo / rajane One mare 
ek diwo t'awo juje / pele raje wisar kido 
ke ine mel paDë diDëwo juje / One ine mari 
s diDëwo juje / tare lak lawine ine mel 
bali dyaljo / poše rajane One ine gëDo 
t'awa mëDjyo / këyk p'oj swi / poše 
pele kidë ja gëTa / gëTo jayne 
p'ojdarne s lage / te p'ojdar mëri gëjyo/
There was a family of four thieves.

The wife was given to touting, "You earn little. You have no guts. How am I to keep body and soul together?" At this, one of the thieves asked her to provide him with sweet-balls. She set herself preparing the sweet-balls very early in the morning. The thief got up and started off. He came to a well. Sitting on the parapet of the well, he said, "How many shall I eat— one or two or three?" Now there were four ghosts living in the same well. They overheard him. They protested, "Don't you eat us up. And we'll give you a reward. Come, here is a she-goat we give you. Take her home. Clean the floor. And then say, "come she-goat, let me have turds of gold." And you will have golden turds. You sell them and so be rewarded. The fellow set off with the she-goat. He stopped for a while on the way. There was liquor bar.
The barkeeper asked, "where from have you come?" "Sir, indeed ghosts have given me a she-goat." He said "what have they told you?" he asked. He said in reply that they had asked him to go home, clean the floor and ask the she-goat to give golden turds. And that was that. The barkeeper wanted him to take his seat and have some snacks. Then he might rest a while and so start again on his journey. So sending him to sleep, the barkeeper cleaned the floor and asked the she-goat to give golden turds. There was a plateful of turds. By this time, the thief had woke up from his sleep. And he set out with another she-goat reaching home. He told his wife that he brought home a thing which was wonderful. The wife said she was quite sure of it. That fellow cleaned the floor, made the she-goat sit right on it, and said, "Come let us have now turds of gold." He repeated it over a dozen times. But nothing come of it. Now the wife reproached him for having brought such a useless she goat. She wished he had brought something else instead. Then he asked her to get up early in the morning again next day and to provide him with four more sweet-balls.
Next day, with four sweet balls on him, he went his way. Once again, coming to the edge of the same well, he said, "How many shall I eat- one or two or three or four?" Instantly, the ghosts protested, "Sir, don't you eat us up. Come here take this jar. Don't halt anywhere on your way. Go home straight and clean the floor and turning out the contents of the jar, say, "Let us have sweet-balls of gold and silver." And so you will have sweet-balls of gold and silver. "That fellow now returned with the jar. On his way he stopped for a while at the barkeeper's place. He again asked, "where from do you come?" The fellow said, "from nowhere in particular." The barkeeper said, "so you have been given a jar. What have you been told, come tell us?" He said he was asked not to halt at any place. The barkeeper still pressed his query. At this, the thief came out with the truth that he was told to clean the floor, to empty the jar and so have sweet balls of gold and silver. The barkeeper said, "you better have something to eat and then rest a while." So he was sent to sleep. After a while, the barkeeper cleaned the floor and emptying the jar said, "Let us have sweet balls of gold and silver."
And so there they were. After a while the Bhil got up and walked away with another jar. Reaching home he gave news that he had brought something to prepare sweet balls with. The wife said she was not surprised at all. That fellow cleaned the floor and emptying the jar said, 'Let us have sweet balls of gold and silver. There were no sweet balls to be had. The fellow blew up the jar. And then he wanted her to get up early once again and to prepare four sweet balls for him. And once again going to the well he said, "How many shall I eat, one or two or three or four?" The ghosts protested that it was not good for them so to be threatened day after day. This time we give you a magical power. Don't halt anywhere on the way at anybody's place with that plate of magic. He once again halts at the barkeeper's place. The barkeeper had a hang of it and so sent him to sleep. He inverted the plate on the ground and covering it with a kerchief, said, "Let us have sweetmeats of thirtythree kinds and vegetable dishes of thirtytwo. The next moment there they were. The barkeeper, then held out one other plate to the Bhil and asked him to take it with him. The Bhil started off with that one.
Reaching home he said, there was no more need for them to take the trouble of cooking anything. For he had brought a thing of the kind. Cleaning the floor he put the plate on it and covering it with a piece of cloth he said, "Let us have sweet-meats of thirtythree kinds and vegetable dishes of thirty two. Nothing came out of it. This time again he asked her to prepare four sweet balls. Taking these with him he went and set on the parapet of the same well. "How many shall I eat- one or two or three or four ?" he said. The ghosts promised to give such a wonderous magic, with this magical power on him, he once again went up to the barkeeper's place. The barkeeper querried him, as to what was that thing he had with him. The Bhil said it's only a stick. What have you been told ?" Was the pet question. The Bhil's answer, " This here stick will hit the guilty one." Having had his meals, the fellow slept off. The wife of the barkeeper said to the stick,"Go, hit the one, who was guilty. " The stick immediately started giving it right on the head of the barkeeper. The wife of the barkeeper woke the Bhil and wanted him to collect his plate and his jar and his she-goat and go away with the stick safe. The Bhil ordered the stick to stop hitting the barkeeper. He got up,
came home and had turds of gold, and there were sweet balls of gold from off the jar. And from the plate there were sweet meats of all the thirty-two varieties. And so he started raising a palace. To the labourers he gave the turds of gold and to the masons the sweet balls of gold by way of wages. And so within a few months the palace was constructed. It was as gorgeous as the king's own. He had it so. The king thought of having it pulled down. The two came to grips. The armies were joined in battle. The fellow ordered the stick to go and hit the head-constable straight. The stick went and hit the head-constable. The head-constable died. The king took off his cap and said, "No one would over reach you." And so he was happy ever after.

6

ek hahu ne ek j@may @t© / hahune
ger j@may pawNo g@jyo / tare hahu k'awanu
k@rine t'amNam® g'alyu / p@se hahu ke ke
n@he te gi ke n@he te dud/ke n@he te
d®y / t@m h@lu / lyo t@re t@m T'ali T'ali
waDi p'eri alu / hahu im s to h@u daDo
There were a mother-in-law and a son-in-law. The son-in-law went to the mother-in-law as a guest. The mother-in-law prepared nice dishes and putting it all on a platter insisted on the son-in-law’s sitting at meals. As he sat at meals the mother-in-law saw, there was neither ghee nor curds nor milk to be had at home.
What shall I give you. Look I pour ghee on your dish out of an empty jar which I may help you with. The son-in-law said it would be of little use. Next day the mother-in-law had gone out somewhere. The son-in-law took some ghee out of the barrel poured it into the jar and so kept it. The mother-in-law returned and asked him to sit at meals. Having prepared a dish, the mother-in-law said, "I am ashamed of helping you with an empty jar." And so saying the moment she emptied the jar on to the dish, all the ghee ran promptly out. The mother-in-law was provoked at this. She said, "son-in-law, why should you be beating my daughter with a stick everyday?" The son-in-law protested that he never did so. But because you were deceiving me I deceived you. The mother-in-law saw through the whole thing. "Well done son-in-law, now onwards never shall I deceive you and nor will you deceive me. Yourself and my daughter, you two live in harmony and be prosperous. Come when you will and go when you will." And so the son-in-law return home and was happy ever after.
There was a tailor with his wife.

Now at his door step there was a sparrow and she sparrow picking about. The wife got up brought a dry cow dung thing from inside, and threw it on to the she sparrow and killed it. And threw the carcass up on the roof. The sparrow left. He went to a distance of some twenty miles. He met a tiger. "Where are you going sparrow?" he asked. "The carriage is of wood. It has four wheels."
The wife of the tailor has killed the she sparrow and here go I to avenge it. Will you join?" said the sparrow. The tiger agreed and joined him. They had gone some way where they met a vixen. "Where are you going sparrow?" she asked. "The carriage is of wood. It has four wheels. The wife of the tailor has killed the she sparrow. And here go I to avenge it." said the sparrow. The vixen also offered to join.

The sparrow gladly took her with him. They had gone some way when a robin met them. "Where are you going sparrow?" he asked. "The carriage is of wood. It has four wheels. The wife of tailor has killed the she sparrow. And here go I to avenge it," said the sparrow. So the robin also joined. Then a serpent met them. He too offered to join. Then a dog met them. He too offered to join. "You too join." Then a scorpion met them. He too offered to join. So they turned their steps and came to the tailor's place. They posted the scorpion near the lamp. The robin near the fire place. The tiger and fox at the gate. And so the tailor's wife woke up at night. And she tried to light the lamp.
The scorpion stung (bite) her. She tried to bring forth fire and robin shook itself and her eyes were choked. She went to the gate to cry for help and the tiger and the fox tore her up into pieces and ate her up. The tailor beat his chest. The whole of the caste foregathered for the feast of the twelfth day of the death of the tailor's wife. The tailor prepared sweet balls and such other nice dishes. All off them set down to the meal. And there arose foul smell. All rose on their feet and asked him what is the sin you have committed that it stinks so? The tailor admitted his wife had killed a she-sparrow. No one ate anything of the meal. The food rotted. Worms ate it up those sweet balls and side dishes. The tailor too died all alone. So that is that. Never kill a sparrow.
There were seven brothers. They had only one sister amongst them all. Now the wife of one of the brothers was wicked. She said, "I would prepare your meals for you only after you have my sari dyed in the blood of your sister." Now that poor fellow did not confide this to any one, but he was full sore at it. He started thinking of devices whereby he may kill his sister. In a fortnight or so, his patience was spent and he took his sister out into the woods. He hit her on the head with an axe. He steeped a sari all in his sister's blood and presented it to his wife.
All of them sat down to dinner. Now the younger brother had the finger of his sister in his dish. So he was apprised that someone had indeed killed his sister. The younger brother took to the woods, an axe resting on his shoulder. On the spot at which the sister was killed, there stood now a tall bamboo-pole. As he leant forward to put it to axe, there came a voice, "Desist. Desist. An only sister among seven brothers. The brother killed the sister only to dye the sari of his wife." The brother, however, did put the bamboo to axe. And having put it to axe he fashioned a pipe out of it. And he went playing on it, "There was an only sister among seven brothers. The brother killed the sister only to dye sari of his wife." After some days, the mother-in-law came to fetch the sister. "Come, let the bride join us," she demanded. The elder brother gave a reply that she had gone away to her maternal uncle's place. He said, "Let the father-in-law himself come to fetch her. And only then we'll send her." After some days, the father-in-law himself came to fetch her. To the father-in-law he said, "She has gone to her father's sister's place. Let the elder brother of her husband come to fetch her, with his wife, and we will send her.
After some days the bride groom's elder-brother came with his wife. This time, he said, "Let the husband himself come." The husband started from his place. On the way there was a well and near it was a tamarind tree. He sat for a while there on the parapet of the well. As he was leaning on the branch of the tree and so getting up, there he heard, "Oh wedded one. Don't you pluck a brush of my branch. An only sister among seven brothers. The brother killed the sister only to dye sari of his wife in her blood." On hearing this, he tore open the tree, and so brought her forth. "Oh, so you are here indeed." he asked. She said she was killed by the elder-brother himself. The two went home and were happy ever after.
In the village Talwada there lived one Dalji Damor.
This Dalji had twelve wives. One was one-eyed. The one-eyed asked for a forehead locket.

"I have not been to Sagwada, and the forehead locket has not yet been brought, and the blighted one sucks my blood."

In the village Talwada there lived one Dalji Damor. Dalji had twelve wives. One had a broken arm. This one wanted wristlets.

"I have not been to Salomber; the wristlets have not yet been brought and the blighted-one sucks my blood."

In the village Talwada there lived one Dalji Damor. Dalji had twelve wives. One was snub-nosed. She wanted a nose ring.

"I have not been to Udaipur. The nose-ring has not yet been brought and the blighted one sucks my blood."

In the village Talwada there lived one Dalji Damor.

This Dalji had twelve wives. One was a bald one. She wanted hair-pins.

"I have not been to Kherwada. The hair-pins has not yet been brought and the blighted-one sucks my blood."
In the village Talwada there lived one Dalji Damor. This Dalji had twelve wives. One was a blind one. She wanted a starlet for her forehead.

"I have not been to Dungarpur. The starlet has not yet been brought and the blighted one sucks my blood."

bayne ḍak, b'omrani ḍak
leuNyc k'@Dani d'ar
k@y@ te b@wn@ pap
lag@ aNe re @wtar
bayne pela jungn@ pap
lag@ aNe re awtar
bayye p@s ð@lino punar@t
k@di n kidu re maraj
bayye w@gr ost@ pIt@
sly@ re maraj
bayye hiDti Dahine paNo
k@di na wayo re maraj
bayye salti m@dye l@br@
kere na d'oy@ re maraj
The woman is steeped to the eyes in misery: what could be the sins of her past-birth visiting her now? "She has been visited by the sins of her past-births. She has never done good deeds. She treated others with dry bread unmoistened with ghee. That way, for her present birth, she has not so much as hit a passing cow with ever so small a stone. She has not washed her clothes in the water of a flowing river. And yet she could relax on the swing (see-saw), and sing songs of wedding only after doing good-deeds on the banks of the river Ganges", so says a married one. The woman is steeped to the eyes in misery. What could be the sins of her past-birth visiting her now?
The trees are all in mourning. A great famine has descended on the land. And even at such a time the parents died leaving the children alone.
Hirba is seven years, and Lakshi Dhawdo is only two and a half years old. For seven days they tramped in the forest. For seven days they lived on fruits. They proceed ahead resting their trust on the uncle. Aunty gives a mouthful and slaps them, and kicks them. Aunty and niece went forth to fetch water. They reached the Kewadia well. Aunty asked her husband to help her down her earthen vessel. The uncle said he had Lakshi Dhawdo in his lap. Hardly had he said that, did she hurl down the vessel and hurl down Laksh too. And at this Hirba broke out, "Don't you hit nor hurt us. Our parents have left us alone with Time." The beasts of the forest are weeping for the forest has left them, and the creeper is getting withered for lack of water. And the neem-tree sheds tears at the sad plight of the children. "Come let us go to our maternal uncle's. These are the days of their prosperity and of our adversity. In a day we shall be grown up. We'll avenge uncle and aunty," And so weeping and wailing Hirba sets off. Brother wants not to bewail her lot. For seven days they tramped in the forest. For seven days they lived on the fruits in the forest. On the eighth day they reached the place of the maternal uncle.
The young maternal uncle's wife closed the gates on seeing the children approach. The elder one said: "The children of my husband's sister are approaching," so saying she took Lakshi Dhowdo in her lap. The beasts of the forest are weeping for the forest has left them, and the creeper is getting withered for lack of water. And the neem-tree sheds tears at the sad plight of the children. They grew up at the maternal uncle's place. The wicked aunty of the wicked family, and the wicked uncle of a noble family - uncle is ours but auntie is not ours. The lotus yearns after water, a terrible famine is raging in the land, and the parents have died leaving the children alone.
awi awi jal@dya g'ed@dyani pojo re @rjaNnabapa
g'ed@dyane hu hu say@t alo re
g'ed@dyane alo han@ly @ k@T @ re
awi awi sen@dlani pojo re

The armies of Senadla have arrived.
How would you feed them? The armies be fed
on sweet balls. Let them have open spaces for
their elephants. How would you feed the elephants?
Let them be fed on branches of neem-tree. The
armies of Zaladia - Gandadia have descended.
How would you help Gendadia. Let him be
provided with bows and arrows. The armies of
Senadla have arrived.

13
b'@eti k@mawo b'ay b'ay awi jajo b'ela
m@ti lawo m@y lara hera
sow@n sik@l g@dm@e @mi r@s b'@riya
labire k@md@me tin guNri maya
k'eti re k@r'û to mare paNi w@na huke
w@nj k@r'û to mare TaTo p@N awe
ped@l h'iDu to m@ne k@To p@N lage
j@g@l jawû to m@ne k@dya p@N lage
w@seti p'@r'û to m@ne dunya b'@rm awe

/.
Come foregather for worship. Let not ego enter. There is nectar in this body of gold. There is the maya, made of three gunas, in the inner-self. If I take to farming, it may dry up for want of water. If I take to business, I might be visited with losses. If I went on foot, I might be pricked with thorns. If I went into the forest, I might be visited by my sins. If I walked in public places, I might be pilloried by the world. If I were to go home, my wife would plague me. If I were to placate her with good words, she might take it ill. With the grace of Machendra shining on him, Gorakh says, "we have turned avadhutas - recluses -, only after slaying manta." Come, foregather for worship. Let not ego enter.
In the parish of Dungarpur, there is the village-head of the village Matu, whose name is Kalu. The court of Dungarpur is lying vacant. Revenues redoubled, and taxes tripled will have to be levied. Even the taxes for fireplaces will have to be charged. The court has gathered in the cloud-palace. People say, "Do away with the old rule, and come out with drinks and serve them to each. When they all got a bit tipsy, they said, "If Devdi village were to pay their taxes, Matu village would. And if all the villages were to pay, Matu village will also pay:" so says Kalu gameti.
Maidens! The council sounds in youth. The council sounds in the early youth. Youth is in the forehead locket. Youth is in the armlet. Youth is in the ear-rings. Youth is in the nose ring. Youth is in the girdle. Youth is in the hair-wreath. O young maidens! The council sounds in youth.