



# MIRABAI

SHE GAVE HER HEART TO KRISHNA

Vol 535







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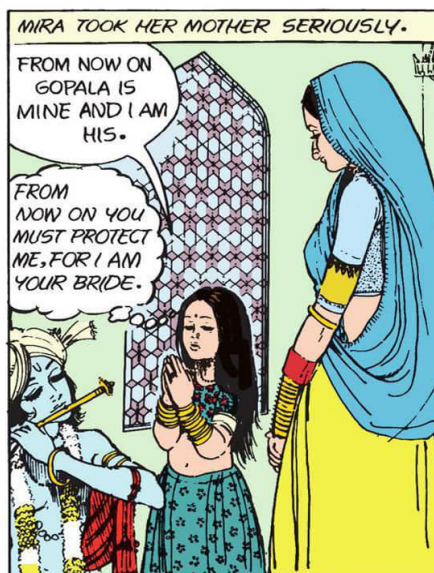
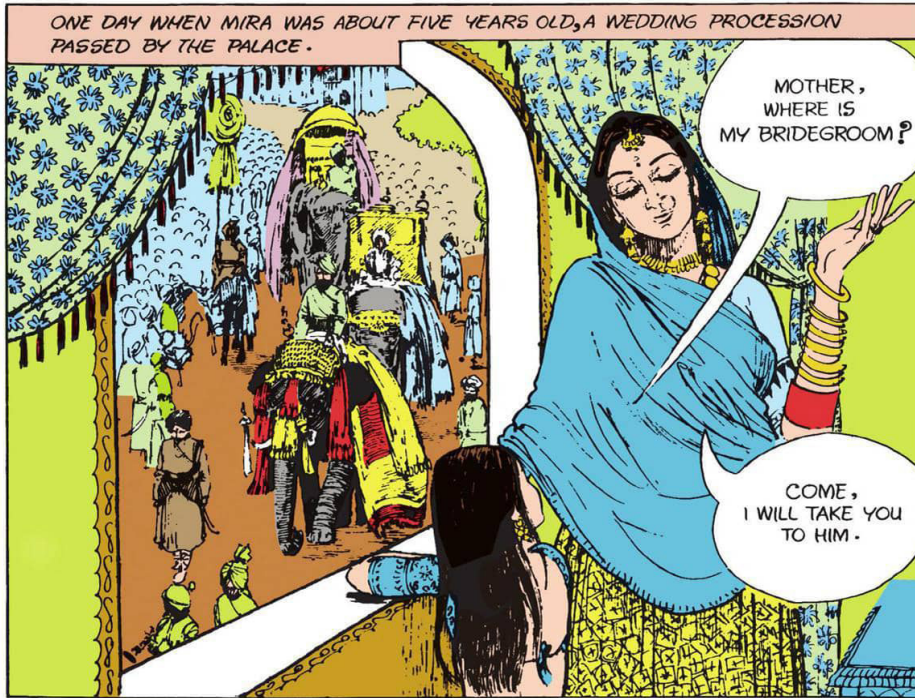
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# mirabai

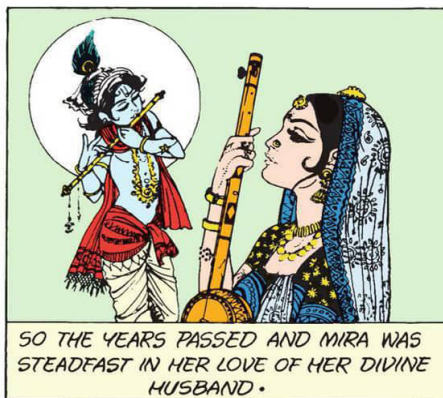
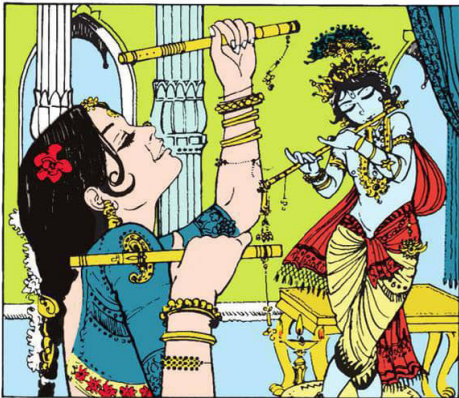
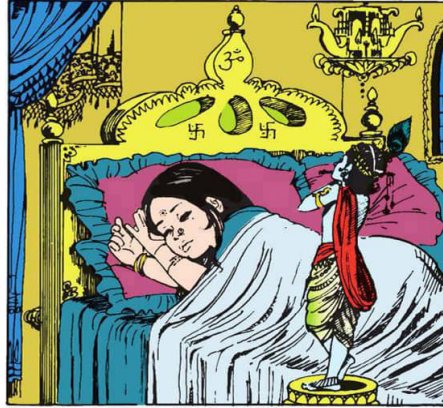
**R**ANA RATANSINGH, WHO RULED OVER KURKHI IN RAJASTHAN, WAS A GOOD RULER AND WAS LOVED BY HIS PEOPLE. HE HAD A BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER NAMED **MIRA**.





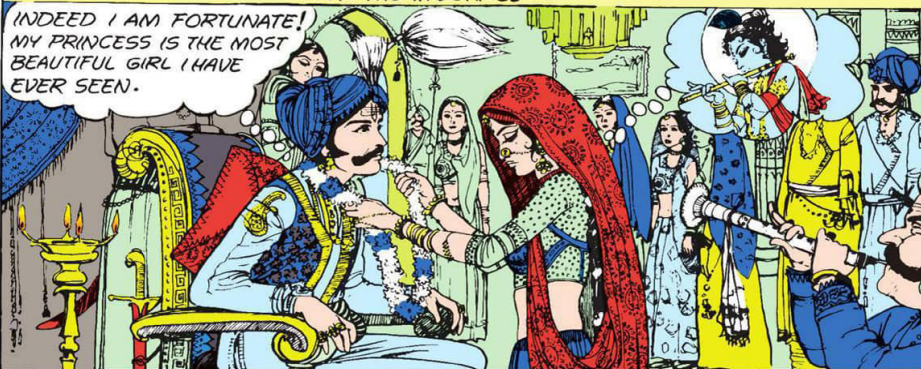


AND SHE LEFT OFF ALL OTHER PLAY.

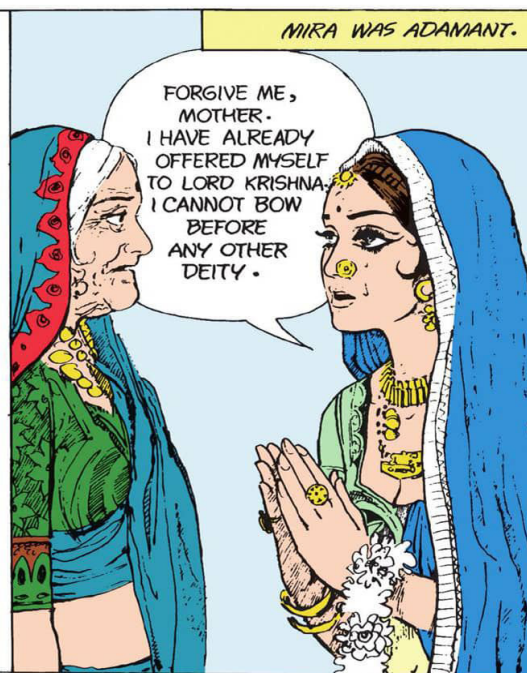
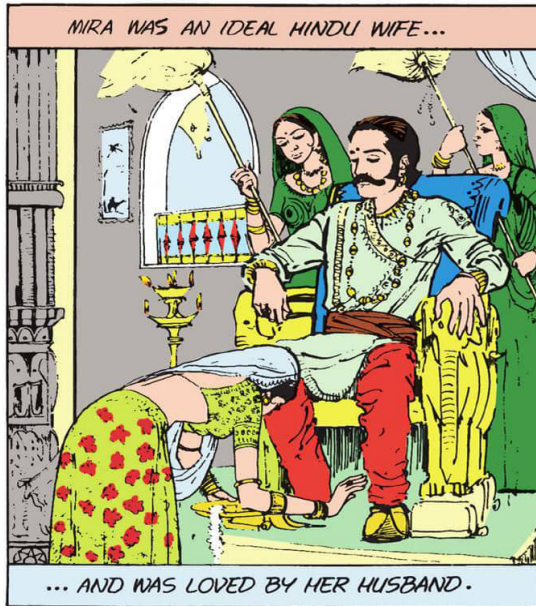


SO THE YEARS PASSED AND MIRA WAS STEADFAST IN HER LOVE OF HER DIVINE HUSBAND.

ONE DAY A BRIDAL PROCESSION ARRIVED AND MIRA WAS MARRIED TO PRINCE BHOJRAU OF CHITTOR WHO WAS KNOWN FOR HIS VALOUR AND HIS DEEP HATRED OF THE MUGHALS -









BHOJRAJ'S SISTER UDA ALSO TRIED  
HER HAND BUT IN VAIN.



GODDESS DURGA  
MAY BE OFFENDED AND  
MAY LAY A CURSE ON  
OUR HOUSEHOLD. WHY  
DON'T YOU YIELD?

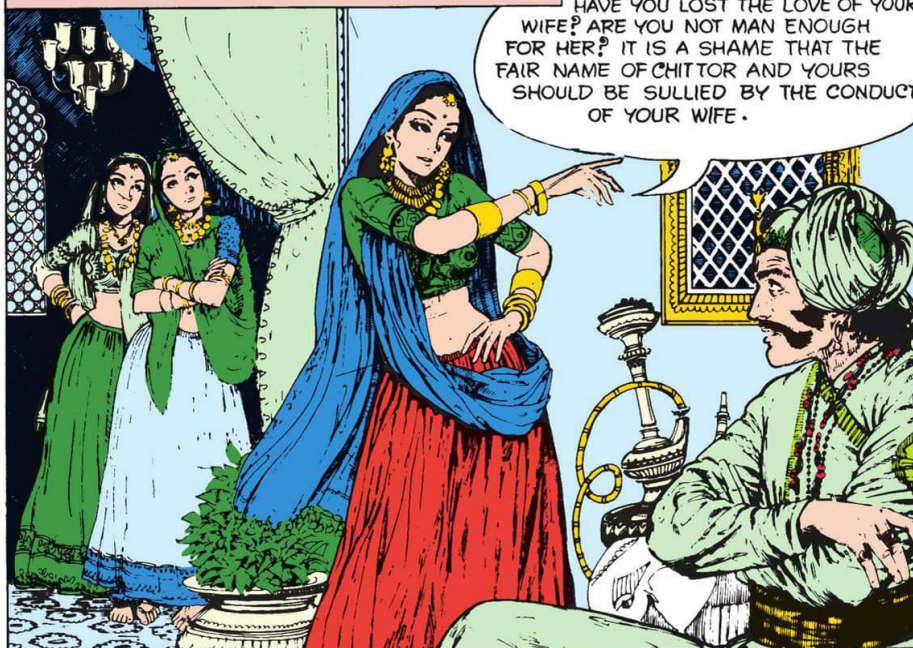
FULL OF ANGER, SHE DECIDED  
TO TAKE REVENGE.



MIRA GOES EVERY  
EVENING TO THE TEMPLE.  
I WILL TELL MY BROTHER  
SHE HAS A LOVER!

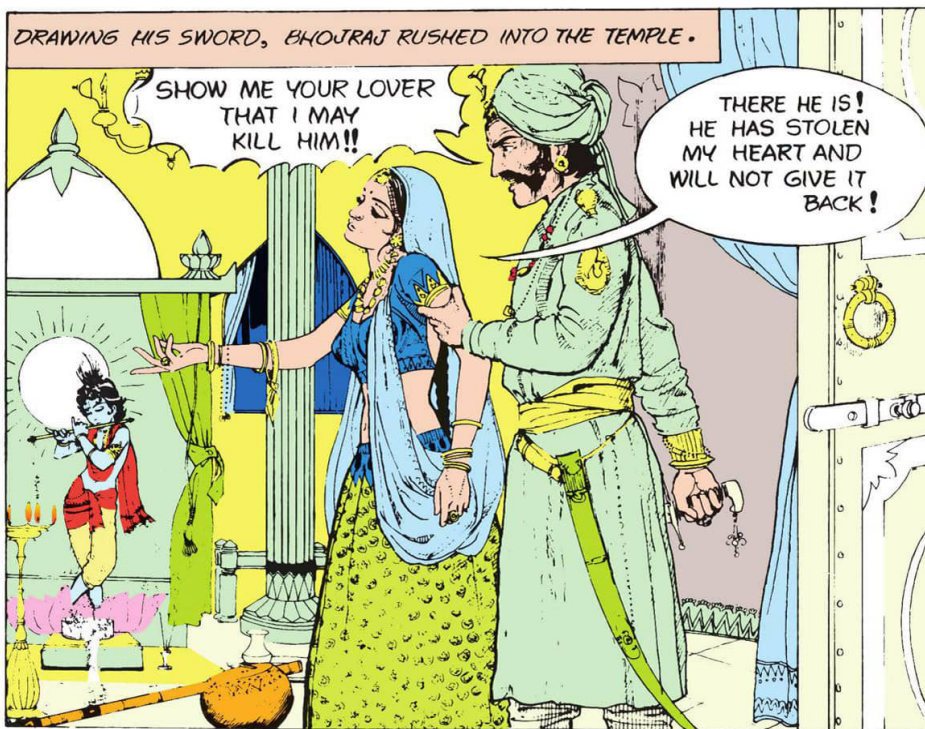
A  
CLEVER  
IDEA.

UDA AND HER COMPANIONS WENT TO BHOJRAJ.



FORGIVE ME, BROTHER!  
HAVE YOU LOST THE LOVE OF YOUR  
WIFE? ARE YOU NOT MAN ENOUGH  
FOR HER? IT IS A SHAME THAT THE  
FAIR NAME OF CHITTOR AND YOURS  
SHOULD BE SULLIED BY THE CONDUCT  
OF YOUR WIFE.



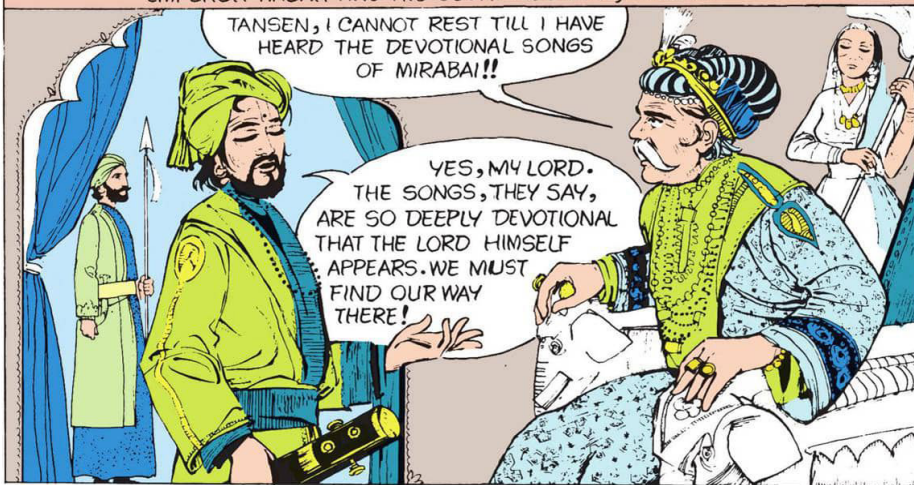




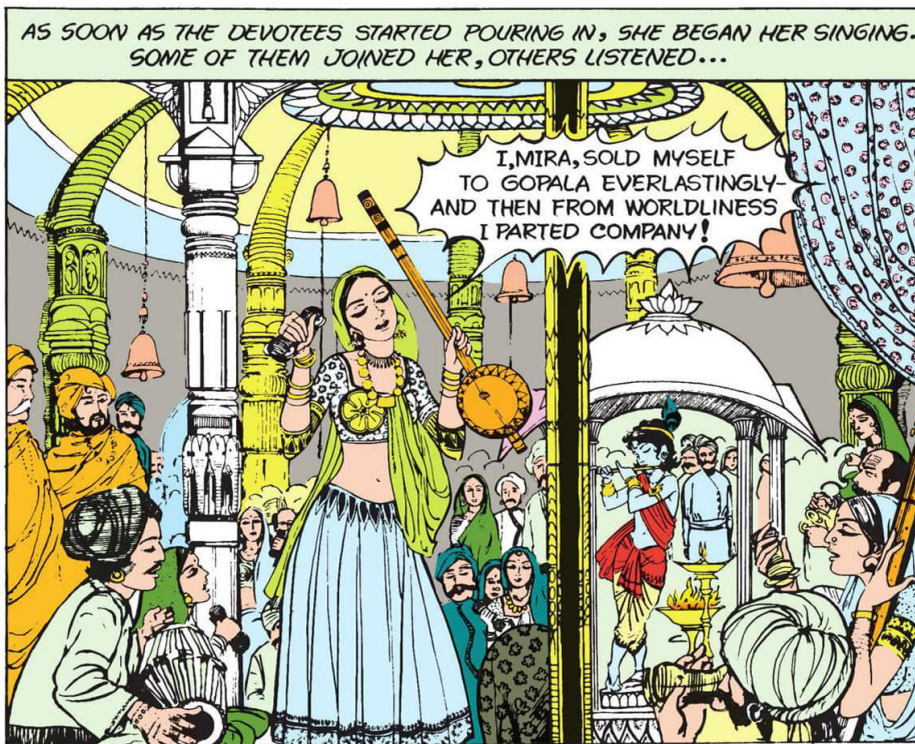
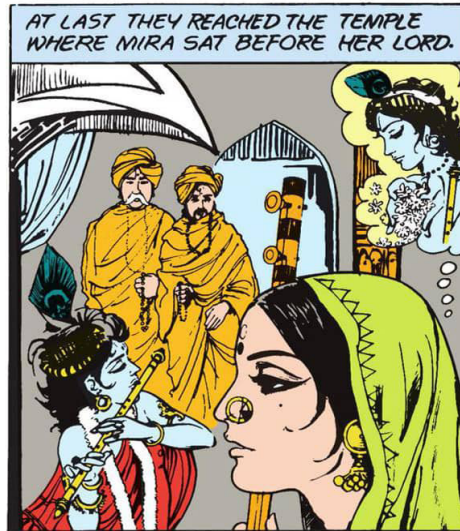
KING BHOJRAJ, CONVINCED THAT HIS WIFE WAS INSANE, DECIDED TO HUMOUR HER. HE BUILT A TEMPLE FOR HER WHERE SHE COULD WORSHIP HER STONE LOVER TO HER HEART'S CONTENT! SOON DEVOTEES FLOCKED AROUND HER AND SHE OFTEN SANG AND DANCED HERSELF INTO ECSTASIES OVER HER LORD.



THE STORY OF MIRA'S DEVOTION TO LORD KRISHNA BY SONG, DANCE AND DISCOURSES SPREAD FAR AND WIDE. IT REACHED THE EARS OF THE MUGHAL EMPEROR AKBAR AND HIS COURT MUSICIAN, TANSEN.

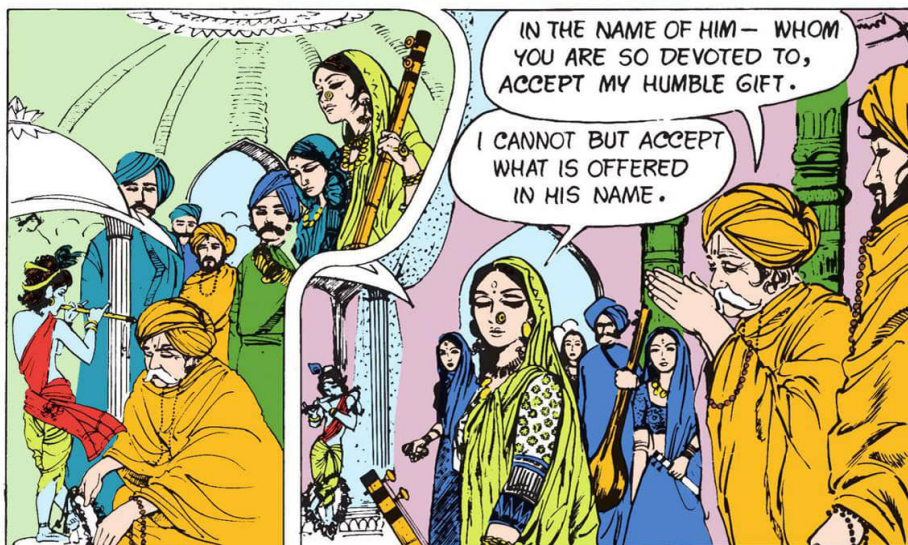




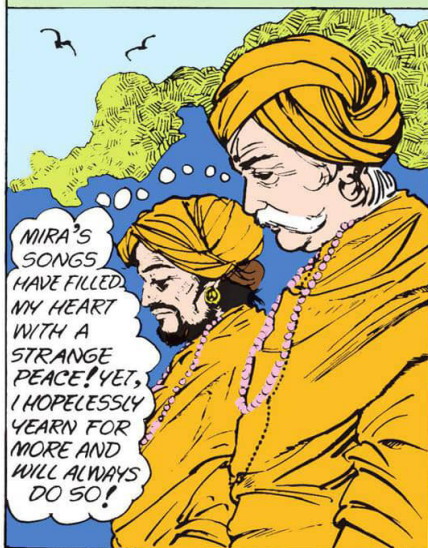




AT THE END OF THE DAY'S PRAYERS, AKBAR AND TANSEN WERE IN A TRANCE. AKBAR APPROACHED MIRA, TOUCHED HER FEET AND PLACED A NECKLACE AT THE FEET OF THE IMAGE.



AND THE EMPEROR LEFT THE PLACE WITH A HEAVY HEART.

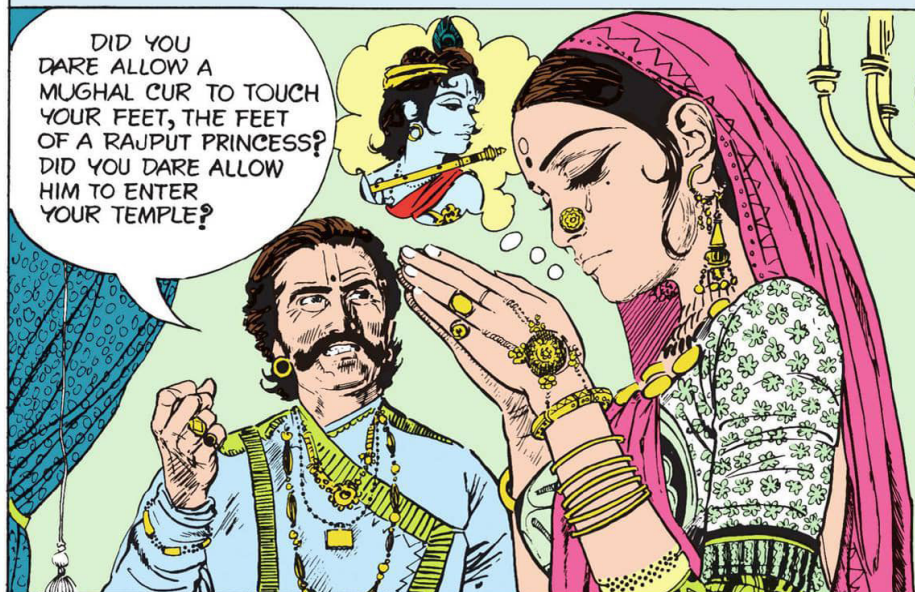


NEWS LEAKED OUT THAT THE MUGHAL EMPEROR AND HIS MUSICIAN HAD VISITED MIRA.

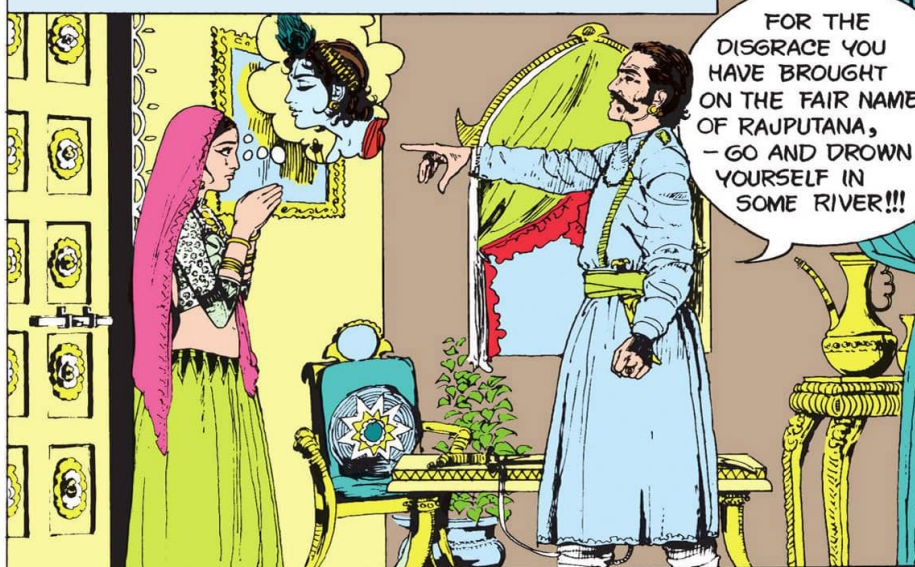




WHEN RANA BHOORAU HEARD OF IT, HE SEETHED WITH ANGER. SANE OR INSANE HIS WIFE HAD DEGRADED HERSELF. HE SUMMONED HER.

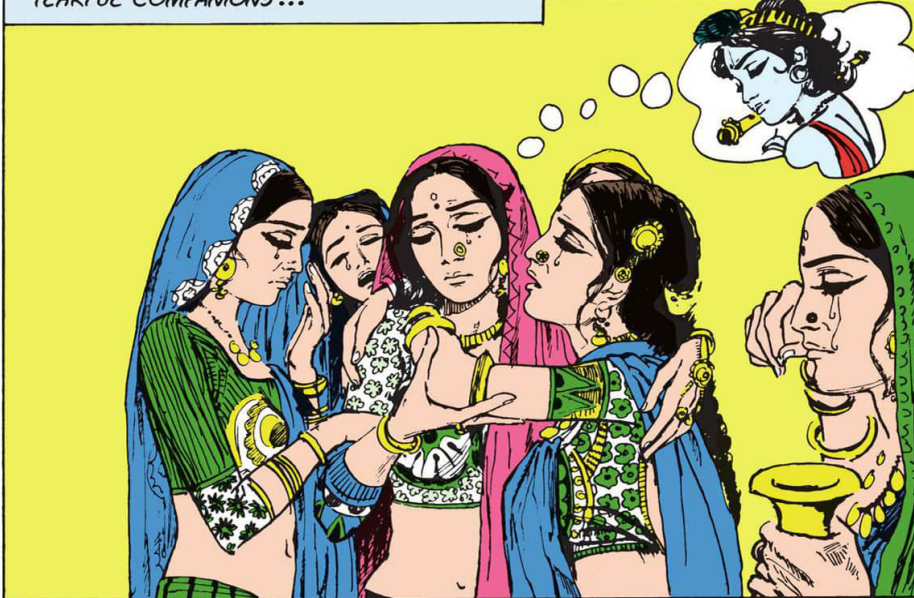


MIRA'S SERENE SILENCE ONLY MADE HIM MORE ANGRY.

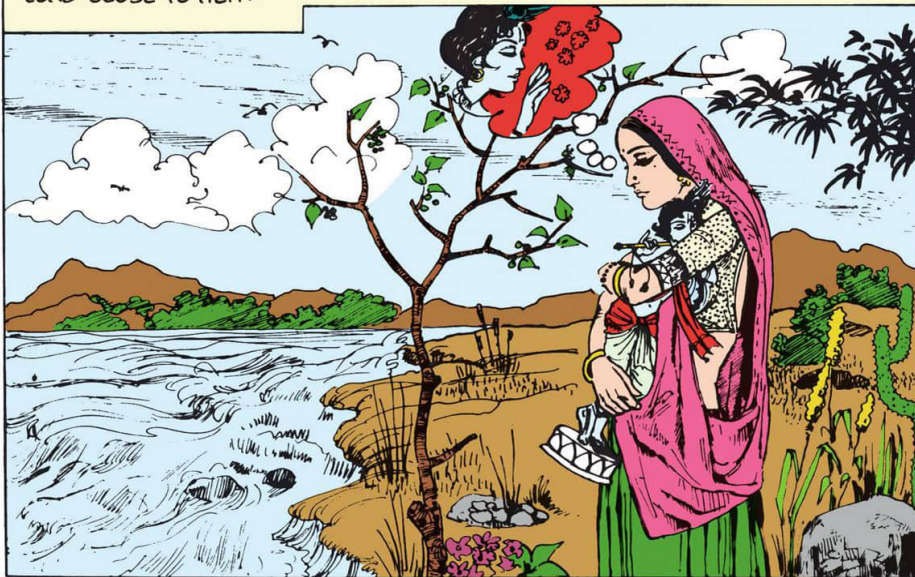




MIRA, THE TRUE HINDU WIFE, DID NOT PROTEST. SHE FONDLY TOOK LEAVE OF HER TEARFUL COMPANIONS...

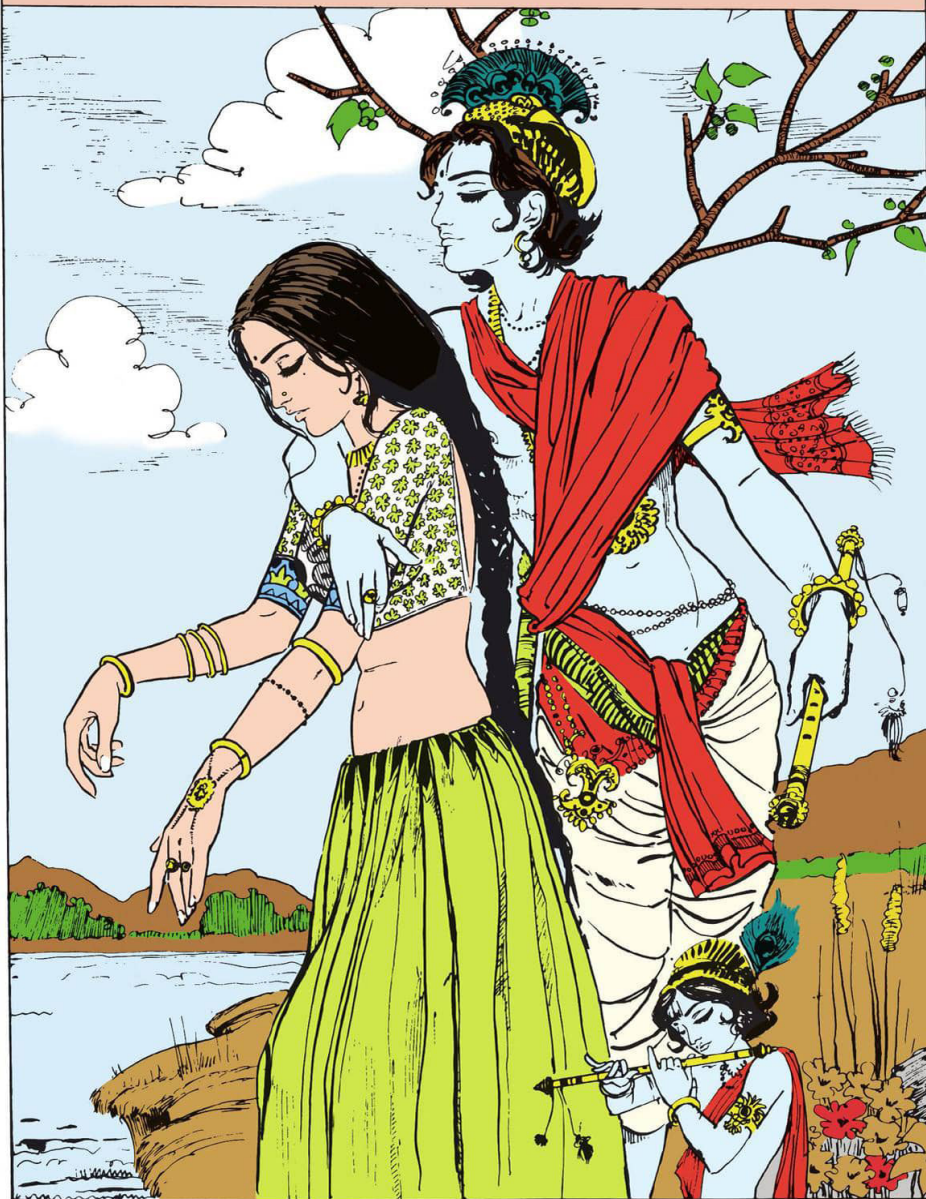


... AND SLOWLY WENDED HER WAY TO THE RIVER, HUGGING THE IMAGE OF HER LORD CLOSE TO HER.





AS MIRA STOOD ON THE RIVER-BANK, THE TEMPLE BELLS CHIMED.  
SHE WAS ABOUT TO JUMP, WHEN A HAND FROM BEHIND  
GRASPED HER. SHE TURNED AROUND...

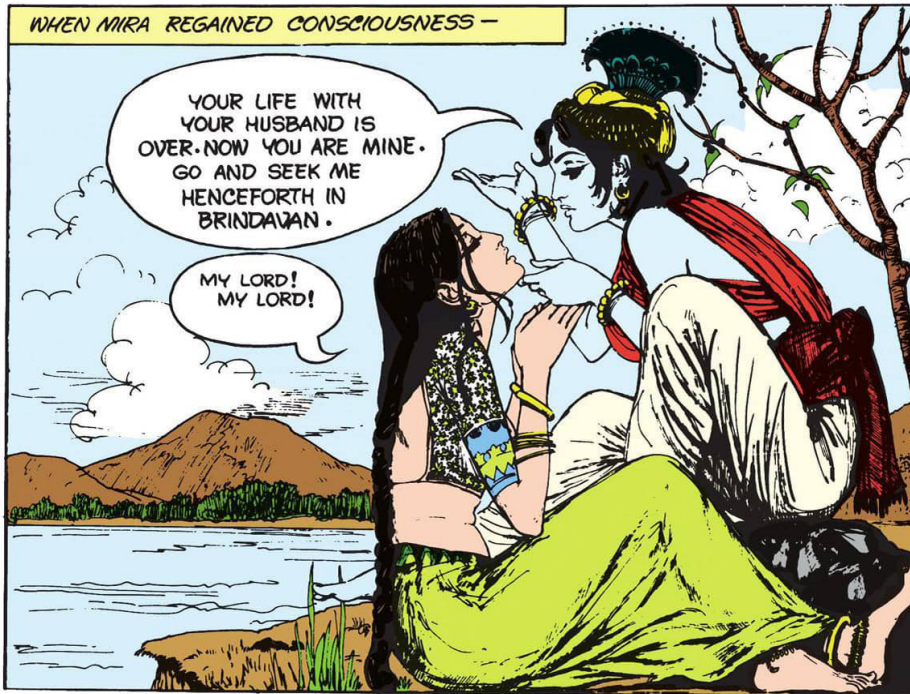




... AND WHAT SHOULD MEET HER EYES BUT THE HEAVENLY SMILE OF HER BELOVED LORD! SHE FAINTED.



WHEN MIRA REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS —

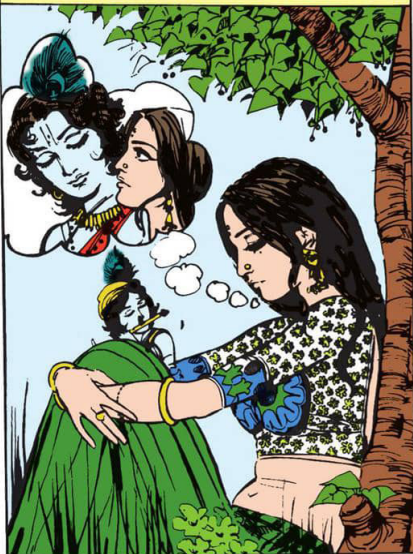




AFTER RECEIVING THE DIVINE COMMAND, MIRA SANG AND DANCED HER WAY TO BRINDAVAN, HARDLY AWARE OF ALL THAT SHE HAD TO SUFFER ON THE WAY.



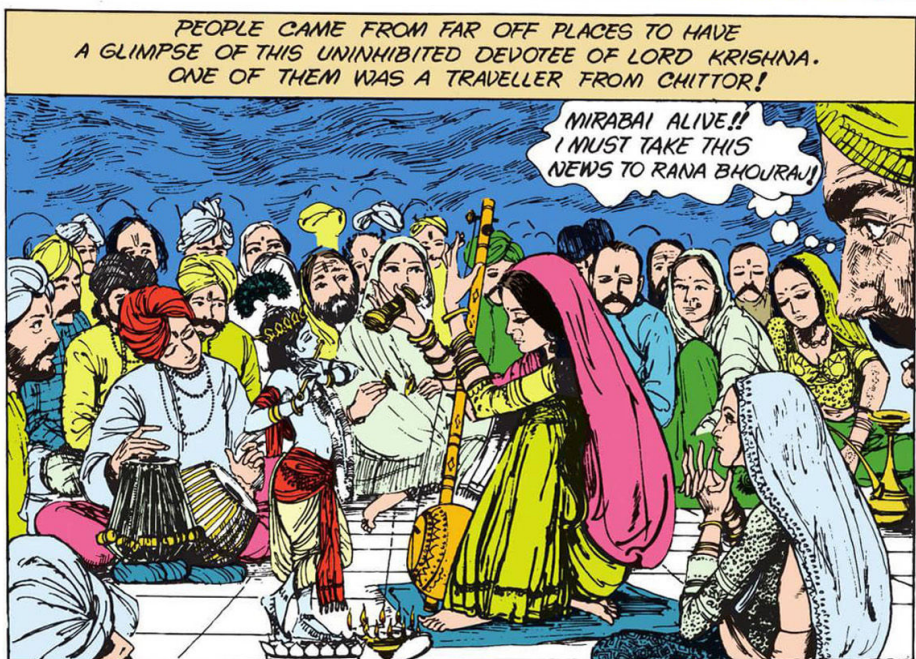
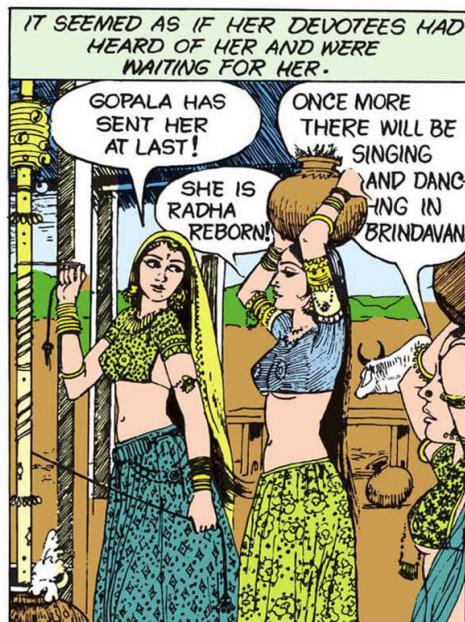
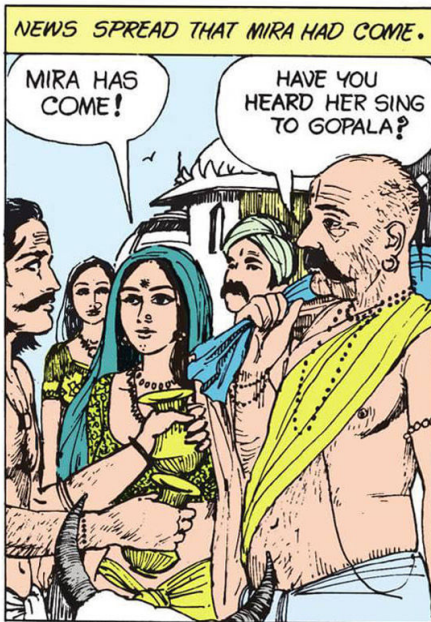
AT LAST SHE REACHED HER DESTINATION— BRINDAVAN.



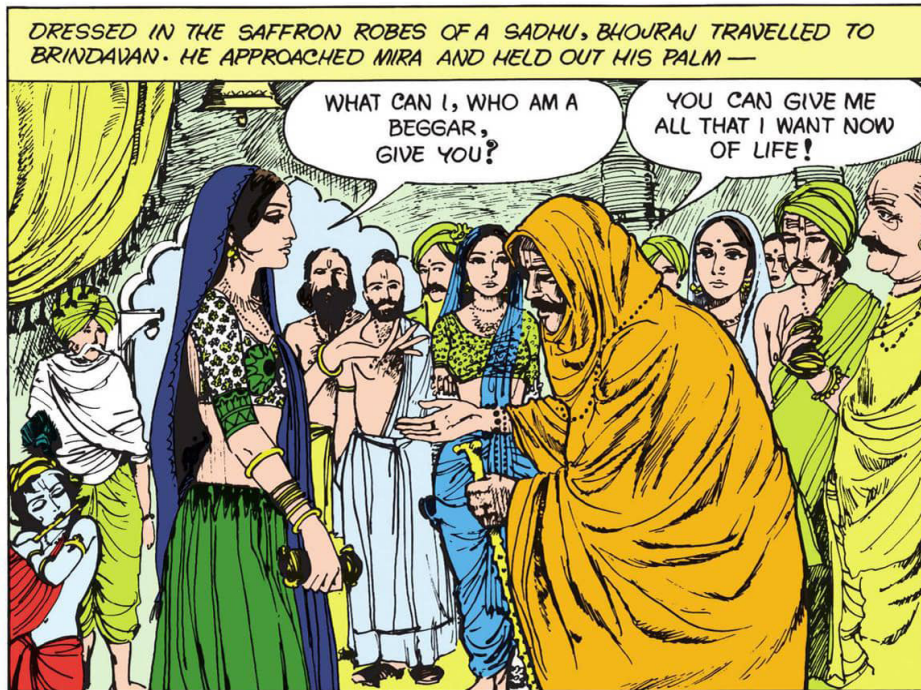
HARDLY HAD SHE ARRIVED WHEN DEVOTEES BEGAN TO FLOCK AROUND HER.













SUDDENLY, BHOURAJ THREW OFF HIS SAFFRON ROBES AND MIRA, RECOGNISING HER HUSBAND, FELL AT HIS FEET.



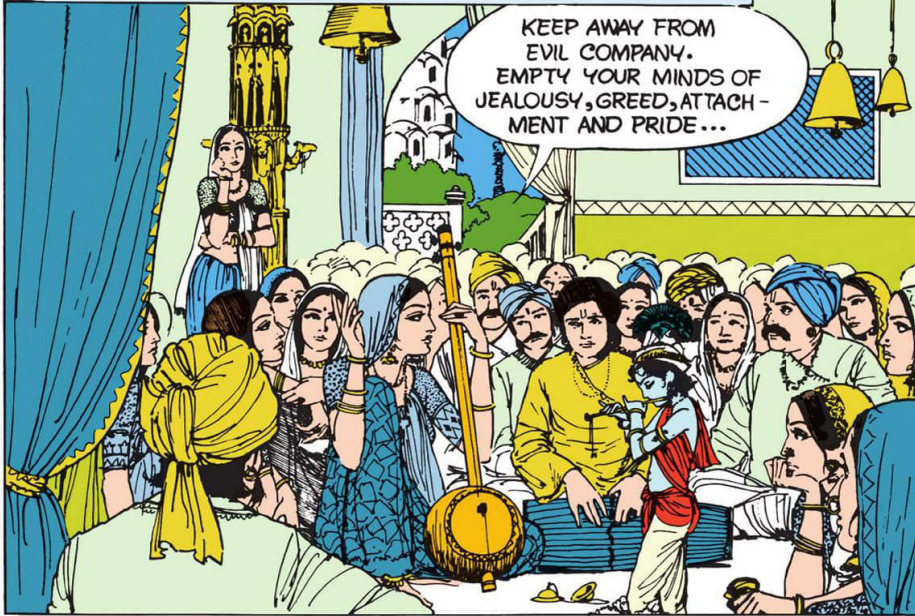
SO MIRA, LED BY HER HUSBAND AND FOLLOWED BY HER DEVOTEES, RETURNED TO CHITTOR.



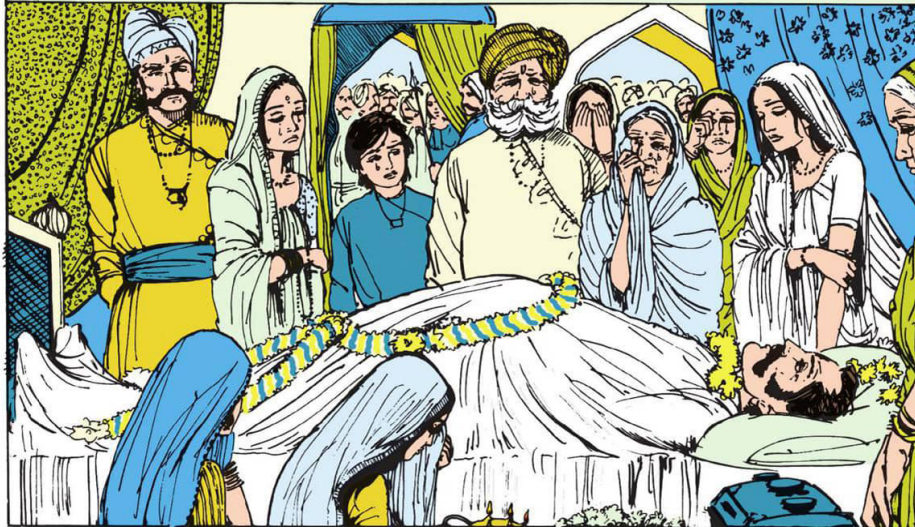


AT CHITTOR, FOR MANY YEARS, SHE CONTINUED HER WORSHIP OF HER LORD, WITH COMPLETE FREEDOM.

KEEP AWAY FROM  
EVIL COMPANY.  
EMPTY YOUR MINDS OF  
JEALOUSY, GREED, ATTACH-  
MENT AND PRIDE...



ALMOST TEN YEARS HAD PASSED SINCE MIRA HAD FIRST ARRIVED — AS BHOU-  
RAJ'S BRIDE — TO CHITTOR, WHEN ALAS! SHE WAS WIDOWED!



BHOURAU'S FATHER  
SUMMONED MIRA .

PREPARE YOURSELF  
FOR SATI! YOU MUST  
JOIN YOUR HUSBAND  
ON THE FUNERAL PYRE!



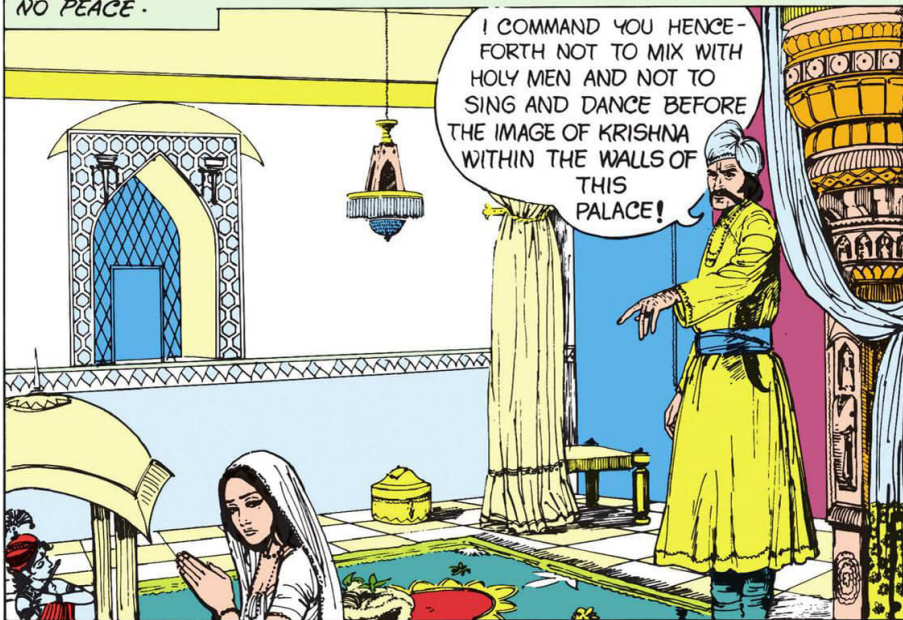
BUT MIRA REFUSED .

AS LONG AS THE  
DIVINE LORD LIVES  
IN MY HEART, I  
WILL NOT DIE!



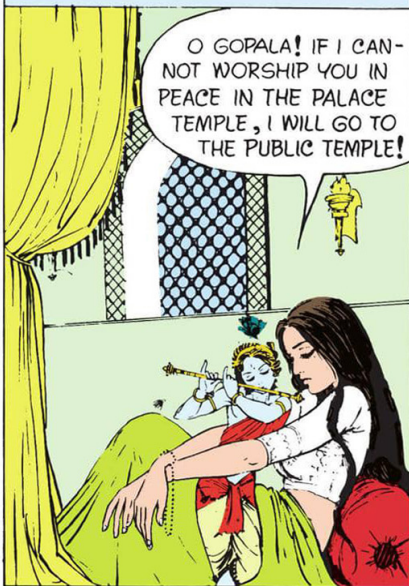
THOUGH THE WIDOWED MIRA WAS NOW MORALLY FREE TO DEVOTE HERSELF  
COMPLETELY TO HER LORD, THE NEW RANA, BHOURAU'S BROTHER, GAVE HER  
NO PEACE .

I COMMAND YOU HENCE-  
FORTH NOT TO MIX WITH  
HOLY MEN AND NOT TO  
SING AND DANCE BEFORE  
THE IMAGE OF KRISHNA  
WITHIN THE WALLS OF  
THIS  
PALACE!



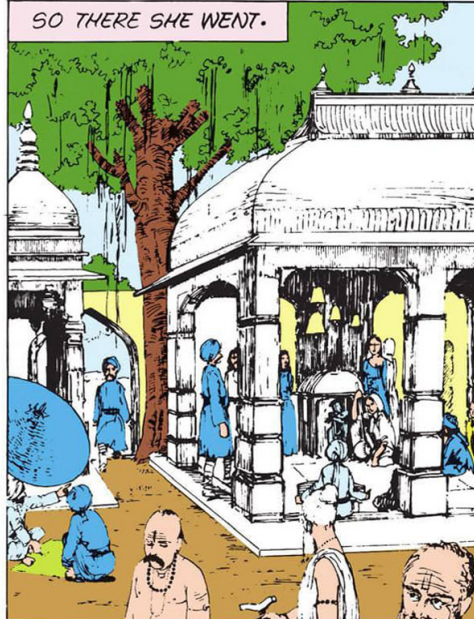


MIRA WAS RESTLESS AND UNHAPPY—

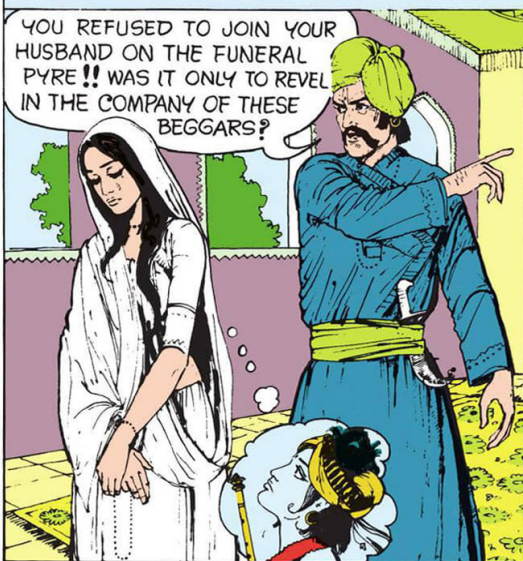


O GOPALA! IF I CAN-  
NOT WORSHIP YOU IN  
PEACE IN THE PALACE  
TEMPLE, I WILL GO TO  
THE PUBLIC TEMPLE!

SO THERE SHE WENT.



BUT NOW THE RANA RIDICULED HER FOR  
MINGLING SHAMELESSLY WITH THE SADHUS  
AND THE COMMON DEVOTEES.



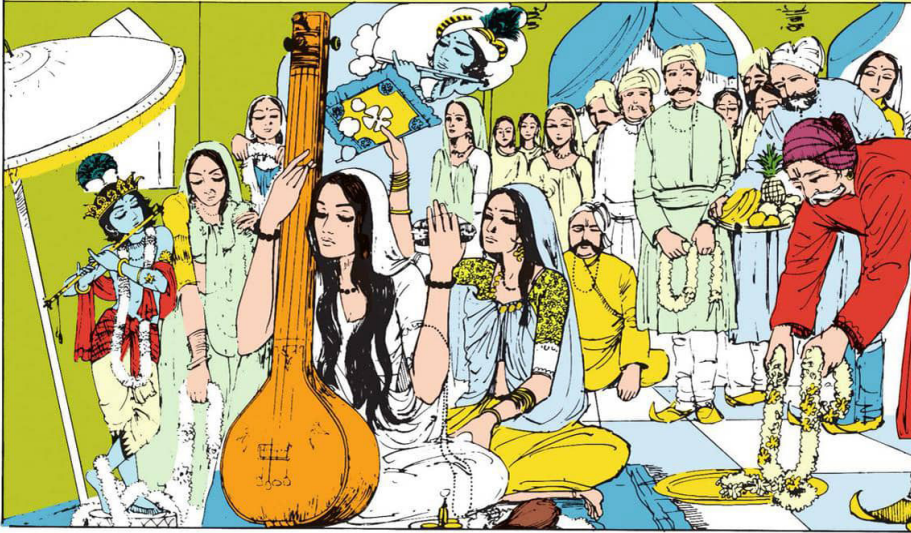
YOU REFUSED TO JOIN YOUR  
HUSBAND ON THE FUNERAL  
PYRE !! WAS IT ONLY TO REVEL  
IN THE COMPANY OF THESE  
BEGGARS?

MIRA IGNORED THESE TAUNTS  
AND CONTINUED SINGING AND  
DANCING IN THE NAME OF HER  
LORD.

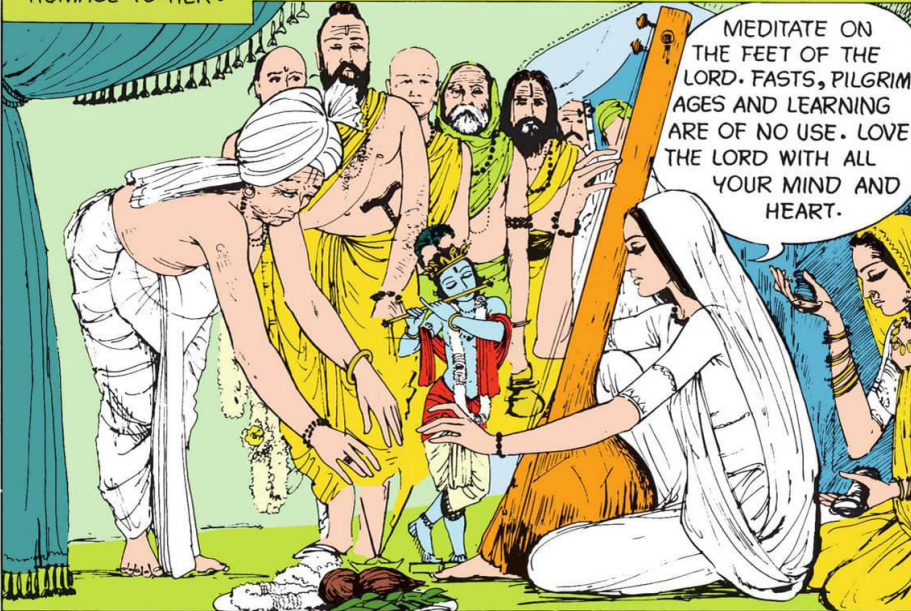


GOPALA IS MY BELOVED!  
MIRA'S LORD IS GOPALA!

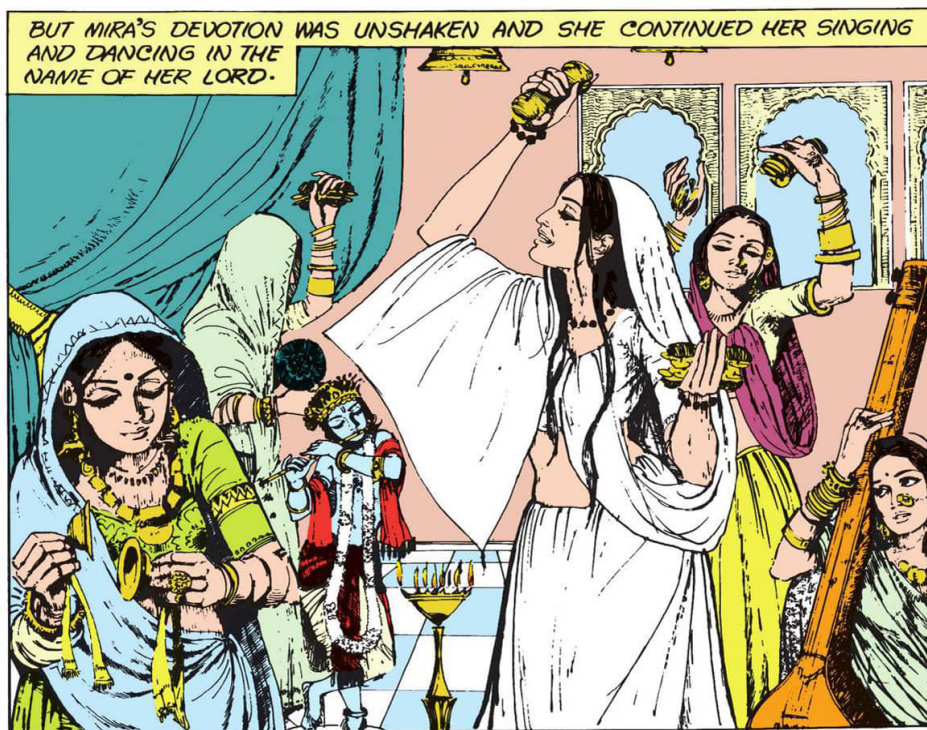
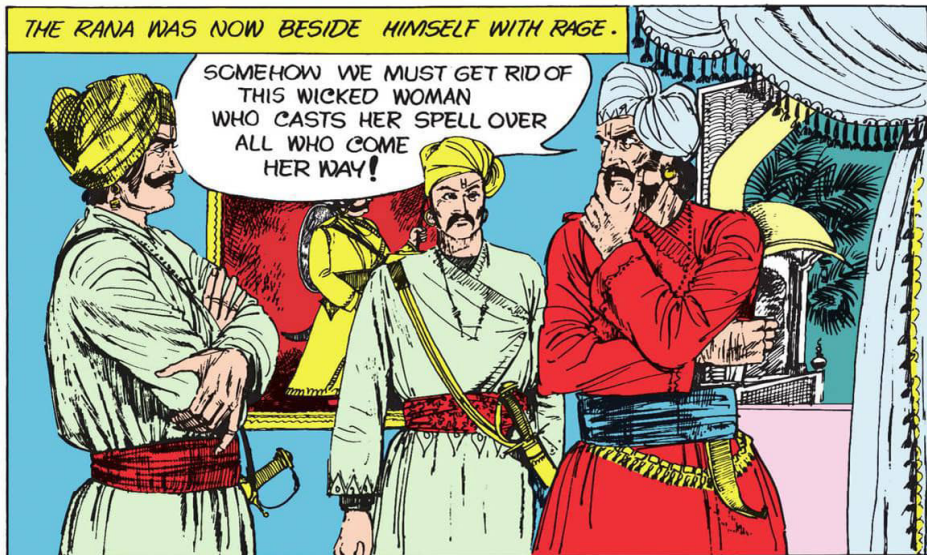
THE PEOPLE OF CHITTOR BEGAN TO LOVE AND RESPECT THEIR SAINTLY PRINCESS  
EVEN MORE, AND NEWS ABOUT HER SPREAD ALL OVER INDIA.

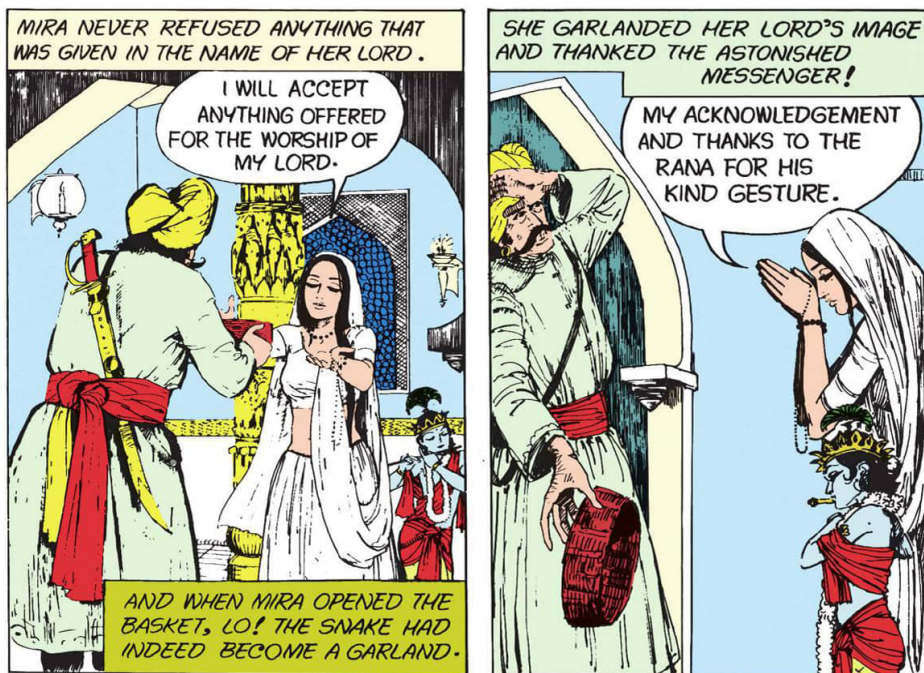
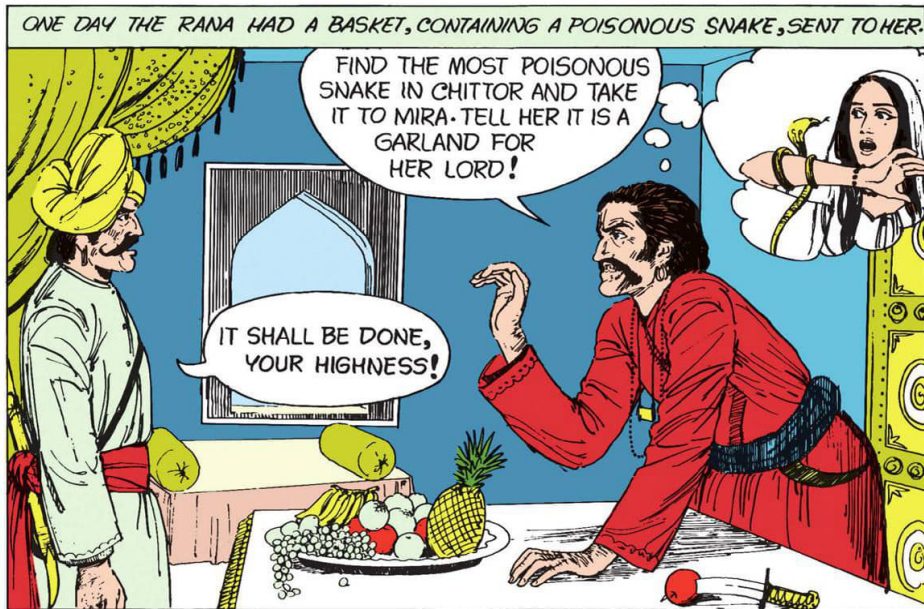


SCHOLARS AND SAINTS OF HER TIME CAME FROM DISTANT PLACES TO PAY  
HOMIAGE TO HER.

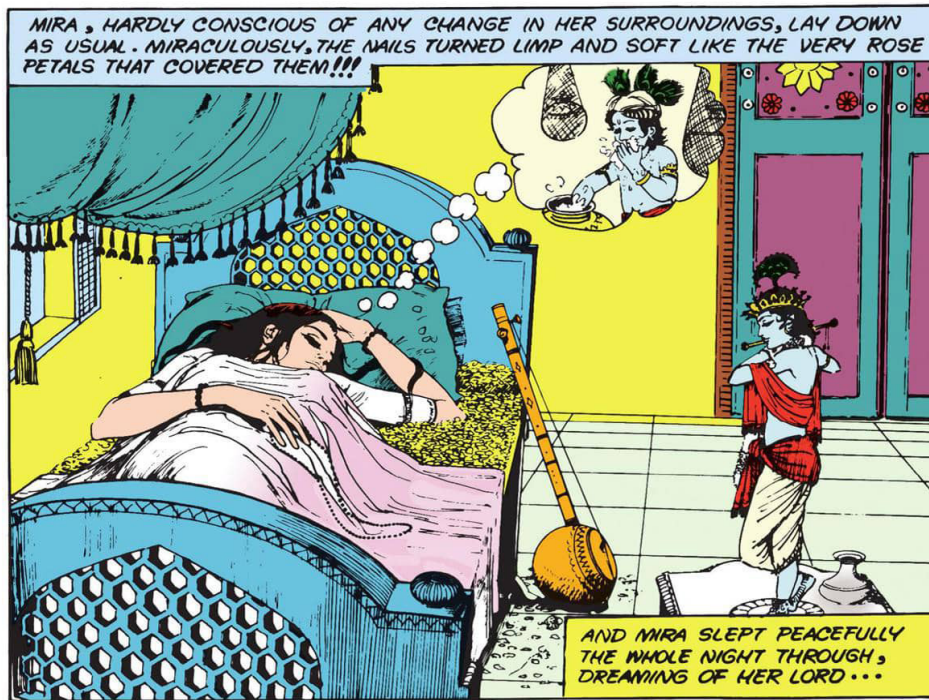
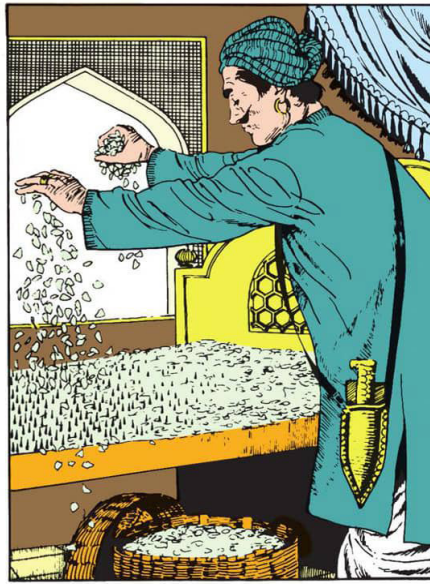
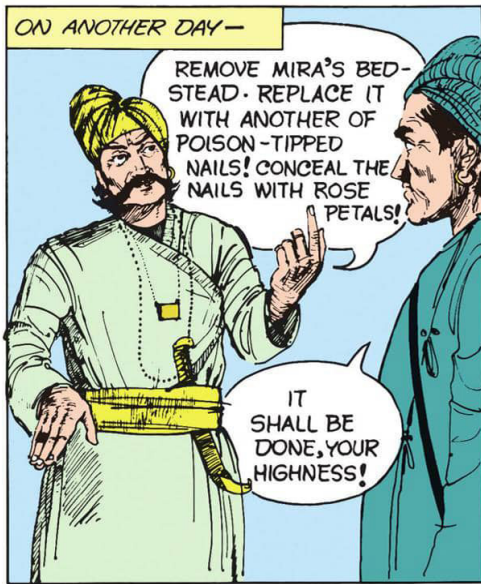








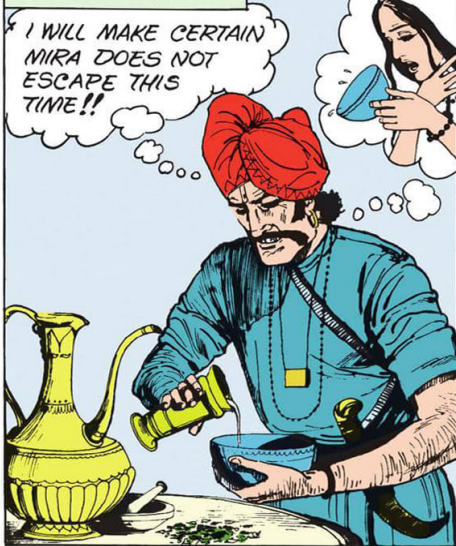




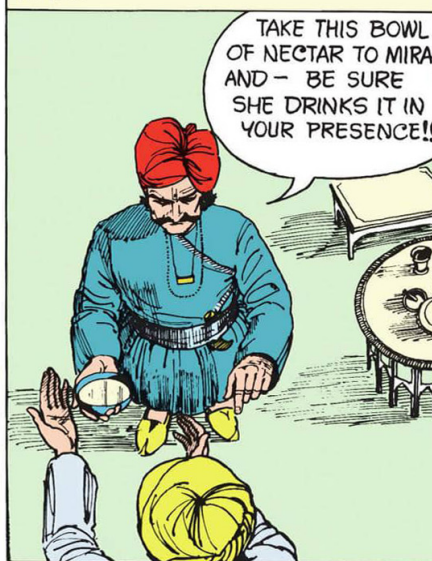
THE NEXT MORNING, THE RANA AND HIS EVIL COUNSELLORS WERE UNPLEASANTLY SURPRISED TO SEE MIRA, FRESH AS EVER, ENGAGED IN THE WORSHIP OF HER LORD!



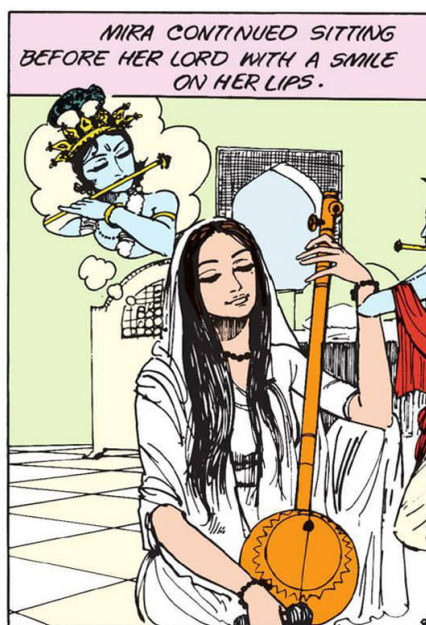
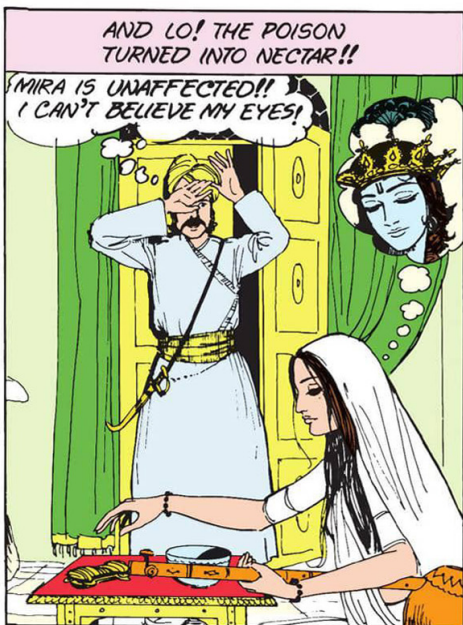
THE RANA NOW WAS FURIOUS. HE MIXED POISON INTO A BOWL OF NECTAR WITH HIS OWN HANDS.

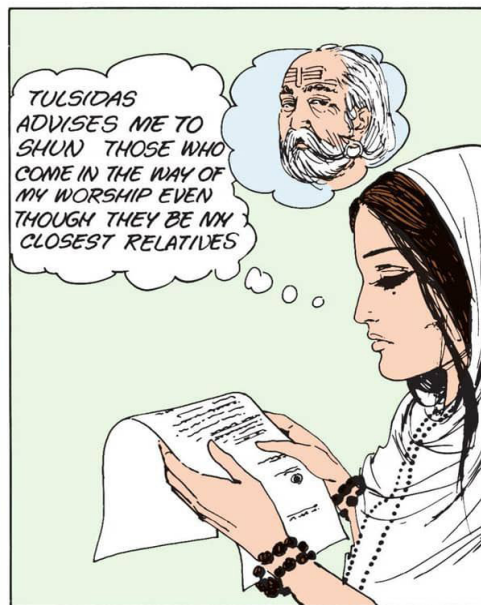
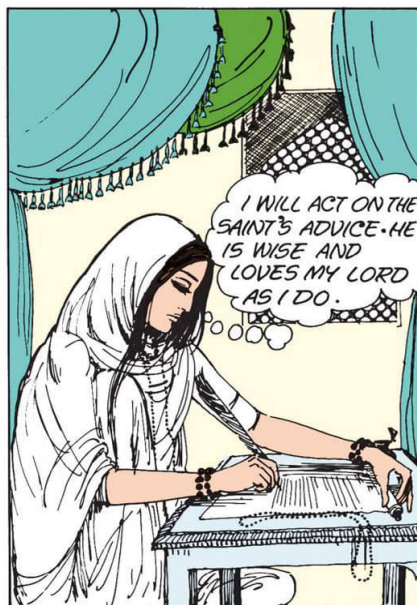
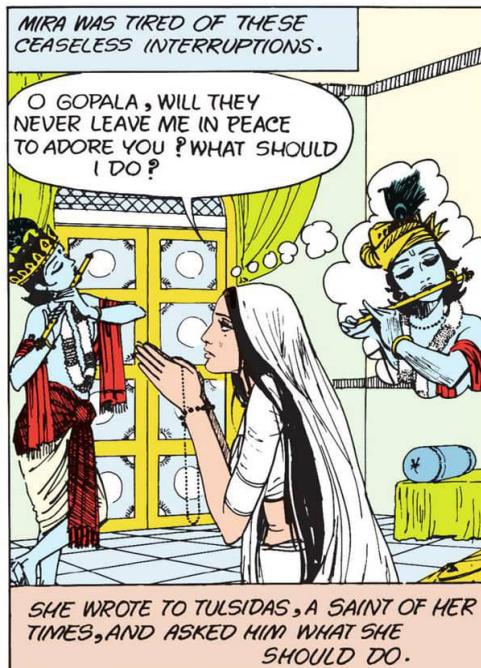


HE SENT FOR HIS MOST TRUSTED MAN.



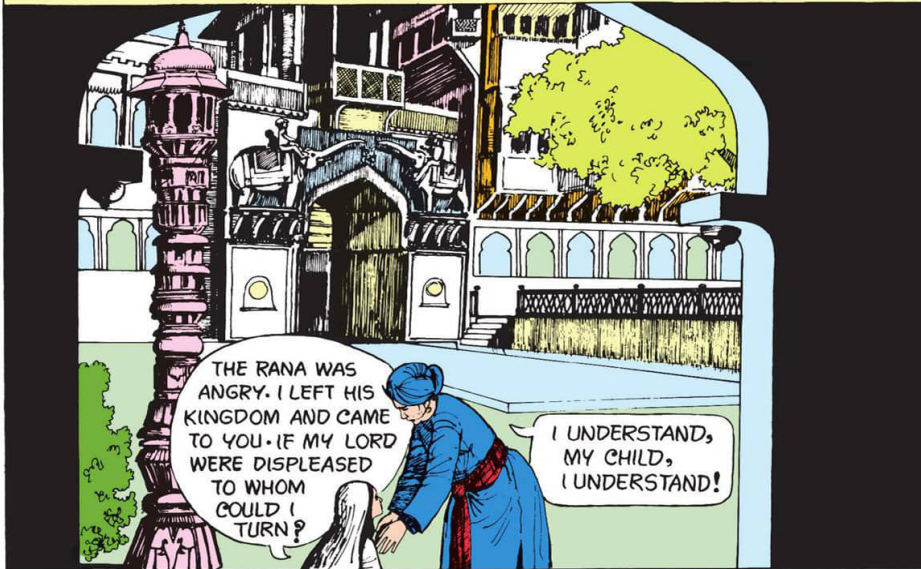




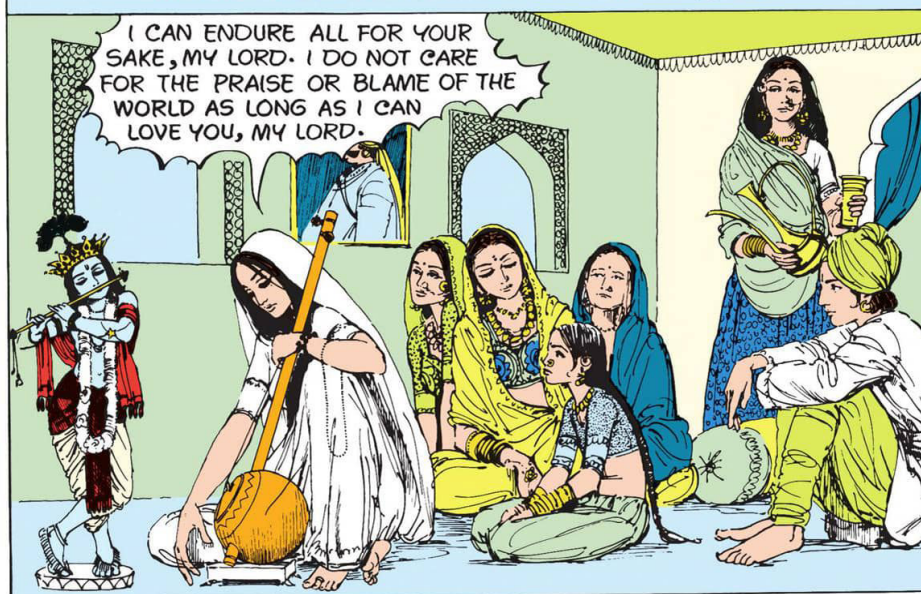




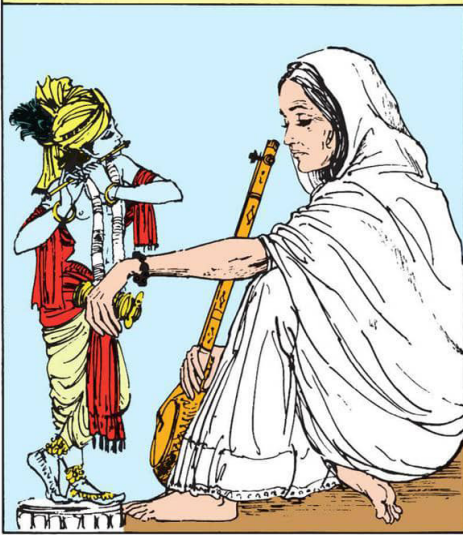
MIRA TOOK THE HINT AND LEFT CHITTOR FOR MERTA, HER UNCLE'S KINGDOM. THERE SHE WAS LOVINGLY WELCOMED.



SHE WAS GIVEN FULL FREEDOM TO WORSHIP IN PEACE.



AND SO SHE PASSED A FEW MORE YEARS IMMERSED IN HER LORD.

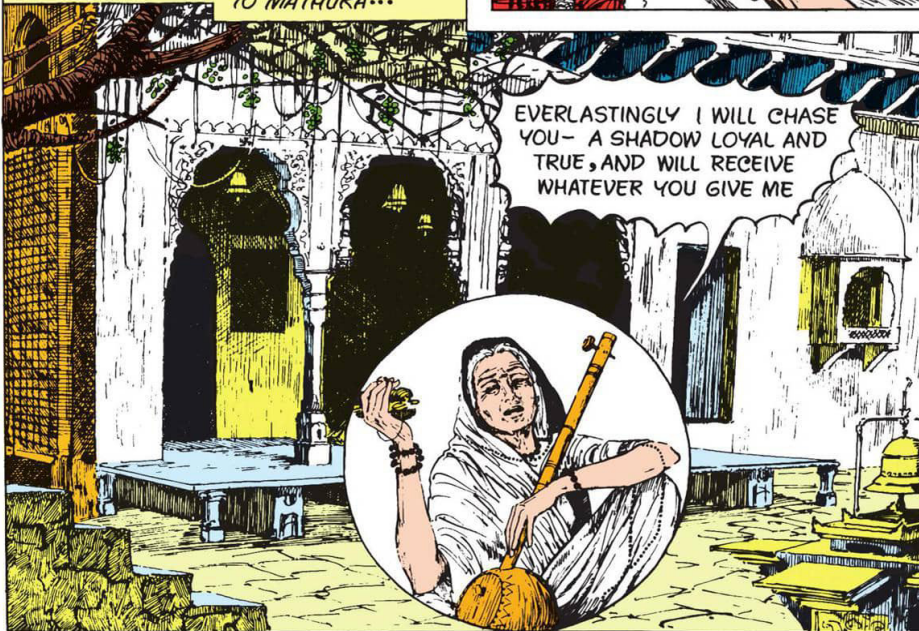


MIRA WAS GROWING OLD. SHE KNEW THAT HER END WAS NEAR.

MY LORD, IT IS TIME YOU TOOK ME TO YOU AND TO REST. I SHALL VISIT ALL THE PLACES DEAR TO YOU AND THEN WAIT FOR YOU.



SO SHE SET OUT ON A PILGRIMAGE TO MATHURA...

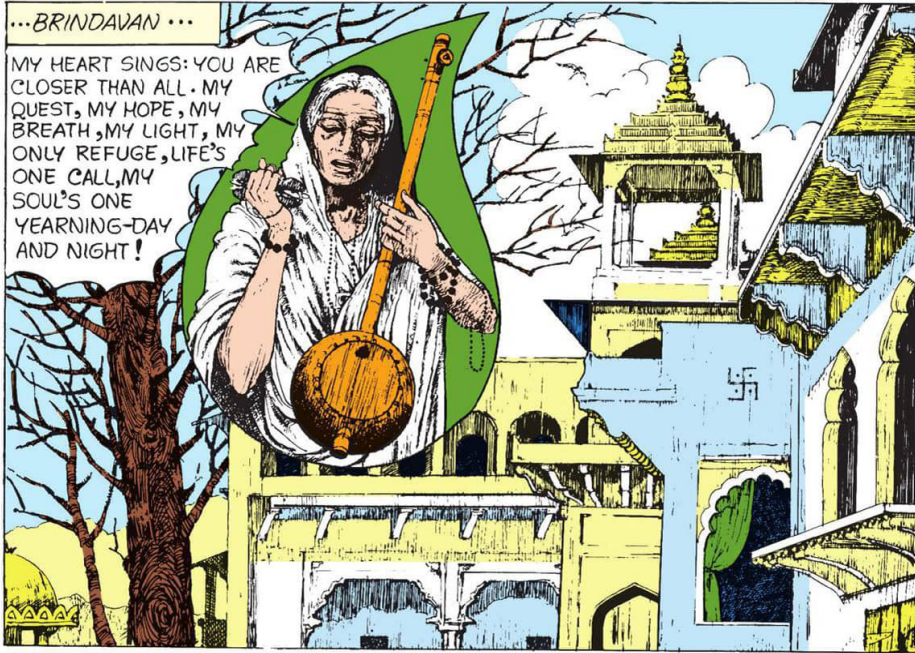


EVERLASTINGLY I WILL CHASE YOU- A SHADOW LOYAL AND TRUE, AND WILL RECEIVE WHATEVER YOU GIVE ME



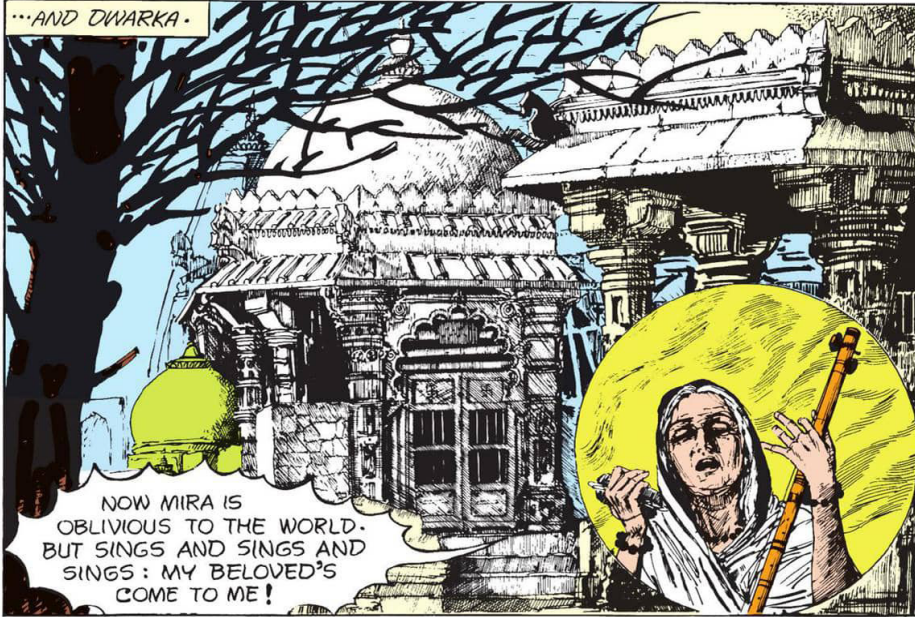
...BRINDAVAN ...

MY HEART SINGS: YOU ARE  
CLOSER THAN ALL. MY  
QUEST, MY HOPE, MY  
BREATH, MY LIGHT, MY  
ONLY REFUGE, LIFE'S  
ONE CALL, MY  
SOUL'S ONE  
YEARNING-DAY  
AND NIGHT !



...AND DWARKA .

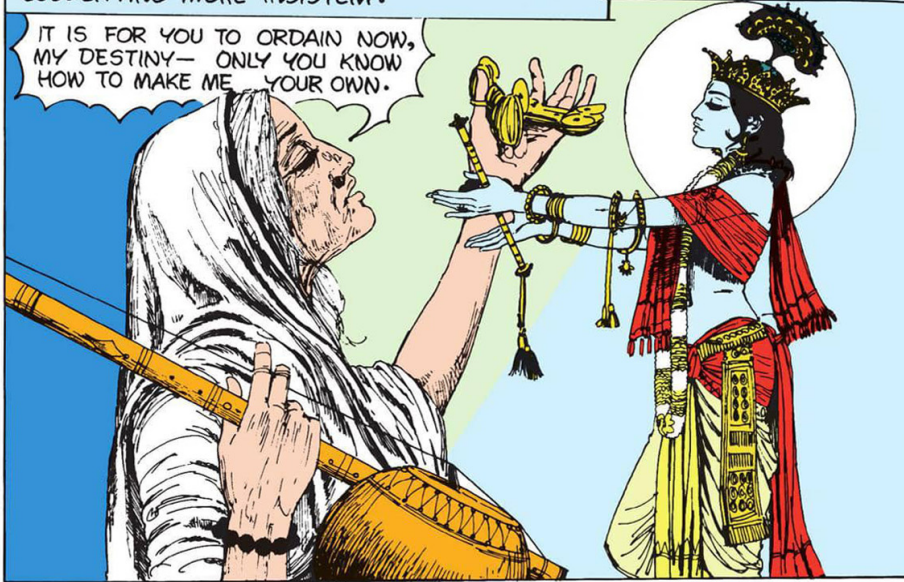
NOW MIRA IS  
OBLIVIOUS TO THE WORLD.  
BUT SINGS AND SINGS AND  
SINGS : MY BELOVED'S  
COME TO ME !





SHE STAYED ON AT DWARKA BECAUSE THE CALL OF HER LORD HAD BECOME LOUDER AND MORE INSISTENT.

IT IS FOR YOU TO ORDAIN NOW, MY DESTINY— ONLY YOU KNOW HOW TO MAKE ME YOUR OWN.

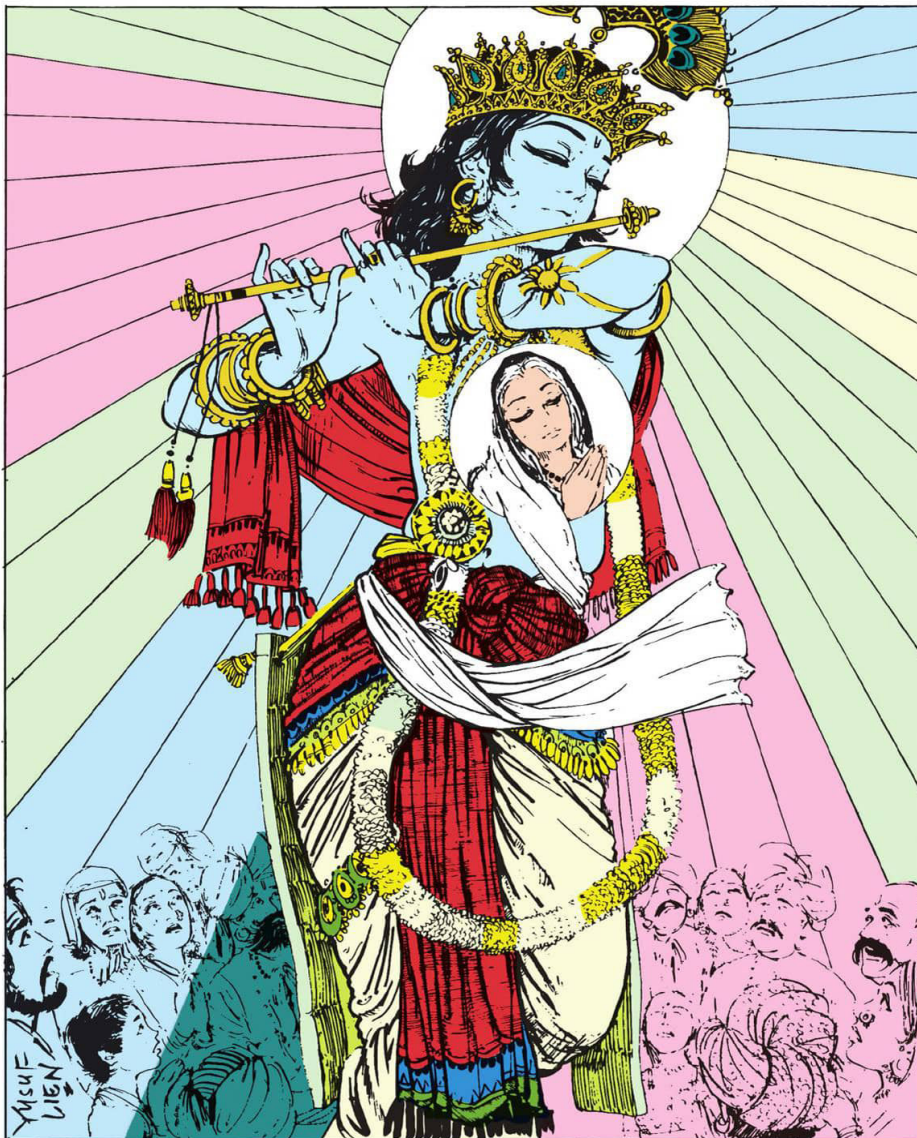


ONE DAY IN THE MIDDLE OF A PRAYER MEETING THE CALL CAME SO LOUD AND DEAFENING THAT MIRA, WHILE DANCING FELL INTO A TRANCE AND FAINTED ON HER LORD.

I HAVE SURRENDERED MYSELF TO YOU. TILL MY LAST BREATH I'LL STAND AT YOUR DOOR, ACCEPTING ALL, LORD— LIFE OR DEATH.





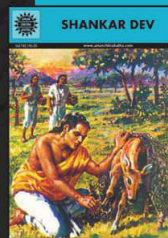
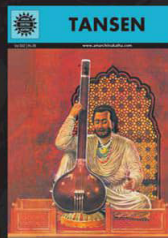
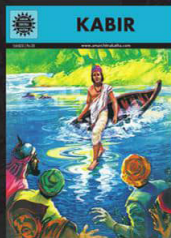
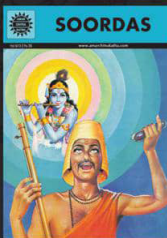


AND MIRA AT LAST BECAME ONE WITH THE LORD SHE HAD  
WORSHIPPED AND YEARNED FOR, EVER SINCE SHE HAD TAKEN  
HIM FOR HER BRIDEGROOM, AT THE TENDER AGE OF FIVE !!

## MIRABAI

She was only a child of five and he a mere image of the Lord Krishna, but little Mira loved him with all her heart. So strong was her devotion that it rendered even irate kings and murderous relatives powerless. Mirabai became a queen, but she continued to serenade her Lord through the ups and downs of her eventful life. Her hymns to Krishna, which are sung to this day, left even the great Mughal emperor, Akbar, spellbound.

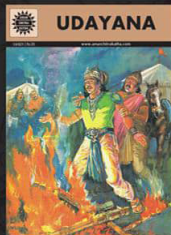
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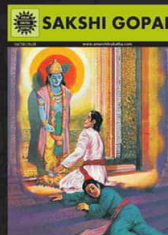
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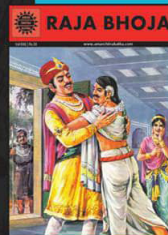
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